Madness, Mental Institutions, and Transcendence in the Work of Garshin, Chekhov, Bulgakov and Pelevin

Madelyn Corbett Stuart
Wilmington, DE

Master of Arts in Slavic Languages and Literatures, University of Virginia, 2014
Bachelor of Arts in Foreign Languages and Literatures, University of Delaware, 2008

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Abstract

This dissertation analyzes the physical characteristics of the mental institution and its function in nineteenth- and twentieth-century Russian literature. To analyze this subject, this dissertation examines four prose works from Russian authors—two short stories and two novels—including Vsevolod Garshin's "The Red Flower," Anton Chekhov's "Ward No. 6," Mikhail Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*, and Viktor Pelevin's *Chapaev and Void*. This study provides a novel approach to the interpretation of these works by shifting the focus from the diagnoses of the patients, or the relationship between the institutions and broader society, and analyzing the physical characteristics of the mental institutions depicted in these works, and the effects of these physical spaces upon those within. By privileging the depiction of the physical space of the institutions, especially the colors, glass, light, cleanliness, and technology, as well as the medical practices that occur in these spaces, this dissertation argues that the authors use these spaces as medium of enlightenment and transformation. In these four works, the mental institutions become for their inhabitants a means of reaching beyond their mortal limits and accessing the eternal. As a result, I offer new perspective and interpretive approach to these works, and demonstrate how the mental institution enables, and at times forces, enlightenment upon its inhabitants, and becomes the means for these individuals to access their versions of the eternal, should they choose to accept it.

Dedication

To my mother whose strength, love, and work ethic taught me that a woman can achieve anything without sacrificing who she is as a person. To my daughter who I hope will learn that through hard work, perseverance, and faith she can accomplish anything.

Acknowledgments

A dissertation is not the type of project someone can complete without the input, support, and guidance of others. I am eternally grateful to the people who supported and guided me through the conception, creation, revision, and completion of this project.

I am especially grateful to my advisor, Julian Connolly, who stayed in my corner and helped me back up every time I got knocked down by external obstacles or my own self-doubt. Without his unwavering support, thorough feedback, and kind heart, I would never have completed this project.

Additionally, I am deeply grateful to my committee, Dariusz Tolczyk, Katia Dianina, and Allen Lynch, for their support and incredible feedback; the professors and fellow graduate students in the Department of Slavic Languages and Literatures; some wonderful friends whose positivity and encouragement were indispensable (most especially Tierre Sanford, Sharisa Nay Aidukaitis, and Elizabeth Austin); my husband for his unconditional love and many edits; and my mother whose time and free childcare repeatedly saved the day.

Thank you.

Note on transliteration

In the transliteration of Russian, I have used the Library of Congress transliteration system without diacritics with the following exceptions:

The names of well-known authors in the English world such as Dostoevsky.

The names of characters in the short stories and novels are used as they are written in the English translations of these works that I chose to use. For example, in the chapter on *The Master and Margarita,* Ivan's last name is spelled Bezdomny (instead of Bezdomnyi) and in the chapter on *Chapaev and Void,* the narrator's name is spelled Pyotr (instead of Petr).

1 Introduction: Madness and the Mental Institution in Russian

Literature

On his first night in the mental institution, the nameless protagonist of Vsevolod Garshin's short story "The Red Flower" lay asleep as the narrator described the following experience:

> Moonlight poured through the window-bars into the room, dipping to the floor and illuminating part of the bed and the patient's pale, exhausted face with its closed eyes, there was not a sign of insanity about him now… For a few moments he awoke, in full possession of his faculties, as if he were normal.[1]

On the following day, the protagonist explains the results of this moment of sanity to his doctor when he declares that "I experience in my own self the great concept that space and time are mere fiction. I live in every age. I live where space does not exist,

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[1] Vsevolod Garshin, "The Red Flower," *From the Reminiscences of Private Ivanov and other stories*, translated by Liv Tudge, (Angel Books, 1988), p. 200. Vsevolod Garshin, "Krasnyi tsvetok," *Sochineniia*, (Khudozhestvennaia literatura, 1960), pp.194–209. "Лунный свет падал сквозь решетку окна внутрь комнаты, на пол, и освещал часть постели и измученное, бледное лицо больного с закрытыми глазами; теперь в нем не было ничего безумного… На несколько мгновений он проснулся в полной памяти, как будто бы здоровым, затем чтобы утром встать с постели прежним безумцем" (226).

everywhere or nowhere, as you will."[2] By focusing on the physical space of the mental institution to which he has been committed, we can better understand the protagonist of Garshin's story, his moment of sanity, and the transcendence beyond the constraints of time and space that he experiences. The physical space plays a critical role in the transformative features of Garshin's tale.

Comparably, after being tricked into becoming a patient in the mental ward he had overseen for years, Chekhov's protagonist Andrey Yefimitch Ragin in the short story "Ward No. 6" experiences a similar moment of illumination:

> Andrey Yefimitch walked away to the window and looked out into the open country. It was getting dark, and on the horizon to the right a cold crimson moon was mounting upwards. Not far from the hospital fence, not much more than two hundred yards away, stood a tall white house shut in by a stone wall. This was the prison.
>
> "So this is real life," thought Andrey Yefimitch, and he felt frightened.[3]

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[2] "The Red" 201 | "Я переживаю самим собою великие идеи о том, что пространство и время—суть фикции. Я живу во всех веках. Я живу без пространства, везде или нигде, как хотите" ("Krasnyi" 226–227).

[3] Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, "Ward No. 6," *Chekhov's Doctors: A Collection of Chekhov's Medical Tales*, edited by John L Coulehan, (Kent State University Press, 2003), pp. 131. Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, "Palata No. 6," *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii i pisem v tridtsati tomakh,* tom 8, (Nauka, 1977), pp. 121–122.

"Андрей Ефимыч отошел к окну и посмотрел в поле. Уже становилось темно, и на горизонте с правой стороны восходила холодная, багровая луна. Недалеко от больничного забора, в ста саженях, не больше, стоял высокий белый дом, обнесенный каменною стеной. Эхо была тюрьма.

«Вот она действительность!» — подумал Андрей Ефимыч, и ему стало страшно."

As with Garshin, Chekhov's institution forces a new perspective upon its inhabitants, and this becomes clearer when our focus expands to include the physical space and its characteristics, rather than dwelling on individual psychoses or diagnoses. Unlike Garshin's protagonist, however, Ragin's time spent in the institution, and the insight he gains produced a very different result, as the narrator explained shortly thereafter:

> Then all was still, the faint moonlight came through the grating, and a shadow like a net lay on the floor. It was terrible. […] How could it have happened that for more than twenty years he had not known it and had refused to know it? He knew nothing of pain, had no conception of it, so he was not to blame, but his conscience, as inexorable and as rough as Nikita, made him turn cold from the crown of his head to his heels.[4]

Both protagonists experience moments of revelation, caused and framed by the mental institutions in which they reside. Nevertheless, they both retain the agency to act upon their enlightenment in their own ways.

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[4] "Ward" 133 | "Затем всё стихло. Жидкий лунный свет шел сквозь решетки, и на полу лежала тень, похожая на сеть. Было страшно. […] Как могло случиться, что в продолжение больше чем двадцати лет он не знал и не хотел знать этого? Он не знал, не имел понятия о боли, значит, он не виноват, но совесть, такая же несговорчивая и грубая, как Никита, заставила его похолодеть от затылка до пят" ("Krasnyi" 125).

Such moments of enlightenment, and their dependence upon the physical space of the mental institutions, can be found in later Russian literature as well. In Mikhail Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*, after the poet Ivan Bezdomny, a new resident in the mental institution, learns from The Master that he had truly met the devil at Patriarch's Ponds in Moscow, he "fell into a state of befuddled silence for a while, gazing out at the moon floating beyond the window grille, and then he said, 'So that means he really could have been with Pontius Pilate, doesn't it? Since he was already born then, right? And they call me a madman!' Ivan added, pointing in outrage at the door."[5] For Bulgakov, the institution remains connected to the enlightenment of its inhabitants. In Ivan's case, however, what he learns causes him to question his own madness, and the madness of Moscow beyond the walls of the hospital.

Similarly, in Viktor Pelevin's novel *Chapaev and Void*, the same connection is present as the patient, Pyotr, tries to find the psychiatrist's office, which he

> vaguely remembered… was located beside a tall semi-circular window, which looked straight out on to the crown of a huge tree. Far ahead of me, at the point where the corridor in which I was standing turned to the right, I could see bright

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[5] Mikhail Bulgakov, *The Master and Margarita*, translated by Diana Burgin and Katherine Tiernan O'Connor, edited by Ellendea Proffer, (Vintage Books, 1996), p. 113.
Mikhail Bulgakov, *Master i Margarita*, *Sobranie sochinenii v piati tomakh*, tom piatyi, (Khudozhestvennaia Literatura, 1990), p. 133.
"Он помолчал некоторое время в смятении, всматриваясь в луну, плывущую за решеткой, и заговорил: – так он, стало быть, действительно мог быть у Понтия Пилата? Ведь он уж тогда родился? а меня сумасшедшим называют! – прибавил иван, в возмущении указывая на дверь."

> patches of daylight on the linoleum. Crouching down, I crept as far as the corner and saw the window. I immediately recognized the door of the office by its magnificent gilt handle.[6]

With the light of the window illuminating his way, he finds his medical file in the office and learns that he "Does not find placement in a psychiatric hospital oppressive, since he is confident that his 'self-development' will proceed by 'the right path' no matter where he lives.'"[7] The reported text from Pyotr's medical file included in the novel presents the reader with one of the few statements not filtered through the unreliable narrator—Pyotr. What he learns recalls the transcendent perspective of Garshin's protagonist and prefigures Pyotr's eventual attainment of his version of nirvana. As before, the physical space plays an integral role in Pyotr's enlightenment and enables him to access the eternal.

Each of these authors, from Garshin to Pelevin, presents a constellation of features within their literary mental institutions, a constellation that forms the primary focus of this dissertation: the physical space of the mental institution and its function as

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[6] Viktor Pelevin, *Buddha's Little Finger*, translated by Andrew Bromfield, (Penguin Books, 2001), p. 102.
Viktor Pelevin, *Chapaev i Pustota*, (Eksmo, 2011), p. 134. "Я смутно помнил, что кабинет Тимура Тимуровича располагается возле какого-то высокого полукруглого окна, сразу за которым видна крона огромного дерева. Коридор, в котором я стоял, далеко впереди поворачивал вправо, и на линолеуме в этом месте лежали яркие блики дневного света. Пригибаясь, я добрался до поворота и увидел окно. Дверь в кабинет я тоже сразу узнал по роскошной золоченой ручке."

[7] *Buddha's* 104 | "Помещением в психиатрическую больницу не тяготится, так как уверен, что его «саморазвитие» будет идти «правильным путем» независимо от места обитания" (*Chapaev* 137).

a medium of enlightenment and transformation. Furthermore, these mental institutions become for their inhabitants a means of reaching beyond their mortal limits and accessing the eternal. Without a close reading of the physical features of these literary mental institutions, critical themes within these works cannot be understood fully.

The Physical Space of the Mental Institution

Referring to Chekhov's "Ward No. 6," Nikolai Leskov famously stated, "In 'Ward No. 6' all of our customs and characters are portrayed in miniature. Ward No. 6 is everywhere. It is Russia."[8] In Chekhov's story, as in other works of Russian literature, the mental institution is a space often teeming with meaning and powerful societal commentary. Such institutions are often depicted as negative spaces for those who fall outside of societally acceptable norms. Russian literature, particularly in the nineteenth century reflected these depictions, but some works of twentieth-century literature presented a new, more favorable view of mental institutions, distinguishing them from the asylums of the past, despite the regular use of these facilities to imprison dissidents in this era.

While mental institutions changed greatly from the nineteenth to the twentieth centuries in Russia and in Russian literature, these spaces remained unique in their

[8] "Палате N 6" в миниатюре изображены общие наши порядки и характеры. Всюду—палата N 6. Это—Россия... Чехов сам не думал, что написал (он мне говорил это), а между тем это так. Палата его—это Русь!" taken from Il'ia Vinitskii, "Dukhovnyĭ Kartser: N. S. Leskov I 'Palata No 6' Chekhova," (*Voprosy Literatury*, vol. 4, 2006), 310.

capacity to transform those within them, promising the opportunity for profound insight and transformation to their inhabitants. Regardless of the author's contemporary society's view point, or the negative or positive attributes of a work's particular hospital, literary mental institutions prove to be unique spaces that enable illumination and cause their inhabitants to transcend the boundaries of their mortal existence and limited experience. In this dissertation, I will explore how the physical space of the mental institution becomes the medium of enlightenment and offers access to the eternal through close reading and attention to the physical attributes of these spaces and the effects they have on those within them.

In order to demonstrate this connection between the physical space of the mental institution and the eternal in Russian literature, I will specifically explore four prose works whose narratives set in mental institutions intersect significantly: Vsevolod Garshin's "The Red Flower," Anton Chekhov's "Ward No. 6," Mikhail Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*, and Viktor Pelevin's *Chapaev and Void*. By analyzing and comparing the physical spaces of the mental institutions in these works and their respective relationships to the eternal, I will illuminate the continuity of this connection throughout nineteenth- and twentieth-century Russian literature, and draw attention to the abilities of the authors to reflect, and at times subvert, the work of their predecessors in this area. This connection reinforces the value of literary education and tradition in the creation of new art, as well as the importance of the writers' personal experiences and the eras in which they live. While the earliest example in this dissertation, "The Red Flower," continues to speak to the reader today, the final work

examined, *Chapaev and Void*, offers a similar message but using characters and a space with novel features specific to the 1990s. This focused examination of these literary works and the illumination of the uniqueness of the space of the mental institution contributes a view of even the bleakest mental ward as a space that enables transcendence, thereby requiring the reader to reexamine these texts and add new value to these, largely already canonical, works of literature and to the physical space of the mental institution itself.

Madness in Russian Literature

Madness and the institutions designed to deal with those considered mad have long interested writers, artists, and scholars around the world. Russia and its writers are no exception. The theme of madness has a long history in Russian literature, beginning with the early historical and literary presence of the "Holy Fool" (юродивый), a religious individual who may exhibit a myriad of characteristics, many diametrically opposed to one another, which make this person appear mad. Beginning with stories of Isaac the Cave Dweller in the Russian Primary Chronicle, there is a long history of madness in Russian literature.[9] Stories of holy foolery became popular in Russia as early as the fifteenth century. Madness reappears in Russian folktales with the character, Ivan the Fool, who is simple minded, yet often lucky. Although their characteristics change, the

[9] On Isaac, see Natalie Challis and Horace W. Dewey, "Divine Folly in Old Kievan Literature: The Tale of Isaac the Cave Dweller," *The Slavic and East European Journal*, vol. 22, no. 3 (Autumn, 1978), p. 255–264.

inclusion of mad characters continues in the most popular centuries of Russian literature—the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

The nineteenth century is full of characters who exhibit madness. For example, madness is a recurrent them in the work of Alexander Pushkin, such as his three works from 1833, the short story, “Queen of Spades” (“Пиковая Дама”), the poem, “God grant that I don’t lose my mind…” (“Не дай мне бог сойти с ума…”), and his narrative poem, *The Bronze Horseman* (*Медный всадник*). Nikolai Gogol’s short story written two years later contains not only a mad character, but madness is present in the title, “Diary of a Madman” (“Записки сумасшедшего”). Fyodor Dostoevsky continues the tradition of the mad character in works such as *The Double* (*Двойник*) (1846) and “The Weak Heart” (“Слабое Сердце”) (1846). The late nineteenth century sees Vsevolod Garshin’s “The Red Flower” (“Красный цветок”) (1883), which is included in this project. Closer to the turn of the century, Anton Chekhov’s “Ward No. 6” (“Палата No. 6”) (1892) and “The Black Monk” (“Черный Монах”) (1894) appear in print, the former of which will be examined in detail.

Madness does not disappear in the literature of the twentieth century, but adapts. From the first half of the century, this project will study Mikhail Bulgakov’s *The Master and Margarita* (*Мастер и Маргарита*) (1928–1940), and from the second half of the century it will analyze Viktor Pelevin’s *Chapaev and Void* (*Чапаев и Пустота*) (1996). There are many further instances of madness and mental illness in twentieth-century Russian literature. For example, theme can be found in Iosef Brodsky’s “Gorbunov and Gorchakov” (“Горбунов и Горчаков”) (1965–1968, p. 1970), Sasha Sokolov’s *A School*

for Fools (*Школа для дураков*) (p. 1976), and Venedikt Erofeev's *Walpurgis Night, or the Steps of the Commander* (Вальпургиева ночь или Шаги Командора) (1985).

Structure and Scholarship

This dissertation focuses on literature from the late nineteenth century and the twentieth century, with primary interest in the latter. As such, I dedicate a chapter each to Garshin's "The Red Flower," Chekhov's "Ward No. 6," Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita,* and Pelevin's *Chapaev and Void*. While each of these authors and their works deal with madness in varying ways, because of my primary interest in the function of the physical space of the institution as a medium of enlightenment and transcendence, I selected the four works in which the mental institution figured the most prominently. Each of these texts are composed in prose, and include substantial narration in addition to dialogue. These qualities provide more access to the physical attributes of the spaces, while also providing insight into the minds of those characters contained within them. Not only do these works include the most time in, and specific details about, the mental institutions themselves, but they also are clearly linked to one another as the Garshin, Chekhov, Bulgakov, and Pelevin have been studied alongside one or more of the others by other scholars before I began this project.

Three of these scholars, Bogdanova, Kubal'nik, and Safronova in their book *Literaturnye strategii Viktora Pelevina*, argued that Pelevin's *Chapaev and Void* is essentially a modernization of *The Master and Margarita*. While the link between these

novels is undeniable, I will demonstrate that their mental institutions cannot be truly understood without acknowledging their debt to, and engagement with, the institutions depicted by Garshin and Chekhov. In addition to the sheer amount of time spent in the mental institution in these stories, Garshin created a direct link between the asylum and the eternal, through the martyrdom of the main character, and Chekhov elaborated on the enlightening and philosophically challenging influences of the institution, developing a more complex connection between time spent *inside* the mental ward (as opposed to *outside* of it) and the existence of the eternal. Furthermore, Garshin spent time in mental asylums as a patient, Chekhov worked as a physician for years, and Bulgakov went to medical school and worked as a physician, and all of these experiences shaped their writing. Each of these authors reflect uniquely personal sets of knowledge and skills in regards to the experience of the people who inhabit these spaces (both medical professionals and patients alike) and the characteristics of the spaces themselves. Although Pelevin lacks the personal connection of his predecessors to the institution, his work operates firmly within the tradition they established, all while subverting that tradition thoroughly.

Scholarship the theme of madness as a whole is extensive. Michel Foucault's 1961 work, finally translated unabridged into English as *History of Madness* in 2006, has proven particularly influential, especially through his interpretation of the mental institution and its function within society more broadly.[10] While Foucault's theoretical

[10] Michel Foucault, *History of Madness,* translated by Jonathan Murphy and Jean Khalfa, (Routledge, 2006).

approach focuses on the shifting understandings of what causes madness, and how society developed the mental institution to respond to these shifting understandings, my interest focuses instead on physical characteristics of the space, and the subsequent impact on the literary figures such institutions confine rather than the broader societal function of the institutions.[11]

Scholarship on each of these works and the theme of madness as a whole in Russian literature is extensive, and in the interests of concision, I will not attempt to provide review of this voluminous scholarship in this dissertation, but will focus on the works that bear most directly on the authors and works under discussion. I will discuss scholarship relevant to each work in its respective chapter. Recent studies of the broader theme of madness in Russian literature that are worthy of note include Irina Sirotkina's *Diagnosing Literary Genius: A Cultural History of Psychiatry in Russia, 1880–1930*, Angela Brintlinger's and Ilya Vinitsky's *Madness and the Mad in Russian Culture,* and Rebecca Reich's *State of Madness: Psychiatry, Literature, and Dissent After Stalin*.[12]

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[11] Addressing Foucault's work as a whole would not only move the focus of this dissertation in a very different direction, but also would require far more time and space than a dissertation provides. Nevertheless, I must point out that despite the superficial similarities between my use of the word transcendence in connection with the mental institution, and Foucault's chapter titled "The Transcendence of Delirium," the similarities are primarily linguistic. Foucault's emphasis is on the developing understanding of the causes of madness, while I focus on the influence of the physical space of the institution on those confined in it. See Michel Foucault, *History of Madness*, 208–250.

[12] Irina Sirotkina, *Diagnosing Literary Genius: A Cultural History of Psychiatry in Russia, 1880–1930*, (The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2002); Angela Brintlinger and Ilya Vinitsky (editors), *Madness and the Mad in Russian Culture*, (University of Toronto Press, 2007); Rebecca Reich, *State of Madness: Psychiatry, Literature, and Dissent After Stalin,* (Northern Illinois University Press, 2018).

These recent studies have turned to the science of psychiatry, the history of its use in Russia, and the reflection of these topics in literature. It must be stressed, however, that none of these works focused their analysis on the *physical features of the institutions* as I have done here. While this project is, in some ways, inspired by the work of these, and other, scholars, it does not use psychiatry or historiography as a primary tool for investigation. Instead, it focuses on close reading of the text themselves, their intertextuality with each other, and the unique qualities of the mental institutions in each. As a result, I offer new perspective and interpretive approach to these works, and demonstrate how the mental institution enables, and at times forces, enlightenment upon its inhabitants, and becomes the means for these individuals to access their versions of the eternal, should they so choose.

2 Sacrifice: The Asylum in Vsevolod Garshin's "The Red Flower"

Introduction

In his 1883 short story, "The Red Flower," Vsevolod Garshin paints one of the most detailed portraits of a madhouse in Russian literary fiction. Writing in the late nineteenth century, he uses the unique physical space of a mental institution as a setting in which time and space supersede their specific dimensions and are permitted to intersect freely. Through this intersection, the protagonist of Garshin's narrative, a patient in the asylum, is able to transcend the boundaries of time and space and to gain access to eternity, achieving a sort of salvation. Garshin imbues his madhouse with this transcendent value by using a detailed description of its physical space and by creating a symbolic relationship between the madhouse and the cross on which Christ suffered.

In order to support this claim, I will first analyze the protagonist of the narrative. Once acquainted with the protagonist, I will examine the physical attributes of Garshin's madhouse in order to demonstrate the symbolic relationship between the madhouse and the cross and the ways in which the physical space enables and shapes the protagonist's suffering and his transcendence. Because of Garshin's influence on subsequent authors, this close examination will also provide a basic framework for my analyses of literary mental institutions throughout the rest of this dissertation. My analysis will provide specific attention to three things: his use of color—particularly the color red; glass—with emphasis on where it forms a transparent boundary; and light—

especially the most prevalent source of natural light within the story, moonlight. Following the study of the description of physical space, I will evaluate its symbolic value, including the identification of parallels between the madhouse and the crucifix on which Christ died. Finally, I will explain how the physical and the symbolic aspects of Garshin's madhouse intertwine to enable the protagonist's transcendence and thereby become for him a gateway to eternity.

Biography of Garshin

Before we begin a close study of "The Red Flower" and its scholarly reception, and given the important autobiographical features of the story, it is important to be somewhat familiar with Garshin's life, particularly his own struggles with mental health.[13] Vsevolod Garshin was born in 1855 near Kharkov, Ukraine in the Russian Empire to a family with a history of mental instability on both sides that included alcoholism and suicides. During his adult life, Garshin experienced three mental breakdowns – one in 1872, one in 1880, and a final one in 1887 which led to his death.

His first breakdown occurred during his studies at a gymnasium in St. Petersburg. This episode resulted in a stay at a local hospital, and then, after a brief period of

[13] This brief survey of Garshin's life relies primarily upon the following sources. G.A. Bialyi, *Vsevolod Mikhailovich Garshin,* (Prosveshch Leningradskoe otdelenie, 1969); Peter Henry, *A Hamlet of His Time: Vsevolod Garshin: the Man, His Works, and His Milieu*, (Willem A. Meeuws, 1983); Edmund Yarwood. *Vsevolod Garshin,* (Twayne Publishers, 1981).

release, time at a private institution run by Dr. Alexander Frey. By the summer of 1873 he was deemed healthy and in the fall he returned to his studies. During the period of Garshin's recovery, his older brother Victor had committed suicide. The Garshin family's hereditary illness was brought into Garshin's generation.

Upon finishing the gymnasium, Garshin was unable to attend university and instead enrolled in the Mining Institute. He would have preferred to study the natural sciences and rather than focus on his studies, he spent his time writing and in literary circles. His first story was published in 1876 in the journal *Molva*. In 1877 he enlisted in the military and went to fight in the Russo-Turkish War. During this year, he was shot in the leg and left his military service. His literary work (especially the short story "Четыре дня" [Four Days, 1877]) was influenced by his experience at war, and when he returned to St. Petersburg in 1878, he was considered a new literary star. That same year, during his recuperation from the military wound, he met Nadezhda Zolotilova, a medical student who would later become his wife. Unfortunately, by spring, he had begun to experience intermittent depression.

In 1880, Garshin experienced his most well documented mental breakdown, resulting in a stay in an insane asylum. After traveling around on horseback preaching about forgiveness, he was found by his brother Evgeny and taken to his family in Kharkov. A few weeks later, Garshin left and was found in an asylum in the Oryol province. He was taken back to Kharkov where he was admitted to a mental institution. The institution was Saburova Dacha, and it was known for having more in common with a prison than a hospital. Many patients at Saburova Dacha were kept behind bars and

were treated violently by largely untrained staff. The doctor had little knowledge of psychiatry, Garshin was kept primarily in solitary confinement, and he did not receive any therapy. After four months at Saburova Dacha, Garshin was moved to the private hospital of Dr. Frey, where he had been during his episode in 1872.

Upon his release from Dr. Frey's care, Garshin went to stay with an uncle on the coast of the Black Sea. He spent eighteen months recovering there. In 1882, he returned to St. Petersburg. There, after two years of estrangement, he reunited with Nadezhda Zolotilova and the two wed the next year. Although Garshin worked for the Central Administration of Russian Associated Railways for four years, after Zolotilova graduated medical school in 1885, she supported him financially. She is reported to have cared for him deeply and meticulously as both a wife and doctor.

Garshin's third, and final, recorded mental breakdown occurred early in 1888. By March, Garshin and Zolotilova sought treatment from Dr. Frey, asking him to admit Garshin to his institution. Dr. Frey refused, and Zolotilova later discovered that he had not wished to risk the incident of a suicide at his facility. Just weeks later, on March 18th, Garshin threw himself over a banister and down a stairwell, landing on a stove on the ground floor, breaking his leg and causing a severe concussion. He was taken to the Red Cross hospital where he entered a coma and died on March 24th. Some claim that his death was due to an accidental fall and was not an instance of suicide. The accounts of the incident vary, so the true cause of death remains uncertain.

"The Red Flower" is directly influenced by Garshin's experience at Saburova Dacha. He called the narrative one that "relates to my stay at Saburova Dacha; it's a fantastic

sort of thing, though in fact it's strictly realistic."[14] As such, there are many parallels between Garshin's experience and the conditions of the asylum in "The Red Flower." Garshin's room had a window with iron bars that overlooked a garden with a lilac bush where on "moonlit nights" he would "stand for long periods with" his "face pressed against the bars."[15] Garshin had visited Saburova Dacha a year before he was admitted in order to observe the patients because he was interested in psychiatry. He recalled being transported to the asylum by train, constrained by a straitjacket. He was violently mistreated in a bathroom that had only one window and no other light. These, among other details of his time at Saburova Dacha, are reflected in the experience of the protagonist of "The Red Flower".

Narrative Summary

In "The Red Flower," an unnamed patient, clad in a straitjacket, is brought and admitted to a mental asylum. He is aware of his surroundings but does not believe himself to be ill. Shortly after his admittance to the asylum, he notices a red flower in

[14] "Один относится к временам моего сиденья на Сабуровой даче: выходит нечто фантастическое, хотя на самом-то деле строго реальное..." from V.M Garshin, "Pis'mo k Fauseku, July 9, 1883", *Tom tretii, Polnoe sobranie sochinenii: v trekh tomakh, V.M. Garshin*, (Academiia, 1930), 297.

[15] "И в чудесные лунные ночи – говорил В.М. – Я подолгу простаивал на окне, прильнув лицом к решётке. В сиреневом куст иногда пел соловей, или, может быть, мне так казалось; до меня доносился аромат цветов, луна смотрела мне в лицо, и немудрено, если грезы мои имели такое направление, как это рассказано в «Красном цветке». Кроме конца, там все правда, я ничего от себя не прибавил." from Bibikov, V.I., "Vospominaniia V.I. Bibikova," *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii V.M. Garshina*, (Marks, 1910), 68–69.

the courtyard garden. The patient becomes obsessed with the red flower, believing that it, and subsequently two more that bloom, contain all the evil in the world. He embarks on a quest to destroy these flowers, and therefore all evil. During this time, he continually loses weight and exhibits signs of mental illness. Although he successfully completes his quest by picking and destroying all three red flowers, he loses his life in the process.

Critical Reception

More people—critics, scholars, fans, and even psychiatrists—have responded to Garshin's "The Red Flower" than most of his other works. From the date of its publication onward, it has received largely positive reviews. Robert Wessling, discusses the sheer popularity of Garshin during his life and the resulting treatment of his work, identifying a cult of Garshin that applied a mix of Romantic spirituality and psychiatric positivism to the reader's relationship with the author and his work.[16] Many contemporary responses treat the work as primarily autobiographical, but after Garshin's time many have seen it as art more than autobiography. Given Garshin's personal experience as a patient in the asylum, Saburova Dacha, it is impossible not to see the autobiographical elements within the story. When one intersects with the narrative, it is equally as unlikely not to see its artistic and symbolic value.

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[16] Robert D. Wessling, "Vsevolod Garshin, the Russian Intelligentsia, and Fan Hysteria," *Madness and the Mad in Russian Culture*, edited by Angela Brintlinger and Ilya Vinitsky, (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 2007), pp. 75–89.

In her book, *Vsevolod Garshin: Work and Fate*,[17] Alla Nikolaevna Latynina acknowledges that "The Red Flower" is largely autobiographical, citing Garshin's own words, "I myself was the object of my psychiatric observations."[18] In addition to autobiographical parallels, Latynina explores Garshin's claim that his time in the asylum, and the story connected to it, was "something fantastic."[19] G.A. Bialyi saw Garshin's short story as symbolizing the failure of the political revolutionaries of the 1870s. S. Stepniak emphasized that in "The Red Flower," Garshin's protagonist's "feelings and moral impulses – his moral man – are perfectly sane" despite his illness, and interpreted in him a political character.[20] G. Uspensky treated the tale as an allegory that reveals the injustice of life and as depicting the collective suffering of Russia.[21] V. D. Skvoznikov saw an element of romanticism in the narrative.[22] In contrast with these approaches, valid as they all are in one respect or another, my focus remains on the interaction between the physical space of the mental institution and the patient within the narrative, an interaction that speaks to the very human and spiritual character at the story's heart.

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[17] Alla Nikolaevna Latynina, *Vsevolod Garshin: Tvorchestvo i Sud'ba,* (Khudozhestvennaia Literatura), 1986.
[18] "Я сам был объектом моих психиатрических наблюдений." taken from a conversation between F.F. Fidler and Garshin (Latynina 157).
[19] Garshin wrote in a letter to his friend V.A. Fausek that "The Red Flower" "relates to my stay at Saburova Dacha; it's a fantastic sort of thing, though in fact it's strictly realistic…" | Один относится к временам моего виденья на Сабуровой даче: выходит нечто фантастическое, хотя на самом-то деле строго реальное… ("Pis'mo k Fauseku," 297).
[20] Stepniak, S. "Introduction," *Stories from Garshin,* (T. Fisher Unwin, 1893), p. 21.
[21] Gleb Ivanovich Uspenskii, *Smert' V.M. Garshina*, Kindle Books.
[22] Latynina, 163.

Psychiatrists contemporary with Garshin saw the story as an accurate portrait of the symptoms of psychiatric illness. Henry Havelock Ellis called it "the most perfect story of madness."[23] I.A. Sikorskii was particularly impressed that someone who was not a psychiatrist had created such a clear picture of manic illness. He wrote about the story in a clinical journal. Sikorskii and Garshin met after the publication of "The Red Flower" and Garshin respected him as a great psychiatrist.[24] N.N. Bazhenov largely agreed with Sirotskii, but also focused on how the story correctly depicts the fact that an individual is still recognizable even at the height of madness.[25]

In contrast to those contemporaries praising Garshin's accuracy, modern scholars have since focused more directly on the literary qualities of the piece. For example, Harry Weber disputes Edmund Yarwood's claim that the protagonist in "The Red Flower" is a Christ figure, arguing that many of the religious or spiritual references in the tale are not exclusively Christian. Weber argues that the patient's actions are not just symptomatic of his illness and that Garshin's narrative is more art than autobiography. He identifies and substantiates links between "The Red Flower" and the death of St. George, Zoroastrianism and Ahriman, and the cult of Mithra.[26] While the evidence he provides to link the narrative to non-Christian religions is convincing, it does not discount the clear Christian symbolism present in the story. While I agree that the

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[23] Henry Havelock Ellis, *The Genius of Europe*, (Williams and Norgate, 1950), p. 179.
[24] Irina Sirotkina, *Diagnosing Literary Genius: A Cultural History of Psychiatry in Russia, 1880–1930,* (The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2002), p. 130.
[25] N.N. Bazhenov, "Dushevnaia drama Garshina," in *Psikhiatricheskie besedy na literaturnye I obshchestvennye temy,* (Mamontov, 1903), 122.
[26] Harry Weber, "Mithra and St George: Souces of 'Krasnyj tsvetok,'" *Slavic Review,* (vol. 46, 1987), pp. 281–291.

protagonist of the story is not a Christ figure, and the success of his quest is not distinctly Christian, it is Christian imagery and a Christian symbol—the cross—that leads to the protagonist's ultimate transcendence of time and space and attainment of the eternal

Mark Conliffe argues that in "The Red Flower" Garshin claims that "there was reason to believe in the strength of goodness and the desire for self-expression."[27] In his attempt to prove this point, Conliffe discusses the existence of micro and macro worlds within the narrative. He argues that the act of the patient collecting and destroying the flowers in the madhouse "transcends the macro world, and the preparation for and performance of the feat individualize the hero."[28] This idea calls into question the transcendence of space – specifically the two worlds. I will argue that the hero's transcendence of the macro world has greater impact than individualizing the protagonist. The patient's suffering and eventual destruction of the flowers enables him to transcend the confines of time and space altogether. By completing his quest to destroy the flowers—and the world's evil contained therein—the patient achieves the status of a savior (at least in his own mind), thereby gaining access to eternity.

While critics mention the mental institution and its role in their assessments of "The Red Flower," an extensive treatment of this setting has not yet been done. Conliffe claims that Garshin's asylum represents a system that limits "conscious individual

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[27] Mark Conliffe, "The fictional world of Garshin and Borchert: 'The Red Flower' and 'The Dandelion'," *Germano-Slavica*, (vol. 14, 2003), p. 98.
[28] Conliffe, p. 97.

expression."[29] He also states that the mental institution "guards the protagonist who seeks the flower" and "looks out for the patients' well-being."[30] Latynina discusses the importance of rethinking of all of the objects in the mental institution.[31] To do that, I propose a thorough examination of the physical space of the madhouse in Garshin's "The Red Flower." Each detail should be considered to unpack its impact on the patient, its value as an enabler of the patient's quest, and its symbolic role as an instrument of transcendence.

Identity

From the opening section through the conclusion of the narrative, the protagonist of "The Red Flower" is referred to as "the ill-one" (больной). At no point in the story is this character given a name. As such, he is able to represent any individual in society. This anonymity provides the story with a level of universality that is constrained only by a few details.[32] Since these types of details are used sparingly, they largely do

[29] Conliffe, p. 91.
[30] Conliffe, pp. 88, 92.
[31] "Мир «Красного цветка»—мир, в котором все предметы экспрессивно переомыслены, и пускай существует реальная мотивировка такого переосмысления (больное сознание), тем не менее сдвинутость, сгущенность, яркая экспрессивность принадлежит автору и производит мощное эмоциональное воздействие" (158).
[32] Vsevolod Mikhailovich Garshin, "Krasnyi Tsvetok," *Sochineniia,* (Khudozhestvennaia Literatura, 1938), 222–238.; Vsevolod Mikhailovich Garshin, "The Red Flower," *From the Reminiscences of Private Ivanov and Other Stories*, translated by Liv Tudge, (Angel Books, 1988), pp. 197–211. All further citations from the English translation will be noted with in-text, parenthetical citation using the abbreviation "The Red" and the page number. The equivalent Russian original will be provided in a footnote using the

not restrict the time and location in which this mental ward and this patient could have existed and allow the reader to recognize him(her)self or someone else in the patient.

In an examination of the madhouse as a physical space in "The Red Flower", it is important to note that the setting of the story, the madhouse, is introduced in the first line of the text. The story opens with words from the patient's mouth, "In the name of His Imperial Majesty, the Sovereign Emperor Peter the First, I hereby proclaim an inspection of this lunatic asylum!" ("The Red" 197).[33] This line brings to mind the delusion of Poprishchin, in Nikolai Gogol's "Diary of a Madman".[34] This reference to

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abbreviation "Krasnyi" and the page number. If no secondary source is used between instances of the primary source, the abbreviation will be left out and only page number will be provided.

These details include: The story is written in Russian and the dialogue is given in Russian, at times with markers of a Ukrainian accent. The protagonist mentions the emperor Peter I twice. The flowers in the garden are referred to as "all the flowers that might ever be encountered in a Ukrainian [Little Russian] garden" (204).| "всевозможные цветы, встречающиеся в малороссийских садиках"(230). The protagonist and his escorts use a train to travel to the hospital (The first train was opened in Russia in 1837 and they continued to be widely used today). The doctor uses morphine and chloral on the patient (NB: These medications are both still in use in 2019). Seasons pass – it is winter when the patient arrives because the windows are closed, but it is spring during the main action because the flowers are in bloom. There is transition between day and night. The patient is male – he is on the men's floor of the hospital and the pronouns and adjectives describing him are masculine.

Many of these details will be further discussed in the subsequent text of the chapter.

The doctor mentions the time and date on the morning after the patient's arrival in the asylum indicating that it is May 6, 18-something: "—Вы сказали,—перебил его доктор,—что вы живете вне времени и пространства. Однако нельзя не согласиться, что мы с вами в этой комнате и что теперь,—доктор вынул часы,—*половина одиннадцатого 6-го мая 18** года*. Что вы думаете об этом?" (227).

[33] "Именем его императорского величества, государя императора Петра Первого, объявляю ревизию сему сумасшедшему дому!" ("Krasnyi" 222).

[34] Poprishchin claims to be the King of Spain and when he is transported to an insane asylum, he believes that he has arrived in Spain to claim the throne. In Gogol's text, see diary entries dated, "The year 2000: April 43rd | Год 2000 апреля 43 числа" and "Madrid, February 30th | Мадрид. Февруарий тридцатый."

Gogol's work, along with another later in the story, provides evidence that Garshin's narrative is part in a growing body of Russian literature dealing with mental instability. While the reference to Gogol is also the first revelation of the ill-one's madness, its somber tone also announces that, unlike Gogol's treatment of the asylum and madness, Garshin's will not be farcical, but on the contrary, quite serious.

For just a moment, the protagonist's claim about inspecting the asylum under the authority of Peter I, sets the time period of the story during his reign. However, this delusion is discredited in the following paragraph where it is revealed that the speaker of these words is being checked into the hospital and he and his escorts arrived by train, but there were no trains during the age of Peter I.[35] The mention of a train restricts the time of the narrative to the mid nineteenth century or later and presents the reader with a mentally unstable protagonist.[36] From the outset of Garshin's story, the notion of time is challenged through a juxtaposition of perspectives, of the ill-one's dialogue and the narration.

After confronting the reader with two competing perspectives on the time period of the events in the story—the protagonist's and the narrator's—attention is turned to the physical attributes of the madhouse and its contents. The appearance of the patient first focuses on a piece of clothing that has been used as an instrument of medical

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[35] "…after two sleepless days and nights closeted with the lunatic whom they had just brought in by train…" ("The Red" 197). | "…после двух суток проведенных без сна, наедине с безумным, которого они только что привезли по железной дороге…" ("Krasnyi" 222).

[36] "Istoriia zheleznykh dorog Rossii," *Rosiiskie zheleznye dorogi,* 2003–2020. http://history.rzd.ru/history/public/ru?STRUCTURE_ID=5032
The first train in Russia was built in 1834 and the first line in Russia was opened in 1837.

intervention and control. During the train journey to the hospital, the protagonist's escorts "had procured a straitjacket from somewhere and, calling the guards and a policeman to help, got the patient into it. And thus they brought him to the town; and thus they delivered him to the hospital" ("The Red" 197).[37] This jacket, which was used to subdue the patient from his fits demonstrates that maintaining normalcy and protecting the public were prioritized over helping the ill man. He is presented to the hospital clerk as "frightful to behold. Over his grey garment that he had ripped to shreds during his attacks, a course canvas jacket, slashed deeply at the neck, clipped his frame, and the long sleeves trussed his arms crosswise to his breast and were tied behind" (197).[38] This initial use of a physical object to constrain presents a protagonist whose freedom has been curtailed.

Having lost his autonomy, the man confined by the straitjacket paces, his madness bubbling to the surface.

> His inflamed, widely dilated eyes (he had not slept in ten days) burned with a torrid, fixed glister; the edge of his lower lip twitched nervously; his tangled, curly hair fell in a mane over his forehead; with rapid, heavy strides he paced from one corner of the office to the other, casting probing looks at the old

[37] "…где-то достали сумасшедшую рубаху и, позвав кондукторов и жандарма, надели на больного. Так привезли его в город, так доставили и в больницу" ("Krasnyi" 222).

[38] "Он был страшен. Сверх изорванного во время припадка в клочья серого платья куртка из грубой парусины с широким вырезом обтягивала его стан; длинные рукава прижимали его руки к груди накрест и были завязаны сзади" (222).

> cupboards full of papers and the oil-cloth chairs, and giving his traveling companions an occasional glance (197).[39]

This sketch of the protagonist is a vivid depiction of madness. His instability is seen in his physical features, particularly his eyes, and his seemingly involuntary actions—a twitching lip and pacing feet. It is apparent that this man should be checked into a mental hospital. While his condition may incite sympathy, it leaves little room to doubt whether or not the man is ill. It is important to note that this character is easily accepted as mad from his introduction in Garshin's narrative. The features of this patient are echoed in and contrasted with characters in the literary works investigated in the subsequent chapters of this dissertation.[40]

Despite the patient's disheveled and mad external appearance, the ill man believes that he is perfectly lucid and decisive, and within the reality in which he believes he exists, the ill man acts consistently. After the two young men who brought the patient to the hospital are given instructions on where to take him once he has been checked in, the ill-man attempts to take charge, "I know, I know. I was here with you last year. We inspected the hospital. I know everything and you'll be hard put to outwit me"

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[39] "Воспаленные, широко раскрытые глаза (он не спал десять суток) горели неподвижным горячим блеском; нервная судорога подергивала край нижней губы; спутанные курчавые волосы падали гривой на лоб; он быстрыми тяжелыми шагами ходил из угла в угол конторы, пытливо осматривая старые шкапы с бумагами и клеенчатые стулья и изредка взглядывая на своих спутников" (222).

[40] See, for example, in *Master and Margarita*, the moment when Riukhin, after escorting Ivan to the mental institution, focuses on Ivan's eyes and notices not a trace of madness in them.

("The Red" 197).[41] In addition to speaking in clear and seemingly knowledgeable words, the protagonist walks into the hospital ward with purpose moments after he was pacing in the waiting room.[42] The protagonist believes that he is familiar with the property and has inspected it in the past. While he could not have served as an inspector for Peter I, it is possible that it is not his first time in the hospital. He may have been there as a patient previously. His first steps into the mental ward are similar to his pacing in the entry because they are also decisive (решительный).[43] He is purposeful even in his madness. The protagonist is confident in his actions and the reason for his presence in the hospital, regardless of the impossibility of his stated purpose.

Not only the protagonist of the story is referred to as "ill-one." All of the inhabitants of the hospital are called "ill-ones" (больные). The word patient (пациент) is not used once, while ill-one (больной) appears sixty-two times within the fifteen pages of prose.[44] Instead of a more neutral term, like patient, Garshin chooses a word that indicates more directly the ill, sick, and invalid qualities of those occupying this space. While patients receive treatment and have a reciprocal relationship with their medical

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[41] "—Я знаю, знаю. Я был уже здесь с вами в прошлом году. Мы осматривали больницу. Я все знаю, и меня будет трудно обмануть,—сказал больной." ("Krasnyi" 223).

[42] "He turned towards the door. A warder opened it for him; with the same rapid, heavy, purposeful step, his demented head held high, he walked out of the office and all but ran off to the right, in the direction of the mental section" (197–198). | "Он повернулся к двери. Сторож растворил ее перед ним; тою же быстрою, тяжелою и решительною походкою, высоко подняв **безумную** голову, он вышел из конторы и почти бегом пошел направо, в отделение душевнобольных" (223).

[43] "…он быстрыми тяжелыми шагами ходил…тою же быстрою, тяжелою и решительною походкою" (222–223).

[44] The word *помешанный* is also used to describe the patients. It could be translated as *mad* or *lunatic* (228).

staff, by naming them exclusively as "ill," Garshin suggests that they are defined by their conditions and thus condemned to live out their lives in sickness. The term "ill-one" underscores their deviation from the societal norm by emphasizing their sickness over any other identifying quality, and this label universalizes them to the point where none of the ill-ones (больные) are given names. They are all suffering, nameless individuals occupying a space that has wretched effects on them. This lack of identification creates distance between the readers and the patients and either lessens awareness of the suffering and dismal conditions to which they are subjected, or provides a blank canvas on which readers can better imagine themselves in the patients' place. The only way in which the protagonist stands out by name from the other ill-ones is the use of the phrase "our ill-one" (наш больной).[45] The use of the word *our* to modify *ill-one* places the reader into a direct relationship with the protagonist. By creating this relationship, Garshin invests the reader in the outcome of the patient's quest. If he is one of *ours,* we ought to identify with him and be sympathetic to his plight and fate.

Physical Space

[45] "*Our patient* gobbled down the portion brought to him by the warder, who had called him to his room, but was not satisfied with that and went into the dining-room" (206). | *"Наш больной*, быстро проглотив свою порцию, принесенную сторожем, который позвал его в его комнату, не удовольствовался этим и пошел в общую столовую" (232).
"'That's enough, now, that's enough,' the supervisor said at last, when all the others had finished their supper but our patient was still sitting over a bowl, scooping up gruel with one hadn't and clasping the other tightly to his breast. 'You'll turn your stomach'" (206). | "—Ну, довольно, довольно, —сказал, наконец, надзиратель, когда все кончили ужинать, а *наш больной* еще продолжал сидеть над чашкой, черпая из нее одной рукой кашу, а другой крепко держась за грудь. —Объедитесь" (234).

In “The Red Flower” Garshin highlights the fact that the space is central to the narrative by referencing it in the opening sentence.[46] Although misguided by his delusion, the protagonist believes he is present to perform an inspection of the space. Thus, from the start, space is not separate from, but is integral to the experience of the ill-one. As an inspector of property, the ill-one places importance on physical space above other issues. Following his lead, as Garshin would have us do, if we adopt the perspective of a government property inspector, we should turn to the details given in the story about the hospital. In an effort to illuminate how the space of the madhouse affects the individuals inside its walls, as well as to uncover the symbolic function of the space, we must begin with the surface details. After all, these details offer much deeper meaning, to the reader as well as to the ill-one, who, when gazing through the window of his room, “read in the walls, in the crumbling stucco, in the fragments of brick and tile that he found in the garden; all the history of that house and its garden was inscribed on them” (203–204).[47] Just as he did, we too must read the space in order to understand it and its function.

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[46] “Именем его императорского величества, государя императора Петра Первого, объявляю ревизию сему сумасшедшему дому!” (222). | “In the name of His Imperial Majesty, the Sovereign Emperor Peter the First, I hereby proclaim an inspection of this lunatic asylum!” (197).

[47] “…видел в вещах всю их историю; большие вязы в больничном саду рассказывали ему целые легенды из пережитого; здание, действительно построенное довольно давно, он считал постройкой Петра Великого и был уверен, что царь жил в нем в эпоху Полтавской битвы. Он прочел это на стенах, на обвалившейся штукатурке, на кусках кирпича и изразцов, находимых им в саду; вся история дома и сада была написана на них. Он населил маленькое здание мертвецкой десятками и сотнями давно умерших людей и пристально вглядывался

The reader is introduced to Garshin's madhouse in the registration room. This room is presumably small as the patient quickly paces from wall to wall, there is not much furniture, and the room's purpose does not require a large space. The room has corners, from which one can pace, and a door—the entrance to the hospital.[48] Since any standard room has corners and a door, the environment of the room is created by the objects within it, illuminating the age and use of the institution. The protagonist is registered "in a large, ragged ledger that lay on an ink-drenched desk"[49] and while pacing he stares at "old cupboards full of papers and the oil-cloth chairs" (197).[50] These items indicate that this office is either old, has been well-used, or both. If there had not been many patients admitted, or their registration performed sloppily, there would likely be much less ink coating the registration desk, fewer papers stuffing the cabinets, and the registration book would not be so ragged.[51] Such an aged or much-used condition suggests that the institution either provides good treatment—constantly admitting and releasing people, or is perhaps the only space available to hide away individuals deemed unfit for life in respectable society.

Upon the ill-one and his escorts exiting the registration room and entering the hospital ward, the narrator provides a detailed physical description of the institution.

в оконце, выходившее из ее подвала в уголок сада, видя в неровном отражении света в старом радужном и грязном стекле знакомые черты, виденные им когда-то в жизни или на портретах" (229).

[48] "…он быстрыми тяжелыми шагами ходил *из угла в угол конторы*…" (222–223). | "…with rapid, heavy strides he paced *from one corner of the office to the other*…" (197).

[49]"…в большую истрепанную книгу на залитом чернилами столе…" (222).

[50] "…старые шкапы с бумагами и клеенчатые стулья…" (223).

[51] истрепанный = ragged, worn-out, torn

> It was a large stone edifice, built in the old governmental style. Two large rooms—a dining-hall and a common room for the quieter patients—a wide corridor with a French window[52] that looked out onto a flower-garden, and some twenty separate rooms allocated to the patients, occupied the ground floor; and here there were also two dark rooms, one with padded walls and one paneled with wood, to which violent patients were consigned, and a huge, dismal, vaulted chamber that was the bathroom. The upper story was for the women. A babble of sound, broken by howling and wailing, carried down from there. The hospital had been built to accommodate eighty, but, since it served several neighboring provinces, the roll could be anything up to three hundred. The small rooms contained four or five beds each; in winter, when the patients were not allowed out into the garden and all the windows were locked tight behind their iron bars, the hospital grew unbearably stuffy (198).[53]

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[52] This phrase would be better translated as French *door* or even *glass door* as the Russian word is clearly door (дверь) and not window (окно) and doors create a substantially different boundary than windows, even, or perhaps especially, when they consist of glass.

[53] “Это было большое каменное здание старинной казенной постройки. Два больших зала, один—столовая, другой—общее помещение для спокойных больных, широкий коридор со стеклянною дверью, выходившей в сад с цветником, и десятка два отдельных комнат, где жили больные, занимали нижний этаж; тут же были устроены две темные комнаты, одна обитая тюфяками, другая досками, в которые сажали буйных, и огромная мрачная комната со сводами—ванная. Верхний этаж занимали женщины. Нестройный шум, прерываемый завываниями и воплями, несся оттуда. Больница была устроена на восемьдесят человек, но так как она одна служила на несколько окрестных губерний, то в ней помещалось до трехсот. В небольших каморках было по четыре и по пяти кроватей; зимой, когда

While there is a theoretical plan for the use of space in this hospital—it was built for eighty patients—it is subject to overuse due to demand: there were as many as three hundred patients at any given time.

From this description, it can be inferred that the entirety of the hospital is reserved for patients suffering from mental health disorders. Male and female patients are divided by gender, but they are not further divided by illness or condition. The patients are crammed four or five to a room. However, the encounters shown with the protagonist in his room do not indicate the presence of additional patients. If the hospital is that crowded, it seems impossible that he would not have roommates, yet the narrator makes no mention of them. In fact, little to no information about any other patients is ever provided. There is much more emphasis on the characteristics of the physical space and the ways in which the protagonist interacts with this space than on the ways in which he interacts with people. There is mention of him holding conversations with other patients in the garden, but there is no indication that any of them respond to him other than with their own mumblings.[54] The only coherent

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больных не выпускали в сад и все окна за железными решетками бывали наглухо заперты, в больнице становилось невыносимо душно" (223).
Yarwood rightfully comments that this description of the hospital makes us "feel we are on a guided tour" (70).

[54] "He walked in the garden until evening, making new acquaintances and holding strange conversations in which each of his interlocutors heard nothing but replies to his own lunatic thoughts, couched in absurd and cryptic words" ("The Red" 205). | "Он гулял по саду до самого вечера, заводя знакомства и ведя странные разговоры, в которых каждый из собеседников слышал только ответы на свои безумные мысли, выражавшиеся нелепо-таинственными словами" ("Krasnyi " 231).

conversations he has are brief ones undertaken with employees of the hospital. The quantity of words devoted to spatial description compared with character development is indicative of the importance of the physical space.[55]

Almost nothing about this madhouse is inviting. The only exceptions are two elements that seem misplaced—the French doors and the flower garden. Why, when relegating ill people to a space filled to almost four times its intended capacity, would they maintain the features of glass doors and a flower garden? Something about the very presence of these doors—fragile windows to the partially external, natural world—is unusual, particularly in a space that also contains rooms with padded and paneled walls for the containment of "violent" or "impetuous" individuals.[56]

Following the broader description of the hospital as a whole, the narrator follows the protagonist into one of the aforementioned rooms in the building—the bathing room.

> The new patient was led into the room where the baths were. Such a place would have oppressed even a sane person, but on a distraught, agitated imagination its effect was all the more oppressive. It was a large room with a vaulted ceiling and a sticky stone floor, whose sole source of light was a corner window; the walls and the vaulted ceiling were coated with dark-red oil-paint; set flush into the grime blackened floor were two stone bath-tubs that

[55] There are only fifteen pages in all in the story.
[56] In Russian, буйные.

> resembled oval pits brim-full with water. A huge copper stove with a cylindrical boiler for heating the water and a whole system of copper pipes and taps occupied the corner opposite the window. To the distraught mind, it all had an uncommonly dismal and bizarre air, and the gloomy expression on the face of the warder in charge of the baths—a stocky, eternally taciturn Ukrainian—made it worse still ("The Red" 198).[57]

This bathing room is dark, cold, and unclean. It is large and has vaulted ceilings, indicating that it is spacious, but this size is not felt. The dark-red color of the walls and ceilings, stickiness and griminess of the stone floor, and the lack of light are encroaching, causing the patient to feel trapped. A space for treating the ill should not be dirty and dark, yet this is the precedent set for this hospital from the outset of the story.

Nothing about this physical space provides the protagonist with a sense of calm or hope for healing. Instead, he begins to feel like a prisoner. Undergoing the bathing

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[57] "Нового больного отвели в комнату, где помещались ванны. И на здорового человека она могла произвести тяжелое впечатление, а на расстроенное, возбужденное воображение действовала тем более тяжело. Это была большая комната со сводами, с липким каменным полом, освещенная одним, сделанным в углу, окном; стены и своды были выкрашены темно-красною масляною краскою; в почерневшем от грязи полу, в уровень с ним, были вделаны две каменные ванны, как две овальные, наполненные водою ямы. Огромная медная печь с цилиндрическим котлом для нагревания воды и целой системой медных трубок и кранов занимала угол против окна; все носило необыкновенно мрачный и фантастический для расстроенной головы характер, и заведовавший ванными сторож, толстый, вечно молчавший хохол, своею мрачною физиономиею увеличивал впечатление" ("Krasnyi" 223–224).

treatment, he begins to wonder, "What was this? The Inquisition?[58] A place of secret execution, where his enemies had determined to do away with him? Perhaps Hell itself?" ("The Red" 198).[59] The narrator even describes the bathroom as "this fearsome chamber"[60] (198). It is a space where terrible or frightful events unfold. It is not conducive to any humane treatment. This space where the patient is inducted into the madhouse incites fear and reminds him of prison, indicating that the asylum in "The Red Flower" serves a purpose separate from the task of treating the mad. The frightening conditions of the prison, described by the narrator and acknowledged by the ill-one, however, are juxtaposed with the ultimate result of the space on the ill-one, namely his transcendence and salvation.

Although the hospital is overcrowded, housing four or five patients to a room, *our ill-one* appears to be housed in a room of his own. After the ordeal in the bathing room, he is taken to a bed where he wakes, listens to the sounds around him, and ponders where he is (200).[61] Structural details indicate that the sounds he hears are not coming from his room. The narrator states, "the breathing of sleeping patients carried from *the large room next door*" and "*from the women's section upstairs* came a hoarse contralto singing a wild refrain" (200; emphasis added).[62] Walls and ceilings separate the

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[58] A passing reference to role of the Grand Inquisitor in Gogol's "Diary of a Madman" (1835).
[59] "Что это? Инквизиция? Место тайной казни, где враги его решили покончить с ним? Может быть, самый ад?" ("Krasnyi"224).
[60] "эту *страшную* комнату" (224).
[61] ""Где я? Что со мной?" пришло ему в голову" (225).
[62] "…*из соседней большой комнаты* слышалось дыхание спящих больных […] *да сверху, из женского отделения*, хриплый контральто пел какую-то дикую песню" (225).

patient from the origins of the sounds and presumably from the other inhabitants of the hospital. How, in such an overcrowded building, is *our ill-one* allotted his own space? Such isolation may be explained by his condition or the treatment he is receiving, yet for the purposes of the narrative, such isolation allows the reader to focus exclusively on the impact of the physical space on the ill-one.

Once the ill-one has fallen back asleep, the narrator further describes the physical attributes of the space.

> The open window with its iron bars looked out onto a secluded corner between the big buildings and a stone wall. No one went to that corner, and it was densely overgrown with uncultivated shrubs and with lilac which was blooming lushly at that time of year… behind the bushes, directly facing the window, loomed the high dark wall; the high crowns of trees, bathed and suffused with moonlight, peered over it from the main grounds. On the right rose the white hospital building with its iron-barred windows lit from within; on the left, vivid in the moonlight, was the blank, white mortuary wall. Moonlight poured through the window-bars into the room, dipping to the floor and illuminating part of the bed and the patient's pale, exhausted face… (200).[63]

[63] "Открытое окно с железными решетками выходило в маленький закоулок между большими зданиями и каменной оградой; в этот закоулок никто никогда не заходил, и он весь густо зарос каким-то диким кустарником и сиренью, пышно цветшею в то время года... За кустами, прямо против окна, темнела высокая ограда, высокие верхушки деревьев большого сада, облитые и проникнутые лунным светом, глядели из-за нее. Справа подымалось белое здание больницы с освещенными изнутри окнами с железными решетками; слева—белая, яркая от

A window—a unique kind of barrier as it prevents physical passage, but not light and vision – is used to transition from the interior to the exterior of the hospital. While there is a window in the patient's room, it is blocked by iron bars. The bars are to prevent the patient from escaping, making the window more oppressive than walls. The window is designed to keep the patient in, but it is also a structure through which the outside world can be viewed, as we shall see below.

Color

From this point in the story forward, the patient's attention is consumed by the eponymous flower and its redness. As his obsession with the flower takes root, he attributes a special power not only to the flower, but to the physical world and all that occupies it. For instance, the narrator states that:

> …in any object he saw all its history; the great elms in the hospital garden recounted to him entire legends from the past; he believed that the building, which was in fact quite old, had been built by Peter the Great, and he was sure that the Tsar had lived there at the time of the Battle of Poltava. *This he read in the walls, in the crumbling stucco, in the fragments of brick and tile that he found*

луны, глухая стена мертвецкой. Лунный свет падал сквозь решетку окна внутрь комнаты, на пол, и освещал часть постели и измученное, бледное лицо больного" (225–226).

> *in the garden; all the history of that house and its garden was inscribed on them.* He populated the small mortuary building with dozens, with hundreds of the long-deceased, and would gaze fixedly into its little cellar window that looked onto the corner of the grounds, seeing in the light glancingly reflected in the grimy, rainbow-hued old pane familiar features that he had glimpsed once in life or in portraits (203–204; emphasis added).[64]

In order for us to follow the protagonist and to "read" the world around him, I will now analyze the use of color in the story, a feature that communicates much of the symbolic content within the story. In "The Red Flower", there are ten different adjectives and two participles that attribute color. Of those twelve color words, most fall into the category of "red". With red symbolizing the accumulated evil of the world, and the object of the ill-one's quest, it is not by accident that Garshin highlights this color in the title of the piece. The words that indicate a shade of red—red (красный), dark-red (темно-красный), and scarlet (алый), are used three times as often as any other color. While white (белый) is the second most frequently used color word, it appears only five

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[64] "…видел в вещах всю их историю; большие вязы в больничном саду рассказывали ему целые легенды из пережитого; здание, действительно построенное довольно давно, он считал постройкой Петра Великого и был уверен, что царь жил в нем в эпоху Полтавской битвы. Он прочел это на стенах, на обвалившейся штукатурке, на кусках кирпича и изразцов, находимых им в саду; вся история дома и сада была написана на них. Он населил маленькое здание мертвецкой десятками и сотнями давно умерших людей и пристально вглядывался в оконце, выходившее из ее подвала в уголок сада, видя в неровном отражении света в старом радужном и грязном стекле знакомые черты, виденные им когда-то в жизни или на портретах" (229).

times in contrast with fifteen instances of red. Not only does no other color appear more than twice, collectively there are only sixteen uses of color words (adjectives and participles) other than red. The sheer frequency of the color red in comparison to other color words is impactful. With fifteen instances of red in a story that spans a mere fifteen pages, there is enough red to touch every page.

In addition to the frequency of the red, it is also often amplified by the Russian word *iarkii* (яркий). This adjective expresses the meaning bright or vivid, as well as flaming or blazing. Along with its comparative form, *iarche* (ярче), it is used four times. Each of these instances refers to the red flower. A further link to fire and thereby its associated red-orange glow is visible in Garshin's use of the word *ugol'ki* (угольки) to identify the two red flowers beginning to grow in the garden.[65] The inclusion of the adjective *iarkii* and the noun *ugol'ki* adds intensity to the redness of the flowers. In an important moment of revelation to the reader, the protagonist even stops to compare the red of the flower to the red of the cross on his hat and notes, "The flowers were brighter" (205).[66] No red in "The Red Flower," burns as bright as the red of the poppies.

The first mention of red in the narrative stands in contrast to the bright redness of the flowers. In the aforementioned description of the bathing room, it is noted that

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[65] "He had almost forgotten about the flowers, but mounting the porch as he left the garden, in the densely darkening grass that was already touch with early dew, he saw once again the likeness of the two embers" (205).| "Он почти забыл о цветке, но, уходя из сада и поднимаясь на крыльцо, снова увидел в густой потемневшей и уже начинавшей роситься траве точно два *красных уголька*" (231).

[66] "Но больной, само собою разумеется, придавал этому *красному кресту* особое, таинственное значение. Он снял с себя колпак и посмотрел на крест, потом на цветы мака. ***Цветы были ярче***" (231; emphasis added).

"the walls and the vaulted ceiling were coated with dark-red oil-paint" (198).[67] This dark-red paint, together with the other features, of the room creates a gloomy or bleak (мрачный) environment. In contrast to the flowers, the madhouse, as marked by the deep-red walls and ceiling of its bathroom is uninviting. Unlike a blaze of color that attracts the eye and incites the obsession of the protagonist, the color red in relation to the physical space in which he resides is the bearer of oppression and confinement. It is used to emphasize the suffocating property of the literal barriers that the protagonist finds himself restricted by—walls and ceiling.

While the initial introduction of the color red in Garshin's tale is a part of the physical structure of the hospital, none of the remaining red elements are attributed to the physical space itself. Instead, they are physical objects contained, like the protagonist, within the boundaries of the madhouse. These items that occupy the space of the hospital steal the attention of the protagonist. As mentioned above and as evidenced by the title of the narrative, a red flower is the most important of these objects. The main action of the tale is a quest and its object is the destruction of the red flowers.

In addition to the patient's goal focused attention on the flowers, he is surrounded by other physical, red details. Although these red features do not directly incite his obsession, he is subject to and affected by them. The clothing that the patient is given to wear is adorned with "broad red stripes and enormous flowers" (201).[68] The

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[67] "…стены и своды были выкрашены темно-красною масляною краскою" (223).
[68] "…халата из бумажной материи с широкими *красными* полосами и крупными цветами" (227).

patient's attire constantly moves with him throughout the space of the madhouse. An object that he is physically tied to contains not only the titular color, but also its object—the flower. Not only does red enshroud the protagonist in his wardrobe, but the only outside space he is admitted access to—the garden, is also laced with red. In it, there is a dahlia with red speckling across its yellow petals, which sits at the center of the garden and is considered to be particularly rare (204).[69] While this particular flower draws the attention of the entire population of the hospital,[70] it is the solid, bright redness of the poppies that incites the patient's mania. Red is an element that the protagonist is constantly bound to, one that he cannot escape. The color red not only as applied to walls and ceilings, but in and of itself, becomes a barrier. It confines and controls the protagonist's motion, his thoughts, and his desires.

The remaining redness in Garshin's tale is seen on the patient himself. During his treatment in the bathroom at the outset of the narrative, when the hospital worker pulls the Spanish fly off of the patient's neck, the patient is left with "a raw, *red* wound" (199;

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[69] "Угол сада зарос густым вишняком; вдоль него тянулись аллеи из вязов; посредине, на небольшой искусственной горке, был разведен самый красивый цветник во всем саду; яркие цветы росли по краям верхней площадки, а в центре ее красовалась большая, крупная и редкая, желтая с *красными* крапинками далия" (230).

[70] "Она составляла центр и всего сада, возвышаясь над ним, и можно было заметить, что многие больные придавали ей какое-то таинственное значение. Новому больному она казалась тоже чем-то не совсем обыкновенным, каким-то палладиумом сада и здания" (230). | "This flower really marked the centre of the whole garden, lifting itself above it, and the fact could not pass unnoticed that the inmates paid it some mysterious tribute. To the new patient it also seemed out of the ordinary, as some sort of a palladium of the garden and building" (23).

emphasis added).[71] While this wound is the only one that is described as red, there are other mentions of injuries to the patient which would appear red as well. The night after he picks the second poppy, his eyes burn (209), and on the evening of his final quest to attain the third poppy, he skins his shoulder, elbows, and knees as he moves through his bedroom window out into the hospital yard (210).[72] Once he lands in the yard, it is noted that he has "torn finger-nails and *bloodied* hands and knees" (210–211; emphasis added).[73] In the protagonist's quest to destroy the red poppies, his body is slowly taken over by painful redness.

Every additional use of red in "The Red Flower" is in a direct reference to the poppies with which the patient is obsessed. That means that eight of the fifteen instances of red in the narrative refer to these flowers. It is worth noting that the first two mentions of the flower make use of the word scarlet (алый) instead of a more generic red (красный). Regardless, more than half of the uses of the color red concern the patient's goal—the collection and destruction of the poppies.

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[71] "Солдат взял за два конца грубое полотенце и, сильно нажимая, быстро провел им по затылку, сорвав с него и мушку и верхний слой кожи и оставив обнаженную *красную* ссадину" (225).

[72] "Он протискался сквозь него, ссадив себе плечи, локти и обнаженные колени, пробрался сквозь кусты и остановился перед стеной" (237).

[73] "Оборвавшись после первой попытки, с оборванными ногтями, окровавленными руками и коленями, он стал искать удобного места" (237).

The redness of the poppies is referenced when the patient first sees the poppies through the French doors[74] and again when he first enters the garden.[75] Throughout his brief stay in the hospital, both the redness and the power of these flowers intensify. The ill-one feels physical pain when he tries to pick the first flower.[76] After his first attempt to pick a poppy fails, he almost forgets about them, but is drawn back in by their vivid redness.[77] He begins to believe that his purpose in life is to destroy the flower which, to him, contains all the evil of the world.[78]

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[74] "His attention had been caught by an extraordinarily vivid scarlet flower, a variety of poppy" (202). | "Его внимание привлек необыкновенно яркий *алый* цветок, один из видов мака" (228).

[75] "And here too, by the porch, grew three clumps of an unusual kind of poppy which was much smaller than the familiar variety and differed too, in being an exceptionally vivid shade of scarlet" (204). | "Тут же, недалеко от крыльца, росли три кустика мака какой-то особенной породы; он был гораздо меньше обыкновенного и отличался от него необыкновенною яркостью *алого* цвета" (230)

[76] "He felt heat and a stabbing pain in his outstretched hand and then throughout his body, as if a powerful current of some force unknown to him were emanating from the red petals and striking through his entire body" (205). | "Он почувствовал жар и колотье в протянутой руке, а потом и во всем теле, как будто бы какой-то сильный ток неизвестной ему силы исходил от *красных* лепестков и пронизывал все его тело" (231).

[77] "He had almost forgotten about the flowers, but mounting the porch as he left the garden, in the densely darkening grass that was already touch with early dew, he saw once again the likeness of two red embers" (205). | "Он почти забыл о цветке, но, уходя из сада и поднимаясь на крыльцо, снова увидел в густой потемневшей и уже начинавшей роситься траве точно два *красных* уголька" (231).

[78] "При первом взгляде сквозь стеклянную дверь *алые* лепестки привлекли его внимание, и ему показалось, что он с этой минуты вполне постиг, что именно должен он совершить на земле. В этот яркий *красный* цветок собралось все зло мира. Он знал, что из мака делается опиум; может быть, эта мысль, разрастаясь и принимая чудовищные формы, заставила его создать страшный фантастический призрак. Цветок в его глазах осуществлял собою все зло; он впитал в себя всю невинно пролитую кровь (оттого он и был так *красен*), все слезы, всю желчь человечества" (233).

> At first glance through the French windows, the scarlet petals had attracted his attention and from that moment he believed he had comprehended perfectly what he was to accomplish on earth. In that vivid red flower, all the evil of the world had accumulated. He knew that opium is derived from poppies; perhaps it was that thought, ramifying and taking on grotesque forms, which had prompted the creation of this rightful, bizarre specter. In his eyes the flower embodied all evil. It had soaked up all the innocent blood ever spilled (which was why it was so red), all the tears, all the bile of mankind (207).

Ultimately, he suffers his physical death while holding the third and final red poppy in his hands.[79]

The patient's belief that, "in that vivid red flower all the evil of the world had accumulated… In his eyes the flower embodied all evil" is directly tied to its redness (207).[80] To him, the flower "had soaked up all the innocent blood ever spilled (which was why it was so red), all the tears, all the bile of mankind" (207).[81] Were it not for the flowers' emphatic redness, they would not as vividly represent evil to the ill-one. As the patient collects the flowers, one by one, he feels that he is absorbing their evil.[82] His

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[79] "As they laid him on the stretcher, they tried to unclench his hand and remove the red flower" (211). | "Когда его клали на носилки, попробовали разжать руку и вынуть *красный* цветок" (238).

[80] "В этот яркий *красный* цветок собралось все зло мира… Цветок в его глазах осуществлял собою все зло" (233).

[81] "он впитал в себя всю невинно пролитую кровь (оттого он и был так *красен*), все слезы, всю желчь человечества" (233).

[82] "That was why he had it hidden on his breast. He hoped that by morning the flower would have lost all its power. Its evil would have passed into his breast, his soul, and

absorption of their evil is embodied in his physical appearance, as each time he collects a flower, his skin becomes pale.[83] This paling of his flesh creates the perfect canvas on which to highlight his aforementioned reddening: his skin pales while his eyes and wounds shine red.

Garshin's madhouse, both partially coated in and filled with red, provides a space in which his protagonist can suffer the end of his physical life, only escaping the space through transcendence into death. The implications of the symbolism of the color red and its connection to evil and the death of the protagonist can only successfully be explored in conjunction with the other physical attributes of Garshin's madhouse.

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there would be conquered or conquer — then he would perish, but perish an honourable warrior, the foremost warrior of mankind, because no one hitherto had dared to grapple with all the evil of the world at once" (207–208). |"Потому-то он и спрятал его у себя на груди. Он надеялся, что к утру цветок потеряет всю свою силу. Его зло перейдет в его грудь, его душу, и там будет побеждено или победит—тогда сам он погибнет, умрет, но умрет как честный боец и как первый боец человечества, потому что до сих пор никто не осмеливался бороться разом со всем злом мира" (234).

[83] Flower 1: "When the fresh, dewy leaves touched his body, he turned pale as death and opened his eyes wide in horror" (206). | "Когда свежие, росистые листья коснулись его тела, он побледнел как смерть и в ужасе широко раскрыл глаза" (232).

Flower 2: "Next day the patient took a turn for the worse. Frightfully pale, with sunken cheeks and burning eyes receding deep into their sockets, he continued his frenzied pacing in a faltering gait, stumbling frequently, and talked and talked endlessly" (209). | "На другой день больному стало хуже. Страшно бледный, с ввалившимися щеками, с глубоко ушедшими внутрь глазных впадин горящими глазами, он, уже шатающеюся походкой и часто спотыкаясь, продолжал свою бешеную ходьбу и говорил, говорил без конца" (235).

Flower 3: "In the morning he was found dead. His face was clear and serence; his emaciated features, with the thin lips and deep-sunken, cloased eyes, bore an expression of prideful joy" (211). | "Утром его нашли мертвым. Лицо его было спокойно и светло; истощенные черты с тонкими губами и глубоко впавшими закрытыми глазами выражали какое-то горделивое счастье" (237–8).

Therefore, this symbolism will be treated more thoroughly in the final section of this chapter.

Light

Returning to the physical description of bathroom in "The Red Flower", the presence and lack of light is introduced. While describing the bathing room, the narrator indicates that the "sole source of light was a corner window" (198).[84] Natural light illuminates the room, but not sufficiently to cut through the oppressive character of the space created by the dark-red paint and grime. Light is often seen as a source of life and associated with safety and with God or the sublime.[85] As such, the presence or absence of light in a hospital otherwise awash in Christian symbolism, a space that should exist to protect or heal life, warrants exploration.[86]

Despite common associations of light with life and hospitals with healing, the image Garshin creates of the bathroom is dark. In the midst of this darkness, the protagonist shouts out words aimed at receiving divine intervention to alleviate his suffering. While he is held in the water of the bath, "he screeched out a disjointed tirade unimaginable to anyone who had not actually heard it. It was a jumble of prayers and

[84] "…освещенная одним, сделанным в углу, окном..." (223).
[85] After descending Mount Sinai and speaking with God, Moses's face shone and he had to veil it (Exodus 34: 29–35).
[86] In *The Master and Margarita,* the Master is granted peace instead of light.

maledictions" ("The Red" 199).[87] These prayers invoke Saint George and God. The protagonist wishes not to die and uses the torment endured by Christ to parallel himself with God, "Oh my God! Oh you who were tortured before me! Deliver me, I pray you" (199).[88] Although light may be symbolic of the divine, the natural rays that enter the bathroom fail to cut through the dinginess or ease the patient's physical and emotional suffering. While it does not succeed in alleviating the ill-one's suffering, the single window that pours light into the room may be the protagonist's only link to the divine in this dark and dingy bathing area, and light may be his only access to escape or hope within the entire institution.

While all natural light seems to offer some connection to the divine, moonlight appears especially efficacious to the ill-one, seeming to contain a cure, or the essence of life in other spaces within the madhouse. During his first night in the institution, the protagonist awakes in his bedroom and he appears sane: "Moonlight poured through the window-bars into the room, dipping to the floor and illuminating part of the bed and the patient's pale, exhausted face with its closed eyes, there was not a sign of insanity about him now…[89] For a few moments he awoke, in full possession of his faculties, as if he were normal" ("The Red" 200). His sanity is only slips away with the arrival of

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[87] "…выкрикивал бессвязную речь, о которой невозможно иметь представления, не слышав ее на самом деле. Тут были и молитвы и проклятия" ("Krasnyi" 224).
[88] "О Господи! О вы, мучимые раньше меня! Вас молю, избавьте..." (224).
[89] Compare this moment with Ivan in *Master and Margarita*—the moment when Riukhin looks at Ivan in the intake room of the mental institution and sees no madness in his eyes.

daytime, “only to rise from his bed in the morning as mad as ever” (200).[90] During the night, there is a healing power present that is unable to exist during daylight. Moonlight is able to stream directly to the patient’s face, through darkness, uninterrupted by any barriers or outshone by other types of light.

The positive effect that the moonlight creates is not only present during the patient’s first night in the hospital. After the patient has been in the hospital for multiple days,[91] it is stated that “Sometimes, as on the first night, he would wake in the hush… in full possession of his faculties. Perhaps it was the absence of sensations in the nocturnal calm and the dim light… but at such moments he clearly understood his situation and seemed to be sane. Then daybreak would come, and with the light and the arousal of life in the hospital he would again be engulfed in a surge of sensations; his sick brain was overwhelmed, and he was mad once more” (203).[92] Compared to the harsh light of day, moonlight has a calming, magical quality.

It is nocturnal light that guides the patient to the final red flower and thereby the completion of his quest. By following the light, he follows the path to the destruction of

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[90] “*Лунный свет* падал сквозь решетку окна внутрь комнаты, на пол, и *освещал* часть постели и измученное, бледное лицо больного с закрытыми глазами; теперь в нем не было ничего безумного… На несколько мгновений он проснулся в полной памяти, как будто бы здоровым, затем чтобы утром встать с постели прежним безумцем” (“Krasnyi” 226).

[91] “The patient hardly slept and was constantly in motion for days on end” (203). | “Больной почти не спал и целые дни проводил в непрерывном движении” (228).

[92] “Иногда, как в первую ночь, он просыпался среди тишины… в полном сознании. Может быть, отсутствие впечатлений в ночной тишине и полусвете… в такие минуты он ясно понимал свое положение и был как будто бы здоров. Но наступал день; вместе со светом и пробуждением жизни в больнице его снова волною охватывали впечатления; больной мозг не мог справиться с ними, и он снова был безумным” (229).

evil. On the patient's last night in the madhouse, he can see stars shining in the black sky.[93] Inspired by this light, he climbs out his bedroom window, after somehow pushing asunder the iron bars, only to claim the final red flower and, with it, his own death.

Having gained access to the outside world, the protagonist does not choose escape. This choice can be partially attributed to light. On the night of his final quest, the light does not provide him with the seeming healing quality it contains during earlier nights in the narrative. Garshin writes,

> It was a quiet, warm, and dark night; the window was open; stars shone in the black sky. He looked at them, recognizing familiar constellations and rejoicing that they, it seemed to him, understood him and sympathized with him. Blinking, he saw the *endless rays they sent him, and his mad resolve grew*. … the glimmer of nightlights weakly threw light from within the window of the huge building… The stars tenderly blinked, their rays piercing his very heart (emphasis added). [94]

In opposition to the moonlight that has a restorative effect on the protagonist, the light from the stars intensifies his madness. On this dark night with no mention of the moon

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[93] "… the window stood open; the stars glimmered in the black sky" (210) |"*…окно* было открыто; *звезды* блестели на черном небе" (236).

[94] This translation is mine. "Была тихая, теплая и темная ночь; *окно* было открыто; *звезды* блестели на черном небе. Он смотрел на них, отличая знакомые созвездия и радуясь тому, что они, как ему казалось, понимают его и сочувствуют ему. Мигая, он видел бесконечные *лучи*, которые они посылали ему, и безумная решимость увеличивалась… огни ночников слабо *освещали* изнутри *окна* огромного здания… *Звезды* ласково мигали *лучами*, проникавшими до самого его сердца" (236–237).

and its light, the patient is subject to the power of the stars. For Garshin's protagonist, sanity is clearly not found in simply in any light: his insanity grows with both daylight and starlight. All light in the narrative affects him, just in opposing ways. It follows that the stars, which are more distant versions of the sun, would function similarly. The moon, unlike the stars and the sun, does not create its own light, but reflects the light of the sun. Since moonlight is indirect, the moon acts as a barrier between the patient and the sun's light. He is able to access the power of the light without the potential harm of looking directly into it. Just as man cannot see the face of God, he cannot safely stare directly into the sun. What sets the stars apart is not a barrier, as with the moon, but distance. Our patient must gain access to the power of light (the sun) through an intermediary (the moon), just as one can gain access to God through indirect means (prayer, saints, or an intercessor in the Orthodox church).

Glass & Windows

Similar to the moon, which creates an intermediary between light and the protagonist, glass, and particularly windows, form a semi-permeable barrier between the madhouse and the world beyond its walls. The semi-permeability of glass lies in its translucent property, and windows possess the further trait of often having the capacity to open. In "The Red Flower", the pseudo-barriers are important pieces of the madhouse's physical structure due to their relationship with the protagonist.

On the patient's floor of the hospital, there is a wide corridor containing glass doors that enter out into a garden. These doors, along with the remaining windows of the institution, are locked during winter, creating a stuffy atmosphere. During those cold months, the door and windows form a barrier between the interior and exterior of the hospital. Inhabitants of the hospital can see and observe the outside world through these structural components of the hospital, but they cannot experience or take part in anything beyond the glass. These windows serve as a feature perhaps more menacing than the walls because they give a glimpse to the patients of what is outside and remind each of them that they are locked inside.

It is the translucence of the French doors that allows the patient's obsession with the red flower to begin, without him leaving the walls of the madhouse. Were he not able to stand with "his face pressed against the glass of the glass garden door" he could not have "fixedly gazed at the flowerbed," allowing access to an object external to the hospital and inciting his obsession.[95] When the weather warms and the season turns to spring, the protagonist finally encounters the poppy that he had watched begin to bloom through the glass of the hospital. Here, the narrator emphasizes the role of the glass doors in developing the obsession with the poppies. Garshin writes, "This was the flower that had so struck the patient when he had looked through the French windows onto the garden on the day after his admission to the hospital" (204).[96] And, as his

[95] The English translation is mine. | "…он стоял здесь, прильнувши лицом к *стеклу стеклянной* садовой двери, и пристально смотрел на цветник" (228).
[96] "Этот цветок и поразил больного, когда он в первый день после поступления в больницу смотрел в сад сквозь *стеклянную* дверь" (230).

obsession grows into a goal—a quest to pick the flowers—the glass door continues to function as a semi-barrier. It was, “at the first glance through the French windows” that “the scarlet petals had attracted his attention and from that moment he believed he had comprehended perfectly what he was to accomplish on earth” (207).[97] Yet, these see-through doors do not provide the patient with a threshold to cross between outside and inside when it comes time for him to complete his quest and obtain the third and final flower.

While the protagonist would have preferred to use the French doors in order to obtain the final poppy, he cannot access it due to the guard sleeping on his bedroom floor. Instead, his bedroom window serves as a penetrable barrier to the garden outside.[98] Unlike the French doors, the window in his room is barred with iron. In order to use the window as a passageway between internal and external space, the patient “twisted the sturdy sleeves of his straitjacket into a rope which he hooked over the forged spike at the top of the bar and hung on it with his whole weight. After desperate efforts… the spike bent; a narrow gap opened up” and he was able to slide through the gap it created in the window (210).[99] Here the patient uses the straitjacket—a mechanism of physical constraint—in order to overcome another physical constraint—

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[97] “При первом взгляде сквозь *стеклянную* дверь алые лепестки привлекли его внимание, и ему показалось, что он с этой минуты вполне постиг, что именно должен он совершить на земле” (233).

[98] “Not daring to search the man’s pockets for fear of waking him, he decided to leave the room by the window” (210). | “Боясь разбудить его, он не посмел обыскивать карманы и решился уйти из комнаты через окно” (236).

[99] “Тогда, скрутив из крепких рукавов сумасшедшей рубахи веревку, он зацепил ею за выкованное на конце прута копье и повис на нем всем телом. После отчаянных усилий… копье согнулось; узкий проход был открыт” (237).

the iron bars. Having obtained freedom from the hospital, and gained access to the third red flower, the protagonist does not stay outside, but returns to his room, through the window he had used to escape. There, he dies, clutching the red flower, but with a peaceful and light face that possesses "an expression of prideful joy" (211).[100] While the protagonist succeeds in making the semi-permeable barrier of the bedroom window into a crossable boundary, he does not even consider escaping the madhouse. For the ill-one, his goal is not to transgress the boundaries of the madhouse, but to overcome the evil of the world and thereby transcend the boundaries of time and space. Windows are an important physical feature of the madhouse because they provide him access to the flowers, as well as enabling the effects of moonlight. The flowers, in turn, provide him access to death, which is the gateway to transcendence.

In the space between the first mention of light in "The Red Flower" and the narrative's final action, in which the window serves as a crossable barrier between the interior and exterior of the hospital, windows and light are often connected in the brief pages of this story. While windows create physical boundaries that have the potential to increase the torment of the patients, it is through them that natural light is able to enter the hospital. Their capacity to let in light has direct effects on the patient's mental health and on his quest. These semi-permeable barriers catalyze his ability to recognize, accept, and undertake his quest to capture and destroy the red flowers.

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[100] "Лицо его было спокойно и с*ветло*; истощенные черты с тонкими губами и глубоко впавшими закрытыми глазами выражали какое-то горделивое счастье" (237).

Transcendence

Having discussed the structural elements of the madhouse in "The Red Flower", we can now turn to an examination of the role of space itself as a medium of transcendence in the narrative. In order to analyze this function of Garshin's insane asylum, I will analyze the thoughts professed by the ill-one. The protagonist has only one conversation with the physician throughout the course of the narrative. When visited by the doctor, he is asked if he knows where he is. He answers, "Of course doctor! I'm in a lunatic asylum" (201).[101] While the reader has already been made aware of the type of space the ill-one occupies, this moment is important because it is when the ill-man himself shows awareness of the space. His relationship with the space and its effects on him can be better measured once he is conscious of his confinement. The patient is not concerned by his institutionalization. Instead, he engages in a brief philosophical conversation with the doctor about time and space.

It is *our patient's* views on time and space that leaves him unconcerned with his incarceration. He states that it is "all the same" to him that he is in a madhouse because he understands (201).[102] It is his understanding of time and space that produce his indifference to his confinement to an insane asylum.

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[101] "—Конечно, доктор! Я в сумасшедшем доме" (226).
[102] "…все равно…" (226).

"When a man has arrived at the point where his soul harbors a great thought, a universal thought, it's all the same to him where he lives, what he feels. Even whether to live or not to live… Is that not so?"

"Perhaps," replied the doctor…

"And I have one!" the patient exclaimed. "And when I hit upon it, I felt I had been reborn. … *I experience in my own self the great concept that space and time are mere fiction. I live in every age. I live where space does not exist, everywhere or nowhere, as you will.* And therefore it's all the same to me whether you confine me here or give me my liberty, whether I am free or bound.

[…]

"You said," the doctor interrupted him, "that you are living outside time and space. However, you are bound to admit that you and I are in this room and that now"—the doctor drew out his watch—"it is half past ten on the sixth of May 18--.[103] What do you think about that?"

"Not a thing. It's all the same to me where I am and when I live. If it's all the same to me, then doesn't that mean that I am everywhere and always?"

The doctor grinned.

"A rare turn of logic," he said, getting to his feet. "You could well be right. Goodbye. Would you like a cigar?" ("The Red" 201–202; emphasis added).[104]

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[103] This "May 18-- means May of the 18-something-something year. Written in a common style of Russian literature, as to not give an exact date or location.

[104] "Человеку, который достиг того, что в душе его есть великая мысль, общая мысль, ему все равно, где жить, что чувствовать. Даже жить и не жить... Ведь так?

—Может быть, —отвечал доктор…

The abruptness with which the doctor ends the conversation is indicative that he does not agree with the protagonist's views and does not see value in philosophical debate with a madman. Since the doctor does not try to convince the patient that he is wrong, the patient's theorizing about his place in time and space could continue. However, his philosophizing ends just as abruptly as the doctor leaves. Instead of providing elaboration on the protagonist's theories about time and space, attention is given to developing his obsession with the redness and evilness of the poppies that grow in the hospital garden.

The patient's conversation with the doctor, which contains philosophical weight, is the only insight into the protagonist's mind and views. While it is mentioned that he mutters to the other patients, the narrator only records snippets of dialogue. For purposes of this work, the conversation should be considered particularly noteworthy because it directly universalizes the physical space of the mental institution, in its

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—И у меня она есть! —воскликнул больной. —И когда я нашел ее, я почувствовал себя переродившимся… *Я переживаю самим собою великие идеи о том, что пространство и время—суть фикции. Я живу во всех веках. Я живу без пространства, везде или нигде, как хотите.* И поэтому мне все равно, держите ли вы меня здесь или отпустите на волю, свободен я или связан…

—Вы сказали,—перебил его доктор,—что вы живете вне времени и пространства. Однако нельзя не согласиться, что мы с вами в этой комнате и что теперь,—доктор вынул часы,—половина одиннадцатого 6-го мая 18** года. Что вы думаете об этом?

—Ничего. Мне все равно, где ни быть и когда ни жить. Если мне все равно, не значит ли это, что я везде и всегда?

Доктор усмехнулся.

—Редкая логика, —сказал он, вставая. —Пожалуй, вы правы. До свидания. Не хотите ли вы сигарку?" ("Krasnyi" 226–227; emphasis added).

physicality and its symbolic meaning. Furthermore, by evoking ideas about the boundaries and substantiality of time and space, this dialogue solidifies Garshin's madhouse as the foundation, as I will demonstrate later in this dissertation, on which future authors of Russian literature develop the symbolic roles of their mental institutions.

The Cross

If we keep in mind the patient's claim that time and space are fiction, we see that the madhouse serves him by enabling him to more fully transgress their boundaries and achieve his goal. The protagonist's life purpose is to collect and destroy three red poppies thereby eradicating evil from the world and saving mankind. This quest, along with other details of the narrative, invokes the theme of martyrdom. This theme is key to understanding the symbolic purpose of the insane asylum in "The Red Flower". While the protagonist plays the role of the martyr, saving the world from evil, the asylum serves as his cross, the instrument of his suffering. It is the place in which he suffers and dies.

In order to understand the symbolic nature of the asylum as the crucifix, consider first the religious imagery of Garshin's tale. The extensive use of the color red and its link to evil calls to mind blood, and the red cross on the patients' caps provides a

one-to-one correlation with the crucifix.[105] During his torment in the bathroom, the protagonist calls out, "Saint George, great martyr! Into your hands I deliver my body. But my soul, no, oh no!.." ("The Red" 199).[106] With these words, the patient identifies himself as a martyr, joining the ranks of St. George. Even as he is removed from the bath, he continues to implore divine aid, "Why? why? I've never wished evil on anyone. Why kill me? Oh–oh–oh! Oh my God! Oh you who were tortured before me! Deliver me, I pray you…" (199).[107] In this utterance, the protagonist links himself to Christ. In this episode, however, the patient is willing to give up his body, but not his soul. Similarly, when Jesus died on the cross, he surrendered his body to the power of the Roman executioners, but offered his spirit to God: "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus, he gave up the ghost."[108]

Prior to his crucifixion, Christ suffered in the garden of Gethsemane where he prayed three times.[109] The patient must collect and destroy three flowers in the garden of the madhouse. Following the completion of their thrice repeated actions, both Christ

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[105] The red cross on the caps is also a link to 1). The International Red Cross as the caps were left over from war. 2) St. George who is connected to the symbol of the red cross.
[106] "—Святой великомученик Георгий! В руки твои предаю тело мое. А дух —нет, о нет!.." ("Krasnyi" 224).
[107] "—За что? За что? —кричал он. —Я никому не хотел зла. За что убивать меня? О-о-о! О Господи! О вы, мучимые раньше меня! Вас молю, избавьте..." (224).
[108] King James Bible, Luke 23:46
[109] And he went a little further, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt… He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, they will be done…And he left them, and went away again, and prayed the third time, saying the same words (Matthew 26: 39,42, 44).

and our ill-one, who self-identifies with Christ, perish. In the Bible, the story of Christ continues after his death with his resurrection. “The Red Flower”, however, ends with the protagonist’s death. Yet this ending is not limiting. For the patient, death is not the end, but a transcendence from mortally defined concepts of space and time to eternity. In death, he can potentially be “everywhere and always” as he claimed in his conversation with doctor (“The Red” 202).[110]

The protagonist is able to enter into the reality that he earlier conceived of because of the parallels between him and Christ. There are three key equivalences between the ill-one and Christ. First, they are both tasked with a purpose: to sacrifice their lives to overcome evil in some form. Second, the ill-one collects and destroys the three flowers (which contain, in the ill-one’s mind, all of the evil of the world) and dies in the process just as Jesus pays the price for mankind’s sins with his death. Third, through his sacrificial act, the ill-one eradicates evil from the world. Christ remedies humanity’s original fall: Adam’s sin, that which infects all mankind, is gone when Christ becomes the new Adam.[111] The protagonist’s battle with the second poppy is closely tied to Christ. After collecting the second poppy, the patient feels the evil of the flower “snake-like… impregnating all his body with their terrible contents” and he weeps and

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[110] “—Ничего. Мне все равно, где ни быть и когда ни жить. Если мне все равно, не значит ли это, что *я везде и всегда*?” (“Krasnyi” 227).| “Nothing; it's all the same to me where I am and when I live. If it's all the same to me, does it not mean that *I'm everywhere and always?”* (“The Red” 202; emphasis added).

[111] For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive (1 Corinthians 15: 21–22). See also Romans 5: 12–21.

prays to God, just as Christ does in Gethsemane.[112] He then crushes "the blackened flower under his foot"[113] just as Christ crushes Satan under his feet.[114] These parallels, among others[115], lead to the identification of the symbolism with which Garshin has imbued his mental institution. For Christ, Gethsemane and the cross are the locations where he suffers and perishes. For our ill-one, the madhouse is both the means by which and the location in which he suffers and dies. Garshin's mental institution, including its garden, is his protagonist's cross.

Conclusion

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[112] "The patient felt the long, snake-like, creeping leaves of the flower coils of evil they were enwrap him, strangle him; he felt them impregnating all his body with their terrible contents. He wept, and prayed to God, and cursed his enemy" ("The Red" 208). | "Больной чувствовал, что из цветка длинными, похожими на змей, ползучими потоками извивается зло; они опутывали его, сжимали и сдавливали члены и пропитывали все тело своим ужасным содержанием. Он плакал и молился Богу в промежутках между проклятиями, обращенными к своему врагу" ("Krasnyi" 234–235).

[113] "The ill-one trampled the blackened plant, gathered up the remainder from the floor and carried it to the bathroom" (208). | "Больной растоптал почерневшее растение, подобрал остатки с пола и понес в ванную" (235).

[114] For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet (1 Corinthians 15: 25); And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen (Romans 16:20).

[115] The protagonist worries that the other patients will touch the hem of his robe. The bathing ordeal is reminiscent of baptism. Both of these are reminiscent of stories of Christ, but turn them upside down. People touch the hem of Christ's garment and they are healed (Matthew 9:20–22; Matthew 14: 36). The protagonist worries that if another patient comes in contact with his clothing that the evil of the flower will be transmitted to him. Christ is baptized by choice and it is a positive encounter (Matthew 3:13–17). The patient feels as if he is being tortured in the baths. Peter Henry notes, "The Patient's forcible bathing in the opening section, for example, is a parody of baptism by total immersion, of a purification process, an initiation rite, ordeal by torture, preparing him, like a medieval saint, for an as yet uncomprehended mission" ("Introduction" *From the Reminiscences of Private Ivanov and other stories*, 1986).

The ill-one directly discusses time and space and his perceived ability to be anywhere and anytime. How does the mental institution aid in transcendence of time and space? It is the space in which he completes his self-professed life purpose of eradicating evil from the world. It is where he dies, and his soul is set free to embrace the eternal and unbound existence he spoke of earlier. Eternity is a concept that mortals cannot fully understand, yet the concepts of time and space are helpful in constructing a model of eternity. Man can comprehend eternity as the intersection of limitless time and space—the when and where that can move in all directions at all time. In his conversation with the doctor, the patient claims that he is everywhere and always. His death allows him this privilege—to enter eternity, the act of transcending time and space, and it is the mental institution that provides his access to death, and frames his struggle and its outcome: Garshin's madhouse becomes the instrument by which the individual is free to enter eternity. When the physical body is confined, particularly in such gruesome conditions, it requires spiritual escape. In a place where people are permitted to behave in ways counter to societal norms, the patient is able to greet death through a quest that is purposeful only to him. The madhouse is a physical space that is comprehensible to most people, but which allows certain individuals to access that which the ordinary mortal may not comprehend—eternity itself.

3 Truth: The Mental Ward in Anton Chekhov's "Ward No. 6"

In "Ward No. 6" Anton Chekhov builds on the foundational model of the literary mental institution presented by Vsevolod Garshin in "The Red Flower." While Garshin begins with the ill-one declaring that he is doing an inspection of the institution, Chekhov modifies Garshin by speaking directly to the reader, leading the reader on a tour of the physical space of the institution at the outset of the story before introducing any characters. While Garshin only depicted the interior of the institution, as well as an exterior garden, Chekhov brings the reader into the external garden, then proceeds to introduce the exterior and interior of the institution, before describing the staff and patients within. Just as Garshin did before him, Chekhov uses the physicality of the institution, its colors, and its engagement with light, to show how the asylum can transcend the bounds of time and space and become for the main character, Andrei Yefimitch Ragin, a source of transformative suffering, a crucible to purge away his beliefs that inhibit his comprehension of deeper, spiritual truth. While Garshin uses religious symbolism to express the eternal and how it is achieved by the ill-one, Chekhov relies on the contrast between intellectual delusions and the harsh realities of life to explore how the mental institution imparts to his protagonist a brutal enlightenment. Although Chekhov's narrative may provide his protagonist with intimations of immortality or the eternal, it departs from Garshin's model in showing how his protagonist may reject those intimations, preferring instead annihilation and nothingness.

This chapter will explore the ways in which Chekhov accomplishes this task in his narrative. Attention will be turned first to the narrative voice and reader experience as they relate to the physical space of the institution. Then, a close examination of the space itself will be undertaken. Focus will be given to the same elements that were highlighted in Garshin's story—color, light, and windows. Additionally, the correlation between the protagonist's philosophical views and the power of the mental ward will be explored. I will argue that confinement within the physical space of the mental institution induces a unique kind of suffering that can only be comprehended by those who experience it personally. This suffering, enabled by and framed within the institution, drives Chekhov's Ragin to break down his philosophical barriers and comprehend the eternal, although for reasons I will discuss later, he ultimately rejects it.

Biography

While Chekhov is a familiar figure to many, it is worthwhile to include a few notes on his life. Anton Chekhov was born into a family that placed him only two generations away from serfdom and with parents who both experienced melancholy and likely depression. In 1879 he went to Moscow to attend medical school on a scholarship where he supported his family financially by writing and selling stories. Despite splitting his time between medicine and writing, he was a very prolific writer. For him, medicine and writing were necessary for one another.

Although he officially retired from medicine in 1889, he continued to treat people free of charge. In 1890, Chekhov went to Sakhalin Island to study the prison colonies and social conditions. John Coulehan, a physician and professor of medicine, believes that leading up to his research in Sakhalin, Chekhov may have experienced a bout of depression due to a passage in a letter Chekhov wrote to Suvorin, "I don't love money enough for medicine, and I lack the necessary passion – and therefore talent – for literature. The fire in me burns with an even, lethargic flame; it never flares up or roars… I have very little passion. Add to that the following psychopathic trait: for two years now, seeing my works in print has for some reason given me no pleasure."[116] It is after his months in Sakhalin that he wrote "Ward No. 6", influenced by his experiences in the penal colonies. Donald Rayfield calls "Ward No. 6" "a culmination of his [Chekhov's] Sakhalin experiences."[117]

Chekhov's experience as a physician gave him the unique ability to write accurate descriptions of medical practice. He put this specific set of skills to use in many of his works, including "Ward No. 6" and two stories – "Volodya" and "An Attack of Nerves" that were tributes to Vsevolod Garshin. The two men had met in December 1887 and Garshin's stories influenced Chekhov, with "The Red Flower" particularly exercising a clear influence on Chekhov's portrayal of insanity in "Ward No. 6". Many similarities can be seen between Garshin's patient and Chekhov's younger patient, the

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[116] Letter to Suvorin, May 4, 1889, taken from John L. Coulehan, "Introduction," *Chekhov's Doctors: A Collection of Chekhov's Medical Tales*, (Kent State University Press, 2003), xv–xvi.
[117] Donald Rayfield, *Chekhov, the Evolution of His Art*, (P. Elek, 1975), 125.

learned Gromov (pacing, red eyes, incoherent diatribes, etc.). Not unlike Garshin, Chekhov lived a relatively short life. He died of tuberculosis, which had likely been affecting him as early as medical school, in 1904.

Narrative Summary

In "Ward No. 6," doctor Andrey Yefimitch Ragin is assigned to a post as the head physician at a hospital in a remote Russian town. He finds the hospital lacking in most necessities and sees it as a place that spreads disease. Disillusioned with his work, he falls into a routine and turns his attention to reading books and having conversations with his acquaintance Mihail Averyanitch. He longs for greater intellectual stimulation. One day, he visits the mental ward on the hospital grounds. Here, he meets and engages in conversation with a patient, Ivan Dimitrich Gromov. Ragin finds a worthy opponent for conversation and debate in Gromov. He repeatedly visits Gromov in the ward to participate in these conversations. This act ultimately leads the officials of the hospital and town to question Ragin's mental health. Ragin loses his post as physician and is tricked into being admitted to the mental ward. He experiences a brutal beating by Nikita, the guard of the ward, and passes away the next day.

Critical Reception

Much has been written about Chekhov, a significant percentage in response to "Ward No. 6". Perhaps the most memorable commentary was made by Nikolai Leskov, who wrote "In 'Ward No. 6' all of our customs and characters are portrayed in miniature. Ward No. 6 is everywhere. It is Russia."[118] Literary scholars have largely written about the philosophical and moral elements of the narrative, often attempting to uncover Chekhov's position somewhere amidst the views of the main characters – the doctor, Andrei Yefimych Ragin and the patient, Ivan Dmitrich Gromov. Many literary scholars, along with biographers, and doctors, have focused on the theme of medicine in Chekhov's works, including "Ward No. 6". In recent decades, psychiatrists and doctors have begun to analyze both Chekhov and his characters from a psychiatric standpoint. As mentioned earlier, John Coulehan argued that "Ward No. 6" was likely influenced by Chekhov's own depression, his trip to Sakhalin, and his experiences in the penal colonies there. He also argues that Ragin is obsessed with the idea that undergoing suffering can save him.[119] Mark Burno, a Russian psychiatrist, claims that Chekhov and several of his characters are psychasthenics.[120] Nikolai Mikhailkovsky, a contemporary critic of

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[118] "Палате N 6" в миниатюре изображены общие наши порядки и характеры. Всюду—палата N 6. Это—Россия... Чехов сам не думал, что написал (он мне говорил это), а между тем это так. Палата его—это Русь!" taken from Il'ia Vinitskii, "Dukhovnyĭ Kartser: N. S. Leskov I 'Palata No 6' Chekhova," (*Voprosy Literatury*, vol. 4, 2006), 310.

[119] Coulehan, xv–xvi, 185.

[120] Taken from Margarita Odesskaya, "'Let Them Go Crazy': Madness in the Works of Chekhov," *Madness and the Mad in Russian Culture* (University of Toronto Press, 2007), 193. Odesskaya explains that "Psychasthenics are characterized by a marked lack of confidence in themselves and their emotions. They compensate for this lack of confidence by restless mental activity and, if they are creative people, creativity. Psychasthenics are drawn to noisy groups, but they rapidly tire of them and long to be

Chekhov's, directly compared "Ward No. 6" with Garshin's "The Red Flower" indicating that Garshin's work was preferable because it contained "heroism, selfless dedication and commitment to a higher cause" while in Chekhov's tale there was "indifferentism" and a hero who did not "fight".[121]

Donald Rayfield argues that Ragin's "stoicism is put to the test and fails, but it is scarcely purged, so quickly does his apoplexy kill him."[122] The purging of Ragin's stoicism is a gradual process, but it is complete by the end of the narrative. The eradication of his stoicism begins once he is forced into retirement, escalates during his trip with Mikhail Averyanych, and again when he returns to town and moves to new living quarters. Being tricked into being a patient in Ward 6 drastically speeds up this transformation. His ultimate rejection of stoic superiority and immunity from reality and the consequences of his actions would never have been complete without him being forced inside the ward walls as a prisoner instead of a doctor. As a patient, he quickly loses his certainty in his stoic perspective and, consequently, defense mechanisms. The power of the mental ward and the effects of incarceration in that dirty, abusive space are on full display when he ought to be helped, but is instead beaten. This beating proves more than enough to eradicate his stoicism. Once he has finally abandoned his stoicism, as a result of the institution's influence on him, Ragin is finally capable of feeling compassion,

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alone. People of the psychasthenic type frequently suffer from hypochondria, and they have a sharpened sense of the inevitability of death."

[121] Peter Henry, *A Hamlet of His Time: Vsevolod Garshin: the Man, His Works, and His Milieu.* (Oxford: Willem A. Meeuws, 1983), 167–8.

[122] Rayfield, 129.

understanding reality as he never had before, and comprehending the immortality he once doubted.

Scholarship that considers suffering in "Ward No. 6" is important as a base for my understanding of the role of the mental ward in the narrative. Sally Wolff argues that "Ragin finally recognizes their pain as he undergoes the shock of incarceration and beating in Ward Number Six. Only through his own profound suffering in the ward can he comprehend the grief of human existence."[123] Mark Purves counters her claim by "seeing Ragin as more than the victim of his own passivity," focusing on the early efforts Ragin makes to improve the hospital and the post-retirement scenes in which Purves tracks Ragin as he abandons bad faith throughout the narrative. Purves even states that Ragin's post-travel and forced-retirement life is "characterized by a capacity for fellow-feeling and responsibility."[124] This claim is primarily supported by the episode in which Ragin allows his landlady's frightened children into his room. While Purves points to Ragin's protection of his new landlady's children as rousing compassion for others' suffering, this moment does not occur separately from Ragin's own suffering. His suffering has already begun: he was forced into retirement, spending all of his money on a vacation he did not want and did not enjoy, returning to the town he despises broke and unemployed with no pension and nowhere to live. In this new lodging, protecting these children, Ragin's transformative suffering is well underway, only to culminate in

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[123] Sally Wolff, "The Wisdom of Pain In Chekhov's 'Ward Number Six'," (*Literature and Medicine*, vol. 9, 1990), 140.
[124] Mark Purves, "The Muted Cri De Cœur of Dr. Ragin: 'Ward No. 6' Reconsidered," (*Australian Slavonic & East European Studies*, vol. 27, no. ½, 2013), 74.

his institutionalization. Without the transformative effects of the suffering already taking hold, he could have ignored the children's need for protection, and dismissed it the way he has the suffering of his patients for most of his 20+ years as their physician. John Coulehan claims that Ragin "develops an obsession that only the experience of suffering can save him" and that the "obsession makes him even more dysfunctional" which is ultimately what leads to his own incarceration in Ward 6.[125] While the focus of this chapter deals with the suffering that each of these critics highlight in Chekhov's narrative, rather than focus on the suffering as Ragin's goal, his plight, or a critical factor in his transformation, I will focus on the crucible for Ragin's suffering and transformation transformation—the mental ward.

Joost van Baak's work on "the House as the shape, image, or concept of a man-made cultural space" (particularly his idea of the "Anti-House"), supports my case for highlighting the hospital, particularly the mental ward, as a key object of investigation in Chekhov's story.[126] According to van Baak's theory of the House, the "Anti-House" can be formed when the house, a physical space in which individuals reside, "fails to keep its archetypal promise of safety."[127] Ward 6 not only fails to provide safety, but inflicts physical and mental harm on its inhabitants, ultimately causing death. This property of the space is key to understanding the importance of Chekhov's choice of the mental

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[125] John L Coulehan, 185.
[126] Joost van Baak, *The House in Russian literature: A Mythopoetic Exploration,* (Amsterdam – New York, NY: Rodopi, 2009), 20.
[127] Ibid, 60.

ward to house the philosophical debates of Ragin and Gromov and its role in forcing Ragin's transformation.

Peter Henry, in comparing Garshin's "The Red Flower" and Chekhov's "Ward No. 6" claims that hospitals in both are "described in purely functional, emotionally neutral terms, with no chromatic force."[128] Henry differentiates the two by claiming that Garshin's tale has a "hallucinatory quality" because of the presence and nature of the glass doors (although even the bathroom is described objectively), while Chekhov's lacks any comparable hallucinatory element. While the hospitals in both works are described functionally, and especially in Chekhov, emotion is not absent. It is simply necessary to examine more closely the physical properties of the institution in order to uncover their emotional effects on their inhabitants. When we do so, we see that not only does the hospital have emotional impacts, but each space directly affects the protagonists' outcomes—influencing their understandings of life, motivating the intensity or development of their compassion, and leading to their deaths.

In this chapter, I intend to highlight the importance of the physical space of the hospital in Ragin's experience of suffering and his fall from delusions fueled by stoicism, a fall that forces him to confront the bleak reality of life, particularly in the hospital. First, I will consider narrative voice, and its adaptation throughout the story, as it relates to the hospital. Then, I will analyze the physical structure of the space, including the use of color and windows; these and the absence of light will be observed in order to understand the influence the space has on those within it, and the symbolic quality of

[128] Henry, 149.

that influence. These elements will then be evaluated collectively to support my claim that the mental institution itself is a critical component of Ragin's transformation.

Physical Space

In order to understand how the mental ward enables Ragin's transformation, forcing him to experience reality, and even inciting true compassion, it is necessary to identify the physical features of the space. These attributes contribute to the power of the space and develop its atmosphere which allows for specific physical and mental experiences that an individual could not have outside of it. In order to identify these features, I will begin as Chekhov does, with his introduction of the institution directly to his readers.

Narration

"Ward No. 6" begins with an invitation directly to the reader to observe and enter a rural hospital—the space in which the main action of the narrative unfolds. The narrator not only describes the hospital in detail as he guides the reader through the grounds and hospital, as in Garshin's "The Red Flower," but the narrator goes further in explicitly inviting the reader on this tour. This narrator uses the second person to address the reader and even plays at the reader's ego, saying, "if you are not afraid of being stung by nettles, come by the narrow footpath that leads to the lodge, and let us

see what is going on inside," thereby making the story personal to the reader in just the second paragraph.[129] Details of both the outside and inside of the hospital are provided and include attributes that appeals to multiple senses – sight, touch, and smell.

> In the hospital yard there stands a small lodge surrounded by a perfect forest of burdocks, nettles, and wild hemp. Its roof is rusty, the chimney is tumbling down, the steps at the front door are rotting away and overgrown with grass, and there are only traces left of the stucco. The front of the lodge faces the hospital; at the back it looks out into the open country, from which it is separated by the gray hospital fence with nails on it. These nails, with their points upward, and the fence, and the lodge itself, have that peculiar, desolate, God-forsaken look which is only found in our hospital and prison buildings. If you are not afraid of being stung by the nettles, come by the narrow footpath that leads to the lodge, and let us see what is going on inside. Opening the first door, we

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[129] Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, "Ward No. 6," *Chekhov's Doctors: A Collection of Chekhov's Medical Tales*, edited by John L Coulehan, story translated by Constance Garnett, (Kent State University Press, 2003), pp. 91.
"Если ***вы*** не боитесь ожечься о крапиву, то пойдемте по узкой тропинке, ведущей к флигелю, и посмотрим, что делается внутри" (emphasis added).
Anton Pavlovich Chekhov, "Palata No. 6," *Polnoe sobranie sochinenii i pisem v tridtsati tomakh,* tom 8 (Nauka, 1977), 72.
From this point forward, I will use in-text citations for all quotations from the English translation of "Ward No. 6" using the abbreviation "Ward" and page number. If no secondary source is cited between instances of the primary source, the abbreviation will be left out and only page number will be provided. I will include the equivalent original Russian text in a footnote using the abbreviation "Palata" and page number.

> walk into the entry. Here along the walls and by the stove every sort of hospital rubbish lies littered about. Mattresses, old tattered dressing-gowns, trousers, blue striped shirts, boots and shoes no good for anything—all these remnants are piled up in heaps, mixed up and crumpled, moldering and giving out a sickly smell ("Ward" 91).[130]

The reader can visualize the old, filthy condition of the building, the overgrown yard, and the unwelcoming fence full of upright nails. He can imagine the feeling of nettles stinging his skin and the smells of piles of moldy waste, smoke, sour cabbage, and ammonia.

The mental ward takes up an entire section of the hospital, a building that is separate from the rest of the hospital and therefore easily neglected. The windows are protected by iron grates and the beds are screwed to the floor, communicating a sense of inescapability. There is nowhere to sit but the beds and nothing to look at but the

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[130] "В больничном дворе стоит небольшой флигель, окруженный целым лесом репейника, крапивы и дикой конопли. Крыша на нем ржавая, труба наполовину обвалилась, ступеньки у крыльца сгнили и поросли травой, а от штукатурки остались одни только следы. Передним фасадом обращен он к больнице, задним — глядит в поле, от которого отделяет его серый больничный забор с гвоздями. Эти гвозди, обращенные остриями кверху, и забор, и самый флигель имеют тот особый унылый, окаянный вид, какой у нас бывает только у больничных и тюремных построек. Если вы не боитесь ожечься о крапиву, то пойдемте по узкой тропинке, ведущей к флигелю, и посмотрим, что делается внутри. Если вы не боитесь ожечься о крапиву, то пойдемте по узкой тропинке, ведущей к флигелю, и посмотрим, что делается внутри. Отворив первую дверь, мы входим в сени. Здесь у стен и около печки навалены целые горы больничного хлама. Матрацы, старые изодранные халаты, панталоны, рубахи с синими полосками, никуда не годная, истасканная обувь—вся эта рвань свалена в кучи, перемята, спуталась, гниет и издает удушливый, запах" ("Palata" 72–73).

view out of the unusable, translucent barriers that are the windows. The ward consists of one spacious room where the five patients live together. The walls are painted a dirty, light-blue, and the ceiling is coated in soot. There is no semblance of warmth or comfort in this space.[131]

As the narrator turns his attention to the five madmen in the hospital mental ward, the element of sound is added to the reader's picture of the hospital. The residents' footsteps pacing, and their voices muttering, singing, coughing, and sighing can be heard. Even the sound of physical blows applied to the madmen by the guard, Nikita, create an audible image. Only one patient, Moiseika, is permitted to leave the ward, and even the hospital grounds, but he always returns, despite the routine beatings he endures upon reentry to the ward. Each of the five men in the mental ward are trapped, physically, psychologically, or both (92).[132]

Further description of the physical space of the hospital appears in "Ward No. 6" when the doctor assigned to the hospital, Andrei Yefimitch Ragin, is introduced in the fifth section of the story. The hospital is unsanitary—disease spreads rapidly; it is overcrowded; the hospital employees and their families live with the patients; it is ill-equipped—they have just two scalpels and one thermometer; finally, it is staffed by deceitful and immoral individuals. The doctor recognizes that all of these factors are problematic for a hospital and deems it "an immoral institution and extremely prejudicial to the health of the townspeople" (100). Furthermore, Ragin believes that

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[131] "Ward" 91 | "Palata" 72–73
[132] "Palata" 73–74

the place should be shut down altogether. However, he rationalizes against pushing for such a drastic measure because, “his will alone was not enough to do this, and that it would be useless; if physical and moral impurity were driven out of one place, they would only move to another; one must wait for it to wither away of itself. Besides, if people open a hospital and put up with having it, it must be because they need it” (100). Instead, “He only asked the attendants and nurses not to sleep in the wards, and had two cupboards of instruments put up; the superintendent, the housekeeper, the medical assistant, and the erysipelas remained unchanged” (100). The head doctor of the hospital is willing to ignore the physical horrors of the institution and go on with his life, believing that there is nothing he could do to make a significant difference.[133]

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[133] “Когда Андрей Ефимыч приехал в город, чтобы принять должность, «богоугодное заведение» находилось в ужасном состоянии. В палатах, коридорах и в больничном дворе тяжело было дышать от смрада. Больничные мужики, сиделки и их дети спали в палатах вместе с больными. Жаловались, что житья нет от тараканов, клопов и мышей. В хирургическом отделении не переводилась рожа. На всю больницу было только два скальпеля и ни одного термометра, в ваннах держали картофель. Смотритель, кастелянша и фельдшер грабили больных, а про старого доктора, предшественника Андрея Ефимыча, рассказывали, будто он занимался тайною продажей больничного спирта и завел себе из сиделок и больных женщин целый гарем. В городе отлично знали про эти беспорядки и даже преувеличивали их, но относились к ним спокойно; одни оправдывали их тем, что в больницу ложатся только мещане и мужики, которые не могут быть недовольны, так как дома живут гораздо хуже, чем в больнице; не рябчиками же их кормить! Другие же в оправдание говорили, что одному городу без помощи земства не под силу содержать хорошую больницу; слава богу, что хоть плохая да есть. А молодое земство не открывало лечебницы ни в городе, ни возле, ссылаясь на то, что город уже имеет свою больницу.

Осмотрев больницу, Андрей Ефимыч пришел к заключению, что **это учреждение безнравственное и в высшей степени вредное для здоровья жителей.** По его мнению, самое умное, что можно было сделать, это — выпустить больных на волю, а больницу закрыть. **Но он рассудил, что для этого недостаточно одной только его воли и что это было бы бесполезно; если физическую и нравственную нечистоту прогнать с одного места, то она перейдет на другое;**

надо ждать, когда она сама выветрится. К тому же, если люди открывали больницу и терпят ее у себя, то, значит, она им нужна; предрассудки и все эти житейские гадости и мерзости нужны, так как они с течением времени перерабатываются во что-нибудь путное, как навоз в чернозем. На земле нет ничего такого хорошего, что в своем первоисточнике не имело бы гадости.

Приняв должность, Андрей Ефимыч отнесся к беспорядкам, по-видимому, довольно равнодушно. **Он попросил только больничных мужиков и сиделок не ночевать в палатах и поставил два шкапа с инструментами; смотритель же, кастелянша, фельдшер и хирургическая рожа остались на своих местах”** (82–83; emphasis added to correlate with in-text translated citations). | “When Andrey Yefimitch came to the town to take up his duties the "institution founded to the glory of God" was in a terrible condition. One could hardly breathe for the stench in the wards, in the passages, and in the courtyards of the hospital. The hospital servants, the nurses, and their children slept in the wards together with the patients. They complained that there was no living for beetles, bugs, and mice. The surgical wards were never free from erysipelas. There were only two scalpels and not one thermometer in the whole hospital; potatoes were kept in the baths. The superintendent, the housekeeper, and the medical assistant robbed the patients, and of the old doctor, Andrey Yefimitch's predecessor, people declared that he secretly sold the hospital alcohol, and that he kept a regular harem consisting of nurses and female patients. These disorderly proceedings were perfectly well known in the town, and were even exaggerated, but people took them calmly; some justified them on the ground that there were only peasants and working men in the hospital, who could not be dissatisfied, since they were much worse off at home than in the hospital—they couldn't be fed on woodcocks! Others said in excuse that the town alone, without help from the Zemstvo, was not equal to maintaining a good hospital; thank God for having one at all, even a poor one. And the newly formed Zemstvo did not open infirmaries either in the town or the neighbourhood, relying on the fact that the town already had its hospital.

After looking over the hospital Andrey Yefimitch came to the conclusion that it was an immoral institution and extremely prejudicial to the health of the townspeople. In his opinion the most sensible thing that could be done was to let out the patients and close the hospital. But he reflected that his will alone was not enough to do this, and that it would be useless; if physical and moral impurity were driven out of one place, they would only move to another; one must wait for it to wither away of itself. Besides, if people open a hospital and put up with having it, it must be because they need it; superstition and all the nastiness and abominations of daily life were necessary, since in process of time they worked out to something sensible, just as manure turns into black earth. There was nothing on earth so good that it had not something nasty about its first origin.

When Andrey Yefimitch undertook his duties he was apparently not greatly concerned about the irregularities at the hospital. He only asked the attendants and nurses not to sleep in the wards, and had two cupboards of instruments put up; the

When considering the achievements of medicine of his time and reflecting on his experience at the hospital, Ragin acknowledges that

> such an abomination as Ward No. 6 was possible only a hundred and fifty miles from a railway in a little town where the mayor and all the town council were half-illiterate tradesmen who looked upon the doctor as an oracle who must be believed without any criticism even if he had poured molten lead into their mouths; in any other place the public and the newspapers would long ago have torn this little Bastille to pieces (107).[134]

The hospital has adopted none of the recent developments such as the antiseptic system that allowed for safer surgery, the cure for syphilis, the theory of heredity, hypnotism, hygiene based on statistics, and, despite Ragin's disgust with the hospital and his admiration for medical innovation, he does not seek to introduce them. He even muses over psychiatric medical improvements, "Psychiatry with its modern classification of mental diseases, methods of diagnosis, and treatment, was a perfect Elbrus in comparison with what had been in the past. They no longer poured cold water on the

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superintendent, the housekeeper, the medical assistant, and the erysipelas remained unchanged" (100).

[134] "Андрей Ефимыч знает, что при теперешних взглядах и вкусах такая мерзость, как палата № 6, возможна разве только в двухстах верстах от железной дороги, в городке, где городской голова и все гласные — полуграмотные мещане, видящие во враче жреца, которому нужно верить без всякой критики, хотя бы он вливал в рот расплавленное олово; в другом же месте публика и газеты давно бы уже расхватали в клочья эту маленькую Бастилию" (92).

heads of lunatics nor put strait-waistcoats upon them; they treated them with humanity, and even, so it was stated in the papers, got up balls and entertainments for them" (107).[135]

Ragin, even when he comes to value his patient Gromov as his intellectual equal, does not attempt to improve the physical conditions of the institution or its practices. Instead, he removes himself further from his duties. The doctor is aware that he has done nothing to alleviate the suffering of the patients in the hospital during his twenty years of service: "the whole hospital rested as it had done twenty years ago on thieving, filth, scandals, gossip, on gross quackery, and, as before, it was an immoral institution extremely injurious to the health of the inhabitants. He knew that Nikita knocked the patients about behind the barred windows of Ward No. 6, and that Moiseika went about the town every day begging alms" (106).[136] The doctor conceptualizes the physical space of the hospital as a prison, an immoral institution, and a space that causes harm to the health of its patients. In order to avoid responsibility for the damages caused by the hospital, Ragin ascribes to stoic views.

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[135] "Психиатрия с ее теперешнею классификацией болезней, методами распознавания и лечения — это в сравнении с тем, что было, целый Эльборус. Теперь помешанным не льют на голову холодную воду и не надевают на них горячечных рубах; их содержат по-человечески и даже, как пишут в газетах, устраивают для них спектакли и балы" (92).

[136] "всё больничное дело, как и 20 лет назад, построено на воровстве, дрязгах, сплетнях, кумовстве, на грубом шарлатанстве, и больница по-прежнему представляет из себя учреждение безнравственное и в высшей степени вредное для здоровья жителей. Он знает, что в палате № 6, за решетками Никита колотит больных и что Мойсейка каждый день ходит по городу и собирает милостыню" (91).

"But, after all, what of it?" Andrey Yefimitch would ask himself, opening his eyes. "There is the antiseptic system, there is Koch, there is Pasteur, but the essential reality is not altered a bit; ill-health and mortality are still the same. They get up balls and entertainments for the mad, but still they don't let them go free; so it's all nonsense and vanity, and there is no difference in reality between the best Vienna clinic and my hospital." But depression and a feeling akin to envy prevented him from feeling indifferent; it must have been owing to exhaustion. His heavy head sank on to the book, he put his hands under his face to make it softer, and thought: "I serve in a pernicious institution and receive a salary from people whom I am deceiving. I am not honest, but then, I of myself am nothing, I am only part of an inevitable social evil: all local officials are pernicious and receive their salary for doing nothing. . . . And so for my dishonesty it is not I who am to blame, but the times.... If I had been born two hundred years later I should have been different. . ." (107).[137]

[137] “«Но что же? — спрашивает себя Андрей Ефимыч, открывая глаза. — Что же из этого? И антисептика, и Кох, и Пастер, а сущность дела нисколько не изменилась. Болезненность и смертность всё те же. Сумасшедшим устраивают балы и спектакли, а на волю их все-таки не выпускают. Значит, всё вздор и суета, и разницы между лучшею венскою клиникой и моею больницей, в сущности, нет никакой». Но скорбь и чувство, похожее на зависть, мешают ему быть равнодушным. Это, должно быть, от утомления. Тяжелая голова склоняется к книге, он кладет под лицо руки, чтобы мягче было, и думает: «Я служу вредному делу и получаю жалованье от людей, которых обманываю; я не честен. Но ведь сам по себе я ничто, я только частица необходимого социального зла: все уездные чиновники вредны и даром получают жалованье... Значит, в своей нечестности виноват не я, а время... Родись я двумястами лет позже, я был бы другим»” (92–93).

In the midst of his attempt at stoic indifference, there is a glimmer of the transformation Ragin will undergo once he is no longer a doctor *at* the hospital, but a patient *in* it. He cannot sustain apathy, but feels depression and envy creep in momentarily. These feelings, however, dissipate and the doctor is able to shift blame from himself to the time, his circumstances.

Stoicism, a subject of further debate between Ragin and Gromov, is a school of Greek philosophy popularized in the Hellenistic period (roughly 323–31 BCE), and is notable for its tenet that a person who achieved moral perfection was no longer subject to emotions, physical suffering, or even the blows of misfortune.[138] Ragin's primary application of stoicism can be discerned from his conversation with Gromov where Ragin tells Gromov that "The ordinary man looks for good and evil in external things—that is, in carriages, in studies—but a thinking man looks for it in himself." ("Ward" 113).[139] Subverting the perspective of the ill-one in Garshin's "The Red Flower," especially the his belief that he existed outside of time and space and was thus indifferent to his residence in the asylum,[140] in Chekhov's narrative, Ragin uses stoicism to delude himself into a comparable, if false, confidence, letting his philosophy make him superior and immune to the harsh reality around him. This immunity absolves him from responsibility for the bad state of the hospital, thereby imparts to him a sense of

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[138] Dirk Baltzly, "Stoicism", *The Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy,* edited by Edward N. Zalta (Spring 2019 Edition), URL = <https://plato.stanford.edu/archives/spr2019/entries/stoicism/>.

[139] "Обыкновенный человек ждет хорошего или дурного извне, то есть от коляски и кабинета, а мыслящий — от самого себя" ("Palata" 100).

[140] Garshin, "The Red Flower," 202.

superiority over others. Unlike Garshin's ill-one, however, Ragin is no savior figure. Ultimately, the very mental institution Ragin claimed no responsibility for failing breaks down his stoic self-assuredness, forcing him to truly experience life, and to comprehend the spiritual possibilities that exist beyond it.

As was noted, Ragin's initial contributions to changing the hospital are negligible – putting up some cabinets for medical instruments and requesting that the medical staff no longer sleep in the wards with the patients. He resists instituting major changes, the kind that would make a difference in the health of the patients and the town. Yet, once he begins to visit the mental ward, he continues to suggest minor alterations. Upon seeing Moiseika's cold red ankles after one of his outings, Ragin asks Nikita to acquire shoes for the patient.[141] When leaving the ward after a conversation with Gromov, he tells the porter, "You might clear up here, Nikita… there's an awfully stuffy smell" (112).[142] Sergei Sergeich, Ragin's assistant, tends to patients in the hospital after Ragin leaves for the day. Yet, he does not attempt any changes either. Instead, he blames poverty and illness on lack of piety.[143]

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[141] "And stirred by a feeling akin both to pity and disgust he went into the lodge behind the Jew, looking now at his bald head, now at his ankles. As the doctor went in, Nikita jumped up from his heap of litter and stood at attention.
'Good-day, Nikita,' Andrey Yefimitch said mildly. 'That Jew should be provided with boots or something; he will catch cold' (109). |"И побуждаемый чувством, похожим на жалость и на брезгливость, он пошел во флигель вслед за евреем, поглядывая то на его лысину, то на щиколки. При входе доктора с кучи хлама вскочил Никита и вытянулся.
—Здравствуй, Никита,—сказал мягко Андрей Ефимыч. —Как бы этому еврею выдать сапоги, что ли, а то простудится" (94).

[142] "— Как бы здесь убрать, Никита... Ужасно тяжелый запах!" (98).

[143] "Palata" 86. | "Ward" 102.

Ragin is not the only doctor aware of the horrifying conditions at the town's hospital. There is a younger doctor, Yevgeny Fyodoritch Hobotov, who is assigned to assist Ragin until a Zemstvo hospital is built.[144] He is appalled by the hospital's condition, but pushes for no changes either. Hobotov did not want to offend the senior doctor by introducing a new system, and in this timidity he also avoids responsibility.[145] Ultimately, this doctor is responsible for placing Ragin into Ward No. 6 as a patient, and thereby facilitating the abandonment of Ragin's stoicism and his confrontation with reality.

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[144] Thomas Porter and William Gleason explain that "When the *zemstva* were introduced into the provinces and counties of European Russia in 1864, the government hoped that a single, integrated bureaucratic apparatus had been formed which would enable the regime to provide for the welfare of its subjects. The *zemstva* were to administer particular state functions because it was believed that they would simply be more efficient; there would be no independent activity by the organs of local government." See Thomas Porter and William Gleason, "The *Zemstvo* and Public Initiative in Late Imperial Russia," *Russian History*, vol. 12, no. 4, Winter 1994, 419–437 (esp. 420). Even Chekhov was aware of the shortcomings of the *zemstva*, as he explained in "Ward No. 6" that "Others said in excuse that the town alone, without help from the Zemstvo, was not equal to maintaining a good hospital; thank God for having one at all, even a poor one. And the newly formed Zemstvo did not open infirmaries either in the town or the neighborhood, relying on the fact that the town already had its hospital" ("Ward" 100). | "Другие же в оправдание говорили, что одному городу без помощи земства не под силу содержать хорошую больницу; слава богу, что хоть плохая да есть. А молодое земство не открывало лечебницы ни в городе, ни возле, ссылаясь на то, что город уже имеет свою больницу" ("Palata" 83).

[145] He visited the hospital twice a week, made the round of the wards, and saw out-patients. The complete absence of antiseptic treatment and the cupping roused his indignation, but he did not introduce any new system, being afraid of offending Andrey Yefimitch ("Ward" 108). | В больнице он бывает два раза в неделю, обходит палаты и делает приемку больных. Совершенное отсутствие антисептики и кровососные банки возмущают его, но новых порядков он не вводит, боясь оскорбить этим Андрея Ефимыча ("Palata" 93).

Knowing the horrors of the hospital as well as anyone other than a patient, Ragin, in one of his debates with Gromov, equates the ward with a comfortable room for reading. "There is no real difference between a warm, snug study and this ward," said Andrey Yefimitch. "A man's peace and contentment do not lie outside a man, but in himself" ("Ward" 113).[146] He argues that the world external to an individual is insignificant because, as a stoic with a very self-serving interpretation of the philosophy, all he needed, and all he was responsible for, was within himself.[147]

Gromov refers to the ward as a prison that has caused him to forget everything he had studied: "Here in prison I have forgotten everything I have learned, or else I could have recalled something else" (115).[148] Earlier in the story the narrator also compares the hospital with a prison as he states that the surrounding fence is "only found in our hospital and prison buildings" (91).[149] Foreshadowing the effect that the institution would have on Ragin, Gromov's and the narrator's interpretation of the institution as a prison highlights the contradiction inherent in its function in the story: it confines, abuses, and ultimately kills those within it, while simultaneously—for Ragin—allowing him to experience reality free of his philosophical excuses, and comprehend greater spiritual possibilities.

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[146] "— Между теплым, уютным кабинетом и этою палатой нет никакой разницы, — сказал Андрей Ефимыч. — Покой и довольство человека не вне его, а в нем самом" ("Palata" 100).
[147] "Palata" 100. | "Ward" 114.
[148] "Я забыл тут в тюрьме всё, что учил, а то бы еще что-нибудь вспомнил" (102).
[149] "…окаянный вид, какой у нас бывает только у больничных и тюремных построек" (72–73).

Color

Unlike Garshin's "The Red Flower" Chekhov's title does not focus on a color or an object, but on the mental ward itself, as "Ward No 6" is the portion of the hospital where the mad hospital inhabitants live. It is important to note that color does not play as critical a role in Chekhov's narrative as in Garshin's, but the lack of color used in the description of the hospital or in the remaining narrative of the tale accentuates the vivid descriptions of the filthy and inhumane conditions of the hospital and mental ward. When color is used to describe the hospital, it is to emphasize the dirty and insufferable qualities of the space. More commonly, instead of relying on direct color words, Chekhov uses other words to describe similar attributes of the space. It is worth closely considering the introductory paragraphs of the narrative. Each provides new insight into the conditions of the space.

> In the hospital yard there stands a small lodge surrounded by a perfect forest of burdocks, nettles, and wild hemp. Its roof is ***rusty***, the chimney is ***tumbling down***, the steps at the front-door are ***rotting*** away and ***overgrown with grass***, and there are ***only traces left of the stucco***. The front of the lodge faces the hospital; at the back it looks out into the open country, from which it is separated by the ***grey*** hospital fence with nails on it. These nails, with their points upwards, and the fence, and the lodge itself, have that peculiar, desolate,

> God-forsaken look which is only found in our hospital and prison buildings (91).
>
> [150]

The first instance of color related to the physical space of the hospital is the indication that there is a grey (серый) fence separating the hospital from the countryside. This fence is off-putting with its muted, cool color and treacherous nails. In place of colors, there are notes on condition. The building that houses the mental ward is rusty (ржавая), collapsing (обвалилась), rotting (сгнили), overgrown (поросли), and very little plaster remains (остались). These words are largely verb forms, a more active choice than that of attributive color adjectives. The emphasis in this introductory paragraph is on the run-down and uninviting qualities of the hospital. It is fitting that the narrator continues the tour of the space with the words, "If you are not afraid"

> […] of being stung by the nettles, come by the narrow footpath that leads to the lodge, and let us see what is going on inside. Opening the first door, we walk into the entry. Here along the walls and by the stove every sort of hospital ***rubbish lies littered*** about. Mattresses, ***old tattered*** dressing-gowns, trousers, ***blue*** striped shirts, boots and shoes ***no good for anything*** – all these remnants are

[150] "В больничном дворе стоит небольшой флигель, окруженный целым лесом репейника, крапивы и дикой конопли. Крыша на нем ***ржавая***, труба наполовину ***обвалилась***, ступеньки у крыльца ***сгнили*** и ***поросли*** травой, а от штукатурки ***остались одни только следы***. Передним фасадом обращен он к больнице, задним — глядит в поле, от которого отделяет его **серый** больничный забор с гвоздями. Эти гвозди, обращенные остриями кверху, и забор, и самый флигель имеют тот особый унылый, окаянный вид, какой у нас бывает только у больничных и тюремных построек" (72; emphasis added).

> piled up in heaps, mixed up and ***crumpled, mouldering and giving out a sickly smell*** (91).[151]

Once inside the building, the emphasis remains on its condition, but highlights how its contents—instead of its façade—indicate its decay. Another color appears, this time blue (синий), indicating the color of stripes on shirts. Why mention the blue and not the color of anything else? Perhaps it stands out against the rest of the filth, which is presumably some shade of grey or brown? Regardless, the lack of color puts focus on the other attributes of the contents of this space. It is filled with rubbish (хлам) that is old (старые), torn (изодранные), unsuitable (никуда не годная), and worn-out (истасканная). The items are so entrenched in disorder and decay that they give off a suffocating smell (издает удушливый, запах). The entrance to a space that is meant to be a place of healing, should be very different than this entryway. Instead of being inviting, this space is stomach-turning, and should send anyone in the opposite direction.

The room that houses the mental patients is no more welcoming than the exterior or the entryway. Again, Chekhov favors indications of filth – dirt, smoke, stench, over color.

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[151] "Если ***вы*** не боитесь ожечься о крапиву, то пойдемте по узкой тропинке, ведущей к флигелю, и посмотрим, что делается внутри. Отворив первую дверь, мы входим в сени. Здесь у стен и около печки навалены целые горы больничного ***хлама***. Матрацы, ***старые изодранные*** халаты, панталоны, рубахи с ***синими*** полосками, ***никуда не годная***, ***истасканная*** обувь—вся эта ***рвань*** свалена в кучи, ***перемята, спуталась, гниет и издает удушливый, запах***" (72, emphasis added).

> Next you come into a big, spacious room which fills up the whole lodge except for the entry. Here the walls are painted a ***dirty blue***, the ceiling is as ***sooty*** as in a hut without a chimney—it is evident that in the winter the stove smokes and the room is ***full of fumes.*** The windows are disfigured by iron gratings on the inside. The floor is ***dirty*** and ***splintery***.[152] There is a ***stench*** of sour cabbage, of smoldering wicks, of bugs, and of ammonia, and for the first minute this stench gives you the impression of having walked into a menagerie.
>
> There are bedsteads screwed to the floor. Men in ***blue*** hospital dressing-gowns, and wearing nightcaps in the old style, are sitting and lying on them. These are the lunatics (91–92).[153]

Where he could have chosen blackened (as Garshin did), he wrote "sooty" (закопчен) and "grey" (сер). Even the color that is used to describe the institution is linked with filth—the walls are "dirty-light blue" (грязно-голубою). The second use of blue in the mental ward is a darker shade (синий) and is attributed not to the physical space itself,

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[152] The translation of this sentence is mine. I chose to translate it for clarity and precision in my analysis. Constance Garnett's translation reads: "The wooden floor is grey and full of splinters."

[153] "Далее вы входите в большую, просторную комнату, занимающую весь флигель, если не считать сеней. Стены здесь, вымазаны ***грязно-голубою*** краской, потолок ***закопчен***, как в курной избе,—ясно, что здесь зимой дымят печи и бывает угарно. Окна изнутри обезображены железными решетками. Пол ***сер и занозист***. Воняет кислою капустой, фитильною гарью, клопами и аммиаком, и эта вонь в первую минуту производит на вас такое впечатление, как будто вы входите в зверинец.

В комнате стоят кровати, привинченные к полу. На них сидят и лежат люди в ***синих*** больничных халатах и по-старинному в колпаках. Это – сумасшедшие" (72–73).

but the attire that the patients are forced to wear – blue dressing gowns. Both the ward and its inhabitants are shrouded in a cool color – blue. Neither color nor light provide warmth in this space. The relative absence of color, and association of color with uncleanliness and coolness, create a bleak atmosphere from the moment of introduction to the mental ward. Not only is the appearance filthy, but the space is filled to the brim with unpleasant scents, from smoke to mold to ammonia.

After the initial tour of the hospital, Chekhov's narrator focuses on the inhabitants of Ward 6. Chekhov uses a wide variety of verbs to indicate colors, and most colors, regardless of part of speech, are applied to people. These patients turn various shades of red, mostly in their faces; they appear to be black shadows; they have certain hair colors or are threatened with graying hair; their faces are yellow or red to indicate alcoholism. Red is the most frequently used color in Chekhov's story, but its most significant use is the one that is the least frequent—in description of the moon. Ragin sees the moon as he looks out the window of Ward 6 near the end of the narrative and sees that it is red. There is not a one-to-one symbolic relationship between red and an object or concept (as there is with red and evil in "The Red Flower"). Instead, there is differentiation between reds, even the reddening of one's face. At times, red indicates embarrassment, at other times shame, and occasionally drunkenness. The use of the two words for blushing or turning red that are used, to redden or blush (краснеть/покраснеть) and to turn crimson or purple (багроветь), are used to convey a different quality of the person and his state of mine. The latter only occurs when the person is angry, while the former is used for a wider variety of emotions or human

states – shame, drunkenness, disappointment. Overall, Chekhov's use of color or lack thereof is nuanced.

The use of color to describe people, objects, and places is divided almost equally between the portions of the story that occur inside the hospital (19) and outside of the hospital (17). As the hospital and its function in the narrative is the primary object of investigation, the use of color inside the hospital holds more value. The most common color used to describe the hospital and the objects contained in it is blue. The most common color to describe people in the hospital is red. Red is also the most frequently appearing color overall. Blue and red, while not exact opposites, nonetheless contrast with one another. Red is a warm color, while blue is a cool color. The anger, guilt, and excitement of the patients and the doctor, represented by red, stands out in stark contrast to the blue of the hospital walls and the patients' attire. Red is the opposite of green, and green is the color Ragin sees just before he dies. On one level, the greenness before his eyes might indicate that he is leaving his guilty and angry existence behind to enter its opposite. On another level, the green before his eyes recalls the green lampshade in his home, a filter that paralleled with the philosophical and medical texts he read and used to protect himself from reality. Despite Ragin's transformation by the end of the story, the presence of a "greenness before his eyes" (134)[154] may suggest that some of his previously held beliefs continued to affect him until the end.

There are color words used throughout the narrative, but their use is best studied in the sections in which the hospital is described or the action takes place in the

[154] "Позеленело в глазах" (126).

mental ward. What is important in consideration of color in "Ward No. 6" is how colors intersect with the institution and what effect they have on its inhabitants. Lack of color, when it is applied to the hospital, is equally telling because it too communicates the overall oppressive and enlightening effect that the ward exercises on the patients and the reader and the ways in which the edifice functions.

Light

While Chekhov uses color sparingly, opting for indirect descriptors of the space of the mental institution (i.e. soot coated instead of grey or black, etc.) in "Ward No. 6", he almost completely abstains from mentioning light. There are only three mentioned objects that give off artificial light. Two are located inside the hospital—the lamp in front of an icon that belongs to Ragin's assistant and a candle.[155] Neither the lamp nor the candle is said to be giving off light. These items are mentioned not to reference light, as much as they are to emphasize the religiosity of Sergei Sergeich. The other artificial light source noted in the narrative is outside of the hospital—the lamp, with a green shade, that Ragin uses to read in his home in the evenings.[156] It is noteworthy that

[155] "In the corner of the consulting- room there stood a large ikon in a shrine with a heavy lamp in front of it, and near it a candle-stand with a white cover on it" (102). | "В углу, в приемной, стоит большой образ в киоте, с тяжелою лампадой, возле— ставник в белом чехле; на стенах висят портреты архиереев, вид Святогорского монастыря и венки из сухих васильков" (86).

[156] "The stillness of the evening, and afterwards of the night, was not broken by a single sound, and it seemed as though time were standing still and brooding with the doctor over the book, and as though there were nothing in existence but the books and the lamp with the green shade" (106). | "Тишина вечера и потом ночи не нарушается ни

this lamp is both a source of light and has a shade that is modified by color—green. Although this object exists outside of the mental ward, it is the light source by which Ragin develops both his self-serving knowledge of the stoic philosophy to which he clings and the advancements in medicine that he does not attempt to implement. Both his philosophical views and his knowledge of medicine reinforce his neglect of the hospital, particularly the mental ward. Ragin knows, thanks to the light of his lamp, that the conditions and treatment of the patients in Ward 6 are deplorable and not up to modern medical standards. Yet, his professed stoic philosophy shields him from any responsibility for its state, or impulse to act in response to any suffering and compassion.

The primary reference to natural light is seen by Ragin through a window from inside Ward 6, near the end of the narrative. While he does mention the sun, it is only in reference to the passage of time and the orbit of the earth, thus not mentioning it as a light source. As such, the moon remains the primary source of light mentioned. [157]

одним звуком, и время, кажется, останавливается и замирает вместе с доктором над книгой, и кажется, что ничего не существует, кроме этой книги и лампы с зеленым колпаком" (90).

[157] In order, here are the mentions of the sun: **First**: He sat in the cellar all day and then all night, then another day, was fearfully cold, and waiting till dusk, stole secretly like a thief back to his room. He stood in the middle of the room till daybreak, listening without stirring. Very early in the morning, before sunrise, some workmen came into the house (97). | В погребе просидел он день, потом ночь и другой день, сильно озяб и, дождавшись потемок, тайком, как вор, пробрался к себе в комнату. До рассвета простоял он среди комнаты, не шевелясь и прислушиваясь. Рано утром до восхода солнца к хозяйке пришли печники (79–80).

Second: "Oh, why is not man immortal? he thought. What is the good of the brain centres and convolutions, what is the good of sight, speech, self-consciousness, genius, if it is all destined to depart into the soil, and in the end to grow cold together with the earth's crust, and then for millions of years to fly with the earth round the sun with no

Andrey Yefimitch walked away to the window and looked out into the open country. It was getting dark, and on the horizon to the right a cold crimson moon was mounting upwards. Not far from the hospital fence, not much more than two hundred yards away, stood a tall white house shut in by a stone wall. This was the prison.

"So this is real life," thought Andrey Yefimitch, and he felt frightened.

The moon and the prison, and the nails on the fence, and the far-away flames at the bone-charring factory were all terrible… Andrey Yefimitch assured himself that there was nothing special about the moon or the prison, that even sane persons wear orders, and that everything in time will decay and turn to earth,

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meaning and no object?" (106). | "О, зачем человек не бессмертен? — думает он. — Зачем мозговые центры и извилины, зачем зрение, речь, самочувствие, гений, если всему этому суждено уйти в почву и, в конце концов, охладеть вместе с земною корой, а потом миллионы лет без смысла и без цели носиться с землей вокруг солнца?" (90).

Third: "He knew that at the very time when his thoughts were floating together with the cooling earth round the sun, in the main building beside his abode people were suffering in sickness and physical impurity: someone perhaps could not sleep and was making war upon the insects, someone was being infected by erysipelas, or moaning over too tight a bandage; perhaps the patients were playing cards with the nurses and drinking vodka (106). | "Он знает, что в то время, когда его мысли носятся вместе с охлажденною землей вокруг солнца, рядом с докторской квартирой, в большом корпусе томятся люди в болезнях и физической нечистоте; быть может, кто-нибудь не спит и воюет с насекомыми, кто-нибудь заражается рожей или стонет от туго положенной повязки; быть может, больные играют в карты с сиделками и пьют водку" (90).

but he was suddenly overcome with desire; he clutched at the grating with both hands and shook it with all his might. The strong grating did not yield (131). [158]

The moon appears when Ragin is enlightened, his philosophical barriers gone, and begins to comprehend reality. The moonlight hits Ragin as comprehension breaks upon him in the wake of fear, desire, and other emotions from which he had shielded himself. It shines and highlights his moment of realization. When first locked in the mental ward, Ragin insists several times that his confinement is a mistake. Then, the moon rises, and he understand that "this is real life" (29).[159]

The moon, not unlike in Garshin's "The Red Flower" and, as we will see in Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*, possesses a unique power. Its light is capable of revealing truth that was previously hidden. While the moon has presumably risen each day of Ragin's life, he has never, as far as is indicated by the narrator, focused on it before this moment of transformation. Previously, Ragin spent his evenings inside, leaving the hospital early in the day (likely when it was still light outside), and returning

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[158] "Андрей Ефимыч отошел к окну и посмотрел в поле. Уже становилось темно, и на горизонте с правой стороны восходила холодная, багровая луна. Недалеко от больничного забора, в ста саженях, не больше, стоял высокий белый дом, обнесенный каменною стеной. Эхо была тюрьма.

«Вот она действительность!» — подумал Андрей Ефимыч, и ему стало страшно. Были страшны и луна, и тюрьма, и гвозди на заборе, и далекий пламень в костопальном заводе. Сзади послышался вздох. Андрей Ефимыч оглянулся и увидел человека с блестящими звездами и с орденами на груди, который улыбался и лукаво подмигивал глазом. И это показалось страшным.

Андрей Ефимыч уверял себя, что в луне и в тюрьме нет ничего особенного, что и психически здоровые люди носят ордена и что всё со временем сгниет и обратится в глину, но отчаяние вдруг овладело им, он ухватился обеими руками за решетку и изо всей силы потряс ее. Крепкая решетка не поддалась" (121–122).

[159] "«Вот она действительность!»" (121).

home where he read by artificial light late into the evening. Now, Ragin notices the moon, lacking any blocking agent, such as the green shade on the lamp. Both his newfound attention to this light source, and the relative absence of light throughout the narrative, imply that the moon is critical to Ragin's ability to experience and accept what is real. Its light clears the remnants of his stoic philosophy from his mind, leaving him reformed, but faced with the bleakness of the real world.

Not only is the moon a key source of light and knowledge, it is also attributed with color, a characteristic that makes it stand out against the largely uncolored or grey-blue world of the mental world. The moon is cold and crimson, almost purple (багровая), a color often associated with royalty, thus offering the moon a potentially imperious aspect. The moon in its red hue, a color used elsewhere to depict a character's anger, shame, drunkenness, or disappointment, now pierces Ragin to his core. With no filter through which he might dampen the truth, the moon's light highlights the true bleakness surrounding him. Looking at out the window at the cold, crimson moon, Ragin is overcome by a feeling of dread and attempts to escape through the window by shaking its bars. In this moment, when Ragin completes his fall from the protection of his stoic beliefs to the reality of suffering and compassion, Chekhov uses all three key items of analysis – color (crimson/багровый), light (moon/луна), and a window (окно) to emphasize the transformative moment.

The moonlight reappears after Ragin has been freed of his philosophical defenses and begins to appreciate the harsh realities of life, casting its light over his prone form after he is beaten by Nikita.

> Then all was still, the faint moonlight came through the grating, and a shadow like a net lay on the floor. It was terrible… How could it have happened that for more than twenty years he had not known it and had refused to know it? He knew nothing of pain, had no conception of it, so he was not to blame, but his conscience, as inexorable and as rough as Nikita, made him turn cold from the crown of his head to his heels. (133)[160]

Finally feeling pain and realizing all he had failed to do throughout his life, Ragin finds his moment of enlightenment accompanied by the moonlight, albeit a moment unlike that found in Garshin, as this moment is profoundly depressing. Ragin's conscience, unprotected by the stoic delusions he had created, found itself fully exposed to his guilt for years of neglect and excuses. This moment of enlightenment informs Ragin's

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[160] "Затем всё стихло. Жидкий лунный свет шел сквозь решетки, и на полу лежала тень, похожая на сеть. Было страшно. Андрей Ефимыч лег и притаил дыхание; он с ужасом ждал, что его ударят еще раз. Точно кто взял серп, воткнул в него и несколько раз повернул в груди и в кишках. От боли он укусил подушку и стиснул зубы, и вдруг в голове его, среди хаоса, ясно мелькнула страшная, невыносимая мысль, что такую же точно боль должны были испытывать годами, изо дня в день эти люди, казавшиеся теперь при лунном свете черными тенями. Как могло случиться, что в продолжение больше чем двадцати лет он не знал и не хотел знать этого? Он не знал, не имел понятия о боли, значит, он не виноват, но совесть, такая же несговорчивая и грубая, как Никита, заставила его похолодеть от затылка до пят. Он вскочил, хотел крикнуть изо всех сил и бежать скорее, чтоб убить Никиту, потом Хоботова, смотрителя и фельдшера, потом себя, но из груди не вышло ни одного звука, и ноги не повиновались; задыхаясь, он рванул на груди халат и рубаху, порвал и без чувств повалился на кровать" (125).

ultimate choice to do something contrary to what the other protagonists studied in this dissertation do: he will reject the eternal. While this passage will be discussed in greater detail later, it must be acknowledged that the symbolic illumination provided by the moon appears one final time in the story, as it shines its light on Ragin's body as it lay dead "on the table, with open eyes, and the moon shed its light upon him at night" (134.)[161] Although Ragin ultimately did not want immortality or any of what it offered him, the moonlight symbolically reminds the audience of the truth of what Ragin perceived, regardless of his ultimate choice.[162]

Windows

Having entered the lodge housing Ward 6, during his introductory tour of the hospital, the narrator mentions that the "windows are disfigured by iron gratings on the inside" (91).[163] These windows are barriers that provide illusory access to the outside world. The patients stand at these windows, with their iron bars, and look out to a world from which they have been permanently removed. Only Moiseika is permitted to leave the ward and hospital grounds, but he always returns, and receives a severe beating

[161] "Там он лежал на столе с открытыми глазами, и луна ночью освещала его" (126).
[162] "There he lay on the table, with open eyes, and the moon shed its light upon him at night. In the morning Sergey Sergeyitch came, prayed piously before the crucifix, and closed his former chief's eyes" (134). | "Пришли мужики, взяли его за руки и за ноги и отнесли в часовню. Там он лежал на столе с открытыми глазами, и луна ночью освещала его. Утром пришел Сергей Сергеич, набожно помолился на распятие и закрыл своему бывшему начальнику глаза" (126).
[163] "**Окна** изнутри обезображены железными **решетками**" (72; emphasis added).

each time. Even he, when inside the ward, is confined by the windows, “By day he walks up and down the ward from window to window” (“Ward No. 6” 92).[164]

Gromov is particularly disturbed by the presence of the windows. For him, they are a symbol of oppression, “he speaks of… the window-gratings, which remind him every minute of the stupidity and cruelty of oppressors” (93).[165] In addition to oppression, the windows are an indicator of the monotony of life inside the ward walls. Aside from eating two meager meals, one of the only activities that the inhabitants can engage in is walking to and looking out the window, “In the intervals they lie down, sleep, look out of the window, and walk from one corner to the other” (99).[166]

The grated windows of Ward 6 form a barrier that not only confines the patients, but also contains the cruelty that occurs behind them. The events permitted to unfold inside these windows would be condemned on the other side of them. Ragin knows that beatings occur in the mental ward, but he does not attempt to stop them: “He knew that Nikita knocked the patients about behind the barred windows of Ward No. 6, and that Moiseika went about the town every day begging alms” (106).[167] This insight of Ragin’s indicates that these windows are a one-way barrier. While the patients are almost constantly pacing between them and looking through them, there is no one on the outside looking in. There is no one to witness their plight and be turned by

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[164] “Днем он прогуливается по палате от **окна** к **окну**” (73; emphasis added).
[165] “Говорит он о … об **оконных решетках**, напоминающих ему каждую минуту о тупости и жестокости насильников” (75).
[166] “В промежутках лежат, спят, глядят в **окна** и ходят из угла в угол” (81).
[167] “Он знает, что в палате No 6 за **решетками** Никита колотит больных и что Мойсейка каждый день ходит по городу и собирает милостыню” (91).

compassion to invoke new measures of psychiatric care. The barrier of the window does not protect, but rather confines the patients, and instead protects outsiders from interacting with the inhabitants of Ward 6 and from the knowledge of what goes on inside.

The bars on the windows are featured in a debate about the future between Ragin and Gromov. Ragin uses them as an indicator of imprisonment, but they become the symbol of the reality experienced by Gromov that Ragin has yet to understand.

> "So long as prisons and madhouses exist someone must be shut up in them. If not you, I. If not I, some third person. Wait till in the distant future prisons and madhouses no longer exist, and there will be neither bars on the windows nor hospital gowns. Of course, that time will come sooner or later" (110–111).[168]

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[168] "— Раз существуют тюрьмы и сумасшедшие дома, то должен же кто-нибудь сидеть в них. Не вы — так я, не я — так кто-нибудь третий. Погодите, когда в далеком будущем закончат свое существование тюрьмы и сумасшедшие дома, то не будет ни решеток на окнах, ни халатов. Конечно, такое время рано или поздно настанет.

Иван Дмитрич насмешливо улыбнулся.

— Вы шутите, — сказал он, щуря глаза. — Таким господам, как вы и ваш помощник Никита, нет никакого дела до будущего, но можете быть уверены, милостивый государь, настанут лучшие времена! Пусть я выражаюсь пошло, смейтесь, но воссияет заря новой жизни, восторжествует правда, и — на нашей улице будет праздник! Я не дождусь, издохну, но зато чьи-нибудь правнуки дождутся. Приветствую их от всей души и радуюсь, радуюсь за них! Вперед! Помогай вам бог, друзья!

Иван Дмитрич с блестящими глазами поднялся и, протягивая руки к окну, продолжал с волнением в голосе:

— Из-за этих решеток благословляю вас! Да здравствует правда! Радуюсь!

— Я не нахожу особенной причины радоваться, — сказал Андрей Ефимыч, которому движение Ивана Дмитрича показалось театральным и в то же время очень понравилось. — Тюрем и сумасшедших домов не будет, и правда, как вы изволили выразиться, восторжествует, но ведь сущность вещей не изменится,

In response, Gromov rejects Ragin's claims about the future as a joke, but nevertheless insists that "better days will come" and "truth and justice will triumph" (110–111). He then stands up "and stretching his hands towards the window, went on with emotion in his voice: 'From behind these bars I bless you! Hurrah for truth and justice! I rejoice!'" (110–111).[169] While Gromov sees the removal of the bars and windows as liberation, Ragin argues that whether prisons and madhouses exist or not, "People will suffer pain, grow old, and die" (110–111).[170] For Ragin, still in his stoic mindset, suffering does not result from physical conditions, but results only from one's perspective on events.

законы природы останутся всё те же. Люди будут болеть, стариться и умирать так же, как и теперь. Какая бы великоепная заря ни освещала вашу жизнь, всё же в конце концов вас заколотят в гроб и бросят в яму.

— А бессмертие?

— Э, полноте!

— Вы не верите, ну, а я верю. У Достоевского или у Вольтера кто-то говорит, что если бы не было бога, то его выдумали бы люди. А я глубоко верю, что если нет бессмертия, то его рано или поздно изобретет великий человеческий ум.

— Хорошо сказано, — проговорил Андрей Ефимыч, улыбаясь от удовольствия. — Это хорошо, что вы веруете. С такою верой можно жить припеваючи даже замуравленному в стене. Вы изволили где-нибудь получить образование?

— Да, я был в университете, но не кончил.

— Вы мыслящий и вдумчивый человек. При всякой обстановке вы можете находить успокоение в самом себе. Свободное и глубокое мышление, которое стремится к уразумению жизни, и полное презрение к глупой суете мира — вот два блага, выше которых никогда не знал человек. И вы можете обладать ими, хотя бы вы жили за тремя решетками. Диоген жил в бочке, однако же был счастливее всех царей земных.

— Ваш Диоген был болван, — угрюмо проговорил Иван Дмитрич. — Что вы мне говорите про Диогена, да про какое-то уразумение? — рассердился он вдруг и вскочил. — Я люблю жизнь, люблю страстно! У меня мания преследования, постоянный мучительный страх, но бывают минуты, когда меня охватывает жажда жизни, и тогда я боюсь сойти с ума. Ужасно хочу жить, ужасно!" (96–97).

[169] See note 51 for Russian text.

[170] See note 51 for Russian text.

Therefore, the barred windows in the mental ward that are so oppressive to its inhabitants, are irrelevant to Ragin. He believes that by faith, Gromov can "live happily even shut up within walls" (110–11). Ragin even goes as far as to suggest that:

> In any surroundings you can find tranquility in yourself. Free and deep thinking which strives for the comprehension of life, and complete contempt for the foolish bustle of the world—those are two blessings beyond any that man has ever known. And you can possess them even though you lived behind threefold bars. Diogenes lived in a tub, yet he was happier than all the kings of the earth (110–111).

Gromov is angered by Ragin's advice and in their next conversation, he refutes his philosophy by pointing out that Ragin has never personally suffered. Here too we might see Chekhov recalling Garshin's hero, who felt that "I experience in my own self the great concept that space and time are mere fiction. I live in every age. I live where space does not exist, everywhere or nowhere, as you will. And therefore it's all the same to me whether you confine me here or give me my liberty, whether I am free or bound" ("The Red" 202).[171] Ragin is not the ill-one, however, and in Ward No. 6, he eventually comes to realize that the grated window is an indicator of his and his fellow patients'

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[171] "И у меня она есть!—воскликнул больной. —И когда я нашел ее, я почувствовал себя переродившимся… *Я переживаю самим собою великие идеи о том, что пространство и время—суть фикции. Я живу во всех веках. Я живу без пространства, везде или нигде, как хотите.* И поэтому мне все равно, держите ли вы меня здесь или отпустите на волю, свободен я или связан…" (226–227; emphasis added).

confinement, suffering, and their ability to rightly perceive the bleak reality in which they live. Gromov says,

> A young man asks advice, what he is to do, how he is to live; anyone else would think before answering, but you have got the answer ready: strive for "comprehension" or for true happiness. And what is that fantastic "true happiness"? There's no answer, of course. We are kept here behind barred windows, tortured, left to rot; but that is very good and reasonable, because there is no difference at all between this ward and a warm, snug study. A convenient philosophy. You can do nothing, and your conscience is clear, and you feel you are wise . . . . No, sir, it is not philosophy, it's not thinking, it's not breadth of vision, but laziness, fakirism, drowsy stupefaction. Yes," cried Ivan Dmitritch, getting angry again, "you despise suffering, but I'll be bound if you pinch your finger in the door you will howl at the top of your voice" ("Ward" 116).[172]

[172] "Молодой человек просит совета, что делать, как жить; прежде чем ответить, другой бы задумался, а тут уж готов ответ: стремись к уразумению или к истинному благу. А что такое это фантастическое «истинное благо»? Ответа нет, конечно. Нас держат здесь за решеткой, гноят, истязуют, но это прекрасно и разумно, потому что между этою палатой и теплым, уютным кабинетом нет никакой разницы. Удобная философия: и делать нечего, и совесть чиста, и мудрецом себя чувствуешь... Нет, сударь, это не философия, не мышление, не широта взгляда, а лень, факирство, сонная одурь... Да! — опять рассердился Иван Дмитрич. — Страдания презираете, а небось прищеми вам дверью палец, так заорете во все горло!" ("Palata" 103).

In this passage, Gromov attempts to show the doctor that his philosophical ideals are merely defense mechanisms that Ragin maintains because it is convenient to hide behind stoicism instead of acting to improve conditions or relieve suffering. This episode foreshadows the fall the Ragin will take from stoicism to reality at the end of the narrative. That shift is ultimately caused by the mental ward itself and the light that still shines through those very barred windows.

After Hobotov leads Ragin to Ward 6 on the guise of needing a consultation, only to abandon him there as a patient, Ragin quickly begins to experience the effects of the space and the importance of the windows. He notes, as the narrator did earlier, that there is not much to do, other than to look out the window.

> Here he had been sitting already half an hour, an hour, and he was miserably sick of it: was it really possible to live here a day, a week, and even years like these people? Why, he had been sitting here, had walked about and sat down again; he could get up and look out of window and walk from corner to corner again, and then what? Sit so all the time, like a post, and think? No, that was scarcely possible (130).[173]

When Ragin does look out a window of the ward for the first time as a patient, he sees reality. Looking through the grate-covered window out into the world, directly at

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[173] "Вот он просидел уже полчаса, час, и ему надоело до тоски; неужели здесь можно прожить день, неделю и даже годы, как эти люди? Ну, вот он сидел, прошелся и опять сел; можно пойти и посмотреть в окно, и опять пройтись из угла в угол. А потом что? Так и сидеть всё время, как истукан, и думать? Нет, это едва ли возможно" (120).

another space of confinement—the prison—he can no longer convince himself that it is all the same whether he is in the mental ward or elsewhere. He even shakes the bars, but they do not budge. For the doctor, unlike Garshin's hero, the barrier of the window cannot be crossed.

> Andrey Yefimitch walked away to the window and looked out into the open country. It was getting dark, and on the horizon to the right a cold crimson moon was mounting upwards. Not far from the hospital fence, not much more than two hundred yards away, stood a tall white house shut in by a stone wall. *This was the prison*.
>
> "So this is real life," thought Andrey Yefimitch, and he felt frightened…
>
> Andrey Yefimitch assured himself that there was nothing special about the moon or the prison, that even sane persons wear orders, and that everything in time will decay and turn to earth, but he was suddenly overcome with desire; he clutched at the grating with both hands and shook it with all his might. The strong grating did not yield (131).[174]

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[174] "Андрей Ефимыч отошел к окну и посмотрел в поле. Уже становилось темно, и на горизонте с правой стороны восходила холодная, багровая луна. Недалеко от больничного забора, в ста саженях, не больше, стоял высокий белый дом, обнесенный каменною стеной. Эхо была тюрьма.

«Вот она действительность!» — подумал Андрей Ефимыч, и ему стало страшно.

Были страшны и луна, и тюрьма, и гвозди на заборе, и далекий пламень в костопальном заводе. Сзади послышался вздох. Андрей Ефимыч оглянулся и

The grated windows let the moonlight into the ward. Despite assuring himself that nothing was untoward about the moon, as he gazed through the window, he experienced emotions and began to comprehend reality as he never had before. The last use of the window is the moonlight shining through the grating as Ragin lay beaten on the floor. It increases his sense of terror.

> Then all was still, the faint moonlight came through the grating and a shadow like a net lay on the floor. It was terrible (133).[175]

With the moonlight shining through the window grating, the narrator describes the resulting shadow as "a net… on the floor." The combination of the physical space, and the enlightenment it offers to Ragin seemingly trap him between his now-failed philosophical delusions, the compassion he has developed, and his guilt for years of neglect and bad faith.

Transformation and Symbolism

увидел человека с блестящими звездами и с орденами на груди, который улыбался и лукаво подмигивал глазом. И это показалось страшным.

Андрей Ефимыч уверял себя, что в луне и в тюрьме нет ничего особенного, что и психически здоровые люди носят ордена и что всё со временем сгниет и обратится в глину, но отчаяние вдруг овладело им, он ухватился обеими руками за решетку и изо всей силы потряс ее. Крепкая решетка не поддалась" (121–122).

[175] "Жидкий лунный свет шел сквозь **решетки**, и на полу лежала тень, похожая на сеть. Было страшно" (125).

Chekhov's "Ward No. 6" is the clear outlier among the texts containing mental institutions that I am analyzing. It provides a counter example to the other stories, emphasizing that there many ways in which a writer can use the physical space and setting of a mental institution to communicate varying messages or insights. Nevertheless, Chekhov's madhouse remains comparable to and just as valuable as the other three. It even shares some qualities with the others. However, it stands alone in that what it offers to the reader is bleaker and less hopeful than the others. In "Ward No. 6" the protagonist attains a form of enlightenment, developing compassion and acknowledging the realities of life, particularly of suffering, but it comes too late, and there is little sense of hope. Still, the mental institution remains a vehicle for transcendent knowledge and appreciation of the eternal, but unlike the other texts discussed in this dissertation, Chekhov's Ragin does not want transcendence and it overwhelms him.

In "Ward No. 6", the final two sections (XVIII and XIX) are critical in uncovering the philosophical role of the mental institution in the narrative. When Ragin is tricked by Hobotov and brought to the ward on the guise of consulting on a patient case, his entire perspective shifts. While the doctor had been acquainted with the hospital and the mental ward for over twenty years, and the mental ward had recently played a daily role in his life, his relationship during that time had been external and superficial. Ragin saw patients, avoided patients, and held conversations with Gromov, but after each encounter, he left the hospital grounds and returned home to inhabit a place to which he was not physically confined, where his protective and self-serving beliefs are

reinforced under the green-lamp-shaded light by which he read nightly. He could freely move into and out of the space of the hospital on his own time. In section XVII, Ragin's world starts to change, and by section XVIII, he has undergone a dramatic philosophical shift – literally overnight.

Suddenly, once confined within the physical space of the institution, Ragin is experiencing his first brush with real life, or, more precisely, suffering. He spent his life, particularly the recent period, self-assured and confidently immune to life around him thanks to his stoicism. He preached the meaninglessness of where one exists and what one suffers to Gromov, a person already enlightened by true suffering and confinement. Once Ragin is inside the hospital, locked in Ward 6 with no hope of escape, his view of life is turned on its head. By being physically confined, Ragin is cast out from the refuge of his illusions of stoicism. The space in which Ragin exists both literally and symbolically shrinks. He lives the brief remainder of his life in one room, while the distance created by his stoicism between him and everyone else is removed. Prior to his forcible admittance to the hospital, he lived in an imagined, detached world. The mental ward is the object that forces his transcendence (transgression) from his imagined world to reality.

A close reading of the physical details of the hospital and the mental ward is important because becoming part of the space, instead of simply visiting it, is what forces Ragin to comprehend the reality he had so long avoided. The hospital was always a negative space—dirty, ill-equipped, abusive, etc., but he was able to dismiss the problems until he is trapped within its walls. Early on, the narrator notes that Ragin "is

"absolutely unable to give orders, to forbid things, and to insist" (101).[176] He wants to do good, but is so horrified by the world that he hides in stoic delusions where he does not have to try, and there he remains safe. It is not until his safety from suffering is threatened that he begins to change his views and develop compassion. Ultimately, personal suffering leads Ragin to do what he supposedly could not, as he insists that he be allowed to leave Ward 6 and walk around the hospital yard: "Open the door," cried Andrey Yefimitch, trembling all over; "I insist!" (132).[177] Once he attempts the impossible he is beaten by Nikita. The beating Ragin receives and his subsequent death imply that even if he had rejected stoicism earlier and been moved by compassion, he likely would not have accomplished anything for the hospital or its patients. Recalling Gromov's warning, that "you despise suffering, but I'll be bound if you pinch your finger in the door you will howl at the top of your voice" (116), Ragin's beating completes the illumination he receives at the hands of the institution.[178] Now he has been made fully aware of what he had long ignored and sought to avoid.

The discussions of immortality that Ragin undertakes with Mihail Averyanitch and Gromov echo the role of the eternal in Garshin's story, only here the result is far

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[176] "Приказывать, запрещать и настаивать он положительно не умеет" (84).
[177] "—Отвори! —крикнул Андрей Ефимыч, дрожа всем телом. —Я требую!" (124).
[178] "Молодой человек просит совета, что делать, как жить; прежде чем ответить, другой бы задумался, а тут уж готов ответ: стремись к уразумению или к истинному благу. А что такое это фантастическое «истинное благо»? Ответа нет, конечно. Нас держат здесь за решеткой, гноят, истязуют, но это прекрасно и разумно, потому что между этою палатой и теплым, уютным кабинетом нет никакой разницы. Удобная философия: и делать нечего, и совесть чиста, и мудрецом себя чувствуешь... Нет, сударь, это не философия, не мышление, не широта взгляда, а лень, факирство, сонная одурь... Да! — опять рассердился Иван Дмитрич. — Страдания презираете, а небось прищеми вам дверью палец, так заорете во все горло!" (103).

bleaker. Until he is a patient in the mental ward, Ragin insists that immortality does not exist. In an early conversation with Mihail Averyanitch, Ragin confidently asserts that

> "You know, of course," the doctor went on quietly and deliberately, "that everything in this world is insignificant and uninteresting except the higher spiritual manifestations of the human mind. Intellect draws a sharp line between the animals and man, suggests the divinity of the latter, and to some extent even takes the place of the immortality which does not exist."
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> […]
>
> "And you do not believe in the immortality of the soul?" he would ask suddenly. "No, honored Mihail Averyanitch; I do not believe it, and have no grounds for believing it" (104–105)"[179]

After another such conversation, Ragin reiterates his rejection of any sort of immortality of the soul, as he states that "Only the coward who has more fear of death than dignity can comfort himself with the fact that his body will in time live again in the

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[179] "—Вы сами изволите знать, — продолжает доктор тихо и с расстановкой, — что на этом свете все незначительно и неинтересно, кроме высших духовных проявлений человеческого ума. Ум проводит резкую грань между животным и человеком, намекает на божественность последнего и в некоторой степени даже заменяет ему бессмертие, которого нет.
[…]
— А вы не верите в бессмертие души? — вдруг спрашивает почтмейстер.
— Нет, уважаемый Михаил Аверьяныч, не верю и не имею основания верить" (88–90).

grass, in the stones, in the toad. To find one's immortality in the transmutation of substances is as strange as to prophesy a brilliant future for the case after a precious violin has been broken and become useless" (106). In a conversation with Gromov, Ragin attempts to incorporate *faith* in immortality of the soul, rather than its truth, within his own stoic position as he states that "it's a good thing you have faith. With such a belief one may live happily even shut up within walls" (111). Once he is tricked into becoming a patient in Ward No. 6, however, Ragin's previous beliefs quickly break down under the assault of the space.

The moment of transformation comes, as mentioned earlier, after the narrator describes the moonlight shining through the barred window, seeming to cast a net on the floor. At this moment of conjunction, between the physical space and the natural light from beyond it, Ragin asks himself

> How could it have happened that for more than twenty years he had not known it and had refused to know it? He knew nothing of pain, had no conception of it, so he was not to blame, but his conscience, as inexorable and as rough as Nikita, made him turn cold from the crown of his head to his heels (133).[180]

[180] "Затем всё стихло. Жидкий лунный свет шел сквозь решетки, и на полу лежала тень, похожая на сеть. Было страшно. Андрей Ефимыч лег и притаил дыхание; он с ужасом ждал, что его ударят еще раз. Точно кто взял серп, воткнул в него и несколько раз повернул в груди и в кишках. От боли он укусил подушку и стиснул зубы, и вдруг в голове его, среди хаоса, ясно мелькнула страшная, невыносимая мысль, что такую же точно боль должны были испытывать годами, изо дня в день эти люди, казавшиеся теперь при лунном свете черными тенями. Как могло случиться, что в продолжение больше чем двадцати лет он не знал и не хотел знать этого? Он не знал, не имел понятия о боли, значит, он не виноват, но совесть, такая

Inside the institution, when he is suffering, he is enlightened by learning to truly comprehend the suffering of others, suffering for which he was partly responsible. As a result, he considers that the others may have been right; perhaps immortality *does* exist. The completion of the transformation is evident as the narrator describes Ragin's death, explaining that "There was a greenness before his eyes. Andrey Yefimitch understood that his end had come, and remembered that Ivan Dmitritch, Mihail Averyanitch, and millions of people believed in immortality. And what if it really existed? But he did not want immortality, and he thought of it only for one instant" (134).[181] For a brief moment, all his barriers reduced, Ragin entertains the thought that immortality might exist, that all he believed had been wrong, but regardless of what he now understands, one fact remains definite: Ragin does not want immortality. The answer to why he felt this way may be suggested in the idiom used to describe him, that "there was a greenness before his eyes." Recalling the color of the lampshade that dimmed the artificial light by which he read philosophy and the medical journals, the invocation of color here reaffirms how Ragin maintained and reinforced his delusional innocence in the face of all he failed to do throughout his life. The greenness suggests that although

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же несговорчивая и грубая, как Никита, заставила его похолодеть от затылка до пят. Он вскочил, хотел крикнуть изо всех сил и бежать скорее, чтоб убить Никиту, потом Хоботова, смотрителя и фельдшера, потом себя, но из груди не вышло ни одного звука, и ноги не повиновались; задыхаясь, он рванул на груди халат и рубаху, порвал и без чувств повалился на кровать" (125).

[181] "Андрей Ефимыч понял, что ему пришел конец, и вспомнил, что Иван Дмитрич, Михаил Аверьяныч и миллионы людей верят в бессмертие. А вдруг оно есть? Но бессмертия ему не хотелось, и он думал о нем только одно мгновение" (126).

the institution has enlightened him to the realities of life and the possibilities of an afterlife, such an afterlife would bring no peace to his now guilty soul.

This concession reveals Ragin's real motive behind his previous stoic views—he does not want immortality to exist. Ragin wants time and his existence, now that he understands it, to end. Beginning to feel compassion, and realizing the depth of his neglect, Ragin cannot bear the thought of having no end to his new found guilt. Earlier, when Ragin first came to know the sorry state of the hospital, he:

> came to the conclusion that it was an immoral institution and extremely prejudicial to the health of the townspeople. In his opinion the most sensible thing that could be done was to let out the patients and close the hospital. But he reflected that his will alone was not enough to do this, and that it would be useless; if physical and moral impurity were driven out of one place, they would only move to another; one must wait for it to wither away of itself. Besides, if people open a hospital and put up with having it, it must be because they need it; superstition and all the nastiness and abominations of daily life were necessary, since in process of time they worked out to something sensible, just as manure turns into black earth. There was nothing on earth so good that it had not something nasty about its first origin (100).[182]

[182] "Осмотрев больницу, Андрей Ефимыч пришел к заключению, что это учреждение безнравственное и в высшей степени вредное для здоровья жителей. По его мнению, самое умное, что можно было сделать, это — выпустить больных на волю, а больницу закрыть. Но он рассудил, что для этого недостаточно одной

Step by step, he absolved himself of any responsibility by arguing that by his will alone, he could reasonably change very little. His struggle was against immorality and, as with all things, the hospital would ultimately fall into dissolution anyway so his meager efforts would have been wasted. Later, as a patient in the institution and unable to maintain his stoic and learned delusions, reinforced by years of reading by the artificial light of the green-shaded lamp, Ragin attempts one more time to recall his former defense mechanisms:

> Andrey Yefimitch assured himself that there was nothing special about the moon or the prison, that even sane persons wear orders, and that everything in time will decay and turn to earth, but he was suddenly *overcome with desire*; he clutched at the grating with both hands and shook it with all his might. The strong grating did not yield (131, *emphasis added*).[183]

только его воли и что это было бы бесполезно; если физическую и нравственную нечистоту прогнать с одного места, то она перейдет на другое; надо ждать, когда она сама выветрится. К тому же, если люди открывали больницу и терпят ее у себя, то, значит, она им нужна; предрассудки и все эти житейские гадости и мерзости нужны, так как они с течением времени перерабатываются во что-нибудь путное, как навоз в чернозем. На земле нет ничего такого хорошего, что в своем первоисточнике не имело бы гадости.
Приняв должность, Андрей Ефимыч отнесся к беспорядкам, по-видимому, довольно равнодушно. Он попросил только больничных мужиков и сиделок не ночевать в палатах и поставил два шкапа с инструментами; смотритель же, кастелянша, фельдшер и хирургическая рожа остались на своих местах" (82–83.)

[183] "Андрей Ефимыч отошел к окну и посмотрел в поле. Уже становилось темно, и на горизонте с правой стороны восходила холодная, багровая луна. Недалеко от больничного забора, в ста саженях, не больше, стоял высокий белый дом, обнесенный каменною стеной. Эхо была тюрьма.

While he attempted to reassure himself that he, his actions, anyone, and anything impacted by them would ultimately fall into dissolution, that there was nothing special about the moon (and the new perspective being forced upon him), his attempt fails. Desire, something anathema to stoic self-reliance, assailed him and he sought to fight immediately against the prison that condemned him and his years of neglect. After all, when Ragin lay dying and thought about immortality, only to conclude that "he did not want immortality, and he thought of it only for one instant" (134),[184] he rejected it because immortality meant that that everything would not "decay and turn to earth." This thought prompts his breakdown, his attempt to leave, and his death.

This rejection of immortality is antithetical to his stance on immortality prior to his containment in the mental ward. After one of his discussions with Mihail Averyanitch, Andrei Yefimitch claims to want that man would be immortal, "Oh, why is not man immortal? he thought. What is the good of the brain centres and convolutions, what is the good of sight, speech, self-consciousness, genius, if it is all destined to depart into the soil, and in the end to grow cold together with the earth's crust, and

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«Вот она действительность!» — подумал Андрей Ефимыч, и ему стало страшно.

Были страшны и луна, и тюрьма, и гвозди на заборе, и далекий пламень в костопальном заводе. Сзади послышался вздох. Андрей Ефимыч оглянулся и увидел человека с блестящими звездами и с орденами на груди, который улыбался и лукаво подмигивал глазом. И это показалось страшным.

Андрей Ефимыч уверял себя, что в луне и в тюрьме нет ничего особенного, что и психически здоровые люди носят ордена и что всё со временем сгниет и обратится в глину, но отчаяние вдруг овладело им, он ухватился обеими руками за решетку и изо всей силы потряс ее. Крепкая решетка не поддалась" (121–122).

[184] "Андрей Ефимыч понял, что ему пришел конец, и вспомнил, что Иван Дмитрич, Михаил Аверьяныч и миллионы людей верят в бессмертие. А вдруг оно есть? Но бессмертия ему не хотелось, и он думал о нем только одно мгновение" (126).

then for millions of years to fly with the earth round the sun with no meaning and no object?" (106).[185] When faced with suffering and death, Andrei Yefimitch no longer wholly rejects the possibility of immortality, but when confronted with it as a real possibility, he does not want it.

The physical space of the hospital provides a critical situational rhyme. The seeming tour of the hospital at the beginning of the narrative is echoed in the end, at the moment of the crumbling of Ragin's stoic illusions and his comprehension of reality. Although Ragin was able to dismiss the conditions of the hospital and continue to live and work with philosophical distance for years, the narrator emphasizes the horrors of the hospital and their effects on the inhabitants from the outset of the tale. The description at the beginning and the repeat description at the end are equally bleak, only Ragin's relationship to these conditions has changed. The final three sections (XVII, XVIII, XIX) all take place inside Ward 6. The narrator reintroduces us to the space through the eyes of Ragin. The reader is not on a tour of the hospital and the mental ward as in the opening chapter of the narrative, but is exposed to the space from the perspective of an inhabitant, one who prior to this moment firmly rejected the power the space could have on an individual, as he loses his self-assuring defenses and truly experiences the reality of the institution.

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[185] "О, зачем человек не бессмертен? — думает он. — Зачем мозговые центры и извилины, зачем зрение, речь, самочувствие, гений, если всему этому суждено уйти в почву и, в конце концов, охладеть вместе с земною корой, а потом миллионы лет без смысла и без цели носиться с землей вокруг солнца?" (90).

Gromov, one who has suffered within the space and has already received its enlightened perspective as a result, sees through Ragin and points out that he has never suffered and only because of that can he preach his stoic philosophical principles: “you are utterly ignorant of reality, and you have never known suffering, but have only like a leech fed beside the sufferings of others” (117).[186] He predicts that Ragin would change the moment he was forced to suffer. To a certain extent, Gromov is correct that suffering changes Ragin’s perspective. However, physical suffering alone is not enough to cause Ragin’s shift from stoic delusion to reality. To fully perceive reality around him, Ragin must experience the psychological, and physical, impact of the mental institution before he fully discards his previously held beliefs.

Even before he is admitted as a patient in the hospital, contrary to his professed stoicism, Ragin shows signs of losing his ability to remain immune to his surroundings and the emotions that they can cause. Ragin suffers outside of the hospital: he has lost all his money, cannot pay his lodging or food costs, Daryushka—the chef within the ward—sells his old books, he lives in a small apartment with Daryushka, and a landlady and her children. He begins to feel shame at being unable to pay the shopkeeper. [187] Yet, he still attempts to reject his feelings with philosophical rationalizations: “Of what consequence was shame in the presence of a shopkeeper, of what consequence was the insignificant Hobotov or the wearisome friendship of Mihail Averyanitch? It was all

[186] “С действительностью вы совершенно не знакомы и никогда вы не страдали, а только, как пьявица, кормились около чужих страданий” (104–105).
[187] “Palata” 114–115 | “Ward” 124–125

trivial and nonsensical" (126).[188] For the first time, he experiences true anger and raises his voice at Hobotov and Mihail Averyanitch for treating him as if he is ill. He contemplates what is happening to him after his outburst: "Where was his intelligence and his tact? Where was his comprehension of things and his philosophical indifference?" (127).[189] Throughout all of this, however, Ragin does not fully reject his beliefs. Even after his outburst, he apologizes to Mihail Averyanitch and philosophizes about being trapped in an "enchanted circle" (заколдованный круг).[190] It is only once inside the mental ward, with no hope of escape, that Ragin undergoes his transition from delusion to reality. The hospital, and specifically Ward 6, is the instrument that completes his transformation.

When Ragin is first abandoned in the ward by Hobotov and faced with dressing in hospital clothes in which "he looked like a convict", he attempts to rely on his philosophical beliefs, stating, "It's no matter… It does not matter whether it's a dress-coat or a uniform or this dressing-gown" (130).[191] Momentarily, he remains convinced that "there was no difference between his landlady's house and Ward No. 6," but now he references not the stoic philosophers to which had been so loyal, but the Bible, thinking, "everything in this world was nonsense and vanity of vanities" (130).[192] These

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[188] "Что же значат стыд перед лавочником, ничтожный Хоботов, тяжелая дружба Михаила Аверьяныча? Всё это вздор и пустяки" (116).
[189] "Где же ум и такт? Где уразумение вещей и философское равнодушие?" (117).
[190] "Palata" 117 | "Ward" 128
[191] «Всё равно... — думал Андрей Ефимыч, стыдливо запахиваясь в халат и чувствуя, что в своем новом костюме он похож на арестанта. — Все равно... Всё равно, что фрак, что мундир, что этот халат...» (120).
[192] "Андрей Ефимыч и теперь был убежден, что между домом мещанки Беловой и палатой № 6 нет никакой разницы, что всё на этом свете вздор и суета сует" (120).

words echo the preacher in Ecclesiastes, who says, “Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, vanity of vanities; all *is* vanity.”[193] This reference, along with physical cues such as his trembling hands, indicates that Ragin’s ability to hold onto his philosophical beliefs is waning. In Ecclesiastes 1, the preacher concludes, “For in much wisdom *is* much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow,” indicating that Ragin’s reliance on intellect to protect him from suffering was a faulty path to follow, for in knowledge, there is only sorrow. Further, by increasing the knowledge born of experience and suffering, Ragin’s grief increases as well.

In this state of mind, Ragin turns his attention to the physical attributes of the ward. He fully notices how they confine him—there is nothing to do.

> Here he had been sitting already half an hour, an hour, and he was miserably sick of it: was it really possible to live here a day, a week, and even years like these people? Why, he had been sitting here, had walked about and sat down again; he could get up and look out of window and walk from corner to corner again, and then what? Sit so all the time, like a post, and think? No, that was scarcely possible (“Ward” 130).[194]

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[193] Ecclesiastes 1: 2, King James Bible | It is a direct quote from the bible in Russian as well: “Суета сует, сказал Екклесиаст, суета сует,—всё суета!”

[194] Вот он просидел уже полчаса, час, и ему надоело до тоски; неужели здесь можно прожить день, неделю и даже годы, как эти люди? Ну, вот он сидел, прошелся и опять сел; можно пойти и посмотреть в окно, и опять пройтись из угла в угол. А потом что? Так и сидеть всё время, как истукан, и думать? Нет, это едва ли возможно (“Palata” 120).

The idea of having nothing to do but think, a pastime he used to enjoy, unsettles him. The space of the ward suddenly seems smaller—there are no activities to occupy him other than walking from corner to corner or looking out one of the windows. Now that he is a patient, the place where he had come to enjoy intellectual conversations with Gromov is closing in on him. He begins to sweat and reason that there must be "some misunderstanding" (какое-то недоразумение), trying one last time to believe in his philosophy or that Hobotov will come back to retrieve him for a consultation.

As the effects of the space on Ragin intensify, he moves from his bed to the window, a barrier that restrains him, but which allows a glimpse into the outside world. It is here that his fall from delusion to reality finally occurs.[195] After this moment, the

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[195] See previously quoted section: "Andrey Yefimitch walked away to the window and looked out into the open country. It was getting dark, and on the horizon to the right a cold crimson moon was mounting upwards. Not far from the hospital fence, not much more than two hundred yards away, stood a tall white house shut in by a stone wall. This was the prison.
'So this is real life,' thought Andrey Yefimitch, and he felt frightened.
The moon and the prison, and the nails on the fence, and the far-away flames at the bone-charring factory were all terrible. Behind him there was the sound of a sigh. Andrey Yefimitch looked round and saw a man with glittering stars and orders on his breast, who was smiling and slyly winking. And this, too, seemed terrible.
Andrey Yefimitch assured himself that there was nothing special about the moon or the prison, that even sane persons wear orders, and that everything in time will decay and turn to earth, but he was suddenly overcome with desire; he clutched at the grating with both hands and shook it with all his might. The strong grating did not yield" (131). | "Андрей Ефимыч отошел к окну и посмотрел в поле. Уже становилось темно, и на горизонте с правой стороны восходила холодная, багровая луна. Недалеко от больничного забора, в ста саженях, не больше, стоял высокий белый дом, обнесенный каменною стеной. Эхо была тюрьма.

«Вот она действительность!» — подумал Андрей Ефимыч, и ему стало страшно.Были страшны и луна, и тюрьма, и гвозди на заборе, и далекий пламень в костопальном заводе. Сзади послышался вздох. Андрей Ефимыч оглянулся и увидел человека с блестящими звездами и с орденами на груди, который улыбался и лукаво подмигивал глазом. И это показалось страшным.

doctor can no longer cling to philosophy or separate his mind from his physical circumstances. He is suffering, and he will only suffer more up to the end of the narrative. As Ragin's philosophical delusions begin to fail him, he goes to sit on Gromov's bed, turning to his acquaintance for comfort and alluding to the same chapter of the Bible, "'I have lost heart, my dear fellow,' he muttered, trembling and wiping away the cold sweat, 'I have lost heart'" (131).[196] Ragin acknowledges that his philosophizing was to protect him from feeling dissatisfied with his life. He did not want to be a doctor in a dirty hospital in a remote town, and he felt trapped. Gromov dismisses his misery, stating that if he did not want to be a doctor, he should have chosen a different profession. At this point, Ragin admits to his weakness and his newfound lack of indifference. Now, trapped in the ward, the doctor is ruled by his bodily impulses rather than his mind.[197] His vaunted stoic superiority has utterly failed him.

Андрей Ефимыч уверял себя, что в луне и в тюрьме нет ничего особенного, что и психически здоровые люди носят ордена и что всё со временем сгниет и обратится в глину, но отчаяние вдруг овладело им, он ухватился обеими руками за решетку и изо всей силы потряс ее. Крепкая решетка не поддалась" (121–122).

[196] — Я пал духом, дорогой мой, — пробормотал он, дрожа и утирая холодный пот. — Пал духом (122). In Ecclesiastes 1, the preacher spends his life seeking and studying wisdom, and the ultimate result is that he is left with suffering. Ragin does not quote the Bible directly here, as he does with "vanity of vanities", but the message is similar.

[197] "Then that it might not be so dreadful he went to Ivan Dmitritch's bed and sat down.

"I have lost heart, my dear fellow," he muttered, trembling and wiping away the cold sweat, "I have lost heart."

"You should be philosophical," said Ivan Dmitritch ironically.

"My God, my God. . . . Yes, yes. . . . You were pleased to say once that there was no philosophy in Russia, but that all people, even the paltriest, talk philosophy. But you know the philosophizing of the paltriest does not harm anyone," said Andrey Yefimitch in a tone as if he wanted to cry and complain. "Why, then, that malignant laugh, my friend, and how can these paltry creatures help philosophizing if they are not satisfied?

For an intelligent, educated man, made in God's image, proud and loving freedom, to have no alternative but to be a doctor in a filthy, stupid, wretched little town, and to spend his whole life among bottles, leeches, mustard plasters! Quackery, narrowness, vulgarity! Oh, my God!"

"You are talking nonsense. If you don't like being a doctor you should have gone in for being a statesman."

"I could not, I could not do anything. We are weak, my dear friend . . . . I used to be indifferent. I reasoned boldly and soundly, but at the first coarse touch of life upon me I have lost heart. . . . Prostration. . . . . We are weak, we are poor creatures . . . and you, too, my dear friend, you are intelligent, generous, you drew in good impulses with your mother's milk, but you had hardly entered upon life when you were exhausted and fell ill. . . . Weak, weak!"

Andrey Yefimitch was all the while at the approach of evening tormented by another persistent sensation besides terror and the feeling of resentment. At last he realized that he was longing for a smoke and for beer.

"I am going out, my friend," he said. "I will tell them to bring a light; I can't put up with this. . . . I am not equal to it. . . ." ("Ward" 131–132). | "Потом, чтобы не так было страшно, он пошел к постели Ивана Дмитрича и сел.

— Я пал духом, дорогой мой, — пробормотал он, дрожа и утирая холодный пот. — Пал духом.

— А вы пофилософствуйте, — сказал насмешливо Иван Дмитрич.

— Боже мой, боже мой... Да, да... Вы как-то изволили говорить, что в России нет философии, но философствуют все, даже мелюзга. Но ведь от философствования мелюзги никому нет вреда, — сказал Андрей Ефимыч таким тоном, как будто хотел заплакать и разжалобить. — Зачем же, дорогой мой, этот злорадный смех? И как не философствовать этой мелюзге, если она не удовлетворена? Умному, образованному, гордому, свободолюбивому человеку, подобию божию, нет другого выхода, как идти лекарем в грязный, глупый городишко, и всю жизнь банки, пиявки, горчишники! Шарлатанство, узость, пошлость! О, боже мой!

— Вы болтаете глупости. Если в лекаря противно, шли бы в министры.

— Никуда, никуда нельзя. Слабы мы, дорогой... Был я равнодушен, бодро и здраво рассуждал, а стоило только жизни грубо прикоснуться ко мне, как я пал духом... прострация... Слабы мы, дрянные мы... И вы тоже, дорогой мой. Вы умны, благородны, с молоком матери всосали благие порывы, но едва вступили в жизнь, как утомились и заболели... Слабы, слабы!

Что-то еще неотвязчивое, кроме страха и чувства обиды, томило Андрея Ефимыча всё время с наступления вечера. Наконец он сообразил, что это ему хочется пива и курить.

— Я выйду отсюда, дорогой мой, — сказал он. — Скажу, чтобы сюда огня дали... Не могу так... не в состоянии…" ("Palata" 122).

Ragin, unable to bear the longings of his body and the sufferings of his mind and heart, attempts to leave the ward. He attempts to escape the space that is responsible for his fall from apathy to intense feeling. Ragin is met by Nikita, who first uses language to prevent the doctor from leaving, then when Ragin does not listen, quickly resorts to his trademark force. Andrei Yefimitch is trapped by the walls of the mental ward, the rules that govern the space, and the porter who enforces them.[198] The beating by Nikita

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[198]"Andrey Yefimitch went to the door and opened it, but at once Nikita jumped up and barred his way.

"Where are you going? You can't, you can't!" he said. "It's bedtime."

"But I'm only going out for a minute to walk about the yard," said Andrey Yefimitch.

"You can't, you can't; it's forbidden. You know that yourself."

"But what difference will it make to anyone if I do go out?" asked Andrey Yefimitch, shrugging his shoulders. "I don't understand. Nikita, I must go out!" he said in a trembling voice. "I must."

"Don't be disorderly, it's not right," Nikita said peremptorily.

"This is beyond everything," Ivan Dmitritch cried suddenly, and he jumped up. "What right has he not to let you out? How dare they keep us here? I believe it is clearly laid down in the law that no one can be deprived of freedom without trial! It's an outrage! It's tyranny!"

"Of course it's tyranny," said Andrey Yefimitch, encouraged by Ivan Dmitritch's outburst. "I must go out, I want to. He has no right! Open, I tell you."

"Do you hear, you dull-witted brute?" cried Ivan Dmitritch, and he banged on the door with his fist. "Open the door, or I will break it open! Torturer!"

"Open the door," cried Andrey Yefimitch, trembling all over; "I insist!"

"Talk away!" Nikita answered through the door, "talk away...."

"Anyhow, go and call Yevgeny Fyodoritch! Say that I beg him to come for a minute!"

"His honour will come of himself tomorrow."

"They will never let us out," Ivan Dmitritch was going on meanwhile. "They will leave us to rot here! Oh, Lord, can there really be no hell in the next world, and will these wretches be forgiven? Where is justice? Open the door, you wretch! I am choking!" he cried in a hoarse voice, and flung himself upon the door. "I'll dash out my brains, murderers!"

Nikita opened the door quickly, and roughly with both his hands and his knee shoved Andrey Yefimitch back, then swung his arm and punched him in the face with his fist. It seemed to Andrey Yefimitch as though a huge salt wave enveloped him from his

head downwards and dragged him to the bed; there really was a salt taste in his mouth: most likely the blood was running from his teeth. He waved his arms as though he were trying to swim out and clutched at a bedstead, and at the same moment felt Nikita hit him twice on the back.

Ivan Dmitritch gave a loud scream. He must have been beaten too" (132–133). |

"Андрей Ефимыч пошел к двери и отворил ее, но тотчас же Никита вскочил и загородил ему дорогу.

— Куда вы? Нельзя, нельзя! — сказал он. — Пора спать!

— Но я только на минуту, по двору пройтись! — оторопел Андрей Ефимыч.

— Нельзя, нельзя, не приказано. Сами знаете. Никита захлопнул дверь и прислонился к ней спиной.

— Но если я выйду отсюда, что кому сделается от этого? — спросил Андрей Ефимыч, пожимая плечами. — Не понимаю! Никита, я должен выйти! — сказал он дрогнувшим голосом. — Мне нужно!

— Не заводите беспорядков, нехорошо! — сказал наставительно Никита.

— Это чёрт знает что такое! — вскрикнул вдруг Иван Дмитрич и вскочил. — Какое он имеет право не пускать? Как они смеют держать нас здесь? В законе, кажется, ясно сказано, что никто не может быть лишен свободы без суда! Это насилие! Произвол!

— Конечно, произвол! — сказал Андрей Ефимыч, подбодряемый криком Ивана Дмитрича. — Мне нужно, я должен выйти! Он не имеет права! Отпусти, тебе говорят!

— Слышишь, тупая скотина? — крикнул Иван Дмитрич и постучал кулаком в дверь. — Отвори, а то я дверь выломаю! Живодер!

— Отвори! — крикнул Андрей Ефимыч, дрожа всем телом. — Я требую!

— Поговори еще! — ответил за дверью Никита. — Поговори!

— По крайней мере, поди позови сюда Евгения Федорыча! Скажи, что я прошу его пожаловать... на минуту!

— Завтра они сами придут.

— Никогда нас не выпустят! — продолжал между тем Иван Дмитрич. — Сгноят нас здесь! О, господи, неужели же в самом деле на том свете нет ада и эти негодяи будут прощены? Где же справедливость? Отвори, негодяй, я задыхаюсь! — крикнул он сиплым голосом и навалился на дверь. — Я размозжу себе голову! Убийцы!

Никита быстро отворил дверь, грубо, обеими руками и коленом отпихнул Андрея Ефимыча, потом размахнулся и ударил его кулаком по лицу. Андрею Ефимычу показалось, что громадная соленая волна накрыла его с головой и потащила к кровати; в самом деле, во рту было солоно: вероятно, из зубов пошла кровь. Он, точно желая выплыть, замахал руками и ухватился за чью-то кровать, и в это время почувствовал, что Никита два раза ударил его в спину.

Громко вскрикнул Иван Дмитрич. Должно быть, и его били" (124–125).

leaves the doctor broken, suffering, and questioning how he could have ignored the pain of the patients for over twenty years as their doctor.

> Then all was still, the faint moonlight came through the grating, and a shadow like a net lay on the floor. It was terrible. Andrey Yefimitch lay and held his breath: he was expecting with horror to be struck again. He felt as though someone had taken a sickle, thrust it into him, and turned it round several times in his breast and bowels. He bit the pillow from pain and clenched his teeth, and all at once through the chaos in his brain there flashed the terrible unbearable thought that these people, who seemed now like black shadows in the moonlight, had to endure such pain day by day for years. *How could it have happened that for more than twenty years he had not known it and had refused to know it? He knew nothing of pain, had no conception of it, so he was not to blame, but his conscience, as inexorable and as rough as Nikita, made him turn cold from the crown of his head to his heels.* He leaped up, tried to cry out with all his might, and to run in haste to kill Nikita, and then Hobotov, the superintendent and the assistant, and then himself; but no sound came from his chest, and his legs would not obey him. Gasping for breath, he tore at the dressing-gown and the shirt on his breast, rent them, and fell senseless on the bed (133; emphasis added).[199]

[199] "Затем всё стихло. Жидкий лунный свет шел сквозь решетки, и на полу лежала тень, похожая на сеть. Было страшно. Андрей Ефимыч лег и притаил дыхание; он с ужасом ждал, что его ударят еще раз. Точно кто взял серп, воткнул в него и

Confinement in the mental ward provides a space for Ragin to be struck figuratively by reality, while being hit literally by Nikita. The doctor's philosophical defenses are shattered as his body is broken by Nikita, quickly and violently, aided by one of the few spaces in which suffering could be so disregarded and treated only with further abuse—a madhouse.

It is in this space that Ragin's perspective on immortality changes. The day after the beating, as he lies in bed, understanding that he is dying, he remembers "that Ivan Dimitritch, Mihail Averyanitch, and millions of people believed in immortality. And what if it really existed? But he did not want immortality – and he thought of it only for one instant" (134).[200] The doctor, now enlightened by what he experienced in Ward No. 6, realized not only the possibility of immortality, but likely the guilt that he would bear into such eternity. The institution enables his newfound comprehension while offering no escape, symbolized by the net shadow cast by the moonlight through the window

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несколько раз повернул в груди и в кишках. От боли он укусил подушку и стиснул зубы, и вдруг в голове его, среди хаоса, ясно мелькнула страшная, невыносимая мысль, что такую же точно боль должны были испытывать годами, изо дня в день эти люди, казавшиеся теперь при лунном свете черными тенями. Как могло случиться, что в продолжение больше чем двадцати лет он не знал и не хотел знать этого? Он не знал, не имел понятия о боли, значит, он не виноват, но совесть, такая же несговорчивая и грубая, как Никита, заставила его похолодеть от затылка до пят. Он вскочил, хотел крикнуть изо всех сил и бежать скорее, чтоб убить Никиту, потом Хоботова, смотрителя и фельдшера, потом себя, но из груди не вышло ни одного звука, и ноги не повиновались; задыхаясь, он рванул на груди халат и рубаху, порвал и без чувств повалился на кровать" (125).

[200] "Андрей Ефимыч понял, что ему пришел конец, и вспомнил, что Иван Дмитрич, Михаил Аверьяныч и миллионы людей верят в бессмертие. А вдруг оно есть? Но бессмертия ему не хотелось, и он думал о нем только одно мгновение" (126).

bars. He wants no immortality because he now knows the full extent of his negligence. The "greenness before his eyes" (134)[201] that colors his vision in the moments before his death recalls the influence of his philosophical and medically-learned justifications for his neglect, reinforced by nightly reading with the light of the green-shaded lamp. In this institution, unable to escape the natural light of the moon and the enlightenment it signifies, Ragin has neither a desire for immortality nor anything that might enable his new perspective, and the guilt it brought, to persist beyond his death.

Conclusion

Chekhov's "Ward No. 6" uses the foundational mental institution created by Garshin and emphasizes and expands upon the shortcomings of the rural mental ward. In Chekhov's narrative, the hospital is filthy, neglected, understaffed and abusive. While some of these negative traits are notable in Garshin's tale, they are surpassed by the somewhat positive conquest of the protagonist. Although he perishes, he does so believing that he has successfully rid the world of evil, and transcended to immortality. Chekhov's characters are steadily rooted in the miserable day-to-day reality of suffering filth, stench, and abuse. Ragin largely avoids the effects of the ward throughout the majority of the text, relying upon a belief in his superiority and immunity to such things because of his learning and philosophical outlook. When he is forced to take an inside role and become subject to the mental institution, however, instead of sustaining his

[201] "Позеленело в глазах" (126).

previously detached and external role, the institution crushes his philosophical fantasy and forces enlightenment upon him. Instead of the salvation attained by Garshin's hero, or the peace or nothingness that we will witness in the chapters dealing with Bulgakov's or Pelevin's protagonists, Chekhov's Ragin is crushed by the revelation of reality and his own negligence. Although, as in the other texts I examine within this dissertation, the mental institution continues in this tale to be a space that enables transcendence and attainment of the eternal, yet here, given Ragin's rejection of the eternal, his death, and his Ecclesiastes revelation, the piece becomes an indictment more than a message of hope. For Ragin, enlightenment serves to illuminate his own negligence, and the eternal might only deny him lasting escape from what he has done. After all, "For in much wisdom *is* much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow."[202]

Chekhov's "Ward No. 6" is serves as a counter example to the other three texts examined in this dissertation in that the hospital in the narrative, as many have noted, is a microcosm of all Russia. In this way, it is a distilled version of a larger world, of the reality in which Chekhov and his characters lived. Additionally, unlike the other three mental institutions, this one is not completely closed off from the world. Moiseika, one of the insane patients, regularly leaves the ward to walk around the hospital yard, or even into town where he begs for kopecks and collects various other items. Despite his ability to leave the space, he always returns to the ward, where his collections are taken away and he receives a beating. The fact that Moiseika is able to engage with the

[202] Ecclesiastes 1: 2.

outside world is further evidence that the ward is not, at least entirely, an isolated space, wholly on its own. To a certain degree, then, critics of “Ward No. 6” are accurate when they see the mental ward as an allegory for all of Russia, a place where all inhabitants must learn its harsh lessons. That said, a close examination of Ragin’s suffering, transcendence of his own philosophical defenses, and ultimate rejection of immortality, reveals that the mental institution continued to be a special place, a catalyst for enlightenment and access to the eternal. As a distillation of all of the evils of the broader world beyond its walls, the mental institution only enlightens and transforms those within its confines, those who suffer within its wards. To this end, Chekhov invited the reader into the physical space, perhaps as an indictment, and perhaps as a cautionary tale. As Ragin learns, however, those within the institution might not like what they learn, and illumination and immortality, enlightenment and the eternal might not offer the escape for which one hopes.

4 Peace: The Psychiatric Clinic in Mikhail Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*

Introduction and Biography

Mikhail Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita* is one of the most well-known novels written in twentieth-century Russia. It has been discussed at length by both scholars and non-scholars alike. Regarding the author, Mikhail Bulgakov went to medical school in Ukraine and subsequently worked as a physician.[203] While he did not specialize in mental healthcare or psychiatry, he studied the subject generally during his education and likely encountered patients or individuals who presented symptoms of some of the mental illnesses with which he was familiar. In addition to his experience as a medical professional, as a writer, Bulgakov was personally affected by the conditions that the Soviet regime had on the artistic climate of twentieth century Russia. Bulgakov struggled to publish or stage many of his works due to Soviet policies. Furthermore, he was prevented from moving, or even visiting his brother abroad. The story of Stalin personally calling Bulgakov to tell him that his request to leave the country had been denied is well-known, as are the rumors that Bulgakov was Stalin's favorite playwright.

Narrative Summary

[203] The relevant details regarding Bulgakov's life have been gleaned from the following biographies: Edythe C. Haber. *Mikhail Bulgakov: A Critical Biography*, Harvard University Press, 1998; Lesley Milne. *Mikhail Bulgakov: Life and Work*, Cambridge University Press, 1990; Ellendea Proffer, *Bulgakov: Life and Work*, Ardis, 1984.

In *The Master and Margarita*, *Ivan* Bezdomny, a poet and active member of MASSOLIT, the literary trade union, meets a mysterious stranger named Woland at Patriarch's Ponds on a warm spring day. Woland shares the "seventh proof" of God's existence with Ivan and Berlioz, the director of MASSOLIT. Further, he tells a story about Pontius Pilate and correctly predicts the death of Berlioz, including the specifics of his beheading by tramcar. The stranger turns out to be Satan who, along with his retinue, has come to Moscow. In the course of a few days, Woland and his retinue cause extreme chaos in Moscow through various channels, including a magic show at the Variety Theater. After his run-in with the devil, Ivan is unsettled, which leads him to show up at the Writers' Union building wearing nothing but his underwear and carrying a candle and an icon. He is forcibly taken to a psychiatric clinic where he is diagnosed with schizophrenia and admitted. The Master, who is the author of the Pontius Pilate narrative, is Ivan's neighbor in the clinic and visits him through the hospital's full-length balcony. Margarita, who is in love with the Master, makes a deal with Woland and his gang in order to have the Master returned to her. The events of both the Moscow narrative and the Master's embedded novel about Pontius Pilate take place during Holy Week. The two narratives intersect on Easter Sunday, when the Master and Margarita leave Moscow and earth behind. The Master frees Pilate from his purgatory and he is permitted to follow Yeshua into the light. The Master and Margarita are not permitted to enter the light and instead are granted eternal peace. Ivan is released from the

psychiatric clinic, but left behind in Moscow, where the citizens have been told that the supernatural occurrences of Holy Week was the work of a band of hypnotists.

Critical Reception

Scholars have investigated *The Master and Margarita* for its many allusions to, and parallels with, Goethe's *Faust*,[204] the use of religion and the occult,[205] the relevance of fairy-tale elements, the intended readers of the novel and the use of satire to reach them,[206] and they have attempted to untangle or identify coherence between the multiple plots in the novel,[207] and much more. Most relevant to this project is the work that has been done on madness and the madhouse in *The Master and Margarita*. In 1991, Rita Pittman uses Jungian theory to identify the rejection of God by characters as

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[204] Elisabeth Stenbock-Fermor, "Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita* and Goethe's *Faust*," *The Slavic and East European Journal* 13.3 (1969): 309–325. Nikolai Bogdanov, "Piatoe izmerenie' bulgakovskogo teksta: Iz nabliudenii nad tvorchestvom Mikhaila Bulgakova," *Voprosy literatury* 2 (2010): 95.

[205] Christiane Hausmann, *Anderes Denken in der Sowjetunion: Das "Okkulte" Als positive Utopie bei Bulgakov,* (Frankfurt am Main: Haag & Herchen, 1990): 63–66.
A. Zerkalov, *Evangelie Mikhaila Bulgakova: Opyt issledovaniia 4-kh glav romana, Master i Margarita,* (Ann Arbor: Ardis, 1984) 3.

[206] Maria Kisel, "Feuilletons Don't Burn: Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita* and the Imagined 'Soviet Reader'," *Slavic Review* 68.3 (2009): 600.
Carol Avins, "Reaching a Reader: The Master's Audience in *The Master and Margarita,*" *Slavic Review* 45.2 (1986): 272.

[207] T.R.N. Edwards, *Three Russian Writers and the Irrational: Zamyatin, Pil'nyak and Bulgakov,* (Cambridge, New York: Cambridge University Press, 1982). Lesley Milne, *The Master and Margarita: A Comedy of Victory,* (Birmingham: University of Birmingham, 1977).
Ericson, Edward E. "The Satanic Incarnation: Parody in Bulgakov's the Master and Margarita."
Russian Review 33.1 (1974): 20–36.

a rejection of the wholeness of the self, which results in madness.[208] Ten years later, Svetlana Kazakova's article, "Vlast' i Sila (Roman Mikhaila Bulgakova *Master i Margarita*) (Power and strength (Mikhail Bulgakov's novel *The Master and Margarita*))," at first glance, promises to delve into the psychiatric elements included in Bulgakov's work as she states that her focus is on psychohistory and psycho-culture. She argues that what Bulgakov portrays through psychosis in his novel is the individual's need for religion as a way to suppress the danger of the outside world.[209] However, Kazakova's work does not look closely at the insane asylum, or the presence of mass psychosis in the novel, leaving a hole in the scholarship on *The Master and Margarita*. Monica Spiridon's article, "In Praise of Madness: The Landmarks of a Cultural Pathology," sees madness in the novel as a form of resistance to communism (Stalinism), a type of self-awareness or sanity, and as a creative inclination.[210] She brings attention to the theme of madness by attempting to define madness and sanity using the political context in which Bulgakov's work was written. In this chapter, I will explore how the mental institution in Bulgakov's narrative engages, subverts, and transforms the previously-analyzed literary tradition of the mental institution as a physical space capable of enabling transformation, transcendence, and enlightenment for those within it.

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[208] Rita Pittman, *The Writer's Divided Self in Bulgakov's the Master and Margarita*, (New York: St. Martin's Press, 1991).
[209] Svetlana Kazakova, "Vlast' i sila (Roman Mikhaila Bulgakova *Master i Margarita*)," *Russian Literature* 49.1 (2001): 71.
[210] Monica Spiridon, "In Praise of Madness: The Landmarks of a Cultural Pathology," *Neohelicon*, (vol. 43, 2016), 357–370.

In their book on Pelevin, published in 2008, O. Bogdanova, C. Kibal'nik, and L. Safronova include a comparison of Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita* and Pelevin's *Chapaev and Void* based on the inclusion of madness and institutionalization in both works. They argue that Pelevin's work is heavily influenced by Bulgakov, even to the point of arguing that Pelevin's work is a modernization of Bulgakov's. Despite their valuable comments on Pelevin's philosophical approach, there is little discussion regarding the hospitals or diagnoses of the patients. In a work from two years prior, Irina Belobrovtseva and Svetlana Kul'ius mention that Bulgakov consulted with a psychiatrist, likely S.L. Tseitlin, in the writing of *The Master and Margarita,* but include no analysis of the subject.[211]

In his chapter, "The Role and Meaning of Madness in *The Master and Margarita*: The Novel as a Doppelganger Tale," Matt Oja argues that Ivan is the only mentally unstable character in the novel and that he and the Master "are two versions of the same character: the Master is in some sense a *dvoinik* or Doppelgänger, an alter ego who emerges from Bezdomny's mind as a consequence of the intense psychological and moral shock of Woland's seventh proof."[212] While I do not accept this theory in its entirety, it is the most relevant scholarship to my ultimate argument about the role of the mental institution in Bulgakov's novel. Additionally, Oja's perspective from 1996 continues to ring true now almost fifty years after the first publication of *The Master and Margarita*: "whatever approach one takes to the novel, some riddles may be answered but others

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[211] Irina Belobrotseva and Svetlana Kul'ius, *Roman M. Bulgakova "Master i Margarita": Kommentarii,* (Tallinn: Argo, 2006) 275.
[212] Oja, p. 147.

remain. Literary critics have been turning the novel this way and that for twenty-five years now without finding which way is definitely up. Any given approach works in some ways but fails in others, and that is why none can yet claim to be exclusively 'correct'."[213] Just as Oja states, I make no claims to answering all of the riddles of *The Master and Margarita*, but by focusing on the mental institution in the novel, I aim to shed light on one or two.

Like Bulgakov, the two main characters, who also happen to be the two characters who spend the bulk of the novel in the psychiatric clinic, are both writers—Ivan Nikolaevich Bezdomny and the Master. Another important character, the famous Professor Stravinsky, runs the psychiatric clinic. While Bulgakov's novel contains thirty-two chapters plus an epilogue, the clinic itself is featured in only seven of those chapters (6, 8, 11, 13, 15, 27, 30). And, the main events of only three of those six chapters (8, 11, 13) occur exclusively in the institution. Despite the limited time spent in this setting, the psychiatric clinic, and particularly its physical characteristics, play an important role in the action of the novel. Further, I would argue, the psychiatric clinic also serves as the catalyst for the Master's character progression. In order to analyze the role of the psychiatric clinic in the broader context of the novel, I have followed the model of inquiry applied to Garshin and Chekhov's works – paying attention to the physical attributes of the clinic, particularly the use of color, glass and windows, and light. Given the length of Bulgakov's work and the complexity of the narrative, I have narrowed the scope to focus on the seven chapters of the novel that contain the clinic as setting.

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[213] Oja, p. 157.

The Mental Institution

From the moment it is introduced, the mental institution in Mikhail Bulgakov's *The Master in Margarita* stands in stark contrast to the mental wards of Garshin's "The Red Flower" and Chekhov's "Ward No. 6." Garshin's asylum is a liminal space separate from society, while Chekhov's is a representation of society. Bulgakov, however, transforms the late nineteenth century idea of an asylum into a sterile clinic, further reversing the role of the mental institution as he suggests that only in the clinic will one find order. It is the outside world of Moscow where one will actually encounter the aberrant and disturbed.

Bulgakov's facility is brand new, and this newness is emphasized by the language used to describe the space. In response to Ivan's outburst that he "a healthy man, was seized and dragged by force to a madhouse (сумасшедший дом)," the admitting physician responds, "you happen to be in a clinic (клиник), not an asylum (сумасшедший дом), where no one will keep you if it is unnecessary."[214] The world of Bulgakov's

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[214] Mikhail Bulgakov, *The Master and Margarita,* translated by Burgin, Diana and Katherine Tiernan O'Connor; edited by Ellendea Proffer, (Vintage Books, 1996), p. 56. All further quotations from this text will be noted with in-text citation using the abbreviation "*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor]" followed by the page number. If no secondary source is used between instances of the primary source, the abbreviation will be left out and only page number will be provided. Each use of the translated text will be accompanied by a footnote providing the original Russian from the following edition of the novel. M. A. Bulgakov, *Master i Margarita. Sobranie sochinenii v piati tomakh*, tom piatyi. (Khudozhestvennaia Literatura, 1990), p. 67. The citation abbreviation for this text is "*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura]."
"– На то, что меня, здорового человека, схватили и силой приволокли в сумасшедший дом! – в гневе ответил Иван.
[…]

fantastic, twentieth-century, Soviet Russia cannot contain or support one of the dirty and ineffective mental hospitals of the past. Instead, Bulgakov unveils an almost utopian psychiatric clinic, which, throughout the novel proves to be the only organized and successful portion of society.

The methods of the hospital's head doctor, Alexander Nikolayevich Stravinsky, create an atmosphere of perceived respect. When he meets with Ivan, he has a conversation with Ivan as if he were an equal, but uses reason to convince Ivan that there is no sense leaving the clinic.[215] The Master's possession of the medical assistant

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– Вы находитесь, – спокойно заговорил врач, присаживаясь на белый табурет на блестящей ноге, – не в сумасшедшем доме, а в клинике, где вас никто не станет задерживать, если в этом нет надобности."

[215] "To the police of course," replied Ivan, but not so firmly as before and losing his composure a bit beneath the professor's gaze.

"Straight from here?"

"I guess so."

"And won't you stop off at your apartment?" asked Stravinsky quickly.

"No, there's no time for that! While I'm going to apartments, he'll get away!"

"I see. And what's the first thing you will tell the police?"

"About Pontius Pilate," answered Ivan Nikolayevich, and his eyes clouded over.

"'Well, a splendid idea!" exclaimed Stravinsky agreeably, and turning to the fellow with the goatee, he gave the order, "Fyodor Vasilyevich, please issue a release for citizen Bezdomny so that he can return to the city. But leave his room unoccupied and don't change the sheets. Citizen Bezdomny will be back here in two hours. Well," he turned to the poet, "I won't wish you success because I don't for a minute believe you'll have any. See you soon!" And he stood up while his entourage began to stir.

"Why do you think I'll be back?" Ivan asked anxiously.

Stravinsky seemed to be waiting for that question because he resumed his seat and began talking. "Because as soon as you appear at the police station in your long underwear and say that you met a man who was personally acquainted with Pontius Pilate—they'll have you back here in an instant, and you'll find yourself in this very same room."

"What does my underwear have to do with it?" asked Ivan, looking around in distress.

"The main problem is Pontius Pilate. But the underwear doesn't help. We'll have to remove your hospital clothes and give you back your own. And you were brought

here in long underwear. And you had no intention of stopping off at your apartment although I hinted that you should do so. Then comes Pilate … and the case is complete!" At this point something strange happened to Ivan Nikolayevich. His will seemed to give way, and he felt that he was weak, that he needed advice.

"So what should I do?" he asked, but timidly this time.

"Now that's splendid!" Stravinsky replied. "A most reasonable question. Now I shall tell you what really happened to you. Someone gave you a real fright yesterday and upset you with that story about Pontius Pilate and other things. And so you, a morbidly sensitive and nervous individual, went around the city talking about Pilate. It's completely natural that you should be taken for a madman. Only one thing can save you now—and that's complete rest. You definitely need to stay here" (*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor] 76–77).

"– Конечно, в милицию, – ответил Иван уже не так твердо и немного теряясь под взглядом профессора.

– Непосредственно отсюда?

– Угу.

– А на квартиру к себе не заедете? – быстро спросил Стравинский.

– Да некогда тут заезжать! Пока я по квартирам буду разъезжать, он улизнет!

– Так. а что же вы скажете в милиции в первую очередь? – Про Понтия Пилата,–ответил Иван Николаевич, и глаза его подернулись сумрачной дымкой.

– Ну, вот и славно! – воскликнул покоренный Стравинский и, обратившись к тому, что был с бородкой, приказал: – Федор Васильевич, выпишите, пожалуйста, гражданина Бездомного в город. Но эту комнату не занимать, постельное белье можно не менять. Через два часа гражданин Бездомный опять будет здесь. Ну что же, – обратился он к поэту, – успеха я вам желать не буду, потому что в успех этот ни на йоту не верю. До скорого свидания! – и он встал, а свита его шевельнулась.

– На каком основании я опять буду здесь? – тревожно спросил Иван.

Стравинский как будто ждал этого вопроса, немедленно уселся опять и заговорил:

– На том основании, что, как только вы явитесь в кальсонах в милицию и скажете, что виделись с человеком, лично знавшим Понтия Пилата, – как моментально вас привезут сюда, и вы снова окажетесь в этой же самой комнате.

– При чем здесь кальсоны? – растерянно оглядываясь, спросил Иван.

– Главным образом Понтий Пилат. Но и кальсоны также. Ведь казенное же белье мы с вас снимем и выдадим вам ваше одеяние. а доставлены вы были к нам в кальсонах. а между тем на квартиру к себе вы заехать отнюдь не собирались, хоть я и намекнул вам на это. Далее последует Пилат... и дело готово!

Тут что-то странное случилось с Иваном Николаевичем. его воля как будто раскололась, и он почувствовал, что слаб, что нуждается в совете.

– Так что же делать? – спросил он на этот раз уже робко.

– Ну вот и славно! – отозвался Стравинский, – это резоннейший вопрос. теперь я скажу вам, что, собственно, с вами произошло. Вчера кто-то вас сильно

Praskovya Fyodorovna's keys provides a level of agency, or at least a perceived level of agency or freedom. Neither this respect nor this freedom, perceived or otherwise, is present in the nineteenth-century mental institutions. This situation is easily juxtaposed with the stringent impositions placed upon those living in broader Soviet Moscow.

Color

In order to create his state-of-the-art facility, Bulgakov relies on physical attributes just as Garshin and Chekhov did at the end of the nineteenth century, but instead of dark colors, dim spaces, and prison-like windows, he creates a bright and comfortable space. Unlike the omnipresent red in Garshin's mental hospital, it is the absence of color that features in the clinic in *The Master and Margarita*. The walls are white and all of the medical personnel's coats are white.[216] The only colors that are seen in clinic are the blue lights in the hallways that only turn on at night and the red (пунцовый) flannel (байка) pajamas that the patients wear.[217] Most of the color that

напугал и расстроил рассказом про Понтия Пилата и прочими вещами. и вот вы, разнервничавшийся, издерганный человек, пошли по городу, рассказывая про Понтия Пилата. совершенно естественно, что вас принимают за сумасшедшего. Ваше спасение сейчас только в одном – в полном покое. и вам непременно нужно остаться здесь" (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 91–92).

[216] (*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor] 55–56, 71) | (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 69, 84)
[217] (59, 72) | (71, 86)

Ivan sees while he is in the clinic is seen through the window and is of the nature in the outskirts of Moscow.[218]

In the "famous psychiatric clinic that had recently been built outside of Moscow on the banks of the river," the most prevalent color is white (*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor] 55).[219] This persistent use of white – the color that itself represents the absence of pigment – produces several effects on the inhabitants of the clinic and the reader. The lack of color and the brightness of the white creates an environment of sterility and modernization. It creates a blank canvas against which other elements of the facility stand out and further allows for the patients' stories and experiences to catch and maintain the readers' attention.

While the presence of red, as discussed in the chapter on Garshin, is typically associated with strong emotions such as passion and lust, and anger, violence, and sacrifice, white is traditionally representative of purity, goodness, and cleanliness. White as a sign of the good and pure is a cultural archetype extending back to the Bible. The contrast between red and white is seen in Isaiah 1:18, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Additionally, white clothing is featured on divine beings in the Bible. For example, two

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[218] For example, the blue sky and rainbow Ivan sees outside his window: "the sky which had been restored to its former perfect blueness[…] gazing at the rainbow spread across the sky" (96).| "рассчистившимся до прежней полной голубизны, […] глядел на радугу, раскинувшуюся по небу" (114).

[219] Когда в приемную знаменитой психиатрической клиники, недавно отстроенной под Москвой на берегу реки, вошел человек с острой бородкой и облаченный в ***белый халат***, была половина второго ночи (66).

angels appear in "white apparel"[220] and when Christ is resurrected his raiment is "white as snow."[221] Even the physical surroundings of the eternal are white—God judges from "a great white throne."[222] In addition to this association with goodness and divinity, white is associated with purity and cleanliness, as seen in the contrast between red and white, and in the verse, "Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow" (Psalms 51:7). The connection between white and cleanliness extends even beyond Biblical times to ancient Greece, as healing priests would wear white garments as a sign of leading a pure life in the fifth century BC.[223] Not only does Bulgakov rely on these cultural connotations, but he twists this typical association with religion—an aspect of the novel that has already been turned on its head—and instead associates the color white with Soviet ideals such as modernization and industrialization. Having achieved these ideals, the pure and clean clinic is the only place that is surviving the devil's visit to Moscow without dramatic upheaval. Bulgakov's mental institution is a utopia in chaotic Moscow, while heaven is *the* ultimate utopia. The Master's experience in the clinic enables him in his transition from this man-made utopia, to divinely created peace.

Unlike the mental wards of nineteenth-century Russian literature, Bulgakov's twentieth-century clinic is clean and state of the art. The predominant color – white – emphasizes both the cleanliness and the modern, industrialized, mechanization of the

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[220] Acts 1:10
[221] Matthew 28:3
[222] Revelation 20:11
[223] Virginia Sarah Smith, *Clean: A History of Personal Hygiene and Purity*. Oxford University Press, 2007, p. 85–86.

facility. When the narrator mentions the "*white* doors" that separate the reception area from the hallways that leads to the patient rooms, it is not the color of the doors that has an impact, but the fact that these inanimate objects seem to have agency of their own as they "opened noiselessly onto a corridor lit by *blue* night lights" and, after Ivan is transferred to "a rubber-wheeled gurney" the doors closed behind him (*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor] 59).[224] If the doors were attributed a pigmented color, some of the impact of this episode would be lost in shifting the focus away from the utopian aura of the institution that is only enhanced by the white doors.

In the reception room of the hospital, white is the only color mentioned other than the blue lights, which are noted at the end of the action in this setting. The doctor who interviews Riukhin and Ivan wears a white coat and sits on a white stool with gleaming legs (55–56).[225] His assistant is a woman in a white coat (57).[226] It is noteworthy that medical practitioners did not always where white. As early as the 1860s, Joseph Lister, a

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[224] "– Ванна, сто семнадцатую отдельную и пост к нему, – распорядился врач, надевая очки. Тут Рюхин опять вздрогнул: бесшумно открылись ***белые двери***, за ними стал виден коридор, освещенный ***синими ночными лампами***. Из коридора выехала на резиновых колесиках кушетка, на нее переложили затихшего ивана, и он уехал в коридор, и двери за ним замкнулись" (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 71).

[225] "Sitting down on a gleaming white stool, the doctor began calmly, 'You happen to be in a clinic, not an asylum, where no one will keep you if it is unnecessary.'" | "– Вы находитесь, – спокойно заговорил врач, присаживаясь на ***белый табурет*** на блестящей ноге, – не в сумасшедшем доме, а в клинике, где вас никто не станет задерживать, если в этом нет надобности" (68).

[226] "I see. And what did you do to catch this murdere?" At this point the doctor turned around and galanced over at the woman in a white coat who was sitting at a table off to the side. She took out a sheet of paper and began filling in the blank spaces in the columns." | "– Так. Какие же меры вы приняли, чтобы поймать этого убийцу? – тут врач повернулся и бросил взгляд женщине в ***белом халате***, сидящей за столом в сторонке. Та вынула лист и стала заполнять пустые места в его графах" (69).

surgeon who successfully used antisepsis procedures, wore white gowns when he performed surgery.[227] Additionally, by the late nineteenth century, as germ theory became accepted, it reinforced the need for cleanliness and "plain white porcelain and tiling was now specified for super-cleanliness."[228] But the white doctors' coat did not come into common use until the turn of the twentieth century. Relying on previously established cultural associations with the color white and cleanliness, physicians began to wear white in order to distance themselves from the medical quackery of the past.[229]

After the effects of the injection used to pacify Ivan wear off, he wakes and notices the "unfamiliar room with *white* walls, an amazing night table made out of bright metal, and a *white* window shade that was keeping out the sun" (*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor] 71).[230] The first person to enter this room, like the clinic's employees in the reception area the night before, is wearing "a clean white robe" and has a pleasant demeanor (71).[231] With the push of a button, she opens the white blinds to reveal the sun, and thereby showcasing another in a series of technical marvels the institution possesses.

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[227] Smith, p. 287.
[228] Smith, p. 299.
[229] Hochberg, Mas S., MD. "The Doctor's White Coat: An Historical Perspective," *Virtual Mentor,* vol. 9, no. 4, AMA Journal of Ethics, 2007, pp. 310–314. DOI: 10.1001/virtualmentor.2007.9.4.mhst1-0704.
[230] "Некоторое время он соображал, каким это образом он попал в неизвестную комнату с ***белыми стенами***, с удивительным ночным столиком из какого-то светлого металла и с ***белой шторой***, за которой чувствовалось солнце" (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 84; emphasis added).
[231] "Цилиндр тихо прозвенел в ответ, остановился, потух, и в комнату вошла полная симпатичная женщина в ***белом чистом халате*** и сказала Ивану: – Доброе утро!" (85; emphasis added).

Once he is bathed and dressed, Ivan is taken to an examination room, the third and final room in the clinic into which Ivan, and the reader, are permitted a glance. It is a room "of enormous size" that contains "glass cabinets" and a plethora of shiny and high-tech objects, many of which would "not be recognizable to absolutely anyone."[232] To Ivan, it is the "factory-kitchen" (72).[233] In this office, Ivan meets three additional employees of the clinic, and each of them is dressed in white.[234] After a medical examination that consists of many questions and some physical prodding, Ivan is returned to his room where he meets "a bunch of people in white coats" (73).[235]

During the day, the patients are engulfed in white; even the lights in the corridors between the rooms are white during the day. It is only at night, as at the time when Ivan arrived, that the blue lights glow in the hallways, and this time is also often when patients are unsettled in the institution. In the evening, "The asylum[236] was falling asleep. The *frosted white lights* in the quiet corridors went out, and in accordance with regulations, the *faint blue night-lights* came on, the cautious steps of the nurses were heard less

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[232] Translation is my own. | "После этого Ивана Николаевича повели по пустому и беззвучному коридору и привели в *громаднейших размеров* кабинет. […] Здесь стояли шкафы и *стеклянные шкафики* с блестящими никелированными инструментами. Были кресла необыкновенно сложного устройства, какие-то пузатые лампы с сияющими колпаками, множество склянок, и газовые горелки, и электрические провода, и *совершенно никому не известные приборы*" (86).

[233] "Иван, решив относиться ко всему, что есть в этом на диво оборудованном здании, с иронией, тут же мысленно окрестил кабинет «фабрикой-кухней»" (86).

[234] "In the office Ivan was attended to by three people — two women and one man, all wearing white" (72). | "В кабинете за Ивана принялись трое — две женщины и один мужчина, все в белом" (86).

[235] "Неожиданно открылась дверь в комнату Ивана, и в нее вошло множество народа в белых халатах" (87).

[236] Translation note: Russian, "house of sorrow" (дом скорби), not "asylum"(114).

frequently on the rubber matting in the corridor outside the door (96)."[237] When there is a lack of color in the clinic, there is also a lack of unrest, but come evening, often the doctor administers the pacifying injection to the patients around the time the lights turn blue. The whiteness of the walls, the blinds, the lights, as well as its use to shroud the medical professionals somehow cover and disguise the suffering of the patients with its purity (lack of pigment). But, as I will explain later, once night sets in, and the blue lights appear, the character of the space, and its influence on the patients, changes.

While the whiteness of the walls, blinds, and furniture appears to have no direct effect on Ivan, but rather serves to enhance the shiny newness of the facility, the recurring and plentiful white coats cause him to think of Pontius Pilate who wears a "white mantle with red lining" in Woland's story, the Master's novel, and Ivan's dreams (286).[238] As Ivan is introduced to the doctor, Alexander Nikolayevich Stravinsky, he further links him to Pilate because of the respect he is shown and his use of Latin with his colleagues and students (73–74).[239] Therefore, the white coats, likely employed to indicate

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[237] "Дом скорби засыпал. В тихих коридорах потухли матовые белые лампы, и вместо них согласно распорядку зажглись слабые голубые ночники, и все реже за дверями слышались осторожные шажки фельдшериц на резиновых половиках коридора" (114).

[238] "человек в белой мантии с красной подбивкой" (327).

[239] "Suddenly the door opened, and in walked a bunch of people in white coats. At the head of them all came a man of forty-five or so, who was as cleanly shaven as an actor and had pleasant but very penetrating eyes and a polite manner. The entire entourage showed him attention and respect, and his entrance was therefore a very solemn affair. "Just like Pontius Pilate!" thought Ivan."

[…]

The head man cast an experienced eye over the sheet of paper, mumbling "Uh-huh, uh-huh" and exchanging some words in a little-known language with the people around him.

professionalism and cleanliness, directly tie into Ivan's obsession with Pilate's story. Ivan, like Garshin's patient, does suffer, to some degree, from obsession. However, his obsession appears more justified and even rational in comparison. If, at times, Ivan seems mad, it is under circumstances that could, and do, incite madness or perceived madness in many more individuals in Moscow.

Chapter 27, "The End of Apartment No. 50" recounts the details of the ongoing investigation into the mysterious and fantastic events that have and continue to take place in Moscow. Finally, yet anticlimactically, a detective comes to interview Ivan about the events at Patriarch's Ponds two days prior.

> Ivanushka had been lying in a daze before the investigator's arrival, and a number of visions had passed before him. … A man had appeared before Ivan in his sleep, a man sitting motionless in a chair, clean-shaven, with a yellow, troubled-looking face, wearing a *white mantle* with a red lining, and gazing hatefully at the lush and alien garden. Ivan had also seen a yellow, treeless hill with empty cross-beamed posts standing on top of it (286).[240]

"And he even speaks Latin, just like Pilate …" thought Ivan sadly."| "Неожиданно открылась дверь в комнату Ивана, и в нее вошло множество народа в белых халатах. Впереди всех шел тщательно, по-актерски обритый человек лет сорока пяти, с приятными, но очень пронзительными глазами и вежливыми манерами. Вся свита оказывала ему знаки внимания и уважения, и вход его получился поэтому очень торжественным. «Как Понтий Пилат!» – подумалось Ивану.
[…]
А главный привычными глазами пробежал лист, пробормотал: «Угу, угу...» и обменялся с окружающими несколькими фразами на малоизвестном языке. «И по-латыни, как Пилат, говорит...» – печально подумал Иван" (87–88).

[240] "Перед приходом следователя Иванушка дремал лежа, и перед ним проходили некоторые видения. […] В дремоте перед Иваном являлся неподвижный в кресле

Ivan connects the doctors' white coats to his dreams containing Pilate in his white cloak with the blood red lining. He is not the only patient to intertwine this white object from the clinic with a character in his dream. When admitted to the clinic, Nikanor Ivanovich Bosoi awakes from a tormenting dream that entangles fantasy with the clinic. He realizes that the people he imagined to be cooks serving soup, are actually medical staff.

> Through his tears Nikanor Ivanovich could make out his room in the clinic and two people in whites coats, but they were nothing like the smarmy cooks who had dished out unwanted advice. They were doctors, and with them was Praskovya Fyodorovna, who was holding a gauze-covered dish with a syringe instead of a soup bowl (142).[241]

For Nikanor Ivanovich, the real people he encounters wearing white coats in the clinic are preferable to the white-clad characters of his dream. Despite his initial urgency to catch the foreign consultant, Ivan now prefers to think about Pontius Pilate over the events that occurred in Moscow.[242] Several years after Woland and his retinue left Moscow, when

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человек, бритый, с издерганным желтым лицом, человек в белой мантии с красной подбивкой, ненавистно глядящий в пышный и чужой сад. Видел Иван и безлесый желтый холм с опустевшими столбами с перекладинами" (327).

[241] "Никанор Иванович сквозь слезы разглядел свою комнату в лечебнице и двух в белых халатах, но отнюдь не развязных поваров, сующихся к людям со своими советами, а доктора и все ту же Прасковью Федоровну, держащую в руках не миску, а тарелочку, накрытую марлей, с лежащим на ней шприцем" (166).

[242] "Oh, how triumphant Ivan would have felt, if only the investigator had come to see him a little earlier, say late Wednesday night, when Ivan had been trying so frantically and passionately to get someone to listen to his story about Patriarch's Ponds. Now his dream of helping catch the foreign consultant had come true, and he did

not have to run after anyone any more since they had come to see him themselves, to hear his tale about what happened Wednesday evening.

But, alas, in the time that had elapsed since Berlioz's death Ivan had undergone a complete change. He was ready and willing to answer all the investigator's question politely, but his indifference was evident in his eyes and in the way he spoke. The poet was no longer moved by Berlioz's fate.

Ivanushka had been lying in a doze before the investigator's arrival, and a number of visions had passed before him. He had seen a strange, incomprehensible, non-existent city with blocks of marble, worn-down colonnades, and roofs sparkling in the sun, with the somber and pitiless black Antonia Tower, the palace on the western hill, sunk almost to the roof in the tropical greenery of a garden, with bronze statues towering above that greenery and burning in the setting sun, and he had seen armor-clad, Roman centurions marching beneath the walls of the ancient city.

A man had appeared before Ivan in his sleep, a man sitting motionless in a chair, clean-shaven, with a yellow, troubled-looking face, wearing a **white mantle** with a red lining, and gazing hatefully at the lush and alien garden. Ivan had also seen a yellow, treeless hill with empty cross-beamed posts standing on top of it.

And what had happened at Patriarch's Ponds no longer interested the poet Ivan Bezdomny" (285–286). | "О, как торжествовал бы Иван, если бы следователь явился к нему пораньше, хотя бы, скажем, в ночь на четверг, когда Иван буйно и страстно добивался того, чтобы выслушали его рассказ о Патриарших прудах. Теперь сбылось его мечтание помочь поймать консультанта, ему не нужно было ни за кем уже бегать, к нему самому пришли именно затем, чтобы выслушать его повесть о том, что произошло в среду вечером.

Но, увы, Иванушка совершенно изменился за то время, что прошло с момента гибели Берлиоза. Он был готов охотно и вежливо отвечать на все вопросы следователя, но равнодушие чувствовалось и во взгляде Ивана, и в его интонациях. Поэта больше не трогала судьба Берлиоза.

Перед приходом следователя Иванушка дремал лежа, и перед ним проходили некоторые видения. Так, он видел город странный, непонятный, несуществующий, с глыбами мрамора, источенными колоннадами, со сверкающими на солнце крышами, с черной мрачной и безжалостной башней Антония, со дворцом на западном холме, погруженным до крыш почти в тропическую зелень сада, с бронзовыми, горящими в закате статуями над этой зеленью, он видел идущие под стенами древнего города римские, закованные в броню, кентурии.

В дремоте перед Иваном являлся неподвижный в кресле человек, бритый, с издерганным желтым лицом, человек в белой мантии с красной подбивкой, ненавистно глядящий в пышный и чужой сад. Видел Иван и безлесый желтый холм с опустевшими столбами с перекладинами.

А происшедшее на Патриарших прудах поэта Ивана Бездомного более не интересовало" (326–327).

Ivan is no longer a poet or a resident in Stravinsky's clinic, but a history professor living with his wife, Ivan continues to dream about Pilate dressed in the white mantle.[243]

As mentioned previously, the medical professionals in Stravinsky's clinic are clad in white for several reasons. This fictionalized hospital was created not long after the white coat became standard apparel. White was associated with cleanliness, purity, and now cutting-edge medical practices. Additionally, dirt and blood can be seen more easily against a white background, lending white the ability to display that it is clean and the inability to hide filth. Finally, Ivan connects the white attire of the doctors to the white clothing of Pilate. Pilate's clothing is based on Roman political and cultural history. The color of his apparel is not included in canonical scripture, but can be explained through historical practice. Bulgakov combines the traditional *toga praetexta,*[244] a white toga worn by male citizens in Rome, with the *paludamentum*, a short red cloak worn by magistrates when not in Rome (note: Pilate is in Judea in this narrative).[245] Ivan connects

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[243] "After the injection everything the sleeper sees changes. A broad path of moonlight stretches from his bed to the window and heading up this path is a man in a *white cloak* with a blood-red lining who is walking toward the moon Walking beside him is a young man in a torn chiton with a disfigured face. The two of them are engaged in heated conversation, arguing about something, and trying to reach some kind of agreement" (334). | "После укола все меняется перед спящим. От постели к окну протягивается широкая лунная дорога, и на эту дорогу поднимается человек в белом плаще с кровавым подбоем и начинает идти к луне. рядом с ним идет какой-то молодой человек в разорванном хитоне и с обезображенным лицом. идущие о чем-то разговаривают с жаром, спорят, хотят о чем-то договориться" (383).

[244] The *toga praetexta* is the white toga worn by every male citizen of Rome. For more information on the white *toga praextexta*, see J.C. Edmonsonand Keith, Editors, *Roman Dress and the Fabrics of Roman Culture,* (University of Toronto Press, 2008), pp. 8, 23, 26.

[245] Frank Frost Abbot, *A History and Description of Roman Political Institutions*, 3rd Edition, (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Ginn and Company, 1911), pp. 165–166. (p. 165, "The magisterial dignity was indicated to the eye by insignia and by attendants. The

his medical team, particularly Stravinsky, to Pilate not only because of his white coat, but also due to his ability to use Latin, and his permeating authority in the room. Pilate, however, fascinates Ivan more than his present circumstances, perhaps because he is clad in clothing that is the color of purity and goodness—white, but lined with the color of blood and sacrifice—red.

The narrative unfolding in Moscow both inside and outside of the clinic and the narrative of Pontius Pilate are all connected by a thread of whiteness connected to attire. However, it is an attribute of the physical space of the hospital that is the final one associated with white. When the Master comes to say his farewells to Ivan in the clinic, its white walls are referenced one last time. Ivan asks the Master if he found Margarita and if she had remained faithful. At that moment, "[dark/shadowy] Margarita detached herself form the *white wall* and came over to the bed. She looked at the young man lying there, and sorrow showed in her eyes" (*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor] 316).[246] Here, darkness in the form of Margarita's shadow is hidden against the white wall. In this moment, two versions of the absence of color meet to conceal Margarita. Margarita is concealed by shadow or darkness (the absence of the colors of light) and

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most characteristic mark of office was the *toga praetexta,* which all magistrates from the consul to the aedile wore within the city. When abroad, the consul put on the *paludamentum,* a short red cloak."; p. 166, "On formal occasions, as when administering justice, dictators, consuls, censors, praetors, and curule aediles sat on a *sella curulis* placed on a *tribunal*.")

[246] The Russian text includes the word "dark" or "shadowy" to describe Margarita emerging from the white wall, but this word is left out in the translation by Burgin and O'Connor. | "От белой стены отделилась темная Маргарита и подошла к постели. Она смотрела на лежащего юношу, и в глазах ее читалась скорбь" (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 363).

white (the absence of pigment). Unlike Garshin's red-filled hospital floor and Chekhov's dirty, blue ward, Bulgakov's version of the mental institution lacks dark colors, and thereby highlights the clean and high-tech qualities of the clinic and provides a neutral background against which the inhabitants can be seen more clearly as people and not simply patients.

Aside from the repetitive use of white in Stravinsky's clinic, the only other color mentioned is blue. As mentioned previously, the night lights in the corridors are blue, which, unlike a warm amber or yellow hued light, indicate sterility. However, it is notable that the lights in the hallway shift from white, during the day, to blue during the night. This color shift occurs, "in accordance with regulations" (96).[247] Thus, the only instance of pigmented color that is physically integrated into the mental institution exists to fulfill a regulation. This change in light color has little effect on the patients or their experiences in the clinic since it is in a liminal space—between their rooms and the reception room and examination room—not in their personal space. The blue lighting merely signals a transition, rather than possessing any causative force. When in their private rooms, the patients are left surrounded by the emptiness of white walls, white blinds, and visited only by medical professionals dressed in white. The void of color in which they exist, encourages patients, particularly Ivan, to turn to the world directly outside of the clinic—

[247] "Дом скорби засыпал. В тихих коридорах потухли матовые белые лампы, и вместо них ***согласно распорядку*** зажглись слабые голубые ночники, и все реже за дверями слышались осторожные шажки фельдшериц на резиновых половиках коридора" (114; emphasis added).

nature, and his emotional state often mirrors the natural occurrences, particularly those associated with light and darkness, seen through the grating-covered glass of his window.

While the absence of color is all-encompassing in the mental institution, Bulgakov's novel is otherwise full of color in both pigment and light. Perhaps most notable is the red lining of Pontius Pilate's white robe with which Ivan becomes somewhat obsessed, and the yellow of the flowers that Margarita carries on the day she meets the Master. The red lining of Pilate's mantle starkly contrasts with the whiteness of the rest of the garment. The red is qualified as "blood red" on the eve of Christ's crucifixion in the story Woland tells to Ivan and Berlioz at the beginning of *The Master and Margarita*.[248] Pilate's white cloak with "blood-red lining" repeatedly appears in Ivan's thoughts and dreams, all the way through to the end of the epilogue. While in the clinic, Ivan struggles to write to the police about his experience at Patriarch's Pond. Eventually, he decides "to

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[248] "No, no proof is required," answered the professor. He began to speak softly and as he did, his accent somehow disappeared. "It's all very simple: Early in the morning on the fourteenth day of the spring month of Nisan, wearing a white cloak with a blood-red lining, and shuffling with his cavalryman's gait …
[…]
EARLY in the morning on the fourteenth day of the spring month of Nisan, wearing a white cloak with a blood-red lining, and shuffling with his cavalryman's gait into the roofed colonnade that connected the two wings of the palace of Herod the Great, walked the procurator of Judea, Pontius Pilate" (12–13). | "– И доказательств никаких не требуется, – ответил профессор и заговорил негромко, причем его акцент почему-то пропал: – Все просто: в белом плаще с кровавым подбоем, шаркающей кавалерийской походкой, ранним утром четырнадцатого числа весеннего месяца нисана…
[…]
В белом плаще с кровавым подбоем, шаркающей кавалерийской походкой, ранним утром четырнадцатого числа весеннего месяца нисана в крытую колоннаду между двумя крыльями дворца ирода великого вышел прокуратор Иудеи Понтий Пилат" (19).

include the whole story about the procurator, starting with the moment when he came out onto the colonnade of Herod's palace dressed in a white robe with a blood-red lining" (96).[249] When Ivan meets the Master in the psychiatric hospital, Ivan shares the story of how he arrived in the clinic and he "left nothing out, for he himself found it easier to tell the story that way, and gradually he got to the point where Pontius Pilate came out onto the balcony in his white cloak with the blood-red lining" (112).[250] When the police come to interview Ivan in the clinic, Ivan is dreaming about Judea and Pontius Pilate, "A man had appeared before Ivan in his sleep, a man sitting motionless in a chair, clean-shaven, with a yellow, troubled-looking face, wearing a white mantle with a red lining, and gazing hatefully at the lush and alien garden. Ivan had also seen a yellow, treeless hill with empty cross-beamed posts standing on top of it" (285–286).[251] Even several years after his release from Stravinsky's clinic, Ivan is visited by visions of Pontius Pilate in his blood-red lined white attire.

> After the injection everything the sleeper sees changes. A broad path of moonlight stretches from his bed to the window and heading up this path is a man in a white

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[249] Голова и предсказание консультанта привели его к мысли о Понтии Пилате, и для вящей убедительности Иван решил весь рассказ о прокураторе изложить полностью с того самого момента, как тот в белом плаще с кровавым подбоем вышел в колоннаду иродова дворца (113).

[250] Иван ничего и не пропускал, ему самому было так легче рассказывать, и постепенно добрался до того момента, как Понтий Пилат в белой мантии с кровавым подбоем вышел на балкон (132).

[251] В дремоте перед Иваном являлся неподвижный в кресле человек, бритый, с издерганным желтым лицом, человек в белой мантии с красной подбивкой, ненавистно глядящий в пышный и чужой сад. Видел иван и безлесый желтый холм с опустевшими столбами с перекладинами (327).

> cloak with a blood-red lining who is walking toward the moon. Walking beside him is a young man in a torn chiton with a disfigured face. The two of them are engaged in heated conversation, arguing about something, and trying to reach some kind of agreement (334).[252]

Although Ivan is no longer in the clinic and Woland is no longer in Moscow, Ivan remains attached to Pilate. After his injection—a remnant of his time in the mental institution that continues to be administered to him occasionally (i.e. during the full moon)—Ivan is able to see the fate into which the Master freed his hero, Pilate. Ivan's association of Pilate's white mantle with the medical professionals' white coats further stimulates Ivan's obsession with Pilate's fate. Ultimately, a psychiatric medical intervention—the injection—provides Ivan with access to the information he longs for—"Tell me, what happened next to Yeshua and Pilate. Please, I want to know" (125).[253] Along with the answer he longed for, Ivan is also given a glimpse into the eternal as he sees "the man in the cloak […] as he ascends higher and higher toward the moon, taking his companion with him. Walking behind them, calm and majestic, is a huge dog with pointed ears"

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[252] "После укола все меняется перед спящим. От постели к окну протягивается широкая лунная дорога, и на эту дорогу поднимается человек в белом плаще с кровавым подбоем и начинает идти к луне. рядом с ним идет какой-то молодой человек в разорванном хитоне и с обезображенным лицом. идущие о чем-то разговаривают с жаром, спорят, хотят о чем-то договориться" (383).

[253]" – Скажите мне, а что было дальше с Иешуа и Пилатом, – попросил Иван, – умоляю, я хочу знать" (147).

(335).[254] Although Ivan is not granted peace or light, but concludes the novel living out his mortal life in Moscow, his time in the mental institution, which allowed for his meeting the Master and the freedom to ruminate on Pilate, provides him with recurrent access to the eternal.

While Ivan links white with red through Pontius Pilate, the Master brings other colors into the clinic through by sharing his origin story. The Master tells Ivan that in his first interaction with Margarita, he informed her that he did not like her flowers, that he prefers roses. He does not share with Margarita why he does not like them, but his description of the events to Ivan indicates that the yellowness of the flowers is at least part of what he dislikes about them since he believes it to be a "bad color" (115).[255] The

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[254]"– Больше мне ничего не нужно!–сорванным голосомвскрикивает человек в плаще и поднимается все выше к луне, увлекая своего спутника. За ними идет спокойный и величественный гигантский остроухий пес" (383).

[255] "– Она несла в руках отвратительные, тревожные *желтые* цветы. Черт их знает, как их зовут, но они первые почему-то появляются в Москве. И эти цветы очень отчетливо выделялись на черном ее весеннем пальто. Она несла *желтые* цветы! *Нехороший цвет*. Она повернула с Тверской в переулок и тут обернулась. Ну, Тверскую вы знаете? По Тверской шли тысячи людей, но я вам ручаюсь, что увидела она меня одного и поглядела не то что тревожно, а даже как будто болезненно. И меня поразила не столько ее красота, сколько необыкновенное, никем не виданное одиночество в глазах!
Повинуясь этому желтому знаку, я тоже свернул в переулок и пошел по ее следам. Мы шли по кривому, скучному переулку безмолвно, я по одной стороне, а она по другой. И не было, вообразите, в переулке ни души. Я мучился, потому что мне показалось, что с нею необходимо говорить, и тревожился, что я не вымолвлю ни одного слова, а она уйдет, и я никогда ее более не увижу...
И, вообразите, внезапно заговорила она:
– Нравятся ли вам мои цветы?
Я отчетливо помню, как прозвучал ее голос, низкий довольно -таки, но со срывами, и, как это ни глупо, показалось, что эхо ударило в переулке и отразилось от желтой грязной стены. Я быстро перешел на ее сторону и, подходя к ней, ответил:
– Нет.

Она поглядела на меня удивленно, а я вдруг, и совершенно неожиданно, понял, что я всю жизнь любил именно эту женщину! Вот так штука, а? Вы, конечно, скажете, сумасшедший?
– Ничего я не говорю, – воскликнул Иван и добавил: – Умоляю, дальше!
И гость продолжал:
– Да, она поглядела на меня удивленно, а затем, поглядев, спросила так:
– Вы вообще не любите цветов?
В голосе ее была, как мне показалось, враждебность. Я шел с нею рядом, стараясь идти в ногу, и, к удивлению моему, совершенно не чувствовал себя стесненным.
– Нет, я люблю цветы, только не такие, – сказал я.
– А какие?
– Я розы люблю" (136–137; emphasis added). |"She was carrying some hideous, disturbing yellow flowers. The devil only knows what they're called, but for some reason they're the first ones to bloom in Moscow. And those flowers stood out very distinctly against her black spring coat. She was carrying yellow flowers! A bad color. She turned off Tverskaya into a side street and then looked back. Do you know Tverskaya? Thousands of people were walking along Tverskaya, but I assure you, she saw only me and she gave me a look that was not merely anxious, but even pained. And I was struck not so much by her beauty as by the extraordinary, incomparable loneliness in her eyes!"

Obeying that yellow sign, I, too, turned into the side street and followed her. We walked silently along the dull winding lane, I on one side, and she on the other. And, imagine, there wasn't a soul in the street. I was in torment because I felt that I had to talk to her, and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to utter a word, and she would go away, and I would never see her again.

And then, imagine, she said unexpectedly, "Do you like my flowers?"

I distinctly remember the sound of her voice, rather low, but halting, and however silly this may seem, I felt that an echo sounded in the lane and reverberated off the dirty yellow wall. I quickly crossed over to her side of the street and, walking up to her, replied, "No."

She looked at me with surprise, and I suddenly and completely unexpectedly realized that this was the woman I had loved my whole life! Amazing, isn't it? Naturally, you'll say I'm a madman, right?

"I'm not saying anything," Ivan exclaimed, adding, "Please, go on!"

And the guest continued, "Yes," she gave me a look of surprise, and then she asked, "Is it that you just don't like flowers?"

I thought I detected hostility in her voice. I walked alongside her, trying to keep in step with her, and to my surprise, I felt no constraint whatsoever.

"No, I like flowers, but not those," I said.

"What kind do you like?"

"I like roses" (115–116).

color yellow is linked to mental institutions and the mad in Russian culture, with the term "yellow house"[256] used to indicate a madhouse. Bulgakov, however, in redesigning the Russian mental institution, does not use yellow. The *yellow* or *madness* of the mental institution has been reconfigured to create a sterile and Soviet or *white* and *sane* mental institution. Instead, yellow can be found outside of the clinic, in the chaos of Moscow.

Windows and Glass

The sterility of the whiteness of the clinic is coupled with its state-of-the-art mechanization, an aspirational trait of Soviet authorities that often appears in Socialist Realist literature. Stravinsky's clinic is the image of true utopian industrialization. In the reception area alone, the reader encounters several new and advanced objects. The doctor sits "on a gleaming white stool" in order to evaluate Ivan (*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor] 56).[257] There is a table with a button that when pressed "a small

[256] "желтый дом" — "Дом этот назван "желтым" — от желтой окраски (Обуховской больницы); потом "отправить в желтый дом" заменилось словами "отправить на тринадцатую версту" (по Петергофской дороге), куда был переведен дом для сумасшедших" from Bol'shoi tolkovo-frazeologicheskii slovar'(1904 g.) Mikhel'sona M. I. k fraze "zheltyi dom" and "Желтый дом, дом умалишенных, от желтой окраски Обуховской больницы в Петербурге" from Tolkovyi slovar' zhivogo velikorusskogo iazyka (1863–1866) V. I. Dalia k slovu "zheltyi'. (translation: "A building that is named "yellow" — is from the yellow paint (of the Obukhovakaia hospital"; then "to send to the yellow house" was substituted for the words "to send thirty versts" (along Peterhof road), where the house for the mad was moved."; and "Yellow house, a house for the insane, from the color of the paint of the Obukhovskaya hospital in St. Petersburg."

[257] "– Вы находитесь, – спокойно заговорил врач, присаживаясь на *белый табурет* на блестящей ноге, – не в сумасшедшем доме, а в клинике, где вас никто не станет задерживать, если в этом нет надобности" (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 68).

shiny box and a sealed ampule popped out on its glass surface" (58).[258] There are doors that open noiselessly, and a stretcher with silent rubber wheels (59).[259] When the attendants will not let him out the main doors, Ivan attempts to escape the hospital through the window. It becomes evident that the glass in the facility is somewhat unbreakable as Ivan "dove headlong at the blind covering the window. A fairly loud crash was heard, but the glass behind the blind didn't even crack, and Ivan… screamed, 'So that's the kind of windows you have here!'" (58–59).[260] From the first room depicted in the mental institution, glass features somewhat heavily, but it appears to be a different kind of glass than the glass used in earlier mental institutions. This new glass is one of the physical features used to indicate that this clinic is not the run-down, ineffectual "madhouse" of the past, but it is a high-tech, state-of-the-art facility. The prevalence of glass throughout the clinic implies a utopian quality. The utopian aspect can be linked with the eternal utopia of heaven as seen by the Biblical description, "the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass […] and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass" (Revelation 21: 18, 21). It can also been scene in utopian and dystopian literature, such as Evgenii Zamiatin's *We*: "the whole world is blown from the same

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[258] "Рюхин задрожал, а женщина нажала кнопку в столике, и на его стеклянную поверхность выскочила блестящая коробочка и запаянная ампула" (70).

[259] "Тут Рюхин опять вздрогнул: бесшумно открылись белые двери, за ними стал виден коридор, освещенный синими ночными лампами. Из коридора выехала на резиновых колесиках кушетка, на нее переложили затихшего Ивана, и он уехал в коридор, и двери за ним замкнулись" (71).

[260] "Прощайте... – и головою вперед он бросился в штору окна. Раздался удар, но небьющиеся стекла за шторою выдержали его, и через мгновение Иван забился в руках у санитаров. Он хрипел, пытался кусаться, кричал: – Так вот вы какие стеклышки у себя завели!.. Пусти! Пусти, говорю!" (71).

shatterproof, everlasting glass as the glass of the Green Wall and of all our structures."[261] Bulgakov uses glass in his mental institution to call these images of utopia to mind.

The physical features of Ivan's room, the space in the mental institution where the reader spends the most time, reinforce the advanced quality of the clinic. Additionally, the window is important to narrative development and the fates of the patients. The curtains in Ivan's room open at the push of a button to reveal "a light, widely spaced grille that extended down to the very floor" (*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor] 72).[262] Beyond this locked grating is a balcony that encircles the entire floor and presumably all the patient rooms contain a window with this view. [263] Unlike in "The Red Flower," Ivan never tries to escape through the window. The Master, who has the keys to the gratings, does not try to escape either. Instead, he uses the keys to visit Ivan, and his visit furthers the narrative of these two patients' lives and ties the Pontius Pilate story more tightly to the Moscow narrative.

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[261] Evgenii Zamiatin, *We*, translated by Natasha Randall, (The Modern Library, 2006), p. 5. | "В такие дни — весь мир отлит из того же самого незыблемого, вечного стекла, как и Зеленая Стена, как и все наши постройки." E. I. Zamiatin, "ZAPIS' 2-aia," *My*, Internet Biblioteka i. A. Komarova, 2006, https://ilibrary.ru/text/1494/p.2/

[262] "Женщина же тем временем, не теряя благодушного выражения лица, при помощи одного нажима кнопки, увела штору вверх, и в комнату через широкопетлистую и легкую решетку, доходящую до самого пола, хлынуло солнце. За решеткой открылся балкон, за ним берег извивающейся реки и на другом ее берегу – веселый сосновый бор" (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 85).

[263] "'They are locked,' confirmed the guest, 'but Praskovya Fyodorovna is an extremely nice, if, alas, absentminded person. I pinched her keys a month ago, which allows me to go out onto the balcony that encircles the entire floor and thus visit a neighbor on occasion'" (110). | "– Решетки-то на замках, – подтвердилгость,–но Прасковья Федоровна – милейший, но, увы, рассеянный человек. Я стащил у нее месяц тому назад связку ключей и, таким образом, получил возможность выходить на общий балкон, а он тянется вокруг всего этажа, и, таким образом, иногда навестить соседа" (130).

With the Master's use of the keys to exit his room through his window, the clinic becomes the setting of social and intellectual interaction, as it was for Chekhov's Gromov and Ragin. Inside the mental institution, the Master and Ivan find the opportunity for uninhibited conversation with one another. Outside of the psychiatric clinic, the Master's work and ideas were mocked and caused his arrest.[264] Ivan's ideas were not his own, but those imposed on him by MASSOLIT. Here, in the quiet space of the mental institution, away from the eyes of editors, the authors are able to communicate with each other about both their work and eternal truths. As such, for the Master and Ivan, the world outside of the clinic is in many ways less appealing than the world inside the clinic. Safely in the clinic, they can see the beautiful parts of the outside world—the river, trees, sky, moon, etc.—through the glass windows. Thereby, the glass of the window is a barrier against the chaos of Moscow, but also a peaceful means of reflection, both literally and metaphorically, on the difference between the utopia of the mental institution and the dystopia of Moscow.

In addition to the window in Ivan's room, "at the foot of Ivan's bed a *frosted-glass cylinder* began to turn until the word "NURSE" appeared. It goes without saying that the ingenious cylinder made quite an impression on Ivan. "The word 'NURSE' was replaced by 'CALL THE DOCTOR'" (*The Master* [translated by Burgin and O'Connor] 71). The technological advancement of this glass cylinder is impressed upon the reader by that fact

[264] It is commonly accepted that the Master was arrested in October and released in January, given the gap in time, the knock at his door, and the buttons missing on his coat. See: Ellendea Proffer, "Commentary," *The Master and Margarita,* (New York: Vintage Books, 1996), p 348.; Richard Pevear and Larissa Volokhonsky, "Notes," *The Master and Margarita*, (London: Penguin, 1997), p. 403, p. 405.

that Ivan does not know how to interact with it, "'Hmm…' murmured Ivan, not knowing what else to do with the cylinder" (71). When he does interact with it, he has "a stroke of luck: he pressed the button a second time at the word 'DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT.' The cylinder rang softly in reply, stopped, and then went blank. A stout kind-looking woman in a clean white robe came into the room and said to Ivan, 'Good Morning'" (71).[265] This cylinder with a light inside is made of the same material as the "*frosted white lights* in the quiet corridors" of the hospital (96).[266] While the word glass (стекло) is not used in either instance, given its function as a matte or opaque material surrounding a light (матовый), they are most likely glass attributes.

When he is taken to the examination room, it, like the reception area and Ivan's room, contains glass elements coupled with shiny metal objects that enhance the pristine and cutting-edge qualities of the facility and its overall impact. This large room is filled with "cupboards and *glass cabinets* with shiny nickel-plated instruments, there were chairs of unusually complex construction, potbellied lamps with gleaming shade, a multitude of vials and gas burners and electric wires and gadgets that would mystify

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[265] "В ногах Ивановой постели загорелся матовый цилиндр, на котором было написано: «Пить». Постояв некоторое время, цилиндр начал вращаться до тех пор, пока не выскочила надпись: «Няня». Само собою разумеется, что хитроумный цилиндр поразил Ивана. Надпись «Няня» сменилась надписью «Вызовите доктора».
– Гм...–молвил Иван, незная, что делать с этим цилиндром дальше. Но тут повезло случайно: Иван нажал кнопку второй раз на слове «Фельдшерица». Цилиндр тихо прозвенел в ответ, остановился, потух, и в комнату вошла полная симпатичная женщина в белом чистом халате и сказала Ивану:
– Доброе утро!" (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 84–85).

[266] "В тихих коридорах потухли *матовые* белые лампы…" (114).

absolutely anyone" (72).[267] It is in this room that Ivan is the most confused by his treatment.

> At this point the woman turned Ivan over to the man, and he took Ivan through another kind of exam altogether and asked him no questions at all. He took Ivan's temperature, measured his pulse, and looked into his eyes with some sort of light. Then another woman came to assist the man, and they injected something, painlessly, into Ivan's back, made tracings on his chest with the handle of a small mallet, tapped his knees, so that his legs jerked up, pricked his finger and took some blood, stuck a needle into the crook of his arm, and put rubber bracelets on his arms… (73).[268]

Ivan is subjected to a thorough, relatively routine medical evaluation, but he does not recognize it as such. This use of defamiliarization emphasizes the novelty of this clinic.

Perhaps the most impressive physical feature of the clinic to Ivan is his in-room bathing area. Its gleaming tap and pouring water cause him to compare it to the Metropol.

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[267] "Здесь стояли шкафы и стеклянные шкафики с блестящими никелированными инструментами. Были кресла необыкновенно сложного устройства, какие-то пузатые лампы с сияющими колпаками, множество склянок, и газовые горелки, и электрические провода, и совершенно никому не известные приборы" (86).

[268] "Тут женщина уступила Ивана мужчине, и тот взялся за него по-иному и ни о чем уже не расспрашивал. Он измерил температуру Иванова тела, посчитал пульс, посмотрел Ивану в глаза, светя в них какою-то лампой. Затем на помощь мужчине пришла другая женщина, и Ивана кололи, но не больно, чем-то в спину, рисовали у него ручкой молоточка какие-то знаки на коже груди, стучали молоточками по коленям, отчего ноги Ивана подпрыгивали, кололи палец и брали из него кровь, кололи в локтевом сгибе, надевали на руки какие-то резиновые браслеты..." (87).

While there are references to the high quality of the institution, and the emphasis on its designation as "clinic" and not "madhouse", it is during this episode in the bathing area of Ivan's private room where Praskovya Fyodorovna directly states that this Moscow clinic is, presumably, the most state-of-the-art mental health facility known to man. She responds to Ivan's comparison to the Metropol, "'Oh, no,' answered the woman with pride, 'much better. Even abroad you can't find equipment like this. Doctors and scientists come here especially to inspect our clinic. We have foreign visitors here every day'" (72).[269] Stravinsky's clinic is not only high-tech, but it is unbelievably well-equipped, further reinforcing its utopian character.

Bulgakov's clinic stands in contrast to the literary mental institutions in Vsevolod Garshin's "The Red Flower" and Anton Chekhov's "Ward No. 6," which are overcrowded and dirty. This clinic is not only clean, but it has plenty of space and resources, as Ivan is given a private room with someone assigned to guard it. After Stravinsky examines Ivan and medicates him into stillness, the doctor orders "A bath, Room 117—private—and post a guard" (59).[270] As additional patients are encountered, it seems that each has his own private room. The cleanliness and spaciousness of the clinic are by design, present in order to lull the patients into a state of ambivalence, acceptance, and, possibly, even comfort. The physical space of the clinic indicates that there are benefits to be had for following regulation and assimilating to the status quo.

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[269] – О нет, –с гордостью ответила женщина, – гораздо лучше. Такого оборудования нет нигде и за границей. Ученые и врачи специально приезжают осматривать нашу клинику. У нас каждый день интуристы бывают" (85).

[270] "– Ванна, сто семнадцатую отдельную и пост к нему, – распорядился врач, надевая очки" (71).

Unlike the institutions examined in the late-nineteenth century works of literature, the hospital in Bulgakov's fictional Russia is comfortable. At times, Ivan is shocked by the amenities it provides. When he first wakes in his private room, "he lay motionless for a while on his immaculate, soft, comfortable spring-cushioned bed" (71).[271] This clinic has all of the creature comforts that are unavailable to many in the outside world.

Light

While the mental clinic boasts utopian amenities, it is not free from all outside influence. Other than the blue night lights and the white lights of daytime, most light mentioned in the clinic setting is natural—lightning, sun, moon**.** Although the moon is external to the clinic it has importance in the scenes in the clinic as well as throughout the entire novel, including the epilogue. It attracts the attention of characters inside the mental institution (Ivan), outside of the institution in Moscow (Margarita, Nikolai Ivanovich), and in the Master's novel (Pilate). The moon appears to be a neutral power, one that is connected to both the good and bad events of the novel's narratives.[272] An

[271] "Полежав некоторое время неподвижно в чистейшей, мягкой и удобной пружинной кровати, иван увидел кнопку звонка рядом с собою" (84).

[272] Leonid Rzhevsky notes that, "Two distinct aspects of nature prevail throughout the novel: storm and moonlight. Stormy weather accompanies the theme of Evil; moonlight, the theme of Good" (Leonid Rzhevsky, "Pilate's Sin: Cryptography in Bulgakov's Novel, *The Master and Margarita*,"*Canadian Slavonic Papers*, Vol. 13, No. 1, 1971, pp. 12). Yet, Rzhevsky focuses only on the connection of the moon to Christ, and ignores its association with Woland. Edythe C. Haber, correctly identifies a link between the moon and both Woland and Jesus. She states, "Both Christ and the devil are opposed to

entire thesis could be written about the moon's role in the novel as a whole (and indeed, in the works of Garshin and Chekhov), but for purposes of this chapter, it is the effects that the moon has on the characters who spend time as patients in Stravinsky's clinic, both during their stays there, and after they leave the hospital that are crucial. As Bulgakov uses it, the moon is connected to transcendental truth, which can either be acknowledged or rejected by people on earth. Those who are able to meet and accept it will ultimately attain peace. Others find themselves tormented by unrealized or unfulfilled desires, or at odds with their newly acquired knowledge about the existence of supernatural beings. Ivan, for example, at the end of the novel is both tormented and enlightened by the full moon, a time when he is reconnected with both Pilate and Yeshua, and the Master and Margarita.

As illustrated in the examination of color, the lights in Stravinsky's clinic are white during the day, but are replaced by blue lights in the evenings. The blue lights are only present in the corridors. Just after these lights switch from white to blue, light becomes a focus for Ivan in his room: "Now Ivan lay in a state of sweet lethargy, gazing now at the shaded lamp, which cast a mellow light down from the ceiling, now at the moon, which was emerging from the black wood. He was talking to himself" (*The Master* [translated by

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stifling earthly authority, and we find that both of them are associated with the moon, not the sun. In general, the moon is linked in the novel with an entire order of existence unacknowledged or suppressed by the sunlit "real" world: with madness, dreams, the spirit realm, rather than the material" (Edythe C. Haber, "The Mythic Structure of Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita,*" *The Master and Margarita: A Critical Companion,* Ed. Laura D. Weeks, Northwestern University Press, 1996, p. 166).

Burgin and O'Connor] 96).[273] The "mellow light"[274] in Ivan's room attracts his attention. He shifts his gaze from this artificial light to stare at the natural light of the moon. The moon, a light-giving non-earthly entity, is contrasted with the darkness of the woods, a feature of the earth. As he focuses on the moon, Ivan drifts in an out of sleep, continuing a conversation with two versions of himself about how he should have handled the incident at Patriarch's Ponds. He begins to dream, but his dream is interrupted when "a mysterious figure, who was trying to hide from the *moonlight*, appeared on the balcony, and shook a warning finger at Ivan" (97).[275] The Master is introduced, hiding himself from the moonlight. Presumably, he wishes not to be caught by the hospital staff, but as a consequence also shades himself from the powerful light of the moon.

At times, while Ivan shares his story with the Master about how he came to be a patient in the clinic, the two men are distracted, or even encouraged by, the moon in the sky beyond the window. Upon discovering that the foreigner he met at Patriarch's Ponds was Satan, Ivan "fell into a state of befuddled silence for a while, *gazing out at the moon* floating beyond the window grille, and then he said, "'So that means he really could have been with Pontius Pilate, doesn't it? Since he was already born then, right? And they call

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[273] "Теперь Иван лежал в сладкой истоме и поглядывал то на лампочку под абажуром, льющую с потолка смягченный свет, то на луну, выходящую из-за черного бора, и беседовал сам с собою" (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 114).

[274] "смягченный свет" in Russian; could also be translated as soothing, relaxing, mollifying.

[275] "[…]на балконе возникла таинственная фигура, прячущаяся от лунного света, и погрозила Ивану пальцем" (115).

me a madman!' Ivan added, pointing in outrage at the door" (113).[276] The presence of the moon seems to reinforce the information that the Master has shared with Ivan and he believes that he has met Satan. After Ivan's realization and anger at the hospital staff, the Master's response—his summation of the truth—appears also to have been inspired by the moon.

> "Let's look truth straight in the eye," said the guest, turning his face toward *the nocturnal orb* passing through the clouds beyond the window grille. "You and I are both mad, there's no denying it! You see, he shook you up—and you lost your mind because you obviously had tendencies in that direction to begin with. But there's no doubt at all that what you told me really did happen. But it's so bizarre that even a psychiatrist of genius like Stravinsky naturally didn't believe you. Was he the one who examined you?" (Ivan nodded). "The man you conversed with was at Pilate's, and he was also at Kant's for breakfast, and now he's paying a visit to Moscow" (113).[277]

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[276] "– Так он, стало быть, действительно мог быть у Понтия Пилата? Ведь он уж тогда родился? а меня сумасшедшим называют! – прибавил иван, в возмущении указывая на дверь" (133).

[277] "– Будем глядеть правде в глаза,–и гость повернул свое лицо в сторону *бегущего сквозь облако ночного светила*. – и вы и я – сумасшедшие, что отпираться! Видите ли, он вас потряс – и вы свихнулись, так как у вас, очевидно, подходящая для этого почва. Но то, что вы рассказываете, бесспорно было в действительности. Но это так необыкновенно, что даже Стравинский, гениальный психиатр, вам, конечно, не поверил. Он смотрел вас? (Иван кивнул.) Ваш собеседник был и у Пилата, и на завтраке у Канта, а теперь он навестил Москву" (134).

The truth, illuminated by the moon, is that the devil is real and he has come to visit Moscow. It may be true that Ivan has been driven to madness, but that madness does not lie in the story he told about Woland and Berlioz, but rather in his initial reaction to the encounter (i.e. running through Moscow in his underwear holding a candle and an icon).

When the Master reveals that he too is in Stravinsky's clinic because of Pontius Pilate, the moon makes appearances in the story he tells about the origins of his madness. As he describes the first time he met Margarita, and his disgust at her yellow flowers, his "eyes opened wide, and he continued whispering as he gazed at the moon" (115).[278] The Master continues his story and the narrator reminds the reader of the moon, by referring to the Master as "Ivan's nocturnal guest who had come from the moonlit balcony" (118).[279] When he arrives at the end of his story with Margarita, he is brought back from his memories and into the physical space of the clinic by the moon.

> "Those were her last words in my life … Shh!" the sick man interrupted himself suddenly and raised his finger. "This *moonlit* night is restless."
>
> He disappeared out onto the balcony. Ivan heard the sound of wheels in the corridor and a faint cry or sob.

[278] "Тут глаза гостя широко открылись, и он продолжал шептать, глядя на луну" (136).
[279] "пришедший с лунного балкона ночной гость Ивану" (139).

When everything had quieted down, the guest came back and told Ivan that Room 120 had a new occupant. Someone had been brought in who kept asking to have his head returned. An anxious silence passed between the interlocutors, but once they calmed down, they returned to the story that had been interrupted. The guest was about to open his mouth, but the night was indeed a restless one. Voices could still be heard in the corridor, and the guest whispered in Ivan's ear so quietly that what he was saying was heard only by the poet, with the exception of the opening sentence, "Fifteen minutes after she left me, there was a knock at the window …"

What the sick man was whispering into Ivan's ear obviously made the sick man very upset. Convulsive spasms kept contorting his face. Fear and fury swam and raged in his eyes. The storyteller pointed toward the *moon* which had long since disappeared from the balcony. Only after all the outside noises ceased did the guest move away from Ivan and start speaking a little more loudly (123–124).[280]

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[280] "– Это и были ее последние слова в моей жизни.

– Тсс! – вдруг сам себя прервал больной и поднял палец, – беспокойная сегодня лунная ночь.

Он скрылся на балконе. Иван слышал, как проехали колесики по коридору, кто-то всхлипнул или вскрикнул слабо.

Когда все затихло, гость вернулся и сообщил, что 120-я комната получила жильца. Привезли кого-то, который просит вернуть ему голову. Оба собеседника помолчали в тревоге, но, успокоившись, вернулись к прерванному рассказу. гость раскрыл было рот, но ночка, точно, была беспокойная. голоса еще слышались в коридоре, и гость начал говорить Ивану на ухо так тихо, что то, что он рассказал, стало известно одному поэту только, за исключением первой фразы:

– Через четверть часа после того, как она покинула меня, ко мне в окна постучали.

The moonlit night is restless and the clinic bustles with activity as a new patient arrives. Unlike the usual state of the clinic with its "empty and soundless corridor," noise can be heard through the walls (72).[281] The Master becomes increasingly agitated as he finishes his story, unheard by the reader. Yet, by the time the Master is sick with "fear and fury," the moon is no longer visible from the window of Ivan's room (124).[282]

After the Master finishes his story, he regains a sense of calm. At this point, he presents the moon as a positive part of the little piece of the world that he is able to inhabit (the clinic).

> "One really shouldn't make big plans for oneself, dear neighbor. Take me, for example, I wanted to travel around the globe. Well, it turned out that wasn't meant to be. I can see only an insignificant little piece of it. I don't think it's the best piece of it either, but, as I said, it's not so bad. Summer will be here soon, and the balcony will be covered with ivy, just as Praskovya Fyodorovna promises. Having her keys has given me new possibilities. There'll be a moon at night. Ah,

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То, о чем рассказывал больной на ухо, по-видимому, очень волновало его. судороги то и дело проходили по его лицу. В глазах его плавал и метался страх и ярость. Рассказчик указывал рукою куда-то в сторону луны, которая давно уже ушла с балкона. лишь тогда, когда перестали доноситься всякие звуки извне, гость отодвинулся от Ивана и заговорил погромче" (145).

[281] "повели по пустому и беззвучному коридору" (86).

[282] "В глазах его плавал и метался страх и ярость" (145).

> it's gone! The air is fresher. It's getting on past midnight. It's time for me to go" (125).[283]

Yet, despite this link to the moon as a positive part of existence in the clinic setting—an entity that placates Ivan—that same evening, the Master is tormented by the moon.

> But thanks to his cries, his anxiety communicated itself, first to Room 120, where the patient woke up and started to look for his head, and then to Room 118, where the unknown Master became upset and started ringing his hands in anguish, while gazing at the *moon* and recalling that bitter autumn night, the last in his life, and the strip of light coming from under the door to his basement, and her loosened hair (142).[284]

The moon's light reminds the Master of the last time he saw Margarita, which causes him pain at the loss of his former life, and, more importantly, his love.

The moon plays an important role throughout the entire novel, not just in the mental institution, and serves as a bridge between settings, and symbolizes the

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[283] "Не надо задаваться большими планами, дорогой сосед, право! Я вот, например, хотел объехать весь земной шар. Ну, что же, оказывается, это не суждено. Я вижу только незначительный кусок этого шара. Думаю, что это не самое лучшее, что есть на нем, но, повторяю, это не так уж худо. Вот лето идет к нам, на балконе завьется плющ, как обещает Прасковья Федоровна. Ключи расширили мои возможности. По ночам будет луна. ах, она ушла! свежеет. Ночь валится за полночь. Мне пора" (147).

[284] "Но благодаря его выкрикам тревога передалась в 120-ю комнату, где больной проснулся и стал искать свою голову, и в 118-ю, где забеспокоился неизвестный мастер и в тоске заломил руки, глядя на луну, вспоминая горькую, последнюю в жизни осеннюю ночь, полоску света из-под двери в подвале и развившиеся волосы" (166).

enlightenment and insight into eternity so crucial to the resolution of the novel. It is particularly present on the evening of Woland's ball, which Frieda, speaking to Margarita, calls "the Grand Ball of the Full Moon" (229).[285] It is during this full-mooned night that the Master is freed from the clinic, first by being summoned by Woland at Margarita's request, and then, more permanently, by death.

> "Well, Behemoth," began Woland, "let's not take advantage of an impractical person's folly on a holiday night," he "turned to Margarita, "And so, that didn't count because after all, I did nothing. What do you want for yourself?"
>
> Silence ensued, and it was broken by Korovyov, who whispered in Margarita's ear, "My diamond Donna, I advise you to be a little more sensible this time! Otherwise, good fortune may pass you by!"
>
> "I want, this very instant, right now, to have my lover, the Master, returned to me," said Margarita, and a spasm contorted her face.
>
> At this point a wind tore into the room with such force that the candles in the candelabra almost blew out, the heavy curtain on the window moved aside, and the window flew open, revealing high up in the distance a full moon, but a midnight moon rather than a morning one. A greenish square of a nocturnal light fell from the windowsill onto the floor, and in it appeared Ivan's night visitor, who called himself the Master. He was in his hospital clothes—a robe, slippers, and the

[285] "– Я счастлива, королева-хозяйка, быть приглашенной на великий бал полнолуния" (260).

little black cap he never parted with. His unshaven face twitched in a grimace, he looked askance with crazy-fearful eyes at the light from the candles, and a flood of moonlight seethed around him (243).[286]

The moon, a part of the physical setting of the mental institution, is present in multiple spaces at once and draws a connection between loved ones (i.e. the Master and Margarita). Additionally, as seen in chapter 32: Absolution and Eternal Refuge, the moon seems to both transcend time and space, and be used to measure time. For example, Pilate has been tormented by the moon for two thousand years, and this time is measured by the moon when Margarita asks, "Twelve thousand moons for that one moon long ago, isn't that too much?" (323).[287] Yet, the moonlight that tortures Pilate for thousands of years, is also what guides him to freedom.

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[286] "– Ну что ж, Бегемот, – заговорил Воланд, – не будем наживать на поступке непрактичного человека в праздничную ночь, – он повернулся к Маргарите, – итак, это не в счет, я ведь ничего не делал. Что вы хотите для себя?

Наступило молчание, и прервал его Коровьев, который зашептал в ухо Маргарите:

– Алмазная донна, на сей раз советую вам быть поблагоразумнее! а то ведь фортуна может и ускользнуть!

– Я хочу, чтобы мне сейчас же, сию секунду, вернули моего любовника, мастера, – сказала Маргарита, и лицо ее исказилось судорогой.

Тут в комнату ворвался ветер, так что пламя свечей в канделябрах легло, тяжелая занавеска на окне отодвинулась, распахнулось окно, и в далекой высоте открылась полная, но не утренняя, а полночная луна. От подоконника на пол лег зеленоватый платок ночного света, и в нем появился ночной Иванушкин гость, называющий себя мастером. Он был в своем больничном одеянии – в халате, туфлях и черной шапочке, с которой не расставался. Небритое лицо его дергалось гримасой, он сумасшедшепугливо косился на огни свечей, а лунный поток кипел вокруг него" (276).

[287] "– Двенадцать тысяч лун за одну луну когда-то, не слишком ли это много? – спросила Маргарита" (370).

"They have read your novel," began Woland, turning to the Master, "and they said only one thing, that, unfortunately, it is not finished. So I wanted to show you your hero. He has been sitting here for about two thousand years, sleeping, but, when the moon is full, he is tormented, as you see, by insomnia. And it torments not only him, but his faithful guardian, the dog. If it is true that cowardice is the most grave vice, then the dog, at least, is not guilty of it. The only thing that brave creature ever feared was thunderstorms. But what can be done, the one who loves must share the fate of the one he loves."

"What is he saying?" asked Margarita, and her utterly tranquil face was covered by a veil of compassion.

"He says," Woland's voice rang out, "the same thing over and over. That the moon gives him no peace and that he has a bad job. That is what he always says when he cannot sleep, and when he does sleep, he always sees the same thing—a path of moonlight, and he wants to walk on that path, and talk with the prisoner Ha-Notsri, because, as he keeps maintaining, he did not finish what he wanted to say long ago, on the fourteenth day of the spring month of Nisan. But, alas, for some reason, he never does manage to walk on the path, and no one comes to see him. So there is nothing for him to do except talk to himself. Some variety is necessary, however, so when he talks about the moon, he frequently adds that he hates his immortality and unprecedented fame more than anything in the world. He maintains that he would gladly change places with the ragged wanderer, Levi Matvei."

[…]

The Master seemed to have been waiting for this as he stood motionless, looking at the seated procurator. He cupped his hands over his mouth like a megaphone and shouted so that the echo rebounded over the desolate and treeless mountains. “Free! Free! He is waiting for you!”

The mountains transformed the Master’s voice into thunder, and the thunder destroyed them. The accursed rocky walls caved in. The only thing that remained was the summit with the stone chair. Above the black abyss, where the walls had vanished, blazed a vast city dominated by glittering idols that towered over a garden gone luxuriantly to seed during these thousands of moons. The path of moonlight long awaited by the procurator led right up to the garden, and the dog with the pointed ears was the first to rush out on it. The man in the white cloak with the blood-red lining got up from his chair and shouted something in a hoarse, broken voice. It was impossible to make out whether he was laughing or crying, or what he was shouting, but he could be seen running down the path of moonlight, after his faithful guardian (323–324).[288]

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[288] “– Ваш роман прочитали, – заговорил Воланд, поворачиваясь к мастеру, – и сказали только одно, что он, к сожалению, не окончен. так вот, мне хотелось показать вам вашего героя. Около двух тысяч лет сидит он на этой площадке и спит, но когда приходит полная луна, как видите, его терзает бессонница. Она мучает не только его, но и его верного сторожа, собаку. если верно, что трусость – самый тяжкий порок, то, пожалуй, собака в нем не виновата. единственно, чего боялся храбрый пес, это грозы. Ну что ж, тот, кто любит, должен разделять участь того, кого он любит.

– Что он говорит? – спросила Маргарита, и совершенно спокойное ее лицо подернулось дымкой сострадания.

Here, the Master sets his hero, Pontius Pilate free, and it is the path created by the moonlight that Pilate is able to follow into eternal light. Although the Master is not sent into the light, he gains eternal peace on this same moonlit night. Ivan, however, remains alive in Moscow to be, at times, tormented and inspired by the moon.

Glimpses of the Natural World

– Он говорит, – раздался голос Воланда, – одно и то же, он говорит, что и при луне ему нет покоя и что у него плохая должность. так говорит он всегда, когда не спит, а когда спит, то видит одно и то же – лунную дорогу, и хочет пойти по ней и разговаривать с арестантом га-Ноцри, потому, что, как он утверждает, он чего-то не договорил тогда, давно, четырнадцатого числа весеннего месяца нисана. Но, увы, на эту дорогу ему выйти почему-то не удается, и к нему никто не приходит. тогда, что же поделаешь, приходится разговаривать ему с самим собою. Впрочем, нужно же какое-нибудь разнообразие, и к своей речи о луне он нередко прибавляет, что более всего в мире ненавидит свое бессмертие и неслыханную славу. Он утверждает, что охотно бы поменялся своею участью с оборванным бродягой левием Матвеем.

[…]

Мастер как будто бы этого ждал уже, пока стоял неподвижно и смотрел на сидящего прокуратора. Он сложил руки рупором и крикнул так, что эхо запрыгало по безлюдным и безлесым горам:

– Свободен! Свободен! Он ждет тебя!

Горы превратили голос мастера в гром, и этот же гром их разрушил. Проклятые скалистые стены упали. Осталась только площадка с каменным креслом. Над черной бездной, в которую ушли стены, загорелся необъятный город с царствующими над ним сверкающими идолами над пышно разросшимся за много тысяч этих лун садом. Прямо к этому саду протянулась долгожданная прокуратором лунная дорога, и первым по ней кинулся бежать остроухий пес. Человек в белом плаще с кровавым подбоем поднялся с кресла и что-то прокричал хриплым, сорванным голосом. Нельзя было разобрать, плачет ли он или смеется, и что он кричит. Видно было только, что вслед за своим верным стражем по лунной дороге стремительно побежал и он” (369–371).

It is not only the moon that impacts Ivan and the other patients in the clinic, but all elements of weather. Ivan's mood mirrors that of the weather.

> The wood on the opposite shore of the river which, just an hour ago, had been shining in the May sun, now grew blurry and dim and then dissolved.
>
> A veil of water hung outside the window. Threads of lightning kept flashing in the sky, the heavens split open, and a fearsome, flickering light flooded the sick man's room.
>
> Ivan cried softly as he sat on his bed and looked out at the turbid, frothing, bubbling river. With every clap of thunder he let out a piteous cry and covered his face in his hands. Sheets of paper covered with Ivan's writing lay on the floor. They had been blown about by the wind, which had swept through the room before the storm began.
>
> […]
>
> By the time an ominous stormcloud with smoking edges had appeared from the distance and enveloped the woods, and the wind had blown the papers off the table, Ivan felt drained of energy and unable to cope with the report. Making no effort at all to pick up the scattered pages, he burst into silent and bitter tears.
>
> The kind-hearted nurse, Praskovya Fyodorovna, came by to check on Ivan during the storm and was upset to see him crying. She closed the blinds so that

the lightning would not frighten him, picked up the papers from the floor, and ran off with them to get the doctor.

The doctor appeared, gave Ivan an injection in his arm and assured him that he would stop crying, that now everything would pass, everything would change and all would be forgotten.

The doctor turned out to be right. The wood across the river started to look as it had before. It stood out sharply, down to the last tree, beneath the sky which had been restored to its former perfect blueness, and the river grew calm. Ivan's anguish began to diminish right after the injection, and now the poet lay peacefully, gazing at the rainbow spread across the sky.

Things stayed this way until evening, and he never even noticed when the rainbow evaporated, the sky faded and grew sad, and the wood turned black (95–96).[289]

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[289] "Бор на противоположном берегу реки, еще час назад освещенный майским солнцем, помутнел, размазался и растворился.

Вода сплошной пеленой валила за окном. В небе то и дело вспыхивали нити, небо лопалось, комнату больного заливало трепетным пугающим светом.

Иван тихо плакал, сидя на кровати и глядя на мутную, кипящую в пузырях реку. При каждом ударе грома он жалобно вскрикивал и закрывал лицо руками. исписанные Иваном листки валялись на полу; их сдуло ветром, влетевшим в комнату перед началом грозы.

[…]

К тому времени, как появилась издалека пугающая туча с дымящимися краями и накрыла бор и дунул ветер, Иван почувствовал, что обессилел, что с заявлением ему не совладать, не стал поднимать разлетевшихся листков и тихо и горько заплакал.

Добродушная фельдшерица Прасковья Федоровна навестила поэта во время грозы, встревожилась, видя, что он плачет, закрыла штору, чтобы молнии не пугали больного, листки подняла с полу и с ними побежала за врачом.

Ivan's mental instability mirrors the weather but is also impacted by the injection. His sorrow melts away immediately after the shot, while the storm simultaneously disappears. At this moment, a rainbow is revealed at which Ivan can gaze in his reclaimed state of calm. Not unlike the moon at which he will gaze after the hall lights change from white to blue, the presence of a rainbow is impossible without light.

In Chapter 29, "The Fate of the Master and Margarita is Decided," Woland appears to be behind the weather, or, at least, to know when it will change and what it means. He states, "A thunderstorm is coming, the last thunderstorm, and it will accomplish everything that needs to be accomplished, and then we will be on our way" (307).[290] This thunderstorm covers the city in darkness, just as Woland, the bringer of darkness, is about to finish his business in Moscow and depart.

> The thunderstorm that Woland had mentioned was already gathering on the horizon. A black cloud had risen in the west and cut off half the sun. Then it covered it completely. It got cooler on the terrace. Soon thereafter, it got dark.

Тот явился, сделал укол в руку Ивана и уверил его, что он больше плакать не будет, что теперь все пройдет, все изменится и все забудется.

Врач оказался прав. Вскоре заречный бор стал прежним. Он вырисовался до последнего дерева под небом, рассчистившимся до прежней полной голубизны, а река успокоилась. тоска начала покидать Ивана тотчас после укола, и теперь поэт лежал спокойно и глядел на радугу, раскинувшуюся по небу.

Так продолжалось до вечера, и он даже не заметил, как радуга растаяла и как загрустило и полиняло небо, как почернел бор" (112–114).

[290] "Сейчас придет гроза, последняя гроза, она довершит все, что нужно довершить, и мы тронемся в путь" (352).

> This darkness, which came from the west, enveloped the huge city. Bridges and palaces disappeared. Everything vanished as if it had never existed. A single streak of fire ran across the whole sky. Then a clap of thunder shook the city. It was repeated, and the storm began. Woland ceased to be visible in its darkness (307).[291]

It is this storm, predicted by Woland, that encompasses Moscow and affects Ivan and the other inhabitants of the Stravinsky's clinic. While the physical attributes of the clinic are designed to provide comfort and allow the patients to leave behind the insanity of Moscow by entering a semi-utopian setting, external natural forces cannot be escaped. The moon and the weather enter the mental institution through its many windows. These natural phenomena cannot be avoided even by the most state-of-the-art mental facility in the world: neither can the eternal forces of good and evil. Although many patients arrive at the clinic because of Woland and his retinue, these same evil spirits, along with their good counterparts, are responsible for freeing the Master from the clinic, Russia's best earthly attempt at utopia, and providing him with eternal peace.

Moscow and the Institution

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[291] "Гроза, о которой говорил Воланд, уже скоплялась на горизонте. Черная туча поднялась на западе и до половины отрезала солнце. Потом она накрыла его целиком. На террасе посвежело. Еще через некоторое время стало темно.

Эта тьма, пришедшая с запада, накрыла громадный город. исчезли мосты, дворцы. Все пропало, как будто этого никогда не было на свете. Через все небо пробежала одна огненная нитка. Потом город потряс удар. Он повторился, и началась гроза. Воланд перестал быть видим во мгле" (352–353).

Bulgakov places his world-class clinic on the outskirts of Moscow by the bank of the river, presumably surrounded by woods. The exact location and distance from the center of Moscow is not known. However, it is likely not that far from the center of Moscow, as is evidenced by certain textual details. The last time referenced during the action at the clinic is 2AM and several events unfold following this time stamp—Ivan calls the Police, Ivan tries to leave, the medical staff detain Ivan by means of medication and force, Ivan is taken deeper into the belly of the clinic, Riukhin has a conversation with the doctor. When Riukhin leaves the clinic, day is already breaking and he is back in central Moscow (Pushkin Square) at dawn (58–61).[292] The events of the novel all occur in May, as mentioned on the first page of the novel. The nights are relatively short during the spring season in Moscow – with the sun rising typically between 4–5 AM in May.

Another instance indicating the proximity of the institution to Moscow is when the Master walked much of the way to the hospital from his apartment near Arbat (in the center of Moscow).

> I knew that this clinic had already opened, and I set out for it on foot across the whole city. What madness! I would certainly have frozen to death when I got outside the city if a chance occurrence hadn't saved me. A truck had broken down about four kilometers outside the city, and I went over to speak to the driver. To my surprise, he took pity on me. He was on his way here, and he gave me a lift. The

[292] (*Master* [Khudozhestvennaia Literatura] 72–74)

> worst thing that happened to me was that I got frostbite on the toes of my left foot. But they fixed that. And this is my fourth month here. And, you know, I don't find it so bad here, not bad at all (125).[293]

Despite the fact that he refers to his walking as "madness" (безумие), the fact that the Master made it as far as he did in the winter, indicates that, unlike the provincial hospitals of Garshin and Chekhov that are accessible only by train, or worse—carriage, the mental institution in *The Master and Margarita* is truly suburban. It boasts beautiful views of nature with convenience to the capital city of Russia. Further, it serves the population of Moscow, as all of the patients shown or discussed in Stravinsky's clinic are residents of Moscow.

Yet, the institution serves these Moscow residents by *removing* them from Moscow and placing them on the outskirts of the city in a spacious and clean facility. Meanwhile, in Moscow people live in close quarters under poor conditions, with some residents taken to hoarding foreign currency in an effort to better their lives. And, unfortunately for everyone but the Master, the patients are all returned to life in Moscow after Woland and his retinue leave the city behind.

The devil leaves Moscow at the end of the main narrative, and the story of the

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[293] "Я знал, что эта клиника уже открылась, и через весь город пешком пошел в нее. Безумие! За городом я, наверно, замерз бы, но меня спасла случайность. Что-то сломалось в грузовике, я подошел к шоферу, это было километрах в четырех за заставой, и, к моему удивлению, он сжалился надо мной. Машина шла сюда. И он повез меня. Я отделался тем, что отморозил пальцы на левой ноге. Но это вылечили. И вот четвертый месяц я здесь. И, знаете ли, нахожу, что здесь очень и очень неплохо" (146).

people who spent time as patients in Stravinsky's clinic is continued in the Epilogue: "Several years passed, and the citizens began to forget about Woland, Korovyov, and the others. Many changes took place in the lives of the victims of Woland and his associates, and however petty and insignificant those changes may have been, they still deserve mention" (330).[294] At the end of the events of the novel and its epilogue, none of the four known patients remain in Stravinsky's clinic. Many people spend time there during and immediately after Woland's trip to Moscow, but it is unclear if anyone remains in the clinic at the end of the epilogue. As far as those who are accounted for, whose fates I will discuss, no one does. For example, we read of the occupant of room 120:

> George Bengalsky […] recovered and went home after a three-month stay in the hospital, but he was forced to give up his job at the Variety Theater…
>
> He was left with the unpleasant and burdensome habit of falling into a state of anxiety every spring during the full moon, when he would suddenly grab at his neck, look around fearfully, and weep (330).[295]

Styopa Likhodeyev, who becomes a patient of the hospital after the main action of the

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[294] "Прошло несколько лет, и граждане стали забывать и Воланда, и Коровьева, и прочих. Произошли многие изменения в жизни тех, кто пострадал от Воланда и его присных, и как бы ни были мелки и незначительны эти изменения, все же следует их отметить" (377).

[295] "Жорж, например, Бенгальский, проведя в лечебнице четыре месяца, поправился и вышел, но службу в Варьете вынужден был покинуть… Осталась у него неприятная, тягостная привычка каждую весну в полнолуние впадать в тревожное состояние, внезапно хвататься за шею, испуганно оглядываться и плакать" (377–378).

novel, is described as follows:

> After being discharged from the clinic where he spent eight days, Styopa was transferred to Rostov, where he was appointed manager of a large specialty foods store. Rumor has it he has sworn off port completely and drinks only vodka steeped in black currants, which has greatly improved his health. They say that he has become taciturn and avoids women (330).[296]

Grigory Danilovich Rimsky, the financial director of the Variety Theater also spends time in a clinic, but it is not expressly stated that it is Stravinsky's clinic, and he is released:

> After a spell in a clinic and a rest cure at Kislovodsk, the aged and decrepit financial director with the shaking head put in for retirement from the Variety. Interestingly, it was his wife who turned in his retirement application to the theater. Even in daylight, Grigory Danilovich did not have the strength to be in the same building where he had seen the cracked windowpane flooded with moonlight and the long arm feeling its way along the lower latch (331).[297]

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[296] "Немедленно после выхода из клиники, в которой Степа провел восемь дней, его перебросили в ростов, где он получил назначение на должность заведующего большим гастрономическим магазином. Ходят слухи, что он совершенно перестал пить портвейн и пьет только водку, настоянную на смородиновых почках, отчего очень поздоровел. говорят, что стал молчалив и сторонится женщин" (378).

[297] "После клиники и Кисловодска старенький-престаренький, с трясущейся головой, финдиректор подал заявление об уходе из Варьете. интересно, что это заявление привезла в Варьете супруга римского. Сам Григорий Данилович не нашел в себе силы даже днем побывать в том здании, где видел он залитое луной треснувшее стекло в окне и длинную руку, пробирающуюся к нижней задвижке" (378).

Nikanor Ivanovich Bosoi, the resident of room 119 in Stravinsky's clinic is released, but:

> Not only does Nikanor Ivanovich not attend the theater either with a paid ticket or a free pass, his face actually changes whenever the theater is even mentioned. Besides the theater, his hatred for the poet Pushkin and for the gifted actor Savva Potapovich Kurolesov has increased rather than diminished (331).[298]

All of these characters have left the clinic behind but have not been left unchanged by the few days of Holy Week when the devil and his friends came to Moscow.

Unlike these men who were driven mad and taken to the clinic because of Woland and his retinue, the Master, who claims, "my illness is the worst in the building, I assure you," is not released from the clinic but is freed from life (124).[299] He appears to die two deaths—one in his basement apartment where he and Margarita are poisoned and then revived into a new state of being by Azazello,[300] and the other in the clinic after the

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[298] "Никанор Иванович не только не ходит ни в какой театр ни за деньги, ни даром, но даже меняется в лице при всяком театральном разговоре. В не меньшей, а в большей степени возненавидел он, помимо театра, поэта Пушкина и талантливого артиста Савву Потаповича Куролесова" (379).

[299] "Да, хуже моей болезни в этом здании нет, уверяю вас" (146).

[300] "To Woland's Health!" exclaimed Margarita, raising her glass.

All three touched their lips to their glasses and took a long drink. The pre-storm light began to fade in the Master's eyes, his heart skipped a beat, and he felt the end approaching. He saw Margarita, now mortally pale, helplessly stretch out her hands to him, drop her head on the table, and then slide to the floor.

"Poisoner…" the Master managed to shout. He wanted to grab a knife from the table to stab Azazello, but his hand slid helplessly off the tablecloth. Everything around him in the basement turned black, and then vanished completely. He fell backwards, and as he did, cut his temple on the corner of the desk.

[…]

A minute later he was back with the prostrate lovers. Margarita lay with her face buried in the carpet. With his iron grip, Azazello turned her over like a doll, so that she was facing him, and scrutinized her.
[…]
Then Azazello pried open her white teeth and poured a few drops into her mouth of the same wine he had used to poison her. Margarita sighed, started to raise herself without Azazello's help, sat up, and asked in a weak voice, "Why, Azazello, why? What have you done to me?"

She saw the Master lying there, shuddered, and whispered, "I didn't expect this… murderer!"

"No, no, you've got it all wrong," replied Azazello, "He'll get up in a minute. Ah, why are you so nervous!"

The red-haired demon sounded so convincing that Margarita believed him right away. She jumped up, strong and alive, and helped give the prostrate Master a drink of the wine. Opening his eyes, the latter gave a glowering look and with hatred in his voice repeated his last word, "Poisoner…"

"Ah, well! Insults are the usual reward for good work," replied Azazello. "Are you blind? If so, recover your sight quickly."

The Master lifted himself up, looked around with bright, keen eyes and asked, "What does this new scenario mean?"

"It means," replied Azazello, "That it's time for us to go" (313–314). |"– Здоровье Воланда! – воскликнула Маргарита, поднимая свой стакан.

Все трое приложились к стаканам и сделали по большому глотку. Тотчас предгрозовой свет начал гаснуть в глазах у мастера, дыхание у него перехватило, он почувствовал, что настает конец. Он еще видел, как смертельно побледневшая Маргарита, беспомощно простирая к нему руки, роняет голову на стол, а потом сползает на пол.

– Отравитель,–успел еще крикнуть мастер. Он хотел схватить нож со стола, чтобы ударить Азазелло им, но рука его беспомощно соскользнула со скатерти, все окружавшее мастера в подвале окрасилось в черный цвет, а потом и вовсе пропало. Он упал навзничь и, падая, рассек себе кожу на виске об угол доски бюро.
[…]
Через мгновение он был возле поверженных любовников. Маргарита лежала, уткнувшись лицом в коврик. своими железными руками Азазелло повернул ее как куклу, лицом к себе и вгляделся в нее.
[…]
Тогда Азазелло разжал ее белые зубы и влил в рот несколько капель того самого вина, которым ее и отравил. Маргарита вздохнула, стала подниматься без помощи Азазелло, села и слабо спросила:

– За что, Азазелло, за что? Что вы сделали со мною?

Она увидела лежащего мастера, содрогнулась и прошептала:

– Этого я не ожидала... Убийца!

– Да нет же, нет, – ответил Азазелло, – сейчас он встанет. Ах, зачем вы так нервны!

Маргарита поверила ему сразу, настолько убедителен был голос рыжего демона. Маргарита вскочила, сильная и живая, и помогла напоить лежащего вином. Открыв глаза, тот глянул мрачно и с ненавистью повторил свое последнее слово:

– Отравитель...

– Ах! Оскорбление является обычной наградой за хорошую работу, – ответил Азазелло, – неужели вы слепы? Но прозрейте же скорей.

Тут мастер поднялся, огляделся взором живым и светлым и спросил:

– Что же означает это новое?

– Оно означает, – ответил Азазелло, – что вам пора” (359–360).

Master's final visit to Ivan.[301] He, unlike Ivan, attains his ultimate fate—peace.[302]

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[301] "But won't you tell me," asked Ivan with feeling, "what just happened next door, in Room 118?"

"In 118?" repeated Praskovya Fyodorovna, and her eyes began darting all around. "Why, nothing happened there." But her voice sounded fake. Ivanushka noticed that immediately and said, "Oh, Praskovya Fyodorovna! You're such a truthful person… Do you think I'm going to fly into a rage? No, Praskovya Fryodorovna, that won't happen. Why don't you just tell me. I can sense what's going on through the wall anyway."

"Your neighbor just died," whispered Praskovya Fyodorovna, unable to overcome her innate truthfulness and goodness, and clothed in the brilliance of the lightning, she looked in fear at Ivanushka. But nothing terrible happened to Ivanushka. He simply raised his finer meaningfully and said, "I knew it! I can assure you, Praskovya Fyodorovna, someone else just died in the city. I even know who." Here Ivanushka smiled mysteriously. "It was a woman" (317). | "А вы мне лучше скажите, – задушевно попросил Иван, – а что там рядом, в сто восемнадцатой комнате сейчас случилось?

– В восемнадцатой?–переспросила Прасковья Федоровна, и глаза ее забегали, – а ничего там не случилось. – Но голос ее был фальшив, Иванушка тотчас это заметил и сказал:

– Э, Прасковья Федоровна! Вы такой человек правдивый... Вы думаете, я бушевать стану? Нет, Прасковья Федоровна, этого не будет. а вы лучше прямо говорите. Я ведь через стену все чувствую.

– Скончался сосед ваш сейчас, – прошептала Прасковья Федоровна, не будучи в силах преодолеть свою правдивость и доброту, и испуганно поглядела на Иванушку, вся одевшись светом молнии. Но с Иванушкой ничего не произошло страшного. Он только многозначительно поднял палец и сказал:

– Я так и знал! Я уверяю вас, Прасковья Федоровна, что сейчас в городе еще скончался один человек. Я даже знаю, кто, – тут Иванушка таинственно улыбнулся, – это женщина" (364).

[302] ""He has read the Master's work," began Levi Matvei, "and asks that you take the Master with you and grant him peace. Is that so difficult for you to do, spirit of evil?"

"Nothing is difficult for me to do," replied Woland, "as you well know." He was silent for a moment and then added, "But why aren't you taking him with you to the light?"

"He has not earned light, he has earned peace," said Levi in a sad voice.

"Tell him that is shall be done," replied Woland, and added, his eye suddenly flashing, "and leave me this instant."

"He asks that you also take the one who loved him and who suffered because of him," said Levi to Woland, imploring for the first time.

"We would never have thought of that without you. Leave" (305–306). | "– Он прочитал сочинение мастера,– заговорил Левий Матвей, – и просит тебя, чтобы ты

"Listen to the silence," Margarita was saying to the Master, the sand crunching under her bare feet, "listen and take pleasure in what you were not given in life—quiet. Look, there up ahead is your eternal home, which you've been given as a reward. I can see the Venetian window and the grape-vine curling up to the roof. There is your home, your eternal home. I know that in the evenings people you like will come to see you, people who interest you and who will not upset you. They will play for you, sing for you, and you will see how the room looks in candlelight. You will fall asleep with your grimy eternal cap on your head, you will fall asleep with a smile on your lips. Sleep will strengthen you, you will begin to reason wisely. And you will never be able to chase me away. I will guard your sleep."

Thus spoke Margarita as she walked with the Master toward their eternal home, and it seemed to the Master that Margarita's words flowed like the stream they had left behind, flowed and whispered, and the Master's anxious, needle-pricked memory began to fade. Someone was releasing the Master into freedom,

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взял с собою мастера и наградил его покоем. Неужели это трудно тебе сделать, дух зла?

– Мне ничего не трудно сделать, – ответил Воланд, – и тебе это хорошо известно. – Он помолчал и добавил: – а что же вы не берете его к себе, в свет?

– Он не заслужил света, он заслужил покой, – печальным голосом проговорил Левий.

–Передай, что будет сделано,– ответил Воланд и прибавил, причем глаз его вспыхнул: – и покинь меня немедленно.

– Он просит, чтобы ту, которая любила и страдала из-за него, вы взяли бы тоже, – в первый раз моляще обратился Левий к Воланду.

– Без тебя бы мы никак не догадались об этом. Уходи" (350).

as he himself had released the hero he created (325).[303]

Unlike the Master's, Ivan's eternal fate is not revealed in *The Master and Margarita*. Instead, he is left as one of the only people who does not forget the events that occurred in Moscow when the devil came to play. He is released from Stravinsky's clinic and leads a relatively normal life as a professor at the Institute of History and Philosophy and uses his given last name, Ponyryov, instead of the pseudonym Bezdomny. Yet, while he has been freed from the mental institution, the anxiety induced by his meeting Woland never fully fades away.

> Yes, several years have passed, and the events truthfully described in this book dragged on for awhile and were then forgotten. But not by everyone, not by everyone!
>
> Every year, as the spring holiday moon turns full, a man appears toward evening beneath the lindens at Patriarch's Ponds. He is a man of about thirty or so,

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[303] "– Слушай беззвучие, – говорила Маргарита мастеру, и песок шуршал под ее босыми ногами, – слушай и наслаждайся тем, чего тебе не давали в жизни, – тишиной. смотри, вон впереди твой вечный дом, который тебе дали в награду. Я уже вижу венецианское окно и вьющийся виноград, он подымается к самой крыше. Вот твой дом, вот твой вечный дом. Я знаю, что вечером к тебе придут те, кого ты любишь, кем ты интересуешься и кто тебя не встревожит. Они будут тебе играть, они будут петь тебе, ты увидишь, какой свет в комнате, когда горят свечи. ты будешь засыпать, надевши свой засаленный и вечный колпак, ты будешь засыпать с улыбкой на губах. сон укрепит тебя, ты станешь рассуждать мудро. а прогнать меня ты уже не сумеешь. Беречь твой сон буду я.

Так говорила Маргарита, идя с мастером по направлению к вечному их дому, и мастеру казалось, что слова Маргариты струятся так же, как струился и шептал оставленный позади ручей, и память мастера, беспокойная, исколотая иглами память стала потухать. Кто-то отпускал на свободу мастера, как сам он только что отпустил им созданного героя" (372).

reddish-haired, green-eyed, modestly dressed. He is a fellow of the Institute of History and Philosophy, Professor Ivan Nikolayevich Ponyryov.

[…]

Everything is clear to Ivan Nikolayevich, he knows and understands everything. He knows that in his youth he was the victim of hypnotist-criminals and that he had to go in for treatment and was cured. But he also knows that there are things he cannot cope with. As soon as it draws near, as soon as the heavenly body begins to expand and to fill with gold just as it did long ago when it towered over the two five-branched candelabra, Ivan Nikolayevich becomes restless, anxious, loses his appetite, has trouble sleeping, and waits for the moon to ripen. And when the full moon comes, nothing can keep Ivan Nikolayevich at home. Toward evening he goes out and walks to Patriarch's Ponds.

[…]

And the professor returns home utterly ill. His wife pretends not to notice his condition and hurries him off to bed. But she herself stays up and sits by the lamp with a book, gazing at him with bitter eyes as he sleeps. She knows that at dawn Ivan Nikolayevich will wake up with a tortured scream, and that he will start crying and toss about. That is why she keeps a hypodermic syringe soaking in alcohol on the cloth beneath the lamp in front of her, and an ampule filled with something the color of strong tea.

Tied to a gravely ill man, the poor woman will then be free and can go to sleep without any misgivings. After his injection, Ivan Nikolayevich will sleep until

morning, and he will look happy as he dreams rapturous and happy dreams she knows nothing about.

It is always the same thing that causes the scholar to wake up on the night of the full moon and to let out a pitiful scream. He sees an unnatural, noseless executioner leap up with a hoot and put a spear into the heart of Gestas, who is tied to a post and has lost his reason. But the most terrifying thing in the dream is not so much the executioner as the unnatural light coming from the stormcloud that is seething and pressing down on the earth, such as only happens during world catastrophes.

After the injection everything the sleeper sees changes. A broad path of moonlight stretches from his bed to the window and heading up this path is a man in a white cloak with a blood-red lining who is walking toward the moon. Walking beside him is a young man in a torn chiton with a disfigured face. The two of them are engaged in heated conversation, arguing about something, and trying to reach some kind of agreement.

[…]

Then the moon goes on a rampage, it hurls streams of light directly at Ivan, sprays light in all directions, a moonlight flood begins to inundate the room, the light sways, rises higher, and drowns the bed. Only then does Ivan Nikolayevich sleep with a look of happiness on his face.

The next morning he wakes up silent, but completely calm and well. His ravaged memory quiets down, and no one will trouble the professor until the next

full moon: neither the noseless murderer of Gestas, nor the cruel fifth procurator of Judea, the knight Pontius Pilate (332–335).[304]

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[304] “Да, прошло несколько лет, и затянулись правдиво описанные в этой книге происшествия и угасли в памяти. Но не у всех, но не у всех.

Каждый год, лишь только наступает весеннее праздничное полнолуние, под вечер появляется под липами на Патриарших прудах человек лет тридцати или тридцати с лишним. Рыжеватый, зеленоглазый, скромно одетый человек. Это – сотрудник института истории и философии, профессор Иван Николаевич Понырев.

[…]

Ивану Николаевичу все известно, он все знает и понимает. Он знает, что в молодости он стал жертвой преступных гипнотизеров, лечился после этого и вылечился. Но знает он также, что кое с чем он совладать не может. Не может он совладать с этим весенним полнолунием. лишь только оно начинает приближаться, лишь только начинает разрастаться и наливаться золотом светило, которое когда-то висело выше двух пятисвечий, становится Иван Николаевич беспокоен, нервничает, теряет аппетит и сон, дожидается, пока созреет луна. и когда наступает полнолуние, ничто не удержит Ивана Николаевича дома. Под вечер он выходит и идет на Патриаршие пруды.

[…]

И возвращается домой профессор уже совсем больной. его жена притворяется, что не замечает его состояния, и торопит его ложиться спать. Но сама она не ложится и сидит у лампы с книгой, смотрит горькими глазами на спящего. Она знает, что на рассвете Иван Николаевич проснется с мучительным криком, начнет плакать и метаться. Поэтому и лежит перед нею на скатерти под лампой заранее приготовленный шприц в спирту и ампула с жидкостью густого чайного цвета.

Бедная женщина, связанная с тяжко больным, теперь свободна и без опасений может заснуть. Иван Николаевич теперь будет спать до утра со счастливым лицом и видеть неизвестные ей, но какие-то возвышенные и счастливые сны.

Будит ученого и доводит его до жалкого крика в ночь полнолуния одно и то же. Он видит неестественного безносого палача, который, подпрыгнув и как-то ухнув голосом, колет копьем в сердце привязанного к столбу и потерявшего разум Гестаса. Но не столько страшен палач, сколько неестественное освещение во сне, происходящее от какой-то тучи, которая кипит и наваливается на землю, как это бывает только во время мировых катастроф.

После укола все меняется перед спящим. От постели к окну протягивается широкая лунная дорога, и на эту дорогу поднимается человек в белом плаще с кровавым подбоем и начинает идти к луне. рядом с ним идет какой-то молодой человек в разорванном хитоне и с обезображенным лицом. идущие о чем-то разговаривают с жаром, спорят, хотят о чем-то договориться.

Unlike the Master, Ivan continues to live in post-Woland Moscow, subject to the official denial of the reality of the events he experienced in favor of a fabricated explanation that it was hypnotism that caused people to believe they experienced something counter to government/society approved reality. Ivan, then, continues to suffer, mostly annually, due to his forced denial of, and therefore separation from, the enlightenment he received and that is represented by the return of the full moon in spring. Despite his time in Stravinsky's clinic, he is unable to touch the eternal. Without access to the eternal, Ivan is incapable, like all mortal men, of comprehending it. Thus, he struggles with moments in his life that bring his memories of his brush with an eternal being to the front of his mind, but do not give him access to eternity. Meanwhile, the Master, along with Margarita, has been granted eternal refuge. They are able to see Woland and his retinue in their true form. They are provided with peace after a tumultuous life.

Why is Ivan the one left behind? Yes, each of these stories of mental institutions ends with only one patient gaining access to eternity—the ill-one in "The Red Flower,"

[…]

Тогда луна начинает неистовствовать, она обрушивает потоки света прямо на Ивана, она разбрызгивает свет во все стороны, в комнате начинается лунное наводнение, свет качается, поднимается выше, затопляет постель. Вот тогда и спит Иван Николаевич со счастливым лицом.

Наутро он просыпается молчаливым, но совершенно спокойным и здоровым. его исколотая память затихает, и до следующего полнолуния профессора не потревожит никто. Ни безносый убийца гестаса, ни жестокий пятый прокуратор Иудеи всадник Понтийский Пилат" (380–384).

Ragin in "Ward No. 6," and, as we will see in the next chapter, Pyotr in *Chapaev and the Void*. Yet, in the other three narratives, the reader is not informed of what happens to the remaining patients of the institution. In *The Master and Margarita,* Bulgakov includes an epilogue that, not so neatly, ties up loose ends and shows the reader that each of the known inhabitants of the mental hospital are released, but continue to live their mortal lives in Russia. Ivan, as one of the primary characters of the novel, and, like the Master, a writer, is of particular interest. While his stay in Stravinsky's clinic does not lead to eternal life for him, it does provide him access, albeit temporarily, to some eternal perspective. And, of equal importance, Ivan serves as evidence that the mental institution in this novel is a place of calm and sanity because the whole of Russia is going insane. Even in the epilogue, where the supernatural events of the novel are explained away as a hypnotic stunt, there is evidence that Russia continues to go mad. People are chasing and catching black cats all over Russia, where they harm them or drag them to the police. Meanwhile, Ivan is not the only one who experiences a bout of madness each spring; he observes Nikolai Ivanovich looking at the sky and searching for his "Venus" (Margarita's maid, Natasha, used Azazello's cream to turn him into a hog and flew through the sky on his back in Chapter 21: Flight).[305] These men had a deeper glimpse at the eternal (Ivan meets

[305] "He sees a respectable-looking, middle-aged man with a beard and a pince-nez and slightly piggish features sitting on a bench. He is a resident of the gothic house and Ivan Nikolayevich always finds him in the same dreamy pose, his gaze directed at the moon. Ivan Nikolayevich knows that after admiring the moon, the man on the bench will turn his gaze to the bay window and stare at it as if he expects it to burst open any minute and have something unusual appear on the windowsill.

Ivan Nikolayevich knows what will happen next by heart. Here he has to crouch down lower behind the fence, because the man on the bench will start whirling his head, trying to catch something in the air with his wandering eyes, will smile ecstatically,

Woland firsthand and Nikolai Ivanovich is ridden to Woland's ball). They have physical

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and then in a kind of sweet anguish, will suddenly clasp his hands and murmur plainly and rather loudly, 'Venus! Venus! … Oh, what a fool I was! …'"(333). | "Он видит сидящего на скамеечке пожилого и солидного человека с бородкой, в пенсне и с чуть-чуть поросячьими чертами лица. Иван Николаевич всегда застает этого обитателя особняка в одной и той же мечтательной позе, со взором, обращенным к луне. Ивану Николаевичу известно, что, полюбовавшись луной, сидящий непременно переведет глаза на окна фонаря и упрется в них, как бы ожидая, что сейчас они распахнутся и появится на подоконнике что-то необыкновенное.

Все дальнейшее Иван Николаевич знает наизусть. Тут надо непременно поглубже схорониться за решеткой, ибо вот сейчас сидящий начнет беспокойно вертеть головой, блуждающими глазами ловить что-то в воздухе, непременно восторженно улыбаться, а затем он вдруг всплеснет руками в какой-то сладостной тоске, а затем уж и просто и довольно громко будет бормотать:

– Венера! Венера!.. Эх я, дурак!.." (381–382).

"When they started fooling around in the bedroom, Natasha smeared some cream on Nikolai Ivanovich, and then it was her turn to be struck dumb. The face of the respectable downstairs neighbor had squeezed into a pig's snout, and his arms and legs had acquired hooves. When he looked at himself in the mirror, Nikolai Ivanovich gave a wild and despairing wail, but it was too late. Seconds later he was saddled and mounted, flying the devil knows where out of Moscow, and sobbing with grief.

"I demand the return of my normal appearance!" wheezed and grunted the hog, in a frenzied-pleading sort of way. "I have no intention of flying to an illegal assemblage! Margarita Nikolayevna, it's your duty to get your maid of my back!"

"Ah, so now I'm just a maid? A maid, huh?" cried Natasha, tweaking the hog's ear. "Didn't I used to be a goddess? What was it you called me?"

"Venus!" whined the hog, flying over a roaring, rocky stream, and brushing against a hazel grove with his hooves" (208–209). | "Расшалившись в спальне, Наташа мазнула кремом Николая Ивановича и сама оторопела от удивления. лицо почтенного нижнего жильца свело в пятачок, а руки и ноги оказались с копытцами. глянув на себя в зеркало, Николай Иванович отчаянно и дико завыл, но было уже поздно. Через несколько секунд он, оседланный, летел куда-то к черту из Москвы, рыдая от горя.

– Требую возвращения моего нормального облика!–вдруг не то исступленно, не то моляще прохрипел и захрюкал боров, – я не намерен лететь на незаконное сборище! Маргарита Николаевна, вы обязаны унять вашу домработницу.

– Ах, так я теперь тебе домработница? Домработница? – вскрикивала Наташа, нащипывая ухо борову, – а была богиня? Ты меня как называл?

– Венера! – плаксиво отвечал боров, пролетая над ручьем, журчащим меж камней, и копытцами задевая шорохом за кусты орешника" (236).

encounters with Woland that alter their intellectual and physical states respectively. Therefore, Ivan and Nikolai Ivanovich cannot fully forget, repress, or overcome their experiences. Thus, when the moon is at its most powerful, it draws them to remember and experience anew their contact with the eternal forces it represents.

Perhaps there is no purpose to this institution after Woland and his cohort leave the city behind. Perhaps the clinic only existed to serve as a place to send Muscovites seemingly driven mad during the devil's visit. Its state-of-the-art, utopian qualities stand out against the dysfunctional Moscow on the outskirts of which it is located. Yet, were it not for this space, with its unique qualities, neither the Master, nor Ivan would have had a safe space in which to process the intersection of their lives and the story of Pontius Pilate. Furthermore, the time these men spend in Stravinsky's psychiatric clinic allows them to confirm an eternal truth with one another—that supernatural, religious powers do exist. Unlike the other characters who spend time in the clinic, Ivan and the Master both not only meet Woland, but also know and accept Woland's true identity—Satan. Ultimately, the mental institution is the space that links the two main narratives and allows the Master to be set free from life and Ivan to be set free from the task of writing inauthentic and antireligious poetry. While Ivan does not transcend the mortal world, he does maintain a link to the eternal, witnessing the continuation of Pilate and Yeshua's story and reconnecting with the Master and Margarita each year during the Easter full moon. And, if we even partially accept Oja's argument that, "the Master is in some sense a *dvoinik* or Doppelgänger, an alter ego who emerges from Bezdomny's mind as a consequence of the intense psychological and moral shock of Woland's seventh proof,"

then Ivan has, at least partially, attained eternal peace.[306] Each spring, during holy week when the moon is out, the only remnant of the psychiatric clinic that remains in Ivan's life—the injections—allow Ivan to connect directly with the version of himself that transcended and entered the eternal.

[306] Oja, p. 147.

5 Awakening: The Madhouse in Viktor Pelevin's *Chapaev and Void*

Introduction

Viktor Pelevin is one of Russia's most prolific and widely read authors of the late-twentieth century. His works, postmodern and influenced by his experiences with Zen Buddhism, can be as opaque and unknowable as his personal life. Other than select interviews, several of which are available on his own website, little information has been published about him, other than that he keeps a very low profile and ascribes to some form of Buddhism.[307] Unlike Garshin, who had personal experience as a patient in an asylum, or Chekhov and Bulgakov who trained as physicians, Pelevin has no identifiable first-hand experience as a patient or doctor. Instead, he trained as an engineer at the Moscow Energy Institute and a writer at the Gor'kii Literary Institute. Yet, a critical portion of Pelevin's 1996 novel, *Chapaev and Void* (*Чапаев и*

[307] Pelevin remains a reclusive writer, maintaining an aura of mystery and refusing to grant interviews or speak at length about his writing process, preferring to let his work speak for itself.
"Victor Pelevin," Contemporary Literary Criticism Select, Gale, 2008, *Gale Literature Resource Center*, Gale Document Number: GALEIH1118720000.
See the commentary about his distaste for speaking to journalists at the beginning of one interview on Pelevin's website: "Виктор Олегович в своем репертуаре. Дать интервью, встретившись с журналистом—боже упаси!—уж лучше так, чтобы никто не видел, не слышал и ничего не сказал. Так, как будто писателя-то и нет, есть лишь его тексты и некий кто-то, словно великий и ужасный Гудвин вещающий исключительно из-за ширмочки. Идеальное средство для этого, как известно, электронная почта, ибо лучший друг Пелевина—Интернет." Boris Voitsekhovskii, "Interv'iu: Bin Pele!" *Sait Tvorchestva Viktora Pelevina.* http://pelevin.nov.ru/interview/o-pele/1.html

Пустома),[308] takes place in a mental hospital in Moscow. The plot of the novel involves two versions of the main character and first-person narrator, Pyotr Void, and the two timelines in which these different Pyotrs exist. The first Pyotr introduced is a poet turned military commissar to the historical figure, folk hero, and military commander Vasily Chapaev in 1919. The second Pyotr is a patient in a mental hospital in contemporary (1990s) Moscow who is being treated and studied by a psychiatrist who specializes in the "split false identity" or personality.[309] A close reading of Pyotr's containment in the mental institution and the features of the space will indicate that it is this unique space, like that of Pelevin's literary predecessors, that enables Pyotr to ultimately transcend both versions of himself, gaining a form of enlightenment and accessing the eternal. Through the physical space of the mental institution, but now imbued with Zen Buddhist meaning and potentiality, Pelevin depicts transcendence as a rejection of society (past and present) and a turn towards inner peace and boundless existence.

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[308] The novel was translated into English by Andrew Bromfield and published as *Buddha's Little Finger* in 1999, but I have chosen to use more a direct translation of the title throughout this chapter due to its link to both the main character (and narrator), Pyotr Pustota (literally Pyotr Void or Pyotr Emptiness), and the concept of nothingness. Additionally, I am following his transliteration of the main character's name, rather than the standard Library of Congress transliteration, Petr.

[309] Viktor Pelevin, *Buddha's Little Finger*, translated by Andrew Bromfield, (Penguin Books, 2001), p. 39.
All further quotations from this text will be cited using in-text citations with the abbreviation *Buddha's* and page number. If no other citations occur between uses of this text, only the page number will be included parenthetically. Equivalent original Russian will be provided in footnotes with the abbreviation *Chapaev* and page number.
Viktor Pelevin, *Chapaev i Pustota*, (Eksmo, 2011), p. 58.
"раздвоение ложной личности"

From his first meeting with Chapaev, Pyotr begins to learn how to reframe reality. When Pyotr is concerned about working with Furmanov, the commissar with the weavers' regiment and the namesake of the author of the 1923 novel, *Chapaev*, Chapaev advises him not to think about issues outside of the present. He says, "Don't go worrying your head about things that have no connection to the present, […] You have yet to reach this future of which you speak. Perhaps you will reach a future in which there will be no Furmanov—or, perhaps you might even reach a future in which there will be no you" (*Buddha's* 77).[310] Pyotr's ability to freely hallucinate and create and interact with his own spiritual guide—Chapaev—is made possible by the space of the mental institution in which he is confined. His time spent in this space enables him not only to transcend earthly life and gain access to the eternal, but to reject the external world, and ultimately, himself.

Narrative Summary

The novel, *Chapaev and Void*, alternates between two settings—the events of the Russian Civil War in 1919 and a psychiatric hospital in 1990s Moscow. Pyotr Pustota, the novel's hero and first-person narrator, is a young poet who believes he is serving in the war under the famous Red Army commander, Vasily Chapaev. According to the head

[310] "– Не забивайте себе голову тем, что не имеет отношения к настоящему, – сказал Чапаев. – В будущее, о котором вы говорите, надо еще суметь попасть. Быть может, вы попадете в такое будущее, где никакого Фурманова не будет. А может быть, вы попадете в такое будущее, где не будет вас" (*Chapaev* 105).

psychiatrist in the 1990s mental hospital, Pyotr suffers from split false identity and his experiences in 1919 are hallucinations. As Pyotr navigates his two lives, he bounces from discussing Buddhist philosophy with Chapaev, to participating in turbo-Jungian therapy and debating reality with his three wardmates. After supposedly achieving "total catharsis" in his last therapy session in the hospital, Pyotr is released in contemporary Moscow. He returns to the location of a club he knows from 1919, where he takes some ecstasy, recites a poem, and is shot. Despite noticing many differences between the Moscow he knows and the Moscow he inhabits, Pyotr continues to believe he is in 1919 and when he emerges from the club, unaware that he has been shot, he finds Chapaev waiting for him. They drive off into Inner Mongolia, the eternal void, in Chapaev's armored car.

Critical Reception

Viktor Pelevin's *Chapaev and Void* is most obviously a parody of Dmitrii Furmanov's 1923 novel *Chapaev.* This relationship has been explored by Angela Brintlinger in her article, "The Hero in the Madhouse: The Post-Soviet Novel Confronts the Soviet Past," and by Joseph Mozur in his work, "Viktor Pelevin: Post-Sovism, Buddhism, & Pulp Fiction."[311] This parody, however, only represents one level of

[311] Angela Brintlinger, "The Hero in the Madhouse: The Post-Soviet Novel Confronts the Soviet Past," *Slavic Review*, (vol. 63, no. 1, 2004), pp. 43–65.; Joseph Mozur, "Viktor Pelevin: Post-Sovism, Buddhism, & Pulp Fiction," *World Literature Today*, (vol. 72, no. 2, 2002), pp. 58–67.

Pelevin's novel. In addition to the Russian Civil War years via Chapaev's mentorship of Pyotr Pustota, Pelevin explores the workings of a mental hospital, and Pyotr's mind, in 1990s Moscow. It is this modern setting, and the events and concepts therein, that will be addressed in this chapter in order to establish the place Pelevin's mental institution holds in the lineage of Russian literary mental institutions and their access to the eternal.

As evidenced by the previous chapters of this dissertation, the use of the madhouse as setting has appeared in literature predating Pelevin's work. The correlation between the madness in *Chapaev i Pustota*, and that in Mikhail Bulgakov's *Master i Margarita*, has been examined by Liudmila Bogdanova, Olga Kibal'nik, and Sergei Safronova in their book *Literaturnye strategii Viktora Pelevina*. In this book published in 2008, Bogdanova, Kibal'nik, and Safronova include a comparison of Bulgakov's *Master i Margarita* and Pelevin's *Chapaev i Pustota* based on the inclusion of madness and institutionalization in both works. However, the main argument of their chapter is that Pelevin's work is a modernization of Bulgakov's, particularly because both novels include two main timelines and places that have some overlap. They claim that Pelevin's novel, just like Bulgakov's, is a Russian philosophical novel, but set in the new times and in the postmodern tradition. Their focus, however, differs from mine in that they do not specifically examine the physical attributes of the clinic or see the physicality of the space as the operative agent in Pyotr's transcendence beyond the confines of society, knowable reality, and his medium for attaining eternity (for Pelevin, a sort of nirvana.) Just as his literary predecessors did, Pelevin depicts insanity by

defining it according to apparent breaches of social expectations or circumstances. Nevertheless, Pelevin's *Chapaev and Void*, not unlike Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*, includes an additional layer: Pelevin subverts the entire issue of insanity by leading the reader to question their own perception of what is real within the novel. Rather than providing a linear path through which the patients in the novel find their identity and reintegrate into society, Pelevin forces the reader to question if society even exists. While Garshin's, Chekhov's, and Bulgakov's heroes are aided in their access to the eternal by their time in their respective mental institutions, their ascension to the divine is ultimately enabled by physical death. Pelevin's hero, Pyotr, however, does not appear to experience a simple, mundane death. Instead, Pyotr physically leaves the mental hospital, and while he may have been shot in Moscow, he nevertheless by means of his own will enters into nothingness, or "Inner Mongolia," the eternal void.

Through his depiction of the madhouse, Pelevin aims to expose the problems of his society and to incite a search for identity, and ultimately, the sublime, in Pyotr. Like "Ward No. 6," Pelevin's mental institution, and especially its patients, present a microcosm of Post-Soviet Russia. This commentary serves a very different end, however, as Pelevin, unlike Garshin, Chekhov, or Bulgakov before him, rejects society as a whole and emphasizes the need for the individual to turn inwards. In Eric Williamson's words, Pelevin's broader point is that, "in an ever-shifting and treacherous sociopolitical reality, one must make sense of one's life by concentrating not on the operations of political

and war machines, but on the inner self."[312] What is important in *Chapaev and Void* is attaining individual liberation through the rejection of the physical world, including the mental hospital that contextualizes, enables, and reinforces this rejection, and embracing the spiritual world, or the eternal.

Just as Bulgakov diverged from his nineteenth-century literary forefathers and wrote *The Master and Margarita* in a new Russia in the 1930s (the Soviet Union), Pelevin wrote *Chapaev and Void* in yet another new Russia, that of the 1990s (the Russian Federation). As such, his writing does not follow the structures of Romanticism, Realism, or Modernism, but is solidly postmodern. Analyzing Pelevin's work, Sergei Sirotin argues that Buddhism is not the message of *Chapaev and Void,* but is rather a prism for postmodernity, in which can be found the meaning of Pelevin's work.[313] The postmodern, as a literary style, aims to give credence to previously silenced voices and reinterpret history in order to reject reigning ideological values and contribute "newness" to the literary world. These goals are often accomplished through the use of parody, intertextuality, and the mixing of the past and present as well as high and low culture. Using this approach, Pelevin appears to have offered his Buddhist lesson in order to create something "new" by interspersing philosophical questions into the everyday. Had he not used Buddhist philosophy, his novel would likely be more similar

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[312] Eric Miles Williamson, "Beyond Postmodernism," *Southern Review*, (vol. 37.1, 2001), p. 178.

[313] Sergei Sirotin, "Viktor Pelevin: evoliutsiia v postmodernizme," *Ural,* (vol. 3, 2012), http://magazines.russ.ru/ural/2012/3/ss11.html

to the work of his predecessors who wrote about the mental institution and those who wrote about Chapaev.

Instead, in a truly postmodern fashion, Pelevin presents his work not only as a satire of Dmitrii Furmanov's *Chapaev*, but also as a new answer to the ever-present conflict between madness and society. In an effort to contribute something new to literature, "Pelevin recommends… a Buddhist stance toward the shifting tides of political power."[314] Therefore, in Williamson's view, and in contrast to Siroton's, Buddhism essentially *is* the message of Pelevin's novel. In order to overcome social pressures and expectations, the individual engages in Buddhism. Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that there are and will be countless possible interpretations of Pelevin's message, and the possibility remains that *Chapaev and Void* possesses no single message at all.

Time and Setting

The preface to *Chapaev and Void* would have the reader believe that "this manuscript [was] written during the early 1920s in one of the monasteries of Inner Mongolia," and that the author of it is unmentionable (*Buddha's* ix).[315] However, in order to analyze the presence of madness in the novel, and the treatment thereof, it is necessary to accept Pyotr Pustota as the narrator and the setting of the madhouse in

[314] Williamson 179.
[315] "этой [а] рукописи [ь], созданной [ая] в первой половине двадцатых годов в одном монастырей Внутренней Монголии," (*Chapaev* 7).

the 1990s as his reality. Although accepting the 1990s as reality contradicts the preface's assertion that the manuscript was written in the early part of the 1900s, even the narrative itself goes on to contradict that statement. For example, towards the close of the novel, after being released from the mental hospital, Pyotr sees "on the roofs of the familiar buildings huge electrified signs lit up with messages in some barbarous artificial language, "'SAMSUNG', 'OCA-CO A', 'OLBI'" (324).[316] These signs all represent foreign companies, which were not present in Russia in 1919. Coca-Cola, for instance, was sold for the first time in Russia in 1980 and not produced there until 1994.[317] Therefore, the last place the reader encounters Pyotr before he enters Inner Mongolia with Chapaev, is in the later time setting, which someone writing the manuscript in the early 1900s would have known nothing about. It should, however, be noted that regarding Pelevin's text, the term reality must be understood rather loosely.

In the second chapter of the novel, the mental institution is introduced, and so is Pyotr Pustota's recurrent memory loss. This memory loss occurs the first few times he awakes in the mental hospital: he does not remember how he arrived there, or who the medical staff or his fellow patients are. This can be seen in the episode in which he "meets" Volodin, a gangster and one of Pyotr's wardmates.

> I lifted my head, opened my eyes and saw a face I did not recognize, round and plump, framed in a painstakingly tended beard.
>
> […]

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[316] "на крышах знакомых домов зажигались огромные электрические надписи на каком-то диком волапюке – «SAMSUNG», «OCA-CO A», «OLBI»" (403).
[317] Coca-Cola, *Invest in Russia,* http://invest.gov.ru/en/success/00001/ (Nov. 25, 2012).

> "Vladimir Volodin" the man introduced himself. "Just call me Volodin. Since you've decided to lose your memory one more time, we might as well introduce ourselves all over again."
>
> "Pyotr," I said (*Buddha's* 86). [318]

Clearly, Volodin remembers Pyotr. Furthermore, Pyotr experiences memory loss before this point, and afterward as well. He is so fully consumed by his hallucinations, in which the head psychiatrist Timur Timurovich's therapeutic approach allows him to indulge, that he has already begun to exist beyond socially accepted reality.

In *Chapaev and Void,* the truth, if there is any, may be found in Pyotr's medical file, as well as in the words of the doctor Timur Timurovich. However, if what is to be accepted as reality are the words contained in Pyotr's file, then very little is certifiably real. The first entry in Pyotr's file is so old that the ink has faded (103).[319] How long has he been in the hospital? – there is no answer. His file indicates that his illness began with an obsession with emptiness and non-existence stemming from his surname, Pustota (Void). Emptiness is both where Pyotr begins, as far back as we can see through his medical records, and where he ends, as he enters Inner Mongolia, which is essentially "nowhere" both in the middle and at the end of the novel. Furthermore,

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[318] "Я приподнял голову, открыл глаза и увидел совершенно незнакомое лицо – круглое, полное, окруженное тщательно ухоженной бородкой.

[…]

—Владимир Володин, —представился человек с бородкой. – Можно просто Володин. Поскольку вы решили в очередной раз потерять память, впору знакомиться заново.

—Петр, —сказал я" (*Chapaev* 114–115).

[319] *Chapaev* 135

Pyotr's file reveals that he believes himself to be on a higher level than the rest of mankind. Because he imagines that he is somehow better than the rest of humanity, he struggles to associate well with others. Perhaps most important to this analysis of the madhouse in Pelevin's novel is the line in Pyotr's chart that reads, "Does not find placement in a psychiatric hospital oppressive, since he is confident that his 'self-development' will proceed by 'the right path" no matter where he lives" (104).[320] In a potential nod to Garshin's protagonist who notably claimed that "I am everywhere and always,"[321] Pyotr believes that he can progress regardless of where he lives. This belief allows him to remain content in the mental institution and continue to learn from his internal guide, Chapaev, without the threat of the outside world where his mental illness could present potentially life-threatening difficulties.

Pyotr is not alone in the institution: together the four patients in the mental institution represent four parts of the new, conflicted, Russian society of the 1990s after the fall of the Soviet Union. As Brintlinger explains, the four types of post-Soviet citizen are

> …the philosophical loner who imagines he is a poet (Pyotr); the young homosexual who has fallen under the influence of Mexican soap opera and American film culture (Maria); the unemployed alcoholic who has raised drinking

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[320] "Помещением в психиатрическую больницу не тяготится, так как уверен, что его «саморазвитие» будет идти «правильным путем» независимо от места обитания" (137).

[321] "—Ничего. Мне все равно, где ни быть и когда ни жить. Если мне все равно, не значит ли это, что я везде и всегда?" ("Krasnyi" 226–227).

to an almost metaphysical level (Serdyuk); and the mafia boss who experiments with psychedelic drugs (Volodin).[322]

Therefore, recalling "Ward No. 6," Pelevin's insane asylum and its patients are themselves a microcosm of Russian society, thus exposing the difficulties the nation faces as it attempts to find its identity. Furthermore, Timur Timurovich, the head psychiatrist, asserts that Pyotr's problem is common as result of a changing Russia. Timur Timurovich mentions that, "nowadays almost everyone suffers from the same subconscious conflict," and he explains the conflict to Pyotr: "You belong to the very generation that was programmed for life in one socio-cultural paradigm, but has found itself living in a quite different one" (*Buddha's* 32).[323] In the novel, Pelevin depicts madness as a result of loss of the solidity of self-identity.

In *Chapaev and Void,* the hospital becomes a playground for a type of game the patients play. The object is to escape the hospital. How does one get released from a mental ward? The common understanding is that in order to be released, one must be cured. However, in *Chapaev and Void*, Pyotr finds rehabilitation can be easily faked, by striving for the favor of the one in charge. The head of the hospital must decide that one is cured in order for him to be discharged. Unlike the nineteenth-century narratives

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[322] Angela Brintlinger, "The Hero in the Madhouse: The Post-Soviet Novel Confronts the Soviet Past." *Slavic Review*, vol. 63, no. 1, 2004, p. 54.

[323] "Вы как раз принадлежите к тому поколению, которое было запрограммировано на жизнь в одной социально-культурной парадигме, а оказалось в совершенно другой. […] этот подсознательный конфликт есть сейчас практически у каждого" (*Chapaev* 59).

discussed in the first two chapters of this thesis where the possibility of physical escape from the institution is hopeless, or the earlier twentieth century (Bulgakov) work where leaving the clinic is possible, but not preferred, Pyotr must invert the power structure without the doctor's awareness in order to escape. Eventually, Pyotr proves successful at turning the tables on his doctor. He discovers what would make Timur Timurovich believe he was cured, and as such he claims to have destroyed his fantasy of Chapaev and thereby gains his freedom from the asylum. Triumphantly, the psychiatrist declares that

> The entire morbidly detailed world that your clouded consciousness had constructed has simply disappeared/dissolved into itself, and not under any pressure from a doctor, but apparently by following its inner own laws. Your psychosis has exhausted itself. The stray psychic energy has been integrated with the remaining part of the psyche. If my theory is correct—and I would like to believe that it is—you are now perfectly well (317).[324]

This passage demonstrates that Timur Timurovich believes that in order to be cured and released from the mental institution, his patients need to let go of their "created worlds" and come to view the world through the same perspective as the bulk of society

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[324] "Весь этот болезненно подробный мир, который выстроило ваше помутненное сознание, исчез, растворился в себе, и не под нажимом врача, а как бы следуя своим собственным законам. Ваш психоз исчерпал себя сам. Заблудившаяся психическая энергия интегрировалась с остальной частью психики. Если моя теория верна – а мне хочется в это верить, —вы сейчас абсолютно здоровы" (394–395).

does. Pyotr deceives Timur Timurovich, and he is subsequently released from the mental institution (320).[325] However, escape from the mental institution alone is not his actual goal. Instead, Pyotr seeks to enter "Inner Mongolia" or the eternal void. Without his time spent in the institution where he could safely live out his hallucinations and enjoy the spiritual guidance of his inner Chapaev, thus subverting the stated intention of the institution and its leading psychiatrist, Pyotr would not be able to attain the eternal.

Upon his release, Pyotr enters into the past of his "false personality" by returning to the site of The Musical Snuffbox, a place that remains a private club, but is now named, "JOHN BULL: Pubis International" (328).[326] He quickly transitions from this concrete place to Inner Mongolia, which is more of a state of being than an actual location. Like Garshin's ill-one, Chekhov's Ragin, and Bulgakov's Master, after his experience in the mental institution, he moves beyond the material world and into eternity.

Unlike for Ivan in *The Master and Margarita* who must attempt to reintegrate into Moscow society despite his newfound knowledge of the eternal, gained from his time in the mental clinic, for Pyotr, the external world of society is irrelevant. This view can be seen through Pyotr's discussion with the Solzhenitsyn-like taxi driver near the end of the novel. Pyotr asserts, "It is all quite simple. Every time the concept and the image of Russia appears in your conscious mind, you have to let it dissolve away in its own inner nature. And since the concept and the image of Russia has no inner nature of

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[325] *Chapaev* 398

[326] "ИВАН БЫК John Bull Pubis International" (407).

its own, the result is that everything is sorted out most satisfactorily"(326).[327] If one takes society into his mind, he can "sort it out" to where it does not even exist. Possessing this knowledge is what allows Pyotr to simulate what Timur Timurovich wants in order to gain his freedom from the mental hospital, and life itself, and embrace the peace of Inner Mongolia.

Treatment methods for Pelevin's mental patients are more humane than those in the nineteenth-century literature, but not as utopian as those in Bulgakov's novel. Timur Timurovich wants to see his patients rehabilitated and believes in the communal experience of each patient's fantasies as a genuine method for their recovery. Like Bulgakov's Stravinsky, the head of the clinic in *The Master and Margarita,* he is kind and caring, his smiles appear sincere, "flooding the room with the warm radiance of his love" (92).[328] As a psychiatrist he still implements psycho-hydraulic procedures (cold baths),[329] as is seen when Pyotr "meets" Volodin, Maria and Serdyuk. Pyotr finds aesthetics therapy to be distressing, but the others seem comfortable with it as they quietly sketch a bust of Aristotle with rubber coated pencils (92).[330]

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[327] "[…] а очень просто. Всякий раз, когда в сознании появляются понятие и образ России, надо дать им самораствориться в собственной природе. А поскольку никакой собственной природы у понятия и образа России нет, в результате Россия окажется полностью обустроенной" (405).

[328] […] "отдав всю комнату горячей волной любви" (122).

[329] "The space around us was a large room covered throughout with white tiles, with five cast-iron baths standing in a row on the floor. I was lying in one of the end baths and I suddenly realized with disgust that the water in it was rather cold" (87). | "Вокруг нас была большая комната, вся выложенная белым кафелем, на полу которой стояло пять чугунных ванн. Я лежал в крайней; вода в ней, как я вдруг с отвращением понял, была довольно холодной" (116).

[330] *Chapaev* 122–3

The only indication that the patients in *Chapaev and Void* find the treatment difficult is in their reference to the garrotte. Volodin refers to the chair that Timur Timurovich uses in his group treatment sessions on the patients as "the garrotte" (90). This term insinuates that the treatment is solely intended as a means of torture rather than a healing mechanism. It is clear, however, that Timur Timurovich does not see it in the same light. He responds to the negative description of the chair by stating, "The garrotte, if I am not mistaken, is a chair on which people were executed by strangulation in medieval Spain, is that not so? What a dark and depressive perception of surrounding reality!" (91).[331] He further explains that "It's not a garrotte at all. It's a perfectly ordinary couch for our group therapy sessions" (91).[332] The chair, it should be noted, has elastic loops that go around the patient's hands and feet, but nothing around the neck like a garrotte used to choke victims. Even after Timur Timurovich's explanation of the chair, Pyotr continues to refer it as the garrotte. He narrates, "Volodin twitched nervously, but the tight straps securing his arms and legs to the garrotte prevented him from moving" (240).[333] Although the chair is a mechanism of restraint, there is no indication that any patients are physically damaged from this therapy.

Timur Timurovich's therapy is based on the work of Karl Gustav Jung, but he refers to it as turbo-Jungian. According to Timur Timurovich, Jung "attempted to draw

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[331] "Гаррота, если не ошибаюсь, это кресло, на котором в средневековой Испании казнили удушением, да? Какое мрачное, угнетенное восприятие окружающей реальности!" (120).

[332] "Это никакая не гаррота, это обычная кушетка для наших сеансов групповой терапии" (121).

[333] "Володин нервно дернулся, но ремни, прижимавшие его руки и ноги к гарроте, не дали ему сдвинуться с места" (302).

to the surface of his patient's consciousness the symbols which he could use to form a diagnosis" (91). [334] Pyotr's psychiatrist has taken Jung's method and tweaked it.

> "But my method is a little different," he said, "although the fundamentals are the same. With Jung's method we would have to take you off somewhere to Switzerland, to some sanatorium up in the mountains, sit you down on a *chaise-longue,* enter into long-drawn-out conversations and wait for God knows how long before the symbols began to surface. We can't do that sort of thing. Instead of the *chaise-longue* we sit you down over there"—Timur Timurovich pointed to the couch—"we give you a little injection, and then we observe the symbols that start floating to the surface in simply va-a- ast quantities. After that it's up to us to decipher them and cure you" (91–92).[335]

Although he is not intentionally cruel, he does seek instant cures. Timur Timurovich is not interested in taking the time that would be necessary to follow Jung's procedures, so he has found a way to speed them up.

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[334] "Он добивался того, что на поверхность сознания пациента свободно поднимались символы, по которым и можно было ставить диагноз" (121).
[335] "А вот у меня метод немного другой, хотя основа та же. Понимаете, по Юнгу, вас надо было бы везти куда-нибудь в Швейцарию, в горный санаторий, сажать там в шезлонг, вступать в долгие беседы и ждать кто его знает сколько времени, пока эти символы начнут подниматься. Мы такого не можем. Мы вас вместо шезлонга сажаем вот сюда, потом делаем укольчик, а потом уже смотрим на символы, которые начинают поступать в б-а-альшом количестве. А там уже наше дело – расшифровывать и лечить" (121–122).

The only actual punishment mentioned is for being caught somewhere in the hospital where one is not meant to be. According to Maria, this action will result in a day in the isolation ward (102).[336] However, the patient will be returned to the original ward, but not until both he, and his fellow patients, have learned through his example how to behave and the necessity of submission. This punishment thus mirrors Timur Timurovich's goal of helping patients conform to society's prevailing vision of itself, with exemplary isolation and reintegration as its primary tenets.

Like Stravinsky in *The Master and Margarita,* Timur Timurovich uses drugs in his treatment. However, he states, "I believe that a good psychiatrist should avoid using medication, […]It doesn't solve any of the problems, it merely conceals them from view" (37).[337] The injection the nurse, Sonya, proceeds to administer to Pyotr is a combination of aminazine and pervitin. These drugs have been used in actual psychiatry. The former, commonly known as chlorpromazine, is an antipsychotic that has been frequently used to treat schizophrenia.[338] Pervitin, referred to as methamphetamine in the West, is rarely used today for the treatment of ADHD and obesity.[339] Historically, pervitin has been used to treat schizophrenics.[340] It is noteworthy that during his time

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[336] *Chapaev* 134.
[337] "Я считаю, что хороший психиатр должен избегать лекарств […] Не решают проблем, а только прячут их от постороннего глаза" (55).
[338] "chlorpromazine." Def. la. *Merriam-Webster Medical Dictionary.* Web. http://www.merriam-webster.com/medlineplus/chlorpromazine (Nov. 25, 2012).
[339] "methamphetamine." Def. la. *Merriam-Webster Medical Dictionary.* Web. http://www.merriam-webster.com/medlineplus/methamphetamine (Nov. 25, 2012).
[340] Harry H. Pennes, "Clinical reactions of schizophrenics to sodium amytal, pervitin hydrochloride, mescaline sulfate, and D-Lysergic Acid Diethylamide (LSD25)," *Journal of Nervous & Mental Disease*, (vol. 119, no. 2, February 1954), pp. 95–111.

in the mental hospital, Pyotr receives injections of methamphetamine since high doses of this drug can lead to hallucinations. Simultaneously, Pyotr uses cocaine in the 1919 version of his life, which he believes to be reality. Both methamphetamine and cocaine are common streets drugs with a similar effect – increased levels of dopamine in the brain.[341]

Timur Timurovich "even contemplates the possibility of surgical intervention" in the case of Serdyuk, which indicates that he is not beyond such methods (*Buddha's* 317). [342] It is not clear, however, what kind of operation he would undertake. The issue does not lie in cruelty or oppressive control, but in the fact that the patients and the doctor have completely different conceptions of what "reality" is. The only way for them to be cured is to come around to Timur Timurovich's, that is, mainstream society's, point of view.

In regards to society's perspective, there is a key passage during one of Pyotr's transitions between 1919 and the 1990s. He discusses what it means that he "to come around" (111).[343] In this passage, he points out the fact that the meaning of the phrase is to come around to the viewpoint that is commonly accepted:

> As I grew older, I came to understand that the words "to come round" actually mean "to come round *to other people's point of view*", because no sooner is one

[341] Methamphetamine and Cocaine, *MethOIDE,* http://methoide.fcm.arizona.edu/infocenter/index.cfm?stid=173 (Nov. 25, 2012).
[342] "[…] об оперативном вмешательстве" (*Chapaev* 395).
[343] "пришел в себя" (145).

> born than these other people begin explaining just how hard one must try to force oneself to assume a form which they find acceptable (111).[344]

This need to fit in to the social definition of what is right, wrong, true or false is what creates madness. Just like in all three of the previously examined Russian narratives, if an individual does not toe the socially accepted line, he is considered mad. The difference between the various narratives of mental institutions lies then, not in whether or not someone is deemed insane and placed in a mental institution, but how the patient is treated once he is there and how the institution aids in his access to eternity.

Pelevin's solution to insanity is Zen Buddhism—a method of accessing the sublime. Instead of relinquishing his fantasies, as the doctor believed he had done, Pyotr reenters them and is led by Chapaev into Inner Mongolia, where he is able to achieve peace. Pelevin rejects Russian society (past and present) as a whole vis-à-vis Buddhist philosophy, thereby instilling "newness" into the literary dialogue on madness.

The language used by various characters referring to the mental institution, and mental institutions in general, in Pelevin's novel is not always clinical. Instead of labeling the space with professional terms, such as a hospital, psychiatric hospital, or clinic, versions of *mad* are used. All of the characters—both medical professionals and

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[344] "С возрастом я понял, что на самом деле слова «прийти в себя» означают «прийти к другим», потому что именно эти другие с рождения объясняют тебе, какие усилия ты должен проделать над собой, чтобы принять угодную им форму" (145).

patients alike—refer to the space using variations on the term *mad.* Timur Timurovich does not discourage the use of slang, as long as it is used correctly. In Timur Timurovich's, first conversation with Pyotr, he corrects Pyotr's use of the term "final shot."

> "By the way," said Timur Timurovich, rubbing his hands as though to warm them, "one small comment; in *madhouse* slang the term 'final shot' isn't used for what we're injecting you with, that is, an ordinary mixture of aminazine and perevitine. It's reserved for the so-called sulphazine cross, that is, four injections in . . . But then, I hope we're never going to reach that stage" (37).[345]

Here the adjectival word use in Russian for madhouse is *durdomovskoi* (дурдомовской)*,* a compound of fool (дурак) and house (дом). Pyotr, believing that he has been arrested by the Cheka, understands the term "final shot" to mean execution. Despite his use of the non-clinical term *durdomovskoi,* Timur Timurovich aims to communicate how treatment is administered in the facility. Shortly thereafter, Timur Timurovich asks Pyotr to forget the idea of a "madhouse" (сумасшедший дом). While he does not go as far as Bulgakov's Professor Stravinsky, in stating that the clinic is not a madhouse, he attempts

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[345] "– Кстати, – зябко потирая руки, сказал Тимур Тимурович, – хочу заметить, что на *дурдомовской* фене расстрелом называют не то, что мы колем вам – то есть обычную смесь аминазина с перепитином, а так называемый сульфазиновый крест, то есть четыре инъекции в… Впрочем, надеюсь, что до этого у нас не дойдет" (55).

to remove emphasis from the association of madness and the mental institution that he runs.

> "Of course you can recover," Timur Timurovich confirmed. "And we will cure you, have no doubt about it. Just forget the very notion of a *madhouse*. Treat it all as an interesting adventure. Especially since you're a literary man. I sometimes encounter things here that are just begging to be written down. What's coming up now, for instance—we're due for an absolutely fascinating event in your ward, a group session with Maria. You do remember who I'm talking about?" (39).[346]

Rather than reassure Pyotr that he is in a clinic and not a madhouse, he encourages Pyotr to use his creative mind to approach his time in the hospital as an adventure. Despite this suggestion, Pyotr, as narrator remains intransigent and continues to refer to the space as a madhouse.

> The atmosphere of a *madhouse* obviously must instill submissiveness into a person. Nobody even thought of expressing indignation or saying that it was impossible to spend so many hours on end drawing Aristotle. Maria was the only one to mutter something dark and incomprehensible under his breath. I noticed

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[346] "– Конечно, можно, – подтвердил Тимур Тимурович. – И вылечим, не сомневайтесь. Вообще, гоните от себя само это понятие – «*сумасшедший дом*». Воспринимайте это просто как интересное приключение. Тем более что вы литератор. Я тут порой такое слышу, что прямо тянет записать. Вот сейчас, например. В вашей палате будет крайне интересное событие – групповой сеанс с Марией. Вы ведь помните, о ком я говорю?" (57).

> that he had woken in a bad mood. Possibly he had had a dream, for immediately on waking he began to study his reflection in the mirror. He did not seem to like what he saw very much, and he spent several minutes massaging the skin under his eyes and running his fingers round them (105).[347]

Like Pyotr, his fellow patients use the term *madhouse (сумасшедший дом)* to refer to their location. During a conversation about reality, Maria, the male patient who has his identity confused with that of a Spanish soap opera star, in reference to one of her peers, states, "What I'd do with anyone who doubts the reality of the world […] is put them away forever. They don't belong in the *madhouse (сумасшедший дом),* they should be in prison. Or worse" (107).[348] In the same conversation, in an attempt to convince Serdyuk, another patient who believes that the "world is an illusion,"[349] Maria points out the car, "You know who drives around in that illusion? The commercial director of our *madhouse (дурдом)*. He's called Vovchik Maloi, and his nickname's 'the

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[347] "Видимо, атмосфера *сумасшедшего дома* рождает в человеке покорность. Никто и не подумал возмутиться или сказать, что невозможно рисовать Аристотеля столько времени подряд. Только Мария пробормотал себе под нос что-то неразборчиво-мрачное. Я заметил, что проснулся он в дурном расположении духа. Возможно, ему что-то приснилось – сразу после пробуждения он принялся изучать свое отражение в зеркале на стене. Похоже, оно ему не очень понравилось – несколько минут он массировал кожу под глазами, вращая вокруг них пальцами" (138–139).

[348] "– А я бы тех, – неожиданно вмешался Мария, – кто в реальности мира сомневается, вообще бы судил. Им не в сумасшедшем доме место, а в тюрьме. Или еще хуже где" (141).

[349] "…что, мир— это иллюзия" (140).

Nietzschean'" (107).[350] In an attempt to explain reality to Maria by means of Aristotelian logic, Volodin, the gangster and third ward mate of Pyotr, also calls the hospital a madhouse.

> Don't be stupid, Maria,' said Volodin. "Nothing happens by accident in here. Just a moment ago you were calling things by their real names. What are we all doing here in the *madhouse*? They want to bring us back to reality. And the reason we're sitting here drawing this Aristotle is because he *[created]* that reality with the Mercedes-600s that you, Maria, wanted to be discharged into" (108).[351]

In his reference to the *madhouse,* Volodin uses the term *durka* (дурка)*,* a locational noun created from *durak* (дурак/fool). While the patients, and occasionally the medical professionals, resort to colloquial language to identify the mental hospital that they inhabit, the space speaks for itself, proving that is it not the ill-equipped asylum of the past, and that they do not feel completely without agency in the institution. Their casual language suggests that the patients either feel some self-confidence and control in the

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[350]" – Знаешь, кто на этой иллюзии ездит? Коммерческий директор нашего дурдома. Зовут его Вовчик Малой, а кликуха у него Ницшеанец. Ты его видел?" (141).

[351] The bracketed word is my translation, Bromfield's version read "Aristotle is because he is that reality," but the Russian, "придумал," communicates "created," or "invented."

– Не дури, Мария, – сказал Володин. – Тут никаких случайностей не бывает. Ты ведь только что сам все вещи своими именами назвал. Мы почему все в *дурке* сидим? Нас здесь к реальности вернуть хотят. И Аристотеля этого мы потому именно и рисуем, что это он реальность с шестисотыми «Мерседесами», куда ты, Мария, выписаться хочешь, придумал (142).

institution, or they wish the others to see them as in control. While in Pyotr's case the colloquial language allows him to consistently conflate his dual existences, the sense of control such language suggests reinforces the ultimate effect of the institution on Pyotr, as it enables his transcendence of society and his place within it.

Physical Space

In regards to the physical space of the mental institution, the elements of color, windows, and light impact, and at times guide, Pyotr's experience within the mental institution. Color is not frequently used in descriptions of the mental institution in *Chapaev and Void*. However, as in *The Master and Margarita* the color that does appear most often is white. Yet, the entire space is not white; just the coats of the doctors and orderlies. The first white coats Pyotr encounters in the hospital adorn two figures he recognizes from the alternate 1919 reality in which he believes he lives: "Standing in the doorway were Zherbunov and Barbolin—but, my God, how changed they were! They were dressed in *white* doctors' coats, and Barbolin had a genuine stethoscope protruding from his pocket" (28–29).[352] The next two white coats belong to Timur Timurovich, who Pyotr does not remember, and Major Smirnov, "a military

[352] "На пороге стояли Жербунов и Барболин – но, Боже мой, в каком виде! На них были белые халаты, а у Барболина из кармана торчал самый настоящий стетоскоп" (44).

psychiatrist" who is in the hospital "for other reasons" but Pyotr's "case has attracted his interest" (36).[353]

> Sitting behind the desk was a gentleman of intellectual appearance wearing a *white* doctor's coat just like those of Zherbunov and Barbolin. He was listening attentively to a *black* ebonite telephone receiver squeezed between his ear and his shoulder, while his hands mechanically sorted through some papers on the desk; from time to time he nodded, saying nothing, and he paid not the slightest attention to me. Another man wearing a *white* doctor's coat and *green* trousers with *red* stripes down their sides was sitting by the wall, on a chair placed between *two tall windows* over which *dusty blinds* had been lowered (30).[354]

In addition to the white coats, there is a black phone, and green military pants with red piping. Here, there is not absence of color in the sense of excessive white, but there is absence of color because color is used sparingly, more akin to "Ward No. 6." Instead of

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[353] "– Я вас не познакомил, – сказал Тимур Тимурович. – Это полковник Смирнов, военный психиатр. Он здесь по другому поводу, но вашим случаем тоже заинтересовался" (55).

[354] "Прямо напротив меня стоял большой письменный стол, заваленный множеством папок конторского вида. За столом сидел интеллигентного вида господин в белом халате, таком же, как на Жербунове и Барболине, и внимательно слушал черную эбонитовую трубку телефонного аппарата, прижимая ее к уху плечом. Его руки механически перебирали какие-то бумаги; время от времени он кивал головой, но вслух ничего не говорил. На меня он не обратил ни малейшего внимания. Еще один человек в белом халате и зеленых штанах с красными лампасами сидел на стуле у стены, между двумя высокими окнами, на которые были спущены пыльные портьеры" (46).

color, details like the “dusty drapes” (пыльные портьеры) tell more about the physical space of the institution. Despite the hospital’s spaciousness and employment of a medical professional specializing in mental health (the psychiatrist Timur Timurovich), the hospital is not the gleaming utopian beacon found in Bulgakov’s earlier twentieth-century asylum.

Further evidence of the state of the institution can be seen in the use of color and associations in the continued description of Timur Timurovich’s office.

> Something indefinite in the arrangement of the room *reminded me of General HQ, which I had visited frequently in 1916*, when I was trying my hopeful but inexperienced hand at patriotic journalism. But instead of a portrait of the Emperor (or at the very least of that infamous Karl who had left a trail of indelible marks across half the kingdoms of Europe), hanging on the wall above the head of the gentleman in the *white coat* was something so terrible that I bit my lip, drawing blood.
>
> It was a poster, *printed in the colours of the Russian flag* and mounted on a large piece of cardboard, depicting *a blue man* with a typically Russian face. His chest had been cleaved open and the top of his skull sawn off to expose *his red brain*. Despite the fact that his viscera had been extracted from his abdomen and labelled with Latin numerals, the expression in his eyes seemed one of indifference, and his face appeared frozen in a calm half-smile; on the other hand, perhaps that was simply the effect created by a wide gash in his cheek,

> through which I could see part of his jaw and teeth as flawless as is in an advertisement for German tooth powder (30–31).[355]

The only colors other than the white of the doctor's coat are red and blue, the other colors of the Russian flag. The anatomy poster, which Pyotr does not initially recognize as a medical diagram and is horrified by, is white with a blue man and his brain is red. Not only are these colors associated with Russia, but the *atmosphere* (обстановка) of the room feels governmental to Pyotr. This mental institution is defined as both politically and socially Russian in its subtle embrace of the new Federation (not Soviet).

Another manifestation of the institution's most frequent color—white—is seen on the doors outside the doors in the corridor. The doors in the corridor are white and labeled with numbers

> My unfeeling body floated past tall white doors with numbers on them, and behind me I could hear the distorted voices and laughter of the sailors in doctors'

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355 "Что-то неуловимое в обстановке этой комнаты заставило меня вспомнить Генеральный штаб, где я часто бывал в шестнадцатом году, "пробуя себя на ниве патриотической журналистики. Вот только над головой господина в белом халате вместо портрета Государя (или хотя бы этого Карла, уже успевшего украсть кораллы у половины Европы) висело нечто настолько жуткое, что я закусил губу.

Это был выдержанный в цветовой гамме российского флага плакат на большом куске картона. Он изображал синего человека с обычным русским лицом, рассеченной грудью и спиленной крышкой черепа, под которой краснел открытый мозг. Несмотря на то что его внутренности были вынуты из живота и пронумерованы латинскими цифрами, в его глазах сквозило равнодушие, а на лице застыла спокойная полуулыбка – или, может быть, так казалось из-за широкого разреза на щеке, сквозь который была видна часть челюсти и зубы, безупречные, как на рекламе германского зубного порошка" (46–47).

> coats, who appeared to be conducting a scurrilous conversation about women. Then I saw Timur Timurovich's face peering down at me—apparently he had been walking along beside me (38).[356]

The room where they conduct water therapy is covered with white tiles: “The space around us was a large room covered throughout with white tiles, with five cast-iron baths standing in a row on the floor” (87).[357] The use of white in this hospital is likely a sign of the era in which is was written. Pyotr states to his wardmates, “Everything would be perfectly fine […] if you were standing here in white coats. But why are you lying here yourselves, if you understand everything so very clearly?” (89).[358] He uses the term “white coats” to reference medical professionals. This conversation is interrupted by the two orderlies, Zherbunov and Barbolin, who are actually wearing white coats (90).[359] They transport Pyotr and his wardmates from the bathing room to the room with their beds and their group therapy chair. In the hallway, they “stopped at a white door bearing the number ‘7’. Barbolin opened it with a key and they allowed us through” (90).[360]

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[356] "Мое онемевшее тело перемещалось вдоль высоких белых дверей с номерами, а сзади раздавались искаженные голоса и смех переодетых матросов – кажется, они бесстыдно обсуждали женщин. Потом я увидел склоненное надо мной лицо Тимура Тимуровича – оказывается, он шел рядом” (56).

[357] “Вокруг нас была большая комната, вся выложенная белым кафелем, на полу которой стояло пять чугунных ванн” (116).

[358] “– Все было бы замечательно, – сказал я, – стой вы здесь в *белых* халатах. Но отчего вы сами тут лежите, если все так ясно осознаете?” (119).

[359] *Chapaev* 119

[360] “Мы остановились у *белой* двери с цифрой «7». Барболин отпер ее ключом, и нас впустили внутрь” (120).

Whiteness is not the only trait that Pelevin's late-twentieth century mental hospital shares with Bulgakov's early-twentieth century clinic. While the hospital in *Chapaev and Void* is not state of the art, it is spacious. The hospital has multiple sections, as evidenced by Pyotr's placement—"'We've decided to put you back in the Third Section,' he said. 'At present there are four others in there, so you'll make five'" (38).[361] The corridors are long, "The flickering of the doors as they passed me had become quite unbearable, and I closed my eyes. […] Oh, God, I thought, how long the corridors here are" (38–39).[362] In addition to Timur Timurovich's office, there are multiple rooms used by his patients. There is mention of a pyscho-hydraulic procedures room and an aesthetics therapy room (92)[363], as well as a dining room (99)[364], and the main ward where the group therapy sessions take place and the patients' beds are located (90–91).[365]

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[361] "– Вы, Петр, конечно, не Пушкин, но все же мы решили вернуть вас в третье отделение, – сказал он и довольно засмеялся. – Там сейчас еще четыре человека, так что с вами будет пять. Вы знаете, что такое групповая терапия по профессору Канашникову? То есть по мне?" (56).

[362] "Мелькание дверей перед глазами стало непереносимым, и я закрыл глаза. […] О боже, подумал я, какие длинные у них коридоры" (56–58).

[363] "Если не считать разбудивших меня водно-психологических процедур, ничего тягостнее этого лечебно-эстетического практикума испытывать мне не доводилось – хотя, возможно, причина была в уколе" (122).

[364] "На обед Барболин привел нас в маленькую столовую, чем-то похожую на комнату с ваннами – только вместо них там были одинаковые пластиковые столы и окошко раздачи" (131).

[365] "За дверью оказалась довольно большая комната с четырьмя кроватями, стоящими вдоль стены. Кровати были застелены, у зарешеченного окна помещался стол, а у стены – что-то среднее между кушеткой и низким креслом с эластичными петлями для рук и ног" (120).

The most colorful part of the mental institution is the art therapy room where "the walls of the room were hung with drawings on small sheets of paper" (93).[366] In Serdyuk's drawings there is "an other-worldly man in a tiny blue cap," but Pyotr's art is the most colorful (93). [367] As he gazes around the room at the artwork of the various patients, hung throughout the room, Pyotr's gaze is trapped by his own work and the intense colors it contains.

> From my very first glance at the six-foot-long sheets of cardboard, covered with its tiny figures in various colors, I sensed a profound connection with the strange object. […] At its centre was a solid blue oval, where the word "SCHIZOPHRENIA" was written in large letters. Approaching it from above were three broad red arrows; one ran directly into the oval and the two others curved round to bite into its sides. Written on them were the words "insulin", "aminazine" and "sulphazine", and running down from the oval in a broken line was a blue arrow, beneath which were the words "illness retreats". […] The right-hand section of the drawing was occupied by a representation of a big city. When I spotted the bright yellow dome of St Isaac's, I realized that it must be St Petersburg. […] In Moscow only two places were represented in real detail—Tverskoi Boulevard and the Yaroslavl Station. […] The track ran off to a horizon overgrown with bright yellow wheat, where a train stood on its rails, wreathed in clouds of

[366] "Я вдруг заметил, что стены комнаты увешаны рисунками на небольших листках бумаги" (123).
[367] "отрешенный мужчина в крохотной *синей* шапочке" (124).

> smoke and steam. […] Behind the locomotive there was an open goods truck with an armoured car standing on it—my heart began to race at this—with its machine-gun turret turned towards the yellow waves of wheat. […] Chapaev, wearing a tall astrakhan hat and a shaggy black cloak buttoned from his neck to his feet, stood on the platform beside the armoured car (94–95).[368]

In addition to the events and people depicted using a variety of colors, Pyotr notices that part of the cardboard is blank.

> Turning back to the cardboard, I struggled for some time to understand exactly what it was that was bothering me. It seemed to be the section between the plan of the battle and the train, where in principle the sky should have been—a

[368] "С первого взгляда на двухметровый картон, покрытый крохотными *разноцветными* фигурами, я почувствовал свою глубокую связь с этим странным объектом. Встав со стула, я подошел к нему. Мой взгляд упал на верхнюю часть картона, где помещалось нечто напоминающее план сражения, как их обычно рисуют в учебниках истории. В центре плана помещался заштрихованный *синий* овал, на котором было крупно написано «ШИЗОФРЕНИЯ». К нему сверху шли три широкие *красные* стрелки – одна прямо упиралась в овал, а две другие, изгибаясь, впивались в его бока. На стрелках было написано «инсулин», «аминазин» и «сульфазин», а от овала вниз уходила прерывистая *синяя* стрелка, под которой было написано «болезнь отступает». […]Правую часть картона занимало изображение большого города. Увидев *ярко-желтый* купол Исакия, я понял, что это Петербург. […] В Москве были крупно выделены только два места – Тверской бульвар и Ярославский вокзал. […]Рельсы уходили к заросшему *ярко-желтой* пшеницей горизонту, а на этих рельсах, в облаках дыма и пара, стоял поезд. […] Чапаева, стоящего на платформе рядом с броневиком. Чапаев был одет в высокую папаху и какой-то мохнатый *черный* плащ" (125–126).

> large area of the cardboard was blank, which somehow produced the impression of a gaping void (96).[369]

This emptiness bothers him, but instead of filling in what should have been the sky with blues or greys or the warm colors of light, Pyotr uses black and sanguine—the colors of darkness and blood.

> I spent the next half-hour adding black blotches of shrapnel shell-bursts to the sky over the wheatfield. I drew them all identically—a small dense black cloud of solid charcoal, and fragments scattering like arrows in all directions, leaving long trails of dark red[370] behind them […] I drew in several columns of thick black smoke above the field, using up all my charcoal. Together with the dark spots of the shrapnel-bursts, they lent the picture a certain air of menace and hopelessness (96, 98).[371]

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[369] "Повернувшись к картону, я некоторое время пытался понять, что именно меня тревожит. Кажется, это был участок между схемой сражения и поездом, где по идее было небо – большой кусок картона не был ничем заполнен, и из-за этого рождалось ощущение какой-то засасывающей пустоты" (127).

[370] A better translation here would be sanguine (сангиновый), implying the reddish-brown color of dried blood.

[371] "Следующие полчаса ушли у меня на то, чтобы заполнить небо над пшеничным полем *черными* кляксами шрапнельных разрывов. Рисовал я их одинаково – *густо-черное*, закрашенное углем облачко и разлетающиеся в разные стороны стрелы осколков, оставляющих за собой длинный *сангиновый* след.[…] я изобразил над полем несколько столбов густого *черного* дыма, на которые у меня ушел весь уголь. Вместе с пятнами шрапнельных взрывов в небе они придали картине какую-то грозную безнадежность" (128–129).

Pyotr's multi-colored drawings are reflected in his file, the first entry of which "was so very old that the *purple* ink in which it had been written had faded, acquiring the kind of *historical colour* that one finds in documents which speak of people long since dead and buried" (103).[372] He reads a quote, attributed to him, that "it is difficult to make sense of the whirlwind of scales and *colours* of the contradictory inner life" (103).[373] Pyotr's mind is full of color, while the background against which he lives is white—empty like his surname.

Another bright color against the plain background of the institution's space is the *yellow* ribbon that Maria winds around his head, "evidently intended to protect his hair against the winds raging in his psychological space" (105).[374]

The color white is, of course, included in the term "the Whites," those forces during the Russian revolution opposing "the Reds," the Bolsheviks. It used several times in the mental institution when Serdyuk and Volodin are sharing jokes about Petka and Chapaev and underscores Pyotr's temporal dislocation whenever he returns from a hallucination of the Russian Revolution. Pyotr, however, does not understand the

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[372] "[…] была настолько давней, что *фиолетовые* чернила, которыми она была сделана, выцвели и приобрели какой-то *исторический цвет*, как это бывает в документах, где речь о людях, ни одного из которых уже давно нет в живых" (135).
[373] "трудно разобраться в вихре гамм и *красок* внутренней противоречивой жизни" (136).
[374] "Сев в углу, он обвязал вокруг головы *желтую* ленту, которая, видимо, должна была защитить прическу от бушующих в его психическом измерении ветров, и стал разглядывать нас с таким видом, будто впервые увидел" (139).

reference, “All these *Whites*… I simply cannot understand how everything could have been distorted so grossly. […] I simply cannot understand where all these *Whites* keep appearing from” (312–313).[375] As a space in which Pyotr is allowed to engage with, and share, his hallucinations and experiences with his guide, Chapaev, it comes as little surprise that the prevalence of the color white, especially on the staff, might draw Pyotr further into the conflation between identities.

As Pyotr leaves the institution, he observes the exterior of the facility. It is a “faceless white building” in a “snow-covered yard surrounded by a concrete wall” (321). The only color on the property that is noted is “a pair of large green gates, oddly decorated with red stars” leading to the freedom of the outside world (321).[376] In contrast to the white colorlessness of the mental hospital, the world beyond these gates is full of color.

Windows and Glass

As with the literary mental institutions I have previously analyzed, in Pelevin’s institution, windows and glass are powerful pieces of the physical institutions and must

[375] “*Белые* какие-то… Я не понимаю, как все могло до такой степени исказиться. […] “мне абсолютно непонятно, откуда все время берутся эти *белые*” (388).
[376] “Двери на волю растворились до такой степени буднично, что я испытал некоторое разочарование. За этими дверями оказался пустой заснеженный двор, окруженный бетонным забором, в котором, прямо напротив нас, зеленели большие металлические ворота, отчего-то украшенные красными звездами. Рядом была проходная, из трубы которой поднимался легкий дымок. Впрочем, я много раз видел все это из окна. Спустившись с крыльца, я оглянулся на безликое белое здание больницы” (399–400).

be analyzed. As the first chapter of the novel ends and Pyotr's hallucination of 1919 fades from view, it is not by accident that the first glimpse of the mental institution in *Chapev and Void* is a barred window.

> To be more precise, the railings were not simply close to the window, but were part of it; in fact, it appeared that they were bars across a small window through which a narrow beam of sunshine was falling directly on to my face. I tried to turn away from it, but that proved impossible. When I attempted to press one hand against the floor in order to turn from my stomach on to my back, I found that my hands had been secured behind me: I was dressed in a garment resembling a shroud, the long sleeves of which were tied behind my back (28).[377]

Pelevin's institution, like those that preceded his, contains barred windows. Through this window flows natural light from the sun. In addition to the barred window that provides an entrance for natural light, but prevents the escape of a patient, Pyotr is bound in a straight-jacket, just like the ill-one in "The Red Flower," preventing his movement and ability to avoid the light. Bulgakov's Ivan, while never put into a

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[377] "Собственно, решетка была не близко к окну, а на самом окне, еще точнее – на маленькой форточке, сквозь которую мне прямо в лицо падал узкий луч солнца. Я захотел отстраниться, но мне это не удалось – когда я попытался опереться о пол рукой, чтобы повернуться с живота на спину, оказалось, что мои руки скручены. На мне было похожее на саван одеяние, длинные рукава которого были связаны за спиной – кажется, такая рубашка называется смирительной" (43).

straightjacket, is transported to Stravinsky's clinic tied up with rags. This window is in a room that is completely covered in padding.

> By wriggling and squirming, I managed to get up on to my knees and then sit down by the wall. My cell had a rather strange appearance; up under the ceiling there was a small barred window—the point of entry for the ray of sunlight that had woken me—while the walls, the door, the floor and ceiling itself were all concealed beneath a thick layer of padding, which meant that romantic suicide in the spirit of Dumas ("one more step, milord, and I dash my brains out against the wall") was quite out of the question. The Chekists had obviously built cells like this for their specially honoured guests, and I must confess that for a second I was flattered at the thought (28).[378]

This padding, and the existence of cell for solitary confinement, indicate that this mental hospital is at least somewhat spacious and advanced. The space has the capacity to separate patients, physically lock them into a space without need for a guard, and has padding to prevent the patients placed in this space from self-harm. Pelevin, while

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[378] "Извиваясь всем телом, я ухитрился встать на колени, а потом сесть у стены. Моя камера имела довольно странный вид – высоко под потолком была зарешеченная форточка, сквозь которую в комнату падал разбудивший меня луч. Стены, дверь, пол и потолок были скрыты под толстым слоем мягкой обивки, так что романтическое самоубийство в духе Дюма («еще один шаг, милорд, и я разобью голову о стену») исключалось. Видимо, чекисты завели такие камеры для особо почетных посетителей, и, должен признаться, на секунду мне это польстило" (44).

maintaining some of the elements of the nineteenth-century literary mental institution (i.e. the barred windows, the straightjacket), immediately places his space in the twentieth-century tradition seen in Bulgakov (i.e. space, avoidance of patient harm).

Maintaining the image of the twentieth-century mental institution, the room in which Timur Timurovich conducts his group therapy sessions is depicted as "rather large […] with four beds standing along the wall. The beds were made, there was a table by the barred window" (90).[379] Orderly, organized, and comfortable, this institution is certainly not the utopia of Bulgakov, but neither is it the oppressive space of Garshin or Chekhov.

When the patients are left in their room alone, and all but Pyotr appear to have fallen asleep, he decides to sneak out of the ward in search of his file, which he saw earlier in Timur Timurovich's office. Maria attempts to prevent Pyotr from leaving, but fails. Once in the corridor, Pyotr

> […] vaguely remembered that Timur Timurovich's office was located beside a tall semi-circular window, which looked straight out on to the crown of a huge tree. Far ahead of me, at the point where the corridor in which I was standing turned to the right, I could see bright patches of daylight on the linoleum. Crouching

[379] "довольно большая комната с четырьмя кроватями, стоящими вдоль стены. Кровати были застелены, у зарешеченного окна помещался стол" (120).

> down, I crept as far as the corner and saw the window. I immediately recognized the door of the office by its magnificent gilt handle (102).[380]

The window, and the light that shines through it, lead Pyotr to the treasure he seeks—his file, or the truth about his past (or his recorded personal history). While reading his file, Pyotr hears "Timur Timurovich's voice in the corridor" and he initially runs to the window to hide, "I dashed over to the window—the idea occurred to me of hiding behind the curtains, but they hung almost flush against the glass" (104).[381] Instead, he leaves the office and finds a broom closet across the hall, ultimately returning to his shared room unnoticed (105).[382] While the window in the patients' room is barred, the windows in the corridor and Timur Timurovich's office are unprotected. They provide a clear view of the outside world and a potential escape route; one need only to break the glass. Yet, in the mental institution Pelevin creates in his novel, none of the patients attempt to escape. Instead, they seek release through cooperation. Maria who appears to want to leave the most, is released first.[383]

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[380] "Я смутно помнил, что кабинет Тимура Тимуровича располагается возле какого-то высокого полукруглого окна, сразу за которым видна крона огромного дерева. Коридор, в котором я стоял, далеко впереди поворачивал вправо, и на линолеуме в этом месте лежали яркие блики дневного света. Пригибаясь, я добрался до поворота и увидел окно. Дверь в кабинет я тоже сразу узнал по роскошной золоченой ручке" (134).

[381] "За дверью послышался голос Тимура Тимуровича, […] я кинулся к окну – отчего-то мне пришло в голову спрятаться за шторой. Но она висела почти вплотную к стеклу" (137).

[382] *Chapaev* 138

[383] "I've got to get out of here, don't you understand? I don't want to spend all my life stuck in here. Who's going to want me ten years from now?" (110). | "– А мне отсюда

While in the art therapy room, drawing Aristotle and conducting a philosophical discussion about reality, Maria uses the window to look at the outside world—what he believes to be reality—and attempt to prove it to Serdyuk.

"You want an explanation?" Maria asked in an unfriendly voice. "Come over here and I'll give you one,"

Getting up from his place beside the door, he went over to the window, waited for Serdyuk and then pointed outside with his muscular arm.

"See that Mercedes-600 standing over there?"

"Yes," said Serdyuk.

"Are you telling me that's an illusion too?"

"Very probably."

"You know who drives around in that illusion? The commercial director of our madhouse. He's called Vovchik Maloi, and his nickname's 'the Nietzschean'. Have you seen him around?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of him?"

"It's obvious. He's a bandit."

"So think about it—that bandit could have killed a dozen people to buy himself a car like that. Are you telling me they all gave their lives for

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выйти нужно, понял? Я не хочу, чтобы у меня здесь вся жизнь прошла. Кому я через десять лет нужен буду?" (144).

nothing, if it's only an illusion? Why don't you say something? Can't you see where that leads?'"

"Yes, I can see," Serdyuk said gloomily and went back to his chair.

Maria apparently felt a sudden desire to draw. Picking up his drawing-board from the corner, he sat down beside the rest of us.

"No," he said, peering through half-closed eyes at the bust of Aristotle, "if you want to get out of here some time, you have to read the newspapers and experience real feelings while you're doing it. And not start doubting the reality of the world. Under Soviet power we were surrounded by illusions. But now the world has become real and knowable. Understand?"

Serdyuk went on drawing without speaking.

"Well, don't you agree?"

"It's hard to say," Serdyuk replied gloomily. "I don't agree that it's real. But as for it being knowable, I guessed that for myself a long time ago. From the smell" (107–108).[384]

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[384] "– Объяснить? – недружелюбно спросил Мария. – Ну пойди сюда, объясню. Встав со своего места возле двери, он подошел к окну, дождался Сердюка и показал мускулистой рукой наружу.
– Вон видишь, «Мерседес-600» стоит?
– Вижу, – сказал Сердюк.
– Тоже, скажешь, иллюзия?
– Вполне вероятно.
– Знаешь, кто на этой иллюзии ездит? Коммерческий директор нашего дурдома. Зовут его Вовчик Малой, а кликуха у него Ницшеанец. Ты его видел?
– Видел.
– Что о нем думаешь?
– Ясное дело, бандит.

This window serves as a gateway to the outside world. Yet, to most of the inhabitants of the ward, it does not matter. These men, with the exception of Maria, do not believe in objective reality (or in the physical reality of the world they experience around them).

The window in Timur Timurovich's office frames the conclusions of Pyotr's experience in the institution, and parallels Pyotr's own approaching freedom from the institution after he takes the "test for the assessment of social adequacy" created by the Ministry of Health (318).[385]

> I carefully closed the questionnaire and looked out of the *window*. I could see the snow-covered crown of a poplar, with a crow perched on it. It was hopping

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– Так ты подумай – этот бандит, может быть, десять человек убил, чтобы такую машину себе купить. Так что же, эти десять человек зря жизни свои отдали, если это иллюзия? Что молчишь? Чувствуешь, чем дело пахнет?
– Чувствую, – мрачно сказал Сердюк и вернулся на свой стул.
Мария, видимо, тоже ощутил вкус к рисованию. Взяв из угла свой планшет, он сел рядом с остальными.
– Нет, – сказал он, прищуренным глазом вглядываясь в бюст Аристотеля, – если ты отсюда выйти когда-нибудь хочешь, надо "газеты читать и эмоции при этом испытывать. А не в реальности мира сомневаться. Это при советской власти мы жили среди иллюзий. А сейчас мир стал реален и познаваем. Понял?
Сердюк молча рисовал.
– Что, не согласен?
– Трудно сказать, – ответил Сердюк мрачно. – Что реален – не согласен. А что познаваем, я и сам давно догадался. По запаху" (141–142).

[385] "– Формальность, – сказал Тимур Тимурович. – В Минздраве все время что-нибудь придумывают – штат большой, а делать нечего. Это так называемый тест на проверку социальной адекватности. Там много разных вопросов, и к каждому прилагается несколько вариантов ответа. Один ответ правильный, остальные абсурдны. Нормальный человек распознает все мгновенно" (395).

from one foot to the other, and snow was sprinkling down through the air from the branch on which it was sitting. Down below an engine of some kind roared into life and startled the bird. Flapping its wings ponderously, it took off from the branch and flew away from the hospital—I watched it go until it was reduced to an almost invisible black speck. Then I slowly raised my eyes to Timur Timurovich, meeting his own attentive gaze.

"Tell me, what is this questionnaire needed for? Why did they invent it?"

"I don't know that myself," he replied. "Although, of course, there is a certain logic to it. Some patients are so cunning that they can wind even the most experienced doctor round their little finger. So this is just in case Napoleon decides for the time being to admit that he is mad, in order to obtain permission to leave the hospital and inaugurate the One Hundred Days ..."

A sudden startled thought glinted momentarily in his eyes, but he extinguished it immediately with a flick of his eyelids. "But then," he said, walking over quickly to me, "you're perfectly right. I've only just realized I've been treating you as though you're still a patient. As though I didn't trust you myself. It's terribly silly, but it's just my professional reflex response."

He pulled the questionnaire from my grasp, tore it in half and threw it into the waste-paper basket.

"Go and get ready," he said, turning towards the *window*.

> "Your documents have already been prepared. Zherbunov will show you to the station. And here is my telephone number, just in case you need it" (320; emphasis added).[386]

Pyotr, looking out the window at the world into which he is about to enter, puts down the test and questions why it needs to be answered. Timur Timurovich agrees that it is unnecessary and he looks out the window as Zherbunov enters to release Pyotr into the world beyond the window. As windows in previous literary mental institutions often accompany moments of revelation and enlightenment, Pelevin subtly subverts this connection as the two characters gazing at the window in turns agree on the irrelevance

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[386] "Аккуратно закрыв анкету, я посмотрел в *окно*. За ним была видна заснеженная верхушка тополя, на которой сидела ворона. Она переваливалась с лапы на лапу, и с ветки, на которой она сидела, сыпался снег. Потом внизу заревел какой-то мотор и вспугнул ее. Тяжело махая крыльями, она снялась с дерева и полетела прочь от больницы – я глядел на нее, пока она не превратилась в еле заметную черную точку. Потом я медленно поднял глаза на Тимура Тимуровича и наткнулся на его внимательный взгляд.

– Слушайте, а для чего она вообще нужна, эта анкета? Зачем ее придумали?

– Да сам не знаю, – ответил он. – Хотя, конечно, некоторый резон в этом есть. Бывают больные, которые настолько хитры, что в состоянии обвести вокруг пальца даже опытного врача. Так что это на тот случай, если Наполеон решит временно признать, что он сумасшедший, чтобы получить возможность выйти из больницы и устроить Сто Дней…

В его глазах вдруг мелькнула какая-то испуганная мысль, но он сразу же прихлопнул ее веками.

– Хотя, – сказал он, быстро подходя ко мне, – вы совершенно правы. Я только что понял, что до сих пор отношусь к вам как к больному. Выходит, я не доверяю сам себе. Ужасно глупо, но это у меня профессиональное.

Выдернув анкету из моих рук, он разорвал ее на две части и бросил в корзину для мусора.

– Идите собирайтесь, – сказал он, отворачиваясь к *окну*. – Документы уже оформлены. Жербунов доведет вас до станции. И в случае чего, мой телефон у вас есть" (397–398).

of the entire exercise they just undertook. As Pyotr's efforts to convince Timur Timurovich of his sanity and to achieve the enlightenment offered by Chapaev culminate, the window—a physical feature—frames the entire exchange.

As Pyotr leaves the hospital after his release, he requests to see the window of his ward: "Tell me, Zherbunov, where is the window of our ward?" (321–22). Zherbunov answers him, "Third floor, second from the end, […] There, you see, they're waving to you" (322). Pyotr looks up at the window, "I caught a glimpse of two dark silhouettes in the window. One of them raised his open hand and pressed the palm against the glass. I waved to them in reply and Zherbunov tugged rather rudely at my sleeve" (322).[387] As they exit the premises of the hospital, they pass through a garage where "An attendant in a green peaked cap with two crossed riffles on the cockade was sitting behind a small window; in front of it the passage was blocked by a boom made of painted iron piping" (322).[388] When Pyotr is released, the window to his ward becomes a way to look into the hospital instead of out of it. He leaves behind two peers, more quickly than he may have liked, as Zherbunov pushes him to go so that he will not miss his train.

Light

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387 "– Жербунов, скажите, а где окно нашей палаты?

– На третьем этаже второе от края, – ответил Жербунов. – Вон, видишь, машут тебе.

Я увидел в окне два темных силуэта. Один из них поднял ладонь и приложил ее к стеклу. Я помахал им в ответ. Жербунов довольно грубо дернул меня за рукав" (400).

388 "Служитель в зеленой фуражке с двумя скрещенными ружьями на кокарде сидел за окошком, перед которым помещалось какое-то куцее подобие шлагбаума из крашеной железной трубы" (400).

Just as windows and color have played significant roles in the impact of the institution on Pyotr, and on the patients within the previously studied institutions, now we must turn to the light. Both windows and color are present at scene of Pyotr's release, but it is often light that leads him to moments of revelation, be they in and out of his hallucinations or to his file held in Timur Timurovich's office. The mental institution narrative takes place during winter, when there is limited natural light in Moscow. The mental hospital in Pelevin's novel is often dark or dimly lit, but at times natural light shines through windows into the building. Yet, it is natural light that wakes Pyotr and brings his consciousness into the mental institution and presents the reader with the first view of this narrative's setting: "a narrow beam of sunshine was falling directly on to my face. I tried to turn away from it, but that proved impossible. […] up under the ceiling there was a small barred window—the point of entry for the ray of sunlight that had woken me" (28).[389] Pyotr notices sunlight once more when he sneaks out of his shared room in order to find and read his file.

> I vaguely remembered that Timur Timurovich's office was located beside a tall semi-circular window, which looked straight out on to the crown of a huge tree. Far ahead of me, at the point where the corridor in which I was standing turned to the right, I could see *bright patches of daylight* on the linoleum. Crouching

[389] "…мне прямо в лицо падал узкий луч солнца. […] высоко под потолком была зарешеченная форточка, сквозь которую в комнату падал разбудивший меня луч" (43–44).

> down, I crept as far as the corner and saw the window. I immediately recognized the door of the office by its magnificent gilt handle (102).[390]

More often, the space is dimly lit. When Pyotr is taken out isolation, where he was awoken by the sunlight, he is led into the hall and then into an office.

> Barbolin gripped me by my other arm. They easily stood me on my feet and dragged me out into the *dimly lit*, deserted corridor, which did actually have a vague hospital smell about it, not unlike the smell of blood. I made no attempt to resist, and a few minutes later they pushed me into a large room, sat me down on a stool at its centre and withdrew (30). [391]

The room in which Timur Timurovich's experimental therapy occurs is also dimly lit. After his turn in the chair, Pyotr returns to the physical space of the hospital from his hallucination, noticing "the *light changed to a murky gloom*, which I realized came from an electric bulb burning just under the ceiling. […] Timur Timurovich's thick lips

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[390] "Я смутно помнил, что кабинет Тимура Тимуровича располагается возле какого-то высокого полукруглого окна, сразу за которым видна крона огромного дерева. Коридор, в котором я стоял, далеко впереди поворачивал вправо, и на линолеуме в этом месте лежали *яркие блики дневного света*. Пригибаясь, я добрался до поворота и увидел окно. Дверь в кабинет я тоже сразу узнал по роскошной золоченой ручке" (134).

[391] "Барболин подхватил меня под другую руку; они легко поставили меня на ноги и выволокли в пустой *полутемный* коридор, где действительно пахло чем-то медицинским – может быть, кровью. Я не сопротивлялся, и через несколько минут они втолкнули меня в просторную комнату, усадили на табурет в ее центре и исчезли за дверью" (46).

materialized out of the dim half-light, approached my forehead and planted a long, wet kiss on it" (310).[392] At times the perception of light becomes as important as the light itself, as becomes apparent when the space is dark because Pyotr cannot see due to the effects of the injections,

> The effect of the injection was growing stronger and stronger. I could no longer see anything around me, my body had become almost totally insensitive and my spirit was immersed in a dull, heavy indifference […] Timur Timurovich spoke a word of greeting to the surrounding darkness and several voices answered him. Meanwhile I was transferred to an invisible bed, a pillow was tucked under my head and a blanket thrown over me (38–39).[393]

In this passage, the critical role of the institution in Pyotr's transcendence becomes clear, as a safe, comfortable space for him to experience his hallucinations as if they were nothing but pleasant dreams in his invisible bed.

Turning to the art therapy room, a space included in Timur Timurovich's treatment plan for his patients, the use of light continues. Pyotr "noticed that the walls

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[392] "[…]*свет сменился тусклой полутьмой*, источником которой, как я вдруг понял, была горевшая под потолком электрическая лампа. […] Откуда-то из *полутьмы* выплыли жирные губы Тимура Тимуровича, приблизились к моему лбу и припали к нему в долгом влажном поцелуе" (386–387).

[393] "Укол действовал все сильнее – я уже ничего не видел вокруг, мое тело практически потеряло чувствительность, а душа погрузилась в тяжелое и тупое безразличие. […] Тимур Тимурович поздоровался с темнотой, и ему ответило несколько голосов. Меня тем временем переложили на невидимую кровать, подоткнули под мою голову подушку и накинули сверху одеяло" (57–58).

of the room were hung with drawings on small sheets of paper" (93).[394] He is fascinated by the art work, particularly his own as he does not remember creating it. He notices a light in Volodin's, "Here also there was a leitmotif—three dark blurred silhouettes around a burst of flame, with a broad beam of light falling on them from above" (94).[395] Pyotr believes that this light is "an explosion in a campfire" (98).[396] Volodin, offended, explains that "it's the descent of the light of heaven […] can't you see that it comes down from on high?" (98).[397] Pyotr later recounts a conversation he had with Chapaev, in which they discussed heavenly light.

> Our conversation concerned the Christian paradigm, and therefore we began discussing its terminology. Chapaev commented on a passage from Swedenborg in which a ray of heavenly light shines down to the bottom of hell and the spirits who live there take it for a dirty, stinking puddle. I had understood this in the sense that the light itself had been transformed, but Chapaev said that the nature of light does not change, and everything depends on the subject of perception. He said that there is no power that would prevent a sinful soul from

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[394] "Я вдруг заметил, что стены комнаты увешаны рисунками на небольших листках бумаги" (123).
[395] "Здесь тоже была сквозная тема – какие-то три размытых темных силуэта вокруг вспышки огня и падающий на них сверху столб света" (124–125).
[396] "взрыв в костре" (130).
[397] "– Это снисхождение небесного света, – ответил он. – Разве не видно, что он приходит именно сверху? Там же специально подрисовано" (130).

> entering heaven—but it happens that it simply does not want to go there (314).[398]

There are philosophical discussions of light, like this recounted conversation, throughout Pyotr's hallucinations. Light is hardly noted while Pyotr is in the mental institution, but even there, it is linked to the divine by multiple characters. Pyotr, although he believes the mental institution to be a dream, is ultimately brought by the means of the institution into the sublime, which for him is death followed by entry into Inner Mongolia. Without his time in the mental institution, Pyotr would not have had the opportunity to engage with his wardmates and Timur Timurovich, which showed him, in a more practical sense than his conversations with Kotovsky and Chapaev, that he possessed the necessary power over reality to succumb to mortality and live on in eternal nothingness.

Narration, Hallucination, and Transcendence

[398] "У нас был разговор о христианской парадигме, и поэтому мы говорили в ее терминах. Чапаев комментировал одно место из Сведенборга, где луч небесного света упал на дно ада и показался душам, которые там живут, зловонной лужей. Я понял это в том смысле, что трансформируется сам этот свет, а Чапаев сказал, что природа света не меняется, и все зависит от субъекта восприятия. Он сказал, что нет таких сил, которые не пускали бы в рай грешную душу – просто она сама не желает туда идти" (391).

Having explored the elements of color, glass and windows, and light, that are common to all of the narratives I have been discussing, it is important to note that Pelevin's mental institution is unique in its manner of presentation. With a first-person narrator, a lot of description is left out. Only what Pyotr remembers, notices, or deems important to his immediate situation is shared with the reader. There is no personage who is not a patient in the mental institution to guide the reader through. This choice of narration is a departure from all of the earlier works examined in this thesis. It alters the reader's interaction with the space of the mental institution by limiting what is shared and communicating the feeling of imprisonment more directly. That said, when Pyotr reads his file, which is written in third person about him, there is evidence that Pyotr is indeed mentally ill and needs to be helped. Furthermore, Pyotr's constant movement between two timelines and identities, coupled with accurate facts about the 1990s, which from 1919 would be an unknowable future, indicate that Pyotr does suffer from hallucinations.

As mentioned earlier during one of Pyotr's hallucinations described in this novel, Chapaev encourages Pyotr to believe that various futures are attainable, including one in which he himself does not exist.[399] As Pyotr's hallucinations continue, led by his spiritual guide, Chapaev, he believes more and more in the rejection of, not only societally enforced reality, but the rejection of all sensory and experiential reality and

[399] "Perhaps you will reach a future in which there will be no Furmanov — or, perhaps you might even reach a future in which there will be no you" (77). | "Быть может, вы попадете в такое будущее, где никакого Фурманова не будет. А может быть, вы попадете в такое будущее, где не будет вас" (105).

develops a preference for nothingness. As demonstrated by the conversation with his wardmates about the reality of the Mercedes-600, Pyotr is enabled to cement his beliefs in non-existence not only during his hallucinations, but as a lucid patient on the mental ward. It is Pyotr's final hallucinations *within* the confines of the mental institution's walls that lead to both his release from the facility, and his ability to free himself from the external world at the end of the novel and to enter into Inner Mongolia.

> "Ah, Petka, Petka," said Chapaev, "I keep on trying to explain to you. Any form is just emptiness. But what does that mean?"
>
> "Well, what?"
>
> "It means that emptiness is any form. Close your eyes. And now open them."
>
> I do not know how to describe that moment in words.
>
> What I saw was something similar to a flowing stream which glowed with all the colours of the rainbow, a river broad beyond all measure that flowed from somewhere lost in infinity towards that same infinity. […] Or to be more precise, the rainbow-hued stream was everything that I could possibly think of or experience, everything that I could possibly be or not be, and I knew quite certainly that it was not something separate from myself. It was me, and I was it. I had always been it, and nothing else.
>
> "What is it?" I asked.
>
> "Nothing," replied Chapaev.

"No, not in that sense," I said. "What is it called?"

"It has various names," Chapaev replied. "I call it the Undefinable River of Absolute Love. Ural for short. Sometimes we become it, and sometimes we assume forms, but in actual fact neither the forms nor we ourselves, nor even the Ural exists."

[…]

"Now, Petka," Chapaev asked, "how can you not be yourself when you are absolutely everything that possibly can be?"

[…]

Without giving myself even a moment's pause for thought, I leapt to my feet, ran forwards and threw myself headlong into the Ural.

I hardly felt anything at all; the stream was simply on every side of me now, and so there were no more sides. I saw the spot from which this stream originated—and immediately recognized it as my true home. Like a snowflake caught up by the wind, I was born along towards that spot (308–310).[400]

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[400] "– Эх, Петька, – сказал Чапаев, – объясняешь тебе, объясняешь. Любая форма – это пустота. Но что это значит?

– Что?

– А то значит, что пустота – это любая форма. Закрой глаза. А теперь открой.

Не знаю, как описать словами эту секунду.

То, что я увидел, было подобием светящегося всеми цветами радуги потока, неизмеримо широкой реки, начинавшейся где-то в бесконечности и уходящей в такую же бесконечность. […] а еще точнее – этот радужный поток и был всем тем, что я только мог подумать или испытать, всем тем, что только могло быть или не быть – и он, я это знал наверное, не был чем-то отличным от меня. Он был мною, а я был им. Я всегда был им, и больше ничем.

– Что это? – спросил я.

– Ничего, – ответил Чапаев.

Here, in a monitored hallucination, Pyotr learns that he is already both everything and nothing, and gives himself over to the eternal whole. Embracing this enlightening realization, Pyotr is able to enter eternity through the rejection of society, self, and all external reality.

The novel ends with Pyotr outside of the mental hospital, but with all of the knowledge he gained while in there and with an established belief in the primary reality of his hallucinations. In situational rhyme, Pyotr returns to the location of the Musical Snuffbox, the club he visited with Barbolin and Zherbunov as Cheka officers in 1919. In both the opening and concluding chapter, Pyotr stands on the stage recites a poem and attempts to shoot the chandelier in the middle of the room, after which shots ring out from others' guns. The second time, however, Pyotr is hit by a bullet, leading to his physical death.

– Да нет, я не в том смысле, – сказал я. – Как это называется?

– По-разному, – ответил Чапаев. – Я называю его условной рекой абсолютной любви. Если сокращенно – Урал. Мы то становимся им, то принимаем формы, но на самом деле нет ни форм, ни нас, ни даже Урала. Поэтому и говорят – мы, формы, Урал.

[…]

– Петька, – сказал Чапаев, – ну как ты можешь не быть собой, когда ты и есть абсолютно все, что только может быть?

[…]

Не оставив себе ни секунды на раздумья, я вскочил на ноги, разбежался и бросился в Урал.

Я не почувствовал почти ничего – просто теперь он был со всех сторон, и поэтому никаких сторон уже не было. Я увидел то место, где начинался этот поток – и сразу понял, что это и есть мой настоящий дом. Словно подхваченная ветром снежинка, я понесся к этой точке" (384–386).

At these words I raised Zherbunov's pen and fired at the chandelier. It shattered like a toy on a Christmas tree, and a blinding electric light flashed across the ceiling. The hall was plunged into darkness, and immediately I saw the flashes of gunshots from over by the door where the canary-yellow gentleman and the ruddy-faced young fellows had been standing. I went down on all fours and slowly crawled along the edge of the stage, wincing at the intolerable racket.

[…]

A bullet knocked the small organ off its stand and it tumbled on to the floor right beside me. At last, I thought as I crawled towards the wings, at last I had managed to hit the chandelier! But—my God!—was that not always the only thing of which I had been capable, shooting at the mirror-surfaced sphere of this false world from a fountain pen? What a profound symbol, I thought, what a pity that no one sitting in the hall was capable of appreciating what they had just seen. But then, I thought, who knows?

[…]

A few gulps of frosty air restored me to my senses, but I still had to lean against the wall—the walk along the corridor had been incredibly tiring.

[…]

I staggered across the courtyard and out into the street.

Chapaev's armoured car was standing exactly where I had expected to see it, and the cap of snow on its turret was just as it should have been. The motor was working, and there was a grey-blue cloud of smoke swirling in the air

behind the back of the vehicle. I walked up to the door and knocked. It opened, and I climbed inside.

Chapaev had not changed in the slightest, except that his left arm was now supported by a strip of black linen. The hand was bandaged, and I could easily guess that there was empty space under the gauze where the little finger should have been.

I was quite unable to say a single word—it took all the strength I could muster to drag myself on to the divan. Chapaev immediately understood what was wrong with me. He slammed the door shut, murmured a few quiet words into the speaking-tube, and the armoured car moved off.

[…]

"I see," said Chapaev. "Anna sends her greetings. She asked me to give you this."

He stooped down, reached under the seat with his sound hand and took out an empty bottle with a gold label made out of a square of metal foil. Protruding from the bottle was a yellow rose. "And it seems that you promised her some books or other."

I nodded, turned towards the door and set my eye against the spy-hole. At first all I could see through it were the blue spots of the street lamps slicing through the frosty air, but we kept moving faster and faster, and soon, very soon

we were surrounded by the whispering sands and roaring waterfalls of my dear and so beloved Inner Mongolia (333–335).[401]

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[401] “С этими словами я поднял жербуновскую ручку и выстрелил в люстру. Она лопнула, как елочная игрушка, и под потолком полыхнуло ослепительным электрическим огнем. Зал погрузился во тьму, и сразу же у двери, где стояли канареечный господин и румяные парни, засверкали вспышки выстрелов. Я упал на четвереньки и медленно пополз вдоль края эстрады, морщась от нестерпимого грохота.

[…]

Пуля сшибла органчик с подставки, и он шлепнулся на пол совсем рядом со мной. Наконец-то, думал я, ползя к кулисам, наконец-то я попал в люстру. Боже мой, да разве это не то единственное, на что я всегда только и был способен – выстрелить в зеркальный шар этого фальшивого мира из авторучки? Какая глубина символа, думал я, и как жаль, что никто из сидящих в зале не в состоянии оценить увиденное. Впрочем, думал я, как знать.

[…]

Несколько глотков морозного воздуха привели меня в чувство, но все равно приходилось опираться на стену – поход по коридору оказался невероятно утомительным.

[…]

Пошатываясь, я прошел через двор и вышел на улицу.

Броневик Чапаева стоял как раз на том месте, где я ожидал его увидеть, и снежная шапка на его башне была именно такой, какой должна была быть. Его мотор работал, и за косой стальной кормой вилось сизое облачко дыма. Добравшись до двери, я постучал в нее. Она открылась, и я влез внутрь.

Чапаев совершенно не изменился, только его левая рука висела на черной полотняной ленте. Кисть руки была перебинтована, и на месте мизинца под слоями марли угадывалась пустота.

Я был не в состоянии сказать ни единого слова – моих сил хватило только на то, чтобы повалиться на лавку. Чапаев сразу понял, что со мной, – захлопнув дверь, он что-то тихо сказал в переговорную трубку, и броневик тронулся с места.

[…]

– Понятно, – сказал Чапаев. – Тебе привет от Анны. Она просила передать тебе вот это.

Нагнувшись, он протянул здоровую руку под сиденье и поставил на стол пустую бутылку с золотой этикеткой, сделанной из квадратика фольги. Из бутылки торчала желтая роза.

– Она сказала, что ты поймешь, – сказал Чапаев. – И еще, кажется, ты обещал ей какие-то книги.

Я кивнул, повернулся к двери и припал к глазку. Сначала сквозь него были видны только синие точки фонарей, прорезавших морозный воздух, но мы ехали

As Pyotr experiences physical death due to a gunshot wound, he reenters his hallucination in which Chapaev is his spiritual guide. Yet, there is still a sign of his insanity—the yellow rose, a flower, in the color historically associated with madhouses, which pervades his hallucinations. His physical death allows him to further embrace the philosophy he learned in his hallucinations and to reject the external, physical world, himself included, and to submit himself to the divine whole, known to him as Inner Mongolia.

The mental hospital protects Pyotr from the outside world. It provides him a safe space in which to exist, philosophize, and converse with other people where he does not have to face reality. Instead, he is able to fully live in his hallucinations, until they (the hallucinations) bring his philosophical understanding of the universe to a point at which he is able to choose Inner Mongolia [death] over life in a world that is unwelcoming to someone with his illness. Rather than cure Pyotr, Timur Timurovich and his mental ward serve as an essential stage in Pyotr's attainment of the eternal. If Pyotr had died without allowing his hallucinations to lead him to Buddhist awakening, his death would not have guaranteed his connection to the sublime. Without the protective shell of the mental institution, Pyotr's false personality would have either been forced to be suppressed or would have gotten him killed under circumstances in which he was not prepared to

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все быстрее – и скоро, скоро вокруг уже шуршали пески и шумели водопады милой моему сердцу Внутренней Монголии" (413–415).

peacefully enter “the whispering sands and roaring waterfalls of [his] dear and so beloved Inner Mongolia” (335).[402]

[402] “Сначала сквозь него были видны только синие точки фонарей, прорезавших морозный воздух, но мы ехали все быстрее – и скоро, скоро вокруг уже шуршали пески и шумели водопады милой моему сердцу Внутренней Монголии” (415).

6 Conclusion

For Pelevin, not unlike Nikolai Leskov's oft quoted commentary that, "In 'Ward No. 6' all of our customs and characters are portrayed in miniature. Ward No. 6 is everywhere. It is Russia"[403] in *Chapaev and Void,* all of Russia is, for Pelevin, "Ward No. 6." As such, the mental institution is the place where Pyotr can accomplish three key activities: He can engage all of Russian society as embodied in the other patients, safely have his hallucinations, and transcend all reality (and enter Inner Mongolia) through the rejection of his society, himself, and his reality through the guidance of his self-created spiritual guide, Chapaev. In many ways Pelevin is the culmination of the literary depictions of the mental institutions discussed in this project, but he is also the subversion of all of them.

In Garshin, the narrative focuses on the experience of one patient confined within its walls. This "ill one" receives a fate similar to Christian martyrdom through an attempt to rid the world of evil by destroying three red poppies. The asylum that this patient turned self-perceived martyr inhabits causes the hero pain, both physical and emotional. Yet, this location is not only a place of incarceration for this man, but also a place of liberation. It is the space in which he completes his self-professed life purpose of eradicating evil from the world. It is where he dies, and his soul is set free to embrace

[403] "Палате N 6" в миниатюре изображены общие наши порядки и характеры. Всюду — палата N 6. Это — Россия... Чехов сам не думал, что написал (он мне говорил это), а между тем это так. Палата его — это Русь!"

eternity. In his conversation with the doctor, the patient claims that he is everywhere and always. His death allows him the privilege of entering eternity; the act of transcending time and space. Garshin's madhouse, although overcrowded and insufficient for healing, is the instrument by which the individual is free to enter eternity. When the physical body is confined, particularly in such gruesome conditions, it requires spiritual escape. In a place where people are permitted to behave in ways counter to societal norms, the patient is able to greet death through a quest that is purposeful only to him.

Chekhov's mental institution, although it is the one that supposedly "is Russia," proves to be somewhat of an outlier in the chain of influential Russian literary mental institutions. Since Chekhov's mental ward is a microcosm of all Russia, it is not as obviously a uniquely powerful space, but instead a distilled version of a larger world. In order to gain a glimpse of both reality and the eternal, one must go from the outside to the inside. The visible suffering *inside* this mental ward uncovers the notion that such suffering is largely universal *outside* the space as well. The institution forces the outsider to experience this revelation, and the boundary between the inside and the outside dissolves. Ragin is inside the building but looking at the world outside when he exclaims to himself: "This is reality." That comment could apply equally well to both the interior space and the exterior space. Ragin's descent into suffering and development of compassion, indicates that the mental ward is nonetheless a special place, perhaps a distillation of all the evils of the broader world outside. To attain a full comprehension of reality—specifically of the power of suffering, and the possibility of evolution toward

compassion, Chekhov seems to say—may require one to be on the inside of the ward, as a patient.

Bulgakov's mental institution stands in stark contrast to the mental institutions of the previous century. He presents a utopian space, the only space in all of Moscow where people are safe from the insanity unfolding all around them (or in society). Its state-of-the-art, utopian qualities stand out against the dysfunctional Moscow on the outskirts of which it is located. Yet, were it not for this physical location, with its unique qualities, neither the Master, nor Ivan would have had a safe space in which to process their lives and the story of Pontius Pilate. While Moscow is the unrealized Soviet Dream, the psychiatric clinic is the unattained, utopian ideal of the Soviet Union. Ultimately, the mental institution is the space that links the two main narratives and allows the Master to be set free from life and Ivan to be set free from the task of writing inauthentic and antireligious poetry. This mental institution brings with it both access to divinity and aspirational characteristics of Soviet space—industrialization, modernization, and mechanization.

In *Chapaev and Void*, Pelevin integrates and engages with all of these elements that have come before, but he does something very new with this same physical space. The same physicality leads to something nuanced and novel within this tradition—a transcendence that is dependent upon the individual who attains it. There is no clear higher power as in Garshin and Bulgakov, with their Christian themes. It lacks the nihilism of Chekhov's hopelessness: it is almost Chekhovian because it lacks acceptance of Christian belief, but it has prominent religious overtones. These religious overtones

are eastern and, as a result, they are all dependent on the individual and what is inside rather than on the external structures or beings. Yes, Pyotr has a spiritual guide, but this is a guide that he has created in his own mind and who only teaches him how to turn further inward and reject the external world. Pelevin's means of accomplishing the process of the individual returning to the whole is through madness and the mental institution. Pelevin, in his use of various physical traits of the mental institution adapted from his predecessors, creates a new Russian literary mental institution—one presented through the fog of hallucination and the philosophical teachings of Buddhism. Yet, he attributes the same, preexisting power to his space—it enables its inhabitants to access the sublime. Pelevin depicts "New Russia" and provides its inhabitants with a new solution through the adaptation of Buddhism and embracing hallucinations, thereby subverting expectations of the mental institution set by his predecessors.

Note on Translations

For this project, I used the following English translations.

"The Red Flower," translated by Liv Tudge. I found that this version read closer to the Russian than the other translations that I could access via our library and the internet.

"Ward No. 6," translated by Constance Garnett. There is always debate about her translations, but I often prefer them to more recent translations.

The Master and Margarita, translated by Diana Burgin and Katherine Tiernan O'Connor. I chose to use this translation for several reasons. First, many translations of this text from Russian into English have been undertaken by many individuals far more talented at translation than I am. I found this particular translation to possess the most balance between direct translation for meaning and consideration of style. To me, this version reads the smoothest, in the most natural English, without losing the meaning of the Russian. While some other translations translate some names, words, and syntax more directly, I found their use of syntax in English bulky and uncomfortable to the extent of losing the meaning they had so carefully identified. In addition to proving to be the most practically and stylistically useful, this translation is the first version of *The Master and Margarita* I ever read. As such, it is the very text with which I fell in love and the one that incited my long descent into the madness that is undertaking a PhD in Russian Literature. As this project primarily employs close reading to accomplish its goals, at times it was necessary for me to translate a word or phrase directly from the Russian for the benefit of my non-Russophone readers. Therefore, when noted, the translation is my own. Otherwise it is the work of Diana Burgin and Katherine Tiernan O'Connor, to whom I am grateful for their marvelous contribution to the cannon of Russian literature in English and inspiring my 17-year old mind to continue studying the Russian language no matter how impossible it seemed at the time in order to one day read this text (over and over and over again) in the original Russian.

Buddha's Little Finger, translated by Andrew Bromfield. This translation is not ideal, but it is the only one available and I am not a better translator.

In all instances, I made note of issues with the translation when relevant to my analysis.

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