Workers of the world, unite!

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

№ 11

1935

Distributors in the USSR: Co-operative Publishing Society of Foreign Workers in the USSR Nikolskaya 7, Moscow. Distributors in Great Britain: Martin Lawrence, Ltd. 33 St. James Street, London. W. C. I. Distributors in the U. S. A.: International Publishers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

Address all communications to Box 850, Moscow, USSR

FRED ELLIS

Robert Gessner

Hymn for October

Hey, LOOK!

Today's my birthday
Today I celebrate
Close the factories, stop the trams
Today I'm eighteen
Tall and handsome, jaw bone clean.
Today in Leningrad
Eyes were opened, brown and sad
The sky hung black with pain
Blood lay on the ground like rain.
I fired my first-born cry!
Crack in the iron, the sun is seen!
I struck my roaring feet
Split in the pavement, grass is green!
I fired! I struck! I laughed!

The fields are flowing rain
And the sleet is bearing snow
The steppes as smooth as a floor
Awake with the storm and roar:

Today I celebrate
March the roadways, shout my song
My feet are mountain snorts
Toward the Red Square, great with pep
My body uniformed
Red and beautiful, step on step.
My body fits a horse
Swift with rhythm, clicking stones
My body rides in a tank
Strong as heart-beats, pulse and bones
In autos, trucks I drive
Sit at ease, smooth as dreams
I sail the sky in a schooner
Climb with wings, swoop with screams
I float in the air with Gorki

My body is the proletariat of Russia

Today's my birthday
Today I celebrate
See me marching, wind in my hair
This is my factory flag
Rise up floating, flood the Square
My slogan marching bobs
Words that rumble like a fight
My arms extending shout:

Workers of the World, Unite!

See these my banners—yours
These my tractors, farms—all yours
Shops and schools, bread and tools
I give all of these to you
These my birthday gifts when too
Eyes are opened, earth is felt
You fire, you strike, you laugh!
The day you celebrate
The day you shout with me

Today's my birthday
Today I came to life
I am the Revolution

Today I'm eighteen!

Michael Koltsov

Manliness

An Account of an Heroic Soviet Author

Nikolai Ostrovski is lying motionless, flat on his back. The quilt, tucked firmly all around his long, straight, slim column of a body, looks like a case, a mummy case, perhaps.

But there is life in the mummy still. The thin wrists move slightly. Only the wrists. They are damp to the touch. One weak hand holds a light stick with a rag attached to one end. Feebly the fingers raise the stick towards the face and the rag flicks away the impertinent flies that cluster on the prominent parts of the white face.

The face is alive, too. Suffering has wasted the features, drained away the coloring, sharpened the angles. But the parted lips disclose two rows of young, strong teeth that lend beauty to the mouth. The lips move, the voice is steady though very low, and only rarely it trembles slightly from weariness.

"Of course, there's great danger of war breaking out in the Far East. If we sell the Chinese Eastern Railway, things may quieten down a little on the frontier. But speaking generally—can't they understand that it's too late to fight us? After all, we're very strong now, and growing stronger. We are gaining power literally day by day. A couple of days ago some one read me an article out of *Pravda*."

Here we make a startling discovery. The two large eyes with their dull, glassy shine do not perceive the sunlight or the face of the man speaking to him, or the printed lines of the newspaper. The man is blind.

"I heard most of the speeches at the Writers Congress over the radio. But I must say I think there were some deficiencies in them. Too little attention, in my opinion, was paid to the subject of defence. And I expected there would have been more comment on Stavski's report on the work done among the young people. We'd liked to have heard the more brilliant of our comrades telling about their experiences—how to race through life, how to find all that's most interesting and valuable in it, how to look at things. . . ."

He spoke slowly, seriously, following the train of his thoughts in the matter of fact tone of a person who does not think too much of himself, but who, on the other hand, is far from any feeling of renunciation, or inferiority or inequality. If anyone were to jump to his feet and declare excitedly that he, Nikolai Ostrovski, was a splendid subject for a book, that the most experienced writers should have written about him long ago, that it was a wonder the famous, all-seeing writer's eye had not espied him before this—such an outburst would have seemed out of place in this room; it would have fallen far below the calm, business like level of our conversation.

Our country loves heroes, because this is an heroic country. We are always eager to do honor to our heroes, both old and new, and their name is legion. Hardly a day passes without these strong, gay Soviet folks achieving some marvellous feat on distant icebergs, in the mysterious stratosphere, at the chess-board, with parachutes, on the race tracks, or on skis. We take a delight

in these brave folks, we go to see them at big meetings held in their honor, read about them in the magazines, see them in the films, with their bronzed shoulders and their smiles of triumph, and hear their ringing voices.

But we do not know all the heroes. And we are not able to pay attention to them.

The first years of the Revolution found Kolya Ostrovski working as a dishwasher in a railway restaurant in the Ukraine. The waiters and the mistress of the place contributed to his upbringing by kicking and abusing him whenever possible. Soon, however, the boy found other ways of educating himself. He was quick and clever and proved a useful and intrepid assistant to the revolutionary workers during the German and Polish intervention and the massacres directed by General Petliurov. Kolya could hide arms, deliver messages, dive under the very nose of the enemy without being caught. As a scout he was of great service to the Red partisans. Later he joined the Red cavalry and the Young Communist League. He was in the front ranks of the Ukrainian Y.C.L., of those who gave their hot young blood so generously for the freedom of their country.

Kolya Ostrovski fought in the saddle at Kiev, Jitomir, and Novograd-Volinsk. Near Lvov, while with the cavalry he was pursuing the retreating enemy, "a green flame flashed before his eyes, a noise like a thunder-clap deafened him, and it seemed as if a red-hot iron seared his head. The earth swam before his eyes, began to revolve and then turned upside down. He flew over the head of his horse, Gnedko, and struck the ground with a terrific thud."

The young man was treated with care, cured, and eventually set on his feet. He started work again. Now he was in the Party Committee at Kiev, gathering in grain from the peasants, suppressing bandits, preparing wood for fuel, and restoring the railways. Typhus fever laid him low, but once more he came back from death's door to make a fresh attack on life. This time he set to work as a propagandist and organizer, the leader of the growing legions of the Young Communist League. Over his table appeared a shelf of books, Marx besides Gorki, Gorki next to Jack London. Now he had to fight in the workshops with those who took time off, in the Party cell with the opposition, in the suburbs with hooligans. Everywhere he overcame difficulties, conquered and fought his way ahead—young, vigorous, untameable . . . He was made the secretary of the Regional Committee of the Young Communist League, then sent to Moscow to the All-Union Congress.

Suddenly a new and more terrifying enemy confronted Kolya Ostrovski, an enemy that made all others seem trifling and childish by comparison.

The wound he had received at Lvov and forgotten, now reminded him of its presence by mysterious and terrifying symptoms. Evidently the typhus fever had aggravated some disease started by the wound. His strength left him, and he grew very weak.

Kolya was given a long holiday. He departed for a sanatorium in the Crimea. He suffered from terrible headaches and neurosis. Doctors found his disease difficult to treat. Still, when his term at the sanatorium was over, the young Communist returned to Kharkov and applied for a new appointment.

He was made secretary of the Young Communist League in a big industrial district. Shortly after his first speech at a big meeting in the town he met with a motor-car accident in which his right knee was crushed. Another operation had to be undergone, another leave of absence taken.

It was then that he wrote to his brother:

It is very wrong of you to refuse so stubbornly to leave your job in the factory for that of chairman of the town Soviet. You fought for power, didn't you? Well, then, take it. Take on the job in the town Soviet tomorrow and get to work.

Now about myself: there seems to be something radically wrong with me. I'm in the hospital much too often lately. I've been operated on twice, and have lost a great deal of blood and strength, but no one has told me yet when there will be an end of this. There is nothing in life that terrifies me so much as the idea of my being disabled and unfit for active work. I cannot bear even to think of such a thing. That is why I consent to any operation. But there is no improvement and the clouds are gathering thicker than ever over my head. After the first operation I went to work as soon as I could walk, but soon I had to be taken back to the hospital again. Now I'm being sent to the Mainak sanatorium at Eupatoria. I leave tomorrow. But don't you get downhearted, Artem, I'm hard to kill. I've got enough life in me for three. You and I will do a lot of work between us yet. Take care of your health, and don't try to do ten times more than you can manage. Repairs cost the Party a great deal afterwards. The years bring experience, and schooling brings knowledge, and we mustn't waste all this lying about in hospitals.

But the very thing Kolya Ostrovski dreaded was lying in wait for him. He accidentally overheard a remark made by the specialist.

"That young man is doomed to lie on his back for life. A tragedy, and we are powerless to avert it."

First he lost the use of one leg, then of the other, then of his arms down to the wrists . . . He was just twenty-four, an age when life intoxicates with its colors and fragrances, and beside him was his loving and well loved wife.

Ostrovski fought to tear himself from the deadly grip of paralysis. He refused to content himself with an invalid's certificate. He asked for some editorial or other literary work that would not require activity. But the editorial offices had no use for him, his education was not up to the required standard, he could not write correctly.

On top of this came the worst. The greatest horror of all. He lost the sight of first one eye, then of the other. Eternal night descended upon him.

The easiest way out lay concealed in the drawer of his bedside table. Ostrovski fingered the cold steel of the revolver for a long time . . . But he was no coward, he was a fighter.

"Any fool can bump himself off—at any moment. It's the easiest and most cowardly way out. Life's proved too hard for you—and all you can think of is to put an end to it! That's easy. But have you tried to get the better of this life? Have you done all you can to break free of the iron ring around you? Have you forgotten how at Novograd-Volinsk you went out with the others to the attack seventeen times a day and won in spite of odds? Hide that revolver away and never tell a soul about it! You must learn to live even when life becomes unbearable, and make it of some use."

So he made a last valiant effort to save his body. He underwent a complicated, endless operation or series of operations. His spinal column was almost cut to pieces, his neck dug into, his parathyroid glands cut out. But it was all no use.

Then, gathering the little stock of warmth and energy and manliness that remained in those surviving scraps of himself, he started out on a long, new campaign to win a place for himself in the ranks of the builders of socialism.

His friends from the Young Communist League fitted him up with ear phones so that he could listen in and made a special board for the blind man to write on. They read to him regularly. Kolya Ostrovski went in for literature. He made up his mind to become a writer, and resolved to achieve this at all costs.

There is no reason for the reader to smile compassionately at this point. He had better read on further. First of all Ostrovski studied grammar thoroughly. Then—all the best literature. He passed the examinations of the Communist Correspondence University. After this he began to write a book. The story of Kostovski's famous division.

While he was working on it he learnt every word by heart so as not to lose the thread. Sometimes he recited whole pages from memory. Sometimes even chapters. It seemed to his mother, a simple and uneducated old woman, that on top of everything else, he was losing his mind.

He finished the work and sent it for criticism to his old pals of the Kotovski Division. The postal service did its worst for the paralyzed author and lost the manuscript. It was never traced. Inexperienced as he was, Ostrovski had not thought to make a copy and six months' labor was lost.

Well, that was that. Ostrovski began all over again. He thought out a new book on a different subject. And wrote it. This time it was a novel called *How The Steel Was Tempered* in two volumes.

This he sent to a publishing house. He could not hang around the office from morning till night, nor telephone every five minutes. He did not make a fuss and try to get someone to use influence on his behalf. But this book found its way to the editor's desk and arrested the editor's attention—not by its hysterical outcries and anguish, as you might think—but by the spirit of youth and audacity and the freshness that pervaded its pages.

It was published without anyone's influence being exerted. Without any of the usual spells being woven by those fairy godmothers, kind reviewers, without any beating of drums or inserting advertisements in the *Literary Gazette,* readers seized on the book at once; it was in great demand. Modestly, quietly, the second edition came out and the thirty thousand copies have been bought up already and the third edition is on the press.

There are bright young people who, having rattled off a couple of pages for one of the thick magazines, and snatched a little applause at some literary evening, are already greedily demanding money from publishers in advance, strolling pompously about the writers' restaurants, powdering the purple circles under their eyes and acting like hooligans in the squares and streets in expectation of monuments being erected to them. But pale, young Ostrovski lies flat on his back in a faraway cottage in Sochi. Blind, helpless and forgotten, he has nevertheless pushed his way boldly into literature, elbowed the feebler authors out of the way, and won a place for himself in the book store window and on the library shelf. Who will deny that he is a man of great gifts and unlimited courage, a hero, and one of those of whom our country may well be proud?

Now we come to the most important point: what nourished this manly character? From whence do his spiritual and physical powers derive support? From an unlimited love for the collective, for the Party, for his native land and for the immense works of construction being done there, and the desire to be of service. Ostrovski would always have been well provided for. He is not threatened with beggary as is a disabled man in a capitalist country. He has a pension and his own folks to look after him. He could simply lie there without tiring himself and preserve a perfectly justifiable inactivity. But so great is the fascination of struggle, so unconquerable and convincing the power of friendly team work that even blind, paralyzed, incurably sick warriors endeavor to march alongside the strong, and heroically push their way to the front ranks.

Translated from the Russian by Anthony Wixley

A LETTER FROM OSTROVSKI

Dear Comrade Dinamov:

When your letter was read to me, it took me back to memorable years. I saw again the serried ranks of the cavalry—seven hundred men, still as stone on their horses—and even their horses somehow unusually quiet and obedient, and the brigade commander, a seasoned fighter whom nothing could take by surprise, reading out the order couched in words simple enough—one would think. Yet the heart felt a gladdening, challenging thrill at the words: "the manly conduct and great resourcefulness exhibited in battle, deserve grateful acknowledgement." Then followed the unrepeatable, familiar name. The hand gripped the bridle till it hurt. Words like these are a summons, they call one onwards... I hope your letter will not be the only one you will write to me. None of the young people seek out so greedily as I those whose experience is so essential for beginners. I know you'll write and tell me how your plan for translating the book is being carried out. Can you imagine with what impatience I shall look forward to those letters? I cannot think calmly, without agitation, of *How the Steel Was Tempered* crossing the frontier.

It is only a few days since I returned to work, from which I had been torn away by six weeks of annoying and unnecessary illness. Now I am up to my neck in difficult, but wonderful, enjoyable work.

A brigade from the "Ukrainian Films" is to visit me shortly for work on the scenario made from *How the Steel Was Tempered.*

The Central Committee of the Young Communist League of White Russia writes to tell me that my book has been translated into White Russian. This is the sixth tongue it has been translated into within the Soviet Union. The day after tomorrow I have to give an account of my literary work at a meeting of the Sochi Town Committee of the Communist Party which is to be held in my home.

I never thought that life could bring me so much happiness. The gruesome tragedy of oblivion has been destroyed and my whole being filled with the all-conquering joy of creation. And who knows, perhaps I am happier now than when I was a strong and healthy youth.

I wish you could feel the grip of my hand!

Yours,

N. OSTROVSKI

April 20, 1935, Sochi, Caucasus.

N. Ostrovski

The Heart of a Bolshevik

Excerpts from the Autobiographical Story of a Soviet Hero [1]

"Those who had to come to my house to repeat their lessons before Sunday last—stand up!"

The flabby man in the cassock, with the heavy cross round his neck, glared threateningly at his pupils.

His small, bad tempered eyes bored into the six children, of which four were boys and two girls, who had risen at his command from the benches. They looked back at him fearfully.

"You can sit down," said the priest finally to the two little girls.

They promptly did as they were told, heaving a sigh of relief.

Father Vassili's eyes concentrated on the four remaining figures.

"Come over here, my boys!"

Father Vassili stood up, pushing back his chair, and went up to the children who were now huddling close to one another.

"Now tell me which of you rascals smokes?"

To this the four replied in low voices:

"We don't any of us smoke, Father."

The priest's face turned livid.

"Aha, so you don't smoke, you blackguards? Then who put the shag tobacco in the dough on Saturday night? You don't smoke, eh? Well, now we'll soon find out. Turn your pockets inside out. Quick now! You hear what I'm saying to you? Turn them inside out, this minute!"

Three of the boys began to empty the contents of their pockets on the table. The priest carefully examined the seams for traces of tobacco, but finding none, turned his attention to the fourth, a black-eyed fellow in a grey shirt and blue trousers with patches on the knees.

"Well, what are you standing there for like an idol?"

The black-eyed boy cast a look of ill-disguised hatred at him, mumbled:

"I haven't got any pockets," and passed his fingers down the edges of the sewn-up pockets.

"A—ah—no pockets, eh? So you think I don't know who'd do a dirty trick like that? Spoiling the bread dough? Do you think I'd have a boy like you in the class after that? Oh no, my boy, I don't intend to pass this over. I let you stay on last time because your mother begged me to, but this is the end. Quick, march out of the classroom!" And, seizing the boy savagely by the ear, he flung him into the corridor and slammed the door on him.

The class shrank into itself in terrified silence. No one understood why Pavka Korchagin had been expelled. Only Serejka Bruzjak, Pavka's great friend, had seen Pavka sprinkle a handful of tobacco into the dough for the priest's Easter cakes, which stood in the kitchen where the six backward pupils waited who had been ordered to come here for their lessons.

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[1] As we go to press, the Central Executive Committee of the USSR announces that a decision has been made awarding the Order of Lenin to the author of the book *How the Steel Was Tempered,* from which these excerpts are taken. As the preceding article by Michael Koltsov relates, Ostrovski was formerly an active Komsomol and heroic participant in the Civil War in which he lost his health. These autobiographical excerpts from his book clearly indicate the heroic life of the author, which finally brought him the highest honors of the Soviet Union.—*Editor*

Pavka, the black sheep, sat down on the lowest step of the school house and considered his position. He was wondering how he could go home, and what he should say to his mother, that anxious, worn-out creature who worked as a cook from early morning till late at night for the excize officer.

The tears choked Pavka. "Whatever shall I do now? It's all through that beastly priest. What on earth made me go and put tobacco in his dough? Serejka egged me on. It was he who said, 'Come on, let's sprinkle some tobacco in the old cuss' cake dough.' And we went and did it. And now Serejka'll get off scotfree while I'm sure to be chucked out."

The animosity between Pavka and Father Vassili had broken out some time before this. Once Pavka had fought with Miskha Levchukov and the former had to stay in school for two hours extra as a punishment. To prevent the boy doing any mischief in the empty classroom, the teacher made him sit with the older children in the second class. Pavka sat down on the bench at the back of the class.

The teacher, who was a withered looking fellow in a black jacket and belonged to the upper staff, was telling the children about the earth and the sun. Pavka listened in open-mouthed wonder when he heard that the earth had existed for so many millions of years, and that the stars were like the earth. Pavka was so astonished at this news that it was as much as he could do to keep from jumping up and telling the teacher: "It's not like that in the Bible." But fear of getting into further trouble held him to his seat.

Now the priest had always given Pavka good marks for scripture hitherto. For Pavka knew by heart all the anthems describing events in the Old and New Testaments, and was perfectly certain which things had been created by God on which day. So Pavka resolved to put a few questions to Father Vassili. At the very next scripture lesson, as soon as the priest had settled down in his armchair, Pavka held up his hand, and upon receiving permission to speak, stood up.

"Why is it, Father, that the teacher in the second class says that the earth is millions of years old and not five thousand, as it says in the scriptures? . . ." Here, he broke off and recoiled at a screech from Father Vassili.

"What was that you said, you rascal? Is that the way you learn God's word?"

Before Pavka could open his mouth, the priest seized him by both ears and began to beat his head against the wall. A minute later the beaten, terrified boy was flung out into the corridor.

Pavka got into severe trouble with his mother over this.

Next day she went to the school and begged Father Vassili to forgive her son and take him back again. But from that day on Pavka hated the priest with all his might, hated and feared him. Pavka never forgave anyone small grievances and he was certainly not going to forget this quite undeserved beating. He nursed his grievance in secret.

The priest bore him a grudge and persecuted him in many petty ways: thrust him outside the door, stood him in the corner day after day for weeks, as a punishment for some trifle and would not ask him any questions about his lessons. This resulted in his having to join the backward pupils who were sent to the priest's house just before Easter. It was there in the kitchen that Pavka sprinkled the tobacco in the Easter cake dough.

No one had seen him do it and yet the priest had found out the guilty person at once.

The lesson was over at last and the children came trooping out into the yard and crowded round Pavka. He sat frowning and silent. Serejka Bruzjak did not leave the classroom. He was conscious that he, too, was guilty, but he could not think how to help Pavka.

Suddenly the headmaster, Ephraim Vassilievich, poked his head out of the window of the teachers' room. His deep voice caused Pavka to start.

"Send Korchagin to me this instant!" he called out.

Pavka's heart thumped loudly in his breast as he went to the teachers' room.

The owner of the station restaurant, a pale-faced, elderly man with faded eyes, gave a casual glance at the figure of Pavka, standing at a little distance, and asked:

"How old is he?"

"Twelve," replied his mother.

"Well, we might take him on, then. The terms are these: eight roubles a month and food on his working days. Twenty-four hours' work and twenty-four hours' rest and don't let me catch him pinching anything."

"Pinching, my goodness! I should just think not! He'll not do that, I can answer for him," his mother replied in a scared tone.

"Alright, he can start today," said the master. Then turning to a woman standing alongside him behind the bar, he added: "Zina, take the boy to the scullery and tell Phrosenka to give him the work instead of Grishka."

The woman threw down the knife with which she was carving ham and with a jerk of her head to Pavka, walked through the room to the side door leading to the scullery. Pavka followed her. His mother hurried along beside him, whispering:

"Do your best, Pavka, and don't disgrace yourself." Her sorrowful glance followed him as she made her way out.

Work was in full swing in the scullery. A mountain of plates, forks and knives towered on the table and several women were wiping up with towels flung over their shoulders.

A boy with tousled, unkempt red hair, who looked a little older than Pavka, was busy over two huge samovars.

The scullery was filled with the steam that rose from a big tub of boiling water in which the dishes were being washed, and at first Pavka could not make out the faces of the people washing up. He stood forlornly in the middle of the scullery, not knowing what to do or where to turn.

The woman named Zina went up to one of the women washing up and taking her by the shoulder, said:

"Here you are, Phrosenka, a new boy instead of Grishka. You'll tell him what he has to do, won't you?"

Then, turning to Pavka and pointing out the woman Phrosenka to him, Zina added:

"She's the head here. You do what she tells you." After this introduction, Zina turned and went back to the refreshment room.

"Alright," Pavka assented in a low voice and looked inquiringly at Phrosenka. She wiped the perspiration from her brow, looked at him from top to toe as if estimating his worth, and rolling up her sleeve which had slipped down, said in a surprisingly pleasant contralto:

"Oh, you won't have much to do, love. You heat that copper in the morning and see that you always have boiling water ready; then, of course, you've got to chop the wood, and look after these two samovars. Then you'll have

to clean the knives and forks when they need it and carry out the slops. That'll be plenty for you, lovey, you'll be sweating over it before long." Her accent betrayed Kostroma as her birthplace and this broad accent and her hot snubnosed face somehow cheered Pavka's heart.

"She isn't a bad sort, evidently," he thought to himself, and growing bolder, asked:

"And what shall I do to start with, Auntie?"

He could have bitten his tongue out as soon as he had said it, for a roar of laughter from the women greeted his last word.

"Ha—ha—ha! Phrosenka's got herself a nephew already!"

"Ha—ha!" Phrosenka laughed louder than the rest.

Pavka had not been able to distinguish her face through the clouds of steam or he would have seen that she was only a girl of eighteen.

In his embarrassment he appealed to the boy.

"What have I to do now?"

But the other boy only sniggered.

"You'd better ask your auntie, she'll tell you everything. I'm only temporary here." And turning away sharply, he ran through the doorway leading to the kitchen.

"Come here and help to wipe the forks," an elderly dishwasher called out to Pavka.

"What are you all hee-hawing like donkeys for?" she went on. "What's the boy said anyhow? Here you are," she handed Pavka a towel, "take one end in your teeth and stretch the other out stiff along the edge. Take this fork and rub the prongs this way and that along the edge. Only see there's not a trace of food left on them. We're very particular about that here. The customers always look close at the forks and if they notice the least thing—it's all up with us. The mistress'll chuck us out in two ticks."

"The mistress?" Pavka was puzzled. "Why, it was the master who took me on."

The woman laughed.

"The master, my lad, is just a piece of furniture, a sort of mattress, as you might say. But the head of the whole business is the mistress. She's not here today, but you wait. When you've worked here awhile, you'll see."

Just then the door of the scullery opened and three waiters bearing piles of dirty dishes appeared.

One of them, a broad shouldered, cross-eyed fellow with a big, square face, said:

"Stir yourself there! The midday train will be coming in soon and you're all behind with the dishes."

Catching sight of Pavka, he asked:

"Who's this?"

"It's a new boy," replied Phrosenka.

"Ah, a new boy, is he?" said the waiter. "Now then, you," his heavy hand descended on Pavka's shoulder and impelled him towards the samovars. "Those samovars should be ready by now, and see—that one's gone out and the other's at its last gasp. I'll let it pass today, but if such a thing happens again tomorrow, you'll get it in the neck, see?"

Pavka set to work on the samovars without saying a word.

Thus a new life began for him. Never in all his life had he tried so hard to do his best as on that first working day. He grasped at once that this was not like home, where he might disobey his mother if he felt inclined. The

cross-eyed waiter had made him clearly understand, that if he did not do as he was told, he would get it in the neck.

The sparks flew out of the great pot-bellied samovars when Pavka pulled off his high knee-boots and stuck them over the chimneys to make them draw better. He seized the bucket of slops, dashed out with it, kept the fire going under the copper of water, dried the wet towels on the boiling samovars and, in short, did all that was expected of him. Late that evening, when poor weary Pavka had gone down to the kitchen, Anissia, the elderly washer-up, said, glancing at the door that had just closed, behind him:

"He's not right in his head, that boy; you can see by the way he rushes like mad. Sent him to work because he was no good, I expect."

"Oh, he's a likely lad," said Phrosenka. "He doesn't need to be driven."

"He'll get worn out soon," Lusha objected. "They all do their best at first."

At seven o'clock next morning, Pavka, worn out with his sleepless night and the endless running up and down gave the boiling samovars into the care of the next shift, a boy with a big, fat face and insolent eyes.

Pavka came out on the station platform with the women and hurried home.

The first day had gone off quite well, and Pavka strode home with the feeling of having earned his rest honestly. Now he was a worker, too, and no one could accuse him of not earning his bread.

The sun was rising lazily from behind the huge pile of the saw mill. Soon Pavka's house came in sight, just at the back of the Leshchinski's country house.

"Mother's not asleep, very likely, and here am I coming back from work," thought Pavka. He quickened his pace and whistled cheerily. "Now it doesn't look so bad, my being expelled from school. Anyhow I'd have a dog's life of it with that priest. Now I don't give a damn for him," he decided as he was near home. When he was opening the wicket gate he remembered something else. "Yes, and I'll smash that fellow's face in some day. Sure as hell."

The station restaurant worked day and night without a break.

It was a junction for six railway lines. The station was always crowded with people and only quietened down for two or three hours of a night between trains. Troops collected here and then scattered in various directions from and to the front. The incoming trains were laden with mutilated, broken men and the outgoing trains with crowds of new people in monotonous grey.

Pavka kept at his job for two years, during which time the kitchen and the scullery were all he ever saw. Feverish toil went on in that vast basement kitchen. Over twenty people were kept hard at it all the time.

Klimka the kitchen boy set the last burnished pan on the shelf and wiped his hands. There was no one else besides himself in the kitchen. The cook and kitchen maids were asleep in the cloak-room. For three hours at night the kitchen quietened down, and those three hours Klimka always spent upstairs with Pavka. The little kitchen boy and the black-eyed scullery boy had struck up a friendship. When he got upstairs, Klimka caught sight of Pavka squatting before the open door of the stove. Pavka noticed the shadow of the familiar tousled, untidy figure on the wall and said, without turning his head:

"Sit down, Klimka."

The little kitchen boy scrambled on to a pile of faggots and lay down. He glanced at the silent Pavka and said with a smile:

"You look as if you were making a spell with the fire."

With difficulty Pavka tore his attention away from the leaping flames. Two enormous shining eyes rested on Klimka's face, and in them Klimka saw a world of inexpressible grief, such grief as he had never before seen in his comrade's eyes.

"You seem queer, Pavka," he said in astonishment. Then after a pause, he asked: "Anything go wrong with you today?"

Pavka rose from his squatting position and sat down beside Klimka.

"No," he mumbled. "Nothing out of the ordinary. I can't stand the place, Klimka, that's all." He clenched his fists hard on his knees.

"What's wrong with you today?" Klimka went on, raising himself on his elbow.

"What's wrong today, you want to know? Why, the same thing that's been wrong every day. You see what goes on! You work and slave like a camel and all you get for it is a slap in the jaw from whoever likes to give it to you. There's no one to stand up for you here. The bosses hired us both to work but anyone who's strong enough to do it has the right to beat you. It doesn't matter if you tear yourself in pieces, you can't suit everyone at the same time and the one you don't suit lays you out. You try and try, you do your level best to have everything right so no one can get at you, you try to be in ten places at once, and then the first time you don't fetch something in time, you get it in the neck like hell."

Klimka interrupted him in a terrified tone:

"Don't shout like that, somebody may come in and hear you."

Pavka jumped up.

"Well, let them hear it then! I'm getting out anyhow. I'd rather work cleaning snow off the rails than stay here in this grave, where one crook sits atop of another. The money they've got among them all! They treat us like beasts and do what they want with the girls, and any that won't give in, get the sack. And they have nowhere else to go. The bosses take care to gather in all the runaways, the starving, the homeless, and folks like these hang on for the sake of a bit to eat. They can get food here at least and starving folk'll do anything."

There was such hatred in his voice as he said it that Klimka, fearful of someone hearing them, jumped up and shut the door leading to the kitchen, while Pavka worked off the wrath that had been boiling up in him for so long.

"You never say anything, Klimka, when you're hit. Why don't you?"

Pavka sat down on a wooden stool by the table and leaned his head wearily on his palm. Klimka put some more wood on the fire and then sat down near the table.

"Aren't we going to read today?" he asked.

"There aren't any more books," replied Pavka. "The kiosk is closed."

"Why, it ought to be open—it's a weekday," said Klimka, astonished.

"The gendarmes came for the bookseller. They found something or other in his shop," Pavka explained.

"Why did they come for him?"

"For sedition, people say."

Klimka gave Pavka a puzzled look.

"What is sedition?"

Pavka shrugged his shoulders.

"Devil knows! They say that when anyone goes against the tsar, it's sedition."

Klimka looked horrified.

"And are there actually people who do that?"

"I don't know," answered Pavka.

The door opened and a sleepy woman named Glasha entered the scullery.

"Why don't you go to sleep, kids? You can easily doze off for an hour while there's no train. Go on, Pavka, I'll see to the copper."

Pavka's term of employment ended before he expected and in a way that he could have foreseen.

One frosty January day he finished his shift and was preparing to go home. The boy who should have taken the next shift had not yet arrived. Pavka went to the mistress and told her that he was going home. She would not let him go, so the weary boy had to do a second day's work. By night time he was quite worn out. In the interval he had to fill the copper and heat it in time for the three o'clock train.

When Pavka turned on the tap, the water would not run. Evidently the station tank was out of order. He left the tap on, flung himself down on the wood and dropped off to sleep. Weariness had overcome him at last.

A few minutes later the tap began to gurgle and the water flowed freely into the boiler, overflowed and dripped down the tiles to the floor of the scullery, which was, at this time of night, deserted. Soon the water flooded the scullery and leaked in under the door to the waiting room.

Streams of water made their way under the luggage of the sleeping passengers. No one noticed until one man, who was sleeping on the floor got soaked, jumped up and gave the alarm. Then confusion reigned.

And the tide from the scullery kept rising steadily.

The big waiter, Prokhor, who was clearing the tables in the second class waiting room, rushed out when he heard the passengers' shouts. Leaping over the pools of water, he reached the door and flung it open. He had to use force to do this, and the water, which the door had partly damned up, now broke loose and flooded the dining room.

The cries and shouts increased. The waiters rushed into the scullery and Prokhor went for the sleeping Pavka.

One after another heavy blows rained down on the head of the unfortunate boy and stupefied him.

Dazed with sleep, he could not understand anything. Lightning flashed before his eyes, and a searing pain darted through his whole body.

For a year now Pavel Korchagin had gone about in a cart, sitting on the gun mounted on it, drawn by a grey horse with one ear hacked off. Pavel looked stronger and manlier now. He had grown up through suffering and misfortune.

His skin had healed where the heavy cartridge cases had rubbed it till the blood came, and the strap of the rifle had made a hard, horny scar that would remain.

Many terrible things Pavel had seen during the year that was gone. Along with thousands of other fighting men, as tattered as himself, but possessed by the same undying flame, a passionate struggle to gain power for their

own class, he had tramped up and down his country and only twice dropped out of the struggle for a short time.

The first time it had been a hip wound that had laid him low—the second time in the severe frosts of February, 1920, he had tossed about in the hot, clammy grip of typhus fever. The typhus spread by lice mowed down the ranks of the 12th Army more terrifyingly than the Polish machine guns. The army was spread over a vast area, over almost the whole of the Northern Ukraine, to check the advance of the Poles. Pavel was hardly well before he rejoined his company.

At the time the regiment took up its stand at a station called Frontovka, which lay on a branch line from Kazatin to Uman.

The station, which was small, was in the woods. Around it were grouped ruined houses that had been deserted by their owners. It had grown impossible to live in these parts. This was the third year, and the fighting would still alternately quieten down and flare up. There was nothing that Frontovka had not experienced in that period.

Big events were coming to a head. While the 12th Army, its ranks now tragically thinned, and to a certain extent, disorganized, was being driven back towards Kiev by the Polish Army, the proletarian republic was preparing a mortal blow for the White Guardist Poles, who were intoxicated with victorious advance.

From the distant North Caucasus, in a campaign unequalled in military history, the seasoned warriors of the First Cavalry Army made their way to the Ukraine. One after the other, the second, the fourth, the sixth, the eleventh and the fourtheenth cavalry divisions approached the Uman district, grouped themselves at our rear and, on their way to decisive battles, swept away the outlaw bands led by Nestor Makhno.

There were sixteen thousand five hundred sabres, sixteen thousand five hundred warriors tanned by the sun and wind of the steppes.

The attention of the Red High Command and the command of the south-western front was centred on preparation, from being forestalled by Pilsudski's men. General Headquarters and the front line staff were careful to preserve the grouping of that mass of cavalry.

Active operations on the Uman sector ceased. The wire from Moscow to front line headquarters in Kharkov and from there to the staff of the 12th and 14th Armies vibrated unintermittently. From the narrow strips of telegraph ribbon the operators received orders in code:

"The attention of the Poles must on no account be allowed to be drawn to the grouping of the cavalry."

If active fighting did occur, it was only in those parts where the Polish advance threatened to draw Budenny's cavalry divisions into the fray.

The red tattered flames of the camp fire leaped and the smoke ascended in dark rings and spirals. The midges did not like the smoke; they circled swiftly but did not settle. The men formed a fan shape around the fire and their faces were coppercolored in the glow.

Their tea cans were warming in the bluegrey ashes. The water in them bubbled. A long stealthy tongue of flame leaped out from under a burning log and licked the top of a tousled head. The head shook it off hastily, exclaiming:

"Oh, hell, what's that!"

The rest of the men burst out laughing. An elderly man, who had a clip-

ped moustache and was dressed in a close fitting cloth jacket, remarked as he examined his rifle-barrel by the light of the fire:

"That young fellow's so taken up with book learning that he doesn't feel the fire."

"Hey, Korchagin, tell us about the book you're reading."

The young man thus addressed fingered his scorched locks and smiled.

"Ah, this is what you might call a grand book, Comrade Androshchuk. I can't tear myself away from it now."

Korchagin's neighbor, a snub-nosed youth who was trying hard to mend the strap of his satchel, bit off the unbleached linen thread and asked inquisitively:

"Who is it written about?" Then winding the remainder of the thread round the needle he stuck in his helmet, he added: "If it's about love I'd like to hear it."

General laughter greeted this admission. Matveichuk raised his close clipped head and screwing up his sly little eyes with a spiteful expression, said to the youth:

"Why, to be sure, love's a pleasant enough thing, Sereda. And you're a handsome lad, a regular picture! No matter where we go the girls wear out their shoe leather running after you. The only thing is your nose is a bit against you, being no bigger than a penny. But that's easily remedied. All you've got to do is to tie a ten pound Novitski grenade to the end of it before you go to sleep and it'll stretch nicely by morning."

The roars of laughter startled the horses tethered to the gun carriages and they neighed a protest.

Sereda turned languidly on his tormentor. "It isn't beauty, but brains that count," he said, tapping his forehead expressively. "You've got a sharp tongue but you're as dull as ditch water."

They were ready to go for one another when Tatarinov, the company commander, intervened.

"Now, now, lads, what do you want to fly at each other for? Better listen to Korchagin reading to us. Perhaps he's got something there worth listening to."

"Come on, Pavel, spill it!" the others called out.

Korchagin dragged his saddle nearer to the firelight, sat down in it and opened a small thick book on his knee.

"This book, comrades, is called *The Gadfly*. I got it from the battalion commissar. It's made a big impression on me, this book. I couldn't stop reading it even on the scouting expedition yesterday. Hutorny threatened me with court martial for it. If you'll promise to keep quiet, I'll read it to you."

"Fire away, then! No one's going to interrupt."

When Puzirevski, the regimental commander, rode up unobserved with the commissar, he saw eleven pair of eyes fixed unwaveringly on the reader.

The cavalry formed a big circle beside the little school house on the hill in the neighboring village. On the gun carriage sat a burly cavalry man with his cap set rakishly on the back of his head. He was making rather ineffective attempts to play an accordion. The tortured instrument bellowed, missed a few beats here and there while in the center of the circle a brave figure in balloon-like red riding breeches raced in a fast and furious dance.

The inquisitive lads and girls of the village climbed on fences and carts to watch the dancers of the newly arrived cavalry brigade.

"Go on, Toptalo, old boy! Make a good dent in the ground while you're at it! Fire away!" they shouted. "Can't you play a bit faster?"

But the powerful fingers of the player, fingers that could bend a horse-shoe so easily, moved with painful slowness over the stops.

"It's a shame that bandit of a Makhno finished Afanasi Kulyabko," remarked a sunburned cavalry man. "He was a first class accordian player. The first man on the right flank of our squadron. I miss that chap. A grand fighter and a first rate player."

Korchagin was loitering near the circle. When the last words reached his ears, he pushed his way through the men to the gun carriage and laid his hand on the instrument. The music suddenly ceased.

"What do you want?" the player demanded with a suspicious glance.

Toptalo halted his dance. Annoyed exclamations broke out among the crowd.

"What's wrong? Who's holding us up!"

Korchagin held out his hand for the strap of the accordion.

"Let me try it, will you?"

The Budenny man eyed the unknown Red Army boy with distrust and hesitating a little, unslung the instrument from his shoulder.

Korchagin swung the accordion over his knee with an accustomed gesture, spread it fanwise and struck up, with a *bravura* that was breath catching, a popular air.

Toptalo fell into step at once, and sped away round the circle flapping his arms like the wings of a bird, making the most extraordinary curves, slapping himself loudly and nonchanlantly on the calves, the knees, the back of the neck, the brow, the soles of his boots and last of all, across his open mouth.

The accordion whipped him on in a stormy, intoxicating rhythm. Toptalo whirled about the circle like a top, kicking and panting.

On the fifth of June, 1920, after several short, sharp encounters, Budenny's First Cavalry Army made a breach in the Polish front between the Third and Fourth Polish Armies, smashed through the barrier of General Sawitski's cavalry brigade, and advanced in the direction of Rujin.

With feverish haste, the Polish command created a shock brigade to fill in the breach. Five armored caterpillar tanks, straight from the platform of Pogrebishche Station, hurried to the rescue.

But the Red Cavalry avoided Zarudnitsa, where the blow was being prepared and worked round to the enemy's rear.

On the heels of the Red cavalry came General Kornitski's cavalry division, with orders to strike the rear of the Reds, who, according to the Polish command were certain to be making for the important strategic point of the Polish rear—Kazatin. This did not make the position of the Poles any easier. Although they managed to stop up the breach in the front next day and consolidate their ranks behind the Reds, they found massed at their rear a powerful cavalry collective which, after destroying the enemy's base, was to concentrate all its force on the Polish troops in Kiev. As they advanced the Red divisions destroyed several small railway bridges and ruined the railways in order to cut off the Polish retreat.

Having obtained information from prisoners that Jitomir was now the headquarters of the Polish army, (as a matter of fact it was the front line staff) the commander of the Red Cavalry Army resolved to seize all the important railway junctions and the administrative centres—Jitomir and Ber-

dichev. Therefore, at dawn on June the seventh, the Fourth Red Cavalry Division was galloping away to Jitomir.

The right flank man in one of the squadrons was Korchagin, who had the place of the dead Kulyabka. He had been accepted in the squadron by the general request of the men, who were unwilling to part with such a crack accordion player. As they approached Jitomir they spread out fanwise without drawing rein. Their sabres glittered like silver in the sunshine.

The earth groaned, the horses snorted, the men stood up in the sunshine.

The earth glided swiftly from under the horses' feet as a big town set with gardens seemed to rush forward to meet the division. The horses dashed past the first gardens and when they reached the center of the town, a battle cry of "Surrender!" more terrible than death itself shook the air.

The Poles taken by surprise, made almost no resistance. The local garrison was crushed.

Crouching low on his horse's neck, Korchagin flew on. Beside him, on a slender legged black horse, rode Toptalo.

The horses' hoofs rang on the stone paved road. Then, all of a sudden, a machine gun appeared at the cross roads. Three figures in light blue uniforms and square caps were bending over it. A fourth, with a twist of gold braid like a snake on his collar, raised his revolver when he caught sight of the men galloping towards him.

Neither Toptalo nor Korchagin could rein in their horses. They tore full tilt into the jaws of death. The officer fired at Korchagin and missed. The bullet twittered like a sparrow as it flew past his cheek. The next moment the officer was thrown down by the horse; his head struck the curbstone as he fell.

That same moment the machine gun broke into a wild cackle of laughter. Toptalo fell, together with his black horse, stung by a dozen bullets.

Korchagin's horse reared, snorting in alarm. Then the animal bore its rider clear over the fallen one to the men at the machine gun. Korchagin's sword described a flashing circle and descended on the light blue square of the cap.

Once more the sword flashed in the air, ready to descend on another head.

Then like a stormy mountain torrent, the squadron swept down to the cross roads, and scores of sabres slashes the air.

At the battle of August 19th at Lvov, Pavel Korchagin lost his cap. He reined in his horse, but ahead of him the squadron was already at grips with the Polish lines. At that moment Demidov came galloping through the bushes of the covert and as he dashed down towards the river cried out:

"The divisional commander's been killed!"

Pavel gave a start. It was Letunov, his heroic divisional commander, a comrade known for his daring and devotion. Wild fury seized Pavel. His weary horse's bit was bloody, but Pavel urged the animal with the blunt edge of his sword and dashed into the thick of the fray.

"Cut them down! At 'em, boys! Give 'em hell, the Polish landlords! They've killed Letunov!"—blindly he hacked at a figure in a green uniform. The squadron, seized by a mad rage at the loss of their divisional commander, chopped up a platoon of legionaires like cabbage.

They swept out into the open in hot pursuit of the retreating enemy but here they were met by a battery. A hail of shrapnel ripped the air, spattering death.

A green flame flashed before Korchagin's eyes, a noise like thunder-clap deafened him, it seemed as if a red hot iron seared his head. The earth swam before his eyes, began to revolve and then turned upside down.

Pavel was blown out of his saddle like a straw. He flew right over Gredko's head and struck the ground with terrific force.

And night came down over him immediately.

Thirteen men were crowding round the big table.

"Here you see," said Feodor Jukhrai, prodding the map spread out on the table before them. "Here's Boyarka Station, six versts from the lumber camp. There are two hundred and ten thousand cubic metres of wood stacked up here. The Labor Corps worked for eight months, spent a tremendous amount of time and effort over it and the result was—treachery; we have a railway, yet the town is left without wood for fuel. But it has to be brought six versts to the station. For that we'd need the use of no fewer than five thousand carts for a whole month, and they would only be sufficient if they went there and back in a day. To cap all this, Orlik and his band are roaming about the district. . . . You understand what that means? Look here, this is where the lumber camp should have started and extended right to the station, whereas these scoundrels have gone and extended it away into the woods. This was done with a purpose and they calculated right: we can't possibly convey all that wood to the railway. I doubt if we could get hold of even a hundred carts. They've stabbed us in the back. They are the real class enemies."

Jukhrai leant his clenched fist heavily on the waxed paper.

Each of the thirteen could form a very clear idea of the horrors imminent, of which Jukhrai did not speak. Winter was almost upon them. The hospitals, schools, offices and hundreds of thousands of people would be at the mercy of the frosts. The people collected on the station made it look like a human ant hill and there was only one train a week.

Every man present grew thoughful. Feodor unclenched his fist.

"There's just one way out, comrades. It's this: to build a narrow-guage railway in three months. It'll run from the station to the lumber camp—seven versts. I reckon that in six weeks' time it should run as far as the spot where the camp was started. I've been busy for a week now working on the idea. We need for it," Jukhrai's voice grew husky in his dry throat, "we need for it three hundred and fifty workers and two engineers. The rails and seven steam engines are lying at Pushche Voditsa. The Komsomol found them in the depot there. They wanted to run a narrow-guage railway from there to the town before the war. But the workers will have no place to live in Boyarka, there's only the forest school, and that's in ruins. The Party will have to send workers for a fortnight at a time, the men won't stand it for longer. We'll send the Komsomols there, Akim, eh?" Without waiting for a reply, he continued. "Well, the Komsomol will send all the help it can,—the Soloma organization and part of the town organization. It'll be a very difficult job but, if we explain to the lads that it's to save the town and the railway, they'll do it."

The general manager of the railway shook his head dismally.

"I hardly think anything will come of that; to lay seven versts of line along an unsheltered stretch at this time of year—! It's autumn—there'll be rain and then frost," he said wearily.

Jukhrai cut in, without turning his head:

"You should have thought of it before, it was your business, Andrei Vassilievich. We're going to build this narrow-guage line anyhow. Surely we're not going to sit and freeze without raising a finger to help ourselves."

The autumn rain lashed the face. Dark grey clouds, swollen with moisture crept low over the earth. The ancient witch elms stood frowning, hiding the wrinkles of their bark under slumps of dark moss. Pitiless autumn had torn away their luxurious clothing and now they stood in all their stark leanness.

A lonely, little railway station nestled among the trees. From the stone platform a strip of soft, prepared ground led away into the forests. The strip was alive with people, like an ant heap.

The sticky clay sloshed disgustingly underfoot. The people were working furiously at the bank. Crowbars clanged dully, spades scraped on the stones.

The rain sifted in as through a fine sieve and the cold drops penetrated to the body. The rain washed away the men's labor. The clay slid down the bank like thick porridge.

The men's clothing grew heavy and cold with the rain, but they worked on, soaked to the skin till late in the evening.

Every day the strip of soft, dugup earth extended further and further into the woods.

Not far from the station the stone skeleton of a building huddled obstinate and forlorn. It had been robbed of all that could be torn out or blown out by the marauders. It was door-less and window-less; instead of stove-doors there were gaping black holes. Through the holes in the broken roof the ribs of the roof could be seen.

All that remained untouched was the concrete floor in the four spacious rooms. On it every night four hundred men lay down to sleep in clothes that were wet through and heavy with dirt. They wrung streams of dirty water out of their clothes at the door. They cursed the rain and the bog. They lay down in close rows on a concrete floor that was lightly sprinkled with straw. The men tried to warm each other by lying close together. Their clothes steamed but did not dry. And water dripped in on the floor through the sacks that stuffed the gaps in the windows. The rain pattered down incessantly on the remainder of the iron roof and the wind blew in through the cracks in the door.

In the morning they drank tea in a tumbledown barrack where there was a kitchen and went away to the railway bank again. For dinner they had lentil porridge, and a pound-and-a-half of bread as black as coal The food was killing in its monotony, but it was all the town could afford them.

The engineer in charge, Valerian Patoshkin, was a tall, dry old man with two deep lines in his cheeks. He and his assistant, Vakulenko, a stocky man with a roughly chiselled face and a meaty nose, lived at the station master's.

Tokarev shared a room with the station Cheka man, Kholyava, a short legged man as lively as quicksilver.

The workmen bore their hardships and deprivations with a kind of angry stubbornness.

Every day the railway-bank cut further and further into the woods. There were already nine deserters.

A few days later five more ran away.

The first blow fell in the second week. The bread ration did not arrive by the evening train.

Korchagin dragged his feet out of the heavy sludge with difficulty and, from the sharp chill that shot through his foot instantly understood that the rotten sole of his boot must have fallen off. Ever since he had been here he had suffered from bad boots which were always damp and sucking in the

mud. And just now one of the soles had come off altogether, and his bare foot was brought into contact with the biting cold, clayey porridge. This accident to his boot put him out of action. As he extracted the remainder of the sole from the mud, Pavel looked at it in despair and broke the pledge he had given not to swear. He went back to the barrack, where he sat down in the kitchen, unwound the now filthy linen strips worn in place of a stocking and stretched out his frozen foot to the fire.

Odarka, the railway guard's wife, who had been taken on as cook's assistant, was cutting up beetroot on the kitchen table. Nature had endowed this woman, who was still quite young, with generous proportions. As broad in the shoulders as a man, she had a mighty bosom, and steep, powerful hips. She wielded the knife with a will and the pile of vegetables on the table rose rapidly.

Odarka gave Pavel a careless glance and asked with a touch of ill-will:

"Are you coming here after your dinner already? A bit early, aren't you? Shirking work, I suppose, my lad. Where are you sticking that great foot of yours? This is a kitchen, not a bath house," she scolded.

The elderly cook came in.

"My boot's torn to bits," said Pavel by way of explaining his presence in the kitchen.

The cook looked at the mutilated boot and then nodded in Odarka's direction.

"Her husband's a bit of a cobbler; he could perhaps help you out. Going without boots'll be the death of you."

While the cook was speaking, Odarka took a better look at Pavel and felt a little ashamed of her hastiness.

"I took you for a shirkwork, just loafing round," she admitted.

Pavel gave her a forgiving smile. Odarka looked at the boot with the eye of an expert.

"My husband won't be able to patch that thing!" she said with decision. "There's no sense in it. But to keep you from crippling yourself altogether, I'll bring an old galosh; we've got a heap of them. I never did see folk so tormented like this before! Why, the frosts may come any time—tomorrow or even today, and then you'll be done for." She laid her knife down and went out.

Soon she returned with a deep galosh and a piece of coarse, unbleached linen. When his foot was warmed, wrapped in the linen and shod in the thick galosh, Pavel looked his silent gratitude at the railway guard's wife.

Tokarev came back from the town in an irritated mood, called a meeting of the Party in Kholyava's room, and told them the bad news.

"Hindrances everywhere! No matter where you turn, there are folks pretending they're doing a lot when they're really doing nothing. The second shift hasn't been collected yet and nobody knows how many men they'll send out here. The frost is nearly on us. We've got to scrape through before it comes, even if we die, else there'll be no getting even a tooth in it afterwards. Well, now boys, the people who are holding things up in the town will get hell, but here we must go at twice the speed. This line has to be built if we die five times over before we do. Otherwise what kind of Bolsheviks will we be? No better than clods of mud!" said Tokarev, not in his usual deep hoarse tones, but in a tense, steely voice. Under his bent brows his glittering eyes spoke of stubbornness and resolve.

"Today we'll hold a closed meeting and explain things to our own folks and tomorrow we'll all turn out to work. In the morning we'll let the non-

Party men go or stay as they want. There's the decision of the Party Committee" and he handed Pankratov a sheet of paper folded in four.

There was no room to move in the crowded barrack. A hundred and twenty men more than filled it. They stood against the wall, climbed on the tables and even on the field kitchen.

Pankratov opened the meeting. Tokarev made a short speech the end of which startled and upset them all.

"Members of the Communist Party and the Young Communist League are not to leave for the town tomorrow."

The old man's hand emphasized the immutability of this decision, his gesture swept away all hopes of returning to town, to home, of getting out of the dirt and the sleeping in wet clothes on the cold concrete floor. For the first few moments it was impossible to distinguish the words they were shouting. The restless movements of the people caused the feeble lamp to flicker. The faces were hidden in darkness. The noise increased. Some spoke wistfully of the cosiness of home, others were indignant, and exclaimed that they were worn out. Many were silent. Only one declared he would desert. From the corner his angry voice flung out the words intermingled with curses.

"To hell with that talk! I'm not going to stay here a day longer! When people are sent to penal servitude and hard labor it's for some crime, at least. But what crime have we committed. You've kept us here a fortnight and that's quite long enough. We're no fools for you. Let the fellow who passed the resolution come and work himself. Anyone who likes to mess about in this dirt can do it, but I've got only one life to live, and I'm going home tomorrow."

Okunyev, behind whom the man was standing, struck a match to see who it was. The flame lit up for a moment a countenance distorted by anger and a wide open mouth. Okunyev recognized the owner of the face; it was the bookkeeper of the Provincial Food Supply Committee.

"What are you staring at? I'm not hiding myself—I'm not a thief."

The match went out. Pankratov rose.

"Who was that bawling just now? Who calls Party work penal servitude and hard labor?" he demanded in a hollow tone, his heavy gaze on those standing near him. "Listen, boys, we can't go back to town now, our place is here. If we run away, people will freeze in the winter. The sooner we finish, boys, the sooner we'll be able to go home, but to sneak away now, as some grumbler suggests—this neither our ideas nor our discipline will allow us to do."

The stevedore did not go in for long speeches but even this brief one was interrupted by the same voice.

"Are the non-Party men going back?"

"Yes," Pankratov replied sharply.

A young man in a short, town made coat pushed his way up to the table. His membership card fluttered across the table like a bat, struck Pankratov in the chest, and bounced off on to the table, alighting on its edge.

"Here, take my card. I don't intend to ruin my health for the sake of a bit of cardboard!"

The end of the sentence was drowned in an uproar.

"Think what you're throwing away!"

"Aha, want to save your skin, do you?"

"Kick him out!"

"Wormed yourself into the Komsomol, thinking you'd get a soft job."

"We'll warm you, lousy swine!"

The fellow who had flung down his card lowered his head and made for the door. They let him pass, drawing back from him as if he had the plague. The door creaked as it swung to behind him.

Pankratov crumpled the membership card and thrust it into the flame of the lamp.

The stores of fuel were almost at hand, but the advance towards them was almost painfully slow: every day the typhus robbed the railroad of dozens of badly needed hands.

Korchagin staggered back to the station like a drunken man. His knees were giving way under him. For some time he had been feeling feverish, but today the fever made its presence felt more strongly than usual.

The abominal typhus that had bled the ranks, marked down Pavel as its next victim. His strong constitution resisted it and for five days he found the strength to rise from the straw on the concrete floor and go out to work with the rest. But the warm jacket was powerless to save him now, nor could the felt boots Feodor had sent him, protect his already frost bitten feet.

At every step he felt a shooting pain in his chest, his teeth chattered, everything swam before his eyes and the trees seemed to circle in a strange whirling dance.

He could hardly reach the station. When he did so, an unusual noise reached his ears. He took a few more steps and lost his balance. Feebly he felt his head strike the ground. Then the snow felt cool and pleasant against his cheek.

They came upon him a few hours later and carried him to the barrack. Korchagin was panting heavily and did not recognize anyone. The ambulance man summoned from the armored train found that Pavel was suffering from double pneumonia and abdominal typhus. "Trifles like inflammation of the joints and a swelling on the neck, but these are details. The first two are quite sufficient to send him to his forefathers."

Alesha Kokhanski, who came from the same place as Korchagin, was entrusted with the task of taking the sick boy back to his own town.

It was only with the assistance of the whole of Korchagin's group and, chiefly, the pressure exercised by Kholyava that Pankratov and Dubava succeeded in loading the unconscious Korchagin, with Alesha in charge, into the railway car which was packed to overflowing. Terrified of being infected by spotted typhus, the passengers refused to let the two men in, resisted with all their might, and threatened to fling the typhus stricken man out on the way.

Kholyava, waving his pistol under the nose of those who blocked the door, shouted:

"He isn't an infectious case! He's going by this train, if we've got to chuck the whole lot of you out. And remember, you skunks, if any of you so much as lays a finger on him—I'll send word along the line and you'll all be dragged off the train and put behind prison bars. Here, Alesha, take Pavka's Mauser and if anyone tries to touch him, plug the swine!" was his parting word, intended to frighten the passengers.

The train moved out. The platform was deserted. Pankratov went up to Dubava.

"What do you think, will he get over it?"

There was no reply.

"Come on, Mitya, whatever will be will have to be. Now we must be answerable for everything. The engines will have to be unloaded tonight and tomorrov morning we'll try to warm them up."

Kholyava telephoned to all his Chekist friends along the line, asking them not to allow the sick man to be put off by the passengers. Only after receiving a promise not to permit such a thing did he go to bed.

Far down below the waves broke against great disorderly heaps of stones. A dry sea breeze from distant Turkey caressed the face. The harbor curved in a broken bow, barred from the sea by a concrete pier. The mountain ridge was interrupted by the sea. Far above, the tiny white toy houses of the suburbs climbed the heights.

It was quiet in the old park outside the town. The neglected, grass grown paths were strewn with the slow falling leaves of the plane tree, stricken by autumn.

The old Persian cabman, who had driven Korchagin here from the town, could not fathom this strange fare of his. As Korchagin was alighting, the old man unable to contain himself any longer, blurted out:

"What have you come for? No young ladies here, no theatre. Only jackals walk about here. What will you do? I can't see. Let us go back, Mr. Comrade!"

Korchagin paid him and the old man went away. The park was deserted. Pavel found a bench looking out over the sea, and sat down with his face exposed to the rays of the sun, which was now no longer hot.

He had come here to this quiet place to think of how life was turning out and what he ought to do with it. It was time to sum up and plan anew. His whole life from childhood till the last few days passed swiftly before his eyes. Had he lived his twenty-four years well or ill? He went over each year in his mind, examining it like an impartial judge and with profound satisfaction realized that it had not been lived so badly. He had made many mistakes: some out of sheer foolishness, some out of youth, most of all out of ignorance. The chief thing was that he had not missed those exciting times, that he had found his place in the thick of the fight for power, and that some drops of his blood were among those that spattered the red banner.

He had not gone out of action until his powers were exhausted. Now, he was beaten, unfit for the front. Only the hospitals at the base remained for him. He remembered how, when the avalanches of men had been marching near Warsaw, one of the men had been knocked out by a bullet. The man had fallen to the ground under the horse's feet. His comrades had bound his wounds hastily, handed him over to the ambulance men, and gone in pursuit of the enemy. The squadron could not stop its advance for the loss of one man. That was how it should always be in a great struggle. There were, of course, exceptions. He had seen legless artillery men in the gun carriages. These were people who struck mortal dread into the enemy; their machine guns carried death and annihilation, their iron will and unerring eye made them the pride of the regiment. But such people were rare.

How should he act now, after the crash, when there was no hope of being taken back into action? At last he had obtained an admission from Bajanova that he might expect something still more frightful in the future. What was he to do? The unsolved problem yawned before him like a black cavern.

What was there to live for now that he had lost the dearest of all—the

power to fight? How should he justify his life in the dreary tomorrow? How could he fill it? Was he going to spend his time eating and drinking and breathing? To remain a helpless witness while his comrades in the fight would forge ahead? To become a burden to the company? Should he destroy this treacherous body? Better put a bullet through the heart and no more about it! He had shown that he knew how to live, now let him show that he knew how and when to die. Who would judge him for not wishing to writhe in agony?

His hand fumbled in his pocket for the flat body of his revolver, his fingers closed with a customary gesture round the handle. He drew it out slowly.

"Who'd have thought you'd have lived to see this day?"

The muzzle of the revolver looked him scornfully in the eye. Pavel laid his revolver on his knee and cursed roundly.

"It's all cheap heroism, my boy! Any fool can bump himself off at any moment. It's the easiest and most cowardly way out."

Raya was not asleep. She was alarmed at Korchagin's long absence from home. What could be the matter? Where was he? His eyes, once so lively, looked cold and hard these days. He told her very little about himself, but she felt he was living through some terrible disaster.

The clock in the side of the house occupied by her mother struck two as she heard the gate shut. Throwing her jacket around her shoulders, she went to open the door. Lola, asleep in her own room, was muttering in her dreams.

"I was anxious about you," Raya whispered, glad to see Korchagin safe home at last.

"Nothing'll ever happen to me till I'm dead, Rayusha. Is Lola asleep? Do you know, I don't want to sleep at all. I want to tell you about what happened today. But let's go to your room or else we'll wake Lola," he whispered.

Raya hesitated. How could she talk to him at that hour of the night? Supposing her mother found out, what would she think? She was turning this over in her mind as she went to her room.

"It's like this, Raya," Pavel began in muffled tones, as they sat opposite each other in the dark room, so near that she could feel his breath. "Life, for me, is turning out in a very queer way, I find. It's been hard these days. I couldn't see clearly how I was to go on with it. But today I came to a decision as important as those taken by the Political Bureau. Don't be surprised I'm telling you this."

He told her about all he had felt and lived through the last few months and a good deal of what he had thought in the little park outside the town.

"That's the state of affairs. Now I'll get down to the foundations. Both you and I are leading a joyless sort of existence. I've decided it must blaze up, now. Do you understand what I mean? Will you be my pal, my wife?"

Raya, who had been listening to him up to now with rising excitement, started with the unexpectedness of the last word.

"I'm not asking you for an answer today, Raya. You'd better think it over. You can't understand how people can say such things without first courting and all the rest of it. But that stuff is no use to anyone. Here's my hand, girl, take it. If you'll put your faith in me this time, you'll never be deceived. There's a good deal in me that you need and the other way about. I've made up my mind that our alliance shall last until you grow up to be one of us, and if I can't do this, then I'm not worth a hoot. Until

then we shouldn't break our alliance. When you're really grown up then you're free from every obligation. Who knows, it may be that I'll be a complete wreck yet: then—remember I shan't hold you bound to me."

After a few second's silence, he went on in warmer, kinder tones:

"And now I'm offering you my friendship and my love."

He did not let go of her fingers. He was as calm as if he already had her consent.

"I won't tell you anything today, it's all so unexpected," she replied.

Korchagin rose.

"Better go to bed, Raya, it'll soon be daylight."

He went away into his own room, lay down without undressing and fell asleep as soon as his head touched the pillow.

The table by the window in Korchagin's room was piled with books from the Party library together with newspapers and several writing pads. The rest of the furniture consisted of a bed loaned by the owner of the house and two chairs. On the door leading into Raya's room hung a huge map of China, stuck with little red and black flags. Korchagin had come to an agreement with the committee of the Party, that he was to be kept supplied with reading matter from the Party office. Furthermore, they commissioned the director of the port library—the biggest library in the town, to keep him supplied with books. Soon he began to receive parcels of books. Lola observed with some astonishment how persistently he read and made notes from early morning until evening, with only a short interval for breakfast. This they all three had together in Lola's room, while Korchagin talked to the sisters about the books he had read.

It was the first time in eight years that Korchagin had found himself with so much free time on his hands and no duties. He studied books with the eager devotion of the acolyte. He sat at work over eighteen hours a day. There is no knowing how this would have acted on his health eventually, had it not been for a few words dropped casually by Raya.

"I've moved the chest of drawers into another place and the door is open now. If you want to speak to me about anything, you can come straight in without passing through Lola's room."

Pavel flushed. Raya smiled gaily—the alliance was concluded.

Then right in his path arose an obstacle, frightful in its insuperability. The despair of Raya and her mother knew no bounds. But with frozen calm, Pavel decided:

"I'll just have to wait. If there really seems no possibility of moving ahead, if all that's been done in order to return to work is to be wiped out by blindness and there is no chance of ever going into action again—then it's time to finish."

It was during these difficult days that Raya, excited and gay, said to him:

"Pavlushka, I'm a Party candidate!"

As Pavel listened to her account of how the Party cell had received their new comrade, he remembered his first steps in the Party.

"So, Comrade Korchagina, you and I are forming a communist nucleus in this house," he said, pressing her hand affectionately.

Next day he wrote a letter to the secretary of the district committee asking him to come and see him. That evening a mud splashed car drew up at the door and Volmer, an elderly Latvian with a beard that reached to his ears, was soon shaking Korchagin violently by the hand.

"Well, how are we getting on? What do you mean by behaving in this way? Get up, we want to send you to work in the village this very minute," and he burst out laughing.

The secretary spent a couple of hours with Korchagin, and even forgot that he ought to have gone to a conference.

Leo came to see Pavel the following evening. It was midnight before they parted. Leo left his friend with the feeling that he had met a long lost brother.

Next morning, while people crept about the roof fixing the antennae, Leo fixed up the receiving set, and recounted interesting episodes from his past. Pavel could not see him, but from Raya's description he knew that Leo was a fair man with light eyes, that he was well built and had impulsive movements, in short, was just the type Pavel had imagined him to be from the first few moments of their acquaintance.

Three lamps lit up the dusk in the room, and Leo solemly handed Pavel the ear-phones. Chaotic sounds came over the ether. The port stations chirped like birds. Then through the medley of sounds came a voice, saying in quiet, assured tones:

"Hello, hello, hello, this is Moscow speaking!" Pavel's radio set received sixty different stations from all over the world. The life from which Pavel had been excluded now forced its way in and he could feel once more its mighty breath.

Versenyev was tired, but when he saw how Pavel's eyes lit up, he smiled.

Everyone was asleep in the big house. Raya whispered uneasily in her sleep. She came home very late these days, and was always cold and weary when she came in. She had little time for Pavel. The deeper she was drawn into her work, the rarer became her free evenings. Pavel remembered Versenyev's words:

"If a Bolshevik's wife is a Party comrade, then they seldom see each other. There are two advantages in this: they don't get tired of one another and they've no time to quarrel."

Eighteen months of indescribable suffering went by. At the hospital in Moscow, Professor Auerbach told Pavel, without hedging, that there was absolutely no chance of his regaining his sight. At some not very definite date, when the inflammation process had ceased, the surgeons might perhaps attempt an operation on the pupils. Meantime, to reduce the inflammation they advised an operation. Before beginning this they asked Pavel's consent. He gave permission for the doctors to do as they thought fit with him. Three times the black wings of death brushed him during the hours he spent on the operating table, while the lancets picked his neck to pieces. But Korchagin's grip on life was hard to loosen. After all those frightful hours of expectation, Raya found her friend deadly pale but alive, and as calm and kindly as ever.

"Don't worry, little girl, it's not so easy to kill me as all that. I'm going to hang on and caper about for long enough yet in defiance of these learned doctors. They're quite right about my health but they're making a great mistake in trying to classify me with the totally disabled. We'll see about that."

Winter was over, and now spring had come, people were opening the double window frames that had shut out the winter cold. After the last operation, Korchagin realized that he could remain no longer in the hospital. To live so many months surrounded by human suffering, hearing nothing but the groaning and waiting of the doomed, was infinitely harder than to bear his own sufferings.

When he was asked if he would submit to another operation, he replied coldly and sharply:

"No. That's enough. I've given part of my blood for science and I need what's left of it for something different."

One day Bayanova, who had been sent up to the city on business came to see him. They had a long talk, and Pavel told her enthusiastically of the way he hoped to return in the near future to the ranks of the fighters.

Bayanova noticed that his hair was touched at the temples with grey, and said softly:

"I can see you've gone through a great deal. But still you haven't lost your undying enthusiasm. What else do you want? It's a good thing you've resolved to start the work for which you've been preparing for five years. But how will you set about it?"

Pavel smiled soothingly.

"Tomorrow I'm getting a stencil cut out of cardboard. Without it I can't write. The lines slide into one another. I've been searching for a way out of this difficulty for a long time, and now I've found it. The strips cut out of cardboard won't allow my pencil to slip off the straight line. To write without seeing what you're writing is difficult, of course, but not impossible. I'm convinced of that. For a long time I made a mess of it but now I've begun to write much more slowly and form every letter carefully, and the result is fairly legible."

So Pavel began to work.

He had decided to write a story about Kotovski's heroic division. The title came of itself "The Storm Born."

From that day onwards he put his whole heart into writing his book. Slowly, line by line, the pages were born. He forgot everything else, absorbed in the images he was creating. He endured all the torments of creation, when the vivid, unforgettable pictures proved untransferable to paper, and the written lines turned out pale, lacking in fire and passion.

All that he had written he tried to remember word for word. If he happened to lose the thread of his story he could not go on. His mother watched her son in dread.

He frequently had to memorize whole pages, and sometimes even chapters. At times it seemed to his mother as if he was going mad. While he was writing she did not dare to go up to him. Only afterwards, as she stooped to gather up the pages that had slipped to the floor, did she say timidly:

"You ought to try doing something else, Pavlusha. Who ever heard of such a thing as this writing, writing without end. . . ."

He laughed heartily at her alarm and assured the old woman that "he hadn't quite gone off his nut yet."

Three chapters of the book were completed. Pavel sent them to Odessa, to some old pals from Kotovski's regiment. Soon he received a letter from them in which they expressed their approval of the story. On the way the manuscript, however, was lost in the post. Six months' labor was thus irrevocably lost. It was a great blow to him. He repented bitterly of having sent the original manuscript and not having left himself a copy.

The Alexeiev family lived on the same floor with them. The eldest son, Alexander, was the secretary of one of the Komsomol committees. His sister, Galya, had just graduated from a factory school and was a lively girl of eighteen. Pavel commissioned his mother to talk to Galya and ask her if she

would agree to act as his "secretary." Galya was delighted. She came in cheerful and smiling and, on hearing that Pavel was writing a story, said:

"I'll be very pleased to help you, Comrade Korchagin. It won't be like writing dull notices for Father about keeping the flat clean and tidy."

From that day onwards the literary work made great progress. Pavel was astonished to see how much he could get done in a month. Galya took a lively interest in the work and helped him a great deal. Her pencil rustled softly as it sped over the paper. Whenever she came to a part that she particularly liked she would read it over and over, taking a sincere pleasure in his success. She was almost the only person in the house who believed in Pavel's work; it did not seem to the rest as if anything much would come of it, they thought he was simply trying to while away the tedious hours of enforced idleness.

At times, when Pavel was silent thinking, under the spell of memories, she observed his lashes trembling, and his eyes change as they reflected his changing thoughts, and it was hard to believe he could not see, for there was life in the clear pupils.

When she finished she would read over what they had written that day. Sometimes she saw his brows knit as he listened with strained attention.

"What are you frowning over, Comrade Korchagin? It's well written, isn't it?"

And often she would receive the reply:

"No, Galya, it's no good."

Afterwards he would begin to rewrite the unsatisfactory pages all over again. Sometimes the narrow ridges of the stencil irritated him: he would fling it aside, and rage against the life that had robbed him of his sight, and break his pencils, and bite his lips till the blood came.

As the work drew near its conclusion suppressed feelings would break out more and more frequently.

Raya came home late of an evening from the factory and after exchanging a few words with Maria Yakovlevna in an undertone, went to bed.

The last chapter was completed and Galya read it to Korchagin for several days running.

Next day the manuscript was sent to the culture department of the Regional Party Committee in Leningrad. If the book was received, if it was properly launched, it would be given to the publishers, and then. . . .

His heart throbbed. Then—it might mean the beginning of a new life, a life won by years of steady, persistent labor.

Upon the book's destiny depended Pavel's own destiny. If the manuscript was rejected, then the last long twilight would descend upon him forever.

If, on the other hand, it had only a partial success and could be improved upon, he would begin a fresh attack.

His mother took the heavy parcel to the post. Then came a period of tense expectation. Never before had Korchagin awaited letters with such feverish impatience as during these few weeks. He lived from the morning post until the evening. But Leningrad was silent.

The silence of the publishers became threatening at last. Every day the presentiment of defeat grew stronger and Korchagin admitted to himself that if his book was unconditionally rejected, it would mean the end for him; there would be nothing left to live for.

At moments like these he asked himself:

"Have you done everything possible to break free from the iron ring that holds you like a vice, in order to return to life and make it useful?"

This time he could reply:

"Yes, everything!"

Many days later when the strain had become unbearable, his mother, who was no less anxious than her son about it, came running into the room with a cry of:

"News from Leningrad!"

It was a telegram from the Regional Party Committee. A few words on a form: "Your story warmly approved of. Going to the printers shortly. Congratulations on your victory!"

His heart beat faster. So it had come true at last! He had burst through the iron ring that had bound him and armed with a new and powerful weapon, was going into action and into life once more.

Translated from the Russian by Anthony Wixley

Anna Seghers

They Are Coming!

From Der Weg durch den Februar *a Book on the Vienna Uprising*

Willaschek sat up and looked around him in confusion. Holzer's kitchen glistened white. From the window and the hearth, like tiny pinpoints of light, came the twinkle of polished brass. A kettle was singing on the fire. From the oven came the smell of some unknown dish. On the table was a cup with two lumps of sugar in the saucer. A roll of bread, cut in two and spread with plum jam, lay there on a plate. Over the back of the chair hung his old jacket; it looked different somehow. Never in his life had Willaschek awakened in a room like this before. He lowered his feet to the floor. He searched for his shoes. He did not grasp at once that they were his; they were mended with stitches, they had laces instead of string, they were polished to a shine. On the chair, beside his jacket, lay a neatly folded towel, with the letter H embroidered on it in red. Willaschek let down his shirt over his hips. He turned on the tap, which glistened bright in his soiled hand. He stood for a moment with the little cake of soap poised in his hand. He rubbed his skin warily with the towel. Why had he not left his shirt lying beside his jacket the night before? Now it was all stiff with dried sweat between the fresh skin and the well-brushed jacket. Willaschek hung the damp towel on the poker by the fireside. His father, too, must once have felt just the same. All at once his heart contracted. For the first time in his life he felt a longing to see the man who bore the guilt of bringing him into the world. His thoughts running off at a tangent, he wondered whether it would be all right for him to pour out coffee and take a bite at the roll, and he thought: If he hasn't croaked yet, maybe, father's still coming every year for the harvest in this country—along with the Slovenian harvest hands, undercutting the wage-rates. Through the half-open door he heard two women's voices: "You really ought to have a talk with your husband, Frau Holzer. Did he show you the paper from the management, Frau Holzer?" "Why, what sort of paper was that?" "There, now—he probably never showed it you at all. They wrote there, you see, that every railwayman should keep his eyes open and watch out what he did, and didn't ought to expect any mercy from the management, 'cause anyone who starts trouble's going to be fired right off the bat. Your husband, Frau Holzer—don't take it amiss now, what I'm saying—he's one of the hot-heads in our union, driving all our men wild, he is. Do try and make him listen to reason."

One could hear the sound of pillows being shaken up. Willaschek made up his mind to lift the coffee-pot out of the saucepan. All at once he felt homesick for Gruschnick's kitchen. Perhaps Gruschnick was even waiting, waiting for him, Willaschek, now three streets away. A clear voice rang out in the next room: "I don't meddle with his affairs—that's my rule in life as a married woman."

"Look out, Frau Holzer. Your husband's been pensioned off, I know, but he can have his pension taken away again."

Frau Holzer said: "There's not such a heap of difference between a pension and the dole. And then our boy doesn't get anything as it is, because of his

father drawing a pension. I'm not going to talk my husband into doing anything he's disinclined for, just because of three shillings a week."

"*Ach*, Frau Holzer, three shillings one week and three shillings the next makes six shillings, and that sometimes makes just the difference in the way you live."

The two women came into the kitchen. Willaschek recognized the one who had spoken last as Steffi's mother. She was short and stout, with ear-rings and eyes like a magpie's. Willaschek had forgotten all about Steffi. The two of them looked at him, Steffi's mother evidently not recognizing who it was.

Frau Holzer said kindly: "You slept so well that I hadn't the heart to wake you." Steffi's mother said as they went out: "It smells of pastry in your kitchen Frau Holzer."

Willaschek heard her voice coming from the entrance hall: "Yesterday Steffi made us some puff-paste, so thin you could have read the advertisements in the *Volkstimme* through it. She always adds a tablespoonful of butter-milk to make it rise."

Frau Holzer came back. "Why don't you eat up your roll, Willaschek. Why, it must be midday almost. Where can those two have gone, I wonder?" Her eyes, wreathed with tiny wrinkles, were young. Despite her white hair she was wearing a brightly colored dress. Willaschek folded the two halves together and took a bite at the roll. But what good all this to him? What good did it do his ten years' hunger to be appeased for one moment? What good did it do his heart to be received for one night as a guest? He turned towards the window. His shoulders were already hunched together, as if he felt the rain beating upon them. He called out: "They're coming."

Frau Holzer had the table laid before her husband and son were up the stairs. Young Holzer flung open the door: "General strike!" Old Holzer said: "Yes, mother, that's what it is." Father and son both at once began telling the news to Frau Holzer; her cheeks were all flushed, she looked young. They embraced each other. Willaschek had turned pale. He wanted to ask something, his lips twitched. Young Holzer said: "Wallisch has left for Bruck. When he went to Graz, he promised the Bruck folk that he'd come back there when things got serious." Frau Holzer asked: "Are the trains running then?" "Why, Wallisch has gone by car, mother. . . . No, we can't stop to eat now, mother—cut up the pastry, butter some bread, make parcels for us."

"Why, what's the matter?" "Why, we've got to go, mother. . . Catch hold, nipper." They pulled away the table from the bench, then the bench from the wall. Old Holzer took a hammer; he knocked it against the plaster, in the place where the bench had been. The long package, wrapped around in sacking and dusty with mortar—never would Frau Holzer have believed that anything in this kitchen could escape her. It seemed to her as though all her happy life with son and husband had been secretely shared with a fourth being. Old Holzer said: "You come along too, nipper. Another rifle's due to us, since I'm bringing them this one."

No one paid any attention to Willaschek. His teeth were bared, as if he wanted to bite. Frau Holzer said: "Is the nipper going too then?" She did not cry, her cheeks were two glowing circles of red. She had at once begun wrapping up the food in parcels with deft hands—two parcels of food. Father and son kissed her on the lips. Willaschek followed the two Holzers out. The chance of getting a rifle in his hands now occupied all his thoughts.

Keeping close behind the two Holzers, Willaschek succeeded in getting into

the cooperative without much difficulty. But he did not get a rifle. Old Holzer obtained one for his son with a couple of words. Willaschek was passed over as if he were not standing in the line at all. The man standing behind him stepped into his place at once. Willaschek drew back his lips still further; his teeth were bared still more ravenously. For a few minutes he forgot his grief—though it was the greatest he had ever felt—when Franz Postl began addressing the *Schutzbund* members. The workers' government, said Postl, had now seized power in the state—the hour had come—everyone must fight, obey the orders of the leaders implicitly—every state official who surrendered was to be taken prisoner, but those who resisted must be killed. This was that same Postl who had once stood on the steps of the Labour Home and made game of Willaschek. But Willaschek had forgotten that too. He even forgot that he had not been given a rifle, he forgot that he did not belong to Holzer's detachment at all. Holzer, his son and an old man named Weber received orders to go down the Burgmayer-Strasse in a patrol of three. Willaschek ran after them, as though he had been ordered to go too.

The three men strode off fast, in silence. Old Weber had a hard time of it keeping pace with the others. Willaschek's teeth were clenched. He had grown calm, for the sole thought in his mind now was that he must stick in with the rest. And this thought made him forget his grief. Behind the flat rusty roofs of the railway repair shops, the windows of the Schorre-Strasse peeped out—tiny, curtained. This street they were charged to patrol was asphalted only in the middle; on either side was soft earth, damp with rain. Old Holzer and young Holzer, old Weber, all three of them looked with startled eyes at the green fences, the bare dripping bushes, the corrugated iron roofs, the windows of the Schorre-Strasse; it was as if they were boys on their way to school for the first time—everything looked new, ominously real. Ominous, too, were those foot-prints before them, in the damp earth at the roadside by the fence; somehow it seemed astonishing that anyone should have gone this way before them. Willaschek had once again bared his teeth. It was he who first said "Halt!" The three men stopped. They all gave a start, because they had not noticed that Willaschek was following them. Probably each one of them had seen for himself the man under the arch of the railway bridge, before Willaschek said "Halt!" But not until now, when standing still, did they realize what Willaschek meant. The man was not merely a man; he was a guard, with uniform and rifle. Young Holzer looked at his father. He saw his father's face grow perplexed. Old Holzer looked at Weber, whose beard was twitching. Willaschek said: "Now we must challenge the guard." All three of them looked at his face now. Nothing on earth was so clear as Willaschek's gaze. It no longer resembled his former self. Evidently, he was the man who knew his way about in this wilderness of reality. Young Holzer said: "Yes, we must challenge him."

They advanced another five yards, four abreast. The guard, who had perhaps spent the whole morning dully contemplating the opposite wall of the arch, was all at once on the alert, his rifle at the ready. He shouted: "Halt!" Though the four men did nothing but stand still, the guard made no further move. He, too, was obviously unsure what to do; he, too, was perhaps hesitant to obey the law of this street. He gave the four time to consult. Old Weber said: "What are we to do now?" Willaschek said: "We must do as Postl said. He's a state official, isn't he?" Old Holzer said: "Sure he is. Call out to him." "You call!" Willaschek said: "You call!" Young Holzer shouted: "Surrender!"

They gripped their rifles. The gendarme fired, but the shot went wide, missing Weber's right leg and striking the fence. Willaschek said: "Shoot! We've got to now!" All three shot. The gendarme stepped out from under the arch, into the light, by the roadside. Not abruptly, but gently and slowly the gendarme sank down on his left knee. As he did so, he put his left arm around the pickets of the fence. He was hit, perhaps only grazed. The four advanced irresolutely. Now they were only about fifteen paces from him. They not only recognized the man, they knew him. Old Holzer shouted: "Surrender!" The man drew back his arm from the fence. He made a motion to raise his rifle. Willaschek said: "Shoot!" He seized the rifle from old Weber's hands, he shot. The gendarme rolled over on his stomach. Willaschek came a little closer. He shot once more. Then all four of them ran forward over the damp earth of the fence. He was hit, perhaps only grazed. The four advanced irresolutely, crouching posture. Old Holzer said: "He's dead, Willaschek." Willaschek said calmly and seriously: "Surely he's dead." He added: "Now we must take his rifle and bullets." They took his rifle and bullets. Old Weber carried the dead man's rifle, Willaschek Weber's rifle. They went through the railway bridge as far as the cross-roads, for they had been ordered to patrol the whole street. They encountered no one else, nothing. All at once firing broke out, not very far away, behind the houses of the Schorre Strasse. They quickened their steps, as though a weight were taken off their minds. Willaschek was a pace ahead of the rest. He heard old Holzer behind him say: "Now they're attacking the gendarmes."

When a battery of Federal Army artillery advanced against Sandleiten, three members of the *Schutzbund* entered the apartment of the Kamptschik family, pushed aside the bewildered Frau Kamptschik and, without paying heed to her furious questions, strode quickly through the kitchen, the parlour and the bedroom. They flung open all the windows, and went back to the staircase, up which their companions were just dragging a machine-gun.

After the outbreak of the general strike, with the closing of the workshop where Frau Kamptschik's husband had been fortunate enough to find employment as an auto repairman ever since the war, he had not come home but gone to live with his parents. He had often told his wife that under such circumstances she should at once come and join him there, bringing the child with her. She could reach her mother-in-law's house comfortably in half-an-hour, going on foot with the baby-carriage. But, whether because she could not stand her mother-in-law's company, or else because she was extraordinarily attached to this apartment of hers, young Frau Kamptschik had waited on until it was now too late for her to leave the building with the child. This eighteen-months-old baby, a healthy child if rather too fat, was now sitting in his varnished high chair, holding a mangled roll of bread in one hand and a rubber dog in the other. When the *Schutzbund* members burst in, the child's face had puckered up as if he were going to cry; but his mother quickly soothed him by showing him how to feed the rubber dog with morsels of bread. The fat good-natured child continued playing this game, meanwhile watching with delight how the *Schutzbund* members unhinged the doors and carried ammunition cases, cans, rifles and finally the machine-gun itself from the landing into the kitchen.

Since Frau Kamptschik had moved into this apartment, she had hardly let

a day pass without adding some beautifying touch to her kitchen and her two little rooms. The tiled floor was scrubbed and polished, the embroidered antimacassar was carefully smoothed, even the white curtains in the kitchen were gathered up in tucks. The last thing she had done for her apartment was to varnish two boards, one for the parlour, one for the kitchen; these boards were for the flower-pots, which were placed outside the window in summertime.

When the Kampschiks moved into the new apartment house, in which most of the flats were assigned to old party members, many people who knew the auto repairman Kamptschik had had some hard things to say. Kamptschik seldom put in an appearance at party meetings and demonstrations; on the other hand, he always paid his dues regularly and would often contribute money to special funds. His comrades concluded that this form of membership, which gave the Kamptschiks a nice cheap flat in exchange for their money, was the most profitable one for them. The women neighbors sometimes talked angrily among themselves about Frau Kamptschik, because she was just a bit too dressy and anxious to please. The men liked meeting her on the stairs, and were pleased when they could make her laugh by some joke or other; at such times her fresh regular features looked even prettier than usual.

One of the *Schutzbund* members shoved Frau Kamptschik against the wall with his elbow. She set up a loud wail, but the man turned on her quick as lightning, raising his hand as though to strike her on the mouth. She gasped for breath. She stared in horror at the floor, at the tiles which she used to scrub clean after every meal, going down on her knees. "You should be able to take your meals off the kitchen floor," her mother-in-law had said when she first came to visit her, two years ago. And she had eyed her daughter-in-law's rather untidy dress as she spoke. She had long since wrung from her son the information that Therese, since her fourteenth year had been employed in various restaurants as dish-washer, or, when she was lucky, as assistant waitress—one with an all too comely face, unfortunately, and an obliging smile for all customers. Those six months which the newly-married Therese had lived with her mother-in-law's family had been quite enough to dampen her rapturous delight at being the only one of four sisters to find a steady man who was prepared to marry her. She had learned there what it means to marry into a respectable family. Her joy at being married did not reach its former pitch until the day when her mother-in-law first came to visit her up here in Sandleiten. On that day she had seen her mother-in-law's eyes open wide as if in fear, and it seemed to her then that she could see all her possessions—the bed rug, the carpet, the crockery, the baby's table and chair, the kitchen furniture, the lace curtains, the sofa, the cushions—all reflected with minute exactitude in those two gleaming terror-stricken eyes. All those years she had been splashing greasy dishwater over hundreds of thousands of gold and blue rimmed cups. These twelve teacups on her dresser were her own property.

A *Schutzbund* member, his teeth clenched, was carrying a heavy case into the kitchen. He knocked it against the white varnish of the kitchen dresser. Frau Kamptschik stared at the scar in the varnish. Then her glance fell on the tiles again. They were not only dirty, they were cracked open. Someone burst in from the landing. He shouted: "They're coming! Hurry up!" A *Schutzbund* member, who had gone into the parlour, said something to his comrade—something Frau Kamptschik did not understand. They went twice back and forth from the parlour to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the par-

lour, and decided that the machine-gun must be put in the parlour. Frau Kamptschik caught up her child from his chair. The idea suddenly crossed her mind that she must run away, look for her husband. Then she glanced through the parlour door. The plush of the sofa was slit open as though a knife had been run through it. This ravenous raging dog, which these men had driven into her flat of all places, had bitten off the corner of the sideboard. A chair had been overturned. One of the men had crumpled the big green embroidered cushion in his hands. The big tin can stood there on the carpet in a pool of moisture. Two men were just beginning to haul in another case from the kitchen. Frau Kamptschik could not desert her home. She put back the child in his baby-chair. She stepped onto the threshold of her parlour. She shouted: "That's enough now." One of the *Schutzbund* members turned round and said: "Get out of here, Frau Kamptschik." Frau Kamptschik shouted: "You get out yourselves!" She caught sight of the rent in the carpet. She suddenly stamped her foot, as she used to do in the old days. She shouted: "No! No! No!" All at once the baby set up a howl. A *Schutzbund* member had come into the kitchen from the landing; he had moved the high chair out of the way, and the rubber dog had bounced down on the floor. Frau Kamptschik ran to the child. The whole kitchen was full of boxes and strange things. All this, however—from the moment when the first *Schutzbund* member had entered to the moment when the baby started howling because his rubber dog had fallen down—lasted only a little time, less than five minutes. The same voice shouted again, yelled wildly, mad with pent-up excitement: "They're coming! They're coming!" As she bent to pick up the rubber dog, Frau Kamptschik heard the deep calm voice from the parlour answer: "Ready!" She stamped her foot again. She shouted: "Get out! Get out!" Her thoughts could no longer keep pace with what was happening, because everything was jumbled together as in a dream, without any logical sequence—the voice that said "Ready," the voice that yelled "They're coming," her own voice shouting "Get out," the gleaming raging beast that ate up her furniture and her carpets, the little rubber dog between the legs of the chair. She wanted to go on stamping, her foot felt heavy as lead, she wanted to burst into tears, but this was obviously not the sort of time when tears flowed from one's eyes in dreams. But in her dream she ran into the parlour. She shouted: "Get out! Get out!" And then it occurred to her in the midst of her dream that her husband had said: "We must keep in with these people in the house," and that he had said of such and such persons: "They can be trusted absolutely." She was suddenly afraid she had not taken enough pains to keep in with these men who were to be trusted absolutely. At this moment the *Schutzbund* member who was kneeling on the carpet beside an ammunition case turned his young face contemptuously towards her, so slowly that you might think he had all the time in the world on his hands. He said, so clearly that he seemed to have all the clearness in the world at his command: "Get her out of here." The *Schutzbund* member who was just dragging his second ammunition case over the threshold—for only a few seconds had passed—said: "She's just like her husband." The one who was kneeling on the carpet said: "The child will be just the same." Frau Kamptschik laid the rubber dog on the high chair. She gave the baby a slap. The baby set up a howl. She clapped her hand over the baby's mouth. She stepped back onto the parlour threshold, erect now, for this was the threshold between her kitchen and her parlour. The *Schutzbund* member had put down the second case on the carpet; he turned round to fetch the third one. He thrust Frau Kamptschik aside. He said: "Out you get now, Frau Kamptschik. The shooting's just going to begin." Frau

Kamptschik did not understand what he said. She was thinking so hard that her head seemed on fire. Suddenly she thought of her husband, who had told her to come and join him, bringing the child with her. She stood pondering what the men had meant, but she pondered with furious speed, as though her very life depended on instantly probing down to the real reason. Once again she was standing on the threshold. The floor and the carpet were smeared with some kind of oil. The tablecloth was pulled off, the tub was knocked over. The man at the machine-gun was wiping his oily hands on the curtain. Frau Kamptschik held out her apron to him, bending forward as she did so, so as not to leave the threshold. Her husband had told her she must come and join him at once, bringing the child with her. He had not come at all, her husband was her husband, she was herself. The *Schutzbund* member had said she was just like her husband, and the baby was just like her. But she was herself, her husband was her husband, the baby was the baby. Once more everything was jumbled together as if in a dream—thoughts and things, sounds and colours, everything seen through the trellis-work of her blue striped apron. The man crumpled up the apron and threw it aside; he had squatted down on the floor. He shouted: "That won't do! Give us something quick there! Quick, quick!" The men shoved the carpet together into a ball with their boots and kicked it over past the sideboard to the machine-gun. They kicked over the cushions too. They looked round for something else. Frau Kamptschik threw them the leather cushions that lay on the kitchen bench. The *Schutzbund* member shouted: "More!" The voice from the landing rang out. "They're coming!" One could hear steps hurrying down the stairs. The five minutes had not yet elapsed. Steps could be heard running up the stairs. All faces, Frau Kamptschik's too, were turned towards the door. A *Schutzbund* member reported that the man with the flag of truce had come back, the answer had been No, the bombardment was about to start. The *Schutzbund* member, who had meanwhile hauled the third case into the parlour, opened the kitchen window with outstretched hand, wrapping his head in the curtain as he did so. Frau Kamptschik peeped out too. She beheld the might of the state. She had thought until now that her possessions were going to be smashed from within. But they were really threatened from without. In the parlour, the *Schutzbund* members were shouting: "More!" Frau Kamptschik ran into the room. The men were seizing hold of anything they could find. Frau Kamptschik threw them senseless things, bundles of dirty linen. All at once she rushed through the other door into her bedroom. She hauled in mattresses. They were just what was wanted. The lace-covered blankets got entangled with her feet. She ran back into the kitchen, she tore the child from his chair. The *Schutzbund* member in the doorway said: "The women and children have all left. Go down to the cellar, Frau Kamptschik." Frau Kamptschik said: "Aren't there any more women left up here?" The *Schutzbund* member in the doorway shouted: "Yes there are though." Fräulein Kempa, the municipal school teacher, was leading her old mother step by step down the stairs, her cheeks flushed as she spoke words of comfort to her. Frau Kamptschik held out the baby in her arms. He was dressed in white woolen baby-clothes which she had knitted herself—many tens of thousands of stitches. He was very like her husband. His ears were the same, his eyes, his hair. She had not let the baby out of her sight for a moment; her mother-in-law had wanted to have him sometimes, but she would not surrender him at any price. She had kept him by her side in his high chair or downstairs in the baby-carriage on one of the children's playgrounds. Whenever she had a spare minute during the day, she had knitted or sewn

something for this child of hers—dozens of little things, white and blue, for his fat little body. She had become pregnant while staying with her mother-in-law's family. She had counted the days and had her baby. A week or so before giving birth she had wanted to run away from there, everything had depressed her so—the endless scolding of her mother-in-law, her husband's way of good-naturedly shrugging his shoulders. She had told him to his face that she could get a job any day with her hands, that with her breasts and her face she could find a husband any time she wanted. Then she had grown calmer; she had shrugged her shoulders too, she had begun knitting these woolen baby-clothes. She put the baby in Fräulein Kempa's arms. The baby howled, but she did not mind. The men in the room had grown quiet now; each knew his place, each was frozen stiff, waiting tensely for the movement that the next instant would demand of him. The scars on the sideboard and the kitchen dresser were already things of the past, the tear in the carpet belonged there, the tub was designed to be tipped over, the parlour was the right place for the machinegun. Everything seemed to indicate that all this was not a dream, but real. Clear-headed and wide-awake now, Frau Kamptschik was thinking how her husband had always said the party was something that would benefit her and the child. He had also persuaded her to forbid her three sisters to come and visit them. The youngest of these sisters had gone to the bad, the second youngest helped with the housework at home, the third was a dressmaker and was walking out with a chauffeur. All three were a bit untidy, a bit loud and fast. That, however, was no reason for keeping her whole family at arm's length year in and year out. Her father had formerly worked as a porter for Kramer & Wenzel. He was now a shrunken little man who did not talk much. Her mother was still fat and garrulous. Her husband had not had a proper wedding, because he did not want to let his parents see hers. She didn't care about the wedding, she didn't care any more about all the trouble she had gone through. Maybe it would have been better if she had never married him at all. Maybe it would have been better if this child had never been born. She did not care about her new apartment, even though she had two rooms and a kitchen with a tiled floor. The game was not worth the candle. Let the carpet be torn, let the instalments they had paid be lost. let her husband sit and wait in his parents' home. He could fish his own stuff out of the ruins of the house.

The *Schutzbund* member at the window, who had wrapped his head in the curtain, made a simple and solemn movement with his free arm, like a station master signalling for the train to start. To the *Schutzbund* members in Frau Kamptschik's parlour it seemed as though he had given the command for the firing of the guns, which burst out the next instant, making the Sandleiten building tremble. Frau Kamptschik, however, was much more terrified by the dry ceaseless rattle in her parlour, which sounded like the furious answer of the rough masonry, causing the plaster to fall down and the glasses and flowerpots to dance in terror.

At first she crouched down in a corner of the room, overcome with fear. During the next half-hour, however, she got used to it, the tears no longer streamed over her cheeks of their own accord, but were choked back, she listened to the words of the *Schutzbund* members, gradually came to understand their gestures, and lent a hand herself as best she could. As time passed, not only Sandleiten, but all Ottakring, too, boomed and trembled. She had soon given the *Schutzbund* members in her flat all she could find to eat there, she had boiled coffee and borne it round in pots to all the apartments where *Schutzbund* members were stationed.

It was not only the blooming chestnut tree outside, it was the evening itself that seemed to cast its final shadow through the window. With a peevish look on his face, the old man struck the matches as though he were going to warm up his evening soup on the gas. For the last time on this day the two candles glimmered on either hand of the crucifix as a witness was sworn in.

"I swear. . . ."

"I swear. . . ."

She was witness for the public prosecutor, forty-five years old, Elise Niddelmeier, married, born in Graz. For Willaschek, sitting there in the dock, she was Steffi's mother. The audience, men and women from Graz and Eggeberg, stood up in their places and knit their brows as they eyed this woman's dark-blue jacket, her bun of hair, her summer hat. Frau Niddelmeier eyed the dry, somewhat cracked lips of the gold-toothed mouth that spoke the words of the oath for her to repeat. Willaschek eyed her face; its equanimity dismayed him.

". . . by almighty god. . . ."

". . . by almighty god. . . ."

Frau Niddelmeier's eyes strayed from the mouth to the crucifix, which was as brightly polished as her door-latch at home. Her voice and manner were calm, as though she had long enjoyed rightful possession of absolute security. Standing up in their places, the audience were pondering with knit brows what could have induced this woman to volunteer her services as a witness. Her father had been a railwayman, her husband had been a foreman in the railway repair shops before they were closed down.

". . . that I will speak nothing but the truth. . . ."

". . . that I will speak nothing but the truth. . . ."

It was not the name of god, it was the one clear ringing syllable of the word "truth" that seemed to prick like a needle into the wrinkled brows of the listeners, overwearied by the long proceedings. Willaschek's eyes lit up, the listeners straightened their backs. Frau Niddelmeier blinked. For one instant the small polished crucifix took on the repulsive aspect of a naked dying man with distended thorax and pierced thigh.

"So help me god. . . ."

"So help me god. . . ."

The old man put out the candles. Everyone sat down. All at once the evening twilight settled palpably over the hall. It explained, perhaps, the hesitation with which the president resumed the proceedings, although the court had agreed to finish the hearing that day. Through the window, between the heads of the jurymen, Willaschek saw the chestnut candles fade. His heart beat faster. The evening of all days had come.

Repelled by his counsel's face, Willaschek looked, with a half-motion as of one seeking help, towards the rows of benches where the audience sat. He knew them all. He caught sight of Frau Holzer. In her white hair, in her young face was a gleam of kindness and of pity, but not for him. Her husband and son were sitting beside him in the dock. He had twice encountered old Holzer's helpless glance. He looked at the girl at her side. Had she not, some time long, long ago, been standing in the snow at the top of a flight of steps, when Franz Postl made game of him? Was not this the second time she had seen him mocked? Most probably, to judge by the way she leaned her head on Frau Holzer's shoulder, she and young Holzer were sweethearts. All at once he sensed his full misery at a single point: never would he have a girl to love him.

"And so, Frau Niddelmeier, you were able to observe the scene we are discussing today from the kitchen window of your apartment?"

Frau Niddelmeier began, at first slowly, in the measured cadence of the oath, then more quickly, in her usual way of speaking; she kept turning her head at regular intervals, first towards the judges, then towards the jury: "From my kitchen window, your honour, I can really see everything. That is, only in winter of course. After April, to be sure, when the chestnuts begin to shoot, I can't see half as much. But in February—*mein Gott*, in February nothing can escape us. From our windows we can see right down as far as the Ferdinands-Platz. And to the right, down as far as the railway bridge."

"So you can see right down the Burgmayer-Strasse, Frau Niddelmeier?"

"The Burgmayer-Strasse! Why, I can even see over the embankment, your honour."

The girl's head leaned more heavily on Frau Holzer's shoulder. Frau Holzer herself seemed to age suddenly; her lips grew pale. Terror-stricken, she grasped the perilous significance of Frau Niddelmeier's pride in the panorama which her kitchen window commanded.

"So on the afternoon of Monday, February 12th, you were busy in your kitchen?"

"Yes. I was getting ready tea for my husband and my son-in-law—for my daughter Steffi's future husband, that is. My head was all in a whirl, I suppose, on account of all the things the men had been telling us. And just as I was cutting up a bit of apple pastry that was left over from dinner, I started thinking of Frau Holzer, because, you see, she and I'd been talking together about apple pastry that very morning. I thought to myself: what about those two menfolk of hers who've been talking so big of late? What sort of stand will they take when things really get serious? Well, talk of the devil and there he comes—I look out of the window and there I see the two Holzers coming down the Burgmayer-Strasse towards the railway bridge, really and truly, with cartridge belts and rifles, and old Weber along with them and—I could hardly believe my eyes—this rascal, Willaschek."

Willaschek's counsel interposed, his voice sounding much too young and breaking as he shouted: "Stop, Frau Niddelmeier! Did all four of them have rifles?"

The president said: "But *lieber Herr Doktor*, that is beside the point, is it not? Willaschek himself gave us his evidence about all that long ago."

For the first time old Holzer turned towards Willaschek. Willaschek sat looking straight in front of him, staring at his gnarled fingers with their bitten nails. He could feel the old man's breath on his left cheek.

"Please go on, Frau Niddelmeier. So you could hardly believe your eyes when you saw the Holzers and Willaschek together. Why did this strike you as being so strange?"

"It struck me as strange because the Holzers, after all, are respectable folk, while Willaschek is a rogue. But then it occurred to me that Willaschek had slept the night at the Holzers' because Frau Holzer had said to him, 'I didn't have the heart to wake you up,' she said, and when I heard that, I thought to myself: 'When you're a member of a party like that, you have to talk friendly to one of his sort too.' "

"Stop, Frau Niddelmeier! That's something new. Let's have the truth of the matter at last. Willaschek slept at the Holzers', did he?"

"Willaschek! Stand up! Did you sleep at the Holzers'?"

Willaschek did not answer. His counsel touched him on the shoulder. He pushed his hand away. He would not let this slanderer wrench his jaws open a second time, not even with a chisel. The president said:

"Martin Holzer! Did Willaschek sleep in your parents' room?"

Young Holzer answered: "*Jawohl.*" He stood up straight and made a good impression on everybody.

Frau Niddelmeier continued: "I was just wondering where they were off to, when all four of them halted. Yes, and then the three that had rifles took aim. I didn't hardly have time to think about what they could be aiming at, before they fired."

"Did you see the gendarme before they fired at him?"

She put forward one foot, shod in a shiny black shoe. She had turned towards the jury again. Everyone in the hall felt that she could not be shaken in her evidence. She was indeed telling only what she had seen with her own eyes. She would not add anything untrue to her story. All the men and women in the audience realized that she would not leave anything out either. Everyone had grasped by now what it was that had impelled this woman to give evidence—the simplest of all reasons. It was for one of the jobs left vacant during February that she had cleaned her shoes, ironed her jacket, trimmed her summer hat. Had not her husband, had not Steffi's fiance tried to dissuade her then? In the back row sat Steffi with her coral ear-rings, in a white blouse and red-spotted taffeta skirt, between her father and her future husband. They listened to Frau Niddelmeier, well satisfied with her appearance, her clear speech, her good memory, her love of truth. Among all those present in the hall these four were the only ones who had not grasped why Frau Niddelmeier had come.

The counsel for defence called out: "How far away from the group was the gendarme lying on the ground?"

Frau Niddelmeier continued, with a certain contempt for the defence, with a certain awe of the jury: "About as far as from here to the door. . . . He was lying on his stomach. Then Willaschek seized old Weber's rifle from him, and fired at the gendarme."

"How many times?"

"Three times."

All eyes in the hall were turned on Willaschek. The latter stared straight in front of him. He had misinterpreted their looks. Most of them had not been favourably disposed towards him before, but now, when things began to look serious, they were all seized with anxiety on Willaschek's account.

"Three times? But I thought you said twice. And we found only two wounds from this rifle."

"Three times. The first time while he was standing with the others, and twice more when he came up close."

Willaschek made a movement. His counsel touched him on the shoulder again. This time Willaschek did not push away his hand, perhaps simply because he was glad to feel anyone's hand touching him. Twice or three times—it did not make much difference to his fate. Nevertheless, strange as it might seem, Frau Niddelmeier had made a mistake. Just this once, on a point of no importance, her memory had played her false. But why did she say three times? Why not once? What did she have against him? He had never known the woman. Perhaps Steffi had made fun of him at home. But he had never laid hand on the girl, hardly spoken to her even. He had only carried her basket for her now and then. If he ever got free again, he wanted to break into this woman's kitchen like a wolf, to throttle and bite her and her family, to stamp upon them. He broke off suddenly, exhausted by rage too great for his heart.

Frau Niddelmeier continued: "Then he went back to the others. He kept the rifle. Then all four of them went on."

Willaschek gasped for breath. He felt the rope around his neck. To be sure, his counsel had told him that the pope himself had forbidden hanging. But twelve years' jail for example—that was just as impossible to conceive. It did not strangle, it crushed. Even old Gruschnick had not come today; he had dropped him for good. He had ended by making a good bargain, after all. He remembered the little wooden cross between Gruschnick's curtained, rain-bespattered windows. Peace instead of deathly fear, pardon instead of justice. Willaschek put his thumb between his teeth and bit hard.

"How long was the gendarme left lying there?"

"After that, your honour, I ran into our parlour and called my husband. Then the street was empty, and the gendarme still lying there. We kept on looking out of the window. Then the shooting began, and we closed all the shutters. Later on, when we opened them again, it was all quite different. There were troops by the railway bridge, the gendarme had been carried away, and a little flag was tied to the fence at the place where he had lain."

"Let us briefly recapitulate what our last witness, Frau Niddelmeier, has just stated on oath. Please listen carefully, Frau Niddelmeier. From your kitchen window you saw the four accused with rifles in their hands, go down the Burgmayer-Strasse in the direction of the railway bridge. You saw the four of them halt. You saw them take aim. You saw the gendarme lying on the ground. You saw the accused Willaschek seize a rifle from the accused Weber, you saw him take aim and fire at the man lying on the ground. You saw him go nearer and fire twice more at the man as he lay on the ground. This was the gist of your evidence."

Willaschek raised his head. He had suddenly grown calm. He was filled with a sombre pride at the thought that he was lost for good and all. He looked round him. Vast and blue was the hall, high and white the ceiling. Never, since the last time he was in church, had he had such a blaze of light sparkling above him. All at once, for the first time since his arrest, he was shaken by a pang of memory, like homesickness; his heart cried in despair to be back in those February days, in those forlorn working-class quarters of unbroken courage and indomitable hope.

"Grey and gloomy was the day, and grey and gloomy on that day were the hearts of all right-thinking Austrian men and women. . . That which had long been warned, that which we had never quite thought possible, because we could not believe that a part of our Austrian body politic would be capable of such blindness and license, had come to pass. On a predetermined day throughout all Austria, adherents of the Social-Democratic Party, above all the Republican *Schutzbund,* obeying the call of ambitious and unscrupulous leaders no less than the dictates of their own blind passion, took up arms against their lawful government."

Willaschek shifted sideways in his seat, so as to get a better view of the public prosecutor. He looked past the backs of his three companions' heads; he saw Martin Holzer's light hair smoothly plastered down on the back of his head—just as if they were at school together. Then all four of them simultaneously drooped their heads forward. The public prosecutor, on the basis of the evidence given by twenty-three witnesses, was outlining each of their lives in turn, up to the moment of their arrest. From then on their lives had ceased. The jurymen sat staring at the four prisoners as though they had only just been led in.

"They were then given arms in the cellar of the cooperative building, after which Franz Postl, the prisoner who is coming up for trial next week, made a speech to them in which he said that the workers had seized power in the state, that the revolution had broken out."

"Yes, that's what we were told," thought Willaschek.

"We believed it too. We had been waiting for it year after year, day after day. Not a day passed without my thinking three times, four times of this. Not a day passed without one of us asking the other something about it. Every night I went to sleep beside Stefan Gruschnick and thought about it once again. I thought that my life, too, would all be changed then."

". . . Everyone who came in their way they must call upon to surrender or kill out of hand."

"He wants to set us against Franz Postl, as he set the Holzers against me. But he won't succeed—not so far as I'm concerned. Postl was right. All I wanted then was to get a rifle in my hands. The gendarme had refused to surrender, he was my enemy, and I wanted to see him dead for good and all. Postl was in earnest, and so was I, and that's why I'm sitting here today, and he tomorrow."

"Inconceivable misfortunes would have overwhelmed our fatherland—a Russian reign of terror, of which we had a foretaste in the July days of 1927."

"Russia. Yes that's what brought me to the Communist nucleus. I went in there, and eight of them were sitting around a table, and there was a picture of Lenin nailed up above the looking glass. But it wasn't like what I'd been expecting—no, not a bit. Niklas was sitting beneath the picture and he had a haughty look on his face, as though he'd rented the chair all for himself. Mittelexer was all right, but he was always running around and busy writing things and getting ready for meetings, and he had no time for me. And I couldn't ask Niklas anything because he despised me—as though it was my fault I didn't understand things and not his."

He felt his counsel's fingertips touching his two arms. He drew his arms forward and folded them across his chest. He sat up straight now. He was dead tired. His throat was dry, as if he had been speaking himself for hours on end. His heart now began to pound against his ribs, as though it felt itself imprisoned in this upright body which danger threatened.

"However unwilling we may be to show needless severity to fellow-citizens whom we regard merely as dupes led astray by their leaders, and who, we may assume, will in future obey the call to healthy and peaceful labour for the good of the community, we cannot spare those elements who are really so lazy or diseased that they endanger the better members, and who, therefore can only be cast out."

"He'll be through in a minute," said Willaschek to himself. "To hell with all of them."

". . . In view of these facts I move the following sentences:—

"Martin Holzer junior, whose youth we regard as an extenuating circumstance, further—the fact that his own father took him with him and instigated him, further—the fact that his complicity is doubtful—one year's imprisonment;

"Jakob Weber, in consideration of his advanced age and good character—two years' imprisonment;

"Martin Holzer senior, who, on the one hand, took his son with him and supposedly fired the first, not fatal shot, but who, on the other hand, is of good character and reputation—four years' imprisonment;

"Willaschek, who fired three shots, one of which caused death, at the already injured man as he lay on the ground—twelve years' imprisonment. . . ."

Effortlessly, without any perceptible jerk, the voice trailed away. But the tension was too great, too deep, to break off simultaneously with the voice. The stillness could now be felt in its full force. A woman was heard to sigh twice. Now the well in this blue and white court-room was seen as a vast empty space into which a bench with four men seated on it had been thrust. Old Holzer and his son drew closer together—the movement was scarcely perceptible but everyone detected it. Old Weber scratched his ear. Willaschek sat upright; he gave no sign. He could neither spit out nor swallow the spittle that gathered in his mouth. His counsel leaned forward and whispered to him: "That was only the motion, mind." Willaschek stretched himself, not in order to push away his counsel's hand, but because everyone had risen. It was the interval before the speeches of the defence. Willaschek felt the hard hand of the guard on his arm. The lights of the chandelier were dimmed to a flicker of grey, glimmering sheen. Willaschek could hear behind his back the rustle and whisper of the people leaving the hall. It was now clear to Willaschek that no voice from the audience had been raised on his behalf, against the prosecution. It was clear to him that he would get twelve years for certain. His pride forsook him now, and he cursed his life.

During the evening recess in the Graz law-courts the following occurred: As Willaschek was being led down the passage from the court, he felt someone quickly shake his hand. And he could feel something that was left behind in his hand. Involuntarily, he closed his fingers on it. He shoved the scrap of paper up his sleeve, he pressed his arm against his chest. He did not know whose hand had touched him; he could not have said whether it was a man's or a woman's.

He asked permission to relieve himself. In the toilet it was pitch dark. The heart-shaped opening in the door was covered by the back of the guard. Willaschek sweated with rage, he could make out nothing. At last the guard shifted an inch or two so that a chink of light came through the door.

The type in the first few lines was thick and smudged. Mittelexer and Niklas had been arrested before the leaflet was printed, and unskilled hands had proofed it up. Otherwise Willaschek would have found it easier to decipher the opening sentence: "Not everyone is a Dimitrov, but everyone can learn from him."

Then Willaschek ran his eyes over the next few lines: instructions telling the accused how to act in court. These instructions came too late for Willaschek. He grasped, however, that he was meant to hand them on to others. He hastily memorized everything.

At the bottom of the sheet the type was too faint; too little pressure had been applied when proofing it up. So it was a good thing that Willaschek recognized the last sentence from the first words: "The prisoners of today will be the judges of tomorrow."

Later, under the lights of the chandelier, Willaschek sat with unflinching gaze, one fist on either knee. He held himself upright, as though he had a mountainside to lean on. He had drawn back his lips from his teeth. With bared teeth he looked towards the jury box. He could expect no help from there; they were enemies to one another, and it was a good job he had grasped that. An elderly woman was seated there, with spectacles and a

brown dress. Now and then she glanced pityingly at young Holzer. She looked fat and kindly, like a mother. But she regarded Willaschek as though she had rather he had never been born.

There was a sound of rustling and creaking in the hall, until all the audience had taken their seats. Willaschek turned his face resolutely towards them. He felt it burn from their looks. There was no bond between him and them. All of them had realized by now that he had just been betrayed. They did not take their eyes off him, even when he turned his face away.

The lights of the chandelier were turned full on. Willaschek drew himself up; he looked calmly round him on all sides. A sparkling crystal glitter played over all benches and faces. It was his day today. All this light was for him. All had come on his account. Old Holzer sitting beside him understood nothing; he chewed his moustache and thought with dread about the sentence he would get. Black bats yawned behind the judge's seat.

Over Willaschek's defenceless shoulders, over the dock, over the whole well of the court between the dock and the jury box, fell the shadow of the man of whom the leaflet had reminded him. From henceforth he was to figure at all such trials till the end of our times.

Willaschek laid his hands over his face, but only to be able to reflect more calmly. This was not his end; it was his beginning. He seemed to feel Mittelexer's narrow eyes, cunning and well-satisfied, watching him as he made his start. Life quickened its pulse all around him.

Willaschek was not excited when his own counsel, in his thin young voice, began his speech after the other two counsels for defence. He had realized by now that the three lawyers had bartered him among themselves, for, after all, a man had been killed. Willaschek was just the man: no one would grieve for him, he had no wife, no bride, no mother, he had no following Now, too, he had ceased to hope for any outcry from the audience. All these men and women must have relatives of their own involved in the case. Today, all of them were still intimidated by the prosecutions, uncertain of the future. It was not up to them to speak out, it was up to him, who had no relatives and nothing to lose. He had let slip the moment when the prisoner receives his last chance to speak. He had let himself be persuaded by this counsel of his, who had warned him not to damage his case any further. Now nobody could stop him from shouting out something loud before he was led back to the cell. His face buried in his hands, he tried to think what to shout. It must be loud and sharp. He took away his hands from his face. The jury box was empty. The jury had retired to consult. He was not afraid, even if he had to do twelve years. He was young; he would still be young then. He looked calmly towards the audience. They should soon hear him. They will not forget him. And he will be happy one day, too. Some girl or other, dark or light haired, whose face he does not yet know, will grow up in the meantime, just as pretty as this girl beside Frau Holzer. He will meet her one day, and they will be man and wife.

His counsel bent forward and whispered to him: "Don't you worry, we'll lodge an appeal." The jury came back, led by the spectacled woman in the brown dress. All rose to hear the verdict :"Martin Holzer—one year, Weber, —two years, old Holzer—four years, Willaschek—twelve years." Everyone remained standing, as though the expectation of something unknown prevented them from sitting down or simply dispersing. Willaschek's heart beat furiously, nothing else had come into his head, he said: "We shall be the judges of tomorrow." His voice was hoarse, hard to understand. Only the fore-

most rows could hear what he said; the others asked on the stairs and in the street and on the next day too: "What did Willaschek say?"

Restive and uneasy, the people gathered under the chestnut trees outside. They thronged around Frau Holtzer and Martin's girl. Finally, the crowd was dispersed. Some grew wild with rage all of a sudden and cursed.

Willaschek walked down the passage with a guard on either side of him. He was angry with himself for not having shouted loud enough. Apart from that he was calm. At this moment the sentence did not weigh on his shoulders. Perhaps at many times in the future, perhaps this very night, his heart would be shaken by a new fit of despair. But now he was glad. Calm and imperturbable, as the strongest go through life, he went from the court-room door to the steps outside. Now they are standing about under the chestnuts, now they throng around Frau Holzer and Martin's girl. They think of their dear ones on the way home, at supper and on the next day at work. He knows his own, and his own know him.

Translated from the German by H. Scott

Lan-chi

The End of Wang Po-pi

Lan-chi is one of the young revolutionary writers of China. "The End of Wang-Po-pi," is one of her earlier stories.

Lan-chi has fought as a Chinese Red Partisan, member of a woman's fighting company which was often victorious against Kuomintang regular forces.

Lan-chi now devotes herself entirely to writing. Her stories appear in Chinese magazines and she is at work on a novel.—Editors.

"Quick march!" As the order rang out, the twelve women attached to the propaganda department and twenty men from the special company marched away.

All was still. In the eastern sky a streak of red dawn appeared. The sun would rise soon—in an hour's time. And before that hour was up the detachment had to reach a point where three roads converged. Such were the chief's orders. The men and women marched on in silence. But each one was, no doubt, thinking to himself: "Before the hour is up a great deed will have been done and I shall have taken part in it." As yet, however, none knew what this part would be.

Hsiao-chia was always in a hurry. She kept treading on the heels of the comrades ahead of her. They turned and scolded her, but Hsiao-chia only laughed. She was a thin, lively girl, not very tall. Her sunburnt face was covered with grey-white dust, but her teeth were as white as the first winter snow and as even and smooth as the shining river on a clear, still day. Her eyes were black and reminded one of two great drops of soy. A military can decorated with a small red star was crushed down on her black hair.

"Where are we all going, with these comrades from the village of Tai-Ping," Hsiao-chia was thinking. "The commander told us nothing and no matter how hard I tried to get an idea of his plans, nothing came of it. I want to know exactly what kind of work I'm to do. Why didn't we take our red banner with us? We never went out before on propaganda work in the villages without our banner. Evidently we're not going to do propaganda today, but something quite different. What can it be?"

The road was muddy and full of hollows after the torrential rains. The hollows were covered with a thin, treacherous grey crust, beneath which pools of liquid mud remained. When anyone stumbled into a pit, it spouted a fountain of stinking yellow liquid and splashed the unlucky pedestrian from head to foot.

"What a devil of a read!" Ho-yui exclaimed.

Ho-yui seldom swore; she was much quieter and had more self control than Hsiao-chia. She would not have sworn now, but since her poor feet had been crippled under the old system of binding, she found the rough road very trying. Yet she showed no traces of distress or irritation. So far no one could reproach Ho-yui with not being able to walk far or do her work properly. No one could say to her: "This work is not for you, Ho-yui," or "You'll never be able to stand that march."

The little company tramped along the dusty road. The wind dropped. From behind the green hills the sun rose and mounted slowly into the blue sky. The day grew hotter. Beads of perspiration appeared on the faces of

the marchers and even Ho-yui's dark face grew noticeably redder. At length the order to halt rang out and a rest was called.

Under the shade of a drooping willow sat the commander of the special detachment, the commander of the women's group and Lao-chang the guide. The chief was holding a piece of paper, upon which he was tracing something with his pencil. The woman commander was watching his movements with the greatest attention and from time to time made some remark.

Lao-chang was lounging against the tree, puffing at his long pipe and emitting short remarks together with the smoke.

"If we can't do it today, then. . . ."

"What is it you're muttering about, Comrade Chang?" said the chief, smiling. "Come and sit down here, nearer to us and we'll decide the matter together."

Without removing the pipe from his mouth, Lao-chang rose in his usual dignified manner and sat down near the commanders.

"So this is where the three roads converge, is it?" inquired the chief of the special detachment.

"Yes, this is the place." the guide answered. "Can you see over there—some squat little houses that look like hayricks? That's the village of Tai-Ping. That's where Wang Po-pi lives. And if we keep to the left along the foot path, and skirt the river Chou-Shuipho, that runs through those parts, we shall come out by the village of Chen-Tsiao-Chuan."

"Oh yes, that's where they have their nests, isn't it?" the chief exclaimed.

Lao-chang drew at his pipe, emitted a curl of acrid smoke and, without taking the pipe out of his mouth, remarked:

"That's true. Their nest lies there. Only, in my opinion, the ring leader and the most dangerous of them all is Wang Po-pi."

"Oh, it's easy to see you've got a grudge against him," said the chief, smiling. "You can't let fifteen minutes pass without mentioning the blackguard."

And as he replied to the chief, Lao-chang was answering his own thoughts.

"The old bastard never did anything to me," he said disparagingly, "but he has done the peasants so much harm my tongue cannot utter one good word of him, and in my heart he will find nothing but hate."

Then, Lao-chang removed the pipe from his mouth, spat out juicily, and, fastening his pipe to his belt, went down to the river bank.

Before proceeding on their journey all the men and women gathered round the commander while he explained the nature of the operations to be carried out, the direction to be taken, and the time allowed. Then he assigned them all to their duties and gave explicit directions as to how the men were to be placed.

"So I shall take with me sixteen men from the special detachment, four members of the women's group and four peasants: Comrades Nao-li, Ao-kuei, Ta-mao, Ao-yao-chieh. We're all going to the village of Chen-Tsiao-Chuan. Wang Po-pi will be dealt with by the remainder of the special detachment, the women's propaganda group and our peasant comrades. The commander of the women's group will be responsible for the second operation, and her assistant will be Lao-chang.

"Comrade Commander," began Lao-chang, coming forward, "I think that we shall need more people in order to arrest Wang Po-pi. His house may not be so big but there are so many ways in and out of it that the old rat may easily slip through our fingers, if we. . . ."

"Never mind, Lao-chang," the chief broke in. "You have plenty of people,

and your business, as a man who knows the village, is to distribute them so that the old rat has no chance of escape."

"But who is to search the house, Comrade Commander?" Lao-chang grumbled sulkily. He was obviously none too well pleased that a woman should have been appointed to take charge of a serious operation.

"Our women from the propaganda group will do that," the chief calmly replied. "It will be more convenient and not frighten the village folks. At the same time it will give our agitators an opportunity of talking to the peasants. What do you think?" he concluded, turning to the commander of the women's group.

"Very well, Comrade Commander. We shall carry out your orders," replied the woman commander.

From the outskirts of the village came the scent of burning grass. Thin columns of smoke rose from scores of little heaps. It was not the smoke of factory chimneys nor of dwelling houses. The townsmen noticed at once this strange and at the same time pleasant smell.

The detachment was already marching through the village of Tai-Ping. The dogs barked but kept close to the gates of the houses. Mothers ran out to drag their staring, inquisitive offspring in from the street. The peasants who passed by bowed low and gazed long and attentively after the detachment.

Wang Po-pi's house was soon surrounded. Lao-chang, accompained by the commander of the propaganda group and some men from the special detachment, approached the house from one side, while Wang-chia, Ho-yui, Hsiao-chia and the peasants in Lao-chang's detachment were posted at the eastern entrance.

Lively Hsiao-chia at once rapped on the door.

"I wonder why you are knocking, Hsiao-chia?" Ho-yui called out. "I suppose you think the door will be opened to you as if you were a guest and you will be invited in with a bow? You'll have to wait a long time for that, I'm afraid."

With the help of one of the peasants she raised a huge stone from the ground and hurled it at the door. There was a splintering of timber. Then through the opening stepped Hsiao-chia, followed by Ho-yui and two peasants. Two others remained outside.

As soon as Hsiao-chia and Ho-yui entered the house, the peasant who was following them uttered a warning:

"Be careful. They may have laid a trap for us in the dark."

True enough, it was so dark that they could see nothing.

All four groped their way along as if they were drunk, clutching at the walls for support, lifting their feet high off the ground and waving their arms helplessly.

Hsiao-chia grew very serious. Her lips were set in a thin line. She gripped her rifle tightly. She herself was not in the least afraid, however. She was certain that Ho-yui must be keeping her eyes tight shut with terror. . . . True, Ho-yui was ahead of her and encouraged them all from time to time by calling out: "Come along, be a bit bolder, friends!" But that was nothing to go by; you could not fool Hsiao-chia that way; she was certain that Ho-yui was terrified and had her eyes tight shut.

Ho-yui groped her way along by the wall, following the peasants, whom she could not see but whose footsteps she could hear in the echoing gloom.

All of a sudden, the ground gave way beneath her feet and she felt herself falling, falling,—into an abyss. It was a trap!

At the thud of the falling body, Hsiao-chia gave a start.

"Ho-yui! What's the matter?" she cried.

"It's nothing much. I've just fallen into some kind of a pit," came Ho-yui's voice from somewhere below them.

"What—a pit! Give us a light here, comrades!" Hsiao-chia shouted. Her heart beat faster. This must be the expected ambush, she thought. Taking a tighter grip on her rifle, she called out:

"Ho-yui! Ho-yui!" Her voice trembled and although she thought she was shouting loudly, a feeble little squeak was all that she could manage. She began to grope her way in the direction from which Ho-yui's voice had come.

"Are you coming to me, Hsiao-chia? Then be very careful," Ho-yui called out. "I seem to have fallen into emptiness, and I'm hanging in the air. I'm afraid if I stir I'll lose my hold and fall." Ho-yui tried to speak calmly, but her voice trembled and she could not keep the alarm out of it.

When Hsiao-chia heard Ho-yui's voice she felt a little calmer, and called once more into the darkness:

"Comrades! Here!"

This time the peasants who had gone on ahead heard her and came running back. Then a few minutes later Lao-chang's group, which had entered by the main door, reached the place. Some of them had electric torches in their hands and others carried bunches of burning hemp.

The dark corridor was lit up at once. The peasants rescued Ho-yui from the pit.

"What sort of propaganda have you been doing here, comrade?" inquired the commander of the women's detachment in an amused tone.

"It's not my fault, Comrade Commander," replied Ho-yui. "I stumbled because it was so dark and fell into the pit. Have you finished searching the house? Did you find anything interesting?"

"Yes, we've searched the house, but we didn't find anything interesting," said the woman commander. "And the worst of it is, Wang Po-pi had time to get away."

They turned their torches into the pit but it was too deep to allow them to discern the bottom. It was evidently a cellar.

"This must be a secret passage," suggested one of the men.

"We'd better try and find a ladder and go down it," suggested Lao-chang.

Hsiao-chia was standing beside Ho-yui, chafing her comrade's stiff hands. Ho-yui was silent, but her eyes glowed in the darkness like the sparks of the torches. Suddenly she cried out:

"Look, comrades! There's someone moving over on the left!"

All heads turned to the left. Someone was moving in the darkness. Perhaps it was Wang Po-pi.

A small light blue figure darted into the gloom.

"Halt!" shouted Lao-chang. His voice sounded terrifying in the darkness that was only partly illuminated by the flickering red torches.

But the blue figure detached itself once more from the wall and fled.

"Halt or I'll shoot!" shouted Lao-chang, raising his rifle.

All was still in the dark, narrow corridor, where Lao-chang's command echoed hollowly.

Lao-chang rushed forward. The blue figure stood still. When he had almost reached it, he raised his lamp and caught sight of the outline of a door in the wall.

"Hey, you! Come in here!" Lao-chang commanded. "There's nowhere else for you to run to now."

He went up to the bowed figure and pointing the muzzle of his rifle at it, forced it to enter the room.

The sleeping bench in the room was heaped with rags. The floor was covered with grass mats. A pile of wood and charcoal lay near the stove. In one corner of the room stood a big cupboard. It was open and iron pots, earthenware plates and bowls, could be seen ranged on the shelves.

Beside the pile of wood stood a girl about ten years old. She was dressed in an old blue coat and was trembling with fear. She looked like a chicken that has seen a hawk in the sky.

"Well, here's your Wang Po-pi for you," said Lao-chang. Then turning to the others, who had all come running up, he shouted:

"Why have you all run in here? Who's left on duty, then?"

"That's true, comrades," remarked the commander. "You shouldn't have left your posts. Go back and guard the house."

Then she went up to the little girl, stroked her small head kindly and said.

"Come along with me. Don't be afraid, I won't do you any harm."

The little girl shrank back in fear. Then she wiped away her tears and followed the commander obediently. The others went out after them.

The child's face was covered with burns, and the marks of nails could be seen on her right cheek. She was dressed in rags and looked more like a beggar than a servant in the wealthy establishment of a tu-hao.[1]

"Are you Wang Po-pi's servant? Where is he at present? Tell us, we won't do you any harm," said the commander of the women's group, stroking the girl's head.

Peasants from the village of Tai-Ping crowded into the yard, discussing the latest events, the arrival of the Red Army men and the escape of Wang Po-pi. Especially remarkable among them was an old woman about sixty years of age. Her long grey hair was neatly plaited and twisted around a wooden frame [2] on the top of her head. Her heavy body swayed from side to side on her tiny fet. She listened attentively, smiled occasionally and joined in the conversation.

"The girl is not a servant of Wang Po-pi's," she informed the commander. "He took her in payment of a debt from one of the peasants in this district and treated her as his lowest slave. Look what they have done with her face. This is the scar of a bad burn and these are marks left by the sharp claws of Wang Po-pi's concubine," and with these words the old woman took the little girl by the hand and dragged her nearer to the people to let them see the traces of brutal treatment on her face.

"Now tell us, little girl, where has your master gone?" asked the old woman, laying her hand tenderly on the child's head. "These comrades have come to save you. The Red Army protects the poor from the rich. You've heard about the Reds, haven't you? Well, here they are. Don't be afraid of them. If you go with them, it is as good as going to heaven."

Apparently the old woman's words soothed the child and gave her confidence for she began to gabble something in a high, thin voice. The commander strained her ears, but could make out nothing except that the child did not know where Wang Po-pi was now.

The comrades faces fell. They had wasted so much time on the march

[1] Rich man of the village, money lender, semi-landowner.

[2] In China elderly women wear their hair plaited and twisted around a fork-like frame. Rich women have frames of gold or silver, poor women—of wood.

and the search and now it turned out that the old "tortoise" (to use Lao-chang's insulting name for him) Wang Po-pi had slipped off, no one knew where. The men were silent. Each kept his lips closed and endeavored to keep all expression of the bitter disappointment out of his eyes. It was an unexpected blow.

"Comrade Commander, will you please ask the girl what that pit is for in the dark corridor?" said Ho-yui.

They had all been so occupied with the thought of Wang Po-pi's escape that they had forgotten the accident in the dark house and the pit into which Ho-yui had fallen.

"Tell us, child," said the woman commander, "what sort of a pit is that inside the house, not very far from where we found you?"

"The master used to go down that pit very often," replied the girl. "And he always took his most faithful servant down with him. The servant would take a lamp and the master would stay for over an hour in the pit and then come out and swear. If you want to go down it, there is a ladder behind the wood pile in the room."

Hsiao-chia lighted a bunch of hemp and set out together with Lao-chang and Ho-yui to explore the house.

The old woman followed them. Lao-chang let down the ladder into the pit and fixed it securely. Then Ho-yui started down it.

"Oh, this is a regular cellar," came her voice from somewhere far below.

A damp, mouldy smell came up out of the pit. A heap of rotting straw, vegetables and broken earthenware vessels lay on the floor.

Ho-yui and Hsiao-chia raised the heap with their bayonets and flung it aside. Underneath they saw an opening covered by a heavy, mouldy board.

"It looks as if there was a secret passage here," cried Hsiao-chia.

The three of them tugged at the board, and with the help of their bayonets raised it from the floor. They found it covered a hollow, in which stood a huge earththenware vessel.

Ho-yui forced the lid open with her bayonet. The earthen pitcher was filled almost to the brim with bundles neatly tied with string and bearing traces of many seals and signatures.

"Aha, you old rat!" Lao-chang cried in delight. "Now it seems we've got to your evil heart! Do you see what these are comrades? They're all title deeds and I.O.U.'s. Take them up, Ho-yui, and hand them to the commander, while we two have another good search down here."

Ho-yui slung her rifle over her shoulder, took the vessel under her right arm and, holding to the ladder with her left hand, climbed out of the pit.

Lao-chang and Hsiao-chia leaned further into the hollow and after groping about, felt the edges of a small iron box. On opening it, they saw neat little packets lying in both its divisions.

"These are silver dollars, I suppose?" said Hsiao-chia.

"Yes, of course. Wherever the title deeds and the I.O.U.'s are, the money must be, too."

When he had lifted out all the money he came upon another packet at the very bottom of the box. It was a long, thick packet carefully wrapped in canvas. Lao-chang opened it and saw a brown compressed mass. He sniffed at it and then swore.

"The dirty snake! He traded in opium! He was poisoning our people, the dog! Wait till you get into Lao-chang's hands. Here, Hsiao-chia," he said to the girl, who was putting the money back into the box, "collect all this and let's go up to the commander."

Up above in the room where the girl had been found, the commander, Ho-yui, the old woman and several of the men were examining the documents that had been found.

When Lao-chang and Hsiao-chia entered, the woman commander began to read the papers.

There were a great many of them, marked with dates and false signatures, testifying to the sale of land, the mortgaging of property, the purchase of seed and the rent of plows.

The papers testified to something more, to hunger and bitter tears, to servility and humiliation and great human suffering.

When all the documents had been read and all the money counted out, the commander screwed up her eyes and coughed twice. Then Ho-yui knew that her commander was thinking out some new plan of action.

They all grew quiet. It was so still in the room that they could hear a mouse scratching in the corner and the cockroaches rustling on the stove.

"Now, comrades," said the commander, drawing out a paper from her pocket, "I shall read you an order, which must be carried out at once. Listen!"

"Comrade Sun Ting-hua, commander of the 10th department, together with the group of peasants headed by Comrade Chang, is ordered to arrest Wang Po-pi, the tu-hao of the village of Tai-Ping. Should any title deeds, I.O.U.'s or the like be found in his possession, they are to be burnt in the presence of all the debtors.

(Signed) Hung Shen-yu, Commander of the Special Detachment."

"Well, comrades," continued the woman commander, "the first part of this order has not yet been carried out but as to the second, we may guarantee that it will be carried out to the letter. Now we must call all Wang Po-pi's debtors here."

"That won't be very difficult," the old woman interposed. "As soon as they hear of Wang Po-pi's arrest, they will be here in no time. If you will allow me, I'll go and call them myself!"

Soon the peasants began to collect. There were those who were concerned in the affair, and others who were merely curious, who would come to stare at the leper or the juggler or the army men with equal interest.

But at last a new group of peasants, who had been called by the old woman, arrived. She walked ahead of them.

They all collected in the reception room, which was now full of tobacco smoke and the hum of voices. On a small dais against one wall stood a statue of Buddha. The clay idol sat with its legs crossed under it, its hands folded in prayer, its eyes set in a vacant stare.

The peasants were in an exalted mood. So many things had happened in the course of three days. Why, only three days ago all the district officials had fled before the advance of the Red Army and one district after another, one village after another, had passed into the hand of the Reds. Wang Po-pi had ceased to demand levy "for organizing a campaign against the Red bandits," and had suddenly grown lenient. He evidently had a reason. And now he had run away. Yes, the peasants had plenty to talk about. . . .

Hsiao-chia and the old woman asked them not to make so much noise, but they could not restrain their excitement. Their joy—the joy of the poor—bubbled up noisely, like water in a great cauldron.

There were many new questions, both big and small, to be faced by the crowd.

Who were these Reds?

Were they not soldiers like the Kuomintang troops? What if they suddenly

demanded money on all Wang Po-pi's receipts? Where would the peasants get the money to pay? Would they be dragged off to prisons if they did not pay? But everyone said that the Red Army protected the poor. And that a new Hung Sui-tsuen—the leader of the great Tai-pings had appeared. Of course, that might be all talk, but still. . . . What was to be done, they wondered, with Wang Po-pi's land? Would it be sold to the rich or given back to the poor?

Then the commander mounted the table that stood in the middle of the room, clapped her hands and called out:

"Silence, comrades, silence!"

The crowd moved nearer, and surrounded the table.

So this was the commander of the platoon that had put Wang Po-pi to flight!

"Dear comrades, brothers, sisters, friends and peasants," the woman commander began. "We have been sent here by the district soviet. We have not come to collect taxes from you. . . ."

At this the peasants brightened up. There was a stir in the room.

". . . . but to free you from them!"

"Hao—a!" came from the crowd. The peasants pressed closer to the table.

"We have not come to oppress and annoy the toilers as all the soldiers who passed through your village have done, but we have come to punish the rich who live on your blood and sweat.

"The Soviet government is a government of your workers and peasants. It defends all toilers and punishes all their enemies. We have come to your village today to arrest Wang Po-pi, but the old rat has managed to escape. If any of you know where he is, we ask you to help us find him."

"And now, comrades," she continued, "we have something else to tell you that will interest you all. Here on this table," she pointed to a pile of papers on an iron sheet, "here lie your lives, the fruit of your labors, your children, your rice, your tears, your sweat and blood. These are title deeds and I.O.U.'s and we are going to burn them now before your very eyes." With these words the commander took a box of matches put of her pocket and set fire to the papers. A little column of smoke rose slowly to the ceiling; then a tongue of flame cut through the grey smoke. Soon the papers were burning merrily.

"We're burning these documents and as we do so, we promise you that the old life is over for you, and must never be allowed to return!"

There was a delighted movement among the crowd, and cries of pleasure rang out.

"Comrade Commander," said an elderly peasant, "this is a great service you have done us and the peasants will never forget it. But you have said nothing yet about the land. What is to be done with it? Are we to get it or is it to remain in the hands of the rich?"

This peasant voiced the question that was worrying them all; the peasants crowded closer around the table and a tense silence reigned in the room once more. . . .

"I was going to speak about that presently," replied the woman commander. "We are leaving here today, for we must catch Wang Po-pi and his friends. But in a couple of days' time we shall return to the village of Tai-Ping and, with your assistance, elect our own government, the village Soviet. The Soviet will divide up the land, taking into consideration how many mouths there are to be fed in each family. The poor and the moderately well-to-do peasants will get the best land and the rich peasants the worst. The

land belonging to Wang Po-pi and other enemies of the Soviet government will be confiscated and divided up amongst you. All Wang Po-pi's property will be appropriated and the village Soviet will provide you with clothes, implements and supplies of seed and provisions out of Wang Po-pi's stores. These things will be done, comrades, during the first few days of the Soviet government in the village of Tai-Ping."

Then their joy broke forth like a mighty torrent, and scores of toil worn hands were raised in unanimous approbation.

"Long live the Soviets!" There were tears in the eyes of the women. They pressed closer to the table, but their traditional shyness restrained them from rushing up to the woman in military uniform and embracing her and folding her to their hearts. They could only look at her and wipe away in confusion the tears of joy that gathered in their eyes.

The old woman went up and threw her arms around Ho-yui. When she laughed, her face was covered with a network of tiny, deep wrinkles.

Some of the peasants ran home and on their return crammed the pockets of the commander, Ho-yui, Hsiao-chia and the others with dried salted vegetables and salted pumpkin seeds.

Other peasants bought fireworks, usually reserved for the New Year celebrations. Was it not the most joyous New Year they had ever seen!

It was to the merry sound of exploding fireworks that the detachment left the village. When they were about to turn away from the village in the direction of Kuan-ying-chao, they were overtaken by an old man on a sorry looking ass. The old man outstripped them, turned to face the detachment, alighted from his ass, and, going up to the commander, said:

"You asked us to help you to find Wang Po-pi. Listen to me. Yesterday I helped him to escape. For this he paid me well. But if it had happened today, I would not have gone and I would not have touched his money. Now he is at the house of one of the gentry in the village of Kuan-ying-chao."

With these words the old man turned round and rode back to the village at a sharp trot.

The faces of the marchers were covered with dust and perspiration when they approached the village of Kuan-ying-chao. Skirting it, they halted at a large house that stood right by the road.

The marchers surrounded the house; then four Red Army men, two peasants, Lao-chang and the commander entered it.

"Don't let anyone out, comrades," said the woman commander to Ho-yui, Hsiao-chia and the other women who remained on guard.

The sentries paced round the house. The sun blazed down on them mercilessly.

Ho-yui and Hsiao-chia walked together. Before they reached the eastern wall they noticed a shadow cast by someone whom they could not see. It was a long, ragged shadow that swayed slowly over the ground. Soon, however, a figure crept into sight. It was a peasant woman, as tattered and torn as her shadow.

When she caught sight of the women, the peasant woman looked at them attentively and then, going close up to them, whispered:

"Do you belong to the Red Army?"

"Yes," they replied.

"You won't find anything here if you search till next year. They're more than eighty li from here."

"Where have they gone?" asked the commander, coming up at this moment.

"I don't know. Wang Po-pi was here only this morning. He and the owner of the house were whispering together and the owner took all his family and went away without even having breakfast."

Four men were coming along the road. One was Lao-chang and the others were peasants. One was elderly. He kept his thick lips tightly closed and his face expressed anxiety. When they all reached the gate the elderly peasant, who wore a straw hat pulled well down over his eyes, sat down on a stone, took off his hat and wiped his perspiring brow with the tail of his coat.

Lao-chang unfastened the pipe that hung at his belt, drew a tobacco pouch out of his capacious trousers pocket and squatted down in front of the peasant.

"Wang Lao-san," he said, "let's have a smoke." Then he filled his pipe while Wang rolled himself a cigarette. They smoked in silence for a while.

"Wang Lao-san," said Lao-chang, "the peasants hereabouts say you alone know where the old bastard and the master of the house have gone."

Wang Lao-san said nothing.

"You don't want us to touch the master of the house, do you?" continued Lao-chang. "We are not going to touch him. But surely you have no reason for shielding Wang Po-pi?"

Wang Lao-san maintained an obstinate silence and simply smiled apologetically. He was thinking, and his thoughts were on Wang Po-pi. During the last famine year he had gone to Wang Po-pi to borrow some rice seed, which he had afterwards been unable to return. For this he had been obliged to work ten days in Wang Po-pi's fields. He was thinking now, of the debtors' prison with which he was threatened by Wang Po-pi. . . .

"Yes," he argued with himself. "But all that concerns Wang Po-pi alone. The master of this house is different; he paid the levy for me, the levy for the campaign against the Reds, and gave me some old clothes, and fed the poor in his yard at the summer and autumn holidays. Everyone respected him; he was a gentleman. And that old dog Wang Po-pi, it seems, is a friend of his. Have I, then, any right to go against Wang Po-pi?"

Wang Lao-san's meditations were broken by a sudden noise. Some of the Red Army men came running out of the house, dragging a machine along the ground after them. They were explaining something in excited tones to their women comrades and the peasants who had gathered in the street.

"This is a machine for printing false money," one of the Red Army men explained. "The master of this house made counterfeit money."

The peasants' faces expressed violent hatred. An elderly woman drew several notes out of her pocket and compared them with the pile of false notes lying beside the printing machine.

"The low scoundrel! The bastard!" she said.

"Well, friends, shall we start off?" asked the woman commander.

The detachment lined up and marched briskly out of Kuan-ying-chao.

Ahead marched the woman commander; then came the special detachment; then the women comrades and last of all Lao-chang and his peasants.

They had not gone ten paces before they heard the voice of Wang Lao-san.

"Let's go together! We'll fetch them back! The master of the house too!" And Wang Lao-san started off after the detachment.

Lao-chang smiled.

The marchers quickened their pace. They had passed by the river and were now crossing the maize fields. Wang Lao-san's straw hat hid his face as before; evidently he found it easier to think that way, when neither the sun nor people could hinder him.

The village appeared in the distance. It was surrounded by a mud wall high enough to hide the little wooden houses. One house was taller than the others. It stood against the wall and looked beautiful with the rays of the setting sun falling on its tiled roof.

Wang Lao-san sighed as if from weariness. Then he raised his head and pointed to the big house.

"They're in that house," he said. Even from this distance they could see people on the wall that directly adjoined the house. The people were waving to them and shouting.

When the detachment came nearer, several people jumped down from the wall and came running.

"Comrades," cried one young fellow, who was armed with a shot gun. "They tried to run away but we've closed all the doors and are keeping guard."

"Thank you, comrades," said the commander. "You did quite right. Where are they now?"

"Inside the house," replied the young fellow. Leaving several men to guard the street, the commander, accompanied by the rest of the detachment, Ho-yui, Hsiao-chia, two peasants and Lao-chang entered the house.

The first thing they saw was the counterfeiter on his knees. Thus did this man, one of the village "gentry," give himself up to revolutionary justice.

"Where is Wang Po-pi?" Lao-chang shouted at him.

"I do not know, honored chief," the man replied without rising from his knees. "He was here all the time and only left the room this minute."

"Comrade Commander," said Lao-chang, turning to the woman, "question this man while I go in search of Wang Po-pi. He won't escape this time."

Taking some of the others with him, he went into the house. At that moment there was a shout from the street.

"He's up in the attic, comrades. Catch him! Catch him!"

Lao-chang, hastily examined his rifle, rushed into the back of the house and climbed the stairs to the attic. The door was locked. Through a crack Lao-chang could see the figure of Wang Po-pi in a grey silk coat. He was standing by the open window with a revolver in his hand, and was evidently ready to jump out on the roof the moment he was discovered.

"Open the door!" shouted Lao-chang.

There was no reply. Lao-chang and the rest of his men flung their weight against the door. There was a sound of splintering wood, but when they burst into the attic, it was empty. Lao-chang rushed to the window. Wang Po-pi was creeping down by the roof on all fours and his crouching form, in the grey coat looked like that of a hunted wolf.

"You won't get away from us this time, you rat!" Lao-chang called out.

Wang Po-pi had crawled from the roof and was now creeping along the top of the mud wall.

Lao-chang raised his rifle. There was a dry, sharp report. The grey figure swayed a moment, struggled to rise to its feet, and crashed down headlong to the ground. This was the end of one of the hated "gentry." Opium dealer, money-lender, land-owner and capitalist, he was the last who had been called by the people of the countryside "Wang the Flayer."

ON THE FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY OF FRED ELLIS, AMERICAN ARTIST

Fred Ellis, American worker-artist, has just passed his fiftieth birthday. This event has been noted in the Soviet press, which has long been aware of his 20 years of activity in the American labor movement. Sovietskoye Iskustvo (Soviet Art), Literaturnaya Gazeta (Literary Gazette), Trud (Labor), *where he is staff artist, the staff of* Krokodil (Crocodile), noted satirical magazine, *and others, have paid proletarian tribute to Fred Ellis, pioneer American revolutionary artist. The editors of* International Literature *join in the many greetings to Ellis on his fiftieth birthday, and wish him at least fifty more years of healthy activity as an artist of the proletariat. Below we present a sketch of the artist and his work by Alfred Durus, art critic and secretary of the International Union of Revolutionary Artists; Heinrich Vogeler, German revolutionary painter; and D. Moor, noted Soviet artist. These are followed by reproductions of drawings and cartoons chosen from the only few available, since hundreds of others are being shown in Soviet art galleries and are being toured in exhibits in various sections of the Soviet Union.*—Editors

Alfred Durus

FRED ELLIS: Artist of the Proletariat

The class conscious activity of the noted American political artist, Fred Ellis, began with the world war. In 1914 he bombarded imperialist war with the heavy artillery of his satirical cartoons. He started his attack in the pages of the trade union organ the *New Majority* and for the past 20 years he has unceasingly been sharpening his keen weapon.

Fred Ellis is a charter member of the New York John Reed Club artist's group, which played a leading role in the organization of the present all-embracing Artists Union. He is also a member of the International Bureau of Revolutionary Artists in Moscow. A pioneer of proletarian art, he began his career at the time his American comrade Bob Minor was drawing: and abroad his German comrades, Heartfield and the early George Grosz.

It would be a mistake to think, however, that Ellis is the splendid political artist only because he is an able craftsman. His heart beats in unison with all the disinherited, exploited and oppressed of the earth; his revolutionary passion is the passion of millions; in his creative work, all the hatred of his class in embodied. A proletarian artist, Ellis knows how to clothe his passion, his revolutionary hatred in a compelling form affecting the masses. The tendaciousness of his art is integral, never artificial.

Ellis was born in Chicago in 1885. The son of a worker, he early learned the hard life of the exploited. He went to work at 14—as a clerk, then printer; as a worker in an icecream factory, as a laborer in the Chicago packing houses (when Upton Sinclair wrote his *Jungle*) and finally as a sign painter. And it is significant that Ellis' art education began during this strike. Out of seven "free" months he spent four at art school.

1919 marked a turning point in Ellis' art life. After a fall from the sixth floor of a building while painting a sign—for which he spent six months in a hospital—he gradually drifted away from the conservative trade union press and began to contribute to the revolutionary papers. In 1923 he became staff cartoonist for the *Daily Worker* and in 1924, joined the Communist Party.

D. Moor — Soviet artist

It was from the working class that Fred Ellis learned love, hate, struggle, his themes and his ability to generalise mordantly. He had a little art school training at the time of the big Chicago strike, when he was "free from work." This connection between work and study penetrates his whole life.

If to the above it be added that the majority of the artists working in American revolutionary caricature were pupils of Daumier then their pupil, Fred Ellis, will stand before us at his full height, as a fiery fighter-worker, artist-journalist whose education developed under the sensitive eye and artistic hands of Daumier. In style of drawing, Ellis is close to Robert Minor (USA) on the one hand and the Soviet caricaturists, the Kukriniksi, on the other.

Already in his Daily Worker *period Ellis might be summed up as an artist of big generalizations, purposefulness and emotional and journalistically clear forms. At this period his illustrative manner of drawing did not always and did not fully coincide with his tasks of big generalization and there were still gaps between the general impression and the execution.*

From the time of his arrival in the USSR, a great development towards monumentalness is noticeable in his work. The drawing has become considerably simpler, more expressive and fuller in content, i.e., in the very form the actual processes of life are more fully disclosed.

His sharp observation has become still sharper. His images have widened, his symbols have become livelier and have lost a certain schematism from which they suffered earlier.

At present the artist is growing considerably, is developing all those fine qualities in which he was rich earlier. His composition is changing. It is becoming ever more efficient and mobile. The static and I would say specially "American" conventionality of drawing marked by overloading is being transformed into the movement of forms cleansed of unnecessary details. The hand has become bolder, the eye sharper and the treatment has become so much the more certain. In general one gets the impression that Ellis is a young artist who has a future. *Honor and praise should be given to those who do not stand in one place content with the past but develop as Ellis does.*

Moscow, USSR

After recovering from his fall, Ellis returned to sign painting and up to 1927 did political cartoons for the revolutionary press in the evenings. The Sacco-Vanzetti case raised a storm over the world. It was during this period that he came to New York and did his best work for the *Daily Worker*. His drawings of Sacco and Vanzetti were reprinted the world over. They appeared in book form.

In 1930 Fred Ellis came to the USSR.

America has a wealth of graphic publicists. The work of most of the artists in the American revolutionary press, artists like Bob Minor, Fred Ellis, Hugo Gellert and William Gropper, among others, belongs to the best produced by American graphic art in movement, depth and power. American revolutionary graphic art plays a leading role in the revolutionary art of the west. And the best artists in the USA are in the struggle for communism.

Bob Minor, Fred Ellis, Jacob Burck, Phil Bard, continue and develop the tradition of Daumier's revolutionary cartoon, while French revolutionary art, tied hand and foot with the fetters of formalism, is still at a loss as to what it can do with the great heritage of its countryman.

The Might of Labor

In American publicistic graphic art, the art of Fred Ellis occupies a leading place. He is today, one of the masters of American proletarian art, one of those artists in whose work expert form corresponds to its revolutionary content. He knows how to clothe current events in lasting, artistic imagery.

A feature of Ellis' work is the fact that the artistic level of the American revolutionary proletariat is revealed by its own representative who, having become an artist, has not for a moment ceased to be a proletarian. His imagery affects the masses because the ideas, hopes and psychology of these masses are closer to him than to anyone.

Realist, graphic artist par excellence, satirist, he never copies the external world. The revolutionary artist must have recourse to exaggeration in order to penetrate the moving forces of our age. He recognizes the impossibility of separating true satire from exaggeration, that satire bars pedantry, that against the rottenness and savagery of the moribund class there is the vivifying power of the rising proletariat, that the contradictions of our age can be most vividly rendered in the light of satirical art.

The characters and symbols of Ellis' cartoons are not always original. With a keen artistic feeling he knows how to revive old ideas and symbols. For instance, the symbol for fascism before Ellis was also: gibbets, the hangman, the skeleton—but in Ellis' artistic rending these symbols acquire a new power and effectiveness. Ellis' workingman as a symbol of the Hungarian Soviet Dictatorship becomes a stirring plastic work of art in monumental composition.

In Ellis' work there is that harmonious blending of great art and living events. His work does not stand still. As a political cartoonist Ellis continues to uncover tremendous possibilities.

Ellis makes many sketches from life. These sketches are always masterly in their lifelikeness. He knows the importance of composition. He has always

From Germany

The effect of Ellis drawings is not founded on caricature but on the firmly grasped reality of the given political situation. The rousing and convincing force which streams out of these drawings shows his simple and clear perception and his international bias. Most Soviet newspapers and magazines regard Fred Ellis as their colleague. Now Fred Ellis is turning to painting, and we are sure this will furnish important bricks for the building of revolutionary Soviet art.

HEINRICH VOGELER

(German Revolutionary Artist in exile, now working in Moscow)

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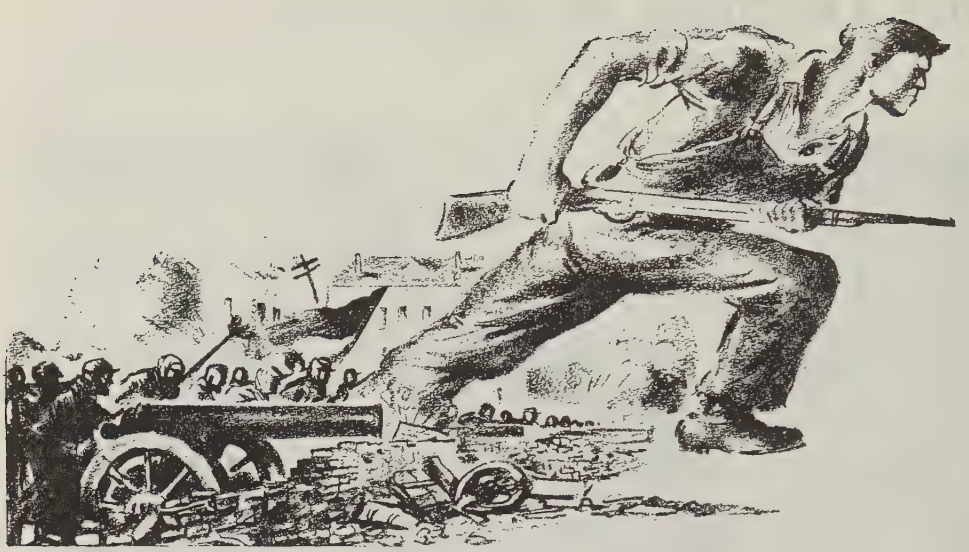
worked for newspapers and he knows how to take advantage of paper and ink. Ellis belongs to that noted group of American artists who have not only contributed to the world's revolutionary art, but have also shown themselves skilled craftsmen of the reproduction technique.

Characteristic features of Ellis' art are a joyous optimism and a healthy internationalism. This has helped him become part of Soviet life so easily. He is now staff artist of *Trud* in Moscow, draws posters, illustrates books for Soviet children and there is hardly a newspaper or magazine in Moscow—and in other sections of the Soviet Union—in which you cannot see the cartoons and drawings that Soviet workers love so much—draw by the American artist, Fred Ellis.

FIVE CARTOONS by FRED ELLIS

The Owner



Revolt

Fascism's gift to women: the ball and chains of no civil rights, the kitchen and the church

Down with fascism!

The new crucifixion under fascism

ARTICLES and CRITICISM

George Lukacs

Nietzsche, Forerunner of Fascist Esthetics

> Aside from the fact that I am a decadent, I am also the latter's opposite.
>
> (Nietzsche—*Ecce Homo*)

There is not a single *motif* in fascist esthetics that does not stem from Nietzsche, directly or indirectly. It is true enough that the Nietzschean criticism of capitalist culture was the basis for the liberal cultural tendencies of the imperialist period that are so violently combatted by fascism. Rosenberg, the official theoretician of fascism, thus assumes a "critical" attitude toward Nietzsche, despite all his reverence for him. He sees in Nietzsche a victim of the bad liberal, "materialist" period.

> That a Nietzsche went insane is a parable. A tremendous dammed-up will to create broke a path for itself like a torrent, but the same will, *inwardly broken* long ago, could no longer compel creation.

And Rosenberg considers Nietzsche's previous activity as a symptom of this "epoch of insanity":

> In *his* name race contamination by all the Syrians and Negroes took place, under his symbol, although Nietzsche himself strove for racial selective breeding. Nietzsche had fallen into the hands of ardent political suitors, which was worse than falling into the hands of a gang of robbers. The German people heard only of the dissolution of all bonds, subjectivism, "personality," and nothing at all of breeding and inner structure.

In a word, Rosenberg realizes that Nietzsche was a philosopher of hated liberalism in the pre-fascist period.

Rosenberg proceeds to liquidate this liberal heritage of Nietzsche's with coarse abuse. His fascist colleague, Professor Albert Bäumler, of the University of Berlin, aims at the same goal with "more refined" methods. He polemizes violently against the Nietzsche portrait drawn by his likewise fascist colleague, Ernst Bertram, the disciple of Stefan George. To Bertram, continuing and extending along fascist lines the Nietzsche traditions of pre-war imperialism, Nietzsche is only a "tragic revolutionary," as Bäumler says. This Nietzsche portrait, which is a fascist extension, intensified into the mystical, of the Nietzsche portrait done by Simmel, is violently rejected by Bäumler. According to Bäumler, Nietzsche fought a battle on two fronts—against enlightenment and romanticism—and is thus to be made the theoretical forerunner of the fascists' demagogic "fight on two fronts"—against Marxism and reaction.

> National Liberalism, ideologically founded by Hegel, was the latest form of that synthesis of enlightenment and romanticism which Nietzsche was called upon to dissolve.
>
> And what Bismarck did not see, Nietzsche did:
>
> The history of the Empire became a history of Bismarck's spiritual defeat. . . . the buying and selling bourgeois dominated the statesman, liberalism and romanticism ran political affairs alternately—and above all, business was good. . . . In the World War the pompous romantic-liberal structure collapsed, and at the very moment the two great opponents of the past became visible.

According to the fascist philosophy of history this Bismarck-Nietzsche antagonism is the fundamental cause of the collapse of the Second Empire; it is only the Third Reich that effects the reconciliation of these two mythical figures.

In the myth this much is true: that Nietzsche, after quickly getting over a youthful enthusiasm for the foundation of the Empire, was always a sworn enemy of Bismarck and the Bismarckian regime, despising them both. He despised the Bismarckian political solution because he considered it to be a compromise between the government and the people. His criticism of Bismarck and of the Bismarckian regime follows the same line as his criticism of Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner; he outgrew his admiration for the latter two at the same time. In all three figures Nietzsche combats what he calls decadence. In one of the aphorisms in his *Dawn*, he puts the three together: the most widely-read German philosopher, Schopenhauer, the most widely-heard German musician, Wagner, and the most respected German statesman, Bismarck. Naming Bismarck alongside the other two thus indicates quite precisely how Nietzsche evaluates Bismarck: as the representative of decadence in the field of government and politics.

What this decadence means politically is stated by Nietzsche with brutal clarity: "Modern democracy is the historical form of the decay of the state." Nietzsche interprets the victory of modern democracy as a victory of the Jewish-Christian principle over aristocratic Rome. The Renaissance was a counter-attack. But the Reformation again led to a victory of the Jewish-Christian principle. And the last blow is dealt by the French Revolution. The victory of this mob-like democracy leads:

> to the abolition of the concept of the state, to the annulment of the contra-distinction "private and public." Step by step, the private companies are drawing government affairs within their sphere. . . the unchaining of the private person (I avoid saying: the individual) is the consequence of the democratic concept of the state. . . .

No commentary is needed to understand what Nietzsche thought of the Bismarck who concluded a compromise with this mob.

It is not our task here to disclose the self evident contradictions in this historical myth of Nietzsche's. We had to describe these views of Nietzsche's briefly to obtain the correct approach to his views on art. For Nietzsche's struggle against contemporary decadence in art is concentrated into an attack upon the democratically plebeian tendencies of this art, particularly the art of Richard Wagner. Nietzsche considers the fundamental characteristic of this plebeian decadence of art to be the predominance of the *histrionic*.

> An age of democracy raises the actor to the heights—in Athens as well as today. Up to the present Richard Wagner has broken the record in this respect, evoking a high concept of the actor that can make one shudder. Music, poetry, religion, culture, the book, family, fatherland, intercourse—all are art to begin with, that is, a stage attitude.

Accordingly, Nietzsche combats Wagner by ranking him with French romantics: to Nietzsche Wagner is "the Victor Hugo of music as a language." Now, in Nietzsche's eyes French romanticism is a "plebeian reaction of taste." Victor Hugo himself

> is shallow and demagogic, chiefly big words and gestures on the belly, a flatterer of the people, speaking to all the oppressed, misshapen, and crippled with the voice of an evangelist, and not knowing an iota of what breeding and candor of mind, intellectual honour is —on the whole, an unconscious actor, like almost all the artists of the democratic movement. His genius affects the masses like an alcoholic drink, which intoxicates and stupefies at the same time.

This art "of the sweating plebeian" is an art for the *masses*. With this phrase Nietzsche expresses his profound contempt for the entire school. In the art of the masses the beautiful is replaced by what moves the masses: the great, the sublime, the gigantic, the suggestive, the intoxicating.

We know the masses, we know the theatre. The best persons in it, German youth, horned Siegfrieds and other Wagnerians, require the sublime, the profound, the overpowering. . . . And the others also sitting inside, the educated cretins, the petty blase, the eternal feminine, the happily digesting, in short, the *people*—also require the sublime, the profound, the overpowering. All this possesses a single logic." Whoever upsets us is strong; whoever elevates us is godlike; whoever makes us know intuitively, is profound. . . ." To elevate man one must be sublime oneself. Let us wander over the clouds, let us harangue the infinite, let us place the great symbols about us! Sursum! Bumbum!—There is no other counsel. Let the "lifted breasts" be our argument, the "beautiful feeling" our advocate. Virtue is right even against counterpoint.

According to Nietzsche the same excessive coarseness of means for a plebeian public is manifested in literary naturalism:

They want to *force* the reader to pay attention, "use violence upon him; "hence, the numerous, moving, little features of *naturalisme*—that belongs in a democratic age: *coarse* intellects fatigued by overwork must be stimulated!

This decadence of democracy and plebeianism is closely related by Nietzsche to the social-economic development of the nineteenth century. Not as if Nietzsche ever knew anything about the specific economic traits of capitalism; he did not even manifest a superficial interest in them. But he does see the most apparent symptoms of capitalist economy, such as the introduction of the machine, growing division of labour, growth of big cities, ruin of artisan production, etc., and he associates them directly with the symptoms of cultural decline he observed, without realizing the economic and class links. This criticism of his lags far behind the English and French romantic anti-capitalists in point of insight into the actual relationships. Nietzsche's major attack is levelled against the culture-destroying consequences of the capitalist division of labour. Here, too, he misses everything pertaining to production itself, to the struggle of the classes. Only two factors interest him. First, the fact that every occupation, both that of the capitalist, as well as that of the worker, has grown senseless in the society of today. Second, and principally, the problem of leisure. Nietzsche, as a man who knows ancient history, very clearly sees what the leisure of the Greek citizen meant for ancient culture. He therefore analyses the (quantitatively as well as qualitatively) inadequate leisure of bourgeois society from this standpoint with indignation and irony; and it is quite characteristic of him that he poses this problem solely for the ruling class. According to Nietzsche, the workers are not involved in culture in any case; their leisure is not a problem that interests him.

From both of these standpoints Nietzsche proceeds to a polemic against the *depersonalisation of man* in capitalist society, without being able to see the economic background. He criticizes the "chief defect of the active man" as follows:

The active usually lack higher activity: I mean individual activity. They are active as officials, business men, scientists, i.e., as species, but not as quite definite, individual and *single* human beings: in this respect they are lazy. All people are divided into the slaves and the free, now as in all ages; for whoever does not have two-thirds of his day for himself is a slave, may he be whatever he will besides: statesman, business man, official, scientist.

Hence, his criticism leads merely to his demand that capitalism provide a "meaningful life" for the producers of culture and for a cultivated, but

economically and socially parasitic public. The employment of the Greek citizen ideology, with its contempt for labour founded upon the economic conditions of the time, develops in Nietzsche, on the eve of imperialism, into a reactionary apology of parasitism.

This parasitic trait becomes quite clear when Nietzsche analyses the consequences of capitalist division of labour that matter to him, the consequences for art. Here, too, he starts with the quantity and quality of leisure.

> We have the conscience of an *industrious* age; this does not allow us to devote the best hours and mornings to art, even if this art were the greatest and most worthy. For us it is an affair of leisure, of recreation; we devote to it the *remainder* of our time, of our energy. This is the universal fact, as a result of which the position of art towards life has changed; when it makes its *great* demands in point of time and energy upon the art consumer, it has the conscience of the industrious and the efficient *against* it. It has to rely upon the indolent and conscienceless, who are, however, precisely unfitted for *great* art by their very nature, and feel its demands as impositions. Art is probably approaching its end, therefore, because it lacks air and free breathing, or—great art endeavours to become domiciles in this other air (or at least to endure in it), which is really the natural element only for *little* art, for the art of recreation, of pleasant distraction.

And in another passage Nietzsche characterises the more highly developed man of capitalist society in contrast to former periods:

> We have, therefore, the advantage of a feeling of tremendous expanse, but also of tremendous *emptiness;* and in this century the inventiveness of all higher human beings consists in getting over this *frightful feeling of desolation.* The opposite of this feeling is *intoxication.* . . . How we register and keep record, as it were, of our *little* enjoyments, as if we could obtain a counterweight against that emptiness, a filling of that empiness, with the *summation* of all the little enjoyments: how we deceive ourselves with this additive trick!

With this Nietzschean characterisation of the consumer of art in the capitalist stage we have come back to his polemic against the plebeian democratic art of his time discussed above. Now he summarises all the aspects of this problem into a philosophy of culture, which considers the universal hallmark of the modern age to be *barbarism.*

> This commotion becomes so great that the higher culture can no longer display its fruit. . . for lack of quiet our civilisation is evolving into a new barbarism.

But according to Nietzsche this barbarism is a "tame barbarism;" its essential characteristics are stupefaction, ugliness, the growth of slave virtues, the plebeianness in art already pictured, etc. Nietzsche waged this polemic consistently throughout his whole life.

It is apparent at first sight, and therefore need not be dealt upon, that in this struggle against the culture, the art and the theory of the art of his time, Nietzsche continues the traditions of the romantic critics of capitalism. Like them, he again and again contrasts his era's lack of culture with the high culture of pre-capitalist or early capitalist periods. Like all the romantic critics of the degradation of man by capitalism, he combats fetishized modern civilization, contrasting it with the culture of stages that were more primitive economically and socially. This romantic feature in his critique of culture is of decisive importance for his esthetics. A whole train of *motifs* in his judgements stem directly from here. And Nietzsche does not merely glorify the art of pre-capitalist or early capitalist periods (as all romantic critics of capitalist civilization do), but those writers who are the custodians of early capitalist cultural traditions because of the capitalist backwardness of their field of activity become his particular favorites. In a summary estimate of German prose Nietzsche stresses, in addition to Goethe's *Gespräche mit Eckermann* and Lichtenberg's *Aphorismen*, two books by his contemporaries:

Adelbert Stifter's *Nachsommer* and Gottfried Keller's *Leute von Sedwyla*, writers whose moderate realism is very closely related to the romantic traditions. We shall return to the contradictions between this chain of *motifs* in Nietzsche's esthetics and the other *motifs* in his judgement of art. Let us merely point out the peculiar, though by no means fortuitous fact that in this esteem for German realist or semi-realist late romanticism, Nietzsche's judgement coincides with that of Vischer, the liberal esthetician so bitterly derided by him.

Yet Nietzsche's historical distinctiveness consists in his criticising the capitalist civilization of his time *not only* from this romantic standpoint. Nietzsche does hate the capitalist civilization of his time, and he hates it, as we have seen, precisely because its basis is the *development* of capitalism (machinery, division of labour, etc.). But he likewise hates the civilization of his time for quite an *opposite* reason: because this capitalism is *not yet sufficiently* developed. Nietzsche, who wrote on the eve of the imperialist period, is thus simultaneously and inseparably a romantic elegiac of past cultural epochs, as well as a herald and "prophet" of imperialist development. True enough, his "prophecy" of imperialism is not a clear foreseeing of the actually acting social trends that have led to imperialism and develop in imperialism, but is likewise a romantic utopia. Out of those traits of lack of culture in contemporary capitalism that he combats because of their backwardness, Nietzsche merely makes a utopian portrait of a social order in which these traits will be overcome. The lack of culture of the capitalists and the "greed" of the proletarians are the two poles that he hates in the capitalism of his time.

But although he always returns to the culture of previous ages in general cultural questions, setting these up as ideals in contrast to the present time, he does not do so in these very matters, which are decisive for him. That is, he does not wax enthusiastic over the narrow-minded guild artisan, nor the patriarchal relationship between capitalist and worker. His ideal is rather a rule of highly developed, cultivated, "Roman soldier" capitalists over the disciplined army of soldierly frugal workers. (In this capitalist utopia he anticipates the Spenglerian concept of the rule of capitalist Caesars.)

> Soldiers and leaders always have a much higher relationship to one another than worker and employer. For the present, at least, all civilization based on a miltary foundation stands high above all so-called industrial civilization; the latter in its present form is in general the lowest form of existence known up to the present time, Here simply the law of necessity is at work: one wants to live and must sell oneself, but one despises the man who exploits this necessity and *buys* the worker. . . . Up to now probably, manufacturers and big merchants lacked all those forms and features *of the higher race* altogether too much. . . if they had the distinction of the hereditary nobility in their glance and in their carriage, perhaps there would be no socialism of the masses. For the latter are, at bottom, ready for *slavery* of every sort, provided that the higher being. . . is *legitimised* as born to command. . . but the absence of the higher form, and the notorious vulgarity of the manufacturer, with plump, red hands, give them the idea that only chance and luck have raised one over the others. . . .

It is very characteristic of Nietzsche, and very significant for the subsequent development of fascist ideology, that although the capitalist backwardness of Germany serves as the object of criticism (notorious vulgarity of the manufacturer with plump, red hands) in this reactionary-romantic utopia regarding the desired development of capitalism the most highly developed capitalist country, England, in no way becomes the model; in fact it represents the quintessence of the restless stupidity of civilization in Nietzsche's eyes.

His model is rather the romantic stylization of militarism, a Prussia that has overcome its ossified, narrowminded, provincial traits and has become European, cultivated, capable of world politics, though retaining its military

character. It is this conception that distinguishes Nietzsche from most of the romantic critics of capitalism. He accepts the trend of capitalism's development, but is alienated by its plebeian democratic character and the destruction of the true hierarchy between capitalist and worker. His ideal is "that here a frugal and modest man develops, a type of Chinese; and this would have been reasonable, this would have been really a necessity." But the concessions to democracy, the coquetting with the revolution, the Jewish-Christian cultural tendencies, and so forth, have imparted another, an opposite direction to the trend of development.

His fascist interpreter, Bäumler, formulates the ultimate consequences of these thoughts of Nietzsche's quite as the latter would have when he sees in the "functionary of democratic socialist society" the antipode of the superman, the "last man" of *Zarathustra*.

We had to elaborate these two contradictory groups of *motifs* in Nietzsche's ideas because the key to the contradictoriness of his ideas lies in their parallel existence in his thinking, in their mutual exclusivenes. Nietzsche is dissatisfied with capitalist civilization *both* because it is *too* capitalistic, and because it is *too little* capitalistic. He criticises capitalist civilization both from the standpoint of a romantically idealised early capitalism, as well as from the standpoint of the past as well as of the future of the very same capitalist civilization. In Nietzsche, the basic contradiction of all the romantic critics of capitalism is manifested on a higher level. The ordinary romantic anti-capitalists inevitably fall into eclecticism by contrasting the "good sides" of capitalism with its "bad sides." It is impossible for Nietzsche to stop with the emphasis of capitalism's "good sides." On the contrary, his myth must make precisely the "bad side" of capitalism, the centre of his whole utopian myth.

When we turn to the concrete analysis of the most important contradictions in Nietzsche's theory of art, we must first recall to our reader our earlier remarks on the barbarism of the present time. To that theory of barbarism Nietzsche opposes in his work an entirely contrary one, which is an affirmation of war. Nietzsche sums up:

> Culture cannot do without passions, vices and evils; temporary relapses into barbarism (are) in order not to sacrifice culture and its existence itself to the means of culture.

This theory of barbarism is followed by Nietzsche quite consistently all through his esthetics. He polemizes most violently against the "humanity" in the esthetics of Kant and Schopenhauer, formulating his own standpoint with the paradoxical sharpness that characterises him: "The refinement of cruelty is one of the sources of art." In developing this idea Nietzsche must come to the point where those very features of art which we earlier heard were characteristics of the plebeian barbarism of the democratic age, of the French romantics, and of Richard Wagner, the barbarism of the *overpowering*, of the receptive, now becomes an essential, affirmed characteristic of *all* art.

In his polemic against the "disinterestedness" of Kant's esthetics, Nietzsche states:

> A *ruthlessly* interested *arrangement* of things, interested to the highest degree. . . enjoyment in *overpowering by putting a meaning into it*. . . . The esthetic spectator *permits an overpowering* and does the opposite of what he otherwise does against anything coming from the outside. . . .

That is, *the same* artistic principle that was brusquely rejected before as a characteristic of the "tame barbarism" of modern civilization now becomes a central fundamental of all of Nietzsche's esthetics.

The same confronts us when we turn to the central problem in Nietzsche's esthetics; the problem of decadence. Nietzsche considers the fight against decadence in all fields to be the central problem in all his intellectual activity. He considers his major achievement to be the commencement of struggle against the universally spreading disease of capitalist civilization. His central *motif* is thus the advocacy of the rights of "health" as against universal "disease." When he contrasts Bizet's *Carmen* with Wagner, his decisive formulation is "Return to nature, health, cheerfulness, youth, virtue!" And his criticism of Wagner revolves around the question of whether Wagner is "sick." Schopenhauer, the philosopher of decadence, took Wagner unto himself, and turned him into the typical artist of decadence.

> And here is where I begin to be serious. I am far from looking on harmlessly while this decadence ruins our health—and music besides! Is Wagner a human being at all? Isn't he rather a disease? He makes everything he touches sick—*he has made music sick.*

And just as he previously tried to expose Wagner's plebeianness by putting him on a level with the French romantics: Victor Hugo and the like, he now exposes himself as a decadent by proving what Wagner has in common with European decadence, with Baudelaire, with the Goncourts, with Flaubert. He suggests the following method for the investigation of the "mythical content" of the Wagnerian texts:

> Translate Wagner into the real, into the modern—let us be even brutal: into the bourgeois. What happens to Wagner then?. . . . What surprises we experience! Would you believe that as soon as the heroic shell is stripped off, the Wagnerian heroines are almost doubles of Madame Bovary! And we can understand that Flaubert was free to translate his heroine into Scandinavian or Carthaginian and then, mythologised, to offer her to Wagner as a libretto. Yes, by and large, Wagner seems not to have been interested in any other problems than those that today interest the petty Paris decadents. Always five steps from the infirmary!

Wagner's European effectiveness is based precisely upon this decadent nature of his, according to Nietzsche.

And in this connection, proceeding from the criticism of the style of Wagner's art, Nietzsche makes a detailed critical analysis of the esthetic form of expression in decadence, a characterisation of the general style of the diseased condition. The core of this analysis is that all feeling for unity and totality is lost in decadence. "What characterises every *literary* decadence?" Nietzsche asks.

> The fact that life no longer dwells in the whole. The word becomes sovereign and jumps out of the sentence, the sentence spills over and dims the meaning of the page, the page comes to life at the cost of the whole—the whole is no longer a whole. But that is the equation for every style in decadence: always anarchy of the atoms, disaggregation of the will, "freedom of the individual," morally speaking—expanded into a political theory: "equal rights for all." Life, the *same* vitality, the vibration and exuberance of life, forced back into the minutest structure, while the rest possesses little life. Everywhere paralysis, harushIp, rigidity, *or* hostility and chaos; with the latter two more and more visible the higher the forms of organization to which we rise. The whole lives no longer at all; it is composite, calculated, artificial, an artifice."

And proceeding from this annihilating criticism of decadence, the sole praise that Nietzsche gives Wagner is likewise a stamping of the latter as a decadent:

> Wagner is admirable, amiable, only in the invention of the miniature, in the creation of the detail—we are fully justified in proclaiming him here as a master of the first rank in this field, as our greatest *miniaturist in music.* . . .

Yet, there is another side to this annihilating criticism of decadence in art, which doubtless contains an abundance of accurate and true observations.

The general criticism of decadence just quoted is peculiar in two ways. First, Ernst Bertram, the fascist biographer of Nietzsche, has proved that it is taken in all its essential features from a monograph by Paul Bourget, a writer whom Nietzsche considers to be a typical representative of modern decadence. Second, anyone at all acquainted with Nietzsche will already have noticed when reading this passage that it is not merely a correct criticism of Wagner's decadent lack of style and of the decadent decomposition of Wagner's style, but is likewise an *accurate characterisation of Nietzsche's own manner* of thinking and writing. As our motto shows, Nietzsche himself was not at all conscious of his own inward connection with literary and artistic decadence.

And it is quite characteristic of Nietzsche that in the same phase of development in which he contrasts the "healthy" Bizet with the "sick" Wagner, he takes the side of the "morbidity" of Parisian decadence as contrasted with German robustness and "health."

> *As an artist* one has no home in Europe outside of Paris. . . . I cannot think of any century in history when such inquisitive, and at the same time, such delicate psychologists could be gathered together as in present-day Paris; I mention by way of example—for their number is by no means small—Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre. . . . between ourselves, I prefer this generation even to its great teachers. . . .

And this emphasis upon the value of "disease" as against "health" is also applied to Wagner himself. Whereas Nietzsche, in his book *Nietzsche Versus Wagner* (1888), accuses Wagner of having sunk from Feuerbach's "healthy sensuality" to the Christian decadence of *Parsifal,* in his *Ecce Homo* (1888), he combats him from the diametrically opposite direction. In the latter book he speaks of the effect that Wagner's *Tristran* had upon him:

> The world is poor for the man who was never sick enough for the "dust of hell". . . . this work is altogether Wagner's *non plus ultra;* he recovered from it with the *Meistersingers* and the *Ring.* To grow healthier is a *step backwards* in a nature like Wagner's. . . .

Now, Nietzsche of course thought he had grown "healthy" in his final period, but just as his criticism of Wagner's style was his own esthetic self criticism as a writer, his comment on Wagner just quoted also applies to himself.

We have seen that in his mature period Nietzsche combatted Schopenhauer as the philosopher of decadence alongside Wagner as the artist of decadence. To the mature Nietzsche pessimism is one of the most characteristic symptoms of decadence. Schopenhauer, through his pessimistic philosophy, becomes the Musagetes of European decadence.

All this has become sufficiently clear as a result of our foregoing analyses. Now we must examine the other side of Nietzsche's fight against pessimism somewhat more closely. We have already pointed out, as a characteristic of Nietzsche's philosophical standpoint, that he endeavors to justify capitalism by affirming its "bad side," from which philosophical position his affirmation of barbarism consistently follows. The two-sidedness of Nietzschean philosophy necessarily requires that life be affirmed from the standpoint of pessimism. We cannot dwell upon the philosophical contradictions that follow from this attitude of Nietzsche's. For our purposes it is quite sufficient to see that Nietzsche, like Schopenhauer, considers the nature of art to lie in its transfiguration of existence, (which in itself merits repudiation and to which one's attitude can only be that of a pessimist), making it worthy of affirmation as a work of art. But Schopenhauer, as a straightforward and consistent pessimist, conceives of art as a form of alienation from life, while Nietzsche makes a paradoxical effort to make this function of art the vehicle of his pessimistic

affirmation of life. This pessimistic affirmation of life is the source of Nietzsche's "heroic realism," which his fascist worshippers of today admire most of all.

Even his early work, *The Birth of Tragedy,* which was still influenced by Schopenhauer to a very considerable extent, is devoted to this problem. In a later draft of a new preface to this work, Nietzsche characterizes his fundamental problem at that time as follows:

> The first thing that I grew serious about was the relationship of *art to truth;* and even today I face this dichtomy with mortal terror. My first book was dedicated to it: *The Birth of Tragedy* believes in art against the background of another belief: that it is *impossible to live with the truth,* that the "will to truth" is already a symptom of degeneracy.

This fundamental problem remained at the core of Nietzsche's concept of art. And he defines the nature of art in accordance with this basic concept as follows:

> Transforming the world *to be able to endure it* is the driving force: hence as a prerequisite a tremendous feeling of *contradiction.* . . . "Being free of interest and ego" is nonsense and inaccurate observation. It is rather the delight of now being in *our* world, fear of being detached in face of what is strange!

Thus, the philosophical basis for the nature of art remains for Nietzsche the pessimistic Schopenhauerian one, even after Nietzsche thought he had completely overcome Schopenhauer's philosophy and its decadent pessimism. For the *Weltanschauung* necessary for art remains the concept of the world as a chaos, a senseless confusion of irrational and hostile powers, which are in themselves insufferable and worthy of disavowal, whose visage can be made endurable by the veiling and distorting stylisation of art.

With this fundamental concept, Nietzsche, like Schopenhauer, is bluntly opposed to all the traditions of the revolutionary period of the bourgeoisie, to the Enlightenment, and to German esthetics from Kant to Hegel, who always proceeded from the concept that the task of art is to reproduce the (at bottom) rational nature of the world, despite all the differences in the philosophical bases of their esthetics.

It is true that in Nietzsche, too, there is a not inconsiderate tendency towards rapprochement with this trend of classic esthetics. For in his fight against Wagner and artistic decadence, Nietzsche is compelled to set up the demand of a true, classical *grand style* as against Wagner's plebeian "monumentalness." And in laying the basis for this demand, he must defend against Wagner the principle of the rationality of the work of art, of the importance of *logic* for the structure of the great work of art. "Drama requires *hard* logic; but was Wagner at all interested in logic!" This polemic, which is aimed at the whole irrationalist development of the German drama since the classics, and at modern literary developments as a whole, required a historical justification by Nietzsche, in addition to the basically esthetic emphasis of the principle of reason for esthetic stylisation. Even in his comment on the remark just quoted, Nietzsche repeatedly emphasizes that Wagner's public was not the public of Corneille. Nietzsche's leaning towards French literature and art, and his slogan aimed at Wagner: *il faut méditerraniser la musique* ("music must be Mediterraneanized") revolve around the tendency towards glorifying the rigidly and logically constructed classical literature in France. He refers to Byron's polemic against Shakespeare as a model and quotes from Byron's comment: "All of us follow an inwardly false revolutionary system. . . . I look upon Shakespeare as the worst pattern, although the most extraordinary

poet." And in this connection Nietzsche also summons up the classical traditions of Goethe.

Hence the basic esthetic line of this tendency of Nietzsche's is the rescuing of logic and reason from the irrationalist emotional deluge of the nineteenth century, the rescuing of the aristocratic-traditional character of art from its plebeian-democratic infection. But in Nietzsche this tendency is in indissoluble contradiction to his general pessimistic-irrationalist tendencies. In Nietzsche, the aristocratic, the traditional, the "logical" tendency is bound up with a profound pessimism, a corroding scepticism, particularly with regard to the possibility and the value of *knowing the external world.* We cannot make a detailed analysis here of Nietzsche's agnostic theory of knowledge, which is extremely closely related to Machism and has very strongly influenced fascist Neo-Machism. We shall merely illustrate his standpoint with a very characteristic passage, and then turn to the esthetic consequences of his agnostic theory of knowledge.

Not the world as a *Dingan sich*—that is empty, empty of meaning and worthy of Homeric laughter!—but *the world as error* is so rich in meaning, deep, wonderful, bearing within it fortune and misfortune.

Nietzsche's analysis of art always has this impossibility of knowing the outside world as its prerequisite. The artist, says Nietzsche, "possesses a weaker morality than the thinker with respect to cognition of truth." He always endeavors to prove, through the concrete problems of esthetics, that the creative method of art has as its objective foundation the impossibility of knowing the world and the worthlessness of such knowledge. Thus, he analyses the creation of characters by the artist in a very interesting manner:

When it is said that the dramatist (and the artist in general) *creates* actual characters, this is a beautiful deception. . . . In fact, we do not understand very much about a real living person, and we generalize very superficially when we ascribe this or that character to him. The poet satisfies this *very incomplete* attitude of ours towards people by making superficial sketches serve as (in this sense "creates") people, sketches that are just as superficial as our knowledge of people is. . . . Art proceeds from the natural *lack of knowledge* of man regarding any inward thing (in body and character). . . .

From this standpoint Nietzsche is quite consistent when he takes the nature of art to be a "ruthless arrangement of things," as we have seen above. In his polemic against classic German esthetics, he says: "The object looked at esthetically is *falsified* through and through." And this opinion, no matter how squarely it contradicts Nietzsche's "logical classicism," is in turn the necessary consequence of the pessimistic basic tendency of his thinking. Face to face with a world such as Nietzsche sees it, the task of art can only be the *invention and arrangement* of a world, in doing which we affirm ourselves in our inmost needs.

The irresolvable antinomy of Nietzsche's philosophy and esthetics paradoxically though consistently leads him to this position: this affirmation can take place only upon the basis of falsifying the world and man, for man cannot live with truth or in truth. Thus, together with his ruthless combatting of the hypocrisy of modern decadent art, Nietzsche necessarily becomes the founder of a hypocrisy in principle as the basis of esthetics. He becomes the founder of modern *anti-realism.*

The same antinomies are manifested, of course, in the definition of the general place of art in cultural development. Nietzsche wrote during the period of the strongest *l'art pour l'art* trends in European literature. And now it will not surprise us that he became the most violent opponent and the most extreme representative of those trends, which endeavored to transform art

into purely formal "artistics." The "artistic" tendencies were apparent to the reader in our earlier comment.

Nietzsche considers restraint of form, constraint, difficulty, as the factors out of which a healthy development of art can arise. "Dancing in chains" is his ideal. He looks upon the rigid bonds of classic drama, the requirement of unity of time and place, the restrictions in verse form and sentence structure, the restrictions of music by counterpoint and the fugue, and so forth, as means of attaining this formal perfection. The demands of *l'art pour l'art* could scarcely have been formulated more bluntly even in the Paris of Flaubert and Baudelaire.

Yet this esthetic basic trend of Nietzsche's is irreconcilably opposed to his cultural philosophy of art. He takes an energetic stand "against the art of works of art."

> Art should first of all and chiefly *beautify* life, that is make *us* sufferable for the others, and if possible pleasant. . . . Then, art should *conceal* or *reinterpret* all that is ugly. . . Alongside this great, aye more than great, task of art, the so-called art proper, *that of works of art,* is only an *appendage.*

And from this standpoint in the philosophy of culture, Nietzsche condemns modern art, because the poets are no longer teachers of humanity. That is, for this tendency in Nietzsche's thinking, art does not exist for its own sake, and the important thing in it is not the artistic, the consummate solution of problems of form; quite the contrary, it is only a means for the higher evolution of mankind in the sense of the Nietzschean theory, for its biological higher breeding. The true aim of poetry is "not the reproduction of the present, the reanimation and condensation of the past, but the pointing of the road towards the future." In this connection that function of art determines its value for Nietzsche just as exclusively as artistic, formal perfection formerly was the sole criterion of the value of works of art and artists.

All these antinomies, the number of which could be increased at will, since Nietzsche's philosophy manifests the same antinomic structure at almost every spot, point to their common foundation: Nietzsche's social-historical position. We have already characterised this position, saying that Nietzsche unconsciously criticises capitalist development, especially capitalist culture, from two standpoints: that of an early capitalist past and that of a utopia of future imperialist development. For Nietzsche, as for every romantic critic of capitalism, the central experience is the degradation and depravation of man by the capitalist reduction of everything to the level of things.

This full vision of the stunting of modern man makes Nietzsche's polemic against decadence interesting. We have already pointed out as a specific peculiarity of Nietzsche's thinking that he is not a utopian of the "good sides" of capitalism, in contrast to most of the romantic anti-capitalists, but on the contrary defends and glorifies capitalism for its "bad sides." The growing impossibility of harmoniously transfiguring and apologizing away the contradictions of capitalism, as well as the hopelessness of the return of patriarchal conditions, has made the ideology of liberalism and of the romanticism of the old type more and more unfruitful, empty and bombastic. Even Schopenhauer begins to follow the new path of apologetics of capitalism, the path of indirect apologetics, the path of apologetics in the shape of the general criticism of existence. Nietzsche gives the Schopenhauerian philosophy a *historical* turn. While for Schopenhauer all existence seemed to be a senseless chaos, thus degrading any particular criticism of the economy of capitalism to a ridiculous absorption in trifles, Nietzsche concentrates his pessimism upon the problem of history. The general senselessness of existence remains intact in

Nietzsche, too, but in certain periods mankind nonetheless succeeds in getting a subjective sense out of this objective senselessness. (Greece, the Renaissance, etc.). Only during the past century, only since the French Revolution, does decay seize hold of mankind completely. And, according to Nietzsche, a *fight* should be waged against this decay. Thus, in Nietzsche, the provision of an historical basis for pessimism likewise means its activisation, in contrast to Schopenhauer's passive tendencies of withdrawal from the world.

But where should this activism start? Since Nietzsche cannot and does not want to see the objective reasons for the degradation of man observed by him, he must make a *mythical figure* of man, detached from his social foundations. A "new man" must be set up in opposition to the type predominant today, decadent, and corrupted by Christianity, Socrates, Rousseau, and the like. Not for nothing does Nietzsche always call himself with pride a psychologist. All of philosophy is nothing but a psychology of his own development inflated into the mythical: the return of a man who was caught in the meshes of contemporary decadence, but who experiences the falseness of these tendencies, grows "healthy" through this experience, and "overcomes" decadence. Objectively there is nothing else behind Nietzsche's experience but the illusion of being able to overcome the contradictions of actual capitalism by the myth of an invented capitalism.

Thus, the core of Nietzsche's myth-making method consists in transforming the opposing historical principles into opposing human types. For Nietzsche, this mythical psychology conceals the contradictions in his concept and evaluation of capitalist contradictions. They likewise allow him to perceive the semblance of a concept of reality, of "scientific character," on the basis of his agnosticism that grows into mysticism. (The conversion of Darwinism, biologism, etc., into myths.) At the same time this myth-making enabled Nietzsche to conceal the capitalist character of his utopias, which he contrasts with capitalism. When he abhors capitalist competition, yet makes a mythical principle of the struggle for existence, and creates the mythology of every healthy society out of the Greek *agon* (competition), he "forgets" that he contrasts a "good competition" with the "bad competition" in the good old romantic manner. The same applies to the superman and the other figures of his myths. But this concealment goes even further, for the myth, which has remained capitalistic, appears not merely as something different from capitalism, but likewise as something historically new. Defense of the principles of capitalism acquires the gesture of a radical storm against present-day society; it becomes a *pseudo-revolutionary* attitude.

The Nietzschean "overcoming" of decadence now takes place upon this psychological-mythical basis. Just as Nietzsche personally cherishes the illusion of having overcome decadence in himself, he thinks he is able to overcome decadence inwardly, psychologically, through the mythical psychology of his historical mythological figures. Out of this method there arises his particular point of view towards the problem of decadence: for him decadence is a necessary transition stage in the "convalescence" of man. He proposes to get beyond decadence by increasing decadence itself. What disintegrates life and hampers life in ordinary decadence can turn into the opposite of decadence by increasing its mass, by increasing the force inherent in it.

It is finally a matter of force: all this romantic art could be wholly bent into the anti-romantic or—to use my formula—into the *dionysiac* by an abundant and strong-willed artist; just as every kind of pessimism and nihilism becomes only one more hammer and tool in the hand of the very strong to build a new stairway to happiness.

In all of this, Nietzsche's profound bonds with the traditions of the romantic criticism of capitalism are apparent; Nietzsche combats romanticism, but in such a way as to contrast "bad" decadent romanticism with a "good" romanticism, the dionysiac. True enough, Nietzsche reverses the methods of the old romantic critics of capitalist culture, as we have seen. Nietzsche makes an apology of capitalism from its "bad sides." In order to rescue capitalism intellectually, Nietzsche exposes all the petty vileness of its cultural manifestations, contrasting it with the gigantic vileness of his historical myth, his "blood beast," his "Cesare Borgia as Pope" as an apology of the entire system. Thus the core of the Nietzschean historical myth is the myth of the barbarism of declining capitalism.

With all these basic tendencies in his philosophy, Nietzsche initiates the process of development of bourgeois ideology that ends in fascist ideology in the age of post-war imperialism. There is not a single *motif* of fascist philosophy and esthetics whose source cannot be found in Nietzsche.

The social demagogy of fascism is likewise a continuation of Nietzsche's indirect apologetics of capitalism, just as the fascist concept of the "elite" stems of resentment, and so forth. Hence fascism is justified in looking upon Nietzsche as its most distinguished ancestor. But it is also rather distrustful, as we have seen, of certain features of the Nietzschean method and its results. Understandably enough; for between Nietzsche and fascism there lies a whole generation of the ideological decline of capitalism. Nietzsche's utopian dream of imperialism has already become a frightful reality. The outwardly showy, but inwardly poverty-stricken eclecticism of fascism must reconcile the Nietzschean contradictions into a coarse and superficial, demagogic "synthesis." Fascism cannot do without the "great figures" of Bismarck and Wagner; it must "reconcile" them with Nietzsche. It cannot suffer Nietzsche's frank acknowledgement of Latin culture, Nietzsche's call for a clear and precise Latin style (Nietzsche considered Heine to be the only really great German representative of this style, after Goethe). It coarsens Nietzsche's anti-realist esthetic trend, his demand for the "falsification" of the esthetic object, for the "ruthless arrangement of things," into a bluntly apologetic glorification of the barbarism of decaying monopoly capitalism by means of superficially eclectic journalistic myths.

This attitude of fascism's towards Nietzsche indicates most clearly Nietzsche's position in the evolution of German bourgeois ideology. On the one hand, Nietzsche is the first widely effective German thinker in whom the openly reactionary tendencies of the beginning decay of capitalism are openly expressed; he is the first philosophical herald of imperialist barbarism. On the other hand, Nietzsche is the last thinker of German bourgeois evolution in whom the traditions of the classical period were still vitally active—in a distorted and distorting form, true enough.

Nietzsche inherits the legacy of the classical period, burdened with all sorts of reactionary intermediate links. It is the very vitality of this relationship of his, the subjective passionateness with which he appropriates this heritage in his own way, that made him the gravedigger of the classical tradition in Germany. His polemic destroyed the empty academicism in the liberal dilution of the Greek traditions of the classics, just as it destroyed the narrow-minded admiration for the Middle Ages, the obscurantist Christianism, of the romantics. Yet together with this myth, he transforms the classical heritage, Hellenism, the Renaissance, the 17th and 18th centuries in France, and the German classics, into a myth of decadent barbarism

And in Nietzsche this recasting of the contents of classical traditions goes hand in hand with the methodical destruction of the channels for acquiring this heritage. Nietzsche methodically destroys the tedious philosophical manner of acquiring it, the by now banal historicalism of the liberals, as well as of the late romantics. But in their place he puts the method of arbitrary interpretation, of recasting history into myths, the "ingenious" arrangement of history, of men, and of periods. In Nietzsche the relationships between the great figures of history and the actual struggles of their age vanish to an even greater extent than in his shallow and banal antipodal contemporaries.

Only the personal is the eternally incontrovertible. It is possible to give a portrait of a man with three anecdotes; I endeavor to take three anecdotes out of every system and dispense with the remainder.

Thereby Nietzsche becomes the ancestor of all the arbitrary interpretations of history and myth formations in the imperialist age: from impressionism to expressionism, from Simmel to Gundolf and the like. And the path consciously trod for the first time in Germany by Nietzsche likewise leads beyond these to Spengler and Möller van den Bruck, to Jünger, and then to Rosenberg and Goebbels. In fascism these results coarsen into merely this: that the whole heritage is nothing but an arbitrary collection of opportunities for demagogic posters. For the bourgeoisie, form and content of the progressive heritage of man's evolution are buried in fascism. But in this respect fascism is the heir of a long process of development, at the head of which there stands Nietzsche, and in which many a bourgeois opponent of fascism has involuntarily and unconsciously participated. The clearest realization of the difference in ideological niveau between Nietzsche and his fascist successors cannot blur the basic historical fact that Nietzsche is one of the most important ancestors of fascism.

Translated from the German by Leonard E. Mins

S. Dinamov

Two Roads—Hans Fallada and Jean Guehenno

An Estimate of Two Significant Books

Finished! Louder, musicians, play the victory. At last those clever fascist slogans have become reality, those declarations, literary practices, book announcements, the premise of a novel. There it lies, that big thick book, numbering 546 pages. The name of Hans Fallada stands below the highly promising title *And We Had a Child.* That book lies there as visible evidence that success has crowned the literary policy of fascism; that they, the fascist literateurs have thumbed their noses at all the Heinrich Manns, Thomas Manns, Leon Feuchtwangers, Ernst Ottwalts and Bodo Uzes who have not been willing to place their peans at the service of the new fascist barbarism.

What tender lyricism fills this novel! Hans Fallada has forgotten his recent literary past when in *Little Man What Now* he drew a stern picture of the poverty and hunger of German petty-bourgeois life, a life with its watery, foul smelling soup compared to which even prison is a radiant heaven. ("Who has sipped prison slop?") The sweetest lyricism dribbles from every page of the new novel.

How touching, for instance, is the love of young Albert. How tenderly he kisses her, the only one, on her full lips. How remarkably he caresses her! How proud he is of her! How joyfully he gives to her, in her eternal femininity, the very best hay, which she eats, standing on all four hoofs, whisking her tail.

"Excuse me," says the astonished reader, "what have hay, a tail and hoofs to do here, when the subject is love?"

"But, see here, people are commonplace," answers Hans Fallada. It is quite impossible to love them, but to love a cow, why that is something new and original. And the worthy author continues his unnatural narrative of Albert's love for the cow "Blanky." Then follows another love story which is more natural. In this there are no surprises, here love occurs between man and a woman. How meek and quiet is the woman Greta. She reminds you of a perpetual smile. Behold him, her lover, standing before her, his soul beaming over with happiness.

> She was always here, but how strangely she had altered. She was like a disease in his brain. At times he no longer knew whether it was he or she who was pacing the rooms, whether his heart in his bosom, or hers, Greta's heart, was stilled in deathly sleep.

What is the love of young Werter? Like lamplight compared to a bright flame! Fallada is original and unique, not alone in his stories of the cow "Blanky." Look how touchingly he depicts the development of passion:

> Timidly watching her face and hands which had remained unaltered. Then once a casual sidewise glance revealed to him that the hem of her skirt seemed to be raised slightly above her slipper. He waited till the next night. Yes, slowly and gradually, each night the hem of her skirt was lifted. By now he no longer trembled: he was no longer bare; this transformation occurred more secretly and not in this world.

See what kinship of soul and body—a kinship which was not forseen by Fallada in his well known novel on the subject. And the road to this kinship was very simple—you need merely let yourself be eaten by rats.

"Excuse me," again says the reader in astonishment, "but what have rats got to do with it?"

But Hans Fallada authoritatively explains: if a father loves his dead daughter, not as a daughter but as a woman, then for long months he must live with her decaying body, patiently observing how the rats eat her, and afterwards in order to unite himself with her, he must put on her dress, lie on the bed, there tie himself and allow the rats to gobble him alive. Incredible? Astonishing? But this is the sort of literature that Germany has today and she honors it. Read still another excerpt from this idyllic love novel:

> She lies in the coffin, a rat bares its teeth against her hand, and begins to bite. It bites a chunk of flesh from one of her fingers, and scuttles off. Has he understood by now?
>
> Yes, he has understood, but his soul tries to rebel: it is too depressing. True he is quite accustomed to the rats; they scamper over him day and night. They have completely lost all shyness in the solitude, they stroke all parts of his body. Indeed he knows that they have been sent by her—that it is Greta's hands that are stroking him, but not this. This he cannot, he does not want.
>
> But when her vision no longer appears to him, she seems merely to draw to one side. She deserts him when he is almost transformed. Yes. Does this mean that she is beginning to reverse the transformation? He must make up his mind.

You are seized with disgust when you read these pathological pages of an artist depraved by fascism. You are filled with disgust when you read of this kind of "love," of this kind of a father, of this kind of a person. This is obviously that same "steel romanticism" which is propagated in the Third Reich; but legal medicine and the doctors of insane asylums have long since been familiar with such "steel romanticism."

But all these chapters of the novel are merely a prelude to the main figure. That is Johan Hentschow born in 1893, who has been through the World War and the revolution. He hates rebels as though they were his personal enemies. He is prepared to thrash the whole world with a whip if that world strays from the Prussian path. He is a typical fascist brave, afraid of books and culture, hating knowledge and recognizing only the fist and the lash. But this hero also inspires disgust. Fallada seeks strength in him and finds barbarism. Fallada seeks strong personality in him and finds savagery. Fallada wants to make him likeable and depicts only his hatred and wrath. The bloody reality of fascism upsets Fallada's best intentions, he cannot find heroes, and finds only debauched sadists and degenerates.

With delight Fallada sets forth how Hentschow suppresses a strike of agricultural laborers by placing their cows, along with those of the landlord, in a locked shed without any water, and with salt in the troughs. In spite of his wishes to the contrary he creates a definite feeling of loathing and aversion to the character of the "ideal" fascist. These, for instance, are the words with which Fallada closes the story of his hero:

> He is full of hatred and scorn for people. He is glad because they are all contemptible. He is delighted by his own individualism. He is a blight; he is an enemy; he is the most anti-social being one could imagine. He slaps everyone in the face, and he is further proud of the fact that he alone slaps people in the face. He regards that as just. He stands in need of no one and he is proud of the fact. He holds that this is the way men should be. He despises weakness. He scorns all sentiment, all women, all people in general, everyone save himself.

Are these lines written about Hentschow? I read these lines and the picture of Hitler comes to my mind as painted by the fascist artist Von Bauer. Against a dark and gloomy background Hitler sits, with a never-give-in Napoleonic pose. Near him lies a dog, with its tongue hanging out, and its ears cocked. Sharply defined shadows strike the face. Dark bags hang below the eyes.

Evidently the artist wished to portray Hitler as the embodiment of destiny, but the result was a figure of oppressive heaviness, gloomy and foreboding.

Hans Fallada likewise discloses the face of fascism. It is hideous, like the face of a decaying corpse. It evokes disgust; family love, honor, all have been scrapped like old rags, and only one sentiment is placed on a pedestal—blind and savage hatred.

There is a disease in which the body loses its sensitivity, and if, for instance, a person is touched on the forehead with a red hot iron, his forehead is scorched to the bone, but the person feels nothing. Hans Fallada has been scorched to the bone by fascism. He has become a pathological and unnatural artist, he delights in stinking corpses—but he celebrates his own destruction as though it were his destiny. Isn't it high time for this talented writer to free himself? Doesn't he feel that his brain is being consumed? In a letter to the publisher he has written that he dedicates this novel of his to the country "In whose bosom he has found his present fatherland." In this country "birds twitted and make noises and exult and are probably as happy as you are, Hans Fallada." We have already seen what strange and hideous "birds" croak in the novel. To fascist criticism the twitter of these birds is not very pleasing.

At first the fascist press praised this novel, but the official *Völkischer Beobachter* soon struck a new note, and Fallada was criticized. He unwittingly told too much of the truth, and it is impossible to cover it over, no matter how the sworn lawgivers of fascist esthetics may attempt to do so. Destroying himself as an artist, by creating a work which is revolting in its pathology, Hans Fallada serves as an example of where fascism has led the writers who have not followed the inspiring lead of those who abandoned fascist Germany.

Oh wicked sign
Of art stabbed by an arrow.
thus cried in horror Emil Berharn.

The best contemporary writers have turned away from the art of phantoms. Their work leads mankind forward and not backward. It is to this path, from the old to the new, from the dead to the living, that the French writer, Jean Guehenno, dedicates his book, *Journal of a Man of 40*[1]. This is the honest confession of a son of these stormy and revolutionary times. It is a wise and very human document.

Guehenno is one of the important French writers, the editor of the influential magazine *Europe*. He has written the books *Appeal to Compassion, Caliban Speaks*, and others. The French intelligentsia listens attentively to the words of Guehenno. In almost every number of *Europe* his soft and stirring voice is raised.

His *Journal* is an event in French intellectual life. It is a book of conclusions, imbued with bitterness, anger and sorrow. It is an appeal and an accusation, a summons and an analysis, a conclusion and a beginning.

The diary begins with childhood. "It seems to me," writes Guehenno, "that as I grew, my conception of the world became more and more meagre." Capitalist civilization filtered in until it completely poisoned it. "A sham life took possession of us and transformed us into marionettes." The youth were held in a "system of impulsion and craft, as in a huge trap, until that same system hurled the whole young generation, like a shell from a cannon, into the hell of war."

[1] Excerpts from this book appeared in *International Literature* No. 5, 1935.

The most tragic pages of Guehenno's diary are devoted to the war. He was a participant in it. He is now its prosecutor.

For four years we only helped each other to die, at the very time when we should have been helping each other to live. Rivalry, growing out of the properties of youth itself, in this case served only death.

An unforgettable impression is produced by the chapter: "Thoughts on Useless Death." Here the writer again reverts to the war years, he again presents a skillful picture of what can be lived through, but cannot be outlived. Angry and sorrowful lines are penned by his bold hand:

The war collided with everything, it levelled everything, it destroyed everything. Sometimes it seems to me that it is still going on. For it does not matter how people are killed. To die of hunger, as people are doing today, is no better than being shot. That same night has already been dragged out for twenty years. We live under the influence of the profound impressions of that time, and we carry within us, like a sore that cannot heal, a bitter insult, which we can never forgive. Time has only made us more conscious of this and more serious I feel how indignation grows internally.

A great hatred burns in that book. And how different it is from the anger Fallada describes! There it is an old and poisoned weapon of the old world. That hatred is directed against the best hopes of mankind. The hatred of Guehenno, like the hatred of Rolland, Barbusse, Dreiser, André Gide, Malreaux, Feuchtwanger, is directed against a doomed world that seeks to condemn mankind to a new war, to new barbarism. A great love of man is born of this hatred, itself the offspring of love and human kindness.

"We must lift ourselves out of the chasm into which we were plunged by your death," are the words addressed by Guehenno to his young comrades who were killed by war, and to those whom war may kill. "While we live, let us be alive, and use our lives to the full."

Yes. the earth is lifted out of the chasm by the hands of bold artists, who came out against new wars, and who raise their unconquerable weapon of fortitude in defense of their native land—the Soviet Union.

At the time of the war's close a great flame was kindled in the East And for twenty years its glow has helped us to live.

That struggle and that example form almost the whole of our hope and joy.

I know the flame will spread. It is like a forest fire, which, when extinguished in one place, bursts out in another. For a hundred years it burned brightest of all in our country. But whether it burns in our country or in the USSR, that flame is always one and the same. Do not think I believe in miracles, in fortunate catastrophes, which suddenly change the conditions of human existence. The only revolution for which I feel that I am a good worker, is that revolution which is slowly effected by the quest for truth. But I am sure of the fact that this revolution will take place. Thanks to it the day will come when all will be realized that is most human, as Nietzsche said—the time will come when all men will lose their shame.

Guehenno is not a revolutionary. But he directs his gaze towards the USSR because only there does he see support for peace. True, Guehenno does this with a backward glance, for he fears war in general including civil war. In his article "The Will to Peace," (*Europe*, April 15) Guehenno declares: "Between peace and immediate socialist revolution I choose peace." But sooner or later Guehenno will understand that the communists by no means confront themselves with the problem of such a choice. Capitalism is not peace, but war. Guehenno hears the horrible baying of the war hounds. He must realize that only the hands of the toilers can forge a chain for those hungry and bloody hounds.

"There is in the world no opponent of war more serious than the Soviet Union," was the correct reply of Louis Dolivet to Guehenno in *Monde*.

Guehenno's book expresses the growing protest against war and fascism, it is an unusual document, which shows that even that intelligentsia which is far from being revolutionary, is beginning to join the masses to prevent war. This did not exist in 1914, and it *does* exist today!

Guehenno's voice is not solitary. Indeed, among the intelligentsia which he represents, a yearning for action has risen, for they have already seen the futility of words which lead to nothing but more words. In February, when all over France a mighty wave of protest against fascism arose, Guehenno declared:

> It is not enough to say that with all my heart I hope for the success of the general strike set for February 13. How insignificant it makes one feel when one is forced to confine oneself to expressing good wishes, making declarations, uttering words.
>
> This great day must prove that at last working class unity has been achieved, that this unity is the unity of strength, capable of withstanding fascism, nationalism and war.

But if Guehenno only dreams of action, there are scores and hundreds of writers who have already realized this action.

Two Congresses

The first Congress of American revolutionary writers which was held in New York at the end of April (incidentally there had never been a congress of writers in America, although the bankers got together fairly frequently) was a mighty demonstration of the writers' struggles and activities.

> "America has never seen such a Congress of writers," writes the *Daily Worker*.
>
> "Five thousand persons opened the first session. . . at the Mecca Temple—close to 5,000 in the audience, which filled every available inch of space in the seats, aisles, and doorways, and more than 400 writer-delegates and writer guests from all over the country. . . ."

Boldness, zest for life, confidence in the justness of their cause, that was the spirit pervading the Congress. The writers also gave free reign to their sense of humor, which is so valued in the West. The fascists, for instance, might appreciate the wit of Malcolm Cowley, one of the editors of the *New Republic* who declared:

> The fascist Hitler has shown himself to be the most discriminating critic in the world. Without exception, he has driven every good writer out of Germany and has kept every bad one." (Laugther throughout the hall.)

And Cowley went on to contrast the dying and corrupt literature of fascism with the work of writers of the Soviet Union, and the work of the revolutionary writers of the world.

The well known American writer Waldo Frank, declared, to the applause of the whole auditorium: "Communism must come, and must be fought for."

The Congress of the best writers in the world, held in France in the early part of June, marked a new step in the struggle against fascist barbarity and against the threat of new wars.[1]

Thus is created the mighty front of the literary liberation of mankind, which has its enduring foundation in our country and in our Soviet literature.

Great things are being born among the Western intellectuals who have recognized the impotence of words and the smashing force of a single blow dealt together with the rising masses. The living go to the living, the dead go to the dead.

Translated from the Russian by Edmund Stevens

[1] This Congress was described by the American writer Oakley Johnson, in *International Literature* No. 8, 1935.

Andor Gabor

Willi Bredel

Trials, a *Novel of a Concentration Camp*

A loud outcry from Hitler's hell, an important book by a communist writer about the torture dens of the Third Empire.

Willi Bredel is the author of the novels *Machine Works N & K* and *Rosenhof Street* on the German labor movement of pre-Hitler days. In these two novels Bredel already showed himself a talented proletarian revolutionary writer who knows intimately not only the everyday and holiday features of the great struggle of our class, but also the "petty work." In his earlier work however he did not always do justice to the valuable material and the requirements it puts to the author. Even then he succeeded in many things but he was occasionally dry and colorless in presentation, grey silhouettes instead of human beings, ready made political results rather than vital processes. Traces of these defects are also present in Bredel's new novel, but the work as a whole can only be favorably received both for itself and even more as a forward step in Bredel's development. In this novel one can see how Bredel has worked in the interval, how he developed as an artist, how he struggled for his own improvement. But the overwhelming power of experience—Bredel was confined for more than a year in the Fuhlsbüttel concentration camp—raises his talent and powers of expression to such a height that the author and, with him, revolutionary proletarian literature, have grown at least a head taller with this novel of experience, experience both in its goods and in its sinister significance.

For many well considered reasons Bredel decided not to write this novel of experience in the first person. Otherwise the range of the novel would have been limited and the author's freedom of motion within the material hampered. Bredel, who has always been to the highest degree a fusion of writer and Party comrade,—that was true also in his previous novels, only there the writer often fell into the rear guard—Bredel knows very well that the concentration camps continue their activities even after his lucky escape from there and so out of considerations of class solidarity and illegality, he could draw so that they could be easily recognized only such figures as he intentionally wants to be recognized. With a great talent for depiction, as shown by this very novel, if it were written in the first person, all the figures in the novel, in spite of invented names, would become recognizable not only to friend and initiate, but also to the enemy. This had to be avoided and consequently instead of the natural form of "I was arrested, I went through hell, I escaped from it," another, more artificial and therefore artistically more complicated form had to be used. Otherwise the composition logical to the material is adhered to in the four parts of this novel. These are: Arrest, Examination, Concentration Camp, Freedom. Due to the avoidance of the first person form, however, the various characters in the novel that take the place of the hero, enter the various stages indicated by the titles at different times. Somewhere about the middle of the book all the main characters up to then replacing the hero step into the background and the mass of the tortured itself becomes the principal hero of the novel and the individual motifs merge into a chorus of numberless voices of the afflicted coming from the oppressive forest of beastliness, from the fever swamp of filth and blood, rises high to heaven only so that the sounds of the revolutionary battle song stands out triumphantly.

The number of characters and brutes, the wealth of men and the inhuman is as great in the novel as in the concetration camp itself. Not only proletarians engaged in the class struggle or suspected of being so engaged—middle class representatives that landed in the opposition or denounced as of the opposition also come to the concentration camp. Later they are joined by SA men that served for a long time as devoted hangmen for the Third Empire, did their dirty work for the concentration camp itself, but due to the inner weaknesses and disruption of the Nazi-party deserted from the ranks. Life and death within the camp, although the action of the novel never leaves the thick walls of Fuhlsbüttel prison except for a few pages at the end of the book, reflects life as a whole in the Third Empire. At the concentration camp, as in the land of Hitler itself, the only source of light and courage is the revolutionary proletariat which in spite of all tortures and losses remains adamant. And representatives of all other sections of humanity achieve the strength to die manfully or live triumphantly only insofar as they join hands with this proletariat. It is Bredel's great merit that one room at the camp where the communist prisoners

are kept together is so depicted that it becomes a great symbol of the advance guard of the revolution.

2

The thread of the story Willi Bredel makes the following:

A small Hamburg tradesman named Gotfried Miesicke turns to a seemingly foreign traveller on the ferry and calls his attention to the sights in the Hansa city. But this foreign traveler is really Heinrich Torsten, communist leader and once a member of the Reichstag, who has come to Hamburg to take charge of the illegal work there. He is to meet a Hamburg Party comrade, John Tetzlin, at a definite place. Due to previous indiscretion on the part of Tetzlin the two of them are arrested before they had time to exchange more than a few words. As the sleuths on the boat had seen Miesicke speak to Torsten they haul him in too although he had never really had anything to do with politics before. They are all first taken to the usual examination rooms in the Hamburg city hall and from there to the Fuhlsbüttel concentration camp which was the city goal before. Thus these three characters enter their course of "Trials which all the other characters of the novel undergo in various degrees but continually. This includes torture by all means imaginable and unimaginable. (The imagination of the hangmen is inexhaustable in inventing new means of torture. Some methods are so fantastically inhuman that in spite of documentary proof they would seem incredible if Bredel had not used the only possible method—that of realistic presentation.) At the very first examination they compel the petty tradesman to "confess" that he is a communist and wanted to contribute money to the Communist Party of Germany (wanted to contribute not that he contributed!) and that he served as intermediary for the Party. On the basis of this "confession" he is subjected to all the torments of the camp, amplified for him because he is a Jew.

The Hamburg communist Tetzlin, also succumbs at the examination. He betrays the leader of the Hamburg organization. Not so Heinrich Torsten who is drawn on the highest plane with all the firm characteristics of the unyielding class fighter. In the presence of the Prussian governor Kaufmann he is tortured so that his torturers themselves think he will never revive from his fainting spell, but he gives no information whatever and thus achieves the respect of even the enemy. His relentlessness, his silent suffering keeps his torturers at a distance. They do not enjoy beating him as he shows no sign of weakening. After the first examination Tetzlin and Torsten are put in neighboring cells. Tetzlin finds out that Torsten kept quite in spite of torture. Out of despair at his own treachery he hangs himself.

He is the first suicide; after him comes an endless series of them as the guards—followers of a new trade, never known before in history—that of man-skinners (literally, just as the Third Empire trains specially executioners that can behead with an axe) are specially drilled, trained to make life so intolerable to the human specimens over which they have the power of life and death that the victims will be driven to take their own lives.

Torsten is transferred to Fuhlsbüttel and there subjected to the most gruesome torments of the dark cell for months—torments which very few survive. Bredel carefully recounts in detail all the means a strong willed communist, determined to survive, escape and work on for communism, adopts to train himself in endurance of the unendurable. In this, as in many other things, this book becomes a manual of the class struggle without any lessening of interest. Bredel not only gives reality as it is, he also gives the great and radiant "So it must be!" which the artistic power of the author turns into a slogan of encouragement to live.

The tormentors fail to break Torsten's spirit in the dark cell—by strictest self discipline he even succeeds to retain his health. He is therefore taken out of there and put into a normal single cell.

3

The cellar is the lowest, the worst region of the fascist hell. After this comes the single cell. The relatively "best" stage is the common cell where 40-50 prisoners are confined together.

But any one of these regions can become the highest degree of torment. Because at any point, irrespective of the gravity of the "crime" the prisoner is accused of, he may be beaten to a pulp, exercised to death or driven to suicide. It depends entirely on the way the guards feel, on extraneous, chance circumstances, occasionally also on the personality of the prisoner—on how the tormentors react to him.

In the single cell Torsten finds himself the neighbor of the younger communist, Walter Kreibel, who is almost at the end of his tether and is threatened with inner collapse. By means of wall telegraph (systematic knocking) Torsten gives his neighbor a political schooling in the complications of the German situation and transfers some of his own confidence in final victory to Kreibel, helping him to get hold of himself. Torsten is then taken away from the concentration camp to be put under detention for examination and then tried and convicted, while

Kreibel remains the main figure in the novel from then on.

By following his experiences we learn all the gruesome details of the concentration camp. As the action of the novel is laid between August 1933 and the end of March 1934, the reader gets a glimpse of not only the brutal daily routine and compulsory "celebrations" (such as November 9, in memory of the "crime of November", and January 30 as the anniversary of Hitler's accession to power) but also of the surge of German history as it rolls by.

In November 1933 the plebiscite is staged at the concentration camp also. And with "excellent" results: out of 273 having the right to vote there are 213 for Hitler, seven votes are void and "only" 53 against fascism. Anyone reading the lively account of this "plebiscite," the detailed description of the subterfuges by means of which this "secret" ballot is turned into open voting will understand what the elections in Hitler Germany mean altogether and will get a better idea of events in the Saar plebiscite.

The events in Paris and Vienna of 1934 are also reflected in the book. Bredel tells about the effects of the revolutionary news on both tormentors and tormented in such thrilling fashion that it is unparalleled even by the many deadly thrills the book abounds in.

Kreibel succeeds in getting out of solitary confinement to come to the common cell of the communists which gives the author an opportunity to lovingly draw these figures into the fresco which are an unquestionable guarantee that the institution of the concentration camp will not last long in Germany. The communists there hold together admirably, support the shaky ones, school the beginners, influence and win over the neutral ones, impress and disrupt the guards themselves. This cell shows how even under the gruesome conditions of the concentration camp communists remain active class fighters, do not lag behind developments in the outside world, do everything to remain at the same high political level that they represent outside the concentration camp. Those pages of the book devoted to the realization of united front tactics are the most brilliant ones in the book.

The Nazis throw an ex-social-democrat, Schneeman, who was at one time a great foe of all communists, in among the communists for them to revenge themselves. The warden calls upon them to treat Schneeman as he deserves at the hands of communists. And there are some in the cell who feel like doing so, especially as all know that if they do not, all the inmates of the cell will be punished and given beatings. Nevertheless the political insight of the cell-elder, Walser, prevails. Walser is a good communist, who knows and explains to the others what this Nazi demagogy means and keeps the less conscious proletarians in the cell from becoming the tools of the Nazis so that Schneeman is not mishandled. They suffer severe punishment for this, but take it, so as to show an example and teach the social democrat solidarity.

The political discussions conducted in this cell are not only instructive, they are an organic part of the novel and embrace the entire field of world politics. These discussions radiate an especially wonderful light when they touch upon the Soviet Union and what its every step means for the oppressed and tortured in the capitalist world everywhere and in all circumstances. The very thought of the fatherland of the proletariat puts new life into them and helps them endure the worst.

4

After the freeing of Walter Kreibel there is the politically most valuable chapter "The Decision." This chapter is a graphic example of the inseparableness of the problems of form and content.

According to all the rules of bourgeois esthetics, how should Bredel's novel end? What would be the "happy ending" satisfactory to the (bourgeois) reader?

The tormented prisoner is free to begin a new life without bars, without prison walls, without torture, without the daily fear of death. Walter Kreibel is really very happy to be free, to come home to his wife whom he loves and begin a life, full of proletrian worry, it is true, but heavenly as compared with the concentration camp. Had the writer written this novel from the outside, as an observer, he should have let the sun of freedom shine gloriously after the horrible nightmare of the concentration camp and so arrived at the compositional end. But Walter Kreibel, although freed to begin again his modest life—in fact it is impressed upon him on being released that this is exactly what he must do—is nevertheless as little satisfied with this "happiness" as the reader. What is he? Is he "just human?" Is there such a thing? Is there such a thing in the Third Empire particularly? Had the fascists succeeded in beating Walter Kreibel into a condition of enjoying the human happiness of not undergoing beatings, fascism would have achieved its ends, and the happy ending in the class significance of the bourgeoisie, the oppressors would be there. Walter Kreibel, however, is not "just human"—he is a proletarian, a class conscious proletarian, a communist. This fact, a reality of class society, breaks down the esthetic canons of bourgeois rules of composition: the novel has to be continued—and this Bredel does with a sure hand. Walter Kreibel lives a

restlessly tormented life in "freedom," runs from soft family bliss, fights against himself and against his wife—and the only denoument that is both politically and artistically correct, because it agrees with the ideologic content of the novel and the character, is the revolutionary ending: Walter Kreibel renounces his happy family life and goes back to Party work. After hundreds of pages of the hell of concentration camp the main character of the novel and the reader are only satisfied when the proletarian fighter again takes *the* road which again leads to the concentration camp . . .

5

It should be noted especially that Bredel makes not only the victims of the concentration camp both individual and typical, but also the personnel of the tortures, guards, the mass of the political foe. All these SA and SS men look like so many similar beastly mugs only at first glance. Although they are uniformly raw and cruel, they differ under their uniforms both as individuals and types. They build an apparent united front against the prisoners—but on closer inspection this united front has a great many cracks and fissures. And behind the curtain of this united front there is struggle and segregation, the competitive struggle of all against all, i.e., viewed at close quarters, they show the same picture as Hitler's adherents outside the walls of the concentration camp. This differentiation also is shown in a good Marxian way: the differences rest on the social origins of the individuals, and Bredel makes this the basis for their variations in individual nuances of consciousness.

6

It is self evident that along with the other components of his work the style and language of the novel show a marked advance on the part of Bredel. His language he has drawn from the boiling cauldron of experience. The realism of his Nazi characters often has the color values of the Flemish painters who show such social depths. It is to be regretted that the political discussions in the novel do not always attain the same high level.

In the Krop Studio in Holland

HILDO KROP: Dutch Artist

Hildo Krop is one of Holland's best known sculptors. His art has been developed in direct contact with architecture. From 1914 to 1933 he worked as municipal sculptor in Amsterdam. During this period he worked on 14 school buildings, a department store, a townhall, a railway viaduct and 4 bank buildings. From 1914 to 1916 he cooperated with the architects Van der Mey, De Klerk and Kramer, and after 1916 with the municipal architect Hulshoff. He believes that every sculptor should be given the opportunity to work for the street and not only for the studio. "The participation in construction work rouses the feeling of responsibility of the sculptor towards the street. The plastic art must be considered in connection with architecture as part of a whole. The plastic art must be fused with the architecture and yet remain plastic art."

Before he became a sculptor Krop had been a pastry cook and worker in a furniture factory. Even today, as a sculptor, he works at a construction job with the bricklayers. He stresses that a sculptor who is a real sculptor must hew stone himself. It is not enough if he limits himself to the modelling leaving the hewing to the craftsman.

The works of Krop are distinguished by a high degree of seriousness and a socialist orientation towards the tasks of the sculptor. As a sculptor he is strongest and freest in his "free" works which have been created outside of building.

All his work tends towards monumentality. Since he works as a building sculptor under capitalist conditions, he has been forced to many a concession. He himself confesses: "I often had to represent two points of view: one, my own, and the other one, that of the man who had placed the order." Thus his work is only partly his own. The inevitable rift in his work also explains many a formalist trend in his plastic art. All his work however shows a great craftsmanship.

A. D.

LETTERS FROM WRITERS

USA

The American Writer's Plight

Recently an American writer, Berton Braley, summed up thirty years of freelancing in an autobiography entitled *Pegasis Pulls a Hack*. An empty hack. The book is a cave of winds, bound in a glossy sausage skin of surface living, stuffed with the sawdust of false values, crammed with windy observations from a privileged poet in his ivory tower post—solid ivory. A poor thing, but his own, as are all things under individualism. The form is fair but the content lousy —the eager young writer goes from the mid-West to Manhattan and makes good in heroic Horatio Alger style. That is, he buys silk underpants, spats and a Piccadilly stick, his poems are published in the biggest magazines at half a dollar a line, his prose goes up to ten cents a word, his works come out in book form and he joins the Author's League. There he snobs around, goes in for log-rolling and fawns upon the celebrities, hoping for a little comradely back-scratching so that he too may get a reputation for genius and cash in on some built-up eccentricity of authorship.

Braley is soon a first-nighter and banquet-attender extraordinary. He meets Irvin Cobb, Peggy Joyce and Rex Beach. O. O. McIntyre whispers in his ear what Willy Hearst whispered in O. O.'s ear one pay-day. Braley takes Eva Tanguay to lunch, dances with Alice Roosevelt, soul-sobs with Nina Wilcox Putnam and sob-sisters with Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Frank A. Munsey pats him on the back and says that was a good poem you had in *Colliers* last week, Berton, you better do some for us, of course we can't pay as much, but. . . . Conde Nasts, Edna Ferbers, Booth Tarkingtons, Rupert Hugheses, Hergesheimers and what-nots flit like fleas through the pages. Their feeble witticisms Braley records down to a gnat's whisper.

Then he takes a crack at ideals, tells how he kept his prostitute pen pure by never writing for hire a single line that could possibly sully his pale lavender conscience. He denies that the present debacle is any reflection on the system of his peers and is sure that George Horace Lorimer and Roosevelt will pull us through all right. Pollyana to the finish, he chirps on in what seems to him the best of worlds, singing of the swell time he's had in the gilded bawdy house of American journalism, telling how he can even write advertising without dipping his pen in the pool of prevarication.

Braley's hollow history sums up the whole of pre-crisis professional writing. It is the class story of 99% of American writers of the last generation (Dreiser, Mike Gold and a few others being part of the exceptional 1%.)

The Authors League to which Braley belonged, is typical of the American writer for the past quarter century of its existence. Teddy Roosevelt was its first vice-president and Will Irwin one of its last. With exclusive reactionary leadership like that, it has been kept highbrow and high-hat, a clubby affair, quite the thing for well-to-do and go-getter authors, but beyond the income of rank-and-file writers, for its dues are high and the initiation fee higher. The Hollywood branch of the Authors League costs a hundred dollars a year, on the exclusion principle of the old craft union. It is as snooty as a polo club and almost as useless. All it actually does is properly introduce the "right" sort of authors, agents and publishers to each other, hire a lawyer to defend its members' contracts, agitate for a more capitalistic copyright law and support a secretary in tweeds to smoke a pipe, read the latest British books and answer the official correspondence.

This is all very well for the conforming established author, the same as the now militant Newspaperman's Guild is fine for the reporter, but what about the thousands and thousands of competent writers who don't fall into either class? What representation do they have? And in what plight do we find the average American writer today? We hear a lot about the plight of the share-cropper, the brick-layer, the miner, every sort of fellow worker, but very little about the writer. Until last year no attempt had ever been made to organize American writers to fight for any rights at all.

The Writer Is a Worker

Pampered authors living on patronage in pent-houses today make an unhealthy contrast to writers still struggling in their traditional garrets. It is high time for the worker-writer to liquidate both of these anachronisms. The gulf is too great between the money-successful writer who makes his living out of equal parts of prostitution and pen-poison and the writer of social realism who hasn't even a garret today and creeps into a flop-house when he can. For all writers have the right to make a decent living with head and hands in exchange for decent work done, on exactly the same basis as all other toilers.

So the problem of the presentday writer doesn't differ in the slightest from that of the evicted sharecropper. He has lost the

right to write what he feels, if indeed he ever had it. We are struck aghast by conditions on cotton farms in Alabama and Arkansas, where half a dozen and more people of both sexes and all ages live crowded into one room, eating nothing but flour and water paste called "hush-puppy" and pigging it all together on a dirt floor. But we have the parallel of this among writers trapped in Greenwich Village. For instance, there is an unheated dump on Wooster Street where able writers live crowded six in a room, lacking all conveniences and subsisting on weak coffee and stale bread. But our masters have hardened us to the old wheeze that writers like artists must always be poor, so this doesn't have such dramatic popular drive as the picture of the sufferings of the dispossessed sharecropper's family. Writers are supposed to suffer for their art. Balls! We don't want to suffer anymore than anybody else does and we don't have to be poor either. Yet we are. We writers meet in Manhattan today, shabby, badly fed and ask each other bravely "How goes it?"

"Okay, I'm getting by. I've got a room on relief." "I'm just perching now, over on Columbia Heights. No, I haven't any address." "I got a little advertising job to do but I haven't sold a story for two years." The mystery of how American writers still manage to live remains unsolved. They get almost nothing published for pay and are even glad to give away their stories to the little non-commercial magazines just to see themselves alive in print. In Greece just after the war when the whole country was starving people wondered how they still survived until somebody suggested "They live by selling oranges to each other." So by some similar magic those writers who exist today probably keep up body and spirit by reading their manuscripts to each other.

A fine state of serfdom in which publishers pay arriving authors (out of whom they make their own parasitical livings and expect to make fortunes) lousy little advances, as low as $100 and never over $500 on which they expect them to exist a whole year while finishing a book. But the publisher's defense is that he loses money, for nowadays one book in ten doesn't pay its way. Yet the publisher continues to eat and feed his automobile gas long after the author has spent the last cent of his advance. And even when a new author makes a hit, as William Saroyan did recently and Thomas Wolfe not so long ago, their books don't earn enough to keep them living in passable comfort while they work.

Don't Weep for the Publisher

So if neither the publisher nor the writer can make a living these days then it is high time that a more sensible system of writing and publishing be adopted—and the only successful system is that practiced in the Soviet Union under socialism, publication of books of the people, for the people and by the people. Certainly fascism has nothing to offer, for in Germany and Italy it has clubbed the writer senseless.

We needn't waste pity on the capitalist publisher, either, although his days are numbered. In America there are scarcely fifty recognized publishers, as against fully 5,000 creative writers, and one best seller will keep a publishing house in clover for a year, maybe two years—at the expense, of course, of 100 writers. In England it is said that Jonathan Cape expects to make a hundred thousand pounds out of the late Lawrence-of-Arabia's last book, and another publisher made as much out of the *Memoirs* of Lloyd George. So we see that books by the great pirates and bandits, as well as novels of the grand life, still sell well enough to keep the parasitical publishers going and a few elite writers as well. But as yet writers of socialist realism, outside of the Soviet Union, have no sale at all. And though many proletarian books are now being written, few are published, chiefly because the author's commercial master cannot see in them the fantastic profits he seeks.

At the American Writers Congress a list of sales of proletarian books was read: Farell, Hermann, Herbst, Conroy and others. Only one sold more than the requisite first edition of 2,000 copies which covers the author's advance and gives the publisher a small profit. This prolet best seller was Conroy's *The Disinherited*. It sold 2700 copies, but 1000 of these were put out in a cheap edition for the Workers Bookshops, on which the original publisher made a little profit, but Conroy received no royalty at all. Yet this book won him a Guggenheim scholarship and more than that, the Soviet Union paid him several thousand rubles for publishing rights. Out of the Russian rights alone Conroy will get more living than out of the three or four hundred bucks paid him at home.

So the prolet writer must look to his own partisans for his living, develop his own organizations and outlets, such as the radical book-of-the-month club started by the Writers Congress. Earl Browder pointed out at this Congress that the workers are ready for their own literature and worker-writers must break through to this audience, for mutual support. But the contact has still to be made. American writers remain apathetic, and this is partly due to the fact that revolutionary writing is hard to get printed and when it is, it isn't paid for. The writer who is also a revolutionist is expected to contribute his professional services in addition to his social work, except in the case of a few editorships and staff jobs.

The Rise of a New Literature

But there are encouraging signs for those who write for the working class. Two indications of the final collapse of capitalistic literature are now apparent; first, that the capitalist writer himself can't make a living and even established authors like E. E. Cummings have to pay their last dollars to get their books privately printed. A recent advertisement of the novelist Jane Burr's self-published book says "18 Publishers Refused to Bring Out This Book." The second indication lies in the fact that more money is spent by aspiring writers in trying to learn the trade than all the magazines put together pay for the material they print. So as soon as they learn to write they begin to ask "For whom?" and "For what?" And since there is no answer to that it becomes obvious to them, as it has to the old authors who now pay for their own book publishing, that the ancient and dishonorable publishing racket has folded and a new era has begun The rise of proletarian literature shows this too, with successes such as Erskine Caldwell's; and Clifford Odet's class conscious plays, together with the leap in the *New Masses* circulation and the springing up of left organs such as *Dynamo, Anvil, Partisan Review,* etc.

The great initiative taken by Soviet writers in their Congress last summer, when the platform of socialist realism was adopted, has resulted already in awakening the writers of the world and in drawing the class line more sharply. The American Writers Congress was a direct outcome of this Soviet rally and so was the recent World Congress of Writers in Paris. These constructive bodies have aroused the dying bourgeois authors to attack, as illustrated by a letter from Ezra Pound, printed in the *New English Weekly* in reply to an article by Oakley Johnson, an American at the Congress.

And Gertrude Stein when advised in New York that a similar congress of ignoramuses and palukas was being held downtown at the School for Social Research drawled, "Indeed . . . hadn't heard of it. You're sure you don't mean the Publishers Congress being held here at the Waldorf?"

The publishers and revolutionary writers did not meet or exchange greetings on this occasion, although one might think they had something in common. In fact, outside of the radical press, there wasn't much said about this gathering of red writers, but in spite of that their work was well done and the first wedge driven in. This winter it will be pounded in further when Americans of all political colors will convene to organize a single body to fight against fascism in defence of culture. And here the liquidation of the Berton Braleys, Ezra Pounds and Gertrude Steins will be duly celebrated. Also, the Writers Union will be made as strong as the Artists Union and it is hoped that it will work within the stodgy Authors League to remodel it into a useful writers weapon.

So although the present plight of the American writer is on a par with that of the starving sharecropper, he too is organizing for struggle and will overcome the obstacles of inertia, the delusions of self importance and individual grandeur, and finally free himself from dependence on a publisher who can't make a profit out of this kind of slave anymore. The contact between the writer and his fellow-workers will be made at last, on the strong basis of mutual support that exists in the Soviet Union. Together they will move to new heights in both literature and living and then the American writer will be able to earn his bread by the honest sweat of his pen.

New York, N. Y. *BOB BROWN*
(Author of *You Gotta Live, Words, Nomadness* and other books)

ERNST NEUSCHUL: German Artist

The paintings of Ernst Neuschul, whose art has been growing in Germany and recently in Chechoslovakia, have induced a number of observers to call the painter "the *German Millet*".

Just as Millet was on the side of the toiling peasant, whose exhausting labour he had disclosed as an essential subject for painting and had portrayed indefatigably in all its heroism and greatness, Neuschul is on the side of the industrial proletariat and on that of the toiling peasant allied with it.

"I am willing to run the risk of being taken for a socialist"—Millet states—"but I must say that the humourous side of peasant life never occurs to me. In the fields and on the heath human figures are seen to hoe and to dig; now and then one of them rises and stretches himself, wiping the sweat from his brow with the back of his hand. . . . Though some people would like to persuade us otherwise, such toil is certainly neither droll nor merry."

In keeping herewith the men and paintings of Millet are sombre and brown, monumental and great in their lack of colour. In his paintings everything: man, grain and atmosphere are transformed to earth.

I recall earlier paintings of Neuschul which, in a different way and under different conditions, were brown and colourless. The overwhelming lack of colour of his "Proletrians Ready for Battle" contradict his aim. He had not yet seen the true world, so rich in colours, of the fighting proletariat. In these pictures Neuschul had missed the ever repeated portrayal of their clenched fists. For from the seat of war of the class struggle he painted it in dismal colours. A superficial method of portrayal, clinging to local colours and the local forms, shattered the truth, the inner greatness of the reality portrayed. Often the painter misrepresented his types. He used as models for the artistic creation of revolutionary workers (as for instance in his painting "Meeting of the Shop Council") unemployed men, unnerved by years of unemployment, and painted them in his studio in the mere pose of battle. Thus the whole drama of the class struggle was transformed into elaborate theatricality.

As the critic of the Berlin *Rote Fahne* I criticized these pictures and recommended the painter get out of his studio.

Painful months of transformation of the artist in the lure of the class struggle followed. He stopped painting and joined the front ranks as fighter. As a result he painted the class struggle no longer from beyond the reach of guns, and the worker no more as a model, but as a living man. His art became richer, more ample, more colourful, intrinsically truer.

Today Neuschul must be named internationally among the most esteemed revolutionary artists. His pictures, created in exile, his "Hewer", "Construction Worker", "Rail Worker" "Women Mowers" continue the great art of a Millet. The basis of this art is an intense love of human labour and of toiling man.

Ernst Neuschul was born in 1895 Aussig, in Czechoslovakia, of a merchant family. He grew up in perpetual strife against the bourgeois limitation of the home of his parents. He has traveled the world over. Spent a year in Paris, walked through all of Spain, traveled through Italy, lived a year in Rome, worked on a small freight steamer to Tripolis, beat his way through North Africa to Tetuan, shipped as a cabin boy on a Woermann Steamer and landed in New York. He traveled through all of North America and Canada and to the Far East, British and Dutch East India finally ending in Berlin.

A. D.

Two Paintings by Ernst Neuschul

AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

GERMANY

Willi Bredel

September, October, November 1933, during the most terrible months of my imprisonment in the concentration camp, with dark cells, solitary confinements, beatings, murders by night, I inwardly decided that my life was to be reckoned only in days. During this fearful time, in which I saw my best friends, my dearest comrades, dying all around me, I recalled all my previous life —the bare twenty years which I had lived as a conscious individual. These memories gave me strength and decision more firmly and calmly to face the dark future and helped me to surmount all terrors.

II

Without a break, my life had belonged to the struggle of the working class, the struggle for the victory of socialism. As a tobacco worker, my father, an old Hamburg Social Democrat, belonged to the category of the politically most advanced workers. Up to the beginning of the World War, however, my father was also a typical member of the *Sozialdemokratische Wahlverein.* Before every election he was full of political interest and excitement, threw himself into election work, distributed leaflets, attended election meetings, stood before the voting booth with Social Democratic banners and for several weeks after the election remained in high victorious mood: Hamburg was Red, the toilers headed by August Bebel had elected four Social Democrats to Wilhelm's Reichstag with an increased majority and thrown out all the bourgeois candidates. And every time after such an election there also followed for my father a year-long period of political inactivity until—the next election.

At the outbreak of the war, however, he was the only one of our whole family in whom the Social Democratic point of view predominated, who tore up his membership book and declared war to the knife on the betrayers in the Reichstag who had extended a hand to the Kaiser and passed the war credits. He kept his word: he died in 1930 and was an active member of the Communist Party from the time of its foundation.

III

When I left the Hamburg elementary school (graduating from the top class) the war had already been raging for two years and my father had been called up for military service. As turner's apprentice I entered the metal works of Leser Brothers, which was making equipment for submarines. A few weeks later I was already organized as a trade union member and joined the workers' youth association. Here I was first stimulated to study Marxism. One year later I joined the Left "Free Youth" and the Left Radicals (*Bremer Arbeiterpolitik* group). Together with other young comrades I set to work, after the munition workers' strike in January 1918, to organize the apprentices and young workers. At the outbreak of the revolution about forty out of fifty young workers were organized politically and in trade unions and I was elected as representative of the apprentices.

During the succeeding period as member of the *Spartacusbund,* I also belonged at the same time to a youth organization called the Free Proletarian Youth, which aimed at being a class, but not an avowed Party youth organization. At this time I still had a very unclear political grasp of the role of the Party on many points and was a representative of the opinion that the coming generation, among whom I reckoned myself, had special tasks to carry out and must overcome the party disunity of the "old man" in their own way. However, during this time I learned an enormous amount, studied the science of Marxism in political circles, and my interest in fiction was promoted. In small literary circles we read Shakespeare's plays, Goethe and Marlowe, *Faust, Don Carlos* and others. I personally at that time read indiscriminately everything I could lay hands on.

IV

I worked as turner on the docks and in various metal works, between whiles hiked with various comrades through Germany and in 1922 from Munich over the Alps to Verona and Venice. We fell into the political struggle of the Italian workers against fascism (we were three members of the Youth League) and, after the fascist march on Rome and the surrender of political power to Mussolini, were arrested in Venice and hustled out over the Austrian border via Triest. From there we had to hike it through Kärnten and Steirmark to Vienna and then back to Hamburg with the help of our Party.

V

In 1933 I followed my calling on the Hamburg Blohm and Voss Dock and fulfilled various functions within the Communist Party, to which I had belonged ever since the fusion of the *Spartakusbund* with the Left *U.S.P.D.* (Independent Social Democratic Party of Germany).

Some weeks *after* the Hamburg October uprising I was arrested for having bought a load of weapons in Thuringen and receiving them in Hamburg as machine parts. After nine months' arrest I was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, but later freed under the so-called "Hindenburg amnesty."

Released from prison, the Party sent me as assistant editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* in Bremen. Later I worked as editor on the Communist press service for the Party papers in Hamburg and Essen.

At the end of 1925 this white collar work ceased, since I was unable to agree with the editorial collective in Essen on certain personal questions, and I returned to Hamburg. Shortly afterward I found work as turner and greaser on the Flettner Rotor-Motor ship *Barbara,* made seven voyages to Italy, Spain and North Africa, organized a Party cell on board and joined the Transport Workers Union, the trade reformists having expelled me from the Metal Workers Union in Bochum, owing to the members having elected me to trade union leadership.

VI

Again I came to work in Hamburg metal works, among others in the Nagel and Kaemp Machine Works, in which I was victimized owing to my political work. The Party leadership then decided that I should work in the editorial office of the Hamburg *Volkszeitung.*

As editor of this paper I was accused of high treason in January 1930. In one article a stand was taken with regard to the Bloody May Day of 1929 in Berlin, in the other secret war preparations were exposed. The High Court in Leipzig sentenced me to two years' imprisonment, which I completed to the last day in the Bergedorf and Wesermünde-Lehe fortresses from 1930 to 1932.

In the political isolation of the fortress I wrote my first books, *Maschinenfabrik N. & K., Rosenhofstrasse* and *Der Eigentumsparagraph.*

The first two have been published in German and Russian and translated into several other languages. The third has appeared only in Russian.

Released from the fortress, I returned to my work as editor on the Hamburger *Volkszeitung,* was taken into protective arrest on May 1, 1933, and sent to a concentration camp.

Willi Bredel, German Writer

When released after nearly thirteen months' "protective arrest" I had to report to the police. In May 1934, with the agreement of our illegal Party leadership, I fled over the Riesengebirge into Czechoslovakia and as an emigrant in Prague began to write my new book, *Die Prüfrung (the Test),* in which I have tried to give literary form to my experiences in the concentration camp.

VII

Since the Congress of Soviet Writers, in which I was able to take part, I have been in Moscow, doing literary work, and as a member of the secretariat of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers in the German commission, on the organization of a broad writers' front against fascism, imperialist war and for the defense of our socialist Soviet Union.

Bob Brown

My great grandfather was an Irish peasant who emigrated to America after the potato famine. My grandfather was an Illinois farmer and my father a street car conductor in Chicago, where he also weelbarrowed bricks to help build the first post office. I was born in the slums not far from the Chicago Haymarket and just a month after the bombing in 1886, about the same time and place as Fred Ellis, the American artist. I never got very far away from this proletar-

Bob Brown, American Writer

ian heredity and revolutionary environment either. Although I had a year of college I left to go to work as a shipping clerk and then graduated to newsboy at 19.

I started to write at that time, and my first stories were purely proletarian, but nobody would print them, and since a writer must be published, I learned with great pains to write slick articles for the *Sunday Workers Magazine* of the *Chicago Tribune* and stories of the Streets and Town for the old *Record Herald*. But my newspaper route brought in most of my living and I got a kick out of running it barefoot, especially when I was delivering papers containing my own signed articles.

At 21 I was in New York freelancing successfully and at 22 in London writing feuilletons for Munsey's string of American newspapers. I met Munsey once at the Hotel Carlton and he told me to ape the English writers and hold the mirror up to high society—write high life from below stairs—that was what the Americans wanted. He and Hearst were right about this. Americans want to see the back-side of human nature bared. But I couldn't write a snobby society sex story, so I turned out adventure and *Christopher Poe* detective stories; *Diamond Dick;* a terrible best-seller *What Happened to Mary* that made one of the first fast movies in 1912. I wrote honest stories too, of the East Side and about emigrants, and also good poetry for the *Century* and a book of poems called *My Margonary*.

After five years of this I got back to my original proletarian short stories in 1913, when I began writing for the radical press, the old *Masses, New York Call, Coming Nation,* etc. When the war came along I emigrated like my great grandfather, but because of the soldier famine in America, I went to Mexico with many others, including writers and artists. Finally I got to Brazil and started a commercial magazine there and after that I didn't write a word for 15 years. I made so much money I thought I was smart, but when the crisis came along I found out I wasn't. Brazil had no labor movement. My radical activity lay dormant during this period, except once when I led a printers' strike against the print shop I owned. And the printers won.

About four years ago I began to write again and since then I have turned out a number of books: *You Gotta Live* (banned in the Ireland of my fathers); *1450-1950*; *Readies; Words; Nomadness; Gems* and *Let There Be Beer!* I can't find a publisher for my best books *The Excellent Dogs* and *Marginalia*. The trouble is, until recently, I have fallen between my old commercial writing habits and the urge toward recording socialist realism with which I was born; so my writing has been neither flesh nor fowl, but mostly fish. All this has changed, however. I spent last year writing a book about Cooperation, at Llano Colony, and in so doing I became a communist and went to Commonwealth College in Arkansas, to teach creative writing from a class conscious base. Then I came to the Soviet Union and decided to spend the rest of my life writing for my own class—the workers of all countries. Not only write for them, but actively participate in their struggle, which is equally mine, as Joseph Freeman pointed out at the American Writers Congress.

I am not particularly pleased with any of the reams and reams of writing I have done, except for a poem or two;[1] but I am proud to be the author of a writing son, Carlton Brown, and of a reading machine which gives wings to the static book and will change the whole tempo of literature by bringing culture to the masses at cost.

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[1] Bob Brown's latest poem, *O.K. America —Let's Go!* appeared in *International Literature* No. 10, 1935—*Editor.*

THREE LENINGRAD ARTISTS
Buchkin — Pakulin — Dormidontov

Pioneers — *by P. D. BUCHKIN*

Soviet Harvest — *by V. PAKULIN*

Football Match — Moscow vs. Turkey — *by N. DORMIDONTOV*

CHRONICLE

ENGLAND

The English Short Story

In the magazine *Story,* published in New York, H. E. Bates, author of a number of volumes of short stories, and editor of *New Stories,* published in Oxford, England, writes a brief but provocative discussion of the short story. While we disagree on many points, and regret the fact that Bates barely touches the social basis of the rise of the short story to favor, his opinions are nevertheless of interest. Bates writes:

"The history of the English short story is a melancholy one. Indeed it might be said that the English short story has no history—for the simple reason that it has hardly existed. It is true that certain nineteenth century novelists, Dickens, Hardy and Mrs. Gaskell, for example, wrote what were termed short stories, but which were in reality nothing more than a potted extract of novel—or in other words, novels in miniature."

The writer points out that "It is interesting to note that at this time Turgenyev was writing *A Sportsman's Sketches,* Tolstoi such masterly short stories as *Family Happiness,* Mérimée such forerunners of the modern surprise story as *Mateo Falcone,* and Poe his masterpieces of imagination and pathological horror."

"This famine in short stories" in England continued later although "Turgenyev had been succeeded by Chekhov, Mérimée by Maupassant, Poe by Ambrose Bierce—three writers," the author believes, "who, more than all others, were to influence and enrich the short story with vitality and beauty."

Bates points out the influence of Russian classic writers on British authors. "In England, Dickens had been succeeded by Arnold Benett, who made the astounding confession that it was Turgenyev who had taught him how to write, and Hardy by Galsworthy, in whose work the influence of Turgenyev was so obvious that he did not need to make the confession that Benett had done."

The author acknowledges that these men wrote splendid short stories, also H. G. Wells, Conrad and Moore, but that they are regarded primarily, as nevelists. The short story came into its own in England only after the war. Even then short stories were little read and publishers were not anxious to issue them in book form.

After the war there was a promise of a poetical and dramatic renaissance. "A great epoch of national sacrifice and suffering, we were assured, had always been followed by an epoch of poetical fervor."

But what happened was that "a great many poets could not sing because they were dead, and a great many young dramatists had acted in a comedy so realistic that their own plots seemed insipid and pointless beside it."

These writers turned to the short story, Bates points out. And "today that indifference for the short story has vanished. Ten years ago the existence in England of a daily newspaper publishing a short story each morning would have been a miracle. Today there are ten newspapers offering a short story each day to the public that has at last grown tired of serials it never read. The policy of the newspapers seems to me a significant one. It would not surprise me indeed if the novel, during the next ten years, lost its position of popularity to the short story."

1935 Exhibition

In December a huge art exhibit will be held in London "of paintings, sculpture, drawing, lithographs, etc., mainly by British artists who are aware that the freedom of artists to carry on their work is seriously threatened by the spread of fascism and the preparation for world war." The announcement advising details is signed by the noted British artists Eric Gill, Duncan Grant, Augustus John, Laura Knight, Henry Moore, Paul Nash and the Artists International. The exhibit is supported by *Left Review,* Left Theatre, The Artists and Technicians, The League of Academic Freedom and other organizations. A number of the paintings are to be on the Abyssinian situation. Already in November (as we go to press) 600 paintings, sculpture, etc. are assured by some 350 artists.

USA

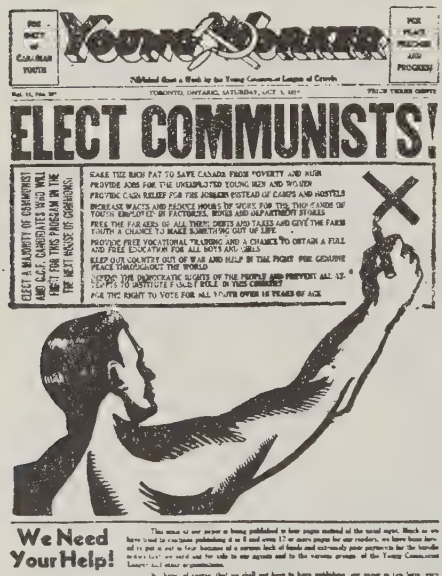
American Artists Congress

From the very beginning of the swing of the American intellectuals to the Left in 1929, when the John Reed Club was organized and soon spread to some 35 cities, the artists group in each of these clubs

was among the most active. It was from these art groups that The Artists Union of some 1400 members was organized over a year ago, and their magazine *Art Front* was published.

Now the American artists have gone a step further. A call signed by 107 leading artists has been issued to all American artists, sculptors and critics for a Congress to be held in New York City in December. It is signed by such prominent figures in the American art world as Peter Blume, Margaret Bourke-White, Jacob Burck, Stuart Davis, William Gropper, Joe Jones, Louis Mumford, Boardman Robinson, Art Young and a hundred others.

Their announcement reads: "This is a Call to all artists, of recognized standing in their profession, who are aware of the critical conditions existing in world culture in general and in the field of arts in particular. This Call is to those artists, who, conscious of the need of action, realize the necessity of collective discussion and planning, with the objective of the preservation and development of our cultural heritage. It is for those artists who realize that the cultural crisis is but a reflection of a world economic crisis and not an isolated phenomenon."



The front page of a recent election number of the Canadian Young Worker, *now being issued under semilegal conditions*

After reciting the present economic plight of the American artists, which is a sad one, the Call reads: "In addition to his economic plight, the artist must face a constant attack against his freedom of expression.

"Rockefeller Center, the Museum of Modern Art, the Old Court House in St. Louis, the Coit Memorial Tower in San Francisco, the Abraham Lincoln High School, Rikers Island Penitentiary—in these and other important public and semi-public institutions suppression, censorship or actual destruction of art works has occurred.

"Oaths of allegiance for teachers, investigations of colleges for radicalism, sedition bills aimed at the suppression of civil liberties, discrimination against the foreign born, against Negroes, the reactionary Liberty League and similar organizations, Hearst journalism, etc., are daily reminders of fascist growth in the United States.

"A picture of what fascism has done to living standards, to civil liberties, to workers' organizations, to science and art, the threat against peace and security of the world, as shown in Italy and Germany, should arouse every sincere artist to action.

"We artists must act."

Besides being sent to all recognized American artists this Call was printed in the enlarged quarterly number of the weekly *New Masses* of October 1. This number, specially devoted to art, included the work of some 29 artists in addition to a leading editorial and an article on art. (Results of both the British "1935 Exhibition" and the American Artists Congress will be given in following issues.)

Joe Jones' Mural at Commonwealth College

Joe Jones, who has contributed previously to *International Literature* and whose work in the St. Louis Court House caused such a stir at the time it was shown, has completed a large mural at Commonwealth College, a workers' school at Mena, Arkansas.

The mural consists of five panels, each one bringing out some outstanding aspect of the struggle for bread among the Southern people. The first panel shows a group of miners in serious discussion, watching their leader as he pours the water out of his dinner pail, the signal for strike. In the two side panels Jones has painted three Negro lynchings. Coming upon them is the figure of a Negro woman, her fist raised, a frightened child clinging to her dress. A miner from the first panel is striding toward them, in determined solidarity with the men about to be murdered. The other two panels show, through a family in their fly-ridden

The Soviet writter: Lakhuti, Tadjikistan poet, and Egon Erwin Kisch, German Writer

hovel, a farmer ploughing under his cotton, a dust storm, and emaciated cattle. the conditions of a share-cropper's existence.

The funds for the materials for this mural were raised by small contributions from workers.

At the unveiling, Jones said of his mural: "This mural is made possible only through my affiliation with and my attitude towards my class, and by the subject matter drawn from that class; whatever here is good comes from my class, the working class. In dedicating this mural I give it back to them, and particularly to the working class of the entire South."

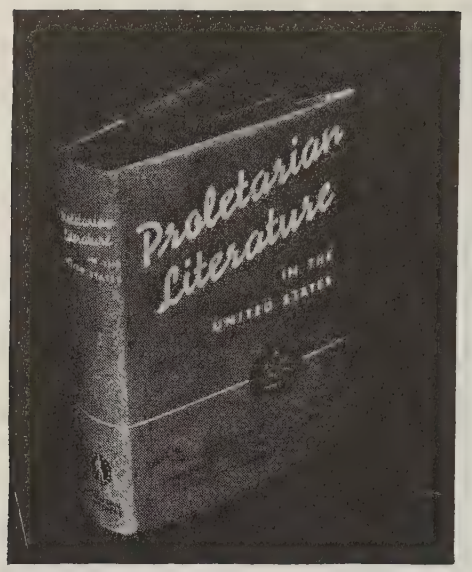
Ella Reeves Bloor, veteran revolutionist who was present at the unveiling said: "Every worker will know what it means. This is the beginning of worker's art in the South."

True to her words, plans are being undertaken now to bring to the school a group of worker artists for the study of mural painting and to cover the other walls with frescoes.

Joe Jones and His Work

Joe Jones has risen to the ranks of the outstanding revolutionary painters. He has exhibited in leading galleries in New York and other cities. A recent exhibit of his work in New York brought favorable comment from all leading critics. Edward Alden Jewell of the New York *Times* found "deftness, the refreshing originality of his brush work; the publication, as well, of a personal point of view." Carlyle Burrows, critic of the New York *Herald-Tribune* spoke of "the marked sensibility, the skill and the painterly decision of this artist, who has distinction in style, and the means whereby to make his message, however unpalatable in itself, count to some esthetic purpose." Jacob Kainen of the *Daily Worker* said: "An exhibition of painting so sharply true, so indicative of clean, hard thinking and positive working class feeling, so devoid of mushiness and studied artifice has not appeared in a New York gallery in a long while."

Joe Jones is only 26 years of age. He was born of a proletarian family, son of



First monthly selection of the newly organized American Book Union

a house painter. He himself first worked at this occupation. The mural at Commonwealth College and other recent paintings by Jones will be reproduced in a forthcoming issue of *International Literature.*

First Choice of the American Book Union

The Book Union, as reported in an earlier issue of *International Literature,* was organized last spring to increase the distribution of Left-wing literature and to sell such books to its members at low prices. The organization offers not only its regular monthly selections of new books but a wide range of other recommended new and standard books of proletarian literature, Marxist theoretical works, labor classics, etc.

The first monthly selection of the Book Union, appearing in October, was *Proletarian Literature in the United States,* the first American collection of revolutionary creative and critical writing. It is a 200,000 word volume containing short stories, selections from novels, poems, plays, essays, sketches, reports, critical articles and reviews by more than sixty Left-wing writers. In addition to many well known writers who are represented in the anthology, there are a number of contributions by young and unpublished authors, as well as by workers. Some of the outstanding contributions are *Hills Around Centralia,* a new long story by Robert Cantwell, author of *The Land of Plenty;* the play *Waiting For Lefty,* by Clifford Odets; Michael Gold's well known review of Thornton Wilder: a lengthy introduction by Joseph Freeman; and nearly 100 other pieces by Albert Halper, author of *The Foundry;* the playwright Albert Malz; James T. Farrell, author of the *Lonigan* trilogy; Josephine Herbst, author of *The Executioner Waits;* William Rollins, Jr., author of *The Shadow Before;* Langston Hughes, Negro novelist and poet; Agnes Smedley and others.

First critical reactions were extremely favorable. Robert Morss Lovett, an editor of the *New Republic* found that the volume "has a certain unity through its general representation of the literary values arising out of proletarian experience. The chief of these values is uncompromising realism... The present volume brings before us in unforgettable pictures the realities of experience in which the issues are life and death. Here are hunger, cold, disease, the suffering of helpless children, the spectre of unemployment, the humiliation of beggary, the battle of picket lines, prison, torture, lynching. And above all rises an indomitable note of courage and loyalty, now and then articulate in verse."

Professor Lovett found the selections under reportage "admirable for their rendering of fact." (Among them Agnes Smedley's "Fall of Shangpo" which first appeared in *International Literature*). The fiction, the critic found "is best when it approaches the factual character of reporting" as in the stories by James T. Farrell, John Dos Passos, William Rollins and Michael Gold. Lovett found it "unfortunate that so many of the fiction pieces were excerpts from novels, torn from the context, though the excisions have been skillfully made." Under drama he praises highly Clifford Odets' famous *Waiting For Lefty.* "The literary criticism is proletarian in outlook and sympathy" he writes, "rather than in origin, except for Michael Gold's outburst against Thornton Wilder, which has the authentic note." He points to the same failure in the poetry included, although he feels it is the work "of genuine poets."

Robert Morss Lovett concludes: "On the whole, *Proletarian Literature in the United States* does credit to its editors and writers and will remain something of a literary monument at the beginning of a new age."

This book is edited by Granville Hicks, Isidor Schneider, Michael Gold, Joseph North, Paul Peters, Joseph Freeman, and Alan Calmer. It is published by the International Publishers, New York.

A New American First Novel

In view of the present bitter struggle of the share-croppers, both black and

white, and the general agrarian unrest in the middle and southern states, *The Green Corn Rebellion,* a novel by William Cunningham assumes a special interest.

It is a dramatic account of the class struggle in America, written vividly, with a keen insight into the life and character of the American farmer, and a thorough understanding of the economic load with which he is burdened.

The Green Corn Rebellion tells the story of the bitter exploitation of the American farmer, the lechery of the banks, in Oklahoma in 1917; of the lives of their wives and children. Interwoven through a story which always holds interest, is the gradual arming of the farmers who rise in an abortive revolt against the draft and America's entry into the World War.

The Green Corn Rebellion (published by the Vanguard Press, New York) is a first novel. The author, William Cunningham, was born on a farm in Oklahoma, where the action of the novel takes place. He knows his people thoroughly. Cunningham has worked as a journalist and for a while taught Marxism at Commonwealth College.

Prize Novel Published

The *New Masses* recently published the first chapter of *Marching! Marching!* by Clara Weatherwax. This novel was the prize winner in a proletarian novel contest sponsored jointly by the *New Masses* and John Day Publishers of New York. The novel will appear shortly.

Langston Hughes Prohibited from Speaking

California, scene of bitter strikes this vear, is notoriously one of the most reactionary states in the Union. A wave of terror followed the San Francisco general strike. Langston Hughes, novelist and poet was also a victim of it when fascist elements drove him out of Carmel, where he was staying.

Hughes again was a victim recently when he was barred from speaking at the YMCA (Young Men's Christian Association) in Los Angeles. The decision to prohibit Hughes from speaking was made at the last moment and their reasons given included the facts that "he is anti-Christ" as well as "communistically inclined."

The "anti-Christ" charge no doubt was born of his poem "Goodby Christ!" which two years ago caused a tremendous discussion in the American Negro press and the churches, where he was both damned and where prayers were offered for his "salvation." This poem is included in his new volume of verse *Good Morning Revolution!,* as yet unpublished.

A new proletarian novel issued by the Vanguard Press of New York

ITALY

Literature Under Fascism

Ignazio Silone, whose novel *Fontamara* attracted attention in many countries, in his new book *Mr. Aristotle,* recently published in the United States by Robert McBride & Co. makes some sharp observations about present day Italian writers and their work. He says:

"The Italian author, in his relation to society, has remained what he was during the time of the Renaissance—a courtier. The Italian people have never shown an interest in their own literature. In the Italy of today, the pre-revolutionary Russian authors—and above all Dostoyevsky and Gogol—are the fashion. Whoever among the bourgeoisie, the peasants, or the workers, wants to find in literature an echo of his own hopes and needs, looks for it among the Russian classics. Italian literature offers him nothing, for it is a literature of sycophants.

"Before fascism, there was a so-called Liberal literature, and under fascism there is a so-called fascist literature. But in reality the former was as little Liberal as the latter is really fascist. How many authors who made a profession, not to say

a good thing of Liberalism, have remained Liberal under the new regime? None. Not one. For Benedetto Croce and Guglielmo Ferrero are not literati but historians. Neither were P. Gobetti nor M. Vinciguerra, who were really essayists; and Robert Bracco had retired from literary life at the time of the March on Rome. All the rest are subservient to fascism. One could write a biography of any of them under the motto "How to Become a Bootlicker."

Silone points out specific instances of authors whose earlier work merited attention, but whose work under fascism is beyond notice. Authors who "As soon as they became devotees of literature, and as soon as they were included in the limited circle of hired minds, they lost all independence of spirit, all originality, all common bond with the people."

Silone points to Antonio Beltramelli, who is now writing "only unreadable lyrical novels;" Ardengo Soffici, who has become a "pure" writer; Aldo Palazzechi, who wrote "a mere jumble of words;" and others.

"One could go on indefinitely with these examples," Silone continues, "without having to exclude a single well-known Italian author, thus showing unmistakably the place of the professional writer in contemporary Italian life."

"The situation has gone so far," this writer thinks, that in Italy "a man who has any pride or regard for his name must decline the name of *litterateur*. In Italian that name is an insult. A young Italian intellectual, Ramolo Tranquilli, once asked me, 'How can we avoid this terrible fate?' I advised him, 'We must give ourselves body and soul to that class which is the mortal enemy of the present social system in Italy. That is the only way to save ourselves from becoming bootlickers.' He took my advice. He became a worker, a printer. But he had to pay dearly for it. The government had him killed in prison."

Ignazio Silone, a native of the Abruzzi mountain region of Italy, is at present living in Zurich, Switzerland, where he is actively engaged in anti-fascist activities.

Clifford Odets, who in the past two years has risen to the leadership of American revolutionary playwrights

USSR

Soviet Authors in 1936

Both quality and the number of new works published will combine to make 1936 notable in the annals of Soviet publishing, according to critic A. Shcherbakov who, at a recent meeting of the presiding council of the Soviet writers union at which the prospects of the forthcoming year were considered, attributed the small number of books issued within the past two years to a "creative pause" in which writers have been putting forth strenuous efforts to reach higher standards in their work.

"This lull is shown by the publishers' lists to be well nigh past," he continued. "Recent manuscripts show that M. Gorki's injunctions regarding quality have been well taken. Nor can one avoid reference to the added difficulties confronting a writer who attacks such fresh themes as the 'new man' and the world of 'new emotions' that express the development of our society."

As an indication of renewed literary vitality, Shcherbakov cited new plays by Afinogenev, Lenin, Semenov, Nikulin and other playwrights, and novels by Pavlenko, Leonov, Sholokhov, Fadeyev, Fedin, Ilyenko and others.

The "critical sector" of the literary front he defined as fairly unstable.

Leningrad writers are not lagging behind the Moscow group according to Leningrad poet N. Tikhonov, who warmly praised a number of new books ready for publication. Among these he listed Yuri German's *Our Acquaintances,* uneven but gripping; Zoshchenko's *Azure Book,* Kaverin's *Fulfillment of Desire,* A. Tolstoi's *Defense of Tsaritsin,* and Y. Tinyanov's work on Pushkin.

"To the Front" — work of the noted Mexican painter I. C. Orozco

The mastery shown by A. Leonov in his new novel, *The Road to the Ocean,* won unreserved praise from critic I. Bespalov, who described it as a landmark in recent Soviet writings.

"The work not only abounds with technical excellence, but displays profound power in character treatment. It is a memorable portrait of a highly intelligent Communist who, stationed in a political section, is faced with many urgent and complex problems. With no less skill has Leonov made his subsidiary characters convincing and unforgettable.

In the Provinces

The provinces are beginning to play an increasingly important role in Soviet literature.

Heretofore, it has been customary to publish all outstanding literary work in the Soviet capital or Leningrad. Ardeyenko's new novel, *Fate,* is the first exception to this rule. It will be published in Sverdlovsk by the local branch of the State Publishers.

Stalingrad also reveals evidence of the fact that literary life is developing outside of Moscow and Leningrad. A monthly magazine now being issued there has recently published important works, including Tsubin's novel, *Bread,* which deals with kolkhoz organization. This book will soon be released in a special edition. Associated with the magazine are a number of young writers of no slight literary ability. Among them are Sukhov, author of a novel about the Don Region, Smolyak, who wrote the play *The Conqueror,* and Matushkin and Vladski, short story writers. Outstanding among Stalingrad poets are Doroshin and Novospasski.

Tolstoi Anniversary

In November, while the whole civilized world observed the 25th anniversary of Leo Tolstoi's death, Yasnaya Polyana, the estate once owned by this famous author, bubbled with activity. The house and gardens, now used as a museum, were restored, while the Path of Ilyich Collective Farm, which now embraces the entire village of Yasnaya Polyana, was actively engaged in preparations for the jubilee.

The collective farmers built a slag road through the village, and squares were laid out in many of the streets. The thatch of the roofs of the houses was replaced by

Three Soviet writers: Alexei Tolstoi, novelist; Kirshon, playwright; V Ivanov, novelist

tile and sheet iron. The changes, which have taken place in this village were perpetuated on canvas by a group of artists who arrived there for this purpose.

The artist, Gilbert, made portraits of the three best udarniks of the collective farm. The sculptor, O. Manuilova, made a number of excellent miniature statues of the best collective farmers and shock workers employed in the new factory and coal mine of the village.

The museum of the estate, has opened a very interesting section devoted to socialist construction in the village, and is thus the best monument which could have been erected to the great defender of the oppressed peasantry, to the great author who so skilfully exposed tsarist Russia. The museum contains a full collection of the material showing the great differences betwen Yasnaya Polyana of the past and present: dilapidated shacks, the dark, impoverished life of the peasantry in contrast to the present new spacious and light houses, a modern hospital equipped with the most modern medical appliances, a good school, library and a club.

Among the members of the collective farm are old men who were very friendly with the famous Leo Tolstoi, who would often talk with them: "learn from them." as he put it. These old men are, probably, the most valuable survivals of the past, eye witnesses of the life of the famous author.

Yasnaya Polyana attracts many visitors from among the foreign and Soviet tourist; during the first nine months of this year, the village was visited by some 20,000 tourists, among them workers, collective farmers, engineers, tractor drivers, artists, authors and actors.

The museum of the village is most impressive; its various sections bend imperceptibly with life itself, showing not only the photographs, documents and the rooms of the great author, but also depicting the new life of the village with its school, hospital and tractors.

English and American Authors in the USSR

By the end of the year the State Publishing House plans to have 24 books off the press in Russian by English and American authors. In bringing before the Soviet reading public novels which clearly reflect social forces in foreign literature, the State Publishing House is acquainting Russian readers with the characteristic trend of western literature today.

Of the American novels recently off the press in Russian, the more important ones are *The Shadow Before* by William Rollins, *The 42nd Parallel* by John Dos Passos (a second edition), Jack Conroy's *Disinherited, Death and Birth of David Markand* by Waldo Frank, and a volume of short stories by Agnes Smedley, *Stories of the Chinese Red Army*. Both *Good Earth* and *Sons* by Pearl S. Buck, and Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Rises*, are works of authors already published.

English literature has already been represented in *One More River*, by John Galsworthy, *The Colonel's Daughter* and *Death of a Hero* by Richard Aldington, and a collection of three novels by H. G. Wells in *Fantastics*.

Four books by American authors are

scheduled: *Arrowsmith* by Sinclair Lewis, *The Red Badge of Courage* by Stephen Crane, *A Story Teller's Story* by Sherwood Anderson, and *Short Stories,* by Ring Lardner. A few of Joseph Conrad's short stories have been collected, and other English books to be published soon are Aldous Huxley's *Point Counterpoint,* Lionel Britton's *Hunger and Love* and Sean O'Casey's, *The Shadow of a Gunman.*

Foreign Authors Write for Soviet Children

Books written especially for Soviet children by foreign authors will soon be issued by the State Publishing House for Children's Books (Detgiz).

The manuscripts of an autobiographical tale, describing the gradual development of class-consciousness in a cabin boy who travels all over the world, has already been handed in by Theodor Plivier, German writer.

You Will Be a Worker is the name of a story by a Frenchwoman, Gueguen-Dreyfus, which describes the life of a French child who was sent to a reformatory for commiting a petty crime.

An entertaining tale of adventure of an underground Pioneer detachment in fascist Germany, by the Hungarian author Bela Ballash, is called *Sit Tight, Karlusha!* Based upon actual facts, it affords an absorbing picture of the children's anti-fascist movement in Germany.

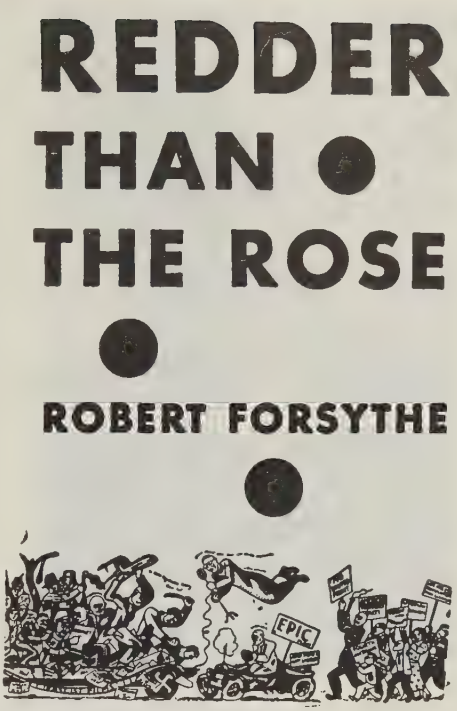
Another Hungarian author, Sander Gergel, has written a story about children in a ruined Hungarian village, and the German writer, Kurt Hausner, has written one on modern Germany entitled *Small Children in Great Need.*

Detgiz will also publish this year children's stories by Henri Barbusse and *Tales About the Chinese Red Army* by Agnes Smedley, rewritten specially for children.

Andersen-Nexo Visits Moscow Again

Martin Andersen-Nexo, famous Danish revolutionary writer, visiting Moscow again recently, had difficulty in recognizing the city although he had been in Moscow only last year as a delegate to the Writers Congress. He is extremely delighted with the "grand Metro, the spaciousness of the new streets and squares and the many new buildings which have sprung up" since his last visit.

"I have had many letters from readers, asking me to finish the second volume of *Childhood,*" the writer said when he was asked what he was planning to do here, "but I could not find the time in Denmark to work on the book. I expect to finish the second volume as soon as I can get a rest and find the necessary leisure. The first volume of this biographical sketch covered my life up to the age of eight. The second book will include the period of my life from the age of eight to 15."



Jacket of the first book of a new American satirist

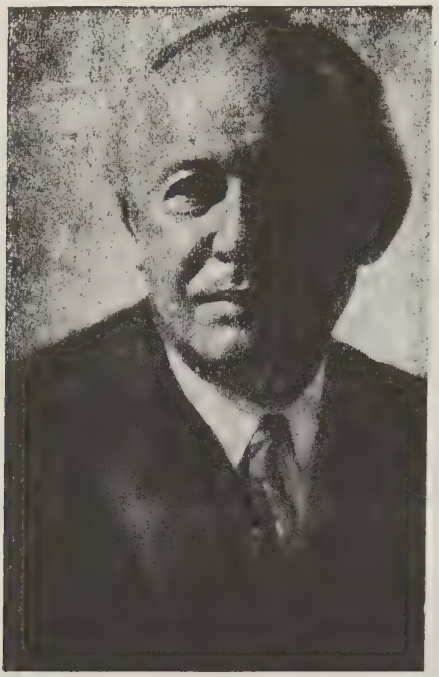
The 1935-6 Theatre Season in Moscow

Almost all the well-known playwrights have new productions for this season.

In addition, new plays will be shown by several dramatists who have been silent for a number of years. Such are Faiko, whose *Concert,* a play about art workers, will be produced by the Theatre of the Revolution, and Semenov, a member of the Chelyuskin expedition whose play, *We Will Not Give Up,* will be shown at the Kamerny.

Finally, the season starts with plays by several poets and short story writers who appear for the first time as dramatists. There is Boris Levin's *My Country,* on the theme of class vigilance (Kamerny) and Mikhail Svetlov's *Distant Provinces,* (VTsSPS Theatre), a play permeated with warm lyricism and fresh characterization in depicting new people of the country.

The Vakhtangov Theatre is producing Afinogenov's *In the Distance,* and Vishnevski's adaptation of Friedrich Wolf's



Jan Olbracht, Czechoslovak Novelist

Floridsdorf. The first combines tender lyricism with profound psychological characterization—a play about how good and how joyous it is to live and create in the land of socialism. The second deals with the heroic struggle of the Austrian workers.

The Theatre of the Revolution has produced I. Selvinski's play in verse, *Umka the White Bear,* on the theme of socialist construction in the far North, and Y. Yanovski's *Capital.*

Besides *Distant Provinces,* the VTsSPS Theatre will show Pavlenko's *Barricades,* from the novel about the Paris Commune.

The MOSPS Theatre is preparing a new production of Kirshon's *City of Winds,* with a revised text. The play shows the English intervention in Baku and the tragic death of the 26 commissars. The same theatre is producing L. Nikulin's *The Case of Private Shebunin,* on the theme of life and morals in the old army.

We might add to these Levidov's *Azure Islands,* about the crisis in individualistic consciousness; Bulgakov's *Moliere,* a biographical play about Moliere (Moscow Art); Shishkov,s *Sullen River* (Realistic); Kocherga's *You Go—You Will Not Come Back;* Glebov's *Seven Metamorphoses of Dusa;* Vechor's *Passengers on the Step;* Pervomaiski's *Beginning of Life.*

Besides these, such dramatists as Kirshon, Pogodin, Bill-Belotserkovski, Trenyev, Slavin. Olesha, Solovyev, Shapovalenko, Uspenki, Arbuzov, Shtok and many others are hard at work on plays for the current season.

An American Artist in Moscow

Soviet readers have begun to enjoy the powerful cartoons of Jacob Burck, American artist, who has just joined the staff of the popular *Komsomolskaya Pravda.*

Burck was formerly staff artist of the New York *Daily Worker,* a frequent exhibitor of drawings and paintings. A book of his collected cartoons *Hunger and Revolt* was published in the past year.

Editor-inChief SERGEI DINAMOV

A Letter from Rolland

I thank you for sending me *International Literature*. I have read with special interest the articles and stories which you indicated—in particular, Heinrich Mann's vivid 'Bartholomew's Night.' (Excerpt from H. Mann's new novel: *The Life of Henry IV*). This is all the more interesting to me, for when I was a student of the higher normal school I devoted a whole year to the study—correspondence and ancient diaries of the 16th century—of the preparations for Bartholomew's night. I even wrote an essay founded on the diary of a certain provincial priest—Claude Hauton, who lived in a Paris suburb.

You cannot imagine how busy I am, especially after the death of Barbusse, who has to be replaced. Thus, I was obliged to undertake the chairmanship of the World Committee Against War and Fascism; I also took upon myself the chairmanship of the international committee for rendering assistance to Italian anti-fascists, in prison and exile. As a result I have to write numerous letters every day. I also participate in many other committees of action.

Since I have returned from Moscow, I have not had a free hour to attend to my own work. We are living in such a tense political moment at present—on the eve of a war in the Mediterranean, if not a European war. Under these conditions it is very difficult for me to write articles or answers to questionnaires, and requests for such are made to me every moment.

In the course of the last month the entire intelligentsia has been disturbed by the Abyssinian adventure of the Italian fascist and the inevitable Anglo-Italian conflict, the death of Barbusse, and here in France, the military preparations of fascism to which the powerful movement of proletarian unity is the answer.

I fraternally shake your hand.

Sincerely Yours,

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

IN THIS ISSUE

Fred Ellis—one of the best known American revolutionary cartoonists, formerly staff artist of the New York *Daily Worker,* is now on the staff of *Trud (Labor)* in Moscow. His work has been collected in the volumes *Red Cartoons,* for 1926—7—8—9 and *of the Sacco and Vanzetti Case in Cartoons.* He is a frequent contributor to the Soviet press, and his work is seen often in Soviet galleries.

Robert Gessner—American poet, is author of the volume of poetry *Upsurge,* and two volumes of prose. His latest work, a book on Palestine, is to appear this spring.

Michael Koltsov—brilliant journalist, editor, is author of a number of books and his work appears steadily in leading Soviet publications.

N. Ostrovski—heroic young fighter in the Red Army, now an invalid, was awarded the Order of Lenin as he was completing his second novel. His life, an unusual example of proletarian courage, has been the subject of wide discussion in the Soviet press.

Anna Seghers—German revolutionary writer living in exile, is author of *Revolt of the Fishermen,* prize winning novel on which Erwin Piscator based his last film. She has also published other volumes which have given her a wide following.

Lan-chi—young Chinese writer, former Red Partisan fighter in Soviet China, is subject of an editorial note preceding her story in this issue.

Alfred Durus—was art criitc for the Berlin *Rote Fahne* before the Hitler regime. He is now in Moscow, acting secretary of the International Union of Revolutionary Artists.

D. Moor—noted Soviet artist, has contributed drawings to earlier issues of *International Literature.* His posters and cartoons are known throughout the USSR.

George Lukacs—is a German revolutionary critic now living in exile. His work appears often in both the German and Soviet critical journals.

Sergei Dinamov—is editor-in-chief of In-*International Literature.*

Andor Gabor—is a Hungarian writer and critic now living in Moscow.

Ernst Neuschul—German artist now living in Czechoslovakia, has shown his work in various European galleries.

Willi Bredel—German novelist, and *Bob Brown,* American writer, contribute their own biographical notes to this issue.

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

C O N T E N T S

No. 12 DECEMBER 1935

Editorial Assistant WALT CARMON