THE MILLIONAIRE

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The Millionaire by Michael Artsybashev & Percy Pinkerton

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MICHAEL ARTSYBASHEV & PERCY PINKERTON

THE MILLIONAIRE



THE MILLIONAIRE

SANINE

"It has a tychle futerest. It discusses sex-problems with unusual candour . . . it gives a rivid picture of Russian life ... and it reflects the welter of thoughts and aspirations which are common to the whole contemporary Western world."

NEW STATLEMAN.

" A book which deals with powerful human passions in no lethargic way. It may horr(ty by its brutality, and its ossanit on ordinary morality may well be considered startling: get it counts for something that M. Artzibathof does not display the common fear of life?"

STANDARD.

" It is uf the greatest interest psychologically, as an outstanding product of a despairing epoch in Russian history."

DAILY CHRONICLE.

" The artistry of the novel, bental, direct, detached, convogeous, desperately poignant, is not to be disputed,"

EVENING STANDARD,

" The strength of the book is underiable." SUNDAY TIMES.

" This is a strong and free nating story depicting the unfettered Hise of a young Russian . . . the background of society and Russian scenery is excellent."

MANCHESTER COURIER.

SIXTH IMPRESSION

IN PREPARATION

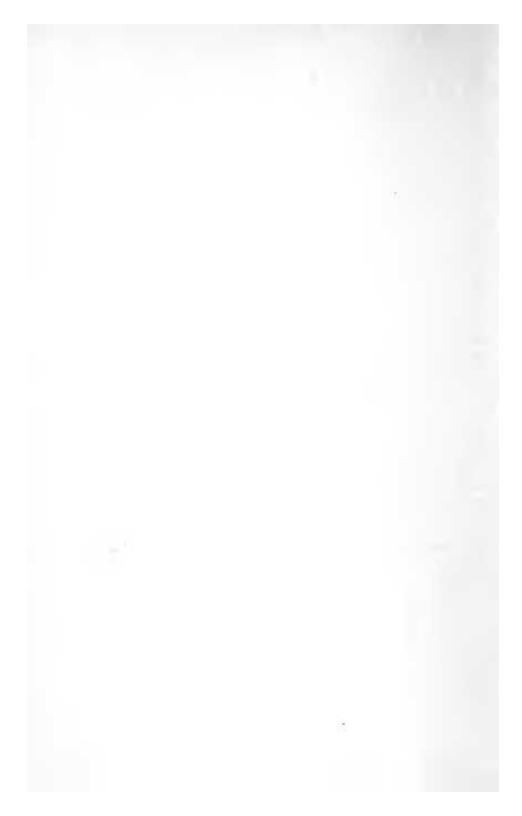
TALES OF THE REVOLUTION BREAKING-POINT

THE MILLIONAIRE BY MICHAEL ARTZIBASHEF

TRANSLATED BY PERCY PINKERTON WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY THE AUTHOR



NEW YORK
B. W. HUEBSCH
MCMXV



INTRODUCTION

The following autobiographical letter was written by M. Artzibashef for publication at the request of a friend:

You ask me for an account of my life.

I must confess that your request embarrasses me somewhat. An autobiography in the true sense of the word is, as I see it, a difficult and intricate piece of work. For such as are equipped with the necessary presumption it is easy enough; every trivial occurrence in their life seems to them an important event. I lack this praiseworthy quality, and therefore must apologize before I attempt my task. What little I can tell you about myself is brief and dull. I have

followed the usual course.

I was born in the year 1878 in a small town in Southern Russia. By name and extraction I am Tartar, but not of pure descent, since there is Russian, French, Georgian, and Polish blood in my veins. There is one of my ancestors of whom I am proud, and that is the well-known Polish rebelleader Kosciusko, my great grandfather on the maternal side. My father was a small landowner, a retired officer; my mother died of consumption when I was three years old, bequeathing me a legacy of tuberculosis. I did not become seriously ill until 1907, but even before that the tuberculosis never left me in peace, as it manifested itself in various forms of illness.

I went to a grammar-school in the provinces; but as I had taken the keenest interest in painting from my childhood, I left it at the age of sixteen and went to a school of art. I was very poor; I had to live in dirty garrets without enough to eat, and the worst of it all was that I had not enough money for my principal needs—paints and canvas. So it was not given to me to become an artist; to earn anything at all I was obliged to do caricatures and write short essays and humorous tales for all kinds of cheap papers.



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