Workers of the world, unite!

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

№ 8

1936

Distributors in the USSR: Co-operative Publishing Society of Foreign Workers in the USSR 25th October Street 7, Moscow. Distributors in Great Britain:—Martin Lawrence, Ltd., 2 Parton Street, London. W. C. I. Distributors in the U. S. A.: International Publishers, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York, U. S. A.

Address all communications to Box 850, Moscow, USSR

Editorial

If the Enemy Does Not Surrender— He Is Destroyed

History and fiction have produced characters that typify treachery, baseness, cruelty, inner devastation and moral decomposition.

But in the House of Columns where the military Collegium of the Supreme Court heard the case of those indicted in connection with the Trotsky-Zinoviev terrorist center, the historical tales of treachery and baseness pale into nothingness, the most vicious characters in fiction seem by comparison, to quote the Prosecutor, mere insignificant "pups and bumpkins." Is there any measure of the baseness and treachery of these men? One after another they gave their terrible evidence, described their preparations and horrible performances in business-like tones. One by one they assured the court they realized their guilt, had changed and ceased to be enemies. One by one they declared the others had not disarmed completely, had not told the whole truth; each one wanting to induce the court to believe that he alone was telling the truth.

A disgusting picture; it reveals the utmost moral and political decomposition! Incorrigible liars, murderers corrupt to their innermost recesses, these creatures had lost all human semblance—like Goya's nightmare masks—and drawn aside the curtain revealing the horrible underground activities of the fascist-Trotskyite terrorists: provocation, double-dealing, cold-blooded cruelty, a fierce and odious thirst for power, a fathomless hatred of Socialism, and of the Soviet people and its leaders. This gallery of rogues—Trotsky and the Gestapo official Himler, the murderer Zinoviev and the terrorist-secret service man Olberg, Kamenev and the fascist hireling Fritz David, Smirnov and M. Lurie, the apprentice of the German spy Weitz—represents Conradi, Coward and Gorgulov, only in a new, even more disgusting and dangerous guise.

Having organized, and, by the hand of Nikolaev, executed the murder of S. M. Kirov, Zinoviev, wrote a tearful obituary note which he attempted to have the *Pravda* publish. While planning new murders, this chief of a gang of Gestapo hirelings came to the open grave of his victim, to the grave of S. M. Kirov, knight and tribune of the proletarian revolution, to shed hypocritical tears, and pathetically tear his hair and eulogize the victim. Does the history of mankind know any case of greater baseness, any instance more cynical, more terrible in its shamelessness?

And these men dared plead for pardon, for their lives to be spared! Elementary social hygiene required the removal from the face of the earth of the stinking nest of Trotskyite-Zinovievite snakes. The poisonous odors menaced the very air of our land, threatened the peace and happiness of a hundred and seventy million people.

For five days the Soviet Court painstakingly probed into all the circumstances of the case of the Trotsky-Zinovievite terrorist center, analyzed the evidence given by the defendants and the tremendous amount of material of the preliminary investigation. In session, before the public and Soviet and foreign journalists, the Supreme Court of the Soviet Union disentangled the knot of crime of the Trotsky-Zinoviev-Kamenev gang. The well-known English jurist, Pritt, who attended the trial, stated in the *News Chronicle*:

"I am fully satisfied that the trial was properly conducted and the defendants treated justly and, from a legal point of view, correctly. They voluntarily rejected defense-counsel. They were allowed to speak freely and as much as they desired."

In vain does the German and Polish press, on orders of the fascist Secret Service of Berlin, howl about the "injustice" of the sentence pronounced by the Military Collegium. In their frenzy these hirelings of fascism have even hinted that not Zinoviev and Kamenev were the defendants in court but . . . their doubles! The public trial, conducted strictly in accordance with Soviet judicial procedure, has exposed the Trotsky-Zinoviev gang of murderers as the agents of the fascist secret service and its international provocational-terrorist activities. The trial has dealt a severe blow to the fascist collaborators of Trotsky, Zinoviev and Kamenev. No wonder that, caught red-handed, the Gestapo gentlemen tried to shift and dodge and find a lying way out with the help of an obedient venal press.

But in this they could not succeed. The searchlight of the preliminary investigation and public trial revealed these organizers and instigators of terrorist acts against the leaders of the Party and the Soviet government in their true light. They have been exposed as base degenerates; as cold-blooded murderers, who wanted to crawl into power over the corpses of the best people of our country; as white-guard terrorists, closely and inseparably connected in their work with the international centers of fascist terrorism, espionage, and criminal activities.

What exactly did the Soviet court, investigating the Trotsky-Zinoviev terrorist center, establish?

It established by objective facts and the admissions of the defendants that as far back as 1932, at the behest of Trotsky, the Zinoviev and Trotsky secret counter-revolutionary groups united. A "united center" was formed into which entered Zinoviev, Kamenev, Evdokimov, Bakaev, Smirnov, Ter-Vaganyan and Mrachkovsky. This "center" worked out no political platform and no slogans. The only basis for uniting these counter-revolutionary groups was the common aim of executing individual terrorist acts against the leaders of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, and the leading figures of the Soviet Government.

Individual terrorist acts—for the sake of what? "We . . . decided"—testified Kamenev—"that the only *means by which we can hope to attain power* is the organization of terrorist acts against the leaders of CPSU, primarily against Stalin." "Plain, unprincipled reaching out for power"—thus Kamenev himself characterized his activities, adding that "the fact that the Central Committee of CPSU overcame all difficulties, that its policies triumphed, roused in us afresh all our bitterness and our hatred for the leadership of the party, primarily of Stalin."

"In this we were guided"—Kamenev explained to the court, "by our infinite anger against the leadership of the party and country and our thirst for the power to which we had stood so close before and from which the course of historical events had thrown us far."

"Bitterness . . . thirst for power"—these are mild, very mild terms. The prosecutor found another, more apt term for the "work" of this gang and for the gang itself. "Maddened dogs of capitalism"—is an entirely exact characterization.

To crawl to power at any cost—by cynical double-dealing, by close co-operation with the Gestapo, by means of a series of dastardly murders—that was the ambition of the Trotsky-Zinoviev counter-revolutionary clique. They aimed to capture power in order to betray the Soviet masses, to drag the country backwards, to hand it over to the fascists—to their Gestapo allies who furnished them with arms and false passports. The Soviet masses had tossed them aside, thereby intensifying the hatred of the traitors toward the workers, and their great and wise leaders.

The Trotskyites are in the foremost ranks of bourgeois counter-revolution. The Trotsky-Zinoviev terrorist center was an agency of the counter-revolutionary bourgeoisie within our country, one of the varieties of international fascism. Of this the clique's entire practical activity bears clear evidence. "On direct orders from Trotsky, received by the 'united center' through the defendants *Smirnov, Holtzmann,* and *Dreitzer,* the Trotskyites and Zinovievites concentrated all their inimical activites against the Soviet government and the CPSU during the period (1932-1936) into the organization of terrorist acts against their leadership"—reads the sentence of the Military Collegium—and this was admitted by all the criminals.

The defendants Holtzman, Mrachkovsky, Smirnov, Berman-Yurin, Fritz David, testified, both on preliminary investigation and in court, that in addition to his orders for individual terrorist acts, Trotsky also gave directions for a defeatist "position" in case of war of the capitalist world against the USSR. Testifying in court about his conversations with Trotsky, of the latter's directions to "get rid of Stalin, Voroshilov and Kaganovich," Trotsky's messenger, Berman-Yurin, added: "Trotsky also spoke his views on the situation in the event of intervention against the Soviet Union. He occupied a distinctly defeatist position. He also said that Trotskyites must enter the army—but that they will not defend the Soviet Union." Trotsky gave similar 'directions' to another of his messengers, the terrorist, Fritz David. Zinoviev and others of the "united center" of counter-revolution admitted they shared fully Trotsky's defeatist views.

Thus terrorism and defeatism as the means of attaining power were what united the scoundrels. Would not the most nefarious whiteguards of the notorius Russian General Military Union (ROVS) the most arrant "braves" of Colonel de la Roche's organization, the ripest "ideologists" of German fascism and Japanese military circles, wholeheartedly subscribe to such a program? Of what else do the Goebbels and Rosenbergs, Denikins and Kerenskys, Arakis and Robles', Gotis and Deterdings, dream if not the forcible removal of the leaders of the Soviet Union and its defeat in a war of intervention?

The complete coincidence of the aims and lusts of the most aggressive and rapacious imperialists, German fascism and Japanese military circles, with the aims and lusts of the Trotsky-Zinoviev clique, is the best evidence of the real nature of this gang of Gestapo agents who raised their hands against the most precious thing the Soviet people have—against the lives of their leaders. No wonder Mr. Himmler so readily "cooperated" with the Trotsky-Zinoviev emissaries; that the resident agent of the Gestapo in Prague, a certain Tukalevsky, furnished the Trotskyite terrorist Olberg with a Honduran passport; that since 1933, as the same Olberg testified in court, "an organized, systematic

connection was established between the German Trotskyites and the German fascist police." This connection was established with Trotsky's consent while the joint labors of the terrorist, M. Lurie, and the Gestapo agent in Moscow, Franz Weitz, were approved by Zinoviev. The terrorist, M. Lurie, was connected with Trotsky, Ruth Fischer-Maslov, Zinoviev, and the same Franz Weitz. Thus the vicious circle closed. Thus the executioners from the fascist secret service joined hands with the executioners from the Trotsky-Zinovievite front ranks of the counter-revolutionary bourgeoisie.

The Supreme Court established that upon direct orders of Trotsky and Zinoviev, the murder of S. M. Kirov, leader of the Leningrad Bolsheviks, inspired tribune of the revolution, friend and companion-in arms of Stalin, was organized, and on the first of December 1934, committed. Not satisfied with the murder of Kirov, the Trotsky-Zinoviev center, with the aid of Trotsky's messengers, Berman-Yurin, Fritz David, Olberg, M. Lurie, and N. Lurie, made preparations for a series of terrorist acts against Comrades Stalin, Voroshilov, Zhdanov, Kaganovitch, Ordjonnikidze, Kossior and Postyshev. The plans of the Trotsky-Zinoviev murder gang miscarried for reasons beyond their control. One's blood froze to hear Berman-Yurin, Fritz David, and N. Lurie testify in court how they shadowed our leaders; how, with revolvers loaded, they awaited an opportune moment to shoot Stalin, Voroshilov, Kaganovitch, Ordjonnikidze. Fists clenched involuntarily when Reingold and Bakayev coldbloodedly told of an automobile ride to select a place for an attempt on Comrade Stalin's life; when Pickel narrated the activities of the Moscow terrorist center; when Bakaev testified regarding his and Kamenev's trips to Leningrad to control the terrorist groups there and hasten the murder of Kirov.

It was during those very days when these monstrous crimes against the Communist Party and the Soviet people were being prepared, that Zinoviev and Kamenev wrote their double-dealing declarations, begging the Party to believe in their devotion to the principles of Communism, in their readiness to work as directed by the Party and its leader. Human language is inadequate to brand the shamelessness, the cunning perfidy, of these declarations. Black treachery, shameless cynical doubledealing, were the favorite methods of these degenerates who wanted to, as Zinoviev said, "crawl into the Party on their bellies" in order to have a better chance to do their work as spies and murderers.

"Generals" without armies these peoples had been defeated in their open fights against the Party. Despised by every honest worker for Socialism they lied without end, sank to the lowest level of moral and political decay, and finally degenerated into a gang of bitter, frenzied murderers and professional traitors and spies. As such they came before court and the public opinion of the U.S.S.R.

In their blind frenzy the despicable gang did not realize the great might of the Soviet country against which they conducted their base undermining work. They did not realize the monolithic unity of the Soviet people, its close solidarity with the Communist Party and its infinite devotion to the beloved friend, teacher and leader of the masses of the people, to the great Stalin. The bloody trump of fascist terrorism was beaten. The Soviet court pronounced its sentence, which had a funeral ring for the gang of Gestapo hirelings.

This sentence was in complete accord with the will of the people. Public opinion of Soviet Russia, the most independent and democratic public opinion in the world, condemned these enemies of the people with great wrath. Thousands of meetings all over the country unanimously demanded the death of the fascist snakes. Execrating Judas Trotsky and his odious band, the peoples of the Soviet Union, in thousands of letters, resolutions, and addresses, expressed their profound love for the great leader and wise strategist of the proletarian revolution, the father and teacher of toiling humanity, Stalin. No mercy for the enemy! The life of Stalin is our own life, and those that raise their hands against it must be destroyed without qualms! Such was the will of the wrathful people, and this was reflected in the court's sentence.

The sentence was greeted with deep satisfaction throughout our vast country. While the heroic fighters against fascism in Spain; the Chinese Red Army; the German communist proletarians, struggling against the fascist regime and tortured in Gestapo prisons; honest adherents of a united anti-fascist front, all over the world approve the condemnation of the fascist Trotsky-Zinovievite terrorist gang. Every honest fighter against war and fascism understands that the Trotsky-Zinoviev gang has wrought and could work untold harm to the entire international revolutionary front.

They aimed at the heart and brain of the revolution, at the heart and brain of the Soviet Union, the hope of all toiling mankind, the bulwark of peace, the torch lighting the way to a new civilization in the darkness of capitalism. They wanted to turn the land of free Socialist labor, where exploitation of man by man has been done away with, turn the land of triumphant Socialism into a colony of fascist Germany—the boss and patron of this gang of hired murderers. They wanted to trample the banner of a new culture, the banner of Socialist humanism, under which the most advanced people in the world, genuine humanists and masters of culture, have gathered.

Full of creative, enthusiasm, the peoples of the Soviet Union are building a joyous happy life for themselves. Entered on the pages of the great Stalinist Constitution of the USSR are the remarkable achievements of Socialism guaranteeing this life without exploitation, without classes, without capitalism, guaranteeing to every citizen his right to work and rest, his right to education and the complete development of a creative personality in a free and happy Socialist commonwealth.

The Trotsky-Zinovievite reptiles wanted to ruin this nation, turn it back to capitalist slavery. Let "humanists" of the type of De Brukker and Citrin, base defenders of fascist murderers, inhuman enemies of historical progress, dispute the right of people to smash the nest of execrable and despicable reptiles. The mighty symphony of socialist labor in plant and collective farm, the songs of our joyous youths; the laughter of our happy children whom we will not deliver up to fascist slavery; have merged into the powerful testament of genuine humanism, the humanism of Socialist mankind vanquishing the dark forces of the world, the testament:

"If the enemy does not surrender, he is destroyed!"

This base, degenerate, cruel, and relentless enemy would not surrender. For years he fought against the Party, against the Soviet government, against

the Soviet people, using ever keener, more poisonous weapons. So, he was destroyed according to the will of the people.

The words of the great humanist and courageous fighter for culture and against fascist bestiality, the words of the inspired poet of our emancipated people, A. M. Gorky, should be a constant call to revolutionary vigilance:

"If the enemy does not surrender, he is destroyed!"

MAXIM GORKY 1868 — 1936

SPEECHES DELIVERED AT HIS FUNERAL ON THE RED SQUARE

V. M. Molotov

On Behalf of the Council of Peoples Commissars of the USSR and the Central Committee of the CPSU

Comrades: Bidding farewell today to Maxim Gorky, we, his friends and countless admiring readers, feel as if some brilliant particle of our own life had departed forever into the past. Millions of persons are experiencing this feeling. From the very depth of his spirit, Gorky stood close to us, the people of his epoch, to whom he gave so much in the writings of a genius, in his boundless love for the toilers and his struggle for the freedom of man. and by the example of his entire, splendidly unique life.

In order to become the great writer we know, Gorky had during the course of long years to fight a stubborn struggle to break away from heavy need and sorrow beginning in his early childhood. Not a few times was he thrown to the depths in which many a talented and gifted man has perished. For the sake of daily bread, he had to labor much for big and little capitalists —as painter, baker, clerk, stevedore, hired man.

None of the great writers of our country, ay! and of other countries, knew so closely the life of "the depths" of the people under capitalism. None of them personally experienced so much of the ferocity and infamy of the masters and exploiters. None of them had even seen with his own eyes so many people tortured by slave labor and broken under the yoke of capital as our Gorky, in whom all this suffering was forged into irreconcilable and revolutionary hatred towards the capitalist system, and boundless faith in the liberating power of Communism.

That is why the workers, all toilers see in Gorky *themselves, their own* man, *their own* life and fate, *their* future. That is why Gorky was loved, is loved and will be loved so much by the toilers of our own and other countries.

Gorky created immortal characters—the people of his times.

His artistic figures of the capitalist, the rapacious profiteer, the fusty philistine of the provincial backwaters, the selfish, parasitic bourgeois intellectual and other gentlemen of old pre-revolutionary Russia are indelibly stamped in one's memory. The proletarian writer Maxim Gorky looked into their very souls and revealed in his works their social nature as oppressors of the masses of the people.

He gave many vivid and forceful examples of the depths of nothingness to which the brutal capitalist system had reduced some "rolling stone" ofl spring of bourgeois sections of society.

At the same time Gorky, as a magnificent artist of the proletariat, drew remarkable portraits of freedom-loving and selfless people who would not accept oppression and the slime of life; he gave the best and most

expressive pictures of proletarian revolutionaries, pictures burning with the warmth of the sincere feeling of an artist-genius.

Maxim Gorky has many millions of admiring readers. Their ranks will grow and grow for a long time to come.

In his powerful influence on Russian literature, Gorky stands with such giants as Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy, as the one who best carried on in our times their great traditions. The influence of Gorky's artistic writings on the destinies of our Revolution is more direct and more forcefull than the influence of any other of our writers. Therefore it is precisely Gorky who is the genuine begetter of proletarian, socialist literature in our land and in the eyes of the toilers of the whole world.

Maxim Gorky came in his own special way as a great artist into the ranks of warriors for Communism. He came into our ranks even before the revolutionary uplift of 1905, but he came with the already unfolded banners of a storm petrel of the Revolution.

Gorky began his revolutionary literary life in an epoch of cumulative revolutionary outburst and soon stood completely and organically on the platform of the working class, became a close friend of the great Lenin in the struggle for Communism.

It reflects the grandeur of Gorky that his shining mind, closeness to the people, self-sacrificing and gigantic labor upon the mastery of the cultural achievements of human culture made him a supreme friend of the toilers and a majestic inspiration in the struggle for the cause of Communism.

To his last breath Gorky lived as one in thought and feeling with those who with such enthusiasm are now building the new Socialist society under the leadership of the Party of Lenin and Stalin. To the last day of his life his eyes sparkled with the fire of unyielding struggle against the enemies of the toilers, the fascists and all other oppressors, the assassins of culture and the instigators of war. Every success of the toilers in our country, the successes of the Stakhanovites, the new forms of activity among women, the increase of the harvest and of labor productivity, the exposure of sorties and plots on the part of the enemy, the strengthening of the defense of the country, and above all, the cultural growth of the masses, the growth of literature and art made him as happy as an ardent youth and a venerable sage.

Gorky's example teaches us much.

Gorky was a *literary genius.*

Literary men, artists in words, may learn from this example the power which words have when they serve in the struggle for the happiness of man and of humanity, when these words reach the hearts of men and of peoples.

Gorky was *a great son of a great people.*

For simple folk, for toilers, the example of Gorky shows that our people, like other peoples, is rich in glorious talents which formerly were able only in exceptional circumstances to rise from the depths but for which there is now open a free path to full flowering, to victories and to glory.

Gorky was *a supreme friend of the toilers and an inspirer of the struggle for Communism.*

Is any further proof needed that humanity's finest men, those who have reached the heights of culture and of deep comprehension of the secret dreams of the peoples about their happiness, give their energies supremely and without reserve to the cause of Communism, and in so

doing find their highest satisfaction? This in itself shows that the cause of Communism is on the way to its full triumph.

Since Lenin, the death of Gorky is the heaviest loss for our country and for humanity.

Our strength is in this: the people of the Soviet land to whom Gorky devoted all his tremendous talent and his mighty heart has already risen up on powerful feet, has provided space for the development of its own immeasurable energies and talents, and by this very fact is triumphantly incarnating the hopes and dreams of the best representatives of humanity.

Alexei Tolstoy

For the Union of Soviet Writers

The artist who deeply and truly reflects revolutionary epochs of history —such was Gorky—the creator who leads humanity to the realization of a liberated world—such was Lenin—

Great men do not have two dates of their existence in history—birth and death, but only one: their birth.

On this ancient square, where the people for thousands of years created for itself a government and where the higher forms of government were created for all, we have gathered to place in its pantheon an urn with the ashes of a writer of our people and of the world.

The date of birth of Gorky the artist was in the nineties. The young Peshkov gathered in the magic focus of his soul all the explosive forces of that pre-revolutionary epoch; collected all the wrath of the humiliated and the exploited, all the wearied expectations, all the passions for which there was no vent.

He felt on his own shoulders the iron strength of the fists of the merchants, the philistines and the police. Not a few times did he fight, madly, alone, against the many, in defense of the injured and insulted.

And so, in the nineties—in those terrible years of oppression and tense silence—this tall, thin, stooping, blue-eyed youth with a fierce and fiery soul—raised the banner of revolt.

Whoever has a living heart, he said, must shatter to bits the cursed torpor of the philistines, march out to the open spaces and light the bonfires of a free life!

With broad strokes of the brush, with the precipitousness of genius, he drew the stupid and brutal face of the exploiting class. There you are--the Russian, insatiable mask besmeared with Lenten oil. Feast your eyes upon it!

I was still a boy but I remember the impression of a tremendous explosion echoing through the whole world. In the mould of bourgeois life, which had seemed so durable, a breach had been forced to which streamed all who had living hearts.

In a year or so, the name of Gorky travelled throughout the world. He became a forerunner of the Revolution, its storm petrel.

Nearness to Lenin crystallized his revolt, gave his art an impulse towards clearly marked and concrete aims.

Nearness to Stalin crystallized his work: apart from his own creative work he took upon himself the tremendous and weighty task of the leadership of Soviet literature. With undying ardor he led Soviet literature to world heights. He led Soviet literature along its only path—realism, culture, truth, wide and deep comprehension of all the multiformity of our Soviet life.

His guiding idea was Lenin's formula: "The very aspiration to comprehend all saves us from stagnation."

Such is the path of Soviet literature, the aspiration to comprehend as much as possible, as deeply as possible, as truthfully as possible, our complex, creative, flourishing, unprecedented life. On guard over this striving stood and stands Gorky, deathless.

Comrades, not with a funeral march but with the triumphant song of life let us greet the great artist who lives with us, and continues to help us with his unfading word to carry high and still higher the torch of Soviet art.

Let Gorky live eternally in our hearts and in our works!

André Gide

For the International Association of Writers for the Defense of Culture

The death of Maxim Gorky throws a cloud of gloom over not only the Soviet land but over the entire world. That great voice of the Russian people which Gorky made us hear found echoes in the most distant countries. Thus it is not my personal sorrow which I have to express here but that of French literature, of European culture, of the culture of the whole universe. Culture has been for a long time the appanage of a privileged class. To be cultured it was necessary to have leisure; one class of people labored in order to let a very small number of idlers enjoy life, educate themselves. The garden of culture, of fine letters and the arts was permitted not to the most intelligent, not to the mos able bu only to those who since childhood had been sheltered from need. Doubtless it may be pointed out that intelligence did not necessarily accompany riches, that in French literature a Moliére, a Diderot, a Rousseau emerged from the people; but their readers rémained people of leisure.

When the great October Revolution lifted up the deep masses of the people, there were those who said, in the West, who repeated, who even believed that this wave from the deeps would submerge culture. When it ceased to be a privilege, was not culture in danger?

It is in reply to this question that writers of all countries have grouped themselves with a very clear feeling of urgent duty: yes, culture is menaced, but the danger for it is by no means from the revolutionary and liberative forces; it comes on the contrary from persons who try to subjugate these forces and break them, to put reason itself under a bushel. What menaces culture is the fascism, the narrow and artificial nationalism which have nothing in common with true patriotism, profound love of one's country. What menaces culture is the war to which these hateful nationalisms fatally and necessarily lead.

I had to preside at the International Conference in Defense of Culture which is now being held in London. The grievous news of Maxim Gorky's health called me hurriedly to Moscow. On this Red Square which has been the scene of so many glorious and tragic events, in front of this Lenin Mausoleum towards which so many eyes are turned, I take it upon myself to declare boldly in the name of the writers assembled in London and in my own name: it is the great international revolutionary forces which assume the care and the duty of defending, protecting and giving fresh luster to culture. The fate of culture is linked in our minds with the very destiny of the USSR. We shall defend it.

Just as, apart from the particular interests of each people, a great common need draws the proletarian classes of all lands together, so does there arise, apart from each national literature, a general culture common at the same time to all nations; a culture made of all that is truly living and human in the particular literature of each country, "national in form, socialist in content" as Stalin has told us.

I have often written that by being most specific that a writer attains the most general interest, because it is in showing himself most personal that he reveals himself, by the very fact, as most human. No Russian writer was more Russian than Maxim Gorky. No Russian writer was more universally listened to.

I was present yesterday when the people passed before Gorky's catafalque. I could not cease from contemplating this number of women, children, toilers of all kinds for whom Maxim Gorky was a spokesman and a friend. I saw with sorrow that these very people in any other country than the USSR were those who would have been forbidden access to this hall; precisely those who in front of the gardens of culture come up against the terrible: Private Property, Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted. And tears came into my eyes as I reflected that what for them seemed so natural seemed, for me, the Westerner, still so extraordinary. And I thought also that there was here, in the USSR, a very surprising new phenomenon: up till now in all the countries of the world the writer of worth has almost always been more or less a revolutionary, a fighter, in a manner more or less conscious and more or less veiled, he thought and wrote against something. He refused to approve. He brought to mind and heart a ferment of insubordination and revolt. Those in the seats of the mighty, the authorities, tradition, if they had been more clear-sighted would not have hesitated to designate him as the enemy!

Today in the USSR, for the first time the situation is quite different: in being a revolutionary the writer is no longer an oppositionist. All to the contrary, he answers the wishes of the great number, of the entire people and, what is most admirable, of its leaders. There is thus as it were a disappearance of the problem, or rather a transposition so novel that the mind at first remains disconcerted. And this will be not the least of the glories of the USSR and of those prodigious days which continue still to shake our old world—to have made rise in a new sky, along with new stars, new problems which until now were not suspected.

Maxim Gorky will have had the singular and glorious destiny of linking this new world to the past and binding it to the future. He knew the oppression of the day before yesterday, the tragic struggle of yesterday; he powerfully aided the calm and glittering triumph of today. He lent his

voice to those who had not before been able to make themselves heard, those who, thanks to him, will henceforth be heard. Henceforth, Maxim Gorky belongs to history. He takes his place with the greatest.

George Lukacs

A Great Proletarian Humanist

The *last* great classic writer of the European galaxy of realists is dead. And with him died the *first* great classic writer of Socialist realism. The writer whose greatness was an adumbration of that magnificent development of art which will be ushered in by Socialist society.

Such a fusion of periods in one person could take place only in Russia, where the bourgeois-democratic Revolution turned over the torch falling from its hands to the victory-assured proletarian Revolution. Only in Russia did one generation experience both the failure of 1905 and the triumph of 1917.

Maxim Gorky was contemporary, friend and companion in arms of Tolstoy and Chekhov—he was also contemporary, friend and companion in arms of Lenin and Stalin.

This unique historical position occupied by Gorky laid a unique stamp on his art.

Gorky was also contemporary with a period marked by a very profound decline of realism in Western Europe (as in Russia since 1905). The realism of Swift and Fielding, Balzac and Stendhal had long since vanished from the scene when Gorky began his activities as a writer. Shallow naturalism and experimental formalism—an empty "craftsmanship" of nonsense—prevailed in the literature of the time.

Gorky, however, was not affected in the least by this decline. He continued, unabashed, the traditions of the old realists and directly those of Tolstoy.

This statement is not to be taken in a superficial literal sense, however. Gorky's style differs fundamentally from that of Tolstoy. Gorky inherited Tolstoy's broad view of the world, a view so thoroughly alive that it wakes to life what seems dead—that "reasonable view of the world" of which Hegel spoke, and which results in the world also taking a "reasonable view" of such men.

Like Tolstoy, Gorky was charged with a tremendous *humanistic indignation* against the degradation and sophistication of man by feudalism and capitalism. His was a glowing, unvacillating and consuming humanistic passion for *human integrity,* for an ideally well-rounded and fully developed man.

Gorky carried this fire to the real leaders of the exploited and oppressed, to the revolutionary proletariat. The glow of *indignation* he blew to a Promethean flame of *revolution.*

Gorky's life and works are vivid evidence of the fact that the revolutionary proletariat, that a people freed by the proletarian revolution, is the real heir to all intense human indignation, to all the revolutions of human

history, heir to humanism and to great art. His life and works show that this proletariat "masters and adapts everything of value in the more than 2,000-year-old development of human thought and human culture" (Lenin).

The word "man" acquires an altogether new *pathos* with Gorky. His humanism contains at once more joy and rage, it is both brighter and full of a more intense hatred of all degradation than any previous humanism.

The joyful brightness of his humanism has its origin in his close ties with the revolutionary labor movement, with Bolshevism. To Gorky the labor movement, the proletarian revolution, means primarily the emancipation of man, the breaking of all the chains that hamper the free and all-sided development of the human personality.

Young Gorky could see the vital human powers latent in the people. He could see these forces rise in rebellion against all the misery and degradation that hampered their development. He could also see how these forces were wasted, twisted into senseless, even perverted bestiality by the "Asiatic capitalism" of old Russia.

The salvation of the tremendous human forces of the people lies in the revolutionary labor movement, in an orderly gathering of forces for the emancipation of mankind. But not only the distant emancipation of mankind as a whole—a point most remarkable and original in the creative vision of Gorky who could see that the revolutionary labor movement also frees the *individual* who takes part in it wholeheartedly, that it emancipates his personality and *makes a man of him*. He could see that with Marxism, with the Bolsheviks, the humanist principle is more than an ideal, more than a distant prospect. With them humanism is rather a direct basis and principle of revolutionary practice itself.

This Bolshevik humanism makes *Mother* an heroic song of the power of the revolutionary labor movement to free humanity and lends this book its unique power.

Other writes have shown the struggle of the proletariat for emancipation. They limited themselves, however, to a picture of the political or economic struggles. Their humanism remained more or less abstract—when it did not degenerate into honeyed, sentimental phrases.

Gorky also showed the class struggle itself in all its embittered ferocity. He likewise revealed the brutal cruelty of the class enemy. And he did this with an uncompromising, unembellished realism.

Only he showed at the same time—and emphasized—the already present, actual effectiveness of humanism in the revolutionary labor movement. The labor movement awakens and develops, gathers and organizes the human forces of each one who takes part in it. It is in and by means of the labor movement that distorted, crippled men turn again into human beings. It gives back the power of speech to the dumb, sight to the blind. It wrests mankind from the clutches of dullness, through which can be seen only what is present and direct. Inasmuch as it shows men the future, it also illuminates their past and brightens the present, making it full of purpose—of conscious struggles. It shatters the barriers erected by capitalism to separate man from man and unites them in the most human way, in a common struggle.

True, Gorky also shows victims, also shows failures, also shows the breaking of human bonds by the cruel necessities of the struggle. But the triumphant song of humanization by participation in the labor movement, of profound

union of awakened humanity in their new comradeship sounds out above all suffering.

Figures like Nilowna or Rybin only Gorky could create.

This revolutionary, proletarian humanism permeates all of Gorky's works. Whether he is depicting a tavern, or the lodging-house of a night, a trading office or a stuffy middle-class home, the light of proletarian humanism penetrates every human fate. Without the slightest sentimentality, he expresses a warmth of emotion over the people and their lot such as no other writer could express.

To Gorky the capitalist world is a great slaugter-house where thousands of human victims are under the knife at any given moment.

Gorky, the proletarian humanist, says what the greatest Marxian thinkers have repeatedly said: not only does capitalism enslave and exploit the toilers, but it also cripples and robs of human semblance the members of the ruling class itself.

In *Anti-Dühring,* Engels says[1]: "... not only the laborers but also the classes directly or indirectly exploiting the laborers are made subject, through the division of labor, to the tool of their function:—the empty-minded bourgeois to his own capital and his own thirst for profits; the lawyer to his fossilized legal conceptions, which dominate him as a power independent of him; the 'educated classes' in general to their manifold local limitations and one-sidedness, to their own physical and mental short-sightedness, to their stunted specialized education and the fact that they are chained for life to a specialized activity itself—even when this specialized activity is merely to do nothing."

Take Gorky's capitalists—the Foma Gordeyev family, the Artamanovs, Yegor Bulychev and others. They are incomparable; there is nothing like them in world literature

Balzac shows with great power what capitalism does to man. But in Balzac's works human energy deflected, misled and directed into spurious channels by capitalism can discharge itself in tremendous explosions. The setting sun of the heroic period of the bourgeois revolution is still throwing its last rays on his work. Untrammelled human forces still break out or subside in tragic struggle. Vautrin, Gobseck, Nucingen still stand out like figures larger than life.

After 1848, the figures in European literature shrink. The newer realism shows only fightless victims, only "products of the capitalist degradation of man." They are not deformed by capitalism before our eyes; they come upon the stage already deformed. One reading the literature of this period might think that people who were not deformed, not depraved, had been invented in the imagination of the older writers or in the visions of Utopians.

In Gorky's works although the final result of struggle is inevitable for those who cannot rise above the confines of their class, this result does not occur until the *end of a struggle.* Under the surface of bourgeois life a fierce, sometimes grotesque, sometimes heroic, conflict goes on. Human energies seek a way for development. Not only to capture a place in society; there is also a struggle for the development of human ability itself. Men are invariably

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[1] *Herr Eugen Dühring's Revolution in Science,* by F. Engels, Cooperative Publishing Society of Foreign Workers in the U.S.S.R. Moscow, 1934.

crippled, deformed, but they fight—according to temperament and circumstances—for self-preservation and are subdued only after a long battle.

This is the *inner drama* of Gorky's works.

With this Gorky shows a more profound hatred of capitalism than any other writer. To him the world of capitalism is no cemetery for those born dead—murdered humanity falls a victim only after a severe struggle.

This is the humdrum reality of capitalism. A battlefield where thousands of human souls are murdered every day.

This inner drama is an important feature of Gorky's style.

The latterday realism of both Europe and America vacillates between two wrong extremes: it either sinks to the trivialities of everyday existence or winds itself up to a sort of beastly, soulless and content-less crudity. Both are but different phases of one and the same thing and often appear together in the same work.

Gorky needs no crude effects. He does not need any explosions of beastliness to lend inner movement to the life shown, to rob humdrum reality of its dead banality. He sees the inner tragedies, tragi-comedies and farces that are played in the silent home without any visible explosions.

Because this is how he sees and depicts life, his style acquires a stirring simplicity, an inner tenseness. With simple, unaffected words that come naturally with the situation itself, he throws a piercing light on the deepest corners of the human soul, revealing storms of passion and heartbreaking tragedy.

The inner tenseness of Gorky's style gives adequate expression to the world he depicts. The complexity of the personalities he depicts lends richness to his works. Gorky has no use for the schematic simplification, in which the newer European literature indulges. Everyone of his characters shows a profound, organic unity of mind and instinct—even though this be a unity of contradictions.

But that which more than anything else gives Gorky a unique position in present-day literature is the fact that the spiritual life of his characters is always an organically necessary consequence of their environment, and just as individual a matter as their voices or figures. Gorky is never indifferent to their mental life. He is always aware of what conditioned the attitude of each towards the world, and how this attitude, in turn, reacts upon life itself.

Gorky's works are a highpoint of literary culture.

Writing is, however, the reflection of life

Throughout his life, Gorky was a fanatic defender of culture. Not only was he a staunch defender of Socialist culture against fascist barbarity in our times, but he also fought constantly for the cultural needs and the intellectual development of the oppressed proletariat, and he recognized the tremendous significance of culture for the class struggle.

He was the foremost defender of human culture in general. He seemed to feel himself the rightful heir to all human culture, which he was duty bound to defend against all forms of barbarity.

He was a great writer because he was a great man.

He was our common teacher. At his grave we must confess, however, that we have not learned enough nor the right way from him.

Young Gorky was close to Tolstoy—and what a tremendous heritage he brought away with him from this association!

We were fortunate enough to live and work close to the mature Gorky—but did we not foster in his very shadow the most miserable traditions of the decadent literature of the bourgeoisie? Gorky could show the bourgeois man deformed by capitalism as one inwardly alive. How frequently is the new man of Socialism in our works only a straw figure?

True—it is not easy to learn from Gorky. The "craftsmanship" of decadent virtuosos of form is much easier to emulate. To learn from Gorky is not a purely literary task. One has to learn his *attitude to life,* how and what he came to love and hate, how he came to his thoughtful mastery of life, to the unity of the proletarian Revolution, humanism and a realistic style. One must understand his cult of life in order to be able to fruitfully learn his literary cult.

Only thus can one hope to master his immortal works.

It is because of this unity of life and literature that he became the classic writer of Socialist realism, one to follow if one wishes to find the road to Socialist realism.

Gorky is dead. But he will always remain not only a classic and an example —he will also continue to be our teacher of great literary culture, of Socialist realism.

Translated from the German by S. D. Kogan

F I C T I O N

A. Fadeyev

The Last of the Udegei

Excerpts from the Third Volume [1]

Alyosha had been sent to the districts of the uprising in order to settle the disagreements between the leaders of the Partisans and the underground Regional Committee. These disagreements concerned the basic questions of the movement and the destinies and lives of tens and hundreds of thousands of people hinged on their decision.

At first Alyosha had planned to reach the Partisans through the Suchansk mine, where Sonya Khlopushkina who was in charge of all the underground communications gave him the addresses of several rendezvous. But when the train was fired upon two stops before Shkotovo, Alyosha decided to get off at Shkotovo and get in touch with the nearest detachment. Before meeting Peter Surkov he wanted to acquaint himself with what was happening in the districts.

The peasant put Alyosha down outside the priest's large house, across from the church. With his bundle under his arm Alyosha halted by the stoop; feeling rather excited. Lounging on the stoop were several bushy-haired orderlies; booted and spurred, with sabres buckled to their sides, they eyed him curiously. Standing in the open gateway he saw the American's cart, flying a white flag. A group of Partisans was clustered around an embarrassedly grinning American soldier and a Partisan in a rabbit-skin hat who was animatedly recounting something or other.

Alyosha bounded across the stoop.

A typewriter was clicking in a large, airy room—Alyosha could see the back of the typist's curly head. A woman with black hair, cut short like a man's clad in black breeches and boots and a boy who looked like a clerk were running something off on a hectograph.

"Can I see Surkov?" Alyosha asked.

Putting down her ink-roller, the woman in the boots looked sideways at Alyosha.

"Comrade Surkov is busy right now," she said curtly. "He is in conference with the representative of the American command."

Alyosha regarded her with good-natured amusement. If not for her male costume and her haircut the woman would have been beautiful. She had fierce black eyes and thick unruly hair that tumbled down either side of her face. A revolver holster was strapped to her waist. A large black mole nestled on her cheek. "What is she dressed for?" Alyosha wondered, noting with amusement that a man's breeches show off a woman's haunches to a rather poor advantage. "And she ought to let the hair on that wart of hers grow instead of cutting it."

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[1] See review on page 105.

"What's that you're running off?"

"The paper!" the woman said, vigorously applying the ink pad.

Alyosha walked over to the table and leaned over the fresh sheet. The smell of the hectograph ink filled his nostrils, a pleasant, fleeting impression of youth-like freshness tingled through the frame of the veteran underground worker.

"Is this the way to Surkov's room?" he asked; and without waiting for an answer he opened the door to the neighboring room.

"Alyosha!" Peter said in soft surprise, rising heavily from his chair behind the desk.

The khaki-clad back of the American lieutenant, the face of the Khmelnitsk delegate and several other faces in the smoke laden room flashed before Alyosha's eyes—he threw down his bundle and rushed towards Surkov. They embraced, looked at each other and embraced again.

The American, rising from his seat, regarded the two of them politely.

"I had no idea you'd be coming," Peter said in a low voice.

Directly before him Alyosha saw Peter's brick-red face and the large pores of his skin. Peter's steady, steel-grey eyes twinkled with boyish delight.

"Well, so much the better! Sit down and wait a bit." Peter pointed to a stool. "We've got international affairs to attend to. That's our comrade," he told the lieutenant, resuming his chair by the desk. "And when does Major Graham intend to arrange this meeting?" he asked, focusing a cold searching look on the lieutenant.

"Not later than tomorrow," the lieutenant said reservedly. "We're leaving the mine day after tomorrow."

Having recovered his bundle Alyosha sat down beside the table and gave the delegate from Khlemetinskoye a knowing wink.

"Can you tell us where you are going? Or is that a military secret?" Peter asked.

"I am not authorized to tell you that," the lieutenant answered guardedly.

"He has a head on his shoulders!" Alyosha thought, giving the wiry lieutenant an approving look.

"Major Graham must realize that we cannot openly appear at the mine," Peter said. "Where does he believe it would be convenient for us to meet?"

"Major Graham would like the meeting to remain a secret. He proposes that we meet tomorrow on the mountain path which leads from the mine to your encampment. Major Graham will leave in the morning on the pretext that he is going hunting."

Peter studied the lieutenant for some time.

"Major Graham guarantees your complete safety," the lieutenant hastily added.

Peter's eyes froze.

"I think that we shall manage to warn our sentinels along the path and likewise guarantee Major Graham's safety," he said drily.

The lieutenant smiled politely.

Beside Surkov, the lieutenant and the delegate, two others were present. Alyosha's attention was attracted by the gigantic stature of a hatless old man sitting on a bench with his back to the window sill. His long, coppercolored beard, without a single grey strand in it, billowed over the cartridge belts that were strapped across his chest. Hair of the same coppercolor

brushed upwards on his head, thick copper brows overhung his eyes. His eyes had a fierce, tiger-like slant but they were blue and very clear. The old man was wearing an elkskin jacket and shaggy puttees that reached above his knees. Leather straps ran from his waist to his shanks to keep the puttees from falling. Two English hand grenades, a huge "Smith" automatic and a hunting knife were girded to his waist.

During the entire conversation between Peter and the American, the old man never budged or changed his facial expression. He stared straight ahead of him with clear blue eyes; his fearless face, laced with dark wrinkles wore such an expression of dignified calm that Alyosha felt an immediate liking for him.

The other person, sitting on a stool in a corner, was also an old man. But he was small and grey. His entire head seemed covered with white fluff which gave him the appearance of a dandelion. The old man's squint eyes were quick and full of life. Every shade in the conversation was immediately registered on his face; by turns he frowned, smiled, winked and shook his dandelion head. Everything Peter said and Peter's conduct afforded the old man intense enjoyment.

"Must you leave immediately? Or will you go with me tomorrow?" Peter suddenly asked the lieutenant.

"As you wish," the lieutenant answered. "Major Graham instructed me to accompany you if you so desired."

"Fine. You'll go with me."

"As you wish."

"Ageich!" Peter said turning to the little old man. "Show the lieutenant to his room and give him something to eat. And see to it that the soldier doesn't go hungry," he added, remembering the American soldier. "You can let the soldier go today," he told the lieutenant.

With all his varied revolutionary experience and with all his resource, Alyosha had never before encountered such external and mental difficulties as during his report to the Partisan Revolutionary Committee.

The first difficulty lay in the fact that though he was among his own people whose activities were at present the hope of the entire revolutionary movement in this part of the country, Alyosha was nevertheless isolated since the point of view which he was to advocate met with no sympathy among them.

The Suchansk miners, who made up the majority of the Revolutionary Committee, were firm supporters of Surkov. Martenyanov, whom Alyosha knew was a man who though not over-intelligent was utterly devoted to the Party and thoroughly reliable, was not in Skobeyevo. The non-Party section of the committee, consisting of several peasants, Doctor Kostenetsky and the telegraph operator in charge of communications in the districts of the uprising, did not play an independent role and Alyosha had no right to rely on it for support. As for the left Social-Revolutionaries (there were two of them on the committee, one of them of no consequence, the other that same woman with the breeches whom Alyosha had seen in the morning and who as it turned out was one of the initiators of the uprising and a really heroic woman) Alyosha was even afraid of their sympathy.

The second difficulty lay in the fact that Alyosha had no prospects of

finding and had no right even to seek supporters outside the committee, among the masses, since the committee had the confidence of the masses and to oppose the masses to the committee under conditions of armed struggle would have spelt disaster for the movement.

The third and main difficulty was that neither his own conviction nor his capacity as representative of the Regional Committee would permit him to change his viewpoint.

For all these reasons Alyosha was compelled to adopt a line of tactics which he himself was usually scornful of, namely, he must not criticize the committee's fundamental policy but propose such changes and alterations as would actually turn the line of the Revolutionary Committee into the line of the Regional Committee.

In order to postpone the Regional Congress to an indefinite future, Alyosha began to expatiate lengthily on the fact that it was, of course, "extremely necessary to satisfy the most immediate needs of the population on the basis of the population's own direct action," (on this point, under the influence of his conversation with Peter, Alyosha did not stick to the letter of the directive of the Regional Committee). The Revolutionary Committee was extremely receptive to this part of his speech. But when Alyosha proposed postponing the Congress to a more propitious time, the Revolutionary Committee reaffirmed its previous decision on the calling of the Congress.

Alyosha's proposal to avoid large concentration of troops was also rejected: the Revolutionary Committee adopted the following formula: refer this question to the Military Command to be decided in accordance with specific military problems. Alyosha then endorsed the formula with the amendment "if possible avoid large concentrations of troops" but even this "if possible" did not meet the sympathy of the Revolutionary Committee. And the same applied to all his proposals.

Through the tobacco smoke Alyosha caught Peter's bantering look, as though he were trying to say: "Who are you trying to scare? Or have you forgotten what you yourself taught me?" "That's all right, brother, you're still young," Alyosha's eyes signalled back. "I'd like to see what you'd do in my place!"

On top of it all the left Social-Revolutionaries supported most of Alyosha's amendments. This made Peter so jubilant that he gave Alyosha a catlike frown and eyed the left Social-Revolutionaries almost benevolently.

Only one of Alyosha's suggestions received Peter's complete support and with it the support of the entire committee. That was the proposal to organize food supply bases in the taiga in case strong Japanese forces should compel the Partisans to retreat to the taiga.

The leadership in the work of organizing these bases was promptly assigned to Alyosha.

Several times during the meeting, the little old man with the dandelion head came in noiselessly and whispered something into Peter's ear. Peter waved him aside with a gesture of annoyance.

"But it's getting cold, Petya!" Alyosha once caught from the old man's whisper.

"So there's a bath coming!" Alyosha thought in satisfaction. And his spirits rose at the anticipation of the bath.

When the meeting was over and the members of the committee had

begun noisily to disband, the white dandelion head of the old man again loomed through the haze of tobacco smoke that was illumined by the yellow light of the sinking sun. This time Ageich had a bundle of linen under his arm.

"What's the matter with you, Petya?" he said excitedly. "All the steam will escape!"

"Of course we'll authorize it, have them draw up a deed and have the surveyor sign it," Peter was telling the head of the land department, giving Ageich a merry wink. "That's right, do that. How about it, shall we go for a bath?" he turned to Alyosha and suddenly his face broke into a broad, boyish smile—"or maybe you don't want to?"

"Where do you get that idea! Whoever heard of a machinist not liking a bath?" Alyosha said offendedly. "Why it's our one amusement in life."

"Only you'll have to excuse the fact that our bath has no chimney."

"What do you mean, it hasn't a chimney?" Ageich cried indignantly.

"It's good enough for me. Is there any soap?" Alyosha asked Ageich in business-like tones.

Ageich gave him a reproachful look as though he considered Alyosha's question almost indecent.

"Then I suppose there are scrubbing brushes too," Alyosha said reassured.

"Well, the Social-Revolutionaries surely played a mean trick on you," Peter said, unable to contain himself any longer, and in the doorway he gave Alyosha a pinch in the side with his vice-like fingers.

"Peter was all wrong in saying our bath has no chimney," Ageich said in an undertone, capering along between the other two. "Formerly it had no chimney and I said at the time, 'how is it?' I says, 'Vladimir Grigoryevich, that an educated man like you bathes in a bath without a chimney?' And he says to me, 'We don't bathe in it, it came with the house, but we have our own bath at the hospital.' 'Well,' I says to him, 'you couldn't get clean in it if you had to. Why, all our miners do is chase the dirt from one part of their bodies to another.' So what did I do? First I installed a regular stove with a chimney and a steam valve. I put up bunks in the steam room and built a dressing room. Then I saw some empty medicine boxes lying about in the hospital yard, doing nothing; so I found good use for them, and I panelled the whole of the steam room and dressing room. Do you understand? Panels!" Ageich exclaimed, making illustrative gestures of his small hands. "Next I took a look round the garden and I saw . . ."

The radiant sunset flooded the mountain ridge. Tall pines along the crest shimmered in the ruddy glow. Blueish smoke from a bonfire, invisible behind the huts drifted through the darkened clearing which straddled the spur. The air was charged with the strong compound smell of spring, of human habitations and livestock.

Every noise was distinct, the clang of the hammer in the smithy, the clatter of horse's hoofs, the creaking of the bucket in the well, the song of a girl.

"Well, I shall go into all practical phases of the work and try to prove my points by experience," Alyosha thought, drinking in the colors, sounds and smells of the evening, "and if they don't listen let them learn themselves from defeats."

"It'll be all right, he'll look around and get the hang of things," Peter

thought happily. "The fellow has a head on his shoulders. Sooner or later he'll agree with us."

"I says to him, 'What do you need that watering-can for, Vladimir Grigoryevich?' " Ageich chattered on. " 'Anyway you won't get to plant any flowers this summer, let alone water them.' So what did I do? I took the nozzle off the can, partitioned off a corner of the dressing room, put a water barrel on the roof and made a cold shower; it works fine, only once you start the water you can't turn it off, as there's no faucet."

"I already told you to speak to the smith. He'll make a faucet for you," said Peter seriously.

"He's a real expert when it comes to baths," Alyosha said, regarding the old man's fluffy head with approval.

"Do you hunt?" Ageich asked.

"It depends on what you want me to hunt for."

"I mean game. Soon the pheasants will be nesting. When you come on a brood of them," Ageach recited, screwing up his face, "the hen flies off, and the chicks scatter. One of the chicks runs and runs and sees that there is nowhere to hide, so he picks up a dry leaf in his claw, rolls over on his back and covers himself with the leaf. How every creature adapts itself to life!" he said and shook his head ruefully.

The bath was in back of the vegetable garden. Bending down, Ageich went in first, followed by Alyosha. From the warmth which enveloped them in the doorway, Alyosha realized it was going to be a bath fit for a king and his last worries in life departed from him; he was ready to enjoy himself.

"Close the door, close the door," he shouted angrily at Peter who had stopped on the threshold.

Ageich lit a lamp on the window sill. Huge shadows flickered across the ceiling. Along the wall, beneath the bench, Alyosha saw a row of buckets full of cold water. In one bucket, packed around with stones, birch bark was soaking.

"What's that?"

"Kvass," Ageich said in a whisper, fingering his shirt tail with trembling fingers. "On ice; I steal the ice from the hospital pantry. Come over here. There's some nails in the wall," he showed them where to hang their clothes.

As he undressed, Peter ran his merry, boyish eyes over the small but well-knit body of Alyosha, who was already chafing himself.

"Well, brother!" said Peter with a mischievous wink, "how are things between you and Sonia?"

"Why do you ask me that?" Alyosha exclaimed in surprise, "You old bonehead! Things are all right as far as Sonia is concerned. And how about you? Have you taken on anyone here?"

"How could I? I don't get along with the women," Peter said ruefully.

"It's true you don't get along. Nevertheless I'd like to tell Ageich something about that weakness of yours at the candy factory."

"Ageich won't believe you. He can see for himself you haven't got a neck. Can anybody believe a fellow without any neck? Besides you've got hair growing out of your nostrils," Peter remarked with a laugh kicking off the last of his clothes and stretching.

"You're a healthy specimen—" Alyosha said, shaking his prickly head. He stared enviously at Peter's powerful chest and stomach, which the lines of his muscles divided into rectangles like armour plates. His milk-white

skin was covered with golden down. "Your Pa sure gave you a good wallop," he added, pointing to an abnormal bulge on Peter's left thigh.

"Something of the sort," Peter answered good-naturedly.

By now Ageich was also exposed to view; and Alyosha could not keep smiling when he saw that the old fellow had a huge hernia that hung almost to his knees.

"You enjoy yourselves here, Peter, while I get up steam."

And Ageich holding his hernia, disappeared in the steam room.

When Peter and Alyosha, each with a bucket of cold water, followed after him, they were immediately enveloped by the heat and by a spicy aroma. In the flickering lamplight Ageich was swabbing the bunks. Scrubbing brushes were soaking in wooden tubs.

"Do you smell it?" Ageich cried in delight, raising a finger to his red button-like nose. "It's mint! We flavor the steam with mint!"

"We'll check up on your steam right away," Alyosha said threateningly and monkey-like he hoisted himself to the upper bunk. "Do you call that steam?" he asked in disappointed tones. "It ought to be hot enough to make you jump out of the bunk. You can only stand real steam by getting down on all fours. Here, I'll attend to it myself. Give me the dipper!"

He opened the valve and poured in five scoops in succession, stooping down and shielding his ears from the steam which rushed through the vent with a whistle.

"Hey, hernia, get a move on. Soap the scrubbing brushes," Alyosha yelled.

Peter, unable to stand the steam, cupped his hands over his ears and squatted down.

"No, lie down, you. Since you're the chairman of the Revolutionary Committee, and don't recognize the Regional Committee, we'll steam you first," Alyosha ordered, dealing him a light blow on the rear with the flatside of the dipper.

"Yeah, you'll steam me all right, you two devils," said Peter with an apprehensive smile, as he submissively climbed to the bunk.

"Did you soap it? Give it to me!" Alyosha snatched the scrubbing brush from Ageich.

With deft rhythmic motion Alyosha applied the scrubbing brush to Peter's broad crimson back. Then with powerful strokes he fanned the hot air towards Peter without touching him however, while from time to time he again applied the scrubbing brush lengthwise. A barely discernible tremor ran through Peter's back.

"Go on, go on!" Peter panted, without raising his face.

"Let's have the dipper again, Ageich!" Alyosha ordered.

And suddenly, moving his arm from his shoulder he started vigorously applying the scrubbing brush lengthwise and crosswise to Peter's back and haunches.

"Harder! Harder!" Ageich shouted.

"Harder! A-a! Go to it!" Peter gasped.

"You're weak!" he suddenly shouted.

"Give me the dipper!" ordered Alyosha, "and two brushes!"

Having made more steam, Ageich seized the other brush and also began to apply it to Peter. They worked like flails on a threshing floor.

"A-a! A-a!" was all the sound that Peter was capable of making by now.

"You're weakening, eh?" Alyosha said gleefully. "You Asiatic son of a bitch! You don't like learning, eh? Ever read Dante's *Inferno*?"

And without ceasing to ply the brush Alyosha began in a pompous voice: "Intemperance, malice, folly, lust."

At this point someone entered the dressing room.

"Ageich!" shrieked a shrill female voice in the same tone as thought it were "ouch." "What'll we feed the 'Merican?"

Alyosha gave a surprised start.

"Hey, Pete!" Ageich yelled, leaning over Peter who by now was lying stomach-up on the bunk with his eyes closed, "should we feed the American all he can hold, or moderately?"

"Have you lost your wits?" said Peter suddenly opening his clear eyes. "Of course you'll give him all he'll hold! How did you feed him at dinner time?"

"I, er... gave him plenty for dinner," Ageich said somewhat shakily, and jumping down from the lower shelf where he had been standing, holding his hernia, he ran to the door and leaning through it yelled at the top of his voice: "Stuff him! Put everything on the table! Fill him to the gills!"

The cold air rushed into the steam room through the open door filling the place with blinding clouds of vapor. All you could hear were shouts of: "Go on! Let him have it! You're weak! I give up! Let's have the dipper!"

They steamed each other in every conceivable fashion, ran out to the dressing room for a drink of iced kvass, soaped each other and again steamed each other, dousing each other with buckets of cold water. Then Ageich turned on the shower which poured on without stopping.

Peter, red as a lobster, was the first to crawl from the dressing-room determined not to return. Alyosha and Ageich tried to out-stay each other on the bunks. Finally, Alyosha gave up while the old miner continued to steam his hernia.

In a half hour all three were lying on the benches in the dressing room, which had become so hot that they had to open the door into the garden. A lovely night descended on the village; everything was flooded in serene silvery light. The smells of spring and the new-ploughed earth almost overcame the odors of the bath. In the next room the last drops of water from the shower were slowly dripping.

All at once from the road beyond the garden there came the measured tread of many feet and a tenor voice, clear as a bell, carried the tune of *Transvaal*.

That was Ignat Vassilyevich Borisov taking his company to Peryatino. His favorite grandson, the swaggering Yegorushka led the singing. The whole company thundered the chorus and the song spread over the village.

Peter, Alyosha and Ageich ran out of the dressing room, naked. They stood for a long time in the garden, under the moonlight, motionless, as though turned to stone. The company had passed, yet there still came floating back:

"Grey-haired old man, my eldest son was slain in the war..."

The black horse parted the undergrowth, planted its forelegs on the rocky ledge and halted. It nosed the cliff and gave a low whinny turning its head toward the rider.

"We'll have to leave the horses," Peter said to the American lieutenant, whose panting mount chafed its nose on the crupper of the black horse.

"Hold on, Razmakhnin, we can't get through here!" Peter cried to the

orderly who was making his way through the undergrowth behind them.

The last whisps of the mist were melting in the hollows and a heat haze shimmered above the rocks when Peter with the lieutenant close behind him reached the rocky ridge of the divide which separated the Suchansk Valley from the mine. On the ridge they encountered an American soldier with a rifle. The soldier had seen them a long way off and evinced no alarm when Surkov's Cossack cap loomed before him.

The lieutenant asked some question. The soldier answered saluting.

"Major Graham is waiting for us," said the lieutenant hastily straightening his trenchcoat and adjusting his cap.

They descended along the footpath and at a turn along the sunlit cliff they saw the stout figure of the major sitting on a moss-covered rock. Beside him lay a khaki-colored cap with a pair of white gloves. A bottle of wine stood on a velvet carpet that was spread on the ground. An orderly on his knees was opening some cans of preserves.

The lieutenant saluted and hurried over to the major to report, but the latter halted him with a wave of his hand and rose to meet Peter, uttering some harsh sound of greeting.

"How do you do!" Peter said, coldly scrutinizing the major's bald forehead and clean shaven double-chin.

For a few minutes they stood facing each other in silence. The lieutenant and the soldier regarded them differentially. The orderly on his knees went on opening the preserves.

The major again uttered some harsh throaty sound, and with a gesture invited Peter to sit down by his carpet.

"I don't understand English," Peter said coldly.

"Major Graham asks you to have lunch with him," the lieutenant said hurriedly.

"Tell Major Graham I'm not hungry and that I'd like to know as quickly as possible," Peter paused, "to what do I owe the honor of seeing him?"

"Major Graham considers it would be more fitting if the conversation took place sitting down," the lieutenant translated the words of the smiling major. Adjusting his holster strap Peter sat down on the stone, stretching out his aching legs. "I wonder where our fellows are," he thought to himself listening to the major's jabbering.

"Major Graham instructs me to inform you of the following," the lieutenant began cautiously, regarding Peter with steady brown eyes which had become utterly lifeless ever since they had met the major. "The troops under his command which have so far been detailed to guard the Suchansk mines and the narrow-gauge railway line are being transferred to the Kangauz-Shkotovo-Ugolnaya sector," the lieutenant said slowly and carefully, choosing every word. "Major Graham instructs me to point out that during the time the American troops have been in the mine they have had no reason to complain of breach of faith by the Partisans and they have every basis for asserting that the American troops behaved likewise. On the other hand, it is known that the new sector, which has so far been guarded by the Japanese command is most often subjected to Partisan attacks. Major Graham asks you whether the Partisan command can guarantee good relations between the Partisans and the American troops on the new sector?"

Peter remained quiet for a while, thinking.

"I have two questions to ask Major Graham," he calmly said, adding a Russian ending to the major's name. "The first question is, does the removal

of the American troops from the Suchansk mines mean that Japanese troops will replace them, and the second question is; should we not regard Major Graham's words concerning peaceful relations between the Partisans and the Americans as a proposal to transfer the scene of military operations from the Kangauz-Ugolnaya sector to the district of the Suchansk mines?"

The questions were put so directly that the lieutenant hesitated for a moment. The major, who had been watching Peter with good-humored curiosity, raised his thick brows in astonishment when the lieutenant translated Peter's words. He then jabbered something or other at length.

"The major's answer to your questions," said the lieutenant having waited for the major to finish, "is that in accordance with the declaration of the United States government, which has been widely publicized, the American troops are not to interfere in the affairs of the Russian people and do not support any of the contending political groups in Russia. The only purpose pursued by the American troops is to guard the railway and the stores of valuable property. Therefore," the lieutenant paused, "Major Graham does not consider himself as having the right to make any proposals regarding the military operation of the Partisans. He is only interested in guarding the sector under his command with a minimum of victims on both sides. Major Graham possesses no information whatever as regards the transfer of Japanese troops to the region of the mines. The movement of Japanese troops is a matter for the Japanese command."

"It is well-known that the United States government gives Admiral Kolchak systematic assistance in the form of arms and food supplies," Peter said cuttingly. "It is well-known that the railways guarded by American troops are freely utilized by the Japanese and by the troops of Admiral Kolchak while the Partisans are not permitted to use them. Does not Major Graham consider these facts sufficient evidence that the activities of the American troops in Siberia are in support of Admiral Kolchak against the interests of the people?"

There was a rumbling note in the major's voice when he replied to Peter's challenge.

"Major Graham possesses no data whereby to judge which of the warring groups in Russia has the people on its side," the lieutenant slowly translated. "But Major Graham wishes to deny your allegation that the American government aids Admiral Kolchak with weapons and food supplies. Major Graham does not know of one single instance of such aid. Major Graham knows only of the philanthropic work of the American Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. among the Siberian population and among the sick and wounded soldiers. It is through no fault of theirs that these organizations have been unable to extend this activity to the population of districts which are now occupied by the Partisans. But if we can continue the cordial relations between the Partisans and the American troops, especially in connection with their transfer to a new section," the lieutenant emphasized, "Major Graham promises to reach an agreement with these organizations as regards definite aid to the population in the area of the uprising and to the sick and wounded Partisans."

"What might this aid consist of?" Peter asked cautiously.

"It would be hard to determine the specific forms and extent of the aid before discussing the matter with the organizations," the lieutenant translated, "but if we succeed in arriving at an understanding with you on the

main issue, Major Graham can, as a preliminary, place at your disposal twenty-five sets of hospital linen and fifty pairs of shoes."

"They want to buy us up for fifty pairs of shoes," Peter thought to himself with amusement, "the damned bargain-hunters!"

"Tell Major Graham that it wouldn't pay us to accept his proposal," he said. "Major Graham must know better than I do, that with the transfer of the American troops to the Kangauz sector other forces will be detailed to guard the mines. The Kolchak command has no available forces of its own, consequently, Japanese troops will be stationed here. If the Partisans on the Kangauz-Ugolnaya sector are inactive it will facilitate the transfer of these forces and the American troops who will actually make the transfer possible, will keep up a pretence of complete neutrality: You can see for yourself that we have nothing to gain by accepting Major Graham's proposal."

"Major Graham could let you have thirty sets of linen and sixty pairs of shoes," the lieutenant answered unperturbed.

"Only in case the American command considers it possible to assist us with a definite quantity of arms with which to fight the Japanese," said Peter, looking the lieutenant straight in the eye. "Only under those conditions can we accept Major Graham's proposal.

During the discussion the orderly had spread white napkins on the carpet, uncorked the bottle of wine and laid out caviar and ham sandwiches. Several times during the conversation the stout major had cast a longing eye on the bottle and the sandwiches, wavering between the requirements of etiquette and the desire to eat. At length he could no longer contain himself; he seized a sandwich in his pudgy fingers and began munching it greedily. But when the lieutenant translated Peter's last words, the Major's eyes bulged. He withdrew the hand that held the sandwich from his mouth and regarded Peter for several seconds in astonishment. He then relinquished the sandwich entirely, and such a deep rumble came into his voice that Peter prepared himself for an outburst.

Major Graham asks me to tell you that armed assistance to either of the warring sides would be in violation of the policy of non-interference adhered to by the American troops," the lieutenant politely translated. "But Major Graham would be glad to make you a personal gift of his Colt revolver and 100 cartridges."

"The damned bargainers," Peter thought in amused anger and a flush came into his ruddy cheeks.

"On such conditions we cannot accept the major's proposal."

"But Major Graham reminds you that this signifies the opening of hostilities between the Partisans and the American troops."

"Tell him that I am of the same opinion," Peter answered.

They sat in silence for some time. The major finished munching his sandwich.

"Is that your final answer," the lieutenant asked.

Peter thought for a moment.

"I shall present Major Graham's proposal to the Partisan Revolutionary Committee which has the full authority to decide, and shall inform you of the committee's final decision."

The major and the lieutenant took counsel.

"One last question," said the lieutenant. "Can't you give your detachments on the Kangauz-Ugolnaya sector orders not to undertake any hostile

measures against the American troops, at least before the final decision of the Revolutionary Committee?"

"I can promise you that, but it will have no practical significance," Peter said with a smile. "The committee will adopt its decision before our orders reach the detachments. You see, one peculiar feature of American neutrality is the fact that we can't use the railway telegraph."

"Then Major Graham asks you to inform the Revolutionary Committee that in case they accept his proposal he can let you have forty sets of linen and eighty pairs of shoes."

"Very well, I shall transmit the offer to the committee," Peter said coldly and rose.

The Major mumbled something with a polite smile.

"Major Graham asked me to convey his appreciation of the confidence which you accorded him and his respect for your courage."

For some time Peter regarded the lieutenant, contemptuously screwing one eye. Then suddenly giving way to a boyish impulse he put two fingers to his lips and whistled.

He scarcely had time to enjoy the expression of alarm and amazement on the faces of the major and lieutenant when pebbles rolled down from above.

The major and the lieutenant rose and craned their necks, the soldiers seized their rifles—and over the edge of the cliff a bushy head appeared in a cap adorned with a red ribbon of heroic proportions.

"Here we are, Comrade Surkov," said the head in a hearty voice.

"Escort Major Graham as far as the mine. My best regards!" Peter said to the petrified Americans.

And barely touching his cap, he lightly bounded up the path leading to the crest of the divide.

"The damned bargainers!" he thought in anger and annoyance.

He was perfectly sure that the departure of the Americans meant the coming of Japanese troops to the mine. The Major was obviously trying on the one hand to facilitate the transfer of the Japanese and on the other to prove to the Allied command that where American troops appear, peace and order are promptly established and where the Japanese are war and destruction immediately set in. What angered Peter was the fact that the major had tried to trick him like a child, and that one of Alyosha's predictions in the argument between them had thus come true and Alyosha could use this point against him.

Langovoi had asked the head of the intelligence service, Markevich, to come to the staff headquarters. Everything he had heard regarding this man aroused a feeling of revulsion. But Langovoi realized that his own success largely depended on the help he might get from Markevich. And he acted as he always did whenever circumstances forced him to do something contrary to his feelings; he dismissed the very possibility of taking any interest in Markevich's behind the scenes activities keeping strictly within the limits of what he called his "official duty."

Markevich entered unannounced and without even knocking.

"Allow me to introduce myself," he said jauntily, "Lieutenant Markevich."

"Be seated," Langovoi said coldly.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" Markevich produced a rumpled package of cigarettes and a silver cigar lighter from his trenchcoat pocket. "Would you care for one? They're Japanese."

"No."

There was nothing remarkable about the man. He gave the general impression of something shabby and second-hand of indeterminate age. Nature had provided his gaunt face with surplus skin which hung flabbily from his cheeks and bagged below his eyes, which were round and expressionless like kopecks. He was sloppily attired in a tattered trenchcoat with one epaulette unsewn and blue breeches soiled by reddish stains.

"Tell me what's happening at the mine."

"What's happening? They don't pay wages, the people are revolting. They've got to pay wages," Markevich plaintively declared.

"But apparently everything in the settlement is quiet."

"The settlement is quiet but there's revolt seething underground, there," and Markevich pointed to the floor.

"Many under arrest?"

"We don't hold them here, they are either taken elsewhere or dispatched."

"Or else set free?" Langovoi asked with an ironic smile.

Markevich took a deep breath of smoke and stared at Langovoi for some time from his expressionless round eyes, which of a sudden filled with a dull copperish light, then, blowing the smoke under the table he calmly said:

"Our arrests are never groundless so we don't let anyone go. Last night we seized half a pood of dynamite in one house. The fellow says he stole it to stun fish with, but the Partisans use it for bombs." and he suddenly gave a shrill laugh, closing his eyes and parting his thick flabby lips.

The adjutant burst into the room.

"Allow me to inform you," he said excitedly, clicking his spurs, "they've telephoned from Kangauz and we have not yet succeded in establishing communications with our detachments."

Langovoi felt the blood ebb from his face but he retained his self-control. "Very well, call Kangauz by direct wire. Have them saddle the horses."

"At your orders! Excuse me. They've called up a third time from the American headquarters. Major Graham asks you to come to see him."

"Tell the major that I am ready to receive him any time," Langovoi said caustically.

The adjutant went out.

"Honestly," said Markevich, "those Americans have caused us more trouble! Yesterday I had the pleasure of meeting Captain Mimura. A most pleasant person! He speaks excellent Russian and, strange as it seems, belongs to the Orthodox faith. He even rented a room from the priest."

"Lieutenant," said Langovoi, fastening angry wolfish eyes on Markevich, "I ask you to investigate the matter of the dynamite, and, if you discover any leaks between the mine and the village, stop them, and keep me informed of developments."

"You may rest assured," Markevich said, with a glint in his kopeck eyes.

"Have you any connections in Skobeyevo?" Langovoi asked.

"Of course."

"Give me their names."

"I'll write them for you."

Markevich tore a small corner from a newspaper and wrote two names in tiny letters.

Langovoi read: "Timofei Kazanok, Spiridon Kashlev, peasants."

"I thank you. You may go."

Langovoi called the adjutant.

"What answer did you get from Major Graham?"

The adjutant hesitated.

"They hung up on me, colonel."

"Fine. We shan't stand on ceremony," said Langovoi, growing purple in the face.

As he left staff headquarters, Langovoi almost collided with the sentinel who stood with his back in the doorway and his gun held crosswise, blocking the way to a poorly-dressed, moist-eyed woman. With one hand she held to her bosom a crying baby, wrapped in a rag. A scrofulous little boy of about nine, clung to her other hand and stared at the sentinel from frightened, wide, blue eyes.

"Let me in, please, let me in!" the woman pleaded tearfully.

"You've been told to beat it! If not . . ."

The sentinel tried to ward her off with his gun, and edged back, afraid to touch the woman, for fear of crushing the child.

The woman saw Langovoi first.

"Your honor!" she cried, flinging herself on the sentinel. The latter looked round, and, seeing his superior, placed his rifle against her stomach and shoved her back. She almost fell off the porch. The little boy screamed and pressed his head to her loins.

Without looking at them, Langovoi rapidly crossed the porch and went over to the horses, which the orderly was holding.

"Your honor!"

The woman rushed after the adjutant trying to seize him by the hand, but the latter warded her off with a smile.

"Later, later," he said brushing her aside.

"They've arrested my husband, oh God!" the woman cried desperately.

She sank to the ground, sobbing.

Langovoi, followed by the adjutant and the orderly, jumped on the saddle and galloped off toward the station, raising a cloud of dust.

Ignat Sayenko, the worker who had been caught with the dynamite worked as a hauler in shaft No. 1. He was nicknamed Ptashka [1] because he could imitate the calls of all the different birds. His external appearance was also rather bird-like; he was small and angular with a long thin nose. He had a wife and two children and his elder son had also learned to imitate birds.

They caught Ignat Sayenko at night, and woke up all the neighbors. And when they took him off, his wife, his son, the neighbors and their children, who loved Ptashka for his ability to imitate the birds, poured into the street and shouted and waved after him.

The intelligence service had its headquarters beyond the gully in a blind courtyard surrounded on all sides by a high board fence. It had formerly been a hay store-house. They pushed Ptashka into the barn and snapped the lock. He sat in the dark, empty barn till daybreak suffering from lack of tobacco. The moment they discovered the dynamite under his floorboards, Ptashka knew his time was up. Of course, his part in the matter was limited to having agreed to let his comrades use his house to hide the

[1] Birdie.

dynamite. But the thought that he might save himself by giving away the main culprits never even occurred to him. It would have been as contrary to his nature as the thought that he might save himself by eating human flesh.

He spent the remainder of the night, not in mustering his strength to keep from giving away the secret—there was no force in the world capable of extracting it from him—he was trying to think up the best lies in order to protect his comrades and isolate himself. He also thought of what would become of the children after they killed him. And he felt sorry for his wife. "It isn't likely anyone else will take her on with two children and cross-eyed!" Ptashka thought. At dawn the petty officer who had arrested him —a husky peasant with a black beard—and an armed soldier came for him. They led Ptashka off to be questioned.

Ptashka saw an officer seated behind the table and although he had never seen him he guessed that it was Markevich (who at the mine did not know Markevich?). He became panicky. But while Markevich was asking him his name, surname, place of birth, religion, etc., Ptashka regained his self-assurance. Markevich asked him where he got so much dynamite and what for. Ptashka said that he had stolen it in small quantities to stun fish with.

"You like fish, do you?" Markevich asked with a nasty smile.

"I have two children and I don't get any wages. We live very poorly. You can see for yourself," Ptashka said and allowed a smile to play across his features.

"He must have wanted to open a fish market," Markevich said winking at the sergeant who sat in the corner. "Half a pood, eh?"

Ptashka said that he had in fact wanted to sell fish to the engineers and office employees in order to earn a little money.

"And why did Terenty Sokolov come to your house three days ago?" Markevich asked staring hard at Ptashka with his round, yellowish eyes which were horrible for their lack of expression.

"Where did he get that . . .?" Ptashka wondered, but he immediately looked surprised, not too surprised, just enough and said:

"Terenty Sokolov? Why I don't know anyone by that name."

"And supposing I bring him in right now and have him tell everything in front of you?"

"I don't know who he is or what he intends to tell," Ptashka said, shrugging his shoulders. He knew Markevich could not produce Terenty Sokolov who had written to his wife from Peryatino.

"Look here," said Markevich in a coaxing voice, as though he wanted to help Ptashka, "Sokolov admitted that your house was the point from where dynamite was smuggled to the Partisans. I know that you were pointlessly mixed up in this business. If you'll tell me who it was that got you into it I'll let you off. And if you don't tell. . . ."

"Your honor, I served in the tsar's army. I went through the whole German war," Ptashka said with feeling. "And I couldn't have anything to do with the Reds. I admit the crime of stealing the dynamite; I stole it to catch fish with on account of our extreme want. And if I have to stand trial on that account it's up to you."

Markevich ambled around the table. Standing in front of Ptashka, whistling softly, he struck him full in the face with his fist. Ptashka reeled back

against the wall and stared at Markevich in anger and surprise. Blood ran from his nose.

Markevich rushed at him and began to pummel his face, with every blow the back of Ptashka's head banged against the wall. Ptashka did not succeed in saying anything; Markevich also kept silent, striking Ptashka in the face till he lost consciousness and slumped to the floor.

The sergeant and the soldier seized Ptashka by the legs and shoulders and dragged him to the barn.

For what seemed an age Ptashka lay in a corner, wiping his hot swollen face with his shirt-tail, spitting blood and breathing heavily.

It occurred to him that now he was done for. And yet there was no evidence against him. This last thought cheered him somewhat. Then he felt like smoking and eating but nobody came. The yard outside was completely quiet. He was cut off from the whole world; there was no place he might look for help and no one to complain to. He put his arm under his head and went to sleep.

He was awakened by the turning of the lock. The door opened to admit Markevich and the sergeant, and with them the morning sunlight and the smells of spring.

The black-bearded sergeant, with the keys dangling from his hand halted on the threshold. Markevich walked over to Ptashka, who watched the two of them from the floor with darting, birdlike eyes.

"Made up your mind yet?" Markevich said. "Get up!" he suddenly roared and kicked Ptashka in the stomach.

Ptashka jumped up, clutching his stomach with one hand and trying to shield himself from Markevich with the other.

"Speak up, tell me who brought you the dynamite? Or I'll kill you."

Foaming at the mouth, Markevich rushed at Ptashka, drawing his revolver.

"Go ahead and kill me," Ptashka said in a shrill voice, "I still don't know what you want from me."

"Grab him!" Markevich ordered.

The sergeant shouted to the soldier in the yard. They carried Ptashka over the fresh young grass to a long cellar, with earthen roof overgrown with weeds. The roof was pierced by wooden air vents and had an iron pipe protruding from the middle.

"Where are you taking me?" Ptashka asked, turning pale.

He received no answer. Markevich unlocked the door; a damp musty smell came from the cellar. They shoved Ptashka down the steps and he fell by some barrels, his head narrowly missed striking the farther wall which was made of timbers set upright.

While the sergeant and the soldier held up the limp and silent Ptashka, Markevich switched on a flashlight, unlocked a second door and entered the depths of the cellar. Behind him the others led Ptashka into a damp, musty windowless room where the cellar smells were pierced by the nauseating stench of corpses.

The wall at the other end of the room was also made of upright timbers and in the wall another padlocked door was visible. A bench stood in the middle of the floor. In one corner was a blacksmith's furnace built of stones with a pair of bellows hanging overhead. Some manacles were attached to the sidewalls, ropes hung from the ceiling.

Markevich drew the latch and approached Ptashka.

"Are you going to speak up?" Markevich said through his teeth, grabbing Ptashka by the chest while the sergeant and the soldier did not relax their grip on his arms.

"Why do you torture me?" Ptashka asked. "It would be better to kill me outright" he quietly added.

"Take his clothes off!" Markevich ordered.

"What do you intend to do?" Ptashka said horror-struck, breaking from the grip of the soldier and the sergeant.

But the two of them pounced upon him, pinning him to the floor and wrenching his arms they threw him naked across the bench. Ptashka felt ropes taughten around his legs, arms and neck, so that he could not even straighten his body without the ropes choking him.

The swish of a ramrod was suddenly heard and the first stroke seared Ptashka to the marrow. He screamed at the top of his lungs.

From that moment a life of horror began for Ptashka; to him it seemed one long endless night filled with torture that were past all comprehension by human understanding and conscience.

They tortured Ptashka intermittently for several days. He himself, however lost all track of time because they kept him in the dark cellar. All of life seemed divided into intervals when he was either being tortured or lying in the inky darkness of the damp narrow subterranean cell plunged in the oblivion of sleep or feverishly marshalling in his memory the snatches of his former existence.

Sometimes he experienced a moment of intense clarity, a delirious flash in his mind, when it seemed as though at last he could comprehend and mentally correlate his entire life and all that was happening to him now. But at the moment when all was about to be revealed, the fearful face of Markevich, the open collar of the sergeant's shirt, which exposed his hairy chest with the little cross that dangled from his neck, the tongues of flame over the forge, the blowing of the bellows, the cracking of his own bones and the smell of his own blood and singed flesh, blotted out all else.

Ptashka's body became less and less sensitive to pain, and in order to rekindle the spark of suffering in that body which had lost its human likeness, they constantly devised new tortures. But Ptashka had ceased screaming; he merely kept repeating over and over a single sentence: "Kill me, I haven't done anything . . ."

Once, while they were torturing Ptashka a small white woman, wraith-like, entered the cellar. Fastened to the manacles on the wall, Ptashka did not see her come in. Her appearance here seemed so impossible that Ptashka fancied he was either delirious or losing his mind. But the woman sat on the bench opposite him and stared at him. She sat there silently, watching how they tortured Ptashka, out of wide-open vacant blue eyes. And Ptashka realized that this was not an apparition, but a live woman, and was suddenly horrorstruck at the thought that everything that was happening to him was neither a dream nor the figment of a diseased brain but was real.

And then it was that the whole of Ptashka's present and past life was suddenly illumined by a brilliant thought, the biggest and most important thought that had ever occurred to him.

He recalled his wife, who had never known anything but want and privation, he remembered his pale mangy children, his life—the ghastly life of a common laborer, an unenlightened man whose one boon in life was his understanding of little birds and his ability to imitate their notes, an

ability which made him popular with children. How could it happen that people who had all the good things in life—warm confortable houses, plenty to eat, nice clothes, books, music, flower gardens—how could such people subject him, Ptashka, to such incredible torture?

And then it was that Ptashka realized that these people had long ago lost their taste for things, that they had long since ceased to be human, and that the main thing for which they could not forgive him was the fact that he was human, and knew the great worth of the products of human hands and brain and sought to claim the good things of life for himself and for everyone.

Ptashka realized that the human appearance of these degenerates who possessed all the world's goods were false, that the one truth about them was the fact that now they were cutting him and burning him in the dark cellar and that they were incapable of any other truth.

And Ptashka was terribly sorry that now, when he had realized all this, he could not get in touch with living people, with his comrades and pass on his discovery. Ptashka feared that his comrades living and fighting on earth, had not understood this, that in the final hour of reckoning their hearts might soften with pity and not deal ruthlessly with these degenerates, that these degenerates might again succeed in deceiving them and in again trampling down every living thing.

Chained to the wall, Ptashka regarded the figure and pale perspiring face of Markevich who was bending over him, doing something to his body; watching him, in the crimson light of the forge (she was like a little white worm). And Ptashka felt a sudden tide of strength within him.

"What are you after? You won't get anything out of me...." Ptashka said calmly and distinctly. "Do you claim to be people?" he said with cutting scorn in his voice. "You aren't people; you aren't even beasts. You're degenerates! Soon you'll be wiped out, the lot of you!" Ptashka said triumphantly and his swollen lacerated face, with the eyebrows and eyelids burnt away, broke into a ghastly smile.

With a grimace Markevich hit him over the head with the tongs but Ptashka, no longer sensitive to pain continued staring at him with his awful smile. Then it was that Markevich uttering a shriek, ran over to the forge, seized a red hot bolt with the tongs, and rushing at Ptashka plunged the red hot bolt first in one eye and then in the other.

The red hot iron sank into Ptashka's flesh twice. Twice a tremor seized his body, which then grew limp, dangling from the clamps in the wall. Ptashka was dead.

The company of scouts that Langovoi had detailed the previous day to the Paramonov farm estimated the Partisan forces holding that location at somewhere between one hundred and one hundred and fifty rifles.

It would never have occurred to Langovoi that the entire Suchansk detachment could move to the farm overnight and risk leaving the road to the valley and to Skobeyevo behind them unguarded.

Having dispatched a large part of his forces to Ekaterinovka with instructions to attack the valley near Peryatino, Langovoi moved on the Paramonov farm with two companies of volunteers and a company of Junkers in order to wipe out the small Partisan detachment stationed there and reach the Peryatino ferry.

He discovered his mistake at the instant when the company, sent to sur-

round the farm was fired upon from an unexpected position, from the wood.

Langovoi was unable to call off the attack of the Junkers, which had already begun along the hollow, because of the lack of time and because he was still confused by the previous day's information.

And only when the Partisans opened fire on the attacking Junkers in the hollow did Langovoi realize that he was up against an adversary that heavily outumbered him and that it was now no longer a question of reaching Peryatino but of saving his detachment and holding the mine.

With the presence of mind which he always could summon at critical moments, choosing between the dictates of necessity and the voice of his personal vanity, Langovoi gave the order to retreat and sent couriers to Ekaterinovka after his main forces, with instructions to return immediately to the mine. At the same time he sent a note to Captain Mimura informing him that under pressure of superior forces he was retreating to the mine and advised the captain to prepare to defend the mine.

The sun had reached zenith, the sky was clear, with only a few stray clouds that hid the sun from time to time, while the peak of Mt. Clundalaza was shrouded, when the advanced guard of the Partisans neared the mine and began exchanging shots with the Whites and the Japanese.

The foremost group of Japanese occupied a knoll. Directly by the Peryatin road in the first onslaught Borisov's company and the neighboring companies surged toward the knoll like waves of surf and the Partisans were even surprised, when from the top of the hillock they saw the Japanese soldiers fleeing before them.

As the other detachments came up the firing increased, and by three o'clock in the afternoon the entire southern semi-circle, from the head of the Ekaterinovka road, where Ilyin's companies had come out, to the craggy summit of the main range, where the right flank of the Reds was located, was overhung with the blueish smoke of rifles and firelocks and the yellowish-grey smoke of bursting shells. The air was shattered by rifle, machine-gun and cannon fire.

The Golden Mound, to the right of the Peryatin road, was now held by the enemy.

The yellow and green cap bands that occasionally flashed among the rocks, the peculiar whirring wail of their shots and what was most important, the order and intensity of the machine-gun fire revealed that the Golden Mound was held by Japanese.

Elated by their first success the companies tried to take the mine by storm, avoiding the Golden Mound. They encountered heavy fire on their flank however, and were forced to retire.

Borisov's company lay on the mountain side, separated from the Golden Mound by a deep gully, the same gully where Dmitri Ivanovitch's group had spent several days. They settled down to a prolonged cross-fire with the Japanese.

As always the gigantic Ignat Vassilyevitch lay in front of the company and only moved when something living showed itself among the rocks.

The old man's face had lost its former expression of perfect calm for he learned that his son was seriously wounded. He was deathly pale, and the pallor seemed so unnatural to his powerful face with its copper beard that the other Partisans were afraid to look the old man in the eye.

Peter and Alyosha were still in Borisov's company.

From the moment the battle began Peter and Alyosha applied their full moral and physical strength to the work of directing the fighting.

Alyosha was new to such matters: but he had courage and power of observation and was familiar with Peter's plans and orders. Seeing how every moment of the fighting hundreds of new and changing circumstances threatened to destroy these plans, Alyosha began helping Peter. He soon acquired the knack of things and became Peter's right-hand man.

Neither Alyosha himself, nor Peter, nor any of the commanders and Partisans had noticed the moment when Alyosha had ceased to be a mere onlooker and had become Peter's closest assistant. But by the time the Partisan command had established itself behind the mountain, across from the Golden Mound, Alyosha's role was recognized and accepted by everyone.

The couriers coming from the flanks with various messages, the commander of the company of miners adjacent to them on the right who came to ask for cartridges, the quartermaster who now and then came up from behind the lines to complain about the expenditure of cartridges and report that the dinner he had prepared at the Paramonov farm was getting cold, and the head of the ambulance corps who asked whether they should take the wounded to Peryatino or wait till they captured the mine (he thought they could then accomodate the wounded in the mine hospital) these and dozens of others now turned to Alyosha as to one who could help them and could make decisions.

Even Peter with increasing frequency turned his ruddy face, with eyes that sparkled with the zest of battle, towards Alyosha.

"Alyosha, go tell 'Latvia' to get a move on, she should be over there and she's still sitting behind the knoll! Go swear at those fishermen—where the hell have they sailed to? Do they think it's a fishing party?"

And Alyosha solved the question about the wounded and made "Latvia" get a move on and swore at the fishermen.

As the battle waxed hotter and the adversary proved more stubborn, Peter grew more and more excited while Alyosha grew increasingly calm and even solicitous.

"Shouldn't we send the Korean company to the rear, Petya?" Alyosha said tenderly, as though he were speaking to a child. "It's not very large and has suffered heavy losses."

Or:

"Petya, the miners are asking for bullets again, to my mind they must be fooling."

But though Peter and Alyosha gave their full strength to the fight they were continually conscious of each other's presence and solicitous of each other. This solicitude was not expressed in either looks or gestures or in words of encouragement, approval or gratitude, but in the simple knowledge that neither of them would surrender or collapse in the face of danger, the feeling of mutual confidence in facing the enemy enhanced their relationship with a special warmth and fortitude.

Fritz A. Erpenbeck

Night

A German Short Story

Hans can't get to sleep. The others seem to be in the same plight too. Again and again, first from one side, then from the other, comes the creaking of bedsteads. They are roughly made articles of unplaned boards, one bunk above the other, placed in long rows along the walls of the concrete barrack-room.

He can't get to sleep, though he's dead tired. Icy draughts of air stream across the room from the window. The blanket is hard and thin; it scratches any part of the skin with which it comes in contact.

Restless snoring sounds from one of the corners. Somewhere someone is talking in his sleep; he talks loud, yet you can't make out what he's saying.

Hans can't get to sleep. Just like that first time, two months ago. It was the same moonlight night as now, the night following that day full of new impressions—his first day in the *Reichswehr*. Two days before—funny how he could still recall every detail of that business—his case had been as good as undecided, and then suddenly he found himself lying here that night. . . . In the narrow closet beside the bed, so close he could almost touch them with his hand, hung the then unfamiliar clothing that had hung there ever since: a parade uniform, an old patched grey-green field uniform, an army cap.

How had it all happened so quickly?

Restlessly Hans Peters turned over on the other side. From the bunk beneath came an irritable mutter that sounded like "Keep still there, can' you?" And then Hans heard, from the creaking of the bed, how the man in the bunk beneath also turned over on the other side.

How had it all happened so quickly?

Five or six months ago—why, hardly half a year had passed since then—the old dean Döbelmann had called him into his room. Beside him sat a tall, slim gentleman. An officer? Maybe. Probably, in fact. But he wore a dark close-fitting civilian suit.

"Good morning," Hans had said. He knew Döbelmann was not specially fond of the "Heil Hitler" form of greeting; he never concealed the fact that he was an old German National.

"Tell me now, Peters," Döbelmann had begun, "would you mind informing us about your family affairs, about your prospects? What do you mean to do when you have finished studying?" Then, noticing the young student's embarrassment and surprise: "Allow me to introduce you."

Hans did not get the stranger's name. Major? Yes, he did seem to have caught that word. . . .

"You see, it's like this, my dear Peters . . ."

Hans had raised his eyebrows in astonishment. "My dear Peters?" Funny he should address him like that. But old Döbelmann, waving his well-kept hand as though to pass over something, continued: "You're not living in very easy circumstances, are you? Your father is a teacher, if I'm not mistaken."

"Why, yes, but . . ."

"You see, I happened to meet him recently in the German Teachers' Association."

"Really?" What was to be the upshot of this conversation?

"The prospects in store for you when you complete your studies, my dear Peters, are not very bright, as things are today. You know that."

Yes, he knew that all right.

"Now there is a chance of improving them very considerably. . . . In short, I want to tell you the following: if you join up for a period of training in the *Reichswehr*—it will last six months—this time can, if you like, be credited to you as one year's university study, should you afterwards return to the university and not prefer to continue serving in the army with promotion and full pay. Apart from that, we may assume that compulsory military service will have been introduced by that time, in which case you would have a considerable advantage over all those called up later. During the six months' period I have just mentioned, you will receive 75 marks per month, with board, lodging and clothes, all found, of course." Döbelmann rattled off this as though he had repeated it several times already.

"I . . . I'm . . . rather taken aback. . . ."

"Well, of course, you don't have to decide about it all overnight, you know, Peters. Only we should like to have a final answer before the end of this week."

The stranger in civilian clothes had cleared his throat, and said with a twang in his voice: "It goes without saying, of course, that you should not say anything to anyone about this conversation, Herr . . . er . . . let me see, what was the name again?"

"Peters. Hans Peters."

"Ah, yes. . . . hm . . . very well."

And once again old Döbelmann had started off: "As I said before, my dear Peters, your professional prospects after this brief period of military training . . ."

"I think it my duty to tell you one thing," Hans had interrupted him at that point. "I am not a member of the party nor am I in the National-Socialist Student League."

"We know that," put in the stranger calmly in his twanging voice.

They knew that, did they? How could he know about it when he didn't even know what his name was?

"Very well then." Döbelmann had scribbled a note. "You will appear before me in the course of the next few days and then let me know about it, Peters, Good morning."

Hans had agreed.

Of course, why shouldn't he? Wasn't this a way of escaping for months, or perhaps forever, from the humiliating taunts of his Uncle Gustav, the overbearing canned goods manufacturer who paid for his studies? Besides. . . .

"The *Reichswehr's* quite a decent thing, Hans," his friend Paul Svendiek had whispered excitedly in his ear. "At any rate we'd have no more to do with the brown bonzoes there! Did you read the students' paper yesterday and see the sort of crap our supreme *Kultur* manufacturer is dishing out these days? They let him out of the lunatic asylum a lot too early!"

"I feel rotten about the whole business."

"Why did they pick on *us* of all people to make this offer to? What's behind it all? Don't you see anything fishy about it?"

"No, it'd be too . ."

"First they call up that lanky fellow Hampel. Then Rieder. Then you and me. And if you take a look at the next six or seven on the list—why, doesn't anything strike you as being funny? Politically, I mean."

"Not a Nazi among them. Sure, that struck me, of course."

"That's just what's worrying me."

"You chump. And you want to be a public prosecutor when you grow up!"

"A lawyer, if you please!"

"All right, a lawyer, then . . ."

"And I don't just want to be, I've got to."

"O. K. But you never will be at this rate, my lad. Not unless you get a lot brighter than you are."

"Stick to the point, can't you? Well, what do you think? . . . Psst, not so loud. That fellow Pechke's snooping around. He's been on the prowl after us ever since yesterday."

"The Peschkes aren't the trouble, my lad. No, it's not them."

"What isn't them? Can't you talk plainly for a change?"

"Plainer still? Aren't I telling you: the Peschkes aren't the trouble. They're just Naziots. Loyal souls. They won't notice anything till the brown cart sinks right into the bog. No, they've no eyes. But our janitor's kid, for example . . ."

"Listen, Paul, can't you. . ."

"They took him off yesterday. To the concentration camp."

"Next thing, you'll be telling me stories about your washerwoman."

"Maybe about her too, if she had a boy in the Storm Troops. Yes, certainly about her. The *Reichswehr* has no use for people like that, Hans. They're too apt to have silly ideas in their heads. A second revolution and so forth. They want to stop the usury racket and all that sort of nonsense. They want to do away with the big department stores . . ."

"And you think . . .?"

"You don't think. And neither do I. That's settled, once and for all. We're respectable middle-class citizens. Upholders of the state. Nicely brought up young people. Sons of still nicer parents, who never meddle with politics. D'you see it, Hans—that sort of thing counts for a lot when they're putting arms in people's hands."

"Oh, rot."

"Rot? Listen to me. Just try and imagine this fellow Peschke . . . no, not Peschke, that great ox is still full of blood and thunder. . . just imagine our exemplary colleague Schepperlein, whom you know to be a congenital ass, sitting in a barrack-room full of good honest yokels freshly imported from the country and still smelling of hay and manure, just imagine our one and only Jupp Schepperlein, with a copy of the *Stürmer* in one hand and Hitler's bible in the other, delivering lectures about the urgent necessity of expropriating the big landlords, which unfortunately hasn't been done yet! A nice idea, eh? The officers and gentlemen of the *Reichswehr'd'* just love it, wouldn't they? Or maybe they wouldn't?"

"And what guarantee have they that we . . ."

"We? Don't mix things up. Not me."

"Not you? You said that so funnily. What d'you mean—not you?"

"I shan't get there at all."

"But you applied with the rest of us!"

"Sure, I did. But I won't be taken. Our family has a blot on its scutcheon. No, no, not a Jewish grandmother. But I've got a brother—he's abroad. A writer who's been branded. So I'm in ill repute politically, despite my immaculate parents."

"You're just imagining things, Paul."

"You'll see." Svendiek's thin lips had curled in that cynical smile of his,

a smile which always set Hans wondering whether it was genuine or whether it was only a grimace of helplessness and desperation. . . . "You'll see!"

And Hans Peters had seen. Not only that Paul had indeed been rejected. He himself lay here on that first night, in the same bright moonlight as now, and was suddenly turned into a soldier! Paul Svendiek had seen him off at the station the night before, and had then gone home and slept, as usual, in his warm feather bed. Or with Marie-Luise, his girl friend. . . .

Being in ill repute politically sometimes has its advantages, after all.

If only he could get to sleep! . . .

Just like that first night: if only he could get to sleep! Just like then: if only he could stop thinking about yesterday and the day before! After all, nothing mattered now. He'd burned his boats. Go to sleep, Hans, go to sleep! At six o'clock they'll come to wake you up again. . . .

And he had gone to sleep. That time. He'd get to sleep tonight too. It'd be ridiculous, after all, if a fellow of his age. . . .

In the old days, too, the new recruits must have got the shitty end of the stick. In Wilhelm's day. And under Frederick the Great, of course. Just like they treated them today in this room, with the uniforms reaking of earth and acrid sweat and the hard high-boots stinking of grease . . . just as Uncle Gustav had pictured it many a time. And the same brutal jokes of the N.C.O.'s which he'd always thought so funny before, jamming an overlarge steel helmet on a fellow's head so that it half tore his ear off, then giving him one much too small for him, the quartermaster ramming it down over his aching head with dull blows of his fist. . . .

What the hell! Sleep . . . sleep!

Weren't they all in the same boat anyway? And he wasn't a mollycoddle either.

Sleep. . .!

Taking the oath had been a stupid business, when you came to think of it. Like dishing out quick meals in the canteen. And what a hurry they'd been in to get it over! Nothing solemn or impressive about it at all. . . .

Or did it only seem so after studying law for two terms? After being in the courts so often, and seeing other people being sworn in, and getting to know the judge, the fat one who drank, who used to wheeze out the words of the oath so mechanically?

"Every piece of clothing must have a linen tab sewn onto it with the name of the man and his formation clearly written in indelible ink."

What rot! Indelible . . . indelible. . . . That fair-haired fellow with the pointed head always looked so funny when he pronounced that word, strutting up and down the ranks. . . . Indelible . . .

Hans fell into a restless sleep.

And started up in alarm a moment later. Hadn't someone given him a push?

No. All was quiet in the barrack now. Only a few fellows snoring. Outside, the sentry was pacing up and down: Tap—tap—tap—tap. Two months had passed already. How quick the time went. Four months longer, and then. . . .

Yes, and what then? What would he do then? Study law again?

If only he could get to sleep! Sleep!

How loud the others were snoring tonight. Much louder than usual. Nonsense, of course! But how penetrating tonight was the heavy stench of human bodies, the stink of leather, grease and damp uniforms. . . .

Milky light flooded through the low double window. Full moon. The rifles in the stands near the door seemed to be moving; their locks glittered white, as though chiselled out of chalk.

Tap—tap—tap.

The hob-nailed boots of the sentry gritted on the gravel path that led around the barrack. Now the man halted, lit a cigarette. Smoking on sentry-duty was forbidden as a matter of fact, but . . .

Tap—tap—tap—tap.

Now he was off again.

Oh, hell, why couldn't he get to sleep!

Who could that be on sentry duty outside? Rieder? No, he didn't smoke. Kollmann? No, he was on guard last night. Hampel maybe? Didn't he say something about it this morning . . .?

What the hell's the difference anyway! Get to sleep! Stop thinking!

That girl Karla . . . a crazy female! Were they all like that maybe? Or most of them anyway? Crazy female—that was what Blöhm had called her, smart little Blöhm. How had that eighteen-year-old country parson's son got all his experience with women?

Tap—tap—tap—tap.

There came the sentry again. Had he marched all around the barrack, as regulations required?

Karla. . . .

Hans smiled. What was her real name, he wondered? Annie, or Lieschen, or Emma maybe? He smiled, and caught himself in the act of smiling. Then he contorted his face into a painful, loathing grimace. Karla—what was she anyway? A whore.

Jawohl, Hans, a whore. Don't try to humbug yourself about that. Whores are the right companions for soldiers, that's the rule. No decent girl would go out with a soldier. What would come of it if she did? If his sister, for instance. . . .

Why, what had Else got to do with Karla, then? Insane thought. Else was a good middle-class girl, his sister, who raved about soldiers just like the good girls in Treuenbritzen, and looked the other way if she passed one in the street. And that was right, that was how it should be. Of course. But it was damned annoying, for all that. How stuck up those little geese had been, the first two Sundays when he and some of his friends had been over to Treuenbritzen! Even made scornful remarks about them!

Maybe Else did that too, when she was around with her friends?. . . Aw, nonsense Else sat home and sewed her wedding dress. Else was going to marry that fellow Fritz from the post office. On account of his pension. The kid really knew nothing about his life. A daughter of better-class people. . . .

To hell with such daughters! They wouldn't even look at him! If Karla hadn't turned up . . . the whore. . . .

She's the first woman you've really got to know. And she was nice to you, very nice. Whores don't act like that—so tender and shy as she can be sometimes.

But didn't little Blöhm boast loudly of her favors? Didn't Hampel say he'd had her too? And hadn't Rieder dropped hints to the same effect?

Damned dirt! Get to sleep—get to sleep—isn't it all the same anyway?

No, it isn't all the same. Not to me. Should I get up and ask Hampel outside there—as man to man, to tell me on his honor!

You're crazy, Hans. He'd just laugh at you. And serve you right too. What was that little Blöhm had said: "Who d'you think Karla is, really?" A stenographer maybe, a stenographer out of a job. . . .

"That's all rot," Blöhm had gone on to say. "She'd have work if she was. One with a face like our blonde poison, Karla, would be private secretary

and bedfellow to some Storm Troop chief or general manager. Don't kid yourselves, boys. If she's a stenographer, I'm a chimney sweep!"

"Maybe you haven't had a shot at her chimney yet. . . ." And there followed a round of riotous smutty talk, and they drank and drank, as usual, and came back late at night to flop on to their beds like logs, and got up again next morning with aching heads and choking nausea in their throats to haul sacks of cement, sieve sand, pump water and mix concrete. And dosed off during the afternoon lesson when thickset Fasske was painfully proving to them that Frederick the Great, if one did not go back as far as Martin Luther or Gustavus Adolfus, the King of Sweden, was the first National-Socialist. . . . And then woke up again during drill, dragging their weary aching legs in the hard heavy boots through the sand of the Brandenberg heath: "Kick out your hoofs there! Higher, higher! Point your toes, pull in your breadbaskets! Throw your chests out, look your own height! Left, right, left, right! I'll put you through it, you rookies, till you can't tell the moon from a bagpipe!"

Moon. . . . Moon. . . . How glaringly it shone tonight. . . .

"Keep step there!" Knees grew weak; shirts, wet through with sweat, chafed and burned the whole body; knapsacks became a heavier burden; rifles seemed to weigh a ton—dirty and dusty, they must be cleaned and polished that very evening, right after roll-call, and boots had to be shined too. . . . To hell!

"Sing, you sinners!"

"Soldatenleben—
ei, das heisst lustig sein—
lustig sein. . . .!"

Idiotic words, idiotic tune. Sleep, I want to go to sleep.

A soldier's life? Hauling sacks of cement, cutting and bending bar-iron, mixing concrete—was that a soldier's life? And the drill! A desolating, soul-killing nuisance. If it wasn't for the few short, meagre Sunday afternoons and the evenings with Karla. . . .

A soldier's life? Rubbish! Only because they couldn't use any workers, any unemployed, any unreliable elements for this drudgery—only because of that must he, the teacher's son, Hans Peters, break off his studies and slave away like a damned dirty proletarian! No, worse: over and above all that, he had to let himself be drilled senselessly! Play around with that cursed gun at the orders of this fellow Fasske, the raving butcher's boy in uniform! Do target practice when his arms were still trembling from shoveling the wet heavy concrete! Stand stiffly at attention while streams of sweat wore furrows through the cement dust which covered breast and back with a grey crust. Lie down, jump up, lie down, jump up again, with a stitch in his side and his heart pounding like mad. . . .

How his feet burned. Those hard heavy boots. His whole skin seemed on fire. Kollmann's feet were all blistered, discharging pus. . . . Loathsome.

What was the idea of it all? Was this what he'd been studying for? Was it for this that his old man had pinched and saved, was it for this that they had abased themselves time and again before rich Uncle Gustav? Because his studies at the university had swallowed up all the money, Else was now a "bad match" and had to be glad if she could get this lout from the post office with his pension—Hans couldn't stand him, the uneducated puppy!

A soldier's life. . . . He'd tumbled into it just as accidentally as he came to study law. Just tumbled into it—because he wasn't independent, because he

was a poor devil. Because Uncle Gustav wouldn't let them have the cash unless he gave up his "fantastic schemes of youth" and learnt "something solid," a "profession that would earn a man a living." And so he had to study law because this cannery cad regarded it as a "worthy profession."

A soldier's life.... No, he'd wanted to be an engineer, a ship's engineer. Not in the navy but the merchant fleet, because you saw more of the world there. The whole beautiful world...! The tropics. The primeval forests, the deserts. And the arctic. And Chinese, Malayans, Red Indians, Indians.... Palm groves, towns with low white roofs on which you could lie of an evening while the sounds of strange music lulled you to sleep!.... Women, wonderful women, veiled ones and ones with almond-shaped eyes, blonde long-legged Swedish women, and black glowing Creoles.... He could have gone on expeditions, had adventures!

A soldier's life.... And now he hadn't even strength left to read one of the travel stories he'd brought with him! What a childish idea—to bring books to this place! Rieder had even brought along a little library of law cribs, wanted to do some studying... mustn't get rusty!

What? Had he laughed just then? Must have caught fever or something. Go to sleep, Hans, go to sleep. Tomorrow morning you'll be worn out....

It's the moon—if only this glaring moonlight were gone. And the hot pestilential air...!

Why was all this happening? Why? A soldier's life!... The stuff written in those leaflets which had been found a couple of times lately on the beds in the morning and which caused as much stir as a brick thrown into a wasp's nest—that was the right stuff, damned right. "You are preparing for war, comrades," they had read there, "the war that the fascist leaders, these well-paid lackeys of big capital, want to begin." It sounded a bit funnily phrased, but it was right, all the same. Why else should we be building concrete gun emplacements and armories? And what was to be put in those great underground halls—was Karla right about those? Of course she was. Just like the leaflet. "Ask yourselves, comrades—is it in your interests to bleed to death, choke in gas fumes, spit out your lungs in bloody froth? Is it in your interests to shoot down workers' and middle class people's sons from across the border, just in order that Thyssen, Krupp and your other so-called fellow-countrymen may make more profit?"

Uncle Gustav! What had Uncle Gustav to do with this? Why, a whole lot! His canning factory would do well in war-time! He, too, was a fellow-countryman from the other camp. What other camp? To hell, are there two camps in one country, Hans? *Jawohl,* there are, just like in law: accuser and accused. And I, Hans, am the accuser: You, Uncle Gustav, together with Thyssen, Krupp and the rest, have stolen my youth from me! I accuse you. Theft. Code of civil law, article... which article was it, then? Why, nonsense, that was the criminal code anyway. What's the matter with me, my mind's all in a whirl.... Murder! No, plotting to murder. Mass murder. "By means of an instrument capable of causing fatal consequences." Commentary on the criminal code by Professor... hell, what was the chap's name? He'd forgotten everything, every damned thing he'd learnt. When he got out of this place, he'd have to begin all over again, cram it all over from the start.

If there wasn't a war. And if there was, Uncle Gustav would go off again to Davos with his quarrelsome, sharp-nosed wife, Aunt Dorothea, and his monkey-faced daughter, Cousin Margarethe, whom they used to call simply Gretel. He'd sit tight there, as he did in the last war, far from the firing, safe in a hospital. He claimed to have "bad lungs"! He, the insolently hale and

hearty parvenu, who still boasted when he was in a gay mood that he could take a young bullock by the horns and throw it to the ground! . . .

A soldier's life! No, he should have joined the Nazi Student League as most of his fellow-students had done; then he'd be lying at home in bed at this moment, and tomorrow morning he'd go to lectures and tomorrow afternoon to the cafe. . . . Then he'd never have let himself be fooled by old Döbelmann. "The prospects that await you on completing your studies can be considerably improved if you accept this offer of the Leader to the German student youth."

Pfui Teufel! Now he lay here, where it stank like a cesspool, dog tired and full of loathing. My god, was he a bricklayer then, a proletarian, a concrete mixer? A soldier's life was what he had been promised, and *"Soldatenleben, ei, das heisst lustig sein, lustig sein!"* That was what they sang every morning when they marched out to work in the Brandenburg heath. . . .

"Comrades! However hard and severe your work may be, it is service to our German fatherland. You are German men and lads. You have taken a sacred, inviolable oath of allegiance to the Leader, to the nation. You will see and hear many things here that have to be kept secret. You understand me. And you know too that it is an old and sacred German law that traitors deserve death! I warn you. Never for a moment forget the oath you have taken. And now go—and God be with you. Dismiss!" Those were the words of the rickety old general who had been dug out, like a mummy, from god knows where to make them a speech. . . .

Karla!

"Watch your step with that beast!"

Hans started up, eyes wide open now. Had he been asleep, had he been dreaming? These words, hoarsely whispered, struck his ear as clearly as if the speaker had been standing close beside him. And he thought he could again smell the whiff of cigarette smoke from the man's mouth—that man who had whispered the words to him not long before at the entrance to the toilet. . . .

No, he'd been dreaming. There was no stir in the barrack-room. Everywhere the heavy labored breathing of overwearied young men, here and there a wheezing snore. And the chalky moonlight flooding the long lines of beds; deep violet-tinted shadows in the places where it did not penetrate.

He had never seen him since, that stranger with the close-cropped scraggy hair, who looked like a worker in his Sunday suit. Quietly, as if nothing had happened, the man had then walked over to the counter, paid his bill and quickly left the tavern. . . .

"Watch your step with that beast!"

"What did that fellow want from you, Hans?" Karla had cuddled close to him on the hard leather sofa. "He spoke to you, didn't he?" And there was a look in her blue, somewhat too light eyes which Hans could only interpret as anxiety. Anxiety for whom? For him, Hans?

"He just asked me for a light," he answered involuntarily, hardly reflecting why he was telling her a lie. "That's all he was after."

Karla sat up abruptly, moved away from him a little and nervously stroked back her died blond hair. Now she was all mistrust. "But you didn't give him one?" And not until she had seen the matchbox lying there on the table and searched his pockets, with forced playfulness, to see if he had any more there, did she laugh in a constrained way and say: *"Ach so."* Then she cuddled up close to him again and patted him on the knee. . . .

A hard line appeared on his face. The woman's caresses suddenly seemed

gross and whorish to him; her pointed manicured fingernails filled him with nausea. She must have felt it, and she leaned her head on his shoulder. In a childish tone, like someone telling a blood-curdling story, she said: "That fellow's been in a concentration camp. He's a Red. He used to stir up the workers before."

Unsteadily Hans fumbled for the glass of stale beer. Uncertainly, as though trying to make conversation, he asked:

"D'you know him then?"

"He used to live in Jüterbog too."

"I see."

Tap—tap—tap—tap.

From outside came the ring of hurrying steps on the gravel, mingling with the plodding tap—tap—tap of the tired sentry. Change guard. Slow and echoing, Hampel's steps retired into the distance. . . .

Tap—tap—tap—the new sentry began his rounds. What time could it be now? The shaft of moonlight had moved around the room, and had settled on the opposite wall; Hans could clearly discern the broad good-humored face of his friend Kollmann, lying there with wide open mouth and breathing hard with a whistling sound.

Despite his fatigue, Hans was wider awake than ever. . . .

And once again his thoughts began to centre around Karla; in vain did he try to tear them away from her. He seemed to scent her lavish perfume, to feel the warmth of her body, the tickling of her waved hair as she leaned on his shoulder. . . . Again and again that evening with all its details arose before his mind as though it were but yesterday; he could recall exactly every word he had said, and every word that Karla had said.

How had they come to talk of politics after that stupid encounter with the stranger? Why, of course, he had expressed his surprise that Karla should divide mankind into two parts—the Reds and the others. And then she had astonished him by her exact knowledge of many political details. "You're not a Nazi either, I can see!" she had said with a twinkle in her eye, and then, seeing his embarrassment, had shouted loud, in her somewhat throaty voice, for the waiter to bring her a glass of brandy. And he had ordered one too. And they had clinked glasses, winking knowingly at one another. And drunk. And ordered more and drunk that. And talked all sorts of nonsense. He had told stories about the camp, funny little incidents in barrack life, comic situations. . . .

"But it's hard work, isn't it?" Karla had shivered in mock horror. "Brr. . . . I wouldn't like it a bit!"

"It has to be that way. Someone has to do it."

"But they could easily get workers for the job. It's a shame to use such nice boys as you and your friends."

"Aw. . . . nonsense. . . ."

"What are you doing there anyway?"

"Well, we're building . . ." Hans broke off in alarm. "Never for a moment forget the oath you have taken"—the words crossed his mind just in time, and he flushed red. A close shave . . .!

Hastily he tossed down a full glass, and saw as if through a fog how Karla immediately signed to the waiter, pointing with a smile to the empty glass, which was at once re-filled.

"Here's to you, Hans!"

He hesitated. "Here's to you."

She took a sip, while he drank his down.

"Tell us some more."

"What?"

"Well—something about your work."

"No!"

And what happened then? Did he get drunk? No, he could still remember it all quite distinctly: the stuffy little tavern with the greasily gleaming black-leather sofas in the box-shaped "love-nests," the ugly green woollen curtains, the cigarette and brandy advertisements on the flowered wallpaper and the two glaring, gold-framed oil prints. No, he hadn't been dead drunk that time! Almost word for word he could recall the further course of the conversation; he could still catch the note in Karla's last question—that note which put him on his guard and made him suddenly start telling filthy jokes such as had disgusted him at other times when told among his friends. But Karla's raucous laugh, the warmth of her body, the alcohol he had drunk spurred him on, jumbled everything together, got the better of his thoughts and nerves.

On the way to her house he kept on talking, told stories all the time, boasted—silly senseless stuff intermingled with coarse soldiers' jokes, which Karla, hanging on his arm, never failed to respond to with gurgling laughter. . . .

"'You damned Zulu,' shouted Fasske—he's the worst slave-driver of the lot, Karla—'you damned Zulu, were you in Treuenbritzen again last night, adulterating the Aryan race?' That was just the other day, when I was feeling damned tired, and we were cutting bar-iron into lengths for the roof of emplacement No. VII, where they're going to have the same twenty-oners as in Nos. III and V . . ." He broke off suddenly. What had he said? Must the drunken girl at his side know what they were building out there in the sand at New Camp?

"You damned Zulu . . .!" Karla laughed exaggeratedly loud. And at once, while still rocking with laughter, she asked him: "How many such emplacements have you finished already?"

He, brusquely: "Come on, here we are. Open up."

Karla had not repeated her question. Not until dawn, when the dim light showed through the curtained window, and the outline of the washbasin by the door loomed vaguely out of the gloom, had she cuddled up to him as though chilled, and laid her head on his chest.

They lay long like this, both with eyes open, wide awake.

And then Karla had begun to speak. Her throaty voice, always a little grating, sounds quite soft and almost motherly now: "You fellows have a hard time of it out there in the camp, I suppose?"

Hans mumbled something in reply.

Karla, still quite tender and motherly: "You poor boy . . ."

"Aw, it's nothing."

"Nine great emplacements you've built already. I can just picture what that means."

"Seven."

"Oh yes, of course. And begun the eighth. And then, all the work out there, behind the Treuenbritzen aerodrome . . ."

Hans started up, his eyes wide open with fright: "Why, what do you know about that?"

Karla answered lightly: "Well, they're building underground hangers there, aren't they?"

"That's . . . that isn't true!"

Karla smiled.

Hans now saw clearly what he had not noticed before: the deep wrinkles

at the corners of her mouth, making the grey, overwatched face of the girl before him look suddenly old. He saw the light stringy hair which was resuming its former dark hue at the roots.

"Underground hangers—why, of course," said she. "What is there so terrible about that? Come, Hansel, don't act so silly. You know they're not standing empty any longer either. Or how could we hear the roar of the propellers at night-time?"

He tried another way out: "Why, there wouldn't be room for them there anyway. The barracks of the old artillery school are right there."

"That's right—just where you've stored your tools and the tip-cars. And fifty yards beyond is the first underground hanger."

Hans stared at her. Speechlessly. His wide-open eyes were asking in dismay: "How do you know all that?"

Something like a scornful smile flitted over Karla's grey tired face. Playfully she passed her finger-tips through the lad's tousled hair. "Posh, I know everything. . . .!" She said that in a drawling tone that was meant to sound joking, light and supercilious.

But Hans seized her by the shoulders, pressed her back and held her fast, so that her eyes could no longer avoid his: "Karla, how do you know all this?"

"Ow! Let me go! You're hurting me, kid!"

"You've been reading one of those leaflets!"

"Well, supposing I have! At any rate I handed it in to the right place. You didn't!"

"How do you know that?"

"You didn't!"

"Where did you get that paper?"

Karla no longer looked tired and sleepy at that moment; a bright red had mounted to her cheeks, her bright eyes were like glittering glass. "I know besides that there've been reports about your work in the foreign press—exact reports with all details!" Then, shrilly: "You ought to be glad, Hans! You—you—must be glad about it, aren't you?"

"I . . . why . . . why should I be glad then?"

"But you aren't a Nazi, are you?"

"No, but. . . ."

Karla suddenly changed her tone: "I won't tell on you. You've no need to be anxious, Hansel. As soon as I met you, I thought to myself you were in the same boat with them."

She laughed in a way that was meant to sound jolly and mischievous.

"Me, Karla—me?! Why, I've nothing whatever to do with those Communist leaflets!" Hans was almost shouting. Then, shuddering as though nipped by the cold morning air: "What—what—do you want to get out of me anyway, Karla?"

"Nothing. Really nothing at all. Come, let's get up. You must go back to the camp." Karla yawned loudly. She seemed unspeakably repulsive to Hans at that moment. With tight-closed lips and angrily wrinkled forehead he followed her movements as she shamelessly adjusted her underclothes, took down a bright-colored morning dress from the nail beneath Hitler's picture, and began putting it on.

"Come on, lad, hurry up. No coffee today—haven't got any in the house." And she yawned again as she lazily pulled a pair of worn felt bedroom slippers over her bare feet. . . .

Hans suddenly felt cold. His teeth were chattering as if he had fever. He felt the same loathsome taste in his mouth as he had then; he seemed again to smell the fumes of alcohol mingled with Karla's scent. Get to sleep—if only he could get to sleep now! That was all he wanted.

But his thoughts chafed and tormented him. His body was bathed in cold sweat. . . .

"You will see and hear many things here which have to be kept secret. And you know too that it is an old and sacred German law that traitors deserve death! I warn you."

He must make a clean breast of the whole business. He must. He must freely confess how he had blabbed when drunk. He must declare before all that this Karla knew everything, everything. There must be a trial. The Communists, the enemies of the fatherland, had a hand in this somehow. And this Karla was in league with them. All that had to be cleared up. Cleared up! Justice must take its course. They'd believe him—surely they'd believe him. An interrogation. A thorough, conscientious interrogation in which every detail would be brought out. Then a record, an absolutely exact record. And after that the trial. They wouldn't . . . they couldn't punish him! Supposing he said that he'd only told Karla a little bit, that he'd only pretended to blab, just to draw her out further? No, that'd be mean. Even if Karla was a whore, a—

"I warn you!" That was the asthmatic voice of the bald-headed old general who'd made a speech after they'd taken the oath. "Never for a moment forget the oath you have taken. And now go—and God be with you. Dismiss."

Tap—tap—tap—

That was the sentry, on guard outside.

"Watch your step with that beast!"

That was the voice of the warning stranger in the little tavern in Treuenbritzen, the unknown man who was said to have been in a concentration camp because he'd stirred up the workers. "Watch your step with that beast!"

But what had he, the law student Hans Peters, got to do with discontented workers? To be sure, he was discontented too. But who wasn't discontented in this camp, except the officers. Still—

Why had the man warned him against Karla, if he was a Communist and Karla was one too? There was something here that didn't tally!"

"You poor boy!" That was Karla's voice, quite soft and motherly. "What is there so terrible about it all? Come, Hansel, don't act so silly. You know those hangers aren't empty any more, don't you . . .?" She had whispered those words eagerly. Pryingly. Yes, pryingly. Not inquisitively, but pryingly, probingly.

Tap—tap—tap—tap—

"*Soldatenleben, ei, das heisst lustig sein, lustig sein. . . .*"

Rot! Sleep, I want to get to sleep!

Hans wiped the sweat from his forehead with his forearm, turned over feverishly in bed. Get to sleep, if only I could get to sleep. . . . One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. . . .

Tap—tap—tap—tap—tap—

Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six. . . .

Tap—tap—tap—tap—tap—

How dull and stupid all that was. How monotonous. As monotonous as the tap—tap—tap. Monotonous, soul-killing since the very first day. "Every

piece of clothing must have a linen tab sewn on to it with the name . . . in indelible ink . . . indelible ink . . . indelible. . . .

A quiet smile settled over his face. His breathing grew deep and regular. He slept.

"Private Peters!"

A stranger is standing beside his bed in the grey dawn.

"Don't make a sound. Dress quietly. Follow me."

The stranger is in officer's uniform, with some decorations on his chest.

Han's face is white, white as the window-sill on which the last rays of chalky moonlight lie. His teeth are chattering. With trembling hands he slips on his parade trousers, gets into his tunic, and follows the stranger . . . barefoot, mechanically, like a sleep-walker.

Six hard silhouettes at the door. Men in black uniform. Revolver barrels glinting dully. Storm Troopers on special service.

Where is the sentry?

The sentry is gone.

"Here's the scoundrel for you. Make a good job of it, boys." The stranger vanished round the corner of the barrack. A motor truck hums softly, then starts off.

"Break step—march!"

Along the sandy path diagonally across to the stunted fir-trees besides the silent highway. Hans with bent head, staggering weakly from side to side. A Storm Trooper left and right of him, two more behind; and the other two following at a few paces' distance, whispering as they go.

He catches a word in their talk, a name. And this name pierces Hans' brain like a stab of fire: Karla!

Watch your step with that beast. . . .

"Halt!"

One of the Storm Troopers steps forward, draws a revolver from his pocket, an old army revolver.

A shot rings out.

"Finished."

Next morning his friends found Hans Peters lying dead with a round wound in his forehead. His hands grasped an old army revolver, with one shot fired.

"Suicide due to love affairs," said little Blöhm drily. "Who ever would have thought it of Hans? And all because of that whore Karla. . . ."

Translated from the German by H. Scott

REPORTAGE

Henri de Montherlant

For the Deep Song

Excerpt from a New French Book

A writer on North Africa related to me the story of an evening at Tlemsen, a city of old Arab culture, where, in a Moorish café, the son of the sheik Larbi, Redouane (fourteen years of age), sang "Andalusian" songs, which are songs composed formerly by the Arabs of Andalusia.

"All Tlemsen was there, the customers standing elbow to elbow both outside the café and inside, a ragged porter cheek by jowl with elegant *coulouglis* and in the street a thick crowd of people who had not been able to find places. Redouane sang first of all the *goumri,* 'The Wandering Pigeon,' a celebrated piece, the motif of which was taken up in chorus by the audience. Then he sang old lamentations over the loss of the kingdom of Granada, his eyes closed under his lavender blue *chechia* (which touched his eyebrows), his mandolin upon his knees. A religious music, solemn as plain song, midst profound meditative attention. This name Redouane means: he who opens the gates of Paradise. Redouane indeed opened them. The miracle was undeniable. You forgot the sordid building, the garlands of faded paper, the rusty iron tables. In front of me there was a youth whose face was distorted by emotion, his big eyes overwhelmed—beyond time and space. I stood alert for the inevitable moment when his tears would begin. At last they appeared; under the palm-branch lashes the starry wells of tears... I learned later that the boy who wept was a cobbler.

And the narrator asked himself: "Must one believe that communion between them and us is impossible, when I felt myself so much their brother that evening?" Sister cry to that which has been mine so many times: "Will circumstances one day make me think of them as enemies? And how shall I be able to?" It is my turn, as in the antique songs which alternate upon the same theme, it is my turn to evoke a certain twilght, somewhere in the land of Morocco and that concert on the shore of a lake . . .

There, too, it was simply a Moorish café where I scorched myself with boiling tea and iced water. On the tables, which were very low, there were bunches of narcissus so thick that you could not circle the mass of their stalks with the two hands joined. The cushions on the seats were perfect. I mean to say that they wedded all the curves of the body with deference. There was no timetable to be observed. I could leave without having to thank anybody, without having to pass before anybody as one who had gone Arab or as a connoisseur of Andalusian music . . .

The three musicians, who were dressed as pirates and had let the slippers fall from their feet, were squatting upon a little platform, which, perhaps, was nothing more than a big table. The viol player and the tamborine player smok-

[1] See note on page 106.

ed while they played, as do the guitarists in the Andalusian *Cuadro flamenco.* They had scarce begun to play when they started to sway their heads in cadence to hasten the arrival of the sacred idiocy, that state of spiritual bestiality which is musical or mystical ecstasy. The viol player bent over his viol every now and then, quite close, to listen for something that it spoke to his ears. And the noise that was made together by the tamborine, the flute and the little viol was so feeble that the least movement in the audience would have stifled it. (Often you see a cat open its mouth, you know that it is moving but you hear nothing; Arab music makes me think of this cat). Sometimes one of the musicians played alone, making chords like the buzzing of a bee. Or else the trills of the flute which glittered in the silence like the stars in the night.

Then a boy, aged about sixteen, one would say, mounted the platform and squatted down in his turn. He wore a *seroual* ("Zouave trousers") of Nile green, a salmon pink vest, a wine-rose sash and the *chechia.* There was nothing remarkable in his face. But even the things which displeased me in it—the soft cheeks and the shadow above his upper lip—made him brother to the cupbearers of the Persian miniatures and Arab poetry. Such is one of the benefits of art: it stylizes some type or other and for centuries the Greek profile or Persian pastiness, which are not beautiful, have conquered the same rights as beauty.

The moment the newcomer sat down there was a slight movement in the whole circle; each displaced himself a little to take a position which would allow him to see better. In this way the assembly was soon traversed by empty lines, because at each point where a tree trunk hid the stripling from them, the men had shifted their chairs to right or to left. And these gaps spoke.

He sang. "You like it or you don't like it . . .;" (I speak of the European attitude to those hoarse and nasal oriental and Spanish voices and that rhythm, the same in the Arab song and in the Flamenco song, where the phrase sometimes stops dead as if the singer had lost breath.) He also swayed his head and discreetly beat the time with his fingers on the edge of the table as the Flamenco singer does on the edge of his chair. The flute player had put down his flute and the three musicians sang. But the assistants, their bodies bent a little, followed the voice of the youngest in the tuft of voices and, although all the voices mingled, it was as if his danced in the middle of the circle of the other voices. When one of the songs finished the assistants straightened up and cried "Allah!" This "Allah!" burst from the same emotion whence bursts the "Olé!" of the Spaniards—Spaniards present here would have punctuated each song with an "Olé!"—and is it not the very root of "Olé" and is not "Olé" a corruption of it?

I have often said to myself that it is a trump card for religion that the roots of the most lovely kinds of music known to us are to be found in it. And this attenuated music, this all-powerful and imperceptible force overwhelmed me as much as the oratories and the Gregorian chant and it was completely carnal. A scholarly divine, an old man with a limpid heart, my neighbor at table, translated for me here and there a verse. "He is beginning the poem entitled 'The Rising of the Full Moon Over the Plains of Joy!' Now he is singing: 'The Ocean of Beauty Has no Shores? Now he is singing: 'The Color of the Evening is Like the Tint of the Well-Beloved When She Bids You Farewell Before a Long Absence!' . . ." Well, I was wrong to think that these songs did not have their roots in religion. Their roots were in the religion of the earth which is beauty, love and poetry.

This music spoke only of happiness and on hearing it the most refined forms of happiness seemed gross. Those who truly feel how exquisite is life know that it is never so delicate as in the moment when you have bidden farewell to a woman and one is at last free to talk no more and finally give repose to nerves which would be flayed by the most soothing melody, the moment when, if someone beautiful came in, you would greet him with a kind of impatience, when it would be a solace to perceive that his profile, for instance, was not beautiful and one had a valid reason for remaining cold. No need for desire any more, just as when, drunk with tea, we are hungry no longer. The aching hour when kisses have nothing more for us than boredom . . .

Around the Delivered-from-Temptation, the twilight, the violet mountains, the mobile and immobile waters, the lawn over which delicious breezes were rolling, wove their spell. Children passing in front of the café stopped. listened, came to drink a mouthful from your glass of water. There was a burning of the sky which was reflected in the lake where already all day geraniums had cast their red reflections of their false sunset; then the sky took on that pale green tint which you find on the skin of the belly and breast of certain apes. White throated swallows darted among the houses. Abandoned by a bird, which already could not be seen, a tree shivered. Toads came close, pushed their heads out of the water as if they too wanted to listen; one of them, carried gently away on the drift of a piece of floating moss, barked like a little pet dog and his throat at each bark swelled out . . .

It was then that, suddenly, I rose and, trembling more than the silent stars which were already wheeling above the sombre mountains, left the circle, broke the charm and harshly made off, for I felt the approach of a moment when something too supreme would be attained, something that could no longer be borne save in tears.

II

I was present in May 1925 in Seville in one of the chambers of the Alphonse XIII Hotel at a big *canto jondo* competition organized by connoisseurs. The professionals had taken part one after another; we had received from them all that talent could give and it was now the turn of the amateurs, peasants who had come from their distant *pueblos*. Seated on a chair in front of a public, beside a guitarist whose hands were covered with shifting rings, they flung forth and unrolled their hoarse voices, timing their song with a little stick which they tapped against a bar of the chair, grimacing with comic airs, an air of finding that their vocal acrobatics was something devilishily difficult—blowing their noses occasionally during a pause and keeping their handkerchiefs in their hands.

Canto jondo means "deep song." Musicians can tell us to what a degree this art has a close relationship with Arabian folk art as it was practised from the tenth to the fiftheenth century in the whole Mussulman world. From *canto jondo* we ask before everything that it shall be a manifestation of the soul, as its name indicates, and not an exercise in virtuosity. Rules certainly, but first of all a human personality. We ask that the voice should be expressive rather than resonant—it is a calamity to have a resonant voice when one has nothing to say and, in writing that, I am thinking not only of lyric artists —we ask for simple and solemn modulation and not for flourishes, a primitive style and not a theatrical one. The *canto jondo* is a confession or is nothing.

None of the successive amateurs had done anything better than save his honor. Then there advanced upon the platform a gypsy urchin of some fourteen years, thin and swarthy, his hands still blacker than his face, but lightening in hue on the palms, like those of Negroes, and with heavy rings of silver on the fingers. He had scarcely made his appearance when I felt that all was finished with him. I suffer when I see women or children making themselves ridiculous on the stage and foresaw that this boy would show himself to be as mediocre as the others. He sat down on the chair and, as the guitarist was late, he remained thus for a minute, with his thin old clothes all baggy, his too short sleeves and the classical gypsy handkerchief of that rose color which one finds elsewhere only in the skirts of Arab women and on Berlin gigs, alone in the middle of the platform, in front of three hundred men and women in evening dress who fixed their eyes upon him and some of whom began to laugh at his singular appearance and his growing embarrassment. Indeed, becoming intimidated little by little, not knowing what to do with his hands, he stuck his thumb in the armhole of his waistcoat and it was very droll, this free and easy gesture of the little savage. But when he crossed his legs the whole hall burst out. I was desolated. "Poor child, how can such a beginning fail to make him lose all his talent, supposing that he has any!"

At last the guitarist arrived and strummed a prelude. And then the lad, with mouth wide open, flung out the *Ay!* with which every *canto jondo* begins, that *Ay* which means *alas!* in Spanish Arabic and Turkish; it is pronounced *a-ee* and in the *canto jondo* you hold the *ee* till you lose breath. The *ay* came from so far and so deep, the force and the freshness of its gush was such (you could see the black cheeks of the *cantaor* reddening), the authenticity of the cry was so certain (he closed his eyes like Redouane and kept them closed as long as his voice lasted) that the universe at that instant ceased to be a thing of which the goodness could be placed in doubt. Men and women turned to each other, understanding that this was what they had come to seek and that the rest was nothing. A horse in the act of drinking would have lifted his head to listen. Is there any need to say that it was a song of love? In the emotion which possessed him the boy sometimes raised his widely opened hands to the heights of his face as if he were going to take his face in his hands or as if he were going to weep into his palms. At other times he clenched his fists or squeezed his hands against each other. (In the north such mimicry, particularly in a child, would be affectation; in the south it is spontaneous. I have seen matadors after a kill lift the hand to the heart like a provincial tenor and this was the gesture *in its origin* when it was made only to curb a heart which was sounding the retreat.) And Jean Garcia Campos de Villamanrique (for this alexandrine in the style of Hérédia was his name) was watched in his sufferings by these people in the hall of the Alphonse XIII Grand Hotel, just as formerly they watched the weeping Christ of the *pasos,* the sufferings of the bull staggering in agony, the matador distored by exasperation or fear, heretics veiled in flame. In the "deep song" each man throws into himself as it were the pipe of a pump to reach the subterranean water of the soul; each throws more or less far without reaching the water of the soul; at last someone throws so deeply that the water of the soul is reached, it mounts, it appears in the voice. Those who had preceded the little gypsy had not thrown deep enough. But he had reached the water of the soul, he sucked it up and spilt it; and all human drought was drowned, flowered beneath this song. — As for me I listened in the way one reads an

unknown author of worth, whom one has discovered, saying to oneself: "Let's hope he keeps it up to the end and that I may admire it all!" Or as one looks at some heavenly unknown, a girl of seventeen, beautiful and motionless: "When she moves will I find some fault in her?"

He sang without exhaustion. His voice disappeared in a great, long ovation. One of the men in evening dress leaped onto the stage and hugged this little black body against his glittering shirt front. (Imagine the low sentiments and the hygienic precautions with which a similar gesture would have been made by one of our politicians.) A rain of pesetas showered about the boy. He was soon no more than an agile little monkey, bending to right and left to pick up the pieces.

The first prize—a thousand pesetas; five thousand francs at the rate of exchange then — was unanimously awarded to him by the jury.

Next day he was engaged by the Lorens theatre. I left Seville. When I returned a few months later, I asked news of him. His engagement finished, he had disappeared.

And then one day in the street I found myself face to face with him. "Hello! here you are again!" "My father came to sell a pig." "Do you still sing?" "Yes." "Will you sing again at the competition next year?" He made a gesture: "I don't know," raising his hands in the Arabic manner. "And at the theatre?" "Oh! not that!" violently. Then his look became defiant. Without saying goodbye, he lost himself in the crowd.

This story would not be complete without this final pig. The American kid, poor little clown, grimaces the passions in his films and thus becomes a millionaire in ten years and is granted a private audience by His Holiness. The little gypsy rascal tears himself apart like a fig, shows the passion he contains, makes a few duros and returns to his pigs to maintain among them a life which I respect: a life in which one dies of hunger but in which one does not sing unless one must.

III

When in a Mussulman land you hear the discreet music which is listened to in an eating-shop by men who are ragged but silent and carry themselves perfectly, even if they are Europeanized, and then hear, a few steps away, the jazz orchestra or the fashionable song which is drunk with rapture by the select world of the fashionable café, you repeat to yourself the *leitmotif* of every dispassionate witness of colonial life: "We bring good with one hand and evil with the other. And, though equal in quality to the good, the evil always ends by triumphing over the good." But one also says to oneself: "People do not sing—or do not like to hear sung—anything but what is in their hearts. Tell me what you sing, I'll tell you what you are. For a society to be, not simply not revolted by so much vulgarity, idiocy and sonorous villainy, but delighted by it, there must be something rotten in its body . . ."

Alongside Juan Garcia Campos or Redouane let us imagine a young French boy of the same age. What are his relations with music?

The only case in which it is possible for him to have dignity, even beauty, is if he belongs to a good Catholic choir. If not . . . If not, on Sunday our boy brays a canticle in the catechism, which touches him no more than if he were singing a war song of the Iroquois Indians. In the afternoon more braying of those scout songs which are as devoid of any intelligible sense as the mysterious *amstramdram* of little girls and, let us say it without hesitation: so stupid as to make one weep . . . Or perhaps he is a member of a choral

society. And then—oh! . . . when one watches the spectacle, which would be ridiculous if it were not nauseating, of "musical societies" passing in procession through a French street and when one sees the public completely delighted by it, that is to say finding itself therein, one wants to cry: "How is it a nation which has *that* for its spontaneous expression has been able and will be able to remain a great nation?"

It is with mitigated bitterness that a Frenchman reads the pages of the *Nouvelle Héloise* devoted to Parisian manners and French music. Bitterness because every criticism made by Jean-Jacques in 1761 is the very same as we make at present; we are obliged to recognize that we were impartial: the evil is truly where we saw it to be. But the bitterness is mitigated, if the France of today is that of yesterday, as this characteristic, among so many others, would tend to prove, we must then believe that it is her destiny to roll and to plunge more than other, better constructed vessels, to have to paddle along and to have in the hold this perpetual leak and nonetheless, with all that, to arrive in port with the others and sometimes before them. Now among the hard things said by Rousseau about our compatriots—who "can imagine no other musical effects than those of vocal gaudiness," who "are sensitive only to noise"—I bring forward this, an epigraph completely suitable for the present essay: "If they knew how to sing of emotion they would not sing of the mind."

And I think of the "deep song" of other peoples and ask myself "Is it true, that France is unable to give us such a song?"

To know and understand and nonetheless to keep the feelings fresh and keep them so not with effort and, above all, without too much consciousness of what you were doing, is a gift of the gods. There is no need here to expand upon the reasons for which this fine equilibrium is difficult, particularly in France. This great French conspiracy against the naive and the natural! But after all the elementary school spirit finds the ground prepared, the watchwords of the elementary school are not so different from those of the academies: no lyricism, no fantasy, no true vision of reality, no direct expression of what is felt, all that is either ridiculous or shocking; a people which yesterday wore wigs and today diplomas is unable to stand these things The democratic jargon of our little advanced intellectual serves an ideal which is thoroughly opposed, certainly, to that of the wits of Versailles or that of the scholastics; nonetheless the minuet and the *baralipton* stick their noses into it. The Procrustean bed on which a school teacher today stretches a writer's page in order to disfigure all that it has of vigor and inspiration is a piece of national furniture, the same through the centuries; the Duc de Roannez stretched Pascal upon it, Fontanes stretched upon it Chateaubriand who had stretched Dante upon it, etc. When Hugo and Zola want to speak of the people they make a "literary description" of it, that is to say a false description, just like a pastoral author of the eighteenth century, and it is only because this description is false that it has pleased and has been accepted. "She plays falsely in ravishing style," said a Parisian colleague to me about an actress; a significant enough phrase. A literary group has been reigning in France for twenty years which for reasons that are easy to guess has made a dogma of poverty of temperament. No abundance, no emotion, no song, nothing "feminine," no color, no images, no "anecdote;" that kind of thing is for the common crowd. This group, however little they love France, is, whether you like it or not, a native production.

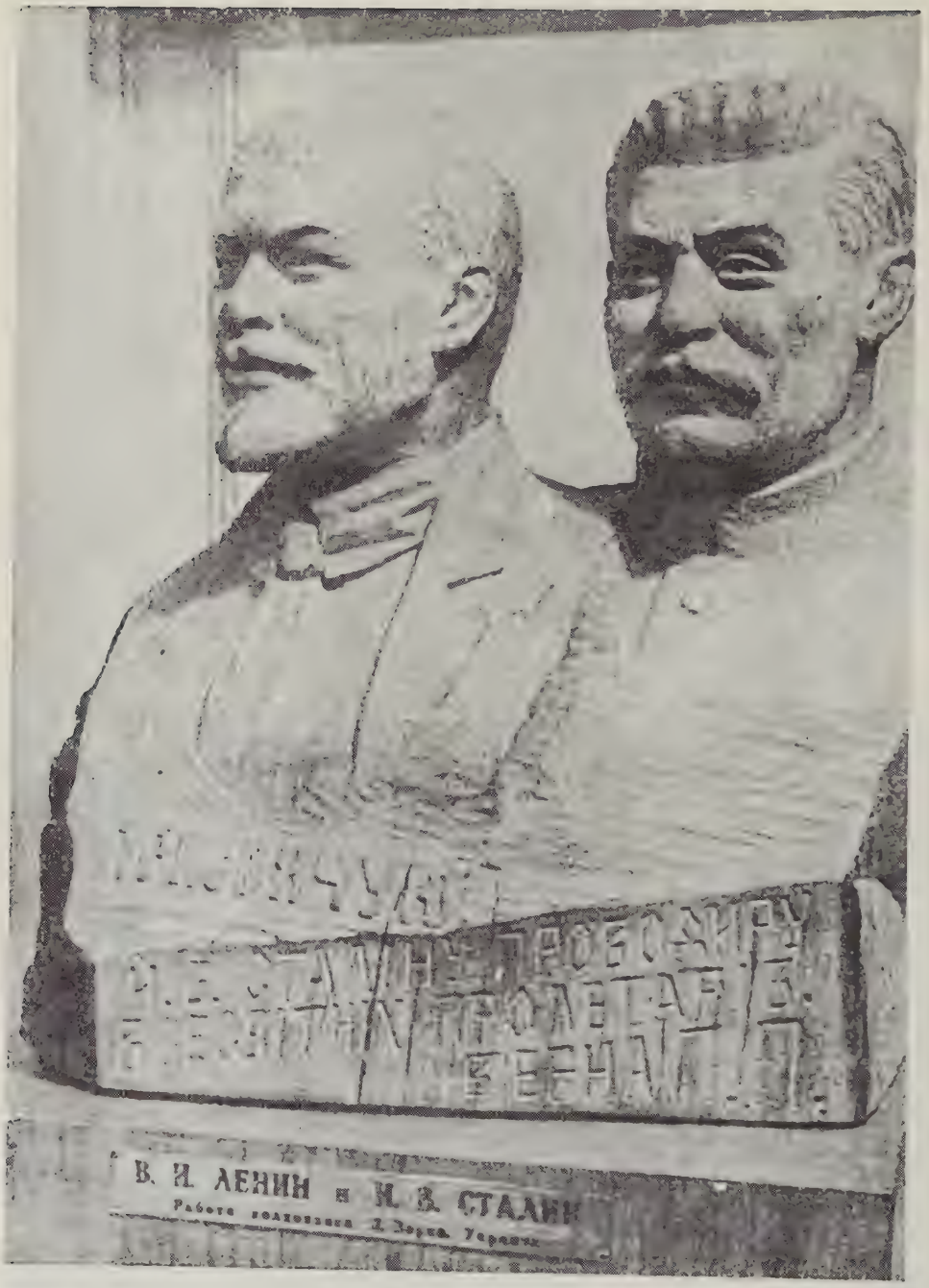
Translated from the French by H. O. Whyte

FROM THE NEW LENIN MUSEUM

Lenin as a school boy—Drawing by Kustodiev

Lenin at a student meeting at Kazan University in 1887. Painting by P. Aliakrinski

Photograph of Lenin's room in his home in Ulianovskaia, now a museum



Lenin and Stalin — Sculpture in wood. Made by a collective farm worker, P. P. Vern

CRITICISM and ARTICLES

George Lukacs

The Intellectual Physiognomy of Literary Characters

> Those who are awake have a world in common, but every sleeper has a world of his own.
>
> *Heraclitus*

Plato's *Symposium* owes its influence throughout the centuries not to its ideas alone. The unfading freshness of this dialogue, in contrast to many others in which Plato outlined features of his system that were at least important, is produced by the fact that a number of famous men—Socrates, Alcibiades, Aristophanes and many others—stand before us as living individuals, that this dialogue gives us not only ideas but living characters whose feelings we can share. To what is the vitality of these people due?

Plato is a great artist who was able to depict the appearance, surroundings, etc. of his figures with genuinely Greek plasticity. But this art of portraying the exterior of persons and their external surroundings is present in many other dialogues of Plato, without making these people come to life. And many imitators of the Platonic dialogues have attempted this without achieving even a trace of this vitality.

It seems to me that the vitality of the persons in the *Symposium* lies altogether elsewhere. The vivid trueness to life of men and surroundings is of course a necessary accessory, but by no means the decisive instrument of creative portrayal.

On the contrary, Plato's creative activity makes the varied thoughts of his characters, their different attitudes to the same problem: what is love? a personal characteristic, the deepest and most vital characteristics of his persons. The thoughts of the individual are not abstract and general results, but the whole personality of each one is concentrated in the thinking process, in the clarifying of this problem and thinking it out to the end. This quintessence arising before us, this way of thinking, enables Plato to make the way in which each of his characters approaches the problem, what he assumes as an axiom not requiring proof, what he proves and how he proves it, the abstract heights that his thinking reaches, the source of his concrete examples, what he ignores or omits, and how he does it, appear as the profound characteristic property of each and every one of them. A number of living persons stands before us, marked and unforgetable in their human individuality—and yet all these people are characterized, differentiated and made individuals who also represent types by their intellectual physiognomy alone.

This, of course, is an extreme case in world literature, but not an isolated case. Take Diderot's *Rameau's Nephew* or Balzac's *Unknown Masterpiece*. There too, the personages are individualized by their living, personal attitude

to abstract problems; intellectual physiognomy is again the chief medium for portraying the living personality.

These extreme cases throw light upon a problem of literary creativeness that has been rarely dealt with and yet is of great importance at the present time.

The great masterpieces of world literature always characterize the intellectual physiognomy of their character very carefully. And the decline of literature is always expressed—possibly most strikingly in the modern age—in the blurring of intellectual physiognomy, the deliberate neglect or inability of the writer to post and solve this problem creatively.

In all great writing it is indispensable that its characters be depicted in all-sided interdependence with each other, with their social existence, and with the great problems of this existence. The more deeply these relations are grasped, the more diversely these interconnections are developed, the greater the writing becomes, for the closer it comes to the actual richness of life, to the "cunning" of the real process of development, of which Lenin so often speaks.

Every one who is not hampered by decadent-bourgeois or vulgarized sociological prejudices will easily understand that the ability of literary characters to express their *Weltanschauung* in ideas constitutes a necessary and important element of the artistic reproduction of reality.

A description that does not include the *Weltanschauung* of the created characters cannot be complete. *Weltanshauung* is the highest form of consciousness; hence if the writer ignores it he blurs the most important thing in the figure he has in mind. *Weltanschauung* is a profound personal experience of each and every person, an extremely characteristic expression of his inward nature, and it likewise reflects in a very significant fashion the general problems of his age.

At this point some obvious misunderstandings with regard to intellectual physiognomy must be cleared up. First of all, the intellectual physiognomy of literary characters does not mean that their opinions are always correct, that their personal *Weltanschauung* is a correct reflection of objective reality. Tolstoy is one of the greatest of artists in the portrayal of intellectual physiognomy. But take a figure with as marked an inellectual physiognomy as Constantine Levin, when is he right? Strictly speaking, never. And Tolstoy portrays his favorite in the wrong with merciless accuracy. Take for example Levin's discussions with his brother or with Oblonsky. Tolstoy skilfully depicts the changes in Levin's views, his erratic thinking, his sudden jumps from one extreme to another. But it is just these continual and sudden changes that reveal the unity of Levin's intellectual physiognomy: the way in which he adopts different contradictory opinions. The pecular form that these opinions take on in his mind is always the same; it is always Constantine Levin's own way of thinking and experiencing the universe. And nevertheless this personal unity is never something that remains confined to the personality alone; in just this personal form, with all the objective incorrectness of the individual ideas, there is something that is universally valid.

The second misunderstanding that might possibly arise here is the idea that complete portrayal of intellectual physiognomy involves an abstract intellectuality. Justifiable opposition to naturalist superficiality often leads to such conclusions.

In such a controversy André Gide set up Racine's *Mithridates* as an unap-

proachable model, especially the king's discussion with his sons regarding their fighting Rome or surrendering to it. Gide says, "True enough, fathers and sons have never been able to speak to one another thus—and nevertheless (or just because of this) all fathers and all sons will recognize themselves in this scene." It follows that the abstract intellectuality of Racine or of Schiller is the most suitable form for expressing intellectual physiognomy. We believe this is not so. Compare Racine's king and his sons with any of Shakespeare's heroes with contrasting *Weltanschauung,* say Brutus and Cassius. Or compare the *Weltanschauung* differences between Schiller's Wallenstein, Octavio and Max Piccolomini with those between Egmont and Orange in Goethe. We feel that no one will deny there is not merely a greater sensual vitality of the characters in Shakespeare and Goethe, but clearer and more pronounced contours of intellectual physiognomy as well.

The reason for this is not hard to find. The artistically portrayed connections between the *Weltanschauung* and the personal existence of the characters are much simpler, direct, stiffer and poorer in Schiller and Racine than in Shakespeare or Goethe. Gide is quite right in opposing banal and superficial "naturalness" and advocating a poetry of the general. But in Racine or Schiller this generality is too direct; Schiller's characters are simply "mouthpieces of the *Zeitgeist,*" as Marx says.

Take the discussion between the king and his sons so praised by Gide. In a wonderfully nuanced, fine and sententious language the pros and contras of the attitude towards Rome are weighed in three great speeches. But how these attitudes grow out of the personal life of the characters, by what experiences and happenings the concrete arguments and their grouping together have been determined, remains a secret. The sole humanly personal action that takes place in this tragedy, the love of the king and his two sons for the same woman, is only very loosely, very externally tied up with this discussion. Hence the intellectual dispute remains hanging in the air; it has no root in the human passions of the characters and therefore cannot lend them any intellectual physiognomy.

Take by way of contrast one of the many examples of Shakespeare's art of characterization. Brutus is a Stoic, Cassius an Epicurean. But how deeply is Brutus' Stoicism ingrained in all his life! His wife, Portia, is Cato's daughter, and their whole relationship is—unexpressed though it be—pervaded by Roman Stoic emotional and intellectual elements. The purely idealistic, naively confiding behavior of Brutus and his deliberately unadorned form of speech, avoiding all rhetorical ornamentation, is so typically characteristic of the special nature of his Stoicism. The same holds true of Cassius' Epicureanism. I should like to point out one extraordinarily fine and profound detail: when the tragic collapse of their revolt is already apparent, when all indications point to the collapse of the last republican uprising, Cassius, who is strong and unyielding because of his Epicureanism, forsakes his Epicurean atheism and begins to believe in omens and prophecies, which Epicurus had always ridiculed.

This is only one feature of the Shakespearean method of portraying intellectual physiognomy, but by no means exhaustive characterization of Brutus and Cassius. And what an abundance of traits, what a complicated interweaving of the most intimate personal life with the great problems of social affairs! Contrast this with a direct, straight-line connection of the individual with the abstract general in Racine, mediated by nothing at all. The richness and the vitality of Shakespeare's creativeness and the abstractness of Racine's poetry

have always been acknowledged but the philosophical conclusions have not always been sharply enough drawn from this contrast.

Here again it is a question of the artistic reflection of objective reality in all its richness and all its depth. But in reality this richness and this depth arise out of the multifold and strifeful interaction of human passions, of persons. The persons of reality do not act alongside one another but for one another or against one another, and this struggle constitutes the basis of the existence and the development of human individuality.

Plot, as the concrete epitome of such intricate interactions in human life; conflict as the basic form of such contradictory interaction; parallelism and contrast as the manifestation of the direction in which human passions act for or against one another, and so forth—all these fundamental principles of fact that the only thing that is made into recreated reality is what existed in the characters as a potentiality. Poetic creativeness surpasses reality in that these dormant potentialities are allowed to develop fully.

But it is not only these forms. The general, typical phenomena must at the same time be particular actions, the personal passions of definite individuals. The artist invents situations and means of expression with the aid of which he can demonstrate how these individual passions grow beyond the confines of the merely individual world.

Herein lies the secret of elevating individuality to the typical without depriving it of its individual contours, in fact by intensifying these individual contours. This concrete consciousness, like fully developed, fully intensified passion, enables the individual to unfold the abilities dormant within him, which in actual life he possesses only in a crippled form, only as a potentiality. Poetic truth in the reproduction of objective reality is based upon the fact that the only thing that is made into recreated reality is what existed in the characters as a potentiality. Poetic creativeness surpasses reality in that these dormant potentialities are allowed to develop fully.

And conversely. Created individualities' consciousness which is (at least partially) independent of these concrete potentialities of persons, which is not based upon such a rich and concrete interplay of human passions, and does not produce a new human quality solely through this intensification, as in Racine or Schiller, becomes abstract and anemic. The created character can be significant and typical only if the artist succeeds in disclosing the manifold connections between the individual traits of his heroes and the objective general problems of his time, if the character himself experiences the most abstract problems of his time as his own individual problems that are a matter of life and death for him.

It is obvious that the created character's ability to generalize intellectually is of extraordinary importance in this connection. Generalization sinks to the level of empty abstraction only when the bond between abstract thought and the personal experiences of the character disappear, when we do not experience this bond together wth him. If the artist is able to recreate these bonds in all their vitality, the fact that the work of art abounds with ideas in no way impedes its artistic concreteness but, on the contrary, increases it.

Take *Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship* by Goethe. The plot of a decisive part of this great novel involves the preparations for a *Hamlet* production. Goethe attaches very little importance to the description, to the technical details of this production, which would have absorbed the interest of a Zola. The preparations are largely intellectual: they include a number of discursive and profound discussions of the characters of the various personages in *Hamlet,*

Shakespeare's method of composition, epic and dramatic poetry, and so forth. And yet these discussions are never abstract in the poetic sense of the word. They are not abstract because every remark, every reply, not only contributes something essential to the subject, but at the same time reveals a new and deeper trait of the personal character of the person speaking, a trait that we would not have visualized without these discussions. Wilhelm Meister, Serlo, Aurelia, and the others reveal their most profound individual peculiarity in the way that they endeavor to handle the Shakespeare problem intellectually, as theoreticians, actors or directors. The outline of their intellectual physiognomy thus traced completes and makes tangible the recreation of their whole individual personality.

But the portrayal of intellectual physiognomy possesses extraordinary importance from the standpoint of composition as well. André Gide, in his analysis of Dostoyevsky, points out that every great writer establishes a definite hierarchy of figures in his compositions, and that this hierarchy is not only characteristic of the social content and the *Weltanschauung* of the writer, but is also an essential means of grouping the figures from the center to the periphery and vice versa, *i.e.,* of composition.

We can analyze this problem only from the formal aspect at this point. A hierachy of this sort is present in every really composed work of art. The writer gives his characters a certain "rank," making them main characters or episodic figures.

And this formal necessity is so compelling that the reader instinctively looks for this hierarchy in works that have not been thoroughly composed, and remains dissatisfied if the portrayal of the principal character does not correspond to the "rank" befitting its position in the composition.

This "rank" of the central character arises very largely out of the degree of its consciousness of its own life, out of the ability consciously to raise the personal fortuitous elements of its life to a definite level of universal validity. Shakespeare, who makes use of the parallel portrayal of similar lives in many of his mature dramas, always endows his principal characters with their "ranks," their fitness to figure as the central character in the plot, through this ability to generalize their lives consciously. Take for example the parallels of Hamlet-Leartes and Lear-Gloucester. In both cases the hero rises above the subordinate figure because it is his deepest trait of character to do more than spontaneously experience his individual fate in the fortuitous present and react to this fate spontaneously and emotionally. The core of his personality lies rather in his striving with all his inward life beyond the merely given, in his desire to experience his individual fate in its universal aspect, in its connection with the general.

Thus the more many-sided, more pronounced, and deeper intellectual physiognomy is an essential prerequisite for a character's being able to fulfil the central role assigned it by the composition convincingly and full of vitality.

Although the most clearly defined intellectual physiognomy is an indispensable prerequisite for fulfilling the central role in the composition, this figure need by no means hold correct views. From the objective standpoint Cassius is always right and Brutus wrong, Kent right and Lear wrong, Orange right and Egmont wrong. Nevertheless Brutus, Lear, and Egmont can act as the principal characters just because of their marked intellectual physiognomy. Why? Because the hierarchy discussed by us does not follow abstract intellectual standards, but is determined by the given extremely complicated problem of the work in question. It is not the abstract contrast of true

and false that concerns us. Historical situations are much too complicated and contradictory for that. The tragic heroes of history do not make fortuitous mistakes; they have no accidental defects. Their mistakes and defects are rather a necessary part of the major problems of a critical transition. For Shakespeare Brutus, and for Goethe Egmont represent the pregnantly typical traits that are characteristic of the tragic clash of a definite stage, a definite kind of social conflict. If this confiict is grasped profoundly and correctly, the writer must make those individuals the principle characters in whose personal characteristics, culminating in their intellectual physiognomy, this conflict can be expressed most visibly and adequately.

The power of thought, the capacity for abstraction, is only one of the many contrasts between the individual and the universal. In any case we have here a very important factor in real artistic production. Literary characters' capacity for awareness of self plays a major role in literature. Yet this raising of an individual's life above the merely individual can take on the most diverse forms in literature. It does not depend upon the ability of the writer alone. But in the same writer it depends upon the nature of the problem treated and the intellectual physiognomy of the character that is most suitable for the portrayal of the problem. Shakespeare's Timon elevates his fate to the abstract height of an indictment of the role of money, which decomposes and degrades human society. Othello's consciousness of his fate can only summarize the fact that the shaking of his faith in Desdemona is at the same time the shaking of all the foundations of his whole existence. But there is no fundamental difference between Othello and Timon in respect of poetic recreation, awareness of life, the portrayal of intellectual physiognomy, and the elevation of one's own life above its merely fortuitous individual elements.

This compositional requirement of the "rank" of the principal figures is of course more than a merely formal demand. It is, like every real problem, a reflection of objective reality, even though not an immediate reflection. For the truly typical, purest and most extreme definitions of a social situation, of a historical-social type, and so forth, are most adequately expressed in this form of creation. This relation between compositional necessity and the reflection of objective reality is to be seen most clearly in Balzac. Balzac has portrayed an almost inconceivable abundance of figures from all the classes of bourgeois society. And he did not content himself with representing a group or stratum by one representative; he has every typical manifestation of bourgeois society represented by a whole group of figures. But within these groups Balzac always makes the most conscious figures, the most pronounced intellectual physiognomy, the central figure. Thus Vautrin as a criminal, Gobseck as a usurer, and so forth.

The portrayal of intellectual physiognomy always presupposes, therefore, an extraordinarily broad and profound, universal and human characterization of the figures. The level of thought far exceeds any commonplace potentiality, without however ever losing the character of personal expression. This presupposes, first of all, the continuous experiencing of the vital connection between the character's personal experiences and their intellectual expression, *i.e.,* the portrayal of thoughts as the process of life and not as its result. Moreover this presupposes a conception of the characters that makes this intellectual level appear inherently possible and necessary.

All this goes to show that the necessity for outlining intellectual physiognomy arises from the high concept of the typical. The more profoundly an epoch and its great problems are grasped by the writer, the less can his por-

rayal be on a commonplace level. For in everyday life the great contradictions are blunted, criss-crossed by indifferent, unrelated chance events; they never appear in their truly pure and developed form, which can make itself manifest only when every cotradiction is forced to its most extreme consequences, when everything contained within it becomes visible and apparent. The ability of great writers to create typical characters and typical situations thus goes far beyond the correct observation of everyday life. Profound knowledge of life is never confined to the observation of the commonplace.

It consists rather in the invention of such characters and situations as are wholly impossible in everyday life, but which are able to reveal the forces and tendencies whose effectiveness is blurred in everyday life at work in the bright light of the highest and purest interaction of contradictions.

In this high sense of the word Don Quixote is one of the most typical characters in world literature, and it is beyond question that such situations as the battle against the windmills are among the most typical and most successfully achieved situations that have ever been described, although a situation of this sort is impossible in everyday life. In fact, it may be said that the typical in character and in situation presupposes this extension beyond everyday reality.

Compare *Don Quixote* with the most significant endeavor ever made to translate the problems dealt with there into everyday life: Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*. We see how much less profoundly and typically these contradictions can be expressed in everyday life. (Indeed, Sterne's choosing the material of every day life is an indication of how much less profoundly, how much more subjectively he posed the problem than Cervantes did.)

The extreme nature of typical situations arises out of the necessity for drawing the deepest and ultimate elements out of human characters, with all the contradictions contained therein. True enough, such a trend towards the extreme in character and situation is present not only in great writers; it also arises as a romantic opposition to the prosaicness of capitalist life. But in the mere romantics the extremism of character and situation is an end in itself. It possesses a lyrical, oppositional, picturesque character. The classic realists, however, choose the extremely accentuated person and situation merely as the most suitable means of poetic expression for portraying the typical in its highest form.

This differentiation leads us back to the problem of composition. The creation of types cannot be separated from composition itself. Considered by itself there is no type, poetically speaking. The portrayal of extreme situations and characters becomes typical only by virtue of the fact that the total context makes it clear that the extreme behavior of a person in an extremely accentuated situation gives expression to the deepest contradictions of a definite complex of social problems. The writer's figure thus becomes typical only in comparison, in contrast to other figures, which likewise manifest other stages and manifestations of the same contradiction affecting their lives in a more or less extreme manner. Only as a result of such a very complicated, fluid and eventful process, full of extreme contradictions, is it possible to raise a figure to a really typical height. Take a figure like Hamlet, who is acknowledged to be a type. Without the contrast with Laertes, with Horatio, with Fortinbras, etc., Hamlet's typical traits could not be manifested at all. It is only by virtue of the fact that different persons display the most varied intellectual and emotional reflections of the same objective of existing contradictions in a plot that is extraordinarily rich in extreme situations can the typical in Hamlet's character be re-created for us.

That is why the profound and energetic delineation of intellectual physiognomy plays so decisive a part in typical portrayal. The intellectual level of the hero in his consciousness of his own life is necessary primarily to mark off the extremism of the re-created situations and express the universal that underlies them, i.e., to express the manifestation of contradictions in their highest and purest level. The extreme situation itself does contain the contradictions in this highest and purest form that is poetically necessary, but the reflection of the plot's characters upon their own actions is absolutely necessary to make this available for us.

The simple, everyday, commonplace form of reflection is wholly inadequate for this. This requires the height of which we have just spoken. This height must be attained both objectively—in respect of intellectual level, and subjectively—in respect of the interlacing of reflection with the situation, the character, and the experiences of the persons in question.

When Vautrin, for example, suggests that Rastignac marry the disowned daughter of the millionaire Taillefer, while he will see to it that the millionaire's son is killed in a duel and the disowned daughter becomes the sole heir so that the two of them can share the fortune, this situation is only the point of departure for an ordinary detective story. But Rastignac's inner conflicts are the conflicts of the whole younger generation of the post-Napoleonic age. This is shown in the contrasting conversation with Biancon. The contradictions of the society that gives rise to these problems are manifested on a very high intellectual level in the analysis of the experiences of such socially different persons as Vautrin and Viscountess Beauséant.

Goriot's fate gives Rastignac a contrasting illustration to these reflections. Only through all this does the situation, which in itself is a merely criminal one, become for us a great social tragedy. The same is true of the poetic necessity of the scene in which the mad King Lear judges his daughters during the storm on the heath. The same is true of the function of the actors' scene and the ensuing monologue on Hecuba in *Hamlet,* etc.

But the function of intellectual physiognomy in raising the extreme situation to the poetically universal, the perceptibly-sensually particular, is not exhausted with this direct role. It also has an direct function, namely to establish contact with other extreme cases in the work and to make them materially perceptible. Only thus can the total picture of a tempestuous order, of a manifested regularity of the world, be formed out of the abundance of extreme situations offered us by the great works of classical literature. This indirect function of intellectual physiognomy appears in classical literature in the most varied forms. The contrast can be portrayed tacitly, without particular reflection, as in the contrast between the generalizations of Hamlet and the emotional-spontaneous behavior of Laertes. But it may also be expressed directly as in Hamlet's reflections after his first meeting with Fortinbras. It may lie in the conscious realization of the parallelism of the situation and of its consequences, as in Rastignac's astonishment that Vautrin and Viscountess Beauséant think alike about society and about one's possible and necessary attitude towards it. It can constitute an uninterrupted accompanying music, an atmosphere of the whole plot, as in Goethe's *Elective Affinities.*

The feature that all these different forms have in common is again no mere formal one. Parallelism, contrast, etc. are only very generalized poetic forms of reflecting the strifeful relationship between human beings. Only because they are forms of reflecting objective reality can they be means of poetic intensification for the expression of the typical. Only because they are this can

the intellectual physiognomy of the characters, accentuated with their aid, react upon character and situation and make the unity of the individual and the typical, the intensification of the individual into the intensified typical more meaningful.

The foundation of great writing is the world in common of the "wake," of which Heraclitus speaks, of people who struggle in society, who fight one another, act for and against one another, and do not passively react. An intellectual physiognomy cannot be created without an "awake" consiousness or reality. It becomes blind and without contours if it merely revolves about its own subjectivity. But without intellectual physiognomy no creative figure rises to the heights where it is freed from the dull fortuitousness of everyday reality and can rise to the "rank" of the truly typical, retaining full vitality of its individuality.

II

In his great novel *Les Miserables,* Victor Hugo wants to show the reader the social and psychological state of Jean Valjean. He describes with extraordinary lyrical expressiveness a ship at sea from which a man has fallen overboard. The ship keeps on and gradually disappears below the horizon. The man fights with the merciless, unfeeling waves in deathlike isolation until he finally goes down, alone, desperate, hopeless. According to Victor Hugo this description characterizes the fate in society of a man who has made a mistake. The ruthlessness of the ocean waves is for Hugo a symbol of the inhumanity of the society of his time.

This description of Hugo's lyrically expresses a universal feeling of masses of people in capitalist society. The directly perceptible and experienced relationship of men to each other in the more primitive stages of society is rapidly vanishing. Man feels himself more alone, opposed to a society that grows more and more inhuman. The inhumanity of society appears to the man who is growing isolated in his own life through economic development as a cruel and fatalist other nature. In lyrically expressing the sensation born out of this situation, Victor Hugo expresses something truly existing in the mass and is a great lyrical writer.

But the objective reality of this manifestation of capitalist society does not mean that it is objectively identical with this manifestation. The inhumanity of society is not a new nature outside of man, but the specific manifestation of the new relationships between men produced by fully developed capitalism.

Marx vividly describes the economic difference between capitalism in its initial phase and capitalism already standing on its own feet. He describes fully-developed capitalism as contrasted to the period of primary accumulation as follows: "... The silent compulsion of economic circumstances seals the rule of the capitalist over the worker.... In the ordinary course of events the worker can be left to the 'natural laws of production' ..."

But the period of primary accumulation is not merely the history of untold acts of cruelty towards the working population. It is also the period when the feudal fetters of production and hence of human development are smashed. It is a period of the great struggle of humanity for emancipation from the feudal yoke, which begins with the Renaissance and culminates in the French Revolution. It is likewise a classical period of bourgeois culture, a classical period of philosophy, science, literature and art.

The entrance into the new, finished form of capitalist development characterized by Marx in the foreign quotation creates new relationships between

men, and hence new material, new forms, and new creative problems for literature. But the historical recognition of the necessity and progressiveness of capitalist development does not eliminate its perilous consequences for art and for the theory of art. The classical period of bourgeois ideology becomes the period of vulgarized apologetics. The focus of the class struggle shifts from the smashing of feudalism to the struggle between bourgeoisie and proletariat. Hence the period between the French Revolution and the revolutionary battles of June 1848 becomes the last great period of bourgeois literature.

The beginning of the apologetic phase of ideological development does not mean, of course, that all writers have become apologists or what is more, conscious apologists. This does not even hold true for all the theoreticians of art, although it lies in the essence of the matter that the apologetic tendencies appear more strikingly here than in literature iself.

But the beginning of the new phase cannot fail to affect every thinker or writer. The liquidation of the traditions of the heroic period, the revolutionary period of the bourgeoisie, often takes place objectively as a struggle against the prevailing apologetics. The realism of Flaubert and Zola was a struggle against the old ideals of the bourgeoisie that had become mere phrases or deception, though this struggle differed in each of the two writers. But objectively this struggle (even though only gradually, and against the deliberate intentions of such great writers) meets the apologetic tendencies of the general, ideological tendencies of the bourgeoisie more than half-way. For what is the kernel of all apologetics? The tendency to remain on the surface of phenomena, and to eliminate the deeper, essential and decisive problems from one's intellectual field of vision. Riccardo spoke frankly and cynically of the exploitation of the worker by the capitalist. The vulgarized economists however, flee to the most superficial ostensible problem of the sphere of circulation, in order to cause production itself, as the process of producing surplus value, to vanish from the world of economics. Similarly the class structure of society disappears from sociology, the class struggle from historiography, the dialectical method from philosophy, and so forth.

In the subjective tendencies of Flaubert and Zola everyday reality as the sole, or at least predominant subject of literature, is an exposure of bourgeois hypocrisy. But what does this tendency towards describing everyday reality mean for the portrayal of the great social antagonisms and the creative process of making us aware of them? The portrayal of everyday reality is nothing new as a subject. Many great writers, from Fielding to Balzac have tried to conquer bourgeois everyday life for great literature. The new factor in the period that follows 1848 is that everyday reality is not merely a subject but a limitation of literary expression to the phenomena and forms of expression that can occur in everyday reality.

We pointed out above that the great social contratictions tend to grow blunt in everyday reality, and only rarely can appear in rich and many sided form, never in their fully developed and pure form. Proclamation of what is possible in everyday reality as the standard of realism necessarily means, therefore, renunciation of the portrayal of social contradictions in their most fully developed and purest form. This new standard of realism must even limit everyday reality itself. Its necessary logical consequence is that not the rare cases of everyday reality in which the great contraditions appear as strikingly as possible are considered typical, suitable subjects, but the most commonplace form of everyday life: the average.

These tendencies, which lead away from the portrayal of the great and serious social problems, culminate in the commonplace. For the commonplace is the dead result of the process of social development. For literature, placing the commonplace in the foreground turns the description of the tempestuous process of life into a description of comparatively immobile states. The plot is more and more superseded by the stringing together of such descriptions of states of things. With the development of this tendency it loses every real function in the work of literature. For its former role, drawing the deeper objective and subjective social definitions out of people and situations, has been rendered superfluous by the orientation towards the commoplace. The social definitions that are at all perceptible in the commonplace necessarily lie upon the immediately perceptible surface; they can be at once described with the methods of simple description or portrayal of everyday occurrences.

Such an everyday average as the guiding standard of production must be sharply distinguished from the great works in which everyday life merely forms the material, in which the esthetic appearance of everyday life is employed to portray significant human types in great contexts. In modern literature we can see this antagonism in Goncharov's *Oblomov* or in any everyday tale of the Goncourts. Goncharov's total picture is more consistently drab and gray than that of the Goncourts. Superficially, the principle of plotlessness is no more energetically carried out by the former than by the later. But in Goncharov this impression is the result of a characterization that fully conforms to the classical, based upon the rich and varied relationship of the figures to one another and to the social basis of their existence. Oblomov's immobility is anything but a fortuitous, superficial, everyday trait. Oblomov is doubtless an extreme and consistent character, executed in the classical traditions of the predominance of one definite trait. Oblomov does nothing but lie in bed, but his story is a profoundly dramatic one. He is a social type, not in the sense of the superficial, everyday average, but in the considerably higher social and esthetic sense. Only because of this could this figure created by the genius of Goncharov have attained such significance for Russia, and outside Russia as well.

Even Lessing pointed out the mistake of those who find no plot "except where the lover falls at his sweetheart's feet, the princess faints, and the heroes engage in combat." The importance of the turns in a plot depends upon the nature of the characters.

That is how Goncharov, by accentuating the typical traits of the Russian intelligentsia, can create a character who typifies and personally reproduces the most important and most universal traits of an entire epoch in his inertia and immobility. The superficially more varied lives of the characters in, say *Madame Gervaisais,* on the other hand, is merely the succession of colorful but static descriptions of situations, in which mystified generalities (Rome as "milieu") fatalistically tip the scales, the interaction of social forces remains unseen, and the persons always act past one another.

In this way Oblomov has a very marked intellectual physiognomy. Each of his remarks, each of his discussions with other people reveals a typical and tragic trait of the Russian intelligentsia (and not merely the intelligentsia) under the yoke of tsarism, all at high level of consciousness, in manysided connection with the complicated forces of social existence. The changes in Gervaisais' *Weltanschauung,* on the other hand, remain abstract descriptions;

they do not disclose the objective drama of the social processes, and therefore the heroine cannot have a personal intellectual physiognomy.

The new realism of Flaubert, Zola, and the Goncourts arises under the banner of a revolutionary regeneration of literature, of an art that really corresponds to reality. The new tendency of realism imagines that it provides a higher objectivity than any previous literature had possessed. Flaubert's struggle against objectivism in literature is common knowledge, and Zola's criticism of Balzac and Stendhal tries to prove that Balzac and Stendhal deviated from the objective portrayal of reality as it is because of their subjectivism, predilection for the romantic and the exceptional. He concludes his critique of Stendhal with the words, 'Life is simpler." It is tacitly assumed as a matter of course that "life" is average everyday life, which is actually simpler than the world of Stendhal or of Balzac.

The illusion of such a higher objectivity naturally arises out of the everyday, commonplace subjects and the method of portrayal corresponding to them. Portrayal of the commonplace is possible without the addition of fantasy, without the invention of peculiar situations or characters. The commonplace can be portrayed in isolation. It stands ready from the very beginning and need only be described, nor need the description reveal any new or surprising aspect of it. It does not require the complicated compositional supplementing and illuminating through contrast. Thus the illusion can very easily arise that the average is just as much an objective "element" of social reality as say, the elements of chemistry.

The pseudo-scientific nature of modern bourgeois literature is closely related to this pseudo-objectivity of its theory and practice. Naturalism departs further and further from the living interaction of the great social contradictions, more and more setting in their stead empty sociological abstractions. And this pseudo-scientific nature assumes an increasingly agnostic character. In Flaubert the crisis of bourgeois ideals is portrayed as the collapse of all human strivings, as the bankruptcy of all scientific cognition of the world.

In Zola this pseudo-scientific agnosticism is already clearly formulated; literature, he states, can only portray the "how" of events but not their "why." And when Taine, the most important theoretician of the initial period of modern realism, endeavors to reach the real underlying foundation of society and history, he ends up with the definition of race as the ultimately existing and no longer intellectually resolvable.

Here the mystic undertones of this pseudo-objectivism come to the surface. The rigid situational structures of Taine's literary sociology resolve themselves, when we look at them more closely, into the same "etats d'âme" as the states of society and men, say, in the Goncourts. It is no accident that the pseudo-objectivism of this literature and literary theory considers psychology to be the basic science. Taine endeavors to represent the environment as an objective factor determining the thoughts and emotions of men mechanically, in accordance with natural law. But when he begins to speak of the "elements" of this environment he defines the essence of the State, for example as being "the feeling of obedience, by means of which a mass of people rally around the authority of a leader." The unconscious apologetics of capitalism created by the sociological method here turn into clear and conscious apologetics.

The irrationalist tendencies that are often unconsious, concealed, or suppressed in the founders of modern realism become clearer and more conscious with the development of bourgeois society without eliminating the opposing

tendency of pseudo-objectivity. (Cf. the montage fashion in post-war imperialism.) This contrast between abstract pseudo-objectivity and irrationalist subjectivity is in full accord with the bourgeois attitude to life in the capitalism of the 19th and 20th centuries. Especially in the period of the decline of the bourgeoisie does this antagonism appear in innumerable variants, giving rise to innumerable discussions of "the essence of art" and esthetic manifestoes and doctrines.

As is always the case in such situations, these contradictions are not the inventions of individual writers, but socially conditioned, distorted reflections of objective reality. Here too the contradictions have not stepped out of the books into reality but have entered the books from reality. Hence this stubborn life, the difficulty in rooting out these traditions of the period of bourgeois decline.

The extreme subjectivity of modern bourgeois literature is therefore only apparently opposed to the tendency of the commonplace. The endeavor to portray the "exceptional" man, the eccentric man, even the "superman," that hawe arisen in the apparently violent struggle against naturalism remain within the magic circle of style that begins with the naturalist movement. The eccentric individual, "isolated" from everyday reality, and the average man are two complementary poles in literature and in life.

An eccentric hero, say in Huysmans' novels, is as little in opposition to his social surroundings or other men because of great humanist goals as any average man in any everyday novel. His "protest" against the prosaicness of capitalist reality consists merely in his mechanically doing the opposite of what the others do, in formally—almost only through rearranging the words—transforming the platitudes that they utter into empty paradoxes. His relations to other men are just as poverty-stricken as those of average men; hence his "personality" can express itself only in empty display. It remains as abstract and without development as that of the average man; it has just as little a pronounced human physiognomy, which can develop and express itself only in practice, in the living, active relationship between men. And therefore this poverty-stricken human foundation cannot furnish a basis for the portrayal of an intellectual physiognomy. As the formal paradoxes are only inverted platitudes, the eccentric himself is only a masked philistine, an average man always standing on his head in order to be original.

Both types, the superman and the philistine, are equally empty, equally distant from the deep social conflicts, from any real historical meaning. They are pale, abstract, narrow, onesided, and ultimately simply inhuman phenomena. For some sort of meaning to enter them such types must be subordinated to the power of a mystifying fate. Otherwise nothing can happen in a work of literature whose hero is supposed to be a superman.

Naturalism and the opposition movements that arise on the same foundations are at bottom similar forms of composition. Both of them start with the solipsistic conception of man hopelessly isolated in inhuman society.

The lyricism of Victor Hugo's man drowning in the ocean is the typical lyricism of all modern realism. An isolated individualism (man as a closed "psychic system") confronts a pseudo-objective, fetishist-fatalist world. This contradictory polarity of pseudo-objective fatalism and solipsistic structure of all the human "elements" of the world can be seen in all the literature of the imperialist period. Consciously or unconsciously, it constitutes the foundation for the various types of sociology and theories of civilization. Taine's "races," the "classes" of vulgarized sociology transformed into "estates," and Spengler's

"civilization circles" have the same solipsist structure as say the characters of Hauptmann, D'Annunzio or Maeterlinck. The "social group" of vulgarized sociology or Spengler's "civilization circles" can never do anything but experience or understand themselves, just as the character created by these writers each lives his own, isolated, particular life where no bridge of understanding can lead from one person to another, nor does any bridge lead from them to objective reality.

With this the individual experiencing only himself and the fatalist commonalty have brusquely isolated themselves from each other. The individual directly confronts the abstract universal. The individual is looked upon as a "case," an "example," and as such subsumed to the abstract universal through a fortuitous, arbitrary characteristic. This appears either as abstract-prosaic "scientificness" or precisely this arbitrary aspect is "poetically" emphasized. It is significant that both modes of observation can justifiably occur for one and the same creations. Take Zola's claim to a scientific attitude as contrasted with his present effect as fantastic-mystical romanticism, as in Thomas Mann's estimate of him.

What are the consequences of this situation for the portrayal of intellectual physiognomy? It is evident that the foundations of the latter's portrayal are being more and more thoroughly, more and more consistently destroyed. Lafargue criticized Zola because the utterances of his characters are commonplace, and flat compared to the brillant content of Balzac's dialogue. And this tendency of Zola's developed far beyond Zola as time went on. Gerhart Hauptmann surpasses Zola in the humdrum flatness of his dialogue just as much as he himself was later surpassed by the flatness of the montage photostats.

This lack of spirit and of content in naturalist literature was very often criticized and an intellectual level of the characters and their utterances demanded of literature. But it is not merely a question of putting profound ideas in the mouths of the heroes of the story. The wittiest dialogue cannot take the place of the missing intellectual physiognomy of the characters. The hopelessness of such tendencies was realized by Diderot, who makes one of the figures of his *Les bijoux indiscrets* say, "Messieurs, instead of giving your characters wit at every opportunity, place them in a situation that endows them with wit."

And it is just this that is destroyed by the basic tendencies of modern literature. The methods of portrayal of literature are becoming more and more refined. But this refining is limited solely to the most adequate expressions of the merely individual, the momentary and atmospheric. The philosophy and the theory of art of this age has often and clearly stated that this is the general tendency of an entire period and not a transitory literary fashion. In his commemorative book on Kant, Simmel formulates the difference between Kant's period and that of his own—imperialism—thus: in both cases individualism was the central problem of the epoch, but Kant's individualism was that of freedom, whereas modern individualism is that of uniqueness.

In the past few decades therefore, the refinement of the means of portrayal has aimed at outlining the uniqueness of the individual. The individual is to be recorded in this very uniqueness of his. Artistic fantasy is harnessed to record all the instantaneous transitory traits of the "here and now," to use Hegel's terminology. For the modern bourgeois mind considers reality to be identical with this "here and now" period. Everything extending beyond ap-

pears to be empty abstraction, a falsification of reality. The exclusive orientation towards the averagy everyday life that marked the beginnings of modern realism is becoming more and more refined technically, while on the other hand it is consolidated into a cleaving to the empiric-fortuitous, given surface of life as a matter of principle, to the fortuitous as a pattern and a model in which nothing should be changed if reality is not to be falsified. Thus the refinement of artistic technique leads to sterility; it helps to give birth to the charlatan "profundity" of the epigones of bourgeois literature.

The old writers also proceeded from the experienced or observed fragments of life. But by resolving and moulding the immediate context of these occurrences, they arrived at the creation of the real, subtle, interdependence of the characters in the work of art, the interrelationships that make possible the real development of the characters. This transformation is most necessary precisely with respect to the deepest personal and typical traits of character, especially with respect to the elaboration of intellectual physiognomy. Taking the plot from Cinthio's story unchanged would never have enabled Shakespeare to endow Othello, taking the criminal case from Besançon would never have enabled Stendhal to endow Julien Sorel with the typifying awareness of self, the intellectual physiognomy, with the aid of which they have become the figures in world literature that they now are.

Andre Gide is one of the few masters of late bourgeois literature who is seriously concerned with the intellectual physiognomy of his characters, and has noteworthy and interesting achievements in this respect. But the influence of the modern realistic attitude to reality, the too narrow approach to the "model" conditioned by it, hampers the full development of his great talent. This compels him to confine himself to the fortuitous, the objectively not fully developed, the merely individual, and sometimes to go no further than this portrayal. But it is precisely this individual as the ultimate, this "here and now," that is the most abstract of all, as Hegel correctly realized.

And it is obvious that this hunt for the fleeting moment, this false concreteness of the Western European literature of the 20th century, had to turn into open abstractness. Take Maeterlinck for example, in whom all the means of expression of naturalism turned directly into a wholly abstract style of portrayal. In contemporary literature this transformation is displayed in the writer who has most strikingly chosen the literary portrayal of the most extreme detail, of the purest "here and now," as his style—Joyce. In Joyce the personages are characterized by the description of all fleeting thoughts and feelings, all transitory associations that occur to them in their contact with the outside world, with the greatest detail and exactness. But precisely this extreme individualization annuls all individuality. For example, when Joyce for pages on end describes everything that passes through the head of his petty-bourgeois Bloom while sitting in the toilet, he creates a characterization that would fit any person at all as well as it does Bloom, just because of this extreme refinement of detail.

The case of Joyce is an extreme case, it is true. But in its extreme accentuation it illustrates the *Weltanschauung* aspect of character portrayal. The extreme subjectivism of the modern *Weltanschauung,* the growing refinement in the literary portrayal of the individual, and the growing preoccupation with the emphasis of the psychological factor lead to a dissolution of the character. Modern bourgeois thought resolves objective reality into a complex of immediate perceptions. In so doing, it dissolves the character of the person, by making the ego of man a mere collection of such perceptions. Hofmannthal

correctly and poetically expressed this feeling when in one of his poems he called the human ego, the human character, a "dovecote."

Even earlier Ibsen gave this attitude toward life vivid poetic expression. His Peer Gynt, grown old, thinks over his past life, his personality, and the changes it has undergone. Peer Gynt is peeling an onion as he sits there, and compares each layer with one phase of his life, finally reaching the despairing realization that his life consists of nothing but shells without a kernel, that he has lived through a colorful series of episodes, without having a character.

In Ibsen, who was still ideologically connected with certain traditions of the revolutionary period of the bourgeoisie owing to Norway's late capitalist development, the realization of this dissolution of character is expressed in the form of despair. In Nietzsche such an estimate of literary character formation is already a matter of course. He derives character creation in literature from the superficial and incomplete knowledge of man; he considers the literary character to be merely a superficial abstraction.

Strindberg, in his theoretical utterances, goes even further. With biting contempt he characterizes the superficial form that constancy of character gives average bourgeois literature in the drama, that is, the stereotyped repetition of certain so-called characteristic terms, the exaggerated under-emphasis of certain external features. This kind of criticism is not original (Balzac always ridiculed such characterization), but it fits the ineradicable tendency in modern literature towards a merely abstract, mechanical and schematic "unity" of character. Strindberg, on the other hand, emphasizes the factor of variety and change. In this way he dissolves character, as Joyce does later on, into a Machian "complex of perceptions." His real tendency is most clearly exhibited in the fact that he considers Moliere's manner of typical portrayal likewise a false and abstract characterization. And in one of Hofmannthal's imaginary dialogues he has Balzac say that he does not believe in the existence of his characters. Hofmannthal's imaginary Balzac says, "My persons are nothing but litmus paper reacting red or blue; the vital, the great, the real are the acids: the powers, the fates."

And in this theory of the complete dissolution of character the complementary pole, the mere abstract unity of character, fittingly enough is also present. In the same dialogue Hofmannthal's Balzac says, "In drama the characters are nothing but contrapuntal necessities." The living unity of literary character thus dissolves into an unordered confusion of the multifold momentary on the one hand, and into an abstract unity without inner movement on the other. Here we recognize the well-known motifs of idealist epistemology.

This is a matter of tendencies and principles rather than a plus or minus of literary ability. Richness and profundity of the created characters depends upon the richness and profundity of the conception of the total social process. In real life (and not in the lyrical reflection of the surface of capitalist society) man is not an isolated being, but a social being each of whose vital manifestations is bound up through thousands of threads with other men, with the whole social process. The general tendency of modern bourgeois art leads the artist—even if he is talented—away from the essential problems of our age, the age of the great social revolution. In literature the ability to express all that is unessential—the fleeting manifestation of mere individuality—increases, and parallel with that, the great social problems are reduced to the level of banality.

Take so significant a modern writer as Dos Passos. He describes, for example, a discussion of capitalism and socialism. The place in which the dis-

cussion takes place is excellently, vigorously described. We see the steaming Italian restaurant with the spots of tomato sauce on the tablecloth, the tricolored remains of melted ice cream on a plate, and the like. The individual tones of the various speakers are well described. But what they say is perfect banality, the commonplace for and against that can be heard in any philistine conversation at any place and at any time.

Pointing out this complete failure of modern writers to create intellectual physiognomy does not mean a denial of their literary mastery, their extremely highly developed literary technique. It must be asked, however: what does this technique start with and what does it aim at? What can be expressed with such a technique? The central object that this literature wants to portray, for whose adequate portrayal it has developed precisely this technique to the point of greatest virtuosity, is the unknown and unknowable man. The endeavor to portray this central object as adequately as possible changes all the means of expression as compared to former literary periods. The invention of situations, description, characterization, dialogue and the like acquire an altogether new function. It is now their task to see through the illusion that things and men are known to us—an illusion that is considered superficial—and to make us experience their sinister unknowability. Everything is veiled in a portentous fog.

> *"... all these things*
> *are different, and the words we use*
> *are again different,"*

one of Hofmannthal's characters says.

The chief function of dialogue thus becomes the portrayal of people talking past each other, their aloneness, their inability to come in contact with one another. Dialogue ceases to be an expression of conflict, of discussion, of people clashing with each other. The stylized form of speech evolves along these lines. Everyday speech is no longer transformed in order to raise the quintessence of men's individual pursuits to the emotionally and intellectually highest point, to exhibit the core of the relationships between the innermost personality of man and the great social problems in all their rich diversity. Instead, the transient everyday elements in speech are stylized and intensified, with all their outward casualness: speech is made even more everyday, more transitory, more fortuitous. Attention is diverted from the words themselves, from the content of the dialogue, to what lies behind them: the lonely soul, the necessarily unavailing efforts to overcome this loneliness.

Of all modern dramatists, Strindberg is perhaps the greatest master of this kind of dialogue: he diverts the reader's attention from what is said to the secret feeling of loneliness, In *Fräulein Julie,* for example, he skilfully constructs this scene: the betrayed daughter of the count tries to get her father's cook, (who is the former sweetheart of her lover, the lackey) to flee together with her, and fails. Strindberg displays extraordinary virtuosity in solving the problem he set himself. He expresses the hope, the tension, the collapse of hope solely in the tempo of the heroine's speech. Her partner makes no objection, but her silence reacts on the tempo of the other's speech, thus fully expressing Strindberg's aim. There is a deliberate endeavor to treat the content of the dialogue as unimportant, since what the writer is really interested in cannot be expressed in words at all. Paul Verlaine formulates this tendency succinctly in his *Art poétique,* telling the poet never to choose his words without contempt.

The idea underlying this tendency is obvious: it tries to stylize speech so as to express these ideas without any universal content.

This basic line of development remains unchanged, despite uninterrupted refutations on behalf of an "abstract art." For the abstractly universal is always complemented by the coarsely empirical, the narrowly commonplace and fortuitous. We are fully justified, therefore, in saying that all the media of expression of the different literary schools of the bourgeoisie of today, some of which are doubtless employed with considerable technical skill, serve only to portray the superficial phenomena of everyday life in capitalist society, doing so even more humdrumly, more fortuitously, more arbitrarily, than is the case in reality itself.

Naturally enough, this exclusive preoccupation with detail is clearly expressed in reflections upon literary activity. An exceptionally striking example is Verlaine's declaration of principles in his *Art poétique,* cited above:

"Since we want more nuance,
No color, nothing but nuance!"

This confrontation of color and nuance, this rejection of color, that is, of the definitions of reality that go beyond the momentary, this reduction of the art of writing to a tangle of nuances is quite characteristic of modern literature. We get an uninterrupted vibration, a restless flickering that never comes to rest, which contains no real motion, however, but actually represents a standstill, a stationary condition.

This contradiction is the point where overemphasis of the experienced, exclusive preoccupation with the experienced, annuls the experiencability of poetic creative effort. Exaggerated proximity to the surface of life, identification of this directly experienced surface with reality itself as a matter of principle, actually deprives literature of the conditions for real experiencability.

When we hear some one speaking in real life, the first effect is the explicit content of what he says. For the listener, this content is closely related to earlier experiences and knowledge of this person, confirming or contradicting them. Moreover, in actual life the listener is very rarely merely a passive listener; listening is usually rather a part of the mutual interactions of men upon one another. Seen in this light much can directly affect the listener convincingly; intonation, gesture, facial expression, and the like can convey to us the impression of genuineness, of the sincerity of his speech.

"Recent" literature uses for its portrayals almost nothing but such impressions. It fails to realize that even the most accurate description of such characteristics, say sincerity, give us only the results of a process unknown to us, and not the process itself. In life, where we are ourselves a part of the process, these characteristics can act upon us directly and convincingly. In literature, where they are the bare results of a process unknown to us, it is impossible for them to take the place of portrayal of the process itself. "Older" literature always left the surface of everyday reality in order to make the actual results of the process experiencable; "recent" literature gives us a series of such ostensibly experienced results, which are actually dead, rigid and cannot be experienced.

Plot and situation in "recent" literature correspond, of course, to these trends. The great situations of "older" writing always served to clear up a state of affairs that had been confused, impenetrable and unclear up to that point. The significance of the so-called recognition scenes in Aristotle is this

clarifying of a situation that had been unclear. And the great writing of the past always composed with a view to using the important nodes of the plot to clear up what had gone before and to create what was to come, with the delineation of the rich fulness of what transcends the personal in the plot as its chief problem.

"Recent" literature is unable to create such dramatic moments, at which quantity changes into quality. It does not build its compositions up in accordance with the motion of the great antagonisms in objective reality, since these antagonisms never make themselves felt to the very end in everyday life, and in life the false, even the "untenable" situations can maintain themselves for an extraordinarily long time. The portrayal of sudden explosions and catastrophes, so popular of late, does not run contrary to such a manner of composition—on the contrary, it corroborates it. For such explosions and catastrophes are always of an irrational character, and after the irrational eruption life proceeds on its usual course.

In the old writers such explosions were episodes at most, but never a substitute for the dramatic unfolding of the actual plot. For them the turning points were the points where the friendly and hostile interactions of the characters crossed. But in books where one person has nothing in common with another, such turning points of the plot are superfluous and impossible. Linking up this immediate surface of life with the grand social processes can be effected only abstractly. Hence the penetration of symbols and allegories into naturalist literature is no accident, but a profound necessity of style arising from social existence. Even Zola can depict the fate of his Nana and that of the Second Empire only by means of the crass symbolic contrast of Nana lying sick and forsaken in her room while the deceived and drunken mob down in the streets below cries "To Berlin!"

Symbolist contrast and the confrontation of a number of individual "pictures" more and more supplant the old methods of developing the composition. To an increasing extent the scheme of the composition becomes the portrayal of a lonely feeling one's way in the dark. The impossibility of explaining even a comparatively simple situation, because the characters, grown completely lonely, have lost all capacity for understanding every solipsistic egoist is locked within a world of his own, is, for example, the essence of the plot in the most typical dramas of Gerhart Hauptmann (*Fuhrmann Henschel, Rosa Berndt,* etc.). This scheme is diametrically opposed to the old plot, where the unclear is made clear. In later writing the fundamental scheme of the composition throws a veil over everything, let that which is apparently clear turn out to be impenetrably dark, ostensible clarity be exposed as superficiality, and irrational staring at impenetrably dark fate be glorified as the profundity of man. Wassermann's novel *Kasper Hauser* is perhaps the crassest example of such type of composition, such leading into the dark, but this tendency is likewise very pronounced in the later novels of Hamsun, for example.

This *Weltanschauung* has been given a paradoxical intellectual formulation in several modern philosophies, such as Scheler's "importance of the mind," Klages' struggle of the "soul" against the mind, and others. Literarily at any rate it results in incapacity for conscious expression, inarticulateness becoming not merely a means of copying the commonplace everyday sameness of the surface of life, but is given the function of expressing this "profundity" in lack of knowledge of the causes and effects of human action, in resigned acceptance of the "eternal" loneliness of man.

In full conformity with the openly irrationalist tendencies, which must become more and more widespread as imperialist development progresses, all these trends tend towards limiting the importance of the intellect, blurring and deforming the intellectual physiognomy of literary characters. As objective reality is turned into a "complex of sensations," a chaos of immediate impressions, and the philosophical and compositional-artistic foundations of character portrayal are destroyed, the principle of clearly portrayed intellectual physiognomy must vanish from literature. This is an ineluctable process.

III

In no period in the history of the world has man's *Weltanschauung* been of such decisive practical importance as today. Around us, within us and through us there is taking place the greatest transformation of the social world, and this is taking place with a correct awareness of this change. We do not need to explain in detail the importance of correct foresight in this process of changing the world. The extraordinary practical importance of Marx's brillant foresight in regard to the dictatorship of the proletariat, the stages of socialism, and the like have become the common intellectual property of millions as a result of the revolutionary practice of the proletariat and the theoretical continuation of Marxism by Lenin and Stalin. It is obvious that the role of *Weltanschauung* must be extraordinarily great in the literature in the socialist epoch, a literature that reflects the development of a new type of man. And this holds true not only for the *Weltanschauung* of the writers, but for the *Weltanschauung* of the heroes of their works as well.

The significance of actually portraying intellectual physiognomy has never been as great as in our great age.

One of the central problems of our literature is the adequate portrayal of the figure of the Bolshevik. Every Bolshevik should be a leader of the masses, in all sorts of situations and the most varied conditions of struggle and work. This requires, first of all, acquisition of the revolutionary theory of communism. But since every situation is different, and the given circumstances and people are always different, every Bolshevik must apply the doctrines of Marxism-Leninism in a special way in every situation. Thus the personality of the Bolshevik, and last but not least his intellectual personality, becomes a decisive factor in Bolshevik leadership. Comrade Stalin, in his characterization of Lenin speaks at length of the latter's "style of work," but how can Lenin's style of work be separated from his style of thinking, that is his personal style of thinking? Take the theoretical works of Marx, Engles, Lenin and Stalin—a unified and homogeneously developing doctrine. But within the unity of this doctrine what different personalities, great, striking, sharply delineated physiognomies as thinkers. But this holds true on a correspondingly lower level for all Bolsheviks. In the endeavor to acquire Lenin's and Stalin's style of work every real Bolshevik exhibits traits peculiar to him alone, not merely in the purely psychological sense, but intellectually as well, in the way he summarizes the experiences of his political work and how he makes concrete deductions from the general principles of Marxism.

Let us clear up at this point a bourgeois misunderstanding. The personal "style" of Marxism in the individual Bolshevik, if he is a real Bolshevik, does not mean a deviation from Marxism. It is a widespread bourgeois prejudice that the good, the correct, in a word, the positive is monotonous, boring and incapable of variation with personality. Only mistakes, only deviations from

the correct are diverse, differentiated and personal. This prejudice is deeply rooted in the bourgeois consciousness. That is why an independent thinker in capitalist society must necessarily be opposed to capitalist society and to its acknowledged dogmas. And in literary creation this view gives rise to the contradictions in the creation of a positive hero in bourgeois literature, the dominant tendency of individualizing literary characters in respect of their negative traits.

With the victory of the working class in the struggle this relationship between man and society has changed fundamentally and qualitatively. At the beginning of human history, before the rise of class society, the Homeric epics could individualize their heroes wholly positively. Achilles and Hector are both faultless heroes and yet how different, how personally different is the nature of their heroism!

Our writers face the similar task. They must learn how to individualize the new man with his positive traits.

This is closely related to the problem of the intellectual physiognomy of literary characters. Correct Marxist-Leninist thinking enables everyone, precisely because of its correctness, to express his specific personal abilities in the process of acquiring and applying general revolutionary theory. In reality there are numberless Bolsheviks, with or without a Party card, in whom we can observe a rich, developed and significant intellectual physiognomy. Only the survivals of the old prejudices prevents our literature from recreating this richness in art.

Take the Stakhanov movement. What an abundance of living, pronounced physiognomies—intellectual physiognomy. We shall never be able to portray this significant type of the life about us unless we are able to individualize its intellectual element and to relate it profoundly to personality. These mass movements represent an extraordinary development of millions of working people from mere spontaneity to consciousness. And literature has done nothing to portray the new man, no matter how faithfully it copies the last conscious result, or contrasts this result directly with the wholly unconscious point of departure. If the new man is not portrayed in the process of his development he cannot be adequately portrayed at all.

Portraying the struggle for overcoming the survivals of capitalism in economics and in the minds of men also opens a vast set of problems for literature in the portrayal of intellectual physiognomy. Literature should show how these survivals are actually overcome. On the other hand it should not close its eyes to the way in which the bourgeois survivals still alive in the thoughts of men and groups of men condemn the latter to failure and political death. Comrade Stalin spoke of the people who must fall out of the wagon when a sharp turn is made. He also often pointed out concretely how the higher development of socialism forces the class enemy to hatch out new and more refined forms of combating the building of socialism. The more complicated, concealed and refined these methods of struggle become, the more important is it to delineate the intellectual physiognomy of the class enemy in literature.

The tasks facing our literature are enormous, and the most important of them are new tasks. There is no doubt that our literature has already done very much in this respect, but the question arises whether it has already solved its central problem or at least made much of a beginning towards solving the central problem, the portrayal of the new man. Let us take what the best friends of our socialist construction among the prominent writers of the West say about this. Malraux, in his speech at the Soviet Writers' Congress,

criticized our literature for faithfully portraying the external facts of socialist construction, but not the ethics and the psychology of the new man. He said, "It is not enough to photograph a great epoch for a great literature to arise. . . . The world expects of you not only the picture of what you are, but also of what goes beyond you . . ." And Andre Gide, in his speech at the Congress for the Defense of Culture in Paris, criticized Soviet literature from a very similar point of view: "Literature does not play, or at least does not only play, the part of a mirror. Up to now the contemporary literature of the Soviet Union has confined itself almost exclusively to this role. . . . It must not stop at this. . . . In the newer Soviet books I have seen works worthy of admiration, but no work as yet in which the new man whom Soviet life produces and whom we are awaiting has taken on corporeal form. It still shows us the struggle, the origin, the birth."

Malraux and Gide are right in emphasizing the fact that our literature, with all its achievements, has still not furnished a fully adequate portrait of the new man. We are obliged to consider this authoritative and comradely criticism of our work.

What are the obstacles hindering our literature from portraying the new man? First of all, no doubt, the survivals of bourgeois consciousness. Our literature grew up in the environment of bourgeois culture. The harmful influence of the various tendencies of this period of decline are evident in various stages and in various forms in our theory and practice.

Let us take a few major factors of our past theories, some of which are still influential today. First the theory and practice of the so-called *Agitka*—as a reaction to bourgeois hyperindividualism and art for art's sake. But this reaction itself took place ideologically on bourgeois soil; it is only ostensibly a reaction. The abstract "community," which is set up in opposition to bourgeois individualism, the endeavor to overcome bourgeois isolation of art from life by means of direct empiricism, remain abstract and do not lead beyond the confines of the bourgeois. Numberless examples could be cited to show how these ideas have been utilized by the reactionaries.

The same can be said of the bourgeois abstractness in the concept of society in vulgarized sociology, which is closely connected in point of epistemology with the subjectivism and relativism of recent bourgois thought. The same is true of the theory of the "living man." Here too the human individuality is defined merely psychologically, narrowly subjectively, and the contrast between personality and society so characteristic of bourgeois society remains wholly intact.

Unfortunately very much of our literary practice corresponds to these theories. Many of our books are populated with a silhouette gallery of lifeless stencils instead of with living people. And on the other hand, as an ostensible overcoming of this schematicism, there appears a private "human" life, vigorously described, which must remain within the bourgeois horizon, however, because it is in no way organically connected with the great problems of socialist construction, with the *Weltanschauung* problems of the origin of the new man.

All this of course does not apply to the prominent representatives of socialist realism. But even in its most significant works up to now our literature still remains below our reality. Our reality is more heroic, more spiritual, more conscious, clearer, more differentiated, richer, more human and more personal than even the best works of our literature.

Our writers are realists, but they remain behind reality in richness and

significance. If they do not attain to the greatness and richness of the reality depicted by them, it is not the fault of realism, but the kind of realism they employ. And this kind of realism of ours is much more deeply permeated with the traditions of the realism of the declining bourgeoisie than we realize.

We have discussed in detail how the realism of the great writers disintegrated in the course of the 19th century. The new realism was not a literary fashion but the necessary adaptation of literature to the falling cultural level of bourgeois life, to the bourgeoisie's unwillingness and inability to look its own reality in the face. That is why that kind of realism had to fall, in spite of all virtuosity of technique, and the culture of realism and literary culture in general had to decline.

Nor with us is the continuance of the literary traditions of the period of bourgois decline a literary fashion. It is a part of the great complex of bourgeois survivals in the minds of men that are unavoidable in the period of transition. Overcoming them, however, is a complicated and difficult task. They can be overcome neither by vulgarized sociological labelling nor by formalist criticism. Vulgarized sociological phrases are of very little help, especially since vulgarized sociology usually makes the most devoted obeisances to the formal perfection of contemporary Western art. In opposition to this we must not tire disclosing and explaining the real culture or realism in a concrete historical fashion; we must point out how this culture today has changed into its diametrical opposite, the so-called virtuosity that impresses many of our writers so much.

That is why we must speak of the culture of realism in contrast to the superficiality of this virtousity—culture in composition, characterization, and so forth. A culture that is based upon a concrete sensibility for what is great in life, for the portrayal of human greatness as a reality. The classic writers of realism possessed this culture.

Different though our aims be from theirs, and different though our concrete means of portrayal therefore must be from theirs, it is only from them that we can learn in respect of this culture. For the new realism has arisen out of the destruction of human greatness by fully developed capitalism; it reproduced this process of destruction and developed means of portrayal that were adequate for its reproduction. It was historically necessary therefore, that it reduce literary culture to a lower level.

Clinging to the commonplace arises from the lack of faith in the exceptional as a real manifestation of human greatness, which was historically unavoidable at that time. Capitalist society suppresses and cripples the abilities of man. That is why a fully developed man, such as Napoleon, evoked such admiration on the part of great writers; Goethe called him "compendium of the world." But poetic understanding of the exceptional as typical social reality, a literary culture of composition, the invention of situations, through which this exceptional can be truly, personally, and typically expressed in created figures, are required to portray such a fully developed man. If a Joyce were to seat Napoleon upon the toilet of the petty-bourgeois Bloom, he would emphasize merely what Napoleon and Bloom have in common.

This liking for the immediate surface of life sometimes conceals the tendency to expose the false greatness of the so-called heroism of today. But in reality this merely boils down to the undisputed rule of everyday dullness.

Confining oneself to the faithful description of a "segment of reality" (Zola's "coin de la nature") likewise arises as a matter of historical necessity from the inability to grasp reality intellectually and creatively as an entity in

motion. But the more faithfully it is taken as a model the more fortuitous, poorer, stiffer, simpler and more, rectilinear must every "segment" seem than the reality to which it corresponds.

This poverty cannot be overcome by any subjective addition or Zolaesque "temperament." And if the Soviet writer voluntarily puts on such shackles he cannot break them even with a Bolshevik temperament, provided he has one. Only the writer in whom life is reflected as an entity in motion and not as a dead mound of fragments will portray a segment of life so that all the essential elements of the theme are present in mobile manysided unity. Only reality in its living unity can serve him as a model for this, and not any "segment" of reality no matter how faithfully described.

In our time Maxim Gorky is the great model of real literary culture. The revolutionary labor movement restores to him faith in the future greatness of man and fills him with clear-eyed hatred of capitalist society because of its degredation and crippling of man. This faith and this hate give his compositions their boldness: the discovery of the typical in the exceptional.

Let us take a very simple example. Nilovna, the heroine of his puritanically simple novel *Mother,* is expressly portrayed as an exceptional case. Gorky eliminates the external obstacles to her development; her husband dies at a fairly early age; he provides this development with the most favorable conditions: her son lives only for the revolutionary movement. These favorable conditions allow Nilovna to grow out of her semi-conscious condition, beaten into unconsciousness, and follow the road from spontaneous human sympathy with the individual revolutionaries through ever clearer sympathy with the movement, culminating as a conscious revolutionary. This career, as the career of an old illiterate working man's wife of peasant descent is no doubt an unusual one. And Gorky emphasizes the exceptional factor in this. He shows how youth is the standard-bearer of revolutionary ideas in the factory and in the suburb. The old hesitate to join the socialists, even though much pleases them. As Rybin says, "Nilovna is perhaps the first one to follow her son along his road." But this very exceptional element makes Nilovna's road so profoundly typical from the standpoint of all of Russia's revolutionary development—and this is a very important feature of Gorky's composition. Here the great road that was later taken by millions of workers and peasants, the typical revolutionary road of liberating the toilers is portrayed in a profoundly individual life full of personal vigor.

This high culture of realism pervades the entire structure of the novel. The parallel and the simultaneous contrast between the development of Nilovna and that of the Rybins is done extremely well, richly and carefully balanced. The same is true of the friendship of her son and Andrei, their joint influence upon Nilovna's development, and the difference in their intellectual physiognomies which finds expression in every question, though they are both equally bound up with the revolutionary labor movement. Gorky lets his revolutionaries be wholly preoccupied with Party work, but it is by means of just this that he characterizes their personalities, from their spontaneous emotional life to their intellectual physiognomy. The labor movement forces them to approach all the problems of life, from methods of agitation to love, personally, that is, in closest devotion to the revolution. And their personalities are differentiated precisely through the personal experiencing and personal mastering of great objective social problems. Hence Gorky is faithful to the truth in a profound and great meaning of the word. But that is just why he does not let himself be limited in his poetic expression by the petty common-

place superficial truth of everyday life. He creates situations in which this essential element can find expression freely; he creates people who are personally and socially characterized by the fact that they strive towards this essential in every situation; and he has the people speak in such a way as to make this essential as adequately apparent as possible through them.

That is why every character of Gorky's culminates in the portrayal of vivid intellectual physiognomy. Gorky is equally great an artist in preparing for an unconscious, slow growth in a character, in the clear and true emphasis of the turning points in this growth, and in the portrayal of their becoming aware of these turning points. And he elevates each of these turning points to the highest awareness level of expression that is possible here. When Nilovna, after her son is arrested, lives with his comrades and discusses her life with them, she says in conclusion, "Now I can say something about myself and about people, because I have begun to understand and because I can make comparisons. Before I just lived and had nothing to compare with. We all live so alike. But now I see how others live; I remember how I lived myself, and that is bitter and hard!"

Both situations and expressions are deeply and poetically true. The high literary importance of such works as *Mother* is closely related to the fact that they go beyond the bourgeois approach to life both in form and in content. Only people who are very closely connected as personalities through their social activities, and no longer speak past one another but to one another can find situations in which such words can be spoken and be adequately spoken, as the words of Gorky's heroes.

This culture must be lacking in late bourgeois realism; this culture of realism is lacking in our writers up to now. But the culture of realism and the possibility of portraying intellectual physiognomy are inseparably interlinked. The tradition of standing still in the everyday commonplace prevents our writers from portraying intellectual physiognomy in two ways. First their characters are not so designed that a truly elevated intellectual expression of the entire situation could sound on their lips as their really personal expression. Second, our situations are almost always so designed that such discussions become impossible. The stuff of life itself provides great turning points, but the writer is as yet unable to accentuate them in composition; indeed they usually dilute them.

It is typical of our literature that the decisive conversations break off at decisive points and the writers or their characters discover that what ought to be the essential part of the conversation, its actual point in a personal, social and *Weltanschauung* sense, remains unsaid; there is "no time" for that, as they usually say. But this merely conceals the widespread tradition prevalent in modern Western literature, that fundamental discussions between people, and "intellectualism" in their collisions, is superfluous. According to the modern bourgeois writer, such "clever" conversations are carried on only by naive enlighteners, Nihilists or old-fashioned literateurs. The modern hero, writer, and reader have no time for such conversation. This is a matter of course for bourgeois literature in the period of capitalist decline. Where no turning points of development can be portrayed, there can be no need for portraying them on a higher level through awareness. But in our literature these turning points are of decisive importance.

And therefore, when our literary characters have "no time" for this essential element, it represents merely a lack in culture of composition, no matter how much the author may be able to find a reason why the figures really

had no time at that time and place in that given situation. In a composition of great compass, of real literary culture, as in Gorky, the characters always have enough time for everything that is necessary for their characterization and for working out the problem in all its richness and all its variety. This is true even when the writer wants to emphasize the extraordinary speed with which things happen.

Unfortunately this evading of the decisive discussions in which the problem and the figures are raised to the height where they really attain the level of our reality, is a typical phenomenon. This evasion of the essential occurs very naively in Pogodin's very successful drama *Aristocrats*. The dramatic turning point of the whole play is the hour long discussion between the chief of the GPU and the thief Sonia. After this conversation Sonia is a new person. This is one of the sublime features of our reality. But how much of that is re-created in the drama. It is intimated on the stage that Sonia was a stubborn thief before this conversation and is completely transformed afterwards. But Pogodin gives us nothing of the conversation itself. He simply mounts the result into his drama. In such a case reality must of course be richer and higher than literature. For such conversations actually took place in reality, really exerted a revolutionizing effect upon people and made really new people out of them. In real life this result was not presented to us, but important people gained this result in difficult struggle. It is quite understandable that the audience applauds enthusiastically at this point. But it applauds the real heroes of the White Sea Canal and not the montage result, the *deus ex machina* of the play.

Such mistakes do not always lie so naively obvious on the surface as here. But they are very common nevertheless. Let us take so important a work of our literature as Panferov's *Brusski* as an example. The subject of the second volume is the extraordinarily interesting and profoundly typical contrast between two phases of the struggle for communism in the village. Panferov correctly sketches the two representatives of these phases, Ognev and Shdarkin, in their typical features. But when the great clash between the two principles, the transcending of the war-communism, abstract idealist commune, comes, Panferov plans the action in such a way that a discussion between Ognev and Shdarkin becomes impossible. First Ognev accidentally overhears some of Shdarkin's remarks about him, "These people did their duty at the front. There we needed this—what do you call it?—this enthusiasm . . . But now something else in necessary." Ognev is despondent and from his despair there follows, almost suicidally, his behavior in the defence of the dam against the ice. After Ognev has been crippled and Shdarkin takes over the commune, the latter itself feels that an objective analysis of the mistakes of the Ognev period is absolutely necessary. "If Stepan were healthy, Cyril would tell him to his face what he thought of Brusski. But Stepan was sick... and Cyril respected Stepan . . . and couldn't bring himself to call the communards together and tell them out loud that they had not done things as they should have . . ."

Panferov himself feels that he has failed to make use of an important and fruitful opportunity. Of course it is possible that in actuality things happen so that such a discussion becomes impossible. But such reality is unsuited for the purposes of great literature and must be modified correspondingly, as Shakespeare changed his chronicles and Italian stories, and Balzac changed the occurrences of the life about him, for their purposes in order to be able to portray reality in its highest form precisely through this transformation.

Ognev's accident and sickness are thus typical of literarily unsolved, bad, fortuitous happenings. In any event this motivation of the main line of development contradicts the unfolding of the theme. Literature cannot avoid the portrayal of the fortuitous, of course. But the accidental in literature is something else than in everyday life. In reality millions upon millions of accidents occur, necessity crystallizing out of their sum total. In literature this extensive infinity must be concretely portrayed by making the dialectic relationship between accident and necessity apparent in a few actual cases. In literature only those accidents are permissible that emphasize and outline in a complicated and "clever" manner the essential features of the plot, the problem, and the characters. It they perform this function it does not matter how crassly fortuitous they are. Take the handkerchief in *Othello,* where the crassness of the accidental events, the coarseness of Iago's intrigue, serve to underline the noble traits in the characters of Othello and Desdemona, their complete lack of suspiciousness, and so forth. Take the boldness in Tolstoy's use of the accident that brings Nekhludov together with Maslova again in a court trial, with him as a juryman and her as a defendant.

In Panferov's novel the accidental has an opposite compositional importance. It has wholly opposite consequences for the delineation of Ognev's and Shdarkin's characters, and especially for the portrayal of what is typical in them, with the aid of the clear outlining of their personal intellectual physiognomies. Here accident loses its artistically rational character and lowers the level of the work to that of the individual and pathological. The illness is merely an illness and nothing more.

There are situations, of course, in which the character's inability to understand each other, the necessity for their talking past each other, arises from the material itself, as in Fadeyev's *Last of the Udegeis.* Here Fadeyev portrays Lena's development in the home of the capitalist Himmer. He shows how she grows emotionally closer to the revolutionary proletariat in this capitalist environment. This lonely isolation of hers necessarily involves a literary technique that is based upon the people acting and talking past each other. And even in her first approaches to the proletariat, where the workers display a justifiable suspicion of her, this method of representation is likewise justified and yields such good scenes as Lena's participation in the elections.

However, this mode of representation involves certain difficulties for the writer in the complete development of his characters. He says, "Lena was unafraid in her thinking and honest with herself to the extreme. She never tried to hide a truth once discovered, no matter how bitter, behind any fetiches, no matter how dear." But Fadeyev has merely expressed the intellectual physiognomy of his principal character, and not recreated it. And in the first part of his novel he employs the same method of description in portraying the relationship between the communists, Sonia and Sergei, in their long conversation. The result of this is that the human characteristics of these figures, their personal relationship to each other, appear before us with great tenderness and living reality. But as communists they are not differentiated from each other and again have more or else blurred intellectual physiognomies.

If this weakness is manifested even in such eminent writers as Fadeyev, it is no wonder that in the minor writers, in the mere imitators, it leads to inarticulateness of expression in their heroes or, more precisely, to an inability, accentuated to the point of the absurd, to express the development of their thoughts interestingly and succinctly in conversations, discussions, etc.

All this leads unavoidably to the intellectual physiognomy of the characters losing all distinctness of feature. The negative traditions of modern bourgeois realism, insufficient artistic culture, and weakness of composition all tend to weaken the ability of characterization and renders the original and artistic portrayal of the new man of socialist society more difficult.

These false traditions are most strongly expressed in the problem of relating private and public life. We have already pointed out how this antagonism dominates bourgeois literature. But socialist society posits this problem in a totally different manner. Although our writers understand this in a general way, our literature still makes but little allowance for this intimate interlinking of public and private interests, which of course does not preclude conflicts in the individual case, but on the contrary is often expressed in and through such conflicts. The bonds between the personal, private life and the public life of our literary characters very often remain accidental and are very often schematically abstract and single-tracked. That is, an accidentally chosen feature serves to connect the two. And in very many cases the feeling of the new, the intuition of the correct relationship, exists—all that is lacking is boldness in positing the literary problem, depth of literary culture, to make a real, fullbodied portrayal out of this intuition.

Thus in Panferov's novel the human development of Cyril Shdarkin is illustrated, with a correct emotional intuition, in the development of his love affairs, his relations with three women. And we even feel that these three women actually represent three different stages in Shdarkin's human and social development, and that the beginning and end of their love affair is not fortuitous by any means in a high literary sense of the term.

But in the portrayal itself Panferov cannot overcome this fortuitousness. It is here that the importance of portraying intellectual physiognomy comes to the fore. Why are love relationships so deeply and movingly inevitable in old literature? Because we always experience how the whole personality must be seized by this kind of love at a concrete stage of development. The love between Goethe's Werther and Lotte would never have affected us thus if Goethe had not succeeded in portraying the typical necessity of precisely this love. But this portrayal follows a very intricate path. We must get to know Werther's particular admiration for the Greeks, his attitude to Klopstock and Ossian, etc., not merely to recognize him as a type of the rebellious intelligentsia before the French Revolution, but also to see that the character and the circumstances of Lotte were precisely what young Werther had to expect from life in view of this psychology of his, this social situation, and this attitude or rebellion against society. The love of Werther and Lotte is no mere emotional eruption in the life of two young people; it is an intellectual tragedy. Here love can illuminate the most sublime and darkest features of social life with its brilliance.

Here we have the "intellectuality" that our writers are unable to give the private lives of their characters. And that is why the lives portrayed by them remain private, accidental dull, spontaneous, individually limited, or simply uninteresting.

We believe that all these phenomena have their roots in the traditions of late bourgeois literature. And therefore, if one critically examines these traditions, he cannot reconcile himself to the limitations of coarse naturalism, which we have imposed on ourselves and which contradict the whole development of socialist culture in literature.

It is not simply a matter of raising the intellectual level of our literature.

Much, and much that is correct has been said regarding that. What we wanted to do here was to emphasize the intellectual aspect of form itself, and its importance for mastery of composition, and character development. Genuine literary culture demands a deeper and more allied, less schematic grasp of the relationship between individual and society, as well as between individuals. Only such a culture makes it possible to be truly bold as a writer, to free oneself from the bounds of everyday life, and resolutely to confine oneself to the exceptional that is produced in such quantity by our socialist reality.

It is a good sign that very many of our writers, and particularly our readers, feel this lack. But it is not enough for the writer to merely feel this lack emotionally—he must clearly understand the *Weltanschauung* and literary foundations of this state of affairs. Ehrenburg, for example feels that none of his positive figures measures up to the overwhelming greatness of the process of construction. But how does he intend to eliminate these mistakes up to the present? By presenting a number of representative men and lives in each case, as in *The Second Day,* in order to make quantity take the place of the missing quality as it were. But this is a useless endeavor. For if each of the ten or twelve persons linked to the process of construction are bound up with the general cause merely by a loose and abstract thread of his personal life, the summation of twelve abstractions can never yield one concrete and rich bond. And yet it must be emphasized that in Ehrenburg the "intellectual" factor plays a large part in the portrayal of his heroes' characters. But in these characters, unfortunately, a merely cinematographic series of pictures is substituted for the genuinely dramatic development of ideas.

Emerson once said that "the whole man must move at once." This is a succinct expression of the secret of great character portrayal. The character portrayal of the very great realists, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Balzac is founded on the fact that their characters, from their physical existence to their highest thoughts, constitute a unity in motion, in motion all at once, even though moving in contradictions. This unity of the portrayed character, which is impossible without the complete portrayal of intellectual physiognomy, gives the figures of the great writers their inexhaustible richness. They stand before us as rich and many sided as reality itself; they are always more many-sided and "clever" than our cleverest ideas about them. The kaleidescopic and iridescent pointillism of later literature, on the other hand, is merely a masked poverty; their characters are rapidly exhausted for us—we can always encompass them fully and exhaustively with one glance, one idea. We cannot use this pointillism, either in large or small doses, for the truly artistic reproduction of our socialist reality. Only a realism, only a culture of realism in the sense of the classics, though possessing wholly new content and new form, new characters and new ways of portraying the characters, new plots and new compositions, corresponding to the new reality, can adequately express our great reality.

In our reality the millions of the masses have awakened to life, to awareness, to conscious community for the first time in the history of the world. Our reality has left the evil dream of the isolated solipsist pseudo-personalities far behind it, economically and ideologically. It is time that our literature, too, turn with all its energy and boldness to those who are awake that it portray their common world in the really experienced community, personal, emotional and intellectual, and that it make a radical break with the sleep of the period of decline where each turned only to the world of his own, to his own limited, narrow and poverty-stricken interior.

Translated from the German by Leonard E. Mins

F. V. Kelyin

Two Deaths

About Two Authors

On January 5, 1936 Ramon del Valle Inclan died in great poverty at Santiago di Compostella in Galicia. His death was by no means unexpected. Valle Inclan had been ailing for a number of years and of late the attacks of illness became more and more frequent.

Unlike most of the writers of the generation of 1898 who either directly supported the reactionary Lerius-Gil Robles regime or conveniently shut their eyes to everything that occurred, hiding behind their extremely unesthetic estheticism, Valle Inclan warmly defended political prisoners and protested hotly against the bestialities practiced in the "exemplary" prisons of Oviedo, Astorgi and other cities. He fearlessly lent his name to manifestoes.

Valle Inclan's frame of mind during his last months of life is well described by J. Parrado in the article "From Santiago di Compostella" published in *Nuevo Cultura,* the magazine of the Union of Proletarian Writers and Artists of Valencia.

J. Parrado recalls his last talk with Valle Inclan at the sanatorium.

"We spoke of our magazine and its aspirations. I delivered the invitation to give a talk in Valencia. Valle was mortified that his illness would not permit him to visit the magazine nor give the talk. While he was reading your letter I had an opportunity to study the poignant features of his vivid figure, the grey curls on the head of genius, the face lost in the long beard which fell to his chest.

" . . . But he did not stop to think for very long. In an uncommonly high-pitched though weak voice he began talking about the magazine. He knew it and liked it, especially the part devoted to the 'Black Witnesses of Our Times' in the special October number. He spoke of this with unfeigned enthusiasm. He also spoke with great warmth of Barbusse, Gide, Sender, Gorky, Ehrenburg and other exponents of the 'new forms of culture.' He felt an irresistible desire to undertake a trip to the Soviet Union.

" . . . Just before his death, feeling himself going, Valle said 'the only things I regret are the impossibility of fighting in the ranks of the Communist Party, of visiting Russia, the land of workers, and pressing Gorky's hand.'

"He died repeating to his son Carlos (a member of the YCL and student at the local university) the following passage from one of his books: 'It is my wish that the doors be closed to the ambitious priest, the humble friar and the cunning Jesuit.'

"A great crowd gathered at Valle Inclan's funeral. More would have come if it had not been for the storm. According to the last wish of the deceased there were no wreaths or any other material signs of grief. However, the Party of the Workers, the Left Republicans and the Galician Party, together laid one great bouquet of flowers on the grave. The Communist Party sent a wreath and at the last minute a wreath arrived from the Madrid 'Atheneum,' of which Valle had been a member and ex-president. . . ."

Thus toiling, revolutionary Spain bade farewell to the writer whom the officials had a short while ago refused election to the Academy. Toiling

revolutionary Spain appreciated his readiness to serve the masses, his hatred of fascism and imperialist war and his love for genuine culture of which he was a warm defender.

Valle Inclan's death seemed to have thrown a light over his entire life.

He did not, of course, come all at once to the views he held in later years. He achieved them laboriously, through many battles with himself and with his petty bourgeois past. One can say without hesitation however, that the "Marquis of Bradomin," his favorite hero, always was a great foe of Spanish reaction, both in his romantic youth and in his ripe old age. Both his anti-dynastic (Carlistic) novels and his series of "Barbarian Comedies," where he shows the beastly features of the traditional Spanish family, were nothing but an expression of struggle against philistinism.

Valle was the first writer of his country to actually come among the people, the first to declare war against war and the first to create grotesque novels and plays against the military dictatorship, against feudal-clerical tyranny and oppression, against the thoroughly rotten Spanish bourgeoisie. It is no wonder that since 1924 the motif of the abolition of private property runs through Valle Inclan's writings, together with a growing interest in the Soviet Union.

To this wise and beautiful death of Valle Inclan, a man of the old world, who won his immortality with the new mankind, one involuntarily compares the "death in life" of another "great" old writer of the generation of 1898—that of Miguel de Unamuno, rector of the University of Salamanca, Academician, famous scientist, writer, philosopher, poet, etc.—one of the biggest figures of the moribund European bourgeoisie—a man who rose to fame with his fight against Primo de Rivera and Alphonso XIII.

There are writers who, for historical reasons, seem in a hurry to complete their own portraits. Unamuno is one of these. A stubborn Basque, he strengthens the play of light and shade with every stroke of the brush, intensifies the tone, but the portrait does not gain by this, nor does the figure become more inviting to the eyes of the new humanity.

We are not in the least intent upon disparaging Unamuno's great talent or his great spiritual culture. In this respect we do not wish to emulate his opponents who deny his gifts of mind although they are now being directed not for the benefit but to the detriment of the toiling masses of Spain. Consciously or not, Unamuno is now serving the interests of the class enemy. This political blindness of Unamuno's was shown superbly by Ehrenburg, in a masterly literary portrait published in the *Literary Gazette* in 1932. In 1935 the revolutionary writers of Spain and Latin America,—Marguerite Nelken, Armando Basan, Ildefonso, Pereda-Valdes and others also spoke of this.

At the present moment all the vital creative forces of Spain are gathered in a last, decisive struggle against all the remains of ages—old injustice and oppression—the worst relics of the Middle Ages. Anyone that does not understand what is going on about him now does not deserve to be a witness of these events. This is so much the more true about a person who not only fails to understand but also tries to disparage, to debase them, as Unamuno does. To him Spain's revolutionary spring is nothing but "a saturnalia of dark forces broken loose" and his own country a "madhouse whose inmates have run rampant."

When one reads Unamuno's latest writings one wonders whether this can be the same man that had once fought against Primo de Rivera, and must reach the conclusion that history has exposed him, torn the mask from his face.

We shall here only review some of the later "metamorphoses" of Unamuno. Let us begin at the end of February 1936 when the victory of the "people's front" at the elections sharply changed the political situation in Spain, moving it distinctly leftwards. How did this affect Unamuno? Did he go left together with the best of his people or did he remain in the camp of active counter-revolution, among the so-called "sybillant, whistling and consonant" elements of the national alphabet. To judge by the articles being published by Unamuno in the favorite conservative organ of the Madrid bourgeoisie—the *Ahora*—he remained with the latter. Unamuno did not understand the events that have occurred, and if he did he has reacted to them extremely inimically. Unamuno's prolific writings have never before bristled with such venom and such poorly concealed ire.

Unamuno's articles in *Ahora* bear the common title of "Commentaries," but everyone has an appropriate subtitle. The length of each article is about 110-120 lines and they are written in comparatively simple language (Unamuno's usual style is involved and very confusing). They are unquestionably intended to be popular and it is quite possible they reach a certain section of the Spanish bourgeoisie and achieve their end—to disparage and slander the achievements of the Spanish revolution.

In his "Commentaries" of February 26, entitled "Storms, Revolutions and Resources," Unamuno quotes the famous 182nd canto of Byron's *Childe Harold* and goes into some philosophic reflections on the futility of storms. "Neither the ages nor all their storms have left any wrinkles in the azure brow of the ocean. And upon reflection man comes to the conclusion that the ocean's depths, its lower strata—that feed its life—where the silt that gave birth to pre-historic monsters rests—is not affected by winds, squalls or storms. "Then one begins to appreciate that it is these depths that are the essenc of the ocean, the roots of its continuity, its eternity." Then Unamuno quotes Job's words about the sea and arrives at the conclusion: "We see the same thing in the sea of human souls in history. Revolutions leave no wrinkles on it. They pass with the ages and the interior of humanity—and human progress—remains as terrible, unencompassed and lonesome as ever regardless of all our dreams of progress and civilization."

To Unamuno men and nations are "submarine dwellers" who live below the range of revolutionary waves. And it is they who, according to Unamuno, are the root of human continuity or the continuous humanity which figures in history.

But can there be any "progress" under such circumstances? Yes—says Unamuno—but only on the surface, in that which is transitory, but not in the depths. In reality it is merely a leap or spasm: a hundred steps ahead and ninety-nine back and then the snail with its house on its back slowly starts crawling again. Then begins what Unamuno defines as "reaction, retreat, recession." It is rather "pacification," says Unamuno, "for sinking to the depths of the ocean of history. Such was what we are wont to call the Middle Ages, the period, according to many different sorts of fools, of darkness and barbarism. One can only stop and wonder when one hears what these poor deluded souls understand by Feudalism. And yet the Middle Ages were a time when the European world rested to digest antique Greco-Roman, Hebrew and even Hindu culture. Only thus could the Renaissance come."

"... It is often said," Unamuno continues, "that we are facing a peculiar new form of the Middle Ages. In fact, many of the so-called new forms of

citizenship are nothing but a copy of the forms of structures of the Middle Ages.

"...There are people who think the proletariat will draw fresh courage from the new Middle Ages," Unamuno exclaims. "In a new order of guilds, communes and corporations." That is how Joaquin Costa really thought.

. . ."But," says the reflective person, "also in religion." This—the profoundest, the most bottomless sea of human history. The reflection of the stars reach to the furthermost depths of the ocean.

Such are the reflections by which thinking man, according to Unamuno, "protects himself (or, at least, tries to protect himself) against the pressure of the waves of all these revolutions and counter-revolutions" on the sea of life where the revolutionary storm rages—"sitting in his high tower, on the high bank of the Soul."

We have dwelt in such detail on this article of Unamuno's because it is the key to understanding his present world philosophy. He adopts the noble pose here of the "spiritual aristocrat," the "wise man," who stands outside of space and is at least beyond time, advocates apoliticism, passionately desires the advent of a new Middle Ages, disseminates religiousness and thus, according to Unamuno protects himself from the "pressure of the waves" of "not only revolution but also of counter-revolution." One only has to read some of his later essays however, to see for whom his "spiritual aristocracy" and his "wisdom" are working.

In the very next article (*Ahora* of February 28, 1936), entitled "Job's Trials" he speaks of revolution as a squall of crimes. True he does not like this expression himself. He attempts to qualify it by saying it is "rather an act of desperation, an explosion of a sick mind—in mental and moral travail." But he also establishes the to him "unquestionable internal connection between crime arising out of simple and vulgar passion and the violence of political struggle leading to civil war."

It would seem that "crimes of passion, simple or vulgar—and the ferocity of a political civil war—are the twin daughters of the same mental disease. Generally speaking—it is poorly digested civilization, toxic organism, obstructed civilization."

"A sad result of this auto-intoxication," Unamuno writes, "is the threatened absorption of individuality, sacred individuality. When the masses of slaves, its members—rather potsherds—are robbed of their feeling of freedom and individuality, they are also robbed of the feeling of justice." Salvation, according to Unamuno, lies in hope, in the ability to wait and believe. "Job's psychological virtue" consisted of "refusing to blaspheme the creator no matter how tragic his position was."

On March 17, 1936 Unamuno published an article called "Revolutionary Talkie" where he treats of the role of personality in history. History which we are now creating, living through, he writes, "seems to us as unreal as a dream. So what then is that talkie which is called revolution. Crude contact, a blow, a shot killing someone,—it all amounts to a visual impression and the sound of a talking film."

"Recently," Unamuno writes, "I was returning to Madrid by automobile from a visit to a Castilian city where the inevitable parade of youngsters and a few grown-ups took place. They carried red banners with inscriptions of their place of work and emblems. It was a movie parade. Later we met groups of young men on the road with red bandannas round their necks who greeted us by raising their right hands and showing us a fist. Everything

quite festive. Only one or two called us shameless robbers: we were in an automobile and so belonged in their opinion, among the oppressors and exploiters."

"What sense is there in such a revolutionary talking film?" Unamuno exclaims in conclusion.

Unreality, nightmare, a talkie—that is all the venerable rector of the University of Salamanca saw in the triumph of the United People's Front. This note is emphasized more strongly in the next article of the series, entitled "Religious and Political Action" (*Ahora,* March 20, 1936).

Analyzing the pastoral bull of the Bishop of Salamanca, he advises the Spanish priesthood to intensify religious education of the masses, bitterly lamenting that the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie have exchanged religion for bare political intrigue, while "the inborn religious feelings of the people, its greatest inspiration, have taken another direction." "Another, a Soviet or popular religion is rising among the people and the spirit of the old one is perhaps still alive in it."

We shall not weary the reader with the rest of Unamuno's articles. In some he ridicules the modern "possessed ones" "that burn the old idols" in order to "resurrect their remains in new festishes. (Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow"—*Ahora,* March 27, 1936). In others, speaking of burned monasteries, he declares war upon the new "fetishism" "materialism," declaring it "satanic and inhuman to attempt to destroy life's illusions" that abide in the souls of the people. (*Ahora,* April 3, 1936). Then he bewails the "boredom of modern life." And all this only to reach the conclusion in the next series of articles that history ("spacial, Euclidian") has no meaning, that legend rules over everything and that Josef de Maistre is right when he claims that essentially "all forms of government are monarchies." Unamuno, by the way, goes a step further in the article "Shura Vladezheva" (*Ahora* of May 12, 1936), where he uses the material of the White Guard Vladimir Avtrov and makes believe it is taken from the Soviet newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* he pours out his venom against the Soviet system—"the inhuman pedantism" of which forgot about the soul of youth and would not stop to explain to the poor Komsomol Shura the object of her life and labor, "crushing her personality in the collective."

These articles clearly show Unamuno's class adherence. However, he may hide behind spiritual aristocracy and claim to be above "not only revolution, but also counter-revolution"—he is unquestionably a vicious enemy of new revolutionary Spain.

Unamuno considers his philosophy an observation tower, removed from the raging sea. The waves of revolution have however washed away the foundations of that rotten structure of traditional beliefs and views to which the worthy rector of the University of Salamanca and all similar enemies of the Spanish people cling. And it will not be long before the billowing waves will also carry away the tower of Unamuno who, in the face of triumphant revolution has become the gravedigger of his own past—a "living corpse."

Diametrically opposite are the ends reached by the two "great old men" of the generation of 1898. Valle Inclan and Unamuno are significant indications of the extent to which the process of class differentiation and segregation has gone in Spain, and this in its turn is powerful evidence in favor of the future even more decisive triumphs of the "Spring of Spain," of the Spanish revolution.

Translated from the Russian by S. D. Kogan

A. Starchakov

Belinski Has Triumphed!

The 125th Anniversary of the Great Russian Critic, Vissarion Belinski

Belinski was born in the poor family of a naval surgeon. While still a child he astonished his teachers by his independence of thought. In 1829 he entered the Moscow Univesity but within two years was expelled as the result of a tragedy he wrote, which contained a protest against the serf system. The justification given for the expulsion was: "Poor health and, as a result, limited ability."

Belinski found himself alone with no means of support. He began writing for magazines and thus earned his living. In 1834 there appeared his article "Literary Reveries" which had a colossal success and marked an epoch in the history of Russian criticism. Belinski at once became a well-known critic and his influence grew with every new article.

He marked a sharp change in the direction of Russian criticism. Earlier it had been mainly of an esthetic type, narrowly literary, but now it became the expression of a definite social philosophy and a method of struggle for that philosophy.

Belinski wrote in the years of ferocious reaction of the epoch of Nikolai I, when all the best, all the leading men of the day were subjected to harsh repression. Gripped in an iron fist, Russia groaned under the power of the gendarmes. Things attained such a pitch that the government by means of decrees forbade smoking on the streets and the wearing of beards. To carry on any kind of political struggle was almost impossible. The only way of letting off steam was literary activity.

With all the ardor and untiring energy of a fighter, Belinski worked in an environment of enemies. With passionate hatred he sounded the call to struggle against the serf system and the autocracy. With warm love for the tortured peasantry, he struggled for the restoration of the human dignities which had been violated. For his untamable ardor Belinski was nicknamed by his friends "Fierce Vissarion" and with this name he entered history.

Belinski was a materialist, one of the direct predecessors of Marxist thought. But before reaching materialism, he passed along a tortuous and prolonged path of search and mistake. At first an idealist, a follower of Schelling, Belinski next for some time took up the philosophy of Fichte. But once again his rebellious soul did no find consolation. After a great inner struggle, Belinski became a philosophic follower of Hegel. Passing further upon his path of torturing search, Belinski became acquainted with the philosophy of Feuerbach. Feuerbach's system produced upon him an "astonishing impression." He once more reconsidered his philosophical and literary position and finally took his stand upon the platform of materialism. Beginning with Schelling's idealism and acceptance of reality, Belinski finished with the materialism of Feuerbach and desperate struggle with reality.

Belinski's greatest work is his articles on Pushkin (1843-1846). Belinski not merely historically explained many peculiarities of Pushkin's creative work but saw Pushkin in the perspective of the future. He felt beforehand, as it were, the part which Pushkin's poetry, permeated as it is by humanism, was to play in the formation of the new man. At the beginning of the forties Belinski thought of writing a critical history of Russian literature. Unceasing journalistic work robbed him of the opportunity of fulfilling this plan and bringing into a complete whole all his historico-literary articles but even as we have them his works are the best for their time in the critical history of the literature of the XVIIIth and first half of the XIXth centuries.

Apart from critical and literary journalistic work, Belinski in the course of many years carried on theatrical chronicles in a number of magazines and reviewed all the important productions of the Moscow and Petersburg theatres.

With the passionateness characteristic of him, Belinski here too fought for severity of form, for realism, naturalness and simplicity in art. He came out against unnatural, declamatory roles, for simplicity and sincerity of feeling in the actor. Educating the artistic taste of the Russian audience, he revealed to it the significance, depth and multiformity of the creative work of Shakespeare. The century separating us from Belinski's critical utterances on the theatre has still not swallowed up the freshness and the worth of his brilliant judgments on scenic art.

Criticism was Belinski's cause, his battle flag. Living only by literary labor, in perpetual material dependence upon publishers, Belinski was compelled continually to work in a hurry, often at the expense of his health. The struggle with an ignorant and captious cen-

sorship tried his patience to the utmost. Notwitstanding hard work he was always in need and lived in terrible poverty. Notwithstanding galloping consumption he wrote up to his last days. Continual privations, overwork and severe illness brought him prematurely to the grave. He died at 36 at the height of his powers.

In connection with the 125th anniversary of Belinski's birth, numerous literary and social organizations all over the Soviet Union organized evenings, reports, lectures, meetings devoted to the creative work of the great critic.

The meeting in celebration of Belinski's memory in the House of Unions, Moscow, was opened by the People's Commissar of Education, Bubnov.

Belinski's works have been republished by many publishing houses and have been translated into many languages of peoples of the USSR.

In order to perpetuate Belinski's memory, the Central Executive Committee of the USSR has decreed the erection of memorials to him in Moscow and Leningrad.

Editors

I

The commandant of the Petropavlovsk Fortress, General I. Skobelev, jailer and literary man (he wrote patriotic plays for the Alexrandrinski Theatre and was fond of appearing on the stage to ackowledge the applause of the public) met Belinski not long before the latter's death and with fatherly affection said to him:

"Are you coming to visit us soon? We have a nice warm casemate all ready for you . . ."

Belinski's days were already numbered.

Sitting under a feeble tree in the courtyard of his house on the Fontanka, near the Anichkov bridge, he eagerly used the remnants of his lungs to drink in the Petersburg spring air that was deathly for him. One such day, as a reminder of the meeting with General Skobelev, there came a whiskered gendarme with a summons inviting the dying Belinski to show himself in the Third Department.

A few weeks later friends conveyed the body of Belinski to the Volkovi graveyard.

Many years after, Dostoyevski in his *Diary of a Writer* said that if Belinski had lived longer he would have ended in emigration ("if he had succeeded in emigrating") and would have roved "a tiny and rapturous dotard with his former ardent faith, not permitting the slightest doubts, somewhere in Germany or Switzerland from one congress to another."

Dostoyevski's reminiscences of Belinski are permeated with unconcealed irony. And yet is was none other than Belinski who, having read *Poor People,* hailed the firstborn child of the mortally proud and mistrustful Dostoyevski. Clutching his sunken, consumptive breast, Belinski, with eyes feverishly glittering, asked the young writer:

"Do you yourself realize what you've written?"

And in stormy speech unfolded the humanistic significance of *Poor People.*

But was Dostoyevski an exception? Did not Goncharov, when he had with terrible excitement given his *Ordinary Story* to Belinski for judgement, hear from the great critic both affectionately encouraging words and an accurate characterization—which is alive to this very day—of his talent? Yet Goncharov also, though he gave the genius of Belinski its due, did not at times conceal his condescending attitude to the critic. He has related with a benevolent smile one of his conversations with Belinski, The talk turned to communism. When Belinski with pensive sincerity said that if he were possessed of millions he would without thinking about it give them up to the communist cause, Goncharow with the common sense of the philistine remarked ironically:

"It would have been interesting to ask to whom he would have given these millions . . . when the very word 'commune' was still for many people a new one. But he was ready to give his millions away and would have done so if he had had them and if there had been anybody to give them to."

And the brillant Turgenev, whose first efforts were greeted by Belinski, also bowed in salutation before the memory of the great critic. Yet in his remarkable reminiscences Turgenev seizes every opportunity to make it understood that Belinski was really nothing more than a self-taught person and did not, at that, know any foreign language. And, as if by chance, Turgenev dazzles the reader by scattering around a wealth of quotations in German, French, English, Italian. And in this literary magnificence there peeps through the same condescending smile.

What was the reason for all this?

There was a time when an encounter with Belinski produced on Dostoyevski a stunning impression. Dostoyevski "left him in ecstasy" and felt with his whole being that in his life there "had taken place a solemn event, an eternal breaking point." "I passionately accepted his teachings," recalls Dostoyevski, writing of his first meeting with Belinski. But the point was that the breaking point was not "eternal" as the young Dostoyevski had thought. In the seventies when the pages of the *Diary* devoted to Belinski were written, Dostoyevski was already one of the ideological pillars of the reaction. The former Petrashavets, socialist and exile, was now a courtier and carried on religious and moral conversations with the children of Alexander II, Sergei and Pavel. His master was now no longer Belinski but Pobedonostsev—with whom Dostoyevski discussed every chapter of *The Brothers Karamazov*.

In these years Dostoyevski believed unshakably that Belinski's cause was hopelessly lost. Dostoyevski wrote of his former master as a comic and negligible magnitude.

And Turgenev, polemizing from the splendid distance with the young revolutionary movement that had arisen in Russia under the banner of Belinski, announced to the whole nation in his *Enough* that the "Venus of Milo is higher than the principles of '93." And Goncharov, well-meaning and careful, was even at his first encounter with "Fierce Vissarion" burnt by the revolutionary ardor of the critic and considered it wiser to keep at a distance. "I was afraid," wrote Goncharov of his first encounters with Belinski.

They valued in Belinski a critic of genius, who revealed to them their very selves, a dreamer of the thirties, a crystally clear man. Often did his disciples record the remarkable prophetic gifts of their teacher. Belinski wrote of Gogol's genius when the latter still seemed to many a mere jester, a teller of amusing Ukrainian anecdotes. Having read *Song Abaut the Merchant Kalashnikov* which had appeared in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta* without a signature, Belinski foretold a great future for the unknown author. The unknown author was Lermontov. Belinski's mighty pen interpreted and illuminated the poetry of the modest Voronezh townsman, Koltsov.

But Belinski, the preacher of French utopian socialism and the materialist ideas of the German Feuerbach, the rebel who knew no bounds to his audacities ,who was ready at any minute for the stake, this Belinski was for them frightening, alien, hostile. In renegade rage Dostoyevski went so far in one of his letters to Strakhov as to call Belinski "the most stinking, stupid, shameful phenomenon of Russian life." In the years of reaction following the first Russian revolution of 1905 Dostoyevski's sneers were repeated by the literary

reactionaries like Aikhenvalt and Rozanov. Belinski, the "barricadist," as Vyasemski called him, rose before them like a specter of the defeated but unconquered revolution.

II

Contending for realism in literature, Belinski in his articles on Pushkin, Gogol, Koltsov, Lermontov, Baratinski, Pozhelayev and in his literary reviews also spoke out as a realist critic. He defined "the degree of latitude and longitude on which humanity in its historic movement found the poet," he knew that "without this all references to events, all analysis of morals and of the relation of the poet to society and society to the poet and the poet to himself simply explain nothing."

Belinski's critical works grew out of his philosophic and social strivings. The article *Literary Reveries* which opened Belinski's career as a critic was no mere review of Russian literature from "Kantemir to the present day."

The stern sentence which Belinski passed upon the literature of his fatherland ("we have no literature") was dictated not by his personal tastes, the views of an intimate literary circle or the indiscriminating negation of a nihilist. This verdict followed naturally from the philosophic system which Belinski at that time advocated. This was the period of Schelling's attraction for him. Following Schelling, Belinski asserted that only the people which perceived its own existence had the right to assert that this existence was real. What forms did this self-perception of the people take? In particular, literature vanished into nothingness, their existence was an illusion.

Investigating the condition of the Russian literature of his epoch, Belinski came to the conclusion that it expressed the self-perception not of the people but only of the upper crust of the nation. The spirit of the people, its inner life "to the treasured depths of its heart" had not yet been reflected in Russian literature. Enlightenment—that was what the people needed in order to attain self-perception of its being; realism—that was the indispensable condition for the expression of the self-perception of the people in the productions of the national literature. Such were the conclusions which Belinski drew from the application of Schelling's philosophy to Russian literary reality.

In those days the inner life of man was for Belinski the focus of being. Personality's unique purpose, according to Belinski's way of thinking, was "to free within oneself the divine unit of the world idea from everything accidental, unclean and false." This was the period of admiration for Schiller, for Schiller's lofty-souled heroes whose every action was submitted to an abstract ideal of the Good. It was precisely on the heights of this abstract Good that criticism of surrounding reality was made. According to Belinski's own admission, he experienced at this time "a wild hatred for law and order," a hatred derived from "an abstract ideal of society, society apart from any geographical and historical conditions of development, society built in the clouds." "*Don Carlos* flung me into abstract heroism, everything beyond the bounds of which I despised," said Belinski.

The period of abstract heroism, of devotion to abstract Good ended with the catastrophic crash of all the gods Belinski had worshipped. They were destroyed by the whole march of Belinski's development, his analytic reason which could not suffer abstractions, his passionate temperament which demanded the direct enfleshment of his ideals. But before arriving at reality-transforming socialism, Belinski passed through a period of complete capi-

tulation to his environment. The complete negation of that environment was followed by recognition of its complete rationalness.

Hegel, as interpreted by Mikhail Bakunin, succeeded Schelling. Bakunin, who did not follow the intricacies of the Hegelian distinction between the "existing" and the "real" (the "real" and the "reasonable" according to Hegel were, not all that existed, but only that which reflected the forward movement of the "universal spirit") expounded Hegel according to the preface to the *Philosophy of Law*. This has been well related by Plekhanov in his articles on Belinski. Anything that was not quite clear in the *Philosophy of Law* Bakunin clarified with improvisations of his own. What was taken up in these philosophic exercises was not so much the actual Hegelian method as the idea of reconciliation with the reason hidden in reality, the idea expressed in the preface to the *Philosophy of Law*. The well-known aphorism: "Might is right and right is might" was interpreted by Belinski and his friends in all possible ways.

Belinski, in the first clutch of tormenting doubts about the categorical and futile abstraction of Schiller's Ideal, rejoiced in the new understanding of reality as if it were a matter of personal salvation. "I understood the idea of the decline of empires, the legality of conquerors. I understood that there was no blind material force, no dominion of bayonet and sword, no injustice, nothing accidental and my wardship over mankind came to an end and the significance of my fatherland acquired for me a new aspect," he wrote. There followed a short armistice with reality, which found its expression in such articles as "The Anniversary of Borodino" and "Metsel, Critic of Goethe."

Not three years had passed when the awakening began—and it was an awakening full of the deepest tragedy. "I curse my foul striving to reconcile myself with foul reality . . . My God! It is terrible to think what was the matter with me, fever or madness. I am literally convalescing now," wrote Belinski.

There followed a period of revolt: this time the banner of revolt was raised not in the name of Schiller's abstract Ideal—a great people, millions of humiliated and insulted people found in Belinski their tribune and their prophet. The masters of his mind became Saint-Simon and Fourier.

Like the Pushkin knight, Belinski from now on had "but one vision." That was "socialness"—human society cleansed of the superstition of the middle ages, a society in which the personality is devoted to labor and creation as to love, freely, not by compulsion. Dostoyevski, recalling his talks with Belinski, says:

"He believed with all his being that socialism would not only not destroy the freedom of the personality but on the contrary would establish it in unprecedented majesty but on new and adamantine foundations."

"I now have a new extreme," wrote Belinski to Botkin. "This is the idea of socialism which has become for me the idea of ideas, the being of being, the question of questions, the alpha and omega of faith and knowledge. All from it, for it and in it."

The articles on Lermontov and above all the letter which was circulated by hand, the letter of accusation against Gogol in reference to his reactionary book *Selected Passages from Correspondence with Friends* are the most brillant memorials of this period. The letter to Gogol became the manifesto of young revolutionary Russia. Not for nothing did Lenin call this letter "one of the best productions of the uncensored democratic press."

Belinski knew that "socialness" could be won only at the cost of a struggle. "It is laughable even to think that this can be done of itself, by time, without

violent overturns, without blood," he said. But in distinction from the Narodniks, Belinski penetratingly foresaw that Russia would enter into the "kingdom of socialness" after having passed along the path of bourgeois development. His pronouncements on the paths of development of Russia breathe genuine genius. In his letters to Annenkov and Botkin we read:

"My religious friend still pleads with me to hope that God may be so good as to deliver Russia from the bourgeoisie. But now it can clearly be seen that the inner process of civil development in Russia will begin no sooner than that minute when the Russian aristocracy turns to the bourgeoisie."

"I know that industry is a source of great evils but I also know that it is a source of great benefits for society. Properly speaking it is but the last evil of the domination of capital, its tyranny over labor," wrote Belinski.

During his strolls Belinski loved to walk to the Znamenski Church where at that time a station of the Nikolaevski Railroad was being built. During one such stroll he encountered Dostoyevski. Belinski said to him:

"I often come here to see how the building is getting on. It eases my heart just to stand and watch the work: at last we shall have one railroad. You wouldn't believe how much this thought lightens my heart sometimes."

"That was the most impatient man in all Russia," Dostoyevski ironically remarks in commenting on this incident.

"He sped forward and never looked back," writes Goncharov in reminiscences of Belinski.

And what was there for him to look back upon? In his dreams Belinski was ahead of his age. The philistines called his dream of "socialness" futile and foolish, for they naively supposed that there would be no end to their reign. They would have shivered from horror at the idea that in all some seventy years separated "Fierce Vissarion" from the triumph of his ideal. That which burst through his exalted dreams has become incarnate in the reality of our days, in the classless society of socialism, erected to the great design of the genius of Stalin, in the society where the unfolding self-perception of the people is expressed in stormy passion for creation, where the liberated labor of man is made ecstatic with valor, heroism and joy.

Translated from the Russian by H. O. Whyte

LITERARY PORTRAITS

Armando Campos Urquijo

Nydia Lamarque

Nydia Lamarque the Argentinian writer, has published a volume of poems, entitled *The Cyclops* on the theme of the building of the Buenos Aires subway.

What a vast distance separates the Soviet literature on the builders of the Moscow subway, men and women working with ardent, unflagging enthusiasm, from the Argentinian literature on the Buenos Aires subway. The Buenos Aires subway was built by Argentinian workers, cruelly exploited and gasping under the double yoke of English imperialism and the "native" bourgeoisie!

Nydia Lamarque's *The Cyclops* is dedicated to the Argentine of the future which will come to take the place of the present land of rich parasites, hungry Indians, generals, police, beggars.

During the military fascist dictatorshp of General Uriburu (1930-1932), when the revolutionary and democratic organizations of Aregntina were compelled to go underground and their leaders were arrested and exiled or shot, Nydia Lamarque, then working in the Argentinian sector of the International Association of Revolutionary Writers, was arrested and sentenced repeatedly. During the years of most cruel reaction, Nydia Lamarque was among the few South American writers who established cultural contact with the Soviet Union and, disregarding her personal liberty and security, did everything possible to acquaint the peoples of Argentina with the life of the Soviet Union.

It was in the epoch of the rise of the Argentinian national bourgeoisie and landlord class (1827-1852), amidst the thunder of civil wars waged by petty land owner colonists and big cattle men, descendants of the Spanish conquerors, over the division of the property and land taken away from the Indians, that the first works of literature reflecting the life of the peasants appeared in Argentina.

After the rout of the conquerors, who in their time had taken the best lands from the Argentinians, in the Revolution of 1852, national Argentinian literature was born. *Amelia,* a novel by the novelist and poet Marmol, who fought the dictator Juan Manuel de Rosas, appeared; the novel reflects the history of Argentina during the 19th century. Olegario Andrade, Domingo F. Sarmiento, Cuenca and others wrote novels, poems and plays (although the theater as such did not yet exist) on the epoch of the civil war.

The most significant literary work of this period, the one that most vividly depicts social conditions in the Argentinian countryside, was José Hernandez' poem, *Martin Fierro* which appeared about the middle of the century. It is the story of an Argentinian gaucho (cowboy) written in the form of a South American song, that is, in ten line stanzas. The Mexican ballad, the "corrido," usually is in quatrains, the Argentinian and Uruguayan ballads in ten-line stanzas.

During that epoch, *Martin Fierro* which for more than 40 years was not recognized by the Academic literati and the dilettantes of the big agricultural bourgeoisie, was the only medium of anti-government propaganda among the peons of the Argentine.

In 1916 when the power was transferred to the petty bourgeoisie, the Argentinian intellectuals began to display interest in this remarkable book. But it was not until some years after the imperialist war, thanks to the new trend in Argentinian literature headed by the poets Jorge Louis Borges, Nydia Lamarque, the Gonzalez Tunon brothers, and others returned from Europe, that her great poet, José Hernandez and his remarkable poem, *Martin Fierro* were returned to the Argentine.

These poets founded a magazine which they called "Martin Fierro." Its purpose was to select and preserve the best works of national literature and fight as "left Jacobins" against alien tendencies in Argentinian literature. The "Martin Fierro" group waged a hot controversy with the Madrid *Literary Gazette,* which the group accused of imperialist tendencies in literature.

That accusation was evoked by the assertion in the *Literary Gazette,* that Madrid was the literary center of all Spanish speaking peoples. The Argentinians declared that the only centers which they recognized were Moscow and "Clarte" of the Barbusse group.

The political stands taken later on by both parties to the controversy showed who was right in that literary dispute. One of the members of the "Martin Fierro" group joined the united people's front; others,

among them Nydia Lamarque, came very close to the Communist Party; most of the supporters of the Madrid *Literary Gazette* turned up in the Fascist party of Gil Robles.

In 1926, *Don Segundo Sombra,* by the writer and folklorist, Ricardo Güiraldes, appeared. This book revived the best tendencies of *Martin Fierro* and has the same significance for our own times that the earlier book had for its own epoch. *Don Segundo Sombra* gives a true and vivid picture of life in the Argentinian country and of the Argentinian gaucho. This work, with *Martin Fierro* are the two outstanding works of Argentinian literature. Güiraldes has started a new period in Argentinian literature.

Nydia Lamarque, who works with Güiraldes on the journal *Proa,* was the first to violate the "sacred" tradition of Argentinian poetesses that they should write only of love, passion, sex. In her first poems, Nydia Lamarque attacked the unequal position of women in capitalist society where their sphere of activity is limited to the home, the kitchen, the church.

A rebel, she understood that her place was with the oppressed and exploited and boldly went over to the camp of the Argentinian proletariat. That step was a tremendously significant one for the Argentinian intelligentsia, because Nydia Lamarque was one of the first women intellectuals of Argentina to take up the cause of the working class.

As a result of an armed overthrow of the government in 1930, the power passed into the hands of the big ranch owners. At that difficult time, Nydia Lamarque carried on a vast amount of social and political work and wrote her collection of poems, *The Cyclops.* The book, containing her first poems reflecting her new revolutionary position in literature, did not appear until several years later.

The roots of Nydia Lamarque's writing go deep into the classic school of Spanish poetry. *The Cyclops* has so much of literary brilliance that it is almost dazzling. Lamarque is captivating in her direct perceptions of the outside world. Her favorite poetic medium, one which she uses with great talent, is the metaphor. In brilliant poetic form, Lamarque shows her readers that the workers who create wealth for others can not only conquer nature but change it. Until now, however, his creative labor creates nothing but slavery for himself. And one of the forms of that "creative labor of slaves" was the building of the Buenos Aires subway.

Metal and stone are submissive in his hands.
Like the wealth of the world in sleep's illusions.

In a general synthesis of the book contained in three poems, she tells of the creative labor of slaves from the time of the pharaohs down to our own times. She shows the creative labor of slaves throughout many centuries of exploitation, reminding the reader that "those who create wealth have never enjoyed it." That of course is true in so far as it refers to the wealth created by the workers of capitalist countries.

With great artistic power, Nydia Lamarque shows what the workers, the genuine creators of wealth, do receive for their labor; the "cyclop" creates wealth for others and poverty for himself.

With these poems, Nydia Lamarque closes her first book. Despite certain weak aspects of *The Cyclops* these poems have made Lamarque the leading poetess of the Argentine.

Nydia Lamarque's second book is an epic of the proletariat.

I whom they call Nydia and who was born
under the South American sun,
I who saw with eyes wide open, the great
epic
In Buenos Aires . . . the battle of men with
the earth . . .
I want to sing of that heroic sight.

Nydia Lamarque shows the battle of the worker with the earth and his victory. Lamarque looks at man as a producer of value, shows the proletarian in his struggle with the elements and with nature which he remakes for himself. Lamarque considers that he who can conquer nature can also conquer the people who derive profit from the creative labor of others.

The second volume of *The Cyclops* suffers from the same defects as the first, with which it is organically connected. Symbolism and the metaphor remain her favorite media; as before, pessimistic notes, the echoes of earlier moods of the author, are heard here and there.

"I feel myself useless as a lifeless object with my trifling fears, my trifling pride and my trifling existence as a poet. . ."

But Nydia Lamarque, a communist sympathizer and an active worker on the people's anti-fascist front, will undoubtedly be able to overcome that pessimism in herself. Even in the worst years of the reaction, Lamarque spoke in the Argentinian Parliament Square in defence of the workers, was an active member and acting chairman of the anti-war and anti-fascist congress in the Argentine. It is these activities that will determine her future course and the role that she will play in the young revolutionary literature of the Argentine.

Translated by Lucy Knox

Franz Leschnitzer

Ludwig Renn

Arnold Vieth von Golzenau, scion of old German landed nobility, is known to the world as the great revolutionary writer—Ludwig Renn. Arrested the night after the Reichstag fire, Renn was in solitary confinement in one of the Prussian prisons until the fall of 1935. He was first held without trial and only on January 15, 1934 did the Third Empire try him behind closed doors in Leipzig on the charge of "treason to the State." The indictment was based on his activities as a teacher at the Marxian School for Workers in Berlin where he lectured on the "theory of military science." For this he was sentenced to two years and six months imprisonment.

This sentence was dictated, not so much by the desire to render the "traitor" Arnold Vieth von Golzenau "harmless" as by the determination to get rid of the "private person" Ludwig Renn—the dangerous revolutionary poet. It is Ludwig Renn, once a nobleman and officer of the Kaiser's army, now a revolutionary poet and a communist, that the fascist hate with special ferocity. When, on May 10, 1933, fascist students made a pyre on Opera Square, Berlin, where they burned all "Marxian and similarly disruptive literature" they made sure Ludwig Renn's novel *War's Aftermath* was included. It is this hatred that is accountable for the fact that Renn was kept in solitary confinement until the fall of 1935 although the sentence of two years and six months included the pre-trial confinement and expired in July.

The fact that he was freed at all was unquestionably a result of the vehement protest of the entire cultural world against Renn's imprisonment. Leon Feuchtwanger, only one of many, declared:

"The sentencing of Ludwig Renn by a German court is a brazen challenge to writers all over the world. The sentence proves that the German government considers it criminal to engage in the spreading of knowledge, i.e., it considers the writer's activities as such criminal and is bent on preventing them by any and all means. The German government has thus made the fight for Ludwig Renn a cause that concerns not only Communists, but all writers all over the world.

"Wherever my voice is heard, I shall raise it in defense of Ludwig Renn."

And wherever there is a class conscious proletariat, which is all over the world, the foremost intelligentsia and the proletariat came out in defense of Ludwig Renn. Indelible in their memories are the words of this scion of an old nobility, this ex-officer of the German army, spoken before the tribunal of capitalist slaves:

"I am for Communism. I am a Communist because the teachings of Communism are right. This teaching is almighty because it teaches the truth."

Now Renn is free again. And the Prague anti-fascist newspaper *Gegen-Angriff* informs us that even in prison he had begun the work of building, together with some Socialist and Communist comrades, the national anti-fascist united front. In an article in this newspaper entitled "Greetings to Renn" Peter Merin writes:

"Freed, without any money or documents, Renn wandered about Germany. Once again the fascist authorities offered him a passport and an officer's pension—asking only a little thing in return: Renn should make a statement to the foreign press that he had not been maltreated in prison. This is an illuminating sidelight on the cultural level of fascist Germany—the powers that be boast of the fact that a prisoner was *not* maltreated!"

On his side Renn openly declared himself in favor of the anti-fascist united front in the very first militant greetings he wrote upon regaining his freedom. The *Gegen-Angriff* published this in fac-simile:

"Freed from prison, I warmly greet the united front which we have long desired and which in prison we had already made at the bottom. When this united front becomes a reality we shall open the doors of all German prisons."

Even before Renn emigrated to Switzerland he had formed the plan of incorporating all his observations of fascist barbarities and war preparations into a new novel to be entitled *Prewar*. This new novel on which Renn is working should be a development of that fine realism which is characteristic of his novels *War* and *War's Aftermath*.

In order to appreciate Renn's first novel *War* it should be compared with Remarque's *Quiet on the Western Front* which appeared a little earlier. Remarque evades answering the ideological requirements of any reader who is at all in earnest: he does this consciously, like any unprincipled

writer declaring cynically his book is "neither an accusation nor a confession."

Renn's novel *War* is of an entirely different sort. Though the novel is not yet revolutionary, it is much more proletarian than bourgeois. Superficially it is not a militant book—the revolutionary way out is not explicitly expressed but implied. Although like Remarque's novel in that it is an "accusation" in so many words, it, unlike Remarque's novel, accuses silently, if one may say so, the wire pullers and profiteers of the World War, indirectly acknowledging the justice of their victims—the class conscious proletariat. Renn is really objective and hence definite. He scorns that sham objectivity which, on closer observation, proves only a very inadequate description of ever-changing reality. For the artist to be objective means—to depict reality with artistic precision. But Socialist realism, postulated by Stalin and much discussed in revolutionary literary circles, has nothing whatever to do with mechanical photography of reality. To show life as it is does not by any means signify that the artist must renounce imagination or, what bourgeois literary critics like to call "intuition," "inspiration."

A comparison of Remarque's novel with Renn's *War* shows another great difference. While Remarque succeeds in conveying the impression that "war has its good sides also," Renn shows the complete senselessness and horribleness of the slaughter. Renn's style will hardly be to the liking of anyone that is not in accord with this opinion. Seldom is form and content so integrated as in Renn's *War*. His language is that of an honest chronicler of events. Not a word too much or too little, neither bombast nor artificial "smoothness" but a realistic simplicity that makes the book intelligible to any workman or peasant. Renn's style has been justly compared with carvings in wood.

In his next novel *War's Aftermath,* Renn enters a field practically new to literature: the creation of the Reichswehr, the security troops and security police during the first postwar years, the Dresden events of 1920, the Kapp putch and finally the uprising of March 1921.

Even more interesting than the external events described by Renn are pages dealing with his own inner struggles, doubts and qualms as he was arriving at his decision to break away from the surroundings of the republican police, a member of which he then was. It would be entirely wrong to interpret this description of his inner struggle as the expression of a rank individualist. On the contrary, this self analysis has the effect of a perfectly objective and concrete illustration to the famous passage in the *Communist Manifesto:*

"In times when the class struggle nears the decisive hour, the process of dissolution going on within the ruling class, in fact, within the whole range of old society, assumes such a violent, glaring character, that a small section of the ruling class cuts itself adrift and joins the revolutionary class, the class that holds the future in its hands."

The last words in this passage "the class that holds the future in its hands," Renn threw in the face of the fifth session of the Leipzig criminal court. His own life experience had taught him that Lenin was profoundly right when he explained in his *What's to be Done?* how the intellectual becomes a "worker" without in the least impugning the famous passage in Marx's *Inaugural Address* that "the emancipation of the working class can be achieved only by the working-class itself." It is easy to see why the fascists were so angry that they threw Renn's novel *War's Aftermath* into the pyre on May 10, 1933. They were much angrier at *this* novel than at Renn's first novel *War* which they banned later.

From the point of view of artistic form the novel *War's Aftermath* shows an admirable quality of Renn's. It is his ability to express the emotions of the character in the words used, by the tone of speech, so to say, instead of going into wordy analyses of the soul. This psychology without psychologizing reminds one somewhat of Knut Hamsun, only it sounds truer, more natural with Renn (as with Adam Scharer, primarily in his novels *Great Deception* and *The Mole).* It is this property which lends Renn's novels their profoundly realistic effect.

That Renn is not the recluse some thought is proved by his book of reportage *Travels in Russia.* The close atmosphere of bourgeois officialdom compelled him to retire within himself. In Soviet Russia his desire awoke for communion with the revolutionary working class. His book *Travels in Russia* is of profound significance although he, himself, prefaces the book with such modesty as to almost amount to an apology.

"With these reports I wish to give those that seek an orientation to this new system some slight material taken from life. For larger material, theoretical bases, the Five-Year Plan, statistics, it will be necessary to go to other books."

It is, however, of great theoretical interest how Renn shows in every line, and even more between the lines, of this "slight material" the course of not one, but millions

of petty-bourgeois intellectuals towards the proletarian revolution.

Many have followed this course. Many have sacrificed their freedom and even their lives for this cause. Thus Renn's comrade in arms Richard Scheringer, once a lieutenant in the Reichswehr, sentenced to a prison term by the Imperial Court of Germany for Communist activities before the advent of Hitler, was murdered by the fascists after he had served his term because he demontratively left a Nuremberg movie when the *Horst Wessel* was intoned... Mountains of victims line the road of those who, as Marx says cut "adrift and join the revolutionary class, the class that holds the future in its hands."

But this road can no longer be barred. Those that have taken it know what awaits them, but they also know what they are fighting for. Renn has expressed this double knowledge in the following verses (the first master of prose):

The world anew is being born.
In hunger, misery and want.
And many class fight victims gaunt
Lie dead, but none—in vain we mourn.

For none that wants to work and can
Shall wander workless in the street
And hungry silent old folks meet,
See children frozen, thin and wan.

For mighty arms a million strong
At last the giant task have done
And shattered lies the system, gone
The weary grind of want and wrong.

Thus a world anew is born
In hunger misery and want.
And many class fight victims gaunt
Lie dead but none—in vain we mourn.

Set to music by Stefan Wolpe this song is now being sung by thousands of children in the "new world" and is to be found in their school books in Soviet Russia. But not only in the Soviet Union is Renn's name famous. His novels have been so successful and have been translated into so many languages that all over the world the name of this anti-fascist writer is known to all who appreciate good literature.

Translated from the German by S. D. Kogan

A Letter from Egon Erwin Kisch to Charlie Chaplin

Dear Charlie Chaplin:

A terribly long time has passed since our Hollywood days. At that time you ran off all your old films for me, so far as I had not seen them, and sought for my opinion in my eyes—the applause of millions had not caused you to lose the doubts which a true artist always feels for his own work. Whenever some special scene was beginning, you laid your hand on my knee to prepare me, to let me know how important you considered that part now showing. Then you showed me all that was ready of *City Lights,* and your eyes never left mine, nor your hand my knee.

A terribly long space of time has passed since then, a terribly long space of terrible time. Your little moustache, expressive of pathos and laughter, has become ripe for a "Führer," and while you remained with silent films, your bad copy with his shrieking, discordant, endless talkie has made a career for himself. . . .

Yes, Charlie, it is sickening. In your country it is certainly not so bad by far as in Germany, but the American paradise, about which we then argued, has also changed fundamentally since those days. And you, who that time would not see prosperity disappearing as it did disappear despite all efforts to stop it, you, Charlie, have also advanced a good distance.

Yesterday I saw your *Modern Times* and without you pressing my knee or seeking criticism in my eyes, I will tell you my opinion, my complaint about the film: it is too short. One could sit breathless for six or eight times that period, breathless except for delighted laughter or tears.

I can see you nodding, satisfied yet sceptical, and hear you asking me which "gag" I liked best.

Well, it is not easy to choose. For instance, there is the feeding machine, which pushes mouthfuls into the worker's throat so that he will not lose time eating, and even wipes his mouth each time. Sometimes something goes wrong, the soup plate smacks you in the face, or instead of a piece of meat a machine part is pushed into your mouth, but with mechanical certainty the mouth-wiping lever comes and does its work. That is a good gag.

There is another good gag, when you, proudly wearing your bathing costume, make a bold dive into the sea and find your self lying on the surface of the water, which now turns out to be only five centimetres in depth. Then afterwards you tenderly hang the bathing costume out to dry, as though you had swum a broad lake in it.

As waiter you never forget to bore the three holes in the cheese to be served, which make it Emmenthaler. The foot-ball players arriving at the inn take a duck from your tray but you, Charlie, win back the duck in a contest which accords with all the rules of Rugby. You roller skate on the fifth floor of a shop at night without guessing that you are balancing just by the unprotected edge of the air shaft—it is only when you discover it, are torn away from the sheer drop, that belated horror makes you stagger back to the edge and nearly tumble over. These are all unforgettable incidents.

Then you are engaged as a singer and have the text of the song written on your cuff. Horrors, the cuff flies away! Never mind, Carlie, in *Modern Times* the greatest success is achieved by those who talk nonsense with plenty of noise and plenty of movement, so you help yourself out with unintelligible words. You accompany them with mysterious and apparently significant gestures and the public applauds in order to hide the fact that it has not understood one thing.

And other gags?

No, in this film it is not really the gags which matter. It is not even the hero of the film, Charlie Chaplin, who matters, but the hero of the title—the modern time. How you have given it form and unmasked it with its own gags—rationalization and unemployment.

Your chief is the All-Mighty, All-Pervading and All-Knowing, sitting in the director's room, who can see every corner of the factory by television and can appear everywhere in form and word by pressing a button. When you, poor Charlie, are preparing to light a cigarette in the lavatory, the director appears large and terrible on the wall and bawls at you.

Apart from this, all one sees of the director's work is that he is given a glass of

water by a gloriously beautiful secretary, that he is shown the invention of the feeding apparatus and from time to time orders the power room to speed up the conveyor.

These masters of modern times stand out in opposition to their subordinates, who hurry to the gates of the insanely rationalized factory like sheep streaming to the slaughterhouse. Soon one is taken to the insane asylum, others are unemployed and starving, become burglars because of hunger, are dispersed with blows at a demonstration, arrested or shot.

Over this misery of modern times you let the pennant of your humor flutter as though you had chancel to pick it up in the street. One laughs, certainly, but one understands.... It is a magnificent film, Charlie, and a social work of art.

At the end of all your former films one saw you resignedly shrug your shoulders and, twirling your little stick, wander off all alone without hope of a way out. This time also you go away, but not in the usual manner; it is your girl friend who is ready to despair, but you have talked her out of it, you have encouraged her, you have talked to her of her duty to the future, and with her, *that is to say, not alone,* you pursue your way. That is the difference. The next time you will not be two, if we have understood you rightly, but together with many others.

Just as I was leaving the Theater Marigny after the end of your film, my eye fell upon the house in which there died a man whose poems you recited to me in Hollywood. Up there he died, one who was also a knight of humor and of justice. Up there died Heinrich Heine, he died in exile and since then he has often been killed anew in his native land. But he still lives on and will live to see his "happy ending," like you, Charlie, in a film of future "Modern Times."

I greet you in old affection,

Your

Egon Erwin Kisch.

Translated by A. E. Manning

SOVIETIANA

A Museum Exhibit

In the Buryat collective farm, "Ulan Partisan," in Western Siberia, the first collective farm museum in Western Siberia has opened on the initiative of the collective farmers. The best premises the collective farm owns have been devoted to it. The news of the opening of the museum quickly got round the whole district and Buryat collective farmers from distant points bring in articles they think will be good to show. The museum already posseses over 150 exhibits, among them a bow and arrow outfit aged 122 years, a rare specimen of a "good spirit" by name of Ongon Borto, an ancient image of the god Tsio-Khava made out of clay and many other things.

The council in charge of the museum consists of the following elected members: the 70-year-old teller of folk tales, Peokhon Petrov, the dairymaid Anna Khandalova, the shepherd Andrei Burzhatov, the collective farm woman Evgeniya Donchikova and the student Rodion Tungutov.

An old Buryat came a journey of 100 kilometers to the museum. He announced that he had brought with him an article worthy of exhibition in the museum. This article turned out to be ... a whip. The old man explained:

"This is that very whip with which the district police officer in tsarist times beat your fathers and grandfathers."

The whip now lies under glass in the museum with an explanatory label.

"Beware of Autos"

In the village of Ness, in the Kamenotimanskoi tundra district of Siberia, the school boy Misha Aptsin designed a notice in his own hand-printing and hung it up. It read:

"Beware of the auto!"

People asked him:

"But we haven't any autos in the tundra What did you put up such a notice for?"

He answered:

"That's all right. The Bolsheviks'll bring autos here so people had better get used to the idea right now."

Khadji-Murat

In the Leningrad House of Writers sits an elderly man sipping tea. Beside him lies a Caucasian fur cap ... It's Khadji-Murat and the Leningrad writers sent for him from the Caucasus so as they could write his biography.

Khadji-Murat is an Osetian. Before the Revolution he dodged the tsarist police by signing up as a stoker at the port of Novorosisk on a steamer that was leaving for the U.S.A. He worked as a common laborer in New York, in Mexico, on the plantations of Brazil. He speaks the following languages freely: Russian, Osetian, English, Spanish, Chechen and Ingush. He returned to Russia at the beginning of the World War and was called up for the Savage Division of the tsarist army, a corps which was made up of Cossack trick horsemen. During the Kornilov affair in 1917 he organized a rising of the Savage Division and along with 400 other horsemen went over to the side of the proletariat. He organized detachments of workers and with these detachments he was one of the first representatives of the Great Proletarian Revolution to enter Tsar Nikolai's famous Winter Palace on November 6-7, 1917.

Khadji-Murat is 61 years of age. He was one of the organizers of the collective farm movement in Osetia.

The writers have a rough time with Khadji.

He considers that the first 42 years of his life are not of much importance. On the other hand he's ready to talk freely about any of the achievements of the last 19 years of Soviet Power. He'll tell you about any collective farm club, every tractor and every collective dairy farm of his native land.

This is what Khadji says:

"Collectivization is the most important and interesting thing I've seen in all the 61 years of my life and in both hemispheres of the globe."

A Tundra Encounter

Sledge meets sledge in the tundra. One dog-driver to another:

"Hullo! What you got there?"

"Fur for the trading station. You?"

"Pushkin, Turgenyev and Gorky."

This is a true conversation. The second driver was loaded up with books published by the Leningrad State Publishing House in the languages of the Soviet North: Pushkin's *Tale of the Fisherman and the Fish,* Pushkin's *Tale of the Priest and His Servant*

Drawing by L. Gench

"And every evening at the appointed hour...

"Must be beautiful in the Kolkhoz now... Such evenings...
"I should say! Pushkin evening, Lermontov and now Gogol is being prepared for...

Balde," Turgenyev's *Mumu* and Gorky's *Ninth of January.*

These books are transported by airplane, reindeer and dogsleigh to the most distant points of Sakhalin, Kamchatka, Chukhot Peninsula and Wellen.

The sleighs went their way. One went to the trading station. On the other, as it wound over the snows to the far tundra settlement, the driver, as he rode, sang a new folk song of the Northern peoples. It goes something like this:

Today I will sit at the fireside
And today I will have a chat
With wise and worthy people,
With Pushkin, Turgenyev and Gorky.

In the Goldfields

In the Isu goldfield, in the Northern Urals, they opened a buffet without attendants. In the first month the buffet was 280 rubles short. Next month it was 14 kopeks up. Right now there are four buffets without attendants in the Isu goldfield and their turnover exceeds 5,000 rubles a month. There are no deficits. Sometimes you'll find a note: "Took a pack of cigs. No small change. Bring money tomorrow" followed by a signature. Or: "Left my cash at home. Took some stuff on tick, will bring money tomorrow."

And next day the money is paid.

Khaim Nudelman's Reply

The schoolboy Khaim Nudelman of the border town of Mogilev-Podpolski was playing with other kids in the yard of his house when he noticed a man who was making his way through the back gardens towards the Dniestr. Khaim stopped playing, made for this man and said to him:

"You can't go this way! The frontier's here!"

The man roughly answered:

"What's it got to do with you?"

Then the stranger sat down and began to undress in preparation for swimming across the Dniestr. Nudelman managed to

run to the frontier station and warn the frontier guards in time. The stranger turned out to be a dangerous customer. And only when he had been arrested did Khaim Nudelman answer him:

"You said: 'What's it got to do with you?' We've all got to do with people like you!"

The commander of the frontier station said to him:

"You're a bright kid. How did you guess?"

And schoolboy Khaim answered the commander:

"Do you think you're the only one on guard? I'm on guard all the time!"

Symphony

In Dniepropetrovsk there's a symphony orchestra which has great success. It gives its concerts in workers' clubs and in the Park of Culture and Rest. Its repertory includes: Mozart, Grieg, Chaikovski, Beethoven, Schubert and others. The composition of the personnel is somewhat unusual. The first violin is an X-ray professor. His name is Mikhailovski. Then we have the violincello player Neerov, who is a post-graduate student of the Mining Institute. Second violin is Engineer Stilmann. All the other members are likewise engineers and scientific workers.

Not less remarkable are the announcements of the radio station named after Kirov in Leningrad:

"Scene from the opera *Boris Godunov* performed by the technician Zhavoronkov and the workers Ilyin, Matveyev and others.

"Scene from the opera *Eugene Onegin* performed by the turner Naumov, and the fitter Ivanov, both of whom while continuing to work in the factory are pupils of the Leningrad Conservatory."

Lydia's Secret

Lydia Mokh works as a signal-woman at a pit in Leninsk near Kuznetsk in Eastern Siberia. She has the reputation of being a cunning girl. Here's what she manages to do:

Be the best signal-woman on the pit, premiumed many times.
Be the best dancer and singer in the district.
Be one of the best skiers in the district.
Prepare her comrade Terentyeva for technical examination.
Work in spare time as a librarian among the pit workers.

When asked for her secret, Lydia replied:

"Look often at the clock!"

Collected by Boris Olenin

REVIEWS

About Fadeyev's "Last of the Udegeis"

Fadeyev, known to the foreign reader as the author of *The Nineteen,* is one of the best writers on the Civil War. In portraying the scenes of the Civil War Fadeyev never forgets that it was fought by men, for the good of men. In *The Nineteen* the writer presents the Bolshevik Levinson. Levinson is not merely a hero; he is a hero who follows the "correct line" and who serves as an example to all the Partisans of his detachment. Levinson is the embodiment of the new human being.

The main subject of the novel *The Last of the Udegeis* is the struggle of the Partisans with the White Guards in 1918-19. In this book Fadeyev gives a living portrayal of the proletarian struggle to abolish class society. He describes the primitive tribal organization of the Udegeis, a people on the road to extinction who do not know the vices of the social system based on property. The landless peasant, Joseph Schpack and the peasant proprietor, the greedy Kazanka recall the patriarchal countryside. The family of the capitalist Himmer and its circle of White Guards, and Langovoi, Himmer's son, are representatives of the predatory and degenerate bourgeoisie of imperialist times. Doctor Kostenetsky and his son are examples of middle class intellectuals who side with the revolution. The figures of the Partisans are admirably drawn. The mass of Partisans is lead by Bolsheviks, the organizers of the movement—Mortemyanov, Senya Koudravaya, Surkov, Alyosha. The third part of the novel is primarily devoted to this movement. In masterly fashion Fadeyev presents the complex setting of the revolutionary struggle in the Far East. He shows utter disintegration and collapse of the White Guards in the face of the Partisan movement which grows with stormy elemental force. The White Guard Molchanov is replaced by Langovoi.

The latter is well aware of his difficult situation as regards both the Americans and the Japanese, who humiliate him by forcing him to implore their aid at critical moments. The description of the parley with Major Graham reveals all the contradictions between the interests of the Japanese interventionists, who recruited their spies from among the rich peasants and openly sought to seize Siberia, and the interests of the Americans, who supported the same White Guards, without removing the mask of neutrality, or under the protection of the Red Cross.

The main characters of the third book of the novel are Surkov and Alyosha, new men, the products of the Socialist regime.

What are these men like whom Fadeyev depicts?

In his memoires of Lenin, Gorky tells how wide the range of Lenin's interests was, and how these interests nevertheless corresponded in every instance to his attitude to the individual. He was by turns "a pleasant companion, a happy person who took an interest in every one, who was endowed with amazing gentleness, a severe realist, filled with unshakable hatred for the capitalist world, a man who could laugh like a child, till tears came into his eyes."

And Maxim Gorky said that it required a very healthy mentality to enable one to laugh at destiny. "To me one of Lenin's great attributes was precisely his feeling of irreconcilable hatred for human misery, his shining faith that misery is not the basis of human existence but a degradation which men can and must remove." (Gorky) This healthy mentality is fully as characteristic of Fadeyev's heroes as is their "irreconcilable hatred for the causes of human misery."

Socialist consciousness is formed with the evolution of the collective attitude, the grandual disappearance of purely selfish interests and the interpenetration of collective and personal interests.

The tremendous mental strength of Surkov, which impresses his friend Alyosha is the result of a profound belief in the correctness of his convictions and the triumph of the revolution. This belief is the source of his fighting optimism and of the courage and judgement which do not desert Surkov even in the most arduous moments.

In presenting Surkov as a typical Bolshevik, Fadeyev also shows that he is "one hundred percent a real man, to whom no human attribute is alien."

Ordinarily this definition is used in order to excuse some human weakness. But it can also be employed in its direct context to express the complete and unimpaired worth of an individual. Human nobleness is most strikingly manifest in Surkov in his friendship with Alyosha. It is a friendship

based on his pride in the latter's courage and creative development.

In speaking of this friendship Fadeyev emphasizes the representative traits that characterize the new human mentality. In the given case friendship becomes not only the result of personal sympathy or the desire for companionship. Friendship is a living part of their common work, their common ideas, their common belief. That is why this friendship has such a hold on the man and is the source of such tremendous happiness.

"'My friend,' Peter suddenly shook his hand, 'my friend. you are the finest thing in my life,' Peter said with a smile, when Alyosha came to his house after the Battle of Peryatino."

Surkov's external severity and self-possession are belied by a boyish almost childish impulse when during the parley in the mountains with the Americans under political and military conditions extremely difficult for the Partisans, he twits the Americans by whistling to the Partisans hidden among the rocks.

Surkov and Alyosha are filled with the zest of life; witness their boyish fun when they go for a bath just after a political discussion of the greatest importance on which the outcome of the entire campaign depended.

Each of the friends has his own way of reacting. The hotter the battle waxed the more excited Peter became and the calmer grew Alyosha. Surkov is frankly impatient. But Alyosha makes jokes at the enemy's expense with a keen sense of humor. He carries on propaganda among the peasants by ridiculing the White Guards. He tells how the Mssrs. Industrialists eloquently swore to sacrifice their lives on their country's altar and then almost offered violent resistance when it came to giving the soldiers at the front material help. Alyosha, the old Bolshevik, a proletarian by birth. Surkov's elder friend and teacher, relieved the strain of the struggle with the tremendous zest for life which exuded from every pore of his being. At times he seems possessed of an assurance and carefreeness that seem rather out of place at a time when the Regional Committee of Bolsheviks has been almost annihilated and when punitive expeditions have been sent against the Partisans. But it is precisely this conduct on Alyosha's part that expresses his complete human "self" as well as the optimism of a builder of the new society.

Not only in the leadership of the fighting proletariat, but also among the rank and file of Partisans there appear the traces of human dignity whose moral value is indeniably superior to that of the enemy. Let us recall the worker, Ptashka, tortured to death in the counter-offensive. Though Ptashka was only indirectly involved in the revolutionary movement, no torture could wring from him the names of his comrades. To what heights this obscure worker, who may have even been illiterate, rises in comparison to the degenerate brutes who control the world's goods! Fadeyev handles these scenes with great finesse and yet in a lifelike convincing manner.

With equal skill Fadeyev presents the White Guards and the interventionists. The White officer Langovoi believes in the justness of his cause and despises those of his colleagues who fish in troubled waters for promotions and rewards. He dislikes his assignment to command a punitive expedition. But Fadeyev also shows that Langovoi's objective role is no less reprehensible than that of the hangman Markevich. With the same deftness and objectivity Fadeyev describes another enemy—the American interventionists. In the scene where Major Graham tries to bargain with Surkov, Fadeyev gives a remarkable exposé of the contradictions between the humanitarian phrases and counter-revolutionary role of the American officers.

Fadeyev's novel was well received by the Soviet press.

The newspaper *Pravda* wrote:

"The evolution of the new man, the general theme of our times, serves as the subject of Fadeyev's novel. In Fadeyev's descriptions of events and human characters there is a sharpness of outline combined with a profound and complete analysis of the inner life of the characters in the novel."

S. NELS

"Montherlant's "For the Deep Song"

In an article on Montherlant's *Service Inutile (Useless* Service), Aragon has written: "Read *The Tragedy of Spain* and the essay *For the Deep Song.* Undoubtedly there is in them a questionable symbolism... At the same time I see something else too: what now attracts the poet is an aristocracy not of a social kind but quite different, an aristocracy arising out of the depths of the people; such is the aristocratism of the young singer who sings on one occasion before a fashionable audience and does not wish to repeat the experience for anything on earth... In order to speak of the Arabs and of that 'deep song' they have taken with them from Morocco to Andalusia, Montherlant has found words which come from his very heart. It is just this, apart from other ideas

expressed in *Useless Service,* that I consider the most essential, the most indisputable thing in the whole book. In this I see the truest pledge of the future evolution of Montherlant. He knows full well that this 'deep song' is a lamp gleaming above hidden treasure, that it is the cry of truth, the truth hidden in man and thirsting for liberation!"

The theme of the people has not ceased to occupy Montherlant in recent years. He has dealt with this theme both in his creative artistic work and in a series of articles and sketches. This new "folk line" is still not clear for Montherlant himself, just as, by the way, a series of other questions with which he has been faced in recent years is not clear for him to the full. Montherlant is still at the parting of the ways. Horrified by the situation of the colonial peoples, he none the less has not decided to publish a book describing what he saw in the colonies. Recognizing the inevitability of revolution, he does not clearly see his own place in the coming events. At the same time, Montherlant endeavors to take up a definite and active position on such questions as have become clear for him. At the time of Italy's attack upon Abyssinia, Montherlant printed an article in which he demonstratively proposed the erection of a monument to the heroes of the colonial peoples fallen in struggle with the oppressors. He added his signature to those of the representatives of the French intelligentsia who protested against Italian aggression in Abyssinia.

Whatever may be one's attitude to certain points in Montherlant's essay on the "deep song" it is impossible not to see the deep significance of his publication of this work. Montherlant has broken with the "false pathos," the false emotions and the false grandeur of his previous books, in which he celebrated "paradise under the shadow of the sword;" now he seeks "genuineness."

In search for genuine art, Montherlant, a delicate and exquisite artist, turns to the art of the people.

Montherlant comes forth against refined falsity in art, against the domination of the esthetes who affirm a false, anemic and mannered art and pollute the artistic tastes and creative impulse of the people. Fruitfulness can be returned to art only by a return to the creative energies of the people.

A closer approach to the mighty popular movement which is developing in France will aid Montherlant to understand the role of the revolutionary proletariat in the creation of folk art, (he does not at present understand this role) and will aid him to perceive what is the duty of an artist who wishes to serve the people not only in art but also in everyday struggle.

CHRONICLE

The New Production of the "Blue Bird"

This year the Moscow Art Theatre revived Maeterlink's *Blue Bird* after not having shown it for several years but with an entirely new orientation.

The play was first produced at the Art Theatre in 1908, during the period of its search for "unreality." This was tne period when Stanislavsky, who was dissatisfied with the historico-naturalistic line of his theatre, searched for new paths in the studio of the Symbolical Theatre. It was then that the *Blue Bird* was chosen. It was produced in full and was for the most part mystical. Maeterlinck's horror of life with its riddles and fatal secrets found its expression in the *Blue Bird*. It is futile to search for the Blue Bird, she will either fly away or vanish altogether in the light of day! The extreme pessimism and hopelessness which permeate this idea are colored by the fairy-tale plot and its characters, the comedy and unexpectedness of the situations.

Of course, the idea of the futility of the search for happiness in this life has been retained in the present production but it has been freed of a number of mystical scenes of the old presentation. It is presented by the actors in a new way and, what is most important, is received by the audience in a new way. The *Blue Bird* suddenly reveals a most unexpected side. The aim of Tyltyl's and Mytyl's journey—the pursuit of the Blue Bird—does not interest our adult and child audience at all irrespective of Maeterlinck's claims, the Soviet actor and spectator know that Tyltyl and Mytyl will catch the Blue Bird, and moreover, have caught her, like all the other woodcutters' children and other workers' children in our country. What is most important is the struggle to attain the Blue Bird. And here Tyltyl, who fearlessly wrests the innermost secrets from nature and from the queen of the night, becomes the fighter and the hero. The surrounding objects and animals help and serve him in this struggle.

In contrast to the old production, the actors of the First Moscow Theatre create convincing and realistic characters and as a result the fairy tale itself becomes true to life and its fantasy convincing.

Translated from the Russian.

THREE SCENES FROM THE "BLUE BIRD"

Diaries of Romain Rolland

Romain Rolland has not yet consented to have his diaries published in full. However, those small excerpts which are printed from time to time in periodicals are of unusual interest and show the complexity of the course traversed by this intellectual who has come over to the proletariat.

In the April number of the journal *Commune*, 1936, Rolland published a few pages of his diary written more than 40 years ago. These intimate notes referring back to 1893 so completely fit our own day and the question with which we are confronted today, that it would seem as if they had just been written. Here we have the first encounter with new ideas:

"Socialist ideas come to me in spite of myself, in spite of my interests, in spite of my rejection of them, in spite of my egoism. I do not want to think about them but they daily penetrate my heart."

They gained more and more of a hold on him. A few months later he writes:

"As socialism becomes clearer to me, a tremendous joy arises within me. It is 'eternal life' and I feel how I am entering it and how my strong but withered personality is refreshed by bathing in it. I have never felt such light, such intellectual intoxication since the day that Spinoza revealed to me the gate to eternity."

But that was not distracting drunkenness with unexpected images. Approaching the separate parts slowly and thoughtfully, Rolland deepened his understanding of socialism, understood that this was a philosophy which would compel him to reject a great deal, delete a great deal and regard the outside world in a new light. "Socialism is not opposed to any government, empire or republic, but to individualism, to that very intellectual road to individualism on which I have built my life and my heroes."

Rolland understands that prejudices must be destroyed, that the roads taken by the arts are not correct: "Bourgeois art will perish after having achieved that second childhood which heralds the end of revolution."

Political events are revealed in a new light also. And is there not a straight line from Rolland's comment on the subjection of Madagascar by French imperialism to Rolland's present attitude toward the seizure of Abyssinia by Italian fascism:

"I think of these unhappy soldiers who are dying this minute from malaria in Madagascar for the interests of a few merchants and bankers, and my heart is filled with sorrow and indignation. Ah, that would be nothing if, as in the middle ages, these expeditions were carried by free adventurers. But to seize arbitrarily people obliged to serve in barracks and send them against their will to the other ends of the earth to take away from the savage peoples their malarial country—that calls for revenge."

Rolland sees the fact that new ideas cannot remain ideas on which one can rest in peace. To profess such ideas means to fight for them, give them life. And he gives his word to fight for them, but with the honesty characteristic of him since his youth, he does not want to hurl himself into a struggle, breaking his head, without having examined these ideas and himself. "I will do nothing," he writes, either at random or on personal impulse. "I will study, I will reason. But it seems to me impossible to live henceforth in this society without trying to destroy or change it."

In these pages, Rolland stands out as one of those rarely happy beings who need not be ashamed of words written forty-three years ago.

State and Philosophy

One would hardly be justified in taking any notice whatever of a booklet by a humdrum professor, Arnold Gehlen, entitled *The State and Philosophy* were it not an excellent example of how far the revolutionary demagogy (still underrated!) of the national-socialism has penetrated into the very pinnacles of the ideologic superstructure.

The r-revolutionary phraseology of the Nazis, as has often been pointed out, is based primarily on *romantic anti-capitalism.* which only muddles this pretty muddy source a little more. An actual return to "good old" pre-capitalist days is no longer dreamt of—a *new* "age," a *new* social "ideal" is offered (The Third Empire, German-socialism, the Community, etc.) as something distinct, radically different from the criticized present (read: pre-fascist past) although even the least initiated easily recognize in it the poorly masked apology of present day monopoly capitalism which it is. In spite of the "new" however, the pre-capitalist period, that is the Middle Ages, are still idealized. Otherwise even the *sham* of anti-capitalism would be impossible.

This game was played most amusingly perhaps by Oswald Spengler. Like any romanticist he disparagingly confronted the masses, classes, equality, freedom and democracy of capitalism with the authority, power and hierarchy of feudalism. He did not in the least relish the idea of feudalism coming back and had giving up water closets, airplanes and tanks. The hymn of praise for the ancient regime had only one purpose:

to identify and reject both capitalism *and* communism as *"equally"* opposed to the old order. Whereupon "Prussia" or "German-socialism," fortunately also *"equally"* opposed to capitalism *and communism* could be brought forward as the only movement for a new era of "order" which would end the capitalist-liberal-bolshevik intermezzo.

This scheme, with some modification now the common property of all Nazis, Arnold Gehlen transplants into philosophy. Just as Spengler compares two cultures, Gehlen puts up against each other, stiff and naked, two periods in philosophy: an older, pre-capitalist one which he glorifies without the least desire to adopt and a newer, capitalist one, which he rejects! What Spengler glorified as the "natural," "mature" thought of ancient society becomes in Gehlen's booklet "the connection of the spirit with its natural object." This last the Herr Professor defines as "super-personal spiritual being in its relation to existence," and names as the typical representatives of such a "natural" philosophy—*Plato,* the *Scholasticists* of the Middle Ages and *Hegel.*

This is as new and original as all fascist thought. It is new and original, only somehow pre-fascist imperialist philosophy to which this is supposed to be sharply opposed happened to hit on the same choice! Plato and the Scholasticists of the Middle Ages had been brought into fashion by the phenomenologies of Husserl, Scheler and others, while the "back" to Hegel idea is even more definitely of pre-fascist date. Gehlen continues the tradition of his discredited forerunners even in degrading Hegel to a mere disciple of Middle Age scholastics, and his philosophy consequently into a purely reactionary product of the Restoration, a "counter-movement," as he puts it, against the unfolding "modern" spirit (a falsification on a par with the one in literature where the Nazis invent a "unity" of German classics and romantics during the "Goethe period" and then interpret this as a "counter-movement" against the "west-European" spirit of Enlightenment).

Distinctly differing from this philosophy of Plato, Hegel and the Scholastics, as day differs from night, is the worthless *newer* development, beginning with Descartes, continued by Kant and Schopenhauer and ending in neo-Kantianism and practical life—philosophy. (*Lebensphilosophie*) both of which he represented specifically as only sham opponents" of the moderns. A valuation which once again completely confuses the *actual* relations of any *actual* antithesis: neo-Kantian trends of thought play a much bigger role among the Nazis than is generally thought; Schopenhauer has influenced them greatly via Nietzsche (just open Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century)* while the connection between fascism and pragmatic working philosophy is quite evident. Nazi theoreticians less passionately opposed to "newness" have unceremoniously admitted this indebtedness. In one instance Gehlen, contradicting himself. considers Dilthey the practical life-philosopher (*Lebensphilosoph*) in the "counter-movement."

What a list of crimes is charged to this bourgeois philosophy! As a result of a Cortesian trend "God turned from a reality (!) into an idea which one can obtain by a line of argument," just as in the enlightened theory of the state "an abstract contract (is substituted) for living full power." This has resulted in "the organ for the higher, complexer, living relationships *falling back:* "the sense for political realities is totally and necessarily gone, philosophy has become "either apolitical or liberal."

More. The newer philosophy has "robbed" the spirit of all value, "confined" it to the purely rational, "driven it from the center of existence to the outskirts" whereby it was disturbed and irritated and has retired into itself. Among all these "robbers" of the spirit, in one mass of enlighteners, Schopenhauerians, and Positivists, Gehlen also has Marx, who like them has degraded the spirit to a "dependent variable."

Thus, by means of some plain nonsense, Gehlen introduces the Spenglerian identif ication of capitalism (liberalism and rationalism) and Marxism into philosophy. And finally, in complete accordance with the Spenglerian scheme, he glorifies fascist thought as a "new" "third philosophy" *equally opposed* to both previous trends and which, at the same time, brings the pre-capitalist "communion" to a newer and higher state—as the "third phase " of the "natural" philosophy which is finally again connected with its "natural object." This object, however, is no longer religious, leave alone *political* existence: *"The relationship of State and Nation and of these powers to the individual... is now the necessary and natural object of the spirit and consequently of philosophy."*

It this concoction the personal achievement of Herr Professor Gehlen? Not at all. Alfred Baeumler, who is supposed to be the official Nazi philosopher, rejects classical German idealism even more completely (while Gehlen seeks to save it in the person of Hegel as "counter-movements") glorifying instead (with the same tendaciousness as Gehlen) Middle-Age Germany prior to the thirteenth century and finally "the silent soldier philosophy of the

Prussian general staff" of the nineteenth century. Whereupon fascist philosophy again is presented as a new, third era, neither capitalistic nor communistic, neither idealist nor materialist, an *era of a new, wonderful realism,* much as they should like us to believe, because of its *idealist* and pro-capitalist content—inasmuch as there is *no* difference whatever between them and *all* their bourgeois predecessors. The *really existing opposition* is due to something else entirely. It is due to the fact that the fascist, being the blackest *reactionaries* must regard with fanatic hatred the *revolutionary* beginnings of the very system of which they are the blood-smirched defenders and the benefits of which they enjoy. They must consequently eradicate, deny, dispute everything in the idealist philosophy of the previous bourgeoisie which bears the least traces of anything revolutionary or even progressive, that is,—*not* the idealist and mystic elements, but all the rational, dialectic and humanistic elements. That is the reason for the "systematic criticism of the idealist heritage" (Baeumler), the reason for all the bluster about "anti-Cortesian realism." For the previous *rationalistic* idealism an irrational one is substituted, for *dialectic* philosophy an *un-* or *sham dialectic* one, for old *humanistic ideals* an apologia for monopoly-capitalist barbarities. Backwardness instead of new ideas all along the line.

It is not much different with the philosophy of the State. Why all Gehlen's high-flown phrases about the *new politics* being "the third phase of the natural object of philosophy?" Why Baeumler's stubborn iterations that man is a *political* creature and that the age we are living in a *political* age, the age of Socialism? Why the contrasting of old bourgeois *society* which molded the State, to the new fascist *State* which molds society and re-educates it to true community spirit? Why the prattle of Hans Freyer about the new "*political* trend of the Spirit," the trend towards the *State*? Why all this? Why?

Since these "trends" are unmistakably against liberalism and democracy, here also democracy is fought *not because* it is capitalistic, *not because* it is molded by bourgeois society—inasmuch as in these traits there is *no* difference between the previous and the fascist State. Here also the *really existing opposition* is due to something else entirely. It is due to the fact that the present financial oligarchy in order to delay its inevitable fall must throw off democracy like a pinching shoe in order to utilize the State, dependent upon it now as ever, still more keenly, more directly in its interests, and against the proletariat and real revolution. It is due to the fact also that the "war-monopoly capitalistic State" (Lenin) or, as it appears today, the "war preparing monopoly-capitalist State" must aim at "total mobilization" (Junger) which implies the prostitution of liberal "neutrality," "non-partisanship" and "segregation' of politics and philosophy and the *direct, unconditional* subjection of culture, science and philosophy to *these* politics, *this* State.

Hence the philosopher of the State, in his "new" sense of power, to whom the monstrous State-fetish appears as the ideal of ideals, the "natural object of philosophy," which he venerates "with spiritual or godly contemplation." The slavelike souls celebrate it as "the predetermining (!) compulsion for the narrow (!) range of decision of everyone that is born into it." It could also be expressed in other words: ever since the fascist State tied the feed bag on to these "athletes and gymnasts of the spirit" (Nietzsche) they promptly loyally and faithfully deduce all their philosophy from this single principle of the State. Something like Gottfried Keller's well-known dog who, having had its nose rubbed with cheese, was sure that was what the world was made of.

All this has been repeated many times, it is really clear as day. However, it is just because it is so clear that such a large measure of demagogy has been and is possible, a demagogy which turns everything upside down. What brazenness! The same philosophy which is now nothing but a "dependent variable" of Goebbels' Ministry declares war on Marx because he degraded the Spirit to a "dependent variable." What grotesqueness! Those reactionaries to whom spirit, as to the noble ghosts of France once during the period of restoration "always seems a little like the very uncle of Jacobinism" (Stendhal) affect a noble rage at the disempowering of the spirit by that modern bourgeois philosophy of which they are the sad heirs.

Reaction labelled revolution! Idealism and mysticism labelled realism, metaphysics, God-declared realities! The subjection of the Spirit to the most barbaric State the world has ever known called the return of the spirit to the State and glorified as a new political age! It is because of such subtle phraseology that books like that of Gehlen, no matter how stupid they are, are nevertheless dangerous.

Translated from the German by S. D. Kogan

Editor-in-chief SERGEI DINAMOV

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

C O N T E N T S

No. 9 SEPTEMBER 1936