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Bert Brecht

Round Heads, Peak Heads or Rich and Rich Make Good Company

(A Thriller)

The play was performed last November in Copenhagen. It was conceived as a variation on the plot of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure,* and in its final form was the product of collaboration with Hans Eisler, who also wrote the music, Elizabeth Hauptman, B. Heath, and Margaret Steffin.

To realize the dramatist's intentions, the producers were careful to so stylize the direction, costuming, sets and action that the parable quality of the play should be preserved. Illusions of reality were carefully avoided; everything was directed toward assisting the audience to abstract the generalizations concerning social organization, and the class struggle, which the play set out to dramatize. For example when, in one of the closing scenes, the Regent made a peace oration, the overtones of which were war propaganda, a cannon barrel with its muzzle pointing into the audience was lowered onto the speaker's pulpit. The production consistently followed this aim of abstracting broad symbols of the class struggle from the dialogue and action and defining these symbols by unmistakable devices. For this the dramatist had already set the example. The writing is deliberately unrealistic. In his characterization, the dramatist seeks not to be true to life, but true to the representational function of the character, who is thus symbolically consistent though he may be psychologically contradictory.

CHARACTERS

CZUCHS (Roundheads)

The Regent
Missena, his privy councillor
Angelo Iberin
Callas, tenant farmer
Nanna, his daughter, waitress at Madame Cornamontis' cafe
Mistress Callas and her four children
Parr, tenant farmer
The Mother Superior of San Barabas
The Abbot of San Stefano
Alfonso Saz, landowner
Juan Duarte, landowner
Mungosi, landowner
Madame Cornamontis, manager and owner of a cafe
Family lawyer of the de Guzmans
Lord Chief Justice
Police Inspector
Callamassi, owner of house property
Palmosa, tobacconist
A fat woman
A writer
Iberin soldiers
Tenant farmers
Small townsmen

CZICHS (Peakheads)

Emanuele de Guzman, a landowner
Isabella, his sister
Lopez, a tenant farmer
Madame Lopez and her three small children
Ignatio Peruiner, a landowner
A second lawyer
A grocer
A tenant farmer
An office worker

The inhabitants of the land of Yahoo, in which the action takes place, consist of Czuchs and Czichs, two races, of which the first have round and the second peak heads.

PROLOGUE

Seven players come before the curtain: The manager of the theater, the viceroy, the rebel farmer, the landlord, his sister, the farmer Callas and his daughter. The latter four are in ordinary clothes. The viceroy, who is in costume but without a mask, is holding a pair of scales with two models of round heads in one pan, and two of peak heads in the other. The rebel farmer holds a pair of scales with two pieces of fine clothing in one pan and two in rags in the other. He, too, is in costume but without a mask.

Stage Manager:

Good people all, we'll now begin our play.
The author is a man who's traveled in his day
(We do not say he always traveled at his will) but still
He'll tell you in this play
What he noticed on his way.
And now to put you wise without undue verbosity
He saw his fill of hatred and ferocity.
He saw the white man wrestling with the black,
A yellow dwarf with a yellow giant on his back;
A Finn took up a stone and flung it at a Swede,
And a snub nose hit a hook nose and made it bleed.
Our playwright enquired as to how
The quarrel arose and was told that now
Through all lands stalks the great skull-classifier,
The great, panmundane pacifier,
His pockets filled with all shapes of noses, all colors of skin.
And with them separating friends and kin;
Insisting that it matters quite a lot
What kind of a skull you've got.
And so wherever the great skull classifier goes
People examine your skin and hair and nose;
And anyone whose physiognomy won't do
Is beaten brown and black and blue.
Everywhere the head problem;—
People asked the playwright: didn't it trouble him;
Were all men the same in his sight?
And he said: There's a difference all right,
Deeper than any line on his face
That decides a man's fate on this earthly bit of space.
The difference which
Divides the poor and the rich.
Without more ado
I write a parable for you
In which I hope to make it clear
The difference we're concerned with here.
And now, good people, we are going to act this parable before you,
And for that purpose we have put on the stage a land called Yahoo.
Here the great skull classifier will sort out his pates
And one or two people will be hurried to their fates.
But the playwright will so arrange that you'll be sure
To pick the rich man from the poor.
He will distribute clothes
By purse, not by nose.
Shut the doors now
And let the skull classifier make his bow.

Deputy Regent (comes forward to the sound of stage thunder and shows his scales):

I've two kinds of skulls; and a world between
By the wise can be seen.
One is pointed and the other round.
One is spoiled but the other's sound.
When justice blinks and things go wrong
To this one the blame belongs.
In deformity or fatty degeneration
—Here's the explanation!

(He presses down the pan on which the round heads are lying)

Manager (bringing the rebel tenant forward):

Now clothes classifier, it's your turn
The audience waits your tricks to learn.
Show us the clothes you use for weights
That balance men in all their states.

Rebel Tenant (showing his clothes scales):

Which is the fine and which the shoddy—
That can be seen by anybody.
To fine clothes all doors open wide
But in rags a man must stand aside.
Who weighs with my scales
Will know who wins, who fails.
(He presses down the pan on which the fine pieces of clothing are lying.)

Manager:

The playwright his two scales before you places.
On one he weighs apparel, poor and grand,
And on the other different kinds of faces.
Then comes the joker and takes *both* scales in hand.

(He has taken first one pair of scales and then the other and has them weighed one against the other. He now gives them back and turns to his players.)

Now you whose job it is to act this play
Choose here in public, cranium and array,
According as the author has laid down.
And if, as I believe, his theory is right
Best choose your lot by picking out a gown
And not a cranium. Now for the fight!

Tenant (reaching for two round heads): We'll take round heads, daughter.

Landowner: With peaks we'll be bedecked.

The Landowner's Sister: True to the will of Bertold Brecht. . . .

The Tenant's Daughter: The daughter of a Roundhead is a Roundhead. I am a Roundhead of the female sex.

Manager: And now for the costumes.

Landowner: I am a landlord.

Tenant: A tenant, I—no more.

The Landowner's Sister: I, the landlord's sister.

Tenant's Daughter: I, the whore.

Manager (to the players): Now I hope everything is clear.

Players: Quite.

Scene I

REGENT'S PALACE

(Night. The Regent of Yahoo and his privy councillor Missena are in the royal chamber with newspapers and champagne bottles before them. The privy councillor, wielding a large red pencil, is underlining certain unpleasant passages in the newspaper for the regent. In the antechamber next door a ragged clerk is sitting working by candle-light. Near him a man is standing, his back to the audience.)

Regent:

Enough Missena.
Morning is near and all our counselling
Has brought us to the same conclusion—
What we wish is not—
But what, however we avert our heads,
Is bound to come: civil commotion
And the state's collapse.

Missena:

Sh! Don't say it out loud.

Regent:

Bankruptcy—stronger hands than mine are needed.

(Missena is silent.)

Regent (glancing at papers):

Perhaps your figures are a little out.

Missena:

Not to that extent.

Regent:

I should read the papers more often.
I'd know what's happening in the country.

Missena:

Milord, it is abundance that destroys us.
Our native land Yahoo is one that lives by corn.
And likewise dies by corn. And now is dying,—
Dying from surfeit. For our fertile lands
Have brought forth corn in such abundance,
We're crushed by the overheavy gift.
It's forced down prices, down so low,
They do not cover cartage nor the grinding.
I tell you, corn has risen against mankind.
Abundance has brought want. Farmers hold back their rent.
The pillars of the state are tottering. The landlords
Waving their contracts clamor that we collect their rents.
While in the south the tenants mass
And on their flag a sickle flashes—

(The regent sighs. A chord has been touched in his own heart, for he is a landowner himself.)

Regent:

Couldn't we pawn the railways?

Missena:

Already pawned, Milord—twice over.

Regent:

And the Customs?

Missena:

They too.

Regent:

The Big Five? Perhaps
They'll help us with a loan.
More than a third of all the fertile land
Is in their hands. I'm sure they can. . . .

Missena:

Undoubtedly
They can, but they demand
That first we crush the Sickle League.

Regent:

That would be splendid!

Missena:

The Big Five, Milord,
Have lost their patience with us.
We've not shown zeal in rent collecting.

Regent:

Have they no faith in me?

Missena:

Now, between ourselves, you,
After all, are our biggest landlord.

(He has made this remark inadvertently.)

Regent (aroused):

Yes, and I can trust myself no longer,
I suppose, and must say as landlord
To myself as regent: look here my friend,
Not a peso more, do you understand. . . .

Missena:

There's a way out, but dangerous
And bloody. . . .

Regent:

Not that, . . .sh. . . .

Missena:

No one can hear us. War
Could bring us new markets,

Purge our surfeits, gain us
Mines, and all we lack.

Regent:

No! War's no good.
The first tank you send through Ya-
hoo
Would make such an almighty stir
that. . . .

Missena:

The enemy in our midst it is
That ties our legs when we would
hunt abroad.
What evil times when well-armed
men
Must creep about in fear, and gen-
erals
Must stay at home by day;
Like murderers, must lie low.
A different tale we'd tell
If the Sickle fell—

Regent:

The Sickle!

Missena:

It must be crushed!

Regent:

But how?
By whom? I cannot do it. If I knew
a man
Who could, right here
I'd give him full authority.

Missena:

I told you once about a man who
could.

Regent (firmly):

I won't have *him!* Once and for all
I say, I *won't* have *him.*
(Pause.)
Bah—you've got that Sickle on your
brain.

Missena:

I fear I have displeased you. Perhaps
you wish to be alone?

Regent:

Yes, leave me. I'll see you tomorrow.

Missena (taking his leave):
I hope I haven't displeased you.

(To the audience)

If the devil will not prompt his wit
A little trick may encompass it.

(He stops at the door and hastily sketches something red on the wall with his red pencil.)

Hello, what's this?

Regent:

What's the matter?

Missena:

Nothing.

Regent:

Why did you start?

Missena:

I didn't start.

Regent:

You did. *(Half rises.)*

Missena:

It's all right, there's nothing here.

(The regent comes up to him.)

Regent:

Step aside, please.

(He fetches a lamp from the table.)

Missena:

Milord, I cannot think how that sign
came here.

(The regent starts back as he sees a huge sickle drawn on the wall.)

Regent:

What? Has it come to this? There
are hands even here. . . .

(Pause)

I must retire now. I have to consider
everything. . . .

(Suddenly)

I'll delegate my power.

Missena:

You should not. . . .

(Pause)

To whom?

Regent:

I must then?
Well? To whom?

Missena:

It must be one who first of all
Will crush the tenants. While the Sickle stands
There'll be no war. These Sickle men, I tell you
Are scum who will not pay their rent.
Liberals say the farmers *cannot* pay their rent.
They're on the side of property,
But fear to face stark hunger.
The farmers' rising can be curbed
Only by a man of quite different views,
Whose only thought is of the state's first need.
Unmoved by selfish aims,—at least as such renowned,—
There's only one. . . .

Regent (sulkily):

Name him. Iberin?

Missena:

He's of the middle class by birth,
Not landlord nor farmer; not rich, nor poor.
The unending quarrel of the rich and poor
Enrages him, for it rocks the land and shakes
His class that holds itself the core of all.
Both rich and poor alike he does condemn
As money grubbers; for him the state's decline
Is spiritual and reflects corrupted souls.

Regent:

Ah ha, spiritual I see, and what about. . . ?

(Makes the gesture of counting money)

Missena:

It all has the same cause.

Regent:

And what is that?

Missena:

That's Iberin's great discovery.

Regent:

Columbus' egg, eh?

Missena:

As a matter of fact, it is two-legged.

Regent:

Eh?

Missena:

Milord, this Iberin knows the people well.
He knows an abstraction must be given face
And form 'ere they can recognize it.
Therefore he's given the spiritual ill a shape.

Regent:

A human shape?

Missena:

Yes.

Regent:

And it isn't us?

Missena:

Certainly not.

Regent (ironically):

Show me the creature.

Missena:

Iberin has discovered that in Yahoo
There are two peoples living side by side
Of quite a different racial origin.
You tell them by the contour of their skull.
One race has peaked heads, the other round.
Each shape betokens quite a different soul.

The domed skull frames nobility and worth,
The peaked a crafty mind conceals,
The Roundhead race
Is called by Iberin the race of Czuchs
'Twas they who first inhabited
Our soil, and are of pure descent.
The peak skulled race
Is foreign to our native land,
A homeless and a hearth-profaning race—
These are the Czichs.
And Iberin's teaching is that all the ills
That plague our land come from the Czichish soul.
This is his great discovery.

Regent:

Most entertaining, but then—?

Missena:

Instead of the war of rich and poor,
He'll have the Czuchs and Czichs fighting—

Regent:

Ah, ha! not a bad idea!

Missena:

He's for justice—
If the rich are overgrasping, he calls them Czichs.

Regent:

He calls them Czichs, does he?.... What about the rent?

Missena:

He does not talk about such things; or if
He does, no one can understand—
All the same, he's on the side of property,
The "Czuchish joy of ownership's" his favorite phrase.

(The Regent smiles. Missena also smiles)

Regent:

That's good. The overgrasping men are Czichs.
The graspers, Czuchish. Who supports the man?

Missena:

He chiefly has the middle class behind him,
Tradesmen, artisans and clerks,
The poorer, "better educated" kind,
The small depositor, in short the ruined burgher type.
These he has gathered in his Iberin League,
Which, I may add, is very nicely armed.
If anyone can crush the Sickle men, it's he.

Regent:

However, arms had better not be shown....
Tin hats and tanks have no admirers now.

Missena:

Iberin can do without an army.

Regent:

Very good, I'll make the man dictator.
I'll try the man. Tell him to come.

Missena (rings):

He's here. He's waited seven hours
In the antechamber.

Regent:

Oh, I quite forgot.
How thoughtful of you. But wait! The Big Five!
Are they for him?

Missena:

One of them brought him here.

Regent (signing the commission while putting hat and coat on, and placing his walking stick over his arm):

All this I willingly shake off awhile—
I'll take some traveler's checks
And a few books which before
I never had time to read. I'll go away
To nowhere in particular—out into the street
To watch the crowds.

And from some peaceful corner
I'll see this month pass quietly away.

Missena:

With the Sickle men storming Yahoo
Unless of course....

(He makes a magnificent gesture towards the door.)

Mr. Iberin!

(The waiting man in the antechamber, at a sign from the ragged clerk, has risen. Coming through the door he makes a deep bow.)

Scene II

A STREET IN YAHOO

(Girls are hanging a large white banner with Iberin's head imprinted on it out of the window of Madame Cornamontis' café. Madame Cornamontis is below, directing operations. Beside her are a police inspector and a clerk, both barefooted and in rags. The provision shop is closed with roller blinds. The tobacconist Palmosa is standing in front of his shop reading a newspaper. Through the window of this house is seen a man shaving. It is Callamassi, owner of the house. In front of the grocer's shop to the right stand a fat woman and a soldier of the Iberin militia with a white band and a large straw hat, armed to the teeth. All watch the hanging out of the banner. The sound of passing troops and the cries of newsboys can be heard indistinctly in the distance.)

Madame Cornamontis: Put the flag pole further out so that the wind can catch the cloth, and a little further to the side.

One of the girls: First to the left, and then to the right. But have it as you please.

Police Inspector: Madame Cornamontis, what do you as a housewife think of the new turn of affairs?

Madame Cornamontis: I'm hanging my flag out as you see. I should think that says enough. And you may be quite sure I won't employ any more Czichish girls in my café. *(She sits down in a wicker chair and opens out a newspaper.)*

Callamassi (still to be seen shaving, through the window): Today, the eleventh of September, will go down in history. *(Looks at his flag.)* It cost a good sum of money, that flag.

House Landlord Mungosi: Do you think there'll be a war? My Gabrielle was twenty the other day.

Iberin Soldier: What are you thinking about? Nobody wants war. Iberin is a friend of peace, just as he is a friend of the people. Early this morning, the last troops of the regular army were evacuated at Iberin's orders. Have you seen a tin hat anywhere? The streets have been put completely in the hands of us Iberin men.

The Tobacconist: It says here in the paper that Iberin is the people's best friend; he has seized power, it says, "in order to put a check on the oppression of the poorer sections of the community."

Iberin Soldier: That's the truth.

The Fat Woman (owner of the grocer's shop): I say he must first see to it that in such a small street there should not be two grocers' shops when there's barely enough trade for one. That shop over there is not needed on this block.

The Clerk: If the new government doesn't make things easier for us office workers, Inspector, I'll not venture home next rent day.

Police Inspector: My truncheon has become so rotten that I'm afraid it will break into splinters if I hit a Peakhead with it. And my whistle's rusted. *(He tries the whistle.)* Do you hear anything?

The Clerk (shakes his head:) I had to borrow some chalk out of a white-washer's tub the other day in order to whiten my collar. Officer, do you think we'll get our salaries on the first?

Police Inspector: I'm so certain of it that I'm going to treat myself to a cigar this morning at Palmosa's. *(They both enter the tobacconist's.)*

Callamassi (pointing to the clerk): One of the best things that could be done would be to get rid of these pen-pushers altogether. There are too many of them and their salaries are too high.

Madame Cornamontis: And what will become of your good tenant if you get rid of her last customers!

Iberin Soldier: What do you think of my new books? We're all being supplied with them! *(Reads aloud to the house landlord and the fat woman.)* The manner in which Iberin seized power is itself the best testimony one could have of the man he is. In the middle of the night when everyone in Government House was asleep, he marched in with his fearless followers and demanded at the point of the pistol to see the regent. It is reported that at the sight of such determination, the regent capitulated, allowed himself to be deposed, and was glad to make his escape.

The Fat Woman: It is really most remarkable that while every other house on this street has hung out a flag there is one house whose inmates do not consider it worthwhile to do so. *(She points to the grocer's shop opposite.)*

Iberin Soldier: That's right—they haven't put out a flag. *(He looks at each in turn and they all shake their heads.)* We can help him, though, can't we?

The Fat Woman: He doesn't need a flag. The man's a Czich.

Iberin Soldier: Then it's the height of impudence. I tell you, Madame Tomaso, we'll show the damned swine how one celebrates Iberin's inauguration. Ah, there's some of our boys, the dreaded, hat-tipping Huas of the bloody Zazarante, camp commander of the Holy Cross. Don't be alarmed. They just peep under hats; and if they don't find a peak head they apologize and act like perfect gentlemen.

(Shouts are heard, "Hats off! head checking!" Three Huas, or hat tippers, appear at the end of the street. They knock a passerby's hat off.)

First Hua: Your hat has fallen off, Sir.

Second Hua: Rather a strong wind today.

Passerby: Excuse me.

The three Huas: Don't mention it.

The Fat Woman: If you want to see a real peak head, Sirs, you've only got to knock at the door of that grocer's shop opposite.

Iberin Soldier (announces): Czichish grocer. Shows his disapproval of the Iberin government by refusing to hang out the flag.

(A Peakhead appears in front of the shop door, looking very pale, with a ladder and a flag. Everyone looks at him.)

First Hua: I can hardly believe my eyes. He's hanging up a flag!

Second Hua: How disgusting, the Iberin banner in the greasy paws of a Czich.

(The Hua looks at each in turn. They all shake their heads.)

Iberin Soldier: That is the height of impudence. *(The three Huas go up to the Peakhead.)*

Third Hua: Dirty swine of a Czich. Put your hat on! Do you think anybody wants to look at your filthy peak head?

The Fat Woman: The Czich thinks that Iberin is for the Czichs, I suppose! His hanging out a flag is an insult to the government—a deliberate insult, making out that the government is for the Czichs!

(The Peakhead goes in to fetch his hat.)

First Hua: He's trying to escape.

(They drag him back and start beating him.)

First Hua: Thinks he can resist, so that's the game, is it! I strike at his eyes and he lifts his hand!

Second Hua (still hitting out at the Peakhead): We'll put him in protective custody, rush him to the concentration camp where we put all people who must be protected against our righteous indignation.

The Fat Woman: Hail Iberin!

(The Third Hua hangs up a poster on the provision shop with the words: CZICHISH SHOP)

Third Hua (to the fat woman while he pulls a poster out of his pocket): Dear madame and fellow racemember, it is just as well nowadays for people that the right kind of blood should have it down in black and white. This poster costs thirty pesos, but you'll find it will pay for itself over and over again!

The Fat Woman: Couldn't you let me have it for ten? Trade's pretty bad, you know.

Iberin Soldier (meaningly): There's some people who have a secret sympathy for the Peakheads.

The Fat Woman: Very good, I'll take one. *(She takes out the money in some agitation.)* Have you change for 50 pesos? *(Hangs up the poster which bears the words: CZUCHISH SHOP)*

Third Hua: Twenty pesos change. Nothing like honesty in trifles. *(He goes away, however, without giving change)*

The Fat Woman: He hasn't given me my change! *(The Iberin soldier looks at her threateningly)* Anyway that Czich over there will have to be got rid of. A fortnight ago he said that Iberin wouldn't make bananas grow on a thornbush.

Madame Cornamontis: A typically Czichish remark. A nation is awakening and he talks about bananas.

The Iberin Soldier: The Czich is always guided by the most abject materialism. For his own selfish advantage he denies his fatherland which isn't *his* fatherland anyway. The Czich never knows who is his father and mother. That's probably because he hasn't got any sense of humor. You've just had an opportunity of seeing it for yourselves. They live promiscuously and the only curb on their sensuality is their miserliness.

Palmosa (calls up to the man who can be seen shaving on the first floor): No more materialism now, Mr. Callamassi. I hope you realize you needn't come for the rent any longer. Shopkeepers won't be required to pay rent.

Iberin Soldier: Quite right!

Callamassi: On the contrary, my good fellow. In the future it will be possible to mortgage shop-rents. Listen to the battalions on the march. Those are the fighters of the Iberin League. They are marching off to put down the rebel farmers who refuse to pay their rents. Put that in one of your pipes, Mr. Tobacconist, and smoke it!

Iberin Soldier: Quite true.

Palmosa: You seem to have forgotten, Mr. Callamassi, that my son is marching with those troops. *(To the fat woman)* I said to him this morning as they marched off for the south: "My son, bring back a Sickle flag and I'll let you start smoking."

They say the bankers are helping the small tradesmen who are in debt, they're giving new credits.

Iberin Soldier: Hail Iberin!

The Fat Woman (to her landlady, Madame Cornamontis): Have you heard? Rents are going to be lowered.

Iberin Soldier: Yes, that's right.

Madame Cornamontis: No, I've heard that they are going to be raised; they certainly ought to be.

Iberin Soldier: Quite true.

The Fat Woman: It can't be. Perhaps the Czichs' rents will be raised. Anyway I won't pay any more.

Madame Cornamontis: We'll see about that, we'll see about that. Don't be surprised if I have to ask for a little more next month. *(To the Iberin soldier)* These simpletons have the haziest idea of politics.

The Fat Woman: What? Higher rents?

Iberin Soldier (interrupting): The question of the day now is the Czichish purge. *(Reads from the paper)* Iberin says expressly that our sole aim at present is to exterminate the Peakheads, wherever they have their nests!

(There is a sound of marching, singing is heard) Listen, that's the Iberin Anthem.

HYMN OF YAHOO'S AWAKENING

Our great Iberin lowers rent
Yet keeps the landlords opulent.
Our great Iberin helps the farm
Yet keeps the millers from alarm.
The small shopkeeper's Iberin's care—
But the big store magnate keeps his share.
Praised be our Iberin, working for each man's salvation
Trusting we wait
For the glorious fate
Which he has decreed for our nation.

Madame Cornamontis (to the Iberin soldier): Let's see them, those brave lads of ours off to finish those clodhopping Sicklemen. *(Exit with Iberin Soldier)*

The Fat Woman and Palmosa (both together): I can't leave my shop, here comes a customer. *(They go back into their shops)*

Nanna Callas (comes out of Madame Cornamontis' café with a letter in her hand): Mr. de Guzman has just passed down the street. He is taking his walk before lunch and will be back in a few minutes. I must speak to him. My mother writes that my father is in bad company. Not being able to pay the rent for his farm, he has joined the Sickle League. I will try and get Mr. de Guzman to let him off paying his rent. I think he still cares for me enough to do that for me, although it's nearly three years now since we were at all intimate. He was my first lover and it was through him that I, a simple farmer's daughter, came into service in such a respectable house as Madame Cornamontis'. He's done a lot for our family; I really don't like asking him to do any more; but I must.

Here he is. But there are three men with him. Mr. Peruiner is one of them. I won't have a chance of talking to him. *(She beckons to de Guzman who comes up to her. His three friends stop and wait for him.)*

De Guzman: Hello, Nanna.

Nanna: There's something I want to talk to you about. Please step in here a moment. *(They go into the doorway).* My father writes that he cannot pay his rent again.

De Guzman: I'm sorry, but he'll have to pay this time. My sister is entering the San Barabas Convent and has to have her novice money.

Nanna: But you wouldn't like my parents to starve on account of it.

De Guzman: My dear Nanna, my sister is about to devote herself to a life of renunciation among the Needy Sisters of San Barabas. You should respect her intentions because, even if it is not given to all girls to live chastely, they should at all events think highly of those who do.

Nanna: If you offered her a lover perhaps she might change her mind—

De Guzman: Nanna! You've changed for the worse, Nanna! I hardly recognize you!

Nanna: I suppose it's no good my telling you that the reason why my people can't pay their rent is that they simply must have a horse.

De Guzman: They can hire one.

Nanna: But that costs more money in the end.

De Guzman: Well, that's the way things are in this world. My horse also costs money.

Nanna: You don't love me any more, Emanuele!

De Guzman: What have horses got to do with our love? I'll pay you a visit this afternoon and you'll see that my feelings towards you haven't changed. Now I must go.

Nanna: Wait here a second. The Huas are coming. They might attack you for being a Czich.

First Hua: Wherever one goes, one finds Czichs, but now this street seems to be clear of them.

Second Hua: Don't be downhearted.

Nanna: It seems to me, Emanuele, that you have always used me as a handkerchief. I think you might at least pay me for the liberties I have allowed you.

First Hua: I hear voices.

Nanna (loudly): Excuse me, Sirs, but don't you think a poor girl has a right to expect the man who has led her astray to give her some consideration.

De Guzman: I'm surprised at you, Nanna!

(The three Huas approach)

First Hua: There's a fine looking gentleman, let's look and see what kind of a knob he has.

Second Hua: I admire your hat, Sir, I should like to have a hat like that myself. May I have a look inside and see the name of the maker. *(He knocks the hat off de Guzman's head. The latter's peakhead stands revealed. The three Huas set up a regular howl.)*

The Three Huas: A Czich!

The Rich Mr. Saz: We must interfere. Our friend de Guzman is in a tight corner.

The Rich Mr. Peruiner (holds the speaker back): Don't attract attention. I am a Czich myself.

(The three rich landowners hurry away)

Third Hua: I thought I caught a whiff of another Czich.

Second Hua: Well, we've got this one. He must come before the court. *(Two Huas drag de Guzman off and the third remains with Nanna.)*

Third Hua: I think, Miss, you mentioned something about his having owed you money.

Nanna (sulkily): Yes, and he won't pay.

Third Hua: They're all like that, the dirty Czichs.

(Exit the third Hua. Nanna slowly enters Madame Cornamontis' café. Landlord Callamassi has been brought to his windows and the Fat Woman to the door of her shop by the commotion in the street. The tobacconist can also be seen in his doorway.)

Callamassi: What's the noise about?

The Fat Woman: They caught an apparently very well-to-do Czichist gentleman molesting one of Madame Cornamontis' waitresses.

Palmosa: Is that not permitted now?

The Fat Woman: They said it was a Czuchish girl. The gentleman, it seems, was one of the Big Five.

Callamassi: You don't say so!

Palmosa (going back into his shop): One of the Big Five has been attacked and carried off.

Police Inspector (taking his leave of the clerk): That has nothing to do with the police.

The Fat Woman: The rich are getting it in the neck now.

Callamassi: Do you think so?

Palmosa: It's going to be no joke for the landowners.

Callamassi: But there's a campaign against the farmers who won't pay their rent.

Palmosa: It said in the papers this morning that a new era has begun.

INTERLUDE

(The street of old Yahoo is painted on a huge board. The Iberin soldiers run on the stage with tubs of whitewash and with long and short-handled brushes; they start painting over the cracks and gaps in the walls of the houses)

THE WHITEWASHING SONG

Wherever walls are sagging, timbers rotting,
Something must be done to put things right.
Something to prevent the public spotting
How everything is crumbling in their sight.
Give us whitewash
Before the pigstye falls and it's too late.
Give us whitewash
To keep things covered till a later date.
Here's a new crack that musn't show
It wasn't there a week ago.
Here's a new split's started
The bricks have parted,
That's why we need whitewash
Before the pigstye falls and it's too late,
To keep things covered till a later date.

Scene III

AT A VILLAGE WELL

(The Roundhead tenant Callas, his wife and children, and the Peakhead tenant Lopez, his wife and children, have come to draw water.)

Callas and Lopez: We have to fetch and draw till we're dead beat. The landlord won't give us horses so each of us has to be his own horse.

Mistress Lopez: The people from our village are joining the Sickle now.

(The sound of many dogs is heard. A Roundhead tenant appears with a gun under each arm.)

Third Tenant: In the terrible straits in which we all find ourselves, now that the price of corn has fallen so low, we farmers of Yahoo, every man who wears clogs, have joined together, and have resolved to take arms and fight under the banner of the Sickle against the landlords. Here Callas and Lopez, here are guns for you.

Lopez: You wanted to wait, Callas; you said you might get good news from your daughter.

Callas: Aah!—there is never any good news. I'm with you, boys.

Lopez: Give me your hand, Callas, give me your hand too! Today is the eleventh of September, a day that

you must mark well, because it is the day the tenants shake the landlords off their backs.

(They all join hands and sing the Sickle Song)

Men of the land
The hour is at hand!
Count not the hazard's cost
Life can but once be lost
None will improve your lot
If you yourselves do not.
Men of the land
The hour is at hand!

All: The Sickle forever.

(At this moment the bells begin to ring)

Mistress Lopez: Listen, what are those bells?

Mistress Callas (calls back): What's the matter, Paolo?

Voices from Behind: Good news! good news! A new government, friendly to the people, has come into power!

Mistress Callas: I'll go and see if I can get more details. *(She leaves the others. A speech is heard over the wireless, "Proclamation by the new regent to the people on the land."*

Iberin's Voice:

Oh, Czuchish folk! For many years your land Yahoo
Its rich, its poor have suffered,
Tormented by a base spirit,
The spirit of foul greed and discord.
O Czuchish folk! Why live you in such misery?
Oppressed and robbed? Who is it robs you?
Who grinds you down? Crawling in your midst
There is an inner foe, till now unknown,
The Czich! He is your curse,
Him you must extirpate.
But how can he be known? Oh, Czuchish folk,
His head betrays his soul, his head is peaked!
By that sign know the Peakhead Czichs.
I, Iberin, have resolved
To make a new division of the people
Putting the Roundheads and the Peakheads
In different camps, saying to all the Czuchs
Behold your mortal enemies the Czichs!
From this day on all greed, all discord ends
Between all brother Czuchs,
Rally Czuchs around the snow white banner
Of Iberin, against the Czichish foe!

(During this proclamation all present have more or less surreptitiously felt the top of their heads. The Roundhead children point jeeringly at the Peakhead children.)

Lopez: That's only words after all. They're forever finding something new. What I want to know is what they're going to do against the landowners.

Callas: You're quite right.

(Mistress Callas has returned. She does not look at Mistress Lopez and gathers her children around her.)

Lopez: What's the news, Mistress Callas?

Mistress Callas: Our landlord, Mr. de Guzman, has been arrested!

Lopez: What for?

Callas: I don't think there's any need to ask, Lopez. It's pretty obvious he's been arrested for rackrenting.

Lopez: Then we're saved!

Callas: That's good news, Lopez. Our misery is at an end, children!

(He puts down his gun against the wall.)

Mistress Lopez: This is a great day.

Mistress Callas: Not so fast, Mistress Lopez. Unfortunately the news isn't so good for you. Iberin has come into power and you are Czichs. In Yahoo

a great anti-Czich campaign has already started. Mr. de Guzman himself has been arrested only because he is a Czich.

Lopez: That's bad news, and a great misfortune.

Callas: I don't see that it's a misfortune, at all events not for everyone: it's not a misfortune for us for instance.

Mistress Callas: It is only a misfortune for you.

Callas: For us, Czuchs, the news is very good.

Mistress Callas: At this moment we experience feelings which you, Mister Lopez, are unable to understand. You are probably a different kind of human being, I will not say an inferior kind.

Lopez: Until now my head was not too peaked for you, Callas. *(Callas does not answer. The two families have separated, on the one side stand the Peakheads, and on the other the Roundheads.)* Our burdens were the same. Five minutes ago, you were offering to fight with us under the Sickle to throw off the yoke of the landowners. That can only be done by force. Take the gun, woman. *(Mistress Lopez hesitatingly takes the gun into her hand.)*

Callas: The odds are too great. If there were any chance of success, it would be the best way, but there is no chance.

Lopez: Why do you think now that the odds are too great?

Callas: Well, to tell you the truth, I am not so sure that it is the only course for me.

Mistress Callas: We naturally take it that we won't have to pay rent any more.

Lopez: I can understand what the slightest hope means to you. But you'll see; nothing will come of it. I have yet to hear of anyone being given anything by these people for having a head of certain shape.

Callas: Enough, Lopez, I have no cause for doubting the new government. It has been in office for only five hours and already my landlord has been arrested.

Mistress Callas: They say in the village that the Sickle League is now forbidden.

(Five tenants, including tenant Parr, come in in a state of great excitement. They are all Roundheads. One of them is carrying a flag with the Sickle device and all are armed with guns.)

Parr: What are you people doing? We were all to join together under the Sickle tonight, but since this new proclamation and the landlord's arrest perhaps we should wait and see?

Callas: I'll go into town and go straight to Iberin. If he gets horses for me and exempts me from rent, there's no reason why I should fight any more. De Guzman is a Czich and will have to keep his mouth shut.

First Tenant: Yes, your landlord is a Czich but ours is a Czuch.

Parr: Still our landlord may let us off our rent when the Czichs have been got rid of. He owes money to a Czichish bank which he probably won't have to pay now.

Lopez: They may let *him* off but he'll still want his rent.

Third Tenant: The people who support Iberin are the landlords.

Parr: They say it's not true. I've heard that Iberin lives very modestly. He doesn't drink or smoke; he's the son of a small farmer. He wants nothing for himself. He acts because parliament does nothing, and that's true.

First Tenant: Yes, that's true. *(Silence)*

Third Tenant: So the tenants must keep quiet now?

Parr: The Czuchish tenants may rise up against the Czichish landlords.

Lopez: And what about the Czichish tenants? Should they rise up against the Czuchish landlords?

Parr: There are very few Czichish tenants. Czichs keep away from hard work.

Fifth Tenant: Most of us are Czuchs.

Parr: The rain is coming through our roofs.

Callas: Our Czich landlord's been stuck in jail.

Fifth Tenant: But the rain comes through my roof, too, and my landlord is a Czuch.

Third Tenant: What I want to know is whether Iberin will put all the landlords in jail, every one of them.

Parr: He'll put the Czich landlords in jail and force the Czuch landlords to ease off a little.

Third Tenant: That's no use. Czuch or Czich, a landlord is a landlord. Let Iberin send them all to the devil. I'm a Sickle man. I trust no one but myself. Do you want to free yourselves from the landlords—follow me under the banner of the Sickle. Iberin is a fraud. *(To the audience)*

Landlord and tenant are to make their peace—
Those whose heads slope to the same degree.
I pay the rent, the landlord's funds increase,
But I'm to be content with unity.

Callas: You go if you want, I'll try my luck with Iberin.

The Other Tenants: Come with us, Lopez! Round head, pointed head means nothing to us. Rich man or poor man, that's the test for us. *(They reach out their hands to him, but he stays behind.)*

Mistress Lopez: I think we had better go home.

Mistress Callas: I don't think you'll be able to. As I passed the village pond, I heard people talking against you—then when I passed your house, I saw it afire.

Mistress Lopez: Oh! God!

Lopez: Callas, let my family hide in your house till this blows over.

(Silence)

Callas: I'm sorry. I don't see how I can.

Lopez: Couldn't you just take my children for a few days?

Callas: I'd like to, but since you're in the Sickle League, it's dangerous for my own family for any of your family to be seen in my house.

Lopez: Well, we'll be going then, Callas.

(Callas is silent)

The Two Women:
Till now united by our common woes;
Our different heads now make us foes.

(The Lopez family leaves)

Mistress Callas: And now you, my man, must go as fast as you can to Yahoo. Refuse to pay your rent and get them to write out a deed that you don't have to pay it any more.

Callas: Right. I won't budge from there until I have it down in black and white.

Scene IV

IN THE REGENT'S PALACE

(A trial is in progress in the courtyard. The parties in the case are the Mother Superior of San Barabas and the Abbot of San Stefano. Illuminated

bulletin: THE SICKLEMEN ARE MARCHING ON THE CAPITAL.).

The Chief Justice: The Barefoot Begger Monks of San Stefano versus the Needy Sisters of San Barabas. The Barefoot Begger Monks claim damages to the sum of seven millions. Brother Abbot, state your case.

Abbot of San Stefano: The San Barabas foundation has built a new church with the deliberate intention of drawing believers from our diocese, causing us damage which, by modest estimate, amounts to seven millions.

Mother Superior of San Barabas: We beg to inform the court that a glance into the books of the new welfare chapel of San Sebastian will show that the revenues in question do not amount to seven millions as the holy brothers declare, but scarcely four millions.

Abbot of San Stefano: Yes, in the books! I beg to point out, however, that the Needy Sisters of San Barabas have already been before this high court for evading tax payments amounting to one and a half million. On that occasion the Needy Sisters also appealed to their "books." *(The Abbott and the Mother Superior shake their fists at each other. The clerk of the court jumps up.)*

Chief Justice: What's the matter? When such sums of money are before the court, everyone must act in a dignified manner.

Clerk of the Court: Your worships, there's a crowd at the gates. They have the landlord de Guzman. They want him arrested for raping a Czuchish girl.

Chief Justice: Impossible; de Guzman is one of the Big Five. He was the victim of a false arrest and was released three days ago.

(The crowd presses in. De Guzman is pushed in front of the judge. Madame Cornamontis and Nanna are swept in with the crowd. While the judge excitedly thumps the table, the crowd taunts and spits upon de Guzman.)

Voices: The price of his suit alone would support a family of six for a whole month. Look at his white hands. You can see he's never used a spade. Well, to suit his tastes, we'll hang him with a silken rope. *(The Huas toss coins for the landowner's rings.)*

A Man: Your worship, the people of Yahoo demand that this man be punished.

Chief Justice: Dear people, the case will be tried; but at the moment, we have a matter on hand of great urgency.

The Abbot of San Stefano (whom the Mother Superior has approached in great agitation): We do not consider it convenient to settle our little difference before the general public. We agree to an adjournment.

Cries from the Crowd: No more putting off. The whole show should be burnt to the ground. The judge himself deserves hanging.

A Man: Let the court know that a new age has dawned in the land of Yahoo.

(Illuminated bulletin: THE DEPUTY REGENT IN A SPEECH TO SCHOOL TEACHERS DESCRIBES THE STRUGGLE IN THE SOUTH AS A STRUGGLE BETWEEN RIGHT AND WRONG.)

The Crowd: Let's sit down and stay here until justice is done and the landlord has been hanged. *(They sit down on the floor, smoke, take out their newspapers, spit and chat.)*

Inspector (comes up and speaks to the Chief Justice): The Public Prosecutor asks me to say that you must yield to the crowd and hold the trial. The court is no longer bound to keep to the letter of the law, but must be guided by the people's natural instinct

for justice. The fighting in the south is going very badly for the government and the city population is getting more and more restive.

Judge (to the audience): The strain is too much for me. I have become physically weakened. For two months now I have not been paid any salary. I must think of my family. This morning I had nothing but a cup of weak tea and a stale roll for breakfast. One cannot administer justice on an empty stomach. A man who has not had a proper breakfast can't conduct a case properly. He has no spirit. His justice has no luster.

(De Guzman's lawyers come into the antechamber with flying gowns followed by a few landowners.)

The Czuchish Lawyer (in the antechamber to the second lawyer): You stay in the antechamber. You as a Czich had better not show yourself here.

The Czichish Lawyer: Mind you have him put in prison for eight days. I wish I was safe there myself. *(The Czuchish lawyer and landowners enter the courtyard.)*

Voices: Start the trial. It'll soon get too dark to hang him.

The Judge: We must at least wait until you are all properly seated. We can't preside in court like this. *(To Madame Cornamontis.)* Who are you?

Madame Cornamontis: Madame Cornamontis, owner of the El Paradiso Cafe, Estrada 5.

Chief Justice: What do you want here?

Madame Cornamontis: Nothing.

Chief Justice: What are you here for then?

Madame Cornamontis: About half an hour ago a crowd appeared at the door of my establishment and demanded that one of my waitresses—here she is—should go with them to the court. As I refused to let her go alone, I was compelled to come here too. I've been brought into this affair the way Pontius Pilate was brought into the creed.

Chief Justice (to Nanna): And you are the girl? Please take the stand. *(Catcalls from the crowd.)*

Cries: It's other people that should be there.

(Illuminated bulletin: THE GOVERNMENT TROOPS OFFER STUBBORN RESISTANCE TO THE ADVANCE OF THE SICKLEMEN.)

Chief Justice: I'm the one to decide who shall stand in the dock. *(To Nanna)* You accosted the gentleman in the open street. You are aware that the penalty for that is three weeks' hard labor. *(Nanna says nothing but nods to de Guzman.)* Please come forward, Mr. de Guzman. Was that so?

De Guzman: Yes, your honor. I was accosted by her as I was taking my morning constitutional. She is the daughter of one of my tenants and asked me to exempt her father from paying his rent. *(Quietly)* I ask you to put me under arrest, I am a Czich.

The Counsel: I am Mr. de Guzman's lawyer.

Chief Justice: Have you brought witnesses?

Lawyer: Here are three gentlemen, Saz, Duarte and de Hoz.

Cries: Landlords witnessing against poor people! *(Catcalls)*

Chief Justice: Order! *(To the witnesses)* What have you to say? I call attention to the fact that you can be prosecuted for perjury.

Cries: That's more like it.

Saz: Mr. de Guzman was accosted by this girl in the street.

Lawyer: I think my client's social position is enough to warrant the truth of his evidence considering that the opposing party is a mere cafe waitress.

Voice from Above: Oho, it may very well be the other way round. Just take off your cap, my young fellow, and let's see what kind of a head you've got.

Second Voice from Above: Take your cap off!

Lawyer (taking off his cap): My head is quite as round as yours, my good man.

Voice from Above: Ask your client why he makes her father pay such a high rent that she has to sell herself?

Second Voice from Above: One must always begin at the beginning.

Chief Justice (to Nanna): Will you please go into the dock so that we can begin.

Voices from Above: Do nothing of the sort. You're here to get justice, not to be accused!

Lawyer: A transaction of this sort can't be done in the street. There are some very fine points here that need settling. Clever heads are wanted here.

Voices from Above: Yes, pointed heads, I suppose.

Second Voice from Above: We must have Iberin here.

Voices: We demand that the following persons should be brought to the dock: the rackrenter, the pimp and the law-twister!

Voice from Above: We want Iberin here.

Voices: Iberin! Iberin! Iberin!

(Iberin has a short while previously come in unobserved and has sat down at the side, behind the judge's bench.)

Other Voices: There he is, Iberin!

Some of the Crowd: Hail Iberin!

Chief Justice (to Iberin): Your excellency, I allow myself to be guided by the statement of some of the most prominent landowners in the country.

Iberin: Far better allow yourself to be guided by the war news on the bulletin. *(Laughter)*

(Illuminated bulletin: THE INADEQUATE EQUIPMENT OF THE ARMY LOYAL TO THE GOVERNMENT AND LACK OF MUNITIONS AND SUPPLIES HAMPER THE TROOPS IN SPITE OF THEIR MAGNIFICENT FIGHTING SPIRIT.)

There is a commotion. Tenant Callas enters the courtyard amidst a crowd of people.)

Voices: And here is the girl's father.

Nanna: My father! I must hide; I mustn't let him see me. I've made a big mistake this time for which they'll suffer at home.

Chief Justice (to Callas): What do you want here?

Voice from Above: He wants justice!

Callas' Companions: We met this man in the street. He asked us when and where the de Guzman case was being tried. We told him that the case was now being tried and that he had only to follow the crowd since everyone is on his way here.

Callas: That's right. I'm here as a witness in the action brought against my landlord for rackrenting.

Chief Justice: The question of rackrenting is not before this court.

Callas: I can prove that the rent was extortionate. The land is marshy: the fields are too far apart. The tools are almost useless. We've had to use the cow for carting. We've had to work all summer from three o'clock

in the morning with the children helping. We don't control the prices of corn; they've been different each year, though the rent is always the same. The rent should be written off for good, and the price of corn should be fixed at a price that will enable us to live by our labor.

Voice from Above: Quite right. *(Clapping)*

The Man (rises up and speaks to the crowd): The father of the molested girl, who is the tenant of the accused, demands that farm rent should be abolished and that there should be a fair price for corn. *(Applause from the crowd is heard backstage.)*

Chief Justice (to Iberin): Your Excellency, how do you want this case to be dealt with?

Iberin: Do as you consider right.

(Illuminated bulletin: ALL SECTIONS OF THE SOUTH REPORT FORCIBLE SEIZURE OF LAND BY THE TENANTS)

Chief Justice: According to the statutes, the girl is the only person who has infringed the law. Outside the bar where she works she has no right to address any gentleman.

Iberin: Have you nothing more to say? That's very little.

Voice from Above: Bravo. Do you hear how Iberin talks to the Chief Justice? He says, "That's very little."

The Man (facing the street at the back of the stage): Iberin has reprimanded the Chief Justice. He has described the judge as lacking in knowledge.

Iberin: Examine the girl's father. That's the way to get to the heart of the problem.

Chief Justice: You say that your landlord has exceeded his legal rights in assessing rent?

Callas: We could never earn the rent. We lived on crabapples and roots because we had to send all our corn to the market. Our children run around nearly naked. We have no money for repairs so that our house is falling to pieces over our heads. The taxes are too high. I move that all taxes should also be written off the books for those unable to pay them. *(General applause)*

The Man (to the crowd as before): The tenant moves that all taxes should be written off for those who are unable to pay them! *(Tremendous applause)*

Chief Justice: What is the rent? What do the taxes amount to?

Iberin (rises up so suddenly that his chair falls): Can you think of nothing more important to ask? Doesn't an inner voice tell you what the people really want?

Callas: Horses for example, horses.

Iberin (sternly): Silence! What are horses? Something more's at stake! *(To the judge)* You may go. Leave the post you are no longer fit to fill. I shall conclude the proceedings myself.

(The Chief Justice gathers his papers together and leaves the court.)

The Man (as before): The Deputy has relieved the Chief Justice of his office and is conducting the proceedings himself. Hail Iberin!

Callas: Did you hear what he said? What are horses? More is at stake!

The Man (as before): Now that the greatest rackrenter of all, the regent, has been got rid of, why shouldn't all the land be distributed to the tenants? *(Applause)*

(Illuminated bulletin: IN THE NORTHERN DISTRICTS ENCOUNTERS WITH REBEL TENANTS ARE REPORTED.)

Iberin: As the court has been unable to pierce to the heart of the matter, I take the case into my own hands, in the name of the Czuchish people. This case shall serve us as an example of Czuchish justice. A certain spirit must here be combatted. Just as the troops will halt the rebellious tenants, the court will force the unbridled landlords to keep within the limits laid down by Czuchish law. Whether it be a rich man or a poor man, we judge by the crime alone. The same crime brings the same penalty. Landlord de Guzman and you *(pointing to Madame Cornamontis)* enter the dock. This girl and her father will take their place on the plaintiff's bench.

The Man (as before): Iberin will give an example of Czuchish justice. He has already established order in the court. He shows the plaintiffs and defendants their places.

Iberin (to Callas): Come forward. Look well at your daughter.

Callas: You are here, are you, Nanna?

Iberin: Do you recognize her?

Callas: Of course I do.

Iberin: I ask, because she must have changed a great deal.

Callas: No, she hasn't changed much.

Iberin: Are those the clothes that you bought her?

Callas: No, of course not.

Iberin: Am I not right in saying that those are not the clothes that a simple peasant, who has wielded the spade with blistered hands, buys for his daughter?

Callas: Of course I couldn't buy her clothes like that—what with the rent. . . .

Iberin: And you would not, even if you could? Such finery would be alien to your simple, honest taste. Now how comes it that your daughter is able to buy such clothes?

Callas: She earns quite a lot.

Iberin (more sternly): A terrible answer! I ask you once again, do you recognize in this fashionably dressed girl, the happy little child who used to walk across the fields holding your hand? *(Callas gapes in astonishment, entirely at sea)* Did you suspect that your daughter had entered into illicit relations with your landlord at a tender age?

Callas: Yes, I did, but all we got out of it was permission to use the horses once or twice to cart wood. But when *(he turns to the crowd)* you have to pay a rent which is ten times too high, it's no help to have a few privileges now and then—especially when you are not able to count on them. What I want is horses of my own.

Iberin: So the landlord, taking advantage of his economic position, brought misfortune on your daughter.

Callas: Misfortune! The girl has decent clothes. She's never had to work hard, but we.... I ask you, can one plough properly without horses?

Iberin: Are you aware that things have now gone so far that your daughter lives in Madame Cornamontis' establishment?

Callas: Yes. Good day to you, Madame Cornamontis.

Iberin: Are you aware of the kind of establishment it is?

Callas: Yes, and I forgot to mention that later we were charged for the use of the landlord's horses.

Iberin (to Nanna): How did you come into that house?

Nanna: I was tired of working on the land. At twenty, a farm woman looks like a woman of forty.

Iberin: The comfortable life which you came to know through your seducer alienated you from the simple life in your parents' home. Was the landlord your first lover?

Nanna: Yes.

Iberin: Describe the life in the café into which you came.

Nanna: I can't complain. Only the washing money is high, and they take the tips from us. We're all in debt to the landlady and have to work late into the night.

Iberin: You say that you make no complaints about the work. We must all work. But there was something else about which you should complain.

Nanna: Yes, in bar rooms the staff are allowed to choose their customers.

Iberin: Aha! In this house you were forced to permit the embraces of one and all?

Nanna: Yes.

Iberin: Enough. *(To Callas)* What action do you bring against the accused as father of this girl?

Callas: Rackrenting.

Iberin: You have cause to complain of more than that.

Callas: That seems to me to be enough.

Iberin: You have suffered a far worse misfortune than extortion of rent. Don't you see that?

Callas: Yes.

Iberin: What wrong has been done you?

(Callas is silent. Iberin to de Guzman.)

Do you admit that you abused your economic power when you seduced your tenant's daughter?

De Guzman: She gave me the impression that she was not displeased at my taking notice of her.

Iberin (to Nanna): What do you say to that? *(Nanna does not answer.) De Guzman is escorted from the courtroom. Iberin to Nanna):*

Will you state now whether you were pleased at de Guzman taking notice of you or not.

Nanna (reluctantly): I can't remember.

Iberin: Hateful answer.

Lawyer (to Nanna, then to Iberin):

Perhaps you were in love with him?
Sir, impenetrable are the ways of men.
We often do not know ourselves the grounds
On which we act, though plain to others.
Even the sharpest insight fails at times
To trace the tangled thread of human love.
Here stands a man accused, accused of what?
Of luring to his bed a gentle maid,
And paying her, thus purchasing
The unpurchasable. Milord, whoever
Speaks such words doth slander both;
For if he bought, the maiden sold.
Milord,
I ask you is the language of the mart
Proper to describe the mystery,
The sweet and immemorial play
Of man and maid? 'Tis love that stands accused!

(Sits down.)

Iberin (to the Police Inspector): Fetch de Guzman in again. *(De Guzman is brought in.)* Love? I see, and this man here aroused it! *(Laughter in the court.)*

Lawyer:

Milord, what is love? What moves a man to love?

One human being chances on another
And falls in love, or again one, filled
with love,
Seeks out a partner.
The first I call destiny; the second—
Lust. Perhaps ours is the latter case—
Crude, carnal lust?

Madame Cornamontis (rises): I should like to have a word. *(Iberin nods to her)* I must tell you that Nanna Callas is one of my best girls. She saves her money and sends it home.

Iberin (to the Lawyer): You may go. Right is its own defense.

(The lawyer gathers his papers together and leaves the court.)

Iberin (to de Guzman): Accused, admit that you abused your economic power? *(De Guzman is silent.)*

Iberin (suddenly): What are you?

De Guzman: A landowner.

Iberin: What are you?

De Guzman: A member of the landed gentry.

Iberin: I ask you, what are you?

De Guzman: A Catholic.

Iberin (slowly): What are you? *(De Guzman is silent.)* You are a Czich, and you have used your economic position to seduce a Czuchish girl. *(To Madame Cornamontis)* And you, a Czuchish woman, did nothing to prevent this Czuchish girl from selling herself to Czichs. That is the pith of the matter.

(To de Guzman)

Behold the Peakhead who abused his
power.
Power becomes an evil only when
abused.
You who think to purchase the un-
purchasable,
You who value what is alienated and
know
Nothing that is inalienable,
Like the tree's growth which is in-
separable
From the tree and the shape of the
leaf that is
Inseparable from the leaf. You who
are
A stranger to yourself and more to us
Your crime is judged.

(To the others.)

You see my friends how difficult it is
To separate the grains of what is right
From the chaff of what is wrong,
To recognize amid the debris
Of confusion, the simple truth.

The Hua: Hail Iberin!

Iberin: My judgment is: the maid shall be absolved from blame. The cafe kept by Madame Cornamontis, in view of the fact that a Czuchish girl has been seduced by a Czich, shall be closed—to Czichs. The Czichish seducer shall be sentenced to death.

Callas (at the top of his voice): And we shall be freed from rentpaying. Ah Lopez, what do you say to Iberin now?

Iberin:

What of your rent? That is the least
That you have suffered. How insigni-
ficant
Is all that you make most of, while
you slight
The central issue. Oh Czuchish father
And Czuchish daughter oppressed by
Czichs,
You are henceforth free!

Callas: Free, hear that Lopez!

Iberin:

I give to you your child again, your
child
Whom once you led across your Czu-
chish fields.
Explain to her the sentence of a Czu-
chish court.
How we distinguish black from white,
And Czuch from Czich;

The Czichs destroy to let the Czuch
live well.
The Czuchs I raise as I
Have raised this farmer from his
ignorance,
His daughter from her shame.

The Crowd: Hail Iberin. *(The crowd clap as though possessed. As Nanna is carried out shoulder high, the man announces to the crowd in the street)*

The Man: The Deputy Regent has passed sentence of death against the Czich de Guzman for seducing a Czuchish girl. The girl, who was exonerated, is being carried triumphantly from the court. Hail Iberin! *(The crowd take up the cry and Iberin goes off hurriedly.)*

The Abbot of San Stefano: That's a terrible sentence. The de Guzmans are one of the noblest families in Yahoo, and yet they throw him to the mob! And the sister of the accused is just about to take her vows. *(De Guzman is led off. As he passes the group of rich landowners, they look away.)*

De Guzman:

Oh help me, Don Duarte! You my
friends
Should stand by me today. How many
times
Have we not dined together at a com-
mon board.
Alfonso, can you not put in a word
for me?
You have a round head; that's what
counts today.
Say that what I've done, you did
yourself.
Why do you turn away? You will not
own me?
You wrong me greatly. Look at this
coat!
I am your cloth brother. Save me.

(The landowners look away.)

Iberin Soldiers (beating him): Rackrenter. Dishonor a Czuchish girl, would you! Hit him on his peakhead and keep a good eye on his friends. *(The landowners hurry away.)*

Callas (pointing to de Guzman): To think that that was once my landlord! Madame Cornamontis, my daughter gives you notice. She is not going to have anything to do with a house like yours any more.

Palmosa: We have never seen anything like this before. The new age has begun. The landowner is to be hanged. The tenant is coming into his own, Madame Cornamontis.

Madame Cornamontis: Mr. Palmosa, it is delightful listening to the way you talk. You seem to have preserved intact the innocence of childhood.

Callamassi: You seem to think, Madame Cornamontis, that a poor man can never win against a rich man?

Madame Cornamontis: I'll give you my opinion on that point. *(Madame Cornamontis sings the "Ballad of Tossing the Button.")*

THE BALLAD OF TOSSING THE BUTTON

A crooked man comes up to me
And he asks most timidly
"Does your fairest maiden love me
well?"
And I say, "Such things are hard to
tell."
Then I snatch and pluck a button
from his habit,
Saying, "Friend, we'll let the fates de-
cide it.
Let us toss it.
If the holes come up above
Then you cannot trust her love."
And I toss and looking say: "She
doesn't."
Then he says,
"But these holes go right through."
And I say, it is so.
"Yes, luck's not yours, 'tis vain to
try it."

Callas: I don't think you can have washed your ears, this morning, ma-

dame. The Regent said quite clearly that rent was of minor importance. If I can get horses now, everything will be all right.

(Madame Cornamontis breaks out into loud laughter and points with her finger at Callas who behaves exactly as a man who has been struck blind. Illuminated bulletin: THE BATTLE IN THE SOUTH CONTINUES.)

Scene V

THE CONVENT OF SAN BARABAS

(Mother Superior and, facing her, nuns of the Needy Sisterhood of San Barabas; Isabella de Guzman and her Czuchish lawyer.)

Lawyer: Miss de Guzman wishes, before her application for admittance to the convent is taken up, to ask you one or two questions.

Isabella (reads from a slip of paper): Is the convent a strict one?

Mother Superior: The strictest convent there is, child, *(to the lawyer)* and the most expensive. . .

Lawyer: We know that.

Mother Superior: And therefore the most select.

Isabella: Are there many fast days? How many fast days are there?

Mother Superior: Twice a week, before the High Feast days, then a fast week, and the Quatemberday fasts.

Isabella: Are men really never allowed to enter? And is it never possible to leave the convent?

Mother Superior: Never.

Isabella: Is the food plain, and are the beds hard? And are the religious duties exacting?

Mother Superior: The food is plain, the beds are hard and the religious duties are exacting, my child.

Isabella:

The fleshy lusts and sensual delights
Which weak men often seek, repel my soul.
Even my brother's eyes allowed themselves
To stray and steep in sin as oft I heard
Through his closed door . . . oh hateful memory!
I wish my bed unsoiled, my virtue sealed.
Oh chastity, perpetual joy; oh, royal poverty!
If unadorned the cell, and plain the fare
And eyeless the walls, I ask no more.
Chaste I seek to be, and meek and poor.

Mother Superior:

That is how we live here, my child, and how
You'll live. And as are we
So you will learn to be.

(To the lawyer) But we must agree about the terms, Sir, what does the girl bring with her?

Lawyer: Well, I hope you won't be too exacting. Here is the list.

Mother Superior (reading): Three thousand chemises. Hardly enough. We require five thousand.

Lawyer: Now, now, now, let's say four thousand, that should be ample.

Mother Superior: And what about the linen?

Lawyer: Do you mean to say you want linen as well?

Mother Superior: You must remember that the young lady will be with us until she is eighty. I take it that the knives and forks are silver?

Lawyer: Solid silver, I assure you.

Mother Superior: My dear sir, one must always make sure. Also we prefer the cupboards to be of cherry rather than birch.

Lawyer: We won't quarrel about that. We now come to the most important question, madame.

Mother Superior: Yes.

Lawyer: You know what I refer to. You don't think there will be any difficulties?

Mother Superior: I am afraid there may be.

Lawyer: It is true we cannot vouch for the young lady's descent.

Mother Superior (relieved): Oh that, that is all right. I thought you had something else in mind. *(She goes up to Isabella and feels the top of her skull. Laughing)* Peaked, there's no denying it. That won't matter here. A mere question of externals. If everything else is all right, that will not make any difference. But now about the important question, the weekly contribution. . . .

Lawyer: You have information of the income of the de Guzman estates?

Mother Superior: The rents are not high. A percentage of course will have to be made over to our convent. Twenty-five per cent.

Lawyer: That is quite impossible. The young lady's brother has the family name to keep up and he depends entirely upon the rents.

Mother Superior: As far as I am aware, Mr. de Guzman is not exactly in a position at the moment to keep up the family name.

Lawyer. All the same, the young lady will live very simply here, won't she.

Mother Superior: Simply does not mean cheaply.

Lawyer: Moreover, the fact that the new government has come into power makes it possible not only that the regular collection of rents will be assured, but also that they may be raised.

Mother Superior: I am very glad to hear it, but one cannot wholly rely on that.

Lawyer: It is quite true, I don't see myself how the already overburdened tenants are to be made to pay more. It may turn out to be impossible for us to keep Miss de Guzman here. Miss de Guzman, hadn't you better think it over?

Mother Superior: Yes, think it over, my child. You know now what it costs.

Isabella (to the lawyer): Is it really too expensive? *(The lawyer takes Isabella into the corner. He interrupts to ask the sisters again.)*

Lawyer: Six thousand? *(The sisters shake their heads and look straight ahead. The lawyer to Isabella.)* The life that you have chosen costs a lot of money.

Isabella (weeps because the beautiful life is so difficult to attain): I want it, I want it.

Lawyer (to the Mother Superior): You must remember that on account of the good harvest the corn is bringing in practically nothing this year; even the landowners are denying themselves luxuries these days.

Mother Superior: We have fields of our own so we suffer from that ourselves. You must remember, however, that the family will be greatly benefited by the young lady's entering our convent. We have already mentioned her descent.

Lawyer: Very good. I had one other question. *(He reads from his slip of paper.)* Would the estate pass formally into the hands of the convent? Would the Needy Sisters, if necessity arose, start legal proceedings?

Mother Superior (nodding to each question): That will be taken care of.

Lawyer: Then I think we're agreed. We have only to see now that we get

our money. That is not so simple in the midst of civil war. Here are the books and title deeds of the de Guzman estate. *(He hands them to the Mother Superior who locks them up.)*

Mother Superior: Well, dear child, we are pleased to welcome you within our silent precincts. You will live in peace here. The storms of life do not penetrate to this sanctuary. *(A stone breaks the window.)* What's that? *(She runs to the window.)* What are those people with the armbands doing in our grounds? *(She rings and a nun enters)*

The Nun: Good Mother, outside. . . .

Mother Superior: I've seen it all. Tell the de Guzman's coachman to drive up.

The Nun: It's dreadful. The hooligan at the head of the mob, the one with the painted woman beside him, unharnessed Mr. de Guzman's horses. He said they were his. He said he was Mr. de Guzman's tenant and needed them for his farm. He hit the coachman on the head and drove the horses away, saying that Mr. de Guzman could go to the gallows on foot.

Mother Superior: Scandalous.

Lawyer: Madame, under the circumstances I should like to ask you to take the young lady immediately under your protection. *(The Mother Superior looks at the other nuns.)*

Mother Superior: It seems to me that the property of the de Guzman family is in more danger than the family itself.

Lawyer: You mean to say that you refuse asylum to the young lady?

Mother Superior: I am responsible for the peace of these walls, good sir. I hope you can understand the situation without my having to say what is not pleasant to say.

Isabella: Let us be going, then.

Lawyer: And what about our agreement over the estates?

Mother Superior: We shall keep to our word wherever we can. *(The parties bow to one another. The lawyer and Isabella leave the room.)*

Scene VI

MADAME CORNAMONTIS' CAFE

(Afternoon. The three rich landowners Saz, de Hoz and Peruiner are sitting at a small table between large chests. Callamassi is in the background, behind a newspaper. Madame Cornamontis is behind the bar smoking and knitting.)

Saz: It was a good plan to wait here till our train pulled in.

Peruiner: If any train will pull in.

De Hoz: Here one is unobserved, which in these days is much to be desired, to such a pass we've come!

Saz: What's the war news? That's the main thing now.

Peruiner: Bad. This journey does not lure me. . . .

De Hoz:
The regent is to blame. And wise
Duarte
Who brought this Iberin to his notice.
All this blah of round and pointed
heads
Was meant to bring the tenants from
the Sickle flag
Only to clap their clogs to Iberin.

(Noise without)

Peruiner: What's that noise?

Saz (ironically): The popular hero.
The story of Callas and the horses
Has gone round Yahoo.

Peruiner: A nasty business.

Saz: The sort of thing that spreads.

Peruiner: I quite agree.

(Tenant Callas and his daughter come down the street. He is leading two

horses. Tenant Parr and three Huas are with him, within a crowd. Callas ties up the horses and enters the cafe. The crowd call: "Long live Iberin! Long live Callas!")

One Hua: Go on Callas! In with you, you old sinner!

Another Hua: Dear people. You see here, "Callas and his horses." The victor according to the sentence of a Czuchish court.

Madame Cornamontis: Good day, Nanna. You are welcome as a guest in the house where you served so long.

Callas (introducing Parr): This is my friend Parr, also a tenant. Yes, about the horses! A couple of days ago I was walking along the road with my daughter. The case had been won and the landlord was to be hanged. But I myself had not got anywhere in this business. I was just as poor as before, except for the honor, so to speak. I had been given my daughter back, so to speak, but that only meant another mouth to feed. I caught sight of the horses in front of the convent of the good-for-nothing nuns of San Barabas. "Oh," I said to my daughter, "aren't these the horses he promised you when he seduced you?" "They are," said my daughter, only she was not sure whether people would believe us or not. "Why not," I said, and I led off the horses. I've had enough of being sat upon.

Parr (in admiration): He didn't wait to ask. He just took them.

Callas: I thought—But what one has, one has *(Sings the But-What-One-Has-One-Has song.)*

Once a certain man
To mourn his lot began
They said to him: just wait
So he waited, the good man,
Though the waiting had no date.
Hail Iberin! Ave!

But what one has, one has.

The man began to waste
With bankruptcy was faced.
He was a ruffian bold
Men acquiesced in haste.
A promise he did hold.
Hail Iberin! Ave!

But what one has, one has.

As no kind friends began
To fetch things for our man
He thought he'd help himself
And now takes what he can
And scorns all men with pelf.
Hail Iberin! Ave!

But what one has, one has.

Saz: Blatant rebellion, I call it.

Hua: From the Czuchish standpoint it is one of the greatest deeds of heroism, and its emulation is recommended. *(Madame Cornamontis brings Nanna a cup of coffee.)*

Madame Cornamantis: Would you like a cup of coffee, Nanna?

Nanna: No thanks.

Madame Cornamontis: Do have a cup.

Nanna: I didn't order any.

Madame Cornamontis: There's no charge for it. *(To Mr. Saz in a whisper as she passes by his chair)* Look out.

Saz (turning away from her, to the Huas): Do you really think that that is in the spirit of Mr. Iberin?

Hua: Yes, my good sir, it *is* in the spirit of Mr. Iberin. You think, I suppose, that a person who goes about in clogs is inferior to you? To put you right on this point we'll take the liberty of singing the New Iberin Song.

THE NEW IBERIN SONG

The landlord ponders day and night
On how to satisfy each whim.
And when he thinks of it, presto,
The tenant runs and fetches it for him.

He brings him a dish

Of meat or fish
And at a sign
Pours him wine
The rarest are for him; his smoke Havana
His drink champagne, his fruit banana.
Everything he wants
Is simply there.
The rich man said: that's the way for me,
The way, thank God! it should always be.

Then, my dear friends, the tenants went to their friend Mr. Iberin and Mr. Iberin went to the landlord and showed him. The landlord became so humble that henceforth he has treated his tenant like a brother and:

The tenant ponders day and night
On how to satisfy each whim.
And when he thinks of it, presto,
The landlord runs and fetches it for him.
He brings him a dish
Of meat or fish
And at a sign
Pours him wine.
The rarest are for him, his smoke Havana,
His drink champagne, his fruit banana.
Everything he wants
Is simply there.
The tenant said: that's the way for me.
The way, thank God! it should always be.

(The Huas act the song with Parr. In the first verse they make Parr bow down before the landowners; in the second verse they lift him up on the table, put Mr. Saz's hat on his head and give him Mr. de Hoz's cigars and Mr. Peruiner's glasses. Parr accompanies with a clog dance.)

Hua: Horses and modern farm implements will soon be distributed among the tenants. After that the land will be distributed. Callas has merely put himself first on the list.

Parr (to Callas): It's just what the Sicklemen are after.

Callas: It's more. According to the Sicklemen, the village is to get the horses. But listen to me. It may be quite true about the future . . . but you know what I did. With all due respects to Mr. Iberin's assurances, and it is needless to say that my confidence in them is unbounded, if I were you, if I had any opportunity during the next few days of getting at horses on my own, as I did, take the opportunity.

Parr: I see what you mean. Hail Iberin, but what one has, one has. Callas, you have opened my eyes. I know now what I must do. *(He goes off in haste.)*

Hua: And now I ask all present to drink the health of Callas and his horses.

(The Huas stand up. The rich landowners, excepting Mr. Peruiner, remain seated.)

De Hoz (under his breath): I'm not going to drink to the health of a horse thief.

Saz: Then we had better go home.

(The landowners pay, get up and leave.)

Hua: I can hardly believe my eyes. They wouldn't drink your health, Callas. That looks bad. I bet they're Czichs.

Callas: Why, they're the ones who were at de Guzman's trial. They testified that my daughter had molested him. They're de Guzman's pals, the same sort as he is.

The Huas: You stay here, Callas; we'll bring them back and have a confidential talk with these gentlemen in your presence. *(The Huas follow after the landowners.)*

Madame Cornamontis (hurrying after the Huas): For God's sake, don't do

anything against the biggest landowners in the country.

Callas (to his daughter): Nanna darling, can't you find me a little loose cash? I'm pretty hungry.

Nanna: There's nothing I can do now. For three days the whole of Yahoo has feted me like a queen. People drink my health and compliment me on my rise in the world. For three days not a man has done more than tip his hat to me. I can no longer earn anything. Men look at me now with respect instead of with desire. I am ruined.

Callas: But there's no reason for you to go back to that sort of thing. Look, I have horses now, and I got them without lifting a finger.

Nanna: I'm not sure they're yours yet. *(The two de Guzman family lawyers come in and rush toward Callas with outstretched arms.)*

The Lawyers: Ah, here you are, my dear Mr. Callas, we have a most attractive proposition to make to you. Things are panning out very satisfactorily. *(They sit down beside him.)*

Callas: Well.

The Lawyers: There's a certain family you know of. You can guess the name. Well, they are ready to meet you half way in the matter of the horses.

Nanna: What do you mean?

Callas: You refer to a certain Czichish family, I suppose.

The Lawyers: You must realize that you will eventually face a lawsuit over the horses.

Callas: I don't know.

The Lawyers: You will, my dear man. Not a stone will be left unturned by the family involved, a family of high standing, to have their present sentence remitted, after which certain other actions will follow. . . .

Callas: From the Czichish side.

The Lawyers (laughing): From the Czichish side. We are in possession of an affidavit testifying that your daughter had had relations with another gentleman before she made the acquaintance of the Czichish gentleman in question, so that the charge of seduction falls through.

Nanna: That's a lie.

The Lawyers: If you were to admit it we could immediately discuss the question of compensation.

Callas: To that I have only one answer.

Nanna: Wait. *(To the lawyers.)* Let me have a few words alone with my father.

The Lawyers: Well, not to beat about the bush, we want you to know you can have legal possession of the two horses if you act prudently. *(The lawyers stroll towards where the horses are tied.)*

Callas: Iberin is on our side. That's why they're making us propositions. They want us to sell our good name for a ham sandwich. What do you think?

Nanna: I think we should take the horses. The question is not what side Iberin is on but how the fighting is going.

Callas: And how is the fighting going?

Nanna (excitedly looking through the paper): This is all lies but it is quite clear that the Sicklemen are winning. Even here it says that they got outside the town of Mirasonnore, that's where the power station is that supplies Yahoo. If they take it, Yahoo will go dark and everything will stop running.

Callas: Dear daughter, I drain my glass to our good friend Lopez. He's

fighting like a tiger. The landowners begin to give their horses away. But I must stay here, because what one has, one has.

Nanna: But, the tide may turn. There are too few with the Sickle League. Too many ran away as you did.

Callas: I am of a different opinion. *(He beckons to the lawyers)* Sirs, my answer to the de Guzman family is: no, I do not need to make any compromises. Read today's papers. Tell them I see no reason to lick their boots.

The Lawyers: And the two horses?

Callas: I have the horses. They are standing outside. And I have no intention of selling the honor of a Czuchish girl.

The Lawyers: As you wish. *(Exeunt lawyers)*

Callamassi (who has been sitting at the next table): Are you angry, Mr. Callas?

Callas: On the contrary. These Czichs are a soft lot. They're out to bribe me; but I caught them. They wanted to make me a present of the horses I already have, in payment for a dishonorable act toward my own daughter. That's Czichs all over. They think one can't do anything except for money. The Deputy was absolutely right. Good Sir, the days when I had to sell my honor are past. Today I no longer look at things materialistically. How stupid these Czichs are. They think they'll make out that I got the horses because the Czich had my daughter. Not everyone would get a bargain like that. My daughter looks as well as any other girl of her age. But just look at the horses. I have them tied up outside. And between ourselves, there was never any question of my getting the horses for the girl.

Nanna (sees that he is drunk): We'd better go, father!

Callas: It's absurd: Who would offer two horses like that for a girl? You must really see those horses.

Callamassi: Mr. Callas, I should esteem it a great honor to be allowed to look at your horses.

(Nanna pulls her father out by the coat-tails. Callamassi follows them. A radio announcement is heard: "The Mirasonnore power station is threatened by the Sickle troops. The current may be cut off from the capital at any moment." The rich landowners Saz, de Hoz and Peruiner come in through the back door. They are wounded. Madame Cornamontis goes up to them.)

Madame Cornamontis: You would have done much better to swallow your pride and stand up with the others to drink the health of Callas. He is now a national hero.

Saz: Pull down the blinds, the Huas are after us.

Peruiner: Water and bandages!

(Madame Cornamontis brings water and bandages. The gentlemen begin to bind their wounds.)

Saz: When the Sicklemen have been crushed, we'll have these fellows hanged.

Peruiner (to Madame Cornamontis): I can't use my arm. Bandage my head, will you?

Madame Cornamontis: I don't see any wound there, sir!

Peruiner: There's no wound, but don't you see it's peaked! *(There is a knock at the door and a man enters.)*

Doctor: I have been called here. I am a doctor.

Peruiner (shouts): Take your hat off.

(The doctor takes off his hat. He has a peak head.)

Peruiner: You're a Czich!

Doctor (shouts): I am a doctor!

Saz: If you're found here, we'll get it in the neck. Get out! *(Exit the doctor)*

De Hoz (to Peruiner): You *would* be a Czich. If you weren't, nothing would have happened to us.

Peruiner: I'm not of that opinion. Not now. It's our clothes. That's why the mob is after us. We should never have allowed de Guzman, a fellow landlord, to get into their clutches. We gave him up as a Czich, but the mob attacked him as a landlord; and now they're after all of us.

De Hoz: Well, let's go. But where? The station would be a trap for us.

(There is a knock at the door. Madame Cornamontis opens cautiously. Missena enters.)

Missena (warmly): Delighted to find you here.

Saz: And we, Sir, are most obliged to you. Your good men, your Hua crowd, have nearly made hash of us.

De Hoz: What's the war news?

Missena: Bad.

Saz: The truth now.

Missena: The battle's lost. Our troops are routed. We can't get them to make a stand.

Peruiner: Where's the battlefield?

Missena: The fighting is around the Mirasonnore power station.

Saz: So near?

Missena: Yes, we need money. We must have money, money do you hear?

Peruiner: Money, money, money, money, easily said! But what will you use it for?

Saz: Iberin's boys have attacked us!

Missena: That's why we need money, my friends. He has to feed his men. Don't you get the idea? He hires one half of the poor against the other half. Czuch or Czich, it makes no difference. What we need now is money to feed the half that helps us keep the other half down. Otherwise all is lost. *(The light flickers out)*

Saz: What's the matter?

Missena: Mirasonnore has fallen, my friends!

Madame Cornamontis (brings in a candle which she lights): God save us, sirs, what's going to happen now? Soon the Sicklemen will be in Yahoo.

De Hoz: What can save us?

Missena: Cash!

Saz: Cash comes forth with confidence! In whom can we have confidence now? I'll lodge no complaint of assault and battery; if only my goods are safe, a knock or two won't bother me. The question that concerns me is our rents. What about our rents?

Missena: Rents are property and property is sacred.

Peruiner: What about Callas and his horses?

Missena: What do you want?

Saz: That this "hero" be brought before the law! At once, and publicly.

Missena: Agreed! You bring the cash and we will sue. I know that Iberin is outraged by this lowdown, grasping spirit the tenants show. But what's the good of grumbling? Wait till we've overcome the Sicklemen. In the meanwhile give him and others like him a free hand. Help Iberin crush the Sicklemen and de Guzman will get his horses back. At the trial we'll

only take up the question of the horses. Let's go to Iberin! But I want to warn you. Careful how you discuss money with him. His unworldly soul shrinks from all material things. He thinks the Czuchish soul itself is enough to win. Therefore in offering him the financial help he needs, be tactful. Then he'll take it in a spirit of renunciation and self-sacrifice.

Peruiner (indicating his head): A head like this he'll hardly welcome.

Missena: In time of need, he'll learn to prize your worth.

Peruiner: He doesn't take money from Czichs.

Missena (smiling): He does, I'll bet you he does. Come, we have no time to waste.

Scene VII

THE REGENT'S PALACE

(The court is again in session. The courtroom, however, is greatly changed. A large chandelier, a carpet and the new clothes worn by the officials all speak of wealth. The old judge is wearing a new gown and smoking a fat cigar. The police inspector is no longer barefoot. As the clerks arrange the courtroom furniture, under Missena's direction, the judge sings to soft music the song of the Life-giving Power of Gold.)

Gold is much despised on this our planet.
Though where 'tis absent things fall flat,
While our state with money-bags to man it
Prospers and we all grow fat.
Our poor land's ruin by gold was stayed.
The frozen ponds are running water.
Sunrise lights the Eastern quarter.
In the house the fire is made.
Yes, the world now looks as different as it can.

Hearts faster beat, and loads are lighter.
Boards are better spread and garments brighter.
And man is quite a different sort of man.

Oh, how terribly are those mistaken
Who believe that gold's of no account.
Fruitfulness with plague is overtaken
When the stream stops in lucre's fount;
Each man shouts and takes what can be taken.
Everything is plunged in darkest night;
Those who starve not are not sated;
Hearts are dead and love has lost its light;
Kin by nearest kin are hated,
See the hearths—they are no longer bright.
The atmosphere is one we can't extol.
Malice rules with envy close beside her.
None will be ridden, each the rider
And the world's a world without a soul.
Quickly wanes all virtue on this earth,
For hungry men care naught for worth.

But if the good man has a little gold
Then with the saints he'll be enrolled.
Once more one sees what human nature can attain.
"Edel sei der Mensch," as said the famous writer.
Men's minds are growing now. They had begun to wane.
The heart is firmer and the outlook brighter.
All know who's the ridden, who the rider,
Who's the in—and who outsider.

(The inspector writes in large letters on a blackboard: Convent of San Barabas versus Tenant Farmer Callas, in re: Two horses.
Illuminated bulletin: GOVERNMENT TROOPS ADVANCE. Iberin comes out of the palace.)

Iberin: How goes the fighting?

Missena: Better. The Sicklemen are repulsed; we are attacking. We have fresh troops and new equipment. Mirasonnore will be the turning point. Around the power station, the battle rages. You'll take the case yourself?

Iberin: I'm not thinking of the case. Nothing's decided. When there is victory, I'll pass judgment, not before.

Missena: We'll begin then, shall we?

Iberin: Do as you please. *(Returns to the palace)*

Missena: Always vacillating. We'll begin. Your worship, a word with you. *(Takes the judge aside and speaks to him. When the parties in the case appear, he leaves.)*

Police Inspector: The Convent of San Barabas versus Tenant Farmer Callas. Matter in dispute, two horses.

(Callas, his daughter, Isabella de Guzman, the Mother Superior of San Barabas and the lawyers are admitted into the court.)

Callas: I'll hold a candle up to him now and we'll see how he carries out his ideas in practice. He'll tell us whether a Czich has the right to deprive a Czuch of horses that he needs for his farm.

Nanna: According to that you might take any horse you happened to find standing in the street.

Callas: Any horse belonging to a Czich.

The Czuchish Lawyer: How goes the fighting?

The Mother Superior: Well, since this morning.

The Lawyer: Good, everything depends on how it goes.

Isabella: Ah, Mother, if only this base wrangle
For earthly goods were done!

Nanna: Good-for-nothing Peakhead, but pious I suppose. She makes up for her peakhead with a round bottom. It's plump like a queen's. She's well fed; she ought to have plenty of staying power; but she'll never have to use it. No work for her. *(To Callas.)* It's you who pays for her.

Callas: I? I shall pay nothing. *(To Isabella.)* You'll get nothing out of me.

Mother Superior: My dear child, take refuge in our quiet precincts. It will be good for you.

Nanna: Yes, it will do her good. She needs a long rest from doing nothing.

Callas: Czichish scum.

Nanna: The old judge is back again. That's bad.

Callas: The public's not admitted. That's a bad sign too.

Nanna: Her brother will be strung up anyway. *(Isabella shows signs of fainting. Nanna at the top of her voice.)* I suppose you need the two horses to bring your chamber pot into the convent.

Mother Superior: Never mind them, poor child. You're safe now. *(Goes up to Callas.)* You're probably counting on the fact that your head is round. You think that that excuses you from paying? Do you know to whom you are in debt?

Callas: I won't pay anything to Czichs.

(The Mother Superior strokes her own head.)

Nanna: What's the idea?

Mother Superior: You'll see. Let me inform you that our heads are also round.

Nanna (to her father): On the front things go badly for the Sicklemen, and here they go differently for us from what they did eight days ago. They've smartened up the place, but I'm afraid not for us.

Callas: I trust Iberin.

(Bulletin board: THE RECENTLY ANNOUNCED DEATH SENTENCE ON A LARGE LANDOWNER HAS MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION. MEMBERS OF THE SICKLE LEAGUE ARE RETURNING TO THEIR FARMS.)

Chief Justice: Iberin is very busy; however he will give judgment in this case since it has been so much discussed and brings up basic questions of property rights.

Callas: I should like particularly to mention that I rely on the deputy regent's statement that rent in the future will be of secondary importance; and also on his remark, "What are two horses?" and finally on the fact that I have been wronged.

Chief Justice: Everything in proper order, please. First of all we shall hear the de Guzmans' family lawyer.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Your honor, I insist that this man has not the slightest legal claim on the horses, which he took by violence from the rightful owners.

Nanna: The young lady has the claim. She has to pray on horseback.

Chief Justice: Defendant Callas, explain why you took the horses.

Callas: When my daughter was seduced by the landlord, it was agreed that I should have the horses.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Then it was a commercial transaction? *(Callas does not answer.)*

The Czuchish Lawyer:

A commercial transaction by your own account.
Your daughter for two horses—a thing impossible!
Or was it possible for you?

Callas: It wasn't anything like that.

The Czuchish Lawyer: What was it then?

Callas (to Nanna): What does he say?

Nanna: Say the horses were a present.

The Czuchish Lawyer: When?

Callas: What does he mean, when?

The Czichish Lawyer: Before or after?

Callas: I don't answer Czichs. *(He looks round for applause but encounters only stony stares.)* You're trying to get me into a trap, with your trick questions. Questions like that are hatched only under peaked skulls.

Chief Justice:

If you had first contracted out your daughter—
And I can scarcely credit that you did—
You would have been your daughter's own procurer.
The court assumes the deal was later made
And that the landlord, to buy your silence,
Gave you the horses,—a salve for your paternal pain.

Callas: Yes, it was afterwards he gave me the horses. Yes, I'd say he gave them as a sort of salve for my wounded feelings, just as you say.

(Illuminated bulletin: OFFENSIVE IN THE SOUTH SUCCESSFUL, SICKLEMEN RETREATING)

The Czichish Lawyer (quietly to the other): No word about Czich and Czuch today.

The Czuchish Lawyer: I've noticed that.

(Addressing the court).

Your honor! Gentlemen of the Court!
It is my firm conviction
The question we must here consider
Is one of first importance to our land.
It might be said two horses, more or less,
Could hardly be of much account

To my defendants; but 'tis clear
If these two horses will not be restored
Then tenants will feel free
To take anything they see.

Nanna: And this smooth dame will not be able to retire for her beauty rest into the convent.

The Mother Superior (in a very loud voice:)

From our stable in the South a tenant
Drives our horse and confiscates our plough;
Then shouting that he is wronged he further
Takes our fields and calls it an injustice
That horse and farm were yesterday another's.

The Czichish Lawyer: Your worship, there is a prisoner who can give testimony in this case. He is also a tenant; may he be called?

(The judge nods)

Police Inspector (calling): Tenant Parr.

Nanna: What do you want Parr for?

Callas: Nothing at all, it's a trick.

(Parr is brought in in heavy chains)

The Czuchish Lawyer: You came into Madame Cornamontis' cafe with Mr. Callas when he brought the horses there, is that so?

Parr: Yes, sir.

The Czuchish Lawyer: You are also one of Mr. de Guzman's tenants?

Parr: Yes, sir.

The Czichish Lawyer: After leaving the cafe, you walked five hours to your village and drove two horses from de Guzman's farm?

Parr: Yes, sir.

The Czichish Lawyer: On what grounds?

(Parr is silent)

The Czuchish Lawyer: You have no daughter, have you, Mr. Parr?

Parr: No, sir.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Then they were not a present from Mr. de Guzman?

(Parr is silent)

The Czuchish Lawyer: Why did you appropriate the horses?

Parr: Because I need them.

(The lawyers smile.)

Chief Justice: But that is no reason for taking them, my man.

Parr: It would not be for you, sir, but for me it is different. As my farm is all bogland, I need horses to plough it. That should be clear to anyone.

The Czichish Lawyer: Mr. Callas, is your farm also bogland?

Callas: It is indeed.

The Czuchish Lawyer: And did you also need the horses?

Callas: Yes, that is to say, no. I did not take them because I needed them, but because they were given to me as a present.

The Czuchish Lawyer: You therefore do not approve of your friend's action?

Callas: No, I certainly do not. *(To Parr)* You just went and took the horses! What right did you have to them, eh?

Parr: As good as yours! If I had no right to the horses I took, you had no right to the horses you took.

The Czuchish Lawyer: What's that? What do you mean? Callas had no right?

Parr: Because the horses were not given to him.

Callas: How do you know?

Parr: De Guzman must have a lot of horses if he's going to give a pair away every time he has a woman.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Your honor, tenant Parr is expressing in the plainest terms the opinion current among tenants with regard to situations such as that between de Guzman and Nanna Callas. Your honor, may I call a witness whose testimony I think will enlighten the court. This witness will transmit Mr. Callas' own opinion as to whether landlords give away horses for a tenant girl's favors.

Nanna: Who have you blabbed to now? You let off a lot of wind in the cafe.

Callas: The whole show is spoiled. Damn that idiot Parr.

(Callamassi comes in.)

The Czuchish Lawyer: Please repeat what you heard Mr. Callas say in the cafe.

Callamassi (all in one breath): Mr. Callas said: Between ourselves there was never any question of my getting the horses for the girl. It's absurd, who would offer two horses like that for a girl? Take a look at the horses.

The Chief Justice (to Callas): Did you say that?

Nanna: No, he didn't.

Callas: Yes, that is to say no, I was drunk, your Worship, everyone drank my health that day; I had plenty to drink but nothing to eat, and you know what drink does to a man on an empty stomach.

Chief Justice: That doesn't sound so well, Mr. Callas. Perhaps you will consider returning the horses of your own free will.

Nanna: You'll do nothing of the sort.

Callas: Never, your Worship, as I am not in a position to do this. *(Loudly)* I move that the Deputy himself give judgment in this case as it is not ordinary horses but Czichish horses that are in dispute.

(Illuminated bulletin: THE DEPUTY WILL SOON ANNOUNCE GOOD NEWS FROM THE FRONT. Iberin enters from the palace.)

Chief Justice: Your excellency, tenant Callas asks for your judgment in the case concerning the horses belonging to the Convent of San Barabas.

Iberin (to Callas):

What do you want of me? Have I not
done all
That you could require of me? Have
I not
Restored to you your honor and con-
demned
Him who had wronged you, despite
His wealth and your poverty. Did I
not
Raise you up; but did you stay erect?
I know your plot, and warn you!

Callas: I should like to call your attention to the fact that the horses which I need for ploughing were in Czichish hands.

Mother Superior: And I would like to call attention to the fact that you are now in Czuchish hands.

Sir!
We are the horses' owners,
And we are Czuchs. But even if they
were
Czichish, still, property is property
Which none may alienate. Sir, ima-
gine two horses
In a field. Walk round them, pinch
them,
Look them in the mouth. Can any-
where
A Czichish sign be seen? No, Sir, it
can't
By any means, for what's a horse, sir?
Is it a Czichish, or a Czuchish thing?
It's neither, it is something that is
worth
A hundred pesos odd. It might be
A piece of cheese, a pair of boots and
still

But be so many pesos worth. In short
A hundred pesos graze upon the meadow.
And they are convent pesos which by chance
Are covered with a horse's skin. And as
The skin lies on the horse, thus on it,
Our claim lies. It is convent property.

The Czuchish Lawyer:

Because by transference of right one half
Of all the goods and chattels of the farm
From which these horses come are convent property.

Callas: When I took the horses they did not belong to the convent.

Isabella (suddenly excited): But neither did they belong to you, you beast. Take your hat off!

Nanna: You weren't asked.

Callas: The whole gang doesn't even know how to harness a horse to a cart.

Isabella: Take your hat off! They are our horses. Take your hat off!

Callas: I refer to the Deputy's statement that here there are neither rich nor poor.

Isabella: Take your hat off!

Iberin: Yes, take it off. *(Callas does so.)* Enough of this dispute.
(To the landowners.)
I hear that there is now a rumor current
That because I judged a Czichish landlord,
I am the landlord's enemy. Nothing
Could be more false. The sentence that I passed
Was passed against abuse of power, and you,
Peasant, scorning the things that move a Czuch
Thought only of your gain.
Do horses pay you for your honor?
A Czuch should blush for shame!

The Czuchish Lawyer: Your Excellency, my clients, the Convent of San Barabas, wish to bear witness to the fact that the defendant is a disaffected element.

The Czichish Lawyer: The defendant himself condemned horse theft when it was committed by another, by the tenant Parr. *(To the witness, Callamassi.)* You say that the defendant sang a certain seditious song in the cafe?

Callamassi: Yes, it was the prohibited song, "But what one has, one has."

Nanna (to her father): You're done for now.

The Czuchish Lawyer: I move that the defendant be asked to sing the song.

Iberin (to Callas): Did you sing that song?

Callas: No, that is to say, yes. I was drunk, your Excellency; everyone drank my health but nobody gave me anything to eat; and you know what drink does to a man on an empty stomach.

Iberin: Sing it, please.

Callas: I'm very hoarse today.

The Czuchish Lawyer: We are not expecting to get any aesthetic pleasure from it.

Iberin: Sing!

Callas: I only once heard it, so I can't remember it word for word, but it goes something like this. *(He sings the song without emphasis on any word except the word Iberin.)*

The Mother Superior: Blatant rebellion, I call it.

Chief Justice: The song is outright defamation of the government.

Iberin: The defendant is to be deprived of the horses.

Chief Justice: You are deprived of the horses. *(Leaves)*

Callas: Then I am not to have the horses?

Iberin: No, right is right, for you, as for everyone else.

Callas: Then I should like to say that I spit on your right if I am not to have the horses that I need for my farm. There is nothing right about that. It's not right for me if I am not to have the horses which I need. That is landlord justice. I realize now that I would have done much better had I joined the Sickle League. *(At this moment the bells start ringing.)*

Voice from Behind: The Sickle League is defeated.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Victory!

(Missena appears with a microphone.)

Missena: Your excellency, the tenants' rising
Is, with the help of God, wiped out in blood.

Mother Superior (applauding genteelly): Bravo.

Iberin (at the microphone):

The Sickle flag lies in the dust;
Arms outstretched for others' goods
Are hewn to the ground: it is a Czuchish trait
To reverence the rights of property;
A good Czuch will sooner starve to death
Than eat what lies upon another's dish.
But there are in Yahoo a baser sort
That sucks with parasitic mouth the state's welfare
And mumbles, "We are not to blame.
"Give us to eat, there is no work." And we
Throw them a crust, but spurn their claim to Czuchship.
Let them be fed, at the abasing beggar's dish;
But those who claim that since they till the land,
The land is theirs, and seize the landlord's property,
Because they say they need it,—such thieves, I say,
We'll scatter and destroy, for such as they
Divide our land, against all natural laws,
Into two camps, with greedy aims in view
Which only greed engender. We must crush
The last of these foul rebels, nothing trust
Till every Sickle flag is trodden in the dust.

(At this moment the lights go on in the chandelier.)

Voice from Behind: The town of Mirasonnore has been retaken. The power station is in the hands of the government! Long live Iberin!

Iberin: Ah, light at last!

(To Callas, holding the microphone to his mouth.)

And you, peasants, go home and plough the land;
Leave state affairs to men
Who see things as a whole. If you are poor
It is because your work is insufficient.
Industry we need and not complaints.
The fields need laborers;
Go, give your best and do not vainly yearn.
And thus the honored name of peasant earn.

(He turns away into the palace followed by Missena. All leave except Callas and Nanna.)

(Illuminated bulletin: SICKLEMEN ROUTED. TENANTS ARE ABANDONING THE FIELDS THEY HAVE APPROPRIATED.)

Callas: Did you hear? The swine sentenced me to death!

Nanna: I didn't hear anything of the kind. He said you were to be deprived of the horses.

Callas: It's the same thing.

(The bells continue ringing.)

Scene VIII

A STREET IN YAHOO

(The bells are still ringing. The tobacconist is standing in the doorway of his shop. The door of the provision shop to the right opens and the fat woman comes out with boxes and portmanteaus.)

The Fat Woman: What are all the bells for, Mr. Palmosa?

Palmosa: Bells of victory, Madame Tomaso. The Sickle League has, with God's help, been crushed. It's a great victory!

The Fat Woman: I shall have to move, I can't pay rent.

Palmosa: Couldn't you manage to hold out till the government projects begin?

The Fat Woman: No. *(She sits down for a moment on her trunk.)* And I've lived here thirty-five years!

Palmosa: I shall also probably have to move. Luckily my son, who is in the Czuchish Legion, will soon get a good salary.

The Fat Woman: Mr. Iberin has greatly disappointed me. He looks so energetic.

Palmosa: Give him time. Rome wasn't built in a day. You have to make your little sacrifice, Madame Tomaso, along with the others, in order that Yahoo may attain prosperity.

The Fat Woman: The only good thing Iberin did was to get rid of the Czich who had the provision shop over there! *(A man with a diffident manner and a large hat has come down the street. He opens the door of the provision shop to the left; it is the Czichish shopman.)*

The Fat Woman (leaving with her boxes): It's beyond me!

(Bells ring. The Czichish shopman comes out of the provision shop to the left again. He also has shut up his shop and had only come back to fetch his portmanteau. Callamassi comes down the street.)

Callamassi: I've just come from the trial. Great news. Callas has been deprived of the horses.

Palmosa: You don't say. And what about the landowner?

Callamassi: There was nothing said about him.

Palmosa: Do you think he will go free?

Callamassi: Am I to understand that as a criticism of the government, Mr. Palmosa?

Palmosa: Mr. Callamassi, my business is to sell cigars and not to criticize the government.

Callamassi (entering his office): You had better be careful, Mr. Palmosa. The deputy spoke very sharply against disaffected elements. Moreover, you haven't paid your rent yet.

(Palmosa runs over to the cafe and rings until Madame Cornamontis comes out.)

Palmosa (regarding Madame Cornamontis with a strange look): Madame Cornamontis, Callas has been deprived of his horses.

Madame Cornamontis: Then I can expect a visitor soon. *(Goes in again.)*

Palmosa (goes back into his shop): Well, well, times change.

(Callas comes down the street with

his daughter who is carrying a portmanteau.)

Nanna: Now we're back here where we were before. Here is the house. This is where people asked, how is it a Czuchish girl ever came into such a house. "It is unworthy of a Czuch!" they cried, but as one cannot eat fine words, I must be thankful if they'll take me back again.

Callas: They will be very pleased to see you.

Nanna: I don't know.

Callas: Luckily none of these Iberin people can see us. If they did they would lock me up for not behaving like a national hero. *(They ring.)* Why does nobody open?

Nanna: Perhaps it has been closed for good by the police.

Callas: This is a nice how d'ye do. I'll have to feed you all through the winter.

Madame Cornamontis (appearing at the door): Ah! Nanna, it's you.

Nanna: Good day, Madame Cornamontis.

Callas: Good day, Madame Cornamontis.

Nanna: Madame Cornamontis, the hopes which my father had with regard to his future have not materialized. I could have told him they wouldn't from the beginning, but a sensational trial in which we both figured—I'm sure you remember it—gave him exaggerated hopes. My father wishes to ask you whether you will take me back.

Madame Cornamontis: I don't know whether I ought to.

Nanna: Strange are the ways of the world, Madame Cornamontis. Two days ago people were carrying me out of the courthouse on their shoulders, and incidentally tore a pair of new silk stockings. But I can count myself lucky as that kind of thing generally turns out worse. All the small folk who were outdoors shouting yesterday and today will soon wake up out of their happy dream. Earning eight pesos and kicking up an eighty peso row can't go on forever.

Madame Cornamontis: All that is in God's hands. *(Inspects Nanna critically.)* To think that you only left my establishment a couple of days ago, and have already become so run down. I shall have to start your education all over again from the very beginning! What was the good of spending so much money on you when in two days all your makeup is ruined. Your stocking is hanging down. And what have you been eating all this time? Your complexion is ruined! And that new smile of yours. You'll have to do more than wash that off! This girl had a smile like a Venus and now she just grins! And those disgusting hip movements, like a common woman of the streets. I shall have to think it over before taking you back. The only thing in your favor is that gentlemen prefer girls who only yesterday seemed to be unattainable. Well, perhaps I'll try you again. *(She goes inside.)*

Callas: Now, dearest Nanna, the hour of parting has again arrived. I'm glad to have met you again and to have satisfied myself that you are not in such a bad way, at all events not in such a bad way as your poor parents! If you could send us anything small in the way of a present from time to time, we should be very glad of it. I and your dear mother have always done all we could to help towards your advancement. Don't forget that.

Nanna: Goodbye, father. We've had a good time, anyway, for a few days. Now, you go straight home and try to keep out of trouble. *(She goes inside.)*

Palmosa (comes out of his shop, where he has been listening): You're not Horseman Callas, are you?

Callas: Yes, that's what they called me, Horseman Callas. But the horses were a dream. The Sickle League was winning then... but now....

Palmosa: Were you successful at least in having your rent written off?

Callas (suddenly remembering): The rent? Of course! We forgot all about it in the horse business. I must find out about the rent.

Palmosa: Where will you go?

Callas: Yes, where?

Palmosa: Why don't you go straight to Mr. Iberin?

Callas: To Iberin? Never again. But I'll clear the matter up all the same.

(He leaves on the run.)

Palmosa: Where are you off to? *(He goes back into his shop, shaking his head. Isabella de Guzman, the Mother Superior of San Barabas and the lawyers pass on their way from the trial.)*

Mother Superior: I think the worst is over. Mr. Peruiner has sent a secret greeting to your brother, and Mr. Saz told me when our troops come to the capital they'll have a surprise in store for Mr. Iberin. You should have heard Saz laugh.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Yes, all is well.

(The inspector and a Hua come down the street with Emanuele de Guzman in chains. De Guzman has a huge placard hung from his shoulders, reading, "I am a Czich, I have dishonored a Czuchish girl for which I rightly go to the gallows.")

Isabella: What's that?

The Czuchish Lawyer: Mr. de Guzman, I congratulate you. All is now well.

Mother Superior: We got back our horses.

The Czuchish Lawyer: The property is saved.

De Guzman: And I?

The Czuchish Lawyer: That question we shall now consider. It wasn't mentioned at the trial.

Isabella: Emanuele, why do you not speak? So pale and so bowed down with chains? This placard, what means it?

Mother Superior: A mere form. Don't let it disturb you.

Isabella: Speak brother, where are you being led?

De Guzman: Dearest sister, I am lost. I'm headed for the Holy Cross.

Isabella: No!

The Czuchish Lawyer: Is it true?

Police Inspector: That's bad. No prisoner has ever left the prison of the Holy Cross alive.

De Guzman: Oh God! I'll go no further, not a step further. *(He sits down on the ground.)*

Isabella: It's true then, Good Mother; all the time a fear lurked in my mind. And now I know it. In all this business of the horses, we forgot my brother. We saved the horses for him but he is lost to us.

De Guzman: Yes, they'll hang me.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Nonsense. After our victory!

Mother Superior: Listen to the bells. Victory!

Isabella: I'm frightened. I remember now. A man came up to me and told me quietly my brother should be kept in mind. The law, he said, was apt to run its course mechanically. He offered help. He frightened me.

The Czuchish Lawyer: What sort of man?

Isabella: Big and brutal. He made me shudder.

The Czuchish Lawyer: That must be Zazarante, Iberin's right hand man.

Police Inspector: Prison Governor of the Holy Cross!

The Czuchish Lawyer: Did he want to make an appointment—any specific time and place?

Isabella: Yes, five in the morning. *(Pause.)*

De Guzman: Sister, save me!

Isabella: Oh, Emanuele. . . .

De Guzman: You please his fancy. It's a rendez-vous. Five a.m. Men don't discuss public affairs at five a.m. I know that kind of appointment. Sister, you must go.

Isabella: Brother!

De Guzman: Do not refuse me.

Mother Superior: This is too absurd, landlords are not hung. You are a landlord, friend.

De Guzman: No, I'm a Czich.

The Czichish Lawyer: Of course it was a bargain, an attempt to force the maid to yield to him. But that was when the Sickle were on top. Then it might have been forced on us, but now, with the Sickle down, we can find other ways out.

Isabella: What does this mean?

Mother Superior: Yesterday, my child, you would have had to go. Today you need not.

De Guzman: Oh, yes, you must. Sister, do it for me. I'm a Czich, there's no remedy for that.

Isabella: Yes, we're Czichs, look at his head, it's peaked. Can we shake off our peaked heads?

De Guzman: She doesn't understand.

Isabella: I understand.

De Guzman: That I must hang?

Isabella: Oh! They want to hang him.

De Guzman: And now, as quickly as possible. Now that we know the abyss we're in, and must stand loss, we must decide how to yield least to save the most. Life must be saved—and anything is less than life. Sister, save me.

Isabella (looks at her brother, horrified): Brother, what's come over you? The man who spoke to me was a beast.

De Guzman: What was I to the tenant's daughter? A beast maybe, too. Of course it's not easy. Do you think it was easy for the tenant's daughter? Look at my paunch! And she was young like you.

Isabella: You asked her?

De Guzman: Of course I asked her.

Isabella: I should have refused.

De Guzman: That may be. I asked; and this man has asked. It's up to you to make your choice. If I am hanged, you'll get no rents. Then you can take your chastity to market.

Isabella: Ask me anything else, my brother!

De Guzman: This is no time to play the saint. They want to hang me. Neither for the whore nor for a virgin do I care to die.

Isabella: Oh brother, it's your dreadful plight that makes you wicked. *(She runs away.)*

De Guzman (shouts after her): No one would blame you, sister.

The Czuchish Lawyer: She'll never do it.

Mother Superior: I'll follow her. *(Exit.)*

The Czuchish Lawyer: I must have a word with Peruiner. Tomorrow morning, early, every landlord must be called to the execution grounds. De Guzman, you're a landlord. *(Exit.)*

The Hua (who has been sitting on the iron ball to which de Guzman's foot is chained, stands up): Stand up. Who won this victory, anyway? As soon as it was announced, they cut our pay.

Police Inspector: We must be moving, Mr. de Guzman.

De Guzman (gets up): I'm lost.

The Czuchish Lawyer (to the Inspector): He's a bit nervous. *(Exeunt.)*

Palmosa (who has again been listening, runs to the café and rings until Madame Cornamontis and Nanna come out): Miss Callas, you've missed something. De Guzman has just passed on his way to the Holy Cross. You will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that he'll hang.

Nanna: Will he?

Palmosa: You don't seem to be particularly pleased over it.

Nanna: The fact is, Mr. Palmosa, I have seen Mr. Iberin at work. Yesterday, the regent was sentencing us; and today the deputy sentences us. Today it is the Mother Superior of San Barabas who gets the horses. Who knows, tomorrow it may be de Guzman? *(She sings the Ballad of the Mill Wheel.)*

THE BALLAD OF THE MILL WHEEL

Many great ones through the ages
Have attained to earthly power.
Yet they all but had their hour,
Sad it is when fate has failed to speed them.
But for us whose job it is to feed them,
Whether this one's high and that one low,
The loads, on our shoulders, always go.
Still the millwheel turns, it turns forever,
Though what is uppermost remains not so.
The water underneath in vain endeavor
Does the work but always stays below.

Many are the different masters
Who've ruled us in their day.
Eagles, Tigers and Hyenas,
Even Swine have had their say.
Which of them was better than the other?
Every boot's the copy of its brother.
And each boot trod us well, d'you catch what's here intended?
We do not seek new masters, we want all mastery ended.
Still the millwheel turns aud turns forever.
What is uppermost remains not so.
While the water underneath in vain endeavor
Does the work but always stays below.

And they beat their heads till they are bloody,
Scrambling after booty.
Each calls the other rascal,
And himself the slave of duty.
The time has come, away to speed them.
Each in lasting conflict with his brother.
Only our resolve that we'll not feed them,
Brings them to peace with one another.
Still the millwheel turns and turns forever.
What is uppermost remains not so.
While the water underneath in vain endeavor
Does the work but always stays below.

Scene IX

MADAME CORNAMONTIS' CAFE

(Isabella at the door.)

Isabella: Now that I know they'll hang my brother, I realize what I must sacrifice for him. But first I want the advice of those who know something about these things. I must know if I

should be proud during the ordeal, or pleading. I must know what clothes to wear, and whether I should come a little late. Should I pretend that I've come willingly, make him believe he's caught my fancy too, or be sad, and act like one submitting to a hard fate. If I acted willing—as if he were the man of my dreams—that would be a way of keeping it from being a mere base transaction. Or, perhaps, it might be more in keeping with my dignity never to let him forget that innocence is being violated, and be cold and passive, remaining, even in his arms, remote and unattainable. Also I must know what such men think of the girl yielding, whether they blame her or not. Maybe a girl need do so little that even resistance might be mistaken for something else. Also, practiced girls don't become pregnant. I must know what they do. There's certainly a lot to learn about these things. *(She knocks.)*

Nanna (opens): You! What do *you* want here?

Isabella: Good day, Nanna, you must know me. We used to play together at my father's farm.

Nanna: Yes, and what can I do for you?

Isabella: I hope I'm not intruding. Are you busy?

Nanna: No. It's all right.

Isabella: I must have your advice. My brother's execution has been fixed for five o'clock tomorrow morning. There's a possibility of saving him, but at a certain sacrifice. I'm put in a terrible situation, and I don't know what to do. In what is before me, I have no experience. Oh, I feel faint—

Nanna: Sit down. Take it easy.

Isabella (sits down): May I have a glass of water. *(Nanna fetches a glass of water.)* A proposal has been made to me by the Governor of the Holy Cross. He wants me—well, you can guess what he wants. I don't know what to do.

Nanna: I see.

Isabella: I know nothing about love-making.

Nanna: I can well believe it.

Isabella: Please don't think me cynical. What I'm going to ask you, I ask because I am compelled to do so; and I turn to you because you can advise me from your professional experience.

Nanna: Certainly. Fire away. Only you'll have to pay my manager for the time you use up.

Isabella: Very good, I shall be glad to pay for your time.

Nanna: I can imagine what you want to know. I'd advise you to consult Madame Cornamontis; she's a woman who's had lots of experience.

Isabella: Can she be trusted to keep a secret?

Nanna: Absolutely, that's her business.

Isabella: Please call her then.

(Nanna fetches Madame Cornamontis.)

Nanna (whispers to Madame Cornamontis, then in a loud aside): Fleece her well, she has money. *(They both come up to Isabella.)*

Madame Cornamontis: Do not tell me your name but question me as frankly as though I were your father confessor, my child.

Isabella: This is the situation. My brother's life depends on my giving myself to a certain highly placed gentleman who appears to have taken a fancy to me. I do not know how to conduct myself, since, I suppose, nothing like this has happened before.

Madame Cornamontis: Oh, no. It happens quite often.

Isabella: Really?

Madame Cornamontis: Yes. And what are your questions, child?

Isabella: If he was disappointed with me, might he not refuse to keep his part of the bargain?

Nanna: He might.

Isabella: How can one guard against it?

Madame Cornamontis: Men break their promises, and there is no remedy against it. They deceive us, they beat us. If they did not need us for the same uses later, they'd kill us after they'd had their pleasure.

Isabella: Since so much depends on it, I must ask you whether you don't consider the dress I have on unsuitable.

Madame Cornamontis: Most suitable, my child.

Isabella: It is the dress of a novitiate.

Madame Cornamontis: All the better.

Isabella: Do you really mean it? It's cold linen.

Madame Cornamontis: Linen above all. Nothing could be better.

Isabella: And I have a nature as cold as the linen I wear.

Madame Cornamontis: Perfect. The colder the better.

Isabella: And do you think I'll be awkward during... You know what I mean.

Madame Cornamontis: Not at all.

Isabella: But I know less about these things than, I think, you realize.

Madame Cornamontis: There's less to know than you imagine, my child. That's the sad thing about it. It's our tragedy, as professionals, that the more practice the less zest we can take—and give. Don't you worry. You will be enjoyed, all right. For these furtive enjoyments, practically anyone will do.

Isabella: So there's no reason why, so to speak, I should not drink this cup to the dregs?

Madame Cornamontis: None. *(Pause)* Oh yes, there is though.

Isabella: What is it? Please tell me.

Madame Cornamontis: Your money, my dear. That is a very good reason. Why should you in your position, make such a sacrifice? Why do anything for which you have no inclination? It would be unseemly for you, for whom other much less sensitive people earn money in the sweat of their brows, to do anything to lower yourself in these people's eyes! I think it would be most unseemly. What would you say if one day the rain started falling from the ground to the sky? Wouldn't you consider it unnatural? You would certainly think it unseemly. No, you should certainly not do what you have in mind.

Isabella: But a certain highly placed person requires it of me.

Madame Cornamontis: And quite rightly, my child, one can't say anything against that. Why shouldn't he require it of you if he is highly placed? And why should he not be given what he requires? But what has that got to do with you who are also highly placed and have means to arrange the whole business entirely *comme il faut.*

Isabella: What have you in mind?

Madame Cornamontis: I have ourselves in mind, of course. In what a much better position are we, debased people that we are, to endure debasement than you are. Look at this lazy creature here, starting to blink because work for her is in question. Nanna, leave us for a moment and

wait outside. *(Nanna leaves the room.)* The best of my girls will go for you.

Isabella: Impossible. You don't know who he is.

Madame Cornamontis: Whoever he is, he won't notice.

Isabella: It is the governor of the Holy Cross.

Madame Cornamontis: That's of no account. She will go in your clothes and will imitate your manner. But she will be more successful than you could be. Your brother will be set free and the rain will not fall from the earth to the sky. But it will cost you a thousand pesos.

Isabella: But will she consent to go for money?

Madame Cornamontis: Delighted, my dear. *(Calls)* Nanna. *(To Isabella)* You need not mention the cost to the girl. *(Enter Nanna.)* Nanna, change clothes with the young lady, will you. You'll take her place with the governor.

Nanna: And what will I get for it?

Madame Cornamontis: You shameless hussy. You'll be paid regular rates. Now change clothes.

(The girls start changing their clothes.)

Isabella: Please let me have a screen.

Nanna: It's all right, I'm not looking.

Isabella: Just the same, I would like a screen. *(Nanna brings her a screen.)*

Madame Cornamontis: Now, Nanna, you are in her clothes, but look to your deportment. Let's rehearse it. I'll take the part of the big shot. Good morning. What can I do for you, mademoiselle?.... Answer!

Nanna: I have come again, sir, to ask you to do something for my brother.

Madame Cornamontis: To beseech you!

Nanna: To beseech you!

Madame Cornamontis (to Isabella): Is that what you would say?

Isabella: I wouldn't say anything.

Madame Cornamontis: You'd keep mum and let him guess? That's a good plan.

Nanna: I wouldn't know how to carry off anything like that. I don't like this business at all.

Madame Cornamontis: Hold your tongue. He'll probably ask you your reasons for joining the Needy Sisters of San Barabas. How would you answer?

Nanna: I have money. If I do not deposit it in the safekeeping of the convent, it will be taken from me. I have a peakhead, you see. A marriage wouldn't help me. It would do me no good marrying a Peakhead; he couldn't offer me security these days; and a Roundhead wouldn't have me legally. I shall be quite well off at the convent. No work—good food, freedom from worry....

Madame Cornamontis (to Isabella): Is that right?

Isabella: Those are not my reasons. But why should she necessarily say what I would? I would rather not give my reasons.

Madame Cornamontis: But *she* will have to give them; if we don't prompt her she will speak like a scullerymaid without any refinement. Tell her what to say.

(The landlord's sister instructs the tenant's daughter in the three principal virtues, temperance, obedience and poverty.)

Isabella (softly):

Ah, but I wished my childhood ne'er would leave me,
Wished that my days were free, my nights unmolested.

To live in a chamber alone, safe from men's glances,
Safe from the vice of the world was all I requested.
So that for me there should be one alone
Whom I could trust and as my lover own.

Madame Cornamontis (weeps): There's refinement for you, you farm hussy!

Nanna (saucily): Sure, her childhood's never left her—

Madame Cornamontis: We don't need your remarks. Remember the sort of person you're supposed to be.

Nanna: I'll remember.

Madame Cornamontis (to Isabella): Please go on, it's a real lesson to me.

Isabella:

Of all the virtues brightest and best is obedience.
How can I know what is good for me? One consolation
Stays with me always, the Lord will provide for his children
And so I bow down to his will in self-abnegation.
Knowing He will love his little maid
And will forgive her if her feet have strayed.

Madame Cornamontis (to Nanna):

Now repeat it and do try to say it like a lady.

(Nanna repeats Isabella's words.)

Isabella:

But chief of the things that are needful is poverty holy
And I shall find it neither affliction nor burden.
Therefore demand of Thy handmaid the hardest ordeal—
The rapture of doing Thy will shall be my guerdon,—
That and the riches that the Lord will give
To those who choose in poverty to live.

(Nanna repeats Isabella's words.)

Madame Cornamontis: Goodness me, we have forgotten the most important thing of all! She is a Czuch, she has a round head, and as it happens the higherups somehow have a weakness for Czich girls. The figure, the carriage is the same, but the head is different. He'll pat her on the head and then everything will be dished.

Nanna: Give me a hair pad and my head will get by. Anyway, I don't think that's what interests him. *(Nanna is given a coiffure that gives her head the same shape as Isabella's.)*

Madame Cornamontis: Well, Nanna, you're like her in appearance, try to behave like her. Forget everything you know. Act as though nothing was required of you beyond your mere presence. Imagine, if you can, how a wooden board would offer to be embraced. Don't respond at all, but pretend you are responding too much. The man won't have any fun, but he'll feel under an obligation to you. Now go upstairs and wash your hands again and you'll find my lavender water on the dressing table. No, that's not necessary. It's more genteel not to smell of anything. *(Nanna goes upstairs. Madame Cornamontis to Isabella.)* Meanwhile you wait here until Nanna comes back, then you can return in your own clothes.

(Madame Cornamontis goes out and sits down behind the bar. Mistress Callas comes in with her four small children.)

Mistress Callas: Ah, Madame Cornamontis, when we heard you had new times here, my husband came into town in order to get his bit. We've heard our landlord has been sentenced to death for rackrenting. Yesterday our cow was taken away, as we hadn't paid our taxes; and my hus-

band is still away. We've searched for him everywhere, and my children can go no further and are starving; but I have no money to buy food for them. Formerly Nanna used to help us when we were in a bad way, but we hear now that she has bettered her position, and is not with you any longer. Of course our daughter could not have stayed with you forever, Madame Cornamontis, but all the same you might know where she is.

Madame Cornamontis: Oh, Nanna is back with us again, though she can't be seen right now. I can let you have some soup.

(Madame Cornamontis brings the soup and the family takes it sitting on the doorstep. Nanna comes in in her nun's clothes and makes her way through the family.)

Mistress Callas: You are the landlord's daughter, aren't you? Children, say your little rhyme.

The Children:

Mr. de Guzman we've been sent
To ask you to let us off our rent.

Nanna (aside, under her veil):

My latest job is to be guardian of propriety
And keep sustained a pillar of society.
A Czuch must save a Czich's repute,
A nun's kept pure by a prostitute.

Scene X

PRISON

(In one condemned cell tenants are sitting, among them Lopez. They are having their hair cropped by Huas. In the other condemned cell, landlord de Guzman is sitting. Outside gallows are being erected.)

Hua (to the tenant whom he is cropping): Was it worth while joining this Sickle League?

Tenant: Yes.

Hua: Who'll help your wives through the winter now?

Tenant: We don't know.

Hua: And who will plough your fields in the spring?

Tenant: We don't know.

Hua: Will your farms be there at all in the spring?

Tenant: We don't know that either.

Hua: But you think the Sickle will win in the end, do you?

Tenant: Yes, we know it.

Police Inspector (approaches Mr. de Guzman with a measuring tape, and measures his neck): This case really deserves our sympathy. They say that there are large numbers of tenants in town who are only waiting for the landlord to be hung; then on the first of the month they will all refuse to pay their rent together. What do they want to hang him for! Neck—42,—that means the height of the fall must be eight feet. If I'm not mistaken, there'll be an uproar again this time. I remember the row they kicked up when Cobzoni was hung last year and the trap door was out of order. They didn't make as much fuss when it was discovered that he was perfectly innocent.

(The two lawyers enter.)

The Czuchish Lawyer: The condemned man's sister could save his life. Where did she go?

Police Inspector: Probably she's the veiled lady who just went into the governor's office.

(The lawyers breathe more freely.)

The Czichish Lawyer (to de Guzman who has heard nothing owing to his perturbed state of mind): Good news, de Guzman. Your sister is with the Governor.

The Czuchish Lawyer: One can count on not being disturbed, for an hour or so, by Zazarante.

Police Inspector: All the same, we had better go on with the barbering.

(The Hua crops the landlord.)

The Czuchish Lawyer (to the other): We are not out of the soup yet, by any means. And to think that this should happen to one of the biggest landowners in the country. Now what will the poor tenants do if their landlord is hanged?

De Guzman: Yes, what's to be done about this hanging?

Lawyers:

It is something far too urgent to neglect.
And though we have good reason to expect
That some brave member of the lower orders
Will be found to bear the burden even here,
This time circumstance has overawed us
And we really wish the proxy would appear.

(Through an iron-barred opening in the wall at the back, tenant Callas appears.)

Callas (beckoning): Mr. de Guzman, Mr. de Guzman, I'm your tenant Callas. I want to know about the rent.

The Czuchish Lawyer: The rent's to be paid to the Convent of San Barabas.

Callas: I didn't ask you. Mr. de Guzman, you *must* let me off paying rent.

The Czichish Lawyer: Come in here, we'll see what we can do for you, we're human beings after all. *(Callas disappears from the window.)*

The Czichish Lawyer: I believe we've found the proxy. *(Enter Callas)*

Callas (to the Audience):

When I left my piece of land
My expectations were not grand.
I thought of rent I'd now be free
And I'd plough for my family.
But after entering the town
I soon achieved renown.
All the bells began to ring
As though I were a kind of king.
And those who harmed such men as I
They said would be condemned to die,
And so the frog leapt from his pool
And sat upon a golden stool.
Although, 'twas pleasant,
I remained a peasant;
There is no joy sitting in a famous seat
For those who have no bread to eat.
Since they've evaded my suggestion,
It is the landlord I must question.
Good news or bad news, I'll know what's his intent,
Am I exempted or must I pay the rent?

(In passing by he sees his former friend Lopez in a condemned cell.)

Callas (shouting at Lopez who looks at him without saying anything.) Hold your tongue. *(In front of de Guzman's cage)* Mr. de Guzman, if you don't let me off my rent, I'll hang myself, things have got to that pitch.

Lopez: And yet, there was a time, Callas, when you held everything in your hands.

Callas (shouts at him): Hold your tongue.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Mr. Callas, we have a proposal to make to you! *(Brings a chair for Callas.)*

The Czichish Lawyer: You are very fortunate. Mr. de Guzman has his reprieve as good as in his pocket, though the prison authorities do not know about it yet. He is to be reprieved under the very gallows owing to the return of an important personage who is expected any moment. The only thing we are rather afraid of is his going to the gallows in the state he

is in at the moment. He is too nervous for our liking.Would you take his place in return for being exempted from your rent for one year? There is no danger at all, practically no danger.

Callas: You mean I'm to hang for him?

The Czichish Lawyer: Nonsense, no one would ask you to do that.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Decide yourself. You are completely free. There is no slavery in Yahoo. You're not under any compulsion. But you must realize what the offer means and whether you can afford to turn up your nose at a year's rent.

The Czichish Lawyer: Just now you said you'd hang yourself.

The Czuchish Lawyer: You understand the situation. A rich man is not fitted, constitutionally, to go through such an experience. He has become softened by comfortable living and it tells on such occasions as this. Between you and me, he is a regular old woman. Now you farmer folk are different stuff. You would take it like a man. *(He beckons to the Iberin Soldier who has just finished cropping the heads of the condemned tenants.)* Hello there, come and crop this man too. Zazarante has ordered it.

Callas: But they'll hang me.

The Czichish Lawyer: You can think it over, but in the meanwhile you had better have your hair cut, as otherwise it will be too late.

Callas: But I haven't said "yes."

(Sitting on a chair beside the cage in which his landlord was cropped, tenant Callas is also cropped.)

The Hua (who is cutting the Sicklemen's hair): What are you going to do with your shoes?

A Tenant: Why?

The Hua: You see these boots? They were given to us but we have to pay to have them soled, that's why they're no good to me any more.

The Tenant: You can have mine.

Callas (after turning the matter over in his mind, tremulously): At least two years' rent. After all I risk my head.

The Czichish Lawyer: Mr. de Guzman, your tenant Callas is willing to take your place, but you must meet him half-way about the rent.

The Hua (who is cutting Callas' hair): Oh, Callas, Callas, don't bargain like a Czich.

The Czichish Lawyer: He says the rent is too high.

De Guzman (overhears): What about the rent?

Callas: It's too high. We have no chance of making a living.

De Guzman: And how do you think I am to live? Don't be so lazy, there's no reason why you should beg.

Callas: If I am lazy, how about you?

De Guzman: If you're going to be insolent, the whole matter is closed.

Callas: I am not insolent. I am in trouble. I can't pay the rent.

De Guzman: The farm is a very good one. I wonder you aren't ashamed of yourself—always complaining, always asking for gifts.

Callas: I am not asking for any gifts, but I don't want to give anything away either.

De Guzman: You can go if you wish. You are entirely at liberty.

Callas: Yes, I can go away, but where to?

De Guzman: Enough. I shall keep what belongs to me.

Callas: Is that your last word? *(To the Hua)* Stop cutting my hair, please.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Mr. de Guzman is quite sure that there is no risk, or practically no risk.

The Czichish Lawyer (to de Guzman): You must really make a small concession. After all, you're not absolutely certain and a year's rent is not too much under the circumstances.

Callas: Two years, since my head is at stake.

De Guzman: Your head? *(As though waking up.)* What is it you want?

The Czuchish Lawyer: Mr. Callas is taking your place since, as we have tried to impress upon you, there is no danger. Isn't that so?

De Guzman: So you tell me.

Callas: And I want to be freed from rent for *two* years. I may have to swing for it.

The Czuchish Lawyer: One year.

Callas (to the Hua): Stop cutting my hair.

Police Inspector (calls from behind): Ready, please! The governor wishes to see the prisoners before they are brought out.

The Czuchish Lawyer: Very good, a year and a half, Callas! *(Callas is silent.)*

De Guzman: Two years.

Callas: But I haven't said I would—yet. *(Meanwhile the two tenants of the Sickle League have been brought out.)*

The Czuchish Lawyer (to Callas): Say yes, my good man, there is no other course open to you.

Callas:

Czuch or Czich! Unjust or just
The poor man must die because his
master says he must.

The Czichish Lawyer (whispering to the other): It's to be hoped the regent will arrive in time—otherwise he will hang.

The Czuchish Lawyer (answering in a whisper): Yes, he has every cause now to pray God to save his landlord.

Scene XI

THE REGENT'S PALACE

(It is early morning. Gallows have been erected. In the court there is a board on which is written, EXECUTION OF ONE LANDLORD AND 200 TENANTS. Between the police inspector and a Hua, a man is standing with a cap over his face. They are waiting. The sound of the pattering of many clogs can be heard.)

Police Inspector (to the Hua): I can't think why the execution order has not arrived yet. The Sicklemen will soon be here.

The Hua: How do you know they are Sicklemen? If you are judging from the sound of the clogs, plenty of us Iberin soldiers are wearing clogs now.

Police Inspector: Hold your tongue. You'll be getting us into trouble. You'd much better fix up the gallows. *(The Hua goes sulkily behind to do what he is told.)*

Police Inspector: It all comes from hanging the person they want to see hanged! It makes them uppish. *(To the Hua)* What are you taking so long about?

The Hua (returning): Everything is ready, you can hang away now.

(The Deputy enters the court followed by Messrs. Saz, Peruiner, de Hoz and Duarte. They can be heard shouting at some distance.)

Saz: Where are your senses, man; this is a landlord and not a Czich. If

you make him swing, people will say it's for rackrenting.

Peruiner: On every farm belonging to Czich landlords, peasants will refuse to pay their rent. That will sound good to the peasants of the Czuch landlords and they too will stop paying rent.

Iberin: Well?

Duarte: And he answers "well?"

Missena: You must remember that the man condemned, though certainly a Czich and one whose crime we can't condone, is after all a landlord, a man like ourselves.

Iberin: A man like ourselves?

Missena: Who live on rent.

Iberin: I do not live from rent.

Saz: What do you live on then?

Duarte:

Who pays the court?
Who gave the money for this gallows here?
Who paid this man? *(indicating the Hua)*
Who fitted out the army
That crushed the Sicklemen?

Peruiner:

The landlords, man, who gather in their rent. . . .
But don't let's shout at him; it's not unnatural
That he should be a little obstinate.
He's spoken so much of Czich and Czuch,
Too much, perhaps. Well, we don't complain.
It served its purpose. We're not against you
You've done your job quite well and carried out
Your promise to crush the rebel tenants.
With profit, even, we might imitate
The methods you have shown, and now I see
Ahead all kinds of prospects, cunning plans,
Oh, very cunning plans that might be launched
Immediately.

Iberin: What plans?

Missena (warningly): Hm.

Peruiner: All kinds of plans. But that must wait. Meanwhile we ask that you be reasonable and change your attitude.

Missena: If there are difficulties, tell us who could give the Czich reprieve.

Iberin (stubbornly): Not I, anyway.

Missena: Who could? *(Pause)* The regent could.

Peruiner. We'll put off the execution till he comes.

Iberin: Till he comes. What do you mean?

Missena:

The Regent,
Our most beloved and exalted liege
Has now resolved to take his place again
As ruler of our land.
No doubt to you this news will be most welcome.

Iberin: He's coming back?

Missena:

This very night the army
Greeted him in camp and made him promise
To lead them into Yahoo
Today, in triumph.

Iberin (after a painful pause):

Really?—
And I was not consulted.
I think I earned that much.

Missena: I ask you now.

Iberin (after a bitter inner conflict):

And what if I myself

Were to agree to set the Czichman free?

Missena: You?

Iberin: I do agree.

Missena:

That's rather sudden.
And what about your Czuch and Czichish theory?

Iberin: That's my business and need not worry you. But as regards this entry into town, I'd like to have a word with you, especially as to who's to lead it.

(Trumpets and marching soldiers are heard.)

Missena (smiling): The army's here, already, and at its head. . . .

(The regent enters, smiling, and very debonair, with a steel helmet and soldier's cloak over his dinner jacket. All bow down to him.)

Missena (quietly to Iberin who also bows): Your sovereign!

Regent: Hello, Iberin.

Missena: Milord, you're welcome. You could not have arrived more opportunely. We two were in a great predicament. Our Iberin, in following up a case which was to have shown clearly to the people the firm distinction between just and unjust, has got us in a fix.

Regent: I know the case. Allow me, Iberin, to show you now the fishes that your net has caught. A wealthy man, who, having diddled a poor man's daughter, is doomed to die. The culprit is a Czich, I understand. This is the wealthy Czich.

Police Inspector: Yes, Milord, this is the Czichish landlord.

Regent: Are you sure he is? Why is he wearing clogs? *(He tries to lift the cap from the man's face but the man holds it tight.)*

The Man: Let me be. *(The police inspector pulls the cap from his face.)*

Missena: It is the Czuchish tenant.

Regent: What are you doing here?

Callas: I was promised exemption from two years' rent if I would do this. I was told that the landlord would never be hung.

Regent: They deceived you, my friend. Fetch the other. *(Exit Inspector.)*

Iberin (to Callas): What, for a few pesos you risked hanging? You menial!

Callas: No, for two years' rent.

Regent: Mr. Iberin, once in the past the daughter of this man yielded to this Czichish landlord whom you condemned to death. You did not know, but I shall tell you, to please your sense of righteousness. A Czichish maid, just like the Czuchish maid, has come to her brother's help, making the same sacrifice, yielding her virginity to aid her kin. A second fish caught in your net—the Czichish girl, sister to the landlord. She now approaches.

(Nanna is brought in wearing Isabella's clothes. The clothes are torn and she walks unsteadily, but she is still wearing her veil.)

What has happened to her?

Police Inspector: Milord, we found her lying in the passage, gagged, and when we questioned her she said the soldiers had molested her as she left the governor.

Regent: Is that true? *(Nanna nods.)*

The Rich Landowners: How horrible! How shameful. Iberin, you'll pay for this. A woman whose blood is of the noblest in the land, so insolently used. A maid so famed for chastity abandoned to the mob!

Regent: Things would be bad if they were as they seemed. But, I suspect, a happy chance again has averted misfortune. Of course it can't have been a nice experience even for this maid who is standing here, but if my suspicions do not trick me, it is not rare in her profession. And now we'll prove my surmise. *(He lifts up her veil.)*

Missena: The tenant's daughter!

The Rich Landlords: Ho, a Czuchish maid. *(They burst out laughing.)* That's a good joke you've put upon us, Iberin! This is the crowd you boosted all this time. Honor indeed! She's dragged it in the mud. There's Czuchish virtue if you like! Now own up, she's just a tenant's daughter, nothing more, and Czuch or Czich is quite beside the point. Hey, tenant, here's your daughter.

Regent: Enough now! It's his daughter and everything's in order. *(De Guzman is brought with his sister beside him.)* And here come the true blue Czichs. De Guzman, you are free, because your tenant didn't want you to be hanged. He himself was ready to bear your penalty. Also the tenant's daughter was so unwilling to have you die, she endured defilement to save your head. I liberate you as one beloved of the people. Likewise I set the tenant free so that he may pay his rent. Yes, Callas, rent you must pay to set a good example! Also the costs of the lawsuit over the horses. Release them. The selfsame justice must be meted out, liberty for both, and life! *(To Iberin)* Do you agree? *(Iberin nods. The fetters are removed from landlord and tenant.)*

Isabella: Emanuele, are you really free!

De Guzman: Of course I am, dear.

Callas: And I must pay the rent?

Regent: You must, my friend. The contract you made with de Guzman is contrary to public order; therefore it is null and void.

Nanna:

Although both live, one shall sit down to eat
The other slave to furnish him with meat.
And if one's free to choose his own abode,
The other's free to put him on the road.
You'd see the difference in their liberation,
If you but knew their different destination.

Regent:

Yes, peasant, one small thing I had forgotten.
I know you are not wealthy. Listen here.
I've now come home but not with empty hands.
I see, friend, that your hat's a little ancient.
And so I recommend the latest style,
(Places his steel helmet on his head.)
I also offer you this soldier's cloak.
What do you think of it? For the present,
Go plough your fields, but soon,
We shall be calling you to higher tasks.
You've taken the first step, Mr. Iberin,
But now some longer strides are needed.
This new state you have built these last few weeks,
Unless it can expand will shrink to nothing.
As you are well aware, across the sea,
There dwells the nation we were born to hate,
The heads of whose inhabitants are peaked,
A fact which hitherto has been ignored.
Now you must teach your Callases new tasks
For such a bloody war we'll have to launch

That every single able-bodied man
Will be required. And now to dinner, friends.
I think we'll take this judge's bench, on which
Justice has so often been administered,
And let it serve us as a dinner table,
Tenant, wait awhile, we'll give you soup.

Callas: Nanna, did you hear, they're going to make war?

(The dinner is served, and the regent, Missena, and the rich landlords sit down to it.)

Regent (serving the soup with a huge ladle):

First comes the tenant, is that right, Iberin?
He is a soldier, we must feed him now.
More plates, please, we're getting hungry.

Police Inspector: Milord, you will excuse me, but the condemned Sicklemen are waiting to be hanged. Or are they also to be set free?

Regent: Of course not.

Police Inspector: I thought perhaps the general amnesty in honor of your return was to be extended to them.

Regent: Has not Iberin passed judgment on them? They must die, but our Callas here, shall be given soup. Bring him his soup.

(The Hua brings Callas and his daughter their soup, which they drink sitting on the floor. The Hua goes up to the blackboard on which is written: EXECUTION OF ONE LANDLORD AND 200 TENANTS and rubs out the words ONE LANDLORD AND with his sleeve. He then takes up his position behind Callas.)

The Hua:

Eat your soup, Callas, it doesn't need stirring.
You were always far cuter than these lads, preferring
To follow the wiser course and that's the reason why
You're having your supper while they go to die.

(The Sicklemen are brought under the gallows. Drums beat.)

Lopez (to Callas from the scaffold):

Those who won't bow are made to swing.
You get the soup and we the string.
But we would rather meet this fate
Then beg for soup from the master's plate.
You left your good gun to rust
And put your foot in legal dust.
You stole two horses on your own,
Made off with them, like a thief, alone,
Your fishing was a one-man affair,
You thought that way you'd secure your share.
But you had your horses only as long
As the Sickle army was whole and strong.
You thought as a Roundhead you'd get some prize,
But you know now it was delusion.
See Round and Peaked Heads hung before your eyes.
By Round and Peaked Heads in collusion.

(While Lopez has been speaking, Callas and Nanna have stopped drinking their soup. They stand up. The tenants at the gallows sing the Song of the Sickle.)

Men of the land
The hour is at hand.
Fear not grim circumstances.
Death can be met but once.
None will improve your lot,
If you yourselves do not.
Men of the land,
The hour is at hand.

The Tenants: Long live the Sickle!

(The drums beat louder and louder till they drown every other sound. Callas has emptied out his and Nan-

na's plate and lays his steel helmet and soldier's cloak on the ground.)

Callas (loudly): Lopez, Lopez, I wish it was the eleventh of September again.

(Exeunt Callas and Nanna. As the sunrise begins to color the palace court, the Roundhead and Peakhead landlords continue their meal, while the Roundhead and Peakhead tenants are prepared for the gallows.)

The Regent:
It now remains for me, Mr. Iberin,
To express my greatest satisfaction
With the outcome of your regency.
It is no exaggeration if I say
That your theory of the heads
Has saved the realm.

Iberin:

Milord, I think without great arrogance
I may say that the symbol of the Sickle
And the disaffection which it represents
Has, in Yahoo, been rooted out forever.

Regent (smiling and wagging his finger at him):

Therefore, good friend, no more Czuch and Czich.

Iberin:

Good, Milord.

Missena:

Although there is an element
Of this theory which we might well retain,
That is, that we have learnt to feel like Czuchs
And now as Czuchs we must campaign for peace,
For peace shall now be Yahoo's only slogan.
Peace, peace, and peace again shall be the cry,
At the elections. No anaemic peace,
However, but a manly Czuchish peace.
And anyone who works against such peace
Will be dealt with like the Sickle League.

(During his speech the barrel of a large cannon is lowered over the table.)

Regent (raising his glass):

Drink, friends, to things as they are.

(The landlords sitting back and smoking, sing the following song)

THE LANDLORDS' SONG

Perhaps the shades will pass that have disturbed us
And the rumors which have much perturbed us
Perhaps they long will leave us unmolested
As we would leave them unmolested too.
And many friendly meals will be digested
Before we die of measles or of flu.
Perhaps all men will praise and not defy
Perhaps the nights will trespass on the days.
Perhaps the moon will cease to change its phase
Perhaps the rain will fall from earth to sky.

(When the song is ended, the Hua takes away a board which is leaning up against the wall, as he needs it for the execution. This reveals on the newly whitewashed wall a large red sickle. All look at it transfixed. The tenants sing quietly, under their caps, the SONG OF THE SICKLE.)

Translated from the German by N. Goold-Verschoyle

Sergei Tretyakov

Bert Brecht [1]

The air is thick with cigar smoke. The only place where it gets any thicker is the smokers' car in the Berlin subway. People have drawn up their chairs and are sitting in a circle around a large ashtray. A telephone on a long cord is handed back and forth across the room as if it were a sugar bowl. The wires slide and tangle across the floor to the accompaniment of scraping chairs, scuffling feet and polite apologies.

The conversation proceeds in circular fashion (the way Georgians drink). Everyone speaks in an even tone, avoiding emphatic gestures or inflexions. The craniums of the assembled intellectuals, economists, critics, men of politics, pamphleteers and philosophers are like chemical retorts from which comments on the burning issues of the day dribble. No one interrupts, each waits his turn until the preceding speaker has squeezed out his last drop of utterance.

"Somewhere fascists, with knives, have attacked YCL'ers." (For this is Berlin in 1931).

"Workers taken to jail in patrol wagons stick their fists through gratings and shout 'Rot Front!' "

"Another dozen factory chimneys have stopped smoking."

"Another thousand workers do not go out in the morning when the factory whistles blow."

"Another hundred women join the prostitutes on Berlin street corners."

Statements and aphorisms issue distilled, and perfectly bottled, from the human retorts. The most highly trained German minds discuss the situation. They hunt for formulae, formulae of cognition.

I am surprised. Formulae of cognition are all very well, but where are the formulae of action?

Climb out of your low armchair, Comrade Bert Brecht. Tell me why these people are here instead of in the Party units, or in the demonstrations of the unemployed? Why does the present welter of smoke and words remind me of the expression *"Stammtisch-Politik"*?

Every beer-hall has its habitués. And these habitués have their table—*"stammtisch"*—where they swill beer and talk politics. They acquire distended livers from the beer and a complete aversion to political action from the talk.

"You're from the Soviet Union and a man of action," Brecht answers. "You do not appreciate to what extent the German intellectual requires a formula of cognition. People laugh at us Germans for our exaggerated sense of obedience and say we are prepared to regard every clause in the rules as a Kantian categorical imperative. This gives rise to the joke that Germans never will make revolutions, for in order to do so you must occupy the railway stations—and how can you do that without a pass? A logical formula has a hypnotic influence on the German mind.

"Today, the old saying that Germany is the country of thinkers and poets, *Denker und Dichter,* has been replaced by *Denker und Henker*—thinkers and hangmen."

And puffing on a poisonous black cigar of the kind Karl Marx used to

[1] From the book of portraits of contemporary literary figures, called *People of the Same Bonfire.*

smoke, Brecht adds with an upward flick of his fingers. "I suggest replacing the word *'Denker'* in the formula by the word *'Denkes.'* Germany is the land of 'Denkes'!" And he proceeds to explain. "Denke is the name of a criminal who killed people in order to use their corpses. He canned the meat and made soap from the fat, buttons from the bones and purses from the skins. He placed his business on a scientific footing and was extremely surprised when, after his apprehension, he was sentenced to be executed. In the first place he couldn't see why the pointless sacrifice of thousands of people in war time was considered legitimate! Why should the judges, prosecutors and lawyers make such a show of indignation? He had put his corpses to good practical uses; and he had utilized only second grade people, human ballast, so to speak. He had never made a brief-case out of a general's hide, or soap from the paunch of a factory owner or buttons from the skulls of journalists.

"I contend," Brecht continued, "that the best people of Germany, those who condemned Denke, failed to recognize the qualities of true German genius which the fellow displayed, namely: method, conscientiousness, cold-bloodedness and the ability to base one's every act on a firm philosophical foundation. They should not have executed him, they should have made him a Ph.D. with *honoris causa.* "

And resuming an interrupted argument, Brecht proceeds to weave a subtle web of refutations.

But Brecht himself is a living refutation. A full-fledged German from Swabia, he disconcerts all our notions of things German. Physically he resembles a note blown through a very slender clarinet. His hooked-nosed face recalls that of Voltaire or Rameses.

Berlin is the proverbial city of patent machinery and nickleplated automatons, but the elevator that takes you up to Brecht's sixth-floor garret lodgings is so shaky and dilapidated that you hesitate to enter it. It rises with jerks and spasms. And when you finally reach his landing you have to manipulate the lock for a long time before the door suddenly gives. It is the service elevator, used by delivery boys, the housemaids and writers who rent the garret rooms.

When a German is down and out the first thing he gives up is bread, next he sells his dishes; only after that does he part with his starched collar. I have seen unemployed Germans on the street give their ties to pushcart tailors to be pressed. Brecht, however, goes around in a rumpled shirt without a tie. He appears at brilliant first nights where everyone is in evening clothes, unshaven and wearing a black shirt!

His nose supports a pair of old fashioned rimmed spectacles such as nobody else wears.

But do not imagine that he is an absent-minded sloven of the type of Kant, who once walked with one foot on the sidewalk and the other in the gutter and decided he was lame.

Brecht is a good chauffeur, he can assemble a machine or take it apart. The scar on his cheek he received in an automobile accident. Read Feuchtwanger's novel *Success.* His engineer Prechl is patterned on Brecht.

In his native town of Augsburg Bert leads you past the huge cathedral. The drone of a lecture comes from the windows of the adjacent theological seminary. Brecht looks for the traces of bullets on the cornice and says: "I am a physician by education. As a boy I was mobilized in the war and placed in a hospital. I dressed wounds, applied iodine, gave enemas, performed blood-transfusions. If the doctor ordered me: 'Amputate a leg, Brecht,' I would answer: 'Yes, your excellency,' and cut off the leg. If I was told:

'Make a trepanning,' I opened the man's skull and tinkered with his brains. I saw how they patched people up in order to ship them back to the front as soon as possible." In the evening, accompanying himself on the banjo, Brecht sings the *Ballad of the Dead Soldier,* the most famous of his ballads, describing how they dug up a soldier, patched him up and sent him back to the front

Brecht did not write this ballad, he composed it orally and it traveled through the land by word of mouth. The "pure German gentlemen" answered this ballad with furious hatred.

"I was a member of the Augsburg Revolutionary Committee," Brecht continued. "Nearby, in Munich, Leviné raised the banner of Soviet power. Augsburg lived in the reflected glow of Munich. The hospital was the only military unit in the town. It elected me to the Revolutionary Committee. I still remember Georg Brem and the Polish Bolshevik Olshevsky. We did not boast a single Red Guardsman. We didn't have time to issue a single decree or nationalize a single bank or close a single church. In two days General Epp's troops came to town on their way to Munich. One of the members of the Revolutionary Committee hid at my house until he managed to escape."

In the days of the Hitlerite "beer-hall" *Putsch,* Brecht's name was fifth on the fascist murder list, an honor earned by his *Ballad of the Dead Soldier.* He survived only because the Hitler *Putsch* failed.

Bavaria gave way to Berlin—ballads, plays, discussions, clashes. The solitary intellectual cynic took the field, one against many, puncturing hypocrisy with his pen, his only weapon.

He passed through a period of the cult of brawn and brute force. He wrote of huge hairy men with bulging muscles, who smelled of sweat, who took what they wanted, without asking.

"However," a neighbor recalls, "it was impossible to induce Brecht to do morning setting up exercises. He would think up any excuse to get out of it."

Playwriting, Brecht's main literary expression, began in Munich.

He wrote *Drum at Night.* This work contained echoes of the revolution. The drums of revolt persistently summon the man who has gone home. But the man prefers the quiet peace of his hearthside.

The work was a scathing satire on those who had deserted the revolution, and toasted themselves at their fireplaces. One should recall that Kapp launched his drive on Christmas Eve, calculating that many Red Guardsmen would have left their detachments for their family Christmas trees.

Brecht, the playwright, was at the same time Brecht the director. He himself staged all his own plays. His persistence, eagerness and stubbornness trained a whole generation of actors. Karola Neher, who played in the *Beggar's Opera,* Helene Weigel who played woman roles in *Mann ist Mann,* in *Mother* and in *The Highest Measure,* Ernst Busch—these are only a few of the actors trained by Brecht.

In his rehearsals Brecht strove not only for clarity of speech but for coordination of speech and gesture, that the speech might simply serve to complete and explain the gesture.

"The gesture precedes the word," says Brecht. And if the word is discordant with the gesture, he discards it for another.

Luther's language, in Brecht's opinion, is expressive because of its conformity to gesture. And one can learn much from Büchner and the early dramas of Goethe.

Brecht's plays usually bear several signatures. This is the result of his special way of working on them.

He does not write them but composes them, acting them out before a small group of collaborators.

The audience make comments, object to some expressions and suggest others. When someone has a variant version to propose, he gets up and acts it. Arguments proceed over the form and meaning of the composition. Sometimes, at the opening of a scene, Brecht merely goes through the motions and instead of words intones a melody which only gradually evolves into words.

And when the play is produced, another phase begins. One must forget the bourgeois audience and critics and listen carefully to the comments of the proletarian audience.

Brecht received several hundred notes from workers after *Die Massnahme* was produced and he inserted some twenty corrections in the play.

On one occasion the Vienna typesetters refused to set an episode which they considered incorrect; and some one had to be sent to convince them.

Thus, from antagonism to the audience the playwright went over to an alliance with that part of the audience whose friend, comrade-in-arms, teacher and disciple he was.

I myself saw in 1931 how, after six performances, his play *Mann ist Mann* was hastily taken off the stage of the Schauspielhaus, a theater which in importance compares with the Maly Theater in Moscow. In its respectable repertory Brecht's play fell under suspicion. The performance produced a tremendous impression on me, second only to Meyerhold's *Rogonosetz*.

Giant soldiers armed to the teeth and wearing jackets caked with lime, blood and excrement stalk about the stage, holding onto wires to keep from falling off the stilts inside their trouser legs. According to the plot the soldiers belong to a British detachment in India, automatons for slaughter and pillage. And into the midst of these monsters wanders the softhearted civilian Gaily Guy (the man who cannot say "no"). This is the plot:

While pillaging an invaded village a soldier disappears. Someone must be found to replace him—otherwise the whole company will be punished. The soldiers induce Gaily Guy to stand on roll-call with them, buying him beer and cigars; but they need him permanently and not just for this occasion. This means they must implicate him in a crime which will compel him to deny his own identity and remain with them. They persuade him to sell the regimental elephant. A fantastic deal ensues. Two soldiers, covered with an oilcloth table cover and the proboscis of a gas mask dangling in front of them, impersonate the elephant. As soon as the deal has been made, they arrest Gaily Guy and tell him:

"A man by the name of Gaily Guy has committed a triple crime. In the first place he sold an elephant that did not belong to him, in the second place he did not sell a real elephant. In the third place the elephant belongs to the regiment. It is a clear case of swindle and treason. You say you are not Gaily Guy, but why then do you conceal your identity and what are you doing in camp? Are you a spy? The penalty for that is death."

The retreat back to the name of Gaily Guy is thus cut off. What remains now is a man without a name. There are two alternatives. He is either a spy, and in that case he must be shot; or he is a soldier and he must hurry into line because the bugle has just blown. Gaily Guy gives his answer. The soldiers cluster around him in a circle. When the circle opens, out of it rushes a man with a knife in his teeth, weighted down with hand grenades,

in a uniform that stinks with trench filth. The shy, well-meaning civilian has been put through the mill, has been transformed into an efficient cog in that machine of extermination called a capitalist army. The intellectual of yesterday who couldn't say "no" is transformed into a fascist, for whom others say "no" and "yes," while all that is required of him is the unthinking yell "heil."

But the intelligent Berlin bourgeois does not go to the theater to be made to feel uncomfortable.

The spectator wants to be above the action of the play or at any rate on a level with it. He will not tolerate action that puzzles him and perhaps affronts his comforting sense of respectability. This is why women stamped their feet during Brecht's play. Indignant lawyers rushed out of the theater throwing crumpled program sheets at the actors on the way. In the cloakroom a sobbing woman snatched her coat from her husband and went to put it on in a far corner. She was guilty of having watched the performance without being roused to indignation.

Ossip Brik aptly remarked that Brecht's plays are usually in the form of court proceedings. This is true. Brecht the playwright is an able and resourceful casuist.

He is incomparable when he comes to litigation. He strips the time-honored concepts of "beauty," "truth," "justice" "honesty," "progress," forces them down on their bare knees and rubs their nose in the filth of the system which developed them.

I strolled with Brecht through a churchyard in a Bavarian village. The first-class dead were buried along the main path. The thick, short-armed marble crosses atop the family vaults were more substantial than bank entrances. Lists of names were chiselled in the stone, in which enameled portraits were imbedded. The words "druggist," "teacher," "miller," *"ekonom"* preceded the names. *"Ekonom"* was the local title of the rich peasants, the kulaks, as we call them. These were all strictly respectable corpses.

The crosses in the second row were a bit thinner. *"Ekonoms"* who were more economical. This was the second class area. It only cost sixty marks to lie here for a ten year period while in the first class it cost a hundred.

Third class was in a far corner.

There the crosses were so thin that from the side they were almost invisible. The inscriptions on the crosses were laconic, almost telegraphic in style. Beneath these frail monuments lay the inmates of the local "hospice." The hospice was a sort of alms house where couples who had "worked themselves out" were allowed to end their days. The majority of the war invalids, thrown out of the shops and shoved off the streets by the aggression of younger and stronger hands, ended up in the hospice.

A man climbed out of a grave and pulled a spade up after him. He invited us to the chapel to view the body of an old woman from the hospice, which was thinner, he said, than any corpse that had ever come to the cemetery before. He spoke of that corpse with genuine enthusiasm and was offended when we refused to inspect it, but he consoled himself by showing us his fourth-class tenants, the disreputable people, the suicides who occupied a strip along the churchyard wall. He was especially indignant over one grave. In it lay a motion-picture operator from Munich and a girl, the daughter of a respectable local *"ekonom."* The couple had shot themselves on a nearby mountain peak, visible over the top of the wall.

In its time doubtless each of these graves had stirred the imagination of the quiet hamlet, where generation after generation trod the well-worn path

of changeless customs. The village felt the march of history and changes in the mould of life less through daily fluctuations of world economic and political indices than through the sudden shocks of local village tragedies.

The sexton passed over a fresh grave covered with wreaths. A cross stood over it. A peasant boy who had been apprenticed to a metal plant in the city had been buried here two days before. He had fallen in with company that wanted to live like gentlemen, to dress, eat and amuse themselves like gentlemen. The boy ran short of money. He got into a mess and five days ago had been found with his skull perforated. The official certificate stated "killed at work by a falling rivet." The sexton explained: "By a bullet." And added: "The parents were very anxious that their son should not lie among the suicides. They got the curate to agree to this little white lie."

Brecht was beaming. He proceeded to compose the plot for a play about a youth who committed suicide, crashes the gates of heaven on false papers and places the celestial judge in an awkward position, as the latter must either discredit his agent, the curate, who forged the papers, or else keep quiet about the matter.

"I do not like plays to contain pathetic overtones," Brecht said, "they must be convincing, like court pleas. The main thing is to teach the spectator to reach a verdict. This trains the mind. Any fool knows how to feel sad and to share suffering. And not only fools. You should see the salty tears swindlers can shed when they are moved."

And he teaches people how to reach a verdict, transforming the spectator's chair into that of the judge.

His play *Die Massnahme,* the first of Brecht's plays on a Communist theme, is arranged like a court where the characters try to justify themselves for having killed a comrade and the judges (the chorus), who at the same time represent the audience, summarize the events and reach a verdict.

When he visited Moscow in 1932, Brecht told me his plan to organize a theater in Berlin which would re-enact the most interesting court trials in the history of mankind.

"The theater would function like a court room. Two trials an evening, each lasting an hour and a quarter. For example, the trial of Socrates, a witches' trial, the trial of Karl Marx's *Neue Rheinische Zeitung,* the trial of Georg Grosz on the charge of blasphemy for his cartoon *Christ in a Gas-mask."*

Brecht was carried away by his enthusiasm. He began to elaborate: "Let us suppose that the trial of Socrates is over. We organize a short witch's trial where the judges are armored knights who condemn the witch to the stake. Then the trial of Georg Grosz begins, but we forget to remove the knights from the stage. When the indignant prosecutor storms at the artist for having insulted our mild and compassionate god a terrific racket breaks loose, as though two dozen five-gallon samovars were applauding. The noise is caused by the knights who are moved to applause by the defender of the defenceless god.

"We shall stage an eviction trial against an unemployed worker in Germany," Brecht continued, "and alongside it a Soviet trial where a working woman wins a title to space in an apartment."

Brecht acquired a world reputation with his play, *Beggars' Opera.* The score is the work of the composer Weill. The plot is taken from an English melodrama. The peppery irony scattered through the play belongs to Brecht.

The tremendous success of the *Beggars' Opera* is not due to Brecht's text but to the veil of Weill's music, that conceals it.

The action proceeds on two planes—a false one and a real one. On the false plane a representative of the law catches a scoundrel and murderer concealed in a rat hole. On the real plane this same scoundrel and murderer stands revealed as the wielder of dictatorial power. The chief of police is his accomplice and is on his pay role. Is not this a parody on Chicago's Al Capone?

I know of nothing that Brecht despises more than *"Kitsch." "Kitsch"* is the German term for cheap sentimentalism and psueudo-heroics.

The applause received by the *Beggars' Opera* is more than balanced by the catcalls and indignation which Brecht's other plays evoked. Everywhere the philistine, who suddenly recognized his own image, took offense and forced play after play off the stage.

But Brecht's drama, the drama of paradox, began to develop more and more in the direction of the educational theater and epic drama, as the playwright came closer to the Communist movement.

Brecht conceived the idea of writing a play about the tariff tricks resorted to by the landowners in order to peg the price of grain. But this requires a knowledge of economics. The study of economics brought Brecht to Marx and Lenin, whose works became an indispensable part of his library.

Brecht studies and quotes Lenin as a great thinker and as a great master of prose.

Brecht bases the new departure in his drama on two propositions.

According to the first the theater must be epic in character. The epic theater must narrate events and compel the spectator to understand them, as opposed to the traditional theater, the Aristotelian theater, as Brecht calls it, which involves the spectator in a chain of emotional experience and acts upon his emotional responses. According to Brecht the theater should act upon the spectator's intellect. Brecht prefers the clash of judgment, the struggle of syllogisms, the conscious discovery of what is false and stupid in the world, to the emotional discovery of what is disgusting and bad.

1. The Aristotelian Theater	*2. The Epic Theater*
Action	*Narrative*
Involves the spectator in the stage action and destroys his own will to action.	Makes the spectator an observer and arouses his will to action.
Touches	Calls for decisions and a world outlook.
Emotional experience	Argument
Suggestion	The spectator is taught
The spectator shares in emotional experience	
Man is given as a known quantity.	Man is a subject of investigation
Interest in the outcome of the action	Interest in the course of the action
Every scene preconditions the next	Every scene is independent
Organic development	Montage
Feeling	Intellect

The traditional theater does not like argument on the stage. What usually convinces us in a play is not so much the correctness of the hero's arguments as his attractive personality or the emotional richness of his conduct.

The conflict of passions and not the conflict of judgments determines the character of the traditional theater.

In his efforts to establish a line of demarcation, Brecht published a chart showing where the center of gravity lies in each of these theaters.

The traditional drama portrays the struggle of class instincts. Brecht demands that the struggle of class instincts be replaced by the struggle of social consciousness, of social convictions. He maintains that the situation must not only be felt, but explained, crystallized into the idea which will overturn the world.

When I say "which will overturn the world," I am already intruding on the second proposition, which makes his drama not only epic, but didactic as well.

The creation of a rational theater along the lines we have outlined above, the transformation of the stage into the tribune, might easily lead to sophistry. The play of logic is just as liable to become the object of smug contemplation as the play of emotional outbursts.

Discussion for its own sake is just as socially retrograde and reactionary as emotional experience for its own sake. However, this does not occur in Brecht's drama. The full-blooded lyricism of the materialist artist breaks through his logical patterns.

The age taught the poet to be ashamed of sentiment and he conceals his emotion.

Brecht, the artist, has an extremely broad and varied range. He has composed many ballads, songs and choruses on the subject of revolutionary ruthlessness. But these themes are dyed in many different hues. The play *The Highest Measure* still retains a considerable element of court proceedings, of paradox. Brecht's first truly epic drama is *Mother* (from Gorky's novel).

This production had a political significance, since it marked Gorky's jubilee in pre-Hitler Germany. Furthermore, it was not a simple adaptation of Gorky's novel to the stage. Gorky's *Mother* merely supplied the initial impulse for a new work which went beyond historical novels and which was addressed to all proletarian mothers of present-day Germany.

At first sight Brecht's *Mother* deals with the revolutionary development of the Tver working woman Pelageya Vlasova.

But this is misleading. It would be wrong to regard it as a historical play about a Russian working woman. Such an interpretation involves one absurdity after another.

Would a Russian teacher of the 1905 period spend his evenings over a beer mug, arguing with friends that science and technics are unable to better human life and that the only method is the moral transformation of the individual? Would such a teacher take foot-baths at night and speak in a Spenglerean tone of the decline of civilization?

Would workers in Tver sit on a bench and discuss the nature of the lesser evil? Where in Russian history can you find agricultural workers, brought to the country from the city, who go on strike and throw stones at the strikebreakers?

Where could you find houseowners who evict their tenants and supply them with bibles for consolation?

Where, finally, in wartime Russia might you find women standing in queues before booths which accept patriotic offerings of copper utensils?

Of course none of this is Russia. It is Germany. Change the Russian names in the play to German ones and you will have the story of a contemporary

German professional revolutionary woman doing her bit to enlighten millions of German Vlasovas who have not yet recognized reality.

This play is a whole seminar on methods of propaganda and tactics in revolutionary struggle. How should people be utilized in the struggle? How should one enlighten the ignorant, by frontal attacks or by incursions from the rear? How can one deceive the enemy? How can the experience of an alien culture be utilized? How to be disciplined? . . .

Regardless of whether Brecht likes it or not, I must mention the vividness of the teacher, the houseowner, the shopwoman and the policeman in the play. The workers are hard to distinguish from each other; this is a general shortcoming of all Brecht's plays, which shows that he does not know the proletarian milieu intimately (this is a warning to him that he must get to know it so).

An exception is Vlasova. This professional working woman revolutionary has a face, a voice and a stride that are peculiarly her own. She is unmistakable.

In this play the skeleton of Brecht's algebra is already clothed in the flesh of live circumstances and this immediately renders the play effective.

Brecht's play *Johanna of the Chicago Stockyards* is a parody of Schiller's *Maid of Orleans,* adapted to the present day relations between the condors of finance and the quiet turtle-doves of the Salvation Army. This play contains the phrase: "A sloven in the home nest," a term which stock-brokers use to describe a fellow broker who strips them by clever deals.

Brecht was just such a "sloven in the home nest" of the bourgeoisie until, by a decisive turn in the direction of Communism, he brought his drama face to face with a wholly new audience—the audience of the proletariat.

The nobles in Gogol's *Dead Souls,* could vent their spleen on Nozdrev and even beat him, but for all that, he was a nobleman and therefore one of them.

So in Germany they jumped on Brecht for his earlier plays; but their indignation was coupled with the gloomy assertion: "There's always a ne'er-do-well in the family."

After *Die Massnahme* the newspapers became wary. When *Mother* appeared on the stage the howl of the press died down and the reviewers' voice was replaced by that of the police official. After thirty performances *Mother* was banned. It was only allowed to be read from the stage. The actors stood in a row and began to read.

"Halt!" the policeman shouted. "This is not a reading but a performance. Your actor turned towards another actor when delivering his reply."

The readers sat down and continued: "Halt!" the same voice rang out. "You made a gesture with your hand. This isn't a reading, it's a performance. I declare the reading discontinued."

Johanna of the Chicago Stockyards was produced in Darmstadt. Half an hour after the play began, the shouting and catcalling fascists provoked a brawl that put a stop to the performance.

Brecht's room is a living diagram of his literary biography. A dusty banjo hangs upon the wall. Brecht seldom sings his ballads to his own accompaniment now. Beside the gramophone lie records from the *Beggar's Opera* sung by Brecht himself.

A sketch, intentionally rough and indescipherable, sprawls on a huge wooden panel. It is the work of the artist who designed the sets for *Mann*

ist Mann, where huge portraits of the characters took the place of stage scenery.

There is a plaster head of Brecht which looks for all the world as though it had been detached from the mummy of Rameses. A head of the same type protrudes from a Chinese robe on which the columns of Chinese characters compose a cartoon.

Brecht in the guise of Confucius. He is interested in Confucianism as a science of conduct. His bookshelf, however, contains books of science and action—Lenin.

The abstract logician finds the road to reality; he becomes Brecht the dialectician and activist. It is not enough to make cynical mock of reality,—one must change it. Brecht regards the old forms of art as too static and passive. But he does not try to enliven art by concretizing the material from which the work is fashioned. He wants to concretize the action of the work of art upon men.

Brecht claims that art is a branch of pedagogy—that its purpose is to teach. Capitalism deforms education so that people consider themselves insulted by a didactic tone; its schools are a travesty on the human mind. Real education is something to be desired and the educated man is glad because he has become cleverer and stronger. A good example of this is the attitude towards education in the Soviet Union.

Brecht favors a "clever theater." He wants conflicting opinions to be as absorbing as conflicting passions.

The point is not to leave the spectator purged by a cathartic but to leave him a changed man, or rather, to sow within him the seeds of changes which must be completed outside the theater.

The performance must not be a closed circle where the heroes and villains balance, where all accounts are settled. On the contrary it must be spiral in form, a circle which is sprung, which rises to new horizons; the spectator must be brought out of equilibrium.

In *Johanna* the dying heroine says:

Make it not your goal
That in the hour of death,
You yourself be better.
Let it be your goal
That in the hour of death,
You leave a bettered world.

What is the source of Brecht's strength? It is his implacable hatred of bigotry, hypocrisy, and all forms of conceit.

He hurls his trenchant aphorisms at the well-groomed and well-bred poetry of the symbolists. He constructs a sentence with biblical sedateness and then shatters it with a sudden whack. He makes stock brokers talk in Shakespearen pentameters but he makes his pentameters stagger like drunkards.

On the wavering heights of intellectual tight rope walking Brecht came, by guidance of Lenin's articles, to Communism, and reached the place where men fight for their living cause. He applied his training in argument and logic to specific work. In collaboration with Hans Eisler he wrote songs for the proletarian stage, for demonstrations, and mass choruses. He wrote the *Ballad of Paragraph 218, Lullabies for Proletarian Mothers,* the *Solidarity Song.*

The man who sat in a smoke-filled room where synthetic opinions dribbled from human chemical retorts, has walked over to the window. He has

flung the window wide open and heard the police whistles, and the thud of police clubs, the "Heil" of brown-shirted shopkeepers, the hum of the underground Communist press.

He goes out on the street. He no longer confines himself to scathing epigrams which only a refined intellectual audience can fathom. He speaks the truth in simple words. He talks to the proletariat of Wedding, Neukölln, Essen, and Hamburg. And they answer with thunderous laughter and applause.

Brecht writes about a worker who goes from a breadline into a stormtroop detachment. Put to music by Hans Eisler, Brecht's song breathes over the shoulder of the worker who does not know that his shirt is brown because it is caked with the blood of his class brothers.

Brecht's old arch-enemy back in Munich, Adolph Hitler, takes power. Brecht emigrates abroad. He answers with the play *Round Heads, Peak Heads* which tells how a certain dictator averted the approaching social revolution by dividing the population into two racial types and pitting them against each other. The scene of action is presumably Peru. But it is clear to everybody that the Peru in question does not border on Chili, but on France and Poland.

Abroad Brecht collaborates even more closely with Eisler. His poetry has a firmer and truer ring. The poet's pen attacks the enemy with unrelenting fury.

The positive strain also grows. It was already audible in the chorus of *Die Massnahme*. But abstract formulae were posited then. As time goes on, however, the arithmetic of a warm, living reality intrudes more and more insistently upon Brecht's algebra. This living reality was lacking in the earlier Brecht, who developed his concepts in terms of imaginary Perus, Chinas, Englands, and Russias, removed from specific historic epochs.

Brecht came to the Soviet Union twice and while here searched eagerly for episodes from our construction which contained crystallized thoughts and which at the same time would provide concrete samples of socialist reality.

The mathematician Leverier who calculated the location of the planet Neptune on paper was not even interested in seeing his discovery through the telescope.

Brecht likewise enumerates in the formulae of the epic theater, the laws of growth of the new man. He, however, is not satisfied with that. He wants to touch the new man and feel the threads that lead to him from the geniuses who foretold and who organized the October Revolution.

If not for this trend of Brecht's, away from dead schematism to throbbing life, he could not have conceived the proletarian mothers with their lullabies and the rugmakers of Kuyan-Bulak who honor the immortal name of Lenin.

"The things you create are so unique in human history," Brecht says, "that they should be recorded in the rock, just as the ancients recorded victories or the founding of cities.

"Your subway is lined with marble slabs but they contain not a single word as to what a miracle in the history of humanity this undertaking was."

Isidor Schneider

To One Who Shudders from Materialism

The compass point twitched
like a hound's nostril;
the hunters of mountains stopped.
With a dynamite fist they knocked.
When it rang back with a peal of iron
they radioed the whole land!

Oh iron mountain,
could you slide to the sea,
could you swim its wave,
you'd not fare further
than on the river of men.

You've been hard fondled before.
The frost scratches show on your cliffs.
In your glens Spring gushed and gashed.
Storms mounted you, and you bore forests.
Earth's breathing outline—
your green cheeks bold toward the sun
touch the sky in proud horizons.

Yet none could mould you like the will of men!

Out of nozzles of copper wire
strong winds suck or blow
as men will it.
Out of one mouth
fumes frost or fire
as men will it.

Nor winter's dam of ice can block,
nor Summer's marsh in air sponge up
the river of human will; it runs
all seasons; has a current to the sky
as powered as the pull to earth's center:
has a city for its ripple,
the mind's infinities for banks.
On this river, Ironmount, you will ride
Further than your longest shadow's stride.

Strange hunting!
The hunter tends his prey,
trains black clods to iron,
iron to graceful steel,
his bride . . .
Be of his loves the one
from whom is nerve and bone;
in bridge and tower your mien,
your trait in cable and chain.

Never at home, yet from you
never departing—
Have him in ship embraced;
his railway train your lap;
on steer wheels hold his hand;
over the universe go
you ringing, he singing, with work.

II

The trappers of rivers came.

Agile the stream out of glens
like a fish out of hands.
They tracked it through seasons,
saw it haughty with flood in Spring
but shriveled and faint in late Summer—
spent vein in emaciate land.

They measured its steps to the sea
where it strolls, where it leaps,
its maximums and minimums of reach—
and they radioed the whole land!

They swore:
No more shall drought drain you.
We will shape you like the camel,
they said:
Behind dams your spring drinking will grow
into lakes like his humps,
to swell energies vaster than floods;
all the creation of water on earth,
all the lightnings and gusts of a year,
stored, cyclones at turns of a dial;
you shall have channels in air as in earth;
your current rushing through wire
shall, in a moment, thrill shores
a thousand miles distant.

Gay are the workers ranging the earth,
reviving the desert, giving employment
to rusting slopes, to listless shores,
healing the earth's creation,
staunching its loss,
spilled Springs and charred Autumns.
They are choirs of laughter.
Even the ledger reckonings sing.
Chanted are the tons dug,
miles roaded, bushels reaped and consumed,
gallons in flow, and acres pregnant. . . .

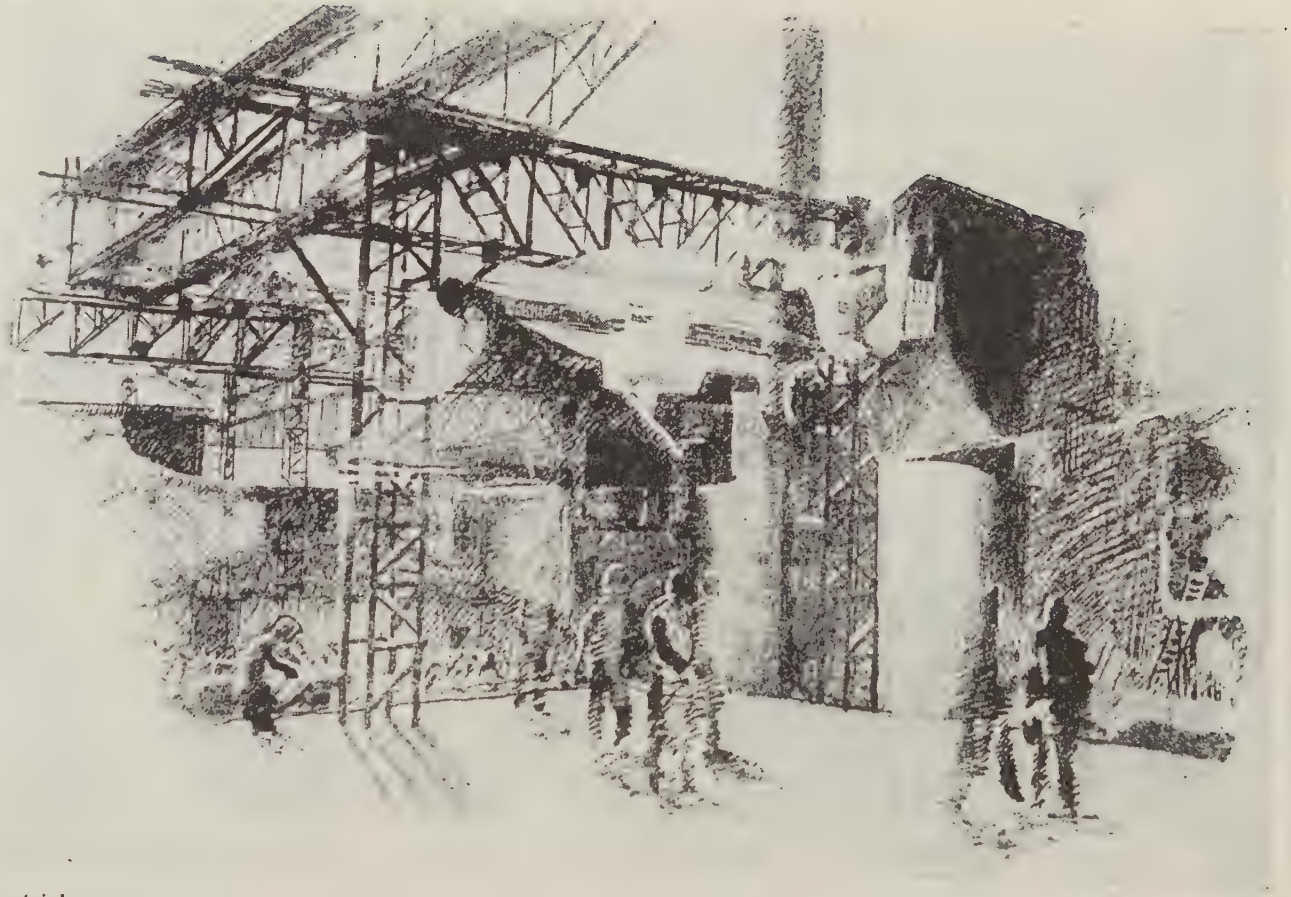
III

The workers go with laughter.
The frowners in corners,

the hoarders of themselves,
the stooping and creeping
whose bleak noses cast two shadows,
one on their eyes, one on their palates:
who spatter others to cleanse themselves,
whose steps ring at funerals
and are dull behind desks,
who are students of sin,
to be teachers of virtue;
haunters in daylight,
sanctifiers of denial, . . .

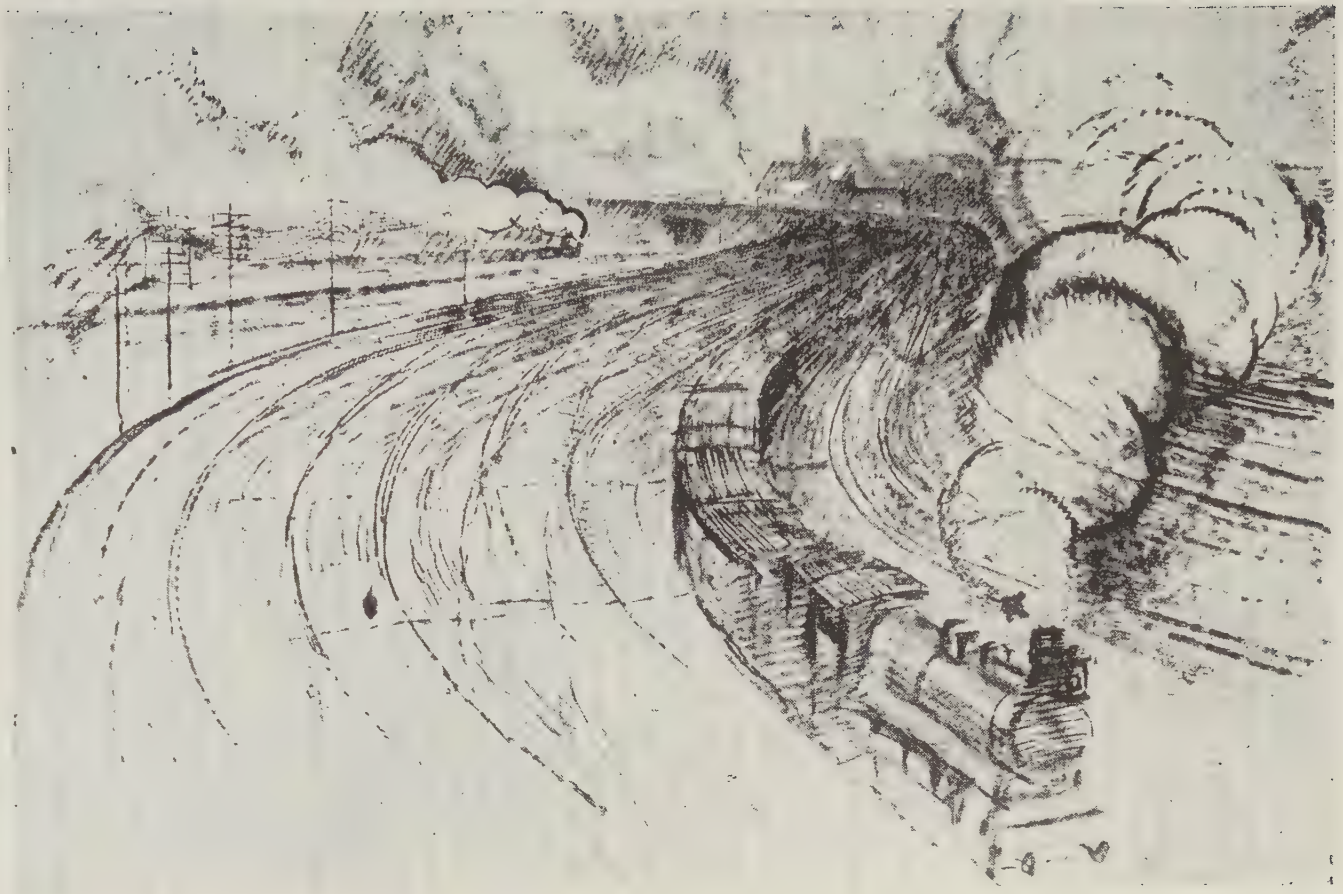
Once they stilled joy in men
naming love lust, strength weakness,—
today call love of men toward earth
an evil, name it *Materialism*
defame in the name of the spirit.

Say to them:
Where lives the spirit but in life?—
in the body of love,
in earth inspirited
with labor!



Industrial scene

Charcoal drawing by the late Soviet artist N. Kuprianov



Freight yard

Charcoal drawing by the late Soviet artist N. Kuprianov

Platon Kerzhentsev

On Falsification of the Historical Past

Among writers in Western Europe and America historical fiction has recently become popular. Not only revolutionary writers appeal to history—reactionary writers of all shades, not excepting fascist writers, search the past and often the very distant past, for facts with which to support, in contemporary politics, the militaristic and chauvinistic concepts necessary to the imperialist bourgeoisie.

The fascist hacks, in their productions, do not hesitate to distort history. They do not stop at the grossest falsification of facts; but they are also subtle and can shuffle facts about in such a way as to make them appear favorable to fascist policy.

This is done consciously as a means of making use of tradition and the example of the heroism of the past, and their hold upon the masses, to justify and compel support for the meanness of the present day. This demagogical approach to history has the single aim of deceiving the masses. It exploits the legitimate pride which a people feels in the great traditions of its past struggles, and its love for its national heroes.

It goes without saying that anti-fascist artists turn to historical fiction with quite different aims in view. They have not the slightest wish to deceive their readers. But even revolutionary writers may miss the truth in their approach. Some consider that the author is entitled freely to interpret historical facts and to alter them to suit his imaginative scheme, as also arbitrarily to attribute new characteristics to historical figures or deny them those which the reading masses know them to have had.

To approach historical personages in this way is to deny that history is an objective science. Such an approach has nothing in common with the attitude of the classical Marxists. Indeed, it is its very anthithesis. It attempts, unsuccessfully it is true, to run counter to the famous thesis of Marx and Engels expressed by the words "we know only a single science, the science of history." (*German Ideology.*)

Since the important and interesting question of the fictional approach to history has been given very little attention in critical literature, the editors have decided to publish below the most relevant part of the speech made by Platon Kerzhentsev (Chairman of the Committee on Questions of Art, attached to the Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R.) at the Conference of Moscow Dramatic Workers. In this speech Kerzhentsev took as an example the failure of the poet Demyan Bedny and the Kamerny Theater in their opera-farce *Bogatiri* (*The Titans*), using the material of this play and its handling to establish principles in the writing of historical fiction. He pointed out the factual mistakes made by the poet and theater in this production as a result of which the early history of the Russian people was grossly misrepresented.

The problems of the historical drama and the general question of the treatment of history in the realm of art are becoming exceptionally important.

It is significant that many Soviet theaters turn to historical themes; and this is valuable for in our country the popularization of history presents an excellent method for giving a Soviet training to all members of our society, and for raising the level of their political consciousness. For this reason, correct presentation by our theaters of the heroic past of our people is of great social importance. Because of this, we must make the same demands on our theaters when they undertake historical plays as are made by our Party and government on the science of history as a whole.

In May, 1934, the Council of People's Commissars and the Central Committee of our Party passed a resolution on the teaching of history in the U.S.S.R.

This decision subjected the textbooks on history and the methods of teaching history used in our schools, to sharp criticism. What directions did the Party give at that time? The Party said: "Instead of teaching civic history in an interesting way, setting forth the most important events and facts in their chronological sequence and vivifying the deeds of historic figures, our schools give their pupils abstract definitions of social-economic structures, substituting abstract sociological schemes for a coherent account of civic history. . . .

"The necessary conditions, if students are to get a clear and lasting understanding of their course in history, is the observance of historico-chronological sequence in the presentation of historical events; historical figures and dates must without fail be fixed in the memory of the students. Only such a method can make the historical material clear, concrete and understandable to the pupils; and without this clarity and concreteness it is impossible to arrive at that correct analysis and correct generalization of historic events which will lead the student to a Marxist understanding of history."

But the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U. did not limit itself to criticizing the old textbooks and ordering new ones. Synopses of textbooks were ordered from groups of historians.

The keen critical remarks made by Comrades Stalin, Kirov and Zhdanov on the synopses of the history of the U.S.S.R. and modern history are of a deep theoretical character and at the same time set forth an entire program not only for our historians and historical science, but also for creative workers when they turn to history.

What is the substance of the remarks of Comrades Stalin, Kirov and Zhdanov? First of all they show what vast political importance the Central Committee of the Party, led by Comrade Stalin, attaches to the science of history and to Marxian study in this science. A decisive blow was delivered to vulgar historical journalism and to deadening schematism (which was especially characteristic of the anti-scientific, anti-Leninist views of Pokrovsky).

The study of the history of the U.S.S.R. is to be based not on the history of the Russian people alone, but on the history of all the nationalities which constitute the U.S.S.R. This is necessary to our ruthless struggle against the traditions of "great-power" chauvinism, which denies the right to independent development for all the nations of the U.S.S.R. Without such a basis in the study of history, it will be impossible to understand how Russia became the stronghold of reaction and the prison of nations, while becoming an international gendarme. Without such a basis one can understand neither the national liberation movement in tsarist Russia, nor the October Revolution as the Revolution which liberated the oppressed nations and paved the way for the formation of the U.S.S.R.

Further, the leaders of our party point out the necessity of setting forth the history of the nations of the U.S.S.R. in close relation with general European and world history. This will make it clear why the October Revolution, which was the result of the development not only of Russia but of the entire world, is at the same time the beginning and the premise of the world proletarian revolution.

The importance of this direction for the training of the youth in the spirit of proletarian internationalism is clear.

The suggestions of Comrades Stalin, Kirov and Zhdanov on the sub-division of modern history by periods, proving scientifically the historic inevitability of the triumph of Socialism all over the world, are also remarkable for their precision, clarity and depth.

The leaders of the Party give particular attention to the necessity of proper historical illumination of "contending trends in the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, in particular of the struggle against Trotskyism as a manifestation of bourgeois counter-revolution." [1]

The conclusions which follow from this are of vast importance in the field of art and especially for the theaters which are producing historical plays. It is deplorable that we find elements of confusion, misinterpretation and direct falsification in this field.

We have had a series of collapses in this sphere. Demyan Bedny's play, *Bogatiri, (The Titans)* is in line with a number of plays staged by the so-called second Moscow Academic Art Theater (MKHAT II). Take for example Lipskerov's *Mitka's Reign.* This is a play about the "Time of Troubles," [2] an epoch filled with important events, involving the masses, when the question of the independent existence of our country was being decided by a struggle against foreign occupation. What did the MKHAT II present? A distortion of history portraying the agent of the Polish insurrectionists of that time—the False Dmitri—as a representative of the masses.

Zamyatin's *Flea,* as staged by A. Diki, has also much in common with the *Bogatiri.* Under the guise of a farce an attempt was made to give a false, politically incorrect, hostile representation of popular figures, out of the national past. Here the author and the theater mocked the folk genius of the Russian people.

The Baptism of Russia, in the "Satire" theater has the same subject as Demyan Bedny's: a mocking pseudo-scientific representation of one of the periods of our history, misrepresenting its real historical meaning.

Peter I in the MKHAT II again distorted history, depicting Peter as a drunken siphilitic and not as the talented statesman known to history. Instead of showing Peter as a merchant tsar, who knocked together the state by means of brutal exploitation of the peasantry, the theater showed him to us only in an exaggerated background of debauches.

Soviet theaters, both in the past and more recently, have staged a great number of plays in which these errors were present in one form or another. Instead of clearly delineating the outstanding historical figures and events of our past, these plays gave non-Marxian, pseudo-historical, anti-scientific caricatures of the past of our people.

Besides the political documents mentioned above, which should form the basis of our work in historical drama. It is worth calling attention to the opinion of such a great artist as Romain Rolland. We have an unpublished

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[1] This article is a revision of a speech delivered by P. Kerzhentsev at a meeting of Moscow theater workers, in November, 1936, that is, before the last plenary session of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R., in March 1937. At that plenum Joseph Stalin characterized Trotskyism as follows: "Present-day Trotskyism is not a political trend in the working class, but a gang without principles and without ideals, a gang of wreckers, diversionists, intelligence service agents, spies, assassins, a gang of sworn enemies of the working class, working in the pay of the intelligence services of foreign states.

"Such is the incontrovertible result of the evolution of Trotskyism in the last seven or eight years."

[2] The "Time of Troubles" was the period following the death of Ivan the Terrible, when Boris Godunov, first as regent, then as tsar, ruled Russia. He died during an invasion by the Poles who, for political purposes, put the "False Dmitri" at their head. The "False Dmitri" posed as Ivan's grandson who had been murdered by Boris Godunov's orders.

letter written by Romain Rolland in 1936 to one of the Palekh masters,[3] on a subject closely related to ours—the folk heroine Joan of Arc.

This artist, who wished to illustrate Voltaire's *Maid of Orleans,* turned to Romain Rolland for advice. Rolland in his reply began by stating his opinion of Voltaire's *Maid of Orleans.* He said that this work had become antiquated, that no one now reads it, and that Voltaire went down into history as a great prose writer and not as a poet. Further he said: "What shocks us now is the caricature which Voltaire permitted himself to make of the 'Maiden.' In his days nothing was known about her; she was just a name in history. The only reason Voltaire had for choosing her as the heroine of his comic poem was her nickname—'The Maiden.' The real figure of Joan of Arc appeared only in the first half of the nineteenth century, on the discovery and publication of the authentic documents of the trial. These documents, in which Joan's answers to the judge's questions, and the testimony of the witnesses, were accurately recorded, are full of stupendous truth; out of these documents arises the real, live Joan; and she is so frank, so direct, so human, that one cannot but be filled with love and respect for her."

And Rolland comes to the following conclusions: "I advise you, therefore, should you undertake to illustrate 'The Maiden,' to treat Joan with respect. You may make as merry as you please at the expense of the king, the princes, the church adherents and their saints. . . . But never ridicule Joan herself. Present her as the beautiful peasant girl she was, or as Clorinda (the heroine of Tasso's poem *Jerusalem Delivered*)—*i.e.,* as a beautiful warrior-maiden. Remove from her image Voltaire's obscene buffoonery."

This opinion of Romain Rolland is very close to the problems we are discussing here. Romain Rolland in *Jean Christophe* also portrays Joan, the heroine of French history, as the leader in the defense of the country against foreign invasion.

Romain Rolland's conception applies also to the problem of the treatment of historical figures and to the artistic depiction of heroic images of the people's past. Our playwrights must give it special consideration.

Similarly, the main defect of Bedny's *Bogatiri* consisted of the melodramatic "bandit" conception. Bandits, serving only their own selfish interests, are converted by Demyan Bedny into bannerbearers of revolution, into the advanced elements of Russia of the Kiev period.

How do the Bilini (Russian folk stories) describe Demyan Bedny's favorite "bandits"? As defenders of the people? Nothing of the kind. The Bilini always show them as the most negative characters.

As to the forty thousand bandits routed by Ilya Murometz, they are characterized in the folk-lore as "night-thieves and highwaymen."

The brigand Solovey (nightingale) was also a "highwayman"; in the Bilini's description, as a result of his activities: "There is no passage for travelers on foot, horse or wing."

The Bogatiri, and the most popular of them, Ilya Murometz, are renowned not only for their victories over the Tartars but also for their campaigns against the brigands who made travel impossible.

The Bogatiri were glorified in folk poetry as protectors of the people and country from incessant foreign invasions; and there is no mention anywhere of any participation by the brigands in the struggle against invasion.

Theories exalting the brigands as the revolutionaries of Russian history

[3] Workers who formerly produced ikons and religious art, who now use their skill on subjects out of folk lore and history.

multiplied and spread especially in the middle of the nineteenth century, under the influence of the anarchists—Bakunin, Nechayev and their ilk. To anarchists, those apologists of "free individuality" unhampered by principles, the brigands seemed ideal revolutionaries.

Nechayev issued leaflets in which he addressed himself to the brigands and criminals, seeing in them protestants against social injustice.

Here for instance is a typical excerpt from a well-known Nechayev document, which appeared during the trial of the Nechayev group.

"While coming closer to the people, we must first of all unite with those elements of popular life, which from the beginning of the formation of the Moscow state power never ceased to protest—not by word of mouth, but by deeds—against everything directly or indirectly connected with the state. . . . Let us unite with the savage brigand world, that true and only revolutionary (world) in Russia."

Since Nechayev, many right-left blunderers have projected similar theories. All the elements fighting against our Party will certainly subscribe willingly to Demyan Bedny's "brigand theory," as it furnishes them with a convenient, pseudo-historical analogy.

This is the substance of the thoroughly false political tendency of *Bogatiri*.

I shall now turn to another question touched upon by the decision of the Committee—to the folk epic. The statements of Comrades Stalin, Kirov and Zhdanov concerning syllabi of the history of the U.S.S.R. and modern history should put us on our guard against some theories which are still prevalent in the fields of literature and art and which stand in need of sharp criticism and exposure. I shall dwell on one of these theories—on the origin of the Bilini—a folk epic. According to this theory, the Bilini originated among the princes and their retinue. This year the "Soviet Writers" publishing organization put out a little booklet entitled *Russian Folk Lore, Epic Poetry* in which the following grounds are given for this theory of the origin of the Bilini.

"All these military feats (those described in the Bilini, P. K.), battles and skirmishes—not only the military life, but also the general character of the central figure—the glorious and mighty Bogatir—lead us to the circles of the princes and their retinue. It was just these circles that were chiefly interested in glorifying and recording the outstanding events of their period: campaigns, battles and victories."

Thus it would seem that the masses who were the first to suffer from these invasions of the Polovtzi, Tartars, etc., etc., did not care to be protected from the invaders. It would seem that only the princes and their retinue were interested in defense.

Historically this is an utterly absurd conclusion. And it is quite natural that Astakhova, who (among many others) defends this theory, became entirely confused. In her opinion, the Bilini originated in the Court circles; at the same time she is compelled to admit that the Bilini devote their attention chiefly to the Bogatiri, while the deeds of the princes are hardly ever sung. This is an obvious contradiction, and stamps the conception as anti-scientific, and anti-Marxian.

But we know that the Bilini characterize even the most popular of the princes, Vladimir (in whose image were merged Vladimir the saint, Vladimir Monomakh and other princes), as braggart and coward.

If we proceed from the correct assumption that in the main the Bilini are the epic preserved by the masses and not by the princely elite, we can easily

understand why the people glorified not the princes but the Bogatiri, *i.e.*, those banner-bearers of heroism among the people, who were close to the people and distinguished themselves in the struggle against the Tartars. But were the Bilini the product of the princes' retinue, it would be incomprehensible why they were not recorded by those lettered people who were close to the princes and boyars (Russian noblemen). It is incomprehensible why these literate people who recorded the "lives of the saints" and the annals of the princes did not record the Bilini. The Bilini began to be recorded only in the seventeenth, the eighteenth, and especially the nineteenth centuries. Most were recorded in the speech of the folk; which indicates that they were kept alive by the people. Evidently the privileged classes were not interested in recording the Bilini for the reason that they were folk epic, folk creations. This art lived among the people and not at all among the higher strata, although the higher strata, of course, participated in this creative work to some extent and had some influence on it.

The false, bourgeois theory of the princely origin of the Bilini which was propagated at one time by a number of scientists (V. Keltuyala, for instance, in the textbook *History of Russian Literature,* 1913) is similar to the Shakespearian "Rutland" theory, supported by some English scholars and by some scholars among us who have blindly followed the historians of bourgeois literature. This "theory" maintains that all Shakespeare's plays were not written by Shakespeare but by Rutland, a representative of the highest strata of the aristocracy of that time.

The English aristocracy resented the fact that one of the greatest representatives of English and world literature had come, if not from the lowest strata of the population, yet in any case from such an "inglorious" estate as the actors. The attempt of the English aristocracy to attribute to their class the creations of Shakespeare's genius is therefore very natural. It is to be regretted that our scholars, commenting on the origin of the Bilini epos, follow blindly in the footsteps of western bourgeois scholars.

They should be reminded that Maxim Gorky, who made a thorough study of folk literature, rejected these theories of the "aristocratic" origin of the Bilini as early as 1912. Addressing himself to E. Liatsky, who had published a collection of Bilini, he wrote: "In our days, when a strange, skeptical, capricious, flippant attitude can be observed towards the people and their creative work, the texts given by you, even without commentaries, give a very sound answer to those who, like Keltuyala, for instance, attribute the entire folk lore to the aristocracy, to the ruling classes. I am astonished by the preface to the second part of Keltuyala's book, and by some opinions on the question expressed by D. N. Ovsyanikov-Kulikovsky, who also denies the creativeness of the people."

I wish to touch upon one more "theory" which was developed by some comrades during the staging of the *Bogatiri.* This theory boils down to the idea that the folk epic is entirely satirical and that Demyan Bedny's *Bogatiri* is therefore entirely in the spirit of this epic. This is a thoroughly false and harmful theory. If we turn to the main source, to the Bilini themselves, we shall, of course, find satirical elements. Thus, Alyosha Popovich is presented in the oldest Bilini as a heroic figure, as a fighter against the Tartars, and nothing more. In the later Bilini, Alyosha Popovich is shown as a representative of the clergy and is sketched with some satirical features. His "eyes covet, his hands grab." But the principal folk heroes,—Svyatogor, Ilya Muromets, Dobrinia Nikitich, Mikula Selianinovich—all the principal figures of the Bilini epic, who appear in a multitude of images, are certainly heroic. Accord-

ingly it was stated in our resolution that the principal representatives of the Bilini epic are heroic figures, who embodied the heroic features of our people and its heroic past.

It is significant that the original name of the folk heroes was "Khorobr" or "Khorober" (meaning brave). This name in itself shows that the figures in question are not satirical figures, but figures of knights, brave men, heroes.

The conception "Bogatir," meaning folk-hero, which came into the Bilini from Mongol sources, signified in the Mongol epic (and later in ours) a brave young fellow, an indefatigable horsemen, a warrior bold and strong.

How can one then say that all the heroes of the folk epic are rendered in a satirical vein?

The theory that the entire epic is satirical was originated in order to justify the misinterpretations permitted in the work on Demyan Bedny's play.

It must be said that our scholars have done nothing in the direction of interpreting our popular epic along Marxian lines. I have already written in he *Pravda* on the incredible confusion in the question of the folk-heroes in the "Literary Encyclopaedia." But what enlightenment do we get from the "Great Soviet Encyclopaedia"? In the article, "Bogatiri," we read: "Bogatiri is the designation in Russian Bilini of personages (?!) performing military feats or generally distinguished by their physical strength, intellect, beauty, wealth."

But the brigand Solovey was also distinguished by his physical strength and intellect. Also Unholy Idol. Also Zhugarin, and all the other enemies of the Bogatiri. The "Encyclopaedia" omits the main thing: that the Bogatiri are the carriers of the heroic features of the people.

In the article in the *Great Soviet Encyclopaedia* on the Bilini (Vol. VIII) the following discovery is made: "The creators of a great majority of the Russian Bilini were not the peasants and their poets," but the jesters, pilgrims, etc. No grounds in support of this discovery are given.

Further on we read; "The military-heroic character of more than half of the Bilini brings us to the conclusion that in the most ancient period, the Bilini were created in military surroundings."

As if the heroic struggle of the people against the Tartar yoke did not at all concern the people!

It turns out that the *Soviet Encyclopaedia* bowed to bourgeois historians and literary scholars in these matters.

Now that we have approached so closely to the study of the history of the peoples of the Soviet Union and particularly the study of the folk epic, we must consider the problem broadly. We must take up not only the Russian Bilini and make them accessible to our masses; we must also popularize the epics of the numerous nationalities of the Soviet Union. Unfortunately there is some strange misunderstanding on the part of our publishing organizations. *The Song of Roland,* for instance, and many other foreign epics are issued and reissued in beautiful editions, but Ukrainian, Georgian, Turkoman or Uzbek epics—the epics of the peoples of the U.S.S.R.—have remained untranslated and unpublished and almost unknown to us. This must be changed.

It will serve us to recall with what attention and love Marx and Engels treated folk epic. Marx dealt severely with Wagner for his "distortion of the primeval epoch" in his treatment of the Nibelungen. Engels ranked the folk legends of Faust and the Wandering Jew among "the most profound works

of folk poetry of all the nations," and added: "They are inexhaustible: every period may adopt them without changing their substance."

Engels spoke with delight of folk literature—of *Eulenspiegel, Siegfried,* the *Schildburgers.* Noting the naturalness of conception, the humor of these folk works, he said: "All of this, to tell the truth, is capable of eclipsing a considerable part of our belles-lettres."

Speaking of the legend of Siegfried, Engels wrote: "What is it that enraptures us in the Siegfried legend? . . . . Siegfried is a representative of the German youth. . . . We all feel the same thirst for great deeds, the same revolt against traditions."

In other statements, Marx and Engels further marked the importance of the folk epic, its influence upon literature, its great poetical merits.

These are a few introductory remarks upon those questions of principle which we formulated in our decision and which are of great importance in connection with the problem of folk qualities in our dramaturgy.[1]

The case of the *Bogatiri* and the analysis of the tortuous road of the Kamerny Theater must be taken into consideration by all our theaters and other artistic organizations. We should point out, for instance, to the Moscow Jewish Theater, that in some of its productions it portrays the Jewish people incorrectly, falsely, offensively.

The theaters must thoroughly understand that work on the repertory is the principal part of their activity, for it is precisely the repertory that determines both the political and the artistic line of a theatrical organization.

Comrade Stalin has set up before the composers and producers of opera the task of creating a classical Soviet opera. This mobilizing slogan applies to the entire art front. We must admit that our theaters and our playwrights do not as yet produce full-fledged works, reflecting the epic of construction in our country, and the heroic struggle of the proletariat and peasantry of other countries. They have not as yet shown us in bright, artistic images the new people of our epoch.

A whole series of important subjects have not as yet been touched by our playwrights. We have no plays on our national defense, no plays about the Party, no large canvases portraying the international struggle of the proletariat against fascism. etc., etc.

In this respect, our motion pictures have undoubtedly outstripped our theaters. Our theaters have no theatrical productions equal to *Chapayev* or *We from Kronstadt,* in their effect.

We have no Soviet comedy, and it is very seldom that we hear laughter at the performances of Soviet plays. The joy and heroism of our time is not reflected in the plays.

Our playwrights and our theaters must carry out the directions of the Party and give us a dramatic art reflecting our life, the struggle of the proletariat for communism, the world struggle against fascism.

Translated by S. Altschuler

[1] We omit here a section dealing specifically with the ideological and artistic failures of one Soviet theater—the Kamerny.

Yakov Metallov

The Hero and the Crowd in Lion Feuchtwanger's Novels

Crowds covered the wall of besieged Jerusalem. And crowds thronged the opposing wall erected by the besieging Romans. These Jews and Romans were filled with hatred of each other. But, for the moment, both camps are united in laughter!

There, in the space between the two walls, between the besiegers and the besieged, stands Josephus Flavius, the cause of this merriment. He came here "with a pure heart, he wanted to save the city, the men, women, children and the Temple of Jehovah." For answer his kinsmen drove out to him a pig. "And so he stood, a little man, on the cold ground between the besiegers and the besieged, in front of him a huge wall, swarming with Jews and behind him a wall swarming with Romans.... And both Jews and Romans laughed loudly at him."

Josephus, son of Matthias, formerly commander of the Jewish armies in Galilee, was taken captive by the Romans after a long and courageous resistance. In his Roman exile he assumed the name of Josephus Flavius and became famous among the Romans as a historian. Now his dream was to become a mediator on behalf of "peace, honor, reason and happiness." But each of the warring camps was alike deaf to appeals for humanity between peoples. And Josephus Flavius, untimely envoy of reason and humanism, was mocked and left solitary. "Josephus with the pig stood *alone between the two camps*... The earth was deserted and uninhabited as before creation, *he was alone and there was nothing around him except derision and laughter.*"

And, indeed, how could contemporaries refrain from laughing at a man who, in the first century of the new era, took it into his head to preach cosmopolitanism! At a time when the earth was littered with the corpses of hundreds of thousands of Jews, Greeks, Egyptians, Parthians, Germans and Romans, sacrificed to a brutal nationalism, Josephus Flavius, the former Jewish army commander, now Roman writer, dreams of becoming "a new species of man—neither Jew, nor Greek, nor Roman." He writes an inspired psalm and entitles it "To the Citizen of the World." Unprecedented words ring out in this psalm: "The name of the kingdom which I sing is not Zion, its name is the globe of the earth."

Amidst the warring of peoples Josephus Flavius makes bold to direct a protest to Jehovah himself. The psalm of protest rings with blasphemy and passionate challenge. "I have a dispute with you, Jehovah. Josephus, son of Matthias, versus Jehovah—so is my dispute called. While I am Josephus, son of Matthias, why must I in addition be a Roman or a Jew or both at the same time? I want to be I, I want to be Josephus, such as I came into the world from my mother's womb; I do not want to stand between peoples and be obliged to say: 'I am of these or those.' "

All the suffering and passion of his soul Josephus poured out in this inspired lamentation against Jehovah and here as in all iconoclastic works it is not difficult to discover behind the name of the criticized deity the worldly order. But it is the peculiar tragedy of Josephus Flavius that, foreknowing their response, he has no faith in the people. The savage laughter

of the masses during the siege of Jerusalem assumes in the novel the terrible symbol of the people's darkness.

To emphasize the tragic solitude of his hero, Lion Feuchtwanger does not even fear a conflict with historical fact or with the autobiographical data given by Josephus Flavius himself in his famous *History of the Jewish War,* where the act of the mediation is differently presented. Josephus Flavius asserts that when he, between the walls, delivered "with cries and tears" his message of peace, he was listened to with deep sympathy by the Jews and the Romans. "The people (referring to the Jews—Y.M.) *were overwhelmed by his speech* and kept silence while the Romans *felt compassion for his grief and showed him their respect for the good wishes he expressed.*"

Tragedy arising out of the collision between the hero and the crowd or, taken more broadly, between the hero and reality—that is the leading motif of the trilogy *Josephus.* It accounts for the singular epilogues of both volumes of *Josephus.*

The tragedy of the concluding scene of the first volume of the trilogy, *The Jewish War,* is stupendous! Titus returning from the conquest of Judea, is awarded a triumph. Behind the chariot of the conqueror march thousands of Jews in chains, who are later to be thrown to wild beasts in the arena. Conspicuous among the captives are the high priests, their beards clipped and with other desecrations in their dress. The Roman soldiers toot jeeringly on the sacred trumpets looted from the temple of Jerusalem. On both sides of the triumphal procession the Roman populace mocks the prisoners and showers stones on them. And Josephus Flavius, the sole Jew in this cruel mob, must watch the spectacle and control his grief.

More tragic still is the epilogue of the second volume of the trilogy—*The Sons.* Josephus received a heartless summons from the Emperor Domitianus to take part in the unveiling of a statue to Titus in commemoration of the conquest of Judea. Josephus, fearing that his refusal might provoke a new, doomed, Jewish uprising, sees himself compelled to accept. And it is not as a mere spectator that he is to take part in the shameful festivities; he is to march in the triumphal procession itself! The eyes of hundreds of thousands of people will turn on him, the only Jew in the procession. And it seems to him that at the moment when he bows in his turn before the monument of the conqueror of Judea, "there would arise a monstrous hissing and a hurricane of laughter and sneers through the whole of Rome." He sees Paulus, his only surviving son, turning away his head in disgust. Josephus even seems to hear his son's outcry, "My father is a cur." And notwithstanding, Josephus does not slacken his pace: "And the citizen of the world, Josephus the son of Matthias, called Josephus Flavius, knowing that the respect of the Romans and Jews, as well as the love of his son Paulus are lost for ever, collected all his power of will and took his last step. And the jester Silenus behind him mimicked his every movement." Thus ends *The Sons,* the second and, so far, the last volume of Feuchtwanger's trilogy.

But assuming that the crowd had been denied the gift of understanding and realizing humanist ideals, may it not be that history gave this gift to the rulers? Is this gift, perhaps, the prerogative of an emperor called upon to direct the crowd under his rule on the path of reason? Would it not have been better perhaps if Josephus Flavius had applied to the great ones?

Lion Feuchtwanger described his hero's painful and futile efforts in this direction too. Josephus' attempt to bring about a reconciliation between Titus and the Jewish captains, Simon and John, ends in as complete and tragic a failure as his attempt at mediation during the siege of Jerusalem. The

symbolic meaning of this failure gains still sharper point since Simon and John are represented as villains while Titus, in distinction, is depicted in comparatively soft, semi-sympathetic tones. Titus is a humane, sincere and courageous young general. He is in love with the Jewish princess Berenice and respects Josephus Flavius. Both Berenice and Josephus entreat him to save at least the Temple of Jerusalem. Titus himself not only values this great edifice but even fears Jehovah's vengeance in the event of its destruction. Nevertheless the Temple of Jerusalem perishes in flames from an incendiary torch thrown by the rough Roman sergeant Pedanus.

The sergeant Pedanus and the soldiers supporting him prove to be stronger than their leader. Even the famed discipline of the Roman legions dissolves in the carnage of victory. Titus' effort to save the burning temple, fails. The legions are out of control. The heavy boots of the soldiery stamp on objects of ancient art; on the skulls of aged priests, on the writhing bodies of the defenders of the Temple.

Lion Feuchtwanger describes the destruction of the Temple, and the massacre of the people. But still more awesome is the sense of tragic destiny The Temple of Jerusalem *was bound to be destroyed.* It was doomed to perish, and the hundreds of thousands of human victims were doomed to terrible deaths.

Such was the will of History, Fate and the Spirit of the Time. Time fanned the mutual national hatred of the Jews and the Romans. And Time, too, left these people on the level of the "crowd." But it is the crowd that drives history and fulfills its terrible fates. The hand of the common sergeant Pedanus turns the wheel of history at the needed moment by flinging his torch into the Temple, destroying the center of the Jewish kingdom. And no Titus, no army chief, be he ten times a genius and ten times as resolute in good intentions could save the Temple, could really save it; because in the final analysis it is not Titus, nor his father, the Emperor Vespasian, who decides, but some Sergeant Pedanus, a man of the "crowd," a real representative of the Spirit of the Time.

This conclusion, implicit in the whole, is given explicit expression. When Josephus Flavius expresses the hope that the Emperor Vespasian, to say nothing of the comparatively humane Titus, would not permit the destruction of the Temple, Claudius Reginus, the old and wise skeptic, with whose utterances Feuchtwanger is evidently in full sympathy, says: " 'Maybe you are right, maybe it is really a blessing that he (Vespasian) is emperor. May be that he really has the good intention of saving Jerusalem. But—' here he beckoned to Josephus to come closer, and dropping his voice, began to speak more cunningly and mysteriously—'I must tell you something in strict confidence. In fact it does not matter who is emperor. Out of ten political decisions wich one is obliged to take, no matter what post one is occupying, nine are prescribed by circumstances. And the higher the post one occupies, the more limited is his freedom of decision. It is like a pyramid with the emperor as its apex, the whole rotating. However, it is not the emperor that turns it, it is set in motion from below. In appearance, the emperor acts independently; yet, his fifty million people dictate his actions. In nine cases out of ten any other emperor would have to act in the same way as this Vespasian.' "

History is not made by its official leaders, nor by solitary heroes even when invested with imperial power; it is made by the millions. But the millions are inert, stupid and ignorant. They are the "crowd" that stones the "prophets," that laughs at their Josephus Flaviuses and brushes aside their

leaders, the Tituses, in those rare moments when the latter give way to the advice of humanitarians like Josephus Flavius. Such is the historical and philosophical meaning of Feuchtwanger's trilogy *Josephus,* a tragical meaning imbued with deep skepticism.

But is this tragedy really irremediable? Is it to throw one into hopeless darkness and despair or will it rather like the ancient Greek tragedy "purify" the souls of the deeply stirred spectators and readers? Is there at all any glimmer of light in this world of universal darkness, hatred and blood? The life and work of Josephus Flavius as depicted by Lion Feuchtwanger is the best answer to this question.

In a difficult time the following words of the Ecclesiastes come to Josephus' mind: "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heavens; a time to be born and a time to die; a time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted; a time to kill and a time to heal; a time to break down and a time to build up; a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing; a time to seek and a time to lose; a time for war and a time for peace. What profit hath he that worketh in that wherein he laboreth?" It would seem that such a fatalism would be accompanied by hopeless pessimism. However, in Feuchtwanger's treatment there is a saving gleam. With the same inevitability with which the crowd renounces the lonely hero of humanism, proceeds the accumulation of economic and cultural values and with them the gradual rise of the whole social order to a higher level. "I do not long to return to the times of the desert, intuition and the prophets," the writer and historian Justus says to Josephus, "I am glad that we live in the epoch of cities and social ties." It is precisely the cities and the growing "social ties," by which Feuchtwanger means capitalist relations, that are to a certain extent called upon to establish reason and to humanize society. However, the scope of this optimistic view of the future, based on historical necessity, is restricted. Josephus has no hope of his humanitarian ideas gaining complete victory, for the "masses are by their nature stupid." Neither does Josephus think his cosmopolitan dream realizable in "ten or twenty years." He knows that it is the "work of centuries." But Feuchtwanger's fatalistic hero does not even think of trying to reduce this term; nor does it occur to him that even in centuries to come, when the fruit of the new civilization will have ripened, it would not fall of itself into one's mouth but would have to be reached for and picked from the tree of life.

Force is repellent to Josephus. Moreover, he has no faith in it. The crowd, armed or unarmed, as the bearer of force, has, with sufficient salience and sharpness, been shown to be hostile to humanism. Only by education, by constant and persevering propaganda of progressive ideals may society be advanced. True, it is a tediously long process. But Josephus, and with him Feuchtwanger himself, sees no other way out. And that is why he devotes himself with such zest and passion to his literary pursuits, which he contrasts with the political struggle. Josephus rates the work of a writer above the work of a politician. While a writer may preach his ideals in their "pure" form, "a man of politics even at best has no chance of giving effect to his conceptions," since "he has to work with thankless and unworthy material: he, poor thing, has to substitute the decent lie for truth in order to adapt himself to the stupidity of the masses."

However, the writer is not merely a preacher of ideals. By showing life in all its repulsive ugliness, the writer, according to Feuchtwanger, advocates the reform of this life. That is why Josephus Flavius wanders among the mutilated corpses of his kinsmen in Jerusalem with notebook in hand. That

is why he forces himself to be present at the triumph of Titus, the conqueror of Judea; this is the most painful of all Josephus' experiences not excluding his public flogging. And he does it because he must transmit to posterity the lessons received. "He was a writer of history, he had to go, he had to be present, it was his duty to be present." That is why *The History of the Jewish War,* in Feuchtwanger's interpretation, becomes the lifework of Josephus Flavius, and Feuchtwanger makes Josephus say in the concluding sentence of his history that he "described events as they really were so as to serve as a memory for contemporaries and a warning to posterity." [1]

In the philosophy of history developed by Feuchtwanger in works written efore the fascists' coming to power in Germany there is something reminiscent of Spinoza. The great materialist and philosophic reformer of the seventeenth century, Baruch Spinoza, reduced the activity of man to cognition and saw in cognition the sole cure of human afflictions. Spinoza's priority of cognition prepared the ground for the French "enlightenment" of the eighteenth century, with its faith in the miraculous power of reason, a faith which prompted d'Alembert to say that had Voltaire's *Mohammed* appeared two centuries earlier, there would have been no religious persecution in France.

Lion Feuchtwanger, a descendant and admirer of the French enlighteners, a humanist of the twentieth century, in contrast to his teachers does not believe in the miraculous force of reason. He remains a Spinozistic objectivist contemplating the world proceeding under the sign of fate. And before his *Josephus,* in his novel *Success,* dealing with contemporary life, one of the heroes, the writer Tuverlen, who obviously voices the ideas of Feuchtwanger himself, never rises above Spinoza's philosophical and historical views or above his social "cures." In the twentieth century, in the years of the triumph of the ideas of Karl Marx, Tuverlen proposes a thesis of his own opposed to Marx and in essence a Spinozistic thesis: "One great man, namely, Karl Marx, said: 'The philosophers explained the world but the question now is to change it.' I personally believe that the only way to change it is to explain it. If we at all succeed in *explaining it satisfactorily it means changing it quietly,* without any noise, by the effect of reason. Only those unable satisfactorily to explain it attempt to change it by force." In full accord with this theoretical proposition Tuverlen confines himself to literary, educational work, *(The Book of Bavaria, The Fair of Justice).* Johanna Krein, the chief heroine of *Success,* and obvious favorite of Lion Feuchtwanger, does not go beyond making "exposes," that is, beyond "cognition."

In the hero of his *Josephus,* who picks his way through the ruins of Jerusalem with his notebook in his hand and whose life purpose is not the struggle to change the world but the portrayal of life, one sees the embodiment of the ideas of Feuchtwanger himself, held by him in the pre-Hitler years.

And since, according to Feuchtwanger, mankind, in its toilsome journey to the kingdom of reason, is to be on the march for thousands of years, the heroes of the skeptical writer may supplement their unimportant educational activity by the cultivation of their "Egos," and by a program of enjoyment, *viz.,* epicureanism. It is under the sign of Skepticism fed on the soil of historical and philosophical fatalism and supplemented by epicureanism, that Feuchtwanger's *Josephus* was written.

The historico-philosophical skepticism in the author's outlook is also re-

[1] This is according to Feuchtwanger, but in Josephus Flavius' *The History of the Jewish War,* the concluding words only assert the historian's fidelity to fact.

flected in his method. In his *Josephus* Feuchtwanger refrains from idealization of historical figures, to such an extent that he divests them even of the panoply proper to the period.

In Feuchtwanger's description the Roman toga does not seem to differ much from the modern jacket and trousers: it is a mere wardrobe item, of little importance as compared with the chief thing—man! And according to Feuchtwanger the overwhelming mass of the people of the ancient world are to a greater extent than modern people primitive and brutally egoistic.

One might even say that the author employs a kind of "exoticism inside out." Famous heroes of antiquity, in Feuchtwanger's novel, very often appear in undress instead of in gorgeous raiment. A striking example of this is the figure of the Emperor Vespasian.

How plain, ordinary and even ostentatiously vulgar is the speech of this famed potentate who held under his sway almost the whole civilized world. Josephus he calls "lad," his daughter Julia—"woman" his courtiers—"boys."

Lion Feuchtwanger repeats with evident pleasure what is degrading in Vespasian's biography. This emperor, deified after his death, was, in his early days, governor of the province of Africa. There the people demanded his replacement by a more dignified person.

As mayor of Rome, Vespasian earned the punishment of being smeared with horse excrement, for allowing the streets of Rome to become filthy. Vespasian's brother at the mere mention of Vespasian's name would turn his head away and exclaim: "Stop, stop. It smells of horse excrement!"

Where money was to be gained, Vespasian's hand was always in, no matter how discreditable the transaction. It is Vespasian who coined the proverb: "Money never smells bad." And he dies with his lips counting.

The scene of Vespasian's death is vividly rendered by the author. Instead of a description of the elaborate ritual observed at the deathbed of Roman emperors, Feuchtwanger makes his hero fear lest another attack should soil his expensive garments. The dying emperor counts the costs of his posthumous fame, and with his last breath sums up the fees paid to Josephus Flavius for his historical works. "Assuming the book will outlast two thousand years, what will one day of posthumous fame cost him then? Let us see. Three hundred and sixty-five multiplied by two thousand. Then—divide one million by that sum. Oh, if only his head were clear of that accursed fogginess! Three hundred and sixty-five by two thousand. . . . It can't be done. But in any case it is a bargain." The motive of gain directs even his relations with his own son. Both know that given a favorable opportunity the son would long ago have removed the father from the throne by poison in the same way as later on, Titus was hastened to his death by his brother Domitian. But that is the law of life, and that is why Vespasian continues to love his son Titus. The dying father is, however, not averse to playing a little trick on his heir. Before his death he is prepared to recommend Titus to do away with their old enemy Helvidius junior: But Vespasian falls into another train of thought; "the dynasty is sufficiently firmly established and," the dying man smiles cunningly, "my own biography need not be stained by that."

His own "biography" so occupies the mind of the dying Vespasian that for the sake of it he is ready to suffer physical pain. In order that he may go down in history in grand style the dying emperor orders that he be lifted up and held for a few minutes standing, to gain the right of delivering his deathbed message: "Tell the Senate and the people of Rome their Emperor Vespasian died standing." Thus Feuchtwanger concludes this powerfully written scene.

How was it then that such a man came to be ruler of the world? Nobody, as the author emphasizes, could ever have imagined that Vespasian would be driven in a triumphal chariot. Even Vespasian himself never dreamed that he would rise to such heights. At the very moment when the messenger brought him the appointment to Judea, the future emperor was thinking of retiring altogether from public life....

And nevertheless this man becomes a ruler of the world. For the world that had raised Vespasian to rule over it is the old, inert, slowly crawling world. And as for the crowd, it is precisely Vespasian's coarseness that gains him their popularity.

It would however be erroneous to imagine that Feuchtwanger caricatures Vespasian. Not at all. Vespasian is a whole-hearted, judicious man and in his own way a colorful personage. Sound common sense is his guide. His elevation to the throne was of course an accident; but if not this Vespasian, then some other "Vespasian," resembling him, would have been elevated. For the world, like Vespasian, is ordinary, primitive and egoistical.

It is Vespasian who gave utterance to the portentous "maxim" which lays bare the roots of anti-Semitism: "When you stick in the mud with your affairs, egg on the masses against the Jews." Vespasian standing with his legions at the gates of Judea, is in no hurry to throw his troops into an attack against Jerusalem.

His legions are a weight in the political scales and he holds them intact awaiting the turn in affairs in Rome. Calmly and with apparent indifference he allows the claimants to the imperial throne at Rome to bleed each other to exhaustion; then he has only to stretch out his hand and the power is his.

Of all the heroes of Feuchtwanger's *Josephus* the figure of Vespasian is the most excellently drawn. Like Rameau in Diderot's *Nephew of Rameau* the figure of Vespasian reveals the social order through the medium of one who is himself of this "order." And since Vespasian's acts and thoughts take us behind the scenes of imperial Rome, since the inner world of Vespasian is shown with a marvelous psychological insight and his language fully accords with all his acts and psychology, Feuchtwanger's Vespasian stands out as a realistic portrait remarkable for its historical significance and artistic brilliance.

While drawing this portrait, Feuchtwanger strives to penetrate into the essence of the life of the time. That is why in *Josephus* the Judeo-Roman war is shown "to have been fought not in the name of Jehovah or Jupiter; but over the price of butter, wine, corn and figs." That is why the religious nationalistic uprising of the "Avengers of Israel" is exposed as the uprising of the Jewish peasants and proletarians not only against the Romans but also against their own exploiters. "The Jewish petty bourgeoisie, the peasants and proletarians, rose against the Romans and against their own feudal lords." The Jewish aristocratic circles, together with the rich merchants, are shown to have been interested, above all, in maintaining their class privileges. The aristocrats as well as the rich people who held the highest posts in the state "were fearful lest the war against Rome should bring about a revolution against their own rule."

True, Feuchtwanger's sympathy is not with the insurgent Jewish peasants. The historico-philosophical fatalism of the author of *Josephus* prevents it. The author again and again speaks of the futility of the doomed uprising. As Justus says "a change of cultures had set in and god is now in Italy." But although Feuchtwanger condemns and chastises the insurgent plebeians

of Judea, he describes at the same time their hard life, reveals their deadly antagonism to the class interests and political and social policy of the ruling class of Judea and Rome.

The historico-philosophical ideas underlying *Josephus* have a reflection, alas, in the peculiar epic manner of the writing. The world is full of sorrow and horrors but so it was and so it long will be! Hundreds, perhaps thousands of years will pass, and many a thing will change for the better by the force of historical necessity. Meanwhile the solitary hero may plant the seeds of humanism by slow and tedious propaganda. And that is why it is essential that, like Josephus Flavius in the epilogue of *The Sons,* "one should carry one's heart in both hands," one should with greedy eyes devour reality and in calm, balanced and epic language narrate everything seen and heard for the benefit of the centuries and millenniums to come. Needless to say it is not easy to carry one's heart even "in both hands." Particularly when around one sounds the savage laughter of the crowd that tramples underfoot humanitarian ideals. One's heart may not be able to bear it and then a shriek will burst open the repressed lips, a shriek as terrible as the one emitted by Josephus Flavius at the sight of the tortured Jews, to whom he could not refrain from shouting his sympathy. But reason would not be reason if it did not curb passion. And when you relate some horrible things in calm epic tone the effect is more horrifying still.

In Feuchtwanger's novel events unfold themselves epically with outward calmness, but they are tragic in essence; both in the psychological torments of Josephus and in the masterfully drawn savageries of national oppression, which he witnesses. With the accuracy of a registrar the author records that part of the captive Jews died in the arena wearing their prayer shawls, others were stripped naked so that the spectators might see the play of the muscles in the agonies of death. Many died in comedian's masks strapped, by force, on their faces. In the course of two days twenty-five hundred Jews were torn to pieces by wild beasts in the arena. Feuchtwanger piles up the mountains of mutilated bodies before the reader, but avoids expressing his own horror. Life realistically depicted is eloquent of itself. And when the author abstracts himself as it were from the material and ironically taking the attitude of a spectator, says that "the spectacle was amusing," that "it was comical" and "gave pleasure," the horror intensifies.

Josephus Flavius is Feuchtwanger's type hero: in each of Feuchtwanger's novels there is a solitary, tragically persecuted, to the accompanimet of the laughter and jeers of the "crowd," to say nothing of the rulers. There is the figure of the Duchess Margaret-Thicklip, the heroine of Feuchtwanger's first novel *The Ugly Duchess,* which is not one of his masterpieces. With what skill the author builds up the physical repulsiveness of his heroine. A misshapen, formless head, a little flattened-out nose, an ugly monkey mouth, a thick lower lip, huge protruding jaws and a dried-up, flabby skin.... The author is obviously and intentionally overdoing the "thick-lip" and the other deformities of his heroine so as to make her feel an outcast from her very childhood. But with all the ugliness of her outward frame Margaret is an excellent soul; she sincerely loves her native Thuringia and has wise far-reaching plans of industrializing her feudal country. But the people who already in this first of Feuchtwanger's works are represented as coarse and inert, are quite unable to distinguish between enemy and friend. They swarm to the beautiful Agnes although she is of the aristocratic camarilla; and the ugly duchess ends her days in lonely exile.

Süss, the hero of Feuchtwanger's next novel *The Jew Süss,* is a handsome,

clever, charming and successful man. And as long as he leads a dazzling life at court his fame is in its zenith. But no sooner does he renounce his former manner of life and follow the commands of a stirred conscience and an enlightened mind, than his fate immediately changes. He dies in a box hoisted on the gallows. The crowd destroys him not for his past sins but because he is a Jew.

Martin Krüger, the hero of Feuchtwanger's novel, *Success,* also dies tragically in his solitary prison cell. The reactionary rulers of pre-fascist Bavaria condemn him to prison for his freedom-loving views in the field of art, and the crowd, represented by an exceptionally petty-minded jury and witnesses, by their hissing and hooting at Krüger approve the legal injustice rendered in the court.

The lonely and tragic hero, until quite recently, predominated in Lion Feuchtwanger's mind. Evidently the author felt himself caught in the dramatic collision between the hero and the crowd. At the Paris Congress for the Defence of Culture Feuchtwanger defined it with the greatest lucidity "The historian and the novelist," said Feuchtwanger, "see in history the struggle of a small, competent and resolute minority against the monstrous compact majority of blind people who are actuated solely by instinct and have no opinion of their own." And Feuchtwanger added: "I believe it is important to depict episodes from the past phases of this struggle."

That is where the tragical collision between the hero and the crowd springs from! According to Feuchtwanger all human history is filled with a struggle between the reasoning minority and the monstrous compact crowd of blind people. Our modern time is taken merely as a new phase comparable with the "previous phases" of this struggle which has been fought for ages.

Feuchtwanger had come to such a pessimistic conclusion only after he had gone through the experiences of the imperialist war, the post-war crisis of capitalism, inflation, fascism and disappointment in the enormous masses of the petty bourgeoisie ("the crowd"). The decay of capitalism left its sinister mark on the literary works of Lion Feuchtwanger who regards himself as the messenger of humanitarian reason. "As for myself," the author exclaimed at the end of his speech at the Paris Congress, "ever since I began to write I work on historical novels—in the cause of reason against stupidity and violence."

But was Feuchtwanger right when, in this speech delivered by him at the Paris Congress for Defence of Culture, while explaining his passion for the historical novel, he exclaimed: "Having searched my conscience I make bold to say that I intended to give the same content in my historical novels as in my modern ones?"

Both books of the trilogy *Josephus* may serve as proof of the truth of Feuchtwanger's statement. Needless to say the characters and events which unfold before us in the novel *Josephus* are by no means modern German "affairs and people" disguised and draped in antique cloaks. In this work Feuchtwanger depicts the first century of our era and not the twentieth century. And notwithstanding the tremendous historical distance that separates us from that epoch, the agitated mind of the author searches for, catches and uses what is near to and in harmony with problems of our days, what, using Feuchtwanger's expression, helps "to make the past fruitful for the present and future."

To be sure, not everything in *Josephus* is of help to the "present." The author's objectivity and contemplativeness can by no means be regarded as an asset from the point of view of contemporary necessity. Neither have-

the few nationalistic escapades in *Josephus* anything in common with modern times. The author's treatment of the uprising of the Jerusalem plebeians is questionable and at any rate cannot be justified emotionally.

And nevertheless the fascist "champions of culture" knew what they were doing when they included *Josephus* in their bonfire and when, in a raid on Feuchtwanger's apartment, they destroyed the manuscript of the second half of the novel. At the time Feuchtwanger was writing his novel, which now, with the appearance of *The Sons,* has only partially been restored, the pistol shots and blows in the German streets were only the prelude of Hitler's coming symphony, solemnly called "The Third Empire." But the keen eye of Feuchtwanger had even then discerned in the coming heroes of the fascist era the descendants and worthy successors of the ancient vandals.

In Sergeant Pedanus who with his ugly, bluish-red, hairy hand threw the torch into the Temple of Jerusalem, it is not so difficult to recognize the spiritual forerunner of the storm trooper who with as easy a conscience sets fire to the Reichstag and burns the works of Zola, Heine, Anatole France, etc.

In the appalling pictures of the captive Jews desecrated in life and death, it is not difficult to find a certain similarity with the scenes in the concentration camps of modern Germany and even of street life in Berlin itself.

Vespasian's thesis: "When you stick in the mud with your affairs, egg on the masses against the Jews," is a remarkable anticipation of the program and tactics of the fascists' "socialism of fools."

And to be sure, in the tragical figure of Josephus Flavius who is endeavoring to extricate himself from the narrow limits of nationalism so as to become a "citizen of the world" one can recognize a refraction of the painful searchings of many an anti-fascist intellectual in the contemporary West.

Many of them have done with these painful searchings and have taken their stand in the ranks of the revolution.

The Family of the Oppenheims, Feuchtwanger's latest work, unlike his *Josephus,* has not only been issued but has been conceived since the fascists' coming to power. This work exhibits a change in the author in the same direction. True, in *The Family of the Oppenheims* also the lonely youth Berthold Oppenheim perishes. Shunned by his schoolmates at the word of their fascist teacher, the honest and gifted youth who intended to read a paper on the subject "Humanism and the Twentieth Century" ends by committing suicide. Finally, the chief hero of the novel, Gustav Oppenheim, who could not endure the horrors of fascist Germany, dies tragically too, but in underground Germany fighting fascist barbarity. In his search for allies the lonely hero now knocks at the door of the revolutionary proletarian organization, in whose ranks, as the author notes, "a considerable part of the German people" is to be found.

Thus in Feuchtwanger's works, for the first time, appears a hero who strives to take part in the national struggle under the leadership of the revolutionary party. Thus for the first time the author begins to overcome the idea of a collision between the hero and the crowd that so painfully and for so long a time dominated his literary work.

Translated by E. Levin

Two Soviet Sketches

V. Ilyenkov

THE PRICE OF MAN

The entrance examinations for courses in Marxism were being held.

A man of about thirty-five with curly light-blond hair, wearing boots and a khaki colored jacket, entered the office of the professor of Russian history.

"Grinoyov," he introduced himself, offering his left hand. His right sleeve was tucked into his pocket.

"Sit down," said the professor, carefully regarding the one-armed man with near sighted eyes over the tops of his spectacles. "Tell me what you know of the time when they traded people in Russia."

"I remember that time very well, professor," Grinyov said with a smile; and he gave a sigh of relief, like a student in an examination who unexpectedly gets an easy question.

"Excuse me. . . . but how can you remember it?" the professor said in surprise, bunching his tufted brows.

"That was quite recently," Grinyov objected confidently, "in 1919."

Grinyov pulled out a cigarette case made of Karelian birch and, pressing it between his knees, extracted a cigarette; with the rapidity of habit he slipped a match box in his palm and struck a light.

The professor glanced at the motionless sleeve and pushed over the ash tray.

"I commanded a partisan detachment near Irkutsk," Grinyov began hastily, eagerly inhaling the tobacco smoke. "We had practically no arms except for a few fowling-pieces and two or three rifles.

"But we knew how to manage even without arms—we rolled trains down embankments. We were helped by dark nights and the friendly taiga which concealed us and fed us. When they chased Kolchak eastwards we grew bolder. Establishing ourselves in a small village near the railway we gave hell to the Whites and the Czechoslovaks. They were running towards Irkutsk in a panic.

"And then one day I received information that the Kolchak troops were convoying Communist prisoners to an execution ground. They included one highly responsible comrade, whom I received orders to free at all costs. But it would have been madness to have tried to capture the train. Its guard was too large and too well armed.

"We had to be content with damaging the railway line, several trains were halted while linesmen repaired the damage. From the mountain where our village stood, we could see the echelon of death convoying our condemned comrades. But what could we do? I summoned my detachment in order to discuss the situation for the last time. It was hard for me on my own responsibility to risk the lives of dozens of our people.

"The partisans were gloomily silent. And then, at the moment when it seemed there was no way out, we saw a horseman with a white flag approaching our village. Two partisans rode out to meet him. One promptly returned with the report that a foreign officer wanted to see me, on an urgent matter.

"I jumped to the saddle, and rode off. We met by a large pine tree on a hillock. A flabby young officer, clad in a new coat and leggings, sat astride a scrawny nag. He touched his visor and in broken Russian introduced himself as the commander of the echelon of death.

" 'I convoy your Communists. Twelve people. I can kill, I can free. You pay me three hundred ruble and I free Communists,' he said, focusing watery fish eyes upon me, 'three hundred gold ruble. Paper I no take. Give me three hundred ruble gold in two hours and take your Communists. I wait here.'

"He spoke calmly, indifferently, as though we were discussing the sale of cows.

"Wishing to ensure myself from being fooled I asked for a list of the Communists. The officer produced a slip of paper from his bag. Among the familiar names I discovered the one name which had been haunting my thoughts for the last several days.

" 'Very well,' I said, trying to conceal my excitement, 'in two hours I shall bring you the gold.'

" 'We must check the time. I like accuracy,' the officer remarked, pulling out his watch, 'not one minute extra. It is now ten o'clock.'

"I raced off, lashing my horse. I was jubilant—it all seemed so incredibly simple; pay three hundred rubles and the lives of twelve comrades would be saved!

" 'Hurry up and get gold, boys!' I shouted, dashing up to the crowd of partisans, 'only three hundred rubles!'

" 'Here you are,' said an old man offering a silver ruble.

"Another emptied a handfull of small silver coins into my hat. Another one turned the lining of his pocket inside out and a copper five-kopek piece fell to the ground.

" 'Gold! Gold, comrades!' I said hastily, but observing the gloomy faces of the partisans, I realized that it would be easier for these people to charge with their bare hands under machine-gun fire than to collect three hundred gold rubles.

"Iroshkin, a merry fellow and a dancer, removed a slender ring with a dull green stone from his hand and tossed it into my hat.

" 'My girl gave it to me when we said goodbye. . . . she told me: If you wear this ring you'll come back alive. Well, to hell with it!' He waved his hand and laughed. 'Women's superstitions!'

"Time was passing and I glanced at my watch. Never in my life was I as greedy for gold as I was during those minutes. . . .

" 'Perhaps we should bargain with him, the devil, maybe he'll come down on the price,' Iroshkin said, jumping into the saddle.

" 'What will we do?' I asked, turning to the partisans with a feeling of utter helplessness.

" 'We ought to try the church,' the old man who had given the silver ruble suggested, 'there is sure to be gold on the ikons.'

"I was ready to kiss the old man for his resourcefulness. They brought over the priest.

"He wore a shabby reddish frock and rubbers on his bare feet. His hair, which was braided into pig-tails like a young girl's, stuck out from under his straw hat, like horns.

" 'Our church is poor,' he whined, jangling his keys, 'we have no gold. Only gilded copper and tinsel. . . .'

"Several of the ikons had white metal coverings which we tore off. Two cups with the ruddy glint of red gold, stood on the altar.

" 'I won't let you have them,' the priest declared, emphatically covering the cups with his hands. 'They contain the body and blood of Our Lord. . . .'

" 'Blood! Blood!' shouted the old man, grabbing them. 'And if they shoot our twelve comrades, won't that be blood?'

" 'Blasphemy! Sacrilege!' screamed the priest, trying to rescue the cups. But the old man turned out to be the stronger.

" 'This'll make two hundred rubles!' he shouted jubilantly, clinking the cups together.

" 'They're silver . . . . only gilded,' the priest said with malicious glee, 'but if you need gold,' he lowered his voice to a whisper, 'Anisim has gold ones. . . . I know for sure. He is the church elder.'

"Iroshkin rushed into the church.

" 'He won't come down, the greedy devil!' he remarked, catching his breath. "Three hundred rubles and not a kopek less.'

"There was a half hour left. I ordered them to bring the church elder. Iroshkin slung a shotgun over his shoulder and within five minutes led in a pale skinny old man with a long wavy beard.

" 'I haven't any gold,' he muttered, without looking at me.

" 'If you don't bring us gold within five minutes, we'll shoot you,' I declared, pulling out my revolver.

" 'Go ahead and shoot, but I have no gold,' Anisim answered folding his arms across his chest.

"The second-hand described its last circle.

" 'Will you cough up?'

"Anisim kept silent, continuing to finger his chest over his heart.

"They led him out to the church wall and Iroshkin raised his shotgun, aiming at his head.

" 'If we shoot him, we won't find money anyway,' I thought to myself and I wanted to stop Iroshkin, but suddenly against my will, losing my selfcontrol, I shouted:

" 'We'll shoot everyone who conceals gold! Search every house!'

"Iroshkin, having loaded his gun, was trying to persuade the priest:

" 'You are good at counting other people's money, but you didn't show up yours. Give us gold or we'll make an end of you. . . . Didn't I give up my ring? I did. Maybe I won't live any longer because of that. . . . .'

"With dragging steps the priest led us to the garden.

" 'Here under the third apple tree. . . .' he muttered, kneeling down and digging into the mellow soil with trembling hands.

"Between the roots of the tree a sardine can gleamed; in it were ten gold coins, wrapped in a rag.

"At twelve o'clock sharp I galloped to the pine tree with a sack which contained the church cups, my silver watch, the tin can, a tsarist ruble, Iroshkin's ring and tarnished copper coins.

" 'Take it,' I said, emptying the contents of the bag on the ground.

" 'The Bolsheviks are punctual. That beats Kolchak,' the officer answered, leisurely examining the cups. 'I'll take these. I don't need that,' and he contemptuously threw aside Iroshkin's ring. 'It's copper. You needn't have spoiled the ikon, it's brass,' he said in the tone of a connoisseur, tapping the medal. 'Two hundred and fifty rubles worth of gold. It's little.'

" 'That's all we have,' I said, restraining with difficulty my strong impulse to sink my fingers into his thin neck with its prominent Adam's apple.

"The officer put the things into the bag, hid the gold in his pocket and as he touched the reins, smiled for the first time; obviously, he was highly pleased with the deal.

" 'Bird in the hand is worth two in bush. Goodbye!'

"Within a half hour a group of twelve people separated from the echelon and headed in our direction. We rushed to meet them. . . .

"'He didn't take my ring,' Iroshkin exulted, putting on his girl's gift. 'I guess that means I'll live a long time!'

"And what was the name of the responsible comrade whom you freed, that is to say, whom you bought?" said the professor, biting his grey moustache with excitement.

"I don't remember," Grinyov answered after reflection, "I never met him afterwards. . . . "

The professor stood up, and thrusting out his hand, quietly said:

"Well, now we've met."

Leonid Lench

GRANDFATHER SIGAYEV

Ivan Lukyanovich, an old farmer of 92, came in from his kolkhoz [1] to spend some winter weeks with his grandchildren, the Sigayevs, who live in apartment 5. Ivan Lukyanovich's beard was green-gray with age; but his back was straight, his eyes were clear and he still had some sound teeth in his mouth. His spirits were as well preserved as his body, and the old man's friendly cheerfulness made him popular with all the neighbors.

The repairman, Karp Stepanovich, who had a little education and was active one might even say over-active, in the social work in the house, said: "He's a heroic old boy. He's seen four tsars into their graves. And his eye is as clear as an eagle's. If I were Sigayev, I'd take him to the Academy of Sciences for an examination. The old boy must have some special iron in his system. He's a phenomenon, I say, and our doctors ought to look into it and explain it."

Karp Stepanovich was not the only one interested in grandfather Lukyanovich. The neighbors had their own ideas of how to make use of him.

Every evening there would be a knock on Sigayev's door. Sigayev would be asked: "Excuse me, couldn't you let your grandfather come to our apartment for a few minutes. We have guests whom we've told about him and they'd like to have a look at him."

Sigayev was obliging. "Why not?" he would answer. And he would stir up the old man. "Grandpa, go along with our neighbor. He has visitors who want to have a look at you."

With a groan Ivan Lukyanovich would rise obediently from his place on the couch, and follow the neighbor out. Closing the door behind them, Sigayev would remark to his wife:

"We ought to start charging for grandpa. Three rubles a night."

In the neighbor's apartment, the old man would not be left in peace. To get him talking he would be plied with liquor: and with the liquor, a stream of questions and jokes: How many years did he plan to stay on earth? What was the secret of his longevity and his good health? What did he eat? and so on. And the old man sat at the table clear-eyed and gentle; and the only sign he gave of annoyance was the remark:

"Pardon me. I beg your frogiveness for having overlived my time."

Even this he said with so shy, wise and winning a smile that no one noticed how it had been intended.

[1] Kolhoz: collective farm.

But of all the neighbors, no one plagued him so much as the repairman, Karp Stepanovich. Karp no sooner saw him than he fired questions at him, sometimes embarrassing personal ones. When he learned that the old man had been a serf, it was a godsend for him. He got busy at once arranging a meeting. He called the house committee together to work it out. At the meeting Grandpa Lukyanovich would be the speaker and his subject would be the horrors of serfdom. All the Young Pioneers and the Komsomols would be rounded up for the meeting.

With Karp Stepanovich physical preparations were not enough. He wanted to make sure that grandpa would deliver the speech that he, Karp Stepanovich, considered proper. He came in to see the old man.

"You'll tell them how horrible conditions were when you were a serf," he directed the old man. "You'll tell them how the landlords exchanged you for a dog."

"What?" asked the old man. He was slightly deaf. He thought he had not heard right.

"How you were exchanged for a dog," Karp Stepanovich reiterated. "I said, tell how the bloodsuckers exchanged you for a dog."

"They never exchanged me for a dog!" said the old man.

"It must have happened," said Karp Stepanovich. "Think back, Lukyanovich. Your memory is getting bad. They must have exchanged you for a Borzoi, or some other kind of breed dog. The company will want to hear about it. It will teach them something about the horrors of serfdom. Try and remember how it happened."

"There is nothing of that kind for me to remember." And the old men gave a sigh of annoyance. "They didn't exchange me for a dog. They may have exchanged others, but not me. Many evil things happened to me—but not that."

The repairman looked around at the others and winked. He filled grandpa Lukyanovich's glass. He spoke to him as though he were coaxing a child with candy. "Well, Lukyanovich, the two of us will stow away a few more drinks and then we'll remember how they exchanged us for a dog. Well, as they say, here's to Papa and Mama—and the hair of the dog."

And obligingly, grandpa downed his glass though it made him gasp and brought tears to his eyes.

When Karp Stepanovich judged that enough preparatory work had been done, he made the final arrangements. One day on the bulletin board next to the black list of those who were late with their rent, a handprinted notice appeared:

Tonight, at 8 P.M.
I.L. Sigayev
aged 92, and a former serf,
will speak on the subject,
THE HORRORS OF SERFDOM
in the Red Corner
Pioneers
Komsomols
are invited.

At the appointed hour twenty or so people gathered in the Red Corner. The children sat on the front bench. Among them was Zinka Ovchinnikova from room 2. She was athletic, an expert javelin thrower, a sturdy, full cheeked, outspoken girl and a great friend of grandfather Sigayev. She glanced reassuringly at the old man who was visibly trembling with stage fright.

Karp Stepanovich, in the chairman's seat, also noticed his embarrassment. He said to the old man in a loud whisper that could be heard in the back row:

"Don't get excited. Drink a glass of vodka to steady yourself."

Finally he introduced the speaker and gave him the floor.

Grandfather Sigayev was pale. His voice wavered into the silence:

"Dear Citizens and Comrades. There were landlords then. . . There were counts... there were barons...."

Grandfather Sigayev stopped; he drained his glass and began again:

"There were landlords and on the other hand there were peasants; there were barons...."

Hearing himself repeating the word "barons" the old man became flustered again and fell silent. Some one in the rear of the room laughed. From his chairman's throne, Karp Stepanovich glowered at the old man. But instead of being intimidated by the chairman, Grandfather Sigayev suddenly stepped forward, straightening himself, and in a firm voice, said:

"Dear Citizens and Comrades. You'll excuse me, but there is nothing I can tell you about the barons. To tell you the truth, I have forgotten about them. There was plenty that was bad in those days, but I don't seem to recall it. To hell with the landlords. If you don't mind, I'd like to tell you about our kolkhoz instead."

There was a nodding of heads throughout the audience. Zinka Ovchinnikova gave her approval with a cheer.

Grandfather Sigayev began at once:

"Our kolkhoz was organized in 1930. We named it the 'Paris Commune' Kolkhoz. We have a hundred families. We grow rye, wheat and oats; and in addition to that, we have a big vegetable plot."

As he warmed up, he spoke of technical farm matters in such an intimate way that the audience avidly followed him. Crop rotation and fertilizer proportions; the relations of the district agronomist with the farms in the district; all were made as direct as their own problems to them.

"As for myself," said Grandfather Sigayev, "I am quality inspector. The kolkhoz has awarded me three prizes. We old men work, I tell you. We are not ready for the shelf yet. . . ."

He had not finished, but by that time the enthusiasm, especially in the front rows, was so great that it took on the proportions of a demonstration. There was applause and cheers led by Zinka Ovchinnikova. Grandfather Sigayev, terribly embarrassed, sat down, but he was forced to rise and take a bow.

Everybody was satisfied except Karp Stepanovich. He scarcely rose from his chairman's seat to join in the applause. When the crowd was dispersing he rose, and leaning over said to Zinka Ovchinnikova, who was gathering up books:

"The old fellow let us down. He couldn't speak. If I had been in his shoes, I'd have given them a speech that would have made them bite their fingers. Who wants to hear about kolkhozes? I can read about kolkhozes any day, in the papers. But the horrors of serfdom—that's a subject for you. . . . How a man is exchanged for a Borzoi—that's interesting...."

The girl athlete did not reply. She helped Grandfather Sigayev down from the platform; and she said to him loudly, so that Karp Stepanovich should hear: "Grandfather, if that fool there starts pestering you again, I'll deal with him. You're too forbearing."

And she raised a small firm fist whose red knuckles flashed before the repairman's astonished eyes.

"Anna Karenina"

On the plans for the production of "Anna Karenina," one of the outstanding successes of the current Moscow theatrical season

An unpublished letter from V. Nemirovich-Danchenko to the producer, V. G. Sakhnovsky.

Summer, 1935

Dear Vassili Grigoryevich,

Before we meet I should like to have you know some of my ideas about *Anna Karenina*. I am not asserting anything. I am simply thinking, aloud, to you. Please think it over from time to time too.

My most "explosive" thought is that the whole of Volkhov's first act, *i.e.*, all Moscow in the beginning—seems unnecessary. Or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the show cannot be kept up at that rate. I am afraid that Nikolai Dmitryevich (Volkhov) does not know how to calculate "theater time." The most obvious proof of this is the first act when, directly after the scene at the Oblonsky's, there is another where Anna and Kitty appear at the ball, and a third in Anna's home; immediately after that, is Anna at the railway-station. One wonders when the actresses would have time to change their clothes.

But this is not the only thing. Let us suppose that we succeed in planning the production so economically, that the performers will not have to change at all; or that they would do so in broad divisions—in psychological epochs, so to speak, the costuming being done according to psychological periods, not in obedience to the calender, or conforming exactly to life. What is more important is that here there is a risk of becoming too involved with the beginning, spoiling the proportions of what is to follow. This results in the dissipation of the attention of the audience to such a degree, that by the time the critical moments of the drama arrive, the spectator's power of concentration is already considerably weakened. It is necessary to grasp the play in its entirety, to treat it as a whole, in order to get the perspective right, and convey the harmony of the different parts. When I do this, then the conflict between Anna's passion on one hand and the hypocrisy of society and the conversation of domestic morals on the other, acquires for me such primary importance that I do not feel inclined to waste much theater-time on the introduction to that conflict, no matter how attractive its romantic setting may be. Imagine if Shakespeare had become thus engrossed in the first steps of Othello's infatuation for Desdemona: "She lov'd me for the dangers I had passed; And I loved her that she did pity them," and then in the flight and other things. The scenes of jealousy would in that case have scarcely begun at 11:30 p.m. It might have been all very well, perhaps, only it would not have been a drama of jealousy, but something quite different.

Of course it is a pity to have to leave out the scenes at the railway-station, the ball, and Bologoye. But in our play the point is not *how* Anna and Vronsky met and loved each other; the important point is—*what came of this*. In *Romeo and Juliet* the first meeting at the ball and the first kiss are extremely brief. What follows, and the background against which it takes place—*i.e.*, the feud between the two houses—is much more important. It is the same in this case: first, the development of passion (which gains in strength the more it is hindered by Society) and, second, Society, Karenin and the boy Serezha. The epoch, the environment, hypocritical morals and their merciless force are, for us, of paramount importance, immeasurably greater than the drama of Dolly, and the first encounters painted in such enchanting colors. It is all very nice and very wonderful, but when we get down to work, the question of what to sacrifice becomes pressing.

The producers, then, are confronted with the problem of how, first of all, to introduce the audience at once to the tragic conflict, and in the second place to do it so that the audience would not notice the omission of favorite scenes in the beginning of the novel, and if the audience did, to make it feel that they are out of place in the theater.

The novel is so immense in every way—psychologically, descriptively, artistically, and philosopically—that it could only be *entire* in a book. Neither stage nor screen are capable of reproducing its scenes, pictures, colors, all its consecutiveness, emotions, parallels (Levin), the whole epoch. The screen will undoubtedly emphasize the purely external side. And here it will even outdo the novel itself. The railway, the ball, Tverskaya, the blizzard, the walks and drives, will come out stronger than in Tolstoy. The screen will be of great assistance in showing emotions on a great scale. But for the treatment of mental and psychological and—to an even greater extent—philosophical problems, the cinema will prove powerless. The theater can never compete with the film or the novel with regard to

the presentation of the external scenes of life. If it did, the results would either seem grotesque or be in bad naturalistic taste, or pander to the peculiar tastes of an ultra-refined audience. Why should the theater attempt to follow the path of squalid imitation?

On the other hand, in the creation of characters, of living human types, in showing dramatic collisions and the most complicated situations—neither the film nor the novel can hope to compete with the art of the actor. Therein lies the strength of the theater—and to this should our efforts be directed.

To come back to Anna Karenina herself (without quotation marks), to the general, to the whole. She is the point, from which we producers must begin. Herein lies the kernel of the show. It is Anna in the grip of passion, and fetters—social and domestic. Beauty—a living, natural glow, and prettiness—artificial, forced, enslaving. Living, beautiful truth—and dead, imposing decoration. Natural liberty and pompous slavery. And over all, around all, at the bottom of everything—the tragic truth of life.

One would like to show it all at once, as the curtain rises for the first time; that background, that atmosphere, these solemn outward forms of life, consecrated by the throne and the church; the Princess Betsy, the diplomats, high life, the palace and the courtiers, hypocrisy, ambition, looking civilized, strong, hard as granite, unshakable, a splendor to the eye and the ear; and *against* this background, or, rather, *in this atmosphere*—because Anna and Vronsky are caught in the roaring flames, inescapably surrounded by gold-laced uniforms, the splendor of the cavalry-guards, the heavy chasubles of the priests, the rich gowns of half-naked beauties, pharisaic phrases, hypocritical smiles, the hierophantic frowns, the secret corruption underlying this imposing edifice. Somewhere at the top we descry the petrified countenance of the high priest Pontifex Maximus.

Go then—in the midst of all this—give yourself up to the living passion that has seized you! Try to do without a mask!

There is the first act for you.—Then come the consequences.

That is what we ought to begin with. That must give the actors their cue. I would even suggest rehearsing in two directions: 1) Anna, Vronsky and Karenin in general and 2) scenes at Betsy's house.

I am very interested, of course, in what Dmitryev is doing. Sometimes it seems to me that everything depends on draperies—now on the richest of brocades, now on blue velvets, or crimson damasks, or draperies moving on rollers in various directions on the ceiling, and encompassing genuine splendid furniture,—now Louis XV, now mahogany, now deeply cushioned and soft, and bronzes, vases, and cut glass.... And then suddenly something from nature. . . . Just a beautiful panel....

And now with a warm handshake,—You will write to me here again, won't you?

V. Nemirovich-Danchenko

Timofei Rokotov

The Deputy of the Baltic

For the excellence of its production the Leningrad cinema-studio "Lenfilm" was awarded the Order of Lenin by the government of the U.S.S.R. Its films *Chapayev, The Peasants, The Youth of Maxim* met with tremendous success abroad wherever they have been admitted. One may predict with confidence that similar success awaits the new film *The Deputy of the Baltic,* the work of I. Cheifetz and A. Zarkhi, two young producers, members of the Communist Youth.

The subject of the film is complex—the position to be taken by the intelligentsia in relation to the new class that has just attained to power after destroying the old state apparatus in the proletarian revolution, and organizing a new Socialist society.

The central figure of the picture is Dmitri Polezhayev, Professor of Botany of the Petrograd University, who received doctorates in Natural Science from Oxford and Cambridge universities. His historical prototype is Academician K. A. Timiryazev, to whom the film is dedicated.

However, the production of Cheifetz and Zarkhi is neither a news-reel nor ordinary historical narrative. They resort neither to an unimaginative naturalism nor to an unimaginative subservience to document. They are free in their treatment of historical details, following in this respect the example of the great world playwrights, above all Shakespeare.

The film opens in Petrograd in the cold rainy autumn of 1917 whereas Timiryazev, at that time, lived in Moscow. However, the realism of the film far from being injured by this or the other digressions from historical facts, on the contrary gains by it. The young producers have well grasped the advice given by Aristotle in his *Poetics:* "The task of the poet is not to speak of what has happened but what might have been possible either because of its likelihood or necessity. The distinction between the historian and the poet is that . . . the one relates of things that have happened while the other relates of what might have happened." In altering details for their purposes Cheifetz and Zarkhi concentrate on the most essential features of the typified characters of their film; they provide a brilliant example of the application of socialist realism.

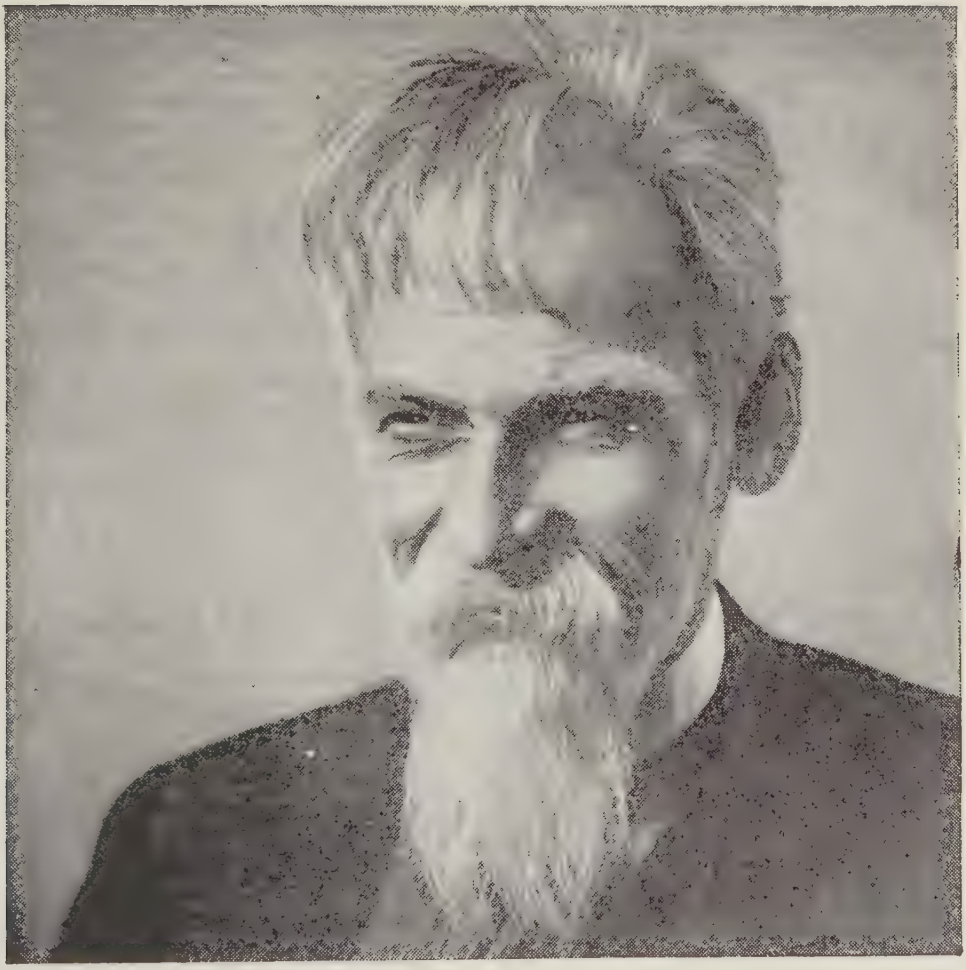
For the Soviet filmgoer, especially for the Soviet intelligentsia, *The Deputy of the Baltic* is an inspiring record of a critical stage in the development of Soviet life. It takes the life path traversed by the Soviet intelligentsia which now has finally and irrevocably linked up its fate, its aspirations with the struggle of the proletariat of all countries.

For the filmgoers of the West *The Deputy of the Baltic* is a production that must deeply affect the intelligentsia, providing an answer to its problems. *The Deputy of the Baltic* reflects events of contemporary life. We have only to mention that the world-famed scientist Langevin appeared at the conference of the Communist Party of France; or the campaign carried on in France, initiated by the Communist Party, for the installation of Rodin's *Balzac* on one of the squares of Paris; or the fact that in connection with the presentation of his film *The Lower Depths* adapted from Gorky's play, the producer Renoir sent a message of greeting to Duclos, the secretary of the Communist Party of France. *The Deputy of the Baltic* has a value in the world anti-fascist movement, equal to that of *We from Kronstadt* which helped the people's army in Spain in their struggle with the fascist enemy.

Professor Polezhayev, the leading figure in the film, appears before us on his 75th birthday. He is all alone, forsaken by his friends and by his pupil Vorobyov. The reason is, an article published by the professor declaring for the Bolsheviks and for the unity of science and revolution. We descend into the streets of Petrograd, then suffering from hunger; we enter the Smolny Institute which, in 1917, housed the Soviet government with Lenin at its head: we step aboard the ships of the Baltic fleet.

But Professor Polezhayev is not the sole hero of the film. The places of his old "friends" who deserted him are taken by his pupil Bocharov, commissar of the press, formerly a student exiled seven years ago to Siberia for his Bolshevik work, and the sailor Kupriyanov, Bocharov's assistant.

The actors and above all the artist Cherkassov who plays the part of Professor Polezhayev have contributed immensely to the film. Cherkassov who is thirty-two years old is unsurpassed in his role of the seventy-five year old professor and renders with masterful perfection even the voice and gait of the aged scientist. Formerly Cherkassov was featured in eccentric roles. It is only in *The Deputy of the Baltic* that he has found himself. How many-sided is Polezhayev's character in Cherkassov's interpretation! Now he is professorially serious, now lyrically gentle and now pathetically excited. But the main feature that dominates in the pro-



N. Cherkassov as Polezhayev in "The Deputy of the Baltic"

fessor's character is honesty and boundless devotion to the people and science. The charm of Polezhayev's character grows in the film from an individual to a generalized symbol of all the great men of science, and Cherkassov's acting is a superb realization of this function of the character.

The acting of Livanov, of the Moscow Art Theater, is also on a very high level. He takes the part of the student Bocharov, a character displaying the broadly cultured Bolshevik who is prepared to undertake any revolutionary task.

The producers make wonderful use of details. For example: Vorobyov, Polezhayev's pupil and assistant, is a deadly enemy of the revolution. He delivers himself of a fiery tirade in the presence of Polezhayev's wife and concludes by saying that he breaks for ever with his teacher from whom every honest intellectual recoils. And Vorobyov played by the artist Zhakov (whom the spectators will recognize from *We from Kronstadt*, where he played the Lettish commander) departs, banging the door behind him, in the manner of a theatrical hero. However, after a while he returns and carries off a loaf of bread which the sailors have presented to the professor as a thank-offering for his lecture on the ship. Vorobyov had been invited to deliver the lecture but had refused. Polezhayev's wife knew nothing of this nor of the loaf of bread having been presented to her husband. And this scene at once exposes the mean little soul of a ninny who pretends to the role of a hero yet proves capable of a petty theft...

The professor's wife as played by the actress Domasheva, is a superb characterization. She realized to the full the conception of the producers. Her simplicity, the purity of her impulses and emotions are painted by the producers in telling details. Thus, for example, when her husband appears on the platform of the Petrograd Soviet and is met by thunderous applause, a glow overspreads the face of the old woman, and her fingers involuntarily smooth out the frills on her bodice, a gesture revealing the joy that swells her heart.

Sound in the film is organically linked up with action, forming one of its components. In this respect the scene of the professor playing the piano is masterly, the changing tones revealing the changing emotions of the player.

It is certain that in *The Deputy of the Baltic* we have a cinema masterpiece, and a masterpiece of revolutionary art.

Translated by E. Levin

CHRONICLE

PLANS FOR THE WORLD EXPOSITION

(A Letter From Paris)

The significance of the world exposition in Paris cannot be overestimated. In its scope this exposition not only goes far beyond the previous Paris exhibitions of 1899 and 1925; it excels also the Chicago "Century of Progress" and the Brussels exposition in 1936.

The walls of the Architectural Bureau of the exposition on Rue Saint Dider are covered ceiling high with plans and blue-prints of expositions present, past and future, including the New York exposition to be held in 1939.

The chief architect of the exposition is literally besieged with reporters. One of the newspapermen plagues him with questions as to what the "high spot" of the exposition will be, noting that the Chicago Fair was illuminated with the light of the distant star Arcturus refracted through giant telescopes.

"We do not intend to disturb the heavenly bodies," the architect coolly answers.

And indeed the plans for the exposition do not go beyond the limits of the earth and are distinguished by their special practicality and purposefulness. Nevertheless, the scale of the exposition is really breath-taking. Here are some figures testifying to its magnitude. The exposition will cover an area of about 250 acres. There will be approaches to it through 31 avenues. It is estimated that the number of visitors to the exposition will reach the staggering total of 40,000,000. Fully half will come from abroad. The exhibits will be housed in 240 pavilions, some of which are of permanent construction with a view to beautifying the city after the exposition. Finally, 50 nations have agreed to take part, thirteen more than in the world exposition of 1900.

Art will be represented at the exposition. Two museums of modern art are under construction, and there will be a special photographic exhibition and one covering the art of the cinema.

A theater seating more than 3,000 spectators is being erected whose stage will be the largest theatrical stage in Europe. (Incidentally it is interesting to note that in reporting plans of this new theater the magazine *Marianne* dwelt in detail on the construction of the Meyerhold Theater in Moscow. "At the present time a theater is being built in Moscow, so splendid that few in the world can be compared to it. . . . In the land of collectivism the state spends millions to enable the producer Meyerhold to fulfill his conceptions.")

. . . In acquainting newspapermen with the plans for the exposition, the architect proudly declares that in effect a whole city of art is to be created. As a by-product of the exposition Paris will acquire luxurious flower gardens.

But the main feature of the exposition is not its brilliance and sumptuousness but its content. The organizers have set out to make the exposition an instrument for mass education, bringing before multitudes the latest achievements of art and science. In the huge Palace of Inventions and Discoveries the exhibits will not be inert; they are designed to demonstrate the close and indissoluble connection between theoretical investigation and its practical application. The main emphasis will be placed not on laboratories and industrial processes but *on motion,* with experts at hand to explain the processes. Fixed models, charts and diagrams will be relegated to second place. Scientific experiments will be conducted before the eyes of the spectators. In violation of all existing practices and to the dismay of "museum guards" the organizers of the exposition reject in principle the famous injunction "hands off." On the contrary the visitors will be urged: "Touch with your hands; convince yourselves that everything, even those scientific processes which seem most mystifying, which inspire the uninitiated with awe, are fully explainable and are the work of the human hand and brain." Under the supervision of experts the visitors will have the opportunity to experiment themselves.

Thus the masses will come in touch with genuine science, freed from that mystic halo

with which it is ordinarily surrounded in capitalist countries by "priests of science." To convey an idea of the scale of this scientific undertaking it is enough to point out that Professor Jean Perron, well known to the whole civilized world, is playing a leading part in it. It was he who conceived the Palace of Inventions and Discoveries as a vast panorama illustrating the progress of culture. Professor Perron expresses the hope that the view of all these forms of creative human activity in the sphere of science and technics may assist some visitors to find their true calling; though others have pointed out that for working class visitors this can only be a distant prospect realizable after the destruction of capitalism.

The section on surgery was prepared under the direction of Professor Gosset. The visitors will enter a large operating room equipped in conformity with the latest technique, and illustrating the latest achievements in the field of asceptics, anesthetics, blood transfusions, etc.

The section on medicine is directed by Professor Russi. Its exhibits will occupy several pavilions. Special attention will be devoted to problems of endocrinology. Experiments with animals will be made before the eyes of onlookers. These experiments will demonstrate the close interconnection between the doctrines of physiology and practical medicine.

The sections on physics, chemistry and optics are extremely varied and extensive. There will be electric apparatus with a capacity of 3,000,000 volts, constructed under the direction of the scientist Joliot, to be used in the public performance of important experiments.

The exposition will reveal how unlimited are the possibilities of science, how great are the productive forces of nature which can, however, be fully utilized by man only under the conditions of Socialism. We can therefore readily appreciate why the working people of Paris, together with the foremost figures in science, literature and the plastic arts, eagerly await the opening of the Soviet Pavilion. The latter will contain exhibits visualizing the tremendous achievements of the first Socialist society during the twenty years of its existence.

The limitations of a letter do not permit us to give a detailed description of the other exhibits—the Planetarium; The Palace of Handicrafts (where every region of France will be represented); The Palace of Food Products, exhibiting foods from every country; The Palace of Youth; The Radio Palace, etc.

In conclusion it is necessary to dwell on the political importance of the exposition. The very circumstance that the exposition is being organized under the auspices of the People's Front government enrages the representatives of reaction, who are resorting to every device to defeat its aims and diminish the prestige that its success will bring to the United Front government. They run slander campaigns in newspapers like *Gringoire;* they use sabotage in the municipal councils; they attempt to discredit it abroad. Those who applaud the bombardment of Madrid and rave over the "peacefulness" of German fascism, who paste disgusting inscriptions saying "it is better to die this way than from scarlet fever" upon photograph posters showing the corpses of Spanish children killed by fascist bombs, all these fascist degenerates are beside themselves in their efforts to prevent the exposition from opening according to schedule. However, the working people of France display a tremendous interest in the exposition and give it their enthusiastic support. When a reporter of *Regards* was interviewing a delegate of the General Confederation of Labor to the general commission of the exposition, and the Communist municipal councillor Bossu, the former said: "The workers engaged in the construction work of the exposition display a high degree of class consciousness. The Confederation of Labor numbering 5,000,000 members will have its own pavilion in the exposition, reflecting its activity. It conducts a vigorous struggle against the sabotage of fascist business men, enemies of the French people."

The Communist councillor Bossu pointed out that the slanderous inventions of the French reactionaries were eagerly seized upon by the fascist press in Germany.

"But workers' France," Bossu declared, "is on the lookout. Our Party wants the exposition to be a success; it expects the exposition to benefit the unemployed, the workers, artisans and small tradesmen. The fascists may lose sleep over it but the exposition will open its doors according to schedule."

The organization of the exposition has involved representatives of literature and art. Revolutionary writers have already done much work. At the new theater it is planned to produce an imposing spectacle the libretto for which was written by Jean-Richard Bloch and Chabanne, and the music by Onneguerre and Darius Milhaud. The title of the performance is *The Construction of a City.* Here is the contents of the libretto in brief: foreign interventionists capture an island and attempt to enslave its people. War breaks out. After a stubborn fight the people again become masters of their island and undertake the construction of the city. The performance ends with the triumph of the victorious people.

Henri Ribaud

Paris, 1937

MUSIC IN CHINA

Last winter a detachment of students of the national salvation front left Shanghai for propaganda work in the country. They arrived at Soochow only to find the city gates closed against them by the police. They began to sing. They sang their songs of national salvation, including a song composed on the spur of the moment.

"Why are Chinese not permitted to enter a Chinese City
"Fellow students! One, two, three, forward!"

At the sound of the singing the students of Soochow and the townspeople gathered. Together they forced the gates, beating back the police. They demonstrated triumphantly through the streets of the city; their song had won.

Nevertheless millions of Chinese still know no music other than that of the primitive flute of the pi-pa, no other melodies than the age-old folk songs, or the "weak people's" music of the sing-song girls and the theater. In many districts, as a last resort to help an invalid, his friends engage an orchestra to chase the devils away with its noise, an orchestra oversupplied with cymbals and drums. The darkness of feudalism still holds the music of China in thrall.

In the more advanced parts of China, music comes to the people through their ceremonies, funerals, weddings, holidays or at the theater and other places of entertainment. For most of the rich the most popular music, apart from jazz, is dinner music.

Traditional Chinese music is still medieval. It is wholly melodic. It has no harmonic structure as has European music. There is even no standard pitch to the old Chinese instruments. The scale stops differ on different instruments. Very rarely do two flutes in the same orchestra correspond in tone. Music is rarely listened to for itself. The best music today is to be heard in the theaters.

European music is heard at the hotels and cabarets. It is mostly jazz. In the whole of China there is only one good symphony orchestra—that maintained by the Shanghai Municipal Council. Though completely commercialized, the radio broadcasts often play classical records thus helping to spread a knowledge of Western music which, as can be expected, sounds very funny to Chinese ears the first time it is heard.

Occasionally musical stars like Elman, Heifetz, Zimbalist, perform in Shanghai—but these concerts are more like society dress parades than musical events.

The gramophone, the cinema and the radio are the sources of music for the well-to-do and petty bourgeois city classes. The working masses and the millions of peasants get music—other than their medieval folk music—by snatches, if at all.

According to *Tien Hsia* monthly, organ of the Sun Yat Sen Institute, there are a few bourgeois amateur orchestras and choral societies, a few good, foreign-trained singers and musicians, a few Chinese composers composing in Western style. But since neither "society" nor the Government pays much attention to the serious growth of this art, the young composers are forced to produce for the cabaret market, "dolling up" ancient Chinese music to satisfy the jazz craze (for its size Shanghai has more cabarets than any other city in the world) or penning songs that popular "cabaret queens" sing in a voice that is a mixture of the classical falsetto, and the bowel-deep moaning of the American jazz baby. In such cases the musical accompaniment is a hodgepodge of Chinese and Western instruments commonly known as a "mixed unison"!

Such is the background of music in China today.

Serious, progressive musicians in China agree that the advance of a national musical culture can only come with a spreading of Western music and a mastering of its technique. But at the same time, all acknowledge that there is much of value that must be preserved and developed in the old classical music. There are, for example, rich reserves of folk-songs and melodies not widely known. There are many characteristic orchestral tonalities and color effects in the old instruments, and rhythmic variations in music for percussion instruments, that are of definite value. But it is not sufficient to transcribe these effects for European instruments. The real Chinese composer is faced not by a mechanical task of imitation in European terms but by a task of recreation that demands at the same time a knowledge of Western technique and a familiarity with old Chinese musical material. New forms other than the sonata, or other Western musical forms, will have to be created.

Several young men are pioneering along this creative path of development of Chinese music—such as Rodin Ho, and Paul Gneng. A. Avshalomof, a foreigner who has lived twenty years in China, has already written three important works including a concerto, using Chinese musical material as basic elements of the composition. The Conservatory of Music in Shanghai with 160 students, founded some years ago, gives a comprehensive musical education—but its pupils tend to disregard Chinese musical material entirely, in favor of Western forms, and idiom. Some ten other colleges and

The Students Sing as They Demonstrate for National Salvation

schools have special music courses. Thus an understanding of modern Western music technique is being given to the intellectuals, whose revolutionary wing is, in turn, passing it on as far as lies in their power—to the masses.

These revolutionary musicians also consider that the old five-toned Chinese scale is outlived, but since their principle task is to serve the masses of the people—who are accustomed to this scale and up to now know no other—they cannot use the Western octave exclusively. So they have used the old pentave to create new popular songs, the while endeavoring to popularize the new songs and music based on the octave.

Best compliment as to the power of their new songs is the fact that the reactionaries have managed to ban many of them, such as *Salvation March* and *May Day*. Thus music in China is being brought into the struggle for national salvation and is gaining new vitality from its contact with the revolutionary masses.

Jack Chen

OPEN LETTER TO ANTI-FASCIST INTELLECTUALS

Dear Friends:

Twenty-three years ago a shot fired in the Balkans blew up all the powder magazines of Europe and for four years the world writhed in slaughter and destruction. Over ten million young and strong people were snatched from life, hundreds of millions of their kin were plunged in grief, the pain of which has not yet vanished from their hearts.

Tears dry, but the memory remains. Again and again it brings back to us horrifying pictures of land rent by explosions, cities in the grip of horror and flames, men crucified on barbed wire entanglements. . . . Lists of the dead, mothers wailing, an army of crosses over graves following the armies of troops like pale shadows.

With laborious effort the nations rebuilt the edifice of world peace. The very thought of returning to the past seemed dreadful.

But then new shots thundered forth. First in Manchuria, then in Abyssinia. Many people attempted to console themselves by the fact that those things were happening in Asia and Africa. "What is possible in China and Abyssinia, is impossible in Europe," they asserted.

A cruel delusion!

In the summer of 1936 fatal reports again began to be published with the names of occupied and devastated cities. This time they came from Europe. This time the tragedy was beginning not on an eastern but on a western peninsula of the continent.

But those given to illusions again found consolation. They wanted to believe that only internal strife was taking place in Spain. They believed that by closing their eyes to the truth they would make it vanish. For seven months shells have been bursting and machine guns rattling away, thousands of innocent women, children and old men have been perishing from the explosions of air bombs, but officially this is not called war.

Now this illusion or deliberate mistake has been exposed. No, what is going on in Spain is no longer the suppression of an insurrection, no longer internal strife. A war is being waged in Spain.

Two countries, Germany and Italy, are making war upon Spain while General Franco is only a puppet in their hands. The armies of these fascist states have invaded Spain and are conducting hostilities which are not distinguished, except by the unrecorded cruelty and brutality, from all other wars known to the history of imperialism.

A war is being waged in Europe.

Within two days travel from Geneva, where the League of Nations meets and where its Covenant is kept, a war is being fought about which the Covenant says:

"The members of the League undertake

to respect and preserve against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League."

What has been built up during the long post-war years, and what has appeared to be one of the guarantees against a recurrence of the horrors of the recent slaughter, has been trampled underfoot.

Again groans can be heard, again museums are in flames, the fascists are converting universities into battlefields, reducing architecture to ruins, and culture is heading towards annihilation on bloody wings of fire.

What if this is taking place only at one end of the continent, what if the gangrene is still separated from us by the summits of the Pyrenees. . .?

Today, yes, but tomorrow, what?

Or, is that which is possible in Spain impossible in France?

A beast, once having tasted blood, becomes even more ferocious, even more daring.

Domination of the world, plunder of nations, seizure of territories—such is the aim of fascism.

Destruction of the best and the wisest—such are its tactics. For reason and justice, for which we all live, is the most dreadful thing it can meet on its way.

The composer Antonio Jose, Leopoldo Arguenza, director of Oviedo University, the famous poet Garcia Lorca and scores of others whose names we shall learn later. . . thousands of women, children and the aged, whose names we shall probably never learn . . .they, who never took arms in their hands, have been murdered.

And those who did take up arms in order to defend their country?

In a frenzy of blood, the fascist beasts are dropping the bodies, cut to pieces, from airplanes with parachutes so that the bloody madness may reach the earth intact.

This is state organized sadism which demonstrates itself to the world with sheer shamelessness, with brazen effrontery!

And we, masters of culture, promoters of ideas of good and truth, will we turn aside?

Will we indifferently permit the barbarians to build their world guillotine which already towers above the Pyrenees?

No, we will not! For, were we to do so, we should doom ourselves to disgrace before the judgment of future generations who will address their stern question to us, too.

No, not one of us will remain indifferent. In the name of the whole of thinking humanity, we must shout to the whole world: "Enough!"

The determined word of protest, against the monstrous vandalism, against a new war, against millions of new graves, must be heard everywhere. And it must be sounded by us, workers in the field of culture, masters of science, art and technology.

Enough! It is impossible to tolerate longer the monstrous brutality and deliberate sadism of the fascist maniacs who are seeking to drown in blood the heroic Spanish people, twenty million strong.

Enough! It is impossible to tolerate longer the crying violation of all laws created by the efforts of the nations to preserve peace in Europe.

Enough! It is impossible to tolerate longer the humiliating fuss around the so-called non-intervention committee in which, behind the scenes of the diplomatic farce, the incendiaries of war are working, concerned at the moment in only one thing—to gain time.

Enough!

We call upon you, workers in the field of culture, to make your determined voice heard by your governments.

We await your energetic protest against the crimes being perpetrated and against those which will inevitably be perpetrated in the near future unless your voice and that of the whole of reasoning humanity forces the cowards and the hagglers to come to their senses.

A war has begun. The fascist countries are determined to make history repeat the nightmare of the world slaughter.

It is time to stay their criminal hand!

It is not yet too late.

V. I. Komarov, President of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.; A. A. Bogomolets, President of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukraine; Academicians A. F. Joffe, S. L. Vavilov, A. W. Winter, L. Orbel, A. A. Borisyak, G. Graftio, M. Pavlov and V. Fesenkov; Academicians of Architecture A. V. Shchusev and I. V. Sheltovsky; P. L. Kapitza, Director of the Institute of Physics Problems of the Academy of Sciences of the USSR;

Professors A. D. Speransky, M. P. Konchalovsky, N. N. Burdenko, D. D. Pletnev, R. A. Lurye and V. M. Bronner, Honored Workers of Science; Professors L. M. Fydorov and A. Predvoditelev;

K. S. Stanislavsky, V. I. Kachalov, A. V. Nezhdanova, M. I. Litvinenko-Wohlgemuth, A. A. Vasadze, A. A. Khorava, Peoples Artists of the U.S.S.R.; A. B. Goldenweiser, V. E. Meyerhold, A. Y. Tairov and A. A. Yablochkina, Peoples Artists of the Republic

I. Brodsky, P. P. Konchalovsky, I. I. Mashkov, K. S. Petrov-Vodkin, K. F. Yuon, K. N. Igumov, S. M. Eisenstein and N. Shengelaya, Honored Workers of Art; V.

V. Barsova, L. P. Orlova and S. E. Radlov, Honored Artists of the Republic; M. Semyonova, artist of the Bolshoi Opera Theater;

G. Alexandrov, S. Vasilyev, G. Vasilyev, V. Pudovkin, M. Chiaureli, Order-bearing regisseurs;

Professors G. G. Neuhaus and A. I. Yampolsky; I. Dzerzhinsky, composer;

S. M. Merkurov and I. D. Shadr, sculptors;

The writers B. Agapov, Alexandrovich, Mikola Bashan, Samed Vurgun, V. Vishnevsky, V. Ivanov, Uahub Kolas, Yanka Kupala, Leonid Leonov, Georgi Leonidze, S. Marshak, A. Novikov-Priboi, Titsian Tabidze, Pavie Yashvili, Pablo Tychina, Boris Pasternak, Nikolai Tikhonov, A. Serafimovich and Mikhail Sholokhov.

THE U.S.S.R. IS BECOMING THE WORLD CENTER OF SCIENCE

An Interview with the President of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., Academician V. L. Komarov

The development of science in the Soviet Union is unprecedented in rapidity and extent. Nowhere in the world are scientists provided equal facilities for creative work. The government is unstinting. This year sixty million rubles were allocated to the Academy of Sciences. Eight years ago the budget was four million.

Not England, France and Germany, not even the United States of America could boast such a colossal growth in the sums devoted to scientific work. To illustrate the growth of science in the Soviet Union, two figures may be cited: in the U.S.S.R. there are now more than 37,000 scientists; in tsarist Russia there were not 3,000.

The achievements of Soviet science have won world-wide respect. Soviet science has already taken first place in the field of physiology and in the study of the soil. In geology, geo-chemistry and genetics the Soviet Union is on a level with the best. The outstanding work of Pavlov in physiology, of the academicians Vavilov and Meister in genetics, of the academicians Kurnakov, Favorsky and Zelinsky in chemistry, of the academicians Jaffe and Professor Kapitz in physics; and of many other Soviet scientists is extensively known in Western Europe and in America.

In France, England, the United States and other countries, scientists now consult Soviet technical works. A book, *Soviet Science*, recently published in England and America, describes in detail our scientific achievements and the work of Soviet scientists. The G. M. Krzhizhanovsky Power Institute published a book on electric power in the U.S.S.R. for the Washington World Power Conference. It was highly praised in the industrial and scientific press of the world. In a book published by Spanish scientists, *The Geology of the Eastern Part of the Mediterranean Sea*, there are many citations from the works of Soviet geologists—Academician Levinson-Lessing, Mushketov and others. The list of our scientific works known abroad is rapidly lengthening.

One of the world's greatest metallurgical specialists, Academician Balkov, was invited to lecture at the Sorbonne. Almost annually our scientists go abroad to attend congresses. This year our chemists, geologists and metallurgists received invitations from England, France and the United States to attend coming scientific congresses there.

More and more frequently international scientific congresses are held in the Soviet Union. The 17th International Geological Congress which will be held this year in the Soviet Union will have representation from geologists of 46 countries. Foreign scientists have expressed their desire to make 150 reports at the Congress. More than 600 Soviet scientists will participate and are preparing 250 reports. In 1938, the 7th International Genetics Congress will be held in the U.S.S.R.

The success of Socialist construction, in itself an example of many aspects of applied science, as well as the powerful development of science in our country, attracts the attention of outstanding scientists in capitalist countries. Our new institutes and laboratories have become examples to them. The French physiologist, Louis Lyapic, in his speech at the meeting held in Paris to honor the memory of the great Russian scientist, I. P. Pavlov, in describing the tremendous growth of Soviet science, emphasized that the funds allocated by the Soviet government for the laboratory of I. P. Pavlov are twenty times greater than the financial resources of the largest laboratory in France.

The Academy of Sciences receives a stream of letters from foreign scientists who wish to work in the U.S.S.R. These letters come from democratic America as well as from fascist Germany. They include letters from world-famous mathematicians, physicists and chemists, but they come chiefly from young scientists, despairing of finding elsewhere an opportunity to fulfill their life work. They express willingness to work in any part of the Soviet Union because they know that everywhere in the U.S.S.R. the work of a scientist is highly valued.

A number of famous foreign scientists are working in the U.S.S.R. at the present time: the Bulgarian geneticist Donche Kostov, the American geneticist Mueller, the German scientist Schaksel, director of the laboratory

studying the mechanics of the development of animal organisms. I am not exaggerating when I state that thousands of scientists in Western Europe and America would be glad to share with them the joy of creative work in the U.S.S.R.

In the organization of scientific laboratory work, Soviet science at the present time is not inferior in any respect to the foremost European countries. The task of the Soviet scientists is to convert the U.S.S.R. into a center of world science. The task is a responsible one. We, old academicians and young scientists, must work toward this accomplishment. We shall unquestionably take first place in the world. The guarantee for this is that exceptional attention to science, to scientific activity, to the Academy of Sciences which the leaders of the Communist Party and the Government and our leader, Comrade Stalin, give.

Translated by S. Schwartz

Editor-in-chief SERGEI DINAMOV

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

The New Soviet Youth, sport loving, fun loving, but conscious of its social responsibilities, and ready to fulfill them. A short novel, vividly reflecting Soviet life.

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A newly translated short story by Maxim Gorky in the mood of *The Lower Depths.*

MAXIM GORKY
Bawdy Face

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ISAAC BABEL
GEORG STORM

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Travelers

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