Workers of the world, unite!

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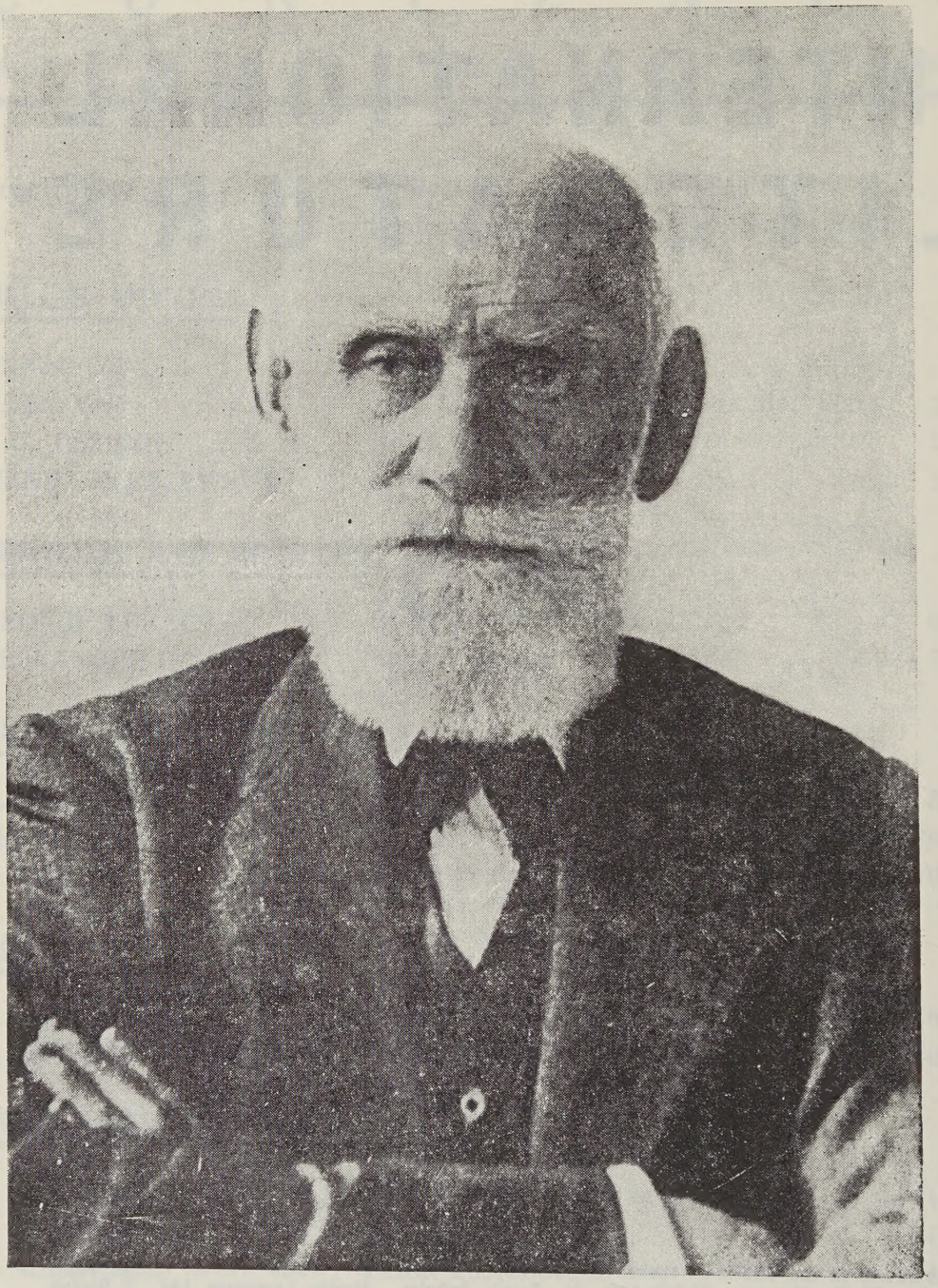

Professor I. P. PAVLOV

Professor Pavlov's Letter to Soviet Youth

The following letter was written on the request of the Central Committee of the Young Communist League of the USSR a few weeks before Pavlov died. It was published by the Soviet press the day after his death.

What would I wish for the young people of my fatherland who are devoting themselves to science?

First of all—consistency. Of this most important condition for fruitful scientific work I can never speak without emotion. Consistency, consistency and consistency. From the very start of your work learn the habit of strict consistency in the accumulation of knowledge.

Learn the ABC of science before attempting to rise to its heights. Never go on to the next step without having mastered what goes before it. Never try to cover up the deficiencies of your knowledge by even the boldest guesses and hypotheses. However pleasing to your eye may be the glitter of such a soap bubble it is bound to burst, leaving you nothing but embarrassment.

Habituate yourself to restraint and patience. Learn to do the dirty work of science. Study, compare, accumulate facts!

However perfect may be the wings of a bird, it can never rise on high without the support of air. Facts are the air of the scientist! Without them you will never be able to fly. Without them your "theories" will be a waste of energy.

But with all your studying, experimenting, observation try not to remain on the surface of the facts. Do not turn yourself into a keeper of an archive of facts. Seek to penetrate into the secret of their origins, persistently search for the laws which govern them.

The second thing is—modesty. Never think that you already know everything. And however highly you may be esteemed, always have the courage to say to yourself—I'm an ignoramus.

Never let conceit take possession of you. It will make you obstinate where you ought to give in, it will make you refuse useful advice and friendly help, it will make you lose a sense of objectivity.

In the collective which it is my lot to lead, the atmosphere decides everything. We are all harnessed in one common cause and each helps it forward according to his ability and opportunity. Quite often in our work it is impossible to make out what is "mine" and what is "thine" but our common cause only gains from this.

The third thing is—passion. Remember that science demands from a man his whole life. And if you had two lives, they wouldn't be enough. Science demands from a man great tension and a mighty passion. Be passionate in your work and in your searchings!

Our fatherland offers great scope for scientists and one must acknowledge that it is with generosity that science is being introduced into the life of our country. Generosity to the highest degree!

What need is there to say anything about the position of the young scientist in the Soviet Union? After all, everything is clear and words are unnecessary. To the young scientist much is given but from him much is asked. And for the young folk, as for us, it is an affair of honor to justify those great hopes which our fatherland has laid upon science.

I. P. PAVLOV

Andre Gide

Fruits That Are New

Excerpts From A New French Book[1]

André Gide's *Fruits That Are New*, a companion volume to the famous *Earthly Fruits* which he published over forty years ago, is like the "miraculous vesture" of which he speaks in the third of these excerpts: it is woven of a "thousand shining threads, a thousand fragile apperceptions." We have been obliged to make selections from the book, to refashion the vesture somewhat—the division into four books, for instance, has been abandoned—but each of our extracts is a complete section of the original: the threads have been rewoven but none have been shorn and we have tried to make the new pattern a miniature of the parent.

Editors.

Your feet will walk the earth when I hear its sounds no longer and my lips no longer drink its dew, you who in after years perhaps will read my words—it is for you that I write these pages; because you, it may be, do not wonder enough at being alive, do not marvel as you should at the astounding miracle that is your life. It seems to me sometimes that it is with my thirst that you will drink and that what makes you bend down upon this other being whom you caress is my present desire.

(I wonder at the manner in which desire, as soon as it turns to love, becomes less definite. My love veils his body so diffusely and so completely that like Jupiter I might melt into cloud and not even be aware of it.)

2

That man is born to happiness is clearly shown by the whole of nature.

The earth is washed by a tumultuous joy which it breathes out at the call of the sun—just as it creates that troubled atmosphere in which the element becomes a living thing and, although still bound by law, escapes from the primal rigidity. . . You see marvellous complexities born of the entanglement of laws: seasons; the agitation of the tides; separation of vapors and then their dropping return; the tranquil alternation of days; winds periodically returning; all that has taken life is sustained by harmonic rhythm. All is ready for the incarnation of joy and for the quick assumption of that life which trembles imperceptibly in the leaf, takes a name, reveals itself and becomes scent in the flower, savor in the fruit, knowledge and voice in the bird. Thus the return, formation and then the disappearance of life copy the ways of water which evaporates in the sunlight, then gathers together again in the shower.

Each animal is nothing but a bundle of joy.

Each wants to live and every living thing rejoices. It is joy that you call a fruit when it makes succulence of itself and when it makes of itself a song you call it a bird.

That man is born to happiness is clearly shown by the whole of nature. It is the striving towards pleasure that makes the plant bud, fills the hive with honey and the human heart with goodness.

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[1] See critical note page 111

3

Wait no more! Wait no more! O road of barriers, I press forward! My time has come. Sunlight made a sign for me; my desire is my surest guide and I am in love with everything this morning.

A thousand shining threads cross and are knotted about my heart. From a thousand fragile apperceptions, I weave a miraculous vesture. The god laughs athwart and I smile to the god. Who then said great Pan was dead? I have seen him in the steaming of my breath. I stretch my lips to him. Is it not he whom I hear whispering this morning: Why dost thou wait? With brain and hand I tear away all veils, so that there be nothing more in front of me save that which is bright and naked.

4

I write so that in future years a youth like to myself at sixteen but freer, more complete, may find here the answer to his trembling interrogation. But what will his question be?

I have but little contact with the epoch, and the games of my contemporaries have never amused me much. I bend forward, away from the present. I press forward. I have presentiment of a time when people will no longer save with difficulty understand that which to us today seems vital.

I dream of new harmonies. An art of words more subtle and more frank; without rhetoric; which will not seek to prove anything.

Ah! who will deliver my mind from the heavy chains of logic? My most sincere emotion, as soon as it is expressed, is falsened.

5

Life can be finer than men allow. Wisdom is not in reason but in love. Ah! to this very day I have lived too prudently. There must be no laws if one is to hear the new law. O freedom! O liberation! As far as my desire can stretch shall I go. My love, come with me; I will carry you there, that you may be able to go still further.

6

From the day that I was able to persuade myself I had no need to be happy, happiness began to dwell within me; yes, from the day I persuaded myself that I needed nothing in order to be happy. It seemed that after having axed my egoism there at once flowed from my heart such an abundance of joy that I had enough to spare for all other hearts. I understood that example is the best teacher. I took up my happiness as a vocation.

What then! I thought, if your soul must depart from your body, make sure of happiness at once. If perhaps the soul is immortal, will you not have all eternity to spend on that which cannot interest your senses? Are you going to disdain this lovely country through which you pass, spurn its delights because they will soon be taken away from you? The more rapid the journey the more greedy let your gaze be; the more hurried your flight, the more sudden your grasp! Why, lover of the moment, should I embrace less lovingly what I know I cannot retain? Inconstant soul, be quick! Know that the most lovely flower is also that which most quickly fades. Be quick, then, to bend over its perfume. The immortelle has no scent.

Naturally joyous soul, dread nothing any longer save that which might stain the clarity of your song.

But now I have learned that, unchanging in the face of change, God dwells not in the object but in love; and now I know how to taste a quiet eternity in the instant.

7

It is the gratitude of my heart which makes me invent God every day. From the moment I rise I am astonished by existence and my marvelling is perpetual. Why is it that the cessation of sorrow brings less joy than the ending of a joy causes pain? Because in grief you think of the happiness of which it deprives you, whereas in the bosom of happiness it never occurs to you to think of the sorrows you are spared; because it is natural for you to be happy.

That much happiness is due to every creature that his senses and his heart will bear. However little I am deprived of that happiness, it is theft none the less. I do not know whether I demanded life before I was born but now that I am alive, everything is my due. But gratitude is so sweet and love is for me so necessarily a pleasure that the slightest caress of the air awakens thanks within my heart. The need for gratitude teaches me to make a happiness of all that comes to me.

Encounters

To Jean-Paul Allégret

1

That day, strolling idly through the city and following our fancy, we met in the Rue de Seine—do you remember?—a poor Negro whom we contemplated for a long time. It was as far along as the front of Fischbacher's bookshop. I say that because for lyricism's sake people sometimes abandon fact altogether. As an excuse for stopping, we pretended to look at the shop window; but it was he, the Negro, at whom we looked. He was poor, beyond a doubt, and that was all the more apparent by reason of his efforts to conceal it; for this was a Negro very careful of his dignity. He had a high-crowned hat and wore a respectable frockcoat; but the hat was like those they wear in a circus and the coat was terribly worn; he had a shirt, certainly, but of a kind that perhaps would seem white only on a Negro; his misery was seen above all in his gaping shoes. His steps were short like those of someone who has nowhere to go any longer and who soon will not be able to walk any more; at every fourth step he would halt, take off his stove-pipe hat and fan himself with it, although the day was cold, then take out a dirty scarf from his pocket and wipe his forehead with it, then put it back; he had a big forehead under a mop of silvered hair; his glance was the vague one of those who expect nothing more of life and he appeared not to see the passers-by whom he encountered; but when these stopped to look at him his dignity came to his rescue and he started to walk again. He had doubtless been paying a call upon someone from whom he had expected what had just been refused him. He had the appearance of those who have lost hope. He had the appearance of someone who is dying from hunger but who would let himself die rather than condescend to ask once more what had been refused.

Assuredly, he wished to show and to prove to himself that to be a Negro is not to consent to humiliation. Ah! I would have liked to follow him and

know whither he went; but he was not going anywhere. Ah! I would have liked to speak to him but I did not know how to do so without offending his susceptibility. And then I did not know to what point you, who accompanied me then, were interested in all the things of life and in all that is living.

. . . Ah! all the same I should have spoken to him.

II

And it was that very day, somewhat later, that, coming home by the subway, we saw that nice little fellow who was dragging about with him a huge glassful of fish. The vessel was covered by some stuff with an opening at the side which let one see in and the whole business was wrapped up in paper. One could not at first make out what it was but he guarded it so carefully that I laughingly said to him:

"Is it a bomb?"

Then he drew me close to the light and, mysteriously:

"Fish."

And at once, for he was naturally affable and felt that all we wanted was a chat:

"I cover them up so as not to attract attention; but if you are fond of pretty things (and you're an artist of course) I'll show you them."

And as he carefully uncovered the vessel, with the gestures of a mother changing her darling's napkin, he continued:

"It's my trade; I'm a rearer of fish. Look! these little ones are worth ten francs the piece. They're tiny but you've no idea how rare they are. And pretty! Just look at them when the light catches them! There! they're green, they're blue, they're pink; they've no color of their own but take on any color."

There was nothing in the bowl's water save a dozen agile needles which shimmered one after the other as they passed before the opening.

"And you rear them yourself?"

"I rear lots of others too! But I don't take the others for a walk. They're too delicate. Just think! I've some that cost me fifty and sixty francs apiece. People have to come to me to see them and I never take them out until they're sold. Last week a rich amateur bought one from me that cost him a hundred and twenty. It was a Chinese carp: it had three tails like a pasha. . . Difficult to rear? Sure! The feeding's difficult and they keep on getting liver trouble. Once a week you have to put them in Vichy water. That costs a lot. But it's necessary; they breed like rabbits. Are you not a collector, sir? You must come and see me."

But I have lost his address. Ah!! I am sorry I did not go to see him.

III

You must realize, he said to me, that the most important inventions have still to be made. They will result from the mere bringing to light of the simplest facts, for all the secrets of nature lie open to discovery and hit us in the eyes every day without our paying any attention to them. The peoples of the world will pity us later on when they have taken advantage of the light and heat of the sun, they will pity us who so painfully extract our lighting and our fuel from the bowels of the earth and who waste coal without a care for the generations to come. When then will laboriously thrifty

man learn to wheedle to his service the unseasonable or superfluous heat of all the torrid spots of the globe? It will be done! It will be done, he continued sententiously. It will be done when the globe begins to cool, because just at that time coal will begin to get scarce.

But, I said to him, in order to lead him away from the gloomy meditation into which I could see he was once more going to fall, you speak with so much sagacity that you must be an inventor yourself?

The greatest, he replied at once, are not the best known, sir. What is a Pasteur, I ask you, a Lavoisier, a Pushkin compared with the inventor of the wheel, of the needle, of the top, and with him who first noticed that the hoop which a child rolls in front of it maintains itself erect! The ability to see is everything. But we live without looking. Just think: what a splendid invention the pocket is! Yes, but have you ever thought about it? Everybody uses pockets all the same. Observation is the great thing, I tell you. Oh! I say! beware of that one who's just come in, he said, sharply changing his tone and drawing me aside by the sleeve. He's an old donkey who's never discovered anything but would like to rob others of their ideas. Not a word in front of him, I beseech you (it was my friend C . . . , the head doctor of the hospital). See how he's questioning that poor curate; for that gentleman, although he's dressed like a layman, is really a priest. He's a great inventor too. It's a pity that we don't understand each other, I believe we could have done great things together; when I speak to him it's as if he answered me in Chinese. And then, for some time now he's been dodging me. Go and speak to him right away when the old donkey's left him. You'll see: he knows some very curious things; and if only there were some sequence in his ideas. . . Look, he's alone now. Go over to him.

Not before you have told me what your invention was.

You would like to know?

He first leant towards me, then abruptly drew back his head and shoulders; in a low voice and in a tone of strange gravity he said:

I am the inventor of the button.

My friend C . . . having taken himself off, I went towards the bench where "the gentleman" was sitting, his elbows on his knees and his brow between his hands.

Haven't I met you somewhere? said I by way of introduction.

It seems to me you have, he said after having gazed at me. But, let me think now: wasn't it you who was talking just now with that poor ambassador? Yes, that one who's walking by himself now and is turning his back to us. . . How is he? We were good friends at one time, but by character he's jealous. He hasn't been able to stand me since the moment he understood that he couldn't get along without me.

How do you explain that? I ventured.

You'll understand at once, my dear sir. He invented the button—he must have told you. But I, you see, am the inventor of the buttonhole.

And so you fell out with each other?

Inevitably.

IV

It was in Florence, on a day of festival. What festival? I do not know now. From my window, which gave on to one of the quays of the Arno, between the Ponte San Trinitâ and the Ponte Vecchio, I watched the crowd in the expectation that when evening came, and the crowd grew more fervent, there

would also come to me the desire to mix with it. And, while I was looking up river, the noise of people running and, on the Ponte Vecchio, just at that place where the scenic wings of houses hemming the crown of the bridge capitulate to an open space right in the middle of the bridge, I saw the crowd pushing, leaning over the parapet, outflung arms and extended hands indicating in the river's muddy water a little object which floated, disappeared in an eddy, reappeared and was borne away by the current. I went down. The passers-by whom I questioned told me that a little girl had fallen into the water; her ballooned petticoat had for a time kept her on the surface but now she had disappeared. Boats cast off from the shore; until evening men armed with gaffs searched the water of the river; in vain.

And could it really be that in this dense crowd no one had noticed the child and tried to stop her? . . . I came to the Ponte Vecchio. At the very place where the little girl had thrown herself over, a boy of fifteen was answering the questions of standers-by. He related that he had seen this little girl suddenly getting astride the balustrade; he jumped forward, was able to seize her arm and had for some time held her thus above the gulf; the crowd passed behind him without suspecting anything; he wished to call for help, not having in himself the strength to draw the child back on to the bridge; but she had then said to him: "No, let me go," and that in a voice so plaintive that in the end he had let go his grasp. He sobbed as he related this.

(He himself was one of those poor children who, perhaps, would be less unhappy without a family. He was clad in rags. And I pictured to myself that, at the moment when he was holding this little girl by the arm and disputing with death for her, he might, sensing and sharing her despair, have been seized by a love as desperate as was the girl herself, a love which opened heaven to both of them. It was for pity that he had loosened his hold. "Prego. . . . lasciatemi".)

Someone asked him if he knew her, but no, he had seen her for the first time; no one knew who she was and all the inquiries that were made in the succeeding days led to nothing. The body was found. It was that of a child of fourteen; very thin and dressed in very miserable clothes. What would I not have given to know more about her! and if her father had a mistress, or her mother a lover and what it was that of a sudden had failed her, that thing upon which she had leaned in order to live. . .

But why this tale, Nathanael asked me, in a book which you dedicate to joy?

This tale I would have liked to relate in still more simple terms. In truth, I wish to have no happiness that takes its source in misery. I wish to have no wealth that impoverishes another. If my cloak unclothes another, I shall go naked. Ah! thou keepest open table, Lord Christ! and the beauty of the feast of thy kingdom is that all are bidden to it.

8

There are on earth such immensities of misery, distress, poverty and horror that the man who is happy cannot think of these things without becoming ashamed of his happiness. And nevertheless he can do nothing for the happiness of others who does not know how to be happy himself. I feel in me an imperious obligation to be happy. But all happiness seems to me to merit hatred which is obtained only at the expense of others and through posses-

sions of which others are deprived. One step more and we shall be involved in the tragedy of the social question. All the arguments of my reason will not bring me on to the slope of Communism.[1] And it seems to me an error to demand of him who possesses that he shall share out his goods; but what a chimera to expect, from him who possesses, a voluntary renunciation of the goods to which his soul is attached. As for me, I have taken an aversion to all exclusive possession; my happiness is made of giving and death will not find much to take from my hands. The things of which death will deprive me are rather the scattered joys of nature, which escape capture and are common to all; it is these things above all that have made me drunk. As for the rest, I prefer the fare of an inn to that of the best-served table, a public garden to the finest park enclosed by walls, a book which I am not afraid to take with me when I stroll to the rarest of rare editions and, if I must be alone in being able to contemplate a work of art, the more beautiful it is the more will my sorrow exceed my joy in it.

My happiness is in increasing that of others. I need the happiness of all to be happy myself.

9

It has for long seemed to me that joy is more rare, more difficult and more lovely than sorrow. And when I had made that discovery, undoubtedly the most important that can be made in this life, joy became for me not only (what it had been) a natural need—but much more a moral obligation. It seemed to me that the best and surest way to spread happiness around one was to be oneself a pattern of it and I resolved to be happy.

I had written: "He who is happy and *thinks* can be said to be truly strong" —for of what use is a happiness built upon ignorance? The first saying of Christ is to include sorrow itself in joy: Blessed are they that mourn. And he understands this saying very poorly who sees in it nothing but an encouragement to mourn!

10

I acknowledge that I have for long made use of the word God as if it were a sort of bin into which to pour my least clear concepts. In the end all this became something not at all like Francis Jammes' white-bearded old gentleman of a God, but not any the more existent. And, as it happens to old men that they lose successively hair and teeth, sight, memory and finally life, my God in getting old (it was not he who got old, but I) lost all the attributes with which I had but lately clothed him; commencing (or finishing) with existence, or, if you wish, reality. My thought gave him birth, it could also deprive him of being. My adoration alone created him. It could get on without him; he could not get on without it. This became a mirror game which ceased to amuse me when I had understood that I alone was not merely the audience of it but the showman too. And for some time still this divine remnant tried to take refuge, without having personal attributes any longer, in esthetics,

[1] Upon this slope, which now seems to me an ascent, my reason has joined my heart. It would be truer to say that my reason today precedes my heart on that ascent. And if sometimes I am disturbed to see that certain Communists are nothing but theoreticians, today the other error, which tends to make of Communism an affair of emotion seems to me equally serious. (March 1935)

the harmony of number, the conatus vivendi of nature. . . Nowadays I do not even see any point in talking about it any more.

But, all the same, that which I called God, formerly, this confused pile of notions, sentiments, appeals and responses to these appeals, which, as I know today, existed only through and in me, all that seems to me today, when I think of it, worthier of interest than the rest of the world and than myself and than all humanity.

11

What an absurd conception of the world and of life it is that succeeds in causing three-quarters of our misery and by attachment to the past refuses to let itself understand that the joy of tomorrow is possible only if the joy of today yields up its place, that every wave owes the beauty of its crest only to the retreat of the wave which preceded it, that every flower must fade ere it can become a fruit and that the fruit, if it does not fall and die, cannot assure new blossomings, for spring itself arises out of winter's sorrow.

12

I believe more readily in the Greek gods than in the God of the Christian creeds. But I must admit that this polytheism is altogether a poetic matter. It is equivalent to a complete atheism. It was for his atheism that Spinoza was condemned. Nevertheless he bowed himself before the Christ with more love, respect and even piety than very often the Catholics do, and I mean the most devoted Catholics; but it was a Christ without divinity.

13

The whole of nature strives towards pleasure. It is this that makes the blade of grass grow, the shoot develop and the bud unfold. It is this that turns the corolla to the kisses of the sun, bids all that lives to the marriage bed, the obtuse larva to its metamorphosis and the prisoned chrysalid to its butterfly flight. Guided by this, everything aspires to a greater well-being, to greater awareness, to progress. . . That is why I have found more instruction in pleasure than in books, why I have found in books more darkening than light.

In this there was neither deliberation nor method. It was without thought that I plunged into this ocean of delights, all surprised to swim therein and not to find myself engulfed. It is in pleasure that all our being takes knowledge of itself.

There was no resolve in all this; it was quite naturally that I abandoned myself. I had of course heard it said that human nature is evil but I wished to test this. As for the rest, I was less curious about myself than about others, or rather: the desire of the flesh labored dumbly towards a delicious uncertainty and hurled me out of the bounds of myself.

The search for a morality seemed to me not very wise and even impossible as long as I did not know who I was. It was in love that, ceasing to search for myself, I found myself again.

It was necessary for a time to accept the rejection of all morality and resist desire no longer. Desire alone was able to instruct me. I yielded to it.

Encounter

Oh! said this poor invalid to me . . . if it were but once! But once to enfold within my arms "whoe'er it be for whom I burn" as Virgil said. . . It seems to me that having known that joy I could resign myself more readily to abandoning all others; that I could resign myself more readily to death.

Alas, I said to him, this joy once tasted makes you but thirst for it all the more. However much of a poet you are, imagination, in these matters, is less of a torment than memory.

Do you think you can console me that way? he replied.

14

And yet, how many times, on the point of plucking a joy, have I suddenly turned away from it, as an ascetic might have done.

In this there was no renunciation but an expectation so perfect of what this felicity could be, an anticipation so full that the realization could have taught me nothing more, that there was nothing left but to go forward, well knowing that the preparation of a pleasure secures it only by deflowering it and that the most exquisite ecstasy takes the entire being by surprise. But at least I was able to banish from myself all reticences, shames, reserves of decency, timorous hesitations, such as make pleasure fearful and predispose the soul to remorse when the blood has cooled. I was all possessed by an interior spring and the glitterings, all the flourishings and flowerings I met upon my road seemed mere echoes of it. I burned so fiercely that it seemed to me I could communicate my fervor to all others as one gives a light with one's cigarette (which only glows more strongly as a result). I brushed away all ash from myself. In my glance there laughed a love which was tumultuous and disorderly. I thought: goodness is nothing but an irradiation of happiness; and my heart gave itself to all by the mere fact of being happy.

Then, later . . . No, it was neither diminution of desires, nor satiety which I felt approaching along with age; but, often, discounting upon my avid lips pleasure's too prompt extinction, possession seemed to me of less price than pursuit and I came more and more to prefer the thirst to its quenching, the promise to the pleasure and the boundless enlargement of love to its satisfaction.

Encounter

I went to see him in that village of the Valais where he was supposedly finishing his convalescence, where, in reality, he was preparing himself to die. The sickness had changed him to such an extent that I could scarcely recognize him.

Well, it's no good, he said to me, it's all up. Every organ is going now, one after the other; the liver, the kidneys, the spleen. . . As for my knee! . . . For curiosity's sake, have a look at it.

And, lifting up his coverings a little and bringing his thin leg forward, he exposed a sort of enormous ball at the point of articulation. As he was sweating very much, his shirt was stuck to his body and allowed his thinness to be seen. I tried to smile, in order to conceal my sorrow.

In any case you knew that it would be a long time before you could recover, I said to him. But you are all right here, aren't you? The air's good. And the feeding . . ?

Excellent. And what saves me is that I still digest my food well. I've even been putting on weight in the last few days. I'm less feverish. Oh! all in all, I'm improving quite a lot.

The semblance of a smile pulled at his face and I understood that he had not perhaps lost hope altogether.

Besides the spring is here, I added quickly, turning my face towards the window, for tears, which I wished to hide from him, were filling my eyes. You'll be able to fix yourself up in the garden.

I go down to the garden for a few minutes every day, after the noon meal. For it's only dinner that I have brought up to my room. Lunch I force myself to take in the public room and so far I've missed doing so only three days. It's a bit tiring afterwards to climb up two stories: but I take my time, not more than four steps at once, then a halt to get my breath back. In all, one has to reckon on twenty minutes. But it gives me a bit of exercise and I'm so glad to get back to bed afterwards! And then it allows time for them to do the room. But most of all, I'm afraid of getting slack. . . You're looking at my books? . . . Yes, that's your *Earthly Fruits*. That little book never leaves me. You can't know how much consolation and encouragement I find in it.

That touched me more than any compliment anyone could ever have made me; for I feared, I must admit, that my book could find credit only with the strong.

Yes, he went on, even in my condition, when I'm in the garden and see that everything is about to blossom, I would, like Faust, say to the passing minute: "Thou art so beautiful! . . . Stay." At such a moment everything seems to me harmonious and sweet. . . What pains me is that I myself should make as it were a false note in this concert, as it were a blot on this picture. . . I would have wished so much to be beautiful!

He remained thus some time without speaking any more, his gaze turned to the blue of the sky which he could see through the widely open window. Then, in a lower voice and, it seemed, fearfully:

I would like you to give my people news of me. I've got to the point where I don't dare write them any longer and certainly cannot tell them the truth. To every letter she gets from me, my mother at once replies that if I am ill it is for my own good; that it is for my salvation that God gratifies me with sufferings; that I ought to learn from them and mend my ways; only thus may I merit health. Then I invariably tell her that I am better so as to avoid these ideas. . . which fill my heart with blasphemy. You write to her.

This very morning, I said to him, taking his moist hand.

Oh! don't press too hard; you'll make me worse.

He smiled.

15

Our literature, particularly the romantic, has praised, cultivated and propagated sorrow; and not at all this active and resolute sorrow which spurs man to the most glorious actions; but a kind of feeble soul state which was called melancholy, lent a pleasing pallor to the poet's brow and charged his gaze with nostalgia. Fashion and complaisance had their share in this. Joy seemed vulgar, the sign of a rude excess of good health; and laughter wrinkled the face. Sorrow reserved to itself the privilege of spirituality and, therefore, of profundity.

As for me who have always preferred Bach and Mozart to Beethoven, I hold Musset's much-praised line: "Most lovely are the songs of despair" to be impious and will not allow that man under the blows of adversity should let himself be conquered.

Yes, I know that there enters therein more of resolution than of natural abandon. I know that Prometheus suffers his Caucasian chains and that Christ dies upon his cross, the one and the other for having loved men. I know that alone among the demi-gods Hercules bears upon his brow the burden of triumph over the monsters, the hydras, all the shapes of horror which kept humanity bowed down. I know that there are plenty of dragons to conquer, today and always perhaps. . . But there is in the renunciation of joy a failure and as it were abdication, cowardice.

That man until this very day has never been able to rise to well-being, that well-being which permits of happiness, save at the expense of others, save by imposing on them, that is what we must no longer allow. Nor am I any the more ready to admit that the greater number must on this earth renounce the happiness which is naturally born of harmony.

16

But what men have done with the promised land—the land which was granted them—it is enough to make the gods blush. The child which smashes a toy is not more stupid, nor the animal which destroys the pasture that should give him nourishment, troubles the water he is going to drink or the bird which fouls its nest. O miserable city approaches! ugliness, disharmony, stench. . . given a little mutual understanding and love, I dream of the gardens that you could be, girdles of the cities, protection for all the best that vegetation offers of luxuriant and tender—repression of the least infringement by one upon the joy of all.

I dream of what you could be, leisure of men! O play of the spirit blessed by joy! And toil, even toil, ransomed, liberated from the impious curse.

17

What evolutionist would suppose any connection at all between caterpillar and butterfly—if one did not know that they are exactly the same creature. The parentage would seem impossible; and there is identity. It seems to me that had I been a naturalist I should have directed to this enigma all the energy, all the questionings of my mind.

If it were given but to few people to be present at these metamorphoses, if they were more rare, perhaps we should be correspondingly more surprised by them. But people cease to be astonished before a perpetual miracle.

And it is not only shapes which change; manners, appetites. . . .

Know thyself. A maxim as pernicious as it is ugly. Whoever observes himself, halts his development. The caterpillar which tried to "know itself" would never become a butterfly.

18

I am well aware, through all my diversity, of a constancy; that which I feel diverse is always I. But precisely because I know and feel that it exists, this constancy, why strive to obtain it? All through my life, I have refused to

try to know myself; that is to say: refused to search for myself. It has always seemed to me that this search, or more exactly its success, would involve some limitation and impoverishment of the being, or that only certain poor and limited personalities succeed in finding themselves; or rather: that the knowledge one took of oneself would limit the being, its development; for what one found oneself to be one would remain, being careful to resemble oneself ever after, and that it would be better to protect an unending expectation, a perpetual and unseizable future. Inconsequence displeases me less than a certain sort of resolute consequence, the fear of contradicting oneself. I believe moreover that this inconsequence is but apparent and that it corresponds to a certain more hidden continuity. I believe also that here, as everywhere, phrases trick us, for language imposes upon us more logic than life itself often has; and that the most precious things in us are those which rest unformulated.

19

The regret of "temporis acti" is the old man's vainest occupation. I tell myself this; nevertheless I yield to the habit. You encourage me to it by lending this regret the quality of insensibly leading the soul back to God. But you misapprehend the nature of my regrets, of my remorse. It is the regret of "non acti" that torments me, of all that in the days of my youth I might have done, which I ought to have done and which was forbidden by your morality; this morality in which I believe no longer; to which I believed it well to submit at a time when it hampered me most, so that I handed to pride the satisfaction which I denied my flesh. For it is at the age when the soul and the body are most ready for love, most worthy to love and to be loved, when the lips are most ardent, the curiosity most lively and most instructive, pleasure of the greatest worth, it is at this age that the soul and the body are equally strong to resist the solicitations of love.

What you called and what along with you I called: temptations, it is they I most regret; and if I repent today it is not to have yielded to some but to have resisted so many others, after which I ran, later, when they were already less delicious and of less profit for my thought.

I repent having darkened my youth, having preferred the imaginary to the real and having turned aside from life.

20

Oh! all that we have not done and that nevertheless we could have done . . . they will think on the point of leaving life.—All that we ought to have done and that nevertheless we have not done! through taking too much thought, through laziness and through having too often said: "Oh! we shall always have the time." Through not having seized the each irreplaceable day, the each irretrievable instant. Through having put off till later decision, effort, the kiss . . .

The hour that passes, passes for ever.

—Oh! you who are to come, they will think, be more wise: Seize the instant!

21

The fear of ridicule brings us to the worst cowardices. How many youthful fancies which believed themselves full of valiance have been pricked at one

blow by this mere word "Utopia" applied to their convictions, and the fear of seeming chimerical in the eyes of sensible folk. As if all great steps in the progress of humanity were not due to the realizing of utopia! As if the reality of tomorrow had not to be made out of the utopia of yesterday and today—if the future is not to be a mere repetition of the past, which would be the consideration best fitted to rob me of all joy in living. Yes, without the idea of possible progress, life has no longer any value—and I make my own these words which I gave to the Alissa of my *Porte Etroite*:

"I cannot wish for a condition, however happy it might be, without progress . . . and I would not give a fig for a joy that is not progressive."

22

There are very few monsters that merit the fear we have of them.

Monsters born of fear—fear of the night and fear of the day; fear of death and fear of life; fear of others and fear of oneself; fear of the devil and fear of God—you shall not impose upon us any longer. But we live still in the realm of the bogeyman. Who then said that the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom? Imprudent wisdom, thou art the true one, thou beginnest where fear ends and thou teachest us life.

23

To take everywhere I could confidence, ease and joy soon became a necessity for me, the pledge of my indispensable happiness. As if from the happiness of others only had I to make my own, knowing for myself no other happiness than that which I could share through sympathy and, so to speak, by power of attorney. And, for the same reason, everything appeared to me hateful that could prevent happiness: timidities, discouragements, incomprehension, slanders, the self-satisfied mask of imaginary distress, vain thirsting after the unreal and the divisions of party, class, nation or race and all that tends to make man an enemy of himself and of others, the scattering of discord's seeds, oppressions, intimidations, denials.

24

They became for me personal enemies, these corrupters, darkeners of counsel, sappers of strength, diehards, dullards and buffoons.

I wish ill to all that can diminish man; to all that tends to render him less wise, less confiding or less spontaneous. For I do not agree that wisdom is always accompanied by slowness and distrust. That is just why I also believe that there is often more wisdom in the child than in the old man.

25

Their wisdom? . . . Ah! their wisdom, it would be better not to say too much about it.

It consists in living as little as possible, distrusting all, shielding oneself.

There is always in their advice something indescribably stale and stagnant.

They are like certain mothers of families who daze their children with commands:

"Don't learn so hard, the rope will break.

"Don't sit under that tree, it'll be struck by lightning.

"Don't walk there, it's wet and you'll slip.
"Don't sit on the grass, you'll spoil your coat;
"At your age, you should be more reasonable.
"How many times do you have to be told?
"Nice children don't put their elbows on the table. . .
"That child's unbearable!"
Ah! madam, not as much as you are.

26

I take delight only in that which breathes and is able to live. It is towards organizing that my brain labors, when all is said and done; towards construction. But I cannot build anything unless first I have tested the materials I must use. My brain admits no accepted ideas, no principles until it has itself accepted them; as for the rest I know that the most sonorous words are also the most hollow. I distrust declamators, right-thinking people, apostles and I start by pricking the bubbles of their speeches. I want to know how much fatuousness is hidden in your virtue, how much self-interest in your patriotism, how much carnal appetite and egoism in your love. No, my sky is not darkened if I no longer take lanterns for stars; my will is not weakened by refusing to be any longer guided by phantoms, to love any longer anything save reality.

27

But this certainty: that man has not always been what he is allows at once this hope: he will not always be what he is.

I too, indeed, was able to smile, or laugh with Flaubert before the idol of Progress; but that was because progress was offered to us as a ridiculous divinity. Progress of commerce and industry; of the fine arts, above all—what foolishness. Progress of knowledge, yes, certainly. But what matters to me is the progress of Man himself.

That man has not always been what he is; that he has achieved himself slowly, seems to me no longer contestable, despite all the mythologies. Our glance, confined to a small number of centuries, recognizes man in the past as always like himself, and may even be surprised to find that he has not changed from the time of the Pharaohs; but it can do so no longer if it plunges into the "mists of pre-history." And if he has not always been such as he is today, how can one think that he will remain always the same? Man is becoming.

But these people, they imagine and would have me believe humanity like that damned soul of Dante's, whose eternal immobility made him despairingly cry: "If only I could advance one step every thousand years, I would at least have set out."

This idea of progress has taken its place in my mind, allying all others to itself or making them submit.

(The illusion of man fulfilled which every classic period has been able to put forward by virtue of the momentary equilibrium obtained.) That the actual state of humanity must of necessity be surpassed is a moving and exalting idea and is accompanied right away by hate for all that can hinder this progress (like the hatred of evil among the Christians).

28

All shall be swept away. That which deserves to be and also that which deserves not to be. For how can you separate the one from the other? You would like to seek humanity's salvation by attaching yourselves to the past and it is only in breaking away from the past, in breaking away from all in the past that has ceased to be of service, that progress becomes possible. But you do not wish to believe in progress. "What has been, will be," you say. I want to think that "has been" means "can no longer be." Man will little by little disengage himself from that which till now has sheltered him; from that which henceforward can only enfeeble him.

29

It is not only the world that has to be changed; but man. Whence will he arise, this new man? Not from without. Comrade, learn to discover him within yourself, and, just as from the ore pure metal without dross is taken, demand him of yourself, this man who is awaited. Obtain him from yourself. Dare to become what you are. Do not hold yourself cheap. There are splendid possibilities in each being. Persuade yourself of your power and your youth. Learn to repeat to yourself unceasingly: "It depends on myself alone."

Encounter

Once in Bourbonnais I knew an amiable old maid
Who kept in a cupboard all sorts of old medicines;
So that there was scarcely room for any more;
And as she was in good health,
I ventured to say it was hardly worth while
Thus to keep what could no longer be of any use to her.
The old maid became very red.
And I thought she would begin to weep.
She brought out the phials and the boxes and the tubes
one after the other
Saying: "This saved me from colic and this from quinsy;
This ointment cured me from an abscess on the groin
Which might quite well start again (for one never knows);
And these pills gave me ease
At a time when I was a little constipated.
As for this apparatus, it must be an inhalator
But I'm afraid it is almost entirely out of order. . ."
Finally she confessed that in her time she had had
to pay very dear for all these medicaments
And I understood that that was the main thing which made
her keep them.

30

You are much too clever. You have seen people die and there was nothing funny about it. You are trying to be witty in order to conceal your fear; but your voice quavers and your pseudo-poem is terrible.

It may be so. . . Yes, I have seen people die. . . It has seemed to me that most often, before death, but after the cessation of anguish, there is a sort of blunting of the goad. Death puts on furred gloves to take us with. He does not strangle until he has made us drowsy; and that from which he separates us has already lost its clarity, its presence and as it were its reality. A universe so discolored that to quit it gives no great trouble and there is no longer matter for regret.

And then I tell myself that it cannot be so difficult to die, for, after all,

everyone has to do it. It will be no more perhaps, in the end, than a habit to learn, if only one did not die irrevocably.

But death is a horror for him who has not lived a full life. For him whom religion has found it easy to persuade: Don't worry. It is on the other side that things begin and you will be recompensed.

It is "here below" that we have to live.

Comrade, believe in nothing; accept nothing without proof. The blood of martyrs has never proved anything. There is no religion too foolish to have had martyrs or to have awakened burning conviction. Men die in the name of faith and in the name of faith men kill. The taste for knowledge is born in doubt. Cease to believe: learn. People try to impose a belief only when they have no proofs. Do not let them impose on you. Do not let them take you in.

31

If I call God nature, it is in order to be more simple and because it irritates the theologians. For you will notice that these gentlemen shut their eyes to nature, or, if it should happen that they contemplate it, they do not know how to observe it.

Rather than seek for instruction from men, seek it close to God. Man is counterfeit; his history is the history of his hiding-holes and his dodges. I wrote once: "A gardener's barrow holds more truths than Cicero's finest periods." There is the history of man and that which is so properly called natural. In natural history, learn to listen to the voice of God. And do not content yourself with listening vaguely; give God precise questions and force him to answer precisely. Do not content yourself with contemplation: observe.

Then you will note that all that is young is tender; and how many sheaths a bud takes to wrap itself up! But all that at first protects the tender seed hinders it as soon as germination begins; and it cannot grow save by bursting apart the sheaths which at first swaddled it.

Humanity cherishes its swaddling clothes; but it cannot grow up until it has learned to get rid of them. The weaned child is not an ingrate if it pushes away its mother's breast. The point is that it is not milk it needs any longer. You shall not yield, comrade, to seeking for nourishment in this milk of tradition that is distilled and filtered by men. You have teeth for biting and chewing and it is in reality that you must find nourishment. Arise, naked, valiant: burst apart the sheaths; break away from tutors; to grow you have need of nothing now but the rise of your sap and the call of the sun.

You will note that every plant throws its seed wide; or else, all hidden in savor, the seeds invite hungry birds to carry them where otherwise they could not reach; or else endowed with whorls and feathery tufts they abandon themselves to wandering winds. For, in nourishing too long the same sort of plant, the soil becomes impoverished and poisoned; the new generation cannot find food where the first generation found it. Do not try to eat all over again what was digested by your ancestors. See how the winged grains of plane and sycamore drift away as if they understood the ancestral shade offers them nothing but stagnant sickliness. . .

And you will note too that in the same way the rising sap by choice swells the buds of the last extremities of the branches and those furthest from the trunk. Learn to understand this and remove yourself as far as possible from the past.

Learn to understand the Greek fable: It teaches us that Achilles was invulnerable save in that part of his body which had been softened by the remembered contact of the maternal fingers.

32

Thou shalt not triumph over me, sorrow! Above the lamentations and the sobs I hear a sweet song. A song for which according to my fancy I invent the words, which stoutens my heart when I feel it ready to yield. A song which I fill with your name, comrade, and with a call to those who have the valiant heart to answer:

Be lifted up, bowed heads! Eyes bent towards tombs, be lifted up! Up, up, but not to the hollow sky—up to the earth's horizon. Whither ahead your feet will carry you, comrade, reborn, valiant, ready to quit these death-stinking regions, let your hope take you. Let no love of the past retain you. Throw yourself forward to the future. Cease to transfer poetry to dreams; learn to see it in the real world. And if it is not there already, put it there.

33

The unquenched thirsts, the unsatisfied desires, tremblings, vain waiting, fatigue and sleeplessness. . . ah! how much I wish comrade, I were able to spare you this! To bend to your hands, to your lips the branches of every fruit tree that there is. To send the walls clattering down, sweep from your path the barriers on which the jealous hand of monopoly has written: "Private property. Trespassers will be prosecuted." To ensure at last that you reap the full harvest of your toil. To raise your brow and allow your heart to be filled no longer with hate and envy but with love. Yes, to allow you at last to be touched by all caresses of the air, the sunshine and all beckonings of happiness.

34

O you for whom I write—whom formerly I called by a name which today seems to me too mournful: Nathanael, whom today I call: comrade—allow no more mourning in your heart.

Learn to obtain from yourself that which makes mourning useless. Do not implore from others that which you yourself can obtain.

I have lived; now it is your turn. It is in you henceforward that my youth continues. I pass power on to you. If I feel you succeeding me, I shall be better able to die. It is upon you that I lay my hope.

To feel you valiant allows me without regret to give up life. Take my joy. Make your happiness in augmenting that of others. Labor and fight and accept no evil that you can change. Learn to repeat to yourself unceasingly: "It depends on myself alone." One cannot without cowardice share in all the evil that men permit. Cease to believe, if you have ever believed, that wisdom lies in resignation; or cease to pretend to wisdom.

Comrade, do not accept life as it is offered to you by men. Do not cease to persuade yourself that life could be finer; your own and that of other men; not another life, a future one, to console us for the present and to aid us accept its misery. Do not accept. From the day you begin to understand that for almost all the evils of life it is not God that is responsible, but men, you will no longer give in to these evils.

Sacrifice not unto idols.

Translated from the French by H. O. Whyte

A. Bakuntz

"This is Javo Speaking from Her Flat"

This time I shall try to write simply, without artifice or literary mannerisms, though I feel impelled to describe that night, with the snow falling like starlight on the sleeping houses, the blank walls in the crimson glow of the bonfire, the long shadows dancing before the flames, the black smoke rising in thick clouds that took so long to disperse, for they rose—not from withered leaves or wood, but from—

But at this point the snow that fell like starlight vanishes and nothing remains but the fire from which the black smoke detaches itself with difficulty. The flame burns slowly, fed by old mats, garments, rags; what was burning was the age-old dirt and poverty which had turned the beautiful vale of Ararat into a vale of tears. Javo was burning her "furniture," her "home," the village folk shouted, as they ran in the direction of the fire. Someone raked the fire with a long metal rod, flinging up the burning rags. Showers of sparks flew out and fell, together with the snowflakes, over the village.

Who was this Javo, and why had she lit a bonfire, why was she sad and indignant at one moment and gay the next as she began to dance and sing with the others around the bonfire?

Javo had been poor. Had been. . . . And you want to step across that burning word as lightly as the dancers spring across the fire? You want this forgotten word to vanish like the smoke that detaches itself so heavily from the burning past, Javo?

She had been poor. Picture to yourself a half-ruined house, a widow who owned neither cow, nor plow land, nor bread, nor beasts of burden, but a family of hungry children and a pair of worn weary hands that for ten, twenty, thirty years had reaped the harvest and baked bread in other folks' houses.

And then the dark night, the cold hearth, the tiny oil lamp, glimmering like an eye ready at any moment to close for ever. And Javo herself, seated at her spinning wheel, singing what was called an "Armenian folk song."

You could get a still better idea but for that you would have to enter the house itself, to see the horrifying poverty inherited from the past.

As if it were not enough that the floor of the hovel is mud, the hovel itself is nothing more than a mud hut.

You would have to stoop as you entered the low doorway and rub your eyes for a long time before you could distinguish—through the smoke from the stove dug in the earth, and the musty mouldy twilight—the walls, and then the "furniture," all of a grey, earthy color, and worm eaten, worn out, patched.

It is said of these houses: "If you were to set fire to them, they wouldn't smell of burning."

It was a cold autumn day when I paid Javo a visit.

Since there were neither chairs nor benches in the room, I had to sit down on a straw mat on the edge of the stove, with my legs hanging down into it. It would take too long to recount our conversation, for Javo told me a great deal—both about the old and the new. But her reply to my question stands out clearer than anything in my memory.

"Javo," I said, "supposing the government were to say to you: 'Ask for whatever you wish and we'll give it to you,' what would you ask for?"

"One good room with furniture and a high balcony. Nothing else. And when I'm dead and they carry me to the cemetery, it should be from my new room that they would take me."

Through the open door I could see the yard. My gaze fell on the only "horizon" visible from Javo's house—whether you were in the room or the yard. It consisted of the blank wall of the neighboring house. And nothing else. A dead wall had hidden the world from her for fifty years. It made me think of that London servant who, when asked where England was, replied, "I suppose there is such a country, but I've never heard anything about it till now."

And what could any woman hear about anything if she lived for fifty years in this hovel with the same blank wall before her eyes, and the same burden of toil on her shoulders?

2

That cold autumn day, when Javo, sitting before the stove, told me her life-story, a deep sigh broke from her and she exclaimed:

"If I ever get a new room, I'll set fire to this dark prison and burn it to ashes."

True enough, it was not a house, but a dark prison. But had she really decided to burn and scatter to the winds that old mat, for instance, on which we were sitting by the stove? Was it a sincere desire or only a bitter cry?

On the twenty-fourth of November of that year, in the village of Arshaluis, Javo lit a bonfire.

It was night, and in the fire-light the walls of her hovel glowed crimson: so did the wall that had hidden the world from her, hidden the mountains and the limitless fields; only a little patch of sky, such as one might see out of the window of a prison cell had been visible.

"What was that, Mother Javo?" someone asks, dragging out a burning rag on the end of the iron rod.

"My pillow-case."

"And this? How heavy it is!"

"That's because there were forty patches on it. . . ."

"Did you sleep well on this, Javo?" asks another, flinging a piece of felt back into the flames.

"It was swarming with fleas," Javo replies, laughing heartily.

A third pours kerosene from the little lamp over a wornout cap that Javo has pulled out from a crack in the wall.

"Arutyun's cap. . . ."

"He wore it twenty years. He died but it remained." And the old hat flies into the fire.

Someone seizes an earthenware pitcher, mended more than once. But Javo takes it away, she wants to break it and fling it on the ground, but the pitcher will not break.

"Ugh, you old, hard-headed thing!"

Another woman tries, but without success. It will not be smashed, this pitcher that has weighed down who knows how many arms and shoulders, got so many cracks, been mended so often, carried water for so many years and at last become a family "treasure" having something of kinship with those who used it.

Javo's son takes the pitcher, goes over to a sharp stone and dashes the vessel against it with such force that it flies to pieces.

"That's right! It wore the very heart out of me!" says Javo. The people around her laugh, but suddenly her face darkens. She falls into a reverie, as if recalling something and stands gazing into the flames.

Other fires flicker in her memory. Perhaps you were beaten, Javo, in those days, when you came as a young bride to the house, and the handle of the pitcher was still whole and sound? Perhaps you wept?

Some oppressive memory breaks within at that moment.

"Hey, Javo, shall we burn the beams?" they shout to her.

The beams are warped and rotten, they tremble when the tread of the dancers shakes the earth.

"And what shall I burn in winter?"

"Javo, are you really going to burn all this?"

"Why not? First of all—that door—"

The door gives a hollow creak, the door sings—perhaps for the last time.

What is the matter with Javo? At one moment she sings and dances, and her long shadow jumps about on the wall, or again she leaves the circle of dancers, goes up to the bonfire, and, folding her arms, gazes into the fire. Her heart is heavy while she stares, as if she wants to fix in her memory those pitiful objects that comprised her "furniture" and were her inseparable companions for fifty years. . . .

Another fire roars in her soul. And like black smoke want and dread of starvation vanish; dirt, and want and neglect are burned up in the flames that set her soul on fire.

"Ah, my ruined fifty years!"

"Why, Mother Javo, you're surely not crying over your old hearth and home?"

"I hope I see the last of it!"

And you have seen the last of it, now that all is burnt up and scattered by the winds. . . .

The process of moving from the old home into the new was reminiscent of a wedding, and Javo was like a bride led home by torchlight, amid the joyful shouts of the guests.

It seemed as if for fifty years, Javo had been chained to the post of a joyless life in a prison dug in the ground, and now the old prison had been burned down and she, Javo, was being led out of it. . . .

"You should get yourself a husband now, Javo," her neighbors chaffed; it seemed to them, too, that Javo was like a bride.

"I'll buy myself one with the earnings of seven workdays. . . ."

"As cheap as that, Javo?"

"Some men aren't even worth one workday, if you want to know."

"No, no, men are dear, it's country wenches who are cheap. . . ."

"There are no country wenches now, pull the cotton-wool out of your ears! There are no wenches now, understand?"

Javo repeated this several times. She wanted to say that the dumb, unfortunate neglected peasant woman who had formerly been a wife, had no right to vote, was always harassed and despised—the type of woman who had been known as a "country wench"—was no more.

We enter Javo's new house. There is no necessity to bend one's head on the threshold. We do not descend to an underground hovel, but mount the

new steps to a balcony. Standing at the top of the flight of stairs, Javo welcomes the crowd and calls out:

"Welcome!"

Here is the vestibule, here is the new room—Javo's dream. Two windows look out on the street. The walls have been freshly whitewashed, the room still smells of lime. The things in the room—the stove, the table, the bed—are new, too. Javo goes up to the stove.

"Congratulations, Mother Javo! Will you be able to heat it?"

"Sit down. I'll give you something to eat and drink. . . . I've to thank my hundred and eighty workdays for this!"

Javo had received the house from the collective farm as a present for her self-denying toil. The management of the collective farm had formerly lodged here.

"Javo, telephone to Erivan."

"I'm afraid. If I ring up what shall I say?"

"Say—'This is Javo speaking from her flat.' "

This last sentence implied so much. "This is Javo, speaking from her flat." What could she have said three years ago, and from where, and how? Where was her "flat" then, and who knew who Javo was?

In her hovel only sighs could be heard, and it was cold and dark.

"This is Javo, speaking from her flat."

If it had been possible that night to link up her flat with the broadcasting station, Javo herself could have gone up to the telephone and told the world, loudly and joyously: "This is Javo speaking! We've given in the biggest crop of cotton in Armenia. I'm satisfied. . . . I'm well off and now, if even a hundred guests were to come and see me I could find plenty to give them. And so I say to everyone—'Welcome to my new house.' "

Then the gay voices of her guests will ring out and laughter, jokes and songs will be heard. And it will be possible to hear how Javo, standing on the staircase with a lamp in her hand, welcomes her first guests.

"Thank Stalin for this—it's he who has given it all to me."

From her window that starry night, you could see the fields—far away to snow-capped mountains. The blank wall, the depressing wall of poverty—was no more.

I was thinking of this and also of those simple, modest folk who are called "the comrades from the district committee of the Party." Two of them were present and stayed from the lighting of the bonfire till the moving into the new house. Javo gave them the seats of honor at the table.

One of them instructed Javo very patiently in the use of the telephone—instructed her with the same patient perseverance that he had once employed to convince her that, if she refused to join the collective farm, she would have to stay a long time in her mud hovel; with the same patience he had used to convince her—and he had convinced her—that conscientious, collective work would lead the workers to happiness.

An invincible army, a new breed of men of steel led out from the gloom of an underground hovel a poverty stricken, forlorn woman, led her out gaily and boldly. And the higher they raise her, the greater the pressure onwards and the brighter shines our morrow.

Translated from the Russian by Anthony Wixley

J. G. Lezhnev

Notes of a Contemporary

Excerpts from the Author's Autobiography

My father acted as business manager for his uncle F., a South-Russian plutocrat- purveyor to the Naval Commissariat and, in particular, to the Naval Hospital in our city. The hospital had to be supplied with everything imaginable, from food and drugs to wines, kvass, and . . . bribes to all sorts of officers: from the head doctor and the "commissar" (there used to be such an officer besides the overseer), to the receiving officers, the examiners, and the medical assistants. All these people had the power to reject delivered goods, and their palms had to be kept well greased.

This rather diversified business was turned over to F. on a contract basis.

A large plot of land was rented in the "military" suburb, in the vicinity of the Naval Hospital; on this plot were erected the various buildings necessary for the conduct of business: workrooms, storage rooms, refrigerators, and living quarters for the employes. Incessant activity went on here, gaining especially in volume during the autumn: vegetables and fruits had to be picked or dried, and various preserves to be prepared. Long files of carts delivered tomatoes, patatoes, cabbages, carrots, beets, etc., etc. Coopers, cabbage choppers, kvass brewers, water carriers worked all day, clerks bustled busily about; petty purveyors and caterers—bakers,—came and went; commissariat officials, Naval officers, doctors, police officers, inspectors came to call (by no means disinterestedly).

It seemed to me that my father was sole owner and ruler of this entire business. F. lived far away in the city, visited the military suburb very seldom, and took more interest in the balance sheet and in the terms of the contract at the time when bids were made than in the daily conduct of the business, which he entrusted entirely to my father. My father was a stern, firm man, very exacting in business affairs. Even his external appearance inspired awe and respect. He was tall, and broadshouldered; had massive features, an aquiline nose, and close-set, bushy brows over keen little eyes. His eyes seemed softer through his glasses, and their ironic sparkle merged into the mirror-like gleam of the glass. But in moments of anger, they became sharp as gimlets, and seemed to bore straight through his victim. His high forehead, large beard, and big, aristocratic-looking white hands, his formal black frock coat and confident, sweeping movements—all impressed those with whom he came into contact, and exalted his authority. This authority, gained chiefly by his material position, was due also, in part, to his intrinsic qualities—his intellect, energy, integrity, positiveness in word and deed, lively sociability, and interest in public affairs. Consequently my father was not only lord in his business and in his home, but also a leading figure in his social circle: permanent chairman of the synagogue, trustee of the Talmud Torah (school for poor Jewish children) protector of dowerless girls, and arbiter in questions of honor.

It does not require a psychologist or a teacher to realize what all this means to a child growing up in such surroundings. The workers feared my father. Caterers and petty dealers doffed their hats before him: medical, military and police officers toadied to him and lived in expectation of his bribes; the

neighbors made way for him; the community bowed to him respectfully; and the synagogue employes—sexton, cantor, and Talmud Torah teacher—fawned servilely upon him, gazing doglike into his eyes and waiting humbly for the honor of exchanging a few words with him.

And alongside his giant father, holding tightly to his hand, a little boy—myself—hastened on, with hurrying, stumbling, childish steps, to meet life. Of course, my father was an unsurpassed authority to me—a higher being, a god upon earth. And yet, within me—within this little creature, selfcontained beyond his years, there lay a semi-conscious knowledge that I bore before me into life a battering ram that would clear the way for *me*.

My gains were small and childish—but direct! I was never disappointed in my expectations when I ran out into the street of an evening, at the horn when the pedlers passed on their way from the market. I knew very well that I would meet Ustinya (from whom my father bought eggs and poultry for the hospital). Her pockmarked, weatherbeaten face would broaden into a smile, and a candy would appear from a pocket under her apron and make its way into my hand.

"Here's a little gift I saved for you."

Thus did my father's loyal subjects cater to my childish whims supplying me with toys, sweets, pigeons, chaffinches, canaries. I accepted this tribute as my due, with a vague consciousness that I was superior, that I belonged to the elect. The sense of superiority applied not only to material conditions but also to our cultural level. The life around us was dark, dirty, drunken; in our house everything was clean and comely. I would run about all day with my playmates—ragged little boys, the children of our workers—seeing wild drunken scenes and fights in the streets, breathing the foul air of the workers' crowded homes, permeated with the odors of dampness, perspiration, and smoke, rotten cabbage and cheap oil. And then I would come home, and my chest would swell with childish vanity: "How nice it is in our house! Other people's houses don't come anywhere near it!" High ceilinged rooms, fresh, soft warmth, coziness. Who can realize what such a trifle as a clean white staircase runner held down by shining brass rods may mean to a child when the neighbors have no such thing in their homes?

In the servants' quarters lived Emelyan—foreman and kvass brewer: a robust, stocky, blackbearded great Russian mouzhik (peasant). Emelyan had a remarkable beard. It was round, like his face, which it covered entirely like a prickly black hedge. It started almost at his forehead, merging with his thick eyebrows; it covered his globular cheeks to the very bridge of his nose, flowed into his moustache, encircled his throat like a ring of pitch, and flowed down under his shirt onto his mighty, hairy chest. Emelyan was unfortunate in his family life. His wife, Matryova, was a hopeless drunkard and a hussy; she would disappear from home for weeks at a time. Her son, Gavrushka, a twenty-year-old roughneck, mixed with some of the professional thieves in our gang-infested suburb, got caught in a criminal affair, and was put into prison.

Emelyan bore these blows of fate with the indifference of the Russian peasant. He was seldom dispirited—always lively and gay.

But on days when Matryova came home after a prolonged absence, dead drunk and flaunting a pair of black eyes, Emelyan would get into a rage. He would lock both gates (the yard was very long, and had entrances on two parallel streets) and start to beat Matryova savagely with leather reins. Matryova would run from one gate to the other, trying to escape his blows,

stumbling, circling drunkenly, and screaming heartrendingly, trying to shield her head and face with her bleeding hands. Emelyan's long, heavy strides would quickly bring him up to her. At these moments he was terrifying: a pair of black, ironshod boots leaping about the yard, a tangle of black hair pierced by two glaring red eyes, his arm uplifted with the reins, ready to strike—like a black shaft raised towards the sky.

Everybody hid away in some corner—in the warehouses, the barns, the servants' quarters, the apartments. I was afraid to look out of the window. I leaned against the door of my father's study, sobbing. Screams and moans—sober now and frightened—came in through the window. "Help! Help!" The cries overwhelmed me; my heart beat hotly. I entered my father's study.

Father was standing at his desk, in his black frock coat: tall, tense, frowning —sterner than ever. Emelyan was terrifying, but so was father. I didn't dare say a word. I simply looked at my father, with eyes full of tears and despair. He walked silently over to the window facing on the yard and tapped on the pane with his finger. And a miracle took place: the execution stopped immediately.

Emelyan drew the gate-bar aside and helped Matryova out into the street with a well-planted kick.

I stood at a loss: everybody was afraid of Emelyan, but Emelyan even at such a moment was afraid of my father. Father was the strongest of all. What was the source of his strength? With what did he rule over people?

Conceited little monkey and tenacious proprietor that I was, like all bourgeois children, I was proud of my father and felt that he was my own property. Could I admit that my father's authority was based on anything but his great merits? Had he owned outright the capital of the contractor whom he in reality only represented as manager and overseer, I would have considered his capital a part of my father's intrinsic qualities, and as far as I was concerned the power would have belonged not to the capital but to my father—who, again, belonged to me.

On the rare occasion when F. himself appeared on the scene with his wife—my father's aunt, and she permitted herself to talk to my father in a light tone, and sometimes even in a teasing, condescending manner, I was very resentful; and, not understanding the source of power (this time power over my father) I simply considered Mrs. F. a bad aunt, and did not like her.

From my earliest year I saw around me savage customs, fistfights, bloody punishments, copulation of drunken men and women in the streets, Jewish pogroms. And what I did not see I heard about. In provincial towns, and especially in our military suburb, everybody used to be deeply interested in criminal affairs. Yakbramenko, the police inspector of our precinct, used to describe the most outstanding events to my father in detail. He came to visit us rather often, and always sat for a long time in father's study, relating all sorts of adventures.

I liked to curl up cozily on my father's lap during these narrations, to which I listened greedily, fascinatingly. These stories were my first Fenimore Cooper and Mark Reed even before I learned to read or know the alphabet. There were stories about knifings, daring cutthroat adventures, "wet" affairs (murders), thieves' fracases, illicit deals, criminal love affairs. I would sit on my father's knees, my elbows on his desk, staring at the shiny metal buttons of the inspector's uniform. Yakbramenko told his stories drily, monotonously, probably in the same manner as he wrote his reports about criminal happenings.

I remember a story about a night pursuit. A policeman noticed a man running from the direction of the postoffice, his hands pressed against his abdomen. It was suspected that the man had robbed the postoffice: he must be holding the stolen money to himself so it wouldn't scatter. An alarm was raised; policemen came running from their beats and from the police station. They ran in pursuit of the running man, whistling, shooting in the air. The foremost policeman shouted, "Hands up or I shoot!" The man raised his arms, and immediately dropped to the ground dying. His belly had been ripped open during a knifing affair, and he was running to the hospital, holding the wound together with his hands. The minute he lifted his hands, out dropped his intestines (Yakbramenko said "guts") and he died.

When I grew up I often wondered, recollecting the stories of criminal adventure heard in my childhood, why my father, a cultured man, who in his own way cared very much about the bringing up of his children, allowed me, a nervous, impressionable child, to be present during these narrations. I was hardly five years old then, and father evidently thought that I would not understand the stories. Moreover, this was not long after the death of my mother, whom father had loved most tenderly and warmly and he could not stand being alone. He pitied all orphaned children; as to me, he loved me with all his heart, and during the first few months after mother's death, he could not bear to have me out of his sight.

When twilight came, and the dining room was already lit up, he would stay in his study with me for a long time. The study was a large room with six windows. Father would pace slowly up and down the room, holding my hand and thinking of mother. Then he would take me into his arms, sit down on the couch, and begin to sing his favorite songs in his soft, chesty voice, caressing me and weeping. It was distressing to see the tears running down the cheeks of such a big, stern man. I liked his songs very much, and joined in with my thin treble. The songs were usually either Jewish prayers or plaintive secular songs, such as: "Why do you sing, you foolish nightingale?" "The Song of Azra" or Nekrasov's "Unharvested Plot."

My father combined fanaticism, an unbreakable will, and a doctrinaire mixed with cordial softness, tenderness, and a Jewish lyricism which sounded in his chesty voice, in his prayers and elegiac songs.

He could lift ordinary philistine well-being (and it was nothing else but that) to singular heights. Holidays were celebrated with especial solemnity and pomp in our home. A week prior to the holidays the kitchen would begin to work overtime: the Russian oven was heated to the limit, dough was kneaded, loaves of rich bread were prepared, and all sorts of tarts and fancy pies were baked. After a thorough housecleaning, father would take charge of the decorations, trusting nobody else's taste. With what solemnity were the walls decorated and the hanging lamps arranged! That done, father would put on a Starobed shirt and his holiday frock coat with silk lapels. All the lamps had to be lighted and the table to groan under the weight of wines, hor d'oeuvres and traditional dishes.

Then a dozen venerable bearded Jews of ecclesiastical and mercantile calling would appear, and a swarm of bootlickers from the synagogue would fill the house. The cantor would sing, with the guests, who were by this time slightly drunk, joining in. The bright lights, the sonorous hums of the guests, the oily complacency of the round, bearded, slightly tipsy red faces—all kept

within bounds of decency and respectability. Father wished it to be so, and it had to be; such was the tradition.

I did not see the conglomeration of thick smug mugs around the table. I was a little monkey, my tall father's shadow. What he liked, I liked also.

Civil holidays were also celebrated in our house—mainly for business reasons. On such occasions as New Year's Day, the guests were orthodox Russians—the medical staff of the Naval Hospital, commissariat functionaries, naval officers. For them tables were served in father's study. Trim naval uniforms would appear, with ivory-hilted cutlasses hanging on brass chains, epaulets, medals, crosses and orders. These guests received such trim envelopes, filled with crisp new bank notes, that my childish imagination could under no circumstances see the dirty bribery in them, or connect them with the tips given to the workers in the yard, the watchmen, and the petty hospital servants. The latter would come into the hall with congratulations and wishes of "new luck in the New Year." The servants would bring each of them a cup of vodka and some coarse smack on a platter. They got their tips in silver according to a previously prepared list. Into what account on his general ledger did father enter these trim envelopes full of bank notes and that stingy silver? Most probably under "General Expenditures."

Is a distinct class consciousness possible in small children? It can hardly be either conscious or distinct. But there unquestionably is some vague, semi-conscious perception imparted by environment and upbringing. This incompleteness and indefiniteness, however, refer only to the degree of distinctness of class demarcations, and not by any means to the intensity of the feeling itself. Class emotions are much more vivid in children than in grown ups; likes and dislikes are much more direct and sincere. If a child is not entirely indifferent to a thing, he either likes it or dislikes it. He knows definitely—yes or no, white or black. The entire scale of transitions and shades softening the opposition between "yes" and "no" comes much later under the influence of study and experience and the development of a differentiating consciousness.

Dipping into recollections of my childhood, I can now reproduce very clearly in my memory the line of demarcation between my class sympathies and class antipathies of that period.

Everything I saw—things, animals and people—fell into one of two classifications: it was either "real" or "similar."

There was a huge square in front of the Admiralty building. I remember my delighted admiration when a new lacquered carriage, on rubber-tired wheels, passed through the empty square, drawn by a jet black trotter. The trotter's neck was curved, and its mane floated in the wind; there was a strip of bubbly white foam on the horse's springy black body around the harness and the bit; his muscles were in full play, and his slender legs rebounded lightly from the mecadamized road. The steel of the horse shoes glittered, and the white bandage near the hoofs flashed by gaily. Rushed by like a whirlwind! The head doctor has driven by on his way to the hospital.

In my mind everything was elevated to the height of worship: the hospital, the head doctor, the beautiful, fiery, thoroughbred trotter, the rubber tires, the lacquered carriage, and the driver's smart overcoat. I stood entranced. That was "real." Ephrem, the water-carrier, and the worthless nag hitched to his water cart were only "semblances." His was also a horse, it also had four legs, it also pulled, but it was not the same.

I used to admire father when he was drying himself after his bath and stood naked in all his mighty stature, pleasantly warm and fragrant. A stately figure, a fine body. His earlobes were nicely shaped and covered with the softest down, his toe nails pink and oval. But the servants, both men and women, had hard, knotty, pawlike feet that were always black with dirt, and hairy, apelike ears, black with stubble. My father was "real" and these servants, whose limbs and other parts seemed to be arranged in the same manner as his, were mere "semblances." They would do in an emergency but could never be considered "real."

I was dressed in an imported jersey suit, velvet jacket, smart little middy blouses. All of these were "real" things, and the apparel of my street mates, the insignificant children of artisans and unskilled workers, was nothing but black tatters, only "semblances" of clothes. My playthings: multi-colored balls in nets, a violin, an intricate barrel organ, birds in cages, Egyptian doves—these were "real;" and the simple playthings of my playmates were "semblances." The turkey with his splendid, colorful tail was a "real" bird, while the chicken was only a "semblance."

Among buildings the following were "real:" the Naval Hospital, the Municipal Hospital, the Alexandrian High School for Boys, fronted by a square decorated with statues, the Admiralty building, the police station with its tall water tower; the ancient Mosque, upon which the mullah was said to climb (I had never seen him do it, but this made it all the more mysterious and interesting); the belfried church, the enormous prison, the synagogue, the drug store, our house, which stood on the corner of the street. But the low, dirty little huts, leaning drunkenly one against the other, up and down the hill—in a word all the rest of the suburb—were only "semblances."

"Real" was not only an esthetic category. It was a still undeveloped cumulative unity, combining within itself a multitude of inarticulated criteria—esthetic, cultural, moral and material. But the material criterion was the most important, though I comprehended that fact only vaguely.

Beautiful things and beautiful animals belonged to rich people. The rich people themselves seemed more beautiful because they were finely bred and well fed, worked little and rested much; because their hair was trimmed and they were clean, perfumed and well dressed. They and they only could be educated, and live in a cultured manner in bright, roomy, well furnished apartments. The distinction applied also to morals. Good-for-nothing drunkenness, insolence, rowdyness, bestial brutality, savagery—everything connected with "the street"—was inflicted with darkness and poverty, despair and oppression. Rich and educated people had milder dispositions. The "real" people were polite, amiable, and as it seemed to me, even affectionate with one another. I thought them kind and capable of the loftiest feelings.

I saw the pilgrimage of beggars that came to our house. They appeared every Thursday, and not a single one of those crippled and miserable people left with empty hands. I knew every one of the beggars. Each one told the story of his misfortunes. There was the unbalanced Bella Uda, the city mad woman. During the cholera epidemic, in order to placate the Almighty, the Jewish community arranged a wedding ceremony at the cemetery and gave her in marriage to another poor wretch. It seemed quite correct to me that beggars should receive alms regularly, like wages.

On Saturdays we never sat down at the table alone. Father always, without fail, brought some god-forsaken Jewish soldier from the synagogue, and he was fed "to kill" with everything that was served on our abundant table.

Alms to the poor and the feedings of soldiers were supposed to exert an educational influence upon me: "How kind the 'real' people are!" And these factors did, of course, act in that direction. The lyrical twilight evenings with father in his big study, the "Song of Azra" brought me to the pinnacle of a sentimental softness. And what of the "semblances?" Were they capable of such tenderness, of such kindness? The kvass brewer Emelyan was very attached to us children. And how did he express his affection? He would catch one of us at a moment when we were carried away by our play, pull us up to him with his paws, and clamp us between his knees, to keep us from getting away. Then he would put his horny finger into his mouth, gather some saliva on it and smear it over our lips. But, alas, Emelyan's hypothesized kisses were not to our taste. No "Song of Azra," this!

Ustinya's gifts, Mathew's pipes, Emelyan's kisses and other such favors came only from our own "semblances"—father's dependents. Alien "semblances," however, were open foes. Pugnacious neighborhood boys, the children of carpenters, painters and chimney sweeps, and mischievous lads on the beach caused me considerable annoyance. Expert stone throwing, tripping you up, "gluing on" a black eye, presenting you with a bleeding nose, and the like were considered by my enemies the height of bravery.

The mothers of my little foes—washerwomen, charwomen—disliked the little lordling and snarled at him like chained dogs; the fathers were sullen and unfriendly. I reciprocated fully. I either slighted the "semblances" if they were our own, or feared and hated them if they were alien; but in either case I despised them. On the other hand my sympathies—due to my origin and bringing up—were instinctively on the side of the "real."

Another rather important peculiarity was the fact, that the "real" people appeared singly, individually, while the "semblances" came in crowds. Who walked through the streets of the suburb in a mass? Convicts, driven from the neighboring prison: all in grey prison garb, with yellow diamonds sewed on their backs, downcast, earthly, their shackles clanging. Only the guards seemed smart and showy to my childish eyes, with their shiny yellow buttons and their drawn sabers flashing in the sun. Soldiers would be singing, whooping and shouting. Drunkards would pass in groups, arm in arm, trying to exceed one another in the complexity and obscenity of their invectives. Toward evening, groups of workers from the shipyards would pass, black with smoke, carrying their smoky tea-kettles. Insolent bands of soldiers in red shirts would go by. And then there were the crowds than ran to gape at a fire two or three blocks away or followed a rich funeral.

Passers-by stop and cross themselves.

"Whom are they burying?"

"The daughter of Eftefeav, the merchant. The girl was eleven years old. She had a habit of taking her cat to bed with her. In her sleep the girl made some noise in her throat. The cat thought it was a mouse, and bit her. And the child died."

"Who ever heard of such a thing! What a calamity!"

Little girls would fly out of their gates screaming: "The people are coming!" And where did the people go in those accursed times? To twelve hours of exhausting work, to the pub, into the barracks, to pogroms, to watch a fire, or to the cemetery.

It was, so to speak, by family tradition that I entered the revolutionary movement. My elder brother, S. G. Altschuler, was one of the pioneers of the

labor movement in the south of Russia (see V. I. Nevsky's *Biographical Dictionary of Social-Democrats).* At the age of fifteen, he broke with our father, left home, and devoted himself entirely to revolutionary work, starving most of the time whether at liberty, in prison, or in exile (his comrades called him "Professor of Hunger Strikes"). My older sister led propagandist workers' study circles when she was still in high school. Police raids began in our home when I was only nine years old.

I remember the first search. Gendarmery Captain Dremlyuga came to our house one night, accompanied by some officers. They walked with jingling spurs into my father's study, which I had always thought so impregnable; and I heard the word for the first time: "Raid!" I didn't dare go into the study. Gloomy silence reigned in the dining room, dimly lit by a hanging kerosene lamp. Slow shadows thrown by the big lamp-shade moved along the walls and ceiling. One heavy shadow advanced on the others, which were light and almost transparent, absorbed them, and moved on along the square ceiling, slow and heavy, like a storm cloud hiding the sky. The room was full of a vague, oppressive feeling of disaster; and the same unfamiliar heaviness responded from within me. I could not stand it. I went out of the house, sat down on a damp stone in the yard, and . . . began to think.

I had often asked my sister: "How do people think? What do you have to think?" She always patted my cheek caressingly and laughed: "You'll learn some day, little one!" And now my first thought came to me—a nine-year-old boy sitting on a damp stone, with the gendarmes behind his back, in his father's study.

"A convict?" My kind, good Munya, who laughed so pleasantly, who always petted me, carried me about on his shoulders, and called me "little rabbit"—he a convict, far away in Kiev? Then they had shaved his head? And dressed him in that awful garb? And put chains on him? How horribly they clank! Convicts were often conducted past our home. The soldiers in the convoy carried bared sabres, and the convicts dragged their feet, their chains clanging. So he was also like that? Thank goodness, it wasn't in our city. Else everyone would see, and call me, "Jail bird's brother! Jail bird's brother!" But perhaps it was good that he was a convict? He must be some very special sort of convict. For he surely couldn't have killed or robbed anyone! Of course not! Why, then I could even boast to my playmates: "You have no such wonderful brother as I!"

My eyes were burning and excited at my first grief and my first thought. I got up and went into the house. The door to the study was open. Father was sitting heavily in his armchair; he had his glasses on. Dremlyuga and his gendarmes were preparing to leave. Father's papers, always so well arranged, were in disorder, the drawers of the desk were pulled out and the escritoire and the book-case were open. Dremlyuga noticed me, and tried to pull me to him by the arm, with the adult condescension that was always so hateful to me. I resisted stubbornly, and glared at him sullenly from under knitted brows, darting sparks of hatred. The gendarme laughed and said to my father, pointing at me:

"My, what long ears he's grown! You had better pull his ears oftener, if you don't want him to turn out like his brother!"

Thus, the first person to recruit me into the underground revolutionary movement was the gendarmerie Captain Dremlyuga.

My brother's friends took care of the rest, during his exile. I was only thirteen when they started to "educate" me. Query: Is there a God? And who

created whom (God—man, or man—God) "in his own image?" Discussions on these questions were more interesting even than ball games and croquet, in which I was much interested at that time—not to speak of my studies! The new grown-up friends I had "inherited" from my brother would talk with me for hours at a time. The awakening of my intellect was made especially vivid and active by the influence of many intertwining impulses: curiosity, an interest in forbidden matters, a secret desire—prompted by sympathy and the imitative instinct to follow in my brother's footsteps, boyish vanity, and protest against my father's meddling and stern tutelage. It would be hard to say which of these impulses was the strongest, or even to draw a definite dividing line between one impulse and another. A new grown-up world opened before me prematurely—a world doubly new in that it was also revolutionary. And I grabbed at this novelty with both hands, stuffed my pockets with it, tried to carry off as much as I could at one stroke.

It was spring. The weather was beautiful. The acacias were in full bloom. We sat in the little garden behind the house where my new friends lodged, talking—nay, arguing, arguing heatedly! It flattered me that grown-up people should discuss things with me—and such serious questions at that. Vanity spurred my mind, and compelled me to master the new ideas more thoroughly, and to argue more spiritedly.

It was especially correct that my friends began with the question of God. All the old authorities had to be broken—and none of them was higher and more universal than God. A way had to be broken for protest against the paternal regime, and religion was the strongest bulwark of this regime.

My own knowledge and abilities were not sufficient to carry far my disputes on the question of God with these militant atheists. I wanted to accept their truth, but I felt that it would be wrong to do so without a battle: and the stronger the fight, the better grounded the new knowledge. I began to look about me, seeking help in the old camp. Should I turn to my father? Easy, but dangerous. Easy, because father was himself infected with a "God-seeking complex," and spoke much and willingly about God. Dangerous, because in the conversation I might disclose my cards. To talk with him on such matters would be like walking along the edge of a precipice: but it was this very fact that attracted my boyish imagination.

Father had long since abandoned chassidism, and his outlook was very strongly influenced by Spinoza. Nevertheless, he did not break with formal religion, and jealously observed all the religious rites.

"Rites," he said, "are necessary for the people. They are the fence that has preserved the Jewish nation intact for two thousand years, even though the people have been separated and scattered over the world in exile. Our rites are a brand on our bodies and in our customs that distinguish us from others and preserve us among others. While we are fenced in, we are intact; but if we begin to pull boards from the fence, each to his own taste, there will soon be nothing left of our unity. The people are ignorant, and we must not open a way for temptation by starting to pull boards."

In essence, of course, this was an unprincipled attempt to reconcile Spinoza's teachings with the reactionary dogma of the Talmud.

But it was not the prophylactic importance of the rites that interested me most. What I wanted was to solve the question of God, and of his relationship to "worldly vanities."

I asked:

"If God is the creator and first cause of the world and of all things, then who created God, and what was the very first cause?"

I asked this very innocently, gazing at my father with the attentive eyes of an earnest disciple, to disguise the tricky nature of my questions, and keep from betraying myself.

And my father, with mystic enthusiasm, unfolded a picture of a universe, one and identical with God: God is eternal and infinite. He has neither beginning nor end, neither "before" nor "after," neither "above" nor "below," neither "right" nor "left," neither center nor boundaries. He contains within himself all the things that we see and all the thoughts that we think, and also everything that is neither material nor spiritual. To us he appears in two forms: either as things or as thoughts. But in reality he manifests himself in an infinite number of different forms, which we are unable to perceive. Everything taken separately has its cause, its beginning, and its end. But the universe as a whole, which is eternal and infinite—in other words, God—cannot have a cause, taken from outside itself. God is his own cause and is in harmony with himself; his existence is in agreement with the laws of his being, etc.

My father spoke much and long in this spirit. I could hardly have understood all this at the time; but yet I understood enough of it to answer, half questioningly:

"If God is *everything*—why, that's almost the same as *nothing?*"

My father hesitated a moment, looked at me, and said coldly:

"You're simply talking nonsense."

And it flashed into my mind that I had quite unintentionally expressed the most important thing. "Nonsense" to me meant *truth,* and my father's cold glance meant: "We are enemies."

I rose. Our conversation was finished. My father smiled with some constraint and said:

"My, how touchy!"

It now seemed to me that I had found God's weak point. If he was so distended as to include the whole world—and was empty inside; if he embraced sins and virtues equally, let sins go unpunished, and was not concerned with our worldly affairs—why, then he was weak and could be overcome.

Subsequently, I had other talks with father about God; but these later conversations had no spirit in them. I wanted to know whether God had really created the universe in seven days as the bible says; and if so, how to reconcile this with the findings of science. My father said that "day" was a biblical metaphor, and in reality signified millions of years. But then why precisely *seven* days, and why do we celebrate the Sabbath—not even visiting on that day? Father talked once more of the "fence" and went on to develop the "theory of symbols."

"He's trying to get out of it—he doesn't believe it himself," stormed the protestation within me.

To make quite sure of my ground, I tried to find out the more orthodox Jews' attitude towards God. At that time we were already living in the city, where my grandfather was the chairman of the chassidic synagogue. I began to attend this synagogue more often than usual. There the young son-in-law of our spiritual rabbi, later himself a rabbi in Ekaterinoslav, read a series of papers on religious topics. He was a tall, handsome man, with a softly curling black beard. He was said to be remarkably erudite, and seemed to justify

this reputation. He read his papers for a comparatively small group of people, initiated in the fine points of the Kabbala. He spoke in a pleasant musical voice, rocking back and forward as he talked. His black eyes burned with a mystical flame, and his speech was fluent, vivid, picturesque. He spoke of the esoteric meaning of numbers, which he interpreted as divine symbols. I tried to verify father's "theory of symbols" here, as applied to the number seven (seven days of the creation of the world), but found only very obscure and arbitrary casuistry.

I also went to religious grey-beards. I laid before them all the new anti-religious ideas that had been stuffed into me, giving them out as my own. The old men, well versed in matters theological, shook their grey beards and defended their God as best they could. From them I returned to my revolutionists, and stood up as "attorney for the Lord." Both sides, to my great satisfaction, thought me cleverer than I really was; and my strange meditation in these discussions between two generations made me seem older than my years. As a result of this, in my fourteenth year I already believed firmly in disbelief. I went from words to action, and civil war was brought into my home.

At that time my father was already seriously ill.

A swiftly developing process, and my brother's exile in Siberia had broken him down completely. A strongly built man, with confident gait, sanguine and optimistic, he suddenly became stoop-shouldered and grey, and began to break out in flashes of irritation. Life at home became more and more unbearable to me. The break came on the question of religion. Thus began my independent life—at the age of thirteen.

My earnings were very scanty, and I hungered fiercely. I had seven kopeks a day to live on. I ate bread, jam, and weak tea, slept in a corner, and, of course, was always sick. I returned to my father after a year of this, four days before his death. The difficult scene of reconciliation with my father, the last days of his life, his bags of oxygen, his prolonged agony, in full consciousness, when his lungs could no longer absorb the oxygen ("My legs are cold already, they're dead. Soon it will reach my heart, and that will be the end"); then my father's death and the first few months after it, the telegram from my brother in Siberia, who learned of our sorrow when a letter was returned to him because of the "death of the Addressee"—all this was a continual chain of shocks and blows, a weight of trouble too much for my strength. I became serious, concentrated, mature beyond my years.

In the meantime—before and after my father's death—my social and political development continued: after God, we went on to questions of class struggle, to the theories of Marx and the programs of the revolutionary parties.

I absorbed this new revolutionary knowledge greedily.

The life of my new friends—who were very young indeed, but seemed quite grown-up to me—was fascinating. I can find no other word for it, but I think this one is exact. I was fascinated by the absence of furniture—soft, heavy, ancient pieces so tiring to the eye at home—and the presence of books. I was fascinated by the simplicity and ease of their life. How good it was to rest with them from the heavy, measured, petty-bourgeois life at my grandfather's, so grating, boring, and depressing. . . . Young people would come rushing in. Their speech was vivid, passionate in disputes. Everything was absorbingly interesting: the plans for mass meetings, and the stories

told of meetings that had been held, of escapes from spies and covering tracks, of the experience of other cities (from the tales of newly arrived comrades) of prison adventures; the simple suppers, put together in half an hour; the conspiracy and the songs.

My friends sang revolutionary songs—some plaintive and long-drawn-out ("The Unharvested Plot," "Fate," "Our Life is Hard, Brothers," "What is She to Me?" "Cradle Song," "Prison," "The Dreamy Forest," "Black Thoughts Overwhelm Me," and others), some spirited and passionate ("Rage, Tyrants!" "The Red Banner," "On the Barricades," "Whirlwinds of Danger," "Marseillaise," etc.).

A new life unfolded before me. I was caught up as though on wings by this novelty, and rushed impetuously and enthusiastically forward. But there came a moment when I felt a change. The older comrades began to restrain themselves with me, to hinder my wild rush forward. The obstacle was my youth. At first it had amused my friends to talk with a little boy as though he were a grown-up. My great interest in God when I was twelve years old, my ready answers, my ardour in investigation and debate, were pleasing to my revolutionary teachers. But when, with entirely unexpected swiftness and directness, I went from words to deeds, broke with my father at the age of thirteen, left home, gave up school, and was hungry and sick for a whole year, my older friends began to repent of drawing me into "dangerous" questions and interests so early. Now they applied a different policy. They hindered my development, putting obstacles in the way of my too early entrance into underground work. Some of my questions went unanswered. And I would retort, my voice trembling with hurt pride, but more tearful than ironic:

"I see. 'You'll find out when you grow up, my child!' Is that how I'm to understand you?"

"Honestly, we have no time," they would answer. And this was also true.

It was 1905. The first revolution broke stormily. Underground work received a sudden and unexpected impetus. A few dozen revolutionists in our city had to organize and take care of the ten thousand people who rushed to join the movement. My friends worked sixteen and eighteen hours a day, and were always dead tired. They became so hoarse from speaking at meetings and shouting in the squares that at home they spoke in whispers. They ate on the go, slept wherever they could, grew thin and gaunt; but their eyes shone with happiness in their earthen faces.

It was none too pleasant for me—a fourteen-year-old boy—to circle about on the outside, never getting to the heart of the matter. I walked several miles every day. I felt I had to be at the meetings in the factory in the outskirts of the city, get into the railroad shops by hook or by crook, walk in demonstrations along the principal street of the city, hurry to the far off military suburb where I had spent my childhood near the Naval Hospital, and where there were now self defense organizations and a public militia.

How many times was I driven out of a crowd, unfriendly voices grumbling at me:

"What are you doing here, in everyone's way!"

"You'll find out when you grow up," "You're in everybody's way. . ." how I hated my youthfulness. If only I were at least three or four years older! But on the other hand, how lucky I was, in that precisely this youthfulness enabled me to push unperceived into the crowd and get into the assembly

hall of the Technical Society, where the first Soviet of workers' deputies was in session.

The days flew by. The days of the October manifesto and "freedom" passed like a dream, and then came a savage pogrom against the Jews. It began with a bloody clash between our red-bannered demonstration and a patriotic "manifestation" protected by cossacks and mounted police. As usual, the "manifestation," which had been organized by the chief of police in conjunction with the "League of the Russian People," was made up of tramps and bums, recruited at the wharves and in the market places, in saloons and taverns for the price of a bottle of vodka. They carried icons and portraits of the tsar and the tsarina. Someone in the pay of the police shot at the portrait of Nikolai.

This served as a signal for the carnage. The "patriots," "wounded in their feelings" were unable to control their "anger." Stones torn from the pavement flew in our direction, and then the cossacks rode into the demonstration with "brave" shouts, brandishing whips and bared sabers, inflicting burning blows on faces and backs, wounding to right and left. A panic started, but was twice restrained thanks to the workers' firmness. They were unable to finish setting up barricades: the attack was too sudden, and the advantage in strength on the side of the "free Cossacks" too great—the workers were as yet unarmed.

The pogrom raged unchecked three days and three nights. After that the forces of reaction began to press ever more stubbornly, more openly, more insolently. Arrests soon started. The struggle took on new forms. But the revolutionary fervor of the masses was still great, and continued to the end of 1906, and even into the spring of 1907.

I was burning with impatience to get into practical work, but the older comrades—though they yielded a little in my presence—still restricted me to street limits and kept me busy with trifles. I was entrusted with copying leaflets for the hectograph (in chemical ink), with scattering leaflets in definite areas, with hiding illegal literature, type, and rollers or carrying them from one place to another. I was sometimes allowed, as a special favor, to be present at meetings (secret meeting places) or propagandist study circles, or to go on an errand to the "exchange" (a street where our people used to meet of an evening on business).

All this did not satisfy me. I wanted real work, daily and hourly contact with the proletarian masses. I decided that it was time to break away from tutelage, to go into the factories and work shops—better still, to become a worker myself. This idea took firm hold of me. It would have been hard for me to get a job in a factory, so I began to look for a work shop. An opportunity soon presented itself, and I began wandering from shop to shop—locksmiths, mechanics, shoemakers.

At that time my sister and I lived with our maternal grandparents. The old people were very displeased to see me leave my studies, and especially to have their grandson become a "dirty" worker; but they were afraid to repeat my father's experiments. Thus I ate and slept in their home, in an atmosphere of old fashioned orderliness, pedantic cleanliness, and bourgeois comfort, whereas my days and evenings were spent in shops, in taverns, or at meetings. The odors of the shops, of soaking leather, and of crowded workers' quarters mingled with the aromas of exotic spices, dried roses, cloves, mint, naphthaline, and jam in my grandparents' home.

Was this a "pilgrimage into the masses?" At that time such a suggestion would have seemed outrageous to me. I considered myself a Marxist, and was repelled by the sugary sweetness of the Narodnik movement. My aims were more sober and more realistic. I wanted to grow into the labor movement, to enter seriously into party work.

But now, so many years later, many things show in a new light.

The surroundings in which I grew up were far from manorial, yet certain elements were very similar to manor life. Our house, with its high porch, in the military suburb cut off from the city, was like a landowner's country house among the little half peasant houses of the suburb. Again, in manner of living, hospitality, customs, culture, our house was also in the isolated position of a manor house. The business that went on involved food products, just as in the village. The servants never changed, that I can remember, and their service seemed to be lifelong. They were all peasants. Their dependence on my father bordered on serfdom: he took a hand even in their family affairs.

My childish division of people and things into "real" and "semblances" could have been found only in a social structure where the dependence of slaves on their masters was more obvious, more universal, more deep-rooted than the dependence of hired labor on capital; and the material and cultural gap between them immeasurably greater than that between employe and employer. Under precisely such circumstances, a transition to the side of the exploited class takes on especially sharply defined traits of class self-negation.

I was probably no exception. There were many of us at that time: the last Mohicans of the "pilgrimage into the masses," offspring of the bourgeois intelligentsia, who rendered tribute to revolutionary interests in our youth, and turned "workers" for a little while in the years of revolutionary fervor, only to return again to the maternal warmth of the bourgeoisie that had reared us.

The Narodnik movement idealized the peasant in a mystical, religious direction. The idealization of the worker by the social-democratic intelligentsia that hovered around the party, or temporarily entered the party, was of another order; but the psychology was the same. The attitude towards the workers was such as would be shown to a hen who was about to lay a golden egg. The golden egg was socialism. The working class was interesting only as a means for the liberation of humanity; it was only the romantic aspect of the revolutionary struggle that attracted. How pleasant, in romantic, self oblivious dreams, to dig up the treasure of liberation for humanity, using the proletariat as a spade.

I recall an argument between my father and my elder brother in the period between my brother's imprisonment in Kiev and his banishment to Siberia. My father said, irritably:

"Quite right, quite correct! But what have you to do with the proletariat? Who are you—a worker? A fine saviour, indeed!"

I do not remember what my brother answered—at that time I was still a little boy; but the answer of the youthful intelligentsia that had entered the party for a time in the 1900's comes to my mind:

"We are not workers; but humanity can be freed only through the working class."

And that the liberation of humanity was the true mission of the intelli-

gentsia—that was considered such a self-evident truth, such an axiom, that it needed no proof.

If one had pierced beneath the surface in any of us "proletarianized" young people, one would have found, firstly, a belief that the intelligentsia was predestined to be a new messiah, and, secondly, the idea that we would all be helpless should it come to the test, and that consequently it was necessary to act through the workers.

How I would have raged, at that time, to hear such words as I am writing now! But then I was happy that I had begun to work in a shop, and that my plan had to a great extent succeeded, though not at once and only after immense efforts.

There were many difficulties, of all sorts. I was a weak, delicate boy, and the unaccustomed physical labor was none too easy for me at the beginning. Conditions in the shops were also hard: I had to start, of course, as an apprentice. There were no factory schools at that time; they were created later, by the Soviet government. In those accursed times employers kept apprentices instead of servants: to sweep the floor and go to the saloon for vodka, or to help the master's wife carry her clothes to the river on wash day. The treatment of apprentices was humiliating. After the first few days I had a talk with the employer: I boasted of my half-finished education, and explained that I must be treated respectfully and taught the trade—that that was what I had come for. The conversation ended, however, in a shameful fiasco—I was fired. I learned my lesson, and when I entered my second shop I agreed from the very beginning to work without any pay—in money or in kind—in return for certain special rights.

I overcalculated my strength, and worked the bellows in the smithy enthusiastically, or filed a mould until I was soaking with perspiration. I was always half dead by the end of the day.

But there was a more serious difficulty than this, one that tormented me—the difficulty of approaching the workers. I was too young and impatient. I was in haste to begin my agitation, to talk of the exploiters and the autocracy, without familiarizing myself with the shop or studying the people, taking neither time nor circumstances into account. I turned out to be a very bad recruiter for the underground revolutionary movement. My fervor was unconvincing. The workers listened distrustfully, ironically. And one worker cut me short:

"Instead of teaching us politics, my lad, you had better learn to hold a file in your hands. Look what you're doing!"

I was quite disconcerted. I turned and twisted in bed a long time that night. I could not sleep. I remembered my father and one of his admonitions:

"Don't be so hot. Don't jump at people. But what's the use of talking? People's laughter will teach you!"

And now it had come—this laughter. Well, I would have to restrain myself, look about me, think about when and how to speak.

"You need tact, you little fool," I told myself as I fell asleep. "Tact is just as necessary in the shop as in 'good society'—only a different kind of tact. But what kind? I'll find that out yet. . . ."

I did not go back to that shop next day. That was the end of my locksmithing.

After a few days I got work in a shoe-making shop. Here everything went better from the first. I was coupled with an efficient apprentice called Solo-

monchik—an excellent fellow. We became friends from the start, and then went on to political conversations. These talks took place outside the shop—in the tavern, or during long night walks along the city streets. I set diligently to work to learn the trade, and in politics limited myself at first to individual work with a small nucleus. And things went well. The workers turned to me with all sorts of questions. My popularity among the shoemakers grew rapidly. The apprentices called me "student" rather condescendingly, but were affectionate with me and listened to me—all the more so because, under Solomonchik's guidance, I made great strides in learning the trade—which was extremely important for keeping up my authority.

Together with an older comrade, just returned from exile (L. Vulikl), we carried through a prolonged and successful strike of the shoemakers. Our agitation was not without effect.

In the party, I advanced to "high positions," according to my own notions at the time. I was elected to represent the shoemakers in the "center" (what would correspond to a present day section committee) associated with the committee members, read literature according to lists they recommended, and worked to develop myself. I took in everything on the go. I had a keen feeling for logical construction, for ideas, which helped me to get down to the essence of every report I heard, every article, pamphlet or book that I read. It was a sort of "ear" for logic—just as some people have an ear for music. I caught the least false note, the slightest juggling or discrepancy, and refuted them hotly.

After the split in the party in 1903, there were plenty of topics for debate and discussion. I belonged to the bolshevik wing of the party. I mastered every polemical article in *Vperyod,* especially Lenin's articles, with their logical indestructability; I remembered all their ramifications, movements, and transitions. I had a lively tongue, and dressed down the mensheviks most fiercely.

After a circumstantial report by a menshevik member of the committee, a skinny boy would get up, stretch out to his full height against the wall, and begin to pour fire. A crackling voice and gesticulating hands, disproportionately large because of his age and from physical work, made these speeches peculiarly expressive.

In party circles I had the reputation of a "wunderkind;" a great future was predicted for me. Prophecies of that kind are trivial enough, and very seldom well founded.

The gendarmes did not keep us waiting long. After the "spring" of 1905-1906 there was a savage reaction. Mass arrests began. Our family was watched by the police. I was arrested for the first time in the street, at the "exchange," together with another comrade—Limmonik—a longshoreman. This time they only brought us to the police station, beat us up brutally, held us three days on bread and water in a cold, vermin infested cell, and then let us go. But three months later they raided our house, and placed me under permanent arrest. Then came a series of prisons, "residential" and transient, and finally banishment.

I continued my party work in my place of banishment, Tarashcha, Kiev province. Here I had to carry the difficult, responsible duties of a leader—work not at all suited to my age, and made triply difficult by the fact that I was under police surveillance. There was no occasion for returning to my trade in this little town. I lived by giving lessons for almost no money, at

the same time organizing a teachers' union—which, by the way, fell apart after I left.

I could relate a great deal, of course, like any other underground worker, of those accursed and yet splendid years, about my party work, about all sorts of adventures and misadventures, raids and examinations, prison life, and memorable encounters. But I shall not stop to do so—it is not the main purpose of my book. Nor does my later political life give me the right to talk much about my participation in the underground movement. What grounds have I for emphasizing my youthful revolutionary merits when all the rest of my life—my mature life—was spent under the sign of reaction? I shall therefore confine myself to those facts which are necessary for the delineation of the "sources" of my generation of the intelligentsia, and the characterization of these series of transformations. . . .

The period of arrests coincided with a great event in my personal life: my first love. I abandoned myself to this feeling with all the purity and abandon of my youth.

A tender fairy tale motif twined itself into my days; on the horizon appeared a new world, beautiful, attractive, and unexplored. A freshness as of an early spring morning came over me. Full of a newly won consciousness of maturity, my whole being expanded to receive this new feeling, reaching out to touch it—impetuously, but gently, so as not to frighten it away, or mar it with my clumsiness. I had two faces at that time: one coarse and energetic, directed towards people, work, struggle; the other clear and bright, directed towards my love. And two voices: one bold and cracking, a vehement falsetto; the other a deep, gentle, baritone. I had different ways of shaking hands, different gestures, even different handwritings.

Prison life and journeys from prison to prison tore at this new thing within me. Political feelings were complicated by personal feelings, prison discussions by short visits and notes from outside. I was like a tightly drawn string. I hated the regime doubly: for the proletariat and for the barriers it put in the way of my love. On the other hand, I burned doubly with love: when awake, and in my sleep. Later, in exile, in the woods and gardens of Tarashcha, I had two never-to-be-forgotten summers, the happiest in my life.

But winter came on. My guests left, and the young people went to the big cities to study. The whole town, with its woods and gardens, was blanketed with downy snow. The liveliest and most populous street of the town—it was called Dvoryanskaya, of course, so recently echoing to soft girlish laughter and youthful disputes, was suddenly deserted. The townspeople shut themselves up in their warm apartments. My elderly neighbors kept to their feather beds, groaning, yawning, coughing. They drank tea from morning to night—the samovar did its duty manfully—and played cards. The resinous wood crackled in the stove, and the imprisoned fire roared behind the bars. I decided to leave.

I returned to my native city, where I lived illegally, unregistered, often changing my lodgings for greater secrecy. Under these circumstances, there could be no thought of settled work as a shoemaker's apprentice, or still less of party work. I would have been caught immediately, and gotten other comrades into trouble. I gave private lessons, and, what was most important, began to study. I was so absorbed and eager that sometimes I even fainted from over-exhaustion.

This passion for study was not accidental. The problems that later brought me to Germany were already facing me sharply. These years of study after

my exile were years of struggle for my matriculation certificate, and of preparation for the university where I hoped to untangle the knot of problems facing me at that time..

I remember one New Year's eve celebration. In the evening there was a general meeting of the city party organization, at which a new central council was elected. After the meeting, the new council and the city party committee went to a comrade's home, where a New Year's eve party had been arranged.

Devotion to the common cause, the difficulties and dangers of underground work, our complete community of interests and youthful exaltation united us in closer bonds of friendship than I have ever seen since. Nowadays the word "comrade," and even the intimate "thou," are used with greater ease and less responsibility, but one misses that internal warmth, that utter sincerity and feeling of real brotherhood, of which Lenin has written most expressively: "We advance in an intimate little group over a steep and difficult road, holding one another tightly by the hand. . . ."

At that evening party we literally held one another's hands, embracing tenderly. We rested and chatted as we ate the everyday proletarian herring ("Man lived not on bread alone, but also on herring.") and festive sausage with pickles, which tasted better to us than the best of delicacies. We sang our songs in deep muffled voices: songs either melancholy or wrathful—there were no intermediate tunes.

Then we began to argue. A woman spoke—an important party worker recently returned from abroad. It was known that she was close to emigrant circles, to the CC (the Control Committee of the Party). These two letters had the sound of good tidings, of a commandment from Mount Sinai; they were cloaked in a mantle of supernatural, almost magical authority. I listened attentively, enraptured, absorbing every word. In the beginning I understood, but then began insurmountable theory.

Right there and then, that New Year's eve, I pledged myself with all the solemnity of my age (sixteen years) to clear up my theoretical fogginess. With this determination I strode home in the early morning after my sleepless night, through the still wakeful streets. Brisk strides, frosty air, giddy excitement.

Prisons, transient prisons, banishments, and prior to this a protracted illness (lasting half a year) had left me plenty of leisure for reading, widened considerably my circles of acquaintances and brought many new impressions. Consequently some of my previous theoretical vagueness in regard to theory had been cleared up. And new and ever more difficult questions kept springing up; and then the question began to turn into doubts.

I came into contact with socialist-revolutionists, and anarchists, of every variety, with enthusiasts, cranks and maniacs. In the inhuman conditions of life under the tsarist regime—a life unbearably dull, perverse and bitterly drunk—the fungi of sedition germinated abundantly in every nook and corner where poverty-stricken proletarians and declassed bohemians found shelter. Hot confused heads and hearts poisoned with despair travelled over the land. They discharged their bitterness in hysterical outbursts of words, but also through real dynamite and revolver shots aimed at police officers. They raided banks, savings institutions, postoffices, or simply the homes of rich local bigwigs. They called their raids expropriations, or ex'es for short.

At times it was rather hard to differentiate between these ex'es and ordinary criminal acts of banditry.

The prisons, especially the transient prisons, served as gathering places in the broad sense of the word. The "third department" (translator's note: the political police) drew these people from everywhere and brought them together in crowded prison cells. Here one could hear astonishing stories, often exaggerated (it was often hard to believe that such a collection of heroes could exist, all in our cell); here people compared their experiences in the struggle and in life; and here, most important, they argued. Each political party and shade of political opinion, every group and even separate anarchistic individuals claimed to know the best way to save the proletariat, the peasantry and all humanity. People who disagreed were called by every abusive word ever invented by the human tongue, often in the most fantastic combinations, including such pearls as "metaphysical wreck!" Materialistic terminology easily changed into "material" (translator's note: obscene invective). This however did not stand in the way of peaceful games of leapfrog in the middle of the cell, immediately after the most desperate of theoretical wrangles.

I argued no worse than the others with the heat characteristic of those days. There was not the slightest hope of convincing one's adversary, and none of us really expected such success. But the worst thing was that the better my improvised argument became, the less convincing my words seemed to me afterwards, when I ruminated, camel-like, over all that had been said during the dispute. I could not deny the correctness of some of the points made by the other side, or the idealism and purity of some of my adversaries.

I had a memorable encounter in the Elizabethgrad penal prison. It so happened that I was the only "political" in a cell full of criminal prisoners sentenced to hard labor. In those days (after 1905-1906), the criminal prisoners hated the "politicals" fiercely, and tried to revenge themselves for the punishments meted out to criminal offenders by the "people," sometimes under the leadership of "politicals" in 1905. The criminals in the cell tried to provoke me: I either kept silence or tried to pass things off with placid banter. This only added fuel to the flame. The criminals became even more embittered. The wall of hatred grew higher. Some of the rougher criminals began to walk around me in circles, their shackles clanging. I shivered to see that the circles were growing narrower; I realized that they would probably beat me half to the death immediately, and finish me during the night. Fortunately, a political hard-labor convict, an anarchist, came into the cell at that moment. His presence eased the atmosphere in the cell—perhaps because he wore shackles—a high dignity among criminal prisoners, or perhaps simply because it was impossible not to love that man.

We entered into a friendly conversation during which he managed to whisper into my ear:

"Just the same you should not remain here overnight. I will try to arrange it."

Half an hour later he returned beaming:

"They will transfer you!"

And very soon I really was transferred to this comrade's cell, where he lived in great luxury—in solitary confinement.

He was a small man with a feeble, infantile little body and a disproportionately large head; he had a shock of fair hair and radiant grey-blue eyes. In his eyes and in the expression of his face one could see the high-strung fervor of a man obsessed. His face was thin and pale, with translucent veins

on his temples. My protector was so weak that a strong gust of wind in the prison court yard rocked him like a dry twig. And this sick creature had been put into irons and was on his way to a hard labor prison in far off Siberia.

He spoke rapidly, incessantly, with feverish excitement. He called himself an anarchist-individualist. He quoted Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Stirmer, Bakunin, Kropotkin. He was burning with the desire to prove his assertions. A pure soul and a muddled head. A lucid bungler. He was in love and wrote poetry. All through the night he read to me from notebooks filled with verses dedicated to his beloved. During intervals he spoke of art and literature: Ibsen, Strindberg, Flaubert.

Among my prison comrades there were many enthusiastic idealists who took in the contradictory ideas of that epoch and unconsciously reflected them. The echoes of the revolutionary storms of 1905-06 mingled with the first omens of social and political reaction.

The more I learned, the more confused I became. The influence of Tolstoi and especially of Dostoyevsky had something to do with this.

Dostoyevsky depressed me and brought on a gloomy spleen. He affected me like a serious illness. My spell of reading Dostoyevsky coincided with a period of real illness, which lasted more than half a year. I began reading him just before I fell ill. Then came high fever and delirium. Dostoyevsky's vivid, cruel scenes passed before my feverish imagination and choked me like a nightmare. Whenever the fever left me, my hand would reach out for the book. I drank Dostoyevsky like poison and drank him to the very dregs between consciousness and delirium. The doctors discussed my illness as some kind of inflammation; but it was the burning scar left by Dostoyevsky that remained with me for the rest of my life.

I disliked Dostoyevsky. I did not believe in his sincerity, and was on the look-out for every false note in his books. The clumsiness of his style seemed affected, pretensious and calculated for effect. I characterized his too-detailed descriptions as cruelty, as sadism.

His spiritual muck-racking was repulsive to me, and I railed at him with childish unrestraint: "You're dirty yourself!" On the margins of the description of Smerdiakov I wrote with boyish venom: "The apple falls near the apple tree." I was referring, of course, to the author and his hero. That was my "revenge." I even refused to believe that Dostoyevsky was subject to spells. I insisted that these spells were pure affectation.

Dostoyevsky's reactionary character, his philippics against revolution and socialism and against the evil power of "sinful" western culture were hostile to me. So were his hysterical religiousness and unctuous praises of the people. The "child's tears" did not frighten me. Talk to the effect that no socialism could make up for these tears seemed simply reactionary buffoonery. In essence I considered Dostoyevsky a renegade, trying to justify the evil of this renegacy to himself and to other people by sophistries.

These very attacks upon Dostoyevsky testified to my increased susceptibility. The more repelling a figure the writer appeared to me, the more he attracted me. I hated Dostoyevsky, but was unable to free myself from his hypnosis; I denied him, but was drawn back to him again and again.

What was it that attracted me in Dostoyevsky? In the first place, the sharp delineation of his types, the obtrusiveness of his portraits, the exaggerated evil in his characters. Such is the law of the esthetic perception that

that which is smooth, mild and well rounded passes by without attracting one's attention, whereas that which is evil and aggressive strikes at one's nerves and tears at one's indifference; villains are remembered. Perhaps Dostoyevsky's evil genius knew this secret, and acted accordingly, not without secret calculation.

But there was something else, more important than this, that attracted me to Dostoyevsky. I scrutinized the cruelties of Dostoyevsky's heroes and the cruelties of Russian life that surrounded me on all sides, compared the portrait with the original, and asked myself:

"If Dostoyevsky is a Russian national genius, is it not because he has succeeded in reproducing the atmosphere of public houses and cellars—because he has divided the peculiar mixture of the Russian soul, where bestiality lives in harmony with beatific idiocy, and genuine heroism with petty, disgusting meanness."

I bored into people with sharp eyes inherited from my father, examining the life surrounding me in the shops, in the underground movement, among the police, in prison. I saw much that was contradictory. I tried to divide all this material into two heaps: separate the good from the bad, the bestial from the human, the great from the insignificant. But this was utterly impossible: the goats mingled inseparably with the sheep. And they not only existed side by side, but combined and lived peacefully together within one and the same "soul"—in every single individual.

And I asked myself in confusion:

"Again a mixture—a Dostoyevsky mixture?"

A large group of comrades was arrested all at once, and the word "provocateur" was whispered in our organization. One of the apartments where we used to appoint meetings was suspected. It was said that the owner of the apartment where we used to appoint meetings was suspected. It was said that the owner of the apartment had betrayed the comrades. Another suspected provocateur was identified, it seemed conclusively. He was sentenced to death by the underground organization, and was killed by our local terrorists. Then there was a funeral, which attracted many people. In the crowd I saw acquaintances from among intellectuals near to the party, tormenting questions in their eyes: "Was it surely he, and no one else? Have we not perhaps killed a fine comrade for nothing?"

We were all overcome by an infectious "spy-mania." To whom could one give the addresses of our secret meeting places? To whom could one entrust the pass-word? We looked searchingly into one another's eyes, trying to bore down to the soul, to find out: friend or foe? comrade or betrayer?

I was always on the alert with people, abnormally sensitive to "traitorous" trifles. With all my boyish conceit, however, I was very naive, knew neither life nor people, and could not distinguish friend from foe. But obtrusive trifles would catch my eye, and again there would be the mixture of good and evil. I would be ready to fall down in worship, and then some mean, disgusting trait would appear in that same person. Impulsive worship would give place to violent disappointment, and I would cry:

"Curses on you, Dostoyevsky mixtures!"

I studied other people's moral qualities, but was not the least bit interested in my own class qualities. And these were such that I could participate in the labor movement only as a consequence of class self-negation and moral uplift. Hence this intense interest in moral values—this substitution of the esthetic criterion for the political.

To the overwhelming majority of the young bourgeois intellectuals who had joined the revolutionary movement in the period of revolutionary uplift, socialism was simply a moral ideal, a coming era, which would make happy "the poor and the downtrodden." But from the very first we began to see that the path of revolution was a path of bloody struggle, involving very real blood—the blood of our friends and comrades, for which we as "leaders" bore the full moral responsibility.

Questions of theory and political strategy became more complex under these circumstances, and at times were clouded over by questions of "moral duty." And it was precisely here that Dostoyevsky's influence—thrown so irrevocably out through the door—came in again through the window.

"How can we hesitate because of a child's tears in our struggle against the accursed system," I protested, "when the system itself causes oceans of tears?" But I saw other things also: I saw the savage fight that resulted from outbursts in the shops, the insolent swagger with which long shoemaker's knives were thrust into boot-tops before walks through our gang infested suburb, the way our young lads flaunted their jawbreaking black-jacks. My best friend, my teacher in my trade and my pupil in party work, Solomonchik, the shoemaker's apprentice, was literally torn to pieces in a skirmish with the "Leaguers" (the "League of the Russian People").

Then there was the lynching of criminals, the period of brutal pogroms against the Jews in the south of Russia, the cossack raids on our striking factory workers, the terrible scenes that took place when workers, surrounded from all sides, were driven with whips into the railroad tunnel, where bloody carnage would take place, to the sounds of wild laughter and shouting. Live bodies would be pierced by pikes and cut by swords. Thus in all the cities, down to the blood-drenched December uprising in Moscow. Over the villages glowed the flame of agrarian disorders—arson, punitive expeditions, mass floggings. And besides all this, the ex'es: bold, banditlike raids by anarchists and criminals, lone terrorists, bomb throwers.

The revolutionary storm was drowned in blood, but it was evident that this was but the first trial of strength, and that the next storm would be broader and deeper—would penetrate to the very depths of the masses—would unloose unbridled passions and bloody instincts.

"Where," I asked, "is that force which will organize these elements, direct them into the necessary channel—which will head the movement, give it a clear and conscious purpose, lead it by the *shortest path,* achieve success with the least *bloodshed?*"

It was precisely about the question of this one and only correct path that all our disputes were centered; and there were almost as many paths proposed as there were people in the movement. Each claimed to know better than the others; each proclaimed his own truth. There was utter lack of unity in questions of theory and practice, and in practical work our forces were divided, we struck disorganized blows at yielding spots, and live human blood flowed in vain on all sides.

Such were my thoughts at that period; and I concluded that I must devote myself entirely to questions of theory—build an indistructible foundation for theory—attain in this field a mathematical universality and incontroversibility.

My first inkling of the reaction in our revolutionary circles came in prison in the shape of a white napkin. There were thirty of us in the cell. It was

something like Noah's Ark: there were bolsheviks, mensheviks, socialist-revolutionists, anarchists of every kind, adherents of the "Bund" and "Palei Zion." Along the walls there were plank beds of the "improved" type, such as are used in military camps. The beds stood folded against the wall during the day and were lowered at night. The cell was a large room, containing practically no furniture. When the beds went up in the morning one could observe one's comrades thoroughly as a group and as individuals: there was simply no place where one could hide away. When one sees and hears people in such circumstances day after day—their manner of speaking and listening, their habits, tastes, pastimes—one gets to know them too intimately. We were fed rather meagerly, but were permitted to have visitors comparatively often; and so we lived on from one meal to the next, from one visit to the next. Visitors brightened the day and the baskets of food they brought served as a reinforcement of our scanty table and gave us even some pleasant luxury. Not everybody received baskets, but that did not make any difference, as the lucky ones usually shared everything sent from outside with their neighbors.

From the very first I noticed in our cell a small group that formed a sort of prison aristocracy. They were better dressed. Their Russian blouses were of the same standard type worn in our circles, but they were made of better cloth, embroidered, and freshly ironed. Their snow-white bedding was often changed and there were family marks on the pillows. They had small extra pillows, downy plaids, etc. Food was brought them from outside in starched napkins. There were all sorts of delicacies—caviar, sardines, boiled ham, chicken, pastry, sweets. The "aristocrats" made very pompous preparations for their lunches and suppers. They would spread out their napkins, arrange their gifts on them, and sit down in artistic disorder—a regular picnic! All this was done boisterously, cheerfully, sanguinely, in full view of the half starved. I watched the other comrades. They would cast down their eyes or look in other directions, putting on an indifferent appearance. Some one began to sing "Starve that they may feast," but the prison guard appeared immediately at the spyhole in the door, clanging with his keys and the song was stopped.

I became more and more interested in the "aristocrats." I discovered that the gifts from outside were sent them not only by their relatives but also by the city liberals, sympathizers of the revolutionary movement. I heard the names of the well known surgeon K., a few enlightened merchants, and the bank director, D., who, I was told, was of an "entirely socialistic" frame of mind and had even been under arrest for a few days.

I remember clearly two of these "aristocrats." One of them, L., was a member of our organization. Upon rising every morning he would splash some water over his face and begin to arrange his hair with great care. It was truly a tedious job to comb his thick, tousled red mane and put it into perfect order with such inadequate instruments as a coarse comb, a clothes brush and a little spit on his fingers. L. would sit at this job before his mirror for hours at a stretch. Don't be offended, Comrade L., let us hear from you, if you are still alive. I am complimenting you in telling about your reddish locks—by now you are surely bald and grey. . . .

The other is dead, and I may mention his name—S. Rayetsky, later on an outstanding journalist, editor of the journal *Morning of Moscow*, a Ryabushinsky organ. As is evident from his very initials, S. Rayetsky was an SR (social revolutionist)—mainly in his youth, although after the revolution, when he was director of the Petrograd telegraph agency under Kerensky, and, later,

one of the editors of *Vozrozhdenie (Rebirth)* and *Syn Otiechestva (Son of the Fatherland)* in Moscow, he still considered himself an SR.

S. Rayetsky was a vivid figure. Rather tall and broad-boned, with a curly black head of hair, large features on a fat, pasty, womanish face, large eyes, ever so slightly crossed, and a red flower in his buttonhole—he was, in a way, imposing. Rayetsky's oratorical performances in his youth were quite theatrical: he was a lover of broad gestures and vivid figures. In those days Rayetsky often spoke at legal assemblages—at general meetings of the public library, in various cultural organizations, etc. His speeches seemed revolutionary to the liberals, and liberal to the revolutionaries.

Both in content and in form—aristocratically rounded and restrained—these speeches were gentler than those pronounced at mass meetings, and sharper than those pronounced at banquets. His vocabulary, by the provincial standards of that period, was exquisite; he had certain favorite words and phrases (I recall especially the word "cadres," which was quite new to me at that time). His flowery terms of speech came straight from the literary and political magazines and the liberal newspapers issued in St. Petersburg. Young girls, party sympathizers (our comrades used to call them "the maidens") were deeply moved by his speeches; and women, the wives of doctors, lawyers, engineers, and educated merchants, nodded approvingly. These speeches were a transition from the mass meeting to the banquet; and even the young ladies' chins were in a period of transition: they were not yet drowned in fat, but had already begun to envelop themselves in fat layers.

Soon came elections to the first State Duma, the convocation of the Duma, speeches by liberal "tribunes of the people," fine days for the party of "national freedom" i.e., the "cadets" (constitutional democrats). The figure of Murontzev, chairman of the first Duma, rose over Russia. His open face, his frank, direct gaze, his well-tended professorial beard, gave him the aspect of a "modern Aristides." Ah, if you knew what nervous excitement there was in our Stock Exchange when the Duma was dissolved, and the people's chosen representatives published their heroic Viborg proclamation.

Banquets were held everywhere: in the Stock Exchange, in the city club, and in various cultural societies. Plentiful outpourings of wine, and almost as plentiful of words. There were old, established speakers—bearded and rich; but there were also young, close shaven, newly appeared orators.

The banquets went on; and the different generations of the bourgeoisie and the bourgeois intelligentsia grew ever closer together ideologically and politically, The youngest of the older generation and the oldest of the younger generation were entirely at one. The former turned more to the "left" (it was considered that we now had a representative system of government, no worse than in Europe; professors and industrialists joined the "cadets;" liberalism and verbal disaffection became the fashion—a sign of good manners); and the latter drifted further and further away from underground party work and were drawn ever more strongly into the channel of "legal possibilities" and opportunistic compromise—i.e., went further to the right with every day. This process facilitated the return of the erstwhile revolutionary protestants into the paternal mansion of the bourgeoisie.

The starched napkin of my prison "aristocrats" was transformed into a dozen table cloths, the prison stools into tables arranged in the form of a horseshoe, the prison "picnics" into banquets. Here the prison "aristocrats"

met their protectors from "outside" on a common platform and at a common table.

It would be unjust, and an unconscientious treatment of facts, to understate the role played by women in this ideological upheaval. Up to a certain period, the "maidens" close to the Party (they were mainly high school girls from the senior classes) had been no hindrance to the underground work of the young men. Everyone had been carried away by the revolution, regardless of sex. The "maidens" had simply been more passive than we: it was harder for them to break away from home, and more dangerous to leave their studies —not to speak of the danger and difficulty of becoming workers. But they did whatever they could: carried leaflets, copies of *Iskra,* and illegal pamphlets under their aprons, kept type, printing rollers, and hectographs, ran about to meetings and mass meetings, participated in study circles.

There were workers in our underground organization—workers from factories, shops, and printshops. They were almost all men; women were extremely rare exceptions. The women in our circle were almost exclusively students. Romances sprang up spontaneously at study circles, at mass meetings, during boat rides on the river, in the squares and boulevards of the city. Conversations would flow along approximately in the following channel: the work in the study circles (Bogdanov, Kautsky, Plekhanov, Marx), the role of the proletariat, socialism, the meaning of life, love. The young men philosophized, orated, boasted, displayed their courage, sang and spoke beautifully of love. How many provincial rhetoricians there were among them, spouting eloquence about the "red flower of love." The notorious "red flower" grew up alongside of the red banner.

Not a few light romances and flirtations sprang up suddenly and immediately expired; but often the "flower" put out deep roots, and gave rise to all sorts of worries. The "maidens" were entirely dependent on their bourgeois papas and mamas, who would have nothing to do with the "good-for-nothings." And the "good-for-nothings" themselves, though very brave indeed in word, were quite helpless in deed. They had nothing to offer their sweethearts for the future. Their education had not been completed; they had put off from one shore, but had not yet beached on the other.

They had to choose one of two courses: either to give up their romantic passions forever and become professional revolutionaries, or to complete their educations and find places in life. The majority chose the latter course—by very gradual transitions, of course, and with all the "necessary"—that is, superfluous—reservations. In essence, this "free choice" was predetermined by the class origin of the people concerned, by economic forces, and by the very epoch—the decline of the revolutionary wave. The red banner was defeated by the "red flower," and the flower itself faded with every day, until it had taken on the pinkish and bluish tints of bourgeois settledness and well being.

The lads took to their studies zealously. There was an epidemic of "extreme" examinations (examinations taken without attending courses). They worked as fast as they could, to catch up on what they had missed. Mathematics, literature, and Latin were swallowed in incommensurate doses. It turned out that the intermission helped greatly. The youths had developed and matured in their underground work, and mastered their studies more easily and more intelligently. My teacher, I remember, was Comrade S. Bron, later Soviet trade representative in London. He would expound a whole section of mathematics or physics to me at one sitting, then at home I would read over the

material a few times in a textbook on "Heat" or "Light" or progressions, with the corresponding formula, and solve all the problems in Shaposhnikov and Valtzev. Thus, in two weeks I covered the algebra taught in the last four years of high school; and physics, solid geometry, and trigonometry were covered at the same speed. "Compositions" were especially easy—Kautsky and Plekhanov had had their effect. My revolutionary past left a pinkish trace in my high school "compositions." Things were about the same with the other comrades: there was maturity in their studying, and they gained their matriculation certificates very rapidly.

Then some went to the capital to study in the university, and others left the uncertain trade of tutoring for more steady work. As for myself, my sister helped me to get a position in the Fyodorovsky sugar factories, through the son of that same F. for whom my father had at one time worked. Young F. was at this time already a Master of Science in Law, a director of the Moscow International Commercial Bank, a sugar manufacturer, and, as was common in those days, a liberal social worker. He told my sister: "Very well, if his appearance is not ultra revolutionary." And my external appearance changed, as did everybody's. Year by year we changed from the Russian blouse to the Norfolk jacket, and from the Norfolk jacket to the "civilized" suit, with its accessories—starched collar and tie. It was sickening to see these rapid transformations in young people, erstwhile underground revolutionists. The starched yoke of "civilization" pressed on their necks like the noose of renegacy; but this transformation was not the worst.

An unexpected careerism appeared in all of them. They raced one another up the social ladder with the agility of acrobats. Their underground experience was of invaluable assistance here, as well as in their studies. Their minds had been polished on Marx and in their incessant discussions, this and the experience acquired in underground organizational work had enriched them internally. At one time a playful riddle had been in vogue among us: "What money gives no wealth, and what capital brings no interest?" the answer was Zola's *Money* and Marx's *Capital*. But this answer turned out to be false. Marx's *Capital* brought interest. The interest gathered on former Marxism was speedily invested into the business of personal bourgeois careers. The metamorphosis continued, and new interest accumulated—this time external, not internal.

In prose, all this seemed squalid to the very extreme. A former social-democrat. X., fell in love with the wife of a rich exporter, Y., and, as they said in those times, won his wife away from him. She left her husband for the social-democrat, taking her children and her money with her. With this money he began to publish a newspaper, on which he and his wife worked to utter exhaustion, doing everything themselves. When bills were due, the wife's jewels were pawned. He twisted and turned until he had built up a big business in newspapers and printing shops. Then he no longer worked. Others worked for him, while he traded, manipulated, and speculated. He expanded his printing business and acquired other business, then real estate, and finally the paper supply of the entire district. He became a rich man, influential in society, with the heads of the city dependent upon him—in a word, reached the "zenith of fame and wealth." Who can say what part of his real wealth was due to the mental development and wealth of Marxism, so cleverly utilized in accordance with the spirit of the times?

Another case: A worker who belonged to our organization married a working woman. He was a typesetter. Soon he was appointed senior typesetter, and

became more of an administrator than a worker. His wife, a seamstress, stopped working in other people's shops and began taking orders herself. There were so many orders that she was obliged to open a shop and hire workers—more and more with each month that passed. Then the husband, the senior typesetter, entered into a partnership with two printers, and they bought a printing press and type on credit, began a small business, ran about looking for orders, and began to round out and gain weight. Their bodies took on fat, and their homes acquired soft furniture, comfort, coziness, and all that sort of thing.

And what is there to say of the mother's darlings who were educated for years in the universities, receiving hundreds of rubles from home for their needs, pleasures, and indulgences, and were then "established" in life. Could a former SR—why former?—to be more exact: a present SR and former underground worker—could such a person marry mercenarily and, oh horrors! accept a dowry? Of course not! But he loved her, and she loved him, and they both loved each other. And after all, why call it a dowry? It was simply that Niurochka's father had to take care of his children, after all. Her husband, a beginning lawyer, had no clients as yet—he had just graduated from the university. Ridiculous! He should have clients, and very soon at that. Why, he was a talented orator! How he had spoken a few years ago at workers' mass meetings! "The iron hand of the proletariat, the peasantry, and the toiling intelligentsia shall strike at the gates of the autocracy, and the gates shall crash under our united pressure!" And his speeches at the student assemblies! Only the other day the young lawyer had spoken at a banquet in the city club.

What universal approval! What success! Niurochka's husband was a born orator, and he would of course have a clientele. And after the speech, all shook hands with him, and Niurochka's uncle came up to him—Niurochka's uncle was chief legal adviser for the shipyards (such a venerable gentleman, with a greying beard and entirely progressive ideas); well, he came up to him, to one side and said: "Young man, your success is assured. You are a person of a social frame of mind, you need a very special sort of work. I shall speak to the chairman of the stock exchange, and hope that we shall find work quite in harmony with your leanings." And after that people talk of marriage for money, of filthy dowries! What extremes can be reached by that pitiful demagogy and our provincial gossip.

What doubts can there be? There was no mercenary marriage and there was no dowry. There were only Niurochka and her father and her uncle, the banquet, and the young barrister's irresistible oratorical talent. "In struggle shall you gain your rights!"

Then there was the journalist, one of the former prison "aristocrats" (we have already spoken of him). He received his matriculation certificate and entered the Moscow University with unbelievable speed. Then he began journalistic work. The "red flower of love" was replaced by reviews of Andreyev's *Black Masks,* and revolutionary "cadres" gave way to liberal talk of "the sober voice of business men and the concensus of Russian public opinion." Meaning, of course, the voice of the industrialists and big manufacturers, and the "public" opinion of the Moscow merchants. He raced up the ladder at a furious pace, three steps at a time. And he had the powers of a department chief of the "sixth power," and finally, still another step up, the power of a minister—i.e., he became editor of a central newspaper and a director of the central telegraph agency.

What was this outstanding Moscow and St. Petersburg journalist? I shall yet have occasion to speak of the Propper "children"[1] and of "stock exchange souls."[2] And for the time being, you may take my word: they were lackeys of the bourgeoisie in the full and exact sense of that word. Lackeys, like the waiters in the Pallsin restaurant, in evening clothes and with white napkins under their arms. And that was the final—the most shameful and treacherous transformation of the prison napkin.

On my return from banishment, in 1908, I went to see my shoemaker friends. I walked differently now than in 1906—not on important affairs, but out of curiosity towards the past. Thus in hours of lyrical meditation I wandered about the streets of my native city, visting the military suburb, the house where I had spent my early childhood, the Naval Hospital; the clay pits on the outskirts of the city, beyond the cemetery, where our stormy mass meetings had so recently been held, and where a passing guest from Moscow with a stubborn blonde head had spoken in the melodious Russian dialect so seldom heard in the South; the river, where we had held "meetings" in row boats; the groves where the cossacks' whips had burned our skins like fire. I made the round of all these spots once more, remembering, grieving, smiling at stones and benches. I also felt an urge to visit the shoemakers. How were they getting along now, the dear fellows?

And so I found myself in the "parlor" of a provincial artisan's home. On one wall hung two large portraits in peeling bronze-coated frames: the master and the mistress in their youth—he in a frock-coat, and she in her wedding dress. On the opposite wall—his guild certificate, issued by the trade council. The third wall was almost entirely covered with photographs, post-cards, and pictures cut out of magazines: beauties, champions, singers; at the side hung paper fans. On the floor lay a coarse hemp runner, there was an oval table, on which were a rather dirty album and a standing kerosene lamp under a shade. The table was covered with a threadbare plush tablecloth. At the windows hung something resembling curtains; on the window sills stood rubber plants. The "parlor" was bare and stuffy.

In the next room was the shop—where about half a dozen apprentices sat on low shoemaker stools, working at one bench. In the foreground was the master, Abram "Lamprey"—long as an earth-worm. Nearby his wife, who was soon to give birth, was peeling potatoes; and on the dirty floor, among scraps of leather and cardboard, crawled two rachitic children with swollen bellies. Some neighbor women had also come in. The women gossiped, and the men cracked questionable jokes. Guffaws, the tapping of the hammers on the stinking wet leather, someone's singing, the children's whining.

I was repelled at once by the smells and noises, and recoiled instinctively: "What dirt, what squalor!"

I looked at everything with new eyes, as though I now saw it for the first time. Quite true! Formerly I had not seen *this*. Formerly my eyes had been directed towards an aim hidden *beyond* these conditions. I had looked past these things without noticing them. And now the aim was gone, the perspective lost, and I saw for the first time the ugly conditions of artisan life.

I was received with familiar servility. While shaking hands, they swung their arms out wide and really slapped my palm. (I thought: "as though they

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[1] Propper was the editor of a yellow paper called *Birjevie Vedomosti (Stock Exchange News)*.

[2] Author's reference to the staff of the *Birjevie Vedomosti*.

were bargaining over a sheepskin coat in the market.") In conversation they were servile ("they talk to me as though I were a lord, except that they don't take their caps off"). The talk went badly. They were not interested in politics, and did not want to be interested. "Lamprey" had one more little girl now—the sixth; and the seventh was soon to come. They had bought some rubber plants—had I noticed them in the "parlor?" Berchik (he had once been one of the most revolutionary of the apprentices, and had fought the "leaguers" "like a lion," avenging Solomonchik) had married a beauty with a fine dowry, the daughter of the old vampmaker Pinkhus, had opened his own shop, with several apprentices, and was doing good business. Another had entered the army, a third had left for his native city. "We get along, more or less. And you? You've probably been very successful, eh?"

I looked about me. The same familiar lasts, patterns of soles, and sooty finishing tools; the same pail with soaking leather, and the same dry, smelly glue, covered with big-bellied, lazy flies.. "Lamprey's" wife, with the black down on her upper lip, round and full, bulging out of her dark grey dress, seemed just such a fly over the pail of potatoes; and the long earthy pimply faces of the workers *seemed like lasts full of holes.* "We get along, more or less. . ." And this was my "army!" I felt bored, and could hardly keep from yawning. I wanted to leave at once, but that would not have been "nice," so I sat and suffered.

Out of boredom I sat down at the bench and started to ply the awl; but the work didn't go: my hands were out of practice—my fingers had *forgotten.*

Later dinner was served, with vodka in honor of the "guest." On the table were steaming mountains of potatoes, black bread, herrings, and pickles. They drank vodka in tumblers. I reached for a glass, but could not down it—and yet formerly, as a fifteen-year old boy, I had drunk for company, and nothing had happened . . . Now I was out of practice—had forgotten; and there was no company feeling.

I began drinking from a wineglass, watching the workers get drunk, but remaining sober myself. What next?

Next they all got drunk, started quarreling, and got into a drunken fight. Then some fellows came over from the neighboring shops, and a large group left to go to "the girls." Others, less drunk, went to the tavern. I joined the latter.

In the tavern—a mass of sweaty faces, kitchen smells and perspiration, the shrieking and squeaking of the "music machine," obscene invective—a veritable anteroom of hell. Weak tea was drunk "with a bite" (unsweetened, with a piece of sugar in the mouth) from saucers, in gurgling sips. At this hour of the day it was impossible to talk in the tavern. There was such a din that one had to shout into one's neighbor's very ear, and receive one's answer in the same manner. My head began to ache from these shouts at my ears, and I waited impatiently for my friends to finish their tea, so as to get out into the fresh air. The tavern was to me no longer a clubhouse for revolutionary meetings; my own heat had died down, my apprentices had cooled off, and there were left only kitchen smells, drunken hiccoughs, and senseless deafening noise—a dirty tavern in the middle of a provincial market place. My eyes saw differently, my ears heard differently, and my mind was occupied with different matters.

We ended the day at Berchik's house. A new apartment and a new shop; on the walls, the same inevitable pictures of the newlyweds—only in new frames: Abram "Lamprey's" home in its youth. Berchik was an athletically built lad, and his wife Zlata—a mighty woman, with huge, strong red hands

and vast hams—was a fit mate to her husband. A fine pair of cart-horses! We had hardly come in before she got up, stood in front of her husband, and declared, addressing herself to me:

"Quiet, now! Berchik has nothing to do with politics any more! It's enough that Solomonchik was killed. I have no intentions of becoming a widow!"

Everyone laughed heartily, and the conversation at once took on a definite tone.

"Ah, you seem to like your husband? 'Twould be a shame to part with such a dainty morsel! Ha ha ha!"

Then someone noticed that the newlyweds' beds were placed at opposite sides of the room, a respectable distance apart.

"What's this, Berchik? What do you do at night?. . ."

But it was Zlata who answered glibly:

"That's all right—it's not the Black Sea. One can jump across when necessary!"

Berchik was embarrassed, but very pleased with his wife. The workers. Berchik's former comrades, were also pleased:

"That's the way to talk! A regular cossack of a woman!"

Abram "Lamprey" took his beard in his hands, began to sway to and fro as though reading the Talmud, and asked in a singing voice, as in the synogogue:

"And now, my friends, answer me one question: which of you is the flea that jumps from wall to wall and from bed to bed?"

Again laughter, everyone was pleased, especially Berchik.

This meeting with the shoemakers left me in bitter confusion. Then all our work had been in vain? All was covered with sand and forgotten? Solomonchik was dead, and where had Berchik ended up? Holding on to his Zlata's skirt, owner of a home and a shop, he would now follow in Abram "Lamprey's" footsteps. People had lived thus for hundreds of years, and would continue to live thus for hundreds of years: squeezing out their pimples, visiting "the girls," guzzling vodka and getting into fist fights—and this was youth! And then: big-bellied, whiskered wives, rachitic children, potatoes and herring, and the foul stench of poverty. 1905 and 1906 had been just a short flash of light in the eternal darkness.

Berchik came once more into my mind. When I left, when he and I were left alone for a moment on the staircase, he put his strong, hairy arm about me and mumbled in my ear:

"Yes, my dear little student, it's all over now! . . . You can see yourself."

My cart-horse felt that he was in the wrong, and wanted to ask forgiveness at the end, and say goodbye. This was really the last handful of earth thrown on the coffin . . . And as to the others! They felt neither warmth nor embarassment towards the past. They simply got drunk, quarrelled, and went to the "girls."

Nobody asked me when I would start work in the shop; nobody even thought of such a thing. It was settled without words that this was no longer necessary and would not happen. I was received as a nobleman. What slavish souls, or . . . scoundrels? How they had all changed! The market dealers lowered the pay for the work on a pair of shoes to the original price prevailing before the strike; but now the workers took it as their due, without grumbling. So that even in this respect our former work and struggle and sacrifices had been in vain. I should not have gone to them even then: these were not real proletarians. Temporary apprentices, who aimed at becoming masters.

And now one could certainly do nothing with them. The times were dead, the people had changed, and there was left only ennui—what ennui! A flyspotted pot of paste, the odors of the tavern, Zlata's hams . . .

Thus I thought, with sorrow and chagrin, blaming everything on the accursed period, that carnalized people's interests and the people themselves.

I saw the changes about me, but failed to see the change for the worse within me. New interests appeared, but I considered them better and higher than my former interests. With what pleasure I worked out "correspondence" lectures in trigonometry for my fiancee during the long winter evenings, by the light of kerosene lamps. I condensed the whole course into four lessons, and wrote them out by hand, tracing the figures with Oriental patience. Then there were courses in literature, history, physics—Pypin, Belinsky, Ovsyaniko-Kubikovsky, Klyuchevsky, Schmulevich, Kraevich, Tindal. All this was absorbingly interesting, full of content and meaning. Not to be compared with gluing shoe counters or nailing soles for market traders! In reality, however, great changes took place within me and a majority of my contemporaries. With great rapidity we went through an entire cycle of transformations. The intellectual youth continuing at first to participate in the underground movement failed to comprehend the essential tie between the everyday routine of the labor movement and the distant socialist ideal. Then came the tide of reaction, the surge of strikes subsided, became shallow; the relation of that shallow strike ripple to the greast socialistic ideal began to seem even more doubtful. Towards this time the intellectual youth began to desert the labor movement. A wave of returning to the parental bourgeois home and settling down in life set in. This seemingly unimportant change of address (return from the universities to the home towns, moving from one street to another) represented in reality basic changes in social position. The intellectual youth switched over from its temporary declassed state to the track of petty bourgeois life. The new duties of a "breadwinner" compelled many to become engaged in the only accessible and more or less paying trade: petty merchandizing of "cultural values." The professional revolutionaries and semi-proletarians of yesterday turned artisans of intellectual professions and petty bourgeois by social position. On the other hand the new thankless work and the new family ties took them up completely: deprived them of leisure and narrowed down the circle of their interests. The very risk incurred by participation in the revolutionary movement began to seem an "impermissible luxury" due to the family. As if the cause lies in the family and not in the petty-bourgeois existence which determined their conscience as well as their behavior. As if it were the new family ties and not the new social position that demoralized them. They forgot entirely that in the ranks of the working class the family unit did not displace the party unit; that married workers fought as hard in the class struggle as the unmarried ones. Things looked entirely different among the intellectuals right after the first signs of reaction: here the recent practice of the labor movement was immediately and firmly changed into the practice of petty-bourgeois well-being.

Translated from the Russian By H. Altschuler

Wanda Wasilewska

Fatherland

Selections from a New Polish Novel[1]

Again war.

The women wept.

For this time it wasn't so hazy and remote, at the ends of the earth, like the war with the Japanese.

This time it was near at hand, just over the horizon.

Like it or not, you had to accept it.

They had taken Walek Stanko and Yendrek Mourgala. They had even taken Yourek Poultorok, who had a crooked finger on his right hand. He was so sure he would be rejected that he laughed when he went to report.

They had taken all the young fellows. For the first time Magda felt glad she had a lame husband. They wouldn't be wanting him, of course not. Formerly she had cried a lot on account of that leg of his. But whoever heard of a lame soldier?

The recruits got dead drunk, matters reached the stage where they had to prohibit the sale of alcohol during the draft.

But it was all of no avail. When you knew people you went around to the back door of the liquor shop and bought brandy on the sly. The smarter ones stocked up on bottles ahead of time.

They came back from the recruiting office in groups, teetering along the highway and singing merrily. They exchanged raucous remarks with the occupants of passing wagons. The wagons were so jammed that the passengers had all they could do to hold on. The horses' manes were adorned with colored paper ribbons and flowers.

From a distance you might have imagined this big war was a carnival. It made the highways and byways ring with drunken song.

The girls answered with melancholy thin-voiced songs. They didn't believe it was all such a lark, in fact no one knew what the war might really involve.

> You'd promised to marry me
> When you'd gathered the harvest;
> The harvest is gathered
> And you are leaving me. . . .
> You'd promised to marry me
> When you'd gathered the harvest;
> The harvest is ungathered
> And you are already in the cold ground. . . .
> The wheat is threshed, the oats are threshed,
> What it is your answer?

But when old Antoshka shouted that they shouldn't sing about such things or they might come true, they ceased their song in fear.

Those who tried not to believe in the war soon saw it with their own eyes. The army filled the entire countryside and took over all the seignorial mansions. People were frightened; but often they were elated. It was a change. The girls smiled at the officers, earning the disapproval of the community. For when all was said and done the officers were foreigners.

People began talking only of the future Poland. There were rumors from afar.

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[1] See critical note on work of Wanda Wasilewska.

The peasants read the grand duke's proclamations and shrugged their shoulders. Was it possible? The Muscovites were the same as ever. They arrested people, they turned the huts upside down during their searches. They prohibited the speaking of Polish.

The peasants didn't believe it. They were hard-headed, suspicious and incredulous.

On the other hand, secretly, through unknown channels, other rumors were circulating. Over there, beyond the border, the Austrians were also saving Poland. Well, then, why were the two fighting?

It was serious. The war took every living thing. All the young had been mobilized. Only the aged and sick were left behind, and the cripples like Krzysiak.

The front was rapidly coming closer. Soon the booming of the cannons was audible, the red glow of blazing villages and huts lit up the sky.

But people soon became used to it.

Now you saw the greyish brown uniforms of the Muscovites and now you saw the greyish blue uniforms of the Austrians.

From close at hand, behind the hill, behind the woods, beyond the pasture, on all sides, echoed the din of battle.

The passing troops took everything. Nothing remained save what was hidden in a safe place or buried underground.

There was such a food shortage that the military field kitchens, out of pity, distributed food to the children. The Austrians, indeed, handed out less than the Muscovites. The latter were more humane during the war.

That is how it seemed to Magda. When the Muscovites made a short stop, and one of them sat in the hut and took little Zosia on his knee, cuddled her and put a slice of bread in her hand, it was because he too had a daughter like her.

Magda shook her head at the thought of how people were torn from their homes. It amazed her. For these Muscovites weren't like the rural constables. This time they had taken ordinary folk from everywhere, from Siberia and the Caucasus. Simple peasants, uprooted from the soil.

You could talk with these people about what the soil was like here and what it was like where they lived, about sowing and harvesting.

She was seized with fear when there was firing, or when the soldiers suddenly rushed off in frantic haste. At such times she felt caught in a whirlpool of the war.

But when the men were sitting in the hut you could imagine nothing had happened, that they had just stopped in for a chat.

Magda could not find it in her heart to hate the Muscovites.

She watched the columns of Austrian prisoners go by. There was scarcely any work done in the fields, only the women worked a little, but not for long as there was no point in it.

When you had plowed and harrowed the soil the soldier would trample it down, and the ground became hard as a threshing-floor. It was even worse when there was a battle. The war was the enemy of the soil.

They fought on and on endlessly. At length your ears became accustomed to the noise and no longer heard it. Sometimes when there was a lull the silence seemed so startling, so tangible, so baffling that it made people feel uneasy.

But the peasant's work went on, despite the din, despite the storm and stress that made you think the end of the world was at hand.

The Muscovites had sworn that Poland would be free. The peasant didn't believe them.

The Austrians promised the same, but to the peasant it seemed impossible.

And yet it was obvious that in the course of the terrific upheaval, with the whole world in flames, even this might happen.

The peasant made ready for it.

Grey smoke overhung the fields. It was horrible to see the piles of the dead, clad in greyish-brown and grey uniforms, one on top of the other. During the lulls people ranged the fields, slinking noiselessly because it was dangerous work.

Formerly they had gathered twigs in the forests. Now they gathered guns, sabres and abandoned cartridge belts.

Sometimes they took them off a corpse and were afraid lest it raise its voice, moan or stare at them with its unseeing eyes.

This work had to be done. If their Poland were to return they shouldn't receive it empty handed.

And for the time being the peasants sided with neither Muscovite nor Austrian.

They set to work burying the weapons in spots known only to a few, in the fields and forests, in the farmyards. There was no other way of hiding them, for searches were conducted everywhere, not a whisp of hay or straw remained in the barns and stables. The only remaining place of concealment was the earth.

Peasant Poland was sprouting deep down in the soil.

The grand duke wrote his proclamations.

He could write anything he pleased, for he was the grand duke. But what did that have to do with peasants and the farm hands?

The landowner jumped at the grand duke's proclamations, all of which was quite in keeping; the grand duke and the landlords were birds of a feather.

The peasants, however, were not interested. What business was it of theirs if the landlords and the grand duke fraternized?

The peasants did not want the landowner's Poland, which had nothing in common with the Poland of the farmhands and villagers.

The peasants' Poland was different. It had neither estates nor landowners nor any of the things of the present order. It would have to be built by peasant hands, in peasant spirit, with the blood and sweat of peasants.

They needs must wait. The treasure of the Poland to be was hatching underground.

Krzysiak was elated. When the hour struck, he was thinking, the peasants would not be caught empty handed. There were weapons enough. After every battle the treasure in the hiding places was increased.

Huge quantities of weapons were lying around everywhere, and no one bothered about them. They rusted in the rain, and fell into disrepair.

This treasure belonged to no one, from the moment when failing hands had let it fall to earth. So the peasants gathered it. It was picked off the ground, and the ground, despite all controversies over the rights of landed proprietors, belonged to the peasants. It was they who plowed and tilled it, it was they who had known it since the dawn of time.

And people waited for the outcome of this storm, which raged through the countryside, sparing neither manor house nor peasant hut.

On the other hand, there was news from over the lines. Walek Suzniak and Martzine Patonek, mobilized at the beginning of the war, had deserted. They wanted to fight for the peasants' Poland. Now they were with the Polish army, the real Polish army, not that of the landowners who had rallied to the summons of the grand duke.

Sometimes this troubled Krzysiak, but his going was out of the question. He was a cripple. He could limp around the hut and the village. But they would have chased him out of the real army and made him a laughing stock. He dragged his leg much. He never could keep up with the others on the march. He would have to stay at home.

But there also was work to be done here.

Martzine put him in touch with some people. . . . They were very close to him, even though strangers. And Krzysiak liked his work.

Night settles on the earth like black gauze. In the distance the glow of a fire lightens the sky. But in the village everything is safe and sound, even the landlord's manor house is still intact. The landlord and his daughter had departed soon after the upheaval started and had never showed their faces since. The overseer alone remained, a mean man who was extremely frightened. But what was left for him to oversee? The army had driven off the cattle and horses and had taken the wheat and the men.

Krzysiak well understood what it was all about. In this work you had to be wary of everyone and especially of the overseer, who would be sure to report him.

It was war, and that was all there was to it. Either the hangman's noose, or a bullet through the head on the spot. There were no trials.

He had to walk at night alone. Only a person familiar with all the paths could range the woods after dark.

There it was he learned to shoot.

The gun barrel was cold and smooth, with every shot it warmed up like the body of a living being. Krzysiak clutched his gun tightly. It was a weapon, the first weapon the peasant had ever held in his hands. There were all the guns you wanted, many more than hands to hold them.

The flash of the powder merged with the red glow on the horizon. The reports were swallowed by the roar of distant battles.

In all security they could do their target practice, take the guns apart and learn all the pieces.

But that wasn't all, that wasn't what gave Krzysiak the most satisfaction.

One night he stole to the railway embankment. He was with comrades fighting in the same cause. They laid dynamite under the rails and under the spans of the iron bridge. They lit the fuse and ran away. They heard the terrific report as the rails were torn to bits: the black earth spouted like a geyser. The iron girders collapsed and the railway ties tumbled down helter-skelter, spurts of flame shot forth.

Formerly he would have been afraid. But by now it was all in the day's work. Dynamite, TNT, nitroglycerine, it was all so simple, just like those names which he had not known before. They harried the rear of the Muscovites. They hindered the transport of troops to the front, they cut off supplies, they destroyed locomotives on the railway line.

All this was necessary. By now everyone knew that on the other side of the line, the Polish army, the army of the workers and peasants, was fighting for a free Poland. They had seen this army with their own eyes.

The peasants wanted to join them. The front must be broken to unite

those on both sides who were fighting for the peasants' Poland. All doubts were dissipated. The others were obviously in the right. Everything must be done to damage the Muscovites and help the others.

The war hardened people's hearts.

The world was upside down. Everything indeed was changed. If anyone had predicted such things beforehand no one would have believed them, but at present people's eyes and ears were becoming used to it.

The dead lay helter-skelter in a heap, the rigid stumps of limbs stuck out of this mass of rubbish which had only lately been human bodies. The carcasses of horses lay about day after day, swelling in the sun and rain. There was no time to bury them. There was no longer any difference between human corpses and horse carrion.

In the beginning they buried the dead. The troops did it after the battle and so did the peasants, but against their will, at the command of the troops.

They dug a deep ditch for all those people who had travelled so far, who had come from who knew where, to end their earthly pilgrimage here.

They placed them all in together piled on top of one another without wreaths; not all the trees in the world would have sufficed for the purpose.

Somebody made the sign of the cross. Somebody sighed—but this was only in the beginning.

Later on no one bothered. The country folk only did this loathsome work under the threat of bayonets. The men cursed when thus compelled. They dragged the bodies by the legs or arms and kicked them over the edge of the ditch. They had lost all sense of fear or respect for these lifeless human shapes whom they treated like so much dung or carrion.

And yet they had lived. Who knew where their homes were? When examining the dead it was easy to pick out the officers. But for the most part they were just plain folk. You could tell by their calloused hand, which now hung limply or clutched the earth in a final contraction. You could tell by their gaunt features. They had been brought here for reasons unknown. In the interests of their masters they had tramped day and night over lane and highway, through water and swamp, across field and forest. But all roads had led to one goal, each was the road of death.

In the beginning this sight stung the hearts of all beholders. Women were kept awake at night by the haunting vision of ghastly livid faces and gaping wounds. Children whimpered and at night would suddenly wake up and commence to scream.

But all this passed off. People gazed with unseeing eyes. By now nothing aroused their feelings of repugnance, they knew what war was. . .

It was in fact just as St. Bridget had predicted in the tracts they used to sell at fairs.

The four horsemen of the Apocalypse were riding.

The first of them rode a russet horse. The countryside was in flames. People's goods perished, the whole world was enveloped in russet flames.

The worst of the four was the one on the russet horse.

The peasants were always afraid of fire. They sought protection from it by means of charms, herbs, holy images and prayer.

At night the fire in the stove was carefully extinguished. Children were strictly forbidden to play with fire. In the fields fires were put out by water. You respected fire, you never threw refuse on it nor spat on it, lest it take offense. This procedure was prompted by the fear of seeing this crimson element get out of control.

Fire destroyed everything. And it was hard to extinguish. When it was caused by lightning you had no right to even try to extinguish it.

And now this crimson demon unbound chased away the darkness on purple wings.

The peasants had lost their fear of fire.

Barns and granaries full of the harvest burned and launched sparks high into the air. Night was as bright as day.

Man became inured. He no longer feared little things. He stopped extinguishing every ember for there were too many of them.

The war had changed the peasants.

No pity remained for man or beast. The fields were strewn with human entrails, the wounded shrieked with their legs torn off. Broken-legged horses neighed hideously.

The continuity of life was destroyed. You lived from day to day without knowing in the evening whether the morrow would find you dead or alive.

It was a nightmare.

The lurid glow of fires scorched your eyelids, your hands were soiled with blood, shooting thundered in your ears.

One day the peasants were ordered to assemble.

The village was on the hill-top, and in the line of fire of the artillery.

The trenches were only a little way beyond.

The peasants gathered slowly. They had lived here long years and now they must leave, without knowing where to go. They shuffled off, with their bundles slung over their shoulders, carrying the smallest children in their arms while the older ones toddled alongside.

They wept as they went. They felt it would have been easier to stay behind like dogs guarding the smoking ruins, than to go off and leave everything.

They crossed the road near the outbuildings of the manor house. The wives of the farm laborers stood on their thresholds and watched them. The outbuildings were still intact. They were in the fold of the valley and bothered no one. The artillery fire passed over their heads. Where could the peasants go, they asked, for everywhere it was the same story.

They trudged on slowly; they were on the road that led to the main highway.

Gabryska lagged behind all the others. Magda tried to persuade her to stay with the farm laborers: they could always find room for two (for Gabryska was accompanied by her youngest child, the only surviving one). She refused, however. She knew how crowded the farm laborers were. She was afraid. It was all she could do to stagger along. She was pregnant; from a Russian, they said, who could tell, for sure? They had drafted her husband at the start of the war; she had not seen or heard from him since.

It was impossible to abandon her. Magda helped her carry her bundle. While the daylight lasted it wasn't so bad, but it became worse after dark.

The peasants knew every road in the district, every stone, but now everything was altered.

The sky was aflame. You had the impression there were corpses lying in the fields near the roadside.

And perhaps there really were.

It was June. The twinkling stars were dimmed by the pall of smoke that clung to the charred earth. In former years it had smelt of clover.

In other times June had been the greenest and loveliest of months. The grass grew waist high. The ears sprouted on the grains. On hot starry nights

the world beyond the threshold of the hut seemed transformed. The fields echoed with song. The young folk couldn't go to sleep. They strolled in the night in twos and threes. The accordion wailed from the roadway. The prairies gave off the scent of new-mown hay. And by walking stealthily you could invariably surprise a couple in the haystacks. But sometimes people slept on the hay merely to escape the evil-smelling huts. June nights are very short but they are softer and more fragrant than the nights of any other month.

There was none of this now. As they trudged on at the mercy of fate the night was like a horrible nightmare. Beyond the pastures Josek, the storekeeper, joined them. He had been ordered to leave. They had set fire to his house from four sides. He didn't know why they had done it. He prayed and even tried to kiss the officer's hand, but it did not help matters. They had walloped him on the chest with a rifle butt, so hard he had staggered. He could offer no further resistance. He was alone, having sent his wife and fifteen children to the city a long time ago.

One of the young fellows started making fun of Josek who had come across the prairies at a trot; his eyes were red from crying and he wailed like an old woman.

But the peasants took his part.

"Shut up, there's nothing to laugh at, they burnt his house."

Late at night after they had crossed three charred villages they were surrounded by a squadron of Cossacks.

"Spies!"

"Please, sir, we're from these parts. We were ordered to leave because they were going to shoot on our village, and now we're wandering about like blind men looking for shelter."

The officer in command eyed the peasants carefully.

"This one's a yid."

The Cossacks dismounted.

"What for?" asked Josek in a shaking voice.

"A yid's a spy," said the officer, severely, wrinkling his thin black eyebrows.

Gabryska shot forward as though shoved.

"Who's a yid? He's my man, the father of my child." She said all this quite loudly and distinctly. The women took one step backwards. Within the circle of Cossacks only two figures remained: Gabryska, her head wrapped in a shawl, holding her little boy by the hand.

"He's your husband?"

"Why certainly."

"Everybody knows he's not a Jew," she added, speaking fast.

The officer motioned to his men. They jumped into the saddle and left at a gallop, and were swallowed by the June night.

The peasants remained for a moment as though glued to the ground. Josek was trembling all over. He quavered in a voice that seemed scarcely human:

"Mrs. Gabrys. . . ."

"Come on folks. We've got to find shelter before morning and it's better to walk at night, for by day the Russians can stop us at every step."

"Mrs. Gabrys. . . ."

"It would be better Josek, if you didn't whimper like a dog when his tail gets pinched."

He kept silent. He walked along with his mouth open, watching how the others helped Gabryska along.

Presently he too approached her. He took her bundle and trotted along beside her, panting and trembling the whole time.

Before dawn the Muscovites barred their way.

"Where are you going?"

"We were ordered to leave because the cannon were going to fire on our village."

"Go back!"

They stopped, dumbfounded.

"Go back!"

"Are you deaf? The battle is being fought here, understand?"

They turned back along the road they had traveled in the night.

Tints of crimson, blue and gold that fringed the fleeting clouds heralded the dawn. The morning star faded out. The young sun bathed in the golden glow. It was still chilly.

Now the peasants saw in broad daylight the road they had traversed in the dark.

Broken vehicles sprawled in the ditch. By the shaft of an overturned cart lay a dead horse, his stomach distended like a barrel. The thick cords of his veins stood out in tortuous profusion. His eyes started from their sockets in a glassy stare. Several tears trickled from the corner of an eye, over the dark velvet of his hide; his enormous tongue lolled between sets of yellow teeth.

The peasants passed hurriedly, but the whole road was the same.

There were dead soldiers lying everywhere—in the pasture, on the embankments, in the mud and along the furrows. They lay about in all positions, their arms and legs intertwined. One soldier's face was buried in a large cluster of wild forget-me-nots. The blood from his mouth had caked on the flowers.

Gabryska crossed herself. The peasants were already accustomed to such things. From force of habit they murmured prayers.

A woman started to sing in a trembling voice.

"O thou to whom the waters, the earth and all the elements sing, blessed by thy name at sunrise, oh Almighty!"

Tired voices answered. The peasants were all weary and heavy-hearted at the thought of what they would find at home. They fastened their eyes on the surrounding fields and on the dusty road beneath their feet to keep from looking ahead, where they might see a tell-tale column of black smoke.

They walked very slowly. The children sobbed. They had to be carried. The women were too weak and there were no strong men in the company. None but the cast-offs of the war. If the war hadn't wanted them, it was because they really were useless.

The wives of the laborers came running out.

"My God! They've come back!"

"And we were so worried about you, because the battle took place a long way off here, and you, poor people, had left."

"We were sent back."

"Thank God, thank God," said Magda happily.

"My dear, if it didn't happen today, it may happen tomorrow. It's in the cards. They would build their houses on a hill. This time the village escaped by a miracle. Further on everything is burnt."

One evening, a few days leter, Tereska rushed into Magda's hut.

"What's happened?" asked Magda who had a pang as if stabbed through the heart.

"Ivan is leaving! Good God, they're all leaving!"

"How's that?"

"The Muscovites are going for good. The Germans and Austrians are coming here."

"Who told you?"

"Ivan told me. He heard it from his officer. They had a big conference today. Ivan says that everything is going against them and they have to clear out.

"And why did you take up with a Muscovite?"

The other gave a shrug.

"My God! He's a man, isn't he, my dear .What's the difference whether it's Ivan or Yasiek? It's all the same to me. A man's a man. He's so nice to me. He always brings me something from the canteen."

"But all the same he's a Muscovite."

"What does that matter? As for me, I prefer a Muscovite to someone like our overseer. He's not a Muscovite, do you like him?"

"That's something else."

"So there you are! My Ivan is a peasant just like us. And even better, for he owns his own land."

They couldn't agree, and Magda decided Tereska was talking nonsense as usual.

But in the morning she found it was true.

All the roads were a tumult. The troops passed along the highways, roads and across country. They marched hurriedly and without a halt, weary and covered with dust. The horses dragged the cannon, the canteens trundled past. The wounded were loaded on peasant carts.

The vast scurrying multitude of soldiers colored the air a sombre grey. They burnt everything ruthlessly. They applied the torch to the roofs of huts and the corners of houses. The whole countryside was aflame. The landlord's mansion and the outbuildings, which were of stone, escaped; the barns and granaries went up in smoke.

The fire burnt night and day. The blue summer sky was heavy with smoke. The sky was colored by the glow of fires, a glow which even the sun could not efface completely.

The peasants were ordered to load their carts and leave with the army. They were told the Germans would kill them all. They must flee to Russia to save their lives.

And there were villages where the people agreed. They wept as they piled the remains of their belongings on the carts. They trudged along the highways, swelling the huge river which flowed through lines of bayonets.

But the majority, especially the laborer, had no desire to comply. The peasants clung to their thatch with all their might. They did not want to seek their fortunes in distant Russia. They did not know what the Austrians were like, but they did know the Muscovites were none too easy. The peasants were already used to the war and it wasn't easy to frighten them. And besides, they knew that the Russians were going and that if the others came the Polish army would come with them.

The farm laborers decided to stay. The true Poland of the peasants was being ushered in by the red flashes and the smoke of the fires, by the purple flames that hovered over the fields which they would continue to till in spite of the chaos of war. This was why they had hoarded the guns underground.

And now the hour had struck. The hour of Poland's birth: so why should they flee to Russia?

The peasants had their land here. Even though it belonged to a landlord it was theirs too. They plowed it and cultivated it and knew it. How could they abandon their poor potato patches?

So the people remained amid the cannon roar, the din of the retreat, and the glow of fires that engulfed everything in a vast surging sea of flames.

Krzysiak plowed his little plot by the swamp preparatory to planting potatoes. Winter was coming on and a light mist overhung the fields, piercing the young hedgerows and billowing down the valleys. The pale sun hung motionless in a milky sky.

Krzysiak's lame leg bothered him just as it always did before a change in the weather.

"Giddap!"

Pawel struck the horse with his whip. It was hard going for the animal; its feet stuck in the clay at every step and large gobs clung to its hoofs.

No, this soil was certainly not suited to potatoes. Here, at the edge of the swamp they would all rot, as usual. Over there, higher up, there would be nothing but the tall green tops, huge leaves and potatoes the size of walnuts.

Krzysiak spat irritably on the wild water cress that grew on the slope to the edge of the stagnant water of the swamp.

Zoska came out of the living quarters and walked towards the water, carrying a basket of potato peelings. She advanced slowly to the float, knelt down and contemplated the swamp.

"The scatterbrain, she exasperates me with her carps," Krzysiak thought angrily. He wanted to shout at her, threaten her with his whip. Suddenly however, something came to him like a shock: when was it, on a day like this, at the same place, above the swamp?

He clearly remembered. He was working in the field, just like today. Magda approached from the living quarters. She faltered from the weight of her bulging abdomen. Whom was she bearing at the time, Zoska or Pawel? How long ago was it?

No, it wasn't Zoska. It was their first child, the one who died. How many years? More than thirty, no doubt.

By now Krzysiak was walking along behind the plow, sunk in his thoughts, oblivious to whether the furrow was going straight.

Everything was just as it was before. Nothing had changed. The same strip of land that was too damp for potatoes. The swamp with its pungent odor of decay. The squalid hovels of the farm laborers, with their tiny windows covered over with rags, like blind eyes. The bluish mist still rose from the swamp at night, and towards evening the swamp still exhaled a sickening smell, the odor of rotten leaves mingled with the smell of water plants.

These two days were more than thirty years apart. Every year he had plowed the same way. He remembered all this as though he were reading about it in a book.

Magda had died. Zoska and Pavel were born and grew up. And now he himself was an old man.

But had anything really changed? Anything else?

He stopped because he had finished the row: he had to swing the plow around, but the traces snapped. Pavel came over to his father, pulled out his

knife and spliced the reins. Doubtless, thirty years ago, Stachek had beaten his horse. . . . Stachek, who was killed in the Legion.

But aside from that what had changed? The landlord's house stood just where it had always stood and the living quarters of the laborers; and the church; all just as it had been thirty years ago.

There was, indeed, one thing in addition—the fatherland. Sitting on the plow, Krzysiak surveyed this fatherland.

It stretched before him in the form of a narrow strip planted with potatoes. It exhaled the dampness of the swamp. It issued from the soil. The fatherland was a long row of huts, of living quarters for farm laborers.

What was it like, this fatherland which he had not known of thirty years ago, which he learned of later on. He had sacrificed his leg to this fatherland, he had been beaten many times, both here and in town, the time he was caught, and when his neck narrowly escaped the noose, all for the sake of this fatherland.

The fatherland was the endless workday of the farm laborer, the overseer's oaths, the moisture that oozed from the walls of the living quarters. It was the deformed legs and the ulcered necks of children, meals prepared from potato peelings. It was a bed of boards covered with foul straw.

Nothing had changed.

The earth had been drenched with blood but no traces remained.

Suddenly Krzysiak recalled the unknown individual whom the Cossacks put to the sabre under the pear tree.

He remembered his comrades, Brouek and others, shot, hanged and imprisoned in the old days, those days before there was a fatherland. No one gave them a thought any more. Their bones moldered in the ground. And those who had survived worked for the landlord just as they had done before.

"So that's what they killed you for, you who were still so young, that's why they slaughtered you, so that mold might continue to grow on the living quarters just as it formerly had, so that the overseer might strike people in the face just as he did before, so that every year the children should die before the harvest autumn rains." Krzysiak was pondering vaguely and disconsolately, for death can hear nothing. How many years had elapsed since they were laid in the ground. . .

"We've got to plow father, otherwise we won't be through by noon."

Krzysiak grasped the plow handles. His melancholy thoughts extended the length of the furrow, charged with cruel remorse, as though he had spit in his own face.

Two days had merged into one though thirty years divided them. They were the same. Nothing had altered, neither the blood shed nor the stirring song, the battle hymn of those who were ready to give their lives for the peasant huts, who wanted to fight for the cause of the peasants, who dreamt that their premature death would pave the way for another life, a new life, a just life, as people said at the time.

The plowshare turned the damp soil without effort. The clods were as shiny as though they had been polished. Pawel whistled through his teeth, irritated, for his father guided the plow rather badly.

Everything remains as it was. The landlord's house is still substantial. The young mistress complains, saying that things aren't going well, but the old one used to say the same thing. And both of them have always known how to make back their losses at the expense of the day laborers.

The days go by just the same as before. Just as formerly the laborers'

children are fascinated by the sight of the big carps in the swamp. They run quickly past the mansion, trying at the same time to catch a glimpse of the interior. Just as in the past, they open their mouths in astonishment when they see in the orchard huge red apples and golden pears big as pumpkins, carefully wrapped in cotton and propped with poles.

The church still stands in its old place, only the sheet iron, which was shiny and new in former times, has become somewhat tarnished. And everything still belongs to the landlords and the priest. The fatherland is also theirs. It doesn't belong to the peasant, as they once said it would, as was written in the manifestoes and newspapers, as was written in our hearts.

The blood of the peasants was like so much manure spread over the roots of the orchard trees in springtime. The fruit grew and ripened there, because of it. But the manure remained manure and nothing but manure.

Krzysiak remembered what had been said, as to what things would be like. Speakers can say anything, their tongues seldom tire.

But now you could see with your own eyes.

Krzysiak used his eyes thoroughly. He perceived that nothing was changed. The peasant's lot was the same.

A black speck appeared on the road to the mansion. The young mistress and the priest were out for a stroll. Krzysiak recalled that day in the past when she had been on horseback, a dazzling combination of black and gold. At present her hair was threaded with white and her pinched features made her look not unlike a sharp-beaked bird. She wore black, just as her mother had before her.

But no one called her the mistress, she was known simply as the miss, and would probably continue to be known thus till the end of her days, when she would repose beneath a granite slab within the shadow of the sculptured angels in the cemetery.

The priest trotted along near her, red faced and corpulent. He talked with much gesticulation. The miss was walking so fast it was hard for him to keep up and he dabbed his forehead with a large handkerchief and ran along behind with quick little steps.

They were coming towards the swamp. Quite accidentally the miss and the priest happened to glance in the direction of the laborers. They were quite close. Krzysiak stared the lady straight in the eyes. With a gesture to which he had been trained since childhood, he made a move towards his cap.

Perhaps the miss did not even see him; she was well practiced in staring through people as though they weren't there.

But at this point Pawel struck the horse, which lunged forward with all its strength. The plow jumped from the furrow. Krzysiak grabbed the handles with such haste that his cap fell from his head. He plunged the share deep into the black clay. Pawel again struck the horse. They began to plow at a furious rate.

The miss and the priest walked down to the edge of the swamp. They stopped by the float and talked, looking at the water.

"Do you know, Pawel, one day, exactly thirty years ago, I was plowing when the miss, who was then still very young, rode by on horseback."

"Well?"

Krzysiak did not answer. He bore down hard on the plow handles for here the ground was drier.

But he had just realized what had changed; he had read it in the eyes of his young son which were blazing with anger and hate.

CRITICISM and ARTICLES

George Lukacs

Essay On the Novel

The novel is the peculiar genre of bourgeois society. While certain features of the novel can be found in works dating back to antiquity, the Middle Ages, and the East, its distinguishing characteristics appear only after it has been adopted by bourgeois society as its main form of literary expression. The contradictions specific to capitalist society are reflected most adequately and most typically in the novel, and it is in these contradictions that we must look for our understanding of the novel as a literary genre.

As narrative representation of social totality, as broad epos, the novel is diametrically opposed to the ancient epics. If the Homeric cycle—this first great, all-inclusive representation of a social complex in which primitive communal unity is still a live, forming, social reality—stands at one pole of the development of great epic poetry, then the novel which is the typical genre of the last class society, of capitalist society, is at the very opposite pole. An analysis of this contrast between the novel and the epic reveals much more vividly the social forces that have ultimately determined the forms of both, than would a study of any intermediate genres or mixed forms such as the "novel" of antiquity or the modern "epic."

Classic German philosophy which, of all bourgeois theory, put the problem of the novel most profoundly and correctly, also starts with this contrast. Thus Hegel traces the difference between the epic and the novel to a difference between two world periods. But Hegel is an idealist; and however thorough his study, he is quite unable to discern the social-material causes of the difference between the two periods and between their respective literary genres. To him it is simply the difference between poetry and prose. This, to be sure, Hegel conceives not in a superficial, formal sense. The period of poetry (the epic) is one of individual activity, independent action, a period of "heroes"—and what he understands by the "heroic" for those ages is not heroism generally, but that primitive social unity, that very consonance of individual and society, which made Homer's composition, character depiction, etc., possible. The Homeric epic shows the struggle of society. However, it could do so with a degree of individual vividness unattainable in later times because of the relative harmony between the individual and society characteristic of that period. Essentially, the poetry of the Homeric epics was, in Hegel's view, the product of a society in which division of labor was almost non-existent: Homer's heroes lived and acted in a world suffused with the poetry of novelty, of the newly created. It was, as Marx said, the period of the "childhood" of mankind, and in Homer, that of "normal" childhood.

Nor is Hegel's conception of prose as the characteristic literary expression of the bourgeoisie superficial or formal. In bourgeois society, Hegel believes, the individual faces abstract forces the conflict with which cannot possibly assume a sensually depictable form. Moreover, in bourgeois society, man's everyday life is so trivial and shabby that any genuinely poetic sublimation of it in art is inherently alien to the nature of such a society. Hegel conceives

the division of labor under capitalism as the basis of the prose of modern life. But he does so in a somewhat incomplete, somewhat distorted fashion. He does not, of course, know that behind those contradictions in which he sees the essence of modern life and its most adequate form of literary expression—the novel, that *bourgeois epoppee*—lies the contradiction between socialized production and private ownership. He stops with the description of the form of this phenomenon, of the apparent contradiction between the individual and society. In contradistinction to the content of the epic which is determined by the struggle of an integrated society against nature or another integrated society, the content of the novel is determined by the struggle *within* society, the struggle of the individual against society. Obviously, one must possess a correct conception of the social basis of both the epic and the novel if one is really to understand the essence and peculiarities of each. What is common to both is the narrative depiction of an *action*. Only through the depiction of action can the artist reveal in palpable form the otherwise hidden essence of man. Only by portraying actions can he show what people really are like in their social milieu and how they differ from what they imagine themselves to be. Whether given social circumstances are favorable or unfavorable to great epics, can be judged primarily by the extent to which the material that society affords the poet permits of the construction of a real action. The history of the novel is the history of the artists' heroic struggle against conditions in modern bourgeois life unconducive to genuine poetic portrayal, struggles which were won only when the artists resorted to indirections and subterfuges.

In the society of early antiquity the unity of public and private life is the basis of the *pathos* of its poetry: there is a direct connection between realistically depicted individual passion and crucial problems of communal life. There is no such connection in the reality of capitalist society. The creators of great novels had to delve very deeply into the social bases of individual actions to make them, by devious means, appear the individual traits and passions of personalities—they had to reshuffle, by complicated indirection, the socio-economic connections between the apparently discrete "atoms" of capitalist reality in order to achieve the *pathos* of the novel, the *pathos* of the "materialism of bourgeois society." (Marx)

The central problem of the novel, the invention of an epic action, requires a well-rounded conception of society. It thus requires something which is quite unachievable in principle on a bourgeois basis. It is only by means of the philosophy of the proletariat, by means of dialectic materialism, that one can conceive adequately and correctly the dual nature of the final class society—of capitalist society, where the social progress involved in the education of old patriarchal, feudal, etc. conditions and the revolutionary development of material productive forces are combined with the profoundest degradation of man due to this mode of production with its social division of labor (physical and mental, city and village, etc.). Every bourgeois thinker and poet must find himself on the horns of the dilemma of this inseparable duality. He will attempt to isolate the factors of the contradictory but single process, segregate them more or less rigidly and take sides with one or another of the artificially isolated factors. He will thus either make a mythology out of progress or romantically deplore, perhaps even fight onesidedly, against the degradation of man.

This difficulty was enhanced when almost all the great writers of the rising bourgeois without exception sought for a synthesis of the opposing tendencies, sought some "middle road" between the extremes. This general trend of bour-

geois ideology was most clearly expressed in the struggle about the question of "positive heroes," in the novel. The great novelists tried to invent an action typical for the social circumstances of their time and select as the herald of this action him, who, endowed with the typical features of the class, would also call out approbation of his being and his fate. Simple as this problem seems to later vulgar apologists (and their solution of the problem is of a kind), it was an unsolvable difficulty for the great novelists of the rising bourgeoisie. Their justifiable, frequently revolutionary, approval of the progressiveness of bourgeois society (then) urged upon them the creation of "positive heroes." At the same time, their honest analysis of the contradictions, far from all apologism, and their horror before the unfolding degradation of man, demolished the positiveness of the hero. (Gogol on Tchitchikoff.) Consciously they aimed at a synthesis, a "middle ground," reconciling the contradictions they discovered within the capitalist system. The search for such a solution was, of course, bound to fail. However, as with unfaltering courage, they went on depicting the contradictions discovered by them, the form of the novel, imperfect, paradoxical and full of contradiction, arose. The great artistic merit of the novel consists of the very fact that it reflects and artistically depicts the contradictoriness of the final class society in form preeminently suited for revealing these contradictions. "With the master-craftsman what is new and important develops right in the midst of the contradictions." (Marx)

This necessary development also explains why bourgeois ideology could produce no real theory of the novel. The classically orientated esthetics of the first bourgeois centuries was compelled to ignore the specific features of the novel. The great novelists (Fielding, Scott, Goethe, Balzac) and the classic estheticians of Germany, primarily Hegel, grasped the most important esthetic and historical defining elements of the novel. But their conceptions found their limitations precisely where the great representatives of the novel found them in practice. Hegel, for instance, correctly recognizes that the novel must end with the adaptation of the hero to bourgeois society. He speaks of the wretched aspects of this adaptation with genuine Ricardoesque cynicism but is quite incapable of giving intellectual expression to the dialectics of the failure of the great novelists to achieve what they were after, in spite of their greatness and their relative success.

Fielding and Balzac defined the task of the novelist as being the "historian of private lives." However, precisely because of this tendency of great truthfulness in reproducing the decisive features of bourgeois society they go with complete artistic consciousness beyond the trivialities of average bourgeois daily life in depicting characters, situations and passions and in constructing the action. With the great novelists the typical has nothing in common with the average—either in action or character drawing. It is on the contrary, an energetic working out of contradictions as they come out in extreme characters and extreme situations. The *pathos* of "the materialism of bourgeois society" can be adequately expressed in words only by such elevation to the extreme. The great novelists keenly contrast the truth of the extremely conceived social contradictions with the occurrences and characters of average bourgeois daily life. Their realism is based on this fearless uncovery of contradictions and great social truth of content. Realism of detail is an artistic means for this purpose.

When the general development of the bourgeoisie puts an end to such "disinterested investigation" and "unbiased research," putting in its place "the guilty conscience and evil intentions of apologism," (Marx) there is also

an end to great realism in the novel. The honest endeavors of talented writers and a growing finesse in observation and rendering cannot make good the loss. With the development of the novel the unsuitableness of bourgeois life for expression in art and literature becomes more and more apparent.

This brings us to the second basic problem, to that of the period. A Marxian consideration of a genre can take place only on a *systematic-historical* basis. Our sketch of the essential defining elements of the novel rests on the idea of the history of society to begin with. Our consideration of the novel as a literary genre is based on the Marxian conception of history. And within the inner development of the novel itself the question of the period can also be viewed only from the standpoint of the great stages of class development and the class struggle. Here also the question must be dealt with on a *systematic-historical* basis and not in vulgar-historic-empirical fashion. Otherwise it would be quite impossible to take into consideration *unevenness of development* in this field. If, for instance, we note that there was a turning point in the history of the novel with the revolution of 1848 we must realize that this concerns those countries that were affected by the revolution of '48; that Russia—*mutatis mutandis*—experienced a similar turning point of its entire social development in 1905. The Russian novel before 1905 therefore will, in many respects, correspond to the European novel between 1789 and 1848 and not to that of the period after 1848. Unevenness of development must of course be kept in mind even in this statement: European developments influenced and modified the Russian one and in individual writers this influence may even predominate.

In this essay we can only very roughly sketch in the various periods and, as the exposition must be brief, the systematic elaboration of the features of the period as well as of unevenness of development, which by the way, does not vitiate the division into periods as the "historicists" think but only modifies them dialectically and enriches them, must necessarily suffer. With this reservation we proceed to the discussion of the important individual periods in a form concise to the point of a telegraphic code:

1. *The novel is statu nascendi.* The period of the birth of bourgeois society. The struggle of the great novelists of this period (Rabelais, Cervantes) is directed primarily against the degradation of man in the Middle Ages. The ideals of bourgeois society just coming to life (*e.g.,* freedom of the individual) still have the overwhelming *pathos* of an historically justified illusion. But the contradictions of bourgeois society, the "prose" of life, already begin to show themselves. The great writers, particularly Cervantes, conduct a struggle on two fronts—against both the old and the new degradation of man. The basic stylistic peculiarity of this period is *realistic fantastics.* Realism of detail, intrusion of plebeian elements into motifs borrowed in form and content from the Middle Ages. Action and characters, however, go beyond the usual realism in a broad, keen manner and, while retaining an inner social truthfulness, grow into the fantastic. Stylistically, this fantastic realism is still prevalent in the next period (Swift, Voltaire).

2. *The conquest of everyday reality.* The period of prime accumulation. The decisive development takes place in England. (Defoe, Fielding, Smollet, etc.) The great, broad, fantastic horizon narrows down, plot and characters become realistic in the narrower sense. The now economically dominating bourgeoisie has won for itself the right to tell its own class story. Hence the progressive, active principle of the bourgeoisie is emphasized more than at any other phase of development. Most energetic attempts are made to create a "positive" bour-

geois hero. At the high points, these attempts are successful only at the cost of certain limitations of the "positive" hero. There is such freedom of depiction and keenness of self-criticism that the "positive" heroes of this period are unacceptable to the nineteenth century. (Thackeray on Fielding's *Tom Jones*). Their approval of the progressiveness of bourgeois development does not prevent the great novelists of this period painting truthfully the full horror of the social havoc wrought by prime accumulation. The fruitful contradiction for the novel here consists of the contrast between the horribleness of the facts described and the unshakable optimism of the upward striving class. (Defoe). The struggle of the bourgeoisie for domination of their own way of life in literature also brings about the novel struggling for the justification of feeling as against subjectively ossified feudal tradition. (Richardson, Rousseau, Werther) This new subjectivism, which represents a progressive, almost revolutionary trend leads to subjectivist relativity and the dissolution of the novel (Sterne).

3. *The poetry of the spiritual animal world.* The period of the complete unfolding of the contradictions of bourgeois society, though prior to the independent appearance of the proletariat. The French revolution brings to end the "heroic self-deception" (Marx) of the ideologists of the bourgeois class. The full prose of capitalism has come. Romanticism arises as an important international trend. On the one hand romanticism opposes capitalism from the point of view of social forms to be overcome, on the other hand, often without being conscious of it, romanticism stands on a capitalist base. Ideologically it represents a purely subjective, idealist struggle against capitalism conceived as "fate," as something inevitable. It thus smoothes out the contradictions of capitalism which it wants to deepen, foists a spurious dilemma of empty subjectivism and pompous objectivity. It emphasizes the idea of the degradation of man by capitalism in a reactionary manner. The great writers of this period develop a great realistic style by overcoming all romantic tendencies, by a struggle for understanding the entire period with all its contradictions. But their attitude to romanticism is a contradictory one. On the one hand they overcome romantic tendencies and eliminate all romantic elements from their depictions (E. Th. A. Hoffman features in Balzac are a new form of realistic fantastics), on the other hand their struggle against the prose of life contains elements thoroughly romantic. This actual and virtual overcoming of romanticism in the same novelists is mixed in very contradictory ways. (The mysterious tower in Goethe's *Journeyman Wilhelm Meister* is both unsublimated prose and exaggerated romanticism.) The struggle for a "positive" hero becomes subjectively keener with the great writers (the problem of education in Goethe), but the increasing realization of the contradictions of capitalism, their keen depiction of these contradictions in their extremest form, eliminates all "positiveness" much against the wishes of the authors. Balzac's greatness and his control position in the development of the novel is due to the fact that in his works he involuntarily showed the exact opposite of what it was his conscious intention to show.

4. *The new realism and the dissolution of the form of the novel.* The period of the ideological decline of the bourgeoisie, of growing apologism in all spheres of ideology. The independent revolutionary appearance of the proletariat (June battle of 1848), the continuous sharpening of class contradictions not only strengthen apologist tendencies generally, but make the struggle of honest and talented writers against generally apologist tendencies more difficult. The more openly the class struggle becomes paramount in social life

the more completely it disappears from bourgeois fiction. In-so-much as the writers of this period consciously or unconsiously avoid the central problem of their period, their depiction must necessarily become peripheral. This is true even in those cases when the class struggle between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat is not central to the theme. In this period the ideological heritage of romanticism overwhelms the heritage of the great realist traditions. The spurious dilemma of empty subjectivism and pompous objectivity predominates. The realistic writers are continually less able to show society as a process of development rather than as a ready, static world. As a necessary consequence of this, the newer realism gets further and further away from the old methods of showing exceedingly individual types, replacing these by average individuals. But inasmuch as the average individual is shown in common, average situations, the action loses its epic nature. Description and analysis take the place of narration. (Zola's criticism of Balzac and Stendhal indicated this tendency in no uncertain terms.) As at bottom these opposing tendencies do not change anything with respect to the dilemma of subjectivism and objectivity, as, on the basis of the existing world and its rigid contrast to individual subjectivism, the inherent contradictions show the more vividly, they can only appear reproduced in a more intense degree. (Jacobsen's *Niehls Lyhne*) Limited space prevents the further investigation of the development of these tendencies, of their struggle, this gradual segregation in the modern novel and of the final dissolution of the form of the novel in the period of imperialism (Proust, Joyce).

5. *Prospects of Socialist realism.* The point of departure must be the social existence of the proletariat. The attitude of the proletariat to the contradictions of capitalist society, contradictions which, before the overthrow of capitalism, are a determining factor of the prolearian life, is necessarily a different one from that of the bourgeoisie. Out of the consciousness that the proletariat is the revolutionary "gravedigger" of bourgeois society, the forms of the proletarian class struggle, the necessity of uniting the workers in class organizations, (trade unions, the Party), out of the class struggle itself arises the possibility for depicting the class conscious proletarian as a "positive" hero. Since these elements of the positive character which might be subjected to criticism are not contradictions in the life of the proletariat itself but rather the heritage of the ideology of the enemy class, even the keenest self-criticism can not vitiate the positiveness of the hero. At the same time, the community of proletarian interests in the class struggle, class solidarity, lends an epic breath and greatness to the narrative unattainable for bourgeois life. (Gorki's *Mother).*

As the proletariat captures power and Socialism is built these trends strengthen to an extraordinary extent. Inasmuch as the proletariat builds Socialism, inasmuch as he destroys his class enemy, he removes the objective causes of the degradation of man. Progress is no longer in conflict with the free development of all human qualities. On the contrary, such development is predicated by the unchaining of the hitherto suppressed and hampered capabilities of the masses. All these factors operate in the direction of profoundly modifying the form of the novel taken over as a heritage from the bourgeoisie, Radical changes in it appear and there is a strong tendency towards the epic.

This new development of epic elements is by no means an artistic revival of the formal elements or subject matter of the older epic (mythology, etc.). It is an essential outgrowth of the development of society, of the rising classless society. But it should be realized that we are dealing with a *tendency* to

the epic and not an accomplished fact. It is the struggle to "overcome the remains of capitalism in the economy and in the consciousness of man" (Stalin) that develops these new epic elements. It awakens the latent, previously suppressed, deformed or misapplied energies of the millions, brings out the best of them and leads them to accomplish deeds which reveal capabilities they themselves had never been aware of, making of them leaders of the masses storming upwards. And their great individual talents consist of a clear and definite realization of social trends. They thus acquire the characteristics of epic heroes.

This ever rising tendency to the epic does not break the thread of classic development of the novel. The building of the new and the objective as well as subjective destruction of the old are intimately connected dialectically. It is by participation in this struggle for the destruction of the old and the building of Socialism that people overcome the ideological remains of capitalism still lingering in their own consciousness. Prominent exponents of Socialist realism in the novel quite appropriately stress this struggle of the proletariat against the material and ideological remains of capitalism. Differences in form and content notwithstanding, the novel of Socialist realism is intimately related to the great traditions of bourgeois realism in the novel by its very subject matter. Hence the critical mastery and apt modification of this heritage play a tremendous role in the working out of the current problems of form at the present stage of development of the novel of Socialist realism.

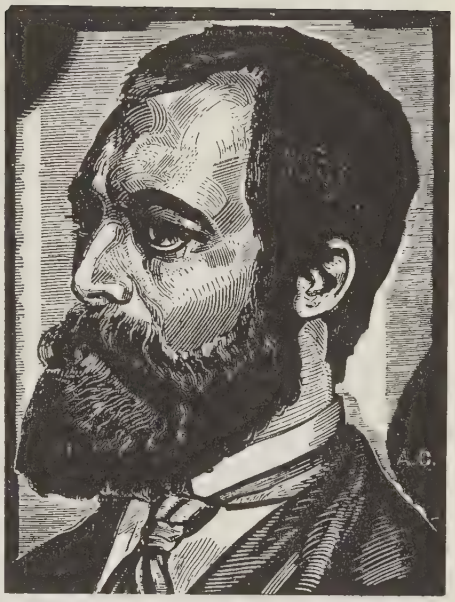
Translated from the German by S. D. Kogan

Alexander Gatov

Eugene Pottier

Everybody knows the words of the *International,* the hymn of the revolutionary toilers of the world. But how many persons know the life of Eugene Pottier, who wrote this piece of poetry which has become a hymn? How many are familiar with the other works of this poet?

Alexander Gatov, Soviet poet, who has published several books of translations and critical essays devoted to French revolutionary songs, has restored the remarkable image of Eugene Pottier, the communist poet, who after the fall of the Paris Commune spent some years in exile, in the U.S.A. By ignoring for decades the literary importance of E. Pottier, the bourgeois critics took class vengeance on one of the greatest of revolutionary poets.



Eugene Pottier

In the year 1887, a group of individuals who had taken part in the Paris Commune requested Henri Rochefort,[1] well-known petty-bourgeois journalist, to write a foreword to a collection of poems and songs by Pottier who, in their opinion, was a remarkable poet. Pottier was a prominent man in the Paris Commune. He had fought on the barricades and was in exile. Some of his songs were popular among the workers. However, Rochefort had not even heard of Pottier and would not believe that he should find in his works the creation of a great poet.

"If he is so great," Rochefort remonstrated, "how the devil is it that I have never heard of him?"

But the poet's friends pressed Rochefort hard, and he, after reading the manuscript, had to admit that he was wrong in his former opinion that "for a man of talent the most difficult thing is to remain unknown." The literary fate of Eugene Pottier was eloquent evidence to the contrary. "Ecce Homo," he wrote of Pottier and indignantly exclaimed: " The cup of injustice is full to the brim and the time has arrived for the poet to take his place in the ranks of those who are read, re-read and quoted. . . ."

It is characteristic of Rochefort that he considered Pottier's failure to gain recognition as a fortuitous injustice to the poet, without ever suspecting that there were deep social causes behind it. For this once the bourgeois world proved to be far-sighted. It discerned in the poet an implacable enemy and

[1] During the Paris Commune H. Rochefort published a paper called *Mot d'ordre* and supported some of the measures of the Commune; he was exiled to New Caledonia.

resorted to the most deadly weapons used in literary warfare—silence and complete indifference, weapons in the battle against which so many thinkers in sharp opposition to the capitalist order have met their doom. Is it not significant that not one of the proletarian chansonniers[1] are to be found in the voluminous *Encyclopedia Larousse,* in the *Grand Encyclopedia* or in any of the other encyclopedias? Under Pottier, one may find an alchemist of the 16th century, an officer and five other Pottiers but no space could be spared for the author of the *International.*

The life and work of Eugene Pottier constitute one of the brightest pages in the history of the class struggle in literature.

Pottier's creative work cannot be divorced from the revolutionary struggle of the French or of the international proletariat. He was born on October 4, 1816. His father was a packer. At the age of thirteen, the young Pottier took up his father's vocation; later he changed his occupation, learning the trade of a textile designer and becoming one of the most prominent specialists in this branch of applied art. His parents were Bonapartists and Catholics; very early in life their son emancipated himself from both these influences. His first song written in 1830, was entitled *Long Live Freedom!* Throughout the thirties, Pottier's songs, full of keen humor, enjoyed much success, and the *The Time Has Come for Everybody to Get His Own,* which he wrote in 1840, acquired great popularity.

In February, 1848, Pottier was among the Parisian proletarians who hoisted the red flag and fought on the barricades. But having overthrown the despotic rule of the king-usurer Louis Philippe, they were confronted with a new despotism which in no respect fell short of its predecessor. This was the "republic of the rich" which, in June 1848, at the first attempt of the workers to firmly proclaim their rights, instigated a massacre leaving on the pavement fifty thousand killed and twenty-five thousand wounded proletarians. This sorrowful date marks the beginning of the motif of class irreconcilability, which henceforth rings in all the creative work of the poet.

The dark period of the Second Empire did not deaden Pottier's revolutionary and creative energies. In 1870, he, together with the Union of Textile Designers which he organized, joined the French section of the International Workingmen's Association (First International). It was therefore natural that he took part in the events of 1870. The manifesto of June 10 which was addressed to the German socialists and which was directed against the war by means of which the reaction wished to bolster up its shattered authority, bore his signature. At the time of Sedan, he was in the army but remained in Paris. He was a delegate to the Central Committee of the National Guard, took part in the revolution of March 18, and at the second (April) elections was elected to the Commune in the second district of Paris. Throughout the period of the Commune, Pottier worked in the mayoralty of his district, in the Committee of Twenty Districts as well as on the commissions which dealt with affairs directly affecting the interests of the Paris poor. He drafted the decrees on house rent and pawnshops, the propitious social measures of the Commune. Pottier was also author of the decree on the closing of brothels. In the Art Commission, presided over by G. Courbet, Pottier represented the workers of applied art, and was also author of the report on the setting up of a Federation of Art. He was one of the organizers of the Committee of Public Safety; he also took part in the work of the Commission of Justice. With this load of social duties on his shoulders, it is not surprising that in collections of

[1] A *chansonnier* is one who writes his songs and sings them.

his works not a single poem bears the date of any of the seventy-two days the Paris Commune was in existence.

The communard "Citizen Pottier" succeeded in making good his escape during the sanguinary week when the police were hunting for him, and later fled to England, whence he emigrated to the United States in 1873. While making a living there alternately as textile designer and teacher, he continued his revolutionary work as general secretary and treasurer of the Socialist Labor Party. In the U.S.A., Pottier wrote a number of poems and songs dealing with the problems of the social revolution and the struggle against religion.

The amnesty of 1880, which the rising working class movement wrested from rulers of the Third Republic, offered Pottier, along with the other exiled communards, the opportunity to return to their native country. Upon his return to France (on board the trans-Atlantic steamer *America*) Pottier joined the Workers Party (Parti Ouvrier) led by the Marxists, Jules Guesde and Paul Lafargue. This was a period of the intensification of the social contradictions—the beginning of the decay of capitalism, crisis—a period of the rise of the working class movement, which greatly cheered the poet. Despite his age and illness (partial paralysis which brought him to the reception room of Dr. Charcot) Pottier displayed wonderful clearness of thought and creative energy. This is all the more surprising since in the declining years of his life, on account of his illness, he could no longer pursue his vocation of textile designer and became destitute. The press of the Workers Party was too poor to provide him with even a minimum of the amenities of life.

In 1884, when the poet was in this plight he met the famous chansonnier, Gustave Nadaud. (Pottier was also a chansonnier, though song was not his only genre; his literary works include several poems and a book of sonnets.) Poverty had not made the aged Pottier less meticulous in his own creative work; in fact when a song contest was arranged by the Republican Club of Chansonniers (League of Chansonniers) he was declared to be the winner. When the news of Pottier's triumph reached Nadaud (who was not present at the contest) the latter was pleased, but not surprised. He had heard Pottier once: in 1848, in company with Pierre Dupont, a popular poet of the time. He had happened to drop into a tavern where Pottier was performing his *Propaganda of Songs* on the small stage. The masterful style of the *Propaganda of Songs* sent Nadaud and Dupont into raptures. Dupont turning to Nadaud, uttered a phrase which proved prophetic: "He will outlive both of us."

Nadaud sought out the old poet whom he had lost sight of since 1848, and resolved to take an interest in him. Nadaud was a monarchist, Pottier a communist. Nadaud issued a collection of Pottier's songs under the general title, *Who Has Gone Mad?* and in a foreword in which he tried to exonerate himself from the charge of inconsistency, from the point of view of his political convictions, in patronizing a revolutionary poet, Nadaud wrote:

"The author of this song and of this volume (the volume begins with a song bearing the same title—A.G.) is inclined to think that it is the world that has gone mad; the world will no doubt maintain on the contrary that it is the author. . . .

"Certainly, people will not even say that I am behaving like a partisan; I undertook, or to be more precise, I promoted the publication of the works of a chansonnier whose convictions are opposed to mine. Prudent people will tell me: "And so you wish to shoot at your own troops?"

The last phrase deserves attention since it marks a line in history of that

premeditated silence to which Pottier succumbed. And though the volume *Who Has Gone Mad?* did not include particularly pungent anti-bourgeois songs, it contained enough of decidedly anti-capitalist and communist ideas for "prudent" people to attempt to bring about its failure.

In the same year, 1884, the publishing office of the Socialist Party (which published Marx's *Capital* in French, the decisions of the International Labor Congress, the works of Lafargue and Guesde) issued a small booklet of Pottier's *Social Economic Sonnets*. In 1887 there appeared his *Revolutionary Songs* (with foreword by H. Rochefort) which contained a number of the poems in the collection *Who Has Gone Mad?*, a few sonnets and the remarkable songs written in the years 1884-1887. The cost of the publication of the *Revolutionary Songs (Chants revolutionnaires)* was borne by the participants of the Paris Commune.

Pottier died on November 7, 1887. The proletariat of Paris learnt the news of this loss from the following appeal:

> To the toilers of Paris!
> Eugene Pottier is dead.
>
> His comrades of the Commune who are at present in Paris have met and resolved to place his remains under the patronage of all the toilers.
>
> The workers of Paris who know how to honor their fighters will respond to this appeal. They will come to pay their last respects to him whose life was devoted to the social struggle and was at one and the same time soldier and poet of the revolution.
>
> Champy, Deurere, Clovis, Dupont, Urbain.

The masses responded to the appeal. On November 8, a huge crowd assembled on the Chartes, near house No. 2, where the poet lived. When the procession started, the coffin was followed by communards and approximately ten thousand workers. In customary manner the police attacked the procession and attempted to seize the red banner carried by a worker in the ranks; a scuffle ensued and some socialist members of parliament and municipal councillors who protested were dragged to the police station.

At Pere-la-Chaise speeches were delivered at the poet's grave by Louise Michel, Vaillant, Eudes, Malon and others.

On the poet's grave at Pere-la-Chaise, a memorial—a white open marble book on a square pedestal of grey marble—was erected. On the book there is the inscription: "Eugene Pottier, Revolutionary Songs. 1816-1887." On the pedestal the titles of four of his songs are engraved: *International, The Poor Man Jean, What Does Bread Speak Of, The Insurgent.*

The years 1848-1887, years of Pottier's mature creative work, represent a long period embracing a number of stages in the economic development of France. The creative work of Pottier, for whom the class struggle, the political struggle were the main, nay, the only source of inspiration, is a poetical representation of the French and of the international working class movement over a period of forty years. The process of the development of the class ideology of the workers is documented in his poetry.

Of particular importance in the political evolution of Pottier is the tragic month of June, 1848. Those who "derive dividends from slaughter," who "drink gold, drink blood," resolved to cow the workers and give them a lesson to be long remembered. *June 1848* was the song of mourning which shrouded as it were the corpses of the fallen comrades:

> Proceed then, poverty, in ranks, unarmed!
> Let them kill us in the streets, without war.
> Proceed women! Neither words nor tears are wanted.

Proceed children, orphans and starvelings.
Crafty murderers! Make haste to blot them out!
Wipe their whole race out from off the face of earth.
Rather death than the workers' lot—forced life-long labor.
No, 'tis better to die!
No, brothers, 'tis better to die!

However, parallel with *June 1848,* Pottier, in the same year wrote some sprightly verses inspired by faith in the success of the revolution. *The House That Must Be Destroyed* and *The Propaganda of Songs* are closely related both in content and composition. The "House" storey upon storey, is inhabited by a banker, a merchant, a profiteer, a courtesan and a gentleman of independent means, who lead a leisured life. A stanza is devoted to each parasite. . . . The last stanza, depicting the garret of the poor man, provides a striking contrast. Now what are the supports of this old gilt structure? An armed force occupies the basement. Day and night, the poor deluded soldiers with their guns guard the property of the bourgeoisie, personified by Mr. Raven.

Each stanza of the *Propaganda of Songs* is an arrow aimed at the money-lender, the village kulak, the liberal capitalist, the merchant, and the general. Pottier concludes his *Propaganda of Songs:*

To the arsenal, O songs,
Proceed with haste!

The *Propaganda of Songs* is also remarkable as a manifesto of the art of political journalism, which gives its songs "direction" and sets living targets before them. The creative work of E. Pottier is an example of such poetry.

In the period under consideration, Pottier's songs represented the socialist apex of French literature. In this respect, P. Dupont's songs of the pre-revolutionary period show considerable inferiority, as for example, his famous *Song of the Workers,* which gave expression to the pent-up social indignation of the time immediately preceding the revolution. Pottier was inspired by the indomitable heroism and optimism of Blanqui; he was greatly influenced by Babeuf and Fourier.

Two days after the monarchist coup-d'etat of December 2, Pottier was ready with his song *Who Will Take Revenge?*:

"The Republic is dead; her coffin is borne out; I am its gravedigger. Oh, God, who is going to avenge her? I—its gravedigger, and I bury her heart. He who will be alive shall see her. The earth will be fruitful, the hammer will sing, labor will flourish and the rose redden."

How is this republican pathos in Pottier to be explained? The republic had been won by the workers, and bad as it was, the republic had held out to the workers a certain possibility of legal struggle (clubs, the press, etc.). The times of Louis Philippe were fresh in the minds of all; moreover, there was common hatred for Napoleon III, the "usurper" of the people's rights who had betrayed those who had endowed him with presidential power.

The attack began immediately after the coup-d'etat:

The clergy fills the church.
Beneath the darkened dome,
For gold received, in compensation,
Rome hallows the coup-d'etat.
In snuffing voice
They hymn the reptile tiger,
Pass on, old Empire,
Defile through mist and fog.

Many a time did Pottier return to the theme of the "December crime" with the same feeling of indignation. The poem "War" written in 1857, represents one of the greatest heights attained by Pottier in his creative work. He characterizes war as a means of furthering imperialist policy, as a result of national discord, as an event associated with the internal policy of the bourgeois state.

War has been declared
"Come!" the ravens cry.
But to us it's all the same:
For us war rages every day.

Clans in feud, Red Indians
In feathers, eager for the fray.
We dig up countries
Like ant hills with our boots.

The wrath of warring nations
Has reached its highest pitch—
It is the fruit of hatred
Fanned by nationalist regimes.

Quite different was the poet's attitude to a republican war which he erroneously regarded as a revolutionary war. In September, 1870, Pottier issued the call to defend the republic against Prussian reaction:

Arise and greet the foe with cannon ball!
Oh, Paris, buttress your defence!
. . . . . .
To arms, remember ninety three!
Oh, Paris, buttress your defence!

The slogan "defence of the fatherland" captured not only the petty-bourgeoisie but also the workers (particularly in Paris). All the revolutionary groups were infected with militant patriotism. Even Blanqui "beyond doubt a revolutionary and ardent adherent of socialism could not find a more suitable title for his newspaper than the bourgeois cry, 'The Fatherland in Danger.'" (Lenin). Marx, in the second appeal of the General Council of the International concerning the Franco-Prussian war, wrote: "The French workers must fulfil their duty as citizens, but they must not let themselves be carried away by the national traditions of 1792." Pottier's song is evidence that the poet was being carried away by these traditions.

Pottier took part in events which were a rehearsal of March 18. On October 31, 1870 he issued his appeal: "Paris, proclaim the Commune!" A song dated January 21, 1871 led up closely to the principal motifs of the social revolution. "You have not executed your kings," the poet addresses himself to the toilers, "they still hold you by the throat: your money or your life!"

The Paris Commune, which was an unexampled experiment of the "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" in the history of mankind (Lenin) has its own poet—Eugene Pottier. The ideas carried into effect by the Commune were proclaimed in the *International* which was written in the underground in Paris, in June, 1871, and dedicated to one of the Commune's leading orators. The Commune was, in fact, an international government, including a good many members of the International and foreigners who fought on the barricades and occupied commanding posts (the Pole, Dombrovski: the Hungarian, Frankel, the Russian, Dmitriev and others). However, the *International* proclaimed not mere solidarity, one of the principal motifs in French poetry since the days of the Great French Revolution, but also class solidarity.

The full text of the *International* contains six stanzas in addition to the refrain. In the translation of the *International* which is sung the third, fourth, and fifth stanzas are missing. The fourth stanza, which characterizes the socialist revolution, and the fifth stanza with its appeal to transform imperialist war into civil war, are very important as showing the development of Pottier. The fifth stanza has been prohibited by the French censorship on the ground that it contains "an instigation to murder." The sixth stanza speaks of the *Party* of Toil. The idea of a Party of Toil was for the first time in the history of poetry advanced by Pottier in his *International*. The following is a literal translation of the third, fourth and fifth stanzas of the *International*.[1]

The State represses and the law cheats,
Taxes bleed the unfortunate;
No duty is imposed on the rich;
"The rights of the poor" is an empty phrase.
Let us pine away no longer under their protection,
Equality demands other laws:
"No rights without duties," she says,
"For equals, no duties without rights."

Hideous in their apotheosis
Are the kings of pit and railway,
Have they ever done anything else
Than rob labor?
What the gang has created
Is founded on cash-boxes.
In decreeing that this be returned to it,
The People wants no more than its due.

The kings have fuddled you with smoke.
Peace in our ranks, war to the tyrants!
Let us apply war to the armies,
Butts up, break the ranks!
If they persist, these cannibals,
In making us into heroes
They shall find very soon that our bullets
Are for our own generals.

The first poem devoted to the Commune was written by Pottier in the little harbor town of Gravesend, near London. It is entitled: "And so you know nothing. . . ." This poem reveals the great ideological progress made by the poet since he wrote his poems on June, 1848. The Commune, drenched in blood, is only "a beginning,"—"not a Funeral but the Pangs of Birth." And to his last day, Pottier regarded the Commune as a prototype, as a rough outline of the future socialist society. That is why he is so bitter when he lays bare the mistake of the Commune. The following lines show his opinion of the financial policy of the Commune:

You failed to seize the bank. A great mistake.
You heeded not the bitter law:
To guard yourself and safety to secure,
The enemy must be disarmed.

In these verses, written in the United States, where Pottier joined the So-

[1] The *International* was set to music by the Lille socialist Degeiter. The music was first published in 1894, when the government took proceedings against the publishers for stanza five. In the middle of the nineties, the *International* became the popular song of the Guesdist groups. At the first united congress of the socialist organizations held in Paris in 1899, the *International* for the first time resounded as the hymn of the whole socialist movement.

cialist Labor Party, the poet evidently shared the views which Marx and Engels held in regard to the errors committed by the Commune. We believe that Pottier's poetry, as well as his speeches delivered in the U.S.A., may prove valuable material for a history of the short-lived American Socialist Labor Party.

While in the U.S.A., Pottier wrote a number of sonnets and a few small poems which show that although the poet continued to be thoroughly French and a fighter of the Paris Commune, he had become sufficiently Americanized. During the Philadelphia exhibition in 1876 he wrote a poem, in the tone of a pamphlet, devoted to the exhibition. It was published as a pamphlet by the "Social Democratic Workers Party of North America."

"The Workingmen's Party," written by him in the same tone, reflected the frame of mind of American workers during the Pittsburgh strike. This poem is in the form of a dialogue between Mr. Coffer, symbolizing capitalism, and the Workingmen's Party, whose adherents are referred to by Mr. Coffer as "tramps" who should be satisfied with a dog's kennel and a bone. But the "tramps" confident of final victory, claim the good things of which the masses have been robbed by civilization. The Party says: "The earth which revolves on its axis and is covered with oceans, forests, green fields and ripe corn is my shop and anybody erecting a fence on it is a thief whom I have the right to banish. The earth belongs to all, for labor." The subject of the poem hinges on the slogans "tools belong to the toiler," "production belongs to producer."

In this poem Pottier, the disciple of the Paris Commune, recalls the tragic picture of the Commune. He refers to its fall, the shooting of the communards, the sufferings of the exiles, as a warning to the Americans, who must not allow themselves to be defeated. "Steady," says the poet, "let us close our ranks! No futile wrath! We must win! This is an idea with which we must become imbued!" Pottier unfolds a picture of the future struggle "against the background of the Past, of ages of bondage and dead nations" and in the midst of the not less terrible Present. It is the program of Communism. "Yes, we are communists," he proudly says in the last line of this poem.

It is significant that in this poem as well as in one other "The Paris Commune," also written in America, the poet calls not only for sacrifices but also for crowning of the cause of 1871 with victory. In his speeches Pottier establishes the community of ideas of the International, Commune and the Socialist Labor Party. His speech on the international working class revolutionary movement, delivered on December 23, 1878, in many respects coincides with the views of Engels, expressed in letters which were published in March of the same year in the American weekly *Labor Standard*. It is possible that Pottier based his speech on these letters.

The Workingmen's Party had to carry on its activity amidst a seething sea of anarchist groups who were thriving in the conditions of the raging economic crisis. In the speech just referred to, Pottier outlined the following communist program:

"And so, war on the capitalists, on Scott, Vanderbilt, Rothschild? Oh, poor fools! No, no war on these, nor on any others. Why, is that what we want? We want to destroy the system, because it is not only monopoly-multi-millionaires who are capitalists. Capitalists may be of various degrees. The tanner is a capitalist, because he owns the hide, the tailor because he owns the material. The owner of the primary materials is a capitalist who receives ransom, profit, for supplying what is termed commodities, etc. And so, socialists, whom are you fighting? Nobody personally; the fight is against the anarchic system of competition which is developing in complete obscurity and

is breeding unemployment, bankruptcy and ruin. We want to establish collective ownership, mutual credit and an exchange bank." And, predicting the approaching collapse of the "everlasting order" based on exploitation, Pottier sets down the following formula:

Capital we do not want,
We want to seize it.
We do not want to become capitalists,
We don't want capitalists at all.

Anti-religious propaganda, partly in the spirit of the militant atheism and materialism of the 18th century (Holbach, Diderot, etc.), occupied an important place in Pottier's creative work during his stay in America. Moreover, he always exposed the role of religion as a weapon used by the bourgeoisie for the purpose of oppressing the toiling masses. Pottier contrasts the scientific theories of creation with the bible ("Matter and Bible"). Christ, descending from the cross, says to the believers: "I am not such a villain as to be your God" ("Descent from the Cross"); "He came from God—let him go to the devil" ("The Preacher"), etc. One of his best anti-religious sonnets is "Holy Trinity:" "Most holy trinity, it is you that robs us; the parson, moneylender and gendarme. Lying, thieving and murder is God in three persons on earth."

After 1880, when Pottier's period of exile came to an end, all his poetry was written by him as a Marxist and member of the French Workers Party. Some of his *Revolutionary Songs* were dedicated to Lafargue. All the songs he wrote between the years 1880 and 1887, including "Long Live the Fifteen Thousand Votes" (on the occasion of the first success of the Workers Party at the elections), "Forward, the Working Class" and "Crisis," are poetical documents of Party policy:

The blind and the deaf
The crisis do deny.
The sinister agony
Increases every day.

The crisis is regarded not as an accidental ailment but as an incurable disease of the capitalist system, which is therefore doomed. The main planks of the "Program of the Workers Party" (written by Guesde and Lafargue) are to be found in the verses of the "Social Amnesty:" the fight for the eight hour day, the alliance with the peasantry, the housing policy—fight against the landlords, etc. In these as well as in many other poems he wrote on "topical" subjects, a given episode in the political struggle (elections, amnesty, etc.) is dealt with in its relation to and inter-relation with the other events of social life; at the same time the main and immediate causes generating them as well as the prospects which they open are taken into consideration.

But Pottier did not confine himself to "topical" poetry—in fact, he did not write "topical" poetry very often. There are years in which this kind of poetry is limited to two or three songs. Some of Pottier's songs represent a synthetic generalization of the history of the class struggle ("The Daughter of Thermidor"), philosophical essays in which the principal social and political problems are given in their inter-connection ("The Family Poet"), and lyrical monologues expressing the world conception of the revolutionary fighter.

The Daughter of the Bourgeoisie is a most trenchant pamphlet, a challenge to the Third Republic:

"A wench, a bourgeois abortion with rings on every finger, a dress with a long train, an elegant equipage, but with nothing on underneath her dress, blusters in the taverns giving herself airs: 'Gentlemen, I am the goddess of the lance (war)!' No, she is a harlot, she is not the Republic! No, no, you are not the Republic!

"The moderate maddened Thermidor succeeded the Terror. Then I was born and shone with the glory of proud names beginning with Talleyrand and ending with Thiers. We know this gang of souteneurs! No, this harlot is not the Republic! No, you are not the Republic!"

Then follow seven stanzas, severe and truthful, which end in this manner:

"Oh, let us drive her out! In golden ears of corn (mother) earth raises its salient breasts! Let our solid collective columns restore the land and the productive forces! May the light of the new order dawn upon every brain! Come then, Commune, in your red tunic, since this harlot is not the Republic! No, only you alone are the Republic!"

The Commune is a "proletarian state," a new form of state. Pottier understood that but not quite clearly:

"Some people say that you have been the impassioned protest against the foul meanness and treachery of the seige of Paris.

"Others say that in electing the municipality you wished to make Paris master in its own house, establishing it as a city of a United States.

"Others again say that the clerical-monarchist coalition, which threw off its mask on May 16th, intended after abolishing the bourgeois rights won in 1889 to put an end to the republic, our only defence, and Paris, resisting, proclaiming the Commune.

"Finally, some people believe that *you have been a preamble to the real social revolution* just like the astronomic revolution created by Copernicus and Galileo, who, in place of the doubtful dogmas of arbitrary rule and individualism, have established the scientific laws of solidarity.

"Which of these assertions is the right one?

"They are all correct! The Revolution of March 18 justified all that these opinions attribute to it, and therein lies its glory. *It was the practical application of the principles of the International, an offspring of which is the Socialist Labor Party. It was like railway-points which change direction.*" (From a speech delivered in the United States in 1877 on the anniversary of the Paris Commune. The italics are mine. A. G.)

Pottier marched straight forward along this road, confirming as it were these words which he uttered in his youth: "A brave heart will never stop on the road." (1849) That is why he felt contempt for the calumniators of the Commune ("Spreading Lies in Waves, Maxime Ducamp,[1] Dumas and others") and why the petty-bourgeois conceptions of such writers as "Zola, who draws from life but sometimes distorts" (1878), gave him so much pain. In this satirical poem, Pottier is also in arm "against Victor Hugo when he obscures. . . ." Thus, Pottier regards naturalism and mysticism together with subtlety as negative qualities. Hugo has indeed created a very confused philosophy akin to "Christian Socialism," and sometimes wrote poetry which was incomprehensible. The quoted remarks of Pottier, who was mastering the Marxist method of literary creative work, are quite natural.

After the split in the French socialist movement and the secession of the

[1] Author of the lying memoirs, *The Convulsions of Paris.*

moderate group of "possibilists," Pottier remained with the Marxist party of Guesde and Lafargue. On glancing through the journal *La Question Sociale,* the party organ of the French Social Democrats, we find Pottier's poetry side by side with translations from Marx and articles by Guesde and Lafargue, a legitimate proximity which in no way diminishes the lustre of the verses. The latter in poetical form expressed the same ideas, and outlined the prospects of the proletarian struggle which were common to Marxist thought of the eighties of last century.

Now the reason why Pottier was "not recognized" is clear. He was well liked in the party, but the party had no mass organs. Some of his songs were very popular. But, even Lafargue, in his article, "The Working Class in France," while speaking of the great popularity of the song *No Holiday Without an Amnesty,* never mentions the name of its author.

Liberal attempts to popularize Pottier's poetry were doomed to failure, in spite of the sincere and ardent praises of Rochefort, who found in Pottier "Ribera's richness of color" and called him the "Juvenal of the Faubourgs." These attempts include also the article of Jules Valles, a former communist who devoted to the poet a few brilliantly written pages in his newspaper *Le Cri du Peuple* (November 29, 1883):

"He is an old comrade, a comrade who recalls great days. He worked during the Commune and like Hugo was exiled. And like Hugo he is a poet, but an unknown poet." "Pottier, old friend, you are the Tyrtaeus of an inglorious battle waged in the burnt, besmutted factories or between the partitions of houses where the lead of the refuse boxes carries off as many victims as the lead of bullets. . . ."

Perhaps the article of a third critic, who vainly attempted to popularize Pottier, reveals with greater depth and breadth the tragedy of this "non-recognition." This was Francisque Sarcey, who for forty years guided the artistic tastes of the French bourgeois public. The recognition of the poet by Sarcey is the more interesting since Sarcey was a reactionary nationalist on the side of Versailles. Sarcey's article, which was published in the paper *La France* in 1883, contains certain noteworthy points.

While preparing for a lecture on songs, with a pile of new books before him Sarcey happened to pick up a collection of songs by Pottier issued by an obscure publishing house.

"I was carried away by the very first lines," writes the critic. "I had before me a real poet, obviously somewhat lacking polish (?) and rudimentary knowledge. But what a fiery temperament! What a lugubrious imagination! What depth and bitterness of feelings!

"I must say with regret that Pottier is a communist and a most irreconcilable one. But he is sincere, and a born poet. There is no denying it—he is a born poet! There are in his book three or four models of folk songs which our turbulent and stunned generation is sure to love, some songs which are masterpieces. I insist—masterpieces.

"I beseech all educated people to read the following verses and say whether by their intensity of feeling and expressiveness they are not above Beranger's 'Old Tramp' or even 'Red Jeanne?' "

From among the "masterfully written" songs of Pottier, Sarcey singles out his "Don Quixote." Pottier depicts the magnanimous hidalgo as a revolutionary who liberates the prisoners of capitalism to the invariable refrain of his opportunist Sancho Panza:

"Oh, sir," the angered Sancho Panza said,
"Leave the prisoner his chains!"

In connection with one of the verses, Sarcey made a remark which characterizes both the bourgeois critic and the communist poet:

"Among the victims (liberated by Don Quixote—A.G.) there are some whom I would rather see remain in their former condition. Thus I do not like to see Don Quixote liberate the prisoner in the barracks. But what can one do? The author has his convictions. He does not like war."

Fifty years have passed since this article was written by Sarcey and the class to which he belonged has ceased to speak with such frankness. Not every imperialist will declare today that he "likes war." Many pseudo-peacemakers will call Sarcey naive. But even today the bourgeois critics often like to play the republican democrat and not disinterestedly pat the proletarian writer on the back. And it happens that authors thus encouraged by the "higher" spheres stumble and betray their class. There are numerous examples of this kind. Against the many that succumbed to such temptations Pottier stands out as one who is irreconcilable and irreproachable.

At present, with the material at our disposal in the USSR, it is impossible to give a complete biography or make an exhaustive study of Pottier's work. The literary remains of Pottier have not been investigated yet and to the best of my knowledge no one, either here or in the poet's native country, has ever thought of studying them. According to E. Museux, one of the poet's devoted friends, Pottier's widow was (in 1887!) in possession of a pile of unpublished poetry, a small amount of which was published by Museux. In his *Revolutionary Songs,* Pottier announced the publication of a book of "Youthful Songs and Poetry" and another book of poetry, reminiscences and impressions of the period of exile; neither, however, ever appeared. The poet dedicated his poems to many people, including men prominent in the political or literary world. The poet's correspondence, if it was preserved, would be of great help to the research worker.

Our "if" refers to the entire heritage of Pottier since we have no information whether any of Pottier's descendents is alive (the manuscript represented the only legacy left by the poet to his wife and daughter). Research work and a considerable number of translations have yet to be done.[1] I believe this short essay and the translation will convince our reader that this work is urgently needed, because we are "discovering" a great poet, a *classic of proletarian literature.*

The *International* and many of the other remarkable works of Pottier—songs, national (French) in form, socialist in content and international in significance—exceedingly well illustrate Stalin's idea of art.

Shortly after the poet's death, his friends intended to publish a complete collection of his works. This intention, however, was never realized; evidently no publisher could be found. And even in this day, A. Zavaes, one of the few authorities on socialist poetry in France, in his note, "The Poets and Chansonniers of the Commune," very timidly, in footnotes asks: "Cannot a publisher be found to bring out a new edition of Pottier's volume of poetry as well as an anthology of revolutionary poetry and songs?" But the revolutionary chan-

[1] It would be extremely valuable for the study of Eugene Pottier if an American writer were to take an interest in his creative work and general activity, and undertake to collect information relating to Pottier's stay in America. This work is one of particular importance in view of the approaching fiftieth anniversary of Pottier's death in 1937.

sonnier is still feared and surrounded by a conspiracy of silence on the part of the bourgeois imperialist writers.[1]

Pottier died on November 7, 1887, precisely thirty years before the October Revolution. The poet should long ago "have taken his place in the ranks of those who are read, re-read and quoted." And not only the *International* but the entire work of Pottier should long ago have become accessible to the broad masses of the reading public of the world.

Translated from the Russian by E. D. Levin

[1] Very little has been written in the French language relating to Pottier. What there is consists of brief biographical notes, forewords to the collection of poetry, obituaries, etc., some compiled in a pamphlet which appeared shortly after the poet's death: *Eugene Pottier et son oeuvre, par Ernest Museux.* A German translation of sixteen of Pottier's poems was published in Walter Mehring's *Pottier und Clement.. Französische Revolutionsleider aus der Zeit der Pariser Commune, ubertragen und eingeleitet von Walter Mehring, der Malik Varlag.*

In Russian: Eugene Pottier, *Songs,* translated by Alexander Gatov with an introduction by the translator, 1932. Alexander Gatov, *The Poets of the Paris Barricades (Revolutionary Chansonniers)* 2nd revised and supplemented edition, 1935.

HUMOR and SATIRE

Mikhail Koltsov

Ivan Vadimovich: A Regular Fellow

Ivan Vadimovich Buries a Comrade

Let's go a little slower. My boots are tight and we've got a long way to trudge. Yes . . . a sad business. On the first, he and I were sitting together on the cost accounting committee. He was nervous before he made his report and was awfully glad that it went over well! Didn't know, poor fellow, what was coming to him in two weeks . . . Who's that in front beside the coffin? Ah, Kondakov . . . so, so! Is he here on behalf of the presidium or on his own behalf, I wonder? I know him only by telephone, never met him personally. He's quite a young chap . . . to be a member of the presidium at his age is not bad at all . . . Recently there's quite a new sort of public around. People you don't know. They say that lots are being transferred from the Party apparatus to industrial work. That's a nice honor for them . . . Well, perhaps he died in good time. In the collegium people were beginning to adopt quite a nasty attitude to him . . . Whom had he fallen foul of? Me? That's a sheer lie. He never troubled me at all. I was genuinely upset by his death! What a lie! I know who told you that. Kruglyakovski told you that. No, don't argue—it's quite clear, Kruglyakovski. Don't understand why he's spreading such tales around. That's the third time I've heard it. Have to speak to him about it . . . At the crematorium? No. This is the third time already. The first time when one of our employes died, and then at the funeral of Pyotr Borisovich; weren't you there then? That was a loyalty funeral. Lots of people, wreaths, music, a representative of the presidium; banners. Of course it didn't do him any good; he was past taking any notice . . . There won't be as many people at my funeral. Although it's a question of organization . . . a lot depends on the attitude of the comrades . . . Yes, very pretty! Especially that moment when the coffin is slowly lowered down below. But have you been down there, at the furnace? Have you gone down to look through the little window? I haven't either. Can't understand what there is to see. They say the body wriggles . . . A little while ago I heard that some fools or other persuaded the wife of one responsible worker to take a look, a last loving glance at her husband, so to speak. Well, of course she fainted. Idiots! . . . On principle I don't take my wife to funerals. That sort of thing isn't for women, particularly as her father is well on in life. . . . Yes, there you are, you see, you live and work and exert yourself like a fish that has just been caught and then into the packing case please, and off you go. Just like a queue. You know what they say: "Who's last? I'll be after you". . . All I want is that the end should come quickly, say, a railroad smash—one, two, three and off you go. . . . That's his wife's sister, a pretty wench, isn't she? Her husband is a trade representative abroad, or something of that kind.

That's why she's dressed like that. Remind me later on to tell you the story about the two Jews who went to see Kalinin—counter-revolutionary, but very funny. Interesting to know who thinks up all these stories. . . . No, not just now. People would look at us. Better on the way back. . . They say that he'd had fattening of the heart for a long time. Didn't take care of himself; and there you are. I quite understand. The same thing will happen to me. . . No, nothing specially wrong with me, but you know, just when I'm busiest my hands start itching terribly. Quite unbelievable! A little while ago it started on me in the theatre, and I just wanted to get out right in the middle of the scene. And later it passed off. . . . Doctors—do you really think they're any good! Professor Segilovich said: "Try not to scratch. It's purely nervous." Did you ever hear the like—purely nervous—as if I didn't know where that kind of thing leads to! My personal health doesn't matter, but after all, I'm doing my bit in my own way. There is a big institution on my shoulders! I asked him what diet I ought to have, what to eat and what not to eat. He says: "That has no significance." Nothing's of any significance for them! There are two stupid professions—doctors and Erkaisti.[1] They're there to preserve us from diseases, but they use them to worry us. It's a good job that on my own account I observe a certain regime. I use my rest days properly and always have a warm bath after work. And then—here's my advice to you: on principle I don't smoke before meals! That's very important! I think I'll go on holiday earlier this year. Where are you thinking of going? No, I'm going to the Crimea again. Don't fail to remind me to tell you the story about the three ladies on the beach. . . Yes, a sad business, a sad business. . . He was really a fine fellow, you know. Never did anybody a bad turn. There was no suspicion of that kind of intriguing, that sort of desire to make capital at somebody else's expense. In his place? I don't know. . . Officially, I don't know. But in strict secrecy, I can tell you—Sventsyanski. It's decided already. Yes. . . I was surprised myself. I even put my foot in it a bit. Congratulated Myatnikov on the new appointment. And Myatnikov, mind you, didn't deny it. Smiled and kept quiet. . . At the last minute, everything was turned upside down. They say that it was necessary to have a firm operative man for direct practical leadership. But after all, they could have had Myatnikov with an assistant specially for the practical work. Myatnikov, whatever you may say, is an imposing person . . . What are you doing the day after tomorrow? You must come to our place. . . Nothing special, just a few of the comrades going to get together. We didn't have a housewarming and this will be a sort of semi-housewarming. It was fixed for today, but we put it off because of the funeral. Not quite nice, after all. Somebody would gossip and people would say: "They chose a nice time to get drunk. . ." It doesn't matter if you come late. It'll only be our crowd. Sergei Solomonovich promised to come. . . Lots of people are being sent to the countryside for the political departments. . . I'd have been glad to go myself—but they won't take me because of my health. As soon as I unfolded the paper from the doctor, as soon as they looked at it, without even reading it properly—the conversation stopped. . . I was even sorry that I had bothered to bring the paper. My shoes are giving me hell today! Let's go a little slower, fall behind a bit. I've got a car at the back. We'll have a bit of a rest, and then just before we get to the crematorium we'll be able to walk smartly again.

[1] Erkaisti. Officials of the inspection commissariat whose checking-up on plan fulfillment, accounts, etc., was too scrupulous for the taste of Ivan Vadimovich.

Ivan Vadimovich in the Line of Fire

Comrades, I have listened very carefully to your discussion. If indeed it can be called a discussion. . . I listened, and very nearly went to sleep. Yes, comrades, very nearly went to sleep! I ask you: What is the use of having all over again these endless arguments about raw material, about fuel, about labor power, about price tariffs? From all this, from all these arguments, there is only one thing clear. The Lazarevski factory plan has not been fulfilled. Not fulfilled, that's all. Not fulfilled by 46 per cent. That's the basic fact. That's the basic fact. What is the meaning of this fact? Here, in our management board, we have grown-up men. I am not going, comrades, to start being demagogic before you. I am not going to make a noise about the fact that the workers sit without our products. . . That the village cooperative stores look at us with blind reproach, with their empty shelves. . . That the order for the Red Army has not been fulfilled. The order for our valorous warriors, and so on. . . You are grown-up men, and I'm not going to take up your time with things that are well known to everybody. But I will speak about something else. Forty-six per cent unfulfillment—do you know what that means? You don't read the newspapers!! You, comrades, have let your spectacles get fogged by the steam of your own affairs! But I look further than you do. I am following political events. I read the newspapers, and I can tell you: Glavsnabstroi for eleven per cent unfulfillment was given four severe reprimands. Eleven per cent—and how much have we? The Steklosilikat committee was dissolved on account of twenty per cent unfulfillment. In Soyuskolenkorsbit the chairman was removed with a severe reprimand and the production manager and his assistants were expelled from the Party! In Rossglinofayans the whole management board was deprived of their holidays on account of three per cent! In the Hard Metals Association, one was expelled, four were removed and two were forbidden responsible posts. What?. . . Quite right: Anton Fridrikovich supplements that the bureau of the Party nucleus there was dissolved and an extra-plan cleansing of the apparatus was fixed. Extra-plan cleansing, comrades! Ex-tra-plan clean-sing! In Masloproduktprom three members of the management board were removed with recommendation for trial, the assistant chairman was fired, and the chairman released from duty in view of his appointment to another post. . . And what's Masloprom anyway! Entire commissariats get it in the neck—just read the newspapers. What do you think—that they'll be afraid to touch us? They won't hesitate! They won't hes-i-tate! And what proposals are made to meet this situation? To change our representatives at the factory? To secure better transport of raw materials? To improve the premium system? Appoint a new director? Introduce red and black boards? Naive, comrades! Funny! Unutterably funny and naive. What is the use of closing our eyes? Will anyone present here venture to say that the factory will improve matters even by half before the end of the quarter! Nobody will venture to say anything of the kind. It's a difficult situation. Half-measures would be short-sighted and doubly dangerous. . . It is necessary to act decisively, boldly, and at the same time, far-sightedly. What do I propose? The Lazarevski factory we will tranform, rename, well, in a word, transmute into—a combinat. Yes, a combinat. And, if you like, a trust. What? What's the idea? There are smaller trusts than that in the provinces. We'll transform it into a local trust. Olga Maximovna, have a look in the files. There should be somewhere a paper from the Ivanovsk Regional Committee. At the beginning of last year, I think. They then requested us to transfer Lazarevski into the competence of the region. Then we categorically

refused. But now—now we categorically agree. What? I didn't interrupt you. Be good enough now to listen to your chairman and not interrupt him. . . . We will transform it into a regional trust. We will at once call back our representative—so as not to prevent the local organization from carrying out leadership. We will propose to the regional committee that they should either appoint a new director or leave the old one. That's their business. Let them be responsible! But the main thing is that we will immediately take Lazarevski out of our centralized production-financial plan. . .. And thus, as it is not difficult to see, we will at once alter the percentage of fulfillment! . . . To separate the sick from the healthy—that's the idea! Let the healthy be responsible for the healthy, and the sick for the sick! We will cut off the rotten part of the organism and give it the opportunity either of dying or of convalescing in conditions of well-timed isolation. . . Let the regional committee direct the factory. Let it guide it by all the methods of influence which it possesses. Let it expel people from the Party. Let it even cut the whole thing up to bits. What has that got to do with us? ! After all, the factory isn't in Moscow. . . This must be done right away, immediately, in a moment. We must display maximum operativeness. There are five weeks left till the end of the quarter. What we want is that when they begin to look at the quarter results we shall already be on the safe side. . . What? Not cunning, but wise, my dear comrades! You've got to have brains! Brains! What you need is a head on your shoulders. If it hadn't been for my head. we'd have been in the soup long ago.

Ivan Vadimovich Loves Literature

Sholokhov? Of course I've read him. Not everything, but I've read him. just what, I can't remember, but I've read him. *And Quiet Flows the Don*—surely that's not his? Oh, yes, of course I've read it. That is to say, I've had a look at it. Skimmed it, you know. . . I really haven't got time to read every line. Yes, and in my opinion, there's no need to. Personally, I can just look at a page and grasp the essence of the thing. It's a habit I've acquired from reading business reports. . . Yes, and, in general, writing nowadays is terribly weak! No guts about it, you know! No depth. . . Can't understand what's the matter. If you only knew what sort of conditions they get! Honorariums, passes to rest homes, holidays for creative work, trips. And then, no responsibility at all, no production-financial plan. Now, if I were fixed up like that for just six months, I'd write you something! Material! What does material matter? If the Party has put you at a given post, in literature, if you have a chance of working without the Erkaisti, without investigations, without having your nerves shattered—you should say thank you, and write a novel! If it's a non-Party man, then of course he has to have talent. But the Party helps them too. . . Fadeyev? Which one, the Leningrad one? There is only one? I thought there were two. . . Generally speaking, a strange sort of crowd. Sort of unorganized. . . I remember when Mayakovski was still alive, I decided to order some verses for the anniversary of the merging of Glavfayansfarfora and Soyousglinoproduktsbit. I rang up and asked for Mayakovski. "He's gone away for six weeks." I asked: "Who's his substitute?" They replied: "Nobody." What sort of a reply is that—nobody? Fellow went away for six weeks and left nobody in his place. . . Perhaps he thinks he's irreplaceable? We have no irreplaceable people! Then later on I rang up again twice, and in the middle of the day nobody answered the telephone. And

so generally speaking, nothing came of it. You have to have a long spoon to sup with these devils. . . A few days ago I was at the Moscow Soviet—just imagine, one of them appears and asks to be fixed up with a bungalow. How they spoke to him! "Unfortunately, we have no bungalows just now! Unfortunately it will be necessary for you to apply to the Bungalow Trust. . ." When he'd gone out, I asked: "Why unfortunately? Couldn't be buy himself a bungalow through Torgsin? After all, they earn piles of gold!". . . The "Academia" publications? Yes, I collect them—what culture! All in satin bindings with gilt. . . They say that there are special limited editions—bound in kid or shagreen, or something of that kind. Marvelous books! *The Golden Ass* of Apuleius, or something like that, a real pleasure! Or take Boccaccio. What a master of words! Now men like that could write dirty stuff, but how elegantly, how culturedly—you can't find fault. . . *The Iron Flood?* Of course! I read that before the Revolution, when I was still at school. One of the things that educated me politically. *Sunshine Storm?* Yes, I have it, began to read it and then gave it up. Boring! . . . What? Banned? What's banned—*Sunshine Storm*? When? Really?! Are you sure? . . . No, my dear fellow, I can't let you have it just now. First of all, I must read it myself. You don't happen to know which passages exactly led to its being banned? And then I must show it to Sergei Solomonovich. He certainly doesn't know that it's being banned. For one night? Oh, I know what that one night means. You take the book and then it needs bloodhounds to find you. . . Yes. . . Technique, technique, that's where they're limping. They haven't been able yet to master technique. If it's interesting—it's class-alien, if it's ideologically correct, then it bores you stiff. All these Auerbachs instead of holding conferences without end and getting special rations and bungalows for writers ought to be teaching them technique. Now if you could take a counter-revolutionary form and breathe into it our content, I'd be thankful to you. . .

Ivan Vadimovich Receives Guests

Now really, boys, I don't understand! What's the hurry? You might stay a bit longer! Pyotr Ilyich, it's all your fault: "I have to get up early, I have to get up early." And everybody's following your example. After all, we could send off Pyotr Ilyich and you could stay a bit longer. We can easily boil some more tea. There's sandwiches left, and vodka, two bottles of Abrasha-Durso. Only the ashberry brandy is finished. Nikita's been at work there. Yes, yes, Nikita, you're a smart fellow! Such a quiet one at work. But you took loving care of the ashberry brandy all right. A real example of Komsomol energy. Now don't you be embarrassed, Nikita, old boy. That's the style we need—decisive and unhesitating. It's a pity Sergei Solomonovich went off early—we could have asked him to form a special ashberry brandy department. And the manager of course would be Nikita! Allow me to find your coat for you. . . Yes, yes, I really must! We, as the saying is, are your hosts and you are our guests. Anyuta! Can't you hear me? Ilya Gregorovich is going. Passed out? Who? Anyuta? No, no, don't be silly. Anyuta's a regular fellow, the best of wives. She doen't pass out as easily as that. What? Now remember to keep your word: come round every day. We're homely people—Anyuta will always feed you, give you a drink, and be sweet to you. . . Now Anyuta, I was only speaking metaphorically. Your kindness is above suspicion. Although . . . what were you and Zhertunov whispering about in the corner? He wanted vodka? I know! Zhertunov speak straight. What were you asking

of my lawful wedded wife?! There's a nice business! Comes as a guest, and exploits his host's confidence, in order, as you might say, to tempt the wife. . . No, comrades, I mean it quite seriously: you must come oftener. You know the way now, and we'll always have a bottle of ashberry in store for Nikita. . . All the best of luck, Anton Fridrikovich! Come again, Ilya Gregorovich! If the door is closed downstairs—wake up our Cerberus on the left. The best of luck, the best of luck! Come round again, without fail! Come oftener. 'Bye. . . Whew! I'm tired. They certainly sat it out! What's the time? Half-past three? It's a good job that Pyotr Ilyich took the hint to drag the whole gang off with him. They'd have sat till eight o'clock otherwise. And twice they came from downstairs, and promised to complain to the house commandant. . . Why can't people understand when it's time for them to go? Well, let's get to bed—and out of spite, I hope they all have to get up early tomorrow. . . Well, what do you think? It seems to me it went off very nicely. Sventsyanski was very contented. He said to Anton Fridrikhovich that he would have stayed longer if he hadn't a report to prepare. Of course he really went more for the style of the thing. . . It turns out that we might easily have asked his wife. In general, she has her own crowd, but she'd have been pleased to come here. They say she's an awful wench. . . The food in general was all right. You were right—but I was afraid there wouldn't be enough. Now the Piramovs were very sly. For his fortieth birthday she bought pig's feet and heads and all kinds of rubbish in the market and made up an ordinary cold hash in basins—and everybody was very pleased with it. . . No, of course not, I think it was very well organized. It went off very, very nicely, particularly the salad—that was right to the point, that salad. Let them see that we have homemade stuff and not like the Morfeyevs—got the dishes and waiters from Mostrop—you might just as well have been invited to a restaurant. . . Well, that's the finish. We won't invite anybody now until May. Of course we had to do something. The whole winter we've been going around to other people, guzzling and drinking, and we had to make some kind of response. . . Well, we responded and that's that. If we were to invite people oftener, they would start saying: "Where does he get the money for it all?!" And what do you think of that little puppy, Nikita! The son of a bitch was sick all over the corridor. Not used to it. . . Why did I invite him? Because it was necessary. You, Anyuta, are absolutely lacking in political sensitiveness. Don't you understand that Nikita is the secretary of the Komsomol nucleus? Up till now he's been gabbing all the time about nepotism and intriguing. Well, now just let him try to open his mouth. From the same sort of considerations I invited Zhertunov and Karasevich. . . Karasevich, that swine! Came as if he were doing a favor. And then when he saw that Sventsyanski was here, and Sventsyanski was drinking, he melted right away. Cunning fellow. And Salomea Markovna—how she looked after her records! "Don't break them, don't break them. You can't get them in Moscow any more." Just like a serpent. But when it came to taking the china off the table, she didn't worry about breaking anything. Dunyasha should have cleared the table. By the way, what's the girl's idea in snatching plates away from under the noses of the guests? She grabbed plates away before people had finished! And then, what was your mother talking to Zhertunov about? Haven't I asked a thousand times that she shouldn't talk to our guests! Either let her hold her tongue, or let her spend the night at Nadya's. I'm certain she was blethering again about what nice parties there used to be once upon a time. Don't you understand that people take everything in the

worst sense? He'll nod and smile, and then later on he'll make a scandal about my petty-bourgeois environment. . . All right, we won't start quarreling about it. That story's as old as the hills! Did you see Pyotr Ilyich stuffing tangerines into his pocket? I thought that was simply laughable. But later on, Sventsyanski very much wanted a tangerine and there weren't any left, but Pyotr Ilyich was sitting there—I was so angry I scarcely kept control of myself. You invite people, invite with all your soul, invite them in a comradely way, and then they pinch your tangerines as if they were in a cooperative store! . . .

Ivan Vadimovich Distributes

Now, please don't interrupt me: I repeat: one must have a certain approach in approaching everything. Without an approach you will never get anywhere.From the Kudryashevski plant you have received the first forty Majolica services? Very good. These are samples of a new line? Very, very good. They're beautifully done? Splendid. You want to distribute them? Magnificent. You've drawn up a plan of distribution? Thank you. We've listened to this plan. It's no good at all. No good. Ten services to Fsenarpit, five to Fsekoopit, ten to the RSFSR, four to the Ukraine, three each to White Russia and Transcaucasia, one to Uzbekistan . . . two services to each trade union central committee for premiums to the best dining rooms and shock workers . . . what sort of routine is that?! What sort of tiresome, silly nonsense! Can we possibly evade the question this way? What dining rooms and what shock workers will you reward with these services, I ask you! It's you I'm asking! It's I who'm asking you! . . . You yourselves say: each service has twelve cups, twelve saucers, teapot, cream jug, sugar bowl and slop bowl. Do you think you can find a dining room for which twelve cups will be enough? Do you think you can find a shock worker who can seat twelve people at his table? You don't know the working class, that's what I'm telling you. For an institution your service is too small, and for an individual toiler, too big. This is not the way to distribute such objects. And I really am surprised: you have been three years under my leadership and you don't develop in the least. Everything must be done with the maximum of efficient effect. Distribution, you must understand, is a form of accounting. Distribution is taking into account all the points which must be accounted for in connection with such, that is, in connection with distribution. Understand? Take it concretely: what is Majolica? Before everything, it is kaolin. So! Who is the chairman of Kaolinzagotsbit? Petukhov, that's right. Well, then, write down: at the disposal of Comrade Petukhov, according to his personal directions, five services. To let him know, to let him feel what he supplies us with kaolin for, what the result is . . . Or rather, not five, but eight. Or rather, six. Got that down? How many left? Thirty-four. Good. What is Majolica in the next place? Fuel. Write down: eight services personally to the directors of fuel organizations, according to the directions of Pyotr Ilyich. Next comes the Potsherd Committee. Put down four for the committee. The assistant chairman, the two members of the presidium, and the business manager—just so they won't lose our letters in the future. The chairman? Well, after all, he's never there. After all, it's not his main job . . . All right. Put down five services in all for them. Now let's get on . . . What? Now then, Zhertunov always has practical ideas: we'll put aside two services for Silikatsbank. What? Ah, the press. Quite right, quite proper. Note it down: to the editorial offices of the newspaper *Za Farforizatsiu* two, no, three, services, no for the editorial office

itself, another personally for Pleshakov, and the third personally to Okachuryan . . . And then, we'd better engrave something on them. "To the warriors of self-criticism on the clay and china front." Or something of that kind . . . *Krasni Gonchar*? They won't choke without a service. Just a little trade union journal, what's the idea? . . . Well, all right, pour them off one . . . How many left? Only fifteen services?! Where have they all got to? Simply slip through your fingers . . . Who? Me? A service for me personally?! You're crazy? What have I got to do with it? What in God's name do I want with the stuff! . . . No, chuck it . . . And then, why only to me? Anton Fridrikovich is a man with a big family. He's more in need than I am. In fact, in general all the members of the management board . . . Well, all right then, let's put down half a dozen for the management board. And you, Olga Maximovna, you make a little shorthand note of the seventh for yourself. You're a working member of our collective, your secretarial work is much too important to be considered simply technical work . . . How many left? Eight? Yes, nothing to speak of. But would it not be better, comrades, would it not be better in order to avoid all these scandalous talks about self supply . . . would it not be better to sacrifice another pair? For the Party nucleus and the trade union committee. Olga Maximovna, put down two. Only let the design be the same on both so that they won't quarrel . . there . . . And six services we'll put in reserve. You never know what may happen. Some commission'll come round to investigate, somebody will have a jubilee, or we'll take patronage over some institution . . . Well, let's keep them in stock. There's no sense in sending valuable products out to the bazaars.

Ivan Vadimovich Faces Posterity

And then you put the multinomial in brackets? $X_4+2a—X—8_4$ . . . What? I say, divide the highest power of the dividend by the highest power of the divisor . . . Yes, of course, Then multiply by the divisor and . . . wait a minute . . . and deduct the dividend from the result. That is, the other way round: the result is to be deducted from the dividend. What did I say? Quite right, from the dividend. In this case the highest power of the remainder cannot be divided by the highest power of the dividend . . . Um-humh . . . So, what's the answer? In integers? Without fractions? No, there's something wrong here. Perhaps in the problem itself. Have a shot, Petya, at dividing it again. I'd do it for you myself if I had a second to spare, but right away there'll be a car hooting down below, and they'll be waiting to take me to a meeting . . . And in general, Petya, you have nothing to fuss about. Nowadays you don't have real learning, but just playing about. Now, if you'd been at school in my time, in the tsarist school! Now, that was a nightmare, a real horror . . . Nowadays you practically spit at your teachers. But in my day we were afraid of our teachers! They were absolutely tyrants, Petka. . . Now, who teaches you mathematics?—some sort of *shkrab*[1] in a dirty blouse, gets a hundred rubles a month and stands half the day in queues . . . But just you imagine what we had: Nikolai Aristarkhovich Shmigelski—a state counsellor, blue uniform, gold spectacles, and his beard perfumed with eau de cologne! The rascal wore a sword on saints' feast-days, and we kids were just in raptures. Now, when you went up to the blackboard to explain Newton's binomial theorem in front of a man like that, you felt that you were in

[1] Abbreviation of *shkolni rabotnik*, i.e., a school employe.

government service! Or the theology class—Father Oleandrov, also a disgusting personality. A violet robe, which rustled very pleasantly, also a well-groomed beard and a velvety voice . . . I was first in the catechism in his class, the son of a bitch! . . . No, that's a kind of little book made up by the Metropolitan Filaret. The dogma and morality of Christianity in a compressed form, not permitting misunderstanding or heretical interpretations. And notwithstanding the bad conditions of the tsarist school, I was always first in all classes, and finished secondary school with a gold medal. That gave me my cultural luggage for the Revolution, and nowadays for constructive work. And you ought to learn better. Buick? What Buick? Why haven't I got a Buick? What sort of a way is that to jump from one thing to another! And what do I want a Buick for? Do you think I've got a bad car? Vitka? Well, and what if he did brag? Vitka's papa is a member of the presidium and their presidium received four new Buicks . . . Why am I not a member of the presidium? There's lots of whys. That's too much for your head, Petka. But there'll come a time when I'll be a presidium member too . . . He invited you to ride in the Buick? Don't you dare, do you hear? I forbid it. Don't you thrust yourself forward; Vitka's papa will be angry, and I don't in the least want to fall out with him because of you. You mean to say his papa asked you to have a ride? I can't understand a word you say! Who invited you—Vitka, or Vitka's papa? Take your finger out of your nose! I stand talking to him, and he puts half his hand up his nose! And so he said: "Let me give you both a ride?" Of course you can go!! And what else did he say? . . . He didn't ask about me? Nothing at all? Well, that's just as well. And what did you say to him? You said nothing at all? What's the matter, are you dumb? The father of your comrade speaks to you, and you hold your tongue like a lump of wood. Now remember, perhaps you did say something? About what flat?. . . So that's what you said: "You've got a rotten flat. Ours is much better?" Idiot! Who asked you to?! What did you have to wag your tongue for, and give an incorrect impression of me? Anyuta, do you hear how our dear little son speaks to people?! Oh, yes, it is, it's very much your business! The child is growing up into a degenerate, says God knows what right into people's faces—of course it's your business! I worry myself out all day like the devil, sweat my guts out at work, don't sleep at night—always thinking how to arrange things better, and here—my very children in my own house strike me in the back! I demand that you sit down with Petka for an hour and explain to him in an elementary fashion what he should and what he should not say if he loves his father, and holds his family dear. No, I'd better do it. You've often no more sense than Petka. When is he going to give you that ride? . . . Well, then the day before he does, Petka, you and me will have a little talk. You're not a baby any longer. You must help your father in certain things.

Ivan Vadimovich Tells of a Certain Happening

Who me? You must have been dreaming. In the Kamerny Theatre? I never go there. I don't even know where it is! When was this? . . . At the end of March I couldn't possibly have had one free evening. I'm in charge of a circle and we were finishing up the session. And then in Soviet work there was the completion of the yearly report. It was simply physically impossible that I could have been there . . . Two steps from me? Either you mistook me for somebody else or you're just pulling my leg. Yes, I know

these little jokes . . . In the buffet, in front of you? I was sitting? Short? In general, even if I ever do . . . then it's only with tall ones. My voice? You must have been drunk. I said: "Test my strength?" Now, is it likely that I would say such a vulgar thing?! You just try and pull somebody else's leg. Perhaps I have a double . . . Well . . . all right, I'll tell you. But I must ask you in all seriousness to be as silent as the grave. Not a whisper! As silent as the grave. For you it's just a joke, but for me it might turn out to be not at all funny. I really wanted to tell you about it . . . only I implore you: as silent as the grave. She herself? Not on your life. She'll never gossip. In that connection she's a very nice wench; never a word to anybody. It's simply not in her interests . . . Yes, at an open Party meeting. She, it seems, had been working with us for two years already, but in the planning department and that's on another street. Some idiot or other made a speech about why Kovzukov in distinction from the other chauffeurs gets extra holidays and rations. Apparently, if you please, because he's my chauffeur . . . I was waiting for somebody to repel such demagogy. Nobody did. They all spoke about other things. I was just going to give information on a matter of fact, when up gets this . . . well, in a word, Galya. Very calm and business-like. "I," she said, "am non-Party myself, but I'm surprised that the comrades here in discussing such a big question as food supply drag in different chauffeurs and various questions of that sort. Why," she said. "are people allowed to make futile attacks against our leading comrades?" Then she spoke about depersonalization and equalization—not quite to the point, by the way, but never mind . . . Said that to him from whom much is asked, much should be given. Inasmuch, she said, as Kovzukov is intrusted with the responsible job of driving Ivan Vadimovich,—well, and so on . . . After the meeting I was walking along and accidentally overtook her. We started talking—not a word in connection with the incident—but just in general about the epoch and the interest of work. I accompanied her, but not to the very house in case she should start imagining things. And then, somehow or other, twice more . . . Well, you know, in the office, I don't even look at anybody. My principle is: don't foul your own nest . . . All the same, I could see that the girl herself wanted . . . And after all, I'm not a stone either. I asked for her record. I don't do things like that clumsily so that people would guess. On the line of solicitude for personnel, I picked out fourteen names on the list of employes and asked for their records. Her record among them. I saw that by her questionnaire everything was very nice, she had worked a number of years in a children's home, then in transport, then with us as a planning instructor . . . Well, the wife had gone to see her people, and we arranged a meeting. She's reckoned to be married, but doesn't live with her husband. And what's nice about it is that she has an absolutely separate room! The door is in the corridor of the flat, but right at the entrance. She reads a lot—Zweig, Countess Tolstoy's letters to her husband, she's a subscriber to the small Soviet encyclopedia. And then very nice linen. And that too, you know, plays a part. Well, of course, I don't make a fool of myself either. She said to me . . . silly, of course . . . I'm simply giving you an idea of the thing . . . she said that in me there was a lot of primitive strength . . . Only please, not a word to anybody! As silent as the grave. And we'd been at the Kamerny before that time. A week after the meeting . . . She wanted to go to the Bolshoi, but I refused—politely and firmly. In the Bolshoi you never know who might see you. And another important thing: I was afraid that I might get something. After all, I'm a family man. I even

took precautions . . . but that was all nonsense. There's no ground whatever for suspicions. She herself told me that before me for four months she had had absolutely nobody, in general; and I quite believe her . . . what's nice about her is that she doesn't ask for anything. I recognize, she says, the distance between me and you, and she says, let it be like that always. The only thing is that I made her secretary of the department because in the big room her head used to split because of the noise . . . Well, and, Kovzukov transported some products for her once or twice, and I promised to get some coal for her . . . After all, a person has to keep warm . . . "I don't want anything from you," she says, "except what I can't get myself." After all, such an attitude is very nice . . . I implore you, don't even think of saying a word in front of Anyuta, even by way of a joke! Anyuta doesn't understand jokes. She's got no sense of humor. To all questions of this character her approach is extremely primitive.

Ivan Vadimovich Is Unable to Get to Sleep

What time can it be? Anyuta wouldn't believe that there are mice in the place. Now, if I woke her up she'd hear them . . . no, it's not worth while. She'd start chattering, and then I'd never get to sleep . . . How badly these cooperative houses are built! You can hear absolutely everything. Gramophone . . . that's Bondarchuk's, very likely—seeing him off to organizational work on the periphery . . . And in the spring I very nearly got sent to the periphery. Just managed to clear out of it . . . Although . . . on the periphery, too, people live. I'd come to Moscow for congresses. On the periphery I would ride around on horseback . . . I need to ride to thin down. Piramov is stouter than I am. Piramov has a genuine belly, and mine has only begun . . . And once, after all, I was quite thin . . . How I used to dive off bridges into the river! Nowadays, I wouldn't dive like that . . . Although perhaps I would. What was the river called? Silveranka . . . I'll have to answer Silverschmidt's inquiry tomorrow—that paper's been lying around for two weeks already. Silverschmidt . . . and then there's Silverman. He's in the gold trust . . . That's funny. Silverman in the gold trust . . . But if it were the other way around, Goldman in the silver trust . . . That's not funny. God knows what goes on in one's head at night. Have to get to sleep! . . . That's Petka, groaning in his sleep. And I just couldn't solve that problem for him. Fibbed that I had no time . . . but I think he saw through it. But he kept quiet. It's funny, Petka is still a kid, and yet he tries not to anger me. I'm getting old . . . Petka's handwriting is like mine already. It's interesting: what will Petka be at my age? . . . By that time there should already be the classless society . . . God, how I've missed the Marxism circle! That's the fourth time I've missed already . . . Have to prepare something, read something. Soon there'll be the cleansing . . . No, it's no use thinking of that. Although perhaps it's better to prepare beforehand for anything. Karaseyevich will certainly come out against me . . . what about transferring him to the Rostov office? He'd see through it, the bastard. He'd deliberately come to Moscow for my cleansing! Isn't it rotten to feel that somewhere near you there lives and breathes an enemy . . . Now if I were to get a year's holiday. No, not enough. Ten years. Or even five . . . Or as they do it in the west: "Announced that he is retiring from political life. . . ." It's interesting: how would I have lived if there hadn't been a revolution? I'd have graduated in law and been a barrister. Probably I'd have stayed in Penze . . . How funny it was last year to walk again down the boulevard where once I kissed Olya.

Where is she now? During the war she was a nurse, walked out with officers . . . Practically stopped speaking to me. Then beyond a doubt she escaped abroad. She was beautiful, damn it . . . It she hadn't escaped I'd have married her. She couldn't have married anybody else. Nobody from Penze has got as far as I . . . Yashka Kiparisov behaves himself properly now. He was lately quite familiar—on the basis that he and I once chased pigeons together. Well, anybody might have chased pigeons with anybody . . . It's a good job that I started speaking icily to him . . . And there, the winter's gone past again, and I've only gone skating twice . . . And yet, I made a resolution to go twice a week! . . . What a lot of good resolves I haven't kept! . . . Skating, stop smoking, read *Capital,* break off with Galya, learn English, fire Kovzukov . . . take Petka into the country, well, that doesn't matter . . . master technique . . . restrain myself when Anyuta annoys me. She ought to be ashamed of herself, the way she carries on! When I die, she'll know what she's lost. And that very Anton Fridrikhovich who sticks to her like a glove—he doesn't even want to fix her up as a typist . . . They're all friends for the time being! . . . Well, I'm a fine one myself. . . . When Yanushkevich was expelled—I didn't recognize him in the antechamber. That was really a dirty trick! I'll have to ask him round to tea. Only just the two of us, so as not to start people talking . . . He's certain to be reinstated soon . . . What if I were expelled! . . . I'd shoot myself. No, probably not . . . But what could I do with myself? Nowadays everywhere you have to know technique. What could I be?! A consultant perhaps . . . But on what questions? . . . No, they won't expel me. It's impossible. But suppose they did! Hundreds of thousands of men are expelled. Surely they're not all worse than I am . . . If you count up to a thousand they say, you drop off to sleep . . . One, two, three, four, five, six, seven . . . No, it's disgusting . . . Dunyashka hasn't come home yet . . . lives with some Komsomol or other, the bitch! Have to tell her not to bring him here. A nice business—a Komsomol in the kitchen! Well, I couldn't put him in the dining room! . . . Perhaps I should get a book to read? . . . No, Anyuta would wake up—and that would be worse.

Translated from the Russian by H. O. Whyte

Leonid Lench

The Love Boat

This spring, out of a clear sky, a certain Leningrad girl student, fell in love with the young communist school organizer. He was a serious young man with a pompadour bristling like a porcupine, completely immersed in studies.

Generally speaking he did not belong to those dreadful, emancipated-looking scholars; he simply didn't think of love. He was too absorbed in his work.

But Lenochka—the name of our student—was not deterred from falling in love three or more times a semester. Her's was an amorous disposition.

Having fallen in love with the young communist organizer, Lenochka began to look sad. Putting it in the language of the classics, she did not know how to open up her heart to her lover, to reveal her feelings."

Lena was not a Party member and Comrade Klirikov when meeting her in the hall, would merely discuss current and social topics.

How to explain Lenochka's "unsatisfactory" in dialectical materialism? Would the young lady take on the task of distributing the central publications?

Lenochka answered the questions of the young communist organizer very promptly but would look sadly at his pompadour and say to herself:

"If I could only say: I failed in materialism because I love you, Comrade Klirikov. Phew, how silly. Better thus: I love you, Kolia, and will undertake with pleasure the distribution of the central publications. My God, that's sillier still!"

Lenochka was silently wasting away with longing and suppressed emotion. She became thin, her eyes looked sunken in, and gazed upon the world with an inexpressible sadness.

Her room-mates pressed her with questions, but she would only wave her hand hopelessly.

"Leave me alone!"

Then a member of the Young Communist League committee, the energetic Reeva Munshtein, decided to speak to Klirikov himself about Lenochka's sad eyes.

"Listen, Kolia," Reeva said, "you must do something about Lenka. The girl is fading away. Have you noticed her eyes at all?"

"Her eyes are beautiful," said the young communist organizer meditatively.

"Her eyes look sad, Klirikov! And did you ever stop to think why a nineteen-year old Soviet girl should have sad eyes? Such sad eyes are no doubt a result of some maladjustment which we are not aware of."

"Hm—perhaps there are some love complications?"

"Even so . . . Shouldn't the collective help a comrade whose 'love boat broke on the rocks of life?' Call her in and have a heart to heart talk. . ."

"Well, if the 'boat broke' then of course. . . . Only, really, I don't know how to talk about . . . about the boat theme!"

"You must know."

That same evening Klirikov called Lenochka to his office: She came, pale and trembling, sat down on the edge of a chair, and raised her beautiful, mournful, love-sick eyes to the young communist organizer.

"Her eyes really are . . ." thought Klirikov, and said gently:

"Lately, Lena, you seem to be unhappy. Reeva thinks your eyes look too sad. And even your room-mates are disturbed because of your eyes. They look at them and become worried. This has acquired a social significance. Tell me, what is the trouble, perhaps I can help you?"

Lenochka lowered her head and red blotches appeared on her cheeks. Of course dear Klirikov could help her, but how say it, how say it!

The young communist was murmuring gently:

"Don't be ashamed, Lena, speak openly. I, of course, don't want to interfere in your personal affairs, but . . . perhaps you . . . perhaps it is love unreciprocated. Yes, Lena?"

Lenochka was silent.

"You may tell me Lena. After all we're members of the same collective. We'll call him in, talk things over, like communists, openly and frankly, and find out the reasons for these complications. We'll even punish the rascal if necessary. Should he be punished?"

"He should," said Lenochka and looked at Klirikov with such tenderness, that the young communist organizer became fidgety in his chair.

"Well, why don't you answer? If he is not a Party member, we can bring pressure through the trade union as a last resort."

"And if he is a member of the Young Communist League?" whispered Lenochka in a barely audible voice.

"If he is a Party member—the thing is simpler. He, what—the scoundrel doesn't want to look at you?"

"No!"

"Probably won't even say a kind word!"

"No!" (Lenochka sighed).

"And you love him very much?"

"Very!" Lenochka blushed.

Kolia Klirikov stood up resolutely.

"Is it long since this hussar abandoned you?"

Lenochka mumbled something unintelligible.

"Will there be a child?"

Lena flushed crimson and shook her head.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Kolia Klirikov seriously, "give me his full name. And we'll discuss the matter at the bureau. First name?"

"Nikolai. Kolia!"

"Nikolai? All right. Second name?"

"Klirikov," said Lenochka and suddenly burst into tears.

The young communist organizer first dropped his pencil, then the notebook and walked out of the room on tip-toe. He soon returned, however.

They walked out of the office, together, holding hands. Lenochka's eyes were sparkling. There wasn't even a shadow of sadness in them. Kolia Klirikov looked somewhat embarrassed.

In the dining-room they met Reeva Munshtein. She called Klirikov aside. and whispered:

"Did you speak?"

"I spoke."

"Did it help?"

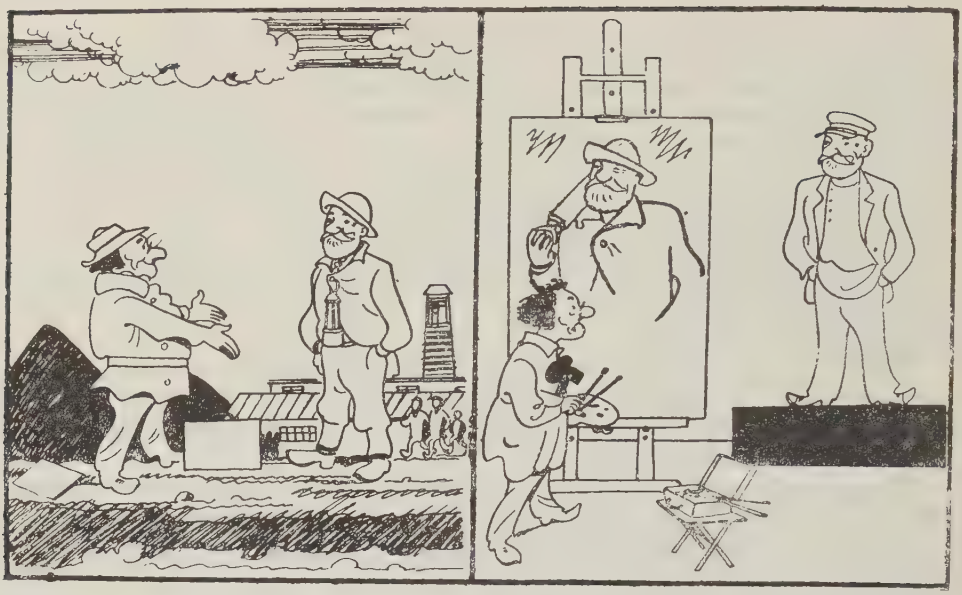
"As though a hand removed it."

"That's what an understanding approach to a human being means," said Reeva.

Translated from the Russian by Rae Bunim

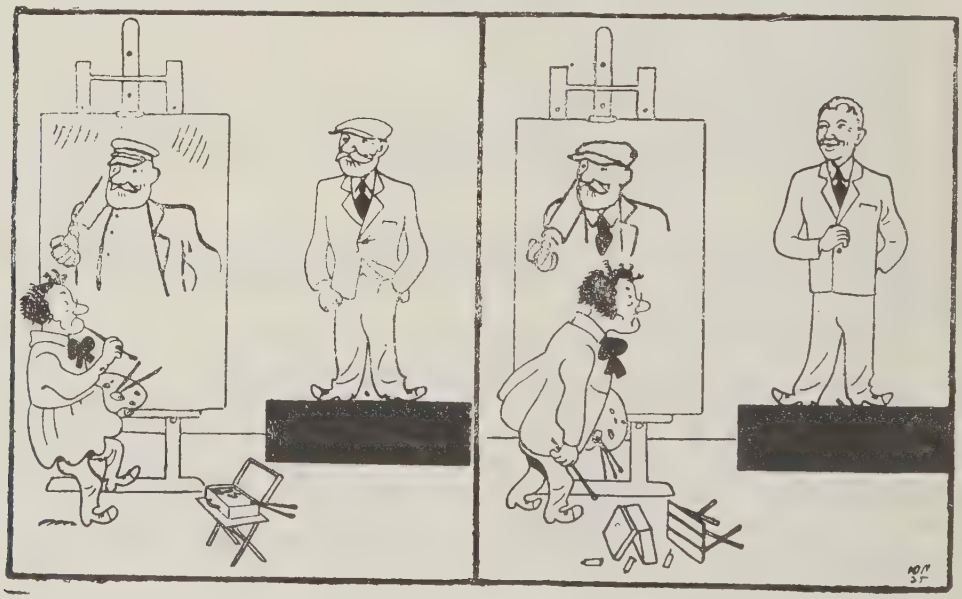
THE EVOLUTION OF APPEARANCE

Drawn By U. GANF



1. "I must make a painting of you," the artist said excitedly. "You are the typical miner-shock brigader. You have the typical whiskers of a coal miner. In your exterior there is something that belongs specifically to the coal mining industry."

2. Ten days later. Another sitting. "Pardon me," said the artist somewhat upset, "it seems to me you looked a little different the last time." "Yes," answered the miner, "I earned some extra money, so I bought myself new clothes."



3. Third Sitting. The artist asked in great amazement: "And where is your relative, the one I was painting?" "I am the one", the miner assured him. "Strange," sighed the artist. "And the suit? Where is the miner's exterior?" "A Stakhanovite," answered the miner shortly. "Ten quotas. Big wages. Understand?"

4. Fourth sitting. The artist wasn't even upset. He simply asked: "May I take your picture?" "If you want to," the Stakhanovite answered. "Don't you want to paint me any more?" "Well, no" answered the artist sadly. "Can an artist's brush keep up with you?" The artist was almost right. This was one of those rare occasions when photography could compete with the art of painting.

G. Riklin

Insane Jealousy

That evening we were all in a peaceful state of mind, drinking tea with "Pushkin" biscuits, and conversing quietly on lofty topics: about unfortunate marriages, family quarrels, and acts of violence committed in moments of insane jealousy.

We all agreed that jealousy is a base instinct, which must be extirpated, roots and all, as a survival of the cursed past.

And with that many of us, carried away by a feeling of selfrighteous indignation over the mention of this survival, recalled various incidents caused by uncontrollable jealousy.

There was a young lawyer in our midst, who was recently commissioned to Odessa. His entire attention was on his tea, he smoked and took no part in our spirited conversation. But when the conversation turned on sulphuric acid as a means of chemical warfare used among the jealous, he suddenly livened up, pushing his glass aside, and striking the teaspoon against the saucer, called for attention.

"Everything that you were telling here, dear comrades," he began, clearing his throat professionally, "will pale before what I am about to tell you. And I must warn you: in the entire story, there is not a drop of untruth, not a grain of what is tactfully called artistic creation.

"Not long ago I was in Odessa. I had occasion to visit one of the chambers of the People's Court. A few of my acquaintances and I were sitting in an office conversing in a half-whisper, waiting for the judge to come in from the court session.

"The courtroom adjoined the office and through the half-open door we caught snatches of phrases uttered by the judge, the defence counsel, the accused and others. From these snatches of phrases it was easy to understand what the case was about!—Man and wife. He, a craftsman working at home, she a housewife.

"A craftsman working at home does not necessarily limit himself to the family circle. And so one day the housewife discovers that her husband has been visiting a certain lady. Of course, scandals, hysterics, quarrels, and all other manifestations of mutual respect.

"Everything is simple and clear. Not very interesting. But then a comic element is introduced into the affair: the housewife saved up some money out of the household expenses and on the birthday of the craftsman presented him with a pair of kid boots.

"The voice of the woman whose nobler instincts have been outraged, reaches us:

". . . 'He, if you please, left me and went to the home of this impudent citizeness in the red hat, sitting in the first row, laughing at me. He went—let him go to the deuce . . . You can't hold by force. But what right did he have to take with him the kid boots. That's what I am most unhappy about, comrade judge. . . .'

"A man's voice interrupts her:

". . . 'Tell about the sulphuric acid. This is not a woman, but a criminal. She ran into a stranger's home and dashed sulphuric acid. . . Ruined!. . . .'

"So that's what it is! The matter is not so simple, it turns out. Another act

of violence committed in a moment of insane jealousy. I immediately visualized a face burnt with this poisonous liquid. Someone mutilated for life. Who? The husband or his beloved one?

"But suddenly . . . What's happening in the courtroom? Why such laughter? What's funny?

"I make my way into the room. I stand there and can't make out a thing. Homeric laughter. The audience is laughing. The witnesses are laughing. The young lad, secretary of the judge, is roaring in a piercing soprano. The defence counsel, the complainant, the judge himself together with the jury are laughing.

"At last the judge takes a little water, calms himself, quiets the audience and addresses the craftsman:

". . . 'Please repeat how it all happened.'

". . . 'With pleasure, comrade judge! I am ready to repeat it seven times a day, and at any place. My former wife, a backward and an old fashioned woman (wife's voice: 'As God is my witness, am I an old-fashioned woman or on the contrary?'). I, of course, because I loved her, went to live with another citizeness. When I left the house, which was early in the morning, in runs this insane citizeness, my former wife (wife's voice: 'Former wife, eh!') with a bottle of sulphuric acid. She, of course, runs into the room of this citizeness, and pours the liquid right on the kid leather boots, which were standing near the closet. She ruined a pair of good boots and there is nothing funny about it. They cost—220 rubles! Is it possible to go to such ugly extremes? And what if instead of my boots, my dark-blue suit of English cloth, had been hanging there? She would have ruined that? . . . Do I understand her to be in the right?' "

Translated from the Russian by Rae Bunin

ART

A. Zamoshkin

Alexander Gerasimov's Work in Art

The art of Alexander Gerasimov is positive and vigorous. Its romantic glorification of real life is essentially the romance of revolutionary heroism as embodied in the leaders of the Revolution. A. Gerasimov perceives that realism, unwarmed by romance, bears only an external resemblance to life. He is ever careful to make himself understood and inherently orients himself on hundreds of thousands of spectators.

Through all of A. Gerasimov's work in recent years runs the militant theme of modern life. The gallery of his works is rich and variegated: portraits, landscapes, paintings of groups. Form and color in his works never protrude separately. His canvases are marked by a certain decorative monumentalism, but his realistic style is alien to ornateness.

A. M. Gerasimov was born in 1884 in the family of a cattle dealer in the town of Kozlov, at present Michurinsk. He first studied in a parochial school, where he excelled in drawing. Before and after school hours he worked with his father. When 14 years of age, he left school to work full time assisting his father. He travelled about to country fairs, trading in cattle and grain.

Once when sitting in a store, he saw a trader draw a picture of a horse on a piece of paper. The drawing so attracted him that he tried to reproduce it and finally succeeded. Later, on occasion, when stopping at a tavern, he would draw pictures of the motley patrons.

The artist Krivolutski once saw Gerasimov draw and persuaded him to prepare to enter an art school. In 1903 A. Gerasimov, then 19 years old, went to Moscow and with seventeen others took the entrance examination to the School of Painting. Of the two accepted as students, Gerasimov was one.

Here, in 1908, he became the pupil of Prof. Arkhipov, who contributed greatly to the formation of his artistic habits, his basic views and his realistic method. Ever since his student days, Gerasimov has stood for realism and has been irreconcilably opposed to decadence, symbolism and futurism.

The picture "Festival of Spring" (1910) which first brought him fame, was made under the influence of K. Korovin and the French impressionists. A. Gerasimov's years of work with Korovin were years of growth, of mastering the heritage of Russian impressionism.

In 1915 Gerasimov made two works for his diploma: one a water-color group portrait, "Lecture of Klyuchevsky," gave him the title of artist; the other, a design for a monument to the victims of the war, gave him the title of architect.

After graduating from the School of Painting, A. Gerasimov was mobilized into the Army. He returned from the front in 1918 to the town of Kozlov. Here, he organized a "Commune of Artists," decorated the town for the First Anniversary celebrations of the October Revolution, modelled a bust of Karl Marx for the main city square, painted murals to decorate people's club houses.

For a number of years, he worked on stage sets for the Kozlov Theatre. Here, he followed the decorative principles of Korovin. In 1925, he painted the sets for the Moscow Operetta Theatre.

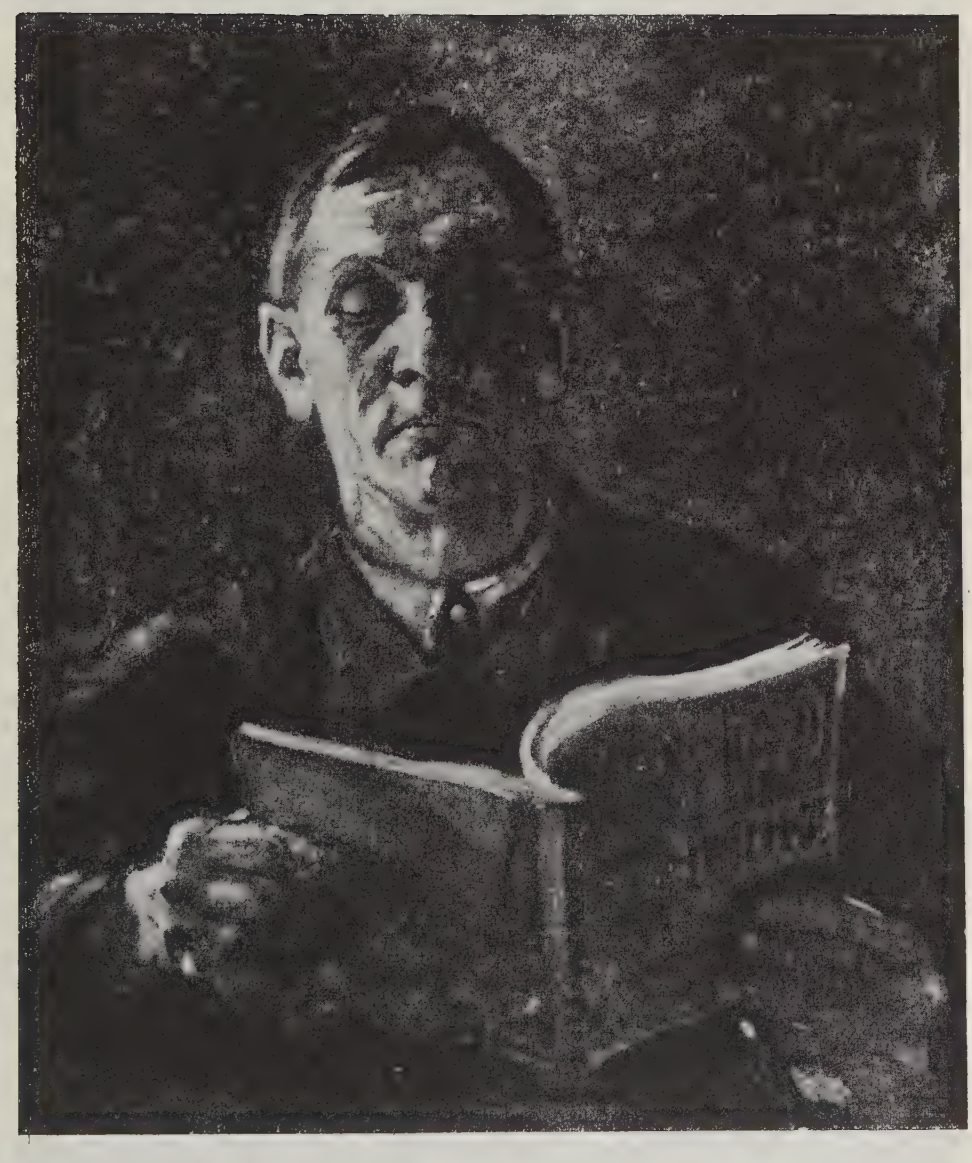
Only since 1926, when he joined AKHR (Association of Artists of the Revolution) and finally turned to easel painting, has A. Gerasimov matured to his present stature as an artist. His paintings "Steppe," "Blooming Peony," "Garden in Flower," "Portrait of Michurin," "Hay Making," "Etude of Young Communist Girl," were well received by Lunacharsky and others.

In 1929, he contributed his popular painting "Lenin on the Rostrum," to the first exhibit of the All-Union Cooperative Society of Artists which he was active in organizing. This painting has since been acquired by the Tretyakov Gallery.

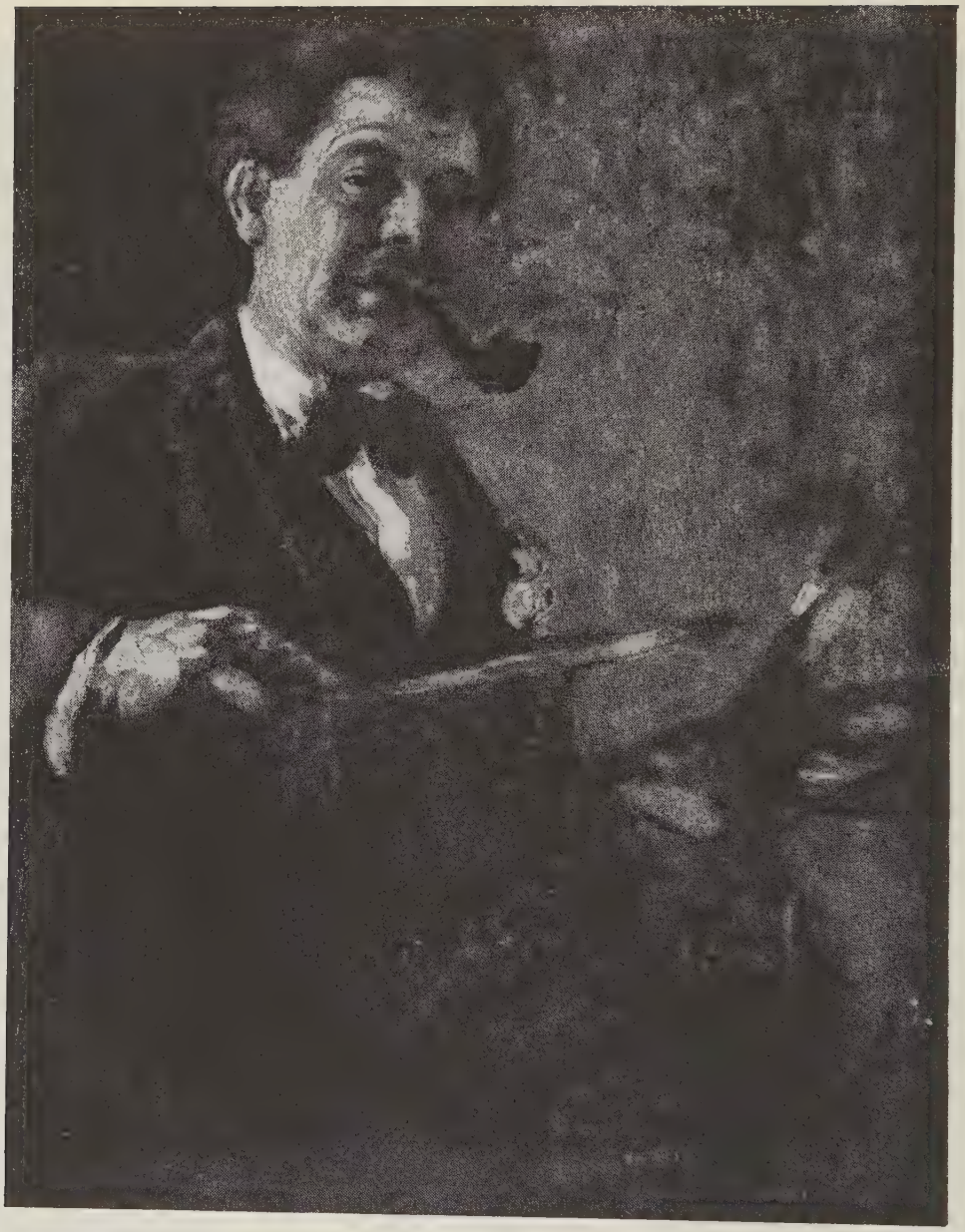
In 1933, he exhibited his large work "Stalin at the XVI Party Congress."

In 1934 he was sent abroad by the Peoples Commissariat of Education. He travelled in Germany, Italy and Turkey. He worked intensely in Rome and Paris. Almost daily he went out with his easel on the streets and squares sketching the city landscape and the people. When he returned, he exhibited his paintings. Both the modern abstract art of Paris, typical of the epoch of imperialism and the fascist art of Italy, on which is the indelible stamp of decay, impressed him negatively.

Detail From Painting: Budyonny's Red Cavalry



Portrait of Artist Antropov



Self-Portrait

BOOKS and FILM REVIEWS

E. Galperina

The Theme of Human Capabilities

André Gidé's Les Nouvelles Nourritures[1]

The first pages of the *Nouvelles Nourritures* are astonishing. They give one the feeling of a dew-drenched garden at dawn, a feeling of clarity, frankness and joyous simplicity such as have not been seen for long in Western literature. One is amazed by the light and natural grace, the youthful passion with which André Gide perceives life. This is indeed a song of the world's dawn.

At the foundation of life there is joy. Such is the basic thought, or rather the basic emotion of Gide's book. With wide open eyes he stands before the amazing miracle of life. "Everything upon this earth astonishes me." Thus is born the thought that life is divinity, thus arises the word "God" which for the Soviet reader sounds a little strange in this book, but which essentially is for Gide as conventional a term as the name of Pan. "Who said great Pan was dead?"

It would be idle to seek a finished philosophical system in this book which is, as it were, the crown of Gide's creative work. But in this book there is a wonderfully complete and harmonic perception of reality. A joyous, life-asserting, triumphant pantheism. The names of Goethe and Spinoza gleam on these pages. Gide, indeed, does raise their ideas, as it were, from the dead. But now the thesis that the foundation of life is joy acquires a completely new meaning because it is pronounced at the dawn of a new world.

And reading the *Nouvelles Nourritures* here in Moscow you experience a peculiarly Soviet pride. It is our country which has made it possible for Gide to write a book full of the freshness of morning. It is our country which has made it possible for him to become "a naturally joyous soul."

Joy is natural, suffering artificial—that is the thought which persistently arises in Gide's mind. Man was born for happiness, as a part of nature he is full of that natural joy which constitutes the soul of the world. It is only the ugliness of society which distorts his joy and brings into life the artificiality of suffering. This is the reason Gide prefers the natural sciences to history.

It is important to realize how unusual in the contemporary West is the thought of the naturalness of joy. You ask yourself how Gide has been able to preserve through scores of years such a freshness of spirit, such a youthful thirst for life. Perhaps only the writers of the old generation of the Western intelligentsia, these wonderful veterans, André Gide and Romain Rolland, are capable of this emotion. Their juniors grew up poisoned. In comparison with the people of the post-war "lost generation" Gide seems really a youth. Who out of these "naturally despairing souls" could create such a joyous hymn of life? Even those who have been able to overcome despair, who are creating books of struggle—could they convey this nuance of joy which is so light, so gracious and so charming?

Among the groans of the bourgeoisie faced with the end of its world, among the hysterical whimperings of the intellectuals who are wandering on the edge of the night, Gide asserts joy, the morning of the new world. The *Nouvelles Nourritures* is a book of great and sincere beauty, but in contrast with the whole decadent philosophy of death and despair it is at the same time a deeply militant book. The mere fact of the appearance of a book full of such youthful love for life in the despair-soaked West is a fact of great political significance. Truly, as Gide wrote in his *Journal:* "The USSR gives one back the taste for life."

The *Nouvelles Nourritures* makes a decisive break with an entire tradition of Western thought, the cultivation of suffering, which has Dostoyevsky as its idol. Affirming that "joy is more rare, more difficult and more splendid than sorrow" Gide comes close to Gorky with his struggle against the epigones of suffering who have turned into a farce what in Dostoyevsky was a great tragedy.

This optimistic book is an example not only for the young Nathanael, who has now become "the comrade," but also for the writers of France. It says once again that the time has long since come to create, in opposition to the literature of futility death and despair, a positive and heroic literature.

[1] English Translation: *Fruits That Are New.*

a literature of positive values. Books directly turned towards the future and impetuously drawing the reader towards it.

The *Nouvelles Nourritures* is deliberately written in the same style as the *Nourritures Terrestres*[1] which appeared in 1895. What is new in it?

In the tragedy *Oedipe* Gide makes Oedipus answer all the questions of the sphinx with one word which includes all the other answers. This word is "man." Man and his capabilities, the problem of the fulfillment of man, is the basic inner theme of all Gide's creative work. But only twice has this theme found in Gide an optimistic and joyous solution: forty years ago in the *Nourritures Terrestres,* and now in the *Nouvelles Nourritures.* In the interval between them, the theme of man was developed in all Gide's books, but these books were a lamentation over the tragic impossibility of man's fulfillment, books about a mutilated, not a complete, man.

The early *Nourritures Terrestres* was remarkable. An intoxicated, full-blooded, radiant hymn of life, of joy, sung to all the fruits of the earth, to all delights. A genuine revelry of sensation. The apotheosis of fulfilled man, quenching to the very end the thirst of all his passions, desires, capabilities. The symbol of life was for Gide "a fruit full of sweetness upon lips full of desire." Addressed to the unknown youth, Nathanael, this book was to serve as an example, to awaken just such a thirst for life, to inspire the thought that every moment of life must be a delight.

In the *Nourritures Terrestres,* the problem of man's fulfillment seemed decided. In a certain sense it may be said that for bourgeois society this was a Utopian book. But the decision of the problem was given only for one individual man on the path of development of his own "I". And in bourgeois society such a solution is possible only for individuals, consequently it is not a real solution.

Genuine and natural joy must include dignity. Which it cannot have if the joy of one is built on the oppression of another, on the humiliation of millions. This is a very simple thought, which, however, has always seemed banal to those who—to employ Gide's image—sit in the boat and cut off the fingers of drowning people who grasp its sides. But Gide has felt this simple truth with such sharpness that all his books following the *Nourritures Terrestres,* from the *Prométhée Mal Enchainé* onwards, have incessantly developed this idea.

Gide was always in the grip of a contradiction: passionately urging forward to the realization of all the capabilities hidden in human beings, he knew that this realization was unattainable on the path of bourgeois egoism. He knew that on the path of the solitary individual there was no solution. And Gide wrote bitter books, tragic, full of yearning, books with a double meaning, without solution, deliberately unfinished, like the *Caves du Vatican* or the *Faux Monnaveurs,* and he cultivated complexity and double significance. The theme of the fulfillment of man turned out to be the theme of the mutilation of man, and we, along with Gide, wept over what the bourgeoisie had smothered in man; we understood very well that Gide's grief was an expression of his great truthfulness.

There is no need to say how dear to us is Gide's theme, the theme of human capabilities. For this is our theme, the theme of those millions of persons stifled by capitalism, who are unable to rise not only to their fulfillment, but often even to the idea of it. But for us the theme of man was always the theme of millions, the theme of humanity waiting for the liberation of the forces and abilities hidden within it. And we are glad to see that Gide's new book transfers this theme precisely to this plane of humanity.

The creative work of Gide has developed not by abandoning his inner theme, nor by its simple repetition, but by widening it and deepening it. Now Gide's theme has grown beyond the boundaries of solitary man and has risen to the scale of humanity. The image of the dawn has become the image of the dawn of human history and it is not accidental that the young Nathanael has become the comrade. The deepening of the theme is seen from the very construction of the book. The image of morning freshness which begins the book widens to a whole philosophy of pantheism in the second section, is enriched by illustrations and the images of "the encounters" in order to embrace everything completely and synthetically in the last part, where there are brought forward the great ideas of progress, of the movement towards the future of all humanity as a whole.

The *Nouvelles Nourritures* is deeper and more weighty than the *Nourritures Terrestres.* It is young, this book. But the more you peruse it, the clearer it is that its charm lies precisely in the combination of youthfulness and maturity, of freshness and wisdom, in its costly simplicity; the latter characteristic is displayed in Gide's style, which is polished to the point where it seems quite simple, light and unforced.

Gide's theme, the theme of human capabilities and the fulfillment of man, was always the very own theme of oppressed humanity. It was always the very own theme of Marxism. Ninety years ago in the Comunist Ma-

[1] English Translation: *Earthly Fruits.*

nifesto, in the words "proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains. They have a world to win"—in these words this theme was already present. All the works of Marx spoke of unfulfilled humanity. In the years of Gide's life thousands have died in prison so that in the future the talents of millions might be unchained. The problem is not new for us. But with us, it is already a matter of solving the problem. It is a matter of action.

Never has this been seen so clearly as since the beginning of the Stakhanov movement. Millions have been born as creators. Talents, capabilities, wishes, gifts which were chained and which slept for centuries have now awakened, have broken to the surface, are creating a new life. There has begun the gathering of the harvest. Are not Maria Demchenko and Dusya Vinogradova —women whose ancestors were slaves and who today come forward as organizers of labor on the scale of a whole country—are not they living realizations of Gide's theme?

Perhaps it would be well specially to emphasize here the factor of creation. We see the blossoming of human personalities, not only in that revelry of sensation, in that sensualistic hedonism which filled the *Nourritures Terrestres.* The image of fulfilled man, which at first glance would seem such a dynamic image, was actually in that book like a kind of sponge passively drawing into itself all the "juices of the earth." We delight in the pantheism of the *Nouvelles Nourritures* where man enters into union with nature.

In the complete man the active, decisive, creative factor is foremost for us. To unchain the capabilities of people means to give them the opportunity for creation, invention. To unchain not only desires, but talents. The opportunity not only to imbibe the world, but to change it, reconstruct it, create it anew. Freed humanity is for us not only ready to satisfy all these desires, but surges forward in a tremendous outburst of popular collective creation. Not only union with nature is splendid; still more. splendid is to harness it for one's self, to struggle with it, to go forward to the unbounded battle for the conquest of the world. Fulfilled man is before all things a creator. Therefore life for us is before all things creation.

How was it possible that a creative work like *Nourritures Terrestres,* dedicated to the theme of human capabilities, a theme which it would seem must excite every man, that such a creative work for long did not find a wide reading public? Gide was an acknowledged master of French literature, his books exerted an enormous influence. But this influence was limited to a narrow upper section of the intellectuals. And in recent years we have read in many of Gide's utterances how tragic for him it was to be a writer for the elect.

But is it surprising that the bourgeoisie did not understand Gide? What interest did the bourgeoisie have in the stifled aspects of human personality when itself it did everything to stifle them, when upon this was based its whole structure? Individual refined members of the bourgeoisie could understand Gide only inasmuch as the bourgeoisie, having made all humanity ugly, had at the same time made itself ugly. Individualist intellectuals read Gide with delight, but they sought in him their own theme—yearning for the murdered desires of "my" separate refined personality. Gide's books were isolated from their real readers, from those masses of the people, from that advanced—in a deep historic sense—reading public, for whom the theme of stifled talents and capabilities was really its own great and tragic theme. These millions of people oppressed by the bourgeoisie were genuinely able to value Gide's yearning for a complete life if only this yearning were expressed in a more real, less abstract and less individualistic form.

What has changed now? Now Gide is beginning to find his own real reader. We have heard that Gide now receives letters from the unemployed, and this fact alone cannot fail to move anyone to whom Gide's creative work is dear. In the *Nouvelles Nourritures* the widening and the social "resonance" of the old theme make it possible for a much wider public to appreciate it. But this is not the only thing. The reader also is changing. He is being created by newly awakening revolutionary France. He is being created in the West by the USSR, which has made the problem of the complete socialist man accessible to and understandable for millions of people in the West.

With us, at the present time, when the humanist essence of our society is becoming ever more clear, Gide's books are finding a wide response. Not only the *Nouvelles Nourritures,* but also the books which preceded it. Precisely because the reader goes from the latest book to the earlier ones and scans them for the social resonance of the theme of man which in them was not completely formulated. And Gide's books will for our reader be linked with his own inner theme—the liberation of labor and the liberation of creative energy.

We accept the *Nouvelles Nourritures* as a book of youth not only because of the images of dawn and of love for life, but also because of the motif which fills the whole book, the motif of a sharp impetuous break with the past. The splendid young hatred of Gide for all that hinders the development of man: "Their wisdom! Oh, it consists in living as little as possible, in being wary of

everything, in protecting themselves from everything." We understand Gide's hatred for inertia, for all that is stagnant, for the very idea that man has done all that he can, for we live in a country where not only can a man not be stagnant, but where he may not even slacken the tempo of his development if he would not lag behind the impetuous growth of the whole land.

For Gide the image of man-in-becoming is dear. Earlier this was linked with his call to Nathanael to break with tradition, with the family, with morality, with all the conventions created by society. Now the image of man-in-his-becoming is linked with the idea of humanity-in-its-becoming, humanity endlessly marching forward. The idea of progress so persistently repeated in Gide's *Journal* is still more strongly developed in the *Nouvelles Nourritures*. But there is progress and progress, and Gide is right when he speaks scornfully of the bourgeois progress of trade and industry before the idol of which he laughs along with Flaubert. For this progress is linked with the regress of humanity. And at present in the West, among the English writers, there are still not a few lovers of this progress who firmly believe in evolution and that the growth of bourgeois technique will open a new era in history. At best these are naive Utopians. But Utopians live today in too close proximity to treachery. And if the theoreticians of the wheel of history and of cycles of civilization seem to us laughable and out of date, the bourgeois "progressivists" are no nearer to us.

In contrast to them the idea of progress as it is put forward by Gide seems to us a great idea. Because for him this is first of all the progress of man. And for us, when all is said and done, all the industrial and material development of our society acquires tremendous significance precisely because it gives a real foundation for the growth and fruition of man, translates the word "progress of man" into deed. But the idea of progress which Gide has is dear to us also because it is in no way linked with the theory of gradual evolution. "Table rase," says Gide. Make a clean sweep. A complete violent break with the past. This thought sharply distinguishes Gide's splendid passion for the future from the fruitless and hypocritical babbling of the bourgeois progressivists who in actual fact are thinking only of the preservation of the existing order. Reading the *Nouvelles Nourritures* we feel all the time that for Gide the passion for the future is indivisible from the necessity to understand these impetuous words, the words of the *International* too directly.

"Table rase." It is not necessary, however. Our relations with the past are sufficiently complex. And listening for instance to the speeches of Julien Benda, we are bound in answer to emphasize *unmistakeably* that position of inheritor which links socialist culture with the high traditions of Western civilization. But in order to emphasize that position, it is necessary first of all to understand the force of the break. That is why Gide's audacious and furious "table rase" seems splendid to us.

The impulse towards the future, the idea of ceaseless development gives rise in the *Nouvelles Nourritures* to a whole series of poetic images. Gide constantly returns to the images of nature, to the image of the chrysalis which becomes a butterfly. Gorky has given us a new and brilliant interpretation of folk tales, of the old myths of humanity; in Gide we find a brilliant and often surprising interpretation of the old images, of the mythological heroes. Thus an unique significance is given to the myth of Achilles, the hero whose only vulnerable place was the spot which had been touched by his mother's fingers. This image is sharply directed against the power of the past. The ironic parable of the old maid who accumulates trifles that nobody needs has the same sense. Ironic and pathetic, the images of the *Nouvelles Nourritures* give to the essentially old idea of the necessity of conquering the power of past traditions a fresh shading and compel us to feel the idea with new sharpness.

Ardently bent over the bow of the ship, Gide discerns the outlines of the future. That is why, although addressed directly to the young "comrade" of his own country, this book is recognized by us as addressed to us also, to the country which for the peoples of the West is the territory of the future.

Translated from the Russian by H. O. Whyte

S. R. Stande

Wanda Wasilewska

Wanda Wasilewska, the young talented Polish writer, has with her two novels published during recent years, *The Day's Outlook* and *Fatherland,* come into the front ranks of the left wing of Polish literature, fighting for the emancipation of the working people from the yoke of fascism and capitalism. Their critical, disillusioning realism and her sincere and passionate hatred of the existing regime in Poland give her books a captivating power and a wide appeal. But a critical realism, even though it leads the writer to an understanding and approval of the revolt of the oppressed, is not in itself a realism which discloses the truth, the deepest roots of the present and the direction in which things are moving. Wasilewska, the daughter of one of Pilsudski's closest associates, is still under the influence of her past, and of the PSP (Polish Socialist Party) and Pilsudski ideology. Her break with the ideas instilled into her from childhood and her change over to a new position frequently bears the character of the revolt of a tree against its own roots, and these roots Wasilewska has not succeeded in cutting off completely. She subjects the present to criticism from an old, now idealized standpoint which has vanished in dust and smoke under the impact of the realities of Polish life, and she does not see that it was just this old ideology which was one of the most powerful agents in bringing about the new state of affairs. This lack of agreement of the writer's ideology with her limitedly realist outlook and her hatred of the capitalist present is the cause of the weak points in her work. *The Day's Outlook* is a collection of sketches vividly depicting the fate of a working man in Poland from childhood to advanced years. The sufferings of the oppressed, their hatred of the existing regime and their dreams of a better and juster life find their outlet in a striving for revolutionary change. But who will lead this revolution, what preparations will be made for it, and in the name of what particular slogans will the masses take to the barricades is not clear. There is a completely chaotic element which is quite incompatible with our idea of revolution, so that we have a mere revolutionary protest instead of real revolution. The novel *Fatherland* is an attempt to revise the old ideological stock in trade with regard to the countryside. Wasilewska knows her farm laborers and poor peasants thoroughly and paints their struggle and their illusions in vivid colors. But carried away by her descriptions of their dreary and unhappy lot and idealizing the work of the PPS and the Pilsudskiites during the 1905 revolution and right up to the time of the World War and the attainment of Poland's independence, Wasilewska loses sight of the historical role of their activities and the historical blame that is due to them for having subordinated the class interests of the working masses to the interests of the "fatherland" that is to say the bourgeoisie. Consequently the hero of the novel, Krzysiak, who for years had worked in the ranks of the PPS for national and social emancipation, when he becomes convinced that the "fatherland" is the same old enemy shooting down workers and peasants, can find no one to blame for his plight and is ready to lay the blame merely on the lack of class-consciousness on the part of the oppressed.

It is characteristic that in both novels there is no mention either of the Communist Party or of the USSR. How can the course of events in Poland during the last few years and the struggle of the working class and peasantry be truthfully described without taking into account the tremendous revolutionary influence of the USSR and the part played by the Communist Party of Poland as leader in the class struggle and in stirring up class consciousness among the masses. Wasilewska carries on a magnificent struggle with her pen against Polish capitalism and for the united people's front. But the effectiveness of this struggle depends to a large extent on the author's success in her struggle against her own lack of ideological conviction. Wanda Wasilewska, a talented artist and a sincere fighter in the cause of the people's front in Poland, could in her future books give the full truth binding the past with the immediate future *if only this truth in all its historical concreteness were to become the ideological pivot of her work.* It is not only a question of showing what is bad in the present state of affairs, of showing the poverty and exploitation of the people, but it is a question of showing the inspiring and joyful struggle leading to the victory of socialism.

Herbert Marshall

The Latest Soviet Films

A year or so ago in the corridor of cinema studios one met with remarks such as these: What, another film about the Civil War! Put it on the shelf. People are fed up with it. They want lighter themes and genres now.

Then came the Civil War film *Chapayev* produced by hitherto little-known regisseurs —Vasilyev brothers. And the whole Soviet Union went to see it.

The conversation changed: Now the epic, the monumental film is finished. The future now lies in story films of outstanding characters like Chapayev, not in a further development of the Potemkin tradition.

Then came the epic, monumental film *We from Kronstadt* by another lesser known regisseur—Dzigan—. And again the audiences were endless, and the success overwhelming.

Many in the cinema industry havn't yet learnt that art and life cannot be compressed into such simple corridor categories. One of the interesting features of Soviet cinematography at the moment is variety of genre. Take the three outstanding films of the moment: one is in an epic, one an adventure story, and the other romantic history. But all of them are based on real Soviet life. They are fiction about fact.

We from Kronstadt Moscow Film Studio production. Scenario by Vsevolod Vishnevsky. Director: E. Dzigan. Co-Director G. Berezko. Cameraman: Naumov.

Vishnevsky, the scenarist, is also a well-known playwright. His plays *First Cavalry* and *The Optimistic Tragedy* are outstanding productions in the Soviet theatre. This is his first cinema production, and his most successful work. The very breath of his canvas is cramped on the stage, and only expands its full possibilities on the screen. His theme is battle—on land and sea. His hero—the fighting mass. Tairov's production of *The Optimistic Tragedy* and Meyerhold's *The Last Decisive* (Vishnevsky's weakest play) were the limits of what theatre could do in mass effects. The next step was inevitably a jump into another and more expansive medium—the sound cinema.

And in *We from Kronstadt*—despite the corridor-mongers—we have the direct son and heir of *Battleship Potemkin*. But on a higher level—the people are differentiated and have individual life and being, though still remaining parts of an organic whole. In *Potemkin* the mass is all, in *Chapayev* the mass is but a faint background to the strong characters of Chapayev and Furmanov. In *Kronstadt* the balance is achieved, strong character emerging and re-merging again into the strong mass.

The year is 1919. The theme: the repulsion by Baltic sailors and Petrograd workers of Yudenitch's attack on Kronstadt and Petrograd. When about to begin the scenario, Vishnevsky made the following note in his diary: "The problem of heroism (mass and individual), problem of wounded, of prisoners. . . Problem of treatment of material: the sea. The Baltic. Cold, grey, sullen. To hell with the beauty of the sea, with sunsets. Everything to concentrate on life—death—victory. The paysage is but a tactical element."

The clash between scenarist and director is an old one. The scenarist writes one thing, the director produces another. This film is a perfect example of the harmonious co-operation not only of scenarist and director but of cameramen and actors and composer. The ruthless paysage of the Baltic embraces all elements. The whole tone of the film is revealed in an impressive pattern of steady grey and ominous blacks, without one false note. There are photographic shots that bring applause just for their lighting and composition. Yet they are not stuck on like postage stamps to the rest of the film, they grow organically out of the main opposition. There are moments of drama which if slightly overplayed would drop into melodrama. But no the actors have the same ruthless severity in their acting as the sea and the light.

In a word—Stalinist style.

There are scenes of light lyricism: the worn out Red Armymen are asleep in the billet— a Children's Commune in a one-time mansion—sprawling all over the floor, the stairs, everywhere; and in the morning the little kids wander around among them poking and waking them with enquiring fingers. Where have so many daddies come from?

Scenes of sharp contrasts: when the Whites retake the Children's Commune house. The former owner, a White officer, comes slowly up the stairs, crossing himself, home once more. At the top of the stairs, under a great painting of the Tsars, he is met by the children and their girl teacher. "What are you doing in my house?" he asks. "This is OUR house," reply the kids.

Scenes of grotesque comedy: when the only surviving sailor escaping from execution disguises himself in woman's clothes,

and is mistaken for a possible prostitute by a White soldier, who solicits "her." The red sailor walks enticingly into a barn, the White carefully looking round, follows "her" in. Silence. Then a grunt. The sailor comes out wiping his knife on "her" skirt.

Scenes of tragic pathos, of class solidarity: when the White Commander says to the dozen or so prisoners—"Every member of the Communist Party one step forward." They know it means instant death. The only two Party members step forward—the Commissar and another. Then suddenly the whole group follows them. Without a word the non-Party mass takes its place in the ranks of the Communist Party—though it means death.

Scenes of optimistic tragedy: when the Latvian bolshevik commander, outnumbered, surrounded, the trench filled with the bodies of his men, no reserves, the last few bullets —calls on the wounded to take their place in the trenches—they come. Some hardly able to drag themselves along, with shattered limbs, but they come. And then the commander calls on what remains of the company brass band to drop their rifles and pick up their instruments and play a fighting march. . . .

Through the sound and music of *Kronstadt* rushes also that note of severity, of the grey north. No lengthy dialogue—a few words thrown in lights up the whole situation. Here is a real sound cinema, with the plasticity of the silent film. There are many parts that are quite silent too, yet they grip the attention just the same.

And through it all goes the red sailor Artem Balashov, from petty anarchism to disciplined bolshevik consciousness, but always as one with the masses; the calm collected bolshevik commissar whose passion burns inside no less; the guitar-loving sailor lad who drowns together with his guitar; the little sailor-boy who takes his place alongside the others when the call for Communists comes. The rank and file and the leaders, the individuals and the mass, a monolithic whole. Expressed in the last shot of all, when the Baltic sailor now bolshevik Artem Balshov peers from the cliffs of Kronstadt over which they have driven the last of the Whites, peers over the Baltic sea and cries *"Who else wants to come to Petrograd!"*

It is an interesting fact that all the chief actors are either Red Partisans or have served in the Red Army.

Another example of how Soviet art becomes one with life, and Soviet fiction is always fact.

The Plucky Seven. Leningrad Film Studios: Director: C. Gerasimov. Scenarist. Y. German, Cameraman: E. Velichko.

Six men and one pretty woman isolated on an island in the Arctic! What a plot for Hollywood! What a chance to play on sex-appeal. But different civilizations—different morals—different art. The question of sex never enters the film until the very last moment. And these seven people don't get shipwrecked on this island— they are placed by plan! Part of the Soviet plan to master the Arctic (whose fulfillment has included such epoch-making episodes as the rescue of the Chelyuskin, and the un-interrupted trip of the SS Sibieryakov from Archangel to Vladivostok). Bolsheviks must master the Arctic, the Arctic seas must be navigable for Soviet ships, the uncharted Artic must be on the Soviet maps.

And so the pioneers come—explorers, geologists, meteorologists, anthropologists, scientists, doctors, aviators, radio operators—men and women, it's all the same. And most of them are youths. Some outposts can only be approached in summer, so that those who stay there have to remain for a whole year —half the time in Arctic night which lasts all day as well!

Here again art and life merge so that one is not sure where fact merges into fiction. For the scenario is based on actual places, events and people. The Soviet Arctic Institute acted as a consultant to the film. Here is the situation: a little collective of six (the seventh is a young stowaway who appears when the ship has gone) is left to winter on the island—six men and a woman doctor.

A simple plot, often lacking in consistency, but carried through by the wonderful acting of the collective.

The Last Camp Meschrabpom Film. Moscow. Director: Schneider and Goldblatt.

Another theme for Hollywood! The last of the nomad gypsies, the "tragedy" of the settling of romantic wanderers.

This film shows the inevitable conflict arising between the old tradition embodied in the Elders of the camp and the new Socialist tradition embodied in the collective farmers. Collectivization wins.

The role of a gypsy Elder is played superbly by Alexander Granach, famous actor of the Reinhardt Theatre—now an emigrant from German fascism. He speaks Russian as if born to it, with all the subtleties of a great actor.

There are genuine gypsy songs and music, but not the White emigrant type: memorable songs of the past, and brave songs of the future.

Another example of cinema art that directly reflects and in its turn influences Soviet life. Socialist cinema.

SOVIETIANA

An Everyday Reportage

Sovietiana is a reportage of every day facts, indicating the quality of the new life in the Soviet Union. Data which at first glance appear to be insignificant—a conversation overheard in the Metro, a poster on the wall—can reflect, as a whole scene may be reflected in a drop of water, some phase of that social and cultural revolution unparalleled in human history. The mighty changes taking place in that one-sixth of the world where now stand immovably the four proud letters "USSR," the new social relations, the new way of thinking of millions of people—all these are indicated in this miscellany of documents, letters, newspaper reports, accidental episodes. Through every item can be heard the voices of millions who have earned for themselves the right to build a free and happy life.

The Most Popular Writers

The collective Farm "Ilyitcha" in the Melitopolski District, Ukraine, has a fairly good library. On being asked what the collective farmers read most, the Komsomolka-librarian replied:

"They read mostly Maxim Gorky, Serafimovich, Romain Rolland, Novikov-Priboy, Tolstoy, Shevchenko, Gogol, Fadeyev, Panferov and Nastasia Burdina."

The name of Nastasia Burdina among the most famous writers was puzzling—"Who is Nastasia Burdina?"

"She's our collective farm woman, a shock brigade-milkmaid, who wrote a book *My Five-Year Plan* dealing with her cattle-breeding experiences in the kolkhoz. It's a book written with warmth and sincerity and is read far beyond the bounds of our Kolkhoz. Already it is translated into three languages, and distributed in large editions. Look, there is a portrait of Nastasia."

On the library wall, alongside the portraits of famous people of the Soviet Union, hangs a portrait, framed in fir garlands, the most popular writer of the kolkhoz "Ilyitcha"—a milkmaid, a shock-brigader, an enthusiast of cattle-breeding—Nastasia Burdina.

Why Should I Be Astonished?

Way up in the mountains, 16 miles from Tashkent, Uzbekistan, amid maturing almond, hazel and pistachio trees, a sanatorium was opened for the engineers, technicians and workers of Central Asia.

One of the first to arrive was a twenty-four-year-old Baba Nazar Katimov,—chief foreman of the Shibavski Motor Station. He had been presented with a free pass to the sanatorium for fulfilling his plan of constructing pump-stations and repairing irrigation works. Till now he had never traveled beyond the boundaries of his native Kara-Kalpaki. In Chardjui for the first time he saw a steamboat and the railway. In Tashkent he flew for the first time, in the great airplane ANT9. On arriving at the sanatorium, those who traveled with Baba Nazar asked him why he expressed no astonishment whatever on seeing for the first time in his life a railway and an airplane. He answered:

"Why should I be astonished? I—a farm-laborer in the past, son of a farm-laborer, grandson of a farm-laborer, now resting after my labors, in a sanatorium?"

The High Jump

In a kolkhoz of Lbishensky district, West Caucasus, there has been built the first parachute-jumping tower. The eighty-year old kolkhoznik Beshtanov announced that he would allow no one to jump from the tower before he himself had tested it. No amount of argument could dissuade him. The obstinate old fellow climbed the stairs to the top, had the parachute straps attached to him, walked to the edge, and jumped. He dropped and came to earth without a hitch, yet he was obviously very angry. On being questioned about the parachute he replied:

"Oh that's all right. Useful thing! But why the devil are the kolkhoz cows and horses wandering all over the cornfields? Where are the herdsmen? I saw all that up there at a glance. Find the herdsmen at once! . . ."

The Involuntary Dramatist

Extract from a letter of P. Beresnitsky, artist of the Petropavlosk (Kamchatka) Town Theatre, who participated in a theatre tour in the most isolated and distant districts of Kamchatka:

"We visited Olyutorka, Korf, Kichga, Karagan Islands, Ust-Kamchatsk and other far-off points. For transport we used sleigh-dogs and odd fishing boats. In the canning factories, in the fishing artels (cooperatives),

and also in the Koryak camps (natives of Far-Eastern Asia) we received a welcome so rapturous, that it is difficult to describe. Never in all my professional life have I seen such grateful and attentive audiences. We played the play *Bot* in a Koryag yurt (nomad's tent). The audience sat entranced. They gave us an ovation and made us swear that we would come again. . .But the cultural organizations of Kamchatka must pay special attention to the bad cultural work in these districts. Fishermen and workers in the canning factories, who winter in Kamchatka, show an extremely great interest in art, their desire for culture has no limits. Yet they have no cultural instructors, no plays, no props—nothing. And look what happens. For instance the manager of a workers' club in Base 3 of the Olyutorsky Combinat under pressure from his members and lacking the original text, himself wrote. . *The Robbers* by Schiller and *Egor Bulychev* by Maxim Gorky. As he only knew the contents of these plays by hearsay, and had never seen them on the stage—you can imagine the result! Instead of make-up the participators in the dramatic group were forced to use floor polish, and instead of wigs—straw. It is therefore necessary to send as soon as possible an instructor, plays and make-up, as the club manager threatens that under the persistent demands of the audiences, he will write. . . *Romeo and Juliet* by Shakespeare. . . ."

Instructors, plays and make-up were immediately sent to all clubs in the outlying districts in Kamchatka.

Intourist

Anna D. a guide from "Intourist" relates the following story:

"Mr. N. from Chicago, a big factory owner, completed a tour of the USSR, in the category 'Lux.' He traveled through Ukraine, Georgia and then visited Armenia. A young engineer was here appointed to be his local guide. Together with him Mr. N. visited an electric power station built over the gorges, the highest lake in the world, Sevan, a winery, kolkhoz gardens, new constructions, etc. All this was very interesting. The young engineer spoke very good English and gave exhaustive explanations. But Mr. N. was tortured by one particular desire. He wanted to come into close contact with the Kurds. He had one time read about this tribe of nomad horsemen, primitive fighters in romantic cloaks of goat and leopard skins. Mr. N. several times reminded the young engineer of this wish to see them, but it remained unfulfilled. Finally Mr. N. insisted on seeing these Kurds. The voice of the young engineer sounded rather exasperated when he replied to Mr. N:

"Kurds, Kurds! Fancy traveling so far just to see Kurds! But if you still insist, then take a good look, please. I am a Kurd, born in the tent of a nomad. The revolution sent me to school, then to an Institute. I have an engineer's diploma of the first degree. I have mastered the English language and value highly your specialists, whom I read in the original. Besides which I am one of the football champions of Armenia, and have twice been awarded Certificates of Merit for constructing electric power stations. Does that satisfy you?" Mr. N. answered, "Yes."

Miners' Orders

The manager of the Kiselevsky Mine in the Kuzbass, Kuragin, wishing to assist the miners in getting goods they wanted to buy, sent around a questionaire *What to buy?* The miners replied with orders for: 680 automobiles; 70 pianos; 740 gramophones, 650 bicycles; 680 radio sets; 350 suites of furniture of best quality. . . .

The Chicken House

A guest from Moscow visited the kolkhoz "Karakhalk" in the village of Kakhun in Kabardino-Balkaria. The kolkhoznik family Mamayevy showed him round their newly built house. It had rooms of urban dimensions, furniture made to order, a sewing machine, gramaphone etc. Afterward they invited their guest to a varied and satisfying meal. On crossing the garden just before leaving, the host said to the parting guest with chagrin:

"Unfortunately we haven't yet managed to build a new chicken house. We have lots of hens and they're very crowded."

And he pointed to a strange low building at the bottom of the garden.

"Excuse me," said the guest in surprise, "but if that's a chicken house, why has it windows and such a big door?"

His host nodded his head:

"You're quite right. That's—our old home, in which we lived before." And added:

"But for the birds it's very crowded, dirty and dark. We'll soon build them a new one."

In a Far Eastern Village

In the frontier village of Aivadge, on the river Amu-darya there live 400 Arabs whose forefathers have lived there since time immemorial. Before the revolution there was one literate man in the village, the Mohammedan priest—the Mullah.

Now:

35 children are studying in the village school.

8 kolkhozniks work as tractor mechanics.

6 are qualified workers in the flour mill.

3 are bookkeepers in the kolkhoz office.

2 are studying in the mechanics course.
5 have gone to study in the tractorist course.
2 study in the bookkeepers course.
2 are school teachers.
4 have finished a pedagogical technicum.
2 have finished a course of judicial practice and law.

And one Arab from the village of Aivadge is a member of the Soviet government, a member of the Central Executive Committee of Tadjikistan.

Soviet Revenge

Two letters: The first—

"To my wife Sadikova Salima in Tashkent. From thy husband Nurmatova-Yudlas, from the Kolkhoz 'Falyat' which is in Yabilakanly. When thou worked on the fields. . . I said nothing, though that is not a woman's work. I kept silent also when at home thy books appeared and thou wast chosen as a Soviet judge. The men pointed their fingers at me when thou went to court to sit as a judge over men, but I kept silent.

"I cannot write and another is writing for me. Therefore my shame is greater, when thou, my wife, art literate and studiest in an institute in Tashkent in order soon to become a great personage. I called thee home, Salima, but thou replied—no. I have taken to myself in the home another wife, she is named Orazgeldi, she is illiterate, and will be an obedient wife. For me, Nurmatova Yudlash, thou art no longer a wife. . ."

The second letter from Tashkent to the kolkhoz "Falyat":

"I received your letter, Yudlash, and am aware that I am no longer your wife. I shall have my revenge. When I finish my study course and return to the kolkhoz—then I shall teach your new wife, Orazgeldi, to read and write and learn. With greeetings, Salima Sadikova. . ."

Placards in the Prairie (Steppe)

A prairie fire in the Salsky steppe of the Azova-Black Sea district is no less terrible for the kolkhoz herds and flocks, than wolves in winter and ice-frozen earth. The dry grass is like gunpowder—it flares up at the slightest accidental spark. Here there is boundless space, where the horizon is an unbroken line like the ocean. The dry feather-grass sways and lulls. When suddenly on the open steppe appears a wooden pole with a smoothly planed board—that has not yet been browned by the sun and wind. On the board is written in uneven awkward letters:

COMRADES. Don't throw cigarette butts and matches on the steppe.

COMRADES. A steppe fire is a loss to our country.

Shepherd Dorjiyev.

Pulling up his horse, the traveller carefully puts out his cigarette on the pommel of his high saddle, and with another feeling continues his journey. And right up to the very kolkhoz "Budyonny," through regular intervals, appear similar notices with the signature of the shepherd of the steppe, Dorjiyev, who has dedicated his free hours to introducing into the steppe such carefulness and order as obtains in a club, a cinema or theatre.

The Report of a Factory Committee

Extract from a factory-committee report of the State Sewing Machine Factory in Podolsk:

"In the village of Molody has been opened our own Rest Home for 700 workers.

"To the Health resorts of the Caucasus and Crimea there has been sent 120 workers and members of their families.

"On long touring excursions have gone 80 worker-tourists.

"On the river Oka there has been organized a fishing camp for worker-anglers.

"Excursions have been arranged in airplanes, boats, automobiles and on foot. On this cultural-educational work for the summer season there has been spent . . .300,000 rubles."

Compiled by Boris Olenin
Translated by Herbert Marshall

CHRONICLE

CHINA

Terror Against Culture Under the Chiang Kai-shek Regime

Even those best informed of the intelligentsia of Western countries know very little of what is going on in China. It is difficult for anyone outside of China even to imagine the conditions under which the Chinese intelligentsia and the Chinese people as a whole are living. Starvation, massacres, mass unemployment and wholesale arrests by the Nanking government have become commonplace, everyday routine.

The Chiang Kai-shek administration has set out to corrupt the Chinese people spiritually and to exterminate mercilessly the revolutionary intelligentsia which is opposed to the Nanking government.

II

The movement for a "new" culture was instituted by Chinese students in 1919 in opposition to Japanese imperialism and the Tuan Tsi-chjui regime. This movement reflected the frame of mind of the Chinese national bourgeoisie, then still revolutionary. Under the flag of science and democracy bourgeois youth fought against Confucianism, antiquated rites, old ethics and the old ideas, art and literature based on Confucianism. This movement availed itself of the new literary form known as "Bai Hua-wen," i.e. it employed the live, spoken dialect instead of the dead traditional language known as "Weng Yang wen." For the first time Chinese literature was enriched with a new content—with ideas of democracy and science.

Translations into Chinese of the works of Darwin, Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Dickens, Dumas and others had begun to appear even earlier—after the Sino-Japanese war of 1895. But after May 5, 1919 Western literature and philosophy literally flooded China. First came pragmatism, Nietzsche, anarchism—and then socialism, Marxism, Leninism. Marxism rapidly became the dominant ideology of the younger Chinese intelligentsia. Up to the end of 1927 the Marxism intelligentsia played a prominent role in the Chinese revolutionary movement.

III

After the fall of the Uhan government and the usurpation of power by Chiang Kai-shek in 1927, part of the revolutionary intelligentsia joined the anti-imperialist agrarian revolutionary forces, while part withdrew from direct revolutionary activity and turned to theoretical investigations and translations. Notwithstanding the victory of the counter-revolution, Marxian literature continued to be published and spread. When the Nanking government realized the danger of this it started a campaign against Marxism in conjunction with its struggle against the "movement for Soviets." Hundreds of writers and readers of Marxian literature were murdered in Shanghai alone. Chiang Kai-shek bands raided book shops, confiscated books and magazines, arrested and murdered authors and readers alike. Millions of books were burned at public pyres. Marx was proclaimed an enemy. Tragic misunderstandings occurred during this wholesale annihilation of books and their readers. The symbol for Marx resembles the symbol for Ma—author of the most popular grammar of the Chinese language. Many students who happened to own this grammar, or any of the works of the well known bourgeois economist Ma Ing-chu, paid for this with their lives because the ignorant bands confused the symbols for Ma and Ma Ing-chu with that for Marx. People who owned books containing the words "Communism," "Soviet Russia," 'Marx," "Lenin," "Stalin," or which were merely bound in red covers—were arrested as "dangerous persons," considered on a par with "persons caught with fire-arms in their hands"—and were usually charged with treason and executed.

The reign of terror was intensified in 1931 when by order of Chiang Kai-shek, six young revolutionary writers were buried alive at Lun-Hua. They were arrested on the territory of the foreign settlement and handed over to the Chinese officials as is usually done by the foreign imperialist who "cooperate" with the militarists in the struggle against "dangerous elements" and "Reds."

Chinese history records among the deeds of a famous tyrant, the first emperor of the Ts'ing dynasty, an order to bury alive over 5,000 learned men and to burn all philosophical works except books on soothsaying and agriculture. Chiang Kai-shek is following in the footsteps of this tyrant and seems to cherish ambitions of outdoing him.

IV

In spite of all this inhuman cruelty in the struggle against radical thought, Marxian

literature and art continued to grow. This compelled Chiang Kai-shek to realize that the "spirit of Communism" could not be destroyed with bayonets. In order to counteract the work of the "League of Left Writers of China" he decided to organize a special "culture battalion" to struggle against Marxism.

After the Mukden incident of 1931 and the war of defense of Shanghai of 1932 a sharp line of demarcation was drawn between the pro and anti-Japanese camps in China. To cope with its internal enemies the Nanking government yielded to the advancing foreign enemy—to Japanese imperialism. Anti-Japanese sentiment was so strong in the masses, however, that it proved impossible to attempt the suppression of the anti-Japanese elements at once. Encouraged by Hitler's success Chiang Kai-shek organized a Chinese fascist group under the name of "blueshirts." But the Chinese and Japanese fascist movements which developed after the Mukden incident adopted contradictory slogans. While Japanese fascists adopted the slogan "first conquer China and then the world," the Chinese fascists had it: "first fight Communism and then Japan."

A short while before the Mukden incident a Kuomintang literary movement was started. It called itself first the "literary movement of three democratic principles" (Sun Yat Senism) but afterward changed this to the "literary movement of the principle of the national family or nationalism." A few illustrations will demonstrate the nature of this nationalism. One writer belonging to this movement found a national hero in the Chinese general who was killed in the fighting on the Chinese Eastern Railway. Another writer from among this clique wrote a long eulogy of Genghis Khan as the apotheosis of the yellow race that conquered Asia and Eastern Europe. In his great enthusiasm this "patriot" singing praises of the "greatness, bravery and glory" of the campaign of Genghis Khan forgot that his own native country suffered no less under that iron heel than did Russia. A third eulogizes the "brave and heroic" deeds of Chiang Kai-shek's army in the battle with the army of Fin Yu-sjan in the province of Hu-nan and grows enthusiastic over the fact that Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers killed those of Fin Yu-sjan "just as French soldiers kill off Negroes in Africa."

A literary society was organized which declared in its manifesto that all changes and variations in art have their roots in "nationality" and thus attempted to put up a sort of race theory.

As none of these attempts was successful, Chiang Kai-shek tried other measures. The Shanghai daily *Wen Hua Jibao* (daily newspaper devoted to culture) came out with a militant program of Chinese fascism. The daily adopted the methods and technique of the small Chinese sheets used by sundry politicians and litterati to blackmail and discredit opponents. The *Wen Hua Jibao* stopped at no lying statements in attacking revolutionary and liberal writers.

Hitler's accession to power lent new courage to the Chinese "blue shirts" and they took the Hitler reign of terror for a model. The Chinese fascists declared that Marxism has been annihilated in its own native country, hence it is necessary to strengthen the stern measures against Marxism-Leninism and liberalism in China.

Along with the *Wen Hua Jibao* the *Shi Hue Sinwen* (Social News) was also started in Shanghai and the *Shinbao* (Uprising) in Nanking.

And just as Chiang Kai-shek followed the instructions of his foreign advisers in military affairs (the famous plan of General Von Seeckt for destroying the Chinese Red Army), Hitler's lore became the bible of Chinese fascists. "Control" became their favorite expression. They were strong for "controlled politics," "controlled culture."

Then came the "study" of Soviet Russia. Several magazines purporting to be "100% objective" were established and they drew "authentic" material from the Japanese imperialist press and Trotskyite sheets. So much for their "objectivity."

A "society for international translations" was also organized and subsidized directly by Chang Kai-shek's general staff. A "series of heroes" included biographies of Hitler and Mussolini.

A more interesting publication is the weekly *Political Critic* issued by the faculty of the Central University. A constant contributor to this magazine is a certain Yang who tries to convince his readers that all's well with China—all it needs is a dictator. He has no use for democracy and maintains that only a dictator can save China. A proletarian dictatorship, in his opinion, does not suit the "specific circumstances of the Chinese people." China needs a national leader. He mentions no names—but what should this leader be like? "He must be a man responsible for his deeds and a militant Kuomintang fighter; he need not necessarily be well educated, nor does it matter if he is a military man." Which is an excellent description of Chiang Kai-shek.

Then the propaganda department of the Kuomintang Central Committee started a *Literary Monthly*. The Kuomintang's connection with this magazine was carefully veiled so that it might operate with the motto "art for art's sake." Most of the contributors to this magazine were from the "intermediate" group, presumally "apolitical." Only almost every issue contained ar-

ticles against proletarian literature and the Marxian view on art, advocating "pure art" instead. The Chiang Kai-shek idea of "pure art" is well known, but one must not ignore his tactics of "neutralizing the intermediate groups and then attracting them" to his side.

A severe struggle took place in literary circles in 1931 on the question of party and "free" art and literature, during which the so-called "free" artists maintained they belonged to no party. Now this group is falling apart, some joining forces with the revolution, others going over to the fascists.

The weekly *Society and Education*, closely connected with the Nanking clique but indulging in Marxist-Leninist phraseology, must also be mentioned. This organ gradually began to advocate a theory of the necessity of a "strong government" and to attack all opposition to Nanking. A "movement for a Chinese standard of culture" crystallized out of this group.

All these groups and their publications of course produced a veritable flood of novels, poems and plays. Many of these appeared in the magazine *Shi Shi-Yuebao (Current History)*—the official Nanking organ. All this "art" is imbued with a great hysterical hatred of the Chinese agrarian revolution. The most frequent subject is the struggle between the Whites and the Reds. They paint the army of Chiang Kai-shek as brave and magnanimous and the Red Army as cowardly and cruel. They tell how the Kuomintang army welcomes "innocent, deluded" peasants. Many of these stories are given the form of "confessions of ex-Communists" who regret their past delusions.

The vast majority of this writing, however, is nothing but empty, banal trivialities. As such stuff is well paid for by the Chiang Kai-shek treasury over 200 such magazines and news sheets have appeared in only Shanghai and Nanking during 1933-34.

What distinguishes this period from the preceding one is that a great deal of demagogy was let loose, in addition to the physical repression of Marxism. The ferocious measures to suppress revolutionary literature and annihilate revolutionary writers have not been in the least mitigated however. To justify his bestialities Chiang Kai-shek has labeled this campaign one of "rooting out the bandits on the cultural front." This formula is the invention of the general staff of the "blue shirts" and their organ *Hang-Sue (Sweat and Blood)* as well as their other publications issue special numbers devoted to the "campaign against cultural bandits." All radical as well as revolutionary writers who do not agree with the Chiang Kai-shek policies of treason to the Chinese people are classed as "bandits."

In 1933 the Chinese woman writer Ting-Ling and the writer Pan Tsi-niang were kidnapped by the "blue shirts" on the territory of the foreign settlement of Shanghai. The poet In-Shuyin was hurled out of a fifth story window and killed when he tried to defend himself against a gang of "blue shirts" who had been into his apartment to kidnap him. Writers' circles protested sharply against these ruthless acts—but Chiang Kai-shek only intensified the rule of terror: several days after this protest Yank-Tsang, secretary general of the Chinese Central Academy was killed when about to enter the Academy building. He had been an active member of the League for Defense of National Rights and had done everything possible to save Ting-Ling. The Nanking government murdered both Ting-Ling and Pan Tsi-niang in prison and circulated the meanest sort of calumnies against Ting-Ling. Soon after this two young writers, Low-Shiyi and Pun-Tse, were arrested, one in Shanghai, the other in Tientsin, and tortured to death in prison.

It should be noted that Chiang Kai-shek conducts his persecution of revolutionary writers and the revolutionary press with the aid of a number of traitors and provocateurs from among writers who have sold themselves to the "blue shirts" through the agency of a Trotskyite organization.

The "blue shirts" came out strongly against the Fu-Tsin government which was supported by the 19th Army because that government had signed a non-aggression pact with the Chinese Soviet government and the Chinese Red Army. After the fall of the Fu-Tsin government a new wave of mass arrests and executions rolled over China and Chiang Kai-shek began his sixth campaign against Soviet China. To cover up this new massacre of Chinese he invented a new "movement"—the so-called "movement for a new life."

European and American journalists bought by Chiang Kai-shek blared about this "movement for a new life" all over the world. They proclaimed to the world that "this will make it possible to rebuild the entire economy of the country" and that the movement is based on "order within the country rather than opposition to foreign powers." As a matter of fact this movement should rather be called the "movement for the old life" because it leads backward to sham Confucianism. The main slogans of the "movement" are those of old Chinese feudalism: "be courteous, honest, neat and modest." According to these mottoes one should keep oneself clean, pay attention to one's clothes and walk erect. Many peasants and coolies were fined because their coats were not buttoned.

"One that keeps his body clean can live at peace with his family, he can govern the country and pacify the world." Chiang Kai-

shek does not take this saying of Confucius any too seriously, of course, but it happens to answer his purpose at the moment. The so-called "movement for a new life" is an attempt to reconcile the reactionary feudal elements in order to crush the anti-imperialist agrarian revolution and thus mask his traitorous pro-Japanese policies. Chiang Kai-shek claims that his foreign policy is based on Confucianism—i.e. on courtesy and honesty with respect to the Japanese and other imperialists, we should say. In the name of this "movement for a new life" many new taxes and compulsory labor have been introduced. Compulsory labor has been introduced for building roads for "the campaign against the Reds," taxes have been levied on marriages, on graves, on opium.

On the death of Sun Yat Sen a well known Kuomintang official—Dey Tsi-tao—developed a "theory" that Sun Yat Sen is the heir of the sacred tradition of Confucius. Now the Chiang Kai-shek clique has extended this idea, claiming that upon the death of Sun Yat Sen "the mantle of Confucius descended upon the shoulders of Chiang Kai-shek."

Chiang Kai-shek's speeches against Soviet China have been collected and published under the title *Philosophy of Revolution.* The book contains many quotations from Confucius and from Tsen Kuo Fan, who is known for having crushed the Tai-ping uprising with the aid of the imperialists, notably General Gordon, and thus saved the throne of the Manchu emperors. Chiang Kai-shek defers to Tsen Kuo Fan as to his teacher, republishes his writings, including his letters to his family, and circulates them in his army. Tsen Kuo Fan was not only a soldier, he was also a writer of considerable influence in China. Chiang Kai-shek evidently is trying to emulate him. Tsen Kuo Fan was aided by General Gordon, Chiang Kai-shek has his General Von Seeckt; Tsen Kuo Fan fought for his Manchu emperor, Chiang Kai-shek fights for Japanese imperialism.

But there are other lords of China who vie with Chiang Kai-shek in this respect. Thus Chen Tsi-tan, the ruler of Canton, requires the canons of Confucius to be included in the standard school books. He also made a reprint of the *Si Ya-tsen (Canon of Childhood)* of Confucius, writing his own preface and compels his soldiers to read it.

A campaign against colloquial "Bai Hua" has started all over China. A certain Wang, of the Nanking Central University even insists that the old classical "Weng Yang" language should be substituted for the "Bai Hua" in the schools.

V

Under the leadership of Sun Tsin Lin, the widow of Sun Yat Sen, a strong national movement for armed defense has developed. So Chiang Kai-shek has to resort to more demagogy and has organized a whole series of "movements" to spread this demagogy.

There is the so-called Pan-Asiatic or "New Eastern Movement." In response to Hirota's speech of January 1935 in the Japanese parliament, Chiang Kai-shek issued a special communique in which he maintains it is necessary China must cooperate with Japan for the sake of Pan-Asianism. He guarantees Japan's "honest" intentions with respect to China and drags in the teachings of Sun Yat Sen to support Pan-Asianism. He has become the vociferating echo of Hirota. At the demand of Japan all anti-Japanese literature including individual anti-Japanese pages in books by Chinese authors has been strictly prohibited. A great number of male and female students have been arrested for an anti-Japanese demonstration in Peking and other cities. As they are accused of communism they are all threatened with execution.

A "Society for Cultural Relations Between Japan and China" has also been organized. Special delegations were interchanged with many expressions of friendship; the radio was put to work for this purpose too. Pan-Asianism has become the fashion. Shi Yu-in, the mayor of Peking and a well known scientist, was removed from office because at a reception to a Japanese delegation coming to express their "good wishes" he declared he did not understand Pan-Asianism.

In order to develop cultural relations between Japan and China, the Japanese government has decided to maintain some Chinese students at Japanese schools (of course, such students must support the idea of Sino-Japanese "cooperation"). There is an exchange of Chinese and Japanese professors and lecturers. Special institutes for the study of the East are to be opened at Peiping and Shanghai. The money for this purpose is to be furnished by Japan from taxes gathered in the occupied Chinese provinces.

All these attempts to dupe the Chinese people, financed as they are with money squeezed from themselves, are warmly supported by the Nanking government. The theory that the Japanese and the Chinese belong to the same race and have a common language is advocated by the Japanese and supported by Nanking although it is perfectly well known that the Japanese and Chinese people differ ethnologically and in language.

Chiang Kai-shek makes speeches against "the principle of killing masses of people and burning their homes" (deeds he ascribes to the "reds"), against historical materialism and for the renascence of proper Chinese

culture, starting a new "movement" for Chinese standard (primitive) culture." Ten professors signed a statement, at the behest of the Kuomintang, and so the movement is also called the "movement of the ten professors." These professors insist China needs a culture of Chinese standards. This is supposed to mean it is not necessary to stubbornly stick to the old nor must one blindly accept everything new. Things should be taken at their value regardless of whether they are Eastern or Western in origin. But what is the gist of this "golden middle?" Does it signify a critical attitude to the cultural heritage? Not at all. It is only supposed to prove that Confucianism has not become antiquated and that there is nothing new about Marxism while fascism—is just the thing China needs. As they are professors, they say this in a learned way and besides—they had orders to label fascism the "Chinese standard."

Another movement started is called "the movement for reading." This movement is fostered by the so-called "Chinese Society for the Promulgation of Culture," which is headed by Chen Li-fu, Chiang Kai-shek's understudy.

During the stormy days of the student movement the saying was current in China: "The country must be saved but don't neglect to read, and when you read don't forget the country must be saved." Now they put it: "To read—is to save the country."

At all large book stores courses in self education have been organized on the basis of a carefully selected list of books. First place in this list is occupied by Chiang Kai-shek's *Philosophy of Revolution* and Chen Li-Fu's *Theory of the Standard of Living.*

Chen Li-Fu claims that materialism and the materialist conception of history must be abandoned for their "theory." It is useless to enter into any more details of this eclectic and worthless book.

The Japanese imperialists have simply bought a group of Chinese intellectuals who advocate the brand new "theory" that—the Chinese nation possesses a peculiar power of cultural assimilation. Thus the Huns, Tartars, Mongols, Manchus in turn conquered China and in the end dissolved among the Chinese, were in their turn conquered by Chinese culture. This strange theory of political self-effacement has a number of adherents among Kuomintang officials and Chen Li-Fu is its champion. According to this theory the Chinese have nothing to fear from a Japanese invasion. "Let the Japanese come and conquer us, we shall in the end dissolve them among ourselves." (They do not want to think of the difference between Japanese colonial policies and those of Tartar hordes.) This theory is a sample of the philosophy of "A-Q" the hero of Lu-Sin's story *True History of A-Q.*

A "movement" has also been instituted "to fight illiteracy in China," at the same time organizing a "Society for the Preservation of the Chinese Symbol." The president of this society is the well known Chiang Kan-chu who was once a social-democratic leader.

After the 5th of May movement many experiments were started in simplifying the Chinese hieroglyphic symbols. Many plans were proposed for Latinizing the Chinese alphabet. This is unquestionably a difficult problem, but it must be solved, as only a Latinized alphabet promises any success in combating illiteracy in China. This society, however, regardless of the official cry of a literate China, opposes Latinization and advocates the preservation of the old Chinese characters. Characteristic of the rapacious methods of the Kuomintang is the fact that the struggle against illiteracy furnished them a pretext for a new tax. The mayor of Nanking promulgated a law that any passerby on the street who could not pass a random literacy test had to pay a fine of one dollar.

Along with the new "movements" instituted during the past year the old "movements," like the one "for a new life," continue, only assuming more and more odious forms. Thus Chiang Kai-shek and his spouse have issued an edict prohibiting Chinese women from bobbing their hair, from wearing short skirts or baring their arms. The pro-Japanese mayor of Peking— Yu-An has prohibited co-education in schools and universities as this is supposed to demoralize society. In Tai-an where the pro-Japanese General Yan Si-shang holds sway, an order was issued that prostitutes must bob their hair, wear high heeled shoes and bare their arms "so they can be distinguished from honest girls."

VI

Arrests and executions of anti-Japanese and revolutionary students and writers continue. According to official data prisons and houses of detention "are too few and crowded for the number of arrested." In Peking, Nanking and Shanghai, as well as in other cities, there are constant raids on universities as a result of which many students "disappear." On returning from a trip to Soviet Russia as a tourist Fen Yu-Liang, professor of philosophy of the University of Tsin-Hua, was arrested and his release was only effected after the presidents of four national universities stood sponsor for him. The famous journalist and editor of the *Shen-bao,* She Liang-tsai was murdered by

the "blue shirts" for coming out against Nanking's pro-Japanese policies. This was also the reason for the murder of a number of correspondents of this newspaper. The newspaper *Shishi Sing-bao (Shanghai Times)* was confiscated. In February Tiang-Hang, the famous dramatist, director and organizer of the Nang-Kuo (South Land) Theatre, was hauled off to prison and his home raided and searched. The latter part of May the well known Marxian scientist, member of the People's Commissariat of Education of Soviet China, though mortally ill of tuberculous, was arrested and murdered in prison. A teacher was discharged because she played the role of Nora in Ibsen's *Doll's House*. The famous actress Yuan Ding-yu committed suicide as a result of being hounded by the "blue shirts."

The Japanese imperialists have invaded Northern China pursuing their program of conquering China as a whole. A number of provinces have already been occupied. War with the Mongolian People's Republic is being prepared as a forerunner of a war with Soviet Russia. Due to this invasion hundreds of thousands of students are in danger of annihilation by the Japanese invaders. Old Chinese museums, libraries where the literature of thousands of years of Chinese civilization is stored are threatened by Japanese cannon and airplane bombs. The universities of Peking are to fall into the hands of the Japanese imperialists. At such a time Chiang Kai-shek issues special orders prohibiting all associations, writing or artistic works which "may tend to arouse an inimical attitude to foreigners." At the demand of the Japanese, who declared that the Japanese Emperor had been offended by an article in the magazine *Sin-shen (Renaissance)*, the magazine was proscribed, the editor arrested, the censor who passed the article removed, and the government brought its excuses and those of the Kuomintang to the Japanese government. The editor was condemned to fourteen months imprisonment. Such are the latest achievements of the Chiang Kai-shek government.

VII

Such are the theory and practice of the Kuomintang regime in the field of culture. A real renascence of Chinese literature and culture is possible only in Soviet China. The struggle for a Soviet China is the immediate problem of the Chinese revolution and the Chinese intelligentsia to whom the future of their country and its culture are dear.

Since the Japanese invasion of China and the beginning of the bloody reign of Chiang Kai-shek—that is, during the past eight years, nearly forty million people have perished in China—a tenth of the population. The fate of China and its culture is in the balance! The advanced Western intelligentsia cannot remain indifferent to the fate of China with its population of four hundred million and its ages-old culture. A year ago many famous writers—Gorky, Barbusse, Malraux, Anderson Nexo and many others—protested to the entire world against the persecution of the Chinese intelligentsia. During the Congress in Defense of Culture at Paris the revolutionary writers evinced tremendous interest in the fate of the Chinese revolutionary intelligentsia. We hope the foremost writers of the world will help the Chinese people in its struggle for freedom and will protest against the Chiang Kai-shek regime as well as against Japanese or any other invasion of China.

The partisan fighters in Manchuria are struggling heroically against the vastly superior forces of the Japanese army of occupation. The Chinese Red Army is paving with its blood the road to a united free China. This struggle for a Soviet China is a struggle for the renascence of Chinese national culture, for a luxurious blossoming of the creative forces latent in the workers and peasants of China. On one part of Chinese territory the hearth of a new human culture has already been lighted. Everyone who holds the future of mankind dear will help to keep this fire burning.

HU TSU-YUAN

MEXICO

Revolutionary New York

Jose Mancisidor, moving spirit of the League of Revolutionary Writers of Mexico and editor of the review, *Ruta*, was sent by the writers of his country as a delegate to the First Writer's Congress of the United States. As a result he has given us a book, *Revolutionary New York*. In his book, of great interest for the countries of South America, he tells "those who experience the need for social revolution," of the soul that throbs in the proletarian suburbs of New York.

José Mancisidor does not limit his book to the Congress of Revolutionary Writers. He tells us how the North American writers intervene in the active life of the working class. He speaks of Harlem. He draws portraits of Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party of the United States; of Michael Gold, Waldo Frank, James W. Ford and others.

With his book of chronicles and reportage, José Mancisidor has satisfied a tangible need in Latin America, bringing the real New York to the South American writers and helping to dispel the belief that in the United States one finds nothing but million-

aires, happiness of the Hollywood cinema type, and workers who own their own homes.

URUGUAY

Writers Congress

Movement, organ of the Center of Intellectual Workers of Uruguay, publishes the call to attend the Congress of Writers of Uruguay and an account of the proceedings of the Congress.

In this connection, the Uruguayan writer, Julio Verdier, says:

"Problems concerning the writer and culture in general have become so acute that it is necessary to take a stand in the struggle for the defense of our interests, interests directly related to the defense of culture, peace and liberty."

On the same page, *Movement* publishes an article on the relations between writers and workers in the USSR, citing them as an example worthy of emulation. And this congress in Uruguay and this recognition of the social relations existing in the USSR occurred at the same time that the president of Uruguay was breaking off relations with the USSR. President Terra will hardly attribute the transformation in the mentality of the intellectuals to "Moscow gold."

Uruguay has had democratic nationalist parties such as the Red Party which was for many years directed by José Batllez y Ordoñez, liberal ex-president of Uruguay, around whom the livest intellectual forces of Uruguay were grouped. This party has today joined the ranks of those who are struggling against war and fascism.

One morning during the economic crisis, the Blanco party, heir to the traditions of the big cattle men led by landowner Aparicio Saravia, woke up in a bad mood because of the ruin of Uruguayan economy and resolved to take power with Terra at their head. Thus the policy of the country passed into the hands of a dictatorship of the ranch and land owners.

When the intellectuals say that the Yankees have invested 80 million dollars in Uruguay and the English 200 million, this means that the value of the foreign capital invested in Uruguay is almost equal to that of the national wealth and that the Terra policy must depend on these investments.

In reality, Uruguay historically has always been a propitious victim of foreign powers. It was threatened by Brazil and transformed into a Brazilian province called Cinsplatina.

A few years ago there was a football game between Argentinians and Uruguayans that aroused great interest because the teams were equally matched. The Argentinian government threatened to declare war on Uruguay if the greatest honesty and impartiality did not reign on the football field (the game was played in Montevideo). Nothing more serious happened than a breaking off of relations. Relations were resumed after long international negotiations.

Soon after this altercation had been patched up, a military landowner government took power in Argentine and set up a kind of South American fascism, forcing the democrats who had been removed from power to flee to Uruguay. A writer and translator of classic English works, Arturo Orzabal Quintana, a faithful and sincere sympathizer of the USSR, had to emigrate to Uruguay also. From Uruguay Orzabal Quintana carried on agitation addressed to the Argentinians urging them to return to democracy. The Argentinian government asked Uruguay to extradite Quintana. As the request was refused (Uruguay was governed by the same political trend which Orzabal Quintana represented in the Argentine), the land of the privileged soldiers of the Blandengues regiments was threatened by the Argentine with a rupture of diplomatic relations. And relations were for a time suspended.

The intellectuals of Uruguay who know the antecedents of the ruptures in diplomatic relations between Uruguay and Brazil and Argentine have not condoned the playing of the same game of broken relations with the USSR, on grounds of failure to buy cheese or hides or on pretexts of money sent to Brazilian revolutionaries.

Uruguay is no longer the land of football, Blandengues soldiers, chiefs like Aparicio Saravia and the historical revolutionary bands of Artigas and the 33 who liberated the country from Brazilian tyranny. Uruguay has intellectuals today who consider that the USSR is the guarantor of independence and democratic liberty of all the peoples of the world, however far they may be from Europe and however small.

The writers of the Center for Intellectuals of Uruguay have openly declared themselves against Terra and for the USSR.

Among the resolutions adopted by the congress there is one which established clearly that it has rallied to the defense of culture, peace and democratic liberties and to their "faithful guardian, the Soviet Union."

The writers express their opinion of the Soviet Union in categorical form. Here are some of their opinions. E. Alejandro Laureiro:

"The most varied races, the most distant areas have at last found a tie that unites them without strangling them. That is the USSR."

The noted poet, Vicente Basso Maglio:

"The proletarian revolution has put an end to the historical limitations of man. It is a fact totally new for culture and one which signifies the creation of justice and light for the future of humanity."

The writer G. Aguirre:

"The influence of the Russian revolution has been in the direction of the welfare of mankind."

The poet Ildefonso Pereda Valdez:

"I can state that for me, as for many intellectuals throughout the world, the Soviet Union and the triumph of the proletariat as a class have meant a complete change in our ideas, sentiments and ideals. . . . My ambition is to visit the Soviet Union and learn the idiom of 180 million free men."

The journalist Dr. Raul M. Arredondo: "The Russian Revolution was an integral revolution that has built on social elements the edifice of the new culture and the new art which have risen, victorious and free, after the destruction of the old molds that paralyzed the spirit, releasing the most beautiful manifestations of thought."

The sculptor Michelena:

"Actually the USSR is erecting the foundations of that new culture that will definitely save civilization."

And finally, the well-known sculptor S. Posse:

"The USSR signifies a powerful step toward suppressing the exploitation of man by man. This exploitation is what makes us hate work, is the cause of the misfortunes that weigh on the majority of men."

This is the best reply that Uruguay can give the little dictator Terra since it interprets the thought of the intellectual element of the country which Terra wishes to govern.

PARAGUAY

Campos Servera, Writer, Deported from his Country

The engineer and writer, Campos Servera, active and well known in the anti-imperialist struggle of Paraguay, has been deported from his native land as a result of the big campaign carried on in the period of the Paraguayan-Bolivian killing.

At all times and on all occasions, the writer Campos Servera was the staunchest adherent of the anti-imperialist struggle and was one of the intellectuals who revealed to the Paraguayan people the real essence of the struggle for El Chaco.

Engineer Campos Servera pointed out to the people of Paraguay that the struggle had been started by two foreign powers who were fighting for the oil reserves of the Chaco region which, according to estimates made by the geologists of the Standard Oil Company, cover an area of 10,000,000 hectares, being considered one of the richest fields in the world.

According to statements by Campos Servera himself, he will continue, while in exile, the work which has been interrupted in his native land.

ARMANDO CAMPOS URQUIJO

IN THIS ISSUE

A. Bakuntz is a young Armenian writer.

A. Galperina is a young Soviet critic.

A. Gatov is a Soviet poet and translator. Author of an anthology *Poets of the Paris Barricades.*

M. Koltsov is an outstanding Soviet satirist and feuilleton writer in *Pravda.*

G. Lukacs is a prominent German Marxist critic now living in the Soviet Union.

I. G. Lezhnev is editor of the literary section of *Pravda.* His book, *Notes of a Contemporary* shows the evolution of a man from liberalism to the Communist point of view. Another selection from the book dealing with a later period will appear in a subsequent issue.

H. Marshall is an Englishman, graduate of the State Institute of Cinema in Moscow.

G. Riklin is a feuilleton writer in *Pravda.*

S. R. Stande is a Polish poet.

Editor-in-chief SERGEI DINAMOV

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C O N T E N T S

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FICTION

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