

## AN EVOLUTIONARY STUDY OF TOLSTOY'S FIRST STORY, "THE RAID"

Duffield White  
Wesleyan University

A study of how Tolstoy's first story, "The Raid," evolved is interesting for a number of reasons. First, given that the final draft's interweaving of collective and individual experience is fundamental to Tolstoy's mature writing, and given that this complex narrative model is missing in the first draft of the story, an evolutionary study provides an insight into how Tolstoy originally conceived one of the most important aspects of his writing. Second, "The Raid" provides an early example of the creative tension in Tolstoy's writing between the sketch genre's convention of inductive empirical analysis and the philosophical essay's tendency to engage in reductionistic abstract generalization. The combination of empirical analysis and abstract generalization that drives the narrative in "The Raid" is similar to the combination of narrative impulses in *War and Peace* that Isaiah Berlin identified metaphorically as the "hedgehog and the fox" (the hedgehog sought a single unified vision of the world, while the fox "perceived reality in its multiplicity , as a collection of separate entities").<sup>1</sup> Third, an evolutionary study of "The Raid" may clarify the dynamics of the creative process in Tolstoy's writing and show how the narrative unities of his finished works are themselves open-endedly dynamic.

A number of authoritative studies of *War and Peace* have noted that its basic narrative unities change, not only from first to final draft, but within the final version itself. According to Eikhenbaum's *Tolstoy in the Sixties*,<sup>2</sup> *War and Peace* begins as an "anti-historical historical novel" which creates an enhanced sense of unchanging family life, a diminished sense of historical change, and a sceptical, "nihilist" critique of the view that political leaders can both **understand** history and change it through their actions. However, according to Eikhenbaum, the author of *War and Peace* changes his mind while in the middle of his narrative: unchanging family life recedes to the background; history returns to the foreground; and, in spite of his continued scepticism about past attempts to comprehend history, the

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<sup>1</sup>Isaiah Berlin, *The Hedgehog and the Fox* (London: Weidenfield and Nicolson, 1967), p. 39.

<sup>2</sup>B.M. Eikhenbaum, *Lev Tolstoy*, vol. 1 (Leningrad, 1928); translated as *Tolstoy in the Sixties* (Ann Arbor: Ardis, 1982).

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author attempts to articulate a "philosophy of history."<sup>3</sup> In *Hidden in Plain View*, Gary Saul Morson also interprets *War and Peace* as a narrative which constantly transforms itself as it unfolds from beginning to end:

...beginning with only a loose set of principles and resources, the author allows the work to "shape itself" as it is being written. With no conclusion in mind, he deliberately cultivates the unexpected; structure is what it turns out to be, connections emerge without premeditation, and unity becomes only a unity of process. Integrity is *ex post facto*.<sup>4</sup>

An evolutionary study of "The Raid" will show that Tolstoy began writing according to this open-ended principle of "creation by potential" as early as his first story, and it will identify certain relationships within the Tolstoyan narrative structure which are inherently open-ended. For example there is an open-ended relationship between writing in the manner of the empirical sketch and writing in the manner of a philosophical essay: in a never-ending process, the hedgehog's abstract philosophical propositions both shape and are shaped by the fox's perception of reality as "a collection of separate entities." Similarly, in "The Raid," as in *War and Peace*, the narration of experience as both individual and collective never attains a stable, final state of harmony. Tolstoyan characters and authors constantly seek such a state of harmony, but with the exception of primitive characters like the Cossacks or Hadzhi Murad, they do not attain it.

Finally, by looking at how "The Raid" evolved we can better evaluate the authenticity of Sofja Andreevna Tolstaja's 1911 edition which claims to have restored the story to the "original" form it was in before the censor made its cuts in the first published edition in *The Contemporary* in 1853.<sup>5</sup> It is clear that in her 1911 edition Tolstaja did not simply publish a single extant manuscript which had previously been unpublished (she and subsequent editors have never had access to the copy which Tolstoy originally sent to *The Contemporary*). Instead, she attempted to reconstruct the lost text that Tolstoy sent to *The Contemporary*. To do this she took the second published edition of 1856 as her basic text (censors were more permissive in 1856, after the death of Tsar

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<sup>3</sup>B.M. Eikhenbaum, *Tolstoy in the Sixties*, p. 195.

<sup>4</sup>Gary Saul Morson, *Hidden in Plain View* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1987), p. 182.

<sup>5</sup>See N.M. Mendel'son, "Istorija pecatanija 'Nabega'," in *Jub.* 3: 298-303.

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Nikolai, than they had been in 1853) and then interpolated into this basic text passages from manuscript drafts of the story which were still in her possession. These interpolations are from manuscript fragments which have been published in volume 3 of the authoritative Jubilee edition of Tolstoy's *Sobranie sochinenij* and which the editors of that edition refer to as fragments of the second and third drafts of the story.<sup>6</sup>

Therefore Tolstaja's 1911 text and Maude's English translation of it which is still in print in collections such as *The Portable Tolstoy*<sup>7</sup> and *The Raid and Other Stories*<sup>8</sup> present the reader with an amalgam of the 1856 text and of earlier manuscript variants. The passages in brackets in the Maude translation are not merely as the translator's note says, "those the censor originally suppressed."<sup>9</sup> They also provide us with glimpses backwards into Tolstoy's creative process. Almost all of what Tolstaja and Maude bracketed as suppressed by the censor had actually been cut by Tolstoy as he wrote and rewrote his story in 1852.

"The Raid," went through three distinct stages of evolution in the three periods when Tolstoy worked on it in

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<sup>6</sup>Jub. 3: 218-241.

<sup>7</sup>Leo Tolstoy, *The Portable Tolstoy* (New York and London: Penguin Books, 1978), p. 169-199. The translator here is Aylmer Maude. He prefaces his translation with the statement that "the portions of this story enclosed in square brackets are those the Censor suppressed, and are now published in English for the first time." John Bayley does not question this characterization of Maude's text in his introduction to this volume (pp. 7-24); and "A Note on the Translations" by the publishers of *The Portable Tolstoy* asserts the authoritativeness of the Maude translation: "...the consistently careful, sympathetic, and well-documented translations by the Maudes, issued by the Oxford University Press, have become the accepted standard for Tolstoy in English." In his *Tolstoy: a Critical Introduction* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1969), R.F. Christian notes, on p. 51, that more than one final text of "The Raid" exists in Soviet editions, but he does not take a position concerning which is the definitive edition.

<sup>8</sup>Leo Tolstoy, *The Raid and Other Stories* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1982), pp. 1-28. The translator is again Aylmer Maude, and the description of the bracketed material is virtually the same: "The parts of this story enclosed in square brackets are those originally suppressed by the censor."

<sup>9</sup>*The Portable Tolstoy*, p. 169; *The Raid and Other Stories*, p. 2.

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1852.<sup>10</sup> In its first draft, written in May, 1852, it was a satirical anti-war jeremiad directed against the Russian generals who led Russia's war of attrition against the mountain peoples of the Caucasus. Then, in the second and third drafts, which were written in July and October, 1852, it became a combined sketch and essay on the motives which determine individual soldiers' actions in combat. Finally, without losing its psychological and philosophical focus as a sketch/essay on individual experience, the final version (written in December, 1852) became a story about the collective experience of warfare as well.

This study will make it clear that Tolstoy himself made cuts, not in order to anticipate the censor, but rather, in order to purge his story of the first draft's excessively didactic, satirical bent and the second draft's overly explicit statement of philosophical ideas which later became woven implicitly into the narrative. In this study the terms "first," "second," and "third" drafts follow the designations of manuscript fragments published in the third volume of the Jubilee edition of the Complete Works of Tolstoy (3, 218-240), and the term "final version" refers to the second published edition of 1856, which Tolstoy himself edited and which the censor did not cut drastically.

### SKETCH AND SATIRE IN THE FIRST DRAFT

The first draft of "The Raid" combines the conventions of the sketch genre and satire in a contradictory manner. The narrator of the "sketch" genre which was so popular in Russian prose in the late 1840s and early 1850s is conventionally an interloper-observer of a previously unexplored social realm which is of political, social, or anthropological interest to him and his reader. For example, Turgenev's *Notes of a Hunter* explores peasant life in central Russia, while "The Raid" explores the lives of front-line military officers in Russia's war in the Caucasus. The sketch conventionally mixes static descriptions of character types with a continuous narrative account of their behavior during a brief period of their normal activity. It purports to represent typical social types in these character sketches and it purports to represent the typical way of life of these typical characters by narrating moments of their normal activity.

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<sup>10</sup>See N.M. Mendel'son, "Istorija pisanija 'Nabega'," in L.N. Tolstoy, *Sobranie socinenij* (Moscow: Gosudarstvennoe izdatel'stvo "Xudozestvennaja literatura," 1935), vol. 3, p. 287-289. All subsequent quotations from final draft versions of "The Raid" will be my translations from texts in this edition.



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All variants of "The Raid" follow these two, most basic conventions of the sketch. All include character sketches of soldiers whom Tolstoy had actually observed in his brother's artillery battalion during his first months in the Caucasus in 1851. All variants also represent the normal activity of these soldiers in a two-day march into the mountains where they engage the Chechen enemy in battle, loot and burn one of their villages, and then retreat, under heavy Chechen fire.

The author's commitment to the sketch genre in the first draft of "The Raid" determines a number of features which remain in all subsequent versions. In all drafts the story begins when the narrator learns from an experienced front-line officer (Captain Khlopov) that his battalion is about to participate in an attack (or "raid") on a Chechen village. The narrator is not a regular member of the army; he volunteers to accompany Khlopov's battalion on the up-coming engagement because he wants to experience combat first-hand: he wants to test himself in combat and he wants to observe the feelings and actions of Khlopov and his men.

While the narrator is anxious to take part in the raid, the experienced soldier Khlopov is not. He has already seen many of his fellow soldiers killed in earlier combat; and he himself has been seriously wounded several times. As he notes at the end of the second chapter of the final draft:

"If you went out on raids often you wouldn't be pleased at the prospect. We have, let's say, twenty officers going out on this raid; some one of them is going to be killed or wounded, that's for sure. Today it may be me; tomorrow it will be another, and the day after tomorrow a third: so what is there to be pleased about? (3,21)"

In the first as in the final drafts, it is clear that the narrator has attached himself to the infantry captain because of his credentials as a seasoned officer who undergoes the same dangers and hardships as the common soldiers under his command. In all drafts the captain is contrasted to a general and the general's staff, who are sometimes subjected to the same dangerous conditions of combat as the troops under their command, but who may also exercise the option of removing themselves from danger. The young narrator would be entitled by virtue of his class background and his volunteer status to experience the raid from the relatively safer vantage point of the general staff. We can, therefore, infer that he follows the captain in order to be fully exposed to the dangers and hardships that ordinary soldiers undergo. At the same time he makes no claim to share the lot of peasant soldiers who have been drafted into the army for a term of twenty years. He is, after all, only risking his life in combat on this one occasion.

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All drafts of the story include episodes which expose destructive violence and death as basic realities of war. In the first such episode the narrator and Captain Khlopov watch Russian soldiers and Cossacks looting and destroying the village around them. In the second, a young "child-like" character (in the final version he is Ensign Alanin; in the first draft he is "a little Georgian prince") is mortally wounded during the retreat after the troops have looted the village.

The Alanin character functions as alter-ego and foil to the narrator in all versions of the story. Like the narrator he is young and inexperienced in warfare, and is voluntarily seeking it out. Unlike the narrator he is a young officer and is oblivious to the fear of combat that affects the narrator because he so desires to prove himself "a man" in the eyes of older officers like Khlopov. Given that death is the ultimate mystery which the narrator seeks in combat, Alanin is also unlike the narrator in that he crosses over the line which separates the mystery of death from the living. The story concludes with a spare, objective account of Alanin's dying, thereby leaving the ultimate mystery of warfare (the subjective experience of dying in combat) unfathomed.

What distinguishes the first draft of "The Raid" from all subsequent versions is that the narrator's satirical indignation at the Russians' conduct of the war overwhelms the detached objectivity which he is supposed to have as a sketch writer. The first draft is dominated by the anti-war views, first of its hero, Khlopov, and then of the narrator. Ultimately we cannot help suspecting that the narrator has created the Khlopov character as *porte parole* for his own preconceptions about warfare, rather than as an experienced veteran from whom he could learn about warfare.

At the beginning of the first draft Khlopov tells the narrator that the mountain position which is the objective of the up-coming raid has already been captured and abandoned four times, with terrible losses to the Russian troops each time. The captain's own battalion lost 150 men in the previous raid; and the year before that, according to the Captain, nine out every ten men in a Cossack detachment were killed in an ambush on their way to the position. When the narrator asks innocently why the Russians did not secure the position after taking it the first four times, the Captain replies angrily: "Why don't you go ask them" (3,218), referring to the Russian general staff. According to the Captain his commanding officers are only interested in the war as "an occasion for receiving and distributing medals" (3,219). Furthermore, in his opinion they are incompetent-- "all a bunch of scoundrels who only get in other people's way and don't know what they are doing" (3,219).

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The narrator agrees with Captain Khlopov's views of his commanding officers in the first draft even though he also perceives Khlopov ironically as a pathetic character, consumed by frustration at his own powerlessness to change the conduct of the war. The authority of the narrator's satirical voice is weakened when it becomes indistinguishable from Khlopov's - ranting ineffectually against the inevitable realities of war. This merging of the author's voice with Khlopov's is most striking in the description of the Russian troops looting the Chechen village.

Sixty meters from us a woman ran out of the village toward the cliff, carrying a sack and a child in her hands. Her face and hands were covered by a white kerchief, but from the folds of her blue shirt it was apparent that she was still young. She ran with unnatural speed and screamed, raising her hand over her head. Following her and running still faster were several infantrymen. One young rifleman in nothing but his shirt and with a rifle in his hand had outrun all the others and had almost overtaken her. He, no doubt, was tempted by the sack of money she was carrying.

"Akh, the scoundrels, they'll kill her," said the Captain, striking his horse with his whip and galloping toward the soldier. "Don't touch her!" he shouted. But at that very moment the soldier who was running the fastest caught up with the woman. He grabbed for the sack, and when she did not drop it he took hold of his rifle in both hands, and with all his strength clubbed her in the back. She fell; blood appeared on her shirt; and the child began to scream. The captain threw his hat on the ground, silently grabbed the soldier by the hair, and began beating him so hard that I thought he would kill him. Then he went up to the woman, turned her over, and when he saw the tear-stained face of the bareheaded child and the beautiful pale face of the eighteen-year-old woman from whose mouth blood was flowing, he rushed over to his horse, mounted and galloped away. I could see that there were tears in his eyes. (3,221-222)

At this point Tolstoy steps clumsily into his sketch as a didactic, moralistic author, pleading with the soldier who has mortally wounded the Chechen woman to realize the sinfulness of his action. But the more fully he imagines the reality of the soldier's life, the clearer it is that the soldier's prejudices prevent him from thinking morally about the Chechen woman. He asks the soldier to recall his own wife and child and think how he would feel if they were beaten and perhaps killed by a gang of drunken Russian factory workers. But he realizes that the soldier would always justify killing the Chechen woman on xenophobic grounds, referring to her as "one of those Busurmen" (3,222).

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Having reached the conclusion that reality as he understands it does not conform to reality as he would like it to be, the author altogether abandons his commitment to the empirical conventions of the sketch. He invents an ending in which the peasant soldier will be haunted on his deathbed (and evermore in Hell) by the memory of the dying Chechen woman and her child ("...the thin stream of scarlet blood and the deep wound in the back beneath the blue shirt"). According to this plan the soldier will begin to repent as he dies; "but, [the angry God/author notes with vengeful satisfaction] it will already be too late; the tears of repentance won't help you; death's coldness will embrace you. I feel sorry for you, soldier" (3,223).

If an essential part of Tolstoy's original conception of Captain Khlopov was his eccentric, Jeremiah-like anger (both at the evils of war and at the impotence of his railing against evil), then, in his long moralizing address to the soldier, Tolstoy-the-author displayed a similar Jeremiah-like rage, directed not just at the soldier's recalcitrant immorality but at his own powerlessness as author to morally reconstruct his characters.

## THE SECOND DRAFT

"The Raid" changes from an anti-war jeremiad to a detached, objective "description of war" in the second stage of its evolution (June-July, 1852). This change is negatively motivated by Tolstoy's realization that he has lost control of the story's original satirical impetus. He notes in his diary in June: "I must hurry and finish with the satirical part of my l[etter] from the Caucasus" (3,290)). But this change is also positively motivated by a new rhetorical stance which is first stated when the narrator introduces himself as a person who wants to observe war first-hand in order to satisfy his dispassionate "interest" in what he assumes must be the passionate subjective experience of war: "the killing." The second draft enters into rhetorical dialogue with two books of military history that Tolstoy was reading in the summer of 1852 (the historian Mihailovsky-Danilevsky's Description of the Patriotic War of 1812 and Description of the War of 1813).

In this dialogue with Mihailovsky-Danilevsky young Tolstoy begins to sound like the author of War and Peace, noting the essential difference between his interest in the subjective reality of "the killing" and the military historians' assumption that they can describe history objectively by narrating "the disposition of the forces at the battles of Austerlitz and Borodino" (3, 228):

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War has always interested me. Not war in the sense of combinations of great military leaders— my imagination is unable to comprehend such huge actions— but what interested me was the very fact of war: the killing. It is more interesting for me to know how and under the influence of what feeling one soldier has killed another than to know the dispositions of forces at Austerlitz and Borodino (3, 228).

Tolstoy is not yet prepared to argue the anti-great-man thesis of War and Peace to the effect that generals cannot know or control what actually happens in the battles they "command," and that military histories are actually fictions fostering the illusion that leaders can understand and determine the historical events in which they engage. Instead, he simply asserts his interest in understanding the common subjective experience of front-line soldiers. This focus on the subjective experience of various individual soldiers is consistent with the sketch genre's convention of looking at one character and then another, without tying them together in a plot of interpersonal drama. In this conception the story's drama would lie in the relationship between each individual soldier and the "killing" condition of combat.

Having relinquished the moralistic anti-war bias of the first draft, Tolstoy imposes a new moral-philosophical scheme on the second draft's observations of individual soldiers' subjective experience of war. He conceives of the clash between individual will and the historical condition of war in terms of an idealist ethical model borrowed from Plato. The epigraph of the second draft is a quote from Plato: "Bravery is the knowledge of when one should and should not be afraid" (3, 226); and the narrator poses the question "What is bravery?" to Khlopov in his opening dialogue with him. The captain, who is experienced in combat but inexperienced in idealist philosophical dialogue, conceives of bravery simply as the absence of fear ("A brave person is one who fears nothing"). He does not see the relevance of bravery to the question of why men subject themselves to combat (3, 227).

This opening dialogue pits the captain's first-hand experience of war against the narrator's abstract, idealist preconceptions. Tolstoy is now looking critically at himself in his narrator, satirizing his narrator as an intellectual whose thoughts are ungrounded in empirical experience, and who may be more interested in arguing his ideas than in learning the truth from experience. In the opening dialogue with Khlopov the narrator barges ahead, developing the Platonic notion that one should attain rational understanding of one's fears and learn to disregard fears which might motivate one to act in base and petty ways. He cites fear of shame as an example of a petty motive which causes soldiers to engage in combat; and he tactlessly attributes this motive to Captain



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Khlopov himself, saying: "After all, you could report in sick and not go on this march, but you won't do it because you're afraid people would speak badly of you" (3,227). Captain Khlopov is insulted by this charge; and the reader must infer that he is insulted not because the narrator has correctly understood his motives, but because the narrator is off the mark. Khlopov says simply and straightforwardly of why he will take part in the raid: "I'm going because my battalion is going, and it is my duty to stick with my battalion" (3,227).

Still the narrator persists in imposing his philosophical train of thought on Khlopov and on the reader. He concludes with a general proposition which is incomprehensible to Khlopov, but which the reader would do well to understand since it will guide the narrator's perceptions of his fellow soldiers and their actions in battle: "in every dangerous situation there is a choice; and a choice made under the influence of a noble feeling is called courage, while a choice made under the influence of a base feeling is called cowardice" (3,228). In a paragraph which Tolstoy kept in the final draft of "The Raid," Khlopov brings this opening scene to an abrupt close by bluntly stating his lack of interest in what has become a philosophical monologue: "I don't know, we have a Junker here; he's Polish, and he likes to philosophize. You should have a talk with him. He writes verses too" (3,228).

Tolstoy defines two mutually limiting impulses of his narrative in this opening dialogue between the narrator and Khlopov. On the one hand he signals to his reader that his observations of individual soldiers in the upcoming battle will be guided by Plato's model. That is, he will observe soldiers in the "dangerous situation" of combat; he will observe their actions, the choices they make in this dangerous situation; and he will try to judge whether they make their choices in accordance with noble or base feelings. We can infer that he is hoping to find examples of courage in the upcoming battle, but as he revealed in his insulting remark to Khlopov, he seems to expect to find base feelings as well.

On the other hand, by making fun of his desire to impose his thoughts on others (as he turns his dialogue with Khlopov into a monologue) and by juxtaposing his abstract idealist thinking to Khlopov's experience, Tolstoy asserts the empiricist sketch-writer's commitment to unbiased reporting of "the facts" of war. He dramatizes a scene in which Khlopov dismisses him as a "philosophizer" in order to give the reader the right to dismiss him if he seems to be trying to prove a preconception rather than report the facts of warfare in his sketch.

In this way the second draft of "The Raid" (and the final draft as well) begins as a hybrid genre which combines

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philosophical essay with sketch. As in a sketch, the characters who are described in the second draft seem randomly "found." In fact, Tolstoy's letters and diaries show that the real models of Khlopov, Alanin, and Rozenkranz are some of the first characters he observed and attempted to describe after he joined his brother's battalion in the summer of 1851 (Khlopov was based on the real character, Captain Khilkovsky; Alanin was based on a young Georgian prince; and Rozenkranz was based upon a Russian of German extraction named Pistol'kors).<sup>11</sup> Yet this seemingly random sketch of characters is like a philosophical essay in that each character's defining attributes explain how and why he is brave in combat, thereby fitting the Platonic model which differentiates characters in terms of the high and low feelings which motivate them in the dangerous situation of battle.

At this point in the evolution of the story, none of the characters embody particularly high motives. Captain Khlopov, for example, is now defined essentially in terms of two characteristics: his indifference to his surroundings and his collective identification with his battalion. Of his indifference Tolstoy writes: "his eyes expressed too much indifference to everything surrounding him, and in his rare smile one could see a constant shade of some sort of derision and scorn" (3,230). His identification with his battalion seems passively dutiful or obedient, as, for example, in his statement of why he is taking part in the upcoming raid: "the battalion's going and it's my duty not to be separated from my battalion" (3,227). Both the Captain's indifference and his group identity motivate him to act "bravely" in combat by insulating him from the terrifying sense of exposure and isolation which affects the narrator when he undergoes enemy fire.

The character of Rosenkranz, introduced in the third draft, acquires his immunity to fear of combat by redefining the reality of war according to a fictional prototype. He models himself upon the Romantic egotist heroes of Lermontov and Marlinsky and views the war as it is described in Hero of our Time or Amalat Bek.:

"This officer was one of the quite frequently encountered types of local daredevils, formed according to the recipe of Marlinsky's and Lermontov's heroes. These people take as the basis of their life in the Caucasus not their own inclination but the actions of these heroes and they look at the Caucasus through the prism which these heroes used to contradict reality" (3,232).

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<sup>11</sup>N.M. Mendel'son, p. 288-289.

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The Caucasus of Lermontov's *Hero of Our Time* and Marlinsky's *Amalat Bek* became a mythic place in early nineteenth century Russian literature, offering full play to their heroes' Romantic imaginations. Superficially, Rosenkranz might seem to have found the essential elements of this mythic Caucasus in the real Caucasus which Tolstoy's narrator describes: he dresses up in the exotic Chechen costume; he shuns high society women and elite officers for a Circassian mistress and Tartar "friends" (whom he accompanies in night ambushes and killings of unfriendly Tartars); and he routinely takes part in the sort of combat which the narrator describes in "The Raid."

However, as Tolstoy probes beneath the surface of Rosenkranz's Romantic posturing, he tells the disparaging story of how Rosenkranz was shot in the rear by Tartars whom he thought he had befriended; he reveals the insight of Rosenkranz's Circassian mistress that "he is the kindest and gentlest of men" even though in following the Lermontov model he tries to convince himself that "hatred, vengeance and contempt are the noblest and most poetic of emotions;" and, most devastatingly, he reveals that Rosenkranz never finds an audience that believes in his posturing: "And how much he suffered just to appear to himself as he wished to be, because his comrades and the soldiers could not understand him as he wanted to be understood" (3,23). Finally Tolstoy ridicules Rosenkranz's Pechorin-posturing by revealing its mundane social motivation: like his real-life model *Pistol'kors*, Rosenkranz is of non-gentry German descent and hopes to acquire an aristocratic Russian identity by modelling himself after the noble Pechorin.

This characterization of Rosenkranz performs a double function in "The Raid." On the one hand, it parodies the romantic notion (encoded in the specific genre of tales of war in the Caucasus) that dashing valor in battle is ideal, heroic action. On the other hand, Rosenkranz's character also represents a more general psychological observation which is pertinent to the guiding question of this draft: how is the objective reality of combat ("the killing") experienced subjectively by individual combatants. In Rosenkranz Tolstoy demonstrates that individuals may be so engrossed in what Irving Goffman called "the presentation of self in everyday life" that they are incapable of perceiving any reality beyond the theatrical, stage-like realm of their own self-dramatization. The Alanin character demonstrates the same general psychological-philosophical truth: he is so absorbed in dramatizing himself as a brave soldier he does not see the reality that kills him until he has been mortally wounded.

## FOCUS ON ESPRIT DE CORPS IN THE THIRD DRAFT

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The emphasis on subjective blindness in the individual character sketches of the second and third drafts calls into question whether the author will be able to capture the reality of "the killing" in combat by narrating his characters' subjective experience. In the third draft the characters described in "an officers' drinking bout" seem blinded, both individually and collectively, to the impending dangers of combat. As individuals, each is so passionately engrossed in his peace-time avocation that he is oblivious to the impending danger of combat. As a collective, the whole regiment is inspired by an esprit de corps, a sense of its own vitality, which would be inconsistent with premonitions of death and dying. Two old soldiers are dancing "not the senseless dance of drunks...on the contrary, their dancing indicated that they had done more than a little practicing and applied themselves with all possible effort and zeal" (3,233); and an officer who has just gambled away his horse in a card game desperately tries to persuade his opponent to continue playing.

Commenting on the diversity of psychologies that he has observed both in his individual sketches and in his group portrait of the officers' drinking bout, the narrator of the third draft articulates a pair of general truths that would later become dominant themes of War and Peace: 1) that soldiers bring their personal peacetime interests and motives with them when they go to war; they are not motivated by the political interests which their leaders may have or which may later be attributed to their collective actions by future historians; and 2) as a force engaged in a historic conflict, a group of soldiers may be motivated by as many "causes" or interests as there are individuals in the group.

However, in the middle of his commentary on the officers' drinking bout Tolstoy contradicts himself by speculating about the existence of a single, collective cause, an esprit de corps, to which Khlopov and all the other soldiers of his battalion may be "submitting involuntarily and uncomplainingly."

I admit that from the time I left the fort and decided to take part in this affair, gloomy thoughts had involuntarily come to my mind; therefore, since we all have the tendency to judge others by ourselves, I listened with curiosity to the conversations of soldiers and officers and attentively watched the expressions of their faces, but in no way was I able to note the slightest trace of anxiety. The jokes, the laughter, the stories and gambling and drinking expressed a general carelessness and indifference to the impending danger. It was as if one could not surmise that some of these people were already not fated to return along this road, as if all of them had long ago finished their dealings with this world. What was

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this? Resoluteness? Habituation to danger? Or thoughtlessness and indifference to life? Or was it all of these causes taken together and still others that were unknown to me, constituting one complex but powerful moral motive force of human nature called *esprit de corps*? [It was] this subtle rule, embracing within itself the general expression of all the virtues and vices of people united in any permanent way, a rule to which each member involuntarily and unthinkingly submits and which does not change with the people involved, since whoever the people are, the sum total of people's tendencies everywhere and always remains the same. In the case at hand it is called *the spirit of the troops*. (3,233-234)

The final version of "The Raid" integrates this interest in collective experience with the second and third drafts' focus on the actions and motives of individual characters.

### THE FINAL VERSION OF "THE RAID"

The final version of "The Raid" is different from the earlier drafts in that it creates a continuous narrative of the collective actions and feelings of the whole regiment as it sets off together at dawn, stops for a "drinking bout" together at mid-day, relaxes in a Russian fortress town in the evening, marches deep into the mountains and into Chechen territory during the night, stages a classic battle on the outskirts of a Chechen town the next morning, enters and loots the Chechen town the next afternoon, and undergoes heavy Chechen fire later in the afternoon. As the story ends on the evening of the second day, the regiment is marching toward the Russian fortress town, singing soldiers' folk songs as it goes.

This collective narrative consists of three sections. In the first section (chapters 2-7), descriptions of the Russian troops marching en masse through the Caucasus mountains implicitly express the troops' *esprit de corps* before battle. In chapters 8-9, which describe the battle on the way into the Chechen town and the looting of the town, the narrator loses his sense that the Russian troops are unified by a single *esprit de corps*, and this loss of a sense of collective spirit is the main theme of the narrative. The final section (chapters 10-12) describes combat as an experience of death which lacks a dramatic, ritualized sense of collective movement and spirit, but in which individual moral strength may become the source of collective spirit. In this final section, a revised Khlopov character is the individual who inspires the narrator and other members of Khlopov's platoon through his moral strength.

While the early drafts of "The Raid" are composed primarily of character sketches and of dialogues between the



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narrator and his characters, chapters 2 through 7 of the final draft are full of passages like the following which describe the narrator's experience of marching with the troops through the natural setting of the mountains.

"The battalion was about five hundred yards ahead of us and looked like a black, dense, oscillating mass. It was possible to guess that this was an infantry battalion only because, like long densely packed needles, the bayonets were visible... The sun was not yet visible, but the crest of the right side of the ravine had begun to be lit up. The grey and whitish rock, the yellowish green moss, the dew-covered bushes of Christ's Thorn, dogberry, and dwarf elm appeared extraordinarily distinct and salient in the golden morning light, but the other side and the valley, wrapped in thick mist which floated in uneven layers, were damp and gloomy and presented an indefinite mingling of colors: pale purple, almost black, dark green, and white (3,19).

Like a river viewed from a point within the river the collective body of troops marching around the narrator is sometimes viewed in its "massive" forward movement ("The battalion was ahead of us and looked like a dense, oscillating, black mass") and sometimes as individual currents which move obliquely across the main current (as when the narrator follows Khlopov on a short-cut through tall grass beside the road, and then both of them are overtaken by Alanin):

To overtake the infantry we went off to the side of the road. The captain appeared more thoughtful than usual, did not take his Dagestan pipe from his mouth, and at every step gave a kick to his horse, which swaying from side to side made a barely perceptible green track in the tall wet grass. From under the horse's very feet, with its characteristic cry and the whirr of wings which involuntarily makes a sportsman quiver with excitement a pheasant rose, and flew slowly upwards. The captain did not take the least notice of it.

We had nearly overtaken the battalion when we heard the sound of a horse galloping behind us, and that same moment a good-looking youth in an officer's uniform and white sheepskin cap galloped past us. As he came even with us, he smiled and nodded to the captain...(3, 20).

Through most of the final draft of "The Raid" (chapters 2-7) the strongest impulse of the narrative is to recreate this sense of harmony between the collective "spirit of the troops" and the spirit of nature that surrounds the troops as they advance into the mountains. Yet these chapters also repeatedly raise sceptical doubts about whether this vision of

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harmony is true and whether it is shared in the collective consciousness of other soldiers.

In the passage just quoted, Khlopov's indifference to the pheasant rising beneath his feet is evidence which may subvert the narrator's vision of harmony between the troops and nature. Unaware of the pheasant or of the "barely perceptible green track" that his little horse makes "in the tall wet grass," Khlopov is presumably not inspired with a "spirit of the troops" which is attuned to a spirit of nature surrounding the troops.

Whenever the narrator loses his inspired sense of harmony between nature and the collective forward movement of the Russian troops, he becomes overwhelmed with the meaningless absurdity of the war. In chapter 5, for example, the troops stop to rest in a Russian fortress town, and the atmosphere of this town blocks out the atmosphere of surrounding nature:

On my way from the suburb where I had made a stop I noticed in the Fortress NN something I had not anticipated. A pretty little two-seated carriage in which a fashionable hat could be seen and French speech could be heard overtook me. From the opened window of the commander's house wafted the sounds of some sort of "Lizenka" or "Katenka" polka played on an out-of-tune ramshackle piano. In a little grocery store which I was passing some clerks with cigarettes in their hands sat behind their glasses of wine, and I heard one of them saying to the other: "No, excuse me...as far as politics is concerned Marya Grigorievna is the first among our ladies." A humpbacked yid in a worn-out coat and sickly countenance was dragging along a squeaky broken-down barrel organ, and through the whole suburb resounded the sounds of the finale of *Lucia* (3,25).

Within this milieu of degenerate, European, urban culture the narrator loses his inspired sense that the Russian troops' forward march into Chechen territory is a natural event, charged with mysterious natural energies. He overhears the Russian general joking bravely about the up-coming raid, and he thinks of how the war is absurdly motivated by chivalry's need for ritualized danger (so that individuals like the general can prove their elegant, chivalrous sang-froid).

As the troops leave the town, the narrator regains his sense of the "quiet and solemn harmony" of the troops' forward march into the darkness of the night, but again, this sense of harmony is fragile: he can't help noting the "discordant" sounds of individual voices which suggest that the column is not unified by a single, collective "spirit" that is attuned to surrounding nature. These individual voices express individual rather than collective desires; and furthermore, an

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overheard German voice spoils the impression that this is a Russian collective:

Once outside the gates I trotted past the troops who, stretching out over nearly three quarters of a mile, were silently moving on amid the darkness, and I overtook the general. As I rode past the guns drawn out in single file, and the officers who rode between them, I was hurt as by a discord in the quiet and solemn harmony by the German accents of a voice shouting, "A linstock, you devil!" and the voice of a soldier hurriedly exclaiming, "Shevchenko, the lieutenant wants a light!" (185).

Finally, in the middle of the night, the narrator regains his charmed sense that the troops' marching is in mysterious harmony with nature:

It was so dark that even at closest range it was impossible to distinguish objects; along the sides of the road there appeared what seemed to be cliffs, animals, or some sort of strange people, and I recognized that these were bushes only when I heard their rustle or felt the freshness of the dew with which they were covered.

In front of me I saw a dense, fluctuating black wall, followed by some moving spots. This was the cavalry vanguard and the general with his suite. Behind us moved another such dense black mass, but it was not as tall as the first: this was the infantry.

Through the whole division reigned such a silence that you could clearly hear all the mingled night sounds that were so full of mysterious charm: the distant despondent howl of jackals, which sounded sometimes like a desperate wail and sometimes like laughter, the ringing monotonous sound of crickets, frogs, quail, and some sort of approaching roar, the cause of which I could not at all account for, and all of those barely audible night movements of nature, which one can neither understand nor define, everything merged into a single full beautiful sound which we call the silence of nature. This silence was broken, or, rather, merged with the muffled sounds of hoofbeats and the rustling of tall grass made by the slowly advancing detachment (3,29).

In this passage the narrator seems confident that he is not projecting his private sense of the "spirit of the troops" onto the soldiers who are marching beside him. The "silence which reigns through the whole division" seems tacitly to express the fact that everyone else in the division is also listening as "the full, beautiful sound which we call the silence of nature... merged with the muffled sounds of

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hoofbeats and the rustling of tall grass made by the slowly advancing troops."

At this point narrator himself sounds a note of discord. He cannot reconcile the hostile, destructive intentions of the Russian troops with the life-giving, nurturing spirit of "a broad, luxuriant meadow" which they are crossing:

From the smell of the juicy wet grass which lay under the horses' feet, from the light steam which wafted above the earth, and from the horizon which opened up on both sides of us, you could tell that we were walking across a wide, luxuriant meadow.

Nature seemed to be breathing with a pacifying beauty and strength.

Is there really not room for all people to live on this beautiful earth beneath this immeasurably starry sky? Amidst this charming nature, can the human soul really harbor feelings of hate, vengeance, and the passion to destroy fellow humans? It would seem that all that is not good in the human heart would disappear when it comes in touch with nature — this most unmediated expression of beauty and goodness (3, 29).

In an earlier draft (which is included in the 1911 edition) these moral doubts divert the narrator from his charmed account of the march and return him to the satirical anti-war track of the first draft.<sup>12</sup> In the final version the

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<sup>12</sup>At this point Tolstaja's 1911 edition interpolates into the narrative from the third draft a powerful indictment of Russia's war in the Caucasus, comparing the motives that individual soldiers have for fighting one another in the upcoming combat. On the Chechen side Tolstoy imagines a ragamuffin Chechen:

Upon seeing the Russian troops still advancing toward his freshly sown field, which they will trample, and toward his hut, which they will burn, and toward that ravine, where, trembling with fear, his mother, wife and children are hiding, he thinks that they will take everything from him, everything that constitutes his happiness, and so in impotent anger, with a cry of despair, he will tear off his tattered jacket, throw his rifle down on the ground, and will throw himself on the Russian bayonets...with nothing but a dagger in his hands.... (3: 235; in *The Portable Tolstoy*, p. 186-187; in *The Raid and Other Stories*, p. 16-17).

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narrator suppresses these doubts with the simple device of a chapter break (between chapters 6 and 7), followed by more descriptive passages that enhance a sense of mystery and harmony in the impending conflict. There is mystery in the first glimpses of Chechen soldiers in the middle of the night ("they appeared here and there against the dark background of the hills and vanished instantly") and, in crossing a mountain river which separates them from their first skirmishes with the Chechens, the Russians seem to undergo a symbolic rite of purification and initiation into the mysterious natural realm to which the Chechens already belong:

The mounted artillerymen with loud shouts drove their horses into the water at a trot. The guns and green ammunition wagons, over which the water occasionally splashed, rang against the stony bottom, but the sturdy little horses, churning the water, pulled at the traces in unison and with dripping manes and tails clambered out on the opposite bank (3, 330).

However, in the battle that ensues on the following morning, the narrator loses his inspired, harmonious sense of the Russian troops' advance into combat. First he realizes that his beautiful pictures of men and horses in nature are similar to the beautiful panoramic pictures which have already become conventional and trite in chivalric accounts of war. He overhears a Russian general and major exclaiming about the grand "spectacle" of the battlefield in terms which are similar to his own, but are trite. His own description of the

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On the Russian side the author imagines "this officer on the general's staff...who has come to the Caucasus just by chance and to show his courage...and this adjutant...who only wishes to obtain a captaincy and a comfortable position as soon as possible...." In this comparison, obviously, the Chechens' motives for fighting the Russians are in harmony with the nurturing, life-giving spirit which the narrator intuits in nature while crossing its "broad, luxuriant meadow," while the Russians' motives are not.

This interpolated passage of the 1911 edition definitively subverts the final draft's attempt to represent the advancing Russian troops in terms of a collective spirit which is sympathetically attuned to the surrounding spirits of nature and which may even be in harmony with them. It explicitly shifts from a collective to an individual view of the motives of the antagonists in battle; and it tears the Russians out of their present position, characterizing them in terms of their reasons for signing up for combat duty, rather than in terms of their present engagement (regardless of individual motive) in the fateful, collective, forward movement of the Russian troops into combat with the Chechens.



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battle begins: "Over the wide meadow on all sides can be seen the cavalry, the infantry, and the artillery. The puffs of smoke from the guns, the rockets, and rifles merge with the dew-covered verdure and the fog" (3,32]). The general and major exclaim about the beauty of the battle in a style which the narrator finds disturbingly close to his own and makes him question whether he is not imposing a formulaic, fictional model upon his experience: "Quel charmant coup d'oeil! [What a beautiful spectacle!]," exclaims the general; and the major replies, rolling his r's: "Charrmant!...C'est un vrai plaisir que la guerre dans un aussi beau pays [War in such beautiful country is a real pleasure]."

As the general and the major smugly enjoy the conventional correctness of the battle as chivalric spectacle (and of their posturing as brave men in battle) the narrator registers the sound of a cannonball hitting a Russian soldier who is standing behind him:

At that moment a hostile cannonball flies past with a swift, unpleasant hissing noise and hits something; the groan of the wounded man is audible from behind us. This groan strikes me so strangely that the battle scene instantly loses all of its charm for me...(3, 33).

Having reached the reality of "the killing" which it has been his ultimate goal to describe, the narrator discovers that he and the soldiers whom he is with must repress this reality. Disturbed by empathy with the soldier who has been hit, disappointed in his own failure to turn and confront this reality, the narrator feels isolated from the other soldiers because he cannot join their collective conspiracy to repress "the killing."

...the battle scene suddenly loses all its charm for me, but noone except me seems to notice this: the major laughs with, apparently, even greater gusto; another officer perfectly calmly repeats what he had just been saying [before the soldier had been hit by the cannonball], and the general looks in the opposite direction, and with the calmest smile says something in French (3, 33).

The battle on the outskirts of the Chechen village also "loses its charm" because it lacks a worthy adversary. The Chechens barely contest the Russians in this battle; and they are absent from the village when the Russians enter. The village has been heavily shelled. Colonel Xasanov rides up, and again, on the general's order, gallops off toward the village. The war-cry again resounds, and the cavalry disappears in a cloud of dust it has raised.

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The spectacle was truly grand. The one thing that spoiled the general impression for me (as a person not directly participating in the action nor accustomed to it) was that this movement, and the animation, and the war-cries seemed superfluous. The comparison involuntarily suggested itself of a person who was swinging an axe with all his might but cutting nothing but air (3, 33).

Finally, all sense of collective unity is lost among the Russian troops as they enter the Chechen village, find it empty, and disperse in random acts of looting:

Here is a Cossack dragging along a sack of flour and a carpet, there a soldier, with a joyous look on his face, carries a tin basin and some sort of a rag out of a hut, another with outstretched arms is trying to catch two hens that are cackling and struggling beside a fence, a third has somewhere discovered an enormous pot of milk and after drinking from it throws it on the ground with a loud laugh (3, 34).

The occupation and looting of the Chechen village appears eerily absurd to the narrator because it lacks the violent conflict between the Russians and the Chechens which he has been anticipating throughout the whole march into the mountains. In the first draft, remember, Tolstoy imagined the ultimate violent drama of the raid at this point of the narrative as the young Chechen woman is clubbed to death by a Russian peasant looter; and in the third draft (in a passage which the 1911 edition includes) he imagined a poor Chechen farmer hurling himself at the Russians' bayonets with dagger in hand in a vain attempt to protect his family and home and freshly sown fields. In the final draft, as the Russians loot the village the narrator thinks, at first, that he and Khlopov are about to witness the murder of a Chechen, perhaps a Chechen child, by Cossack looters:

"What's going on there?" I asked anxiously, interrupting the captain and pointing to a group of Don Cossacks who had collected round something not far from us. From their midst could be heard something like a child's cry and the words: "Hey...don't hack it...they'll see you...Have you got a knife, Evstigneich...Give me a knife...."

"They're divvyng something up, the scoundrels..." the captain said calmly (3, 35).

At this point, the narrator's foil, ensign Alanin, intervenes on behalf of the Cossacks' victim, only to discover that the Cossacks are preparing to slaughter a kid goat rather than a Chechen child:

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...with a flushed and frightened face, the good-looking young ensign suddenly came running around the corner and rushed toward the Cossacks waving his arms.

"Don't touch it! Don't kill it!" he cried in a childish voice.

Seeing the officer, the Cossacks stepped apart and released a little white kid. The young ensign was quite embarrassed, muttered something, and stopped before us with a confused face. Seeing the captain and me on the roof he blushed still more and ran toward us, leaping as he ran.

"I thought they were killing a child," he said, smiling timidly (3, 35).

The substitution of the kid goat for the child in this scene continues what may now be perceived as a narrative pattern of repressing and deferring the anticipated violent climax of the story. In the battle outside the village the narrator heard a violent death behind him but was too disturbed to turn and look at it. Now, in the village, he thinks, along with his alter-ego, Alanin, that he is hearing the Cossacks commit a murder, but when Alanin rushes to prevent the murder, he sees that the human victim has been replaced by a kid goat.

By the end of this scene, the narrator's perspective on warfare has been defined primarily by negation or frustration of his expectations. He has lost his sense that combat will be experienced as the climactic culmination of collective forward-moving esprit de corps of the Russian troops as they march into battle; the Chechens' own village has proven to be not the place of dramatic collective hostility which both the narrator and Alanin had assumed it would be; and now both stand embarrassed and confused, surrounded by the prosaic, undramatic, random destructiveness of the Russian troops' looting.

Indifference about who is to blame for the fighting between the Russians and the Chechens is yet another dimension of the narrator's perspective at this point in the story. Chapter 10 of the final draft begins by stating simply that "the general went ahead with the cavalry." Then, in a few spare sentences it describes how Khlopov's rear guard comes under attack, with no further reference to the fact that the general has avoided the most intense enemy fire by beating a hasty retreat from the village. In the first draft, the narrator angrily points out that the infantry and artillery have been left to bear the brunt of the fighting. To drive this satirical point home, the first draft describes the general dining on omelettes just out of range of enemy fire and congratulating himself and his general staff for their bravery, while, at the same time, Captain Khlopov and his men are pinned down in the Chechen ambush (3, 224). In the final draft, the simple opening sentence, "The general went ahead

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with the cavalry" states the same reality (that Khlopov and his men are on their own when the serious fighting begins), but it simply and fatalistically accepts this fact that the ultimate reality of war is experienced by low-ranking officers and ordinary soldiers.

### THE STARK REALITY OF COMBAT

Accepting the fact that the Russians must enter into the real combat with the Chechens without an inspired collective sense of their own momentum, without a panoramic, ritualistic sense of collective drama of battle, and without a political-moral sense of why they must fight this battle, the narrator's final description of the ambush is strikingly laconic:

Sharp, short rifle-shots, following one another fast, whizzed on both sides of us. Our men answered silently with a running fire.... We had hardly gone seven hundred yards from the village before enemy cannon-balls began whistling over our heads. I saw a soldier killed by one....But why should I describe the details of that terrible picture which I would myself give much to be able to forget!

As is evident in this last sentence, the narrator finally gains one more negatively defined truth about combat while immediately experiencing it. He finally sees a man killed by a cannonball, but cannot see any truth or significance in this "terrible picture" which would justify relating it to his reader.

In the midst of this simple, spare description of the immediate subjective experience of combat, the final version identifies Khlopov as a heroic combatant.

The captain's company held the skirts of the woods, the men lying down and replying to the enemy's fire. The captain in his shabby coat and shabby cap sat silent on his white horse, with loose reins, bent knees, his feet in the stirrups, and did not stir from his place. (The soldiers knew and did their work so well that there was no need to give them any order.) Only at rare intervals he raised his head to shout at those who exposed their heads. There was nothing at all martial about the captain's appearance, but there was something so sincere and simple in it that I was unusually struck by it. "It is he who is really brave," I involuntarily said to myself.

### KHLOPOV AS HERO OF THE FINAL VERSION

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The final version of "The Raid" presents Khlopov as a hero according to two separate, though related rationales: the first is his good moral character as it has been redefined in the final version of the story; and the second is his wisdom about the conditions of combat -- the same wisdom which the narrator has been learning in the course of the story.

The final version of "The Raid" makes Khlopov a much stronger moral character in the final version than he is in the second and third drafts. In the second draft, while seeking to purge his authorial voice of moralizing satirical bias Tolstoy purged his hero of strong moral feelings as well. The Khlopov character of the second draft is so "indifferent" to his surroundings that he does not have strong moral feelings about the army or the war, and he identifies so completely with his army battalion that he does not have to make individual moral choices. He simply does what his group does. In the final version, on the other hand, while maintaining a strong collective identity as a member of his battalion, Khlopov is a responsible moral individual whose loyalty to his battalion expresses strong Christian faith.

Khlopov's transformation into a moral hero can be seen in the different answers that successive drafts give to the question of why he remains in a combat unit in the Caucasus when he might have chosen to be transferred back to Russia. In the first draft, when asked why he does not transfer to Russia he says that he remains in the Caucasus for the sake of the double salary which combat duty earns him. In keeping with his earlier function as Tolstoy's satirical mouthpiece he then launches into an angry harangue against the authorities for not paying officers like himself enough to survive on regular salaries, thereby forcing them to stay on permanently in dangerous combat positions: "...Do you really think that living as I do I ever have anything left over out of my salary? Not a copeck. You don't know yet what prices are like here; everything is three times as expensive..." (3,230).

In the final version, Khlopov's decision to remain on combat duty in the Caucasus is motivated by his love for his mother. We learn in a two-page digression in Chapter One that Khlopov's mother has commissioned the narrator to deliver to her son an icon "of our Mother Mediatress of the Burning Bush."

I told him many things about his mother's life. He remained silent, and when I had finished speaking he went to a corner of the room and busied himself for what seemed a long time, filling his pipe.

"Yes, she's a splendid old woman!" he said from the corner in a somewhat muffled voice. "Will God ever let us see each other again?"



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In these simple words was expressed a great deal of love and sadness (3,18).

At this point in the final version the narrator asks Khlopov the fundamental question of his sketch: why does he serve in the Caucasus, i.e. why does he voluntarily subject himself to the terrible conditions of combat there. Khlopov's reply, which is stated "with conviction" is that "It's necessary to serve, and a double salary for our brother the poor man, means a lot" (3,18). This statement should be interpreted in the context established by the story of Khlopov's mother, where it is revealed that Khlopov is supporting his mother and sister with money saved from his double salary and where he is identified in terms of his loving self-sacrifice. In this context, his statement "It's necessary to serve" no longer expresses unthinking obedience to military authorities, and the statement that "our brother, the poor man" needs a double salary is no longer an angry satirical complaint. Instead, "It's necessary to serve" expresses the traditional patriotic imperative to protect the motherland, while the need for a double salary reflects a humble, charitable Christian work ethic: "our brother, the poor man" must work extra hard in order to have the money to help other poor people.

This subtle definition of Khlopov's Christian morality is obfuscated in the 1911 edition by the interpolation in which Khlopov complains that his pay is not enough for him alone to live on (thereby obscuring the fact that he is saving money to send home to his mother).

Khlopov's actions as an officer in combat are also guided by Christian feelings toward fellow soldiers. He expresses no animosity toward the Chechen enemy, and he consistently tries to minimize the killing in the area of the battle which he commands. When Ensign Alanin asks Khlopov's permission to lead a charge against the enemy, Khlopov tells him "It's not necessary. We must retreat" (3,36). After Alanin has been mortally wounded while disobeying this order Khlopov simply states his loving compassion for Alanin and his sad religious resignation to the fact that he is dying:

"Well, my dear Anatole Ivanych?" he said in a voice resonating with more tender sympathy than I would have expected from him, "it seems it was God's will."

The wounded man looked around; his pale face lit up with a sad smile. "Yes, I didn't obey you."

"Better say it was God's will," repeated the captain (3,38).

Ultimately the final version of "The Raid" casts Khlopov as a heroic character in terms of three traditional Christian virtues: first, his self-sacrificing love for his mother and

sister; secondly, his gentle compassion toward others, as when addressing the dying Alanin; and third, his humble submission to God's will, even in the terrible condition of war.

#### THE DEATH OF ALANIN

Throughout his work on "The Raid" Tolstoy foresaw that the story would climax in the death of the narrator's alter-ego and foil, Alanin. The Alanin character does not change much from draft to draft, but its significance is enhanced in its relationship to the narrator's final conception of combat and his final conception of Khlopov's morality. For example, Alanin's charge into the woods can be seen as a reaction against conditions of combat which Khlopov and the narrator have learned to accept. Through his charge he attempts to recreate the inspiring sense of collective forward momentum which the narrator, Khlopov, and the rest of the soldiers have already lost. He is also trying to expand the boundaries of the hemmed-in battlefield so that the combat can be experienced as ritualized conflict. And finally, he is acting out his sense that the extraordinarily dangerous situation of combat calls for the extraordinary action of his bold charge.

Once he has been mortally wounded, however, Alanin ceases to be a foil to Khlopov. He recognizes that he is dying (while Rosenkranz and the doctor crack jokes which are lame attempts to deny that he is dying); he accepts Khlopov's acknowledgement that he is dying and that "it is God's will;" and he rejects the doctor's "awkward, unnecessary probing of his wound," saying, "Let me alone, I shall die anyway." Thus the story of Alanin asserts the subjective reality of death in combat, and, in just a few words of dialogue, it expresses a religious spirit of resignation to death as a fated condition of life.

Alanin's dying also elicits compassionate recognition of suffering and death from other characters. The narrator exclaims "involuntarily" when he sees the dying Alanin, "Oh, what a pity!" An old soldier standing beside him exclaims, "Of course, it's a pity!" As witnesses of Alanin's death, Khlopov, the narrator, and the old soldier all become bonded by compassion and resignation to God's will -- feelings which Khlopov explicitly states in Christian terms.

#### A RECONSTITUTED COLLECTIVE OF MORAL INDIVIDUALS AT THE END OF "THE RAID"

As "The Raid" concludes, it becomes re-inspired with a collective esprit de corps based in the mutual respect and compassion that individual front-line soldiers feel for one another as moral individuals facing the ultimate reality of death: specifically feelings of respect for Khlopov's courage

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under fire and of compassion for the dying Alanin. The brief concluding chapter of "The Raid" expresses this individualist collective spirit in the image of the Russian troops marching and singing folk songs together and listening to a single solo voice ringing out above all the others in a collectively conceived folk song:

It was late in the day when the detachment, formed into a broad column and singing, approached the fort. The sun had hidden behind the snowy mountain range and cast its last rosy beams onto a long thin cloud which had become motionless on the clear, transparent horizon....The green of the grass was turning black and becoming covered with dew. The dark masses of troops moved with measured sounds over the luxuriant meadows, and from various sides one could hear tambourines, drums, and merry songs. The voice of the second tenor of the Sixth Company rang out unrestrainedly; and, filled with feeling and strength, the sounds of his clear, chesty tenor carried far into the distance through the transparent evening air (3, 39).

This conclusion pictures the Russian army as a single collective of front-line soldiers whose inspired sense of solidarity has been forged in their common experience of combat.

## HOW THE 1911 EDITION DISTORTS "THE RAID"

If one compares the final version of the ending with the earlier variant that has been added to the 1911 edition, a major and crucial difference is that the earlier variant pictures an army divided. On the one hand, there are the elite officers, each of whom is absorbed in creating his egotistical "story" of the just completed combat. On the other hand there are the ordinary soldiers whose collective spirit of solidarity is expressed by the folk singing. The concluding chapter of the 1911 edition begins and ends as the final version does, but adds the paragraphs in brackets:

It was late in the day when the detachment, formed into a broad column and singing, approached the fort.

[The general rode in front and by his merry countenance one could see that the raid had been successful. In fact, with little loss, we had that day been in Mukay aoul — where from immemorial times no Russian foot had trod.

The Saxon, Kaspar Leontich, narrated to another officer that he had himself seen how three Chechens had aimed straight at his breast. In the mind of Ensign Rosenkranz a complete story of the day's action had formulated itself. Captain

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Khlopov walked with thoughtful face in front of his company, leading his little white horse by its bridle.]

The sun had hidden behind the snowy mountain range...  
(*The Raid and Other Stories*, p. 27).

At the very center of "The Raid" is the tension between its radically atomized view of the Russian troops as separate individuals each with separate motives and its view of them as a collective, inspired by a common esprit de corps. These two perspectives are in a tense, potentially contradictory relationship throughout the story. Through the beginning and middle chapters Tolstoy treats the collectivist view as suspect, possibly a delusionary projection of his artistic mind; he qualifies it when he senses that it may be tainted by grand chivalric preconceptions of battle or when it becomes clear to him that the Russian troops are not inspired by a collective spirit (during the looting of the village, for example). Yet, in spite of the doubts which the author himself casts upon this perspective, it is never totally negated, and is even reconstituted in the last two chapters as a spirit of solidarity based on front-line soldiers' mutual love and respect for one another as individuals subject to death in battle.

The 1911 edition distorts "The Raid" insofar as it disturbs the balance that the final version creates between juxtaposed narrative perspectives. For example, it unleashes satirical impulses from early drafts which were muted in the final draft. This is particularly true of the interpolations at the end of Chapter 6 and the beginning of Chapter 12. These passages present the Russian generals' chivalric values as causes of the war and encourage the reader to identify indignantly with the Chechens and with front-line soldiers like Khlopov who are being killed routinely in the generals' war.

The 1911 edition also seriously distorts "The Raid" by rewriting its beginning -- interpolating a passage from the second draft onto the first page. This passage opens with Tolstoy's statement that "War always interested me: not war in the sense of manouvers devised by great generals...but the reality of war: the actual killing...;" and it closes with a straight, monological statement of the Platonic formula that Tolstoy plans to use to evaluate the courage of his characters' actions in combat: "In every danger there is a choice. Does it not depend on whether the choice is prompted by a noble feeling or a base one whether it should be called courage or cowardice?..."

This revised beginning makes the narrator sound absolutely certain that his Platonic formula will guide him accurately through his story, whereas in the dialogue between the narrator and Khlopov which begins the final version the

## EVOLUTION OF "THE RAID"

idealism of the narrator's Platonic formula is juxtaposed to Khlopov's experience as a seasoned soldier. In the final version Tolstoy presents his Platonic formula tentatively as a philosophical model which he will attempt to apply to his first-hand experience of combat, but which that same experience may prove wrong or irrelevant. In addition he combines the static, character-oriented Platonic model with dynamic narrative models for describing the collective and individual actions of his characters. Therefore, when he finally sees combat in the image of Khlopov "holding his position" in the Chechen ambush, he is not simply finding a character who embodies "true courage" as defined by his opening Platonic formula. By this point in the narrative, the author has created for the reader an understanding of the conditions of combat; and this understanding is tacitly understood in Khlopov's moral position.

The 1911 edition is not the definitive version of "The Raid." If recognized for what it is (the 1856 edition with bracketed interpolations from earlier manuscript fragments) it provides an opening insight into the creative process in young Tolstoy and illuminates the dynamism of this process. But English-speaking readers need a new English translation based upon the 1856 edition. And, given the seminal importance of the creative process by which Tolstoy wrote his first story, it would be interesting if future Russian and the English publications of this 1856 edition were accompanied by the selections from earlier drafts which are now only available in the Jubilee edition.

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