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EDITORIAL

ILIODORUS.

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A LITTLE over a year ago the name of the monk Iliodorus was plentifully flashed across the waters from Russia, and plentifully appeared in the European news despatches published by our “public press.” It is so no more.

Why was it so, at first; and now so no longer?

Sergius Troufanov, a Don Cossack, experienced some years ago—it was at the time of the general turmoil in Russia—what it pleased the Holy Synod of Russia to call an “inspiration from heaven.” He dropped the physical weapons wherewith and until then he had been smiting a “rebellious people”; seized the spiritual weapon of the Russian creed; buried himself for a while in the convent of Potchaev in Volhynia; emerged out of the same a fanatical monk under the name of Iliodorus; and, another Peter the Hermit, alias Cuckoo Peter, for inveteracy of bitterness, traversed the districts along the Volga invoking fire and flames upon the head of all, from Tolstoi down, who dared move an impious pen, wag an impious tongue, or raise a still more impious hand against the “sacred order” of existing things in Russia.—That was the time when the name of Iliodorus figured most plentifully in the despatches.

The vehemence of Iliodorus carried him, however, too far. The intensity of the man’s fanatical convictions opened his eyes to the simoniac practices of the Holy Synod. Regardless of the support and applause he was receiving from that quarter, the impetuous Cossack, now a monk, opened fire on the Holy Synod itself. On account of which he was, not without some trouble, cashiered, and sent to the solitude of Florichtef, in the province of Vladimir, there to meditate over his “fit of un-Godliness.”

Iliodorus did meditate—but with results that were wholly unanticipated by the

Holy Synod. He bade adieu to orthodoxy, and worst yet, came out with a declaration in which he begged the pardon of all, from Tolstoi down, for his preachments of the people's massacre which now "tortures his soul"; and announced his intention to die for the truth which meditation had revealed to him in his retirement. In short, Iliodorus, the one-time rank reactionist, now stepped forth a revolutionist.—Whereupon the official despatches knew Iliodorus no longer.

With much sobriety, born of long experience, the Paris *La Tribune Russe* looks doubtfully upon the new spokesman acquired by the revolutionary elements of Russia. The man's evident lack of poise; his impulsive nature; the untenableness of his will;—all that justifies the apprehension that some new and sudden gust of impulses may at any time carry Iliodorus off his feet in some other direction;—all that warns against placing too much reliance upon the new acquisition. Nevertheless, and justly so, *La Tribune Russe* points to the evolution of Iliodorus as a promising event that "will certainly contribute to accelerate the phenomenon of religious dissatisfaction at present noticeable among the masses"; and the paper adds; "The old official Church is permanently compromised in the popular mind by its attitude in support of a regimen of oppression and bloodshed. Rumor has it that thousands of Iliodorus's partisans have followed him in breaking with orthodoxy."

Say not, "the struggle naught availeth, the labor and the pain are vain"—there is no blow struck on the anvil of Revolution that is wholly ineffective. The sparks that fly may not all light, or help to light, the torch of Constructive Progress. Of the others enough fall into the powder magazine of Reaction itself and help to crack it, thus facilitating eventual blowing up.

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