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SERGEI MIRONOVICH KIROV

(1886—1934)

Boris Pilnyak

Whist

A Soviet Short Story

The house and everything within it: the family, its welfare, its life—had been created by Vladimir Ivanovich Kondakov, and by him alone. By 1913, the house with its apple orchard and pine grove stretched down to the Volga itself. At one of the landing stages the *Vladimir Kondakov* was moored. She was a fine yacht, with a ward-room, a saloon, kitchen, refreshment room and refrigerator, two bedrooms, a bath and a shower. On this yacht Vladimir Ivanovich made his tours of inspection—from Astrakhan to Ribinsk—of the Volga trading offices and warehouses of the Nobel Oil Company. His house was built on a hill and was right in the center of the town, and at the same time, of the pines. It was separated from the town by a yard and gates flanked by stone gate-posts with lions' heads in bas-relief. Beyond the hall, which was cool in the summer and warm in winter, lay the deserted drawing room, with its sea-scapes after Aivasovski. Beyond the drawing room lay the silent study of the owner. It was panelled in black oak. A huge writing desk covered with green baize stood in the middle of the room, and black leather-covered chairs around the fire-place.

In 1913 Kondakov's eldest son was at Cambridge. He came home for the Christmas holidays and the long summer vacation, smoked a pipe and conversed with his father in English. The eldest daughter was a student of literature in the University of St. Petersburg, smoked the "Silva" brand of Russian cigarettes, spoke four languages—German, French, Italian and English, loved France and Vassili Rosanov and despised the English, their language and her Anglicized brother. The younger children drove into town every day to school in a carriage drawn by grey piebald horses. Snug under the bearskin rugs, they drove home again to the governesses and tutors engaged to teach them languages, music, and drawing. They had no need to go into the town except to school, for here at home they had their own skating rink, slide, private children's magazine, and private theatricals. Their juvenile guests—carefully selected by their parents—were invited once a week, on Sundays. On Saturday evenings the father held whist parties.

The family was not allowed to stay up for supper and the cook was detained until midnight in the kitchen, running in and out of the yard to see if the champagne was cooling nicely. Friday twilight until seven o'clock was reserved for the mother. Then she was "at home" to the ladies of her acquaintance and the drawing-room was heated for the occasion, and maids in starched dresses brought in tea, coffee and cakes. The mother's favorite book was Tolstoi's *War and Peace,* but in her leisure hours—and she had many of them—she would recline on a couch in her boudoir, with a box of chocolates beside her, and read the novels of William J. Locke, who was very popular in Russia round about 1913. It was not a matter of chance that the house had been built on the Volga. On the meadow side of the great river, beyond the incredibly beautiful stretches of the Volga and the Volga flood-meadows, lay wrapped in the mists of legend, the noble forests through which the history of Russia had wended its way from the early medieval cities of Vladimir and Suzdal through the schisms of the church to the rise of Russian capitalism.

Out of these woods, together with the robbers that haunted them, had come the merchant princes of the Volga. And out of these woods thirty-two years before, Vladimir Ivanovich Kondakov had built up every bit of his life with his own two hands.

It was the year of the assassination of Alexander II. Thirteen year-old Vladimir and his father Ivan floated down river on a raft with the spring floods. Past Nijni-Novgorod, Kazan, Saratov and Tsaritsin they went to Astrakhan with a load of big, bowed Russian horse collars to sell. They had left behind in the woods the sectarian, canon-obeying family of Old Believers, the hereditary makers of horse collars, the austere forest, the palings around the homestead, the ecstatic, frenzied prayers in the back room, the long, profound winters, and the reverence for tradition. Father and son sailed down to Astrakhan with the fruits of the entire family's labor to sell. It was June when they arrived. The heat was stifling. It took them six weeks before they sold their horse collars and were ready to return home. By the middle of July water-melons were in season. Both of them ate the melons and both fell ill of cholera. The father died in the cholera barrack, the son recovered. Neither horse collars nor money remained. It was nineteen years before the lad saw his native village again. He was one of Nobel and Company's engineers then. After a year in the Astrakhan fisheries he made his way to the dreadful city of Baku, the city of a thousand Asiatic improbabilities, of heat and poverty, of oil, of fire worshippers, of millions of human sacrifices and a few human careers. Once in a fountain of black smoke the oil gushed skywards. It was both a catasrophe and a stroke of good luck. It rushed in furious torrents over the sand on every side, squandering tons of wealth, millions of rubles. People tried vainly to stem the torrent by digging ditches around the gushers. Nobel himself came to take command. A lad of about seventeen ran up to one of the gushers, put his back against it, planted his hands and feet firmly in the ground and called out:

"Dig around me!"

They began to dig up the sand around this living dam. The engineers found that the lad had chosen the right place to dig. He had found it as accurately as any engineer with his knowledge of mathematics could have done. Nobel was astonished at the lad's presence of mind and manliness. Before him stood a fine, well-built fellow of seventeen—a white Negro, dripping with oil, smoking with oil, his teeth and the whites of his eyes flashing through the grime.

"Bravo!" said Nobel. "Who may you be?"

"I'm working here as an oiler," replied the young fellow. "I'm called Vladimir Kondakov."

"And why did you choose just this spot instead of one lower down or higher up?"

"By the surface contours of the locality," said the boy cheerfully. "The level shows it's higher here, so the pressure of the oil must be less."

His answer was given in terms used by engineers.

"Come into the office later on," said Nobel, "and you'll get a little souvenir —a silver watch."

That was the beginning of Kondakov's career. Vladimir Ivanovich did not become a capitalist, but he made a brilliant career as the engineer of a capitalist firm. He was a man of many gifts. He was healthy. He was handsome. He was affable and friendly. Everything in life seemed to come easy to him. He was not acquisitive. His one passion, his one sport, his one business in life was—oil. By the end of the first decade of his oil career he was the head

of an oil field and married to the daughter of the company director. By the end of the second decade he was director of all the oil fields. By 1913 he was Russia's greatest oil specialist, received a salary of sixty thousand rubles a year from Nobel, a percentage of profits, and presents of shares. It was Nobel who gave him the yacht named *Vladimir Kondakov*. He was Nobel's adviser, oil expert and inspector. He knew by heart everything that concerned oil, from the laws instituting the Baku city government (Code Vol. XVI part 1, 1892), from Article 788 of the Mining Regulations ("In case of non-fulfilment of the conditions relating to deliveries of oil"), from the act of June 2, 1903 ("Compensation awarded in cases of accidents"), to the monthly reports on the export of ligroin from Batoum or Novorossisk, to every quotation on the markets of the world for oil and oil products, down to questions like the care of compressors, gusher equipment and oil pumps. Life itself and the love of sport, honor and vainglory—and Vladimir Ivanovich undoubtedly had this love—were bound up in this one conception—oil. Oil meant a career and prosperity. Oil meant honor and glory. In order to understand the technical side of it, Vladimir Ivanovich studied countless books on engineering. The knowledge he gleaned from them was backed by wide practical experience. In order to understand the economics of oil, Vladimir Ivanovich studied countless legal treatises. He learnt English and German. He visited America and England several times in order to study the way the oil industry was managed in those countries.

He worked for Nobel from the beginning and he worked for Nobel to the end. In 1913 he looked a perfect European in his suit of English cut, his soft felt hat, his thick-soled, brown shoes, his chamois leather gloves. He smelt of his own special blend of tobacco and English perfumes designed for men. He regarded himself as a true Russian. He never made any secret of his past and called himself a democrat. He never had time to read any books that were not about oil. He never had time to philosophize. He never had time to think of what is known as the soul, never thought of religion but, from the habit formed in childhood, he always thought of himself as an Old Believer, gave donations to the church belonging to this sect in Nijni-Novgorod, and, once a year—at Easter-tide—attended the prayer meeting there. His wife and children attended the Orthodox cathedral. His wife managed the house and submitted to the traditions and will of her husband. She had graduated from a very superior high school and been a student of the Leshaft Women's College for eighteen months. She was under the impression that she managed her household—not according to the native Russian traditions—but in the Anglo-European traditions of enlightment, respect for labor, democracy, equality, justice and the struggle against prejudices. The father wanted to give his children a good start in life by rearing them in European and not Russian style, equipping them with European knowledge, languages, so that when the time came they would be ready to meet life with this knowledge and the strength of their own hands. Their father was honest, straightforward and frank. He was not acquisitive. He had always worked hard, this man, always put his work above everything in the world, and regarded himself as Russian to the backbone.

The year 1913 saw the zenith of Vladimir Ivanovich's prosperity and of his family's welfare. In 1914 he refused to let his eldest son go to England and the boy joined up as a volunteer in the artillery. He was killed during the first six months of the war. That winter the eldest girl did not go back to St. Petersburg and the very day the news of his eldest son's death arrived, threw

herself at her father's feet and sobbed out hysterically in the dead silence of his study the news that she had been raped by a wounded lieutenant, who, on the eve of his departure for the front, had made her drunk with champagne. She was now infected with venereal disease. The war closed the Black Sea and its ports. Oil trickled first of all along the Volga, then choked on itself, was convulsed by over-production and under-production simultaneously, by transport shortage and transport congestion, by the shortage of labor and the futility of labor. Through Mosul and Persia, through Anatolia —to the Baku oil fields crept the machine guns of the British and the Germans. The great oil industry was ruined.

The year 1917 came round bringing the October Revolution. The oil industry in Baku, in Grozny and throughout the whole country, was dead. In place of the eldest boy who had been killed, the two younger became officers—an ensign and a captain. The eldest sister helped her mother in the management of the house. In three years she seemed to have grown as mature as her mother. It was a December night. The electricity was turned off in the town. There was no fire-wood. The houses of half the people had been emptied by the war. The yardman and the man employed to light the fires had left the house and gone to join the Bolsheviks. The house was freezing cold; it made the dwelling space more crowded. A new wave of arrests caught the town. Firing was heard. About midnight two officers in disguise—comrades of Vladimir Ivanovich's sons, came with their father, an Inspector of Forests, who had always been a whist partner of Vladimir Ivanovich's. The three had made their way to the house—not through the street, but by the river. Wearing their fur coats and with candles in their hands, the people moved through the desolate, chilly drawing rooms to Vladimir Ivanovich's study. The blinds were closely drawn over the windows. The youngest daughter stood guard, peeping from behind the blind. The first to break the silence was the Forest Inspector, who was also the owner of a brick works, and held a very high official rank.

"Well, now—er—nobody can hear us, can they, gentlemen?... We've got to run for it, Vladimir Ivanovich—we've got to clear out! To the south! To the River Don! A lot of arrests in the town just now!... Do you know General Alexeyev's latest orders? And we've got to go right now—in an hour's time. Lots of arrests in the town, you know—they may come for us any minute. Collect all your valuables, gold, diamonds—did you draw your money out of the bank in time? Zenetov has managed to get hold of a railway car going south; he's offering you and your family a place in it. It leaves in two hours' time. You can't take your house and furniture with you—they'll be seized anyhow. It's a question of saving life and strength. My sons and yours will join the White Volunteers... We've got to be going, Vladimir Ivanovich."

"It's perfectly natural, Father—we must run away and save ourselves while we can. You know how many people have lost their lives already. We can't hope for anything but violence from the Bolsheviks. We must save ourselves," said the eldest daughter.

"The White Volunteers are gathering on the Don. We've got our orders. We're going to fight for our country," said the young officers.

"We've got to run for it. We must!" repeated the Forest Inspector who owned the brick works. "We'll perhaps get over all these horrors when we're safe once more in some Caucasian seaside resort. It'll all be over in the spring. Did you draw your money out of the bank in time? The Zenetovs are waiting for us, the railway car's waiting for us, there's no time to be lost!"

Then Kondakov said:

"No, I didn't take my money out of the bank in time. And I don't intend to run away anywhere. I've no one to run away from and no one to run to. I'm a Russian peasant myself and I know the Russian peasant right well. I know the Russian gentleman well, too. It won't be any pleasanter on the Don or in the Caucasus. There's nowhere to run to away from our sick mother country. And as for running away from myself—I haven't the least intention of doing it. I've done nothing dishonest. I won't go against my own folk. If Russia's ailing, I'll stay and suffer along with her."

"What's this? What do you mean? Are you on the side of the Bolsheviks, then?" demanded the high official with an access of the choler usually attributed to high officials.

"Don't be funny, Constantine Andreyevich," said Kondakov. "No, of course I'm not on the side of the Bolsheviks. But I'm on the side of Russia. And Russia is sick and the Bolsheviks are on her side. I've never had anything to do with politics and I'm not going to get mixed up with them now!"

"But—you're Nobel and Company's engineer. All your sons are officers, one of them has died for his country already!"

"It wasn't Nobel I was working for, but for my country!" shouted Vladimir Ivanovich, who had never shouted in his life. Then he continued in a gentle, helpiess tone—which he had also never used in his life before: "Listen, children, wife!—I'm not going to move. I've nowhere to run to and nothing to run for. I can't go against my conscience. But you—well—you're all grown-up people—you must decide for yourselves! Take anything valuable that's left and go away—with Constantine Andreyevich. . ."

Then his eldest daughter cried:

"Mother, you've got to come away if you don't want your daughters to be raped by the Bolsheviks and your sons to be shot!. . ."

A thoughtful silence ensued. Firing could be heard in the town. From behind the portiere the youngest girl was watching the gate and the front door. The town was enveloped in snow and the remote spaciousness of the night sky. In the chilly study the candles flickered. The youngest girl cried out:

"There's a motor lorry driving up to the gate! It's full of soldiers with rifles!"

They all rushed to the window. In the frosty moonlight glimpses of men in military coats could be caught behind the iron grille, flanked by the lion-headed stone gate posts. They jumped down from the lorry and ran to the wicket. Vladimir Ivanovich had no time to say goodbye to his children. The candles vanished from the study. It all happened in the space of a few seconds. Silence fell, such a silence as had never been felt in the world before. The seconds stretched into eternity. Footsteps pattered like spilled peas on the dark stairs leading from the mezzanine floor, where they had never sounded before. Outside the windows lay the incredible immensity of the night sky, silence and moonlight. Someone stumbled over the threshold of the bedroom and a candle fell. It was his wife. She whispered:

"They've gone, they've gone, but I can't—I've lived with you all my life. . ."

A ring on the front door. The ex-fire-lighter stood on the threshold.

"Is that you, Vladimir Ivanovich? You'll excuse me, but the Executive Committee has decided to billet a company of soldiers in your house."

"Oh, it's you, Ignat Ivanich—good evening. Yes, settle yourselves in as comfortably as you can. The house is empty."

Oil and life died for Kondakov during the years of revolutionary storm. The country gushed with blood, as once the earth had gushed with oil. Baku oil was completely cut off from the Volga. At Hindenburg's orders it was seized by the Germans and the pre-Kemal Turks. At the orders of Sir Henry Deterding—who kept all the shares of the Baku oil fields secure in his safe, so as to transform them later into shares in world politics—it was seized by the British. War swept over the land, ruining railways, factories, works, cities and agriculture. Vladimir Ivanovich Kondakov remained in complete obscurity, in terrible loneliness. He lived with his wife on the mezzanine floor of his own house, in an icy cold room, with a fur coat and felt boots over his night clothes, a pan of millet porridge to eat, and no light. Time passed, bringing news from the south. Both officer sons were killed, the daughter had already been married several times over, one of them was dead of typhus and the two remaining—the eldest and the youngest, who was hardly more than a little girl, had run away to France with their husbands. In France, Nobel, Mantashev and Lianozov were selling the Baku oil shares to Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company, to the United States of America, hoping in return for American protection against the Bolsheviks. By 1921 it had become perfectly clear that the country which had overthrown her own feudal system, her own capitalists, and fought the whole world—the Germans, British, French, Italians, Greeks, Roumanians, Americans, Finns, Poles and Esthonians—who were practically all fighting for oil—had won a final victory through its proletariat. Then the proletariat laid aside its rifles. Out of the devastated land, the ruined roads, the paralyzed industries a new life, new business, new human relationship sprang up. All that proved necessary of the ruined past was restored and reconstructed as seemed necessary. Against the background of the geological changes wrought by the Revolution, Kondakov's life seemed dead. It was to a dead home that the news of his children's deaths was brought. Then, one day, a telegram came to the mezzanine floor of the house overlooking the Volga. Moscow invited Vladimir Ivanovich Kondakov to come and talk over the prospects of his working in oil again. Vladimir Ivanovich had been endowed by nature with a splendid constitution. He was now fifty-five years of age. Neither the icy chill of the mezzanine floor nor the diet of millet porridge nor the loss of his family had undermined or broken him. The motor car that met the train in Moscow drove away—a well preserved gentleman of about forty, beautifully shaven, slightly grey at the temples and smelling of the last remaining whiff of English perfume. He wore thick soled brown shoes and a coat of English cut. The car took Kondakov to the door of a house with lofty rooms and spacious windows. He was received by a man who bore a name famous in the history of the Revolution. The man was dressed in a military tunic, and his very short-sighted eyes were hidden by pince-nez. His red hair was tousled; the man himself was braced and alert. He came forward with his hand outstretched, smiling cheerfully.

"Come along, Vladimir Ivanovich," he said. "Let's talk business!"

They entered a lofty room. The writing table of its owner was strewn with books on the oil industry. A map of the oil fields hung on the wall. With some people at the age of fifty a certain rigidity sets in. At decisive moments of their lives it seems to them that they have never made a single mistake, but always acted rightly and reasonably.

"Well, Vladimir Ivanovich, we've got to produce oil," said the man. "I'm studying the question—see all my books there? There's a lot in them about you, yes—and you've written a good bit yourself—there are your suggestions, innovations, your expert opinions... We've been looking for you for some time in order to ask you to work for us. Please come, we need guidance.... Are you very angry with us Bolsheviks? Have we treated you badly—have you anything to complain of? You used to work for Nobel—well, Nobel's in Paris now, one of the leading anti-Soviet people. Russians. You've had plenty of opportunity to join the emigrants, why didn't you go? Let's have a regular heart-to-heart talk—let's be friendly and business like at the same time. You're from peasants who live in the Volga country, aren't you?"

"I was in Nobel's employ, that's true enough. But I always looked at it this way: that I was working, not for him, but for the oil industry and for Russia, for my own country," said Vladimir Ivanovich. "Whether it's because I'm a peasant myself and I've seen all Russia, from the poorest peasants to the folk that sat at the very top, or whether it was for some other reason, I never gave much thought to the matter—at all events I didn't feel inclined to desert Russia and fight my own folk. I stood aside from all that and I proved right. Nobel, as you see, is in Paris, and there's nothing for me to do there. I don't want to run away from by own country. As to whether you treated me badly?—Well—once I had a house, I had a family, I had a good social position... Now I have no house, no family, no social position... But I do not blame the Bolsheviks for that. They are no more to blame than Nobel, and I must say, he treated me well. I hold the whole history of Russia to blame for what happened. Still the fact remains—that I once had everything, six children and plenty of money, and now I'm left alone with my old woman. The business of my life is—oil. Oil I know. When I was coming here in the train I knew why you sent for me. And so you see—I came. I'll be honest with you. I want to work—and I feel I've got the strength to work. But just as I've told you—it was not for Nobel I worked but for the industry itself, so I tell you now that it's not for you Bolsheviks I'm going to work but for Russia and the oil industry. There's no need for me to argue this point with you now. Politics have nothing to do with me. It so happens that the Bolsheviks are on the side of Russia, and so I'm with you and I say: let's work hand-in-hand. I give you my word I'll work honestly. I demand: first of all, that you trust me, and secondly, that I should be allowed complete freedom of action. I would also ask you to remember that I'm not a politician or a Bolshevik by any means. I believe in God and I still worship him after the fashion of the sect of Old Believers. Although I'm a peasant myself, I still can't agree with you that every proletarian is good and every bourgeois bad. If there's anything I don't agree with you about, I'll come and argue it out with you. If we can't come to an agreement on a matter of principle, allow me to leave. We shan't interfere with each other's feelings, I hope."

"Shake!" said his host.

"You won't drag me into politics?" said Kondakov.

"Shake!" repeated his host, that strong, red-haired, alert man.

Oil!—All those barrels of oil, massut, kerosene, benzine, ligroin, paraffin—that had been called "liquid gold!" If the nineteenth century had been ruled by coal, it was oil now that came to predominate over coal and over the world; oil had become the force that gave movement to everything—to submarines, steamers, engines, automobiles and aeroplanes; this "liquid sun" that supplied light of all kinds—from electricity to paraffin candles; that

paved roads and built towns and healed the sick and sweetened bread with saccharine, and so on and so forth. It fully deserved its other name—the "bread of industry." There was no doubt but that it was the master of world economy and the bread of industry. There was no doubt but that the largest resources of the world's oil were in Baku, Grozny, Maikop and the Trans-Caspian country. There was no doubt but that oil had assumed world political importance. There was no doubt but that during the World War the pre-Kemal Turks and the Germans gave up Arabia so as to take Baku and by this means conquer the burning heat from the Gulf of Persia to the Caspian, dragging their navy after them and leaving death in their wake—all in order to seize Baku and conquer the world. Vladimir Ivanovich Kondakov returned to work in the oil industry while the first international conference to which the Bolsheviks had been invited was being held in the ancient Italian haven of Genoa. Now, although no one dropped a single syllable at this conference about oil, it was without a doubt an oil conference, and the three great oil powers of the world were represented there. There was the Rockefeller Standard Oil Company, officially absent, there was the Royal Dutch Shell, retiring modestly behind Lloyd George and there was—Soviet oil. The conference fell through because Deterding failed to come to terms with Rockefeller. This same Sir Henry Deterding was a "gentleman" who "never bought stolen goods," but bought up pre-war oil shares from Russian industrialists who had fled from the Revolution; this he did in order to become the owner of stolen property. He "never did business with bandits" but went behind the back of the British Prime Minister, Lord Curzon, and wrote by the hand of the Foreign Office official, Sir Esmond Ovey—afterwards Ambassador to the Soviet Union—the following letter to Leonid Borissovich Krassin:

The Foreign Office, London.
October 19, 1921.

Dear Sir:

The Marquis Curzon of Keddleston has received information from Colonel Boyle to the effect that the Royal Dutch Shell group is desirous of acquiring a concession from the Soviet Government... Colonel Boyle has approached you on the question with the full consent and approval of His Majesty's Government..."

Boyle, by the way, was a British spy who had been in Baku and was in the employ of Deterding. There were no Americans at the Genoa Conference. But there were French and Belgians. Nobel, Lianozov, Mantashev and the rest were living in France. They did not do business with Deterding but with the Standard Oil Company. Wickham Steed, the editor of the *London Times,* was right when he sent an indignant telegram to his paper the third day of the conference:

"Genoa has become an arena for the Bolsheviks."

And then, three days later, he added:

"They (the Bolsheviks) have become the masters of the Conference."

One idea dominated the Conference. Not a single comment was uttered on this idea by the diplomats, but it was, nevertheless, an idea that broke up the Conference, an idea in which oil and industry were as closely linked as oil and war. For without oil the dreadnoughts and submarines could not move, the tanks could not crawl, the aeroplanes could not fly. Behind oil stood world politics. Rockefeller and Deterding were unable to come to terms. Nobel went to see both Deterding and Batford, the chairman of the board of

directors of the Standard Oil Company. Nobel's engineers and shareholders sat talking in a cafe in Paris, they had not even troubled to unpack their luggage, for they were patiently awaiting the day when Nobel, together with the French, the British, the Belgians and the Americans would order them to travel to Baku, Grozny, or Maikop by roads that ran with Bolshevik blood.

Vladimir Ivanovich Kondakov never got back either his house or his sixty thousand gold rubles or his yacht—not to mention his family and his youth. He was given a three-room flat in a government owned house in Moscow. It was not what would be called an excellent flat, although it was the kind in which the People's Commissars lived. He was also given a lofty ceilinged office and a staff no smaller than he had had to work with before the Revolution. Morning and evening a government car drove him to and from his office. He received the rations of food allowed to government officials. He received a salary of a thousand Soviet rubles a month, more than any People's Commissar received. Whenever he traveled to Baku or Emba, he was allowed a separate compartment in an International Sleeping Car. The silence of two lonely aging people reigned in the sixth floor flat.

He worked from eight in the morning till seven in the evening. He was asked to go to the Genoa Conference as an expert, but he declined, reminding them that he did not wish to be mixed up in politics. But he went abroad to purchase equipment. He took a long time considering this trip. Night after night he and his wife talked over his prospective meeting with his daughters. Eventually he went abroad, accompanied by that same alert, near-sighted, red-haired man who had first invited him to work for Soviet oil. They went to Paris. Vladimir Ivanovich wrote to his daughters, and invited his red-haired companion, who had long since become his friend, to come at the same time. The conversation between the daughters and their father was short, indifferent, casual and naturally difficult. Two days later the telephone rang in Kondakov's hotel and a voice inquired in Russian:

"Vladimir Ivanovich? How are you? It seems ages since we met. We heard from your girls that you were in Paris. Is anyone listening to us, do you think?"

It was one of Kondakov's oldest colleagues, now an emigrant.

Kondakov hung up the receiver. A minute later the hall porter called him to the telephone again. Kondakov gave orders to say he was not at home. His hotel was not far from the Rue de Grenelle and every morning, he went for coffee to a cafe called the "Two Mongolians." It was in the Boulevard St. Germain, the bell of which had tolled the signal for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572. As he stood at the door of his hotel one morning, Kondakov caught sight of a pair of eyes fixed on him. The eyes seemed familiar, but they were soon swallowed up in the street crowds. Kondakov knew that the eyes were familiar to him, but he could not place them at once. However, he went to his cafe as usual, sat down by the brazier, and ordered coffee and brioches. When the coffee was served another emigrant colleague from the days of Nobel and Company came up quietly, sat down at the table behind him and began in a conspiratorial tone:

"Vladimir Ivanovich!—no one can hear us. You're not waiting for anyone, are you? There doesn't seem to be anyone here watching you. . ."

Vladimir Ivanovich turned in his chair, and said sternly and exactly as if he was concluding the conversation interrupted yesterday:

"What do you want of me? If I had wanted to meet you I would have done so!"

As if he was continuing the conversation interrupted yesterday, the conspirator went on:

"Nobel's in Paris just now. He would like to see you. So would all your old friends and colleagues, but that goes without saying! We know you're working for the Bolsheviks and that you've come to order equipment. And we know that you're no Bolshevik, too. Nobel wants to see you."

With the wisdom and the discretion of his years, Vladimir Ivanovich replied:

"I'm not in the employ of the Bolsheviks, but of Russia. I'm not working for the Bolsheviks but for the oil industry. You can tell as much to Nobel. I've come here to order new equipment. I don't regard myself as a Bolshevik, but on the other hand I don't regard myself as a dishonest fellow either. I'm connected through my work with the Soviet Oil Syndicate, and therefore, it's inconvenient for me to meet Nobel. How would it look, supposing I was working for Nobel and I went to do business with Mantashev? You can tell that to Nobel! And allow me to wish you the best of luck—and goodbye."

With that Vladimir Ivanovich turned away from his old acquaintance, finished his coffee and called the waiter. The conspirator vanished. That day Vladimir Ivanovich received two more telephone calls and in the evening, angry and worried, he called round to see his red-haired companion.

"I'm being annoyed by Nobel's agents since yesterday. They keep ringing me up; one lay in wait for me at my cafe this morning. Nobel wants to see me. At first I simply hung up the receiver. Then I explained that I don't find it convenient to meet Nobel. How do you think I ought to act in the future?"

The other, red-haired, alert and concentrated, was sitting at a table covered with papers. He wore spectacles of the thickest glass and his hair was tousled. He jumped up youthfully from behind the table with a cheerful exclamation of:

"Well done, Vladimir Ivanovich!... What should you do, you want to know? Send them to the devil next time over the telephone; they'll understand that traditional old Russian style of talking better than any logic!"

It was winter when they were in Paris. The rain of December wet them every day. The real winter, with its great snowy spaces and vast quiet lay beyond Warsaw. Moscow was wrapped in winter. In the evening when Vladimir Ivanovich was alone with his wife in the sixth floor flat, he started to tell her about his trip. She asked him eagerly about what was for her the most important part—the meeting with the children, and it was of this that Vladimir Ivanovich spoke in a quiet, discerning manner.

"The girls? Yes, I saw them twice. They came to see me. It was queer and rather frightening!... I didn't sleep for two nights, the one before and the one after—thinking over my whole life—the immense stretch I've gone through since then. I remembered the time they were born, and how often I'd held them in my arms and played with them. I remembered all the joys and the sorrows they brought—and there were more joys than sorrows. But the two who came to see me were complete strangers. They asked about us both and about you in particular, but I saw that we mattered no longer to them. Imagine—neither one nor the other said a single word about arranging for meeting you! The eldest is something between a Russian colonel's lady and a Russian cook; she looks positively elderly, although she is only twenty-five. The youngest is something between a French cocotte, and a mere-

Frenchwoman from Paris. She's not married any longer, by the way, and she doesn't work anywhere. The elder tried to bring the conversation round to politics all the time, but I forbade her. They are both monarchists, but as to what Russian monarchy really is, they haven't the faintest idea. They are both very ignorant in general. After they went I couldn't sleep all night. I kept thinking of the house on the Volga, and tossing from side to side; I got no pleasure out of my memories each time, funny enough, my thoughts turned to my work, the orders—Well, and what can one do. Time flies!... I've always been very fond of my work, I never could do any work unless I loved it—but in those days I was working for my home; I dragged everything I got into the home and never found rest or pleasure anywhere else but at home. Over there in Paris—there's still a bit of the home left, and I found no pleasure in it, but only refreshed myself thinking about compressors and American steel. I didn't go to see the girls because I thought I'd be ashamed to see their surroundings. They were intending to come and see me off at the station, but they didn't. Well, every new age brings a new conception of the family! And unheard-of things! Work takes the place of home, and home becomes—"

Out of the land that had gushed with the human blood of Civil War, out of the geological periods of storm and frost and Central Asian heat, arose a new country, new human affairs and new relationships. New people trod the social staircase, the historic highways and byways. The vertical sequence of old feudal Russia was destroyed. Gold braid, decorations and uniforms vanished. Tverskoi Boulevard, where once Pushkin's Onegin "took the air" in the 1820's, Sokolniki Woods, where Anna Karenina drove in her polished landau, where Skriabin conducted, and only recently the officers of the World War had strolled, were filled with droves of Red Army soldiers, factory boys and girls and domestic servants, singing couplets and accompanying themselves on the concertina. And people's clothing altered, too; not only did the gold braid and the decorations disappear, but gradually the badly dressed became better dressed. The red handkerchief for the head and the brown Tolstoi style blouse, high boots and caps became the universal wear in the Soviet Union. The stiff, shiny peaked cap disappeared with the hat. A new Russian language came into common use; simple, short sentences, clipped words. Gone were the rounded Russian periods and the sonorous words. A new conception of courtesy arose: friendly roughness and rough frankness came to be regarded as real courtesy. Gone was the old domestic, workday life, gone the quiet of the after dinner hour, when the working day ended at two or four in the afternoon and afterwards a man belonged to himself, his family, his home and his own private life. Now the working day stretched out towards evening and began again in the evening, dinner-time crept nearer and nearer to the hour when the theatres opened. The conception of public and private affairs intermingled. The telephone, which formerly kept strict hours—business and business acquaintances till four, friends from four till ten, after ten— no one, except in case of a catastrophe, now rang day and night both on business and pleasure. In the directors' offices appeared new people with unusual biographies. Formerly, if a man was a director, a business man or an engineer, it implied that he came of a nice family, had been well brought up, knew how to kiss ladies' hands, had graduated from high school and college, wore a grey suit in the daytime and a black one in the evening. After that came individual peculiarities: one was fond of the ballet, another of whist, one frequented the fashionable restau-

rant "Yar," another went to Yalta or Nice for his holidays. The biographies of the present set of people were standarized only in their very unexpectedness. These people were mostly metal workers, shepherds, carters, weavers or children of metal workers and weavers, with a sprinkling of students who had not as yet graduated. These people had never been to high schools. The familiar "thou" came easier to them than the formal "you." Their school was Life, their learning—politics. They worked for this oil business, not as an end in itself, but as something auxiliary, something that came next after politics. The wives of the former directors could always read novels, and prepare tea and make the home cosy, and wear hats and fine underwear. The wives of the present directors talked and lived and behaved like their husbands, sometimes wore the same kind of knee boots as men, sometimes showed up in offices and trusts and declared that they themselves were engineers and their speciality was oil, or that they were Communists and Young Communist Leaguers. These dropped easily into the "thou" method of address. There was no use talking to them about the Boulevard St. Germain. They knew nothing about restful evenings nor Grand Flams at whist. They lived in their houses temporarily as if they were railway stations, they did not understand home comforts and cosiness, they had not yet learnt to understand them and they did not feel the absence of them.

Vladimir Ivanovich was given unlimited power and freedom of action in his own field. Implicit faith was placed in him, unquestioning obedience was yielded him. Hundreds of people were working for him and around him. The mental inertia of a person's conceptions are always unnoticed by their owner and always weigh heavier on him the older he grows. Vladimir Ivanovich was made responsible for the technology of oil, the equipment of the oil fields and industry and for oil prospecting. Hundreds of people worked under his orders. The majority of them were young folks in shirts open at the throat and heavy coarse boots. They were of those to whom "thou" came easier than "you." Then there were some of the old intelligentsia who, like splinters of a wrecked ship, had floated to the surface again. The first who wore shirts open at the throat, carried on their business conversations along the lines of rough and ready courtesy, agreed or disagreed as the case might be and with a careless, "Well, so long!" disappeared into an incomprehensible life, overburdened with incomprehensible stimuli and interests. Nothing was known about them: neither how they lived nor how they spent their leisure, nor who their wives and children were. The members of the old oil intelligentsia, on the other hand, began all their conversations with inquires about one's health; they could recall old times, crack jokes, quote lines of poetry, express condolence, gossip—and in all observe respect for rank. On taking leave of one, they never forgot to send their regards to one's wife, remarked that one couldn't work all one's life, one must have a little recreation, a little time to rest from the life of today and from politics. They gave pressing invitations and readily agreed to call in for a game of whist. Kondakov's Saturday night whist parties returned. The sixth floor flat was visited by people who belonged to the nineteenth century, people like the oil engineer, Hippolyte Alexeyevich Trener, the economist, Feodor Alexandrovich Ossadkov, now working in the State Planning Institute, and many other acquaintances and their wives. The men sat down to their cards, the ladies talked about the theatre and ran down Meyerhold till suppertime. Cards lasted until midnight; then supper—with vodka and Abrau-Durcot was served. On his free evenings Vladimir Ivanovich would accept the invitations of Hippolyte Alexeye-

vich and Ossadkov and others. He was well received, he kissed the ladies' hands and cracked jokes. Vladimir Ivanovich experienced a feeling of satisfaction; the Soviet oil business was growing, production had doubled, the industry was being re-equiped. Before the war Nobel's oil industry had looked European in contrast to everything else, but now, with its new, modern equipment, the Soviet oil industry made Nobel's seem antiquated and Asiatic. Machinery did the work men's hands had done. Machinery manufactured oil on the spot; the oil was no longer being sent abroad in a half manufactured state as formerly, when high class products obtained from Russian oil were imported to Russia under a German trade mark. Work was difficult, of course. Things that were as clear as daylight to Vladimir Ivanovich were not always clear to the men who worked with him. He found himself unable to prove his correctness, for nothing is as difficult to prove as the thing we have taken for granted. Then, too, Vladimir Ivanovich did not always understand, or he regarded as stupid, things that were as clear as daylight to the men who worked with him. Vladimir Ivanovich understood oil; the organization of production, the equipment of the industry; he knew that a big yield of oil meant big exports, and big profits. Sometimes disputes occurred: the government would allot a certain sum to be spent on a certain oil field. Vladimir Ivanovich took if for granted that money was to be spent on additional equipment, on boring new pits, or maybe, on a refinery; the more oil they got the bigger the exports would be and the bigger the profits. Of course, part of the money should be devoted to the wages and salaries of the workers and engineers up to the point that would ensure the workers being properly fed and properly shod and fit for work. But the men who worked with Vladimir Ivanovich said that nearly half the money would have to be spent on a club, on Red Corners for indoor recreation, on recreation grounds for sports, on political education for workers, on the campaign against illiteracy and on political propaganda! This Vladimir Ivanovich failed to understand. He honestly and sincerely regarded all manner of political education and political propaganda as idle and useless and morally disintegrating for the workers. Things like recreation grounds seemed simply absurd to Vladimir Ivanovich, for what could a worker want with sport after bending his back by the boring tower all day long? After arguments like these Vladimir Ivanovich always came home in bad humor, got through his dinner without noticing what he ate and observed in an aggrieved tone:

"Oh, these Bolsheviks—how they muddle and complicate everything in life and work!"

But the whole of Vladimir Ivanovich's life had been built up on labor and labor always implies struggle. Vladimir Ivanovich knew that he had always been honest. He knew that he had the reputation of a man with an uncompromising character. And he valued his good name. He worked, he struggled. He was affable and pleasant and even his occasional grumbling did not irritate anyone. It was known that he had refused to go with the White emigrants, that he had lost his sons in the White Army, that he had been one of the first of the old specialists to come and work for the Soviet oil industry, that he never complained, that he was not to be bought, that he was a straightforward, hardworking fellow, a little inclined at times to moralize and grumble. The story of his trip abroad and the way he had sent the Nobel gang to the devil was well known, too. Kondakov could direct without giving orders; he knew how to exact obedience; knew how to make his will felt; was never petty, and never intrigued against anyone. He was very modest. He

wore his English suits modestly and even his perfume did not seem so out of place as it might have done, seeing that no one else in those lofty rooms used perfume.

It was a December evening again. The telephone rang peremptorily, although it was long after office hours. It was the red-haired, near-sighted, alert man who had first invited Kondakov to work for Soviet oil and who had been abroad with him. He asked Kondakov to come and see him at once; he would send the car for him, he said. The hour was late. The lofty ceilinged offices of the Oil Trust were deserted. The two people met in a lofty ceilinged study. The building was silent as the dead. The red-haired man came forward to meet Kondakov. They shook hands and sat down.

The man began:"First of all, I must remind you, Vladimir Ivanovich, that at our first meeting you told me that we were not going to interfere with each other's feelings. Now I am going to interfere. We're known each other for years, and when you introduced me to your daughters that time in Paris—you remember?—and when you told me how Nobel's agents were running after you, I loved you—loved you for the fine, gifted fellow that you are. You're from the horse-collar makers of the Volga country. You know better than me, I suppose, that if you take good birch bough and try to bend it into a bow at once—you can't do it. It'll break, it won't bend, it'll be no good. Horse-collars have to be bent into shape gradually, a little every day; they've got to be left to soak and then left to dry and pulled round gently bit by bit. Let us return for a moment to our first conversation. I looked at you then and thought to myself—so that's a horse-collar bender! Do you remember you said—If we can't come to an agreement on a matter of principle, permit me to go. We agreed to be honest with each other. And I stand by my agreement. Everything that I have said up to now was only the preface: I thought time would bend your bow for you. Now let us get down to business. You have heard, of course, of the institution responsible for the maintenance of revolutionary order and empowered to arrest, from time to time, those who need to be arrested. Just at this moment, while you and I are sitting talking, your colleague and boon companion at whist—Hippolyte Alexeyevich Trener, is being arrested. You declined to discuss questions of international oil politics but oil politics have not forgotten about you. Now we shall have a talk about Nobel again. Two documents concerning Nobel have fallen into our hands. The first is a list of names—of engineers in the first place—from whom Nobel expects support, should he be successful in laying his hands on his former possessions to which he is ready to wade through seas of our blood, through an avenue of gallows, trees, upon which we will hang. The second document—is a draught of the projects Nobel was hoping to carry out through the medium of his agents. Hippolyte Alexeyevich Trener has been arrested as an agent in the employ of Nobel, receiving a monthly salary. There is nothing to say about Trener, everything is perfectly clear, it's all over. But, long before we come to Trener's name on the list, one of the first engineers on whom Nobel relies—is—Vladimir Ivanovich Kondakov!"

Kondakov sprang out of his chair and thumped his fist on the table so hard that he overturned the inkstand.

"What!" he shouted. "Impossible! It's a lie! I won't allow it; such a thing to be said of me!"

The short-sighted, red-haired man caught Kondakov's arm in a friendly manner and said, calmly and easily:

"Vladimir Ivanovich, shame on you! Don't get excited! Vladimir Ivanovich —old horse-collar maker! Shall I have to fetch you a drink of water or what!"

Kondakov gave an indignant snort and made no other answer. He sat down firmly in the chair and let his head fall on his breast. The silence in the room grew more intense.

"Here's the list, have a look at it," suggested the other.

Kondakov took it with disgust and read it quietly.

"Vladimir Ivanovich," began the red-haired man again. "The fact that you're on the list of Nobel's agents isn't the most important thing. Nobel knows as well as I do that you're not to be bought like the rest of the small fry—Trener in particular. But Nobel also knew as well as I did the position you had taken up: you remember you always said that although you were formerly in his employ and now in ours, you regarded yourself as working, not for Nobel and not for the Bolsheviks, but for the industry and—Russia. If, formerly, you worked honestly for Nobel and are now working honestly for the Bolsheviks, Nobel was perfectly correct in supposing that you would work for him as honestly again, should he return to Russia—to that country which you serve and which, as a matter of fact, is non-existent, just as the oil industry you serve is non-existent apart from us and from Nobel and just as any conception of honor, which would be equally acceptable to you and to Nobel, is non-existent. Therefore, Nobel was perfectly right in including you in the list of people on whom he felt he could rely first of all. It was you yourself who put this idea into his head when you sent the message through that blackguard who tracked you to the cafe called the "Two Mongolians." I must confess, Vladimir Ivanovich, that when you told me about your "Russia" and your "industry" at our first meeting, I refrained from comment only because you were a horse-collar maker. I hoped that our years of work together would clear that up for you. I have something much worse to tell you than that your name is on Nobel's list—the list is of secondary importance. Now, just have a look at these three draughts, will you? Here's the first, here's the second, here's the third. The first is a draught of the projects suggested by Communist engineers. The second is a draught of the projects suggested to his agents and satellites by Nobel. And the third is the draught of the projects which you, with your knowledge, prestige and will, were enabled to put into execution, this is what has been done by your orders and by your own hands."

Silence reigned in the lofty room for a whole hour. The hour of midnight passed. Outside the window lay the spacious sky and the snows, the frosts of a winter's night. Kondakov verified the draughts before him. The red-haired, short-sighted man sat braced and motionless. Kondakov folded up the draughts at last. Then the red-haired man said:

"You can see now, Vladimir Ivanovich, that your projects tally, or almost tally, with Nobel's. You can't understand how this happened. I couldn't understand it at first either. I had been learning from you all the time, you see. But now I can explain to you how it happened. It appears that the principles underlying capitalist industry and socialist industry in course of construction are not the same. You are an engineer who was trained and formed in the day of the capitalist. You are a capitalist's engineer. The principles underlying your methods of construction are the principles of a capitalist industrialist. When you declined to be mixed up in politics, it was a political step that could only be called capitalistic." At this point the short-sighted man

unfolded the draughts and spread them out before Kondakov. Then he went over and stood beside him:

"Take this point, for instance. The Communist engineers insisted that the Factory and Works' schools should be built on a scale to give *all* the young folk a chance to study. Nobel suggested five new borings. You defended this suggestion—unwittingly. It was clear enough to you that extra borings meant extra oil and profits. You never thought for a moment why Nobel should be against the Factory and Works' schools. They seemed to you just an unnecessary luxury at best, or even an absurd extravagance. But Nobel was well aware that if the workers were trained from chidhood in the Factory and Works' schools of the oil fields, if they understood politics thoroughly from childhood; that is, if they not only regarded but actually felt, basing their feeling on the knowledge and conviction that the oil fields were their own, their special concern, the property of the people and their right to live—if the proletariat was trained to think like this, then, of course, Nobel knew he would never have the slightest chance of getting back his oil fields. For such workers would fight to the last—not figuratively speaking but actually—for their industry, their own property, their rights and their lives. And these were not the kind of workers Nobel wanted. But he was not by any means against the development of the oil industry in the most profitable way. . . Do you want any more illustrations or is it clear enough as it is?"

"It's clear enough," replied Kondakov.

"Now I'll explain to you how Nobel's plans came to be carried out. You are a figure in oil, a person endowed with almost legendary powers. Implicit trust was placed in you; your word carried weight. Communists came to talk to you, but you found they spoke a language that was foreign to you, they worked on conceptions foreign to you. Trener and Ossadkov—he's arrested, too, by the way—came to talk to you and you found they were perfectly comprehensible to you. They thought like you, their ideas were your ideas; they invited you to their homes, you invited them to your whist parties. They shared your views on industry. Your wives were linked by similarity of upbringing—their shopping, their manner of living. Nobel did not dare to buy you, he knew that you were not to be bought. But Nobel could, and he did, order Trener and Ossadkov and the rest to talk to you in a poetic way over your whist and over a glass of vodka, and through the medium of your wives —about industry, and to praise your work and lead the conversation gently round to the oil business and pander to your principles and at the same time air their own high ideas and principles on the question. Well, I see you understand—there's no need to say any more!"

The alert, red-haired man ceased speaking. Kondakov kept silence. The room, the corridors beyond it, the night, the spacious December snows—all kept silence. Then the red-haired man broke the silence.

"This isn't all, Vladimir Ivanovich. The night's far gone already, and the conversation is the kind one doesn't hold very often. We won't be able to sleep this night—either you or I. Let me add something—according to the very principles upon which we agreed—the principles of straightforwardness and of giving your best. I was not deceiving you when I told you I loved you. And I am not deceiving you now when I tell you that according to our calculations the work you have done and that has been done under your direction has damaged the Soviet oil industry to the tune of several million rubles and set the work back for years on the oil fields spoiled by Nobel's plans. It appears that you have squandered much more money than any of our em-

bezzling cashiers or bookkeepers, who all in all, have only misappropriated one thousand five hundred and seventy-five rubles, fifty-seven kopecks—I can show you the figures. But it isn't about this I want to talk now. Once you told me that we were not going to poke our noses into each other's feelings and souls. I've interfered with your feelings once already tonight. Now permit me to interfere with your soul. You told me once that you worshipped God according to the faith confessed by the Old Believers; you said you didn't believe that human relationships were essentially of a class nature—maybe the word 'class' repels you even now? I think you don't believe in God at all because you've never thought about it seriously and never studied religious questions. It's just the same when you speak of classes, you're talking things you know nothing about. Why, you've never read even the thinnest little book on these questions; you always said to yourself—'Ah, it's all rubbish, I've heard all about it!' As a matter of fact you've only heard tell, but you don't actually know what the things are you've heard about. You've given up your life to oil, and God for you has remained exactly the same as he was when your grandmother presented him to you in childhood. You heard then of the feudal conception—'Russia' and you took it as your motto. Now we've come to just what we want the pupils in the Factory and Works' schools to know. And that brings us to our conversation today. Once you said to me—'If we can't agree on the main things, let me go.' Now I must tell you this: Do you know why you didn't go with the White emigrants that time when you had to part with your family, and why you are here just now and not in Paris? It's because you are from a family of horse-collar makers—from beyond the Volga. Remember that."

The red-haired, short-sighted man said no more. His tousled hair tumbled wearily about his forehead. He sat there, stooping a little, but still braced and alert. The room was brilliantly lighted. It was filled with a silence like that which once filled the house on the Volga on a night in December when the Red Guards were ringing at the front door.

Pressing hard on the arms of his chair, Kondakov rose stiffly.

"Why haven't you arrested me?" he asked.

"No need. We both agreed to be frank with each other."

"Am I to go now?"

"Yes, it's late. Come on, I'll take you home myself in the car," replied the other, adding softly, "Vladimir Ivanovich—and you talked about Russia, about business. This mystical Russia of yours doesn't exist, but there are the millions of people who live on the territory of former Russia. Think of them!"

"You didn't understand me," said Kondakov. "I was asking you if I was to leave my work now?"

"You and I agreed to part if we couldn't agree on matters of principle," said the red-haired man. "Come and see me tomorrow, or the day after, or in a week's time if you like, and we'll have another talk. You're a horse-collar maker, after all."

A vast cloak of snow covered the December earth. A vast sky covered the city of Moscow in the frosty moonlight. A car covered with hoar frost glided up to the two men. Then it glided away with them into the emptiness of the snowy streets. By the huge pile of a government house the two men parted. And suddenly the elder embraced the younger like a father and dropped his head helplessly on the shoulder of the rough, soldier's overcoat.

Translated from the Russian by Anthony Wixley

Vera Inber

Nor-Bibi's Crime

A Soviet Short Story of Uzbekistan

Nor-bibi is lying in her cradle and her mother is singing to her:

Sleep, my sweet,
And when you grow big
You shall have two sewing machines,
One worked by hand,
And one worked by foot,
My little daughter.

Sweet, do you sleep?
How your long braids will shine!
As the blue currants you eat
From a tray,
My little daughter.

With strong soup
Your little ones you will feed.
Not as I,
Who have never enough bread,
My little daughter.

And your plump little children
Will frisk like lambs.
And not die off as mine do,
My little daughter.

Nor-bibi's father sells small bottle-shaped gourds in the Samarkand market. The tiny hole at the top, through which the pulp has been scraped out is filled with a little tuft of horse-hair in lieu of a cork and the polished, empty gourd serves as a snuff box.

While the gourd is still a young, tender fruit growing in the garden, it is bound with string to force it into the desired shape.

"And so it is with us," Nor-bibi's father loves to say. "Want keeps us tightly bound and does as it likes with us."

Gradually Nor-bibi outgrows her cradle. She is a big girl now—eight years old—almost ready to be married. She cannot read, she has seen nothing of life: except for a single visit with her father to the bazaar where embroidered skull-caps are sold. She lives with her family about four miles out of Samarkand, along the Agalyk road, not far from the mosque of Khodja-Akhrar, which is closed to her—a woman—forever.

The interior of the mosque is beautiful. The cells of the medresseh lead to a great quiet courtyard. Here live the future imams, cool, saintly youths who never have to perspire over anything. The remarkable thing about the courtyard is that a word uttered at one side is borne as if on wings to the ear of the listener at the other side. This has been done purposely: the clever archi-

tects saw to it that the saintly mullah should be enabled to expound the wisdom of Allah without straining his precious throat.

Nor-bibi is nine years old now. She is learning all the arts and crafts necessary to a woman: to plait her hair in dozens of thin, thin braids, to be resigned and never murmur, to dye her eyebrows, to grate onions for pancakes, to look after the younger children and help her mother to feed the silk worms.

In springtime, as soon as the mulberry leaf begins to swell in its case, the mother begins to do as her own mother and her mother's mother did before her: she puts a little sack containing eggs next her skin in order that they may hatch out in the warmth. This little sack she carries in her armpit and keeps watching the minute eggs. If they grow lighter in color, it means that the worms will soon appear.

Mothers need this "silk money" so badly. What hopes depend on the crop of cocoons in a poverty stricken family like this! True, the cocoons bring in very little. The buyer purchases them for a song and sends them abroad, from where they return to Russia under a foreign trade-mark as raw silk. But all that is still a long way off. The chief care of the mother and father at present is to observe all the ancient customs that promise success.

The father picks up a few eggs like a pinch of salt, and on a market day goes into a clover field, where he sprinkles the eggs on the ground. This is to ensure that there will be as many cocoons as people in the bazaar and clover in the field.

The silk worms grow. They fall asleep four times and each time their sleep lasts twenty-four hours. At this period they shed their skins as they grow larger and larger. At the final period of their lives they are ten thousand times larger than they were at the beginning.

They lie on a series of shelves, one above the other and occupy all the space in the room. The family takes up its abode in a summer shed by the hearth in the yard. Here in the sunlight their poverty becomes even more obvious: dirty cotton wadding hangs out of their torn garments, the brass jugs are sooty and battered, the clay vessels are cracked.

The mother watches anxiously over the silk worms. But the eggs that came to life in the moist, stuffy atmosphere of an unwashed body, steaming with the perspiration of exhaustion, have hatched out into very weak, sickly worms.

"Oh, woe is me!" sighs the mother at every moulting. "Again they go to sleep and don't wake up all at the same time. What a mixed brood you are to be sure! There'll be many spotted ones and crumpled ones among the cocoons, and many twins that can't be unwound."

But all this concerns Nor-bibi very little. Her business is to collect mulberry leaves. She climbs up the tree and, holding down a branch by its thin end with one hand, twists off the leaves with the other and puts them into a receptacle of the plaited supple willow twigs. When her arms are tired she rests, perched like a bird on a bough and watches another bird—the stork that lives in the neighboring karagach tree. She has been observing this bird family for some time and finds that it has much in common with her own. There are a great many little ones, for instance, and they are always hungry. The mother sits at home and never goes anywhere. The only difference perhaps is in the father's behavior. The father bird practically never returns home without bringing a frog from the neighboring pool in his bill. Nor-bibi tries to imagine her own father with his thin, worried face, flying through the air. His hands make flying movements, his striped coat flaps behind him,

he carries a piece of mutton under his arm. With a loud, joyful cry he alights on the wall and from there flutters to the ground, where mother is picking and cleaning the rice for the pilau. What a lovely fairy tale!

But the time for fairy tales is passing. Nor-bibi is twelve years old already. Sitting with her friends in the yard, she paints her eyebrows. The children bring some water in a broken cup from the ditch and make a solution of usma in it. Then they dip a stick into the mixture and trace a line across the bridge of the nose, uniting the eyebrows. As they bend their heads this way and that, blue streams trickle down their cheeks but they do not wipe them away for fear of spoiling their beauty. A small mirror framed in tinfoil and shells passes from hand to hand, as they chatter.

"Sit over here in the sun, Sara-khan, don't stay in the shade, else it'll all run and be spoilt."

"Give me the looking glass, Galkhar. I'll be the prettiest, very likely. Tomorrow I'll plait my hair afresh."

"Listen girls, I've heard that there are actually women without any eyebrows, with naked eyes. Isn't that shameful, girls? I can't understand such women."

"Do you want a bit of my bread, Nor-bibi? You keep looking at it."

"Give me the looking-glass, Adalat."

"Pass it on to me next, Sharifa."

It is in this state, with her cheeks smeared with blue paint and a piece of bread in her hand, that a rich neighbor, Mir-Shakhid, first catches sight of Nor-bibi. And since she is so pretty, much prettier than the rest, and her father is very poor, Mir-Shakhid buys her for his wife.

Nor-bibi is veiled now. At first she rather likes it: she feels grown-up. But when she looks through the stiff net of the black horsehair veil at the apricot trees in bloom for it happens to be springtime, she does not recognize them. Grey blossoms, seemingly fashioned of dust and ashes, cling to the dark boughs. Nor-bibi flings back her veil and the tree glows before her eyes like a rosy flame against a deep blue sky.

The mother stork, as white as cotton in the field, is perched in the green karagach looking down her bright red nose at everything. Then the veil drops over Nor-bibi's face and all is dim once more.

And now Nor-bibi is married. As her mother foretold, she has two sewing machines: one worked by hand and one by foot. In addition to these, she has a singing machine—a gramophone. But what of that, when her husband is old and she does not love him? A woman's unhappiness—as old as the world. As for Mir-Shakhid's first wife, she has forgotten what it is to be twelve years old. She cannot forgive youth. And besides, she is very malicious. Mir-Shakhid is jealous. Once he saw his young wife rise on her tiptoes to look into the next yard, so he ordered his laborers to make the wall higher. No matter how quickly Nor-bibi grows, the wall grows quicker still.

She has active legs: she longs to run about. She chases the ass' foal in the yard, but the first wife sees her and screams:

"I can see you—I can see what you're up to! You want to kill your husband's son, the strong boy who will soon be born to you! Don't look at the gate, else the child will have a big mouth. And see you don't get caught in the rain, else he'll be pock-marked. The things you've been taught, you pretty beggar!"

Mir-Shakhid is hoping for a son, but a daughter is born.

"I knew it would be that way," sighs the first wife, "I said so all along!

You'll see, Mir-Shakhid-jan, she'll bear you nothing but daughters now. Some women are as shameless as that, you know."

Nor-bibi's daughter sleeps in her cradle and when there is no one about, her mother sings to her:

Sleep, my sweet!
When you grow big, you'll be strong,
And when you marry, may the man be young
Even if he is poor,
My little daughter.

Be first in your husband's heart,
Not second nor third.
And whatever you bear him,
He will treat as a gift,
My little daughter.

Is the quince or the pomegranate to blame
That it was not born a peach?
Daughter mine, tell me this—
Are you less than a quince or a pomegranate?

Time goes by. Sometimes the same little girls who sat in a circle and dyed their eyebrows a few years ago, gather in the yard again. They have all been married a long time now and some are beginning to look old. Their children are playing a little further off. Their shadows grow longer every minute, for it is near sunset. The women grow mournful; premature age is already casting its long shadow before them.

They are talking:

"Sit here in the sun, Sara-khan! How pale you look! You must be ill!"

"Do you want to nurse my little son awhile, Nor-bibi? You keep looking at him so."

"Listen, my sisters, it is said that there are women who go out into the street without covering their faces? I really can't understand such women!"

"I can!" Nor-bibi bursts out unexpectedly.

"Hush, hush, Nor-bibi, you were always a disobedient one. You would look over the neighbor's wall. Sometimes, they say, you even contradict your husband, and you quarrel with the first wife. Isn't that true?"

Nor-bibi listens to the accusation in silence. No, it isn't true. She is just as obedient as the others. And as helpless. In horrified tones the neighbors repeat:

"Hush, don't abuse the veil! It covers the face and no one can see what is written there. And that is just as well for us women. It would be worse without the veil. Remember what happened to Gul-jamal."

"What happened to Gul-jamal?" asks a woman from Jizak, who does not know the local gossip.

"'Oh, haven't you heard? Listen, we'll tell you. Gul-jamal was a friend of ours. One evening she came into the house from the yard. If she had only known what was going to happen she would never have gone in. But who can tell? It was cold in the yard, for it was winter time, and there was a good fire in the room. Her husband's brother was there, too. Gul-jamal sat down by the fire to warm herself and soon her face got red with the heat. When her

husband returned, she was as red as a cherry. And there was her husband's brother sitting beside her. Her husband gave her one look and said: 'Come outside for a minute, I want to show you what I've bought.' She went out into the yard and then he said to her: 'Now, I'll teach you to sit blushing with my brother!' And stabbed her four times in the side. She dropped down dead."

The woman from Jizak is silent. So are the rest of the women. What was there to say, anyway?

Time goes on. It is 1917 now. All sorts of things are happening in Russia; but in the Khodja-Akhrar mosque along the Agalyk Road, the painted ceiling looks down as gaily as before, and the voice of the snowy-bearded mullahs carries as distinctly as ever across the wonderful courtyard of the medresseh.

The museum illustrating the struggle with counter-revolution, the material archives of the Civil War in the East is only to be opened in Tashkent several years later. The museum has not yet been collected, it is still scattered. Its exhibits are strewn about all over the country: all those English rifles of the newest pattern and ancient flintlocks that belonged to the bassmachi, the cartridge belts, sabres, knuckle-dusters of home manufacture and those turned out by the works in Liege, the saddles, traveling cups in leather cases, amulets equally effective against the evil eye and against bullets, daggers with hilts inlaid with turquoise, Kashgari knives. Among the latter is the knife with which one of the most famous of the bassmachi leaders slowly and deliberately—for the space of an hour—carved a woman's body from belly to throat, until he had exposed a bit of the pulsing heart. The neighbors of the woman grovelling in the dust, begged and prayed the leader to show mercy and grant her death. But the leader would not let her die. He knew how to cut so as not to kill at once; he was a past master in this art. And as he drew the knife lovingly from belly to throat, he explained unhurriedly:

"She who exposes her face, exposes her heart. I am only carrying on the work you began yourself, my daughter."

"You are mistaken, oh, wise man!" groaned the villagers, grovelling in the dust. "You are mistaken great one! It was not her. She never took off her veil, we swear to you."

"Well, if she didn't, some other woman did," replied the bassmachi leader. "It's all the same to me."

2

Time goes on. Great events and trifling ones occur. Among the latter the partial ruin of Mir-Shakhid's yard wall is worthy of remark. It has been washed away by the rains, and Mir-Shakhid is afraid to repair it.

"They'll say Mir-Shakhid is rich," he says to his first wife. "They'll say—he must be a very rich man if he's in such a hurry to shut away his property. And what sort of a rich man am I? I'm as poor as a beggar. What is one laborer, where I used to have three; what's one sewing machine, when I used to have three—two that sewed and a third that sang! I'm not rich, comrades, you can come and see for yourselves. I'm a beggar."

Nor-bibi is twenty-five years old now. She feels like the elderly mother of three children. Three of them have died, in spite of the fact that they wore on the crowns of their tiny skull-caps a tuft of eagle-owl's feathers to ward off the evil eye. But even this powerful expedient did not work. The children died of dysentery, all three in one summer, and Nor-bibi never found out what they died of nor how she might have saved them.

So the tide of events—big and little—sweeps on. Through the gap in the wall Nor-bibi looks into the street and sees something new every time. She sees the first motor-car and the first motor-lorry coming to take the place of the ass and the camel. An aeroplane—the horse of the air floats out from behind the mountains and descends to the foot of them, where, according to rumors, a great stable called an aerodrome has been prepared for it.

Among the women who pass along the Agalyk Road there are many unveiled to be seen. The noble youths brought up in the shade of the medresseh, emerge, blinking into the sunlight. They pass through the carved gates of Khodja-Akhrar for the last time, hugging to their breasts books with waxen pages covered with Arabic interwoven letters. The young Uzbeks who sit in the tea-houses read newspapers printed in Latin type. In a little white house beside the former mosque a clinic has been opened. Children attend school nowadays. Kindergartens have made their appearance.

Nor-bibi can see all that, but she herself goes on living as before. "That's all very well for young people," she thinks, "but I—where can I go? I have no money."

So Nor-bibi goes on living as she has always lived. And although the wall around his house is broken down, Mir-Shakhid is still very strong. He creeps and trembles somewhere at the very foothills of the Soviet regime, but he manages to live. Now he has not a single laborer, nor even an ass, but his two wives remain his property as before.

"I'm the smallest of farmers," he says with his hand on his heart. "How could I—a man like me who was once a spider and a scorpion—dare to enter into the collective farm, which only the splendid poor can join? Would I ever dare to raise my eyes to those of the wise chief who was once a laborer of mine? No, my dear comrades, do not ask me, do not beg me to do this. I am not worthy of it. It goes against my conscience even to give up the cocoons that I contracted to the government. I cannot allow that despised worms should labor for our esteemed Soviet Government. Only nightingales and roses—things as beautiful as the government itself—should work for it. And as for me—thank you! How often have I met in the tea-house with the learned silk worm breeder Azim-jan! He was sent out from Samarkand to us who live in the suburbs—to enlighten and instruct us and I became very friendly with him. I used to sit down beside him; we would drink green tea and talk about life. How dreadful to think that such a man should have had reproaches showered upon him by Comrade Urkabayev, the acting secretary of the Samarkand Party Committee, who actually dismissed him from his place. It was like this:

"Comrade Urkabayev came to visit us in a little green car. He stopped it at the cooperative and came quietly round to the tea-house. If it wasn't that I'm afraid of insulting him, I might even say that he was hiding behind the karagach like children when they play the innocent game of—I'm here—where are you? Azim-jan was drinking tea as usual. Comrade Urkabayev stood there quietly behind the karagach, watching our peasants for some time as they came in, bent all to one side with their cares and labor, to the tea-house to ask for advice. Then, coming out from behind the tree, Urkabayev called out in a loud voice: 'I'm here, but where are you? Is your place in the tea-house, then!'

"It was a pity, a great pity, that such a worthy man as Azim-jan should suffer and that instead of him, a woman—I am almost ashamed to tell you—

was sent to us! She noses about the houses and her Russian eyes take in everything. You can't believe how unpleasant it is!

"That same day Comrade Urkabayev visited a great many places in our unworthy village, and many very respectable people suffered. Oh, dear, how unpleasant it all was! For instance, Comrade Urkabayev visited the kindergarten. There the happy Soviet children were playing and romping about. Not mine, of course. Oh, no! I am not worthy of such an honor! They were romping about and singing a song about flowers—and they're just like flowers themselves, you know. What more could they need? And there was a girl living with them—a girl I've known for a long time. She was romping and singing with them just like a mother. And Comrade Urkabayev ordered her to leave the place. And for what, my dear friends? Oh how many unpleasant things happen lately."

It was all just as Mir-Shakhid had said.

But let us hear Comrade Urkabayev's account of it.

One fine spring day—it happens to be a general holiday—he goes out with his friend and two visitors from Moscow to look around the old town and its antiquities.

Out they come on the Registan. In the niche of the western door of the Shir-Dor mosque they read an inscription which forms a sort of self characterization of the architect. It says: "He built a medresseh that brought earth to the zenith of heaven. The eagle of the mind will never attain in the space of years the height of its lofty portal, no matter how powerful or persistent the efforts of its practised wings. The skilful acrobat of thought, traveling the tight-rope of fancy, will never reach in the space of centuries the pinnacle of its secluded minaret. When the architect, with infinite exactitude, had completed the arch of the portal, Heaven mistook it for a new moon and gnawed its finger of envy."

"Not much chance of that fellow seeing himself as others saw him, was there?" says Urkabayev with a sigh.

Having read the inscriptions, they climb the tower by a winding staircase of brick with steps so high that for days afterwards the muscles of the legs will ache from the effort of climbing. At last, out of the strong darkness they all emerge on to a high windy space. The many-voiced chorus of the craftsmen hammering down below floats up to them—the sounds distinct but a little softened. The heavy blows of the blacksmiths, the lighter ones of the tinsmiths, the faint tapping of the tinkers, the braying of asses, the tinkle of camel-belts, the strumming of some stringed instrument and a monotonous singing—all the sounds common to the 13th and 15th centuries. Suddenly somewhere at the side, a new sound is born and grows and grows. It is a sound entirely new; a motor-lorry is passing. And a tender smile comes over the face of Urkabayev, a man of the Second Five Year Plan.

The Muscovites stare avidly into the distance. The spurs of the Tian-Shan Mountains are outlined with crystalline distinctness on the horizon. Right below the minaret itself, the flat yellow town, lightly intersected with flowering gardens, sprawls right to the foot of the mountains. Here and there a high blue wave arises out of this sea of clay. There are several of them: Gour-Emir, Bibi-Khanum, Shah-i-Zinda and—far away in the distance—the Observatory of Ulug-bek, Tamerlane's famous grandson. And yonder, to the south, the low eminence of Khodja-Akhrar.

"What a stillness, what peace!" the Muscovites remark.

Urkabayev only sighs.

"A fine sort of peace! You know nothing about it. You look around you and see nothing but beautiful sights, antiquities and all that sort of thing. And underneath everything is boiling and seething. Look over there. That's the Khodja-Akhrar mosque with the village below. I'll tell you something that happened there," he says eagerly, but with some bitterness. "Only you'd better not lean on that brickwork, it's a bit rickety... Well, then, I go out one day to have a look at the place. I'd been told, by the way, that for some reason or other, all the silk worm breeders of the place were lopsided. Now, where could a disease like that come from, I wondererd, and why should none but silk worm breeders suffer from it?

"I go up to a tea-house, stand there awhile and watch. As the peasants come in I see that it's quite true, they're all lopsided. Have they got sores under their arms, I think to myself. That would be queer! And what do you thing was the matter? The instructor sent to show them the hatching-out process of silk worm eggs in incubators was a fellow called Azim-jan, who seemed suspicious to me. He was sent there simply because we had no one else to send. Well, of course, the Uzbek Silk Trust gave him a lot of thermometers to hang up in the incubators. You know, everything depends on the temperature: the worms can't stand cold. If it's below 20 degrees Celsius, they stop eating and grow torpid. Just now we're doing our level best to encourage sericulture. Now, an instructor's job is, of course, to make a round of all the breeding places twice a day and see that everything's in order. But this fellow, instead of doing it himself, ordered the peasants to come to him in the tea-house, with the thermometers under their arms, so that he wouldn't have to go to the temperature, but the temperature would come to him. Azim-jan would look at the thermometer and see that it was 38 degrees Celsius or —I don't know how much—a man's temperature, anyway. 'That's too high,' he would say. 'It must be very hot for the worms. Better give them a bit of a draught.' Well, they did, and of course the worms died."

Everyone laughed, but Urkabayev was very thoughtful.

"It's not funny, I can tell you. It's very, very depressing. Listen, what next. On my way I called in at the district kindergarten, where I was met by the head, a palavery sort of a girl—Russian. 'We're all doing splendidly,' she chirped. 'And we're all very happy. Line up, children. And then the children came out. You could see through them—they were so thin, nearly transparent. They stood there and sang ever so softly in Uzbek:

We are like the lilies in a lovely garden
We live on sun and air.

As he recalled this song, Urkabayev gave such a furious twist on the tower that he dislodged a little cloud of brick-dust with his elbow.

"You understand—it was all literally true what they sang—they weren't lying... They were actually living on sun and air, for the simple reason that they were being systematically robbed of their food ration. I checked up on that. It turned out that the head was the daughter of an ex-colonel who had run away to Afghanistan not long before. You cannot imagine how much harm that woman had done! Not to mention the harm to the children alone. We'll be able to feed them up, but their relatives won't forget it in a hurry. And, you know, the kindergarten and the crechè are our two most powerful Soviet agitators among the women, who are all weighed down with festoons of children..."

"That's well put!" remarks one of Moscow visitors. "You're a poet!"

Urkabayev sighed deeply.

The new instructor in sericulture, the girl with the "Russian eyes," was Shura Potapov. She was the daughter of an agronomist—a man who hailed from the Volga, from a district noted for mushrooms and berries, where a silk worm had never even been heard of.

Potapov's wife was suffering from tuberculosis. Her cheeks were the color of the waxen apple that lay on the little table covered with a woollen cloth in the corner of the room. And looking at those yellowish pink cheeks, Potapov blinked and cleared his throat in a confused way, although the doctor had assured him that the "disease was taking its normal course."

Then, at last, came a damp spring day when the doctor, after a glance at the thermometer, grew thoughtful.

"If she could only go to the south!" he said. "To the Crimea or the Caucasus."

"And how shall we earn our bread there?" Potapov asked abruptly.

They both felt silent. Shura—just a year old—was crawling about over a newspaper which informed its readers that after a prolonged struggle, the ferryman's house on the Marne had been taken by the Allies once more.

"If Turkestan was any good," said Potapov, "I might be able to find something there. They're needing agronomists in Tashkent, a friend of mine writes."

"Why, that would be splendid!" responded the doctor out of the depths of his ignorance. "That's the south, too. There's plenty of sunshine—just what she needs. You ought to go there! In three or four months you won't know your wife!"

It was quite true. Six months later, as he stood by his wife's grave, Potapov could hardly recognize his Lisa, so cruelly had the sub-tropical sun and the dust wasted her.

Over Lisa's grave, with incredible rapidity, a poplar grew up, striving, it seemed, to overtake the famous Tashkent poplars planted by General Kauffmann just after the conquest of Central Asia. At first it was only the poplar that held Potapov to the place, but afterwards he grew attached to the country itself. He did not even mention Lisa very often. Only once, after he had visited the mountain sanatorium at Chimgan, he observed to Shura:

"That doctor was right, after all. But before the Revolution we wouldn't have been allowed to cross the threshold of a place like this, and afterwards it was too late—and so Mamma died."

Every spring Potapov made a note of his daughter's growth. By the time her fair head reached up to her father's shoulder. Shura was a qualified instructor in sericulture. Potapov himself took up research work in the Institute of Sericulture on the hybridization of cocoons.

The day that Shura received word that she was needed in Samarkand, Potapov was thoroughly downcast.

He had no one else but her. They had never yet been parted. They wandered out together into the mulberry plantation belonging to the institute. Spring was in the air. Mulberry trees of every kind—ordinary ones, dwarf varieties, shrubs, pyramidal, globular, or serpentine—were covered with swelling buds. There was one in particular, a large-leaved beauty, that had been brought from Japan.

The father and daughter paced up and down the alleys, that led almost to a small white house. There, in complete isolation, lay silk worms infected with

pebrine. They were being experimented upon and watched over by some of the trained staff of the institute.

"Do you remember the time I got sick father? I had diphtheria and had to be isolated just like them," laughed Shura.

Potapov nodded his head thoughtfully. "You've got very depressed all of a sudden?" said Shura. "But you know, I can't refuse to go. What sort of a Komsomolka would I be if I didn't go? And then—I feel I'd like to. It'll be the first time I've worked on my own. There are two-hundred and forty-five boxes of eggs to be hatched."

"I quite understand that you have to go and that you want to. But why must it be an entirely different district straight off, Shura? Doesn't it seem to you that it would have been better to stay here?"

"And doesn't it seem to you that there's an opportunist in you speaking now?"

Potapov looked at his daughter and replied:

"Yes perhaps it does seem so."

"That's right! If you admit it, then that means you repent of it."

Potapov glanced at her again and said:

"Alright, then, I repent. But look here, don't take it as a sign of Menshevik idealism if I ask you to write to me as often as possible. Please —I want you to do that for me. Write about everything. Will you?"

3

When the news spread in Samarkand that in every quarter of the town a special commission was formed to decide the question of who was worthy of holding a Soviet passport—it disturbed many people, including Mir-Shakhid.

"I'm very much afraid, my dears," he said, "that this little booklet, in which —so I'm told—the word passport is written in six languages, will make you sigh six times over for the time when it did not exist. Take me, for instance. Why need it be written on paper, when it has been written on my heart for so long that I am a good, honest Uzbek? It's true that once I was rich, but that's all past and gone now. And if it's past and gone, why should we think of what is no more? And I'll tell you another thing. Supposing our wives should want to have a separate passport? What then? Do you imagine a wife will want to obey her husband, if our Soviet government should be so thoughtful and considerate as to present her with a booklet in which her name and age and all her distinguishing marks are written down, as if she was a sheep and it was necessary to know what kind of an udder she has and which leg she's lame in?"

In commenting upon this, Mir-Shakhid had in view his second wife, Nor-bibi. Her eyes had begun to look much brighter and flashed more frequently of late, and this had given him food for thought. A few day later, Mir-Shakhid returned to the subject in conversation with a group of people who were on friendly terms with him.

"Do you know, my friends, I heard by chance that my wife, Nor-bibi, actually went to the district committee and spoke to them about a passport. I hope she's thought it over now and changed her mind. It seems to me that she has no need of a passport. If it should so happen that she should die (which Allah forbid), Allah will be able to recognize her without her passport, because she has all her distinguishing marks on her now. Like a diligent clerk.

I wrote all that was needful on her hide. So there's no danger of her being mistaken for any other woman, is there, my friends?"

Just about that time Potapov received his first long letter from Shura:

"Dear Dad," it ran, "That Azim-jan who was dismissed just before I came, seems to have been a regular wrecker. He froze nearly all the silk worms, for the spring in these parts, as you know, is very cold, and he gave orders to stop heating the houses and to open the windows. The worst of it is that now, even when it's necessary to open the windows, nobody will want to; they won't believe me. That's always the way: a bad worker not only spoils everything under his hand, but leaves a muddle behind him for other people to clear up. I was told here that some of the people grumbled and said that formerly there were no incubators and the worms hatched out alright. You can understand, what that meant and what a responsibility lays on me! And you were wanting me not to go!

"Now I want to tell you about the place. I'm living in a mosque—fancy! I never thought I would be. The cells have been adapted as incubators, and I live in one of them. There's a smoky corner where the hearth used to be and a shelf for books. And I sleep in this little niche where a pupil of the medresseh once slept. The branch of the institute I work for supplies both the collective farm and the individual breeders. I supply some with eggs, but, of course, I prefer to give them the ready hatched worms. The worst of it is, they all come for their worms at one time, just after work. There they stand in a long queue with their baskets, while I and my assistants are simply torn to pieces trying to serve them all. I have three assistants: two from the collective farm and one from the village soviet. I manage to talk to them fairly well in Uzbek.

"The mulberry trees round about are not, of course, the bush variety but are very high, so it's not so easy to climb them. The local children collect the leaves for me. Each one who brings me a good bunch gets one of the empty boxes that contained eggs. The children do their best, I must say.

"The worst of it is, nearly all the trees grow along the roadside and are covered with dust. The leaves are no use like that. And I'm afraid if I feed them wet, washed leaves, the worms will get diarrhoea. Tell me what to do about this when you write.

"Then I'm worried about the ventilation. There are no windows here, only doors opening on to the inner court, which I must tell you about. It has been built so that if you utter a word in your ordinary tone at one end of it, it can be heard over at the opposite end.

"By the way, in one of the cells I found a whole bundle of posters of the Uzbek Silk Trust—you know, those green and yellow ones, with a huge silk worm in the center and instructions printed in Uzbek all round it. It appears that Azim-jan did not distribute them to anyone, but simply rolled them up and left them in a corner.

"The sectional instructor came to see me. But it will be better I think if I ask you what I want to know. Although you're not a member of the Party, still you're an old, experienced specialist, and my father into the bargain.

"Well, goodbye for the present, Dad! I'm going to have a sleepless night, I think. The worms will probably all hatch out at dawn as there are a few 'scouts' out already. Oh, yes—did you ever notice that the newly hatched worms when they first creep out through the tulle on to the mulberry leaf,

push and jostle each other just like folk in the tram, and the whole crowd try to crush through the same opening? Well—I just remarked on that in passing—so to speak,

Goodbye,

Shura.

Letter No. 2

"Dear Dad:

"I haven't written to you for ages. I've been awfully busy, but there's less work now. The bulk of the worms have been distributed. They were all very healthy, very few with jaundice even. Yesterday I started out on an inspection of all the houses to which I'd distributed the worms. I took one of my collective farm folk with me—Mukhabbat, a splendid woman, and a communist. She's not so young, she has grandchildren—but she's such a jolly woman. When she tells me about her life she always smiles, although it seems to have been by no means an easy one.' Her marriage, for instance. She was the seventh child of a poor family. She got married when she was an 'old maid' of sixteen; no one wanted her because of her poverty. At last a match was made for her with quite a well-to-do man. He had carpets and blankets, plenty of clothes and a samovar. Mukhabbat married him and for three days enjoyed prosperity—especially the samovar. Then it turned out that the things were all hired for the occasion. First a friend came and took away the carpets, then another took back his blankets, and a third something else. Only the samovar remained. But at last they came for that, too.

" 'Then,' says Mukhabbat, 'I sat down beside my samovar and threw my arms around it and hugged it hard. I pressed my cheek against it; it was cold and my face was hot. I cried and it was silent. But they took it away. And now,' says Mukhabbat, 'it seems so funny to me. I was only a silly girl then, a poor, ignorant thing! I cried and laughed blindly, like a creature with no sense.'

"That's the way she always talks.

"Well, one day we go along together to the house of one of our collective farm breeders. We knock at the door—but no one comes. The sun is shining, and everything's as still as death, except for the poppies nodding on the roof and the humming of the bees. At last, someone opened the door to us and we went in. We were met by an old woman of about a hundred. She was dark brown and had a beard and goitre. Her veil was rotting into shreds and she herself was practically dust. A similar old woman came in from the neighboring yard. Then another. Then a man, nearly as old as the women, appeared. Then some children ran up. It was quite a plenum! Mukhabbat asks:

" 'And where are the rest? Out at work?'

" 'Yes, they're all out at work,' they say. 'In the gardens.' (It's a fruit and vegetable collective farm.)

"All of a sudden one of the girls, older than the rest, says in Russian:

" 'All our folks are in the vineyard. A lot of azote has been brought there. Fertilizer.'

"Then all those ancient men and women started to nod and smile and say:

" 'Azote, azote!' It was the only Russian word they understood. When we were going away, I called out to them, 'Goodbye! Azote.'

"And they shouted after me: 'Azote! Azote!' But first we inspected the worms. They were lying in a basket covered with wadded blankets. It hung from the ceiling in a room with all the windows shut tight. It was cold and

at the same time stuffy. I took off the blankets and opened the windows. Mukhabbat said to me afterwards:

" 'You don't know what silk means to our women. It means independence. The silk money goes to the women. The only thing is that you have to keep your eyes open and see that the cocoons are given in by the women themselves. Then you can be sure they receive the money. Otherwise, the women do the work, and the men get the money.'

"Well, goodbye for the present, Dad.

Shura.

Letter No. 3

"Oh, Daddy—listen! If you only knew! It was like this. Mukhabbat and I were going on our rounds another time, and as we got up to one of the houses, she said:

" 'We'll have to go into this house, although the man who lives here, Mir-Shakhid, is a nasty fellow. An enemy. His second wife, Nor-bibi has always been very unhappy with him. She is still. The new life walks in the streets, but it never enters her yard.

"We went in. It was a nice, big room; the walls were papered with income-tax forms. There were plenty of cups, and trays and glass jars, and a whole mountain of blankets. The master of the house talked as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. He wore a fancy silk handkerchief around his hips—evidently hoping to be admired. And his skull-cap on the back of his head—evidently fancying himself. The children were playing about and the youngest, I noticed was bow-legged.

"I said to him: 'That little girl of yours has rickets. You ought to show her to a doctor.'

"He pressed his hand to his heart and said: 'Thank you.' Just fooling me. There was a woman standing beside him so I asked Mukhabbat in a whisper:

" 'Surely that's not Nor-bibi?'

" 'Wait, she whispered, 'I'll ask where she is? That isn't her—that's the first wife.' But she didn't get the chance to ask. What do you think happened next?

"I went over to look at their silk worms; they had hatched them out themselves and the worms were just out. And imagine there was that woman, the first wife, gathering them up with a bit of paper.

" 'That won't do, sister,' I said. 'You'll squash them that way. You should do it with a chicken feather. Just a minute, I'll bring you one.'

"I ran out into the yard, thinking: 'They're sure to have hens.' Over in the corner by the big iron pot I caught sight of a magpie's feather. 'Well', thought I, 'that'll do just as well.' I was stooping down when all of a sudden I heard an awful groan from under the pot. I went nearer. It appeared that the big iron pot was propped against the door of a sort of little shed. And I don't know why, but it came into my head that they had hidden poor sick Nor-bibi in there. But just as I was thinking that (it didn't take more than a second), I saw her husband coming out after me, and says he, as sweet as you like:

" 'How good you are, sister instructor, to bother about us and our contemptible worms. But we haven't kept hens for a long time now.

"I could be just as sweet though and I said: 'Never mind brother Mir-Shakhid. This contemptible magpie's feather will do just as well.'

"I did not pretend I had heard anything...

"I can't write any more just now, Dad, because it seems to me I heard wasps

coming. And for me they're ten times worse than mice or spiders although these two pests are fond enough of silk worms, too. But wasps are worst of all. I'll just go and see what they're buzzing about, and then I'll finish my story. Oh, if you only knew what happened next. . ."

What happened was this:

Kurkmas Nizamov, the secretary of the Komsomol Collective farm nucleus, was ploughing up with a tractor the broad strips between the vines, preparatory to sowing clover and peas on them. It was a new method of utilizing the spaces between the vines. And since the method had many opponents, who declared that the sowing of the interspaces would exhaust the soil and leave little moisture for the vines, it had been decided to make a trial in one place only.

Kurkmas drove his tractor cautiously. He saw that his Fordson was too broad and might easily injure the tender vines. A much narrower tractor—an International—was necessary here. But there were no Internationals and Kurkmas was nervous.

His skull-cap grew damp with perspiration, and the wild tulip over his ear soon faded with the heat of his burning cheeks.

Shura, enveloped in a cloud of dust, ran after the tractor, calling:

"Kurkmas, stop! Stop!"

But he went steadily on to the end of the strip and only then inquired:

"What's the matter? I can see a lot of dust and hear someone shouting through it, but who it is, I can't tell. What's up? Every minute's precious, and you come shouting at me to stop!"

"No, wait, this minute'll be even more precious to us."

Shura tried to hold back the wheel so that he could not get away from her. The metal was scorching hot in the sun and burnt her hands as she told Kurkmas what the matter was.

Mir-Shakhid had told the truth when he said that to confuse Nor-bibi with any other woman would be very difficult. Her "distinguishing marks" were emphasized with dried blood. Particularly deep and permanent was the scar running crosswise from the eyes to the tangled hair.

Nor-bibi was sitting on a torn blanket in the shed, her hands clasped about her knees. She kept her eyes on the ground.

"She has fever, comrades," declared the trembling Mir-Shakhid. "The sort of fever that sends the sick person into a shivering fit; she loses her senses sometimes and knocks herself about till she bleeds. Isn't that so, Nor-bibi, my dear wife; it's the fever you've got, isn't it?"

Nor-bibi said nothing. Neither did Kurkmas, nor Shura, nor Mukhabbat nor the district militia-man. At last the woman doctor from the clinic broke the silence by saying:

"Well, it's a good thing we brought a stretcher along with us. But be very careful of her, comrades."

When Nor-bibi had been carried away, Urunbai, the district militia-man, who wore a tulip over his ear like Kurkmas, (it was the season for tulips) said to Mir-Shakhid:

"Your wife will live, the doctor will cure her—and it's a very good thing. The worst part of it is, that in that case you'll be allowed to live, too. Well, come on, we must hurry. Don't keep them waiting for you there. They're been waiting for you a year or so now."

4

The old medresseh of Khodja-Akhrar, where so many noble youths were trained, were full of women. This spontaneous meeting had not been foreseen, nor had anyone prepared for it. It simply happened because at a certain hour it became known that Nor-bibi, now convalescent, had been sent straight from the hospital to visit the instructor from Tashkent, and was sitting under the apricot trees drinking tea with her. As soon as the news spread, all the women from the village collective farm—members and individual silk worm breeders alike—whoever, in fact, happened to be free at the moment, turned their footsteps of one accord to the mosque and crowded into the yard.

Shura, who was taken unawares, had just time to hang up the posters neglected by Azim-jan. She had only a very few of them left now. The square stone courtyard suddenly blossomed out in green and yellow. A silkworm enlarged to many times its rightful size, crawled over the wall of the medresseh between the carved wooden doors. But the most important (and the only remaining example) was that which portrayed a young Uzbek woman in an orange dress. She looked a little like Nor-bibi, but she wore the badge of the League of Communist Youth on her breast. This poster was hung by the entrance as a sort of welcome.

Mukhabbat opened the meeting by clapping her hands three times. The excellent acoustic arrangement of the yard echoed the three claps distinctly. There was a rustling of women's garments, a ripple of scarves and shawls. Then there was dead silence. It was the hour of sunset. It was springtime. Over the medresseh of Khodja-Akhrar a deep blue square of sky could be seen, relieved by the clear sharp cresent of the moon.

On a bench under the apricot tree in the middle of the yard sat Nor-bibi.

"Sisters," said Mukhabbat, "here before you sits the woman Nor-bibi (we all know her). She is guilty of having been nearly murdered by her husband. We are going to try her for it."

There was another rustle, and again silence.

"Maybe you will tell me, sisters: 'You're mistaken, old Mukhabbat, or you are lying. It isn't that she nearly killed someone, but that she was nearly killed herself by her husband. It is he who should be tried.' Her husband is a different matter. I may tell you: let others try him. But we shall hold a trial of women over a woman who is accused of allowing bad treatment of herself at a time like this—the year of the Sixth Congress of the Soviets. In the past this was how it was. The first master was—God. The second—the Emir. The third—the man who provided work and controlled the land and the water supply. The fourth—the mullah. The fifth—the husband. Sisters, we are judging the woman Nor-bibi for leaving herself one master, after having got rid of four. Until the Revolution women were sold for money, exchanged for rice and for all sorts of other goods. We were given away in marriage as children to old men (what are you crying for, Nor-bibi?), to old men, who had wives already. We were robbed of our childhood and yet we kept silence. Nor-bibi, you are found guilty of having been silent too long! Do you find her guilty, sisters?" asked Mukhabbat.

And the women replied with moist eyes: "Guilty!"

"Stand up, Nor-bibi, and look us in the eyes. You are guilty of having had too little faith in your own strength. You were afraid to leave your husband, afraid that the Soviet Government would desert you halfway, that it was too distant and too great to see your little troubles. But it saw! For the

Government—it is I—it is us all—it is you yourself, Nor-bibi. You are young yet, Nor-bibi, remember that. And you are healthy. You can work."

"There's not much I can do, Mukhabbat," replied Nor-bibi in an almost inaudible tone, but the astonishing courtyard echoed her words so clearly that everyone heard them.

"There's not much you can do, is there?" Mukhabbat glanced around the yard as if seeking an answer.

This is the description Shura wrote to her father later on:

"And Nor-bibi said softly (but everyone heard it); 'There's not much I can do?' And Mukhabbat, that beautiful clever, golden Mukhabbat of mine, just glanced around the courtyard as if asking it for an answer. And there on every side the posters left by Azim-jan hung staring back at her. Especially the one of the Uzbek woman with the cocoons. Then my Mukhabbat stretched out her knobbly brown finger towards this poster and said:

" 'You can do that sort of work, can't you? Everything is open to you, your way is clear; but you forgot about that?'

"What a pity you were not there to hear how they tried Nor-bibi and sentenced her to 'freedom.' "

Translated from the Russian by Anthony Wixley

Balder Olden

The Empty Bag

A Story of Germany from the New Book A Novel of a Nazi

During the last few years Dr. Schnierwind had become a big man within his party, and *German Blows* its strongest journalistic weapon. Nevertheless Rümelin was astounded at the amount of protection that this man or this paper seemed to require. There were guards at the building entrance, guards on the staircase, all of them huge fellows in brown uniforms, strong and in the pink of health, with savage, resolute faces.

Through a door that was half-ajar he cast a glance into the doorkeeper's office—it was a guard-room with big tables and oak-plank beds. Two dozen giants loafed around inside, snoring, and playing cards or dice. They were drinking beer without using glasses—the bottles traveled from mouth to mouth—they chewed huge slices of bread and wurst, resting their elbows on the tables, and generally behaved as if they were full-fledged soldiers on duty.

The stranger had to identify himself. A storm trooper on duty, who introduced himself as "Gruf," adding by way of explanation, "abbreviation for group leader, Hitler's coining." He looked him over and asked: "P.G.[1] Schnierwind, in person, Sir? Hardly likely."

When the order come down by phone that P. G. Rümelin was expected, all their hands flew in the Fascist salute and every staircase landing was punctuated by "Heil Hitler!"

The editor-in-chief's room was full of people, it had the air of a cafe. Two men were sitting in a corner playing chess. A number of others were standing together in a group, talking politics and telling stories. A fat blond man lay in a leather armchair asleep. In another corner three intellectuals were playing cards; there were coffee-cups in front of them, and between rounds they told each other the latest jokes, their laughter booming across the room.

Schnierwind sat at an enormous flat-top desk between two Valkyrie-like, blond secretaries, who took his dictation alternately. He could scarcely be seen in this room full of people and cigar smoke. He was so small that only his head and a pair of skinny shoulders projected above the desk-top. But his voiced droned on uninterruptedly through all the laughter, the talk, the clatter of the chessmen, the snap of the cards. He'd dictate first to his right, then to his left, interrupting himself to answer the numerous telephones in front of him, booming commands, dictation and information into the mouthpieces. Every word he spoke was struggle, rage, threats, terror.

He had only a brief glance and a "Heil Hitler" greeting for Rümelin at first, but a radiant smile spread over his face during the next pause of a few seconds that his fourfold labor allowed him. Rümelin marvelled at the fanatically glowing dark eyes in the exotic face of this man, bursting with energy. His black hair towered in waves; his hands, with the thin, long fingers of a cripple, gesticulated in the air, forming words—he was really standing on the platform before a crowd of thousands, whom he swayed completely with

[1] Abbreviation for *Parteigenosse*—party comrade.

his voice, carrying it with him, rousing it to storm. Singularly enough, except for Rümelin and the stenographers, whose Teutonic heads were a curious frame for his Oriental diminutiveness, no one listened to what he was declaiming.

"To arms, once again to arms, party comrades—and woe to the man who grows soft, who shows any mercy! Our great leader has not fought for fourteen years against hell and the devil because he wanted to enjoy the reverence of a few million believers—have you that, believers, Miss?...

"Can one of you tell me what he's really been fighting for?" he called over to the group chatting in the center of the room. "But I want something spicy, something new! Doesn't anybody know?"

"Perhaps, because he wanted to creep up Hindenburg's sleeve, but von Papen was already there, and there wasn't room for two," one wit replied.

"Nonsense! I'm witty myself—take this down, Elfriede!... But he did it because he knew that the hour must come when his tread, a single, cosmic tread, the heroic tread of thousands of years, would pound the whole brood—Marxists, Jews, pacifists—into a single paste."

He hurled the words in dynamic tempo alternately to the right and to the left—the shorthand Valkyries were trained to take the dictation together. A single stenographer could never have followed this whirlwind of words.

"Frau von Papen's sister has had her money brought back from Switzerland," one of the card players related. "Did you hear how she shipped her whole fortune abroad when Papen became Chancellor? 'You can't leave your money in a country where Franz is Chancellor,' she said."

Schnierwind who followed every word spoken in his room through all his telephoning and dictation, laughed at the joke like a schoolboy, loud and unrestrained. Again he thundered his dictation:

"The gallows are waiting, party comrades! They will be legal gallows; a few hundred judges will be busy writing the death sentences, but they'll all hang! All! All! All!.... Let the November criminals, the stab-in-the-back assassins, feel as warm and comfortable as they please on their upholstered toilet seats; in front of everyone's door the hangman is already standing—and the rope waiting for them is already soaped, smooth as a snakeskin."

Then he called out to the card-players:

"Have you heard that in the future the Wilhelmstrasse is going to be closed to traffiic from ten to twelve every morning?"

Nobody had heard anything about it—a strange report.

"Why, Schnierwind?"

"Hindenburg is going to play marbles with his grandchildren. He needs mental stimulation."

Since they didn't laugh loud enough at his joke, Schnierwind rapidly fired the second, and better one he had in reserve.

"Listen. Oscar von Hindenburg, the old man's son, and Dr. Meissner, Hindenburg's private secretary, are quarreling. Oscar flies into a rage and bangs on the table:

" 'Devil take it, which one of us two is Reichs president anyhow?'

"Take this, Aurelie: The blood of 475 murdered storm troop comrades, spilled by the Red killers, cries to heaven and cries for vengeance. Not ten—one hundred Marxist rascals and ten Jews shall pay with their lives for each of them. Period, no, exclamation point, no, write three exclamation points, Miss, we don't want to be stingy. Not in the dark, nor by a murderer's hand shall they be punished, but in a beautiful, solemn procession, to the tolling of

bells and through streets full of cheering people will they pass to their place of execution. Period. Do you think that's good, Elfriede? I'm not in the right mood today; probably I've had too good a breakfast. Our sort shouldn't really marry; your wife, the sweet, little wife, stuffs and stuffs you until the little bit of temperament you've got goes to the devil. Now and then, ever for a peroration: Nor must our indignation stop before women and children. Period. They are not members of the community, these *petroleuses* and since I'm married, I feel so fine that I could embrace the whole world. Now Marxist hyenas; they are not the German younger generation, this scum of youth—not the gallows nor the scaffold awaits them, but the cat-o'-nine tails, the good old horsewhip. Ending with a kiss—down to the linotypes, fast. Three columns, 48-point head, lead 9-point bold-face."

Elfriede and Aurelie each received a hearty kiss and, as they obediently arose, a gentle smack on their behinds.

"Thank you, my ladies!"

In the meanwhile copyboys, who came and went constantly, had piled up a whole mountain of manuscripts and galley-proofs in front of Dr. Schnierwind.

"Just a moment, Rümelin, just this bit of salad, and we'll again have a little yellow journal ready. Then I'll be with you!"

His chin was glued to the desk-top; his hand flitted over the material with blue-pencil and fountain pen; the scissors glittered like the blade of a guillotine in the electric light. "Idiotic witticisms by this feature writer!" he said. "I'm the one who's witty; the others must be serious." Then he wielded the glue-brush over white sheets of paper, pasted, threw whole packages of finished work at the copy boys, and in ten minutes the manuscript mountain had been carted away. The whole desk was licked clean now; Schnierwind's profile with its vulture nose, the tight mouth, and the lofty vaulted forehead beneath his curly hair stood motionless for an instant under the light.

Only for a second did this mouth stand still, were these always active hands at rest. It seemed as if the whole man were disarming. He had let blood and printer's ink, blood and tears flow; now he wanted to be gay.

"My dear Rümelin," he called out, "so that's what you look like! Here—sit down near me, the chair is still nice and warm from the monumental buttocks of my dear Elfriede, the muse at the left. She steams perspiration when I dictate, and she believes in me—the lady has an enviable temperament. The three years seem to have agreed with you! It would be too much for me. But I'd also like to be jailed in a fortress for a couple of months—say six months. But they don't let me—how much have I to my credit with Uncle District Attorney, Hermann?" he called out to one of his friends. "You're keeping the books, aren't you?"

"Legally binding and admitting of immediate execution: 34 months, 7 days, Schnierwind. Moreover, your credit balance in fines and court costs totals around a hundred thousand marks. Converted into days in prison, that also makes quite a nice sum; I think it's one day in jail for every 20 marks. You can figure it out for yourself."

"You see, P.G. Rümelin, I've done what I could to get a vacation at last! But they aren't as nice to me as they are to you. 'Let the youngster work,' they say, and no sheriff ever comes to get me. Well, what can I do for you? Should I introduce you to Wilhelm III? Do you want to become a deputy at the next Reichstag election? Shall I recommend you as an attaché at some embassy?

"I should like... best of all wherever real work is being done..."

"Because I really can't do anything for you at all! You should have come two months ago! God, those were the days, two months ago! Today I can only give you good advice—that is, if I were in your boots, I'd say in good Yiddish: 'I've got *aitzes* (advice) myself'—but it is my duty to cast my pearls of wisdom before the swine over and over again. Well, this advice is: take your hat, see to it that you get into purer surroundings, and don't ever show yourself in a Brown House again. Do you know what we are, P.G. Rümelin? As Walter Mehring once wrote, setting it to music, we are 'bankrupt'—he'd sing in rising tones—'bankrupt, bankrupt!'

"The party will not vanish from the face of the earth of course, and there'll still be bread and butter for another twenty years for a modest scribbler like myself. One can keep on living comfortably on anti-Jewish agitation —anti-Semitism is our iron ration—but there'll soon be nothing left of the Third Reich. Even before he took over the government Wilhelm III [1] killed that as thoroughly as his predecessor killed the Second Reich!"

"That can't be, Dr. Schnierwind! I've just walked and driven through the streets, for the first time in three years... It is an inferno—what one sees at every glance. These people are desperate; they believe in the Führer— and...."

"They'll soon be through with this belief. Look here, Rümelin, you're a sensible man and have had three years to think things over. We had everything that is good and dear—it really required unutterable clumsiness to get rid of these precious possessions. Listen to this: first, nationalism. That is effective with every nation: with the Negroes in Liberia and with the Eskimos; it is simply infallible medicine. When they hear of the splendor of their forefathers, and of all the excellent qualities that are peculiar with their tribe or tribelet alone, the people are ecstatic with delight; and when you promise them to smash the neighboring tribes to smithereens, they almost forget that they are hungry. Second, we had socialism—after all, that made whole continents drunk, and anyone who goes selling that always finds customers. Our great leader said to himself: 'Chocolate is good, garlic is good —how good must chocolate with garlic be!' Socialism and nationalism in one package! Anyone who can resist that has sawdust in his skull, like most of our compatriots, thank God! And then there's this well-tried anti-Semitism, with which the Tsar of Russia saved himself half a dozen times when he was in a tight spot: the prospects of pogroms, promises of license to rob. There is one Jew to one hundred Germans—exactly the right proportion if you want to use anti-Jewish hatred. It wouldn't go in Switzerland—there aren't enough Jews; and in Galicia you couldn't do it forever either—there are too many of them. Well, that too was O.K. Then we had all the methods: the best models, in Russia as well as in Italy. Stalin and Mussolini at the same time—two first-class dictatorship professors. Really it was quite impossible to do something wrong, but I myself... my God, I have only four hands and..."

"Two snouts," Heimann sang out.

"That's right, thank God!" Schnierwind said. "And morover the fat Adolf is pigheaded. Whenever he was angry with me—he is offended if you don't pat him on the back every other minute—he simply didn't listen to me. That's how the cart went off into the ditch, and there it is stuck."

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[1] Nickname for Hitler.

Rümelin cried out:

"It can't stay stuck; its trip can only be interrupted for a few minutes. It's a simple fact that only Hitler, he alone, knows the way out of the misery into which Germany is sinking."

"Ah, that's interesting! Then everything's all right. Pity, I didn't know it. Who told you that anyhow?"

"The Führer's said so himself. The moment he takes over the government, there'll be no unemployment and no starvation in Germany any more."

"That's right. Now it all comes back to me," Schnierwind replied, tapping his forehead with his fingers. "It seemed to me at first that I read that somewhere, but now I remember the speech. Do you know, there's so much spoken and written that it all runs together and one piles up on top of the other. When was that again—Yes, that was in Brüning's time. That's about, say, six monts ago; at our pace that means almost the glacial epoch. Brüning asked, full of interest, how that fat Adolf proposed to achieve it. He asked that Hitler reveal it to him, so that he might do it himself. I even dictated the answer at the time—it wasn't half bad. 'His Majesty Wilhelm III, did not think of turning over the salvation of the Fatherland to a regime that had nothing but scorn and abuse for him.' Smart idea, what? Later Hitler believed he had composed the answer himself, and he is still terribly proud of it today. But that's what always happens to me. I sweat over the good phrases; the others run around and strut with them."

"Stop gabbing, will you," one of the men interrupted Schnierwind. "Your six-barreled revolver jaw has succeeded in laying the P.G. low!"

Rümelin really lay back in his chair, his face pale and beads of sweat breaking out on his brow. The others also began to take notice of him and stood around his chair with curious faces.

"It's only," he took a handkerchief and patted his face, "Dr. Schnierwind is talking of a cause for which I've twice sacrificed a position in life."

The man who had first broken into the conversation, clicked his heels and introduced himself.

"*Feme* murderer Kröger."

Then the other two also introduced themselves:

All three names were familiar to Rümelin; he was acquainted with them from endless news reports, long, long trials. Heimann had driven the automobile from which the Jewish philosopher and Reich Minister, Rathenau, had been riddled with bullets ten years ago. He had chivalrously done penance for his deed with a few years in jail, and—a talented young man who had a hard tussle with his fate—later described his whole life in a book that was almost a glorification of Rathenau. Kröger and von Klein, as officers of the so-called "Black Reichswehr," a sort of predecessor of Hitler's Storm Troop army, had had soldiers of their own formations sentenced, tortured and shot because they were suspected of having secret contact with the Communists. The papers that Rümelin had read were full of praise for these three men, and now he felt that three genuine soldiers stood before him—three men of his own stamp and of his own grain.

"Schnierwind is a cynic," Kröger, the *feme* murderer, said pacifyingly. "A Tom Thumb, who always wants to show off. If he didn't know his business as well as he does, he'd not have much of a chance with us. But as it is, we have to take it; he can't help it."

"At any rate you've read and understood the Führer's words correctly, and don't have to listen to this chatter, P. G. Rümelin!"

Then he lowered his voice to a whisper:

"Hitler's program is absolutely correct, and checked a thousand times by history. He can't disclose it because only he can carry it out—it requires a man of iron and not a coward. But if it is revealed before he has power, the Entente will block his road. In this sense the answer that Schnierwind dictated was not so dumb."

"And this program—is it also a secret for me?"

"Not for you, P.G. not for a real soldier. Think it over; you'd do the same if you got power tomorrow."

"I would arm! First secretly, then openly—arm and start the attack!"

"Of course. Nor can Hitler have meant anything else. The minute we place orders for 30,000 fighting planes, a fleet of small, fast cruisers, the model of which we already have—a marvel of a warship, such as no other fleet possesses—motorized artillery, one thousand Big Berthas that can shoot across the whole Polish Corridor, field-gray uniforms for ten million Germans, and everything else that's necessary—at that moment there isn't any unemployment any more. How that'll be paid for later we don't have to think about now; that's up to history. The main thing is that the wheels start turning again, that the big flywheel be started. The workers will have money again and can buy; industry'll have money and can order raw materials. That's how it was in 1914; that's how it's always been when a country was on the verge of economic collapse."

"And the second chapter is as obvious as the first," *feme* murderer von Klein carried on. "We have an army again, and this army will not only be able to maintain itself, but it'll pay the bills; it will conquer for the German Michael what he needs. Poland will be evacuated, after its army is defeated; perhaps Belgium too. What do we care about these Polacks and Frenchies; whoever does not think of his own countrymen first is a rogue! They will be driven out to the East and the West, and we'll settle our surplus countrymen there. Then Germany is no longer a people without room; then every German has the room he requires to be born, to maintain himself alive, and to be buried—in freehold!"

"No mortgages on that land! No land speculation! Taken by the victor's right and paid for with our blood," Heimann added. "The enemy alliance is weaker than ever before! The fellows in Paris and Warsaw are courageous against a Stresemann, against a Brüning; but when once a Hitler stands there with his iron face and his steely glance—just wait and see how the cowardly band will creep into their mouseholes. Yet this work of reconstruction cannot succeed with a parliamentary regime, of course, with a pacifist crew in the Reichstag and Jewish newspapers behind one's back.

"None of us is bloodthirsty. Schnierwind's the most of all, when he sits between his fat nurses and tickles their breasts; perhaps little Franz Papen, who only knows by hearsay how a bullet whistles, but who has taken a lease on the heroic day over the radio. No, we soldiers aren't bloodthirsty, neither for the blood of our own countrymen—even when they are Marxists—nor the blood of our enemies. Our task is merely to weld the German nation into a united mass ready for war, in field service, on the parade-grounds. We are the trainers, trainers of the people; the people who call themselves 'Reds' today will one day be just the ones to kiss our hands for having done it. We must only prevent the formation of another opposition which will stab the victorious army in the back. That's the only reason why Hitler needs the 'night of the long knife.' He is a man of peace; for him war is only a means to

an end, and the more brutally the war is fought, the shorter will it be. Give our Storm Troops freedom of the streets for three days, and there won't be an inner enemy any more. Eight days of battle to destruction against the foreign enemy, and the war is over; then we get to the Golden Age, the Third Reich."

"What is more, I'm hungry," Schnierwind sang out. "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

Rümelin had jumped to his feet long ago; his soldier's heart was pounding; he shook with joy.

"Those weren't only words," he exclaimed as he shook the open, strong hands of his comrades at his right and left, "those are thoughts that become deeds."

"That is the egg of Columbus," Heimann smiled, "you hadn't thought the matter was so simple and so much a matter of course?"

"Now get out and fill your heroic bellies!" Schnierwind commanded. "I want to say a word or two to the P.G. alone. In fact, you could also listen in; there are no secrets. But your talk is too high-flown. When you're enthusiastic, every single sensible thought remains stuck in one's throat. So please scram—Company, break ranks! Here, in this room, I'm in command!"

He jumped up, standing among the four huge men like a vicious little terrier among Great Danes. He was an Oriental-like-dwarf with a club-foot—Rümelin had known it long ago, but he had'nt imagined that the great agitator would look like that. Schnierwind's eyes, however, those insane, blazing eyes in the deep sockets—they compelled belief!

"Now we'll see whether we know our jobs!" Schnierwind exulted early in the morning of May 1st. He hobbled along agilely beside his elegant wife through the front garden of his villa. Frau Schnierwind, who towered two heads above her husband, glowed like a true May sun; she beamed at her husband's deeply-bowing adjutant and the two giants in the motor's front seat. She did not doubt that the day would be a day of glory. Schnierwind was excited like a village youngster who had fooled all the grown-ups from the mayor to the town crier. He bubbled with wit and radiated fire.

"First of all, I've had Hindenburg freshly dusted off, and have hammered a genuinely robust-Prussian speech into him," he recounted. "I regret it; he should have been retired on allowance long ago. But this one time I've had to ask him to make the effort, because the people claim he died a long time ago, and that a letter-carrier pensioned thirty years ago is lying on the sofa in Neudeck in his place. Well, that was my first flash of genius: Hindenburg himself speaks at the May celebration.

"Come on in, come on in, and see the miracle of the ages! Here you can see a two million-footed calf, called 'the people', that bleats 'Heil' to its butcher! Here you can see an imperial field marshal and Reich president, a true servant of his master, celebrating the First of May together with the proletarians of all countries! Go ahead and touch him, ladies and gentlemen, he's not a phonograph, he's not an invention of the manager of this world show —he is the genuine, guaranteed iron Lord of Hosts, Hindenburg, who at the age of 86 is breaking interest slavery and drowning the Jews in the Masurian Lakes.

"Here you can see the quack doctor from Braunau, Bohemia, who knows the secret of abolishing unemployment at one blow and hasn't revealed this secret for the past ten months. Here you can see and hear the man who does

away with eight million unemployed without killing them! Don't hesitate, ladies and gentlemen, he'll reveal it to you, not for one mark admission, not for fifty pfennigs, not for ten pfennigs; he wants nothing but an emperor's crown on his brainy head.

"Here you see, arm in arm, Hitler, the saviour of the disinherited, and Hindenburg, the rock of the laughing heirs, and at their feet—don't laugh, gentlemen of the nobility and a most esteemed citizenry—look here—"

"Put a cigar in your mouth at last," Frau Schnierwind implored him. "How many times have I told you that you're not allowed to talk more than twenty-four hours a day? Look at Herr Rümelin—he's half-dead already. Imagine some one listening to you who doesn't know you!"

"Lord's sake, Thusnelda!" Schnierwind maliciously gave his wife the name of the wife of Arminius, the Romans' conqueror. "Anyone who didn't know me, would think I'm feeble-minded, and yet I'm one of the most acute analysts of my time. Rümelin is dizzy because he drank two bottles of cognac last night whereas I lay blissfully in your arms. He knows me. And you know me too—well then: Here you can see—don't giggle, girl, something still better is coming—a hungry people of 65,000,000, which is sated by the blood of a couple of Jews, by Roman candles, by the highest luxury in water drainage and fireworks!

"Rümelin, you feel sick; the blessed Naumann is still stuck in your stomach. Step out of the car; I release you from all duties for three hours; put two or three fingers deep down in your throat. And then you'll appear on the platform as fresh as a young god!"

But Rümelin pulled himself together so sharply that his bones cracked.

"We're almost there!" he said. "Keep on talking; I'll vomit later."

Tempelhof Field is the biggest grassy area around Berlin. It has 3500 acres of sparsely covered sandy soil, and was big enough for the manoeuvres of several divisions of the Kaiser's army.

On this First of May the whole vast field was a single army encampment; hundreds of thousands of people, certainly one-third of the population of all Berlin, had gathered there. It was bounded by a wall of fluttering flags, which bore the swastika on a black, white and red background. Hundreds of masts had been set up on the field itself, from which Hitler's flags also waved. They stretched out under the sky like a veil.

The storm troop columns, factories and clubs, student delegations in colorful corps rig-out, gymnastic societies, and bands with fife and drum kept marching in in military formation.

Frau Schnierwind's eyes grew still brighter—she was the companion, the wife of the brilliant organizer who had designed and executed all this, who was being greeted with shouts of "Heil" and "Hoch" over and over again. He alone, perhaps the only one among all these hundred thousands, wore no swatika arm-band, no emblem at all. He felt himself above the mob and hated it! But how well they knew him! How they loved him!

"I wouldn't have thought that such enthusiasm is possible! It looks as if not a single person able to move his legs had stayed at home today. Hitler and you, you two are the greatest magicians of all times!"

"It is guaranteed to be the most genuine enthusiasm since 1914," Schnierwind replied. "The workers get their full day's wages, although they don't move a finger—merely their feet and jaws. This cost us a little gentle pressure on the employers of course, but really only a very little, for the em-

ployers are enthusiastic whenever the storm troopers are. Of course, every factory worker must be able to prove tonight that he actually took part in the popular upheaval. They have to carry a card, which is punched five times during the day by our monitors, about every two hours. Brilliant idea, what?"

A broad avenue had been kept open, leading to the platforms, which rose out of the crowds in the center of the field. Schnierwind's upholstered tank rode along this avenue between walls of people dressed in their Sunday best, while a giant silvery Zeppelin circled overhead. On the platform a military band was giving a concert, thundering marches and national hymns into the air, and these martial notes boomed into the ears of all the hundred thousands through hundreds of loudspeakers.

The scene from the platform was so unbelievable that at the first glance everybody caught his breath. Perhaps never in history, in no country of the world, had one man and one idea ever rallied so many of his fellow-citizens around him at one time. They stood elbow to elbow for miles, so tightly packed that the grass under their feet was covered by a human carpet. These were no figures, no heads, no faces—this was the inconceivable concept: "man in the mass," materialized at one stroke.

The old enthusiasm awoke in Rümelin. Face to face with this tremendous scene he forgot the monstrous, the horrible, the atrocious things that the Nazi regime had displayed during the first few weeks of its rule. It all fell away like hateful accessories, like slag out of which the pure ore comes glowing red. What order in this tumult, what discipline in these unleased masses! What faith, in the Führer, who had so much power over a whole people!

Gigantic and marvelous was also the plan that had turned the Tempelhof Field into a single festive square. Workers and architects, engineers and electricians, excavators and building workers had accomplished a tremendous job here in day and night shifts. On all sides spaces had been cut out of the sea of heads, like islands in the ocean, from which the loudspeaker towers rose surrounded by fluttering banners, the searchlight equipment, signal and control masts. Round about these giant structures little villages had been constructed of beams and boards: food stores, drinking booths, first-aid stations. A popular festival like this one had never been planned, was technically impossible before this, had never been celebrated on this earth! The hundred thousands of voices sounded like an ocean surf, and from the air hundreds of airplane motors played their deep, gigantic, metallic symphony.

That was the only frame in which Hitler could unfold his labor program, his program for the liberation of the world! "He was right," Rümelin thought to himself, "in not releasing his gospel before this, in inferences and at ordinary times. To tell humanity this great news, he required an auditorium like this, and an hour as stirringly solemn!"

In the foreground of the platform the great men of the Third Reich were on parade. One could see Hindenburg's granite head; at his side Hitler; the Kaiser's son, Prince August Wilhelm of Prussia; the simple men of the people whom Hitler had summoned to posts of leadership. Thus the great days of 1914 united with the great days of 1933 around Hindenburg as around a living monument, around this giant who had always and ever been representative and protector of his people as far back as Rümelin could re-

member. It was he alone who had given Adolf Hitler, his opponent, the power to carve out of the round whatever he might carve.

"What will he say?" Hans Heinz Rümelin was stirred by expectancy such as only a superstitious worshipper could feel in the temple of his idol. Although doubt had darkened his faith, though the last few weeks had been so full of torturous doubt that he had rather not lived through them, one glance at this army of millions of the devout, of thirsty and hungry ones, who were rallying around their social redeemer, proved to him that he had betrayed the saviour in his heart.

The evening fell quickly. Through the dusk long rows of red lamps suddenly flashed out all over the field, indicating direction to the fliers, that congregation of devout Germans high up in the air. Immediately afterwards searchlights flooded the government platform with light from all sides, as if the sun were rising and illuminating only a single spot on earth—the heart of the German Reich. Hitler arose, stood there bathed in white light. All saw him at once, and it seemed to Rümelin as if the Führer also saw all of them, as if he were looking into everyone's heart. Now the whole Tempelhof Field was illuminated, but in its glow the platform stood out like a flaming mountain of light. The slogans of the day were visible on giant transparencies:

Honor labor and respect the laborer; thus you honor your people.

And another:

Henceforth there is only one nobility, that of labor.

It was inconceivable to realize that when the Führer now spoke, this congregation of millions was multiplied a thousandfold, that throughout the Reich and far beyond its frontiers all Germans, all peoples of German tongue, were linked to him by radio waves! A hundred million people would now hear his message simultaneously, would be set afire by the power of his idea, and the hearts of these hundred million Germans would become a single flame!

And then spoke Hitler...

Rümelin had expected only the program, only ten thundering theses such as Luther had once nailed to the church door in Wittenberg, only the last crystallized extract of tremendous intellectual labor. Everything was so clear. Germany was full of misery and distress; starvation was widespread. Youth was rotting away in unwanted idleness. Mothers cursed their wombs for giving birth. Light had gone out in the hearts of all. And now, after sixteen years of such distress, one man stood there who knew the way out of this disorder. Why did he begin, in the deep-chested voice of the herald, to speak of the significance of May, which "for thousands of years has been greeted on its first day with joy, with festive spirit and mood?" Why did he speak of "awakening nature, the visible entrance of Spring," why did he then fill endless minutes with a review of the years "full of discord and hate, full of suffering and fraternal struggle and fratricide?" Why did he paint a broad picture of his people's misery again; why did he speak of the tens of thousands who during these years had voluntarily ended lives that seemed to offer them nothing but worry and poverty?

What did he mean by:

"The German people must get to know each other again?" They would get to know each other, live peacefully side by side and understand each other, if they only had work and bread; work and bread was what Hitler had promised them! Why didn't he come right to the point—why didn't he open

his arms at last to embrace the millions, and call out to them that they had work and bread from the morrow on, that he was keeping his word, that he had already prepared the way and found the necessary funds long ago?

But he made reservations: for seventy years insanity had been advocated and preached as a political idea, for seventy years the destruction of the people's community had been a political commandment—and now it was "not easy" to transform the minds of men at one blow.

Had the people expected that it would be easy? That was what Hitler was a titan for!

Rümelin reached for his forehead, reached for his heart, refused to believe his own senses. What was Hitler thundering, what dreadful cuckoo's egg had Schnierwind laid in his nest? It sounded actually as if it had flowed from that wordy monster's pen, word for word. Seventy years of German history: the three Bismarckian wars that had united the Reich; the coronation of the Kaiser in Versailles; the tremendous upsurge through gigantic labor to gigantic success that the German people had made up to the World War—was all that destruction? A "dictate of caste pride and class insanity?"

Now, as the highest wisdom, after forty-five minutes of oratory, after forty-five minutes full of empty electioneering, there came another thunderous phrase:

"Honor labor and respect the laborer," which was received with the clapping of hands and shouts of "bravo!", thin claps and scanty shouts when one considered that two million hands were ready for rejoicing applause.

This was followed again by a clotted mass of thin-blooded Schnierwindian phrases: that idealism alone makes possible the life and existence of all men; that a people which had lost idealism must perish; and this was succeeded by the second thundering phrase of the day:

"There is no German life without German spirit!"

Who had ever doubted that?

Half an hour later, a half-hour during which not a single drop of refreshment had fallen on Rümelin's thirsty heart, the Führer began to speak in sullen innuendoes of "those" who believed that "they could humiliate the German people," who told it that it was second-rate and whom he "wanted to confront courageously and resolutely"—with what?—"with the banner of his people's resurrection."

And what was all this courage and resoluteness for? Was this a confusing dream, an auditory hallucination, this senseless word that came out, shouted with tremendous enthusiasm:

"They can perhaps violate the nation, perhaps they can put it in chains, but they can never bend us, humiliate us any more!"

That didn't make sense—"violate and put in chains, but not humiliate. . . ." That was the cheapest, most miserable sort of phraseology, words behind which not a trace of thought was concealed.

Who was bending? Starvation. Who was humiliating? Distress. Against what dark powers was he fighting anyhow; whom did the Führer threaten, his fists clenched; against whom did he rage, foaming at the mouth? Against hunger? Against distress?

Rümelin would have been close to despair if his hatred of Schnierwind had not maintained him. All this was Schnierwind's making; it was Germany's misfortune that Hitler time and again allowed this scullery-cook of thoughts to enter his workshop, that he fed the people with the handout of Schnierwindian thought.

But now, the genuine Hitler program was coming, now the speaker's shoulders were rising again, his chest was arching for a tremendous exertion, his voice took on the power of a brass trumpet! Now at last he spoke of the elimination of unemployment, now he was on his own, holy chain of thought!

"A tremendous, a great project will be started this year, a project that will again put the German buildings, the houses in order! Every employer, every house-owner, every business man, everyone has the duty of levying on his own fortune to help this, to provide work, to remember *German* labor."

The word "German" sounded as if it could blow down walls.

If the German employers gave the German workers work, the German workers would have work—that's all it meant, and that was a phrase so full of cynical stupidity—even for the ears of the dumbest of the dumb—that he couldn't attribute it even to Schnierwind.

And there he was, this Schnierwind; there he stood alongside Rümelin, a malicious dwarf, gurgling with ironical laughter; he plucked him by the arm and whispered:

"That wasn't mine, Rümelin! That grew on Adolf's own manure pile!"

"And secondly," thundered the strident voice over Tempelhof Field and over all the fields and forests, all the cities and villages of the German Reich, "we shall endeavor to realize a gigantic program this year, a program that we do not intend to leave for posterity, but must accomplish *ourselves.*"

Now the world held its breath, now the world expected the genius to swoop low on its condor wings over God's poor, destitute earth!

Now or never Rümelin would learn what he sacrificed his youth for, why all the strength and dignity was being beaten out of tens of thousands of courageous workers for the past three months; why torture chambers smoked with blood in every city district, in every village in Germany; why they echoed to piercing cries of woe; why 50,000 were doing penance in concentration camps, worse than penitentiaries; and why the jails and penitentiaries themselves were so full of Hitler's enemies that he had to release the sex criminals and murderers, making them the people's jailers. All the trampled family life, all the brutalized spirit, the army of Germans homeless now, refugees from their native land—all this stood before him, and now a single word had to be said, after ten thousand words that had only stirred the air, to justify all this, all this, all this!

This word did not come. A snowflake that cannot stand a breath, a word that explains nothing and justifies nothing come out of the trumpet, whose tone had already reached its maximum pitch. The word was:

"Road-building."

What snivelling shoemaker of economics, what rat of a newspaper hack in the world didn't know that any kind of work would be a salvation, all public works, every building project that pumped billions of gold into the population and put 16,000,000 unemployed hands to work. The problem was where to get the billions of gold to start business on the road to recovery! All of them had broken down on this problem ever since the world crisis had set in, not only those who held the reins in Germany, but all of them: in every country, in all the five continents of the world.

When Hitler trumpeted this "what," his whole bag of gifts was emptied, and he lost not a word on the "how."

"A gigantic task," he continued, bellowing like Cerberus, "we shall begin it in a big way and clear all the obstacles out of our way. . ."

There was Hitler in his dreadful nakedness! And there were the deceived, derided people, that now broke out into a chorus of "Hoch" and "Heils". Now Rümelin knew the whole horrible truth.

"An empty rigmarole!" laughed Schnierwind; he was laughing tears. "And how the public laps it up! Listen to how it roars, the sweet *canaille*—the people."

At that moment Rümelin grabbed him, clutched the darkened shrunken Teuton by the throat.

"You Nazi swindlers," he hissed, "I'd kill you all with pleasure!"

He let him go—Schnierwind wasn't the only one. This Schnierwind was perhaps the best of the lot; he knew what he was doing, at least.

The dwarf had grown very pale, but he made no scene; he merely made a threatening gesture with his finger. And as Rümelin turned to go, Schnierwind laughingly said:

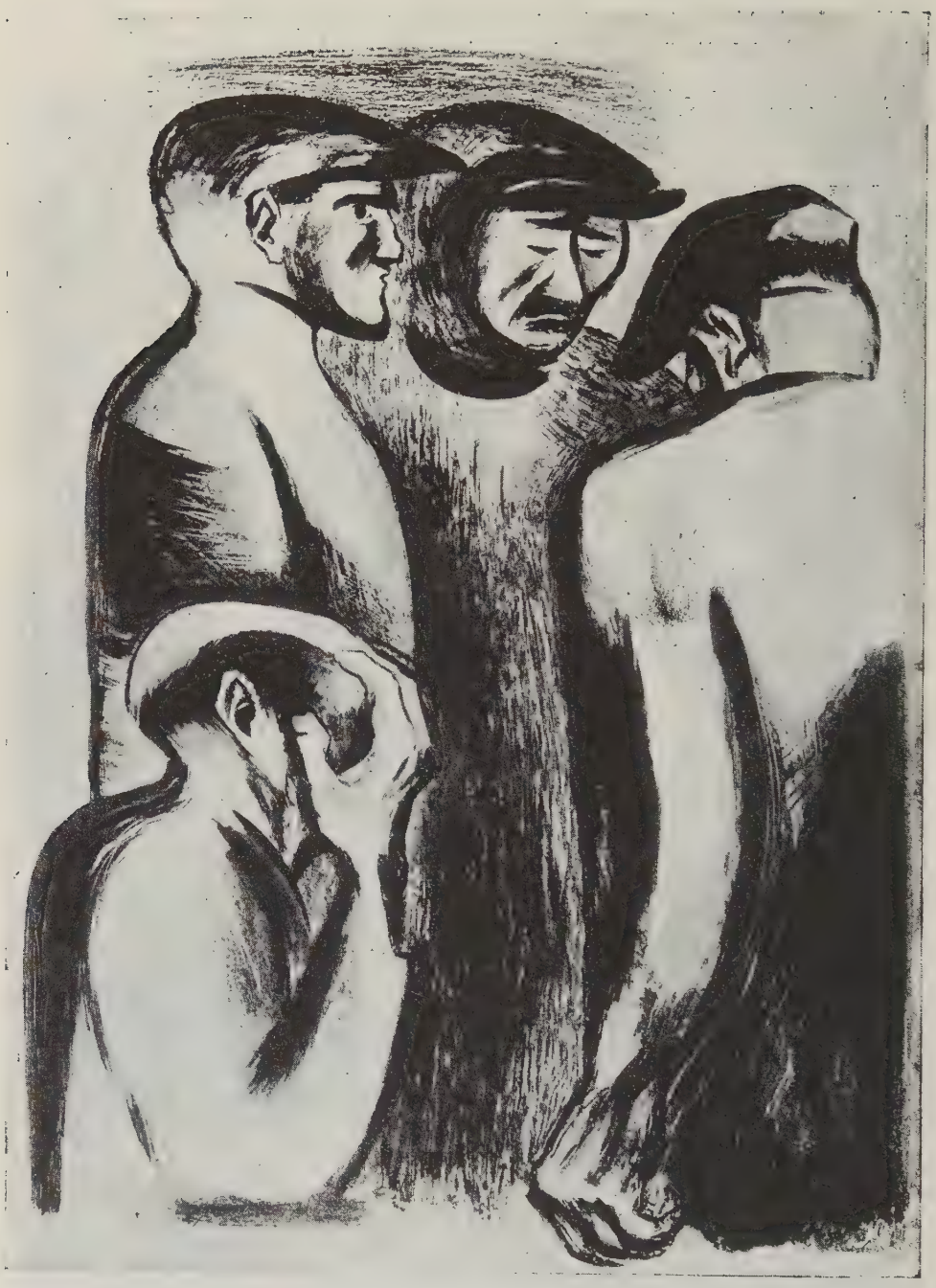
"Just wait. This time I'm going to tell the teacher!"

Translated from the German by Leonard Mins

NINE AMERICAN ARTISTS

In an Exhibit of the New York John Reed Club

Sacco, Vanzetti — and the Judge — *Mabel Dwight*



Hunger — *Jose Clemente Orozco*

Lynching — *Anton Refregier*

Eviction — *Michael Loew*

Mural in Needle Trades Industrial Union Hall, New York — *James Guy*

Chain Gang — *Irwin D. Hoffman*

Unemployed

Camille Egas

Hunger March

William Siegel

Demonstration

N. Cikovsky

ARTICLES and CRITICISM

A. V. Lunacharski

Lenin and Literature

An Analysis of Lenin's Views by One Who Worked Closely With Him

Marxism-Leninism is the only and integral system of views, world philosophy and world knowledge of the proletariat as a class. Being the result of the entire accumulation of human knowledge, but based on entirely new principles which have become possible only by virtue of the peculiar social position of the new class, Marxism-Leninism is simultaneously both a philosophical picture of nature and society, a theory of knowledge, a general method of scientific research and also a system of guiding principles resting at the base of the program of the proletariat, of its strategy and tactics for the overthrow of capitalism and the building of a new socialist society by the proletariat.

Although a proletarian world philosophy, Marxism-Leninism has not yet completely embraced the consciousness of all proletarian masses. It represents rather a weapon of the proletarian advance guard which expresses its true interests, of the proletarian Communist Parties and their International Association—the Third Communist International.

The basis of this world philosophy was laid and given a powerful and profound development by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels in the second half of the 19th century. They named it "scientific Socialism" or "dialectic materialism." The great founders of proletarian philosophy issued from a deep study of both the theory and the live reality of the past and their contemporary present. As Lenin has written,

> "Marx continued and completed with genius the three main currents of thought of the 19th century, currents that belonged to the three most advanced countries of mankind: classic German philosophy, classic English philosophy, classic English economics and French socialism together with French revolutionary teachings generally."

A careful study of bourgeois political economy, the higher forms of utopian Socialism, the militant materialism of the bourgeois philosophers of the 18th century, the idealist dialectics of the German thinkers of the beginning of the 19th century, particularly of Hegel—was united by Marx and Engels with an all-sided analysis of all phases of their contemporary social life, laying the basis for the practice of the still young proletarian movement and taking into consideration the experience of the bourgeois revolutions of the 18th and 19th centuries, as well as the first attempts at proletarian revolutions in 1848 and the time of the Commune.

At present, however, there can no longer be any question of any sort of genuine Marxism outside of Leninism. Leninism is the continuation of the teachings of Marx and Engels taking into account the further development of capitalism including the period of its decay—imperialism, and the further development of the proletariat, including the Great October Revolution of 1917 and the experience of the last few years in building socialism. One cannot be a Leninist without being a Marxist—this is self-evident, because all the

theory and practice of Lenin and his party is founded upon Marxism. But it is now equally impossible to be a Marxist without being a Leninist, because Leninism is the natural and necessary next stage in the teachings of Marx. As defined by Stalin:

"Leninism is Marxism in the period of imperialism and proletarian revolution. More exactly: Leninism is the theory and tactics of proletarian revolution generally, the theory and tactics of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat in particular. Marx and Engels occupied themselves with the pre-revolutionary period (we have in mind the proletarian revolution), when there was as yet no developed imperialism, with the period of preparing the proletarians for revolution, a period when the proletarian revolution was not yet a direct practical inevitability. Lenin, however, the disciple of Marx and Engels, occupied himself with the period of fully developed imperialism, the period of the unfolding proletarian revolution, when the proletarian revolution was already triumphant in one country, had shattered bourgeois democracy and opened the era of proletarian democracy, the Soviet era. That is why Leninism is the further development of Marxism."

Marxism without Leninism is impossible. The Menshevik Marxism of all types, the Marxism of the Second International, is pseudo-Marxism. This latter philosophy is dead and decaying before our eyes, turning into more or less skilfully painted scenery behind which the proletariat is being corrupted, and the scramble of politicians goes on attempting to distort the independent development of the working class and subjugate it to the influence of the exploiters. Leninism "grew, strengthened in skirmishes with the opportunism of the Second International, the struggle with which was, and is a necessary prerequisite condition for a successful struggle against capitalism."

Attempts have been made to depict the relations between Marxism and Leninism as if Marxism were a complete *theory* of the proletariat and Leninism the *practice* of this theory, renovated and adapted to our times. Such a view must be rejected most resolutely as Menshevik, consciously or unconsciously an attempt to lower the value of Leninism and thus distort Marxism as a whole. Leninism is not only a practical teaching adapted to the time of the real proletarian revolution, but also a new phase of development of proletarian theory which remains profoundly faithful to its principles and whose development is due to new experience.

It is occasionally sought to prove that Leninism added nothing of particular value in the field of philosophy without denying the prime importance of Leninism in the fields of politics, political economy, the fundamental principles of history and particularly of revolutionary practice. Theoreticians of this type attempt to put G. V. Plekhanov on a par with Marx and Engels and pass by the philosophic work of V. I. Lenin with a few words of gracious praise. This completely false and profoundly deleterious view should also be vehemently rejected. In defending Marx's materialism from all sly, slippery and labyrinthine systems of so-called positivism (E. Mach, R. Avenarius, etc)., Lenin has unfolded a rich system of views in *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* which, from the point of view of clarifying the essence of both the materialist and the dialectic sides of the philosophy of the proletariat, is an invaluable contribution to the treasury of Marxian thought. It is impossible to become an educated Marxian without a most attentive study of this book. Lenin did not complete his other philosophical works, but in his draft manuscripts there are numerous abstracts on Hegel's works and notes on a host of the most diverse philosophical problems which represent just as valuable pearls of proletarian philosophic thought as, for instance, Marx's aphorisms on Feuerbach. Every line and every word should be carefully studied in order to utilize the determinants contained in this terse but invaluable heritage as guide posts in the further philosophical work of the proletariat.

It is self-evident that the general philosophical principles of Marxism developed by Lenin are of fundamental significance also for the study of literature as a branch of proletarian science. In utilizing for this special purpose the philosophic heritage left by Lenin it is necessary to make a careful study, from this special point of view, also of the social-science principles and data of Leninism. Lenin's teachings on *culture,* on the relations between the culture of the past and proletarian culture and of the cultural problems facing the proletariat of Soviet Russia, are of special importance. Literature cannot be studied apart from the *history* of society and the history of literature itself. There are valuable hints in the Lenin heritage unfolding the inner meaning of the economic, political and cultural history of Soviet Russia, without an understanding of which it is impossible to either understand the past or historically conceive its present and future. It is clear that the analysis and discussion of the entire heritage left by Lenin from the point of view of its utilization in the study of literature cannot be complete in this article: it is a matter for special research, rather for collective efforts. In this article we shall confine ourselves to a concise essay in Leninism on the following topics: 1) Lenin's philosophic heritage; 2) his teaching on culture; 3) theory of imperialism; 4) his teachings on the basic trends of development of the West and Soviet Russia; 5) individual works by Lenin more or less devoted to analysis of literary phenomena; 6) his scattered notes and expressions dealing with literature which have not been included in his published works, but have remained in the reminiscences of contemporaries; and finally 7) Lenin and the problems of contemporary Marxian study of literature.

2. *Lenin's Philosophic Views*

The most characteristic feature of the Lenin method—unity of theory and practice—comes out with particular prominence on the background of the activities of the social-democrats of the Second International, whose theory consists only of phraseology designed to mask the social fruitlessness and treachery of their practice. "Unity of the theoretical idea (knowledge) and practice—and this unity *precisely in the theory of knowledge.*" This remarkable philosophical fragment of Lenin's bears evidence of the fact that Lenin conceived the very theory of knowledge inseparable from the practice, which enters into his theory. He untiringly tested every theory by practice and it was not by chance that in his preface to the second edition of his pamphlet *Can the Bolsheviks Retain Government Power?* he wrote with satisfaction:

"This pamphlet was written... at the end of September and finished on October 14, 1917. The Revolution of November 7 transfered the problem stated in the pamphlet from the sphere of theory to that of practice. Not with words but with deeds must this question be answered now... The problem is now to prove by the *practice* of the foremost class—the proletariat—the vitality of the government of workers and peasants... To work, everyone to work, the cause of the Socialist world revolution must and will triumph."

Here Lenin says that he has no time now to reason about revolution, that it is more interesting to make revolutions than write about them, but he only wrote in order to make them. The saying that Marxism "is not a dogma but a guide to action" was one of Lenin's favorites. It certainly has nothing in common with the theoretical products of the Second International which are all designed to rob the proletariat of the possibility of action by reformist twaddle.

But this saying is highly characteristic of Leninism, that "Marxism of the period of imperialism and proletarian revolution" when millions of the inter-

national proletariat have been drawn into the active class struggle against capitalism, when the proletariat has already triumphed on one-sixth of the earth's surface and has entered the stage of decisive battles with the capitalist order on the other five-sixths.

In his book *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* ("Critical notes on one reactionary philosophy") Lenin took up the defense of materialism with all the force of his genius. He has himself pointed out the difference in tasks between this research and the philosophic works of Marx and Engels, notwithstanding the complete identity of point of view and world philosophy as a whole. Marx and Engels often had to take up the cudgels against vulgar methaphysical materialists in their philosophical works and notes and therefore stressed primarily the dialectic nature of their world philosophy *i.e.,* precisely what distinguished it from the vulgar materialism of Buchner, Focht and their ilk. Lenin's book was written in defense of materialism against various forms of half-cooked world philosophies masking their subjective idealist essence under so-called positivism, various forms of eclecticism and confusion, all sorts of coquetry with "naive realism" etc. Lenin has proved most conclusively that all forms of positivism, empirio-criticism, Machism, etc., are unquestionably idealism, that they have nothing in common with dialectic-materialism and can have nothing in common with it. It was necessary to prove this because the subtle and confused philosophic thought of Avenarius, Mach and their adherents and disciples had seduced some of the Marxians in Russia and abroad.

For a definition of the essence of materialism Lenin quotes Engels' work *Ludwig Feuerbach:*

"The palpable (Stafflich) world which we perceive with our senses, to which we belong ourselves, is the only real world," "our consciousness and thought, however super-senselike they may seem, are the product (Erzeugnis) of the material of spirit, spirit is only a higher product of matter. This is pure materialism."

Materialism, as Lenin emphasizes, clearly rejects the contrasting of appearances and things:

"Any mysterious, abstruse, artful differentiation between appearances and 'things in themselves' is pure philosophic nonsense. As a matter of fact every human being has observed a million instances of the transformation of the 'thing in itself' into an appearance, into a 'thing for us.' This transformation is knowledge."

The source of all knowledge can only be sensation, but from there two ways lead—one correct, the other false:

"The first premise of the theory of knowledge consists, of course, in that the only source of our knowledge is sensation. Acknowledging this first premise Mach confuses the second important premise: of the objective reality by man with his senses or being the source of sensation. Issuing from sensation, one can follow the line of subjectivism leading to Solipsism ('bodies are complexes or combinations of sensations') and one can follow the line of objectivism leading to materialism (sensations are the images of bodies of the external world). For the first point of view—for agnosticism or, a little further—for subjective idealism—there can exist no objective truth. For the second point of view, i.e., materialism, the recognition of objective truth is essential."

The following propositions are thus the basis of materialism. There exists an objective world which is fundamentally one; with all the infinite variety of matter—it is one. Man is part of this world. His consciousness, as consciousness generally, is a property of highly organised matter. Man's consciousness reflects real things of the surrounding world and their interrelations. It reflects things only approximately, but the approximation is becoming ever closer. Lenin writes on this:

"for the materialist the world is richer, more alive, more diversified than it seems (i.e., than it is represented to our consciousness at a given moment in its development—A.L.) because every step in the development of science opens up new sides in it."

As we have already said, the fundamental task of Lenin's principal philosophic work was the defense of materialism against all sorts of masked idealism that sought to undermine its firm principles. Lenin attributed tremendous significance to the *dialectic* essence of Marx's materialism. Matter, to Lenin, is not something inert, in itself immovable, requiring an outside impulse, some non-material movement, force or energy. Similarly movement is, to Lenin, by no means only mechanical translation in space by means of an impulse, resistance, reflection, etc., as the mechanistic materialists conceived it. To Lenin matter and motion are one. The matter of dialectic materialism is something which is continually developing and by its movement all its infinite diversity of change is meant. Change is a property of matter as such. Matter can never and nowhere remain without change. Every material item is always undergoing a process of change and this process is always of the nature of splitting the given whole into conflicting parts.

"The splitting up of the one and the cognition of its conflicting parts ... is the essence (one of the 'essences,' one of the fundamental, if not the fundametal, peculiarities or traits) of dialectics." "The identity of contraries," continues Lenin, "... is the recognition ... of contradictory, *mutually exclusive,* conflicting tendencies in *all* phenomena and processes of nature (and spirit and society *included).* The conditions for knowing all processes of the world in their 'self motion', in their spontaneous development, in their living aliveness, is to know them as a unity of contraries. Development is a 'struggle' of contraries."

While establishing these general principles of tremendous importance in his notes "On the Questions of Dialectics," Lenin emphasizes particularly the dual conception of development.

"The two fundamental... conceptions of development (evolution) are: development as reduction or increase, as repetition *and* development as unity of contraries (splitting of the unit into mutually exclusive contraries and the interrelations between them). With the first conception of movement, *self*-motion, its *motive* force, its source, its motive remains in the shadow (or this source is transferred *outside:* God, subject, etc.). With the second conception main attention is given to the cognition of the *source* of *'self'*-motion. The first conception is dead, poor, dry. The second—alive. *Only* the second furnishes a key to 'self-motion' of all existence, it alone furnishes a key to 'skips,' to 'introductions of gradualness,' to 'transformation into contraries,' to the destruction of the old and the arising of the new."

In the same notes Lenin indicates the method itself of treating dialectics generally and the dialectics of any individual phenomenon. These master lines have to be quoted in full here:

"N.B. the distinction between subjectivism (scepticism and sophism etc.) and dialectics, also what is relative in (objective) dialectics and the difference between the relative and absolute. To objective dialectics the relative includes the absolute. To subjectivism and sophism the relative is only relative and excludes the absolute. Marx in *Capital* at first analyses the simplest, most common, fundamental, the most masslike, most usual, that one comes across billions of times, the *relations* of bourgeois (commodity) society: commodity exchange. The analysis uncovers in this simplest of phenomena (in this 'cell' of bourgeois society) *all* the contradictions (resp. the germs of *all* contradictions) of modern society. The further exposition shows us the development (*both* the growth *and* movement) of these contradictions and this society in the Σ [1] of its separate parts from beginning to end. Such should be the method of exposition (resp. study) of dialectics generally (because the dialectics of bourgeois society in Marx is only a separate instance of dialectics). One should begin with the most simple, usual, masslike, etc., with *any* sentence: the leaves of the trees are green; John is a man; Rover is a dog and such like. Already in this (as Hegel noted) there is dialectics: the particular is the general... Which means contraries (the particular is contrary to the general), are identical: the particular does not exist except in

[1] A mathematical symbol "sigma," meaning sum, integral.

as it leads to the general. The general exists only in the particular, through the particular. Every thing particular is (thus or otherwise) general. Everything general is (part or aside or the essence of) particular. Everything general only approximately embraces all particular objects. Everything particular only partially enters into the general etc., etc. Everything particular is connected with other particulars (things, phenomena, processes) by thousands of transitions, etc., etc."

The philosophic profundity of these formulations by Lenin is undisputed. But they have not only a general philosophic significance, they are of special significance also to the study of literature. To put the problem of the unity of the "general" and the "particular" with respect to such important categories of literary science as style and genre, is the business now of every Marxist student of literature. To state the problem of "unity of contraries" with respect to the creative work of some writer—means to clear up the internal contradictions of this creative work and establish the leading, organizing principle within it.

There is a real danger here of bare dialectisation, formalistic or mechanistic abstractions. But these distortions, unfortunately not rare in contemporary studies of literature, obligate us to make an all-sided and most profound study of the Lenin philosophic fragments necessary to the building up of the dialectics of the literary process.

Lenin attributed extremely great significance to Engels' teaching on the gradual mastery of the truth by man. In the opinion of V. I. Lenin it draws a vivid line of demarcation between inert dogmatics on the one hand and relativism—denying objective truth, on the other. Inasmuch as our brief exposition of Lenin's materialism (and consequently the materialism of the intelligent proletariat) is given here particularly as a basis for our conclusions with respect to the methods of constructing a Marxian Leninist science of literature, we consider it worth while to quote here, after Lenin, these important thoughts of Engels:

"The sovereignty of thought is realized through a number of people who think exceedingly unsovereignly; knowledge, having an undoubted right to truth—in a number of relative delusions; neither one, nor the other" (neither absolutely true knowledge nor sovereign thought) "can be realized fully except by an infinite duration of human life." "We here meet again the contradiction we have already met above, the contradiction between the nature of human thought which seems to us perforce absolute, and its realization in separate individuals whose thinking is only limited. This contradiction can be resolved only in such a series of human generations as, for us at least, is practically infinite. In this sense human thought is as sovereign as it is not sovereign, and its capacity for cognition as unlimited by nature (Anlage), calling, possibility, historical final end; not sovereign and limited in separate realization according to a given reality in a given time."

"The contours of the picture," adds Lenin himself, "are historically conditional, but what is unconditional, is that the picture depicts an objectively existing model. It is historically conditional when and under what circumstances we advanced in our knowledge to the discovery of Alisarin in coal tar or to the discovery of electrons in the atom, but unconditional that every such discovery is a step forward in 'absolute objective knowledge'. In a word, every ideology is historically conditional, but it is unconditionally true that to every scientific ideology (as distinguished, for instance, from a religious one) corresponds an objective truth, absolute nature. You will say: this distinction between relative and absolute truth is not definite. I shall answer: it is just sufficiently 'indefinite' to prevent science becoming a dogma in the worst sense of this word, becoming something dead, frozen, hardened, but it is at the same time just 'definite' enough to disassociate itself most resolutely and irrevocably from fideism and from agnosticism, from philosophic idealism and the sophisms of the followers of Hume and Kant."

Lenin insists that dialectics is inherent in human knowledge generally because nature itself lives dialectically: constant transitions, modulations, mutual connections of contraries are observable in it. Nevertheless man achieves consciousness of the dialectic properties of his thinking, properties profound-

ly consistent with the properties of nature itself, only at times, under favorable circumstances. On the contrary, frequently his own class interests, or the class interests of those who guide him, completely kill the dialectics living in his brain activity, replacing it with metaphysical methods of thought. Only now, with the triumph of the proletariat over the bourgeoisie, will the natural dialectic thinking of man prevail, having done away with the distortions of a property-owning social order. This will take place in all fields of knowledge and creative work including the study of literature and literature itself. All Marxists are of the same opinion, that Marx's theory is an objective truth. This means that

"following Marxian theory we shall come closer and ever closer (never exhausting) objective truth; following *any other course* we can come to nothing except confusion and falseness."

Lenin sharply rejects all confusion of social consciousness with social existence:

"Social consciousness *reflects* social existence—that is what Marx teaches. The reflection can be true, or an approximately true copy of the reflected, but it is absurd to speak of identicalness," says Lenin. "Man's greatest problem," he declares, "is to embrace the objective logic of economic evolution (the evolution of social existence) in its general and basic traits, in order to more nearly, exactly, clearly, critically, adjust to it the social consciousness and the consciousness of the foremost classes of all capitalist countries."

Dialectic materialism by no means makes man passive, on the contrary, it raises to an extraordinary degree the activity of Marxian-conscious people. Lenin says about this:

"With Engels all live, human practice breaks into the very theory of knowledge giving an *objective* criterion of truth: so long as we do not know the law of nature, it, existing and acting outside of our consciousness, makes us the slaves of 'blind necessity.' But once we have discovered this law, acting as it does (as Marx has pointed out thousands of times) *independently* of our will and of our consciousness—we are nevertheless masters of nature. Mastery over nature, as it appears in human practice, is the result of an objectively-true reflection in the human mind of the phenomena and processes of nature, is proof of the fact that this reflection (within the confines of what practice shows us) is an objective, absolute, eternal truth."

Objective truth can only be sought by objective methods, such as dialectic materialism is. This method is, however, at the same time, a party, a class method. This can be explained by the fact that the ruling bourgeois class and bourgeois science which is dependent upon it are incapable of being objective, because objective truth contradicts the interests and the very existence of the bourgeoisie. This is a very important proposition, which permits us to define our position on the structure of knowledge (including that in the field of literary research) with respect to modern official science.

"*Not one* of these professors, capable of producing most valuable work in the special fields of chemistry, history, physics, can be *trusted with a single word* as soon as philosophy is dealt with. Why? For the same reason that one *can not believe a single word of any* professor of political economy, capable though he may be of producing the most valuable work in the field of special research dealing with facts, when the question of the general theory of political economy is dealt with. Because this is just as much a *Party* science in modern society as *gnoseology*. On the whole, professors of economics are nothing but learned servants of the capitalist class and professors of philosophy—the learned servants of the theologians."

Lenin's profound objectivity did not lead him to fatalism or indifference, but on the contrary coincided with a most passionate response to life as is evidenced by a remarkable passage in one of his earlier works directed against the Narodniki:

"Mikhailovski also brings the following phenomenal argument against the 'disciples.' Mr. Kamenski[1] attacks the Narodniki viciously; this, don't you know, 'proves that he is angry' and he is not supposed to be (sic!!). We, 'subjective old men' and 'subjective youngsters'[2] can allow ourselves this weakness without contradicting ourselves. But representatives of the doctrine 'justly proud of their unrelenting objectivity' (an expression of one of the 'disciples') are in a different position. What's this?! Does this mean that people who demand that opinions on social phenomena should be based on an unrelentingly objective analysis of reality and real development—have no right to be angry?! But that is plain balderdash, tommyrot! Have you ever heard of the fact, Mr. Mikhailovski, that one of the most remarkable examples of unrelenting objectivity in the analysis of social phenomena is a certain famous treatise on Capital? A host of learned men and economists consider the unrelenting objectivity of this treatise its chief defect. Nevertheless, seldom will you find a scientific treatise with so much 'heart,' so many hot and passionate polemical expressions against representatives of backward views, against representatives of those social classes which, in the author's opinion are a stumbling block to social development. The author, having shown with unrelenting objectivity that the opinions of Proudhon, for instance, are a natural, logical, inevitable reflection of the views and frame of mind of the French petit bourgeois—nevertheless 'jumped' on this ideologist of the petit bourgeoisie with the greatest passion, with passionate wrath. Doesn't Mr. Mikhailovski think Marx 'contradicted himself?' If a given doctrine demands of every public spirited man an unrelentingly objective analysis of reality and the relations between classes resulting from that reality—by what miracle does it follow that this public spirited man must not sympathize with one class or another, that 'he has no such right?' It is ludicrous to even speak here of duty, because no live person *can help taking sides* with one class or another (once he has understood their relations), can help being pleased with the success of one class, can help being grieved by its misfortunes, cannot but be indignant at those who are inimical to this class, at those who hamper its development by propagating reactionary views, etc. etc. Mr. Mikhailovsky's nonsensical escapade only proves that he has not yet thoroughly understood the elementary problem of the difference between determinism and fatalism."

Lenin was strong for an all-round scientific study of facts and knew how to uncover these facts in all their tremendous diversity. Such works of Lenin's as his *Development of Capitalism in Russia, Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* or *Imperialism; the Last Stage of Capitalism,* are based on a tremendous amount of thoroughly studied data, critically analysed—Lenin's scientific method. Containing unerring prognoses on the social reality studied and painting an objective picture of this reality, Lenin's works nevertheless were never objectivistic. Lenin's classic characterization of Struveism, a trend in bourgeois liberalism of the 'nineties that draped itself, for a time, in Marxian phraseology, is well known.

"An objectivist," wrote Lenin in his 'Economic Essence of the Narodniki Movement,' "speaks of the necessity of a given historical process; a materialist states exactly the given socio-economic formation and the antagonistic relations resulting from it. An objectivist, proving the necessity of a given series of facts is always running the risk of adopting the point of view of an apologist of these facts; the materialist uncovers class contradictions and thus defines his point of view. The objectivist talks about 'insuperable historic tendencies;' the materialist speaks about the class which 'manages' the given economic order and creates such and such forms of resistance on the part of the other classes. The materialist is thus more consistent and deeper than the objectivist, is more completely objective. He does not limit himself to pointing out the necessity of a process but explains what socio-economic formation gives content to this process, *what class* determines this necessity. On the other hand materialism includes, so to say, party adherence, which obligates a direct and open stand on the point of view of a definite social group when any event is evaluated."

This quotation requires hardly any commentaries—it shows so eloquently Lenin's condemnatory attitude to all programs and theories with "extra-party" pretensions, indicates so vividly the Leninist method, the scientific strictness of which is permeated throughout by party keenness—a characteristic property of all his theoretical work.

[1] One of Plekhanov's pen names.

Confining ourselves by force of necessity to these quotations characterizing Lenin's philosophic views—we again emphasize that the *entire* philosophic heritage left by Lenin is of tremendous importance to the student of literature, it must all be most carefully studied, and if we limit ourselves to only these few quotations it is only due to the exigencies of space.

3. Lenin's Teachings on Culture

It is, of course understood that in their basic features Lenin's teachings on culture are the same that we find in Marx and Engels. The concept culture, with them embraces in fact all forms of social life, with the exception of the directly industrial. Of course, even these last forms can be included in culture if we take this last term as the antonym of nature, *i.e.,* nature outside of any changes produced in it by man. The concept culture includes all the so-called super-structures. These include not only "pure" forms of ideology, religion, philosophy, science and art but also such forms of culture as are directly connected with life and manners, such as morals, not only theoretical but also practical, true, again in their ideological and practical forms, etc., etc. All these forms of culture continually interact one upon another and to a certain degree exert pressure also on the economic foundation of society. What determines all forms of culture and all its dynamics .is, in the final accounting, the process of production. It is the latter that determines changes in property relations and the grouping of people in production, and what is of special significance is not so much the technical grouping within the process of production itself as the groupings of classes. Classes play different roles in the production process and enjoy different rights to the means of production and the products . It is the class configuration which determines the structure of the state, the political life of a given society and all the other forms of ideologic superstructure.

From these fundamental propositions of Marxism-Leninism let us now turn to those most valuable and original thoughts which Lenin has contributed to the teachings on culture—that necessary basis for the study of literature.

A parallel drawn between the teachings of Lenin and Plekhanov on culture which affected powerfully the views of both thinkers on the nature of fine literature, will here be very instructive. Plekhanov, who was long considered the undisputed and most authoritative disciple of Marx and Engels, in reality bore the impress on all his thinking of a definite section of the Russian revolutionary intelligentsia at the end of the preceding and the beginning of the current century, a section of the intelligentsia which approved the proletariat but could not completely merge with it. This told both on Plekhanov's teachings on literature and on the way he solved a number of problems in the study of literature.

Struggling against the subjectivism of the Narodniki who naively believed that history is made by "people who think critically," i.e., the intelligentsia, Plekhanov proved with great zeal that the study of cultural phenomena, particularly of literature, must be purely genetic and unadulterately objective. According to him, a Marxian student of literature should by no means put himself the question as to the positive or negative nature of any cultural phenomenon, either condemn or praise it. Marxian literary research, according to Plekhanov, must confine itself to the elucidation of the inevitable logic of the given event and all its causes.

Lenin put these problems differently. He, of course, understood perfectly

the tremendous significance of studying particular cultural phenomena from the point of view of their class equivalent. But to him this was only a preparatory step to a study of the phenomenon as a whole, because the study itself, in full accord with the militant and creative character of the proletariat, was to Lenin only a spring board for the critical utilization of the culture of the past and the building up of new forms suiting the interests of the proletariat. Undoubtedly characteristic of Plekhanov was a certain rift between dispassionate theory and construction which he imagined as somewhere in the misty future. Lenin was a leader in the business of destroying capitalism and practically building socialism. Research and study he placed directly at the service of revolutionary practice. Hence their entirely new tone, profoundly Marxian of course, as it fully corresponded to the spirit of Marx's revolutionary teachings, but at the same time Leninist, because the period of the first great proletarian revolution emphasized with particular force, primarily by the master hand of Lenin, this very nature of the theoretical mastery of culture.

Lenin was, of course, unrelentingly critical of the culture of the past, as well as that of the time closer to our own—of bourgeois culture, particularly the culture of decaying capitalism: much that is essential in these historical formations aroused his ire, loathing and disdain. We have already read his opinion of the professors of philosophy; this section of the bourgeois intelligentsia was not an exception. At the end of this article the reader will find some remarkable lines in which Lenin's indignation at the old culture is seen boiling, lines written in connection with the important question of "Party Literature."

Such condemnations of the culture of the past are numerous with him, but it does not follow from this at all that Lenin condemned this past culture entirely, i.e., considered that there are no elements in it which should be critically mastered by the proletariat in building the new culture. This of course. refers not only to the field of exact science and technology but also to other fields of culture. Different classes that ruled in the past in different societies, created cultural values, the study of which is not only interesting for a correct understanding of the course of human history, but which may turn out directly useful to us. At a meeting in 1919 Lenin declared, among other things that

"One cannot satisfy one's hunger on crushed capitalism. All the culture left by capitalism must be taken and socialism built with it. All science, technology, all knowledge and art must be taken. Without this we shall not be able to build the life of a communist society. And this science, technique and art are in the hands of specialists and in their heads."

These ideas of V. I. Lenin were expressed with particular forcefulness and most fully in his famous speech at the Third All-Russian Congress of the Russian Communist Youth League on October 2, 1920:

"Everything that has been created by human society he (Marx—A.L.) analysed critically, not leaving a single point out of his attention. He worked over and analysed everything that had been created by human thought, subjected it to criticism, verified it in the labor movement and came to conclusions which people confined to bourgeois limits or tied to bourgeois prejudice could not see. This should be kept in mind when we speak, for instance, of proletarian culture. Without a clear understanding that only by an exact knowledge of the culture created by the entire evolution of man, that only by an analysis of it can a proletarian culture be created—without such an understanding we shall never solve this problem. Proletarian culture is not something that springs from nowhere, is not an invention of people who call themselves specialists in proletarian culture. This is complete nonsense. Proletarian culture must be a logical development of those funds of know-

ledge which humanity has worked out under the yokes of capitalist society. All these highways and byways led and continue to lead to the proletrian dictatorship just as surely as political economy worked over by Marx showed us what human society must come to, showed the transition to class struggle, to the beginning of the proletarian revolution."

From these propositions laid down by Lenin it follows most clearly to what a tremendous extent the study of the culture of the past, both in its class essence (genetically) and in its values (functionally) was a preparatory step to Lenin for the building of culture.

It is very important to master the inner content of Lenin's criticism of the doctrine of culture of the so-called proletcult.

In hastening to create as fast as possible the so-called pure forms of proletarian culture the proletcultists tried to bring it about in laboratory fashion. The problem was narrowed down greatly: in the first place it could embrace only some groups of the proletariat and not the entire class, with the many millions of poor peasants in addition. Secondly, proletcult most suspiciously stopped on art exclusively, plus several doubtful researches in the field of science. To Lenin, on the contrary the cultural revolution was a colossal process in which tens of millions of peoples, as well as the entire social and state organism of the vast country had to be put in order, made scientific, educated. Along with this a tremendous amount of knowledge and methods that had already become habitual in America and the foremost European countries were to be mastered. Study was by no means understood by Lenin as simple emulation of the West. At the forefront is the fact of the class struggle; the new class masters what is useful to it from the heritage of the bourgeois world in order to immediately turn it into a weapon against capitalism. Hygienic manners, individual data and separate methods of science and art can be mastered while the manners themselves should assume a character much different from that of Western philistinedom. Science must be rebuilt on a new basis, be directed to other ends, art must serve the ends of understanding both friend and foe, be an educating stimulus for the Socialist will, etc.

The problems set before itself by the Communist Party are international ones and the solution of these problems in the Soviet Union of many nationalities and multitude of languages shows the full significance of the national policy of Leninism, is proof of the fact that this is—"the only correct policy." (Stalin) Lenin by no means denied the existence of national cultures. In his article on Radishchev, Lenin wrote:

"Is the feeling of national pride foreign to us, High-Russian, conscious proletarians? Of course not! We love our language and our country, we labor most of all to raise *its* working masses (i.e. nine-tenths of its population) to the level of a conscious life of democrats and socialists." At the same time he pointed out the existence of two national cultures within every culture: "There are two nations in every modern nation..." wrote Lenin in 1913, ".... There are two national cultures within every national culture. There is the High-Russian culture of the Purishkevicho, Gutchkovs[1] and Struves[2] and there is also the High-Russian culture characterized by the names of Chernishevski and Plekhanov. There are *such* two cultures in the Ukraine as in Germany, France, England, as the Jews have it, etc."

The dialectics of this Leninist solution of the national question has been exhaustively dealt with in the corresponding speeches of Comrade Stalin ("On the Political Tasks Before the University of Eastern Peoples," "Report and Final Word at the Sixteenth Party Congress").

[1] One of the founders of the monarchist bourgeois landlord party "Octobrists" in October 1905.

[2] Ex-Social-democrat (in the '90s)—went over to the bourgeoisie in the 1900s.

The great Leninist national policy is right before us and bears witness that, when we speak of our internal cultural problems we have not at all in mind only the Russian people, but all the multitude of peoples who make up the great brotherhood of the USSR; and similarly, when we speak of literature, we have in mind the literature of all the nationalities in the USSR who achieved their highest renascence as a result of the Leninist national policy.

4. Theory of Imperialism

With respect to the historical process in its last stage, Lenin's theory of "imperialism as the highest stage of capitalism," is of fundamental significance. The essay characterizes imperialism as an economic system; but the inferences that can be drawn from this work are of most direct concern to the history of the modern West, to politics and literature. In this research Lenin gives a consistent picture of the distinguishing peculiarities of imperialism: the extreme concentration of industry, the tremendous influence of banks and the formation of finance capital exporting capital to all countries on the globe, the formation of rentier-states lending money to weaker states and exploiting them mercilessly, the division of the world among the main imperialist states, the parasitism and decay of imperialism due to the absence of perspectives of growth, due to the monopolistic situation. Somewhat later, in "Data for the Review of the Party Program," published in 1917, there is a short, almost a summary, characterization of this system. There Lenin writes:

"World capitalism has now, approximately at the beginning of the 20th century, reached the stage of imperialism. Imperialism, or the era of finance capital, is such a highly developed capitalist economy where the monopolistic associations of capitalists—syndicates, cartels, trusts— have become of decisive importance, tremendously concentrated bank capital has merged with industrial capital, the export of capital to foreign countries has developed to great proportions, the entire world has already been territorially divided among the wealthiest countries and the division of the world economically among international trusts has already begun. Imperialistic wars, i.e., wars for the sovereignty over the world, for markets for bank capital, for stifling small, weak nations, are inevitable in such a state of affairs. And the first great imperialist war of 1914-1917 was exactly such a war. The exceedingly high state of development of world capitalism generally; the replacing of free competition by monopolistic capitalism; the organization of a machinery to regulate production processes and the distribution of goods by banks and associations of capitalists; the increase in the cost of living in connection with the growth of syndicates on the working class, the tremendous difficulty of its economic and political struggle; the horrors, afflictions, devastation, savagery, brought about by the imperialist war—all this makes the stage of development now reached by capitalism an era of proletarian, socialist revolution. This era has begun."

Lenin's theory of imperialism demolishes all the crafty schemes of the theoreticians of the Second International who hoped for a calm and painless transition from capitalism to socialism, for a transition without revolutionary shocks. Lenin's analysis does not leave a single stone standing of all these structures of the social-democratic philistines. The author of *Imperialism: the Last Stage of Capitalism* has brilliantly proved the fact of the decay of capitalism at this stage, and this point of Lenin's teachings is of the utmost importance.

"Economic parasitism arises out of monopoly . . . capitalist monopoly, i.e., monopoly grown out of capitalism and finding itself in the general surroundings of capitalism, commodity production, competition and in constant and irrevocable contradictions with these general surroundings. Nevertheless, as any other (capitalist—*Tr.*) monopoly, it inevitably calls out tendencies to stagnation and decay Inasmuch as monopoly prices, even tempo-

rarily, are established, all incentive to technical, and consequently all progress, all movement ahead disappear; further the *economic* possibility arises for artificially restraining technical progress."

Based on the monopolistic position of imperialism, its political parasitism, as well as the parasitism of its culture, grow, no longer interested in further progress: the bourgeoisie has achieved its highest pinnacle of might and is not interested in any further development of industry, in technical invention, etc.

The Leninist theory of imperialism permits of an unerring orientation to all the important phenomena in the political life of the capitalist West. The years since Lenin wrote his *Imperialism: the Last Stage of Capitalism* have borne out all his prognoses with great power and the picture of decay of the imperialist economy has unfolded on a broad scale. But not only the economist should draw his inferences from this theory. Not only the historian, but the research worker in any field of West-European culture, including the student of literature should draw their own conclusions. A number of interesting books on the history of West European literature written by Marxians during recent years suffer exactly from the lack of application of the Leninist teachings on imperialism to these fields. In some of these works the historical process in the West is taken objectivistically. The opportunism of the Second International coming out saliently in modern literature, as for instance, in the work of P. Ampe, is often inadequately dealt with. Too much technicism, faith in the organizing capacities of capitalism, permitting oneself to be carried away by theories of the internal equilibrium of capitalism, also pour water on the mills of anti-Marxian, anti-revolutionary conceptions and in this sense require determined curbing.

5. Teachings on the Fundamental Courses of Development of the West and of Russia

The Leninist conception of the two courses of development of capitalism is of tremendous importance to the history of 19th century Russia.

The "two course" conception cannot be applied to literature without taking into consideration the theory of reflection, so important in Lenin's approach to phenomena of the historical process. It takes into consideration not so much the genetic origin of the writer as the *reflection* by him of the social changes, not so much the subjective adherence of the writer and his ties with a definite social milieu as his being objectively characteristic for a given historical situation. Thus, the white guard humorist Averchenko, bitter "almost to madness," nevertheless writes, according to Lenin, "a highly talented" book. "A dozen knives in the back of the Revolution," talented by virtue of its being permeated by the pathos of a representative of "the old, landlord and factory owning, rich, well-fed and overeating Russia." "Some of the stories," Lenin remarks ironically, "deserve being reprinted, in my opinion. Talent should be encouraged."

Averchenko reflects the reaction of the bourgeoisie to the October revolution which threw this class overboard historically. Incomparably deeper and socially more significant is life reflected in the works of such ideologists of the peasant revolution as Belinski, Gertzen, Chernishevski, the Narodniki. Finally, an exceptionally remarkable example of reflection is the creative work of Tolstoi one article about whom is entitled, "L. Tolstoi, Mirror of the Russian Revolution."[1] Of course Belinski, Gertzen, the Narodniki, Tolstoi, re-

[1] This article and two others, all published under the general title "Lenin on Tolstoi," appeared in our preceding issue— № 6, 1934.

flected *different* stages in the struggle and Lenin never glossed over either the inner contradictions of any one of them, or the specific nature of these stages.

The theory of reflection, with Lenin never meant a rift with history, it was never an abstract scheme giving one key to all and any historical situations. On the contrary, it always served to uncover the concrete forms of the class struggle with all the complexity of its inner dialectic contradictions.

"We," he wrote, "do not at all look upon Marx's theory as upon something completed and inviolable: we are, on the contrary, convinced that it has laid the foundation stone of that science which socialists must develop further in all directions if they do not want to lag behind life. We think that there is a special need for Russian socialists to independently work out Marx's theory, because this theory gives only general guiding propositions which must be applied differently in England than in France, in France than in Germany, in Germany than in Russia."

Let us return to the theory of "two courses." Lenin not only gave the picture of the historic struggle of these two tendencies but also indicated the dependence of Russian literature on this strugggle. Further down we shall give quotations from Lenin's critical works showing the dependence of such tremendous literary phenomena as Gertzen, the Narodniki, L. Tolstoi on these very essential forces, the motive forces of Russian history. Although this theory was developed by Lenin with respect to the Russia of the period of reform, it brings us very much closer to an understanding of much earlier phenomena, beginning, say, with the 18th century, and permits the analysis of some tendencies observable among our enemy classes of old Russia as yet not completely crushed. Lenin's conception finally, sheds a great deal of light also on all other countries (including their literary development).

The theory of "two courses" runs through all of Lenin's publicistic work like a leading red line. It is most fully developed however, in the essay "The Agrarian Program of the Social Democrats in the First Russian Revolution of 1905-1907," written by Lenin towards the end of 1907.

"... The crux of the struggle are the serf latifundia (the vast landed estates—*Tr.)* which are the most prominent exponents and the strongest supporting basis of the relics of serfdom in Russia. The development of a commodity economy and capitalism laid an end to these relics with absolute inevitability. In this respect there is only one course for bourgeois development in Russia. But this development may take two different forms. The relics of serfdom may be disposed of either by means of reorganization of the landed estates or by the doing away with landlord latifundia, i.e., by way of reform or by way of revolution. There can be a bourgeois development with large landed estates at the head, which gradually become more bourgeois, which gradually replace serf methods of exploitation by bourgeois methods—it may also take the course of small peasant holdings which remove the "excrescense" of serf latifundia from the body politic by revolutionary means and then develop freely without them in the way of bourgeois farmerdom. These two courses of development which are objectively possible we should name as the Prussian and American style.. In the first case the feudal landlord economy slowly grows into a bourgeois one, a Junker one, dooming the peasantry to tens of years of the most tormenting expropriation and enslavement, excepting a small minority of 'grossbauern' ('large-scale farmers'). In the second case, there are no landed estates, or they are split up by a revolution which confiscates and breaks up the feudal latifundia. In the last case the peasant prevails, becoming the exclusive agricultural agent and evolving into the bourgeois farmer. In the first case the fundamental content of evolution consists of serfdom growing into capitalist enslavement and capitalist exploitation on the lands of the feudal landlords—junkers. In the second case the principal background is the patriarchal peasant growing into a bourgeois farmer. Both of these types of evolution appear with complete clarity in the economic history of Russia. Take the period of abolition of serfdom. A struggle between the landlords and peasants went on as to the method of carrying out the reform. Both insisted upon bourgeois conditions of economic development (without being conscious of it), only the first upon such a development as will assure a maximum of preservation of landed estates, landlord incomes, landlord (enslaving) methods of exploitation. The others—the interests of a development such, as would assure the greatest well being of the peasantry possible at

all the given levels of culture, the doing away with landlord latifundia, the abolition of all serflike and enslaving methods of exploitation, the extension of free peasant agriculture. It is self understood that in the second case the development of capitalism and the unfolding of the productive forces would proceed more broadly and faster than in the case of the landlord way of carrying out the peasant reform. Only caricatures of Marxists, such as the Narodniki, struggling against Marxism, could consider leaving the peasantry without land in 1861 a guarantee of capitalist development. On the contrary, it would be a guarantee—and it proved such in fact—of an enslaving, i.e. a semi-serflike renting economy, inordinately delaying the development of capitalism and the growth of the productive forces in Russian agriculture. The struggle of peasant and landlord interests was not a struggle of "national production" and the "principle of labor" against the bourgeoisie (as the Narodniki fondly imagined and imagine)—it was a struggle for an American type of bourgeois development against a Prussian type of also bourgeois development."

These lines are of extraordinary methodological value, and throw a bright light on the historical process of the entire reform period. The question as to which course the Russian historical process was to take—the course of "revolution" or the course of "reform"—remained a profoundly actual one during the entire period of the development of Russian industrial capitalism and was only removed from the order of the day by October 1917.

The conclusions to be drawn from the theory of two courses by every student of literature prove exceedingly important. Following Lenin who emphasized the considerable influence exerted by the feudal sections of the nobility that succeeded in curbing and disfiguring the reforms, mild as they were, the student of literature will, first of all, establish the presence in Russian literature of the reform period a considerable group of writer-ideologists of serfdom. This is the camp of those who rejected all capitalist development whatever, dreaming of a return to pre-reform social relations, the defenders of the reactionary feudal section of that camp which includes writers of the bourgeoisified nobility and representatives of the bourgeoisie. The camp of adherents of the "Prussian course" was led in Russian literature of the sixties by such writers as Turgenyev and Goncharov. It must be understood that ideologists of liberal reform persisted in bourgeois-noble literature up to the very last days of existence of the system altogether. And finally, to counterbalance the adherents of liberal reform, there was the camp insisting upon the total abolition of serfdom, the literature of the "American course" which, objectively, reflected the interests of the serf-bound peasantry. In new forms, at a new stage of development, this struggle between the two camps persists during the entire period up to the October Revolution.

Lenin devoted a great deal of attention to the rehabilitation of the literature defending the "American course" of development.

6. Lenin's Views on Individual Russian Writers

Lenin considerated Belinski and Gertzen consistent adherents of the "American course" of development of the country. Arguing that only "social-democracy"—by which he, of course, meant bolshevism—can have an ideological hegemony over everything revolutionary in the country, he wrote:

"... We only wish to point out that *the role of an advanced fighter can be taken only by a Party guided by an advanced theory.* And in order to visualize concretely what this means let the reader recollect such predecessors of Russian social-democracy as Gertzen. Belinski, Chernishevski and the brilliant galaxy of revolutionists of the seventies; think of the world-wide importance which Russian literature now acquires, let... but even this is sufficient!"

Belinski interests Lenin primarily as one of the prophets of democracy. To Lenin,Belinski is just as much an expression of the beginning of protest and struggle of the peasantry as the later revolutionary Narodniki.

Of the great forerunners of that great world revolution in which Lenin himself played the prime role, A. I. Gertzen claims most attention. About him Lenin wrote most frequently and most vividly. This is very fortunate for us, for in Lenin's articles of Gertzen we have incomparably brilliant analytical examples of a writer-revolutionist, in which the essential failings of his activity are not forgotten, but neither are they distended to such an extent as to forego the heritage left by a predecessor.

Gertzen, like any other writer, was to Lenin a product of his time.

"Gertzen's spiritual drama was the product and the reflection of the world-historical period when the revolutionary bourgeois democracy was already dying off (in Europe) and the revolutionary socialist proletariat had not yet matured."

The article about the great revolutionist of the past was written for the hundredth anniversary of his birth (Born 1812) and begins with establishing Gertzen's class adherence in all its tremendous complexity.

"Gertzen belonged to a generation of noble, landlord revolutionaries of the first half of the preceding century. The nobility gave Russia Byrons and Arakcheyevs[1] and numerous drunken officers, squabblers, card players. . . ." 'And among them,' Gertzen wrote, 'developed the people of December 14,[2] a phalanx of heroes, raised like Remulus and Romulus on the milk of a wild beast . . . These were titans forged out of pure steel from head to foot, champion warriors going to a certain death in order to awaken to new life the younger generation and cleanse the children born in surroundings of executioners and servility.' Gertzen was such a child. The uprising of December awakened and 'cleansed' him. He was able then to rise to such heights in feudal Russia of the forties of the 19th century as to be on a par with the greatest thinkers of his time. He mastered the dialectics of Hegel. He understood that it represents an 'algebra of revolution'. He went further than Hegel, to materialism, following Feuerbach. The first of his 'Letters on the Study of Nature,' 'Empirics and Idealism,' written in 1844 shows us a thinker who, even now, stands head and shoulders above the modern philosopher idealists and semi-idealists. Gertzen came all the way to dialectical materialism and stopped short of historical materialism."

Positive and negative traits are inseparably woven into Gertzen's social personality. He came up to dialectic materialism but stopped, unable to master its method. "This 'slapping' was what called out Gertzen's spiritual crash after the failure of the revolution of 1848. Gertzen had already left Russia and observed this revolution directly. He was then a democrat, a revolutionist, a socialist. Only his 'socialism' was one of those numerous varieties of bourgeois and petty-bourgeois socialism which were irrevocably killed by the June days. In fact this was not socialism but a noble phrase, good-hearted dreaming, which served the revolutionary bourgeois democracy of *those* times as well as the proletariat which had not yet freed itself from its influence. Gertzen's spiritual crash, his profound skepticism and pessimism after 1848 was the crash of *bourgeois illusions* in socialism. Lenin takes Gertzen in all the complexity of his inner contradictions. On the one side

"Gertzen created the free Russian press abroad—and this is to his great merit. *Polar Star* raised the tradition of the Decembrists. *Kolokol* (1857-1867) was a mountain of strength for the freedom of the peasants. Servile silence was ended."

On the other hand—the reactions of the old are strong in him and left their impress on all his world philosophy.

"But Gertzen belonged to the landlord, noble milieu. He left Russia in 1847, he had not seen the revolutionary people and could not believe in it. Hence his liberal appeal to the

[1] War-Minister during the reign of Alexander I, a reactionary, organizer of "military settlements" where the peasants were subjected to a merciless discipline.

[2] Officer-nobles, advanced for their time. Members of secred societies, who organized an uprising in Petersburg on December 14, 1825, which was the first attempt at a bourgeois revolution in Russia. It was suppressed, the five leading Decembrists were hung and the rest sentenced to hard labor, confined to prison, reduced to the ranks, etc.

'upper circles.' Hence his numerous sugary letters to Alexander II in *Kolokol*, which one cannot read now without disgust."

Lenin immediately qualifies this, however, with the statement that the leading principle in all these contradictions was still the revolutionary Gertzen.

"Justice requires us to say that with all Gertzen's vacillations between democracy and liberalism the democrat nevertheless came to the top."

And Lenin confirms this judgement by a number of brilliant quotations from Gertzen's works in which the latter's hatred of the prevailing regime, his disdain of the liberals is shown clearly. He wrathfully protests against the desire of the liberals to claim Gertzen for their own and towards the end of his inspired words about Gertzen, Lenin draws with colossal mastery a picture of the entire movement from the beginning of the proletarian revolution.

"In honoring Gertzen we see clearly three generations, three classes acting in the Russian revolution. At first—nobles and landlords, Decembrists and Gertzen. The circle of these revolutionists is very small. They are far away from the people. But their cause is not lost. The Decembrists awakened Gertzen. Gertzen developed revolutionary agitation. This was caught up, broadened, strengthened and annealed by the revolutionists of different ranks beginnings with Chernishevski and ending with the heroes of the Will of the People.[1] The circle of fighters grew bigger, their ties with the people closer. 'Young pilots of the future storm' Gertzen called them. But this was not yet the storm. The storm—came with the movement of the masses themselves. The proletariat—the only class revolutionary to the end, rose at their head and for the first time roused to open revolutionary struggle millions of peasants. The first squall of the storm came in 1905. The next one is beginning to gather power before our eyes."

Lenin also felt great sympathy for Nekrasov and Saltykov-Shchedrin, two writers of the past who, like Gertzen, came from the nobility but joined the ranks more firmly of those that fought for the "American course." Biographically the personality of Nekrasov is a very curious one: by descent a noble, a great part of his youth a proletarian-intellectual, in his journalistic-publishing practice in many respects a representative of haut-bourgeois methods. But all this is of secondary importance to Lenin. To him, what is of prime importance is the fact that Nekrasov, like Saltykov, expressed the interests of the peasantry, that they developed, sharpened their great talents, used them to defend the "American course" of development of the Russian revolution.

Saltykov-Shchedrin came from among the high nobility, was a prominent official of the Tsar—but all this is counter-balanced by the glorious fact that Saltykov was imbued with an ardent loathing and a keen disdain of serfdom, tsarism, bureaucracy, that he included in this feeling also all the liberal windbags, that he felt a deep respect for revolutionists, and that in his masterful pictures of Russian life, he mercilessly and with unparalleled keenness pointed out its vices and called for a struggle against them. Saltykov-Shchedrin was one of Lenin's favorite writers.

In Lenin's writings we find many literary quotations from Turgenyev, Gogol, Griboyedov, Krylov, the Narodniki, Chekhov, etc. Among all these Saltykov occupies first place, and this is, of course, due to the satirical keenness of this most prominent of the fighters for the "American course."

Lenin's sympathies were very great for Chernishevski, a publicist whom he also frequently quoted in his works on current political themes. Lenin considered Chernishevski one of the most consistent and glorious fighters for the interests of the deceived peasantry and it is no wonder that in his early pub-

[1] A political party of the revolutionary petty-bourgeois intelligentsia which struggled against the monarchy by means of terrorist acts and existed from 1879 to 1884.

licistic work, he reveals the significance of the peasant reform in the words of Volgin, the hero of Chernishevski's novel *Prologue to a Prologue,* who is the mouthpiece of Chernishevski's own ideas.

Lenin's estimate of the Narodniki of the sixties and seventies of the 19th century was also very high. This estimate was more favorable than his estimate of Tolstoi, because the Narodniki, who expressed the peasant expectations, occupied the left wing of the society of the time. This, however, did not prevent Lenin from noting the duality of the works of these great revolutionary democrats which is peculiar to them, because only the point of view of the proletariat lacks all historical duality and in fine literature only proletarian literature has no such duality.

The Narodniki were the leaders of the peasantry in the sense that they, during the best period of their existence — until they were legalized and vulgarized, were able to represent the interests of the peasantry in an incomparably purer form than L. Tolstoi. The Narodniki were the revolutionary-democratic representatives of the peasantry.

Lenin fought much and furiously against the later followers of the Narodniki who tried to vitiate Marxism by all and sundry means. But, while exposing the reactionary nature of this trend at the time of the rise of Marxism, he was not in the least inclined to minimize the power of the socialist propaganda conducted in the sixties and seventies by these ideologists of peasant socialism. The socialist utopianism of petty-bourgeois revolutionists shows the tension of their oppositional ideas and brings them closer to us.

Lenin particularly loved Uspenski. Many of the latter's heroes figure in Lenin's works. Lenin notes several times that Uspenski was not only a consistent revolutionary democrat along with the other more radical Narodniki but, unlike the Narodniki of the Slatovratski type, who tried to "prepare" the peasantry under a special Narodniki sauce to suit their own ideas, Uspenski understood excellently the class segregations in the village and not only understood all the "qualities" of the village kulak but, with great feeling, which later brought him to personal catastrophe, revealed the petty property owning tendencies of the great mass of the peasantry. In this respect he stood high above the Narodniki movement, dissipated its illusions, unfortunately not seeing the way out, the "salvation" which the proletariat could bring to the middle and poor peasantry. At the foundation of Lenin's estimate of Uspenski we have the same theory of reflection which, as we shall see later, is applied in all his essays on L. Tolstoi.

In evaluating Uspenski Lenin uses the same method which, as we shall soon see, he applied to Tolstoi. To Plekhanov, who also wrote about Gleb Uspenski, the latter is primarily a petty-bourgeois intellectual. This personal origin may, by itself, be an interesting point in Uspenski's approach to the peasantry, but it is ignored, one might say, by Lenin in his general writings (he never devoted any special essay to G. Uspenski). To him, not this is important; to him the dominant fact is that Uspenski was heart and soul for the "American course" of development, that he salts it in perfect honesty, subjectively, with socialist utopianism, and furthermore—and this is a trait which distinguishes Uspenski from all his contemporaries—that he was infected with a scepticism of the Narodniki movement which, had Uspenski lived to the corresponding period, would have led him unquestionably to Marxism. Of course, one must not neglect to mention Uspenski's colossal talent, one that in the final accounting resolved itself to honesty, relentlessness, passion, freshness, observation, etc.

We do not in the least intend to say that the problem of Uspenski was exhausted by Lenin. He would have been the first to ridicule such a "lazy" statement. In this respect, as in the study of literature generally, there is still a tremendous amount of work ahead of us. But this work can be done only by following the lines pointed out by Lenin.

But Lenin devoted more attention to L. Tolstoi than to any other writer. What impresses one most in Lenin's approach to "Russia's great writer?" There are any number of researches on the writings of Tolstoi written by Marxians before and since Lenin's articles. There are such valuable essays as those of Plekhanov. All these researches, of course, approached Tolstoi from the class point of view. But how did they understand this class point of view? They saw in Tolstoi, first of all, a representative of the aristocracy and tried to deduce Tolstoianism entirely as a result of the economic ruin of the nobility and the reaction of this nobility towards advancing capitalism. Tolstoi's "peasantness" was to them a sort of eccentricity, a peculiarly utopian, previously prepared position of defense, of lordliness, i.e., estate culture and the social leadership of the landlord class. There is, of course, a great deal of truth in this. Such a point of view is considerably more advanced than the attempt to explain Tolstoi and Tolstoianism as a "movement of human conscience," or declare it a result of the personal genius of Tolstoi exclusively, or deduce Tolstoi's work, as the formalists attempted to do in recent years, exclusively from the formal conditions of life and literature contemporary to him. But even this relatively correct point of view becomes pale and dull when compared with Lenin's brilliant analysis. Thanks to Lenin, Tolstoi, although he did not cease to be a scion of the nobility, and leaving this trait as a starting point of no very great moment behind, arose in all the colossal greatness of his work profoundly in accord with the great social period that determined this work, and the full import of the class, contradictory in its consciousness and unorganized, whose expression this "count" really was.

"The complete crash of all the 'old foundations' of village Russia sharpened his attention, deepened his interest in all that took place about him, led to a crisis in his entire world philosophy. By birth and education Tolstoi belonged to the highest landed nobility in Russia—but he broke wiht all the customary views of this milieu and, in his later work, attacked with passionate criticism all modern state, church, social and economic systems which rest on the enslavement of the masses, on their poverty, on the ruin of the peasants and petty husbandmen generally, on violence and hypocrisy which permeate all modern life from top to bottom."

The social fact which lay at the basis of Tolstoi's work was, according to Lenin, the change from the old feudal, serf-bound, Russia to capitalist Russia, while the class which by its social psychology determined the ideology of L. Tolstoi, at once monumental and profoundly contradictory, simultaneously revolutionary and reactionary—was the peasantry.

Lenin has devoted several writings to Tolstoi. Here we shall find the essay "L. Tolstoi, Mirror of the Russian Revolution," first published in 1908, then the remarkable necrologue on Tolstoi which appeared on the death of this great writer, the essay "L. N. Tolstoi and the Modern Labor Movement," published in 1910; "Heroes of 'Reservations'" published the same year and exposing the flirtations of the menshevik liquidators who left "some remarkable examples of unprincipled writing;" the essay "L. N. Tolstoi and His Era," in which Lenin sums up to some extent his ideas on Tolstoi. This appeared in 1911.

In order to give a more systematic review of Lenin's views on Tolstoi, which

are of such tremendous importance for the further development of the study of literature, we shall begin with this last essay. In this we find:

"The period to which L. Tolstoi belongs and which was reflected with remarkable precision in his masterful artistic works as well as in his teachings, covers the interval from 1861 to 1905. True, Tolstoi's literary career began earlier and ended later, but Tolstoi as an artist and thinker formed himself completely at this period, the transition character of which gave rise to all the distinguishing traits of Tolstoi's work and 'Tolstoianism.' In the words of Levin, hero of *Anna Karenina,* Tolstoi expressed clearly the essence of the change in Russian history during this period . . . 'Talk about harvest, hiring labor, etc., which Levin knew was wont to be considered something undignified . . . now seemed very important to Levin.' 'This was, perhaps, unimportant in the days of serfdom, or it may be unimportant in England. In both cases the conditions themselves are definite; but with us here, when everything has gone topsy-turvy and is only beginning to settle down, the question as to how these conditions will define themselves is the only important one in Russia,' thought Levin . . .'

" 'With us eveything has gone topsy-turvy and is only beginning to settle down'—it is hard to conceive a more apt characterization of the period from 1861 to 1905. (Lenin comments on the reflections of the Tolstoian hero—*A.L.).* That which has gone 'topsy-turvy' is well known or, at any rate, within the experience ,of every Russian. That is serfdom and the entire 'old order' that went with it. That which is 'only beginning to settle down' is entirely unknown, strange, unintelligible to the broad masses of the population. To Tolstoi this bourgeois system 'beginning to settle down' appears vaguely in the form of a scare-crow—England. Precisely: a scare-crow, because any attempt to clear up for oneself the basic features of the social system in this 'England,' the connection of this system with the rule of capital, with the role of money, with the appearance and development of exchange, is rejected by Tolstoi in principle, so to say. Like the Narodniki, he does not wish to see, he closes his eyes, turns mentally away from the idea that what is 'settling down' in Russia is nothing else than the bourgeois system. It is undoubtedly true that if not the 'only important,' at least a most important problem, from the point of view of the immediate socio-political questions facing Russia during the period 1861-1905 (and in our own times) was 'how' this new system, the bourgeois system, taking on such different forms in 'England,' Germany, America, France, etc. 'will settle.' But to Tolstoi such a definite, concrete, historical way of putting the question was something altogether foreign. He reasons abstractly, he only admits the point of view of 'eternal' moral principles, eternal religious truths, without realizing that this point of view is only an ideological reflection of the old (turned topsy-turvy) system, the system of serfdom, the system of life of Eastern peoples."

Definitely emphasizing that Tolstoi's teachings must be considered socialistic, Lenin at the same time shows it to be utopian and reactionary. He says with respect to this:

"Tolstoianism is an ideology of the Eastern, Asiatic order, according to its actual historical content. Hence the asceticism and the non-resistance to evil, the deep notes of pessimism and the conviction that all is vanity, all is materially nil' (*On the Meaning of Life* p. 52), and the belief in 'Spirit' being the 'first principle,' with respect to which man is only ' a worker' assigned to the task of saving his soul,' etc. Pessimism, non resistance, appeals to 'Spirit,' is an ideology inevitably appearing at such periods when the old order has 'turned topsy-turvy' and when the masses, educated in the old order, that imbibed with their mothers' milk, the principles, customs, traditions, beliefs of this order do not and cannot see *what* the new order 'settling down' *is like,* what social forces and just how they settle, what social forces are able to bring salvation from the numerous, particularly keen afflictions peculiar to periods of 'crisis' . . . Tolstoi's teachings are unquestionably utopian and in content reactionary in the most exact and the most profound meaning of this word. It does not at all follow from this, however, that this teaching was not socialistic nor that it did not contain critical elements furnishing valuable data for the education of the advanced classes."

The essay "Tolstoi and His Era" gives a firm, clear resume, a general evaluation of Tolstoi both from the genetic angle, i.e., from the point of view of the forces which gave rise to Tolstoi's work and the functional angle, i.e., the effect which Tolstoi's work had at different periods. This does not mean, however, that this essay covers and makes unnecessary Lenin's other essays on Tolstoi. Those are rich in content and deserve special study. The first to

be published in point of time, "L. Tolstoi, Mirror of the Russian Revolution," takes a somewhat different tack than the essay just quoted. In the last summing up essays Lenin begins with a definition and characterization of the period. Methodologically he teaches here that when approaching a really great and socially significant literary phenomenon it is necessary to establish exactly its living, social chronology, i.e. the connection between social phenomena, which are the historical basis of the object studied. One must further catch the fundamental link in this chain of events and find just how this dominant link was reflected in the dominant traits of the ideology and thus, of course, also in the form of the works studied. The first essay on Tolstoi by Lenin teaches us that another approach is also possible. Here Lenin begins by a masterful analysis of the structure of Tolstoi's work itself, revealing its basic nature and its fundamental contradictions and, starting from this as a base, excursions are made into the field of those social conditions which gave rise and could not but give rise to such a result.

He begins with a study of the contradictions inherent in Tolstoi's teachings: it is impossible, one cannot

"drown the necessity of a clear and direct answer to the question: what is the course of the clamorous contradictions of 'Tolstoianism,' what failings and weaknesses of our revolution do they express? The contradictions in the works, teachings and in the entire school of Tolstoi are really crying ones. On the one side an artist of genius who has produced not only incomparable pictures of Russian life, but also great works in a world's literature. On the other hand—a landlord, playing a fool in Christ. On the one hand an extraordinarily powerful, direct and sincere protest against social lies and falseness; on the other—a 'Tolstoian,' i.e., a wornout, hysterical mud-wallower called the Russian intellectual who, publicly beating his breast, wails: 'I am bad, I am rotten, but I am engaged in moral self perfection; I no longer eat meat and live only on rice cutlets.' On the one hand, relentless criticism of capitalist exploitation, exposure of governnmental violence, of the comedy of the courts and government administration, the uncovering of the full depth of contradiction, between the growth of wealth and achievements of civilization and the growth of poverty, barbarism and suffering among the masses of workers; on the other hand—weak-minded preaching of 'non resistance to evil' by force. On the one hand, the most sober realism, tearing down any and all masks; on the other—advocacy of one of the most odious things in the world, namely: religion—the attempt to replace the official clergy with a clergy of honest conviction, i.e., to cultivate the subtlest and consequently the basest kind of sky-pilotry. Verily:

You are as squalid as you are opulent,
You are as powerful as you are impotent,
—Mother Russia!"

Noting further that this hotch-potch can by no means be taken for a mirror of the Russian workers' revolution, Lenin seeks the revolution which is reflected in this murky and uneven mirror, and says:

"... the contraditions in Tolstoi's views and doctrines are not accidental—they are an expression of those contradictory conditions in which Russian life found itself in the last third of the 19th century. The patriarchal village, only yesterday freed from serfdom was literally open to capital and fiscal agencies for pillage and plunder. The old foundations of the peasant economy and peasant life, foundations which had really existed for ages, went crashing with extreme rapidity."

The main motive force of Tolstoi's writing, according to Lenin is the protest "against the advancing wave of capitalism, ruin and land poverty ... which had to come from the patriarchal Russian village." And this also determines the value of the writer.

"As a prophet discovering new recipes for the salvation of humanity, Tolstoi is ludicrous —and that is why the foreign and Russian 'Tolstoians' who wanted to turn into a dogma the very weakest side of his doctrines are particularly pitiful. Tolstoi is great as the one who expressed the ideas and frame of mind of the millions of the Russian peasantry at the time

of the appearance of the bourgeois revolution in Russia. Tolstoi is original because his cumulative viewpoints, harmful as a whole, express precisely the peculiarities of our revolution as a *peasant*-bourgeois revolution."

This protest made him kin to the peasant and the mighty elemental wave of peasant feeling got hold of Tolstoi.

But are these positions genuinely revolutionary ones? No. They are of a dual nature and the discovery of this is made by Lenin by means of the same dialectic analysis.

"On the one hand," says Lenin, "ages of feudalism and decades of accelerated ruin during the reform period accumulated mountains of hatred, bitterness and desperate decision. On the other hand, the peasantry, tending towards new forms of commonweal regarded very unconsciously, patriarchally, religiously, that question of what this commonweal should be like, with what struggle the freedom is to be won for themselves, what leaders they can find for such a struggle, what is the attitude of the bourgeoisie and the bourgeois-intelligentsia towards the interests of the peasantry, why the forcible overthrow of the Tsarist power is necessary in order to do away with landlord proprietorship of land. All the peasant's past life had taught him to hate the gentleman and the official, but had not and could not teach him where to look for an answer to all these questions." Only a small portion of the peasantry solved these contradictions in a revolutionary direction. "The greater part of the peasantry wept and prayed, soliloquized and dreamt, wrote petitions and sent 'interceders'—altogether in the spirit of L. Tolstoi." And summing up: "Tolstoi reflected the accumulated hatred, the matured tendency to a better life, the desire to get rid of the past—and the immaturity of dreaminess, lack of political training, revolutionary softness."

Most warmly, written in a more positive vein, was the essay Lenin wrote on Tolstoi's death. It would be a great mistake however to imagine that, touched by the death, so to say, of the grand old man, V. I. Lenin bent the stick more in favor of Tolstoi. This estimate is, like all the others, thoroughly dialectical and manysided. While in the essay quoted above, Lenin emphasizes particularly the warning not to be taken in by Tolstoianism to any degree, it does not mean that by this he wants to erase all that high praise, that high estimation of Tolstoi's artistic works which is given in the necrologue. The author of *Anna Karenina* and folk stories depicts

"the old pre-revolutionary Russia, which remained in semi-serfdom even after 1861, the Russia of the village, the Russia of landlord and peasant. Painting this section of the historical life of Russia, L. Tolstoi had the genius to pose so many great questions in his works, to rise to such heights of artistic power, that his books occupy a leading position in the world's fine literature. The period of preparation for the revolution in one of the countries oppressed by feudalism was shown, thanks to the light thrown on it by Tolstoi's genius, as a step forward in the artistic evolution of mankind as a whole."

This estimate contains a statement of great methodological value. "A step forward in the artistic evolution of mankind as a whole" is here acknowledged as the result of two factors. Fundamentally—there is the colossal material begging, so to say, to be expressed artistically. Social material of such a nature, having a universal human value, it is evident from Lenin's words, crops up everywhere, where there is broad preparation for a deep-going revolution. The second factor is the "masterful treatment," i.e. the high artistic value of the form given to the material.

The inference to be drawn from this is—if we have a given biological genius, i.e., that integral sum of gifts which, say, is possessed by a Tolstoi, but there is no great social material—human art will not make any step forward: in the best of circumstances we shall have a great master of form who will repeat things and in the absence of any material essence, will go into refinements of form. But if there is great material and there happens to be no genius?

Such a way of putting the problem is all wrong. As is apparent from Lenin's

own writings, Tolstoi was not the only one to make use of the great material mentioned above: if only to enumerate the best writers as characterized by Lenin we can point out Saltykov-Shchedrin and Gleb Uspenski. In general, the question of a mouthpiece of genius for any new fund of thought and feeling already crystalized within a society is solved by the circumstance that the biological total quantity of talent, from a natural point of view, must be approximately constant for any given period; only in dull times, the greater part of talent is wasted, while in brilliant, revolutionary times (especially in periods of preparation for revolution), when artistically ideologic formulations prove the only ones possible, as the time for active political creation in a broad way is not yet ripe, a great number of talents appear richly endowed by the period itself.

In the essay on the death of Tolstoi we have another proposition laid down, which is important for the study of literature as a whole

"... A correct evaluation of Tolstoi," writes Lenin "is only possible from the point of view of the class which, with its political role played and its struggle at the time of the first denoument of these contradictions during the revolution, proved itself destined to be the leader of the struggle for the freedom of the people and the emancipation of the masses from exploitation—proved its supreme devotion to the cause of democracy and its ability to struggle against the limitations and inconsistencies of bourgeois (including peasant) democracy, is possible only from the point of view of the social-democratic proletariat."

It is impossible to forego quoting here a rather long passage from the essay "L. N. Tolstoi and the Modern Labor Movement," in which Lenin's doctrine of the relations between social content and artistic form in literature is given in a somewhat esoteric form. Lenin there says:

"Tolstoi's criticism is not new. He has said nothing new, nothing which had not long ago been said in both European and Russian literature by those who were on the side of the toilers. But the peculiarity of Tolstoi's criticism and its historical significance consists in that he expressed with a power, of which only genius is capable, the fracture in the views of the widest masses of the people of Russia of the period mentioned, and of village, peasant Russia particularly. Tolstoi's criticism of modern customs differs from the criticism of these customs by the representatives of the modern labor movement in just the fact that Tolstoi adopted the point of view of the patriarchal, naive peasant; that Tolstoi tranfers the latter's psychology into his criticism, his doctrine. The reason Tolstoi's criticism is charged with such feeling, passion, conviction, freshness, sincerity, fearlessness in the attempt 'to get at the roots,' find the real reasons for the state of the masses, is that his criticism really expresses the crisis in the views of millions of peasants who had only been emancipated from serfdom to find that this new freedom means only new horrors of ruin, starvation, a homeless life among city 'sharps', etc. Tolstoi reflects their mood so accurately, that he brings into his doctrine their own naivete, their estrangement from politics, their mysticism, desire to escape from the world, 'non-resistance to evil,' impotent anathemas of capitalism and the 'power of money.' The protest of millions of peasants and their despair—that is what was fused into Tolstoi's doctrine."

Two ideas must be distinguished in this quotation: Tolstoi reflects the frame of mind of those whom he expresses "so faithfully" that it mars his own teachings from the ideologic point of view, because his protest proves interwoven with despair, as distinguished from the labor movement, also full of protest but to which despair is alien. Such "faithfulness" is, of course, regrettable from the point of view of social content, from the point of view of revolutionary effectiveness, purity of influence. But this "faithfuiness" lends Tolstoi "power of feeling, passion, conviction, freshness, sincerity, relentlessness," and all this is, according to Lenin, Tolstoi's main merit—because "Tolstoi's criticism is not new," in other words—had Tolstoi given his criticism without this power of passion he should have added nothing to culture. In view, however, of the power of passion his "criticism" though "not

new" proved "a step forward in the art of all mankind." The reader cannot let the full importance of this opinion of Lenin escape him.

Lenin's essays on Tolstoi require particularly close study: in all the main points they give an exhaustive interpretation of such a gigantic literary and social phenomenon as the literary and philosophical works of Tolstoi and are a brilliant example of the application of the Leninist method to the study of literature.

Lenin wrote comparatively little about contemporaries. Among these his attention was held particularly by the colossal figure of Gorki. In him Lenin saw a great writer whose writings are in the main those of a proletarian writer. "... Gorki is unquestionably the greatest representative of *proletarian* art, has done a great deal for it and can do still more for it."

7. *Lenin's Statements on Literary Subjects*

What were Lenin's literary tastes? Interesting items on this question appear in a number of memoirs about Lenin dealing with the time he was in exile.

N. K. Krupskaya, for instance, writes:

"Evenings V. I. Lenin would read something on philosophy—Hegel, Kant, the French materialists, or—when very tired—Pushkin, Lermontov, Nekrasov. When Lenin first came to Petersburg and I only knew him by hearsay, they said ... that Lenin only reads serious books and had never read a novel in his life. I wondered about this; later, when we became better acquainted, the question somehow never came up and only in Siberia I found out that this was pure legend. Lenin not only read, but reread many times Turgenyev, L. Tolstoi, Chernishevski's *What's to be Done?* and generally knew very well and loved the classics. Later, when the bolsheviks came into power, he set the State Publishing House the task of republishing the classics in cheap editions. In Lenin's album, besides photographs of his relatives and old political prisoners, there were also photos of Zola, Gertzen and several photographs of Chernishevski.. I remember that in Siberia there was also Goethe's *Faust* in German and a volume of Heine."

Lenin valued particularly sturdy social realism, which provides artistically condensed pictures of social phenomena by means of typically expressive examples.

Nor was monumental symbolism, which raises that same social reality to crystals of generalization by means of artistic condensation, almost, one could say, to artistic abstraction, a stranger to Lenin. To my mind, the fact that having come upon a German and fairly poor performance of Tolstoi's *Living Corpse*, Lenin "followed the play with tense and stirred attention," according to Krupskaya, belongs to this category. When ill, Lenin had great pleasure from having Jack London's stories read to him when these were full of sincere pathos, ridiculing those that were colored by a false, philistine sentimentalism.

Lenin did not like Mayakovski's mannerisms. He was generally repelled by the excessive tenseness, the unnaturalness of all ultra-modern refinements. But Mayakovski's poem "Over-meetinged," in which the poet ridicules with much humor the passion even good bolsheviks evince for meetings, called out Lenin's gayness and made him use these sharp lines for his own publicistic purposes.

There is no doubt that had Lenin had more time to get better acquainted with the work of Mayakovski, especially his later work, of which Lenin was no longer aware, he would have been of a generally favorable opinion of this great ally of communism in poetry.

His coversations with Clara Zetkin are of exceptional value for a characterization of Lenin's views on literature, art and the literary policy of the Party. Besides the fact that Clara Zetkin herself is a witness deserving full credence, I take the liberty of adding the following remark. Having worked under Lenin's direct leadership for several years in the cultural field I had, of course, several broad and profound talks with the great leader on questions of culture generally and the problems of popular education in particular, as well as on art and fine literature. I can personally vouch for the fact that Lenin's ideas as expressed in the quotations from Clara Zetkin's memoirs below are completely in accord with what I myself remember of Lenin's guiding directions.

Here is what Clara Zetkin transmits to us:

"The awakening of new forces and their work on creating a new art and culture in Soviet Russia, he said, is a good thing, a very good thing. Their tempestuous course of development is understandable and useful. We must catch up with all that has been neglected for ages and we want to. Chaotic leaven, feverish activity in seeking new slogans which today cry 'Hosannah' and the next day 'crucify him'—all this is inevitable. The revolution loosens all the forces chained down before and drives to the surface from the depths. Here is one example out of many. Think of the influence that was exerted upon our painting, sculpture and architecture by the whims of the Tsar's court as well as by the taste and idiosyncracies of the aristocrats and bourgeoisie. In a society based on private property the artist works to produce ware for the market, he needs purchasers. Our revolution has freed the artists from the yoke of these very prosaic conditions. It turned the Soviet Government into their defender and placer of orders. Every artist, everyone that considers himself an artist, has a right to create freely according to his ideals, independent of anything.

"Only, of course, Lenin added immediately, *we communists, we cannot stand with hands folded and let chaos develop in any direction it may. We must guide this process according to a plan and form its results.*" (Italics ours—*A.L.*)

Then follow some interesting thoughts of Lenin's on the stable achievements of human art, on the best results of the more mature esthetic periods in the history of humanity and on the modern searchings of the decadent bourgeoisie.

Lenin told Comrade Zetkin:

"In painting we are too much the 'great overthrowers.' The beautiful should be preserved, taken as an example, something to begin with even if it is 'old.' Why must we turn away from the truly beautiful, reject it as a starting point for further development only because it is 'old'? Why must we bend the knee before the new like before a god whom one must submit to only because 'it is new'? ... Nonsense, sheer nonsense. There is much artistic hypocricy and, of course, unconscious kow-towing to artistic fashion reigning in the West. We are good revolutionists—but we feel ourselves compelled for some reason to prove that we all stand 'at the heights of modern culture.' I cannot consider the products of expressionism, futurism, cubism and other isms the highest manifestation of artistic genius. I do not understand them. I do not find any joy in them."

But, perhaps, most important was what Lenin told Comrade Zetkin on the social role of art generally:

"... What is important, is not our opinion on art. What is important, is not what art has to give several hundred, even several thousand of the total population of millions. Art belongs to the people. It must let its roots go down deep into the very thick of the masses. It must unite the feeling, thought and will of these masses, uplift them. It must awaken the artists among them and develop them. Must we provide fine cakes for a small minority while the masses of workers and peasants still lack black bread? I mean this, it must be understood, not only in a direct sense but also figuratively, we must always have the workers and peasants before our eyes. For their sake we must learn management, learn to count. This is also true for the field of art and culture."

We must quote one more remarkable passage from the memoirs of Clara Zetkin, from which it will be clear that Lenin did not at all think that so-

cialist art will confine itself to any kind of primitive forms that are supposed to correspond to the poor cultural developement of the masses.

"Someone of us, I do not remember who, spoke about some particularly glaring phenomena in the field of art and culture, explaining their origin by 'momentary conditions.' Lenin objected to this: 'I know very well, many are honestly convinced of the fact that the difficulties and dangers of the present period can be overcome by *panem et circenses* (bread and spectacles). Bread—of course! As to spectacles—let them be! I have no objection. But it must not be forgotten that spectacles are not really great art but rather a more or less beautiful amusement. It must not be forgotten that our workers and peasants do not in the least resemble the Roman *lumpen*-proletariat. They are not maintained at the expense of the state but maintain the state by their labor. They 'made' the revolution and defended its cause, shedding streams of blood and making untold sacrifices. Truly our workers and peasants deserve something more than spectacles. They *have earned the right to really great art.* That is why we first of all call for the widest popular education and upbringing. That prepares the ground for culture, on the condition, of course, that the question of bread is solved. On this basis a really great new communist art must arise which will find a form consistent with its content. Our 'intellectuals' have noble problems of the utmost importance to solve in this respect. If they understand and solve these problems the intelligentsia will only do their duty towards the proletarian revolution which opened wide the doors for them also and led them from mean living conditions so masterfully related in the *Communist Manifesto*—to freedom."

This is the proud and brilliant parting word of Lenin to students of art, artists, students of literature and writers.

8. Lenin and Modern Marxian Literary Research

The entire Lenin heritage must be most carefully studied by literary research workers, beginning with his philosophical conceptions, his historical works, political views and ending with his direct utterances on literature. It often happens that a seemingly cursory remark by Lenin, really implies a whole program of activity for the student of literature, marks out the course of his methodological researches, assumes a categorical significance.

"... A materialistic sociologist ,in making definite social relations of men the object of his research, by that same token already studies real *personalities* out of whose activities the relations studied result. The subjective sociologist, beginning his reasoning seemingly from 'living personalities,' in reality begins by attributing to these personalities 'notions and feelings' which he considers rational (because isolating his 'personalities' from any concrete social conditions, he thereby robs himself of the possibility of studying their *real* notions and feelings), i.e., 'begins with utopias'...

This extremely important Leninist proposition when applied to literature, points to the fact that when the literary research worker is leading with a "living personality" he must not begin his research with this personality as a prime cause. He should first study the social relations, because only such an investigation will furnish the key to a real understanding of the personality.

Requiring concreteness in every research, i.e., an actual study of the really objective material which is to be cleared up and explaind by the application of the method of dialectic materialism, Lenin considered it necessary to place every research, consequently also literary research, on a broad scientific basis. People could be met with among our students of literature who consider that literary research of a Marxist-Leninist nature must be based exclusively on the social sciences as such. They were exceedingly sceptical about including the sciences of biology, psychology, linguistics, etc. On the other hand, we have Lenin's direct teaching of the necessity of making use of all these branches of science as auxiliaries. True, Lenin enumerates these branches of knowledge as sources of the "history of knowledge generally." It must,

however, be clear to anyone that the history and theory of literature are part of such general history of knowledge. Here are Lenin's remarkable words:

History of philosophy, consequently:
History of individual sciences
History of mental development of children
History of mental development of animals
History of language N. B.
psychology
physiology of the senses

Briefly, history of knowledge generally
All the fields of knowledge
These are the branches of knowledge out of which the theory of cognition and dialectics must be built.

Pretty sharp remarks on the part of Lenin (as by Engels and Marx) about attempts to transfer biologic laws directly into the field of research in social relations, do not in the least contradict their significant list of concomitant sciences. Marxian sociology "removes" biology, but woe to him who will not understand this Hegelian expression which Lenin himself has explained most thoroughly:

"To remove means to end—but in such a way that that which is ended is retained in the highest synthesis ... This means that biologic factors no longer dominate in the social life of man, but this does not mean that the structure and functioning of man's organism, including the brain, illnesses, etc. can be ignored. It all acquires a new character, it all changes profoundly with the new social forces, but it does not vanish. The student of literature who would consider it possible to ignore entirely the beginnings of esthetic feelings in animals or the development of sensitiveness and creativeness in the child, or the rich treasures that are still undiscovered in the field of collective creation of languages, would be a very narrow research worker who could be tolerated inasmuch as we are still at the starting stages of our work, but it would be ludicrous for him to set himself up as an example of pure Marxian research."

Lenin's bequest to modern literary research is by no means an academic one. Art was never to him an end in itself; as we have seen above he set the task before it to "unite the feeling, thought and will of the masses, uplift them." Lenin fought for such a vital, militant, Party art with tremendous energy. His essay "Party Organization and Party Literature" is an excellent symbol of this fight begun during the period of the first revolution (1905). What brought about this essay was the desire to put in order the political literature of the Party, its journals, scientific publications, etc. The objective significance of this essay, however, goes beyond these confines; and Lenin's dictum is execellently applicable to all the artistic literature of the time.

"Literature," Lenin wrote, "must become Party literature. As opposed to bourgeois custom, as opposed to the bourgeois commercial venal press, as opposed to bourgeois literary careerism and individual 'lordly anarchism' and chasing for profits, the socialist proletariat must put forward the principle of *Party literature,* develop this principle and realize it in its fullest and most complete form."

"What does this principle of Party literature consist of? Not only in that for the socialist proletariat literature can not be a means of private gain to persons or groups, at all apart from the entire proletarian cause. Down with non-Party writers! Down with literary supermen! Literature must become *a part* of the proletarian cause as a whole, 'part and parcel' of a single whole, of the entire social mechanism set in motion by the whole conscious vanguard of the entire working class. Literature must become an integral part of an organized, planned, united social-democratic party work.

" 'Every comparison is lame,' says a German proverb. So does my comparison of literature with the movement of a mechanism. There will be, I imagine, hysterical intellectuals who will raise a howl against such a comparison as abasing, deadening, 'bureaucratizing the free struggle of ideas, the freedom of criticism, free literary creation, etc., etc. As a matter of fact this would only be an expression of bourgeois intellectual individualism. There is no denying the fact that literature lends itself least of all to mechanical comparisons, to leveling, to the rule of the majority over the minority. There is no denying the fact that in this field there must be the widest freedom for individual initiative, individual bents, free swing for thought and imagination, form and content. There is no gainsaying all this, but it merely proves that the literary side of proletarian party affairs cannot be

tritely identified with other phases of proletarian party affairs. All this does not in the least refute the proposition, strange and amazing to the bourgeoisie and bourgeois democracy, that literature must absolutely and unconditionally become inseparably bound up with the other work of a social-democratic party. Newspapers must become organs of various Party organizations. Publishing and warehouses, bookshops and reading rooms, libraries and all sorts of book vending—they must all become the business of the Party. The organized socialist proletariat must take care of all this work, control it, breathe the spirit of the living proletarian cause into all this work without exception, taking the ground away from under the old semi-Oblomov, semi-commercial Russian principle: the writer writes, the reader reads...."

Washing his hands of the "semi-Asiatic" past of Russian literature, Lenin draws a clear line which does not permit our taking the no less filthy road of Western bourgeois literature. To this problem he devotes some brilliant lines:

"We cannot, of course, say that this transformation of the business of literature, soiled by Asiatic censorship and European bourgeoisie, could happen at once. Far be it from us to propose any uniform system or the solution of this problem by a few resolutions—no, there can be no question of schematization in this field. The thing is for our entire Party, for the entire conscious socialist proletariat to realize this new problem, state it clearly and begin its realization everywhere. Having come out of the prison of feudal censorship we do not want to and shall not enter the prison of bourgeois-commercial literary relations. We want to create and we shall create a free press—not in the police sense only, but also in the sense of freedom from the domination of capital, freedom from career making; more also free from bourgeois anarchist individualism."

"These last words may seem paradoxical or a mockery of the reader. How!—will some ardent intellectual lover of liberty shout.—How! You wish to subject to collectivity such a fine, individual matter as literary creation! You want workingmen to decide by vote questions of science, philosophy, esthetics! You deny the absolute individual intellectual creation!"

"—Calm yourselves, Messrs! In the first place we are speaking of Party literature and its subjection to Party control. Everyone is free to write and say anything he pleases without the least limitation. But every free association (including a party) is also free to drive out such members as make use of the Party label to propagate anti-Party views."

In this connection Lenin gives a wrathful, vivid characteristic, perfect in form, one could say a classic characterization of bourgeois "free" literature:

"... Messrs bourgeois individualists, we must tell you that your talk of absolute freedom is nothing but hypocrisy. In a society based on the power of money, in a society where masses of workers are paupers and handfuls of rich men are idle there can be no real and true 'freedom.' Are you free of your bourgeois publisher, Mister Writer? Of your bourgeois public which demands of you pornography in novels and pictures, prostitution in the form of a 'supplement' to the 'holy' scenic arts? Absolute freedom is only a bourgeois or anarchist phrase (because, as a world philosophy, anarchism is only the wrong side of bourgeois). It is impossible to live in a society and be free from it. The freedom of the bourgeois writer, artist, actress, is only a masked (or hypocritically masked) dependence on the moneybag, on being bought and maintained. And we, socialists, expose this hypocrisy, tear down the false signs—not in order to obtain a classless literature or art (this will be possible only in the socialist society), but in order to counterpose a really free literature *frankly* wedded to the proletariat against a hypocritically free literature which is in reality dominated by the bourgeoisie. Such a literature would be free because not greed or a career, but the idea of socialism and sympathy with the workers will attract new and ever new forces into its ranks. It will be free literature because it will serve not a blase heroine, not a bored 'upper ten thousand' suffering from over-stoutness, but millions and tens of millions of workers who are the flower of the country, its strength, its future. It will be a free literature fructifying the last word of mankind's revolutionary thought with experience and the live work of the socialist proletariat creating a constant interaction between the experience of the past (scientific socialism completing the development of socialism from its primitive utopian forms) and the experience of the present (the present struggle of the worker comrades)."

Regardless of the fact that since this essay was written more than a quarter of a century has passed, it has not lost an iota of its profound significance. More than that, the fundamental principle of Party literature, serving the

cause of the socialist transformation of the world, is now just as timely as the severe criticism of bourgeois literature, as the flaming characteristic of future socialist literature to serve millions and tens of millions of workers.

Marxist-Leninist literary research is at the present time going through a stage of tempestuous growth. In its struggle against various idealistic and mechanistic systems as well as in its direct research work, its most reliable compass is the Lenin heritage. It is superfluous to expatiate on the fact that we have in mind by this *all* the Leninist heritage, beginning with his philosophical note-books and historical researches, and ending with his utterances on the subjects of proletarian culture and literature, which often have hidden within them, remarkable evaluations of phenomena that must be the basis of special researches. The militant Party spirit which is characteristic of all the heritage left by Lenin, its political keenness united with philosophic depth and historical concreteness, should fructify, nay already is fructifying and will continue to enrich Marxian literary research. It is in the atmosphere of broad socialist construction that the theoretical heritage left by Lenin, is truly proving the guiding spirit of modern literary practice and proletarian literary theory.

Translated from the Russian by S. D. Kogan

A. B. Magil

Two Poems

I

Not mine this day, this hour not mine,
but yours and yours, my brothers.
Here where the wind drives sunlight before it
over this long laked wilderness of white and gold
I stand and know
your *days, factory brothers, have built the path of all*
the days here,
your hand put flesh on houses, tore roads out of earth,
pistoned the wind, pulled
the levers that moved this place into being.

Sinews of Detroit, geared to the mad conveyor,
why do I hear beating under the steel lake ice
the heart of your rising Spring?

II

And I was walking with Lenin down the road,
and felt the big tall wind of him blowing
over frozen fields where, planted and growing,
snow climbed up where yesterday it snowed.
And down the lake it blew, down and over
to windless places.
I knew its breath and length,
I knew its earthrooted heart, its factory strength—
and I would be warm tonight with this wind for cover,

Comrade of all the roads, fisted and tall
wind of the world, beside us and ahead
(who can unfill our mouths with your our song?),
we hear, our Lenin, and follow where you tread:
to take this twisted life, to grasp it all,
and feel and know our hands—your hands—are strong!

Lake Orion, Michigan, 1934

No Mercy to Terrorists and Traitors

A Statement to All Writers

Half a year has passed since the memorable days of the first Congress of Writers of the Soviet Union in Moscow when, discussing various problems of creative art, the Soviet writers demonstrated their devotion to the socialist cause and their readiness to continue the struggle for the building of the only just social order of life—for socialism, under the leadership of the Bolshevik Party.

At that congress among the writers who spoke were many who were born of the October Revolution and had grown up under new conditions in the Soviet Union—men like Sholokhov, Fadeyev, Panferov, Ivanov, Pogodin, Leonov and many others no less famous. With them also, writers of the older generation spoke: Alexey Tolstoi, Boris Pilnyak, Yanka Kupala, Pasternak, etc., writers who had for a long time suffered from the burden of their past, under the load of customs and feelings originating in former years, but who had finally joined the united front of toilers, masters of the Soviet Union who are building and strengthening the new order of life and are creating a new culture of emancipated humanity.

Half a year has passed since those remarkable days when the best writers of the world, the best minds of mankind—Romaine Rolland, Andre Gide, Henri Barbusse, Theodore Dreiser, Heinrich Mann, Martin Anderson Nexo greeted the Soviet Union and the First Congress of Soviet Writers personally or in warm letters.

About forty foreign writers who had come to the Congress made direct acquaintance with Soviet life, visited plants and kolkhoz farms, new cities and machine-building giants, personally met thousands of workers and kolkhoz farmers, members of the Soviet intelligentsia, talked to hundreds of Soviet citizens.

According to their own numerous declarations published widely in both the Soviet and foreign press, they were all impressed by the genuine unity of the millions of toilers of the Soviet Union who are creating a new joyous life never before known in the history of mankind—a classless society—under the leadership of the Communist Party.

This life, without unemployment, without the uncertainty of what the next day will bring, without landlord and capitalist, without policeman and gendarme, without exploitation of man by man, this life is a banner for the workers of the whole world, a summons for the liberation of toiling humanity as a whole.

The toilers of the Soviet Union are perfectly conscious of the fact that to forge this life for themselves is possible only by following the leadership of the Leninist Party, by unswervingly following the behest of Lenin, the wise direction of their leader Comrade Stalin.

The toilers of Soviet Russia know very well the long history of the struggle of the Party under the leadership of Comrade Stalin not only against the class enemy that came out openly, but also against those who, being inside the Party itself, tried in cowardly and traitorous ways to sow panic and confusion in the Party at every difficult stage of the struggle.

On December 3, 1927, Comrade Stalin, speaking to the 15th Party Congress, said of the Zinoviev opposition:

> You will say: how could such an opposition arise among us, what are its social roots? I think that the social roots of the opposition are hidden in the ruin of the petty-bourgeois

sections in the city, in our development, in the dissatisfaction of these sections with the regime of the dictatorship of the proletariat, in the attempts of these sections to change this regime, 'improve' it in the spirit of establishing bourgeois democracy.

This was said by Comrade Stalin two years before the First Five-Year Plan was adopted, before the great triumphs of the workers of the USSR began to change the entire land of Soviets.

Speaking at the same congress, however, of the frame of mind among the intelligentsia and middle classes of the city, Comrade Stalin, in attacking the Zinoviev opposition said:

But it would be a mistake to think that the entire serving-official element, the entire intelligentsia, is experiencing a state of dissatisfaction, a state of protest or disaffection against the Soviet Government. Together with the growth of dissatisfaction inside the core of the new bourgeoisie we have the fact of differentiation among the intelligentsia, the fact of departure from *smenovekhovstvo*,[1] the departure of hundreds of thousands of the laboring intelligentsia to the side of the Soviet Government. This fact, comrades, is a beneficial fact which must be noted.

And concluding this part of his speech, Comrade Stalin said:

The problem of the Party consists in continuing the policy to isolate the new bourgeoisie and strengthen the ties of the working class with the laboring intelligentsia in city and village.

This was said, we repeat, in 1927.

In view of the triumphs of the working class of the USSR in all fields of economics, management, technical progress, science and culture, in view of the triumph of collectivization and the firm establishment of the kolkhoz system liquidating the economic basis of the kulak as a class, the process of differentiation of the petty bourgeoisie and its intelligentsia is being finally completed with the overwhelming majority of the laboring petty-bourgeoisie going over to the side of socialism. The remaining dregs of the Trotsky-Zinoviev opposition have finally gone down to the depths of the counter-revolutionary fascist camp.

Russian Whiteguards (and this should be noted with all clarity) at once understood the future of the Zinoviev opposition, welcoming the work of undermining the Party by the Zinoviev group and considering the latter their ally.

The Miliukov organ, *Posledniye Novosti,* welcoming the Zinoviev opposition in its day, wrote:

The Zinoviev opposition not only ideologically, but also organizationally, is the center of all those elements inimical to the proletariat, which chafe under the regime of the proletarian dictatorship and *are actively engaged in attempting to overthrow it.*

Smashed in open ideologic battle in which hundreds of thousands of Party members, Komsomols and non-Party workers participated, smashed by life which did not realize their hopes of the restoration of capitalism, and united by one general unprincipled career-making aim, an aim to climb to leading positions in the Party and government, gain high posts at any cost, the remains of the Zinoviev-Trotsky opposition returned to the Party by deceit in order to try to behead the revolution. And the Leningrad terrorist organization of the dregs of the Zinoviev opposition murdered one of the best leaders of the Party and the country, Comrade Kirov.

This Leningrad terrorist organization of ex-Zinovievites, whose ranks furnished the murderer of Comrade Kirov, was inspired by the Moscow political

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[1] *Smenovekhovstvo*—a tendency among the intelligentsia to adapt themselves to the new conditions without merging their interests with those of the working class as a whole.—*Tr.*

center headed by Zinoviev, Evdokimov, Bakayev, Kamenev and others who, not so long ago, sent such long epistles begging to be trusted, assuring the Party and the toilers of the USSR that they will never again take to fighting against the Party, against its general line which has assured the triumph of socialism in the USSR.

We were estranged from life as it was and the Party; we were stewing in our own juice, and our counter-revolutionary convictions were getting more firm in us,

declared one of the leaders of the Moscow Center, the ex-oppositionist Evdokimov, at the court session of January 15, 1935. And he said further:

Blinded by our vicious attitude to the leadership of the Party, we did not see what was going on in city and village, neither did we see the colossal success of socialist construction. The court can see that we *differed in nothing from the international counter-revolutionary riff-raff. Just like this riff-raff we were waiting for a crash, lived in hopes of this crash.*

The history of the Bolshevik Party knows of many factions and groupings, various oppositions and deviations. These factions usually opposed their views to the line pursued by the Party and tried to defend them openly before the Party. The history of the Bolshevik Party knows of no grouping which ever placed before itself the task of systematically hiding its views, hiding its political face, more than that, systematically disavow and condemn its own views and platforms in order to gain the confidence of the Party and meanwhile conspire to commit villainous murders of representatives of the Party.

The only historical analogy applicable to the behavior of Zinoviev, Kamenev and their accomplices, is the behavior and tactics of provocateurs that were in the service of the Tsar's gendarmerie and that consciously betrayed the best fighters of the revolution to torture and death.

The Zinoviev group differs in no way from the provocateurs recently uncovered in the USSR, presumably "members of the Party," from among presumably foreign "communists who emigrated to the USSR on assignments of fascist intelligence service, penetrating into the Bolshevist Party to fulfill their spying provocatorial tasks."

The Zinoviev political center largely maintained its platform presented to the 14th Party Congress in 1925, a platform claiming that there is no use building socialism as it is impossible to build socialism in one country (not only impossible even in the USSR, but impossible particularly in the USSR).

Kamenev and Zinoviev began from this point of view when they refused to agree to the October uprising (Stalin), when they, as Lenin wrote:

Betrayed to Rodzanka and Kerensky the decision of the Central Committee of their Party on the armed uprising and about keeping secret from the enemy the preparations for the armed uprising and the time set for the armed uprising.

And Lenin demanded

the immediate decision of the Central Committee *branding the full content of the strike-breaking and the articles in the non-Party press of Kamenev and Zinoviev. The CC excludes both from the Party* "And the measureless baseness, the genuine treachery of both of these persons consists in that they betrayed the plan of the strikers before the capitalists," Lenin wrote in his letter to the Central Committee. "It was from this point of view that Trotsky began when he agreed to the uprising," Comrade Stalin said at the 15th Party Congress. "Because he (Trotsky) said plainly that if a victorious proletarian revolution in the West will not come to our assistance in the more or less near future, it would be foolish to think that revolutionary Russia can stand up against conservative Europe."

Revolutionary Russia not only stood up against capitalist Europe and the whole capitalist world, but has created the first socialist society in the world, a most powerful fatherland for the toilers of the entire world, a bulwark of the international revolutionary movement.

But it was exactly lack of faith in the strength of the workers of the USSR that was the basis of the platform of the new Moscow political center of the Zinovievites who inspired the murderers of comrade Kirov. The generals without an army, people whose names called out the disgust of the workers of the USSR and the whole world for their "equivocations," whom the Party, nevertheless, not very long ago and for the last time, had given an opportunity to join the ranks of the millions of builders and thus make up for their guilt, whom the Party had warned of the relentless logic of falling into the morass of counter-revolution—these people became the inspirers of the murder of comrade Kirov.

That is why numerous meetings of workers of Moscow, Leningrad and other plants and factories and construction jobs demanded the severest penalties for Zinoviev and his "fellows-in-arms."

That is why the Soviet technical, creative art intelligentsia unanimously branded as an infamy the villainous murder of comrade Kirov.

Read the statements of the Soviet academicians: Bach, Vavilov, Jaffe, Selinski, Severtzev, Borisyak and others, indignant at the traitorous murder, read the ardent speeches of non-Party writers headed by Zoschenko and Slonimski. Read the declarations of regisseurs and artists headed by the old founder of the Moscow Art Theatre, Comrade Stanislavski. That's how the best representatives of the old generation of the Soviet intelligentsia responded to the murder of Comrade Kirov. They have completely identified themselves with socialism. And in this light the Zinoviev-Trotsky opposition, by the logic of factional struggle finally sunk in double-dealing, deceit and treachery, feeding itself on the arsenal of fascism, looks even more odious, more abominable.

Having absolutely no base among the workers of the USSR, the champions of fascism and their new accomplices try the way of individual terror against the leaders of the Land of Socialist Construction, a terror openly inspired by Russian Whiteguards and foreign fascism.

Several weeks before the murder of Comrade Kirov the Whiteguard sheet *Za Rossiyu,* published in Belgrade, openly agitated for the murder of leaders of Soviet Russia.

The sheet mentioned names of prominent men in the Soviet Union and said plainly:

"Kirov in Leningrad must be killed."

The Polish fascist, editor of the monarchist Vilna newspaper *Slovo* approaches his aim "more deeply." In a series of articles about a visit to the USSR, this representative of the biggest Polish landowners, the so-called "Vilna bisons," part of whose previous possessions are in the USSR, wrote:

> Soviet youth loves the Soviet Government passionately. And I beg you to believe me that this youth is enthusiastically fond of the Soviet system. *Any war, any counter-revolutionary movement within Russia (I do not believe in this yet) will find in this youth a furious enemy that will defend the Soviets tooth and nail.*

And he points out one possibility "not yet tried": individual terror.

He says plainly:

> *I can grant however, that central terror, that some bombs thrown at members of the government, in the buildings of central Moscow institutions, would do their work.*

That is who helped Zinoviev train his adherents of the Leningrad center "ideologically."

The murderer of Comrade Kirov, the traitor and villain Nikolayev, admitted he got 5,000 rubles from the consul of one small government with which the terrorist group was connected through Nikolayev.

In this manner the Zinoviev disciples came to plain and direct contact with fascist representatives, they were engaged in one and the same work with the Whiteguards sent to the USSR lately from various countries bordering on the USSR to commit terrorist acts.

With the penetration of genius, the great builder of socialism, Stalin, took account of all the obstacles that may come in the way of creating the classless society.

On January 7, 1933, in his report on the results of the first Five-Year Plan, Comrade Stalin said:

The annihilation of classes comes not by way of the weakening of the class struggle but by its strengthening. The dying out of the state will come not by means of the relaxation of state power but means of its being strengthened to a maximum as is necessary in order to finally annihilate the remains of the dying classes and organize defense against the capitalist surroundings which are not yet destroyed and will not be destroyed yet for some time.

It should be kept in mind that the growth of power of the Soviet state will call out stronger resistance on the part of the last remainders of the dying classes. It is just because they are dying and on their last gasp that they will go from one form of collision to other, sharper forms of collision, appealing to the backward elements of the population and mobilizing them against the Soviet Government. There is no meanness or libel which these human dregs will not raise up against the Soviet government and try to mobilize the backward elements about. On this ground the smashed groups of the old bourgeois nationalists of the center and provinces might come to life and begin to stir, there may also come to life and begin to stir the fragments of counter-revolutionary opposition elements from among the Trotskyites and right deviationists. This is not terrible, of course. But it should be kept in mind if we want to get done with these elements rapidly and without excessive sacrifices.

That is why revolutionary vigilance is the quality most essential now to Bolsheviks.

What was the direct aim of the fascist-terrorists together with the fragments of the Zinoviev opposition, the Messrs Matzkevich and leaders of *Za Rossiyu*? What were they figuring on in resorting to individual terror?

Like Matzkevich they are compelled to admit that they themselves do not believe in the possibility of counter-revolution from within the Soviet Union.

But they point out openly that their aim is to create panic among the builders of Socialism.

To the shot of the fascist traitor however, the masses of workers of the USSR, the entire intelligentsia, responded by closing their iron ranks around the Party and the Soviet government, responded by an unshakeable determination to annihilate the last counter-revolutionary nests of the former Zinoviev opposition. The revolutionary determination of the workers of the Soviet Union found ardent support on the part of the international labor movement and broad sections of the intelligentsia abroad.

Knowledge of Soviet reality, of the frame of mind, ideas and aims of the workers of the USSR gave such a great writer as Jean Richard Bloch the right to declare at the latest meeting of the French Association of Revolutionary Writers in Paris:

"In defending the socialist revolution the Soviet government defends that which is dearer to us than anything else in the world."

To such a struggle for the defense of the Socialist state against the machinations of its enemies of all shades and colors, united by their bitterness against the triumphant revolution, to a struggle against war on the USSR being prepared in fascist circles, to revolutionary vigilance with respect to the false friends of the socialist revolution who are in reality its fiercest enemies—we call all foremost writers of the world, all the best minds of progressive humanity.

A. Bakushinski

Lenin In Soviet Sculpture

About the Work of N. A. Andreyev

The first years of the revolution profoundly affected N. A. Andreyev and inspired him to unusual creative activity. In 1918-1919 he created his "Danton," the statue of Liberty, monuments to Gertzen and Ogarev. At this time, in the stream of seething social activity that so powerfully absorbed the artist came his first meetings with Lenin, his first vivid stirring impressions of this figure: at meetings, conventions, congresses. At this time, also, he made his first sketches of the head, the figure, the oratorical gestures of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. The artist sought new meetings with him, new impressions whereever it was possible and continued making his sketches. Most of them were small notebook sheets, chance bits of paper. They were made rapidly, but very attentively and keenly.

All these sketches paved the way for the main thing: the close, intimate study and depiction of Lenin by Andreyev. In May 1920 the artist obtained access to Lenin's office. He could observe him there intimately. "No other artist," writes N. A. Andreyev, "had such an opportunity of studying Lenin so closely and for such a length of time."

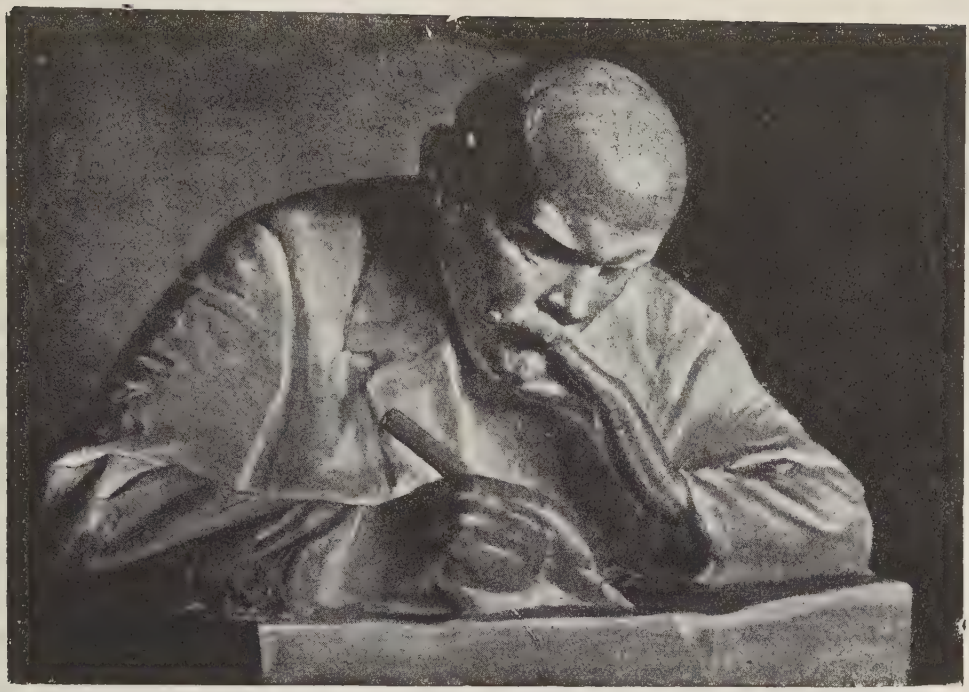
The direct object was a sculptural portrait from life. Both Andreyev and Altman, each in his own way, attacked this very responsible problem. Altman began in clay, on a on a large model of the head. Andreyev preferred to start with a small study of the head in mastic right in his hands, transferring the center of attention to constant observation of Lenin in all positions, turns of body, movements, at work, at his desk, in conversation with visitors, talking over the telephone, in concentrated thought, in the calm pose of resting from tense labor. Lenin agreed to let artists observe him at his office but firmly refused to pose. Andreyev applied here the Rodinesque method of working from life: live, free observation and as free and lively a reproduction. The live Lenin impressed him and attracted him by his character, his figure, the incomparable charm of his personality. At this time the intimate picture of "Ilyich" at work in his office at the Kremlin arose in all clarity to the artist. Several small half figures now made their appearance showing Lenin at his desk. The first figure, dated 1920, showed Lenin leaning over a manuscript. In his right hand a pen. The left hand at his lips, touching the lip with the little finger. Concentrated thought. This picture was first sketched from life. The execution is, however, soft, semi-impressionistic. Another variation of the same theme: "Ilyich" at work in his office. The thoughtfulness more profound and concentrated. The half figure of the same dimensions, the right hand half covers the mouth and holds the chin. This gesture, intimate and characteristic, interested the artist very much and was caught a number of times in sketches. Finally, the third variation of this group, the figure of Lenin writing, both hands calmly on the table. Sketches of the head with various facial expressions and positions, made for this pose and half figure, made it possible for the artist to widely utilize the most appropriate and the keenest for final plastic rendering.

At that time Andreyev worked hard on sketching the head of Lenin from life. Dozens of rapid pencil sketches—hints capturing features, have remained on good drawing paper and on chance bits of any paper handy at the time. There are several sketches of Lenin at the telephone. Peculiar impressions of the head from the back. Some glimpses and some careful drawings of parts of the face: lips, form of the nose, a study of only the eye with a new, unusual expression in it.

The Portraits

Generalization in the sketch came as a result of this process of accumulation of direct impressions. Several colored crayon portraits have remained from this period. Two are especially successful. One, fairly well known, has been reproduced many times—the head slightly inclined, a faint smile and the eyes looking keenly and attentively at the onlooker. This is a picture of Lenin similar in character to the sculptures described above. The second portrait was almost unknown till recently. It is a new conception of Lenin as a leader—with a strong determined motion of the head, generalized, severe, almost rigid features and a remarkable, impressive, likeness. It is undoubtedly the best of the known portraits of Lenin and has retained the freshness and strength of the artist's direct impressions but is completely freed of all unnecessary detail, of the impressionism of chance and the naturalism of careful study.

Andreyev's creative work on his "Lenin-



Andreyev s early work from 1920

'iana" turned about the two poles of the interpretation of Lenin represented by these two portraits.

The artist's initiative, after Lenin's death, was recognized and substantially supported by the government. "In the Fall of 1924," wrote Andreyev, "I was commissioned by the Soviet of People's Commissars of the USSR (Comrades M. I. Ulianova, A. D. Tsurupa, L. B. Krassin, L. B Kamenev, and N. P. Gorbunov) to do a portrait of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin in marble or bronze for the meeting room to be placed near the chair where Vladimir Ilyich always sat."

Andreyev had indubitable rights to receive such a commission as one of the greatest sculptors and on account of his wide experience of observation and enduring study of Vladimir Ilyich while alive. Con scious of these advantages, the artist writes: "This not only gave the right but also imposed an obligation and the duty to accept this order and to regard it with the utmost seriousness. A monument to the greatest genius at the place of his creative work—is a task of great historical responsibility. Not a shadow of haste, carelessness, speculative trashiness."

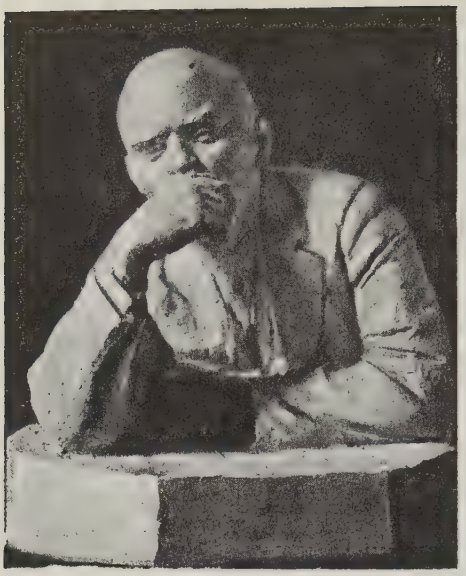
Andreyev was given the broadest freedom in finding the solution of the problem. It could be a "statue, bust or head—at the artist's choice." A desire was expressed that: "the expression of the face—as characteristic of Vladimir Ilyich—he faintly smiling." Talks with A. D. Tsurupa, L. B. Krassin, and N. P. Gorbunov made clear that "in the meeting chamber of the Soviet Commissars Vladimir Ilyich should appropriately be presented as he was when surrounded by his closest friends and co-workers: intimate, exceedingly simple in figure, pose, and movement." Just as the artist himself had known him, and as he had drawn him in portraits during the first years of the revolution.

Andreyev was perfectly aware of the extreme difficulty of the task. He set to work with great enthusiasm and continued at it for many years.

The first and longest period embraced five years, 1924 to 1929. During this period there is a continued search for the image of Lenin at work at his desk. Hands on the table. The right hand holds a pen. The left has raised a corner of the paper. The face in guarded attention looks straight ahead. This variant was the basis of further work.

In 1924 also Lenin is first shown on the platform, in the pose of the speaker beginning to talk. He leans on the speaker's stand with his right hand. The left hangs down, thrown slightly backward. The head sits straight and looks at the auditorium. This theme also was developed further.

In 1925 Andreyev returned partly to the idea of that altogether intimate expression



From the period of 1920—24

which was peculiar of his first sketches—the half figures of 1920. One is the animated and inspired sketch of Lenin attentively listening to a report.

Other Work and Methods

Absorbed in his work on Lenin, the artist spent much of his strength and time on it, though also busy with other things. At the same time he did the monument to Ostrovski and engaged in broad social activities.

N. A. Andreyev was not only strict and rigid in his requirements to himself. He was very modest and reserved in the process of his creative research. Even people very close to him did not know for years of much that he was doing in the quiet of his studio. This refers particularly to the "Leniniana." Here the artist's severity to himself amounted to relentlessness. It is unknown exactly how many sketches and finished work have been destroyed by him at the behest of his inner judgement.

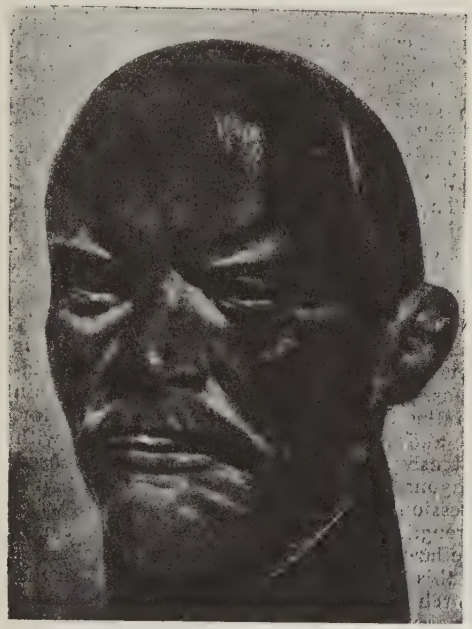
During these years Andreyev determinedly eliminated all traces of his impressionistic methods which were so characteristic of his work on the image of Lenin during the first period. The impression, more or less emotionally colored, which gave the first creative impulse had done its work and now gave way to other sensations, another system of artistic thought and action. Andreyev turned determinedly to careful, allsided, materially-plastic perception. He took the road of naturalism fearlessly as the first stage of rebuilding the completeness of the image, the entire complex and rich unity of its material and spiritual essence. By this method he forced out the impressionist tendencies which so clearly suggested positivism. He was, however, just as far from what could be called "crawling empiricism" in art. He sought structural severity, logic of form, the organic connection of the system with the general character and profounder conception of the image as a whole. Thus naturalism—as a primary phase—is in the succeeding creative process replaced by a profound and generalized realism.

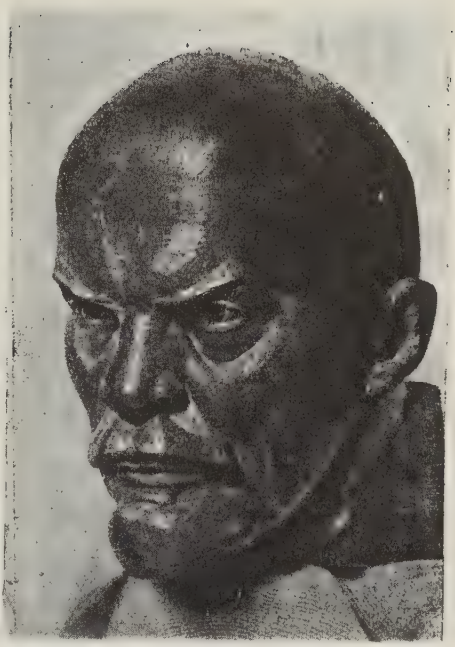
A remarkable example of the application of this method is the series of thirty-seven variations of the head for a portrait of Lenin, discovered after the artist's death. These variations of the head were to correspond to three or four portrait compositions contemplated by the artist, being of corresponding pose and having an approximately common expression. All heads are of one size—a little larger than the actual size. All have been strictly prepared with equal accuracy not only of general expression but also of detail. However, when one sees this series of sculptural studies of the Lenin head, even on a first fleeting acquaintance, one is surprised at the psychologic wealth and diversity of expression in all these studies.

The process of work itself, can be imagined to have gone like this: the artist has completed in mastic a satisfactory study. From this original a plaster cast is made. Then the work begins anew on the same model: search of a new expression. It was enough to change the expression of the eyes, a movement of the brows, the form of the lips—and the entire character of the face, all the relative elements of expression also changed, naturally. The sculptor used the same method of work on the half figure and full figure, fixing individual stages by photography.

The correctness and fullness of the plastic image, recalling the Roman manner in sculptural portraiture, were based on a tremendous amount of preparatory work of an analytical order. Andreyev did not trust the eye any longer, did not trust the direct impressionist perception. Like the great analysts of the Renaissance, antique sculpture, he persistently sought accuracy. He measured attentively and with mathematical accuracy the proportions of Lenin's figure, the relations of the head forms. Such careful measurements and sketches have remained in the folders of the artist. He studied just as carefully and documentarily Lenin's clothes, shoes, the chair in which Lenin usually sat, entering their measurements and drawings on his work sheets.

The artist here, first of all, looked for complete objective truth, not distorted by





Two heads modeled in 1930

imagination and visual aberration. That was a repletion of all the means of material perception—the necessary basis for truly realistic recreation of the image. And that is, perhaps, the reason why almost any modern depiction of Lenin when compared with Andreyev's portraits seems an approximation, inexact. Due to this method of his, Andreyev discovered one peculiarity of the structure of Lenin's figure which in the end determines the whole impression. As is well known Vladimir Ilyich was not very tall. This made most artists give to Lenin's figure the usual proportions of short people: a comparatively large head, long torso, short legs. In general what resulted was a squat, "square" figure or something approaching such proportions. Andreyev's researches and measurements proved the complete erroneousness of this "canon." It develops that Lenin's figure, within the bounds of its dimensions, had the proportions of tall figures: a small head, a corresponding torso and lengthened legs.

Of course both the methods of naturalistic observation and the system of exact measurements were necessary to the artist in the process of first mastering the objective truth of the figure. Its complete creative reproduction, however, was an act both more complex and freer. Andreyev was far from submitting slavishly to copying, he introduced necessary changes and deviations which do not distort the inner and objective truthfulness of the figure but help to strengthen its artistic expressiveness, to deepen its meaning.

The Result of Study

The five years work of the sculptor was accompanied by conversations with the members of the commission, and the inevitable corrections in such circumstances, new researches.

As a result, in the words of the artist, he "completed in the necessary size three variations:

"First: Ilyich sitting at his desk, 'in a heap,' his elbows tightly pressed, writing something on a tiny piece of paper; but disturbed in his work, looks up with crafty screwed-up eyes and smiling, listens to a report (C. Tsurupa's theme).

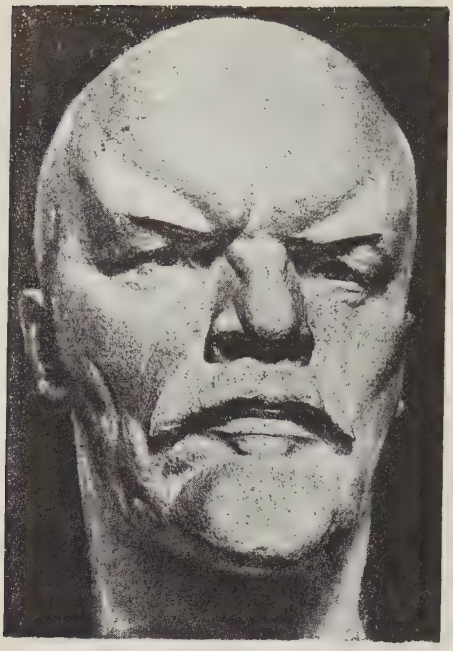
"Second: Ilyich has come in to a meeting and stopped in a pose especially characteristic of him—fingers behind vest, looking with a smile at what is going on. 'What are you doing here without me?' (N. P. Gorbunov's theme).

"Third: Vladimir Ilyich in the chair, has moved aside and is listening to a report. His left hand on his knees."

As we have seen, the first theme was given form in 1924. It was completed in 1929.

The second variation was completed in 1928 and put into form in 1929. The third was completed at the same time.

All three sculptures are much larger in size than hose intimate sketches which



From the period of 1931—32

appeared in 1924. They are all on the same scale, the head slightly larger than the original. It was for these that the majority of the thirty-seven head studies found after the artist's death were made.

The sculptures were intended to be placed in the meeting chamber of the Sovnarkom, near the place where Lenin usually sat. They are something new in principle compared to the previous period of research. Working out these conceptions the author wanted to maintain also a considerable simplicity of image, even intimacy; wanted to go the way of strict and exact realism, beyond all symbolism and convention, but at the same time generalized considerably not only as compared to the figures of the first period but also with respect to the laboratory researches of later years. The artist clearly avoided naturalistic details, brought out the unity of idea, gesture, exact expression. The head is worked out in most detail. Its form is the result of long, intense and to a great extent analytical work. The image, however, had such a strong hold on the sculptor and his skill was so great that the sculptures have the freshness of quick studies. The work was done by the artist usually in stone, granite or marble.

"A group of responsible comrades including N. P. Gorbunov," wrote Andreyev, "viewed this work and acknowledged it completely in accord with the assignment in the first two variations, saying most flattering things about their likeness to the original and internal content .. . acknowledged them of great historical value, demanded the establishment of a guard over them and their transfer to solid material in the shortest possible time."

Thus ended the second period of Andreyev's "Leniniana."

The author then began new studies. "The object of the new research," he wrote, "was the chairman of the Soviet of People's Commissars, V. I. Ulianov-Lenin," no longer "Ilyich" but not yet "Lenin."

The leading motif of the new study was Vladimir Ilyich on the platform. It is developed in two basic subjects, two variations. The first, of a dynamic nature. Lenin on the tribune, Lenin—the flaming orator. He addresses the audience impetuously with a tense passion. All the masses are disposed diagonally, defining the fundamental impression compositionally. Its properties were strengthened and received their final form in the large half figure of 1929-1930. The heads of this period show profound changes in the search for form. The artist evidently looked for a synthesis on a plane close to the monumental.

The second variation showed Lenin in a collected pose, also on the platform, ready to speak. The figure is shown to the knees. Below, the massive edge of the platform. As usual the sculptor made a number of sketches in a great variety of poses and facial expressions. So far only three are known. The first, dated 1929, is the strongest and most successful one. There is an iron will in the forward looking eyes, the firmly compressed lips. The second was shown at the exhibition of Andreyev's "Leniniana" in the Tretyakov gallery. In that the artist makes the figure more frontal, stresses the turn of the head more, changes the position of the hands contrastingly. Here the right hand is in the trousers pocket, the left, half closed into a fist rests on the speaker's stand. The third exists only in the form of a photograph. It is dated 1930. The figure is frontal. The head is concentrated and looks ahead grimly.

All these variations were preparations for a great synthesizing work which occupied the remaining period of the artist's life in 1930-1932. The composition of this genuinely monumental work is a further development and a final, happy rounding out of the first two variations. It is a fitting result of many years of self sacrificing and unmercenary labor of a great artist. His own rigid evaluation acknowledged this work as satisfying the requirements set. The gigantic work began in 1924 was to a great extent completed. The artist here reaches a genuinely high, strict style. The image is profoundly sympathetic. The vivid features of Vladimir Ilyich, his characteristic gesture—are all

realistic. Everything breathes inner truthfulness and certain, exact portraiture. The vivid features of "Ilyich" which the artist previously noted and reproduced so well, are now deepened, broadened, synthesized into the image of the leader of the great revolution with its growing boundless perspectives. The iron will, powerful thought, tremendous feeling pour themselves into the call from the platform to the masses of humanity not only of the present but also of the future. The figure is full of colossal, reserved power and triumphant certainty. It is calm in gigantic greatness: the head raised high, the eyes looking far. The head is particularly successful both in likeness and form, in the broad, noble and simple manner in which it is executed. This is not "Ilyich" and not the first chairman of the Sovnarkom—but "Lenin."

This work of N. A. Andreyev, being a synthesis not only of the period of searchings but also of all his preceding work on his "Leniniana" must be recognized as undoubtedly the most remarkable thing done in the Soviet art field on the subject of Lenin. It paves a new way in the direction of the style of Socialist realism and in the forging of a new contemporary monumental form in sculpture.

The Last Work

The concluding stage of Andreyev's "Leniniana," which was only indicated, consisted of several works in which the artist wanted to express the idea of "Lenin — the leader" in even more general terms. These were studies for a monumental bust and a monumental head. The first attempt—a bust on a low pedestal with a slight cubist displacement. The head is formed in a strictly realistic manner. The second bust — on a high, double pedestal.

An exceedingly remarkable conception in this sphere of research is the uncompleted design of a large scale head of Lenin contemplated in bronze. The first small model reveals in a general way all the main features of the sculptural solution sought. It is an example of small sculpture talking the language of monumental plastics. The next stage in this conception is a head larger than natural, made with simplicity, strength and severity recalling antique sculpture. The artist was here undoubtedly very strongly and favorably influenced by antiquity. The third stage in the solution of this conception, that has remained in clay, in the process of being formed, is a large, twice natural, head of Lenin. This should be considered a work just begun and only the general forms and lines of future solution were indicated. But even at this stage of this great creative labor it impresses one with its exceptionally artistic qualities. All the means of plastic influence including technique and material, have been strictly and deeply thought through and made to serve

Statue made during 1930—31

the idea and character of the artistic conception. The sculptor wished to give a final synthesis of "Lenin, the leader," concentrating into the expressive figure of the head everything eternal, that is bound to live on in the ages to come, that will attract future generations with its truth transformed into a glorious legend, which will give birth in the future to an undying epic, dramatic pathos and, undoubtedly, a peculiar lyricism. The realism in this head is therefore profoundly reserved, generalized and subdued to the powerful feeling of purely plastic rhythm. The artist, having in mind considerable height, gave prominence to the upper parts of the head, increasing the cranium, as in the very first mastic study from life. This is a sculptural saga addressed to the future not only about a great epoch but of its greatest hero, of an heroic will, of a genius of thought who boldly and rightly found the road in the historical distances of humanity.

This brings to an end our review of Andreyev's "Leniniana." The artist's "exploit" has been accomplished with honor and brilliance, accomplished simply, without advertizing, in the quiet of his studio, under conditions of self-imposed limitations which he himself rigidly enforced.

What can be said about Andreyev's "Leniniana" as a whole?

What amazes and attracts first of all are the breadth, profundity and unbounded sincerity of the artist in his approach to the figure of Lenin,—an unusual and unique combination of necessary psychological qualities in an artist even in our times. Everything without exception is of a high artistic quality and yet simple, modest and resourceful, intelligible and acceptable to the reviewer even most inexperienced in matters of art.

The artistic value of Andreyev's "Leniniana" is tremendous. It is unique in significance. This has been acknowledged by the government which has purchased all of Andreyev's work.

A careful study of the figure of Lenin in Andreyev's art produces a very odd effect. Everything else done on this theme, with exceedingly few exceptions, seems conventional, approximate, and often simply untrue. The Andreyev type of Lenin, his sketches from nature, can serve all contemporary and future generations of artists as a rich source and a faultless criterion.

LETTERS FROM WRITERS

GERMANY

On the Loss of My German Citizenship

Yesterday I learned that the Third Reich has deprived me of German citizenship. Today I had a number of visitors and even more telephone calls. They weren't only German emigrés—a Frenchman, Swedes, an Englishman clasped my hand and congratulated me. They all congratulated me. No one found the event regrettable. Still I was astonished at such a unanimous (and in this small frame international) manifestation. At any rate, it was made clear to me that it is an honor and nothing but an honor to be outlawed by the lords of the Third Reich, and to be found unworthy of bearing the name of a German.

I was born a German; I was allowed to take part in the war for four years—from the first day to the last—and had to accept the Iron Cross for deeds of heroism, which I made no special effort to accomplish. I have a Dutch father, a Breton grandfather and a German mother. It is apparent that my loss of citizenship has nothing to do with blood affiliation (to speak in Nazi jargon), nor with my origin, and that nothing can affect my ties with the German people. This loss of citizenship is aimed mainly against the two million readers I have won as a writer in Germany.

That my readers belong to all classes of the population, from the extreme Left to the extreme nationalists, is an honor for me. But that the great, (and really interested) majority of my readers get their books from circulating libraries—readers that come from the section of the population that owns nothing, that is most exploited and most oppressed—is an obligation for me and today more of an obligation than before.

My origin is German.

My language is German.

My language remains German.

The language in which I grew up, in which I had to let myself be driven and ordered about, and in which I finally learned to think—that language I will know how to use as a weapon.

As a weapon—against whom and for what?

That must be stated clearly.

Against a system which in the short period of its rule has been able to annul the fundamental concepts of civilization and human society; that has degraded its citizens into willingless tools of an exaggerated will to power; and that exposed individuals to all conceivable kinds of arbitrariness, of physical and mental terror, and even the torture methods of a dark medievalism that one had thought forgotten; that makes art, science, education and even the church serve only as instruments of a diseased race insanity, using them for its chauvinist ends; that is turning all Germany into one huge barrack and forcing the German language down to the level of training regulations.

Against the oppressors of a people, credulous, patient and long-suffering, and for those very reasons oppressed, exploited and silently suffering!

Germany suffered more from the consequences of the war than all the other peoples involved. But none of the treaties concluded with the former enemy powers since November 11, 1918—no matter how heavily they oppressed Germany's economy and her people—has borne down upon the millions within the German borders so forcibly, so freedom-destroyingly, so crushingly, physically and even more psychologically, as one year of the Hitler dictatorship. It is cheap to say that the law of the fist rules Germany. And it is not entirely correct, for it is a heavily armed and disciplined minority that terrorizes an unarmed majority.

How long will that be possible?

I hope not to the bitter end!

The gentlemen of the Third Reich, the masters of "protective custody," of concentration camps, and torture gangs, are preparing an explosion in their own country. It is not only to the interest of Germany's own fate—it is to the interest of all civilized mankind that this explosion breaks out before National Socialism reaches its goal and bitter end: War.

No intelligent observer can doubt that a new war will not eradicate the effects of the last war, that it can only produce new suffering and new victims in greater number, first of all for Germany, and what is more, for the whole world, and that it must necessarily end in an even greater and more immeasurable catastrophe.

It is equally certain that the great mass of the German people, most of all the generation that already has the experience of one war and one post-war period behind it, will not voluntarily follow the Nazi slogans into disaster.

To accomplish that it first had to be deprived of its rights—that is what "protective custody" and the concentration camps are

for—and that is, in the last analysis, the aim of depriving of citizenship those who were able to escape direct seizure by the Third Reich.

To oppose such a catastrophic war, which is being very deliberately prepared and but badly camouflaged, by the rulers of the Third Reich, is the most urgent need of the hour. And in the fulfilment of this commandment I know that I am at one not only with the great proletarian masses, but what is more, with the majority of the German people, and with the overwhelming majority of all the other nations.

To fight for a Germany that acknowledges the fundamental principles of equal rights, of peace and freedom for its own people at home (especially for the working and prosperity-creating portion of the population), that does not employ the concept of Socialism merely as a mass-meeting and holiday phrase, but actually proceeds to realize Socialism in the economic field together with the working masses and against the class of exploiters, and that can make these principles of human association (the only ones conceivable today) and the socialist basis of production and distribution (the only one conceivable today) its domestic policy because it really aims at a just re-ordering of human society, because it acknowledges equal rights for all other races, because it respects the freedom and peace of all other countries and does not aim at one-sided military expansion—to fight for such a country is what I pledge myself to my future fellow-citizens and comrades-in-arms in a new Germany.

THEODORE PLIVIER

German revolutionary author of
The Kaiser's Coolies *and other novels*

WESTERN DRAMA OF THE IMPERIALIST WAR

A future historian writing on the imperialist war of 1914-18 would certainly begin by drawing attention to the struggle of the large financial groups for raw material and markets and for the re-division of the world. However, he can not disregard the important spiritual reflection of these complicated events: the drama of the imperialist war.

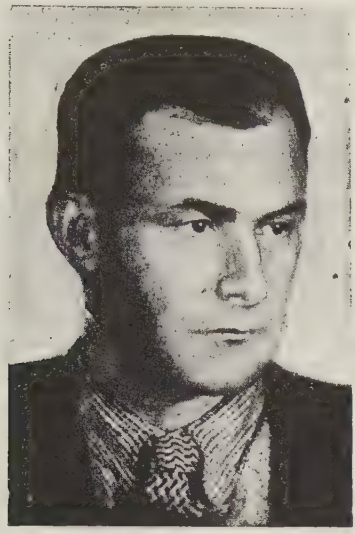
The World War as shown in the drama gives a true picture of man's convictions at that time, it shows the state of consciousness existent in the masses in its most varied phases of development. In the first phase, the dramatist marched alongside the flag as nationalist drummer. The "meaning" of war is defense of the fatherland, the awakening of manly virtues, of courage and comradeship and of the "true unto death" feelings, all of which was greatly praised by the chaplains. It means the birth of the "heroic man," which today, on the eve of new enterprises, should be revived in the "steely romantic poetry" of Goebbels. A typical war play of this phase is *Hias*. It depicted the Bavarian soldier in all his greatness, typical of the trench fighters, as a comrade, true to the core, gentle as a lamb with women, but when it is a question of the enemy, then forward with knife in hand and no mercy! Moreover, we witnessed classical war plays behind the front and in our own countries: *The Persian* of Aeschylus and the *Prince of Homburg* by Kleist. Besides *Ladies' Tears* and *Hussar Fever* and the military farces by Blumenthal-Kadelburg, they also carried out their purpose during the imperialist war, that was, the justification of the noble yet happy-go-lucky character of the military profession.

Four years of trenches, filth, lice, starvation, gas and grenades; four years of imprisonment in gun turrets and steel casements on war vessels, shot to smithereens by an invisible foe, and at home the children growing up undernourished and rickety, and wives with yellow faces working in the munition factories. An atmosphere of disaster, of apocalypse, the war as a "catastrophe of actuality," prevailed. The nihilistic phase in war drama began. It finds most audacious expression in Karl Kraus' *The Last Days of Mankind*. It reflects the dismal and terrible hopelessness of the crushed masses, and at the same time it shows the anarchist intrigues of the Viennese court and of the press.

Escape from Reality

In those days, the international youth and the Spartakusbund of the west were still far too limited. At this time Stephen Zweig's *Jeremiah* appeared, an analogous play dealing with the years 1914-18. In *Jeremiah* too, the principles are nihilistic, fogged over with a mist of pacifism. One summoned God, but he answered not; one wishes to show the people the way to peace, but the blinded people will not see; therefore they must perish... on the whole, a fatalistic and nihilistic outlook .

Then fronts were broken down. In spite of the bold revolt of the Kiel sailors, in spite of the heroic fighting of the workers at Marstall, in Berlin and in Munich, as yet there was no bolshevik party which could take the lead. The world war was not liquidated by the workers' and soldiers' soviets but by the "democratic" generals Lutzwitz, Merker, Epp and Müller of the Ebert-Scheidemann republic. The facts are well known. And how did the majority of the masses react at that time? War is at an end. Now we only demand one thing: No more shooting! Peace! This mood is reflected in the third phase of war drama, in the pacifist



Friedrich Wolf, well-known German revolutionary playwright whose Sailors of Cattaro, Doctor Mamloch *and other plays are being successfully produced in a number of countries*

play. *A Generation* by Fritz V. Unruh typifies this phase. In this case, the war throws a flaring torch in the midst of a family; the brothers murder one another, and over the bodies of her dead son the mother points out the path to the future. This play with its ecstatic style, its many metaphors and its numerous individualistic outbursts, is one of the few successful "expressionalist" dramas. To this category also belong *The Transformation* by Toller and *Das Bist Du* by Wolf and *Naval Battle* by Goring. They all cussed the war furiously and burned their books; but they could not sugggest any course to be followed. What we lacked then, was every vestige of Marxist foundations. We wrote poetry according to our sense of feeling. About "brother man." Means of production played no part in this "Oh Man" drama. "Man" was everything. Man's heart was the driving force of the world. Goring's *Naval Battle* has merely brought to the stage the narrow gun turret of a canon on a cruiser which was bound for the Skagenak battle. The cast consists of five sailors. The theme: Is it possible for these five sailors to find a way of escape from this gun turret, hemmed in by death? And how? They think of a hundred ways, but find none. Their concluding words, said as the deadly gas grenade penetrates the turret, are: "It was good to have shot, it would have been better to have mutinied!" A helpless, leaderless meandering in the chaos of those days. Hasenlever and Werfel fled with their pacifist plays *Antigone* and *The Trojans* into the ancient. The Frenchman Reynald retired into the individualistic with his play *Tomb of the Unknown Warrior.*

Back to Life

After 1928 the impossibility of a genuine stabilization of world economy became obvious. The crisis also affected the "victorious countries," a new arrangement for the interested parties was necessary in spite of all peace conferences, a monstrous armament race began. And now the dramatists also began to think much more calmly and concretely on the problem of the past and that meant also the future, war. The fourth phase in war plays, that is, the realistic phase began. These dramas asserted that they told the complete truth and reality of the war. War "as it really was." But how was the war "really?" That question still remained unsettled. The question was asked much more directly, more to the point, and more calmly. Suddenly a whole series of trench plays appeared: headed by *Journey's End* by Sheriff and *Die endlose Strasse* by Hintze and Graff, and lastly the play *P G (Prisonnier de guerre)* by Wanner which deals with an internment camp. These plays are fundamentally different from any preceding plays. They no longer described the war as a gigantic death dealing volley of shots, or as the apocalyptical milennium, or as "fratricide;" they concentrated more on depicting the dreary monotonous every-day routine of the trenches: lice, boredom, hunger, theft, alcohol, yes and even "nerves," meaning cowardice; they described the parasitic life of the generals and (*Etappenschweine*) brass hats with soft jobs as compared with the soldiers, every detail was distressingly true, almost exaggeratedly realistic in an endeavor to reproduce the authenticity of trench life. Suddenly the order to "attack" is given, and then comes the great trench experience: the entire trench garrison, whether officer or soldier, manufacturer or worker, now form a single compact front against the common enemy. There are no class differences here in the trenches, here in the shame and filth and under the same fire they are all "class brothers," all of them, whether rich or poor, are threatened by the same death, they are all protecting their one country with their bodies. Elimination of class by means of "bloody" trench experience!

The New Drama

Here we already clearly see the phase of the social *Volksgemeinschaft* (People's community), the most important left expression of the Hitler ideology. But all these

plays forgot one small point: the hinterland! they forgot the children dying of starvation and desease, the women with tallow colored faces working in the munition factories. They also forgot the patriot Stinnes, who during the war sold his railway lines both to the German and French military headquarters. A different result and outlook were attained by the three naval plays: *The Kaiser's Coolies* by Plivier—Piscator, *Fire from the Caldron* by Toller and *The Sailors of Cattaro* by Wolf, which all appeared in Berlin in the winter of 1930-31. In this case experience of war does not result in a united *Volksgemeinschaft,* in any strong feeling of comradeship as between officer and soldier, on the contrary, here their mode of living, in such closeness with one another, in the narrowness of the armored ships, results in acute class struggles between lieutenant and sailor and leads to revolt. "The enemy is in your own country," this slogan of Karl Liebknecht now rings in the crew's quarters. England is not the enemy! The enemy is on our own ship! These plays for the first time consider the hinterland question. In *Sailors of Catarro,* one of the sailors called Rasch returns from leave and tells of the great strike of the munition workers of Floridsdorf-Vienna. The sailors utilized some of the demands of the Viennese metal workers as their own slogans.

Rasputin and *Sweik* by Piscator went still a step further in showing up the hinterland and the intrigues of the imperialist wire puller. Here we see the war, not merely as "war," but above all, war as a speculation; as a method of "pressure," as a business, as the last resort of the ruling classes.

At the time when fascism was in its earliest stages the Piscator productions showed the war in all its entirety. The productions were a great political and artistic revelation to the western world. Tretyakov's *Roar China* and the latest Piscator production of Wolf's *Tay Yang Awakens* also belong to this type of play. Both plays describe the invasion of Japan and of the western world in China. Both plays endeavor to truly show the real background of the imperialist war and the dawning defence of the proletarian masses.

After Hitler came into power the German stage was flooded with "steely romantic poetry." The coming war was quite openly propagated as the "father of things," as the creator of the new "heroic man." *Dusseldorf Passion* by Paul Baier, Zerkaulen's *Langemark* and *U-boat 116* are all plays which exalt death on the battle field (Schlageter-plays) and refer to such death as the highest happiness and greatest sacrifice of the new German youth. The "theorist" and specialist in oriental politics of the Third Empire, Alfred Rosenberg, said in his wireless talk on the subject: Concerning the myth of the twentieth century:

The two million Germans who gave their lives in the great war for the ideal of Germany, revealed suddenly that they could shake off the entire nineteen centuries, that the old mythological courage flared just as brightly in the hearts of these simple workers as it did in the hearts of those ancient Germans who crossed the Alps.

So we can conclude that the factory workers who were killed by gas grenades, cherished the same faith in Walhalla as did their ancient German forefathers! But *The Marnes Battle* by Hanns Johst and *France on the Rhine* by Josef Cremers are far more skilful and their influence more dangerous than the old minstrel songs of Rosenberg's pen.

Again, as in 1914, it is a question of defending one's country and the German nation. Again as in 1914, to the blare of trumpets the German proletariat was to be mobilized for the German cannon and munition kings. And now something very interesting took place. The entire pretence of the Third Kingdom was revealed by means of the stage. Last summer, when Hitler closed the doors of the Geneva conference behind him, when the strong leader's brown cohorts were exulting, suddenly the "Schlageter" plays—the national drama of the new Germany—were banned. Cremer's *France on the Rhine* suffered the same fate. Thus Hitler wished to prove his love of peace. While Germany was rearming apace, this hypocritical gesture shows just as plainly as the earlier demagogic left phrases in connection with the S. A., the precariousness and uncertainty of German fascism.

Even if the revolutionary dramas of the western stage are practically entirely prohibited, we are there to carry on the work. The excellent anti-imperialist play *Peace on Earth* by the Americans Sklar and Maltz, captivated the masses when it gave over one hundred performances on the New York professional stage. Neither are we proletarian dramatists of Germany idle. The danger which is ever growing, in both the west and east, will be marked out by us as examples of the west. It must not be so easy for the bards of the Rosenberg myth "to ride against the east." This time, the proletariat of the west will heed our signal.

Moscow, USSR

FRIEDRICH WOLF

(*Author of* Sailors of Catarro, *the new play* Floridsdorf *and other successful plays.*)

CHRONICLE

USSR

An Interview with C. Fedin

Constantine Fedin, Leningrad writer, author of *Brothers, Cities and Years* and other novels, is now at work on the second volume of his new novel *The Abduction of Europa.* (A section of the first volume appeared in *International Literature* No. 4, 1934) A Moscow reporter interviewed him on his work on the second volume.

In answer to the reporter's questions, Fedin answered:

"How is my work getting on with the second volume of my novel The Abduction of Europa?

Literary Leningrad has recently published an interview with me on the same subject. When I read the report, my own words sounded strange to me: it appeared that it is a very easy matter to work on the book —say, like playing tennis—sometimes you hit the ball back, sometimes you don't, the sun shines brightly, the court is aglow, your partner, all in white, flies about like a moth—delightful! Why such an impression of external ease resulted from the interview is beyond me.

"It is hard to work on a novel. All the more so when the novel deals with contemporary matters. This material is in a state of flux. It is fluid stone. Granite that melts. Cement that will only harden tomorrow or the day after. Today, however, it submits capriciously to many influences, great and small, regular and accidental, changing its form every minute.

"An example of this:

"I began to study my material for the *Abduction of Europa* in 1928. After two years I began writing. But during these two years the facts of the social life of Europe, which had seemed to me exceedingly typical for the expression of contemporary Europe, have faded, gotten blurred, replaced by new massive events. I "fixed" a definite period for the novel—1929-30. But this helped me very little, for the modern reader knows more about the character of Europe than I can put into my time frame. He knows what is going on today, at the present moment. Reading me, he makes corrections in my novel. It's "dated." So I am compelled to help my reader out and forestall his corrections by bringing in all of 1933 into my story of 1930."

"Is this the main difficulty of your work?"

"On the whole—no. I am writing a political novel. This means that the raw material, the supplies I am feeding on, are drawn from fields still far from artistic literature. Things we have been accustomed to express journalistically have to be expressed in imagery.

"I am only now beginning to understand fully what *The Abduction of Europa* means to me. It is not a new novel—it is a new profession. Because I had to break a powerful number of my writer's prejudices about what is 'permissible' and what 'impermissible' in the genre and form of the novel."

"Did you succeed?

"Only partly. Occasionally I still, unfortunately, return to the old..."

"You say you had to change your opinion about a great many things. But this means you want to persuade the reader too. Of what?"

"That he must, first of all, renounce his prejudice in favor of the congealed form of the traditional novel. Even a most cultured reader, even the critic, for example, is convinced that there can be no novel without 'unity of continuous action.' The same reader and critic accepts the historical chronicle novel in which there not only is no 'continuous action,' but not even a 'continuous' biography of the historical hero. I want to, first of all, convince such readers."

"Does this mean you have renounced continuous action in The Abduction of Europa?

"I renounce the old fashioned movie, the running around and fuss of heroes, the dominance of subject over image. I am seeking unity of idea and image in the novel."

"Will some of the characters that are not understood now, like Ragov, be explained in the second volume ?"

"I hope so. And this is inevitable because the entire structure of this volume will be different. The reader must be made to feel the chasm that divides ruling 'business' Europe from us."

"Doesn't it seem to you that a novel begun on such a broad plan as the first book cannot be limited to two volumes?"

"This question is put to me frequently. I think two books will be sufficient, although the second book must develop the subject fully, justify, so to say, the title of the novel *The Abduction of Europa.* The plot must be unfolded, though it is complicated by new circumstances. The thing is, the action is

transferred to the Soviet Union. The picture immediately changes. Movement is the soul of life. One cannot find even a trace here of the ossification of the Western European figure. Everyone is engaged in a ringing flight after his destiny, the destiny of his country. Hence the problem before the novelist is: there must be more of the tremor of life in one page of the story now than in ten pages devoted to Europe.

"I only issued the first book separately because it seems to me rather complete by itself. It is—a series of pictures of the modern West which cannot for a moment forget that everything is not well with it, that it cannot help it, and thinks continually of what is going on east of it. Of course this is not a complete or exhaustive picture of Europe by far, nor an apt picture in everything. I foresaw that some of the characters of the novel will be misunderstood because they are unfolded in the entire novel, and the first book gives only a onesided impression of them. I had to figure on the possibility of such judgements, as I am responsible for a part, as if it were the whole. Nevertheless, I do not regret having issued the first book of the novel. Let *Europa* live a while alone until the story of our own country joins it and sheds its light on it. Then I shall answer for the whole."

More Books!

The demand for more books, both by Soviet and foreign writers continues steadily. This was particularly evident at the recent Moscow elections. Newly elected deputies to the Moscow Soviet were flooded with demands for books, bookshops, libraries and cinema houses.

Instructions issued to deputies of the Krasny Proletari Factory demand the publication on a larger scale of inexpensive editions of works by Pushkin, Lermontov and Gogol. At the same time the workers want to see the books of modern writers published in larger editions. They also call for improvement in children's literature.

Here are a few of the other instructions issued by Krasny Proletari employees: to speed up the appearance of the remaining volumes of the Small and Large Soviet Encyclopedia; to build special premises in Moscow for TRAM (Young Workers' Theatre); to lower the prices of theatre tickets; to reduce fees for music and art academies.

Krasny Bogatyr voters demand more children's films and ask that the output of pianos be increased.

More translations of foreign books are called for by workers employed in Moskvoshvei No. 3.

Conspicuous among the instructions of other city establishments are demands for new libraries, theatres and cinema houses. Another request that is frequently met is to open more book shops.

These demands are steadily repeated despite the fact that in no other country in the world are books printed in such numbers or in editions of such tremendous size.

Books for All the World.

The international book exchange organized under the auspices of VOKS (Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries) recently celebrated its 10th anniversary.

The Soviet Union exchanges books with 72 foreign countries, and in the course of the past 10 years has received nearly 1.1 million copies from abroad, of which more than half are American issues. In exchange, 600,000 copies of Soviet publication have been sent abroad.

A permanent correspondence with VOKS on the subject of exchange of books is kept up by nearly 4,000 correspondents from all parts of the world.

Twenty Years of the Kamerny Theatre

One of the most important events in Soviet cultural life was the recent celebration of the 20 years of the world-famous Kamerny theatre. The Soviet press took due notice of the occasion with numerous articles, photographs and greetings. Meetings were arranged in various theatres, clubs, and factories. The government took official notice of the occasion.

The decision of the Soviet Government to bestow the title of Peoples Artist of the Republic on Alexander Tairov, director of the Kamerny Theatre, Moscow, and on A. Koonen, the theatre's best-known actress, on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the establishment of the theatre, was announced by M. S. Epstein, Assistant Commissar of Education, at a celebration meeting in the theatre, Jan. 4.

Among those present were K. E. Voroshilov, Peoples Commissar of Defense, M. M. Litvinov, Peoples Commissar of Foreign Affairs, A. S. Bubnov, Peoples Commissar of Education, A. S. Yenukidze, Secretary of the Central Executive Committee, O. J. Schmidt, of Chelyuskin fame, and a long list of distinguished figures in all walks of Soviet life.

When the evening was drawing to a close and honor upon honor had been heaped on Tairov by representatives of the Soviet Government, factories under the theatre's patronage, the Red Army, all the Moscow theatres and of many other organizations, Tairov rose to reply.

"It is customary on these occasions," he said, "to state that one cannot find adequate words with which to express one's emotions.

Their Colonial Policy—A drawing by the well-known Soviet Artist, D. Moor

I am not going to say that. It is a customary phrase which has been worn to bits and besides I have words with which to express my emotions adequately. Five very simple words—'Long live the October Revolution!' "

Deeply moved by the simplicity and sincerity with which Tairov uttered this phrase, the whole audience rose and cheered enthusiastically as the orchestra thundered out the *International.*

When the cheering had ceased, Tairov went on to explain what the October Revolution had done for the Kamerny Theatre. He told how its pre-Revolutionary existence had been a long and bitter struggle with financial difficulties, culminating with a threat by the owners of the premises to eject them if the rent were not paid. The death of the Kamerny Theatre was an accepted fact in the Moscow press at that time, some newspapers even going so far as to print "obituary" notices.

Then came the October Revolution. Thanks to A. V. Lunacharski, then Peoples Commissar of Education, the Kamerny Theatre was saved. It was made a state theatre and given the support which enabled it to develop to its present height which has commanded world recognition.

The Kamerny Theatre is not confined to its presentations in Moscow. It tours the country, takes part in productions at factories and kolkhozes.

During its evening of celebration speeches of greetings were delivered by representatives of the Krassin Artillery School, Moscow, which is under the theatre's patronage, Factory No. 32, which is the theatre's patron, the Likhoslavalskaya Machine- Tractor Station (under the theatre's patronage), the Stalin Auto Factory, representing the organized factory audiences, and by Knipper-Chekhova in the name of all the Moscow theatres.

Greetings were also read from the French Ambassador to Moscow, M. Alphand, the United States Ambassador to Moscow, Mr. W. C. Bullitt, leading theatrical personages of Latvia, Japan and Turkey, the International Union of Revolutionary Theatres (represented by Piscator), Soviet writers, artists, architects and composers. Several theatres presented their greetings in the form of special dramatic productions—sketches, dances, stories, verses or songs,.

Among additional honors bestowed by the Soviet Government on the theatre for the occasion are the title of Distinguished Master of Art for Arkadin and Fenin, the title of Distinguished Artist of the Republic for a number of the theatre's actors and the title of Hero of Labor for one of the stage hands.

A scene from the successful Soviet Movie A Song of Happiness

It is this theatre which is most noted for its presentation of foreign plays. John Dos Passos' *Fortune Heights* is the latest of these. The plays of Eugene O'Neill, (*All God's Children Got Wings, Desire Under the Elms, The Hairy Ape)* and Sophie Treadwell's *Machinal* are also being played. *Stevedore,* successful production of the New York Theatre Union, a play of the Negro workers by Peters and Sklar is now being considered for production.

15 Years of Soviet Cinema

While the Soviet theatre continues to grow the Soviet Cinema again commands world attention. It is now celebrating the fifteenth year of its existence. The popular English language *Moscow Daily News* editorializes:

"The present anniversary marks an era of great achievements by the Soviet cinema industry. The loud applause aroused by *Chapayev,* this masterpiece of the youthful cinema art, had not yet died down when the Soviet cinema was enriched by a new film, *Youth of Maxim,* from the epoch of the underground revolutionary movement during the reign of the Tsar.

"These successes appear even more significant when one recalls the heritage received by us from the old owners of the cinema industry. Old and dilapidated studios, bereft of any supplies of film, plus 2,000 cinema houses—this was all that the Soviet power inherited. Owing to lack of native pictures, the Russian screen was fed cheap foreign stuff.

"By the beginning of 1929, however, we already had 14,428 cinema houses,, including 7,726 in the villages. A complete cinema-train—a factory on wheels—is rushing from one end to the Union to another, peeping with its 'cinema eye' into the most far-flung corners of our country. This year 400 traveling cinema outfits have been sent to the most outlying villages.

"Last year we produced over 50 million meters of Soviet film. This year our studios should produce 75 million meters, and in 1937 a new great studio, to be known as Gigant, will begin to operate with a capacity of 200 million meters of film a year.

"About 1,200 sound cinema houses have been opened. In the near future about 40 per cent of the district towns are to have cinema houses equipped with sound apparatus. Our factories have already produced traveling sound-film projecting outfits, developing machines, cameras.

"All of this includes only the professional field, without mention of the 16 mm. or

narrow film. The current year has seen the production of cameras, printing machines, projectors and every type of apparatus for this field, which will play a tremendous role in the schools, kolkhozes, clubs and smaller cinemas, in the immediate future."

The fifteenth anniversary of the Soviet cinema became nothing less than a national celebration. Through public meetings, exhibitions and wide press publicity the attention of the entire country was focused upon the industry. The festivities wound up with an International Film Exhibition.

The government took full notice of the occasion.

Under the signatures of M. Kalinin, chairman of the Central Executive Committee of the USSR, and A. Yenukidze, secretary of the CEC of the USSR, a decree of the CEC of the USSR was issued rewarding a number of workers in the Soviet cinema industry on the occasion of its 15th anniversary.

For distinguished services to the Soviet cinema industry the Order of Lenin was awarded to the Lenfilm studio of Leningrad and to the following individuals:

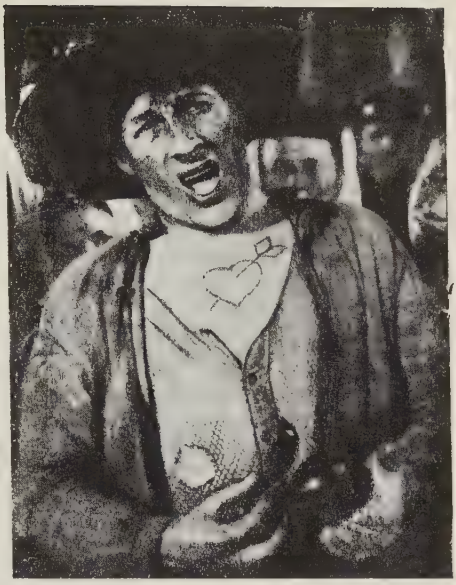
B. Z. Shumyatski, chief of the cinema industry administration, A. J. Gruz, manager of the photochemical trust, P. G. Tager, designing engineer of the research institute of the cinema-photo industry, and V. I. Pudovkin, F. M. Ermler, G. N. Vassilyev, S. N. Vassilyev, A. P. Dovzhenko, M. Chiaureli, G. M. Kozintsev and L. Z. Trauber, all film directors.

Fourteen leading officials of the cinema and related industries, including trust and factory directors, two professors, an engineer, a worker of a film factory, and the first organizer and chairman of the Sovkino Trust, were awarded Orders of the Red Banner of Labor.

Five film directors, including Vertov, Kavaleridze, Bek-Nazarov, Blech and Alexandrov received Orders of the Red Star.

V. R. Gardin and B. B. Babochkin were made Peoples Artists of the Republics; 16 others, including Eisenstein, Tisse, Zarkhai, Roshal were made Honered Workers of Art and a group of 26, including three film directors and 23 actors, received the title of Honored Artist of the Republic.

A group of six, including one assistant director and one former director of the Lenfilm studio, the chief of the designing laboratory of the studio, a designing engineer of the Ukrainian film trust and two photographers received honorary certificates. Seven others, including two film directors, two music conductors, one actress, one veteran worker of the Lenfilm studio and one veteran cinema official were given personal pensions for long service in the industry.



Another scene from A Song of Happiness

The Red Army also took part in celebrating this occasion.

The following greetings have been sent to Shumyatski, chief of the Soviet cinema administration, by Voroshilov, Peoples Commissar of Defense:

"Ardent greetings from the Red Army to the glorious detachment of Soviet art, workers of the cinema, on their 15th anniversary.

"The achievements of Soviet cinema art have been recognized by the whole cultural world.

"The Red Army is greatly indebted to the masters of our cinema ,particularly for the splendid film *Chapayev* which truthfully and artistically reflects the greatness of the glorious past.

"I wish you even greater successes in your important and necessary work."

The world beyond Soviet borders was not unaware of the great event.

On the occasion of the 15th anniversary of the Soviet cinema, VOKS is publishing a special volume containing statements on Soviet films by a number of leading foreign authors, cinema directors and experts. Among them are the French authors of world renown, Romane Rolland, Andre Gide and Victor Marguerite. American cinema director Cecil de Mille, American playwrights John Howard Lawson and John Wexley, Turkish cinema director Ertugrul Muhoin, the British theatre critic Huntley Carter, and others. The great majority of the statements speak of the leading role of Soviet films in modern cinema art.

Books Into Theatre

Paul S. Andrews, writing in the *Moscow Daily News* describes the success of the dramatization of Sholokhov's now world-famous novel *The Soil Upturned*. He writes:

"If Sholokhov in his *Soil Upturned* has given the world a dramatic document on collectivization, then the Simonov Studio Theatre on Bolshaya Dmitrovka, has given the Soviet audience an almost equally dramatic portrayal of that stirring document.

"In the intimacy of that little theatre, the village of Gremyachy Log develops before the audience from a backward, property-loving community group—which reminds us of Engels neat phrase 'idiocy of the village' —to a point where it is well on the road to collectivization. Almost every salient episode depicted so capably, so clearly by Sholokhov in his book, is retained in the play.

"In dramatizing the novel, Krasheninikova has proved remarkably adept and the theatre, in adapting the work, has done much to make the play not just a stage vehicle but a living portrayal of the novel. Within the limited dimensions of the stage the audience feels the breath of the whole village with its surrounding fields, even the neighboring villages beyond the steppes seem to find room on that small stage.

"Technically, the four acts, each of which are chuck-full of changing scenes and episodes, move with the same rapidity and drive as the novel. The revolving stage, of course, helps to maintain this pace, but it is also used occasionally as an instrument in the dramatic action. Sometimes, as it slowly sweeps past, the audience is permitted to view the introduction of the next scene while the present is still being concluded. Its effect is similar to the montage employed in the cinema.

"The play gains greatly in bringing out the humor that sometimes lays hidden in the novel. The charming scene toward the close of the last act, for example, when Makar Nagulnov reveals that he is studying English so that he can help when there'll be a Soviet power in England, is done with that simplicity that spells true humor.

"The strongest character in the Simonov production, indeed, is that of Nagulnov played by Chernovalenko. In the part of the 'leftist' leader in the collectivization he plays with that fire, with that too blind devotion, with that hot-collared rage that Sholokhov has drawn so perfectly in his novel. The scene of his expulsion from the Party has real strength and power and Chernovalenko makes the audience feel that parting with his card would be for Nagulnov equivalent to parting with this world."

Art in the Factory

In a small art studio, opened a year ago at Electrocombinat, Moscow, 80 workers regularly engage in painting and sculpture before and after work. Examples of their fine work are exhibited in a permanent exhibition of 200 paintings and sculpture.

The most striking thing about the exhibition is its sincerity of depiction and its optimistic character—its feeling of joy in living. This characteristic is most evident in the paintings of workers at play.

In the art group, composed almost entirely of workers, including 10 women, are Russians, Koreans, Tartars, Poles and an Esthonian. One of the students, a Pole, Kazamir Rostsokhacki, was a participant in the 1905 Revolution. It must be stressed that most of them never before tried their hand at painting or sculpture. They joined the group because art work was something they thought they would like to do. A few who had sketched before thought of entering that vast field of self-expression—painting and sculpture.

Complete financial support is rendered by the cultural section of the trade union. When the group recently was awarded a premium for its satisfactory work, it voted to spend the money for supplies and models instead of dividing it amongst themselves.

USA

A major event in the American literary world in December was the tenth anniversary of the International Publishers. That it coincided with the 50th birthday of Alexander Trachtenberg, head of the organization (a director with A. A. Heller) and an active figure in the American revolutionary cultural movement, made this an even more festive occasion.

Greetings poured in from writers, artists, other New York publishers, newspapers, bookstores, workers' organizations, cultural groups and the Communist Party.

A reception held in New York for the International Publishers and its two directors included the choice of the American literary world.

All publishing houses were represented: Coward-McCann, Duttons, A Knopf, Long & Smith, Putnams, Viking Press, Modern Library, Random House—many more.

Leading writers, critics, journalists, editorial workers were present: Heywood Broun (*New York World-Telegram)* Malcolm Cowley (literary editor of *The New Republic)* Lewis Gannett *(Herald-Tribune)* Orrick Johns (National John Reed Clubs) Leane Zugsmith (novelist) Harriet Ashbrook (novelist) Kenneth Burke (critic) and a hundred or more others.

Meanwhile the press reflected the importance of the occasion. Isidor Schneider, novelist and poet, whose latest book of verse *Comrade-Mister* has just been issued writes:

"When in 1924, International Publishers set out to be a publishing outlet for radical literature, chiefly in the social and economic field, it filled a need long felt, not only by radicals but by intellectuals of all shades of opinion. The books it presented for the first time, or in complete ungarbled versions for the first time, were important not only as revolutionary books, but as profound scientific studies. (Such works as Marx's *Letters to Kugelman* and *Critique of the Gotha Program* and Engels' *Anti-Dühring* were now for the first time presented in English in complete form.)"

The critic points out that it was not only a problem of printing Marxist literature:

"When it came to the job of distributing this new, well-edited and wanted literature a problem was presented which has been uniquely solved. Few bookstores stocked and displayed these books, in most cases through an honest ignorance of the market for them. International Publishers had to assist in building up, through various radical organizations, a distributing chain of workers' bookshops which today has one of the largest turnovers in the book business. The rise of this business has had a double effect: it has roused the keener booksellers to the existence of a large and neglected market; and the keener publishers, issuing radical books for this market, have rushed to make use of the Workers' Bookshops as an outlet not only for their radical books, but for their solider books in general."

The writer goes on to describe the difficulties of publishing Marxist literature in America in the twenties. How the critics had ignored such important books as Krupskaya's *Memoirs of Lenin,* Pokrovsky's *History of Russia.*

"One of the greatest, perhaps the outstanding service International Publishers has performed for culture in America, is the publication of complete texts of Lenin, brilliantly edited by Alexander Trachtenberg. The series has now reached the eighth volume.

"Of parallel importance was Stalin's *Leninism.*

"Yet the bourgeois press steadily continued to ignore these important works.

"In the field of new revolutionary fiction and belles lettres" the author writes, "International Publishers has not been as persistent as in the field it has specifically chosen for itself. Since other publishers have proved fairly hospitable to this literature it has been content to present only those novels and collections of short stories and poetry to which other publishers have shut

Dimitri Shostakovich, noted Soviet composer whose opera Katarina Ismailova *has been such a great success in Moscow and recently at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York*

their lists. However, the continuous secession of proletarian culture from capitalist culture is now so far advanced that the time approaches when proletarian literature will need its own publishing apparatus and International Publishers will be at hand."

Schneider concludes with the fact that International Publishers fittingly celebrates its 10 years of existence with a 100,000 edition of Stalin's *Foundations of Leninism.*

On the tenth anniversary of International Publishers, the editors of *International Literature* add their warm and comradely greetings to its two directors, comrades Alexander Trachtenberg and A. A. Heller.

New Books

While Isidor Schneider is one of the most active American revolutionary writers, appearing in various publications, and meanwhile functioning as acting literary editor of the *New Masses,* he finds time to issue a new book of verse and is at work on a novel.

Granville Hicks, critic ,author of *The Great Tradition,* who is now at work on a biography of John Reed, says about Schneider's latest work:

"There are younger poets who in occasional poems have given promise of going beyond Schneider, but at the moment they are his inferiors. His methods are stronger than theirs, more disciplined, more appropriate. His sensitivity is surer, less erratic His imagination has deeper roots in revolutionary thought and action. His work has much of the sturdiness and vigor of the proletarian movement of which he is an important part."

Hoover—*Sculpture from a recent John Reed Club Exhibition by Jacob Dainoff*

Josephine Herbst's New Novel

Obed Brooks, reviewing Josephine Herbst's latest novel writes in *The New Masses:*

"To anyone who lives at all in this middle-class consciousness—and it still dominates most of America, even among the workers—*The Executioner Waits* must serve as a brilliant clarification.

"Although the great function of *The Executioner Waits* is to take familiar non-political, middle-class individuals and make them the expression of a society at a crucial point in the class struggle, it is done with complete freedom from lumpy ideology."

The critic writes further that: "Herbst's use of speech has nothing in it of ventriloquism or the long flats that sometimes appear in Dos Passos' work. It is so selected, so shaped that one thinks to see in it, as in Robert Cantwell's prose, the emergence of a new classic American style."

Obed Brooks continues: "In theoretical articles on Marxist literature, the problem of the middle-class writers making significant novels out of middle-class experience has been made to seem very difficult. With the publication of *The Executioner Waits* the problem is solved or made irrelevant."

He concludes: "I think that in what Granville Hicks has called the great tradition in American literature, her present social treatment of middle class life is really the first that can stand in valid succession to the work of William Dean Howells."

Josephine Herbst, who is now at work on the third volume of her trilogy (the first was *Pity is Not Enough,* and *The Executioner Waits,* the second) was a delegate to the Kharkov Conference of Revolutionary Writers.

A First Novel by Edward Newhouse

Edward Newhouse, a young American revolutionary writer has just had his first novel issued. *You Can't Sleep Here* deals with the life of the unemployed in makeshift communities called "Hoovervilles." The book is receiving an unusually favorable press. Joseph Freeman writes:

"Edward Newhouse's brillant novel tells the story of a section of his own generation, the section that has found itself in the crisis through contact with the revolutionary movement of the working class. Newhouse himself is not a novice to the movement; he did not wait until the fourth year of the crisis to question capitalist society. His stories, which appeared in *The New Masses* at the height of prosperity were already cynical about the bourgeois paradise which seemed to stretch endlessly into the future. What he lacked then was a positive viewpoint from which to set the decay under the tinsel. Now that the tinsel is gone, the decay on the surface, and Newhouse older —all of twenty-two in fact—his positive viewpoint has begun to develop."

The New York Times finds that "A very young but widely experienced author, Newhouse has brought to light many truths peculiar to the conditions, the codes, the types of impoverished men that have produced the urban squatter settlement of the depression."

The critic in *The New York Herald-Tribune* writes that: "Newhouse can write vigorous narrative, and some of his chapters are racy and realistic."

Publishing Notes

The Word a small publication of The Literary Trades Section of the Office Workers Union carries an exceptionally vivid picture of the problems confronting the literary workers. It is well edited, always interesting.

John Reed's famous *Ten Days That Shook The World* is now being published in Modern Library edition (the employees of this publishing house have joined the Office Workers Library Trades Section in a body). Lenin's letter of appreciation to John Reed will be printed as a forward.

Six Soviet Plays, edited by Eugene Lyons has been issued by Houghton, Mifflin publishers. As in most reviews in the American press, Katayev's *Squaring the Circle* receives most attention. In a review in *The New York Herald-Tribune,* Walter Prichard Eaton of the Yale Theatre advises: "This entire collection is to be highly recommended to all

readers for a better understanding of the Russia of today, and for its revelation of the vitality of the Russian theatre."

Alfred Knopf, publisher, has arranged for the publication of three books by the noted German revolutionary reporter Egon Erwin Kisch.

The first will be *Changing Asia,* the author's experiences in Soviet Asia—Tadjikistan, Uzbekistan and Turkmenistan.

Louis Adamic, author of *The Native's Return,* has just finished *Grandsons,* a novel of the third generation immigrants to America. It will be issued by Harper & Brothers.

Long & Smith publishers have announced the novel *Between the Hammer and the Anvil,* by Edwin Seaver, revolutionary writer and editor of *Soviet Russia Today.*

In *The New Masses* Granville Hicks, reviewing the many revolutionary magazines in America, finds much duplication and pleads for a more disciplined utilization of forces.

He is most critical of *The Monthly Review,* suggests they are not fulfilling their function. He praises *New Theatre* most highly. Finds faults and virtues in *Partisan Review.* Praises *Dynamo.*

The Artists

The Unemployed Art Class, of St. Louis, Missouri, led by Joe Jones, which painted the now famous mural on the walls of the Old Court House (reproduced, together with a story of the group in an earlier issue of *International Literature)* has now been ordered out of the building by the Director of Public Safety, following the statement of a radio broadcaster that "the Democratic administration will clean out that nest. . ."

This fascist attack on a cultural institution of the workers, follows the sentences of six months and of one year imposed on nine workers arrested in a demonstration.

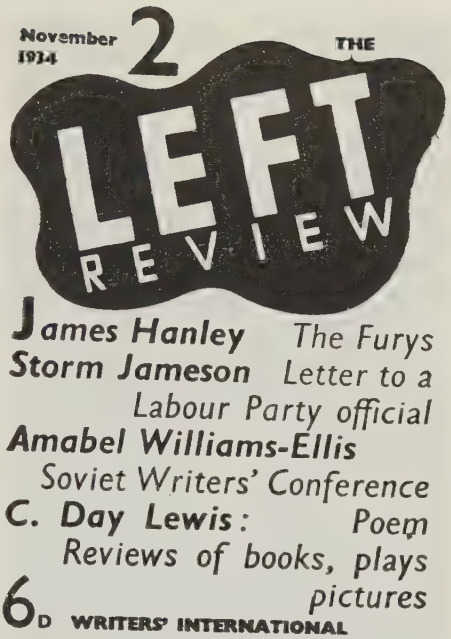
The Art Class is rallying unions and professionals to protest.

Fascist Film in America

William Troy, film critic of the weekly *The Nation,* in a recent article reviews an Italian Fascist film shown in New York. . . "an over-ripe offering entitled *Man of Courage.*"

He writes: "The subject, (draining the Pontine marshes) is similar to the favorite subject of the Soviet studios a few years back—the completion of a great industrial or agricultural enterprise. It is not, however, treated with the same concentration that marked the Soviet films about Magnitogorsk and the Dnieprostroi dam."

The film shows "communists halting trains and passing out bribes to the mis-



The cover of the second issue of a new organ of the British Writers International

guided Italian electorate. Then to an earsplitting sound accompaniment, come the Black Shirts and their march on Rome. Everything seems as perfect as might be desired until, quite suddenly, we are plunged into the depression. For this, it becomes apparent, the French are principally responsible—the French who discriminate against Italian immigrant workers in Tunis."

The critic concludes: "Scattered at various points throughout is something vaguely suggestive of a plot—the story of an Italian soldier who recovers from amnesia in a German hospital only to walk straight into communism at home. But so seriously has the same sort of amnesia attacked the scenarists of this picture that its plot need hardly be mentioned. . . The photography is technically on about a 1920 level and the acting, including that of Il Duce himself, is grotesquely bad. If this is the best that the mother of the arts can send us in the way of a specimen of her culture, one must place one's hopes for culture elsewhere than in an alliance with fascism. The lowly field of the cinema at least had done much by itself through another sort of alliance. And after such a windy flight as *Man of Courage* one turns to such examples of working-class "crudity" as the films of Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Ekk and Vertov with a new appreciation."

Hooverville — *A painting from the John Reed Club Exhibition by Lee Hirsch*

Another Theatre Union Success

Sailors of Catarro, the German play by Friedrich Wolf, third play presented by the New York Theatre Union, has proven an instantaneous success.

This play which was so well received last year in the Soviet Union, has also been successful in many European countries.

Both bourgeois and revolutionary critics have joined in high praise for its New York presentation. The critics of the *New York Times* and other leading bourgeois journals, were almost as enthusiastic as those of the revolutionary press. The artistry of the play itself, the direction, acting and stage sets all were noted by the critics.

Joseph Wood Krutch, conservative critic of *The Nation* wrote:

"I found *Sailors of Catarro* an absorbing work and quite the best thing that its sponsors have offered in the way of revolutionary drama. Less continuously violent and less generally rambunctious than *Stevedore,* it is, nevertheless, work on a higher level, and the story which it tells of an abortive mutiny on board an Austrian man-of-war is rich with many values, human as well as revolutionary. That its author Friedrich Wolf, now a German refugee in Russia, chose to use it to point a Communist moral, may or may not be a further fact in its favor, but at the very least, it is nothing to which I as a critic can object, and my business is to say that he has done an admirable job. If our friends of the Theatre Union are right, if the drama of the future is the drama of social protest, then may all the protesters write with the pursuasive force of Herr Wolf, and may their plays be acted and produced with the skill and sincerity granted this one. . . ."

The critic adds some pointed—and often deserved— criticism of many Left plays. while he finds these faults missing in *Sailors of Catarro:*

"I am not, I hope, on the side of the oppressors, but I might be a great deal less sympathetic than I am with protest and rebellion without ceasing to find a good deal to praise in *Sailors of Catarro.* These rebels are men who suffer and struggle and die. Their effort to link their sufferings with the sufferings of others and to find in the red flag a symbol of their cause is a human effort. And Herr Wolf, whatever his own convictions may be and however completely he has identified his mind with theirs, has managed somehow to avoid that dreadful two-dimensional flatness which makes so many plays with a purpose palpable cardboard to anyone not seated on the author's line of vision. Perhaps the reason is merely that he has seen more, or even that he *is* more, than most of our dramatic journalists of the left. In any event he has written a good play and got a good production."

The production given to *Sailors of Catarro* is again of the high standard given to *Peace on Earth* and *Stevedore,* the two preceding successes of the Theatre Union.

This theatre now barely over a year old, is one of the most successful in New York. Over 300,000 people have seen its first two productions. While *Sailors of Catarro* has started on a run which seems certain to be extended to many months, *Stevedore* is being presented in other cities.

It is likely that Friedrich Wolf, an exile from Germany, will visit the United States soon to see the most successful production of his many plays. Meanwhile two more of his plays, including the latest *Floridsdorf,* are being presented in Moscow.

(Wolf's letter on war plays on the Euro pean stage appears in this issue in the section "Letters From Writers.")

Editor-in-Chief SERGEI DINAMOV

America—About International Literature

THE WRITERS

"I've been greatly enjoying the copies of *International Literature* I've been getting. I think you are publishing a very good magazine."—JOHN DOS PASSOS, noted author of *1919, The 42nd Parallel,* and other books.

"I have read the first four issues of *International Literature* with the greatest interest. The critical papers.... not so much the fiction... you published in those first numbers were the things I read with the greatest pleasure and with considerable profit, too, I think. We have so little literary criticism of pertinency and fibre in America. I believe that is one reason so many of our writers start with such fine spurts and then peter out within a few years."—GEORGE MILBURN, author of *No More Trumpets, Oklahoma Town* and other books.

"You may gather what I think about *International Literature* when I tell you it is the only magazine that I keep back-numbers of."—ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, poet and novelist, author of *Comrade-Mister* and other volumes.

"*International Literature* is reckoned uncommonly interesting here. Some of the items by the Russian writers (or workers) is extremely revealing of the kind of social order and morale which compose the USSR. Stories which reflect humanity in process of change are of strongest appeal. We are interested in criticism and *history* of Russian literature since the Soviets; also, I should think, biographical work in this field. Mirsky on Joyce was very able, aroused applause here, though I didn't always agree with him. The best piece of Marxian criticism I have ever seen was John Strachey's lecture on Macleish, etc. in No. 4. This was absolutely first-class; a brilliant piece of pamphleteering." -- MATTHEW JOSEPHSON, author of *Zola, The Robber Barrons* and other books.

"I especially want to congratulate you and all the comrades responsible for the inspiringly high quality of *International Literature.* I notice in recent numbers comrades objecting to the amount of American material in the English-language edition and I'd like to dissent from that criticism..."—PHILIP STEVENSON, novelist and playwright, secretary of the John Reed Club of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

"Thanks particularly for *International Literature* which gets better and better... I hope to send you something soon."—LANGSTON HUGHES, author of *The Ways of White Folks,* and other books of verse and prose.

THE REVIEWS

"As an example of what revolutionary writers and artists are doing in the field of fiction, criticism, poetry, art, etc., *International Literature* is an astonishingly fine thing... to us, the finest thing of its kind published anywhere in the world."—THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

"*International Literature* has been swell and I think you've done well with it. Stories, articles, criticism, literary news, I read the whole thing from cover to cover the day it arrives. Keep up the good work." *Jay Du Von,* editor of THE NEW QUARTERLY.

"First of all, allow me to tell you how valuable and interesting I found *International Literature.* Being an editor myself makes me realize what important work you are furthering with your publication. I cannot begin to tell you how enthusiastic I am over what *International Literature* contains. But there is one complaint, on my part. Why don't you publish more articles on music and music criticism? It belongs surely in such an influential and far-reaching magazine such as the one you edit."—*William Kozlenko,* editor of EUROPA.

THE PUBLISHERS

"You are doing a swell job with your magazine and you have every reason to be happy."—*James Henle,* president of THE VANGUARD PRESS.

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IN 1935

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

will issue 12 numbers instead of 6 as formerly. Numbers 2 and 3 are now on the press and following issues will appear monthly.

In the past two years *International Literature* has grown steadily. It has enjoyed the support of increasing numbers of leading figures in the world of literature. Among its contributors have been MAXIM GORKI, ROMAINE ROLLAND, ANDRE GIDE, HENRI BARBUSSE, THEODORE DREISER, JOHN DOS PASSOS, LOUIS ARAGON, THEODORE PLIVIER and many other novelists, poets and critics. In addition to these, young worker-writers from various countries have appeared to point to the rapid growth of revolutionary literature in all sections of the world.

In 1935, as a monthly, *International Literature* is sure to prove an even more effective medium. As usual, strict attention will be paid to the rapid growth of Soviet literature. Among the fiction to appear in 1935 will be the new short stories and excerpts from the novels of MICHAEL SHOLOKHOV, ISAAC BABEL, ZOSCHENKO, BORIS PILNYAK, SERGEI TRETYAKOV and others. Among the contributors from other countries will be JOHN DOS PASSOS (USA), PAUL VAILLANT COUTURIER (FRANCE), RAMON SENDER (SPAIN), THEODORE PLIVIER (GERMANY), JOHN STRACHEY (ENGLAND) and many more.

Of most importance will be the section of DOCUMENTS AND LETTERS which should prove of special interest to every student of literature. For the first time in English, there will be printed the views on literature and general cultural problems of—MARX, ENGELS, LENIN and STALIN. Supplementing this section will be the articles of Marxist criticism on general theoretical problems and analysis of the work of individual writers of the Soviet Union and other countries.

Other articles; literary history and memoirs; literary portraits of writers from all countries; letters from writers; features on the cinema and the theatre; international chronicle; editorial notes and other items will be part of every issue.

The field of art will also be covered in articles and criticism—together with reproductions of paintings, murals, drawings and engravings from the international field.

International Literature begins 1935 with every prospect of reaching a much wider audience of writers, poets, critics, artists—intellectuals and worker-readers. It should prove a greater stimulus in the growth of revolutionary art and literature.

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

C O N T E N T S

№ 2 FEBRUARY 1935

Editorial Assistant WALT CARMON

IN THE NEXT ISSUE
No. 3

SHAKESPEARE IN MARX'S CAPITAL

Stories by A. ZOSCHENKO, I. BABEL, PAUL NIZAN, SANDOR GERGEL,—*Reportage* by BEN FIELD—*Articles* by S. LUDKIEWICZ, KARL SCHMUKLE, ALFRED DURUS—*Drawings, Photographs and Paintings* by A. N. ANDREYEV, JACOB BURCK, HEARTFIELD—*International Chronicle, Letters from Writers* and other features. Also

LENIN ON PLEKHANOV