Workers of the world, unite!

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HAIL THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE GREAT OCTOBER
SOCIALIST REVOLUTION!

HAIL THE WORLD SOCIALIST REVOLUTION

/LENIN/

HAIL
THE WORLD
SOCIALIST
REVOLUTION

Twenty Years of the Socialist Era

Ever since humanity experienced division into classes, the hope of a different, of a free and happy life had been ripening among the masses of the suffering, oppressed and exploited. This hope found an embodiment in the images conceived by the artistic genius of the people, heroes whose task and life aim it was to lighten the sufferings of the people, to point out the road towards joyous activity and life.

Humanity will never forget the Promethean myth, the example of the Titan, who, in defiance of Jupiter, taught men the use of fire and encouraged them to assert their humanity in struggle against tyranny. His punishment—chaining and torture on Mount Caucasus—did not break his spirit, could not make him repent his rebellion.

Repeated interpretations of this remarkable myth as an embodiment of the millenial revolutionary tradition of the struggle of the most spirited people for justice and against oppression, have been made by humanity's greatest writers.

Even in the Middle Ages, darkened by the domination of the Catholic Church, popular art created the mystery shrouded legend of Doctor Faust, who sacrificed what. by the standards of those days was man's dearest possession, for the freedom of human thought.

Goethe's image of Faust is based on the folk legend, not on the theological perversions of it; his Faust is a type of remarkable thinker advancing the cause of humanity.

> *" . . . to this thought I hold with firm persistence;*
> *The last result of wisdom stamps it true:*
> *He only earns his freedom and existence,*
> *Who daily conquers them anew.*
> *Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away*
> *And such a throng I fain would see,—*
> *Stand on free soil among a people free!*

On a narrow strip of shore gained from the sea, Faust raises a huge construction. At a time when the bourgeoisie was still revo-

lutionary, this episode of construction revealed the insight of the poet, who understood that this was the end of feudalism and that a different social order, full of creative vigor, had come to take its place. But what is more remarkable is that Goethe even then understood that capitalism in its turn is also doomed and expressed this thought picturesquely; in the thud of the shovels so caressing to Faust's ears, there was at the same time the tolling of a dirge.

About a century has passed since the last lines of *Faust* were written. And now we are the grave-diggers of the social order the flourishing and destruction of which were foreseen by the great poet. Twenty years ago the peoples of tsarist Russia under the leadership of the Party of Lenin-Stalin acquired from the capitalistic "sea" not a narrow strip of shore, but one sixth of the earth, and developed in it a gigantic Socialist construction.

For the first time in the development of human culture a social order was created where class contradictions are abolished, where there is no exploitation of man by man, where work is no longer a curse, but a cheerfully acknowledged necessity and a source of glory and heroism. A social order has been created which realizes the visions of the greatest minds, for which thousands upon thousands of the best sons of humanity have given their lives, a social order images of which were sketched by the greatest representatives of humanism in their works.

The Great October Socialist revolution is the successor and continuator of the struggle for liberation conducted by the oppressed and exploited masses during the entire history of the human race.

"The Soviet power is the highest type of a state, a direct continuation of the Paris Commune. It rose a step higher than the rest of European revolutions." [1]

The Bolsheviks, who planned and led the struggle of the people which culminated in the overthrow of the exploiters, have always revered the revolutionary struggle for liberation of other peoples regardless of whether it ended in triumph or defeat. Lenin repeatedly linked up our revolutionary struggle with the great revolutionary traditions of the European and American peoples. He turned toward "the workers of England where there was the Chartist movement, the workers of France repeatedly demonstrating the strength of their class consciousness in their uprisings and toward the workers of Germany who carried on the struggle against the anti-Socialist law, and who created mighty organizations." [2] Lenin put a high estimate on the French Revolution of the eighteenth century "which as the expression of the power of the lower strata of the bourgeoisie of that time lasted only one year . . . and which, nevertheless . . . accomplished so much, that the entire development of all civilized humanity during the entire nineteenth century—all proceeds from the Great French Revolution, is all indebted to it." [3]

[1] Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian edition, Vol. XXII, p. 401.

[2] *Ibid.,* p. 16.

[3] *Ibid.,* Vol. XXIII, p. 489.

At the very beginning of the October Revolution, in the difficult year of 1918, Lenin emphasized in his letter to the American workers that:

"The American people has a revolutionary tradition adopted by the best representatives of the American proletariat, who gave repeated expression to their full solidarity with us, the Bolsheviks. The tradition is the war of liberation against the English in the eighteenth and the Civil War in the nineteenth century." [1] Lenin classified the struggle of the American people for liberation as one "of the first and greatest in the history of humanity really liberating and one of the few really revolutionary wars in the history of humanity." [2]

Lenin showed the most profound respect to the revolutionary and progressive movements of all nations. He wrote that the French Revolution is named the Great not without cause. "For the bourgeoisie, for its own class for which it worked, it accomplished so much, that the entire nineteenth century . . . passed under the sign of the French Revolution. It . . . carried ahead the work of the great French revolutionaries of the bourgeoisie whose interests they served, although they were not conscious of it, screening themselves behind the words 'liberty, fraternity, equality.' "[3] Yet in speaking of the October Revolution Lenin characterizes it as "the greatest upheaval in the world." For "our revolution already accomplished for the proletariat, for our class, which we are serving, in a year and a half, incomparably more than that which had been accomplished by the great French revolutionists."[4]

The French bourgeois revolution, which overthrew feudalism, fettered the people with the new chains of capitalism and bourgeois democracy. The Great October Socialist Revolution, on the other hand, as was emphasized by Stalin, Kirov and Zhdanov in their remarks on the conspectus of the modern history textbook, "smashed all and every chain and has liberated the people from all forms of exploitation."

In the history of humanity the eighteen and a half years that have passed since Lenin spoke these words are but a brief passage. But during these years the proletariat and peasantry of the Soviet Union have achieved grandiose successes. The construction of a Socialist society has been completed in the U.S.S.R. The exploiting classes have been abolished. The national problem has been solved. Unemployment, terrible scourge of the propertyless in capitalist countries has been done away with. The only thoroughly democratic Constitution in the world, the Stalin Constitution, has been enacted and is being put into practice. It is not without cause that the Soviet people named it "the charter of human happiness." The industries of the Soviet Union have made gigantic strides, Socialist

[1] Lenin, *Collected Works*, Russian edition, Vol. XXIII, p. 184.
[2] *Ibid.*, Vol. XXIV, p. 287.
[3] *Ibid.*, Vol. XXII, p. 47.
[4] *Ibid.*, Vol. XXIV, p. 304.

agriculture has been created. The transition of the peasantry to collective farming is a victory unparalleled in history. The Soviet collective farms grow in wealth daily and the life of the individual members becomes fuller and richer.

The Soviet land knows no crises of overproduction. Goods are distributed in accordance with the social value of each individual's work in line with the principle of Socialism.

These victories were gained because the Soviet peoples in their revolutionary struggle steadfastly followed the guidance of the great doctrine of Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin and the organizational principles of Bolshevism. Having overthrown the rule of the exploiting classes, having established the dictatorship of the proletariat, having concluded a firm alliance with the peasantry, the working class of the U.S.S.R. marches irresistibly toward the triumph of Communism in its own country and the world over. The toilers of the Soviet Union never considered their aims and tasks in the revolution as something limited by class and national lines. On the contrary they have always faced the world as the representatives of the oppressed humanity, as the shock brigade of the revolutionary movement of the world. The spirit of internationalism has always inspired the fight of our "great army of labor," locked in "the final conflict" with international capitalism. They never felt alone in this struggle. The great leaders of our country, of our peoples, of the toiling masses of the entire world, Lenin and Stalin, were connected by thousands of threads with the hopes, thoughts and aspirations of the people.

"When the great French bourgeois revolutionists perished in the struggle, they perished alone—they had no support in other countries." [1] The Great October Socialist Revolution from the very first days evoked ardent sympathy among the toilers the world over. Not from the opening moment were we alone on the international arena. And we strengthened our international ties as the years went on. The bourgeois revolutionaries were always subject to vacillation as a result of the contradictory class aims confronting them. The proletariat, the only completely revolutionary class, does not know any vacillations. It was not accidental that Shakespeare, in conceiving Hamlet as one of the early fighters for humanism against feudalism, portrayed his vacillation, his heart-rending doubts; the depiction of Hamlet as a lone fighter is a historic truth.

Hamlet's problem—"to be or not to be"—never existed for the revolutionary working class of the Soviet Union. The false "theories" of counter-revolutionary Trotskyism, now become a direct agency of fascism, attempted, it is true, to cultivate among the proletariat, as Comrade Stalin pointed out:

"...The spirit of Hamlet-like doubts over 'and supposing the others will not support us...'"[2]

But these "theories" are profoundly alien to the spirit of revolutionary determinism.

[1] Lenin, *Collected Works*, Russian edition, Vol. XXIV, p. 305.

[2] J. Stalin, *Problems of Leninism*, Russian edition, p. 98.

Today when the world is split asunder, when the war incendiaries have violated the peace, when blood is being shed in Spain and the Far East by the entirely unprovoked aggression of fascist and imperialist Germany, Italy and Japan, progressive humanity turns hopeful eyes toward the great Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, the champion of peace and culture as opposed to war and fascism.

From the very first day of the October Revolution, despite myths and libels about the Soviet land spread by corrupt "brigands of the pen" the workers of all countries expressed their sympathy with the cause of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. When Pierre Laval at a meeting in January 1919 began an anti-Bolshevik speech the workers shouted him down, according to Paris newspaper reports. And everywhere similar events occurred. When the Entente sought to organize a campaign against the Soviet Government, the revolutionary workers the world over held back the hand of their respective governments and thus aided the workers and peasants of the Soviet country to repel the interventionists. Lenin speaks of the Frenchwoman, Comrade Jeanne Labourbe, who "went to work in Communist spirit among French workers and soldiers and was shot in Odessa." [1] The world knows of the martyrdom of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, of the feat of André Marty and the heroic deeds of many other revolutionaries. And how many thousands of unknown heroes stood up in defense of the land of Socialist construction becoming victims of the imperialist and fascist terror! The memory of these unknown friends of the proletarian revolution is honored by the peoples of the U.S.S.R. along with those whose glorious names are entered in the revolutionary pantheon.

The finest writers of humanity have long since joined their careers, their social activity, with the struggle for the triumph of right, justice and humanism. But while in the past, a Byron, fighting in the liberation movement of the Greek people, a Zola in the Dreyfus case, were individuals and isolated, we have a different picture today. In the days of the first Russian Revolution of 1905 Lenin wrote against the peculiar individualism and seignorial anarchism of the bourgeois writers: "The cause of literature must become *a part* of the common cause of the proletariat . . . We want to create and we will create a free press not only in the police sense, but also in the sense of freedom from capital, freedom from careerism;—what is more: also in the sense of freedom from bourgeois anarchist individualism . . . This will be a free literature, because not profit and not career, but the idea of Socialism and sympathy with the toilers will enlist ever new forces into its ranks. This will be a free literature because it will serve . . . millions and tens of millions of toilers . . . This will be a free literature, impregnating the last word of the revolutionary thought of humanity with the experience and living work of the Socialist proletariat." [2]

[1] Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian edition, Vol. XXIV, p. 594.

[2] *Ibid.,* Vol. VIII, pp. 387-90.

The Second Congress of the International Association of Writers, which recently concluded its work, united the writers of twenty-eight countries against fascism.

Gathered in Madrid amid fascist bombardments they declared before the entire world their determination to fight to the end for peace and culture and against fascist barbarism. This Congress of Writers was a great step forward in the transformation of their art into that free literature described by Lenin thirty-two years ago. This Congress became possible through the victory of Socialism in the U.S.S.R. This Congress became possible because our Socialist example, our experience, our victories have kindled beacons lighting the way out of the imperialist blind alley, the road of rescue for civilization menaced by the soldier's boot and the executioner's axe of fascist barbarism.

The leading intellectuals of the world close their ranks with the peoples of the U.S.S.R. In this issue we publish statements by foreign writers, friends of the Soviet Union. In these statements evoked by the Great Socialist Revolution there runs the unifying thought: The U.S.S.R. is the inheritor and fulfiller of the culture produced by humanity in the past, the continuer of the struggle for the happiness of people, for the great principles of humanism, for the triumph of the human mind, waged for centuries by the best hearts and minds of mankind.

In the days of the preparation for the October storm, Comrade Stalin remarked in one of his articles that "Marx, by the way, explained the weakness of the 1848 revolution in Germany by the fact that there was no strong counter-revolution which would spur on the revolution and strengthen it in the fire of struggle" and noted, that "we, Russian, in this connection have no right to deplore our fate, since we have a counter-revolution and a very thorough one at that."

Fascist aggression employing unheard of and unspeakable measures for annihilating non-combatants and destroying culture has brought together and keeps together in a close united front everybody who is prepared in some degree to put up a fight for the rescue of human culture. The People's Front in Spain, the People's Front in France, the struggle for the creation of a People's Front in Germany, Italy, China and other countries—all indicate that the battle cry of the Spanish people "*No Pasaran*" will be realized on a world scale. More than that. Where the fascists will not pass, the people *will* pass and will clear away the fascist filth from the face of our planet.

In the struggle against fascism heroic cadres, including some writers, are being forged. The names of Cornford, Ralph Fox and others who perished at the approaches to Madrid are known wherever, the heroic struggle of the Spanish people is followed with sympathy. Among the fighters in the International Brigade, Italians and Germans take first rank. The world noted with admiration the pluck of Gustav Reheler who though not yet recuperated from his wounds, participated in the Congress of Writers in Madrid. Ar-

mies of heroes in the struggle against fascism are being forged wherever fascist oppression reigns. Communists are in their vanguard everywhere. Not only the new post-war writers but writers of the older generation have begun to understand with ever-growing clarity the ideas that inspire people and make it possible for them to face with raised head torture and death. Heinrich Mann raises the image of the Communist Edgar André, executed by the fascists, as the symbol of a contemporary hero. What is the source of this fearlessness exampled by Edgar André and now become a mass phenomenon? This source is not only in the consciousness and conviction of the truth of their cause, but also in the fact that they feel behind them the might of Socialism triumphant on one sixth of the world.

The victories of Socialism, the consciousness of the justice of the cause they are defending moulded such heroes as Dimitrov, Thälmann, Passionaria. To the list of heroes of the Civil War in the U.S.S.R. are now being added the names of the heroes of the struggle for liberation of the people of Spain and China.

All humanity hailed the feats of the Soviet flyers; and the victories of Socialist labor, achieved by the Stakhanovites in factory, mine and field are known to the world.

Soviet literature and art fix the image of that new contemporary hero in the consciousness of the masses. After Chapayev, after the sailor in the film *We From Kronstadt,* after Pavel Korchagin of Ostrovsky's novel *How the Steel Was Tempered* and other positive heroes depicted by Soviet writers, the image of a positive hero began to appear more and more frequently in the works of Western European writers. The latest works of Heinrich Mann, Gustav Regler, Willi Bredel, Jean Cassou, Sandor Gergely are remarkable not only for the presentation of sanguine, forceful, positive heroes captivating the reader, but also for the secure confidence in ultimate victory when the theme is a popular movement that met with a defeat. Here again we have the invisible influence of the victories of Socialism in the Soviet Union.

Lenin pointed out as far back as 1921, that the greatest influence upon the minds of the Western (European) people will be effected by our economic achievements. In this realm we have achieved unprecedented successes. Two Stalinist Five-Year construction plans, the crowds of newly-erected giants of industry, the greatest construction of our epoch—the Moscow-Volga Canal, and thousands of other monuments of economic progress of the U.S.S.R., successfully materializing the slogan "to catch up with and overtake the foremost Western countries," gained for us millions of friends and admirers in the West. New millions are joining us now seeing the blooming of Socialist humanism in our country, the Stalinite care of the individual.

The constant and thoughtful attention of the government of the U.S.S.R. and the Communist Party for the worker in the arts, the opportunities universally offered for the development of talent

have already shown results. There are literally no fields in which the talents of our peoples have not been proven. Soviet films triumph on the screens of the entire world. The names of not only the producers but also of a number of young actors, only recently made known to the Western public are on the lips of the spectators. The successes of the Moscow Art Theater and the Red Army Ensemble of Song and Dance recently returned from a tour of Europe are still fresh. The successes of our youthful musical talents have not yet been forgotten. It is hardly necessary to mention the influence upon world literature of the works of Gorky. We do not as yet know of other less known facts about the influence of Soviet literature and art upon the literature of other peoples. In the Eastern and especially Chinese literature novels about the Chinese Red Army appear which show the direct influence of Fadeyev's novel about the Civil War *The Nineteen.*

Marx wrote of the hostility of the capitalist system of production to the development of art and literature and especially of popular art. The flowering of the popular creative genius in the U.S.S.R. in every field and of every nationality affords ever fresh proofs of the opportunity for development and perfection of talents secured under the Socialist order.

The difference between manual and mental work is being steadily abolished in the U.S.S.R. The Stakhanovite movement, developing impetuously, is the seed of the uplift of the working class to the cultural and technical level of the engineers. This movement of the ablest workingmen of the Soviet Union which "will go down in the history of our Socialist construction as one of its most glorious pages" [1] is significant also because "it prepares the conditions for the transition from Socialism to Communism." [2] This movement ". . . opens to us the path by which alone can be achieved those high indices of productivity of labor which are essential for the transition from Socialism to Communism and for the elimination of the distinction between mental labor and manual labor." [3]

In all of these successes and achievements of the Socialist construction a great and shall we say exceptional role is played by the Russian people advancing as the first among brotherly and equal peoples composing the great family inhabiting the multi-national Soviet Union; notwithstanding the slanders of the enemy of Socialism and the Soviet people—Bukharin, who kept repeating in the spirit of a Goebbels evil myths about the inferiority of the Slavic race, the Russian people succeeded at the very dawn of its history in beating back the invasion of its soil by the Teutonic knights. In the course of its history the Russian people threw off the Tartar yoke, thrust back the invading Polish *pans* (feudal lords), scatter-

[1] Stalin, *Speech at the First All-Union Conference of Stakhanovites,* 1935. Cooperative Publishers' Society of Foreign Workers in the USSR, p. 3.

[2] *Ibid.,* p. 6.

[3] *Ibid.,* p. 9.

ed the army of one of the greatest military figures of the world, Napoleon, and finally overcame successfully not only the counter-revolution within but the intervention without, the Entente's attempt to destroy the Soviet power by a crusade against Bolshevism.

Some of the stories and articles published in this issue have as their aim to reveal the real image of the Russian people distorted by so many reactionaries.

Centuries ago the Russian epos produced epic heroes, Ilya Muromets, Dobrinya Nikitich and others, who embodied the strength and courage, the best elements in the people's character revealed in the fight against exploiters and invaders.

Russian classical literature includes a number of images of remarkable Russians who did so much for the welfare of their country. The series of these heroes is headed by Pushkin's beloved Peter I, whom he depicts as a genuine national hero like Shakespeare's Henry V, who, for his time, conducted a progressive policy.

The great Russian dramatist Ostrovsky portrayed one of the deliverors of Moscow from the yoke of the Polish lords—the famous Minin. In *War and Peace* Tolstoy characterized some outstanding Russian figures, among them Kutuzov, the conqueror of Napoleon, the pupil and companion in arms of one of the outstanding captains of the world—Suvorov, drawn by the masterly hand of Tolstoy.

Let us recall the image of Nilovna from Gorky's remarkable novel *Mother,* the image of a pure and simple working woman who found herself in the revolutionary movement and who only in this movement succeeded in fully revealing her striking capacities and the strength of her character.

The Russian revolutionary range developed in the protracted struggle with the tsarist autocracy. But it was only Lenin and the Bolshevik Party that knew how to combine this revolutionary range with American enterprise and efficiency. And this combination, forming the style of Leninism in all the revolutionary, creative work of the Party and the Soviets, brought about the victory of the people and led to the Twentieth Anniversary of the new Socialist era, the opening of which was marked on October 25, 1917, by the Great Proletarian Revolution.

For twenty years our country, led by the Party of Lenin-Stalin has been following the road outlined by the genius of the founders of scientific Socialism, Marx and Engels. For two decades the Soviet government has smashed all the machinations of its enemies, has realized Lenin's will to transform the N.E.P. (New Economic Policy) Russia into a Socialist Russia and into a country "mighty and abundant in the full meaning of the word." The victories gained by our people under the guidance of the gifted leaders and teachers of humanity, Lenin and Stalin, has given an inspiring example to all nations, and has transformed Bolshevism into an international phenomenon.

The peoples of the U.S.S.R. summed up and recorded their struggles and victories on the front of the emancipation of mankind and recorded them in their Stalin Constitution: "It is pleasant and joyful to know that the blood of our people shed so plentifully was not shed in vain, that it produced results ... it increases confidence in our strength and mobilizes us for fresh struggles for the new victories of Communism."[1]

And our people never were conceited. Our people remember the words of Lenin who taught us that as long as the capitalist order exists "the bourgeoisie will resort to anything, will risk all its stakes on this one play, to crush our unity. There will be liars, provocateurs, traitors ... but from now on we have nothing to fear since we have established our new state power."[2]

The Soviet people have not forgotten these words of Lenin. Redoubling our vigilance, exterminating the pack of Trotskyite traitors, Japano-German spies and diversionists, we are guided in our treatment of the human scum by the revolutionary principle formulated so well by one of the greatest humanitarians of the twentieth century, the great proletarian writer Maxim Gorky, who said: "If the enemy does not surrender, he must be annihilated."

The contest between the two systems has been going on for twenty years. The world has witnessed Socialism growing, strengthening, day by day. Confident in their strength the people of the U.S.S.R. pursue a policy of peace. Armed with the wisdom of Stalin, united as never before around their Party and the Soviet Government the nations of the U.S.S.R. calmly carry on their constructive work. Our country is an indestructible rock upon which the muddy waves of fascism will be broken. We know that the mole of history is digging well. And we have faith in the creative energy and revolutionary spirit of the workers of the world. We never let out of our minds the words of Lenin spoken during the first years of the revolution: "We, Russians, are initiating the work which will be buttressed by the English, French and German proletariat ..." with the aid of "the toiling masses of all the oppressed colonial nations and first of all the Eastern nations."[3]

Long live the doctrine of Marx-Engels-Lenin-Stalin, which will bring the nations of the entire world toward a happy and free life! Long Live the Twentieth Anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution in the U.S.S.R.!

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[1] J. Stalin, *On the Draft Constitution of the USSR*, 1936, Cooperative Publishers' Society of Foreign Workers in the USSR, p. 43.

[2] Lenin, *Collected Works*, Russian edition, Vol. XXII, p. 224.

[3] *Ibid.*, Vol. XXIV, p. 550.

LENIN AND STALIN PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST DENIKIN IN 1919

Woodcut by Staronosov

JOSEPH STALIN

ON LENIN

THE BEQUESTS OF LENIN

(Speech Delivered at the Second Congress of Soviets of the U.S.S.R. January 26, 1924)

Comrades, we Communists are people of a special mould. We are made of special material. We are those who comprise the army of the great proletarian strategist, the army of Comrade Lenin. There is nothing higher than the honor of belonging to this army. There is nothing higher than the title of member of the Party founded and led by Comrade Lenin. It is not given to all to be members of such a Party. It is not given to all to withstand the stress and storm that accompanies membership of such a Party. Sons of the working class, sons of poverty and struggle, sons of incredible deprivation and heroic effort—such are the ones who must first of all be members of such a Party. That is why the Leninist Party, the Communist Party, at the same time calls itself the Party of the working class.

In departing from us, Comrade Lenin bequeathed to us the duty of holding aloft and guarding the purity of the great title of member of the Party. We vow to you, Comrade Lenin, that we will fulfill your bequest with honor.

For twenty-five years Comrade Lenin reared our Party and finally reared it into the strongest and most steel-hardened workers' party in the world.

The blows of tsarism and its henchmen, the fury of the bourgeoisie and landlords, the armed attacks of Kolchak and Denikin, the armed intervention of England and France, the lies and slander of the hundred-mouthed bourgeois press, all these scorpions persistently hurled themselves at our Party during the course of a quarter of a century. But our Party stood firm as a rock, repelled the innumerable blows of its enemies and led the working class forward to victory. In the midst of fierce battles our Party forged the unity and compactness of its ranks. And by its unity and compactness it achieved victory over the enemies of the working class.

In departing from us, Comrade Lenin bequeathed to us the duty of guarding the unity of our Party like the apple of our eye. We vow to you, Comrade Lenin, that we will also fulfill this bequest of yours with honor.

Heavy and unbearable is the lot of the working class. Painful and burdensome are the sufferings of the toilers. Slaves and slave-owners, serfs and feudal lords, peasants and landlords, workers and capitalists, oppressed and oppressors—such has been the structure of the world for ages, and such it remains today in the overwhelming majority of countries.

Scores and hundreds of times in the course of centuries have the toilers tried to throw their oppressors off their backs and become masters of their own conditions. But every time, defeated and disgraced, they were compelled to retreat, their hearts burning with shame and degradation, anger and despair, and they turned their eyes to the unknown, to the heavens, where they hoped to find salvation. The chains of slavery remained intact, or else the old chains were exchanged for new ones equally burdensome and degrading. Only in our country have the oppressed and suppressed masses of toilers succeeded in throwing off the rule of the landlords and capitalists and in putting in its place the rule of the workers and peasants.

You know, comrades, and now the whole world admits this, that this gigantic struggle was led by Comrade Lenin and his Party. The greatness of Lenin lies first of all in the fact that he, by creating the Republic of Soviets, showed by deeds to the oppressed masses of the whole world that hope of salvation is not lost, that the rule of the landlords and capitalists is not everlasting, that the kingdom of labor can be created by the efforts of the toilers themselves, that the kingdom of labor must be created on earth and not in heaven. By that he inflamed the hearts of the workers and peasants of the whole world with the hope of liberation. This explains the fact that the name of Lenin has become a name most beloved to the toilers and the exploited masses.

In departing from us, Comrade Lenin bequeathed to us the duty of guarding and strengthening the dictatorship of the proletariat. We vow to you, Comrade Lenin, that we will spare no effort to fulfill also this bequest of yours with honor.

The dictatorship of the proletariat was created in our country on the basis of the alliance between the workers and the peasants. This is the first and fundamental basis of the Republic of Soviets. The workers and peasants could not have vanquished the capitalists and the landlords without such an alliance. The entire history of the Civil War is a demonstration of this fact. But the struggle to strengthen the Republic of Soviets is still far from over—it has only taken a new form. The alliance of workers and peasants first had the form of a military union, being directed against Kolchak and Denikin. Now the alliance of workers and peasants must take the form of economic cooperation between town and village, between workers and peasants, for it is now directed against the merchant and the kulak, now it has as its aim the mutual supply of everything necessary to both of them. And, you know that nobody fulfilled this task more perseveringly than Comrade Lenin.

In departing from us, Comrade Lenin bequeathed to us the duty of strengthening with all our might the alliance between the workers and the peasants. We vow to you, Comrade Lenin, that we will fulfill also this bequest of yours with honor.

The second foundation of the Republic of Soviets is the alliance of the toiling nationalities of our country. Russians and Ukrainians, Bashkirs and White Russians, Georgians and Azerbaijanians, Armenians and Daghestans, Tatars and Kirghiz, Uzbeks and Turkomans—all are equally interested in strengthening the dictatorship of the proletariat. Not only does the dictator-

ship of the proletariat release these peoples from their chains and oppression, but these peoples, by their unbounded loyalty to the Republic of Soviets and their readiness to make sacrifices for it, release our Republic of Soviets from the designs and sorties of the enemies of the working class. That is why Comrade Lenin untiringly urged upon us the necessity for establishing a voluntary alliance of the nations of our country, the necessity for fraternal cooperation within the framework of a Union of Republics.

In departing from us, Comrade Lenin bequeathed to us the duty of consolidating and expanding the Union of Republics. We vow to you, Comrade Lenin, that we will carry out also this bequest of yours with honor.

The third foundation of the dictatorship of the proletariat is our Red Army and our Red Navy. Lenin told us more than once that the respite we have gained from the capitalist states may be a short one. More than once Lenin pointed out to us that the strengthening of the Red Army and the improvement of its condition is one of the most important tasks of our Party. The events connected with Curzon's ultimatum [1] and the crisis in Germany once again confirmed the fact that Lenin, as always, was right. Let us vow, then, comrades, that we will spare no effort to strengthen our Red Army and our Red Navy.

Our country stands like a huge rock surrounded by the ocean of bourgeois states. Wave after wave hurls itself against it, threatening to submerge it and sweep it away. But the rock stands unshakable. Wherein lies its strength? Not only in the fact that our country is based on the alliance between the workers and peasants, that it is the personification of the alliance of free nationalities, that it is protected by the strong arm of the Red Army and the Red Navy. The strength of our country, its firmness, its durability lies in the fact that it finds profound sympathy and unshakable support in the hearts of the workers and peasants of the whole world.

The workers and peasants of the whole world want to preserve the Republic of Soviets as an arrow shot by the sure hand of Comrade Lenin into the camp of the enemy, as a bulwark of their hope for emancipation from oppression and exploitation, as an unfailing lighthouse lighting up their path to liberation. They want to preserve it and they will not permit the landlords and the capitalists to destroy it. Herein lies our strength. Herein lies the strength of the toilers of all countries. And herein lies the weakness of the bourgeoisie of the whole world.

Lenin never regarded the Republic of Soviets as an end in itself. He always regarded it as a necessary link for strengthening the revolutionary movements in the lands of the West and the East, as a necessary link for facilitating the victory of the toilers of the whole world over capital. Lenin knew that only such an interpretation is the correct one, not only from the international point of view, but also from the point of view of preserving the Republic of Soviets itself. Lenin knew that only in this way is it possible to inflame the hearts of the toilers of all countries for the decisive battles for emancipation. That is why this genius among the great leaders of the proletariat, on the very morrow of the establishment of the proletarian dictatorship, laid the foundation of the workers' International. That is why

[1] In May 1923 the English Foreign Minister Curzon presented an ultimatum making false accusations and inacceptable demands upon the Soviet Union. In the interests of peace the Soviet Union agreed to some of the minor demands but rejected the others. Curzon was obliged to withdraw the provocative document.—*Ed.*

he never tired of expanding and consolidating the union of the toilers of the whole world, the Communist International.

You have seen during the past few days the pilgrimage of tens and hundreds of thousands of toilers to the coffin of Comrade Lenin. Very soon you will see the pilgrimage of representatives of millions of toilers to Comrade Lenin's tomb. You need have no doubt that later on these representatives of millions will be followed by representatives of tens and hundreds of millions from all corners of the earth, in order to testify that Comrade Lenin was the leader not only of the Russian proletariat, not only of the European workers, not only of the colonial East, but of all the toilers of the globe.

In departing from us, Comrade Lenin bequeathed to us the duty of remaining loyal to the principles of the Communist International. We vow to you, Comrade Lenin, that we will not spare our lives to strengthen and expand the Union of the toilers of the whole world—the Communist International

ON LENIN

(Speech Delivered at a Memorial Evening of Kremlin Military Students, January 28, 1924)

Comrades, I was told that you here have arranged an evening of reminiscences of Lenin, and that I have been invited as one of the speakers. I assume that there is no need to deliver a set speech on Lenin's activities. I think it would be better for me to confine myself to communicating a few facts which indicate certain of Lenin's peculiarities as a man and public worker. Perhaps these facts will not be interconnected, but this will not interfere seriously with presenting a general picture of Lenin. At all events, I am unable at present to do more than what I have just promised.

MOUNTAIN EAGLE

I first made the acquaintance of Lenin in 1903. It is true that this was not a personal acquaintance, it was an acquaintance established by correspondence. But this made an ineradicable impression upon me which has never left me all the time I have been working for the Party. At that time I was in exile in Siberia. My introduction to the revolutionary activity of Lenin at the end of the 'nineties, and especially after 1901, after the publication of *Iskra*, convinced me that Lenin was a man out of the ordinary. At that time I did not regard him merely as a leader of the Party, but its creator, because he alone understood the internal substance and the urgent needs of the Party. Whenever I compared him with other leaders of our Party it always seemed to me that Lenin's comrades-in-arms—Plekhanov, Martov, Axelrod and others—were a head shorter than Lenin, that compared with them Lenin was not merely one of the leaders, but a leader of a superior type, a mountain eagle, who knew no fear in the struggle, and who boldly led the Party forward along the unexplored paths of the Russian revolutionary movement. This impression was so deeply ingrained in my mind that I felt I must write about him to one of my intimate friends who was then in exile abroad, and ask him to give me his opinion of Lenin. After a short time, when I was already in exile in Siberia (this was at the end of 1903), I received an enthusiastic letter from my friend and a simple, but very profound letter from Lenin, to whom it appears my friend had communicated my letter. Lenin's letter was relatively

a short one but it contained a bold, fearless criticism of the practical work of our Party, and a remarkably clear and concise outline of a whole plan of work of the Party for the immediate period. Lenin alone was able to write about the most complicated things so simply and clearly, so concisely and boldly—so that every sentence seems, not to speak, but to ring out like a shot. The simple and bold letter still more strengthened me in my opinion that in Lenin we had the mountain eagle of our Party. I cannot forgive myself for having burnt Lenin's letter as I did many others, as is the habit of an old underground worker.

From that time my acquaintance with Lenin began.

MODESTY

I met Lenin for the first time in December 1905 at a conference of Bolsheviks in Tammerfors (Finland). I was looking forward to seeing the mountain eagle of our Party, the great man, great, not only politically, but if you will, physically, because in my imagination I pictured Lenin as a giant, well-built and imposing. Imagine my disappointment when I saw an ordinary man, below average height, in no way, literally in no way, to be distinguished from ordinary mortals. . . .

It is the accepted thing for a "great man" to come late to meetings so that the other people gathered at the meeting should wait on tenterhooks of expectation for his appearance; and just before the appearance of the great man, the people at the meeting say "Sh. . . . Silence. . . . He is coming." This rite seemed to me necessary because it makes an impression, it imbues one with respect. Imagine my disappointment when I learned that Lenin had arrived at the meeting before the delegates, and having ensconced himself in a corner was conversing, holding an ordinary conversation, with the ordinary delegates to the conference. I will not conceal from you that at that time this seemed to me to be somewhat of a violation of certain necessary rules.

Only later on did I realize that this simplicity and modesty of Lenin, this striving to remain unobserved, or at all events, not to make himself prominent, not to emphasize his high position—this feature was one of Lenin's strongest sides as a new leader of new masses, of simple and ordinary masses, of the very "rank and file" of humanity.

STRENGTH OF LOGIC

The two speeches that Lenin delivered at this conference, on the current political events, and on the agrarian question, were most remarkable. Unfortunately, the reports of them have not been preserved. These were inspired speeches, which roused the whole conference to an outburst of enthusiasm. Extraordinary power of conviction, simplicity and clarity in argumentation, short sentences intelligible to all, the absence of posing, the absence of violent gesticulations, and high-sounding phrases, playing for effect—all this favorably distinguished Lenin's speeches from the speeches of ordinary, "parliamentary" orators.

But it was not this aspect of Lenin's speeches that captivated me at the time. I was captivated by the invincible power of logic in Lenin's speeches which, though somewhat dry, nevertheless completely overcomes the audience, gradually electrifies it, and then holds the whole audience captive. I remember

many of the delegates saying: "The logic in Lenin's speeches can be compared to all-powerful tentacles which seize one in their grip on all sides and from the embrace of which it is impossible to release oneself: surrender or risk utter defeat."

I think that this peculiar feature of Lenin's speeches represents the strongest side of his oratorical art.

NO SNIVELLING

I met Lenin the second time in 1906, at the Stockholm Congress of our Party. It is well known that at this Congress the Bolsheviks were in the minority, they were defeated. This was the first time I saw Lenin in the role of the vanquished. He did not in the least look like those leaders who snivel and become despondent after defeat. On the contrary, defeat transformed Lenin into a congelation of energy, which inspired his adherents with courage for fresh battles and for future victory. I said that Lenin was defeated. But what sort of a defeat was it? You should have seen Lenin's opponents, the victors of Stockholm—Plekhanov, Axelrod, Martov and the others; they did not in the least look like real victors, because, in his ruthless criticism of Menshevism, Lenin, so to speak, did not leave a sound place on their bodies. I remember the Bolshevik delegates gathering together in a small crowd gazing at Lenin and asking him for advice. In the conversation of some of the delegates one detected a note of weariness and depression. I remember Lenin, in reply to such talk, sharply saying through his clenched teeth: "No snivelling, comrades, we shall certainly win, because we are right." Hatred for snivelling intellectuals, confidence in one's own strength, confidence in victory—that is what Lenin talked to us about at that time. One felt that the defeat of the Bolsheviks was a temporary one, that the Bolsheviks must be victorious in the near future.

"No snivelling in the event of defeat." This is the peculiar feature in the activities of Lenin that helped him to rally around himself an army that was faithful to the last and had confidence in its strength.

NO BOASTING

At the next congress, in 1907, in London, the Bolsheviks were the victors. I then saw Lenin for the first time in the role of victor. Usually, victory turns ordinary leaders' heads, makes them proud and boastful. Most frequently, in such cases, they begin to celebrate their victory and rest on their laurels. But Lenin was not in the least like such leaders. On the contrary, it is precisely after victory that he became particularly vigilant, on the alert. I remember Lenin at that time earnestly impressing upon the delegates: "The first thing is, not to be carried away with victory and not to boast; the second thing is, consolidate the victory; the third thing is, crush the opponent, because he is only defeated, but not yet crushed by a long way." He poured withering ridicule on those delegates who frivolously declared that "from now on the Mensheviks are finished." It was not difficult for him to prove that the Mensheviks still had roots in the labor movement, that they had to be fought skillfully, and that overestimation of one's own strength, and particularly underestimation of the strength of the enemy, was to be avoided.

"No boasting of victory"—this is the peculiar feature in Lenin's character that helped him soberly to weigh up the forces of the enemy and to insure the Party against possible surprises.

PRINCIPLE

Party leaders cannot but prize the opinion of the majority of their party. The majority is a power, which a leader cannot but take into account. Lenin understood this not less than any other party leader. But Lenin never allowed himself to become the captive of the majority, especially when that majority did not have a basis of principle. There have been moments in the history of our Party when the opinion of the majority, or the transient interests of the Party, came into conflict with the fundamental interests of the proletariat. In such cases, Lenin without hesitation determinedly took his stand on the side of principle against the majority of the Party. Moreover, in such cases, he did not fear to come out literally alone against all, calculating, as he often said, that, "a policy based on principle is the only correct policy."

The two following facts are particularly characteristic in this respect.

First fact. The period of 1909-11, when the Party, defeated by the counter-revolution, was undergoing complete disintegration. This was the period of complete lack of faith in the Party, the period of the wholesale desertion of the Party, not only by the intellectuals, but partly also by the workers, the period when underground work was repudiated, the period of liquidationism and collapse. Not only Mensheviks, but also Bolsheviks, at that time represented a number of factions and trends, for the most part divorced from the labor movement. It is well known that it was precisely at this time that the idea arose of completely liquidating the underground organization and of organizing the workers in a legal, liberal, Stolypin party.[1] At that time Lenin was the only one who did not give way to the general mood and who held aloft the Party banner, rallied the scattered and defeated forces of the Party with astonishing patience and unparalleled persistence, fought against all and sundry anti-Party trends in the labor movement and defended the Party principle with unparalleled courage and unprecedented persistence.

It is well known that in this fight for the Party principle Lenin later proved victorious.

Second fact. The period of 1914-17, the period when the imperialist war was at its height, when all, or nearly all, the Social-Democratic and Socialist parties, giving way to the universal patriotic intoxication, went into the service of the imperialism of their respective countries. That was the period when the Second International lowered its flag to capital, when even people like Plekhanov, Kautsky, Guesde and others failed to withstand the wave of chauvinism. Lenin, at that time, was the only one, or almost the only one, who commenced a determined struggle against social-chauvinism and social-pacifism, who exposed the treachery of the Guesdes and Kautskys and condemned the half-heartedness of mediocre "revolutionaries." Lenin realized that he had an insignificant minority behind him; but he did not regard this as a matter of decisive importance, for he knew that the only correct policy which had a future before it was the policy of consistent internationalism, for he knew that a policy based on principle was the only correct policy.

It is well known that in this contest for a new International Lenin turned out to be the victor.

"A policy based on principle is the only correct policy"—this is the formula with which Lenin stormed new "invincible" positions and won over the best elements of the proletariat to the side of revolutionary Marxism.

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[1] *I.e.*, party that would be permitted by Stolypin, the reactionary prime minister of Russia, in 1906-11.—*Ed.*

CONFIDENCE IN THE MASSES

Theoreticians and leaders of parties who know the history of nations, who have studied the history of revolutions from beginning to end, are sometimes afflicted with an unpleasant disease. This disease is known as fear of the masses, lack of confidence in the creative ability of the masses. Sometimes on this ground a certain aristocratic pose is displayed by leaders towards the masses, who, although not versed in the history of revolutions, are destined to break up the old and build the new. The fear that the elements may break forth, that the masses may "break up too much," the desire to play the role of nurses who try to teach the masses from books but who refuse to learn from the masses—such is the basis of this sort of aristocratic attitude.

Lenin represented the very opposite of such leaders. I do not know another revolutionary who had such profound confidence in the creative strength of the proletariat and in the revolutionary expediency of its class instincts as Lenin did. I do not know another revolutionary who was so able to ruthlessly scourge the smug critics of the "chaos of revolution" and the "bacchanalia of irresponsible actions of the masses" as Lenin was. I remember during a conversation, in reply to a remark made by a comrade that "after revolution normal order must be established," Lenin sarcastically remarked: "It is a pity that people who want to be revolutionaries forget that the most normal kind of order in history is revolutionary order."

Hence Lenin's contempt for all those who tried superciliously to look down upon the masses and to teach them from books. Hence Lenin's constant urging that we must learn from the masses, try to understand their actions and carefully study the practical experience of the struggle of the masses.

Confidence in the creative power of the masses—this is the peculiar feature in the activities of Lenin which enabled him to understand the spontaneous movement and direct it into the channels of the proletarian revolution.

THE GENIUS OF REVOLUTION

Lenin was born for revolution. He was, in truth, the genius of revolutionary outbreaks and a great master in the art of revolutionary leadership. Never did he feel so free and happy as in the epoch of revolutionary upheavals. By that I do not want to say that Lenin equally approved of all revolutionary upheavals, or that he advocated revolutionary outbreaks at all times and under all conditions. Not in the least. I merely want to say that never was the profound foresight of Lenin revealed so fully and distinctly as during revolutionary outbreaks. In the days of revolutionary uprisings he blossomed out, as it were, became a prophet, foresaw the movement of classes and the probable zigzags of the revolution, saw them like the lines on the palm of his hand. It was not for nothing that it used to be said in our Party circles that "Ilyich is able to swim in the waves of revolution like a fish in water."

Hence the "astonishing" clarity of Lenin's tactical slogans, and the "breathless" audacity of his revolutionary designs.

I remember two particularly characteristic facts which revealed this peculiar feature of Lenin's.

First fact. The period before the October uprising, when millions of workers, peasants and soldiers, lashed by the crisis in the rear and at the front, demanded peace and liberty; when the militarists and the bourgeoisie were preparing for a military dictatorship in order to pursue the "war to the bit-

ter end"; when the whole of so-called "public opinion," all the so-called "socialist parties" were opposed to the Bolsheviks, charged them with being "German spies"; when Kerensky tried, and to some extent succeeded, in driving the Bolshevik Party underground; when the still powerful, disciplined army of the Austro-German coalition stood confronting our weary and disintegrating armies, and when the West European "socialists" lived in happy alliance with their governments for the purpose of pursuing the "war to final victory" . . .

What did the raising of a rebellion mean at that time? Raising a rebellion in such circumstances meant staking everything on this one card. But Lenin did not fear to take the risk, because he knew, he saw with his prophetic eye, that rebellion was inevitable, that rebellion would be victorious, that rebellion in Russia would prepare for the end of the imperialist war, that rebellion in Russia would rouse the tortured masses of the West, that rebellion in Russia would transform the imperialist war into civil war, that rebellion would give rise to a republic of Soviets, that a republic of Soviets would serve as a bulwark for the revolutionary movement of the whole world.

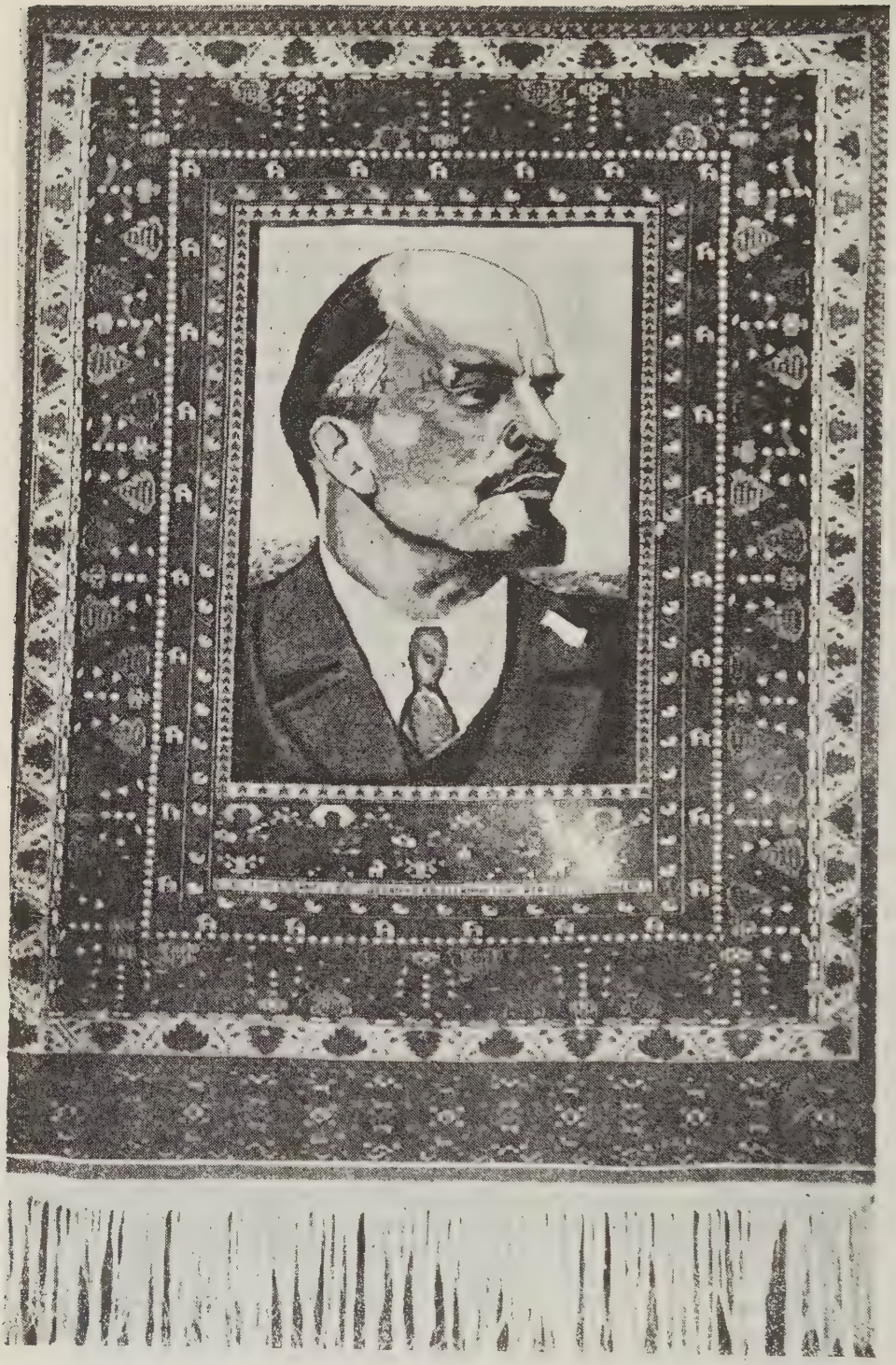
It is well known that Lenin's revolutionary foresight was afterwards confirmed with unprecedented precision.

Second fact. During the first days after the October Revolution, when the Council of People's Commissars tried to compel the mutinous general, Commander-in Chief Dukhonin, to cease military operations and open negotiations for a truce with the Germans. I remember that Lenin, Krylenko (the future Commander-in-Chief) and I went to General Military Headquarters in Petrograd to speak by direct wire to Dukhonin. The situation was very tense. Dukhonin and the General Staff categorically refused to carry out the orders of the Council of People's Commissars. The army officers were entirely in the hands of the General Staff. As for the soldiers, it was impossible to foretell what the twelve-million army, which was subordinate to the so-called army organizations which were hostile to the Soviet government, would say. In Petrograd itself, as is well known, the mutiny of the Junkers was maturing. Moreover, Kerensky was marching on Petrograd. I remember that after a slight pause at the telegraph wire Lenin's face lit up with an extraordinary light. It was evident that he had come to some decision. "Come to the radio station," he said, "it will render us a service: we will issue a special order dismissing General Dukhonin and appoint comrade Krylenko in his place as Commander-in-Chief and appeal to the soldiers over the heads of the officers—to surround the generals, stop military operations, establish contact with the Austro-German soldiers and take the cause of peace into their own hands."

This was a "leap into the unknown." But Lenin was not afraid to take this "leap"; on the contrary, he went out to meet it, for he knew that the army wanted peace, that it would win peace and sweep every obstacle from its path to peace; for he knew that such a method of establishing peace must have an effect on the Austro-German soldiers, that it would release the desire for peace on all fronts without exception.

It is well known that Lenin's revolutionary foresight on this occasion was also confirmed later with the utmost precision.

Brilliant foresight, the ability rapidly to catch and appreciate the inner sense of impeding events—this is the feature of Lenin that enabled him to outline the correct strategy and a clear line of conduct at the turning points of the revolutionary movement.



TAPESTRY BY THE TURKMENIAN MASTER WEAVERS DURLI KAMLYEV AND OGUL NABAT TAGIYEV

SULEIMAN STALSKY

Daghestan minstrel

Song About Stalin

Freely Translated by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

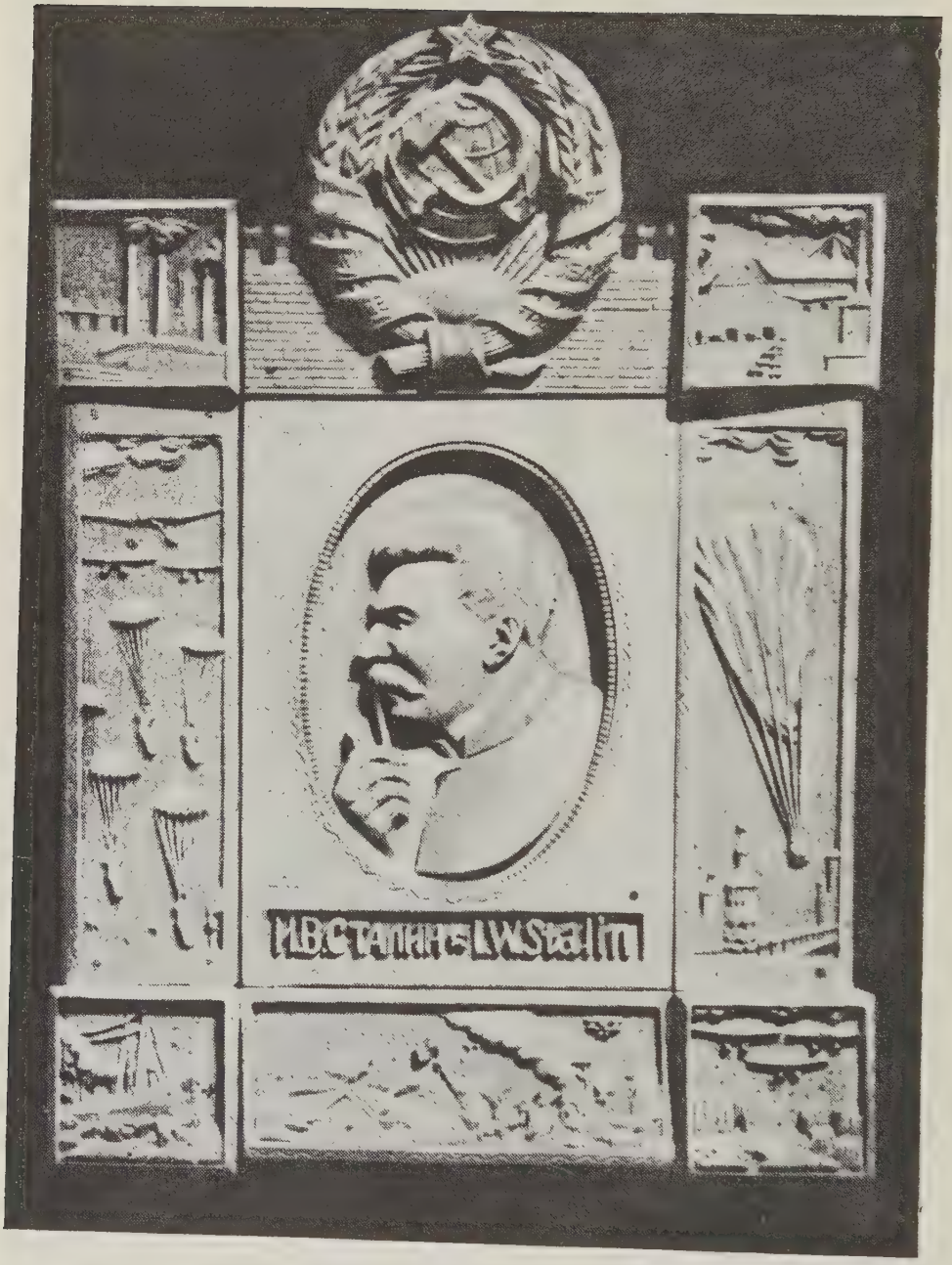
Forward spreads life;
The party leads
Labor's mighty march,
With you their banner,
Stalin.
In your youth began to shine
Your light guiding all workers;
Where you led sorrows end,
Life is joyous,
Stalin.
Years pass and none
Since you defended us
Is a year of misfortune.
As to a peak, to you
Far horizons are clear,
Stalin.
You withered the enemies' hands;
Ours you made strong
And full of victories.
To the weak you gave
A key to new life,
Stalin.
To you, known to the universe,
Whose name
Is a name for glorious deeds,
To you who have listened to the voices
And understand the thoughts of the poor
To you I sing,
Stalin.

BY AN UNKNOWN BAKHSHI FROM DARVAZA

Stalin

Freely Translated by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Were there two hearts in my breast
I'd mount my horse,
I'd bring them to Moscow.
At the city gates I'd rein in,
From my hips unroll my silk sash
And in it put two burning hearts.
Before the carved stones I'd leave them.
The knot tied, I'd shout to the guardsman:
"A present for Stalin, a silk sash."
And the two hearts would flame from the bundle,
Would burn like that great heart
Alight in the Kremlin.



IVORY PLAQUE BY A CRAFTMEN'S COOPERATIVE IN TOBOLSK, SIBERIA

Song About Stalin

Composed by Daghestan women. Freely translated by ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Above the valley
The mountain peak,
Above the peak
The sky.
But, Stalin,
Skies have no height
To equal you;
Only your thoughts
Rise higher.
The stars, the moon
Pale before the sun
That pales in turn
Before your shining mind.
The sun's light stops
Before night,
But your mind glows beyond.
Strongest of metals
Is hard steel
But the metal of your will
Is stronger.
You,
Higher than the skies
Are therefore honored
In the high mountains.
Other than your
Sky vaulting thoughts
The people of the high mountains
Heed not.
Men's eyes grow keen
Like those of eagles
When your words reach us
Giving direction.
He who hears your word
Forever remembers it.
He who understands
Your teaching:
He is taught victory,
He will never be beaten.
Willing are they
In the high mountains
To give their souls
For such teaching.
Look back and see;
Millions are behind you.
They follow
Because your road is right
Once your follower
A man would rather die,
Stalin,
Than abandon your road.

Fame Awaits You

A CHERKASS LULLABY

Freely translated by
ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Lau, lau, lau, la.
Night has come, my baby sleep.
Sleep my little brown eyed boy
While I sing to you
Great days to be,
Your destiny,
Oh my famous one.

Field and forest,
Mountain, river,
All you see, my wealthy baby,
Yours, my little brown eyed boy.

Night has come and hushed the high-
ways
Ended labors in the fields;
Do you hear homecoming songs
Far off, of the tractor drivers?

Soon, my baby, you'll be big.
When a grown up man you'll be,
You too, son, will drive a combine,
Yes, my little brown eyed boy.

You will prove yourself, my son;
You have Socialist years to grow in.
On your breast for deeds well done
Will shine the colors of an Order.

You'll win honors at your work.
You'll not backward be in battle
Who will shake your hand? Our
Stalin!
He will shake your little hand.

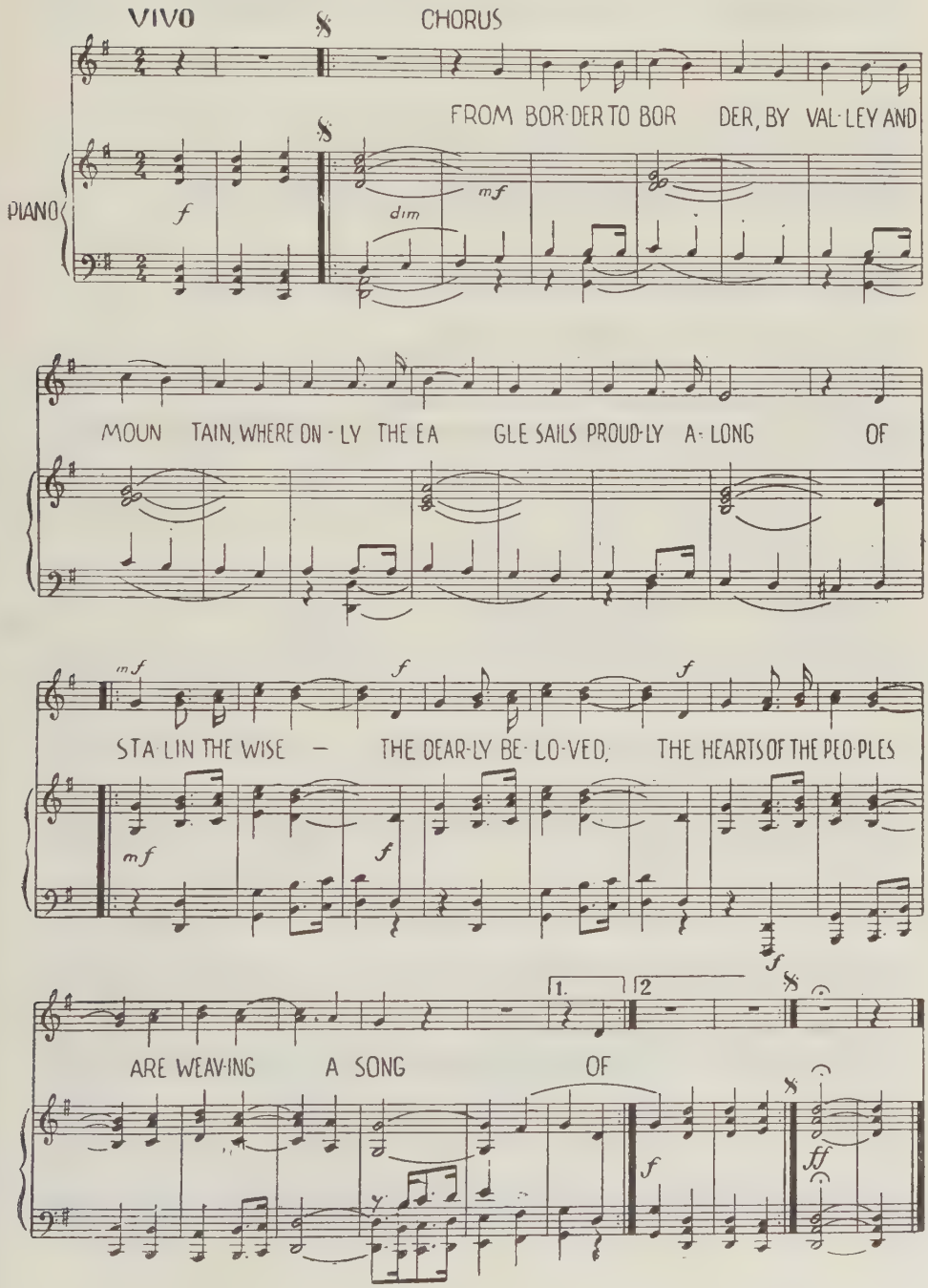
Lau, lau, lau, la.
Sleep soft and sound.
Oh, what shining fame awaits you,
What a good and glorious life!

Lau, lau, lau, la.
Night has come, my baby, sleep.

(Copied down from Zuriat Shakova in a Kalmyk village of the Cherkass Autonomous Region)

SONG ABOUT STALIN

MUSIC BY F. SABO



1. From border to border, by valley and mountain,
Where only the eagle sails proudly along,
Of Stalin the wise, the dearly beloved,
The hearts of the peoples are weaving a song. } *Repeat*

2. More swift than the eagle this song goes a-winging
And sets the oppressor to trembling with fright.
No barb-wired border, no fortified outpost
Can halt the clear music's unfaltering flight. } *Repeat*

3. No whip and no bullet can smash it to silence
From trench and from barricade proudly it floats.
The wheels of the rickshaw, the lips of the coolie,
The plough of the peon, all ring out its notes. *Repeat*

4. And raising this song like a conquering banner,
The People's Front marches in mighty array,
And raising this song so inspiring and flaming,
Advances to sweep their oppressors away. } *Repeat*

5. And we who have conquered, we sing it so proudly,
The Stalinist epoch we honor as one—
We sing of our new life so splendid and happy,
We sing of the joy of our victories won. } *Repeat*

6. From border to border, o'er valley and mountain,
Where only the aeroplane's loud motor roars,
Of Stalin the wise, the dearly beloved,
The song of the peoples triumphantly soars. } *Repeat*

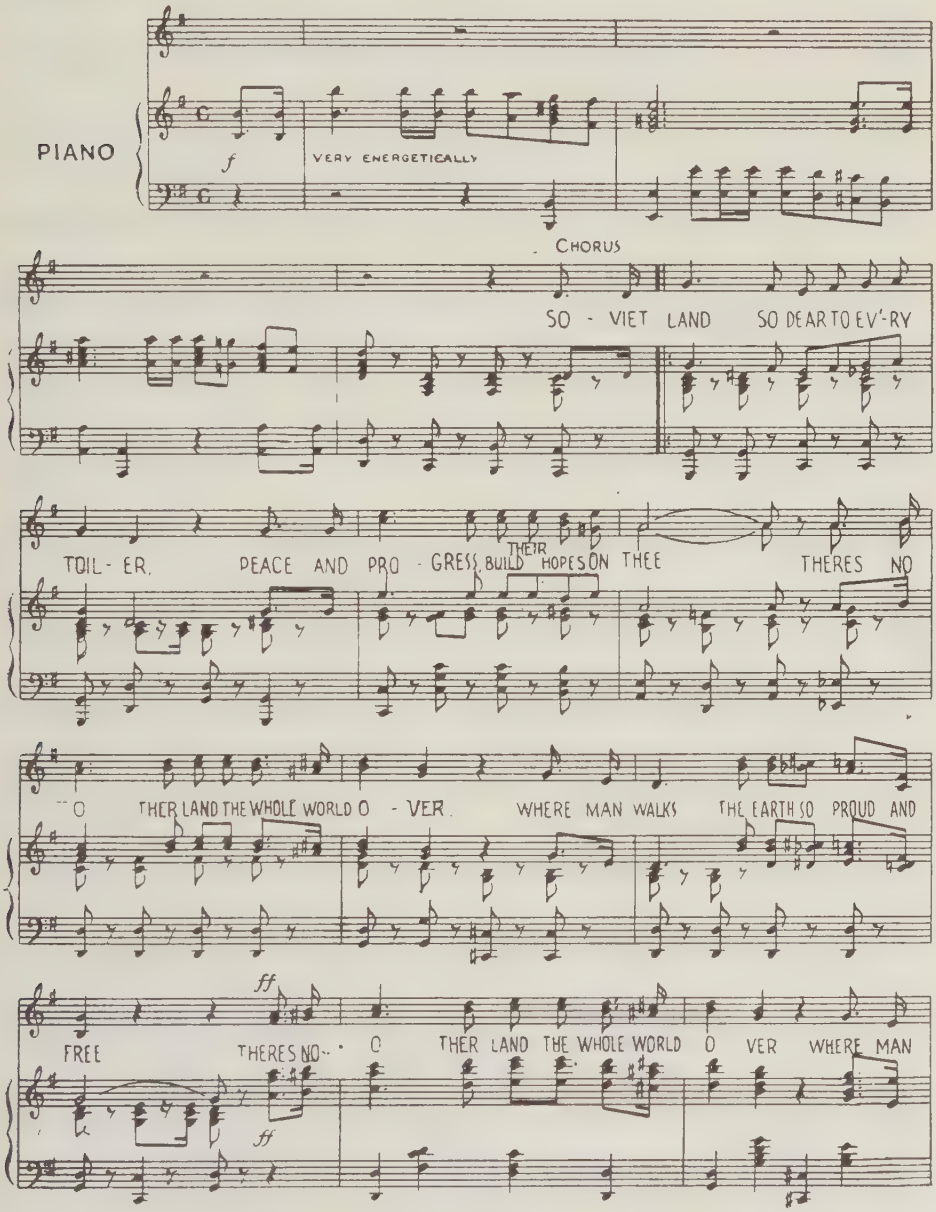
Lyrics by Mikhail Inyushkin. English Translation by Ben Blake.

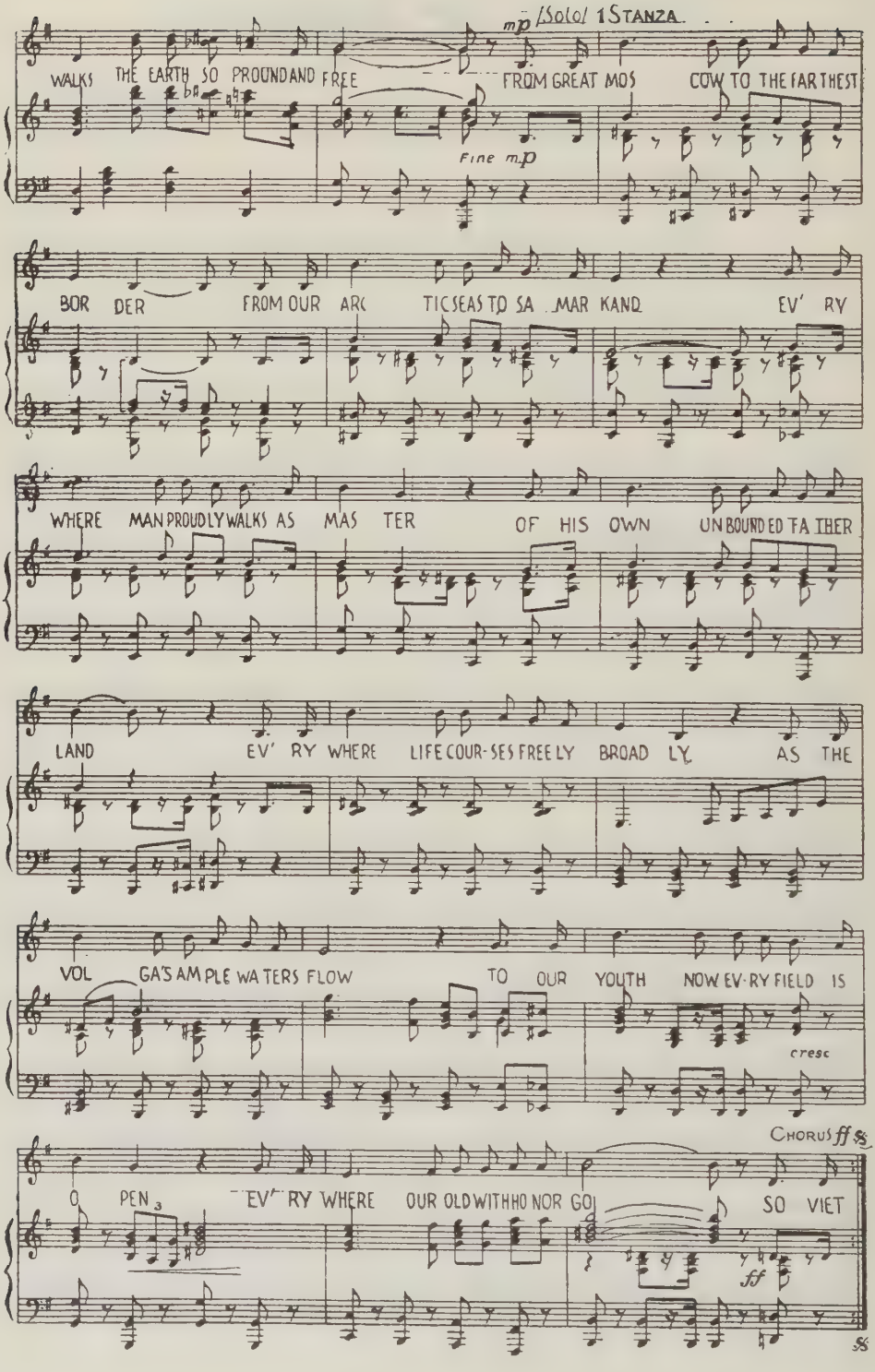
"SONG OF THE FATHERLAND"

WORDS BY V LEBEDEV-KUMACH
ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY BEN BLAKE

MUSIC BY
I. DUNAYEVSKY

MARCH RHYTHM




mp (Solo) 1 STANZA
WALKS THE EARTH SO PROUND AND FREE
FROM GREAT MOS COW TO THE FAR THEST
Fine mp
BOR DER FROM OUR ARC TIC SEAS TO SA MAR KAND EV' RY
WHERE MAN PROUDLY WALKS AS MAS TER OF HIS OWN UN BOUND ED FA THER
LAND EV' RY WHERE LIFE COUR-SES FREE LY BROAD LY AS THE
VOL GA'S AM PLE WA TERS FLOW TO OUR YOUTH NOW EV-RY FIELD IS
cresc
CHORUS ff
O PEN EV' RY WHERE OUR OLD WITH HO NOR GO SO VIET
ff

Chorus

Soviet land, so dear to ev'ry toiler,
Peace and progress build their hopes on thee,
There's no other land the whole world over
Where man walks the earth so proud and free.

Repeat

1. From great Moscow to the farthest border,
From our Arctic seas to Samarkand,
Ev'rywhere man proudly walks as master
Of his own unbounded fatherland.
Ev'rywhere life courses freely, broadly,
As the Volga's ample waters flow.
To our youth now every field is open,
Ev'rywhere our old with honor go.

Chorus as above.

2. Fruitful fields, where once were barren patches,
Where was waste land, thriving cities hum.
On all tongues the proudest word is Comrade,
With it we all barriers overcome.
With this word, throughout our mighty Union,
All our peoples flourish, free from strife—
Side by side, the Russian, Jew, and Tartar
Build in peace a richer, better life.

Chorus as above.

3. Day by day our happy land advances,
Bright our future as our flag above.
No one else on earth so free from shadows,
No one else so free to laugh and love.
But if any foe should try to smash us,
Try to desolate our land so dear,
Like the thunder, like the sudden lightning
We shall give our answer sharp and clear.

Chorus as above.

VSEVOLOD VISHNEVSKY

We, the Russian People

Drawings by Y. PIMENOV

A winter's day. The clear snow sparkled and shone in the sunlight. The air was wonderfully transparent. An unusual stillness lay over everything. The evergreen woods stood as if under a spell. Occasionally snow rustled down softly from the mighty, gloomy firs, and noiselessly a silvery dust covered the earth.

The ancient lands of Novgorod and Pskov stretched for hundreds of miles under a pale, quiet sky. All life seemed sealed in everlasting silence. Not a voice, was heard, man's beast's nor bird's.

Far in the distance a faint smoke rose from the villages of Russia, half buried under snow. The thin tolling of a bell could be heard. On the outskirts of the village people stirred, doors banged. Boys ran by with cries of: "They're driving 'em to the war!" "The last of the men are being taken!" The village elder rapped on the doors and window sills with his stick and called out commandingly: "Out with you, those who've been sent for!" Out came the muzhiks in sheepskin cloaks, in caftans, in military overcoats. Men with dark beards, men with light beards, grave and silent. Outside one of the houses a woman, surrounded by children, was clinging to her husband, and repeating in bewilderment: "But what'll become of us without you, Yermolai?" The muzhik said nothing. The village elder's summons rang out again, and the people started to hurry. An old woman walked before the men carrying an ikon. Exclamations and the piercing cries of women could be heard.

An accordion struck up a tune somewhere down the street. The crowd was growing. The people collected at the church. There the soldiers whose wounds had healed and who were being sent back to the front were saying farewell to their families. They were a depressed crowd. The policeman passed, thrusting back the women and shouting: "Back there!" at which they only screamed the louder. The children stood staring, dumbfounded, terror-stricken. The old men of the village walked up to the soldiers, bowed from the waist and said: "This is for you service men, to warm you on your weary way. If there's little of it, we beg you to excuse, us. . . ." and gave the men government vodka they had saved from peace time. "Aye, to rinse life down just once before we die!" said one of the soldiers, a brown-haired daredevil. He struck the bottom of the bottle with the palm of his hand; the vodka foamed white

and the cork flew out. The soldier tossed off the bottle without taking breath, gave a convulsive shake of his head and wiped his mouth. "Much obliged to the old folks who understand," he cried and he dashed the bottle to bits against the fence. A hoarse voice roared: "Line up!" The soldiers lined up half-heartedly. A lieutenant approached their lines. He was a stranger to them. He greeted them and walked down the lines, looking into the faces of the men, none of whom were known to him. Behind the officer came the policeman with a list in his hand, and after him the village elder. Before one of the soldiers, a well-built, tall man of about twenty-nine with clear eyes and a black mustache, the policeman stopped. Eyeing him attentively for a moment, he went close up to him and asked, with a searching look into the man's eyes: "Seems to me I saw you in 1905?" The lieutenant turned his head. The soldier looked at the policeman calmly and coldly and said: "Maybe. I was alive at that time." The policeman persisted in a rougher tone: "Seems to me you were a convict in those days? You were being sent to Siberia under guard, and you ran away." Everybody looked at the soldier now. He stood there, calm and sturdy, his sheepskin cap a little over his right eye and his face the traditional simple face of a Russian infantryman. They were all awaiting his reply. He said: "What would plain privates like us be doing in Siberia? . . ." and gave a faint, a very faint chuckle. "What's your name?" "Yakov Orel,[1] sir." The officer looked at the list and then back at the man. The policeman eyed the soldier moodily out of the corner of his eye, then gave him another searching look and said to the officer: "He was a political prisoner." The soldier said nothing, but a secret spark glowed in his eyes.

The priest, the deacon and several of the village choir came up now. "Caps off for prayers," came the order, in a low reverent tone. Soldiers and muzhiks bared their heads, and peasant singing rang out through the frosty air. They knelt as they sang: "Oh, Lord, Save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance." "Send victory to our faithful Emperor. . . ." The priest blessed the soldiers, during which ceremony the daredevil winked at him. The women sang whimperingly. The old people crossed themselves reverently and cast up their eyes to the sky, while childish treble and alto rang out. "Hurry up," shouted the officer at last, and the farewells began. Crossing themselves and putting on their caps, the soldiers started off. The accordion struck up. The widows and orphans of tomorrow set up a wail. Some of the men who had drunk their vodka looked at the crowd in blissful good humor, others glowered; the tipsy daredevil shouted: "Farewell, good Christian people, we're clearing out. Aleshka Medvedyev the gunner, drummed out for rowdiness, Aleshka, the feller who lets off the fireworks, that's me. . . . And where've I got to?. . . To the cursed infantry. . . . Look at 'em. . . . Wounded, sewn up anyhow, with stitches still slipping about in their wounds. . . . Well, never mind; if I've offended anyone, forgive me." The old men and women chattered and whispered: "God will forgive you, son." Aleshka walked along, playing, catching hold of girls and kissing them—"Now then, dearie. . . ." An old veteran of the Russo-Turkish war hobbled along on a crutch. He was withered and scarred. He kept repeating to the soldiers: "You're fighting for the glory of the tsar. Use your bayonets, lads, the bayonet is the thing. . . ."

The village was left behind at last. The soldiers marched along freely, in silence; they belonged to the government now. The women who had come to see the men off still ran along the roadside and were cruelly pushed along by the policemen. From time to time the officer glanced at Orel out of the

[1] *Orel*—Russian for eagle.

corner of his eye. The soldier tramped along silent and resolute. "You're sure you're not mistaken?" the officer asked the policeman. The latter looked at the soldier, considered a moment and said firmly: "No, that's the man." "We'll keep an eye on him and put him where he belongs," the officer answered. A woman darted across the road, wringing her hands and crying: "Ah, I'll not let you go! Yermolai! They'll kill you!" The bearded soldier drove her away. "Go along, Maria, go." Orel helped the woman to her feet. She struggled. The children clung to her skirts and cried. The "feller who let off the fireworks" exclaimed: "Well never get away at this rate." The accordion struck up again and the daredevil went flying over the snow in a folkdance, squatting, turning and twisting, and roaring till he steamed. "Chuck it, auntie, they don't kill everybody." The dancer grew warm. He undid his collar, and shouted: "We're having a bit of fun!" The people smiled, the accordion player got the utmost out of his instrument. "Come on, Alesha, for the last time." The dancer stopped for an instant and said: "All right." He flung his cap on the ground and began to sing: "Arise, ye workers!" Orel went up to him, laid a hand on his shoulder and said briefly and quietly: "Where are you hurrying to?" The officer glanced at Orel out of the corner of his eye.... Everything was quiet for a moment. Then someone said: "Well, so we've had our bit of fun. And we've only two days of life left before the trenches." They marched on in silence. After them came the carts that carried their poor belongings. Wrapped in long sheepskin cloaks, the carters trudged alongside, and only the mournful voices of the accordion and of someone singing: "Through the wild Transbaikalian Steppe" carried to them from the soldiers.

The men reached the snow-bound station. It was damp and deserted. Dark, ice covered freight cars stood there. On the walls someone had scratched: "Goodbye, boys!" "If we live through it we shan't die!" "Off to the front—farewell greetings!" The soldiers strolled over to the frozen cars. One man looked at them, sniffed, remarked: "Smells like a slaughter house," and kicked some frozen, bloodstained rags away disgustedly.

When they were boarding the cars the lieutenant said briefly to the policeman: "Don't take your eyes off that fellow." "I'm watching him, sir." The policeman's eyes bored into the strong, leisurely soldier from the side, from the back. The policeman shouted at the soldiers as he drove them into the cars. When Aleshka saw him, he swayed tipsily and asked: "What? Are we to part? Ah, how many tears I'll shed over you, my beauty." He made kissing noises and looked at the policeman mockingly. The soldiers laughed. "The hour of parting is coming and, by the way, why aren't they giving out rifles?" Aleshka went on. "Give you a rifle, eh?" the policeman snarled. Aleshka assumed an expression of astonishment. "And why not, pray?" Orel chuckled. The tipsy lad looked slyly at the policeman. "You're afraid we'll kick up a row? Well, and we might easily do that... You get sent to Sakhalin for that. Twenty years you get, or a life sentence; you wear irons and run with a wheel barrow.... What a lovely life! And here we're going quietly, like fools, to let ourselves be killed straight off." "Now then, enough of that, shut up you!" the policeman bellowed. But the soldier was in the mood for talking; the spirits he had drunk had stirred heart and brain, anger was pushing him on.

"Listen, what's your name—Orel—say a few words to them. That chap says you go in for politics." Orel looked at them and said: "What should plain privates like us know about it?" and chuckled. Down the cars came a half crazy beggar woman, holding a tin can. Aleshka threw her a five-kopek piece. She looked up and said: "It's not you who should give to me but someone should give to you—for candles—for prayers for your soul." She looked at the

soldiers and pointed with a lean, crooked finger: "They'll kill you. . . .and that one." Aleshka fell silent, and bearded Yermolai fell silent; the soldiers stared at the imbecile and she, foreboding, stared back at them. Her eyes met those of Orel, and suddenly she held her tongue, covered her face with her hands, and recoiled. "There's a terrible fate in store for that fellow—ah, terrible!" she cried, pointing to Orel. She retreated further and further mumbling to herself. The soldiers looked at Orel. "Go away, Granny, go," said Orel. "We'll arrange our fate ourselves."

A freight and passenger train crammed to overflowing with people, steamed in from the opposite direction. There was a clanking of iron. The passengers did not even glance at the soldiers, so accustomed had they become to seeing them moving up and down the country for nearly three years. Opposite the freight car, at the open door of which Aleshka, Orel and some others were sitting, a car full of prisoners stopped. Through the iron barred windows the prisoners peered out at the soldiers, who gazed back at them with interest. Everything was very quiet. Suddenly there was a crash; the glass splintered to atoms, and a voice rang out: "Comrades, come on nearer. Don't be afraid. We're being drive into penal servitude because we protested in your defense against this war. . . . Can't you see what's going on?" (The soldiers crowded forward, eagerly listening.) "Sixteen millions have already been called up. A third of them are killed. Almost every second soldier is wounded." Someone retorted from the crowd: "Now they want to finish us off." The prisoner continued: "Three millions are rotting in German captivity. . . . The villages are groaning. . . . How long will you remain silent?" The soldiers turned pale. The lieutenant, the policeman, and the station gendarmes ran up, holding their scabbards. "Stop!" shouted the lieutenant. "Down with him!" the prisoners shouted and smashed the remaining windows. The prison car was in an uproar. "Brother-soldiers, it's for you we're going to prison! Understand what's going on! Down with the tsarist autocracy!" The political prisoners were seized and their arms twisted behind their backs. The lieutenant shouted, shaking his fist at the engine driver: "Start!" The policeman's gaze was riveted to Orel. The latter was standing motionless at the door, clasping one hand with the other. His eyes were fixed on the people who were being beaten up a few steps away from him. In the prison car a girl pressed her face to the broken glass and the bars, and called: "Brothers, when the people's revolution begins, don't shoot at us!" A dirty hairy hand was suddenly clapped over her mouth. She was struck in the face. "Start off this very second! Start, I say, you fool!" the lieutenant roared at the engine driver. The engine emitted a piercing whistle. The train gave a convulsive start. Orel still lingered in the doorway. The man who had spoken from the prison car struggled to his feet; his face streamed with blood, but he called after the moving train: "Remember 1905, brothers. . . . Farewell. . . . The Bolsheviks send you greetings from prison and exile. . . ." Orel could not take his eyes off the prisoners who pressed close to the bars. They were being beaten. Yet they sang. . . .

Orel stood pale and still. He closed his eyes, and a tear stole down his cheek. The second train started off—with the soldiers. Thus they parted, some for the distant Siberian prisons, the others for the trenches in the West. Excited, the soldiers crowded in the doorway keeping their eyes on the disappearing prison cars. One of the recruits asked: "What were they saying? Why did they send us their greetings?" His question remained unanswered. Only the bearded soldier said, after a moment: "He said. 'Remember 1905.' "

Aleshka, half in jest and half in earnest, asked the youngest soldier: "What *gubernia* are you from?" "Vyatka." "And what is your name?" "Vyatsky."

"Well, Vyatka, what's a soldier? Answer!" The young fellow was embarrassed. "A soldier," he began, "a soldier is the servant. . . ." and stopped. Orel continued for him: "A soldier is the servant of the tsar, in whose defense he must kill father and mother, endure cold and hunger, and blows in the face, and stand by while his nearest and dearest are being beaten." The soldiers glanced at Orel. Aleshka said: "We'll come back presently and then we'll settle up." Aleshka looked at Orel and said: "You know a lot don't you?" Orel answered: "What should plain privates like us. . . ." Yermolai looked at the men and said, without addressing himself to anyone in particular: "But, good God, how are we to live? . . . We can't go on like this—it's beyond human bearing. Nothing but shouts and insults in the daytime and then you dream of them at night. Lord save us, is there never a one to tell the truth, to rouse the conscience in people, to point out the right way to folks?"

Aleshka looked at Yermolai and said: "They'll come yet, old chap." It was cold and crowded and depressing. Aleshka looked about him. "How they've crammed us in here!—there are no bars, that's the only difference. . . . Shall I go and get a breath of fresh air—for the last time?" And, though the train was going at full speed, he climbed with his accordion on the roof, taking no notice of warnings. After him climbed two others. The train was driving through snowy fields and woods. Smoke spread back along the roofs of the cars; the two walked along that swaying, unsteady street under smoke and sparks. Their military overcoats were thrown open to the wind and the accordion player sang: "In the wild Transbaikalian Steppe." "Sing some more," Aleshka begged him, "Sing! There are people in prison." Their voices were borne away on the wind and smoke across the sad wastes of Russia.

II

The north-western front was wrapped in twilight. The artillery was rumbling. Refugees were trudging through the snow, old folk hobbling, bent under bundles, children trailing after them all. With their last strength lean horses dragged carts.

The forest was charred and mutilated. Soldiers' graves sretched away in long lines into the distance. The burned down villages were black and unpeopled. An occasional homeless dog ran across the road.

The soldiers were marching to join their regiment. They were led by the strange young officer, who was going into battle for the first time. Now and again he glanced at Orel. A procession of wounded met them. The lieutenant called out to one of them: "Well, what was it like!" "You'll see when you get there," was the answer. A wounded horse hobbled away on three legs.

The regiment came out to meet the reinforcements. The standard bearer, a huge fellow with a beard divided down the middle, stood holding the old standard which was protected by a cover. The double eagle perched with outspread wings at the top of the flagpole. A tall, strong, clean-shaven, elderly man with the face of a soldier came forward to greet the new arrivals. It was Colonel Buturlin. He was followed by officers. He glanced at the soldiers, disregarding the shells bursting nearby, and said: "Welcome to the regiment, brothers, and old soldiers, to Peter I's regiment. For two hundred years our fathers, our grandfathers and great-grandfathers have served Russia in this regiment. We're serving in it this new year, 1917. Here in the trenches we get on well together, like one big family. The Germans are at us, but what of

that? Napoleon was a daring soldier, he led twelve nations into Russia and got away with hardly a battalion of Grenadiers, suffering from colds.... There's a song about them—do you know it?" "Yes, your honor," Aleshka replied brightly, "it goes: 'Two grenadiers went home to France...'" "That's it, bravo! And did you sing songs as you were coming here?" "Yes, your honor, we did." "What songs were they?" "All sorts, your honor." "It's a great thing, a song, it keeps the heart up." The colonel went up to the young Vyatka soldier and asked him: "What is Russia, do you know?" "No," said the soldier in alarm. "We come from a long way off—from Vyatka." The colonel chuckled. "Vyatka lads are valiant lads," he said. "Seven are not afraid of one, eh?" Someone tittered obsequiously. "Do you know what is written on the standard?" "No," the soldier replied shamefacedly, "we ain't got much book learning." "Never mind. We'll teach you! Do you know the soldier's first commandment?" Vyatsky did not answer. "It's never retreat," the colonel repeated in a distinct, commanding tone. "Die but never retreat. Understand?" "Yes, your honor—die but never retreat." "That's right, we'll teach you yet."... The colonel was turning to Orel when the lieutenant said to him in a low tone: "There's reason to suspect, colonel, that this man has been a political prisoner, one of those who took part in the 1905 Revolution." The colonel answered loudly: "Don't whisper, lieutenant. I hate secrets. A political, you say?" He went closer to Orel, looked at him attentively, said: "A nice chap. He'll improve in time...." and moved on. "Perhaps," the lieutenant asked him, "perhaps, colonel, you'll permit us to keep him at the rear at present?" The colonel demanded: "Why at the rear, lieutenant? Put him under fire—people are better seen under fire." Once more he looked the new arrivals over. "You've come in time, thank you for that. You've come for business and we shan't keep you waiting.... We'll get to know each other when we get to work, although I can see you're old hands at it." Orel chuckled faintly. As he was going away the colonel said casually: "Well, let's try out the Germans. I'm going up to the front lines. You boys can catch up with me. Lieutenant, take the command."

And with long strides the colonel went towards the front line. On the way he turned round and cheerfully called out to Vyatsky: "Remember the commandment?" The lad straightened out and joyfully answered: "Yes, your honor."

Cartridges were given out. "What about the rifles?" Orel asked. Ivan Chortomlyk, who was distributing the cartridges, said: "Oh, yes, sure. We've been saving 'em specially for you. We haven't enough for ourselves. When you go over the top, you'll grab them for yourselves...." Yermolai looked at him and said: "A-aye!" Vyatsky asked: "What orders have we got?" Orel said: "We'll fight them right now—if we have to do it with straw sandals!" "Follow me!" shouted the lieutenant. Someone was saying in a worried tone: "I ought to change my shirt, gracious God." The unarmed reinforcements ran down the narrow reserve lines and began to scramble out of the front trench. In silent despair several men flung the spades down on the ground, but Orel shouted: "Don't throw them away. Pick 'em up. What'll you cut wires with? Go sideways, bend down, hold your spade like this." Thus the experienced soldier went to the attack, crouching, adapting himself to every crack and hollow of the place.

The regiment attacked on a front of several versts. The infantry line ploughed through the snow. Bullets raised spurts of grey dust. Some of the soldiers covered their eyes with their arms as they went. The first wounded were drifting back. "Those barbed-wire entanglements—must we

break through them with our hands?" The bodies of the slain lay about. Orel tried to take a rifle from one of them, but the frozen hands would not unclench. Orel pulled harder: "Let go, old chap, will you!" The colonel came down the line. "Well, getting used to it? Don't cheer yet, don't waste your strength. We're going up-hill. Start when you get to the wire. Where's Vyatsky?" "Here." "Remember the commandment?" "Yes, your honor."

The infantry was marching in the face of snow, wind, fire and the enemy. Some crossed themselves. The firing was beginning to take effect. Men were falling. The colonel went stubbornly forward. Only a few had rifles; they had taken them from the men in the first line, which had been practically wiped out. When they got near the wire the colonel shouted: "Now, then, Peter's grandson's and Suvorov's sons—God help us, and hip, hip, hurrah!" The infantry dashed at the wire. They tore at it with their bayonets, their hands, slashed at it with spades and sapper's axes. There was a grinding and screeching of iron and a never-ending, mournful, terrible "hurrah." The German machine-guns rattled. Orel tore off his sheepskin cap and used it as a glove to protect his hands from the rusty iron spikes. A fan of machine-gun bullets cut down several posts and some wire above his head. Aleshka lay beside him. He whispered: "Oho, that was a close shave.... Let me see if I can get him. Watch out!" He flung a hand grenade. The machine-gun was silenced. In twos and threes the soldiers scrambled further and further. Alongside crawled the commander of the first battalion, a huge captain with a big mustache. He called out to the soldiers: "Now then, lads, over with it," and the men tore out, together with snow and earth, the posts of the fire barrier. Panting heavily, they crawled under fire through the close, rusty prickly network. The "hurrah" died down. The colonel, excited and perspiring, as he worked alongside the soldiers, shouted: "Why can't I hear Russian voices? Now then, show us!" And again the men cheered loudly, wildly, with the frenzy of death upon them.

The entanglements were down and the regiment rushed into the German trenches. They leaped down on the enemy from a height of seven feet and more. As Aleshka flew down he bawled out to the Germans: "What are you staring at? Put on the samovar, visitors are here." Orel set about him with the butt of his rifle. A blue-eyed open faced German in a steel helmet retreated before him. They fought in silence, haphazard.

The first line of the trenches was taken. The men were sitting down among the corpses as after a heavy day's work—sweaty, weary and trembling with excitement. When they got their breath back, they drank water and splashed it over themselves. "That was what you might call a job!" The colonel came down the trench. "Thanks, boys!" he called out, and to Aleshka: "You'll be recommended for a decoration!" Orel smiled and remarked to Aleshka: "Now I can congratulate you; you'll get a three-ruble pension." "I'll drink it up." At that moment the German heavy artillery started. Its smoke blackened the air; its din was terrific; and snow, clods of earth, chips and twisted iron flew upwards where the shells landed. The soldiers pressed close to the side of the trench, shaken by the frightful noise. "Now it's talking." "What next?" they asked each other.... The thunder rolled over their heads, the currents of air from the explosions made the men catch their breath. Orel crept up to the lieutenant and asked: "What next? Give us your orders." The lieutenant gave him a guarded look. "What's the point of sitting here?" Orel persisted. "We've got to do something." Another soldier crawled up, the big man who had given out the cartridges, Ivan

Chortomlyk. "Where are we to go, sir? When will we get our orders?" The soldiers watched the officer tensely and curiously. There was a closer explosion. The officer, who was getting his baptism of fire, was bewildered; he could only reply: "We'll have to wait for orders".... They passed the word along the trenches. "We're ordered to wait".... "We're ordered to wait." Orel, with a little mocking laugh, passed on the order, too.

A black whirlwind swept over the trenches. A landslide began. The ground gave a convulsive jolt. The heavy timbers of the dugouts cracked and broke. Whole companies and platoons were buried under the land-slide. Vyatsky, tattered and blackened, sat tightly gripping a rifle he had got somewhere and repeating: "I'm not going to retreat." Another explosion turned up a fresh layer of earth. Aleshka, blinking and shaking himself, exclaimed involuntarily: "Look at that for strength! And we were going for it with spades . . ." Yermolai crossed himself mechanically and, when there was a lull, said: "Let us pray." A thin quavering chorus chanted: "Our father, which art in Heaven." German volleys punctuated every sentence. Orel looked at the men, and at the helpless officer; getting up he shouted to the lieutenant: "This way we'll all be killed. Hey, you, go on forward.... We'll break through, and grab another of their lines, I swear on the cross we'll do it. We're that sort, we'd do anything.... Come on, sir. Let's not die here for nothing."

Orel, Aleshka and several other men were ready to rush into a new attack. The lieutenant sat huddled up under the wall of the trench, blinking and trembling. "We have to wait for orders" . . . Orel spat viciously, lit a cigarette and called out to his comrades: "They won't even let us do our job!" He slung his rifle over his shoulder, and hissed: "The idiotic army of the tsar. . ." "Retreat. . ." was passed along the line. The lieutenant began fidgeting. Vyatsky stopped him with: "Hey, where are you going? We've got our orders —must never retreat." The lieutenant freed himself from the boy's grasp: "Get away, you fool! . . ."

There was an explosion. Vyatsky kept repeating. "Don't retreat, your honor." The lieutenant was hurrying away. The trenches had become a grey mess of snow, earth, crumpled iron, wood and scraps torn out of military overcoats.

The regiment retreated. So did the colonel. He spread out his hands sadly. "Well, boys; we've done all we could. . . we'd have fought with stones, but the ground isn't stony. Wouldn't we?" The soldiers were trailing along beside him. "That's right, your honor, we'd have fought all right." "If we'd only had something to do it with, your honor, we're not to blame." "I'm not blaming you, boys."

A pitiful human cry followed the retreating men. "Help, boys! Help!" They halted for a second. Orel listened. "It's Vyatsky. He's stayed behind alone, out of all the regiment, because he was told never to retreat." The colonel turned to Orel. "It can't be!" he exclaimed. Orel looked at him and said: "Yes, it can." A moan: "Hey, boys!" came to their ears. The colonel listened, frowning. The German artillery still poured shells into the deserted trenches in which only one man now remained. "How can we save him?" The moan reached them again. Orel looked the colonel in the eyes. "The first commandment: never retreat . . ." he said. "I'm off," and went back alone to the deserted trenches where his wounded comrade was calling.

Orel advanced step by step, keeping under cover. The Germans opened fire on him. The bullets chopped off twigs and grasses. He crawled to the trench. Vyatsky stretched out his arms to him. One of his legs was dark with

blood. Orel seized him and dragged him along. The German fire grew hotter. Then it died down. The regiment returned, worn out and bloodstained, to its old trenches. The battle was over. . . .

Orel lowered the wounded man gently to the ground. The soldiers crowded round to look and help: "Ah, poor chap." The colonel came up and asked him: "Well, how are you, lad?" The lad was very pale but he fought back his agony and groans and said, with an attempt at a smile: "All right, your honor." "So even alone you didn't retreat?" "No, your honor." "Well done, my lad, well done." "Glad to do my best," the wounded man moaned. The colonel turned to Orel: "And I must thank you too." The lieutenant was standing near. He cast a sharp look of dislike at Orel and said: "Excuse me. . . During the battle this private roused dissatisfaction in the ranks." The colonel cut him short: "What's there to be satisfied about, lieutenant?" "Excuse me, I didn't finish. This private insulted the tsar." The colonel was instantly on his guard. "What's that, what's that?" The lieutenant went on: "There's a witness. Varvarin!"—The sergeant-major stepped up and reported: "Well, first he talked bad stuff into the men . . . then he whispered something about his Imperial Majesty. . . ." The soldiers were whispering and grumbling. Aleshka cried out: "What did he whisper? You long-eared son of a. . . ." The colonel looked at Orel. "Are you guilty?" The soldiers were listening and watching. The colonel commanded: "At ease! Dis-perse!" The men went off. The colonel looked at Orel: "Well?" The lieutenant waited. Orel answered: "I'm not guilty." The colonel looked at him and then at the lieutenant and said: "I'm obliged to accept the lieutenant's complaint." "I have witnesses," Orel began, but the lieutenant cut him short with: "It is quite enough for me to have said so." Orel clenched his teeth and said nothing. The colonel called the sergeant-major: "Varvarin, put this private under arrest for the present."

The colonel remained alone with the lieutenant. "Lieutenant, you saw the battle, you saw the people? Great martyrs. They're fit to drop with exhaustion and the first thing you do is to demand court martial. Want to put a blot on the regiment?" "Colonel, the blot is this runaway prisoner . . ." "Lieutenant, I have been thirty years with the regiment, since 1887. . . . I've seen a thing or two in my time, lieutenant, and it's not for you to teach me." "The law is the law, colonel. This private insulted the tsar. It makes the blood boil of people who are loyal to the tsar." The colonel flared up at that. "And do you think my blood doesn't boil sometimes? To see the outrageous state of things: men sent into an attack with empty hands. . . Incapability and stupidity everywhere. . . . Go away, lieutenant. Try to understand what is going on."

Orel was led away under guard. Some of the soldiers they met asked softly: "Where to, countryman?" But the guard, a Jew, replied in an official tone: "No talking allowed!"

In a mud hut. Orel awaited trial. Vyatsky hobbled up with difficulty on rough crutches. "Let me in for a moment to see my pal," he begged the Jew. "What a question!" "Let me in. . . ." "I can neither see nor hear." "Let me in." "Oh, you idiot! I'm telling you I can neither see nor hear. Go on in." Vyatsky entered the mud hut. Orel turned his head His visitor said: "Run for it, comrade, go out instead of me." He held his crutches to Orel, turned deathly white and sank to the floor with a groan. He looked up at Orel and said again: "I'll stay instead of you." Orel shook his head. "No, friend, why should I shift my death on to other shoulders." They were silent awhile. The wounded man said again: "Run for it, countryman." Orel took his hand and said: "I'm very grateful to you for the good turn you wanted to do

me." The wounded man looked at Orel and said: "That's nothing. I'm in debt to you—to the last day of my life." Orel smiled: "All right, we'll settle up in the next world." There was a pause. In response to some secret thought of his own, Orel said meditatively in a low tone: "What a short life a Russian has." The wounded man raised himself and asked: "What's your name?" "Yakov." "We'll be brothers from now on." The wounded man unfastened his collar and took off the cross hanging round his neck. "I'm giving you my mother's blessing." Orel took the cross in his hand. The other said: "Now give me yours." Orel began to smile but quickly recovered himself and said: "I haven't one." The wounded man stared at him for a moment dumbfounded and asked in alarm: "Don't you believe in God?" "I believe in people," Orel said softly. "Listen, will you do something for me?" The wounded man nodded. "Go and get my knapsack, there are two papers there. Take them out and hide them. . . . Now tell me what I want you to do." Vyatsky repeated obediently: "Get your knapsack, and take out your papers." "Yes, that's right," said Orel. "And if I'm sentenced at the trial and anyone should ask for me afterwards—someone might come — say: 'Orel died carrying out orders.' " The wounded man repeated: "Orel died carrying out orders." He crossed himself and said: "I'll do it." Orel held out his hand to him and said: "Now go, and don't breathe a word to a living soul." They kissed and parted. As Vyatsky went out he said to the sentry: "Thanks, I'll not forget it," and hobbled away. He hurried to the regiment, where the rifles, the knapsacks and kitbags were. He was almost there when he saw the lieutenant taking a knapsack in his hand: "Is this it?" the officer asked. "Yes, that's it," The sergeant-major replied. "Orel, that's the name. One of the newcomers." Then the lieutenant saw Vyatsky. "What do you want?" he demanded. "Beg pardon, your honor," Vyatsky replied, bewildered by the turn events had taken.

Orel was led to be court-martialed. As he went, he said to the sentry: "It's a hard job to lead one's friends to their death, isn't it?" The sentry shuddered. At a rough wooden table sat three officers, hatless but wearing their overcoats. Brief questions were put: "Your surname?" "Orel, your honor." "Christian name?" "Yakov, your honor." "You're a runaway political prisoner?" "Not at all, your honor. You've got me mixed up with someone else." Then the lieutenant laid the satchel and papers on the table and asked: "Are these your papers?" Orel looked at them, paused a second or two and then said: "Yes, they're mine." "So you are a political prisoner?" "Yes, I am a political prisoner." One of the members of the court said: "Here's some printed stuff: 'Russian Social-Democratic Workers' Party'—and what's this in brackets?" "It's the letter 'B' for 'Bolshevik.' " "What a strange word, what does it mean?" "It's from the word *bolshinstvo* (majority)." The officers, alert now, looked attentively at the man before them. He was calm. His lively dark eyes were clear and looked straight before him. Sometimes he smoothed his mustache. One of the members of the court showed a slip of paper: "Why did you carry this around with you?" "It was necessary." "What did you say about the tsar?" "It's written there." "Why did you go into the ranks of the army?"

There was a pause. Then the question was repeated. "Why did you go into the army?" "To carry on our work among the troops and turn the soldiers against this disgraceful monarchy and the war."

"A senseless errand. . . . How can a soldier be turned against war? A soldier only exists for war." "And revolution." "Who sent you here, where do you come from?" "That'll remain unknown to you." "Did you know you would

be hanged?" "Yes." The officers exchanged a few words in low tones. "What, a hanging?" "It's a lot of trouble, you have to go to the sappers, and fish up a rope from somewhere."

"Then simply—shoot him and have done with it." The officers nodded their approval of the chairman's suggestion. He said aloud: "Attention!" and read the brief decision. "Sentence of the field general court-martial of the Peter I Regiment. For insulting His Majesty, for inciting the rank-and-file to mutiny against the present order of society, Private Yakov Orel of No. 1 Company of the above-named regiment is to be excluded from military service, deprived of his military calling and all rights and is sentenced to death by shooting, this 28th day of February, 1917."

Orel was led away. The colonel had a fierce look: "What a scandal. . . ." An orderly on horseback handed him a dispatch. The colonel pushed him aside: "Later. . . ."

The drum beats spread alarm and made hearts contract. The sergeant-major tore off Orel's epaulettes and cockade. The prisoner walked with bared head. Alarm and anxiety spread through the wood where the regiment was stationed. A shout, "Good-bye, Orel!" rang out. It was Aleshka Medvedyev. Orel was led to a post. The officer commanded: "Cover his eyes." But Orel shook his head stubbornly and pushed away the hand holding the handkerchief. "There's no need," he said, "I'm not afraid." He was bound to the post. He looked around him. The roll of drums started again, more terrifying than before. The soldiers took off their caps. Orel looked at the platoon, lined up, ready. "Brothers—" he began. "How long is this to go on. You're being killed off and yet you kill your own. . . . You should have shouted in battle. Then you were quiet enough. . . . Well, a last word! No political exile. . . ." Here an officer shouted: "Silence!" Orel took no notice but went on: "There's many a one gone to exile and penal servitude for the sake of the people. I escaped and came back to you, to fight for you and get you out of this war. . . . And you're killing me for that. Well, go ahead. Shoot straight now. I'm not blaming you, comrades. It's just your hard luck."

The last command rang out in the stillness: "Platoon, ready!" Rifles were raised. "Plat-o-on!" Tears were rolling down the cheeks of the old soldiers.

The wounded Vyatsky hobbled towards them on his crutches, shouting to the platoon: "Don't shoot, boys. When you go home to the village, they won't have you back. You'll have Christian blood on your hands!" The roll of drums became still more terrifying. "Plat-o-on!" The big soldier, Ivan Chortomlyk, lowered his rifle.

"Shoot our own folks? I can't do it!" Yermolai and the Jew flung down their rifles. "We aren't going to shoot!" "Orel's a good sort."

Someone shouted "The Germans are killing us out there. And back here you've got to kill your own folks!"

The wounded man shielded Orel with his body. Tears were pouring down his face and he cried: "Here, shoot me, if your conscience will let you!" The officer commanded: "Plat-o-on!" The rifles rattled in the soldiers' shaking hands. Orel stood there pale and silent. His eyes were open wide and the cold wind stirred his hair. One of the soldiers, a powerful, handsome fellow dashed his rifle down on the stony ground and smashed it to pieces. Orel cried: "How long are you going to torture me?" The daredevil Aleshka, possessed by an inspired impulse, rushed up to the post, and tearing open his overcoat and shirt, yelled; "Shoot, your honor, you bloody swine!" He bared his soldier's body and sang: "You fell a victim"—The ranks of the soldiers were in confusion. Someone cried: "God bless us all!" "Don't betray us! Coun-

trymen!" The men surged forward. They overturned the boiling pans in the field kitchens, broke down everything in their way, and a wild "hurrah!" rang out from hundreds of throats. The men did not know what to say, and as always whenever the Russian army mutinied, they roared "hurrah" to keep their hearts up and frighten the enemy. The officers retreated. The wounded Vyatsky cried and laughed and kissed Orel and tore off the ropes binding him. "Christ is risen!" he shouted in his excitement. "Orel is risen!"

"Orel, 1905!" yelled the daredevil singer. Orel took deep breaths, chafed his hands, numb from the cords. Then he picked up a rifle that had been thrown down by someone, loaded it swiftly and forcefully and said to his comrades: "You won't draw out of it? 1905, you say? But you won't go back on your tracks?" "Chuck it!" Aleshka flung back gaily. Orel shouted, lunging forward; "Hey, don't fight for nothing! Get the officers!"

The officers hurried back in alarm to headquarters. Outwardly calm, Colonel Buturlin remarked to the lieutenant, rushing in white as a sheet: "Well, my dear fellow, did they teach you this in the schools?" The lieutenant said nothing. Into the midst of the officers the orderly dashed up on a lathered horse. He saluted and handed the colonel an envelope. "Again? What the hell. . . ." The colonel tore it open. "Hm. Just what was to be expected. There's shooting in Petrograd. The garrison is joining the crowd." "I don't believe it!" the lieutenant exclaimed. "The people will stand up for their sovereign." The colonel nodded in the direction of the excited regiment. "Do you believe in that? Want to swing on a gallows?" The lieutenant went white. "Call for the battery, the case shot. . . ." The colonel stopped him. "The case shot? Keep your head on your shoulders, you! This is what we have to go with—" and he took up the despatch. The powerful captain commanding No. 1 Battalion said: "Let's risk it. I'm going to the men." The colonel decided: "Better on horseback. A horse!" he cried. The old man sprang into the saddle and spurred his horse, which snorted and reared. Waving the letter he had just received, the old soldier galloped up to the men. An ensign cried: "Let's clear out else they'll kill us!" The lieutenant stopped them: "Who's for the tsar? Who's for the tsar?" The officers looked about them in confusion.

They grey-haired rider reached the crowd of soldiers. He called out: "Hats off, comrades! There's a revolution in the capital!" The foremost shouted: "Hurrah!" Yermolai, seeing the piece of paper the colonel was holding high, shouted: "It's a manifesto, eh?" The colonel went on: "Our supremely glorious regiment is first in the field here, too. . . . There's to be no more injustice in our ranks. Hurrah for the Russian Duma, it's now at the head of the people! Hurrah!" The colonel shouted "Hurrah!" Aleshka demanded furiously: "Stop! Why did they torment this soldier?" The wounded Vyatsky and those who had defended Orel elbowed their way through to the colonel. There was a rush to find the officers who had court-martialed Orel. They were dragged forward. Their arms were snatched away from them. Aleshka was trying to find Orel: "Orel, where's Orel?" One of them fell on his knees and crossed himself. Aleshka Medvedyev, his chest bare, his soul in a tumult, finding Orel demanded: "What do you want done to them, say—shall I string 'em up?" He had a rope ready in his hand. It flicked the lieutenant's throat. The noise died down. The colonel waited. The second officer flopped down on his knees and pleaded: "Colonel, save me!" The lieutenant tried to stop him. "Coward!" The crowd droned: "So you're blustering! Finish 'em off!" The officer sobbed: "Boys. . . Colonel. . . ." The colonel said: "I said it would be like this. It's for the men to decide. . . . It's all in the hands of the people and our people are merciful."

"They've made a laughing stock of us long enough! Finish 'em off," the crowd boomed. Orel strode forward, took the officer by the collar and raised him from his knees. "Can't stand? Wobbly in the knees? We're not going to dirty our hands on you. Let 'em go, Alexei . . . let them run. . . ." The lieutenant, who had been one of the court-martial and had opened the case against Orel, now threw back his head and said: "Run? I'm Dolgorukov. I gave my oath to His Imperial Majesty and neither you, nor anybody, nor any power can make me break it. It is the word of a gentleman." The crowd murmured and growled. Orel stopped them. He said to the lieutenant: "Run, I say. . . . One, two, three . . ." prodding the lieutenant on with his own revolver. "Bend your elbows. That's the way. In place. . . . One, two, three, four. . . ." The lieutenant did as he was told. . . . "Slower. . . . That's it! Faster!" The soldiers broke out in smiles, then began laughing. Orel said: "Now get the hell out of here . . . and don't get in our way a second time." The officer turned sweaty and pale and made off. The men cried: "One-two" and hooted and whistled after him. He trudged down the snowy lane, whispering obstinately to himself: "My God and the Tsar, I will be faithful to the end. . . . And bless, oh, Lord, our exploits."

The band struck up the Marseillaise. The banished officer turned suddenly as if at a blow. His face twisted and he whispered: "Dogs, dirty dogs!" Then he went on his way, stubborn and furious.

The colonel, seeing that so far he had got off easily began getting the regiment in line. The noisy ranks fell in. The men lined up, accustomed as they were to obeying orders. The colonel watched them, joked with them, rode around the front congratulating the regiment. "Congratulations, boys of the second squad, we've got freedom." And from force of habit, the ranks roared their reply: "Much obliged, your honor!" Behind the colonel cantered his adjutant, the staff and the orderlies. The regimental colors fluttered in the breeze. The men were excited, full of the new thoughts and emotions crowding in on them. "Congratulations, brothers." The sergeant-major Varvarin began shouting: "Our father-commander, the carrier of freedom, hurrah!" The regiment roared. The sergeant-major, getting excited, gave the sign: "Shake the father-commander!" The men lunged forward. The traditional tossing began. The colonel was hurled into the air. He smiled, holding on to his cap. Orel, Aleshka and others stood apart in silence. Orel cried out: "Better get to work! We've had enough shouting—thanks to the sergeant-major. We'll have to talk over what to do next." The soldiers turned around, quieted down. The colonel smiled. "Yes. Let's talk things over. Follow me." The colonel got on his horse and the staff officers galloped off. The soldiers followed behind. The adjutant remarked to the colonel: "That follow takes too much upon himself, forgiving and banishing. . . . He behaves as if he's above the officers." "Never mind," said the colonel. "Let them make a bit of noise. We've seen that sort of thing before, it'll all shake down."

The officers entered headquarters. They were followed by Orel and his comrades. For a moment or two the people looked at each other in silence, expectantly. The colonel invited them in. Then Orel asked: "Is the regimental clerk here?" The clerk answered: "Yes." "Write." The clerk hesitated. The colonel nodded to him: "Yes, write for them." The soldiers cast gratified looks at the colonel. Orel began to dictate. "The regiment has resolved to welcome liberated Russia, the Petrograd proletariat in particular."

Hereupon the colonel put in: "The regiment also declares that every man in its ranks is ready to give his life for freedom and bring the

war to. . . " Yermolai thrust himself forward: "Nothing about war. We're thinking about peace. . . . Let's have peace as soon as we can, because we've left our families without anyone to work for them. Make peace somehow by telegraph." Another said: "Let them give out boots, too." Orel waited calmly and then went on: "Next. The regiment has resolved—" At this one of the officers, a thin, irritable ensign, interrupted with: "What the regiment resolves still has to be discussed." Aleshka looked at him and said: "It's been discussed." "Where?" "Where? Why, everywhere. For the last three hundred years Russia's been discussing. They've been dragging the guts out of us all these years. . . . Down with tyrants!" The ensign screwed up his eyes knowingly and asked: "Do you know what this word 'tyrant' means?" Aleshka hesitated: "Ah, devil knows, some swine, I reckon." The colonel smiled: "Fine, are you satisfied, ensign?" Orel, who was standing in the middle of the group, quite calm, smoothed his mustache and continued: "The first thing to do is to elect company and regimental committees. The second. . . ." Here Yermolai thrust himself forward again with: "What we want, especially us older folks, is peace." Orel went on: "The regimental committee has the right of control over the life of the regiment, over its arms and orders." The colonel turned his head and looked at Orel. The ensign asked in alarm: "What do you mean by control?" "Serious control," Orel replied. "What, are you going to be in charge of the army?" asked the ensign. The Jew, Solomon Boer, who had been silent for a long time, said: "Why in charge? We'll simply *be* the army, and that's a serious thing." The ensign stood up. "Who gave you the right to control?" Yermolai went close up to him, rolling a cigarette, and said: "The public, the people. Give me a light," and without a trace of shyness he took hold of the officer's hand, which held a lit cigarette, and helped himself to a light. Orel went on speaking. "The committee is responsible for its actions to the workers' organizations." The ensign asked again: "Why should it be responsible to workers' organizations? What have they to do with the army at the front?" The colonel was listening attentively. He said unexpectedly: "I advise you gentlemen not to oppose the new regulations." Aleshka remarked familiarly to the colonel: "Now that's what I like—when people don't put on any nonsense. Write that down, clerk: it is forbidden to oppose. . . . And then put down: And whoever opposes will be poor. . . ."

The soldiers went out. The ensign asked: "So who's the master now in the regiment?" The colonel's face was stern and gloomy as he answered: "Whoever shows himself capable will be master."

Spring was approaching. The snow was melting rapidly. There were little rivulets everywhere. Warm winds from the Baltic blew in from the West. The earth swelled and life began to stir in the sunshine. The trenches were full of water. The regiment was occupying the front line again. The infantry covered by torn tents, swarmed in damp pits. "Congratulations, boys of the third squad," Aleshka cried. "Provided more toilet paper for the clerks. . . By telegraph." Yermolai turned to him. "Chuck it, old chap, it's sickening enough as it is." "What's sickening? Here's nature, delight in it to your heart's content. You're free to bathe in this—" he dashed his foot into a puddle and splashed the dirt about.—"Still you're not satisfied."

"Listen Medvedyev, how much will you take to shut up?" said the Jew. The soldiers were sitting, heavy and weary, in water and filth. Splashing

along, Orel came up to them. "Well, how's life, No. I Battalion?" "We live like reptiles, just messing up nature." "I have got some news," said Orel. The soldiers moved nearer to him. "Lenin's come back to Russia." "Who's he?" the men asked. "Lenin. Ever heard of him?" Aleshka shook his head. "No, I don't know him." Yermolai was interested. "What's he brought with him? Boots? We're going about without soles to our feet." The Jew said: "I've heard of that man." Ivan Chortomlyk drew nearer. "What sort of a fellow is he?" "There's never been a man like him before," Orel told his companions. "Fifty different nations were flung into this war. There wasn't a glimmer of light anywhere to be seen. And Lenin was the very first, out of all the world, to protest the war.... He's moving the whole earth. He wants to stop the war and let the people go free." Yermolai was all ears. He trembled as he asked: "Will he give us peace? Where does he come from, this fellow you're talking about?" "From Simbirsk, on the Volga." "They all come from there," said Yermolai. "Razin and Pugachev too." "He's been in prisons," Orel continued, "he's been in exile in Siberia, he's known want. He bore it all—for the people. In 1907 he had to escape from persecution, he crossed the ice on his way from Finland and the ice was cracking. Out at sea it was. The guides were frightened, but he went on...." "Boy, that was swell," Aleshka commented. Yermolai said: "So he's pretty tough, then? And is he one of you Bolsheviks?" "Yes," said Orel. "He's in our Party." "Is it a big party?" "They're just collecting now—coming out of the prisons and getting members in the factories. I should think there must be fifty thousand of them." "Oh, but that's only a drop in the ocean for Russia." "It would be a good thing, young fellow, if you'd hold your tongue for a while.... If the man's bringing a true word to the people, he'll have them all behind him.... We're here three years now, the second thousand days and nights going to ruin, bit by bit, and did a single man ever come with a kind word and a scrap of consolation for us? No—not one. And now he's coming.... What's he called?" "Vladimir—his patronymic's Ilyich."

"Vladimir Ilyich," Yermolai repeated thoughtfully, "and he comes from the Volga. He's our man."

A badly wounded man was being carried past them at the moment, groaning: "Oh, oh!" Aleshka suddenly took to mimicking him and shouted: "And who told you fools to get your heads smashed here—all for these Kerenskys? There you are—'Oh, oh!' " The wounded man moaned again. Aleshka grew angry: "Come on, make it hotter for us idiots, beat us! Maybe we'll get wiser!" The boisterous soldier paused and then began again: "Oh, then we'll 'Arise once more, soldiers....' how many times will we have to rise? We've done a lot of shouting, made a lot of noise, played the Marseillaise. And we were palavered to—and then—back we went to the pit again. The common Russian will stand anything, they think. Shall I go and rouse the Germans up a bit?"

He climbed up to the top, and shouted: "Hey, Kamerads, how long must we stand this?... Go home, and knock the heads off your own swine." A machine-gun volley spattered the Russian trench. Aleshka slid down somewhat hurriedly, swearing: "Devil take them." The Jew asked him: "How come you finished your interesting chat so soon?" Aleshka made no reply.

Orel remarked: "We're shooting and it's the first of May today. In the towns the workers are marching and singing." Aleshka said curtly: "See that?" Orel began singing: "Arise ye prisoners of starvation, arise ye wretched of the earth." "True enough, we're starving." Yermolai remarked. "I haven't had a good square meal for three years. But what's this song you're singing?" Orel went on singing: "For justice thunders condemnation, a better world's

in birth." Aleshka leaned towards him: "What's that? How does it go?" Orel repeated it, singing the tune softly. The colonel appeared from the cross-trench. He stood looking at them for a moment and then said: "So you're singing? That's right." Aleshka gave a toss of his head and repeated the first two lines of the song. The colonel inquired: "What song is this?" "I don't know, but he does," said Aleshka with a jerk of his head towards Orel. The latter said: "It's the international workers' hymn—it's called the International." The colonel came nearer. "Curious, sing it again." The men listened. Orel recited: "Arise, ye prisoners of starvation, arise ye wretched of the earth, for justice thunders condemnation, a better world's in birth: the earth shall rise on new foundations, we have been nought, we shall be all." One of the soldiers exclaimed: "That's the stuff!" "Hm!" was the colonel's comment. "Shall rise on new foundations? Hm." "When we go off trench duty," Aleshka said, "we're going to talk about peace and celebrate the First of May, Orel, will it be all right if it'll be in June?" "Of course." "We'll keep our word, we're that kind."

The colonel made no reply and moved on. Behind his back the soldiers repeated the words of the song. The colonel stood still for a moment and said softly to himself: "So you're not satisfied yet, you want to raze the world to its foundations? Well, well.... Better men than you have tried to do that. We'll cool your ardor for you." The voices carried the tune in a thin chorus to him at the turning in the trench. The soldiers pronounced the words stubbornly and distinctly. The colonel stood a moment, thinking of Aleshka's words: "When we go off trench duty, we're going to talk about peace.... So the whole regiment's going to start a row again, is it? Well, it won't come off this time."

The colonel strode away rapidly to headquarters. His face was set and stony. He sent for two officers, the adjutant and the ensign. "Gentlemen, the committee-men are intending to run the regiment."

The adjutant said: "Today there's a rumor going round the regiment that one of the Leftists—Lenin by name—has arrived in Petrograd." "Ah, plenty of them come. He'll come and go away again," said the ensign. "This one won't go away. I heard about him," the colonel remarked. The adjutant continued: "The committee is intending, too, to celebrate some international holiday." The colonel listened to sounds in the distance, and turned livid: "You can hear it here, too! Singing, are they? I'm going to sing them something on this holiday of theirs.... Come a little closer, gentlemen." The officers exchanged glances, and one of them closed the door tightly.

The officers went out presently. They looked at each other. "He's a proud old man." "It would be bad if some greenhorn were commander." The officers walked along deep in thought. Then the ensign said: "I keep thinking of it and the more I think the more it seems to me that something frightful is ripening among the people. I take a very gloomy view of the future." "Oh, don't think of such things! Everything comes to an end. The Greeks knew that in their time." "No, it'll probably last all our lives; there'll be no end to strife and boodshed, conflagrations and treachery and typhus and famine!" "Never mind, Russia's a fine healthy country." There was a pause. "I'll show them how to sing!... What's he driving at, the father-commander?!" the ensign said.

The wet earth dried. The first green beautified the world. After their spring floods the waters of the West Dvina and its tributaries merged into the main current. The face of the river was smooth and serene. The random shots that rang out seemed strange and out of place.

The regiment was taken off duty. The men climbed out of the trenches, and companies tramped off looking like cave-men, unshaven, tattered, covered with a crust of dirt, weighed down with their rags, pale from poor rations. The Jew remarked: "The girls in Odessa used to say I was a prize lad. And look at me now! Good God, only look what the bourgeoisie can do to a man." When they reached the mud huts at the nearest base, they flung off their satchels, kitbags, cartridge-belts, gas-masks, trenching tools, tents and hand grenades. Each of the men was burdened with from sixty to eighty pounds of equipment. Everything was filthy, damp, rusty, disgusting. The soldiers dried their overcoats, wadded jackets and tunics. Whole battalions stripped. The athletic bodies, still sound, shone white in the sun. The half naked men exercised outside the mud huts. They splashed about and shaved, and played.

"Ah, the strength that's wasted. I'd have given it all to some Marussia or other!"—Aleshka sat there half naked and began to pick out a few soft chords on his accordion. Then he was thoughtful for a while. "Good Lord, seems as if the war was quietening down a bit? Can it be that we'll be free soon? Now, I take my oath that if peace is declared I'll tramp through the whole of Russia, playing my accordion to cheer folks up, whether they're Russians, Jews or Tatars. And I'll drop in on Lenin and say: 'Thank you, you're a good chap, listen while I play for you. And if you've got a wife, call her in too, and we'll have a cup of tea together, drink it and blessings on you, and I'll play for you.' " He played some pleasant tunes.

They all cooperated in making banners, inscribed with fine words that suited the springtime. The strips of calico were spread on the ground. Buckets and vats of lime and chalk solution stood everywhere. Yermolai was bustling around. "Now, then, citizens, what shall we write?" "First, land!" "Without payment, forever!" Chortomlyk added. From all sides the soldiers cried: "Write: Peace, liberty, equality, fraternity!" "Write: 'Long live the people, all the people.' " Upon this the Jew asked: "Why all the people? Do you mean the bourgeoisie as well?" "The bourgeoisie aren't people," Orel said, "the bourgeoisie will first have to be turned into people." Yermolai, Aleshka and his helpers wrote as the men desired. The soldiers stood there, a gay, powerful, vital crowd, laughing and looking on and joking. They were delighted to be out in the air and the sunshine, for the first time after their bitter, unhappy soldier's existence. The Jew asked Aleshka: "Write down that I, Solomon Boer, am losing patience with Kerensky." The colonel came over to the soldiers. Aleshka called out gaily: "Congratulations! There's a holiday coming." "The same to you," the colonel answered. Yermolai, all smeared with white, got to his feet and said mildly but clearly to the colonel: "I'm just writing—'Peace to the whole world and may neither wars nor soldiers ever be needed.' " The colonel looked at him and said: "God grant it may be so." The colonel received congratulations on the coming holiday from all sides. The colonel passed on, thanking them for their congratulations and returning them: "And the same to you—very good, very good. At ease!"

The wounded Vyatsky went over to his squad. His leg was healing. He had come from the hospital. The colonel greeted him: "So you have returned? Fine." "Yes, your honor." When they saw him, they greeted him with: "Here's the Vyatka hero!" "Still breathing?" "Stirring about a bit." The men crowded round him, shaking his hand, demanding that he should show them how his leg was. At last he sat down and laid his crutches beside him. "Everyone in good health?" "Everyone—so far." "Why—'so far'?" "There's work to be done." "When I'm well, Orel, and can walk without a stick—I'll go and talk and preach the truth to the people." "Truth," observed Solomon Boer, "that's

a big thing; too big for one man alone to grasp." Aleshka noticed Vyatsky had a paper: "Hey, hand that over. Whose is it?" "Ours." "Whose is that?" "Socialist-Revolutionaries." "Where'd you get it?" "My father sent it. Told me to follow what it said. . . ." 'zat so?" "My father's a shrewd one. He ought to know. . . ." Suddenly Vyatsky saw Orel. He beamed and rushed to him. "Hello, brother." They embraced three times. "You returned in time," Orel said. "We're going to the people, to make them rise too." "What are we going to talk to the people about, friends?" Solomon Boer replied: "The Jew's wishes are modest. I want four kinds of freedom—freedom to talk, freedom to hold meetings, freedom of the press, and freedom of conscience. And, between ourselves, I want a fifth freedom—to clear to the devil out of here, and go home to the sea, to Odessa. . . . I've still got a bit of strength left," and the powerful Southerner raised his neighbor with one hand, saying: "Don't be frightened, I'll put you back all right." Orel smiled and said to Solomon: "You'll be given a sixth kind of freedom—to hold the front. You've still got some strength left." To which Boer replied: "I never suspected there were so many kinds of freedom."

The men were transformed. Each had put on his last clean shirt. The soldiers stretched in a long column down the road. They marched along, clean and bright and smartened up. They carried flags, posters, and green branches, as they had done on holidays in the country. Those with accordions played . . . . The sun sparkled on their polished buttons, crosses and medals. The adjutant approached the column: "The staff of the division forbids the meeting." Orel cried: "Aleshka, go ahead!" The accordion player began with a crash. "Forward!" From a neighboring village barefoot, golden haired boys ran out to meet the soldiers. They skipped and scampered alongside. The peasants and refugees, shading their eyes with their hands, looked at the marching soldiers. The Jews and the old men shook their heads distrustfully, and muttered: "Mm. . . ." The regiment stubbornly marched along. Orel cried out again: "Keep it up, the people will come." He noticed a civilian. "Hey, you, come on over here." A sturdy man in a plain jacket came up to Orel: "Hallo, so we've met again. . . . Glad to have a talk." Orel recognized the prisoner. "You were the one that spoke to the troops last winter." "That's me." They shook hands: "Orel." "Ilyukhin." Aleshka waved his hand: "Remember how he spoke to us that time from the train: 'how long will you be silent?' Well, here we've begun at last. . . . Now I can talk myself. . . . Comrades!" Ilyukhin smiled and stopped him: "You can deafen them that way. Go slowly, let the people stir up." "The old man'll dance! There'll be a band. Accordion players, fire! . . ."

It was unbelievably sunny. Drops of morning dew still sparkled on the grass, the bushes and the trees. Ravaged nature was resting and recovering. Serene vistas of country could be seen. High in the sky white clouds floated.

The soldiers wandered about in twos, threes and fours, with arms flung about each other's shoulders, caps and sheepskin hats tilted sideways or on the backs of their heads, and treated the peasant women and refugees to sunflower seeds. Aleshka took to it all like a duck to water. He ogled the girls. "Oh, that piercing eye, how it gets me." The girls giggled. The burly Solomon Boer showed his white teeth in a smile and interrupted him. "Have you ever seen the sea? I'll tell you all about the southern sea. . . ." Suddenly Aleshka caught sight of an aged Jew in the crowd. "Hey, Dad, you ought to be in the place of honor. We've got freedom now." The old man was startled. "Don't be frightened, Dad; I know fellows like me used to bully you. . . . call you names. . . . All right, Dad, you can hit me for all that. . . . Here

you are . . . forgive us. All that's past and gone. Hey, there, music! Play up! Put a bit of fire into it! In Dad's honor. Play us the Russian dance!" The band of the old regiment struck up, and a hundred trumpets, flutes, drums and kettledrums played in honor of the aged Jew. Aleshka started a folkdance. His eyes flashed; he did turns and steps that held the crowd spellbound. The old Jew was placed in the center. Beside him they placed another old man, who wore a military decoration and several medals; he was a veteran of the Crimean War; he had been at Sevastopol. Aleshka danced on, inspired; "In honor of the toilers!" he said.

The Jew began to jerk involuntarily, in time to the music; he remarked in pleased surprise: "Very nice. And the main thing is—there's no shooting."

The crowd swayed, never taking their eyes from Aleshka, as if they were dancing together with him. Against the blue sky above the crowd, fluttered banners and flags, inscribed with the noblest words in the world. The colonel stood aside and silently looked on. Aleshka described the last marvelous turn, bowed, mopped his perspiring face and shouted: "Now there must be eternal friendship! . . . Why has the band stopped? What are you here for? To play, of course! Give us a waltz!" The band played a waltz. Aleshka conducted, light as an angel. "Orel, look a bit brighter: don't leave it all to me!" Orel led out a girl: "Come on, girlie!" She giggled. "Come on, don't be afraid!" It was a holiday out of the ordinary. Aged men and women crept out, crossed themselves, and swayed to the beat of the music. Some even joined in the singing. One of the Crimean veterans started to dance, and dragged his old wife with him. Opening his toothless mouth, he yelled: "In Sevastopol in 'fifty-five we had more fun than this!" "Go on, have a good time, great-grandad!" the soldiers applauded. Aleshka gathered him up. "Come on, boys, toss the old hero!" They began to toss him up in the air. . . . "Harder!" the old man screeched. "Now then, higher!" His old wife stood dumbfounded. Then she shrieked: "Ivan, it'll be the death of you!" "No, it won't, old one! You're lying!" The accordion players did their best. The May Day ball had now spread over a vast space. A great fat woman was dancing with a skinny freckled soldier. His arms and legs wagged to and fro. The people roared: "Eh, Agafia's found a husband!" The children bawled and hopped and squealed.

The sergeant-major Varvarin went up to the colonel and said in low tone: "Well, everything's ready, your honor." He looked at the colonel with a curious careful expression. The colonel replied: "You'll start when Orel is in the middle of his preaching, understand." "Yes, sir." "And remember, Varvarin, I've said nothing to you and you know nothing. You remember 1905?" "Yes, sir." "You got through it safely, excellently. . . . You got medals and bounties, didn't you?" "Yes, sir, thirty-two rubles." "Well, everything will be in order here, too. By autumn everything will be in its proper place, and you won't be forgotten." "Thank you, your honor, much obliged." The colonel added: "The main thing is to drag Orel there." "You can rely on that, your honor," and the sergeant-major saluted with his heavy paw.

He mingled with the crowd; the people were resting after the dancing. Yermolai came up to him: "How many people, good god! It's a rest for the heart. . . . But why don't they begin speaking—about land—and Lenin."

"That'll be fine," returned the sergeant-major delightedly. "And what a day you've got for it—beautiful. You'd think it was a bright Easter Sunday. A second Easter, I declare." Aleshka turned. "It's not Easter but an international ball, a festival; learn something new!" The sergeant-major replied: "Oh, we'll learn all right . . . we have time yet. There's just one thing wrong about this—it's rather a dry festival," and he flicked his throat. "You're right,

it is a bit dry," Aleshka agreed. "A Russian needs something to wet his whistle," the sergeant-major passed his hand lovingly over his chest. "We could do with a glass from the distillery." Aleshka heaved a sympathetic sigh. Then he clapped his knee. "Well, if there is some it ought to be drunk, else it'll spoil. Boys, let's go to the distillery. It's just a few steps away." Someone warned: "There's a guard." Aleshka looked up. "A guard?" he said scornfully. "What's that? I'll take 'em on with one hand, my left—half a dozen of 'em." Aleshka stopped, scratched his head and then went on for the drink: "We'll be back in a moment. . . . We'll just take a bit."

The meeting was going on. Orel began his speech: "Comrades, peasants, comrade-refugees—all of you—Russians, Lithuanians, Jews, Latvians and Poles, comrade-soldiers and comrade-workers."

The band struck up again in the distance. The group of soldiers, led by Aleshka, was approaching the distillery. The sentry stopped them: "Back, back, it's not allowed." "I'm hard of hearing," retorted Aleshka. "Shout a bit louder, will you." The sentry repeated, louder: "Get back, it's not allowed." Aleshka snatched his rifle, and said: "Shout a bit louder, we can't understand. 'Not allowed'? That's a bit of the old regime, isn't it?" The soldiers pushed the sentry aside and went into the distillery. The smell of spirit struck them with full force. At first they tried it cautiously, a little at a time. "It's vodka, neat!" They took it by the glass. Then they used their flasks and mess-tins. "Here's to freedom! But only a drop, mind!" They drank, and got a little tipsy. "Another drink, just a little drop, the tiniest drop," and dipped deeper. They began to get noisy. Aleshka turned on several taps. "Only a tiny one this time, I swear to God!" The spirit rushed out onto the floor, and ran along the ground. "We've got to treat the others. We're none of these selfish aristocrats," Aleshka declared as he staggered out. "We stand for justice. Call the people here."

The sergeant-major was at work among the crowd. "Why are you standing here doing nothing about it?" "About what?" "Why, the men have gone already. Vodka's being given out as it's a holiday." "You don't say so?" "Don't I? Well, you'll see." The news spread fast. Orel was still talking. But the crowd wasn't listening. Another group of men went towards the distillery. Orel's voice could be heard. "What the country needs is peace and work, not this criminal war. The Bolshevik Party, with Lenin at its head, stands for the end of the war, for the rights of an exhausted people, for public organization." Here and there in the crowd men were busy. "They're giving out vodka at the distillery!" Yermolai added: "Oh, damn it. Here are people talking sense and you start this." Another group headed for the distillery. They ran, panting heavily, trying to get ahead of each other. The liquor was already streaming over the ground and down the gutters. The soldiers sniffed it as they ran, shouted: "That's the stuff!" and flung themselves on it. "Ah, my love! This is what my heart's been longing for these three years!" They lapped it, scooped it up with their hands. They dipped their caps in it; musicians dipped their instruments. Some women and little boys, tipsy with the excitement of the crowd and the smell of the alcohol, got down into the gutter. Barrels were rolled up. "Kick the guts out of them!" The drunken soldiers soon began to smash windows. Aleshka pranced about roaring: "Come on drive the whole regiment down to another drink, like horses to the water; the whole regiment! The gay Russians for ever. . . . Tell them it's Aleshka Medvedyev's treat." He dashed his fist against the door and the boards flew apart. "What did they drink blood for?" The tumult increased. Someone brought a bucket and said: "I only want a mouthful, just a wee drop." One

of the soldiers struck a peasant, and bawled: "Where do you think you're getting to with your beard?" A drunken staggering child screamed: "Hit him, go on!" Women ran up with buckets. Ilyukhin tried to stop them. He was pushed aside. Dogs ran about, barking. Drunken soldiers clambered on to the roof and stamped on it with their heavy boots, roaring: "Tur-rum-boom-boom." Someone started to throw bricks down on the crowd below, and people fell—a few were killed. The people down below shouted: "Stop that!" Those above called down: "W-we're only fooling." The crowd was in a panic. Someone fired a shot upwards. On the roof a soldier looked down and said unsteadily: "S'tha' the way to shoot? Watch me sh-shoot!" pulled out a hand grenade and flung it into the middle of the crowd. There were screams, and smoke rose from the crowd. The alcohol caught fire.

The sergeant-major ran up to the colonel. "It's working, your honor." The colonel said quickly: "Is it? Well, now we've got to drag Orel into it.... Ask the chairman of the committee to come here a moment." "Comrade Orel!" Orel hurried towards him. "What a mess!" said the colonel. "They're shooting and smashing everything.... Why did you start this ball? You know what the people are, don't you?" he made a gesture of impatience. Orel looked about and said: "What damn rascal started this? I'll get at him." Then, louder: "Comrade Bolsheviks, this way." Several men, Boer, Yermolai, Chortomlyk and some others came up. "Where's Aleshka?" "Didn't see him." "Let's go," and they rushed off to the scene of confusion.

The colonel watched them go and said to the sergeant-major: "Well. So who instigated all this?" The sergeant-major drew himself up at attention and replied: "Privates Medvedyev, Orel and others." "Are there witnesses to this?" "Certainly, sir." "Very well, then, call in the Special Battalion to suppress the disorder."

The row was at its height. Through the smoke came the screeching of iron. A drunk staggered along wrapped in flames asking in surprise: "Am I burning?" Drunken musicians lay on the ground still blowing their trumpets, and emitting heavy belching sounds. Drunken soldiers wandered along the river bank calling: "Tip, tip, tip little fishes... tip, tip, tip—they won't listen to us, the little fishes," and turned the machine-guns on the water. Then they spied a girl and a freckled soldier bawled out: "Aw, I'd love this girl!" and went for her. There was a sound of cloth tearing.... Orel and his comrades rushed into the thick of the crowd and knocked the freckled soldier off his feet. Tipsy Aleshka noticed Orel and tried to kiss him, roaring: "Hurrah! the defender of liberty!" Orel flung him off. The singer was insulted: "So you look down on me? You're too free with your fists!" The sergeant-major, pretending to be drunk, bawled to the crowd: "Orel's treating us! Ah, Orel!" and he splashed Orel with spirits, in an attempt to clink glasses with him. Orel knocked the sergeant-major down and shouted: "Stop, comrades, you've been provoked and egged on by someone! You're ruining yourselves." A brick, flung from above, by the freckled soldier, whistled past his ear. Aleshka rambled on; highly offended, he kept wiping his nose and his tearful eyes, and repeating: "They look down on me, and I'm a plucky chap. Let's go." He led other men after him. A battery stood nearby. Startled by the noise and smoke, the horses were in a panic. The soldiers whooped at them and fired into the air. Aleshka watched the men and then remarked: "What poor small fry they are, these here.... Just fancy, sneezing with a rifle is all they can do. Now watch me sneeze." He went over to the neglected battery, and, with an effort, turned the three-inch gun. The other drunken soldiers, sobering a little, recoiled. "It was my treat," said the singer, "so it's

my job to finish it. Get away, I'll stop it at one blow. And then hang me, please." He took a shell, and fired the big gun twice. Then he rolled over and burst out laughing.

And now the Special Battalion dashed up. They wore steel helmets, and on their black epaulettes a white skull was embroidered. The sergeant-major ran to meet the battalion: "Quieten 'em down, will you?" he said. "The Bolsheviks started it. That fellow called Orel and his gang. That one with the black mustache. I'll point him out to you."

The colonel stood on the fringe of the drunken crowd. "You've forgotten yourselves," he boomed. "You're not soldiers, you behave like robbers. You'll go to Siberia for this, and be a disgrace to your descendants!" Someone from the crowd roared: "You can't frighten us with that. Siberia's like home to us, and anyhow you can't put us all in prison," and on they went staggering and scrambling in the spirit-moistened mud.

The Special Battalion dashed into the center. The sergeant-major secretly pointed out Orel. "That's the man," he said and moved away. They seized Orel. He flung off one of them and called out: "Comrades!" The Jew was pointed out, too. "And that Jew there." They twisted his hands. "You're crazy!" "Talk as much as you like." They grabbed Yermolai as well. Orel and his comrades were dragged away. The village folk ran up to the scene, repeating what had been told to them: "The Bolsheviks started this row." "What for?" "One of their leaders has come back to Petrograd, they say." The sergeant-major agreed. "Yes, that's so. He says they're going to make all Russia drunk and then shoot the whole silly lot of them. . . . Criminals, that's what they are." Orel was dragged away. As he went he turned to the regiment and called out: "Comrades, understand—" "Hold your tongue!" came the command. Still bodies of the slain, writhing bodies of the wounded lay about. A woman wailed over a corpse. "Murderer!" she shrieked at Orel. The colonel stood shaking his head ruefully. "Tst-tst-tst—just look at what they've done." Vyatsky hobbled towards the crowd: "Wait. . . . What're you doing with Orel? . . . Wait." He was crushed by the throng. The colonel said in a lower tone to the sergeant-major: "Take care of Vyatsky else they'll squash him. We can make use of him."

Orel and his comrades were led through the crowd, getting a beating on the way. Orel held his head higher. "I demand to see the colonel. He is a witness that we. . . ." "Go on, get out." "Where's the colonel?" He was nowhere to be seen. Someone shouted from the crowd: "You suffer for this, Orel!" They were struck again and again. Yermolai stumbled. Orel supported him and saved him from falling. Their faces, shoulders and backs were black with bruises from the blows they received. Orel tried to hearten his comrades. In the crowd—his eyes met those of the sturdy man in the jacket. It was the Petrograd comrade. The man gave Orel a significant glance and a cautious nod, as much as to say: "We'll help. Wait."

There was blood and filth at the scene of the fire. People trailed about, picking up rags and scraps of broken things, and carrying away the wounded. "What'll they do to the Bolsheviks?" "Send them away to Siberia or maybe kill them." "Oh, yeah?" "What'd you think? The commander in chief is General Kornilov. He's tough!" Orel again shouted to the mob: "So you're throwing us over?" A voice from the crowd answered back: "We're not quitting. . . . We'll help!" It was Ilyukhin, who disappeared in the crowd.

The burnt houses smouldered down. The killed and wounded were taken away. It began to dawn.

The awakening of the cheated regiment after their drinking orgy was a terrible one. The first to awake and get up was Aleshka Medvedyev. He drank off half a bucket of water and when he had got his breath back called out hoarsely: "Orel? Hey, where's Orel?" One of the men looked at him and replied: "He's gone for good." "What was up, eh?" Aleshka asked. He tried to remember. Little by little it all came back to him: "Good God Almighty, what have we been and gone and done?" He thought awhile and then asked: "Who is going to try us? The gentlemen-officers? Better for our own folk to try us, eh?" Ivan Chortomlyk said: "There aint any of our own left, Aleshka. We've drunk them all out." Aleshka looked around at them all, then tore his hair and burst into sobs. "Look here, pals, forgive me. . . . No, no, there's no such thing as forgiveness for me, kill me—come on, somebody, kill me." He snatched at the men's hands and laid them on his throat, squeezing them hard. No one answered him. They sat still or staggered to their feet; they were all tousled after their boozing. "Oh, for a good sour pickle now," they groaned. Scraps of flags lay about, the inscriptions on them trampled, muddy and torn. The colonel came up. At the command: "Attention!" the men rose; they looked guilty and depressed. The colonel said: "It's time you came to your senses." He looked at a soldier and then went on: "I believe the misfortune can be mended. You can redeem your sins by your service."

A freckled soldier replied: "That we're always ready to do, we'll try to mend." "You can't bring the dead back to life or heal the crippled, you can't make up the losses out of your wages." "That's true, sir." Then Aleshka asked the colonel: "What's going to happen to Orel?" "They'll take up his case." Aleshka grunted: "Who'll take it up? We?" The colonel looked at him: "What a voice! . . . Drink a lot, Medvedyev? Well, boys, we'll try to mend matters. . . . We'll have to put someone in the place of Orel. . . ." "Can't do without the head. . . ." "That's just it. Let's ask Vyatsky to be the head of the committee meantime. He's given two good proofs of his bravery. You might say the revolution started with him." At this Vyatsky smiled shyly and mumbled: "I aint done nothing in particular." The freckled soldier poked him: "Aw, come on when you're asked." The soldiers cried: "You read the papers—come on." "Carry on with the job." With one arm around Vyatsky's shoulders, the colonel said: "We'll all join in helping you." One of the soldiers, taking heart, began to thank the colonel: "Stand up for us, your honor. We lost our heads yesterday, but who doesn't, sometime or other?" "I'll do all that's necessary," said the colonel. He shook hands rather squeamishly with one or two of the soldiers, who hastily wiped their hands before holding them out to the colonel. Others looked on, frowning. When he had gone out, Vyatsky said: "He's easy enough to get along with." Aleshka was doubtful: "Ah, what do you—" he began, but Vyatsky interrupted him with: "Don't you talk so familiar to me. I'm head here now. Heard what the colonel said—" with a jerk of his head in the direction of the colonel's retreating figure. "Well, what do you think of that?" Aleshka drawled.

III

Guards led Orel, the Jew, and an elderly bearded soldier along the country lane. They encountered sullen people, strings of carts. Occasionally, one of the carters would ask: "What have they been arrested for?" and one of the guard would reply: "For robbery and murder." "That's rather exaggerated," retorted Solomon Boer. Once a carter glanced back and said: "What are you

dragging them about for? Shove them into the ditch and—" The party marched on in silence. Orel hummed softly: "Through the Wild Transbaikalian Steppe," but was ordered to hold his tongue. They arrived at a small town. The three Bolshevik prisoners were put into an old ramshackle county jail that had served in the time of Nikolai I. It was low, and damp. The doors and windows were barred with thick, rusty iron; grass grew between the cobbles in the yard. It was silent and gloomy. The men were separated, almost torn, from each other, hardly allowed to say goodbye. Orel was pushed into a cell. It was mouldy, the floor puddled with stinking water. Orel tried the bars, upon which the guard called out: "Hey, at the first attempt to escape, we'll shoot." "I know—I've learnt that science. . . . Preserving freedom, are you? Practicing the regulations of Nikolai?" "Silence, dirty scum." "Oh, I recognize this talk too. They used to bawl like that in the big prisons. . . . What else have you got to show me?" "You'll see." The door slammed shut, the bolts and bars grated. Orel took another look around the cell and then went over to the barred window high up in the wall. "Back!" came the sharp order. Orel moved away.

The door opened again. An officer entered the cell. It was Lieutenant Dolgorukov, who had once been thrown out of the regiment. He carried a portfolio with a dossier. The eyes of the two men met. The lieutenant said to Orel: "Well, let's continue. I didn't get you that time but I shall this time. Name and surname?" "You ought to know, lieutenant Dolgorukov." The officer skimmed the first two pages of the dossier, murmuring: "For conspiracy in the regiment, for riot, accompanied by indecorum and bloodshed, having as its principal purpose the subversion of the troops." "It's a lie!" "We have witnesses." "Witnesses? Is that how they're paying me back for helping them?" The lieutenant looked at Orel. "In February there were a few weak-nerved people from the lower ranks to stand up for you. Today you stand alone." "There'll be people enough." "A Jew and that old man with the beard, those are all the people you've got." "You can't count. There are a million and a half." At that the lieutenant started and said furiously: "The people—the Russian masses are just stinking beasts, a stupid herd, boors for ever." Orel rose. He was white and terrible to look upon. "I'll strangle you!" The officer recoiled and then hurried out of the cell. "I'll squash you to pulp for that!" Orel roared, and dealt the door a furious blow. The bolt clicked back into place. Orel wrenched at the grating of the peep-hole in the door with his dry, strong hands; the bars bent. The sentry shouted from the corridor: "I'll shoot!" "I don't care!" Orel's face was transformed.

The lieutenant entered the cell in which Solomon Boer had been placed. "Well, come clean," he said. "Your neighbors have confessed everything already." "Listen," said Solomon Boer, "I'm from Odessa. Can't you think of something a bit cleverer than that?" "Yid!" the lieutenant flung at him. Solomon Boer went nearer to him and said: "Listen, that you should insult me is nothing. I'm used to it. But that you should insult the whole toiling nation is more than I can stand." He clenched his teeth and hit the officer a heavy blow in the face. The officer struck the back of his head against the door and went flying into the corridor. The sentry whistled; three men rushed into the cell, and set to beating the Jew. Hoarse breathing and blows could be heard through the half-open door.

At last they left off beating Solomon. He lay bleeding on the floor. After a moment he got up, felt himself all over and said: "So the Jew's begun to beat the gentlemen-officers, eh? Well, for a beginning that's real progress. . . . M-m-m, what next, I wonder," and he smacked his lips.

The lieutenant, very pale now, entered the cell of the bearded peasant, watching him out of the corner of his eye. The latter rose and bowed, peasant fashion, waiting for the officer to speak. "Come now, confess," said the officer. "Very well, I'll confess everything," said the peasant, and sat down. The lieutenant prepared to write down his testimony. "Well?" "I believe in no one but Comrade Lenin," Yermolai began. The lieutenant stopped writing. The old soldier went on: "He promises us peace and land." "All this the lawful government will give you." "Very good," said the old soldier. "Then let us go free and give us the land—give it to us!" He held out his big hands, earth-stained after nearly fifty years of toil. The lieutenant said nothing. "You say nothing, sir. Well, that's it. But Lenin comes and knocks at every door—you're all free and you, Yermolai Timofeyevich, you can go home to your wife and children; you'll rest yourselves after the war and here's some land for you." The soldier bent towards the lieutenant a little. "Now don't you go thinking we're greedy and think of nothing but the land, or of making fifty kopeks more. Everything turns on love and kindness, on the great truth, and for that truth we're ready to go and suffer—both for ourselves and for all the world. . . . You went to my comrades and started to shout and punch their faces. Now what we want is that no one in Russia should ever get his face punched." The lieutenant looked away, and then asked the first question that came into his head: "Do you recognize the legitimate Provisional Government?" "Nay, what is it, this Provisional Government, we don't even obey God now—God forgive me!" "You'll die, old fellow." "We all die, that's not the point. The point is—how things are managed in this life. I'm a carpenter. I've tramped the length and breadth of Russia, I've even been to see the Count Leo Tolstoy; but I couldn't find out anything. Now the door to Russia is quite near, and I've a wish to look at the sweet world, at the liberty we've been waiting three hundred and four years for—ever since the Romanovs ascended the throne." The lieutenant laid down his pen, and said: "Now don't you act the fool, old fellow, tell me about the mutiny and the killing and the robbing you did." "Nothing like that ever happened, so I can tell you nothing about it. . . . But I have heard that Stepan himself has risen from the grave to help Lenin." "What Stepan?" "Stepan Razin." "You're crazy, old fellow. People don't rise from the grave; you and your friends may lie down in one yet, though." The old man sighed: "The memory of them shall live for ever. Lenin and his faithful comrades have been suffering, facing torment and wounds so many years. Great people, they are, and we simple folks must follow their example. . . . We'll bear everything. I stand by what I say; you can burn me or cut me in pieces, but I won't go back on what I've said."

The guard in the corridor asked the lieutenant: "Have you the confessions, sir?" "That's not your business," the officer snapped. "Silence! Let 'em run till they choke!"

Orel was lying on his bare, narrow cot. The door opened. Orel sat up. The jailor came in and said roughly: "Get up there—in place—run!" Orel smiled faintly. "So you've remembered?" "Get up, get up. One, two, one, two." The jailor grabbed Orel's arm and twisted it at the elbow. Orel, a former blacksmith, turned pale, braced himself, wrenched himself free and with two blows, one on the bridge of the nose and another in the pit of the stomach, knocked out the jailor. The jailor's assistant ran in. Orel gave him the same, counting: "One, two, one, two. It's you who'll run and we'll do the counting. One, two, one, two." The lieutenant crawled away. Orel cried: "Run well! Did you teach them?" The lieutenant shouted: "To arms!" Several of the guards rushed into the cell. The jailor struggled to his feet. He stood, grimacing

and panting heavily, his hand pressed below his heart. "Wring his neck," he groaned. A hoarse rattling and gasping and then Orel's voice: "Nothing doing!" The beaten jailor advised: "Kick him in the ribs. Get your heels into his ribs." Hollow thuds, blows and howls came from the cell. Solomon Boer was clinging to the bars of the door grating looking out into the corridor. "Hey, you there, don't touch him, come for me instead! Listen, I'm insulting you. You're all Socialist-Revolutionaries and Mensheviks—these are the filthiest words in the Russian language. You can break my head but don't touch Orel, he had his fill of beating up in the tsar's time; but I'm still fresh for it." The butt of a sentry's rifle swished through the grating. There was a splintering of glass and a little puff of dust from the rusty iron. Solomon Boer recoiled a step, then thrust himself forward again and shouted: "That's the way, that's the way. Here! Go for me!" Thus he tried to draw the attention of the jailors away from the friend he wanted to save.

At last, worn out, the guards left Orel's cell. . . . They took off their helmets and wiped the perspiration from their faces. They were old soldiers from the rear, with coarse faces and heavy mustaches.

The lieutenant ran up to them and demanded: "Well?" One of them replied in a hoarse voice: "They won't give in. What a breed! I bet they get good pay for it!"

The prison was filling up. New people were constantly being thrown into the cells. Orel asked one of them: "What's going on in the world, comrade?" The one addressed turned around. He was very pale. "In Petrograd. . . ." They shut him up. The prisoners cried from the cells: "What's happening in Petrograd?" They banged on the doors; then they quieted down. The sentries were changed. A new sentry came on duty at Orel's cell. He turned a little and without looking at Orel said softly: "Orel. . . ." Orel came up closer, looking searchingly at him. The sentry said: "You see. We haven't abandoned you." Orel listened, pressing close to the grating. The sentry winked, then shouted at him: "Get away from the door!" and went on in a low tone: "When the jailor comes in, grab him. I'll show you what to do next. . . ." Then, altering his voice, he called out in the usual tone: "No talking!" Steps were heard. The jailor was approaching. The sentry turned to stone. The jailor opened the door of Orel's cell and stopped at the entrance. "What, you've come to beat me up again, have you?" "Why should we beat you? We're beginning to shoot. . . . Get out with your stuff." Orel sprang up, seized the jailor's throat in an iron grasp and flung him down on the cot. Then he stuffed a gag into the man's mouth, pinioned his arms and covered him with his coat. The sentry whispered: "Knock me about a bit too." Orel grabbed the rifle from his hands: "You there—get going," and nodded in the direction of the other cells. Orel took the jailor's keys and opened the cells. He let out Boer and Yermolai. "What about the others?" Orel asked. "That's what I'm staying here for. Sh-h. Hurry up and get out of here. We'll do everything." Orel asked: "Do you know the password?" "Only for inside. Those at the gates have a different one."

They spoke hurriedly in a suppressed whisper. Orel looked about and said: "Come on, now we've got to break through." "Pity I haven't time to say goodbye to the examiner, we'd got so fond of each other," said Solomon Boer. "Let's go." "Good luck. . . ."

The second prison sentry stood at the gate. He called out: "Halt! Who goes there?" "Your own folk," was the reply. "Show your pass." Boer sprang on him noiselessly. "The password—a better world's in birth." The sentry saw the three of them, opened his mouth to call out, but Solomon Boer thrust his fist

against it, and growled: "Shut up!" With that he dragged the sentry through the gate, and took his rifle and helmet from him. "Now, then, quick march and not a sound out of you," Orel commanded softly and the strange quartette marched through the twilit town. The passersby looked at them and decided: "Those are Bolsheviks they are taking away, very likely." Occasionally they met an officer and then Orel commanded: "At-ten-tion! On the left—dress!" and the officers would pass with a casual salute.

The four reached the outskirts of the town. Solomon Boer looked at their prisoner and said to him: "Now, perhaps you'll talk to us?" The soldier was trembling with fright. Boer continued. "Maybe you'll tell me what happened with two of my teeth?" The soldier didn't say a word. "Perhaps you'll tell us what to do with you?" Boer went on. The soldier was silent. Yermolai tapped the fellow's forehead with his knuckle and said: "Aye, you're a dark horse."

"Go along with you," Orel said to the sentry, "and don't take any more jobs in jails. Are you from the country?" "That's right, I'm a peasant." "All right, go on. Wait a moment, though, have you a newspaper about you?" The sentry fumbled hastily in his pockets and pulled out a worn scrap of newspaper. "We keep it for smoking." Orel took the paper. "Give the matches over." The three comrades set off in the night. Their freed prisoner watched them go. Confused but grateful, he whispered: "Bolsheviks. . . ."

The three comrades went into the woods and struck a light. Orel opened the newspaper and devoured the news. "Bolsheviks routed in Petrograd," it said. "Lenin is to be given over to the court. . . ." "Lenin?!" "So that's what's going on in Petrograd. . . ." The comrades stared at the scrap of paper. "Good god," said Yermolai thoughtfully. "They may kill Lenin," lamented Boer.

"No," Orel replied. "Lenin will be taken good care of. We have faithful comrades there." A patrol dashed down the road. The comrades blew out their light and stood on guard. "They're after us, very likely." Alone, in the depths of the woods they stood, the three comrades. Orel said shortly: "Well, where do we go now?" Solomon Boer said: "Orel, your ribs are broken, you ought to go and have them seen to; perhaps we ought to go to Petrograd? Or come down to Odessa to my home? We'll go fishing in the Black Sea." "Yes, I think I have a couple of ribs broken, Boer, but what you've got is worse."

"What's that?"

"It seems you've stopped thinking of the better world in birth? Your spirit's broken, you're longing for a quiet life." There was silence. Then Yermolai said: "We've got to make up our minds. We can't stand here all alone in the middle of the world." After a pause Orel said: "We've been helped out of prison, so it looks as though we were needed. We're going back to the regiment."

Solomon gave a little wry smile and said: "M-mm, how lovely!" "What are we going to do there?" Yermolai asked. Orel looked from one to the other. "We're going to pay back for the Bolsheviks' defeat. We're going to make an army."

"Well, we've got three men to begin with; all we've got to do now is to find the other three million," said Solomon.

Orel slapped him on the shoulder. "Come on, let's go, you tired out giant," and poked him in his mighty chest. . . . "Well, friends, I'll tell you this: We've got through the first troubles now. I regard the nucleus of the Russian Social-Democratic Workers' Party of Bolsheviks as formed already in our regiment. . . . Let's go."

Solomon Boer smiled. "You don't seem to notice, Orel, that we're going already."

The three brave soldiers marched with long easy strides through the night fields. They breathed in the cool night air. Orel sang softly: "In the wild Transbaikalian Steppe, where they dig for gold, a vagabond wandered, cursing his fate—" here he faltered, then corrected himself, "accepting his fate, his bundle on his shoulder." His comrades joined in. "The vagabond reaches the shore of the lake, finds an old boat and declares—" at this point Orel gave up singing and said in a tense, hard voice: "We'll give you 'Bolsheviks routed'!" and went on singing. Thus the three resolute men marched back to the front, to the army, to the trenches, to face new torments and trials.

IV

It was growing light. Over the dark, distant woods rose the sun. The morning mist was melting over the rivers. The light was spreading all over Russia. Early birds stirred and were soon wheeling over the fields. The earth was indescribably lovely. The three tramped along, breathing deeply. The rush of the water in the weir could be heard. Peasants were already at work on the fields. Yermolai called out the usual greeting: "God help you!" and one of them replied: "And may God help you."

The place where the regiment was stationed was not far off now. The soldiers could recognize familiar spots; the village where the regiment had joined the people on that tragic day in June, and beyond the place where the fire had been. An accordion was playing somewhere. Aleshka, with a rifle on his shoulder, with his cap on the back of his head and an untidy lock of hair in his eyes, was coming towards them. He saw Orel and his comrades. He looked at Orel and fear was written on his face. His lips went white. "You've come for my head?" he said. "Why," retorted Solomon Boer, "is it of any value?" "I know I'm terribly to blame.—Well, it was me that started all that row. So here I am, take me. Take me as I am. Aye, I'm done for!" Orel and his comrades looked at Aleshka and Orel said: "You ass! Acting the great martyr! What could anyone ask from you, I wonder?"

Aleshka smiled a little at that and pointing to his ragged clothing, said: "Yes, there isn't much to take, certainly." "Why didn't you open your mouth when we were being arrested?" Orel asked. The lad hesitated, embarrassed for a moment, and then said: "I was all slewed at the time. . . . And for three days afterwards I wasn't myself! But now, I promise you, I'll try to make up for what I did," and he smiled with the most transparent simplicity. Then he shook himself, as if he were shaking a weight off his mind. He began to play the accordion and sing couplets of his own inventing.

"When old Orel once more I seed
I wished him health and all his breed.
Of the Bolsheviks I'm very fond
And to them I'm ready to respond."

Orel smiled and so did his comrades. "What's been going on in the regiment?" Orel asked.

"During your latest term of imprisonment, comrade exile, nothing has happened in the regiment, but we are getting along in our preparations for the funeral of the bourgeoisie, our motto being: 'Keep the bayonets for the Ger-

mans, the butt end for the reptiles at home.' " Orel asked: "By the way, don't the mounted patrols poke around here?" The men were already passing through the village. Occasionally they saw a familiar face among the peasants and refugees. At the well a girl was drawing water. Orel, recognizing her, asked her: "Will you let me have a drink?" She tilted the bucket for him. Solomon and Aleshka couldn't take their eyes from her. "Well, what news, my dear?" Orel asked her. "There isn't any," she replied. "You don't happen to have seen the Bolsheviks?" "No, why?" "There's money being offered for them—for those that have run away." "That's interesting," Solomon Boer remarked. At that moment the thud of horses' hoofs reached their ears. "The patrol!" Orel cried, and vaulted over a high fence. Boer followed him. Yermolai was hauled up and shoved over on the other side. When the patrol reached the well, Aleshka was playing his accordion and singing:

"Of cavalry I'm really fond,
And always ready to respond."

The dragoon corporal called out: "Halt! What are you doing here? Who are you?" "Don't you know the Petrovsky Regiment?" and he went on singing:

"I wished him health and—

"Seen the Bolsheviks anywhere about here?"

"What're they like?" Aleshka asked stupidly. "Three runaways," the dragoon explained. "Runaways? What were they doing?" The corporal made a gesture of disgust and turned to the girl. "Hey, Marussenka, or whatever you're called, did you happen to see three men hereabouts?" "What are they like?" "One with a mustache, one a Jew and the third with a beard." Aleshka stopped playing and flashed a glance at the girl. She was silent a moment, and then said: "No, there's not been anyone like that around here." The patrol galloped away. Aleshka waited a bit and then said: "Hey, you, come on out—one with a mustache, one a Jew and the third with a beard."

Orel and his comrades came out from their hiding place. Boer sang to Aleshka and the girl:

"And I'm always ready to respond."

Orel looked at the girl and said: "Thank you, my dear." The girl blushed: "Oh, it's you!" He smiled at her kindly, then pulling out of his breastpocket a simple little ring, he added: "I've carried this about with me a long time, and I'm single, I don't need it. Take it, my dear." The girl reddened and looked confused, but Yermolai said: "Take it, my lass, he's a decent chap." "My mother'll be mad with me," the girl whispered, but she took the ring and slipped it on. Then she whispered: "Thank you kindly." The soldiers went on. After a while they looked back. The girl was gazing after them. Orel smiled back at her with a bright, sweet expression.

"If you ask me, I'm ready to work at that well for the next twenty years," Boer observed, sighing, half seriously. Orel smiled. "She recognized me—" He twisted his mustache, and touched his pale hollow cheeks. Yermolai looked at his comrades. "Aye, lads," he said, "you've seen a deal of trouble in your time and you'll see a deal more. It's a long time before you'll know what a woman's care and kindness is like; but you'll be rewarded for everything, yes, for everything."

Orel was silent awhile. Then he asked: "Well, tell us how things are going in the regiment." "We live on bread and water. The Vyatka lad's got conceited—just awful. You'll see for yourself." "We're not fools to stick our noses into the regiment. We'll watch you from a distance," Yermolai said. Aleshka turned: "Going to lie low awhile?" Orel chuckled and replied: "God helps those who help themselves. Go on—look around—and listen—at the headquarters—and send us two or three of our people."

The colonel was sitting in his room alone. The adjutant entered, closed the door, and without any preliminaries began: "The Army Examining Magistrate insists the escaped prisoners are either with the regiment or nearby." "Have outposts been appointed? Have patrols been sent out?" "Yes, sir. Medvedyev was sent." "How is he?" the colonel asked. "Promised to clear up his guilt." "A fine soldier. I suggest," said the colonel, "that you keep both eyes skinned for the runaways. There mustn't be even the smell of them round here. My new chairman of the committee is an excellent fellow. . . . We'll get this regiment straightened out yet. . . Some sort of powers have awakened in that lad. He wants to be a Socialist. Well, let him. I'll help him, but let there be the army, too."

"It's not good that he calls himself the head," the adjutant remarked. "Let him call himself what he likes, so long as the army's all right." There was a knock at the door. "Come in."

Their visitor was, to their great surprise, Lieutenant Dolgorukov, who had been banished from the regiment. He bowed. They drily answered the greeting. He found it necessary to account for his visit.

"I have come on behalf of the army court," he began. "Ah yes, I can guess what about," said the colonel.

"May I ask for a short, confidential talk with you?" The colonel considered for a moment or two and then replied: "Of course, but our conversation can take place in the presence of this officer."

"Three of your men," the lieutenant began, "have run away."

The colonel smiled. "In my opinion," he said, "those are your men. You were in charge of them, it was you had them under lock and key, guarded. . . . So let's agree to call them yours; so three of your men have run away from you. We must express our regrets." The lieutenant was sullenly silent. "Something ought to be done," he said after a pause.

"Well, what original advice! Something has been done. We know our duty here, lieutenant." Then the colonel asked: "So you risked coming here just to give us this unimportant communication, did you? Very strange. . . ." "There might be other reasons." "Won't you be frank?"

The lieutenant nodded, looked around and said:

"Headquarters is considering moving certain regiments to the north."

"More frankness, lieutenant, speak out," the Colonel demanded.

"These regiments," the lieutenant continued, "should be under reliable commanding officers, and stationed as near as possible to Petrograd."

The colonel thought for a few moments. "Headquarters meditating . . . should . . . as near as possible. . . . I'm a soldier of the line. Make yourself clearer, damn you! What's the object of the campaign?"

The lieutenant hesitated: "Our chief—Lieutenant-General Kornilov," he said at last, "is making preparations to save the country and the army. It's time to make an end of this scandalous freedom. We would be interested to know, Colonel Buturlin, where you are intending to give your support?" All

three rose. The colonel looked attentively at first one and then the other of the officers. "Leave the front? But the Germans?" "They won't hinder us," the lieutenant answered. "What's your decision?" The colonel said: "The invitation to take part in the *coup d'état* had been made in the presence of witnesses." He weighed the matter. The lieutenant observed ironically: "You are afraid to say 'yes' before a witness, but you don't want to say 'no' to us?"

"In a case like this," the colonel replied, "it is not hasty words that are asked, but well-considered actions. We have got to depend on the decision of the officers—for one thing, and on the obedience of the soldiers for another. What your hasty actions led to once—everybody remembers. I shall give you my reply in twenty-four hours' time. And it is desirable that the soldiers should not see you." The lieutenant bowed without speaking and went out.

The colonel and the adjutant looked at each other. Each was waiting to see what the other would do. "Well, what have you to say, old man?" "Waiting for orders." "Send Varvarin to me," said the colonel at last. Varvarin appeared with the usual sergeant-major's promptness. "Varvarin," said the colonel. "Yes, your honor!" The sergeant-major was all readiness and obedience.

"You can be of great service. . . ."

"Yours to command, your honor."

"The regiment has been three years in the trenches, the men are worn out."

"That's so, your honor."

"There's a chance of getting to the capital for a rest."

"Thank God for it."

"The committee must give its consent. What do you think?"

"Your honor, I can see right through a soldier and three yards under him. If you'll allow me, I'll explain . . . the Vyatka fellow is the main point here."

"Well, well, what are you driving at?"

"If you'll allow me, I'll find out and fix things up. It's not the first time, your honor. I must explain to him that it'll be very good for the regiment and tell him—'You're the first soldier of the Russian Revolution, you'll be made much of—they'll make you a commanding officer. . . .'

The colonel and the adjutant exchanged glances.

"To put the matter in a nutshell," concluded the colonel, "we've got to have a rest and get good billets." "I understand. Is that all, your honor?"

"Yes, you may go.'

The sergeant-major made a sharp right-about turn and went out. The adjutant looked at the colonel. "So you don't intend to tell Varvarin anything?"

"No, it's not his business."

"But—this is what's called provocation," said the adjutant.

"I don't give a damn what it's called in the dictionary," the colonel said curtly. "We've got to preserve the army, take the capital, and wipe out the Bolsheviks or else they'll get the army away from us. Do you understand that?" he cried sharply.

The adjutant drew himself up at attention. "Yes, sir, I understand perfectly."

The regiment was in reserve. The men were resting. They were in camp in tents and mud huts. The horses were being led in. The soldiers were washing their clothes. Smoke rose from the campfires. An accordion could be heard.

The sergeant-major knocked at the door of the Vyatka man's mud hut. "May I come in, Mr. Chairman?" "Come in." The chairman was stiff and stern. The sergeant-major stood humbly. "I wanted to ak you for permis-

sion to talk to you, Mr. Chairman." "Maybe it's a bit out of place to call me 'Mr.' eh?" The sergeant-major would not agree to this. "Oh, no, the gentlemen—the officers—all call you that. They all bow down to you."

"They all bow down to me, eh?"

"That's right, Mr. Chairman, they all bow down to you, they think very highly of you." "Well, sit down." "Oh, no, I'll stand." "What was it you wanted to say?" "Well," the sergeant-major began in an intimate, confidential tone, "the men are worn out, it's getting on towards autumn—the fall of the leaf, and it looks as though they're going to have to stick it out in the perishing cold the fourth year, doesn't it?"

"Get down to business, Varvarin."

"There's a rumor, Mr. Chairman, that they're to be sent for a rest. To the capital—for a rest."

The Vyatka man looked at Varvarin with new interest. The latter caught the glance and went on: "And I was thinking to myself—you don't really appreciate yourself. . . ."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you were the first soldier, one might say, to begin the revolution in Russia, and there must be a big career before you in the future."

Aleshka Medvedyev sat down modestly and quietly outside the hut and pricked up his ears. "If we could go for a rest," Varvarin went on, "it would be good for both the regiment and the men. But what can we do, we're only small fry, whereas you—why, they think no end of you. It'll be all over the capital—here's the man who won freedom straight off his own chest, so to speak." The Vyatka man listened, standing with his hand on his hip. "I've always done what I could and I'll do more if it's necessary." "Exactly, you've only just begun to do things, dear Mr. Chairman. You ought to be in the capital, among the important people. I can see you as you were that day, standing there—at the shooting, when you showed us the way; you bared your own chest for your friend. . . . You go about, wounded as you are, preaching the truth. 'We'll win our rights in struggle'. . . . I can safely say there must be many a one that talks about it, about what a great Socialist and revolutionary you are. And it'd be a great pity—it'd be such a loss to Russia if you stayed here in the woods, unknown."

"Oh, but I can be useful here, too. I take care of you all."

"Yes, but you ought to have a bigger field to work in. You ought to be much higher up. Well, I must tell you, as our much respected chairman, that here's a heart, and here's a head and two hands. All I've been thinking of always is what I can do for freedom. I've suffered for it and I'll say this—we'll support you with all our might. Maybe some day they'll remember me—one of the least. . ." at this point the sergeant-major's feelings, wrought upon by his own words, grew too much for him. He became tearful. "Well, I'll be getting along," he said. The listener outside slipped aside. The sergeant-major sighed, bowed and went out. Vyatsky watched him go; then he stood up, puffed out his chest, straightened his shoulders and said aloud: "It's true—why shouldn't I go? I'll be first—" A look of greed came into the village lad's face. His eyes flashed. "In the capital. . ."

It was evening. Orel and his comrades were in the woods. A small fire was burning, well hidden from spying eyes. A twig snapped. The comrades grew alert. "Stop, who's there?" Out of the darkness Ilyukhin emerged. "So we meet again?" he said. Orel jumped up. "Ilyukhin!" and kissed him. Yermolai came up: "We thank you a lot," and made a deep bow. Boer asked: "Listen

here, so you were in the prison—and I was too. But who were you—a sentry? How did you manage to do it?" Ilyukhin smiled: "When the Party orders you'll do that and more."

"That means you have your people everywhere?" Yermolai asked.

The man smiled again. "Yes, we've got them everywhere, it seems, Comrade—Yermolai, isn't it?" "That's my name," said Yermolai delighted. Ilyukhin smiled. "They showed us the way here... one with a mustache, they said, one a Jew and the third with a beard...."

A whistle rang out close at hand. The local comrade whistled in response. A group of soldiers appeared out of the darkness. Among them was the big Ukrainian, Ivan Chortomlyk. When he caught sight of Orel, he called out: "Brother, my own brother!" and when he saw Solomon Boer he added: "And I'm glad to see you too, mate!" "Hello, glad to see you, old man!" said Solomon. The men embraced and kissed each other hard, gripping each other's hands till the bones cracked.

Ilyukhin, a delegate to the front from the Central Committee, said: "It might be as well to explain a thing or two to the comrades. You haven't read the papers for a long time, I bet?" Chortomlyk answered: "They don't let the papers reach us.... They give us some junk but it's not what's needed. We just smoke 'em up." "Shall I read mine?" "Go ahead and read—what're you waiting for?" "Here—I'll read this article...

" 'The people will not receive their land, the workers will not get their eight-hour day and the hungry will not get bread until the counter-revolution is completely destroyed.' Understand everything?" Yermolai nodded: "Everything." Then Orel added: "I see the hand of the Old Man in this." "Who's that?" Ivan Chortomlyk asked. "Lenin," Orel replied. "Is he old?" "They call him old for his wisdom." Yermolai took up the paper carefully. "So you think it's his hand?" he asked. "And where is he himself, dear lad?" "Sitting by a campfire somewhere, maybe, just like us," Orel said.

Yermolai looked at him. "Sitting by a campfire, you say? Yes, but he writes about us, thinks about us.... See here, the first word he writes is about peace, the next is about the land, about us, that is.... Well, thank you, Vladimir Ilyich, we'll stand up for you." Chortomlyk asked Orel: "And what would they do to him, to Comrade Lenin, if they caught him?" "They'll never catch him," said Orel. "We take care of our own," said the delegate. A whistle rang out, there was a crackling of branches and Aleshka rushed up, breathless. "They're going to attack Petrograd!" The others jumped up. "Who's going?" Orel asked. Aleshka got his breath. "The same thing in every squad: to Petrograd... what for?... They say for a rest.... The sergeant-major's talking the Vyatka lad over...." Ilyukhin waved his hand: "This is something more serious." Wheels, neighing, signals to muster were heard from the bivouac of the regiment.

Then Orel straightened himself up, looked around at the men and said: "Comrades, the Party organization has decided to form a Military-Revolutionary Committee. The delegates are to be Comrade Solomon Boer, Comrade Yermolai, and Comrade Orel." Ilyukhin nodded: "That's right!" Boer began, "But I never...." Orel interrupted: "Want to argue?" "Oh, well...." "Now wait a second... You'll go." Aleshka broke in at this moment with: "Well, I've got to be going, I'm on sentry duty at headquarters today." "At headquarters?" Orel thought rapidly. "So—then, Comrade Solomon, you go straight to headquarters and take over control of communications." "Right you are!" Solomon agreed. "You mustn't let a single counter-revolutionary telegram through."

"Right you are!" Solomon replied phlegmatically and weightily. The Party Committee delegate handed him a revolver. "What! Solomon with a revolver! What would his mother say!" he observed.

"Comrade Medvedyev, who will be on duty at headquarters, will give you every assistance, to the extent of applying force of arms, if necessary," Orel went on. Aleshka smiled at this. "I'd be glad to, only you'd better give me a cannon of some sort."

"All the rest of the comrades," Orel concluded, "will go straight back to the regiment.... Those swine'll have to be taken by surprise and crushed." Ilyukhin finished up: "It's a delight to hear those words...." The men set off.

The colonel and the adjutant were pacing up and down, waiting for the sergeant-major. At last he came. "May I report to you, your honor?"

"Certainly, Varvarin."

"He fell for it at once, your honor. He's willing to go to the capital. Maybe you have an order for him to sign.... If anything happens he'll answer for it."

"Right. You may go, Varvarin."

The sergeant-major turned and went. The adjutant and the colonel exchanged glances. The colonel said: "Ugh, what a creature. Write out an order. At the head of No. I battalion.... For Petrograd."

The sentries were changed at headquarters. Aleshka Medvedyev called out distinctly the formula used in changing posts. The old shift went away. Aleshka Medvedyev stood like stone, then gave a jerk of his head. Solomon Boer entered the telegraph office. The people working there were alarmed. Solomon pulled out his revolver and said: "Please go on as if I weren't here." One of the telegraphists asked: "Why? What's up?" "I said: 'Go on as if I weren't here,'" Solomon repeated. The telegraphist sat down again. The tapping of the machines went on, connecting regiments, brigades, divisions, the army with the towns of the country. Suddenly one of the telegraphists jumped up and said: "I refuse to do what you tell me!" Solomon smiled. "No point in that. You're already surrounded. Our sentries are everywhere.... Masses of them." The telegraphists went over to the window. Aleshka Medvedyev's face glowered at them and he pointed significantly to his rifle. The telegraphists sat down at their apparatus again. "That's right," said Solomon approvingly. "Now that's quieter. Let me have that telegram. Work away quietly, while we take care of you, and not a single hair shall fall from your industrious heads. Let me have that telegram too, *merci.*"

The colonel crossed the camp. He was collected and resolute. At the door of headquarters a sentry drew himself up smartly at attention. The colonel saluted. "Hello, Medvedyev!" Aleshka returned the salute. The colonel said in a pleased tone: "How well drilled they are! I like No. 1 Battalion."

He went into his office. Solomon Boer was seated at his table. The colonel paled a little. Boer screwed up his eyes and asked: "Well, what about General Kornilov?" "Your question is not clear," the colonel answered calmly.

"What would you say if that scoundrel were to attack our Petrograd? And some of his rascals ran along with him?"

"I'm in no mood for pleasantries, so late at night, we'll leave this trifling till tomorrow, if you don't mind."

Solomon Boer stood up. "Listen, colonel," he said. "In times like this all jokes are in earnest. You saw those sentries? I'm from the Military-Revolutionary Committee. Read this telegram."

The colonel hastily skimmed the telegrams. One was about the Kornilov rebellion, and the other reported the beginning of proletarian resistance.

Hardly had he finished when Boer asked him point blank: "What's your decision? And the officers' decision? Quick now! No hither-thither-and-yonder about it. Our fellows—Orel and the rest—are with the regiment already." The colonel was quite calm. He thought for a moment or two and then replied: "Serious business.... As to me, I shall remain faithful to the revolution. I've been a Bolshevik at heart for a long time. You were only a child when I defended the revolutionaries in 1905. And the habits of a soldier of the line somehow prevented me from joining the Party."

"In 1905," Solomon Boer replied, "I didn't take part in anything, so I can't say anything about you then. What we want is to judge of your work today, I'm waiting."

"Write down," said the colonel. "Petrograd. Full stop. The Soviet of Workers,' Soldiers' and Peasant Deputies. Full Stop. The Peter I Regiment, comma, united as never before in its ranks, comma, is ready to defend the revolution, comma, ready to bar the road of traitors with its life, full stop. Signed Boer, delegate of the Military-Revolutionary Committee. Full stop. Colonel Buturlin in command of the regiment. Full stop." Solomon Boer went up to the colonel. "Who was it wanted to start the regiment along?" The colonel shrugged his shoulders. "We have a committee...." "We'll have a talk with them, too...." Boer went out. The colonel sat down.... He was silent a moment and then said: "A false move, colonel. You're getting old."

Vyatsky approached the lined up battalion. Varvarin accompanied him. "Would you allow me to greet the soldiers?" Vyatsky smiled. "Why not? We'll greet them." And he tried: "Hello, lads!" He bumped into Orel and Yermolai. Orel asked sharply: "Where're you going?" "Maybe you'll say 'hello.'" "Where is the regiment heading out for?" Orel asked sharply. "To Petrograd...." "What for?" Vyatsky didn't want to give in or be bossed before the men. "Who're you to ask questions?" Orel looked at him and then said; "They're not going anywhere." "You stop commanding, we can do that ourselves." Boer came up and handed Orel the documents from headquarters. "So that's how things stand.... Well, we'll show the comrades." Vyatsky couldn't stop himself. "I'm in charge here—they listen to me...." "They'll listen to someone else now. Come on, Boer...." The Vyatka lad turned pale. "You're going to keep on?" Orel gave a wry smile. "Didn't you know? Now you scream 'commander,'" and pushing away Vyatsky he went up to the regiment with Boer.

Vyatsky stood there, stunned.

The colonel went over to him. "I just wanted to have a word with you, my lad, before we part," he said. Vyatsky looked startled. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you see. I've got used to you, and now I suppose I'll have to get used to doing without you, devil take it!" Vyatsky looked astonished. "Why should you have to get used to doing without me?" he asked. The colonel looked at him with a mournful but kindly expression. "Can't you see.... Now these comrades have come back and already they've pushed you out of it. The Jew is in your place already."

Vyatsky changed color. He leaned over towards the colonel and breathed: "A Jew? I saved Orel's life and he—he would play a trick like that behind my back?" The colonel shrugged his shoulders sadly: "What's a life?... As if anyone values bravery and honesty nowadays. There, do you hear them!" (The regiment was greeting Orel). "He'll talk it into them. A palavery tongue is what they value, and impudence." Vyatsky felt as if his whole inside was turning over with rage. "But what is it all about any-

how?" he blurted out. "I'm the head. . . . I'm a Socialist—a revolutionary. . . ."

The colonel coldly observed through half-closed eyes the effect of his words. "Don't be upset, my boy," he said, "here's my hand. I'm sure we'll be able to arrange everything."

Vyatsky was trembling with fury. "To think of it. . . . To think Orel would go against me! Well, I'll settle with him yet."

The colonel looked at him out of the corner of his eye and gave a chuckle.

The autumn rains set in. The weather grew colder, the leaves fluttered down. The carts and the batteries stuck in the mud. The troops did the usual short marches, moving from the divisional and corps sectors. The regiment was quartered in the woods, gloomy in their sad autumn colors. The low grey mud huts and the tents seemed to have sunk into the ground with the damp.

One night in October Vyatsky appeared in the Special Battalion. He had grown much thinner; he was consumed by an undying fury. He met Lieutenant Dolgorukov and greeted him with: "I've been told to give you the colonel's regards. This is from the colonel," and handed him a note. The lieutenant glanced through it. "I heard you waited—go on, talk." "It's not time for talking now, we have to go and take them." "Is everything ready?" "We haven't wasted any time. Are yours ready? It's not the same as getting three of them, there's a lot more now." "They won't get away now." Vyatsky went close to the lieutenant and said: "Hand over Orel and the Jew to me."

The lieutenant smiled: "What about the officers?" "The colonel will keep them at heaquarters for safety's sake. We'll arrange everything—they'll obey. Are your own sentries posted tonight?" "Yes."

The Special Battalion advanced silently. The men had a full supply of cartridges, and were without their kit. Their silhouettes passed through the dusk. From time to time a whisper could be heard.

That night the officers of the regiment were sitting in headquarters, filling it with tobacco smoke and this sort of conversation. "Well, what next, gentlemen? What is the country coming to?" "Just imagine—an old, experienced general like Kornilov couldn't manage things," said the ensign in a puzzled, irritated tone. The adjutant remarked: "Others will be found who can."

"Maybe it'll be Lenin."

"Who is he—this Lenin?" the big captain said.

"I don't know. I've never seen him," the ensign replied. "Just look at the ideas Orel has put into their heads. . . . There was a very quiet fellow—Yermolai—in No. I battalion and you ought to hear the way he talks now. . . ." And imitating the old soldier, the ensign went on: " 'Now just think—we've left our wives and children at home—children, not puppies, mind you—and what would we be doing listening to the bourgeoisie? Once and for all we're going to set up the idea of dear Comrade Lenin as a law.' "

The adjutant turned sharply round and said: "And these hicks are going to lay down the law to me? If that's the case I'd rather let the Germans at them. The Germans will soon put them down."

"No, we won't let you do that," a deep voice said. It was the voice of the big captain of No. I battalion. "We'll not let you sell Russia," and he struck the table with his fist.

"And what does our colonel think of all this?" the ensign asked. The colonel, who was leaner and greyer now, replied: "You'll always find me with my brothers-in-arms," and retired into silence.

The camp was enshadowed in nocturnal stillness. The sentries, few and far apart, grew drowsy at their posts. The Special Battalion approached

almost noiselessly, led by Vyatsky. They reached a sentry, the freckled soldier.... He opened his eyes, looked at the Vyatka lad, and nodded to him; then his eyelids closed again. The battalion stretched out in a chain into the woods, in the depths of which lay the camp. Dark and mournful, the trees towered above them. Loud snoring and a drowsy mumbling ascended from the pitful tents and shacks. The soldiers slept, huddled up, in the autumn chill. An atmosphere of helplessness lay over the scene.

Orel and Yermolai crept towards the sentry who had allowed the traitor and his battalion to pass. "Well, heard anything?" Orel demanded. The sentry started, shook himself and replied: "Nothing, all's quiet." "What did they give you? How much for your treachery, Judas?" Yermolai asked. The sentry was dumbfounded. Orel shook him by the collar: "Who spoke to you? Who was at the head?"

"Vyatsky and the gentleman, the lieutenant." "A gentleman," Yermolai repeated scornfully. "Come on," Orel ordered. "What good would we be if we went to sleep. Rouse the men—quietly—while I go with the battalion to get that gang."

The Special Battalion plunged deeper into the woods. Occasionally Lieutenant Dolgorukov threw a light on the faces of the sleeping men. The faces were worn and haggard. "These are not the ones we want," said the lieutenant. "Where's Orel?" The battalion moved on. From behind the tents and the trees eyes peered out at them. The regiment was not asleep. Behind the Specials and more noiselessly, Orel moved at the head of No. I batallion. The silent pursuit and encirclement of the Specials did not last very long. "Don't shoot in the dark," Orel softly passed on. Suddenly through the stillness of the wood Orel's sonorous command rang out: "Surrender!" The Special Battalion was taken completely by surprise. It flung itself somehow to one side, the lieutenant searching for some escape. The figure of Solomon Boer suddenly blocked the rays of his lantern. Solomon shouted: "Ah, it's you?" "They're surrounding us!" one of the Specials roared out. The Vyatka lad lost his head. The wood hummed and crackled. The experienced regiment was unrelentingly cutting off the traitors' retreat. The lights of lanterns flitted hither and thither and a regular thicket of bayonets sprang up from everywhere. Panic started in the Special Battalion. They dashed about in every direction. Some even flung down their arms. Then they rushed headlong through the darkness, among the trees, poking out their eyes on sharp twigs, trampling each other down, crawling on all fours. The forest resounded hollowly with their howls. Someone shrieked: "Save me!" Indifferently the forest echoed the cry. No power on earth now could stop the stampede. The panic spread to the horses; they tore themselves free of their harness. A stallion neighed wildly somewhere in the gloom. The horses stampeded madly in every direction, trampling the remains of the Special Battalion. The lieutenant lay crushed by the hoofs. There was an incessant crackling of branches; posts and carts were overturned. Many fell into a ravine. Some seeking safety on lower ground, sank into a bog. "Back, it's a swamp!" Vyatsky, panting and hatless, strove to free himself of the dark, cold slime. He shouted something, and waved his arms. "Brothers...." There was no answer. The bog sucked him down.

The officers sitting in headquarters suddenly got on their guard. "What's that noise?" one of them shouted, hearing a stirring at the door. "Alarm?" "Where's the officer on duty?" The adjutant stood up and, expecting it was the Special Battalion returning, said: "Here they are, gentlemen!" The door

was flung open and in rushed Orel, Aleshka and a few other Bolsheviks. Orel looked at the officers and asked: "Who started this?" The colonel answered calmly: "You'll have to ask the men that."

"Fetch in the prisoners!" Orel called out. Several of the captured rebels were brought in. "Who led you?" "Your own committee man," replied the prisoners. The colonel rose and strode over to one of the prisoners: "Vyatsky?" "Yes." "The idiot!"

Yermolai came out of the adjoining room with a sheet of paper in his hand. "Boer received it by telegraph. . . ." He was very solemn. "Now, hold your tongues, all of you." There was perfect silence. "Listen to the news from Petrograd," said Yermolai. "Lenin's come back and the power's been seized by the congress, the people." He began to read. "To the citizens of Russia. The Provisional Government has been overthrown. The power has been taken into the hands of the organ of the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies—the Military-Revolutionary Committee, which stands at the head of the Petrograd proletariat and garrison."

"I won't agree!" the ensign cried.

"Hold your tongue!" said Yermolai, and read on: "What the people have been fighting for is the immediate proposal of a democratic peace. . . ." That caused a stir among the soldiers. "Peace! Lenin wants to give us peace." "The abolition of the rights of the landowning class to hold land.' " Yermolai read on. "We're going to get possession of the land for ever, boys! Oh, God help me. . . . I can't believe my eyes. . . . You read this. . . ." Another soldier read. "That's what it says—land. . . ." "Go on, go on." " 'Workers' control of production.' Who are the workers here? . . . 'The creation of a Soviet Government'—this is guaranteed."

"Power—that means the people in the Winter Palace or in the Kremlin—the heart of Russia," cried the ensign. At that moment Solomon Boer came out of the telegraph office and went up to Orel: "I telegraphed to the congress—the army gives it support. By the way, ensign, you can read? Well, read this." The ensign read the latest news from Petrograd. "The Winter Palace is taken." "Exactly," said Solomon Boer, "and they're taking the Kremlin, too." The ensign's face was suddenly distorted. "By what right?" he screamed. "Who is this Lenin of yours?"

"Who is Lenin? This is who he is," said Orel. He went across to the window. His voice shook a little as he called into the spaces of the night, where the regiment, the men, were waiting: "Comrades, Lenin has come back! The Soviets have seized power. Long live the power of the people! Long live our comrade, Vladimir Lenin!" Out of the darkness beyond the windows came a loud "hurrah!" It came from the very bottom of their hearts. The men threw their caps into the air: "Hurrah!" and then swelled into a thunderous shout such as none had ever yet heard. For all their thousands of years, for all the pains and insults they had suffered, for all their defeats and outrages, for all those who had been tortured, drowned, hanged, burned, quartered and broken on the wheel, all those who had died of hunger, for all their hopes, all the bitter tears shed in the lonely watches of the night, for all their great patience, their incomparable staunchness, for themselves, for Russia of the Russian people—rang out this "hurrah" of the Russian people. Thousands of armed soldiers were hurrying to headquarters. The damp autumn wind unfurled new banners, made by the men's own hands. The "hurrah" thundered and swelled for a minute, two, three, four. Orel and his comrades looked

at the people. Let us look into their faces, too, and remember them all our lives. Russian workers and peasants, pilgrims who had traveled half the world over, people who had crossed the Urals, crossed Siberia, people who had conquered the Carpathians, the Balkans, and the Alps, who had crossed the ice on foot to the end of the world, people who had endured centuries of war, who had thrown off the foreign yoke, and borne plague, famine, typhus and fire. . . . People with manly faces, darkened with the sun, weatherbeaten by all the winds of the world, young and old, a diversity of races, united in one great impulse. Their eyes glowed with an indescribable radiance. A world yet unknown to any was disclosed to them. The cheer was more deafening than the roar of artillery. Bands played but could not be heard.

Then men in headquarters cottage listened, they stood with their rifles in their hands. They thrilled as they heard the shouting. Ivan Chortomlyk, the big Ukrainian, came out into the middle of the room and said to Orel: "We want to ask you, comrades, yes, and we order you—to take a firm hold of this power and never let it out of your hands. Remember how we've fought for this power for hundreds of years. Make it strong so that it'll last for ever in Russia and will spread to other countries."

The man spoke with incredible force. . . . He had been wounded and in his agitation the blood burst forth again through his bandages. When someone said to him: "Look, you're bleeding," he replied: "It doesn't matter. Listen. . . . Perhaps there are some among you who will say those folks are no good at that kind of a job, and maybe there'll be some who'll turn away from the people. . . . Well, never show them any mercy." Orel replied to the comrades: "Never."

The colonel and the officers stood in silence. Orel looked at the men and said: "By the right given by the people we take the regiment into our hands. . . . Make a record of this, clerk. . . . Use better paper. . . . One tattered banner of the Peter I Regiment. The cover to it. Take care of it, Ivan Timofeyevich." (The keeper of the banner saluted.) "Hand over the seal." (The colonel told the adjutant to obey.) "There, the seal of the regiment with the emblem of the former government. Secret papers . . . is that right?" "Absolutely." "One cash box, three keys. How much money?" The manager of the regiment answered: "There's something around three hundred rubles here and some small change." Orel looked at him: "Count up exactly—to the last kopek." He counted up: "Three hundred and two rubles, thirty-three and a half kopeks." You lived poorly. Russia needs a wealthier army. Hand over the accounts. . . . Boer, look them through." The men quieted down and attentively watched Orel take over the regimental affairs. Orel spoke with authority, in short, clear phrases. "How much arms?" "Four thousand, one hundred and twenty-three rifles." "How many out of order?" "Two thousand and forty." "And they filled that in with people? . . . Go over the lists of the regiment, take all privileges from the Vyatsky and all of his people." The adjutant answered: "Yes sir."

Yermolai looked on, then drawled: "Now things have begun to get going. There was a Russia of copper coins, now she'll be a golden Russia." The men continued to stream in. They banged and shouted: "Read some more from what Lenin sent!" "Come along in," said Yermolai, "you're welcome, you're welcome, come in as if you owned the place. . . . But listen, only listen at the folks welcoming Vladimir Ilyich. . . . You'd think he was here in the trenches, right in our midst."

"Yes, they say he's been here," said a soldier, "I swear to God, and that he looked into everything and found out all about everything and that's how things got going." The cheer grew louder. The officers turned pale. Some took off their caps. One said: "I've never heard anything like this before." "Yes, it's got a deep ring to it, the people's voice has," Yermolai said. "You can do a lot with people like this." Boer was standing by the window with the tears rolling down his face. "You're not joking now, laddie," said Yermolai. "Why is it?" "The Jew's heart is growing lighter. The Jew forgives people like these even if they called me 'yid' thousands of times, because now it will never happen again." The cheers died down and receded into the distance. It was the Russian army cheering from the Arctic Ocean to the Asian desert, and to the waters of the Pacific. The last remains of the Special Battalion heard the shout and, frantic with terror, began running again in the darkness.

Orel had finished. He got up. "Sign this." The colonel signed. "Now we'll sign!" He and the comrades also signed.

The colonel rose. "Citizen-officers," he said, "our old service is over, we are turning the last page, closing the last chapter of the history of the Russian army." The officers were silent. The colonel started to take off his epaulettes. "Colonel!" the ensign cried. "Don't hinder me," the colonel said, and went on taking off his epaulettes. Several officers followed his example. The ensign retreated to the wall. He turned pale and trembled. "It's a disgrace, a dishonor." He burst into sobs. "I'll never do it! It was forever and forever." The colonel soothed him and took off his epaulettes for him. The men stood gloomily watching. The colonel looked around at the officers and said: "Let's give three cheers for the new government. Hurrah!" The officers were silent. "Hurrah!" sounded far back from the bivouac of the regiment. The room gradually emptied. The officers were left alone. They sat in silence. At last one of them said: "Well, it's all over." The colonel looked at him and said: "No, my dear fellow, it's all before us still." The officers exchanged glances and drifted out one by one. The cheering was still resounding in the camp and in the neighboring villages. The colonel was alone. He walked across the room, listened awhile and then began to talk to himself. "Cheer, Russian people, cheer, make as much noise as you like.... A man will be found who will take you into his strong hand and you will calm down." Someone knocked; "Come in." The adjutant entered the room and said: "I'm awaiting your orders, sir." The colonel looked at him and said: "We're carrying on with our old job. Never retreat. Agree with them. The nearer we are to *them,* the sooner we'll be able to wring their necks." "Without a single 'but'?" "Yes, without a single 'but.'"

V

The first snow fell early that year. Dark clouds crept in from the Baltic Sea. They moved indifferent and serene, above the human world, where through the dark sea of the most bitter torments and labor, new hopes were emerging—not for the first time. The wind whistled in the bare woods. Nature was confused, rebellious like the people themselves, or perhaps she merely seemed so to the rebellious people.

It grew colder and colder. Colonel Buturlin and the officers, their faces

grey—they had not shaved for two or three days—sat like homeless people, wrapped in overcoats from which the epaulettes had been torn. Their manner of moving and speaking had gradually altered, and become cautious, even furtive. The events taking place in the country, the stormy vortex into which all were being drawn, filled them with terror, and fear of the unknown future.

Singly and by twos and threes, the soldiers left their posts and wandered away north and south. "The regiment is melting away," said the adjutant to the colonel. "The men are going away to their homes, to Russia, colonel."

"I'm no longer colonel," said the latter, with a mournful attempt at jocularity. "I'm an 'ex' now, I'm a mere nobody, a cipher in a grey overcoat. Perhaps they're even changing names and surnames—you haven't heard, I suppose?" The officer listened to him and said: "It is you who are changing, colonel.... I am reporting to you that the regiment is melting away, and the remainder want to begin negotiations with the Germans." "Peace has been bestowed on them."

The sergeant-major came up at the moment. "Well, sir, they're all getting ready to fraternize. During the night from the German side they called over: *'Kamerad Russ,'* and our men answered back." The colonel threw back his head. "Negotiations! Aleshkas and Yermolais in the role of Ministers for Foreign Affairs, and in the field, at that! They want to preach their testament, their international-Russian heresy, to the Germans? Approve their preaching, their fraternization, let these snotnosed commoners beat their heads off against the Germans, against Europe!" The adjutant objected. "And what if they don't? Someone cried *'Solidarität'* in the night." "Then we'll think of something else, a third thing." (Here the colonel almost drew the officer towards him.) "We must think, we must think every minute. And if necessary, shoot them in the back. Let them shoot from here, from there, from every side."

The colonel was pale, the fit of rage made him almost unrecognizable, he was breathing heavily.... The stubble on his face gave him a dishevelled look. "This is an order, a law: I have never spoken of this to you, nor you to me. None of us knows anything, we're just ordinary service men, loyal to the new government." "Very well." The three parted. The colonel, according to his custom for the last thirty-five years, made his daily round of the camp. He walked in his customary manner, looked over men and arms half mechanically, saluted mechanically and made the usual remarks: "These rifles must be cleaned. Buttons must be sewn on..." Chortomlyk answered quietly: "We don't need buttons. We want to go home." The colonel looked at him gloomily and went away without saying a word.

The trenches lay in the midst of snowy fields. The rivers were frozen. Snow covered the traces of battles, shell holes, neglected graves and rusty wire. Here and there carcases of horses lay. Ravens hopped about among the carrion. The front seemed half dead, forgotten. Charred ruins of villages stuck up out of the snow.

The soldiers shivered with cold. They wrapped themselves up in whatever they had. They were gradually losing their military appearance. A conversation was going on in one of the trenches. The colonel listened. He stood there perfectly still. Orel, Boer, Aleshka, Yermolai and the accordion player were sitting close together. Said Yermolai: "I'm telling you: write to

them, write like this: 'Dear German people, we don't want anything from you. We have plenty of land now, glory be to God, it stretches from ocean to ocean and it's all ours. We're going away to work on it now, and that'll last us a long lifetime. We're going right before your eyes. And you go, too, we ask you most particularly. We'll bow to each other, shake hands, we can even give each other keepsakes, and—part. We'll look into each other's eyes, dear Germans, dear neighbors, and only ask each other, why did we put up with this torture for the last four years? We've settled our own folks—Nikolai and the rest—long ago; why are you so slow about it?'" Orel said: "They've been offered peace. The Soviet of People's Commissars has given its word. The delegation was sent.... As to the Germans—they have other things than peace on their minds." Chortomlyk darkened. "This is what I'll tell you, chairman. We've been waiting a month, two months, three... The winter is passing. They gave us land, but who's going to plough it? Our hungry wives? Get us peace—what the hell are you waiting for? We can't stand it any more." At that Aleshka suddenly gave his knee a mighty slap, and flung his well-worn cap down on the ground. "I'll go!" he cried. "I'll go by myself to the Germans! I'm not afraid of anything. I'll say: Dear respected Germans here's my heart and here's my hand on it, and let's put an end to this imperialism and set up an international. We've had our fill of shooting, now it's time to get down to business, eh?'" and the young fellow smiled gaily. His tousled hair fell into his eyes, his white teeth gleamed. A good-looking fellow, was Aleshka Medvedyev. "Come on, Orel, let's go to the Germans," the soldiers shouted.

Orel answered: "Is it necessary?" "Of course. We'll talk to the soldiers. They called out themselves...." Orel answered: "Some called, others were silent. There's different kinds of Germans." "If you don't want to go, we'll go ourselves, Orel." "Oh, no," said the latter, "that's my job—I must go everywhere with the men." The soldiers were getting the delegates ready. The word went round the trenches: "We're sending delegates to the Germans. Hand over your best traps!" The soldiers gave the best overcoats and sheepskin caps to Aleshka Medvedyev, Orel, Boer, Yermolai and the others. They rubbed the buttons and plates clean with sand, and the boots with cloths, and polished up everything in the simple soldier's way. The selection was made with the greatest care. Medvedyev scraped the stubble off his face with a pen knife, drew his belt as tight as it would go, as he had worn it during drill. Medvedyev admired himself and his looks: "Government delegates, eh? Orel, look. Aye, 'Leshka, step out there. There's an ambassador for you, eh?" and he stood there with arms oustretched, looking himself and his comrades over. "You're going to talk to Europe!" Orel said: "So you're going? Then let's make it official." They got a white flag. The bugler came. Yermolai crossed himself. "God bless us all.... We began the tsar's war against our will, and we'll put an end to it. Now we're off!" He started to clamber out of the trench. "I suppose the Germans have consciences; they won't fire at us, will they?" The Russian soldiers issued from the trench in a group and lined up, pale with pleasure and excitement, their eyes fixed far ahead into the West, the unknown West, to which these strong and simple people were offering their hearts so openly and trustingly. The bugler gave the signal, but Aleshka Medvedyev said impatiently: "Aw, chuck the formalities, let's be off." He struck up a touching and beautiful melody on the accordion and strode along beside Orel and Boer to the German barbed wire entanglements.

The men in the Russian trenches watched, wound up to an incredible pitch. Men were walking through the trenches, the bearers of hopes, ideals, peace and human simplicity. The colonel looked after the delegates receding into the distance. "Apostles!" he flung out.

The delegates were already between the lines of Russian and German trenches. Aleshka began: "Hey, Germans! Much respected Germans, in the first place kindly greetings from Russia."

Firing came from the German trenches. Orel stood at attention. "Are you convinced now?" His comrades also stood at attention. Aleshka shouted: "Hey, you snakes, none o' that." Boer remarked: "Now you see, 'Leshka. . . ."

"What are you doing? That's not right," Yermolai shouted to the Germans. One of the delegates ducked. Bullets whistled. One man started to run. In a commanding tone Orel called out: "Comrade army delegates. Two countries are watching us. Line up there!" Bullets whistled. The Russian delegation lined up. The men's eyes flashed with indignation, resolution, and challenge. Alexei Medvedyev took a step forward and called out to the Germans: "We take note of your refusal. We'll draw our own confusions" (he corrected himself quickly) "conclusions." Several bullets struck his accordion. Aleshka turned. "Why should you spoil my instrument?" First one, then another of the delegates fell. The others picked them up. Without falling out of step Orel and Boer placed the arms of one of the slain men around their shoulders, while Aleshka and Yermolai took up the second. The dead men hung heavy on their comrades as they marched back with measured tread to their lines.

The delegates climbed into their own trenches and laid the dead men down. The soldiers took off their caps. German bullets were still whizzing through the air. The colonel stood silently by. A faint sneer hovered at the corner of his lips. "Well, proletarians of all countries, did you unite?" the sergeant-major called out. The colonel could have smiled, but he overcame the inclination and said to Orel in a sympathetic, deeply moved voice: "Yes, ideals and life are two very different things." Orel stood silent beside the corpses; his hands hung down, folded as if in player: he was a figure of profound sorrow. He could not take his eyes from the faces of his slain comrades. The officers stood around the bodies, too. The colonel shook his head sorrowfully. It was a wordless soldier's service. Snow was falling softly on the dead men's faces. People came crowding into the trenches. Someone cried: "What's this you've done, Orel?" "We're to blame," Yermolai replied. "We must have vexed the Germans, muddled things up, somehow, and they killed our men."

"You were given the power," Ivan Chortomlyk shouted, "and you don't know what to do with it." Voices were raised. "The months are going by, winter is coming on, and it's all just the same as it was before. We're stuck here as if we were in prison." It was Solomon who answered the soldier who had protested. "Listen, you, have you ever been in prison—you make comparisons so easily?" The soldier pushed him away. "Ah, clear out, you—" The colonel looked attentively at the soldier and then at Orel. They shouted still louder: "We've waited and waited and this is all we've got—" someone pointed to the slain men. "If that's the way you're going to rule us, they'll finish us all off tomorrow." One of the men pulled out a newspaper. "*Pravda* talks about land and work. . . . Maybe Lenin's made peace for us already and you swine are keeping it from us in your offices and headquarters," and a group of soldiers flung themselves on the colonel and

Orel. Ivan Chortomlyk roared: "A new law's been set up—it's our will.... And take off your caps when you talk to the people," with a sweep of his hand the big angry soldier knocked the caps off Orel and the colonel. Orel looked at the crowd pressing in on him. "Let's move off somewhere, the enemy can hear us and that'll never do," he said. The little procession descended the hillock. At the head of it the bodies of their slain comrades were borne, after them came Orel and the colonel, hatless, along with Aleshka, Boer, Yermolai, and the others, who were driven with fists in their backs. The regiment stood out black against the snow, and was as noisy as an assembly, or a village meeting. Huge Ivan Chortomlyk stormed: "Did we show confidence in you?... We did that! When you were going to be shot by the old regime, we saved you." Someone beside him shouted: "You climbed up on our humps and now you're dragging things out—'let's wait awhile,' and 'let's see tomorrow'.... Folks are worn out. We're fed on water." The exhausted, tattered, unshaven soldiers pressed close, breathing heavily. "You got the regiment under your thumb, you keep company with a Yid and a boozer, and that lousy old bearded feller there.... No doubt you help yourselves out of the regimental funds too!" The crowd was growing threatening. About three thousand men in an ugly mood milling around. They were roused to an unexpected, inexplicable fury. Ivan Chortomlyk struck Orel across the face, then he did the same to the colonel. The latter merely smiled gently. Orel choked, and shook. The enormous Ukrainian, worked up to the highest pitch of fury, seized one of the corpses and thrust the dead face at Orel, shouting: "Is this your work? Who'll answer for the man, for the orphans he's left?" Orel flung off the soldier's hand. "The Bolsheviks will answer for it, the Soviet power keeps its word. Lenin has sent a peace delegation, it's at Brest-Litovsk now.... It's not our fault if the peace doesn't come all at once." "But who's dragging things out there?" "Wring his neck."

Yermolai went over to Orel's side and appealed to the crowd. "Brothers, the men want to get back to the land, to their homes, we're all worn out... Orel, sign some paper allowing them all to go home."

"That's a bad idea," said Boer. "The men will clear out then."

Orel answered: "We'll hold them back. Comrades, we have to await the results of the negotiations at Brest-Litovsk." The men protested: "There's nothing to wait for!" "How many years have we waited already?"

Orel spoke quietly to the stormy crowd. "Comrades, let's wait to hear the result of peace negotiations." But voices from the crowd demanded: "Has there been a decree about the peace? Yes, there has! Let's go home!" The place was in an uproar. Aleshka bawled out: "Now you've got your tongues wagging. Want to get back on the stove? And who's going to keep the front? You saw what's just happened? The Germans need to be taught a lesson or two yet."

"Well, you go on and teach 'em, then! Go over the top again and they'll knock your block off for you." "Curse the damned lot of you!" Aleshka shouted angrily. Orel stopped him. "Stop that, Comrade Medvedyev, Aleshka...." The colonel, who had been silent all long, now stepped forward: "Allow me to put in a word. This is what we'll decide, comrades, let those who want to do so—go home. And those who understand will stay. There are some who understand." Orel wanted to say something but Chortomlyk interrupted him: "You should have said so at first. And look here, colonel, forgive me for slapping your face. Maybe you've slapped a face or two

yourself in your thirty years' service, so we'll be quits. But we want to go home. Here I am—going about seven years in this hide as if there was a curse on me, there isn't a whole place on my body or my soul. I want to go back to my wife and children, I want to go back to the land." "That's true, Orel," Yermolai added. "Don't keep us . . . let us go. . . . We're pining for work. . . . We'll work for the Soviet Government. . . ." The soldiers backed him up. "Go on, write, Orel, that they should let us go. . . . To the land!" Orel looked at them and cried: "And who's going to defend the land? Did you think of that?" Ivan Chortomlyk shouted in rage: "Oh, go to hell! Hey, comrades, whoever wants to clear off home, come over here, and whoever's staying behind—" Orel interrupted: "Whoever's staying behind—over here." The men shuffled about for awhile; then first one, then another, then by tens they moved over. "We're going home!" "We're clearing out!" "But boys, who's staying behind, then? The Germans will come." "They won't get there—it's a long way. . . ."

The regiment was stormy. The soldiers hurried away among the frozen shell-holes to the mud huts, to gather up their poor belongings. "Ivan, where're you going?" "Where everybody's going. . . ." "And where's everybody going?" "Dunno." Cartridges, rifles, machine-guns, and cartridge belts were flung down in a heap. "Whoever wants anything, let him take what he likes." Someone came up and asked. "Can I have a few grenades to take away with me?" "There's a hero for you! Going to fight?" "No," replied the soldier modestly, "I only want them to stun fish with."

Yermolai was preparing to go home, too. He looked at the remaining carthorses with the eye of a farmer. "They belong to the regiment. That means it's ours. We'll have to share them out fairly, so as there'll be brotherhood and equality."

"Why, there are only ten or fifteen of them left, are you going to cut them up and divide them among three thousand men? How are you going to do it?"

Yermolai thought for a moment. "That's true, it won't work out. . . . Then we'd better cast lots." The men were noisy and excited. They examined the horses greedily, felt them, looked at their teeth. . . . The horses were restive and snorted. The soldiers drew lots from a dirty sheepskin cap. "Well?"—and the man who had drawn first spelled out the words on the slip of paper. "M-a-r-e—mare—f-o-r—for—t-w-o—two." The soldiers joked about it. "What luck! Now then, share her out." They pulled and played with the mare. The men who had drawn the mare stood thinking. "A mare for two? What shall we do with it?" "Why, cut her in half," Aleshka suggested, "then one can ride the front and the other the back." The soldiers stood around, laughing at the dilemma. "What heads you have," Yermolai said, "you can both ride her. Where are you going?" "We're from Samara." "Well, she'll take you to the Volga easy. Only—what are you going to feed her with?" "Aye," said Alesha, as he moved away. "These proprietors—their eyes are bigger than their bellies! They want to grab everything they see."

The soldiers took away with them wooden palings, fences, everything they could. The adjutant went up to the men and said: "Why are you taking everything away? It will be needed, and besides, it's government property." "Now everything's equal: everybody may take his share. When we get home we'll divide things up and take what we want." The officer

turned away abruptly and went up to the colonel: "Colonel, what's happening?" "This is what's happening—the people have left Orel," said the colonel. "What we've got to do now is to go with them. You too." "Very well." "Lead them on, then; you needn't be in a hurry. Turn off the main road. Cover up the footprints. Throw all arms onto a cart.... I think we'll be starting a new war soon." "I understand, sir."

The soldiers stood ready for the long journey into the depths of Russia, to their home *gubernias,* into the snows. They stood there burdened with kitbags and sacks; some held horses, some had a stock of firewood, some, for no comprehensible reason, were taking rubbish and scrap. Solomon Boer looked at the collection. "M-mph, proprietors. God, what people!" he muttered. "Good, simple people," said Orel. Colonel Buturlin, several officers, Orel and his comrades went up to the men. The standard bearer stood in the snow, with the old banner in his hand.Yermolai spoke for those who were leaving. "Don't think too hardly of us and forgive us all our offences once again." A pause, and then he went on: "Now all the Russian regiments will be going home like this, six hundred and may be more of the infantry regiments." Orel asked: "And who'll be left?" "And who's going to defend you and your precious property?" shouted Aleshka. The men said nothing. Then Orel said: "The Bolsheviks will remain behind." A young fellow in the front line snarled: "Ha, are we to fight, then? Haven't we done enough fighting?" Yermolai gave him a whack on the back of the neck and said: "Take off your cap to them, snotty, and bow down to them. For they're going to suffer, to the bitter end for us. They're desperate, strong willed fellows, not like us. We can't do that, we haven't got it in us." Thus rebuked, the young fellow pulled off his cap, bowed to Orel and the others and said: "Forgive me, uncle."

There was a stir in the lines. Shouts of: "Well, shall we be off?" The colonel gave a slight start. "They can't even give orders," he said.

"Goodbye war!" "Goodbye, comrades," the soldiers called out as they set off. "Maybe we'll never meet again." Ivan Chortomlyk made a low bow and said: "Don't think too badly of me." The adjutant saluted the colonel. The band struck up a march that caught at the heartstrings: "Longing for my home-country." The musicians trudged along, wrapped up and burdened like the rest, some with staffs, some dragging little loaded sleds. The regiment was dispersing not like a demobilized army, but like an emigrating tribe. Some rode on horses, two on a horse in some cases. Men turned occasionally to look at the silent group around the standard and called out: "Hold the front." Orel looked at the receding figures with a sad, understanding smile and shook his head slowly. A cold wind was whistling. The sounds of the march the band was playing grew fainter and fainter. The colonel stood, thinking his own thoughts. Sometimes he looked at Orel from under his brows. Soundlessly, in the sadness of winter, soundlessly, the Russian army melted away. The Great War was over. Around the standard stood the men who had remained to fight; there was perhaps a company of them. A sort of sad beauty clung about the figure of Orel. Solomon Boer stood at attention. Nearby stood the mighty figure of the captain; the wind played with his mustache. Aleshka Medvedyev's hair hung down in his eyes. The other comrades stood around them. "It's the end of the army," said Solomon Boer. "It'll be built up anew," said the colonel, with a searching glance at him. Orel said: "We know, it'll be built up anew."

Days passed in gloomy silence. Dusk was falling when Boer ran up from

headquarters to Orel and handed him a letter. Orel opened and read it. His face fell. He seemed crushed. The colonel came up. "What is it?" Orel raised his head. "A misfortune, a great misfortune." "Why, what?" "The man we sent to Brest-Litovsk has betrayed us." "What?" "He refuses to obey the orders of the government. He's made a traitor's declaration: 'Neither peace nor war,' and thrown everything over." "What man?" the colonel asked. "Trotsky," Orel replied. "Is that so?" said the colonel but thinking his own thoughts. "In that case," he said aloud, "the Germans will begin a new offensive." "That's clear," said Boer. "Trotsky has opened the way for them." "There's only about a company of us left," said the colonel. "Well, there's about a hundred of them. And you know how they fight, you've seen them, I believe. Are you ready to fight, colonel?" "I? I've been ready a long time." "Give the alarm, Boer!" Orel called out. "And I'll rouse our comrades hereabout." The colonel chuckled and said to himself, as they left: "I could destroy you here and now. But I'll wait.... I'll trap you, I'll take you alive and have you on your knees, here, before the men." The sergeant-major approached. The colonel collected all his energy. "Well, Varvarin?" "Nothing, your honor, I'm just looking around." "Very good. Are you ready for business?" "Quite ready, your honor." "The Germans may attack any moment, you know?" "No, sir." "Soon things will change, Varvarin, do you understand me?" The sergeant-major thought for a moment and then said eagerly: "I can guess what you mean, sir." "Soon I'll be congratulating you on your receiving a commission." "Much obliged, your honor." "Well, I have my own affairs to attend to, and you must look after those," and the colonel made an abrupt gesture. "Yes, your honor." "In the back of the head." "I understand, your honor." "Get along, then."

Night fell. The Bolsheviks occupied the loopholes in the front line. The commander of No. I battalion, the powerful captain, had remained with them. Solomon Boer was setting up the machine-gun. Alongside him lay the sergeant-major. "Now we've got some new worries," Solomon said. "Ay, there's always plenty of those," said the sergeant-major. The men stared into the gathering darkness. Aleshka observed: "They don't seem to be coming, the local folks. They came to the ball quick enough, but now they're not to be seen."

The colonel roamed about alone. He climbed out of the trenches into the field. Damp snow lay about. Here and there black earth could be seen. The colonel stared at the ground and said in a hollow voice: "Now, tell me, Russian earth, what's to be done? Answer me. Everything altered, everything is mixed up.... Help we must expect from somewhere, mustn't we? Tell me.... You say nothing? You won't answer, you swine. And the heavens are silent, too. Well, so be it."

VI

Day was breaking. A heavy February fog lay, penetratingly chill, over everything. Dark blobs emerged from the fog and loomed nearer, noiselessly. They developed into heavy, slow, cautiously-moving figures. It was the German line. The advance of the German army on the R.S.F.S.R. and the Ukraine was beginning. The line approached expectantly. The colonel was marching on its flank, as guide. He made a sign with his hand to indicate

that they must be quieter. He craned his neck, his eyes were half closed and his lower jaw was thrust out. "Halt! who goes there?" rang out in Russian. The Germans lay down in the snow. The colonel signed to them: "In a moment, in a moment," and moved on ahead. A German followed close on his heels, with rifle at the ready, watching his every movement. "Friend!" the colonel replied to the challenge, and emerged out of the fog towards the sentry. "A-ah!" the latter drawled with relief. The colonel went close up to him, snatched his rifle out of his hand, knocked him down with two blows of the bayonet and pinned him to the ground with it. Then on his knees he clapped his hand over the man's mouth to make sure of no sound escaping and peered into the fog. Beside him stood a tall German officer wearing a military overcoat with a fur collar and a heavy steel helmet. *"So,"* the German said briefly, *"und andere?"* The colonel replied; *"Ja, ja, bald.* Now we'll be able to pass, catch up to them and cut them off.... Here, on the left, there's only about a platoon, half a company" (he made a contemptuous gesture). "We shall take them prisoner." said the German. Then quietly, the German line, with its guide, stole through the barbed wire entanglements and the deserted trenches. Nothing remained in them but some scraps of torn clothes, all that was left of the army.

Amost hidden by the fog, the local Bolsheviks who were coming to join the remnants of the regiment, approached from the opposite direction. They were led by Orel. "Hurry up," he kept saying. "Stir yourselves." Half buried in snow stood the neglected cannon, and the ammunition wagons.... "Who can work these?" Orel asked. "Who knows how?" No one replied. The cannon stood useless. Orel hastened on. The men had been running a long time, they were sweating and panting heavily. Some had Berdan rifles.

Orel led his comrades to the trenches. He asked Boer: "Is it quite still?" "There's no change." Orel pointed to the reinforcements. "Here's help." Solomon Boer screwed up his eyes and said in an undertone. "But still that's not an army." "Ilyukhin will come with more." The sergeant-major looked at the newcomers with a sneer. "Proletarians? Do they know which end of a rifle to shoot from?" "That'll do!" Orel broke in. "Now I'm going to repeat the appeal of the Soviet of People's Commissars.... Come a little nearer.... 'Our Socialist fatherland is in danger. All revolutionary organizations are expected to defend every post to the last drop of their blood.' "

"Is that what it says?" the big captain asked.

"Yes. That's what it says." "Who says it?" "Lenin." The captain said: "Well done for the Bolsheviks!"

Orel went on. " 'Enemy agents and German spies are to be shot on the spot.' "

"That's understood," the sergeant-major hastened to say. Orel went on "It's dated February 21, 1918. "Now listen. I am going after the regiment to turn it back."

"Quite right," said the captain.

Aleshka came up. "I'm carrying on with my foreign activities," and he unrolled before his comrades' eyes a clumsy inscription on a torn piece of material. "What are you doing that for? You'll only stop a bullet." Aleshka said: "The fog'll blow away after a while and let the German visitors read this." And he affixed the inscription to the breastwork of the trench. At that moment the captain's command rang out: "To your posts!" The captain went to the standard. The huge, bearded standard

bearer stood quietly expectant. The captain said: "Let's act according to the regulations, Ivan Timofeyevich, old man, and according to the old tradition. Let's hide the banner and keep it safe. We'll have too take it off the pole." The standard bearer said. "Allow me to hide it in my breast, it's sacred to me." "Let me, Ivan Timofeyevich. My father and my grandfather served under this same banner." In silence the two men cut the banner from the pole. The old standard bearer kissed the tattered material, and the captain hid it in his breast.

The gunners lay down. It was quite light now and the fog was beginning to disappear, though it still hung about in the low-lying parts. It was here that the Germans appeared. Aleshka shouted: "The visitors are coming," Solomon Boer got his machine-gun ready and said: "Who invited them? Us? No. . . ." Orel ran down the line. "Hold on. I'll bring the regiment back. Will you carry out orders?" he said. "We'll do whatever we're ordered to do," the sergeant-major returned in a harsh tone.

The fog was quite gone now. The Germans were marching out of the low land in dead silence. The Russian line, lying down, opened fire. Solomon Boer said aloud, perfectly seriously: "I declare this—the first battle after the Great Proletarian Revolution—open. Listen, folks!" The Germans came on, trampling over the bodies of their slain and wounded. Aleshka rushed up to Solomon Boer, dragging the ammunition cars after him. He yelled in the other's ear, yelled louder even than the firing: "Hold 'em! And here's a cannon, it seems. I'll start rattling at them now." Boer looked at him and understood. With one hand he pressed down on the starter and extended the other to Aleshka. A superhuman agony showed in their eyes for a second. Then they parted. The sergeant-major jerked his head in Aleshka's direction and said: "It's a lie, he's simply clearing out." Solomon Boer was guiding the gunfire with the left hand and throwing hand-grenades with the right. The sergeant sprang upon him from behind, snarling: "Take that!" For a second Boer let go of the gun. The firing died down. Then he hunched himself and flung the sergeant-major over his head. The man fell, striking the nozzle of the machine-gun. "What was it Orel read out to us? You heard?" and he fired straight into the traitor's body; about ten little spurts of sulphur: "We will now go on with the meeting." He worked in silence, inspired . . . only flinging out from time to time brief remarks. "Yes, I shouldn't think they'll make much over this job." Boer and his machine-gun were enveloped in smoke and steam. The Germans shouted: *"Hände auf!"* to this human volcano, but Boer merely replied: "Don't bother me. I'm carrying out Party orders!" and, with a sweep of both his right and his left now, he flung two or three hand grenades at a distance of ten paces. The enemy began to edge behind Boer. He glanced about him. "I must say I don't like when they start to surround a feller." He set the second machine-gun alongside, and pressed the starters of both simultaneously. The Germans came nearer. Solomon tore the gun from its mounts, stood erect and began to work it by hand, turning it on the approaching enemy. The body of the machine-gun kicked in Solomon Boer's mighty hand. He was bareheaded. He grew very hot and flung off clothes he regarded as unnecessary. "How hot! It's like Odessa in July, I declare!" and he went on firing, guiding the belt feverishly. The Germans shouted something else to him. From behind mounds and other cover several of them observed this man keeping off single-handed a whole company, a battalion. . . . A German hand grenade with a long wooden handle fell, hissing. Boer flung it back with: "Useful little thing, isn't it?" He set in a new belt and yelled: "I'm starting to attack now!" Then he dashed forward shouting: "Now you'll have

to talk to the Jew!" He was wringing wet. Face, neck and chest shone with perspiration. His black hair waved. The machine-gun quivered in his hands like a frantic living thing. Several bullets pierced him. He fell, the machine-gun was silent. He crawled up to it, knelt and started to work it again. Another bullet knocked him over. The machine-gun was silenced a moment. Solomon Boer reached for the starter, pressed it and began to work it again. He collected his failing strength. "Another belt!" he whispered, groping for it. Blood was flowing freely from him. The cartridges were used up. He dragged the gun over to him, and pulled out the lock. Then he took the parts out of the second gun, whispering: "You shan't fire out of them, anyhow, I'm telling you that much." Somewhere near at hand they were shouting: *"Hände auf! Kaput!* Surrender!" Solomon Boer gave a faint, scornful smile and said: "That will never be!" He pulled out a hand grenade and watched the approaching enemy.... The capsule gave a faint click, the hand-grenade hissed. Solomon Boer pressed the body of the machine-gun to him. Tears shone in the eyes of the warrior; he was already crossing the border-line of earthly things. An explosion shook the spot. Acrid smoke spread over the ground. Then all was still. From behind the breastwork of the trenches the German infantry approached.... They halted at three or four paces from the scene of the explosion, at least what remained of it. The foremost German—a blue-eyed young fellow—looked frightened and thoughtful. He took off his helmet.

Orel was flying along the road in pursuit of the regiment. His horse was in a lather. He asked a passer-by: "Have you seen soldiers—a whole regiment of them?" The man shook his head and said: "No, I haven't seen any." "Is there another road, then?" "Yes." So Orel galloped straight across the fields "Where did they go to?"

Aleshka strove to root the last remaining cannon out of the snow. Under continuous fire he, the captain, the standard bearer and the rest of the riflemen contrived some reins, harnessed themselves to the big gun and dragged it through the snow and mud that way. Their comrades hauled up the ammunition cars, carried shells in their hands or in the tails of their threadbare coats. They had to keep stopping and turning to fight off the Germans, who were coming nearer. Aleshka's hair hung over his eyes. The "firework fellow" was wrought up to the highest pitch. He did the sighting, and roared: "Point blank! Aim at the devils! Grape-shot!" (The lock grated.) "Fire!" A regular squall of grape-shot scorched and swept away the foremost Germans. The accompanying blast of air sent water, branches, snow and dirt flying. The gunners worked like mad. Aleshka was crying to himself: "Thanks for the service, Aleshka." The big captain was one of them. The cartridge cases smoked and rang, the bullets clicked against the gunshield. Aleshka shouted: "That's the way! Hold on, comrades!" The captain asked anxiously: "Can you see anything of Orel?" "No." The men fired with any weapon they happened to find. Some distributed cartridges. Men dropped down killed or wounded. Others took their places and the gun jerked and bellowed. "To the new post!" came the command and the men, flinging off their coats, dragged after them horses, cannon and ammunition car again. They strained in the harness, like men towing barges on the river. Down they flew over the snow, the paths, the dirt. Aleshka turned to the German side: "Come on, now! Light up while there's light to be had!" And the gun, which seemed to have grown lighter in the hands of the wrought-up men, slid into its new position.... A volley flashed. There

were very few men left now. Aleshka was shouting: "Hand over the shells!" There were no more. "The last!" Aleshka took off the lock of the gun. "We won't give in...."

... Orel was thrown off his horse. It stumbled, crashed heavily, and could not rise. Orel tried to help it up, but seeing that this was hopeless, that he had to turn back and search on another road, turned and tramped on. "But where can they be? Can they have been led off somewhere?"

The regiment, with all its goods and chattels, was passing through a village. At the head of the regiment marched the adjutant and Yermolai. Beside them marched Ivan Chortomlyk. The arms were all piled in a cart. Someone with an accordion was playing: "Longing for my home country." Then a cannon boomed in the distance. Yermolai became instantly alert. "It seems they're firing somewhere?" "Ah, it's only some drunks celebrating," the adjutant replied quietly and indifferently. The soldiers took to peering into the distance. "Stop! What's that?" They halted. A line of soldiers appeared before them. Towards them, along the broad road, filling it, advanced the enemy. At their head was the colonel in the company of several Germans. Yermolai groaned and whispered: "Now we're in for it, my boy." The ranks were in confusion. Ivan Chortomlyk commanded: "To arms!" "Back!" shouted the adjutant who was standing by the cart with a revolver in his hand. The soldiers huddled together, watching the approaching troops. The colonel reached them. He could hardly contain himself for rage, when his eye lighted on the man who had smacked his face. The adjutant reported: "Colonel, the regiment has arrived and is awaiting your orders." The colonel gave Ivan Chortomlyk such a look that the latter shrank back, saluted and strove to avert his frightened eyes. The colonel shouted in his customary tone: "What sort of a herd is this? Line up! Have you forgotten how?" The village folk watched timidly from behind corners. The German line kept at a little distance. The Germans stood there commandingly, silently, leaning on their rifles. At their feet lay heavy machine-guns. The soldiers looked about them, whispered together, as they dressed their lines. The colonel said to them: "Now, perhaps, you'll be sensible."

Into the pathless fields wandered the few remaining comrades: Aleshka, the standard bearer and several soldiers. The captain was with them. "We'll get to some live folks and then carry on as before. We'll fight with anything we can find. If only I had some cartridges," Aleshka cried. They saw Orel in the fields. He was wandering about exhausted. Aleshka cried: "Where's the regiment? If we had some people we'd...." Orel strode on. "They drove them away but we'll catch up and turn them back." "Did Ilyukhin come?" "No." They walked on, ran a bit. Suddenly in the distance they saw the regiment blocked by a different regiment. "They're cut off!" Orel said. "Let's go to them. We've got to get them out. Hey, friend, Chortomlyk!"

The regiment was sullen. Chortomlyk and Yermolai saw Orel from afar and bowed their heads. The German officer came up to the colonel and said something to him in a low tone. The colonel looked down the line and began hurriedly: "Who's willing to serve?" The regiment was silent. "We'll first take Petrograd and then you can go home." There was no res-

ponse. "Well?" the colonel continued. "Who'd like to earn twenty-five rubles and boots?" Aleshka pushed his way through the ranks at that moment and called out. "You'll have to raise it a bit." The colonel called out: "Thirty rubles, then!" "What a fool you are, sir," said Aleshka. "We're pulling your leg. Thirty rubles, indeed. You judge everyone by yourself, do you?" The German inquired what the soldiers were saying. "*Was meint er?*" The colonel said nothing. The German lines moved nearer. "But there are old professional soldiers among you," roared the colonel. "What have they got to say?" The big captain, tattered and bloody, moved forward a little and said: "You're a scoundrel, Buturlin." "So you're not coming?" the colonel shouted again.

"We want to go home," Yermolai replied. It became difficult to breathe, so great was the tension. Spades were flung to the unarmed soldiers. The Germans hurried them and kept shouting: "*Schneller!*" Yermolai said mournfully: "Now we've got some work to do." They were led to the outskirts of the village. The German officers and non-commissioned officers marked out where the digging was to be done and ordered them, by signs, to begin. The men took up their spades, spat on their hands and started. "Well, friend, had enough of commanding?" said Aleshka coming up to Ivan Chortomlyk, who was digging alongside him. The soldier shook his head sadly.

They dug silently and rapidly. The big trench deepened visibly. Satisfied, the men wiped the perspiration from their faces. Yermolai, seeing Orel, said: "Well, now we're done our lessons, now, what'll be, eh, Orel?" Orel said nothing. "Why don't you speak?" Yermolai asked, alarmed. When they had finished their work, the men formed a long line. The bare fields stretched about them. There were several trees not far off. The colonel went up to the men. He looked at Orel. "Kneel down," he ordered. Some of the men exchanged frightened glances. "Sing the service for the dead." The men's faces twisted with horror, someone gasped, a few fell on their knees and crossed themselves. A sudden chill came over them.

They began to shiver as if in a fever. "On your knees!" ordered the colonel. Someone began in a quavering voice to sing the service for the dead; there was a sound of sobbing. Then Orel's voice rang out over the crowd: "Stand!" The colonel shouted: "On your knees!" Orel shouted again: "Stand!" The regiment got to its feet. Many clutched at each other, their faces pale as death. There were wounded among them, too. Aleshka stood beside Orel and Yermolai. The captain and the standard bearer stood at attention. "Don't obey!" Orel shouted. Aleshka caught his spirit and shouted: "If we've got to go, we'll bang the door after us at least!" The same moment Orel roared: "At 'em, boys, beat the blackguards up!" The soldiers seized the spades, stones, off the ground, some even pulled off their boots so as to strike with the iron bound heels, and the regiment charged. The German officers immediately gave the order: "Fire!" One of the machine-guns was in charge of the blue-eyed boy who had watched Solomon Boer's defense. He looked attentively at the Russians. An officer tapped him with two fingers on the shoulder. "Fire!" The soldier closed his eyes and pressed the starter. The machine-gun poured a leaden stream into the unarmed mass. Yermolai cried in a frenzy of despair: "Comrade Lenin—my own dear comrade—farewell!" The machine-guns continued to rain into the mass of men. The men fell, scrambled to their feet, covered their faces with their arms and flung spades, stones, all that was to be had, at

the enemy. Some closed their eyes, some crossed themselves. Orel stood there; Aleshka pressed close to him. At the last moment others were drawn to them; they stood close together. Many fell into the pit that they had dug. The big captain fell into it, with the old standard hidden in his breast. The machine-guns were still going. Orel glanced at Aleshka, started to sing the International. The outburst of song lasted but a little while; it was cut off by the machine-guns. The men in the pit were still stirring. A wounded man crawled there stretching his arms up out of the pit and crying: "Brothers, what is it for?" The firing grew quieter. The colonel and the Germans came to the edge of the pit. The colonel saw the wounded man with the outstretched arms, said to him: "Here, here you are, here's land for you," and started to shovel earth over the men who were still moving. "What are you doing?" Orel wanted to grab the shovel from him. They pushed him living into the pit and began to shovel earth over them. Aleshka lay dead, with outstretched arms. Orel lay motionless with his face turned upwards and his eyes open. The colonel looked at him. Clods of earth were thrown on the men. Orel closed his eyes, then opened them again. The earth almost covered him. He looked at the colonel. More earth was thrown down; it covered his face. Orel's hand was raised suddenly, the fingers moved, clenched themselves; the fist made several convulsive, implacable, terrifying movements.

It was very quiet now. The belongings of the slain regiment lay about. The Germans marched on. At their head marched a stout German officer in a furred overcoat. Everything vanished before the newcomers. The colonel walked behind them striving to keep up with them and point out the way. "Straight ahead, if you please, straight ahead." They encountered the ancient Sevastopol veteran. He stood leaning on his stick, looking at the men marching by. He wore an ancient, sheepskin jacket, adorned with a tarnished military decoration and several medals. The German officer halted for a minute and asked: *"Wie weit ist's nach Petersburg?"*

The colonel called out to the old man: "He's asking you—how many versts to Petrograd?" The old man looked back at them, quiet and imperturbable. "Walk there and you'll know," he said. The German turned his head and asked: *"Wie?"* The colonel said nothing. The old man said to him: "You're Russian, evidently, my son? Lead them into the bog!" The colonel gave a little start, looked at the old man, and went on.

The peasants crept out of their houses and cellars. In feverish haste they began to dig away the earth from the scarcely closed common grave of the soldiers. Ravens croaked. Dogs sniffed at the dead. The peasants and refugees drove away the dogs. Children ran about, watching their elders at work which was to them incomprehensible. The peasants and refugees dug with anything that came to their hands; without speaking they dragged out the bodies, feeling them and examining them: "Some are alive!" they said. Out of the grave, through the layer of earth that rustled and crumbled away, a man rose. Some of the diggers recoiled. It was Orel who rose. He was as pale as a corpse. They seized him under his arms.... A girl said something to him. He bent forward and crumpled up on the ground. More and more bodies were being dug out and laid side by side. The old Jew gazed at Aleshka's dead face. He recognized him. The face of the daredevil was beautiful now. It wore an expression of great serenity. Tears rolled down the old Jew's face.... Someone groaned. They were bandaging Chortomlyk. The wounded were given drinks and bound up. Orel opened his eyes again.

He saw the face of the girl bending over him as if through a fog, through chaos.... He and a few more comrades were helped up and led out among the dead bodies. The girl said: "Comrade—we—I—" Orel waved her away, and demanded: "Where's the enemy?" "Wait a bit, old chap," replied one of the peasants. "Gosh, but he's squashed." "He'll get over it." The muzhiks and women gathered round, looking at the dead and the living who remained. "They'll bury us all like that." The peasant who was leading Orel turned to the crowd and shouted: "Fetch all the folks!" Orel roused himself: "Get hold of all you can!" Orel pulled himself together. He asked: "Whom can you mobilize?... Have you got any who took part in the 1905 rebellion?" "Yes." "Got any folks who were exiled?" "There's Ilyukhin, but he went with the city workers...." "That means there's not many people?" "Oh, we'll see. Hey, come on, muzhiks!" The peasants were gathering. They quieted down in the presence of the dead. The snow sparkled in the sun. The meeting began. "So what, muzhiks, do you want to be ruined? You just got land and now you have to give it back again? Hear the Germans bang!..." "We offered them peace and they show us the knife!" "What'll we do?" "Clean your ears.... All from eighteen to forty-five to be mobilized." "Hey you—and at forty-five think we're cripples?!"—and a great bearded man elbowed his way through.... "And forty-seven..." and a stout, robust woman pushed the muzhik aside. There was laughter in the crowd. "Eh, Agafia!" Orel kept his eyes on the peasants. A woman cried: "We can't do without a leader! Who'll lead?" There was no answer.

The peasants standing with Orel asked: "Can you take command, soldier?" Orel answered: "I can." The peasant who was supporting Orel shouted: "Caps off!" and then began: "We, the whole people, are rising with one accord to fight for the real truth, for our own land, for our souls and our heads, for the Soviet power and Comrade Lenin, son to fight for father, brother for brother, Russian for the non-Russian and non-Russian for the Russian." The people repeated it. The slain lay motionless on the snow. The peasant called out: "Vanka!" "Here I am, dad," and a lad of about fifteen dashed up to his father. "Go round all the villages hereabouts.... and say we're all off to fight..."

The alarm bell tolled in the villages; one started it and the second far away heard and took it up; the alarm spread to the third, and so on. The tolling could be heard everywhere. Led by Orel, the people hurried on. "Shall we be able to stop the Germans, soldier?" "We can do it if we want to." "And the townsfolk—the Petrograd folk—will they help?" "They've been sent for." The people hurried. They knew every span of this land and every blade of grass that grew on it. The people had lived for thousands of years on that land. And it had been outrageously insulted, it had been desecrated.... The people were rising. They strode along in silence. The Sevastopol veteran met them. He said briefly: "They went that way," and indicated the direction in which the Germans had gone. Beside Orel walked Ivan Chortomlyk. He asked heavily: "You didn't happen to see the colonel, grandad, did you?" "Yes, he's with them." Orel and Ivan Chortomlyk exchanged glances. The peasants quickened their pace. They passed on, covered by bushes.

The peasants of the neighboring village opened the dam, to cut off the Germans. The cold spring waters flooded the road and the fields. The Germans swerved to one side, but the waters overtook them, rising higher and higher. The Germans held out stubbornly. They hurried to get over to dry ground. Here they were overtaken by Orel. It was

a sudden blow for the Germans—from the rear. The Germans had time to turn the machine gun. It began spluttering. Orel gave his orders: "Chortomlyk, go there toward the left and keep under cover, and when you get there, shout 'hurrah!' and keep covered. . . . I'll get them from the other side. . . ." Chortomlyk led the people over. "Hey, get over to the left, bend down!"—The peasants formed a chain. Orel crawled to the bushes. . . . The machine gun was already visible. A blue-eyed German was behind it. A "hurrah" resounded. He turned the gun. Orel jumped on him: "Not in that direction, comrade!" And with terrific force he hauled the German from the gun. The machine gun upset into the snow. Orel held the German firm with his blacksmith's hands: "Shoot in that direction. . . ." The peasants attacked from the left side. The Germans fought them off with incredible persistence, but were pressed back and then some raised their hands. A few were taken prisoners, among them the machine gunner. Rage was so frenzied that it was necessary to vent on someone the frightful emotional charge which had roused the whole countryside. The fighters' fingers clutched at the collars of the prisoners. Buttons flew off, the wet cloth ripped. The captured Germans stood shivering, almost naked, in the cold. Someone shouted: "Cut 'em up!" Axes were raised. Orel placed himself in front of the prisoners and shielded them from the crowd. "Spare the prisoners!" Someone shouted. "And what did they do to our folks?" "They're prisoners," Orel replied, "and they're not their own masters—what do you want from them, poor ignorant Europeans?" The captives stood there, understanding nothing of what was being said. In front of them stood the young blue-eyed fellow who had seen the Russian attack a year ago, who had seen the shooting of the delegation, the death of the young Jew, and the wiping out of the regiment. Shaken and confused, he watched the Russians. Orel helped the prisoners on with the clothes that had been ripped off them and slapped them on the shoulders, saying cheerily: "*Kamerads!*" Ivan Chortomlyk asked them: "Seen the Russian colonel?" and tried to explain by gesture about the colonel. The blue-eyed German gave a bewildered and apologetic smile, and said "*Ich weiss nicht.*" A boy ran up to Orel to say: "The Germans are advancing again. They're pressing us hard." Orel looked at the boy and chuckled. "That what the enemy is for, to press us. . . . But we're going to hold out. Repeat it." "We're going to hold out." "Who's are you?" "Dad's." 'And where's dad?" "He's fighting here," the boy pointed out his father. The German warcry could be heard approaching from afar. Orel commanded: "Lie down, don't fire in haste. The prisoners go to the rear." The peasants lay down in a line. The father was giving his son a lesson on how to load a gun. "Now, then, you've opened the lock, stick the cartridge in like this. Shove back the lock, and take aim, but don't be in a hurry. Look yonder, see, the German running—" the father took aim and picked off the German at about four hundred paces. "Is that clear now?" "Yes, dad." "Don't you be in a hurry, now." The Germans were advancing. The peasants lay there shooting, never retreating a step. From time to time came the order: "Hold on, muzhiks." The Germans went on, maddened. The line was just barely holding out.

Through the ditch, sinking in the snow, Ilyukhin was approaching the battleground. The desperate Petrograd men had arrived. "Who's in command of this sector?" they asked the peasants. "Ilyukhin! It's you!" cried Orel, coming up. "Are you holding out?" "By your prayers," Orel gave a little chuckle. "Well, we'd better be moving," said a young commander impatiently. "You're not moving anywhere," Orel replied. "You'll be my

reserves." "Go easier, you. We were sent here by. . . ." "You were sent to do a certain job, and to obey orders."

Then to Chortomlyk Orel said: "Our men should retreat, a little, as if they couldn't hold out, see?" "Yes." "And let them draw the Germans on to us, see?" Orel laughed again and, turning to the young commander, said: "And now we'll get ready."

The peasant lines retreated slowly, grumbling. Chortomlyk was commanding: "Don't be in a hurry. Take your time. . . ." A reckless lad yelled: "Ooh, I'm frightened. Ooh, how awful!" and went on shooting cheerfully, at his leisure. The Germans rose still another time. The reserves were hiding in the woods. The Germans began firing furiously. Someone fell, and groaned. Orel hissed: "Don't give us away! Can't you move without making a noise?" The shells felled people. They fell dead, where they were, soundlessly. . . . The wounded were buried up to the head in snow. The German "hurrah" was coming nearer.

"Comrade, it's time now," the Petrograd men pleaded. "Keep quiet," Orel replied. They were quivering with excitement, standing with rifles at the ready. One of the Petrograd men repeated in a whisper. "Comrade, it's time!"

"When it's time, you'll hear the order. And nervous folk can go and see the ambulance man," Ilukhin answered. The German shout was swelling. The peasants ran past the reserves. Alongside them went the reckless lad. "We're doing our best," he said, winking at Orel as he went.

And at the right moment, unexpectedly, impetuously, the Petrograd men, the Communist infantry, charged, striking the enemy on the flank. It was a silent charge, glittering with iron and anger. The Germans were driven back towards the village. They tried to make a stand in the ditches and fences. But the Petrograd men leaped the ditches. By sections and companies they smashed fences and gates. The entire village was alive. The men were driving the Germans out. Women dashed boiling water at the Germans. Dogs broke loose from their chains and tore in pursuit of the enemy. The din and smoke were terrific. The Petrograd men scrambled upon the roofs and flung hand grenades. The Germans set fire to the village, thinking to escape behind the screen of the smoke and flame. Someone shouted: "They want to get away behind the smoke!" "They won't get away," Orel cried. "Follow me!"

Volunteers ran after Orel. Ivan Chortomlyk called out to Orel as he ran past: "Seen the colonel?" Orel shook his head. The village was ablaze. Black smoke spread over the snowy ground. The last German machine-gunners fired from the flames. Their coats and hair were burning, their skin cracked, but they still went on shooting.

Suddenly, above the clatter, came a blood freezing yell from Ivan Chortomlyk: "The colonel! Get him!" Someone raised his rifle, but Ivan Chortomlyk pushed him away. "We'll take him alive." The colonel defended himself, firing gloomily but coolly. He was surrounded. He knocked several people down. Two Germans beside him still held out. They were struck down, the colonel was captured. The firing kept up, but the people collected around the prisoners. In their midst stood the colonel, grey, tousled, weary and haggard. They tore off his epaulettes. He uttered no portest. A peasant said: "Take off your Russian uniform; it doesn't become you now." The colonel took off his outer clothing. He stood there without his hat, his shirt was open at the chest. The peasant said: "And take off your cross!" The

colonel gave up the cross from around his neck. Orel looked around at the men. "Well, there's nothing to say, let him speak." The colonel looked at them all, at the Bolshevik army, and the peasant volunteers and said: "I have nothing whatever to say to you." "Any of you got anything to say?" The men said nothing. Only Ivan Chortomlyk said: "Then on behalf of the regiment who were slain for no fault of theirs, I'm going to ask the people here for permission to do justice."

The peasants and the soldiers exchanged glances. One of the oldest peasants replied: "We grant you permission."

Ivan Chortomlyk said to the traitor: "Come along with me," and the two, the old soldier and the traitor—moved away from the others. The soldier had a rope in his hand and he made a noose as he went. "There *was* a regiment and there will be regiments.... There *was* a people and there always will be, but we'll put you out of the way."

New units kept coming up. The German prisoners stood down below. Above them rushed the human avalanche from the limitless spaces of Russia. As the Russians ran past they called out to the Germans: "Are you cold, boys?" The convoys asked the newcomers: "Where are you from?" "From Novgorod."

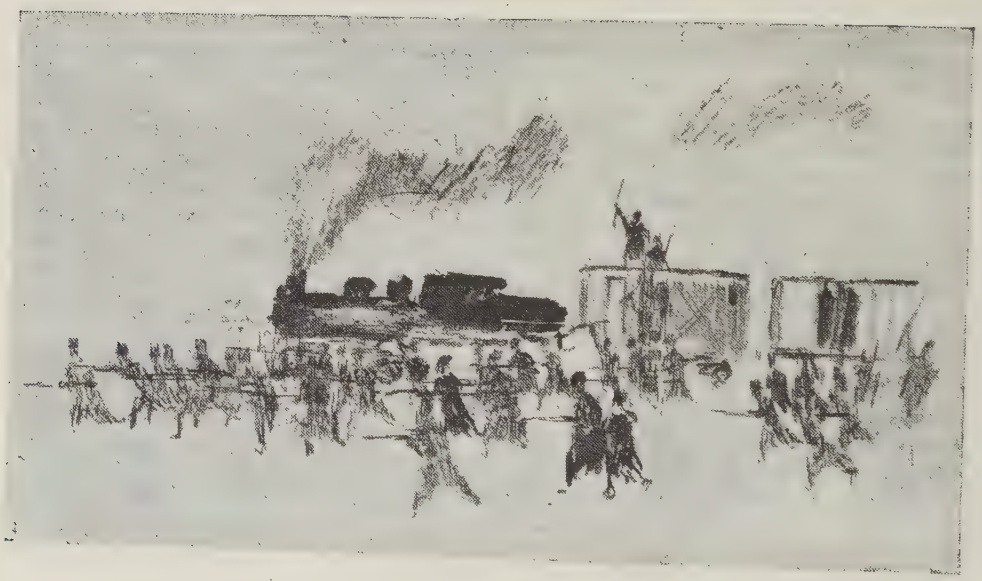
The Russians gave the Germans tobacco. "Don't be afraid, *kamerad!* Here, roll yourself a cigarette." *"Was ist das—makhorka?"* The captured German soldiers took the tobacco and smoked. A captured German officer made a curt, angry remark, in an undertone, to his soldiers. The blue-eyed machine-gunner cried out in a good Berlin dialect: "Go to the devil! What the hell have you been lying to us about them. They're swell guys!" and struck the officer across the face, knocking his cap off.

"Come on, lads, at 'em!" cried the Russians. The group of Germans turned and charged along with the Russians.

The avalanche swelled and gained in momentum. Never had the armed forces of the country moved with such impetuousness and speed. "Hurry up!" they shouted as they ran. "The Germans are clearing out beyond the river." "Clearing out? That's no good. None of them must get away." They ran like the wind. It was a furious chase. A damp west wind was blowing in their faces.... The thaw washed the fields and roads. The men paid no attention to obstacles. Thousands rushed down from the banks. The ice was breaking in the darkened, swollen river. "Aye, they'll escape!" Orel looked after the flying foe. "No, they won't! Forward!" "Where are you going?" Orel went stubbornly down over the ice. Others followed him. The new regiments, produced by the country in a few terrible hours of need, crossed the moving, shifting ice. The water bubbled. The men went fearlessly down to the river. Russia had accepted the challenge. "The Socialist fatherland is in danger!" The German prisoners, now mingled in the Russian ranks, ran down to the river, looked at it, nodded approvingly and set off across the ice and water.

"Vorwärts, Genossen!" the blue-eyed German pointed ahead and asked: *"Nach Deutschland?* Come on, *kameraden,* come on!" And the Russian infantry marched on with its heavy tread, preserving in its blood and its history the memory of victories of Chud Lake, the Neva, of Koulikovo, of battles in Livonia, on the Volga and the Dnieper, in the Urals and Siberia; infantry it was that preserved the victory of Moscow over the Polish nobility, the victories of Peter I, Lessnaya, and Poltava,

Suvorov's Ismail and Trebia, the infantry that had been at Borodino and Sevastopol. . . . It was the infantry of a people who had thundered in rebellion for centuries, winning freedom for itself and others, and never forswearing it either on the scaffold or at the stake. These were the great-great grandchildren of Stepan Razin and Pugachev, the descendants of the Decembrists, the brothers of the Commune, people who in their long history had lived through defeat in order that they might nevermore know defeat. A strong people marching, a martyr-people, a great and victorious people, a people of genius.



SERGEI EISENSTEIN

The Epic in Soviet Film

On a winter day in 1936 I embraced Vsevolod Vishnevsky. The night before I had seen the film *We from Kronstadt* made from his scenario. With all my heart I thanked him for his share in that wonderful production. At that moment we felt ourselves representatives of two brother fleets, as if in our handshake the senior brother, the Potemkin Black Sea Fleet of 1905, greeted the younger brother, the Baltic Fleet of the Civil War. However, this handshake acknowledged other ties. The sailors of the *Kronstadt* continued the revolutionary work of the sailors of *Potemkin,* the production of *We From Kronstadt* was an advance along the road of the cinema opened by the other. And like the first the second completed a world voyage summoning to revolution and struggle. So along political lines. On the artistic side, *We From Kronstadt* was a new achievement in the epic style of Soviet cinema begun in the time of the silent film *Potemkin. We From Kronstadt* enriched it with new characteristics then only in embryonic development. In *Potemkin* the sailors' collective was portrayed without differentiation, showing only a collective face, not individualizing its component units. *Kronstadt* meant progress. Retaining the same unity achieved by the generalized "face of the fleet" it simultaneously sketched separate individuals. The bourgeois cinema does not know the collective emotion, the unity of one with all. Its type situation is dissension between the individual and society; personality in opposition to society; social and individual interests clash. Consequently the bourgeois cinema traditions in regard to individuality are organically alien to ours; from them we cannot learn that which is most important to us who are first, and above all, indissolubly connected with the interests of our class.

The words of Chkalov, of our heroic flyers, of our builders—every achievement is "gained by the entire country"—are unthinkable in bourgeois society. On the other hand the labor of our entire country is behind each achievement and therefore it is a victory for each of us. The working class is united by an organic singleness of interest in which each individual shares, which serves the interests of each and, simultaneously, the interest of all. Because of this our attitude to the introduction of individual heroes of the Western type into Soviet cinema is understandable. Such a course could

find no enthusiastic supporters among those who remain true to the purity of our uncompromising Soviet principle. On this issue we have had cause to fight together with Vishnevsky who opposed with sharp polemics the policy of least resistance, the policy of borrowings and stylistic imitations of those types of cinema which our pictures, then silent and in their first stage of development but now occupying first place in world cinematography, have conquered not only ideologically but artistically.

According to Pushkin, Peter I, after the battle of Poltava, raised a toast to the vanquished Swedes, his teachers in military tactics. We also do not withold respect from those who taught us. We shall never forget Griffiths who with his fine productions helped us learn when Soviet cinema was in its first stages of development. There is nothing of value in the work of our Western neighbors which we would disregard. Shall we call them—Eastern or Northern neighbors? For, since our record trans-Arctic flights one may be at a loss in orientating himself to our great and friendly neighbor—the American people.

We pay our respects to experience; we admire any manifestation of creative thought in the remaining five-sixths of the world, just as there is no progressive manifestation in the history of world culture which we—grateful inheritors of world culture—would ignore.

However, we have the right to be proud of those achievements in world culture which found birth in Soviet minds, in the hands of our brilliant scientists, constructors and pilots, those who participated in a victory that called forth a burst of applause from all countries and pinned to the steel wings of our 'planes the rapture of all minds of the world! Therefore, while not disregarding the experience of our neighbors, still we are not under their thumb; and we search, and what is more, find, our own unprecedented, incommensurable ways. How incommensurable are the strength and nobility of the proletarian state with the rapacity of the bourgeois and fascist states!

Vishnevsky's second large scenario, *We, the Russian People,* continues at a new level the direction of the original Russian Soviet Socialist cinematography. What compels our interest in this production? Here we have the integrity and monolithic unity of a collective. It is compact and moves as a single organism; its monumental epic types and figures are inseparable from the whole. Monumental and epic! But just exactly as it preserves identity of purpose with the masses so it preserves material and living reality; none of its characters mount stilts; nor do lifeless statues take the place of full-blooded men. Let us rejoice in *We, the Russian People* as a powerful production; let us rejoice in it also as the victory of our creative theory, and as the birth of an independent, original, national and class style. In its method it answers to a definite thematic demand of our epoch and our class. And the character of the cinema poem is conditioned by the premises of a people's cinema. It answers the necessities of our national and mass cinema which found birth with October and for which we fought, fight and shall fight on our screens.

Not one film has yet been produced on such a pattern. To me it seems to grow in concentric circles; within, one, two, three, four types realized with a completeness of contour and relief, with unexpected turns and a luminous understanding as yet unknown to our scenic art. Here, the figures of chief importance: a

step behind—a second rank, typical, and living people! but a little less fully characterized, a little less rich in details! Then the third circle; the drawing is still more simplified. Further—and then people portrayed with two strokes! Now one! And unnoticeably we pass from the protagonists to the thick of those who compose the united massif of the whole, to whom all these heroes belong equally. Inclusive and decisive is that one characteristic stroke, which rescues from the one-toned whole the separate profile or personage.

Forwords to scenarios of even close friends, adherents or fellow-workers oblige one to select and dwell upon a single characteristic. I have chosen method, and sought to connect it with the past of Soviet cinema, with those general ideas which determine that past and this present.

However, it is impossible not to call attention to a striking discovery—the difference between Socialist national patriotism and the autocratic "patriotism" of the class enemy colonel. His "patriotism" becomes treachery to his native land.

The people, the situations, the action cannot but engrave their tragedy on the hearts of the spectators, cannot but exalt their emotions by the nobility revealed, cannot fail to communicate to the reader a living sense of Socialist patriotism of the country which all toilers of the world call their fatherland; the land which all toilers are ready to defend with their lives—from the blood-red fields of Spain to the blood-red fields of China.

The inspired pages of Vishnevsky's scenario express the identity of Socialist interests of the entire world proletariat, rallied and rallying for the "final conflict" against world fascism.

ALEXEI TOLSTOY

The Defense of Tsaritsin[1]

Drawings by M. MILOSLAVSKY

Parkhomenko threw his coat over the neck of his sorrel horse, pushed his fur cap to the back of his head and sitting sideways on his saddle took his foot out of the stirrup. The sun rose over the greenish brown steppe and lit up his bronzed and goodhumored features.

Gangs of men on both sides of the railway track shouted, talked and laughed as they dug the earth and threw it aside. The line of trenches on the west extended to the luxuriant vegetation on the left bank of the river Donets. Behind, at a distance of about three versts, stretched the large village of Kamenskaya which was almost a town. The troop trains were traveling slowly in that direction across the bridge.

Boatloads of people were crossing the river to help as volunteers with the digging of the fortifications. The village was in a panic. Kamenskaya had long been looked upon as a Red center. During the winter the village Soviet had arrested over fifty generals and Cossack officers, both local people and men from other parts and had sent them to the chief town, Lugansk. The times were so critical that the commander of the Red Guard, Parkhomenko, had no other course than to shoot them. The Cossacks of the neighboring farmsteads and villages and especially those of the counter-revolutionary village of Gunderovskaya had sworn that they would avenge the execution of the Kamenskaya officers. Nursing their bitter memories they awaited their opportunity. With the advance of the Germans the opportunity was offered. An attack on Kamenskaya was expected from night to night.

Volunteers crowded into Parkhomenko's forces. They included artisans, farm laborers and townsfolk living on the outskirts of the village and students from the technical school. Some of them recognizing him, stretched out their hands to him. He greeted from the saddle.

"Alexander Yakovlevich, are your troops going to be with us long?"

"If you'd only stay with us we'd form a front. Everyone would take up arms. . . ."

[1] Extracts from a new novel "Bread," describing the heroic defense of Tsaritsin by the Red Army in 1918. Copyright Victor Gollancz, 14, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

"Yakhim was here helping us. He set fire to Gunderovskaya and the Cossacks ran off into the steppe. Now they're twice as mad as ever they were against us."

Parkhomenko twisted his mustache and said from his saddle: "Whoever has a spade, stay and be welcome.... The rest will have to leave.... There are no spare trenching tools.... Now, comrades, off with you, out of the war zone..."

Those who had spades started digging. The others reluctantly retired towards the river. A robust handsome girl remained, frowning.

"What have you lost, eh?" asked Parkhomenko, riding up to her so close that the horse's lips touched her. But she did not budge. "If you've lost anything I can't find it for you...."

"If I can't dig trenches give me a rifle," said the girl somewhat hoarsely in a youthful voice and she raised towards him her handsome, angry eyes under dark eyebrows....

"You want to fight, do you?" asked Parkhomenko, screwing up his face with amusement.

"That's what I'm driven to."

"Why?"

"I've no other alternative," she said sullenly and looked at her bare foot.

"Who are you?"

"Agrippina Otvorivorota. I killed a Cossack in Lower Chira. Yakhim brought me into the troop train with him.... But I didn't kill the Cossack so as to be taken up by the first fellow who comes along. I got out at Kamenskaya. Will you give me a rifle or will you not? I'm not joking." She again raised her eyes and Parkhomenko saw that they were moistening.

Alexander Yakovlevich knitted his brows, pulled a pad of paper out of his despatch case and wrote a few words.

"Do you see them unloading the munition train, there? Go over and ask for commandant Lokotosh and give him this note. Wait, though . . . do you intend to fight in skirts?"

"Don't be funny!" said Agrippina, and taking the note walked rapidly across the field. And when she was out of hearing Parkhomenko held his sides and laughed in so loud and rumbling a bass that his horse put down its ears and set off at a smart trot.

The men had left the train and were lining up two deep, looking round and edging backward to dress their ranks. Some with shouts and goodhumored oaths were throwing and catching shells from the trucks and loading them on to two-wheeled ammunition cars. Four guns drawn by a pair of unmatched horses were standing in front at no great distance; shouts came from that direction.

The shouting, hoarse and commanding, came from a small, black-mustached man dressed in an army jacket with a torn collar. He threw his red and perspiring face backward as he shouted.

"Commandant!"

Lokotosh went on shouting.

"Comrades, there are not enough cars to carry the ammunition. The men in the second rank will each take a shell in their arms and carry it to the battery."

Agrippina pulled his sleeve. Lokotosh turned round, showing his teeth.

"Commandant, read this note."

"What the hell...."

"Read it," repeated Agrippina with stern insistence. He took it and read.

"Comrade Fedoseyenko," yelled Lokotosh, still straining the bloodvessels on his neck, "give this girl a rifle and ammunition. . . ." and then turning to Agrippina, "Name and surname. Never mind. I'll write them down afterwards, if you come back alive. . . . Join the ranks now. Let's see though. . . . Hey, Fedoseyenko, give the girl a pair of trousers. . . ."

An aggrieved voice was heard from the supply wagon.

"There are no trousers. . . ."

"You'll have to get them in battle then. . . now off with you."

Towards seven o'clock in the morning the first reports of the scouts began to reach Voroshilov's coach which was coupled to the armored train. Volodka, a miner, galloped up bareback and gasped out while catching his breath how they, five of them, had passed the Cossack pickets in the early dawn, and that they had seen the German scouts, just outside the village. The Germans were riding at a smart trot from the direction of the Starobelsky Road (from the north-west) towards Gunderovskaya. The miners, unable to restrain themselves, had opened fire and roused the whole village. He, Volodka, and his companions had to hide in a barn. He himself had, under instructions from Ivan Gora, caught a Cossack horse and ridden here bareback. Ivan Gora and his comrades were hiding in the barn and must be saved.

Voroshilov gave the order to rout the enemy and occupy Gunderovskaya. Lokotosh's Communist division and the First Lugansk division moved along the left bank of the Donets still clothed in the fresh green of spring. The sun began to burn their backs and the napes of their necks.

In the distance one could see through the waves of hot air over the steppes, the pyramidal poplars, the orchards and the white church of the village of Gunderovskaya which seemed to be peacefully asleep on the river side. The four guns of Kulik's battery lurching from side to side, drawn by bony sorrel and roan horses at a gallop, overtook the columns and started climbing a chalk hill.

The columns marched quickly and the men took off their coats as they went. The Cossack pickets in the bushes by the river started firing. Agrippina marched as though in her sleep. The heavy ammunition haversack bumped against her hip and the rifle strap cut into her shoulder. She watched the kites hovering over the steppe. From time to time she heard a voice behind her: "You've got ahead of your file," and Agrippina stopped for a moment and filled her lungs with the fresh steppeland air.

When Kulik's guns began to fire from the chalk hill their loud reports heartened the men. Clouds of dust arose behind the distant poplars. The hovering kites shot off, terrified, into the blue.

Agrippina and the others running along at either side of her, slid down into a shallow trench just abandoned by the Cossacks. About three hundred yards in front of them tall poplars, stacks of last year's wheat, thatched roofs of barns and whitewashed cottages. Many of the cottages were burning, in the still noonday air, like candles, smokelessly, sending up wisps of burning straw among the pigeons which circled above the conflagration.

Drawing up her feet under her skirt and craning her neck Agrippina looked round like a bird. She did not want to shoot into the void like the others, and waste ammunition. She knew how to shoot, her brother Nikolai had taught her when she was still a little girl. The Cossack bullets

were flinging up dust under her very nose. But not a single Cossack showed himself.

Just behind her, vomiting flame, a machine-gun was rattling. Branches were beginning to drop from the saplings in front of them. Lokotosh jumped over her, waving his revolver, his mouth open as wide as it would go. No one could hear what he was saying, but every one understood it was "Forward, boys!" Agrippina without an effort, as though lifted by the wind, jumped up and ran barefooted across the hot earth. In front of her there was a wicker fence. She thought hurriedly: "How will I get through, I'll tear all my cloothes off."

She was overtaken by an elderly man in spectacles, in baggy holland trousers. He climbed awkwardly over the fence. Agrippina tore her narrow skirt and still spurred on by the same enthusiasm jumped over into an outhouse at the back of a Cossack farmyard. And here at last she saw the enemy.

A black-bearded man in a short black uniform with red epaulettes was running crouching down along the whitewashed wall. Agrippina raised her rifle... "Shoot, you fool," shouted the man in spectacles, trembling all over and searching in his pockets for a cartridge clip. The Cossack ran round the corner of the outhouse, leaned against the wall and took aim. Before Agrippina had found his hate-conforted face on the dancing sight of her rifle the Cossack fired and the man in spectacles threw his arms into the air. Agrippina shouted wildly and fired. The butt of her rifle kicked into her collarbone and the Cossack's rifle flew out of his hand. He shrieked and rushed headlong at the girl and the two seized one another with bare arms in a close embrace. Agrippina could feel how her bones and his were being crushed. Struggling and panting and snorting they spun round. Red partisans approached. The Cossack was breaking her back; she felt his prickly beard on her neck. He was trying to get at her throat with his teeth. Both fell. They rolled over. Suddenly the man's grip relaxed and his arms fell helpless. As Agrippina jumped up, a rattle began in the Cossack's throat.

Someone had taken her by the shoulders, firmly and familiarly. "Dog." she muttered and shook the heavy hand from her. Then she looked round and saw in front of her Ivan Gora.

"Gapka," he said with a grin from ear to ear showing his powerful teeth. His round hazel eyes were full of wonder and delight. Agrippina was about to throw her arms round his neck in front of everyone! However she merely said, with difficulty parting her clenched teeth:

"How are you, Ivan. . ."

Agrippina and Ivan were borne forward in the surge of the attack onto the broad church square. The fight was drawing to a close. The Cossacks had been driven out of the village, had mounted their horses and galloped off over the steppe, beyond the hills. Isolated shots rang out now and again at increasing intervals. Laughter and cheery shouts could be heard. The well handles squeaked. The village was covered with smoke and a hot dust through which the noonday sun shone like a copper disc.

"To think of meeting her in battle!... Gapa!... I can't get over it," repeated Ivan.

"I'll tell you all about it later, Ivan. . . . I'm dreadfully thirsty. . ."

Her hands and arms were only now beginning to tremble. She pulled

her rifle strap with difficulty from her shoulder, her bare feet slid in the mud by the well.

"Gapa! Gapa!" rough, cheery voices rang out.

Her brother, Nikolai, pushed his way towards her. He had grown a beard and was no longer a boy. She embraced him and pressed his head for a moment against her breast. Then the young Cossack, Ivan Prokhvatilov, looking straight into her face with his cold, bright eyes, gave her a slapping shake of the hand:

"Well, I'm damned, but why aren't you in uniform? . . . The fellows will laugh at you!"

Matvei Solokh and the two Vassili Krivonosses came up. Taras Bokun shoved his way through like a bear.

"Is that your sister, Nikolai?" and he stared open mouthed. "She's the right sort, all right," the men agreed. They all shook hands with her, introduced themselves, eyeing her approvingly.

Meanwhile she stood there overcome with embarrassment; she bowed her head, flapping the faded kerchief tied around it in the Ukrainian fashion. Her skirt was torn down her hip; and her bodice was hanging in rags. Bruises and dried blood where the Cossack's finger nails had torn her could be seen on her sides.

She made her way out of the circle of men in silence. Ivan Gora followed her. Agrippina walked over to the overturned cart in which the dead Cossack was lying on his face.

"You're not going to take them from him?" asked Ivan.

"It's the commandant's orders. I'll wash them at the well."

"Let me do it for you," said Ivan, pushing Agrippina aside, and bending down he began pulling off the redstriped Cossack's trousers and his fine pair of boots.

2

They then went into the deserted Cossack farmyard and Agrippina started washing the trousers in the cattle trough, beside the well.

Ivan Gora sat nearby holding his rifle between his legs and watching Agrippina at work. She pulled up the wooden bucket at the end of the rope, took it by the handle and drawing herself back with a strong and graceful movement emptied out the water. Then she again let down the bucket into the well. All the time there was a smile on her lips for she liked working like this with Ivan watching her.

"Did you get my letter?" he asked, clearing his throat. Agrippina nodded. "When I look at you I can hardly believe it's you. You've grown so during these eighteen months."

Agrippina turned away. She stepped into the trough and started stamping on the trousers with bare feet.

"You should wash them with sand. . . Look here, Gapa, why don't you join our detachment. I'll sign you on . . . it will be easier for you and it would make me happy."

"All right," answered Agrippina and she turned her back to him.

"What was it that happened at Nizhni Chir?"

"Why do you ask?" she halted and he kept silent. "Suppose I was

keeping myself for someone. . . . Everything turned out for the best as it happened. . . . But I expect you've been told all about it already so why do you ask me."

"You were right, that's just what Iona needed. You were right Gapa. . . . You've started a bold way of living—keep on like that. . . ."

She finished washing the trousers, wrung them out thoroughly and went to hang them up in the sun. Ivan turned after her as a sunflower follows the sun but tried not to look at her shadowed hip visible through her torn skirt.

"That was grand the way you wrestled with that Cossack. The girls are in the Revolution all right—they won't let anybody trifle with them now."

Agrippina without turning round, said: "Well, what are they to do?"

"I know, you're absolutely right, absolutely."

Then suddenly she laughed for the first time. Her eyebrows parted like a child's, her face became round and lovable, her even row of teeth showed and she seemed to unfold like a rose.

"What's the matter?" asked Ivan, grinning with her.

"I'm just laughing at something I was thinking of."

"You would!" answered Ivan sulkily.

She laughed louder and her knees bent as though she was about to collapse. Ivan hit the ground with the butt of his rifle, crinkled up his nose in an offended manner, looked off in another direction, but eventually gave way and started laughing in spite of himself, with his mouth open. Then Gapka sat down.

"Oh, Mother! And I thought you were the serious sort. And I was afraid you'd say: 'What should I do, sling you onto my saddle?' Oh, Mother!" said Gapka.

"All right, never you mind about that. Put on your trousers. You're a soldier now. Join your detachment . . . if they try anything they'll find it's no joking matter."

"But the trousers aren't dry yet."

Ivan puffed out his cheeks. But he himself wanted to keep her a little longer by the well in the empty yard watching her as she took her trousers, shook them, felt them and shaking her head slung them over her shoulder. She bent down slightly, took the bag with the ammunition from the ground and then looked round in alarm. Where was her rifle? Then she suddenly raised her eyebrows. Ivan had her rifle between his knees and he was not going to give it back to her without a bit of teasing.

"Give me my rifle!"

"All right, take it!"

She began to pull hard at it. Her warm hip touched his shoulder which burnt with the touch. Ivan looked at her with a tense expression. Her face suddenly clouded.

"Stop fooling, Ivan," she said.

Before they were able to have their little row out there was a loud explosion beyond the gate and a column of smoke and dust rose up into the air. Shouts were heard and a fusillade. Ivan jumped up and ordered Agrippina to put on the damp trousers. As she was standing on one foot and thrusting the other awkwardly into the trouser leg several more shells burst. The Germans and Cossacks had started their counter-attack. Their cavalry had returned from the steppes and had rapidly surrounded the village of Gunderovskaya.

3

The fresh evening breeze which he could feel on his back, the warm earth under his body, the odor of young grass and the lilac colored velvet sky with its wealth of stars which Ivan could see when he turned on his side to put his hand into his ammunition bag, and the noise of the battle and the flash of gunfire and the furious and oppressive whistle of passing shells, and even the panic among the retreating men who were continually being cut off by the cavalry, all had an impact on his consciousness, heightened to a strange sharpness and resonance; and with it an accompanying confidence in the strength of his own side, in victory and joy to come.

And all because beside him in the dry cistern nearby, there was Agrippina. She lay there, muttering angrily and shooting away with the rest of the few dozen fighters remaining of their broken and scattered detachment.

It was already midnight. The Lugansk and Communist divisions were yielding, fighting back the onslaught of the Cossack troops. The fight for Gunderovskaya had ended badly. Retreat along the left bank of the Donets had been cut off and the village was surrounded. German guns bombarded the market place and the points where the Red troops were concentrated. A retreat was possible only along the right bank across the burning bridge and in the face of artillery fire. No one had anticipated a defeat. The young Red fighters lost their heads and falling into disorder sought escape, every man for himself, from the encircling enemy.

The commander of the detachment, Lokotosh, rode over the plains rallying the fugitives. Kulik's battery galloped to the lower hills and turning its guns sent its last shells in the direction of the advancing avalanche of cavalry.

No one could say how the panic had arisen. The men knew that as single fugitives they would be cut down by the Cossacks like sheep. Nor were they a timid kind of people. No, it was just that someone had become hysterical, had cried out, had thrown down his rifle and his overcoat and his cap and had started to run. And infected others with his hysteria. They would never live it down. "You're nice people," Voroshilov would say to them in the morning, riding past the troop train on his bay horse, "you showed your heels all right last night. You looked very pretty I must say. Thank you, comrades."

As it became darker the Cossacks relaxed the pursuit, sparing their horses; and the German guns became silent. The straggling troops under cover of scattered volleys from their rearguard, retreated to the southeast towards the railway line, guiding themselves by the distant whistles of locomotives.

From time to time behind the positions covering the retreat a rider on a panting horse appeared in the ashy light.

"Move forward, boys, another two hundred yards."

The men rose in silence, moved forward wearily and again lay down on the uneven ground. Ivan was speaking to Agrippina.

"Don't lose yourself in the darkness there, stay by me."

Here on the battlefield there was no time to think. But such an immense happiness had come over him that Ivan could only wonder. He would never have believed if he had been told before that any serious-minded man could, because of a trifle, because he had been alone with a girl

beside a well, feel such an extraordinary courage and elation. Perhaps it was only just this pinch of salt that Ivan had needed. The earth had become light under his feet, the stars above seemed to be his own worker-peasant stars twinkling like lighthouses over the great revolution; and a calm came over this thoughts. Truly, man is a strange creature.

The Germans realized at length that Voroshilov had formed the desparate plan of fighting his way with the three thousand railway cars in the direction of Tsaritsin. This plan of campaign was different in principle from the guerilla operations of the Red columns with which the Germans had had to cope hitherto.

The Germans resolved to hold up Voroshilov's trains between Mullerovo and Likhaya and compel the Fifth Army to abandon their treasured railway and disperse. They had begun to surround Likhaya and at the same time had attacked from the direction of Mullerovo trying to break through the rear of the Fifth Army entrenched at Kamenskaya station.

Voroshilov remained here. His supporting troops were those which were in the best fighting trim. Kolya Rudnev and Artem were sent to Likhaya and they galloped off and overtook the slowly moving trains.

Early in the morning—it was the first of May—a meeting was held on the misty steppe in the front line trenches outside Kamenskaya. Voroshilov spoke from the saddle.

"Today all over the world working class demonstrations are being held under red banners. Today is a day of union, a day of inspection. It is a Red day for the proletariat and a black day for the bourgeoisie, ready though they are at any minute to send their merciless bullets into the breasts of the workers."

His bay horse which in honor of the great occasion had been specially groomed and had its pasterns tightly bound—with lint bandages for lack of canvas, put down its ears, champed its bit and spattered foam over the men crowding around their commander-in-chief—strong, tall, sunburnt men who had also tidied themselves up for the occasion, having neatly buttoned their collars and belted in their shirts, stiff with sweat. The men were standing with raised heads looking intently at their commander's cheerful face.

"Comrades, we have now for the first time decided to go from words to deeds. Under the guidance of our great leader and unintimidated by all the armies and fleets of the world bourgeoisie we have resolved to build a new world. In carrying out this decision our first task is to drive out all imperialists and counter-revolutionaries from the territory of the R.S.F.S.R. This task has been entrusted to you, comrades, and it must be carried out. The Germans are advancing to seize our military supplies on the railway and to upset our future plans of campaign. We cannot allow them to do this. We must show the imperialists today that the red flag cannot be wrenched from the hands of the proletariat. All over the world today the International is resounding. On our front a victorious battle will resound. The proletarians of all the world will hear its inspiring echoes. It makes no difference that we are thousands of miles away. Can they see us? Yes, they can see us. Can they hear us? Yes, they can hear us. Comrades! Long live. . . ."

His voice and the cheers of the men were drowned. From behind the hills in the direction of Mullerovo the German guns had begun.

Likhaya was a large village with white cottages, thatched barns, wicker fences, tall poplars and cherry orchards stretching along the slopes of wormwood hills. The railway station was at the foot of the hills. To the east of the village and the station there was a low-lying piece of marshy ground. This was skirted by the Tsaritsin branch line which crossed the river Donets at the next station, the village of Belaya Kalitva.

The main line to Rostov went southwards from Likhaya, and it was along this line that the Germans were advancing. They were bombarding the village of Zverevo one station away from Likhaya. Artem set off for Zverevo on an armored trolley so as to bring away as much of the rolling stock as possible and help evacuate refugees.

German airplanes were circling over Likhaya dropping bombs. Blazing houses were spreading a blanket of smoke over the hills and windmills.

All day long on this first of May, trains were arriving one after the other. There were not sufficient sidings to shunt such a quantity of traffic. The engines shrieked and the engine drivers swore, while the refugees in the carriages looked up into the sky through the open door with frightened faces. Trains moved and again came to a standstill, apparently for no reason.

The cause of this growing confusion was that the line east to Tsaritsin had been cut off. The Cossacks had blown up the railway bridge across the Donets at Belaya Kalitva. Likhaya had become a dead end into which train after train was depositing tens of thousands, armed and unarmed.

It was a hot first of May on the plains outside the village of Kamenskaya. The sun was dim behind the dust and smoke. Iron crashes shook the earth sweeping the line of Voroshilov's trenches. One after the other there appeared, through the dust and smoke, half bent figures with potato pots on their heads and broad-bladed bayonets held out in front of them.

Section commanders and commissars rose up out of the blood-drenched trenches; stunned men with earth sifting through their hair clambered after them and widening their black mouths into a yell, rubbing their earth-caked, hate-flashing eyes, tripping and stumbling, they ran at the enemy. Like forks into piles of hay they thrust their three edged bayonets into a narrow-shouldered little officer with a collar that half throttled him; into the belly, stuffed with Ukrainian lard, of a red faced sergeant as he cocked his revolver without the slighest hint of German self-confidence; into the hollow chest of a spectacled German private with a pleasant snub nose, who had been sent—God forgive him—by the bloodthirsty bourgeoisie to find himself a tomb in the Don steppes.

Time and again the Germans attacked, but unable to hold up against the bayonet counter-charge, they turned and fled, and numbers of the unfortunates were lying under the wormwood or were groaning in shell holes.

A defense had to be maintained at the same time against the Gunderovskaya Cossacks on the left flank who were striking at Kamenskaya. The front had stretched out to an alarming length and now reached over to the right bank of the Donets. There were insufficient reinforcements. All hopes depended on the trains being able to pass Likhaya.

Towards the end of the day Kolya Rudnev's voice could be heard shouting over the telephone.

"The Cossacks have blown up the bridge at Belaya Kalitva. . . .

We're in bad shape. . . . Also, the track has been wrecked on the whole stretch as far as Belaya Kalitva—Likhaya is congested.... We can't take another train.... I am making every effort to get the line to Belaya Kalitva in order.... Also...."

"You'd think that was enough," growled Parkhomenko who was taking down the telephone message.

"Also . . . the Germans may take Zverevo any minute. Their outposts reached the heights, by the windmills, but we drove them back...."

Parkhomenko stuck out his head from under the fur coat with which he had covered himself to shut out the insistent din of the artillery. He thrust back his cap with a worried expression and got out of the staff carriage to hunt up Voroshilov.

Dust and rifle smoke were blowing in from the fields where fighting had again broken out. The wounded were coming in, some holding a broken arm, the pain of which contorted their faces; some supported on the shoulder of a companion; others borne on stretchers. A stray shell dug into the earth and knocked a gap out of this train of misery. Broken carts were scattered about. On the ground, with her knees drawn up and grasping a sod in her hand, a woman lay in a dusty skirt. On the kerchief marked with a red cross which bound her hair, a dark spot was spreading. Parkhomenko saw the commander-in-chief's bay horse. The orderly who was holding it stood with his head bowed. The boy's broadcheeked, downy, adolescent face was pale to the verge of blueness and his eyes were half closed.

"Where is the commander-in-chief?" asked Parkhomenko.

The boy forced open his lips and answered:

"In the battle."

It was only after leaving him that Parkhomenko realized that the boy was mortally wounded. Further on, through clouds of dust, shouting voices could be heard and exploding shells. Parkhomenko bent down and revolver in hand rushed into the fray. But the clash and din and rending cries was already receding. The Germans had again given way.

Running forward he fell into a trench and got a knock on the knees that stunned him. Jumping up out of the dust and darkness he saw a man coming towards him, bare-headed and unsteady on the feet. He was trying to insert his sword into its scabbard but the point got stuck in the leather. His hair was hanging down over his forehead in sweaty strands.

"Hello!" cried Parkhomenko. "Klim? Listen, damn it all, what are you doing here, you can't run into the thick of it all like this."

Voroshilov stopped and looked at Alexander Yakovlevich, his round dark eyes still retaining their tense expression.

"What else could one do?" he said. "There was such a mess . . . we just managed to break through."

He bared his teeth and again tried to sheathe his sword. Parkhomenko looked at the blade. It was covered with blood.

"That's all very well. But it's my opinion you have no right to do that.... Listen. Things are very serious.... Rudnev has just phoned...."

Voroshilov also looked with astonishment at the bloodstained blade. He raised his shoulder and thrust the sword vigorously into its scabbard. They went towards the carriage.

Parkhomenko told him about the telephone message from Rudnev at Likhaya. Voroshilov merely looked sharply at his friend.

"I see, so we'll have to fight. We have no other alternative. We shall fight until we have control of the railway. Whatever happens we shan't let the Germans have the rolling stock."

The first and second of May passed. Voroshilov continued to hold back the enemy at Kamenskaya. All the trains had already been moved to Likhaya. Rukhimovich had mobilized several hundred refugees, who, protected by machine-guns, were repairing the stretch of the track along the Tsaritsin line up to Belaya Kalitva damaged by the Cossacks. The troops of the Fifth Army had taken up their positions in the trenches and ditches on the hills surrounding Likhaya on the south and south-west.

Ivan Gora and Agrippina had joined the miners. Most of them were in an expectant mood. They had all heard about the resolve of the commander-in-chief—not to give up a single piece of rolling stock. But all this rolling stock, wagons and trucks and smoking engines, was down below at the foot of the hills drawn up in immense lines. It was beyond human power to make head or tail of the muddle it was all in. The men grumbled. "It's all very well for the commander-in-chief to give his orders, he just sits on his bay horse and rides off whenever the spirit moves him, but we've got to put our own flesh and blood between the damned property and the enemy."

Ivan Gora realized how low the morale had fallen when he met Emelyan Zhuk in the field by the windmill. Emelyan was the gloomy miner who had acquired a suit of clothes on the battlefield from a dead German. He did not seem to be pleased that Ivan Gora, Volodka and Fedka had returned to their detachment alive and without a word of greeting he turned away and would not look him in the face.

The other miners also, sullen, ragged, barefoot and covered with black earth, sat hunched up like stone figures in the half-dug trenches. No camp fires could be seen, nothing was being cooked as though no one expected to stay here. The men were thinking. Raising their heads they looked at the swallow-winged German airplane glittering in the blue sky.

It was clear that in such a state of mind these men were quite unfit for fighting. Something would have to be done immediately. After finishing the trench he was digging and patting down the loose earth Ivan Gora said to Agrippina who was plying her trenching tool a couple of yards away: "One's personal interests have to be shoved into the background; if one joins up at all one has to be ready for that. . . . Don't you think so, Gapa?"

"Of course," answered Agrippina, straightening her back. The sun falling towards the rim of the steppes lit up her warm face. She stretched out her hand from the sleeve of her faded bodice and wiped the sweat from her forehead with her bare arm. All this seemed to Ivan extremely pleasant and Agrippina, blinking in the sunlight, seemed very beautiful.

"I gave got to decide about a very risky business. It's not a question of whether I am afraid to tackle it or not, but of whether I am doing the right thing. I've been thinking about it and I've come to the conclusion that it will have to be done. What will be the result? I can't say. I'd ask the advice of a senior comrade, only there is no one around. One can't just go on watching with folded hands. I'll have to take the initiative."

Agrippina was not quite clear as to what he was about as he stood there, contemplating her grimy hands resting on the handle of her spade, the way a cock eyes a grain of corn. She only knew that what he was saying was true and honestly said, and in answer she merely nodded, looking with

a serious expression towards the sun. Ivan climbed out of the trench and began walking toward the windmill which was used both as a lookout and as regimental headquarters.

There were two members of the staff sitting on a broken millstone embedded in the grass at the door, one of them a pale fellow in a student's jacket, a man noticeable for his small teeth and bright red tuft of beard; the other looking like a monk, dirty hair reaching to his shoulders. He wore pince-nez. His overcoat was tied over his bare skin by a piece of cord around the waist. The two were bent over a game of twenty-one played with a pack of dog-eared cards.

Ivan Gora asked for the commandant. The red haired individual replied without looking up that the commandant was busy.

"He's asleep, is he?" asked Ivan Gora sitting down on his haunches by the millstone.

"Yes, he's asleep, if you like, what's it got to do with you?" answered the monk-like one, shuffling the cards.

"He's chosen a bad time to sleep. Go wake him up."

"What the hell."

"He'll have to get up."

The two men exchanged glances. Then the red haired man asked:

"Are you from our detachment, comrade?"

"I am."

"The commandant gave orders that he was not to be disturbed under any circumstances, do you understand?"

"Wake him up just the same."

They again exchanged glances. It was clear that this fellow would outdo them in obstinacy. However, at this moment the gates of the windmill opened with a squeak and Commandant Petrov himself appeared. He was thickset, round faced, sleepy, angry, and dusted over with flour.

"Well, what's the matter?"

"The morale of the men is far from satisfactory, comrade commandant. They can no longer be relied on to carry out fighting orders."

"And who gave the fighting orders?" shouted Commandant Petrov, his bull-like neck going purple. "The staff of the Fifth Army? I know nothing about such an army. I did not take part in its formation. My company is only connected with the Fifth Army by the railway line. My campany submits only to the will of the people. My company will not carry out dictatorial orders. Who wants to carry sixty armored trains on their shoulders! The will of the men, that's our fighting orders."

The commandant's treachery was as clear as daylight. His fuming and reddening face gave him away, every word gave him away. He was probably one of those schoolmasters who six months before had been aiming at a Socialist-Revolutionary tribune in the Constituent Assembly and was now working under secret instructions from the Central Rada.[1] A tough type of person and a fool in the bargain. Ivan Gora rapidly turned over in his mind, as he stood in front of him, what was the best course to take.

Should he run down to the station to G.H.Q. and tell Rudnev about the commandant's treachery? But it was clear that in the confusion of the moment Rudnev would send him, Ivan, to deal with the mutiny. He would only lose time. And in any case he could not get away. Ivan looked

[1] Cossack Assembly.

askance. Both the staff men, the red haired and the long haired, abandoned their cards and each with his right hand in his pocket, looked at Ivan watchfully. It was clear that at the first incautious word they would shoot him. And there was no one near the mill nor in the fields within a radius of several hundred yards.

"Zverevo has been occupied by the Germans, comrade commandant," said Ivan Gora without knowing what had put it into his head to say it. "Comrade Artem's armored train is waiting outside Likhaya."

"Nothing of the sort," growled Petrov but with no conviction in his voice.

'What I say is perfectly true, comrade commandant, climb up on top of the windmill and you'll see the armored train yourself. The Germans are expected at any moment. We'll have to take them on."

Petrov looked sharply at him. The staff men exchanged glances. The red haired individual started climbing up the mill and the ladder could be heard creaking under his feet. There were now two in front of Ivan. He became more explicit, speaking imperatively in a deep voice:

"You'll have to call a meeting in any case, comrade. The company is in a disorganized state. They'll slaughter us like sheep, that should be clear to anyone. And I don't think it comes into your reckoning to get a bullet through you."

The commandant's thick neck again became suffused with blood. He breathed thickly, but said nothing, trying to think exactly how he might classify Ivan's behavior as insubordination.

"The company will either have to retire from the position at once or hang on for grim life. We'll have to have a meeting, comrade commandant."

"All right." Petrov rose heavily from the millstone. "All right, go on ahead."

"You think I'm a born fool and want to get a bullet through the small of my back," thought Ivan Gora and only shuffled forward a few paces. In the window at the top of the mill a red head appeared. Ivan's heart thumped.

"Fyodor Fyodorovich," shouted the red haired individual from the window. "There's something or other steaming there about five kilometers away—it might be an armored train."

"Eh-hey!" said the commandant in astonishment.

"Eh-hey!" said Ivan to himself, still more astonished.

And as though in confirmation the report of a big gun echoed from far away across the steppes. The commandant then made up his mind. Nodding towards the man with the long hair he ordered him in a low voice to tie up the papers and money in a sack and get the horses ready. Without looking at Ivan and frowning, he walked quickly across the field to the trenches. Ivan followed close at his heels.

The commandant had a resounding voice. Lifting up his arm he shouted across the field.

"Men of the third Varvaropolsky brigade, I declare an emergency meeting."

The miners began climbing out of the trenches and surrounded Commandant Petrov, sullen and discontented. Ivan Gora stood close to Petrov looking down on the ground.

". . . The time has come for us to decide the fundamental question: what is it in the last resort that we are fighting for?" the commandant

began, scanning the miners' sullen faces. "What did we leave our house and home for? In order to be driven like sheep onto foreign soil. . . ."

"Foreign soil," repeated Ivan Gora in his deep bass, raising his head and laughing. "Onto workers' and peasants' foreign soil from the whips of our own bosses and from German ramrods."

"Comrade," shouted the commandant, looking round at Ivan Gora furiously, "don't interrupt the speaker, and leave out that Bolshevik rubbish. You're not in Moscow. Comrades," he cried, shaking his arms, "we joined up to defend our native land and our freedom. . . ."

"For the land of the kulaks and Socialist-Revolutionary freedom," taunted Ivan.

"Comrades," the commandant went on, his face reddening till it looked raw. "In our fight against the German invasion the Moscow Communists have betrayed us! The order has been sent from Moscow to hand over the Donbas to the Germans while we are being led away from our native villages as the Bolsheviks' slaves. We have been brought here to be slaughtered. . . . We are expected to fight here while the Communists bring all the rolling stock to Tsaritsin. . . ."

"That's enough. Stop spreading lies," shouted Ivan Gora at the top of his voice. "I am a Petersburg metal worker. Here are my documents. Look, here are my hands." He showed them to the miners. "Look. But do you know that man there?"

"No! We don't know him," the voices of Volodka and Fedka were heard from the crowd and then Emelyan Zhuk could be heard saying:

"Let him give us an account of himself. But I can tell you that Commandant Petrov is an S.R. And the whole world knows that the S.R.'s have sold the Ukraine to Germany for some sausages and pretty caftans. Who elected him as commandant? He was sent from Kiev from the Central Rada. He's an agent provocateur."

Ivan glanced at the commandant—just in time. Petrov had pulled out his revolver and fired at Ivan's head. Ivan Gora ducked; the bullet only whistled harmlessly through his hair. Catching and holding Petrov's revolver hand he struck him as hard as he could between the eyes. The commandant gasped and collapsed to the ground. One of the men, either Volodka or Fedka, snatched away his revolver. The miners gazed in silence at the prostrate commandant.

Ivan Gora wiping his forehead with his sleeve said: "Comrades. . . . I have acted wrongly and have infringed military discipline by striking my senior in command. Decide for yourselves who shall be shot. I or he. . . . A worker who is devoted to the working class cause or your commander. . . . according to the forms. But that he is an S.R. and an agent provocateur I am ready to maintain at the cost of my life. Decide for yourselves. At any moment the enemy may begin their attack. We cannot let them take us by surprise. . . ."

The miners still remained silent. Then Emelyan Zhuk said:

"He's given us a riddle to solve, this Communist. . . . Well, what about it? Do we put confidence in this man or not?"

"We do, we do. . . ." a number of the miners answered. The remainder nodded their heads.

"He has our confidence, has he! Well then, Ivan, take over the command."

Zverevo station to the south of Likhaya actually was occupied by the Ger-

mans. On the third of May their outposts could just be distinguished on the rim of the steppe.

They did not disappear as soon as fire was opened as they had done three days earlier. Groups of men on horseback collecting on the distant hills dismounted and began scouting. From the cloud of dust behind them it was clear that a body of infantry was advancing behind them at the double quick.

A huge and battered Fiat drove up from the windmills. With rattling engine and a spasmodic and odorous exhaust it drew up by the trenches. In it Kolya Rudnev and Artem were sitting, the latter sunburnt almost to blackness.

Throwing out his thick hand and protruding his chafed lips Artem said to the men in the trenches: "The line to Belaya Kalitva has been put in order. The first train has passed. During the night we shall clear the whole station. Comrades, we must carry out our job: fifteen thousand children, women and old men will be brought safe to Tsaritsin. Our commander-in-chief and a handful of heroes have been fighting with cold steel at Kamenskaya. The interventionists have been stopped by the bayonets of the proletariat. Surely we shall not allow ourselves to be disgraced on this section of the front?"

Artem was used to dealing with the masses and was able to concentrate thousands of different feelings in thousands of different people into a single will of a single being. The fear of death can only become dominant when all other feelings have been suppressed and disorganized. There are moments when the sense of disgrace is insupportably more acute than the fear of death, moments when the most burning, potent, and active feeling of class hatred is aroused. On such occasions all personal fears, all workaday concerns are swallowed up by this feeling and disappear.

The Fiat sped on from post to post along the extensive front. Artem told the men that reinforcements might be expected at any minute: first of all Lokotosh's detachment from Kamenskaya and the next day Voroshilov with all his forces. The men's spirits rose. Groups of scouts on horseback rode out into the steppes. Firing began.

The Fiat, leaving a cloud of smoke in its wake and lurching from side to side in the cart ruts, drove down towards Likhaya station. The disorder there was unimaginable. The passengers, feeling trapped, were bent on escaping as quickly as they could. The first trains to be dispatched were those with the refugees, women and children, but in order to push the train from its siding onto the Tsaritsin line another train had to move back and this caused confusion. People cried wildly from the carriage windows; some threatened to take the law into their own hands and waved hand grenades.

Rudnev detailed off a special brigade under the command of Chugai and including the brawny Bokun, the surly Ivan Prokhvatilov, the stubborn Nikolai Otvorivorota and the two Krivonosses. The brigade brought the trains onto the different sidings as ordered. No explanations or arguments were offered. Chugai did his job with the unwavering determination of a true revolutionary.

He did not fuss but waddled along in an open jacket showing a blue Chinese dragon tatooed on his chest.

"Now, now, move back there, friend," he said to the engine driver and walked past the carriages from which crowds of people were trying

to break loose. "Now, now, shut the doors, please, steady, there.... You can all hear me I hope, my good friends? I am not going to speak twice.... I am now going to start pouring in a little lead. Bring up the machine-gun, will you!"

Bokun embraced the machine-gun and dragged it up. Ivan Prokhvatilov fell down on his stomach at the trigger, the Krivonosses handed him the ammunition belts. Chugai calmly took his cigarette out of his mouth:

"Next train into position, please."

The doors of the wagons banged to. The heads disappeared like lightening from the windows. The engine driver after pulling the lever of the whistle and relieving his feelings with a deafening shriek of escaping steam, gave the train such a jerk that the carriages were violently shaken.

"The main thing is to keep calm," said Chugai, "the Revolution requires great self-control.... Now bring on the train with the children."

Nevertheless, on the day of May third they only succeeded in moving on three of the trains to Belaya Kalitva. Rifle and machine-gun fire continued on the hills all night. Moisture rose up from the marshy hollows and the stars became clouded over. It was dark and ominous. Lights were prohibited at the station and in the trains. Even a lit match was fired at. Only between the trains the dim lights of lanterns could be seen creeping and rocking and swinging. In the carriage no one slept and people were afraid to leave the train. From time to time through the clashing of buffers a wild shout could be heard in the darkness, the sharp crack of a rifle, the heavy tread of running feet. And from the intensifying noise it seemed to the sleepless passengers that the battle beyond the hills was approaching closer.

Trouble was caused by one train with three blind carriages containing the "Storm" brigade. These anarchists, who had been shunted off onto a sideline at the very beginning of the proceedings and had protested very loudly, were given the order (written on a piece of newspaper with a copying ink pencil and signed by Rudnev and Artem) to proceed immediately to the front under arms.

The "Storm" brigade began to hold a meeting beside the train. There were two opinions. The younger ones were at first in favor of carrying out the order, even if only half the brigade would go. The hardened campaigners, however, having been in much more difficult situations on former occasions, demanded categorically that every man should remain in the train and that they should get onto the Tsaritsin line even if it meant fighting their way to it. A consumptive student with large eyes, an unwavering idealist, shouted out in a thin shrill voice:

"Comrades, the moment has come to put gold cigarette cases out of your heads. After all, we're not bandits, we're anarchists."

The butt of a revolver descended suddenly on the sniveller's head and he fell under the wheels. But nevertheless the brigade wavered until old man Yakov Zloi found a formula. Standing on the step of the platform, adjusting his pince-nez on his flat nose and holding the slip of paper in his wrinkled hand he proposed his motion.

"Having noted," he began reading in a sing-song voice, and then began laughing.

"Ho-ho-ho," guffawed the old stagers stamping their feet. "Go on, Yakov."

"Having noted order number so and so, the 'Storm' brigade is obliged

to reject the very form of this communication to them, for an order, from whatever quarter it may come, is contrary to the principle that every anarchist association has the right to free indication of its will."

There was loud clapping and caps flew up into the air. "Well done, old man... there's brains for you.... If we weren't anarchists we'd make you ataman."

After carrying the motion the "Storm" brigade began to force their way on to the Tsaritsin line. In answer to Chugai's machine-gun about a dozen machine-gun barrels appeared at the blinded windows. At this Chugai said to Bokun, Ivan Prokhvatilov and the two Krivonosses: "Hold on!" and then he turned to the anarchists.

"What are we to make of your insolence? Are you merely being slackers or is it counter-revolution? In the latter case you will have to answer for it before the court martial of the Fifth Army.... We have sufficient machine-guns to settle accounts with such swine as you." He opened his jacket, tore his vest with his finger nails and laid the blue dragon bare.

"Now...." (the rest could have been understood only by sailors). "Shoot at my chest here.... It will be your last hour alive."

The anarchists hesitated. It was important for Chugai to maintain his prestige. Nevertheless, that night he let the train with these swine through.

Through the mist over the marshy hollows the dawn broke in crimson streaks. The thud of gunfire on the hills drew nearer and nearer and the sounds of battle became more menacing. The fierce roar of airplanes approached. People began to fling themselves out of the trains. Women dragged their children under the trucks. In the misty dawn the airplanes loomed like huge fierce insects. The black balls which dropped from their wings seemed one after the other to strike a huge iron drum. The station buildings began to smoke.

The trains manoeuvered among the scurryings refugees. The daylight rapidly advanced. The mist was dispersed by the wind. The deserted cottages on the hills, and the silhouettes of the windmills above them became visible. Shells whistled through the air. The bombardment of the station had begun: columns of dark brown smoke arose. The earth shook. There was a deafening explosion as a munition car was lit.

Thousand of refugees seeking escape ran from their trains down into the marsh.

A horseman appeared on the station platform, drew up his steaming bay horse and looked all round contemplating the scene with wide-open eyes. He was bareheaded and grey with dust. Artem rushed past him without recognizing him, made straight for the shunting engine and clambered up.... A group of men, straining their soles against the sleepers, were pushing one of the wagons.... Chugai was running across the lines at a heavy jogtrot and after him the tall Bokun staggering under the weight of his machine gun. Trains and passengers were shrouded in smoke. The station master on whom everything was sagging, from his dirty uniform to his cheeks which were covered with bristle up to the eyes, staggered into view, rolling his head as though suffocated by all this loathsomeness. He tried to climb up from the track onto the platform, sat down on the edge in a state of exhaustion, took his *ancient regime* cap by its bedragged peak and swaying from side to side repeated: "Oh, my god, oh my god!"

There were shouts of "Klim! Klim!" from the station window. Kolya

Rudnev jumped up on to the platform, ran up to the man on horseback and for a moment pressed his forehead against his knee:

"I have been trying to get you by 'phone all along the line. I sent some horsemen to look for you."

"We have given up Kamenskaya," said Voroshilov, "all units have been withdrawn from the firing line. Have you anything encouraging to tell?"

"The are still sixteen trains. We shall finish this evening." (There was another explosion on the lines.) "I wonder the Germans aren't ashamed. They know quite weil, the swine, that they're firing on civilians. . . ." (Again an explosion.) "Refugees! What people they are for getting into a panic. I tell you, Klim, there must be a thousand of them run off into the marsh."

"You must not leave anyone behind. Get them all into the trains . . ."

"We lack machine-guns . . . I want to frighten them out of the marsh with machine-guns."

"I can let you have a couple."

"Thanks, that will be splendid."

Rudnev suddenly frowned, listening, then ran off and picked up the telephone through the station window.

Voroshilov turned his horse, jumped over the fence into the station garden and drew up in the yard beside the well.

He dismounted and stretched his legs. His horse nudged him in the back with its head. Voroshilov brought up the bucket on its creaking roller, supported it underneath on his knee and gave his horse water. The horse drank, tossing the bucket as it drank to the bottom. Voroshilov himself drank what was left and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. Then he jumped into his saddle and drove the freshened horse at a smart trot towards the windmills on the high ground.

Petrov was brought under guard to the Special Department at the station. His staff assistants, the red haired and the long haired, had disappeared. The detachment passed the resolution: not to leave the position and to appoint Ivan Gora as commandant till another one was sent.

"All right, comrades," Ivan answered to this decision (it was at the emergency meeting already referred to). "I am not a trained soldier as you know. But a Communist ought to be able to command and I am going to command you in this fight."

Ivan Gora tidied his greasy shirt, tightened his belt around his emaciated body, ran his fingers through his dusty hair, threw it back and flattened it down slightly while he gave a sidelong glance at Agrippina. She was standing in the same position as before, among the miners, holding the bayonet of her rifle with both hands. Motionless, and pale with suppressed anxiely for Ivan, she looked fixedly towards him.

"I give my first order. Under fighting conditions I am your head and you are my arms. That being so obedience is required on pain of death" (someone croaked, but Ivan, so as to give no opportunity for further heckling, raised his voice). "The meeting is closed, comrades. All objections must be made after the battle. The orders are, first, to occupy the trenches and not lie close together; secondly, not to get panicky and waste ammunition, never to get panicky about anything; thirdly, to bear firmly in mind that the attackers are our vilest enemies and the enemies of the world proletariat, and that bullets and bayonets are the only methods of dealing with the class enemy. There is no place here for hesitation and cowardice."

During these days Ivan Gora had got a bit acquainted with the rules of warfare. After giving his orders he posted sentries. His speech and his determination appealed to the miners. The earth began to fly out of the trenches; some dug with spades and others loosened the earth with their bayonets and threw it out in handfuls. Ivan Gora after posting the secret guards came back and dug himself a small commander's trench on a hillock about thirty yards behind the front line. He ordered Agrippina to stay with him as a courier.

"Now we've let ourselves in for it, Gapa," said Ivan in a low voice. "What am I doing? It's like running down a steep hill. I am acting like an adventurer."

Agrippina did not understand the word adventurer but she nodded affirmatively.

"I shall, of course, be brought before the Special Department for this. What shall I say? I shall say: 'Yes, comrades, I violated the rules, but I was acting acording to my revolutionary conscience.' "

"It's very hot," said Agrippina. "The men are thirsty and there's no water."

"You're quite right. Correct the commander's first mistake."

Ivan Gora sitting on the hillock on a mound of freshly dug earth, was speaking as though to himself and seemed to be laughing at himself, but his large hands, which were resting on his knees, trembled.

"Put down your rifle and run into the village, Gapa. Get hold of a barrel somewhere, or a water cart, a horse or a couple of oxen and bring up some water. Here, take my revolver."

Agrippina put down the rifle, took the revolver and ran at a good pace in the direction of the windmills, her loose Cossack trousers puffing out in the breeze. Ivan Gora was at a complete loss as to what to do next as commander. What if the enemy were to tire them out with waiting until the night came? That low-down skunk Petrov had purposely not prepared a kitchen or got in provisions. Unfed, the men would lose spirit. To keep his hands from trembling Ivan strummed his fingers on his knees. It was just at this moment that the German scouts appeared on the hills. Ivan felt as though a huge weight had fallen from his chest. He jumped up and shading his eyes looked into the distance across the steppes over which the hot air was quivering. He ran to the trenches.

"Comrades! The enemy is in sight. Let them quietly advance to within five hundred yards. Lie still beside your loaded rifles."

It was then that the Fiat with Artem and Rudnev drove up.

A little later Lokotosh's detachment approached from the north on its way to Likhaya. It was followed on the road by a large number of carts carrying the seriously wounded men. The detachment had left the front at Kamenskaya only the night before, having been relieved by the regiment led by the desperate Goldevsky. The men had marched without a rest and were haggard and unshaven. Smears of their own and others' congealed blood streaked their faces. Many were barefoot, others were stripped to the waist, having ripped up their shirts to use as bandages. Licking their blackened lips they staggered forward towards the waves of hot air suspended over the plains which gave the appearance of a cool river on the horizon.

All were waiting for the final encounter, and after that a rest behind the lines in their train which they had left six days earlier. Commandant Lokotosh marched beside the flag bearer. When even he began to have a vision of a reddish mirage through the hot dusty air he said to the flag bearer:

"Liven up the step now," and turning to the straggling crowd of troops, sang in a small hoarse tenor a cheerful Ukrainian song so that legs might move of their own accord.

From the direction of Likhaya the roar of guns became clearer and clearer, and soon smoke could be seen rising in clouds. There was a lack of all proportion between this thunder of armaments and the handful of exhausted men staggering forwards to force a passage for themselves with their bayonets. But the men had now got their second wind; they braced themselves up and gained new courage when far across the steppes it became possible to distinguish the mills wrapped in flame on the chalk hills above Likhaya.

Leaving some of his men to guard the carts, Lokotosh brought the rest along the railway line to the station. On the line there were empty trains which had not reached the station. Buildings were on fire in several places at the station and smoke was emitted in explosive puffs. From the hills on the right a swirling cloud of dust approached. Lokotosh began to wave to his men: "Wait, don't fire!" Fifty or so horsemen galloped past leaving a cloud of dust and the odor of sweating horses in their wake. "Swine!" the men shouted after them. Things were apparently in a bad way—the front was in flight.

Under the onslaught of the Germans the Red troops, losing contact with one another, retreated over a wide plateau. The appearance of Voroshilov restored some order. The men recognized his bay horse as he drew up on a hillock and looked round to see the extent of the misfortune. He rode up to some bent figures running before machine-gun fire....

"You'll lose your trousers! Stand your ground!"

Riding up in front of them he pulled in his bridle and turning round, with his hand on the horse's croup, shouted:

"Now! Forward!"

He galloped ahead on his snorting bay which kicked up the sods with its hoofs. Then he slid down from his saddle into the miners' trench.

"Now, lads! Stomachs a bit cramped, what? Forward, now!"

Clumsily, like bears, the miners climbed up and ran after their small commander-in-chief until out of breath he crouched down on his haunches.

"Dig yourselves in here! Who's in command?"

Ivan Gora came up to him. The bullets kept whistling past their ears. Voroshilov shouted to Ivan: "Keep low!" Ivan Gora knelt down and looked into his face.

"You again. Where's Commandant Petrov?"

"Liquidated."

"Quite right. Your unit occupies the flank. The whole front depends on you. You understand?" (A look of horror flashed for a moment in Ivan Gora's inflamed eyes.) "You must hold out to the last man."

"Will you settle a point for me, comrade commander-in-chief?"

"Well, what is it?"

"As regards despoiling the corpses."

"What?"

"The German corpses."

"*What?*"

"Should it be regarded as pillage? Or can one wink at it? You see my men are half naked and barefoot. . . ."

"What's the matter with you, shell shocked?"

"Yes, I have shell shock, comrade commander-in-chief. The men have eaten nothing all day, and they've got a bit wild.... the only thing they think of is, I must get a pair of boots, a pair of trousers, a jacket from the interventionists."

He spoke, or rather barked, right into the commander-in-chief's face, his large nose and mouth distorted with pain. Voroshilov realized that if he laughed now (and he had a strong sense of humor) the fellow would be offended to the end of his days.

"Can you still think clearly?"

"I can, comrade commander-in-chief."

Then Voroshilov pointed to some hillocks in front of them. These were to be taken whatever happened and held till nightfall.

His horse was then led up to him by what seemed to be a young boy with dark eyes, a hollow face and fierce, wild-eyed expression.

"He was knocked unconscious, though he won't tell you that, of course," said the boy in a high pitched voice like a woman's (the bullets whistled past the horse's ears, causing it to toss its head). "His whole mouth has been knocked awry. . . ."

"Indeed?" Voroshilov seized the bridle impatiently.

"Do send down somebody to help with the command—"

Voroshilov nodded, jumped into his saddle and galloped off in the direction of the burning mills.

The day had a terrible ending. The German cavalry and infantry seemed to be pressing in on all sides. Their cannons roared along the horizon. The airplanes flew low. The whole steppe bubbled with explosions, as if the ground itself was quaking, casting out columns of earth. The copper colored sun was veiled in dust and smoke.

At the station, carriages were burning and munition trucks were exploding. The lines were littered with smoking fragments, corpses were lying about in hideous postures and the wounded were dragging themselves along, crying for help none could give. Steam was spurting out of the sides of damaged engines, and other engines were lying wheels up. The steadily intensifying artillery fire swept everything that had hitherto remained untouched.

Under these unimaginable conditions the trains still continued to move out carrying the people collected from the station and the marshes. Voroshilov, Artem, Kolya Rudnev and Chugai with his brigade, stunned and dizzy from the sustained effort and fatigue which, during these days, had long since exceeded endurable limits, fought against the panic with nothing but their own courage and determination and did all that was still possible in this hell; that is to say, they guided and prodded the people into the last train and shunted it onto the Tsaritsin line. Anything that could not be moved—damaged rolling stock and locomotives—was brunt and broken up with hand-grenades.

From the high ground where the mills were still smouldering the retreating cavalry were hurrying in groups and singly towards Likhaya. Gun carriages returned without their guns and the men fired into the air as they retreated in straggling groups. They met Artem on horseback attempting to hold them back, covered with soot, streaming with sweat and terrible to look at, in a tattered soldier's jacket. He threatened, and shouted hoarsely from his saddle and his bloodshot eyes seemed even more terrifying than machine guns. The men stopped and Artem succeeded in getting them back again; but now the whole front was retreating, sweeping back those returning to the fight.

Lokotosh's detachment having come on the scene also managed to do something. They thought of one thing only—how to prevent the enemy reaching Likhaya on the shoulders of the retreating troops.

They were expecting the arrival of Goldovsky with the rearguard, for whom a train had been sent. Only burning trucks and carriages remained at the station. The ruins of the freight sheds were smouldering. The troops which had left the front set out along the railway to Tsaritsin in infantry and cavalry formation.

In spite of defeat and flight the task which had been set had nevertheless been fulfilled: nearly all the sixty trains (excluding a few bombed and broken carriages) had forced their way out of the dead end towards Belaya Kalitva.

"Gapka, have you any ammunition left?"

"Yes... no, I haven't."

"What's to be done? Look, they're coming...."

Volodka was speaking, a simple fellow but loyal and imperturbable. He crawled over to the commandant's trench for cartridges. The last two boxes were lying on the ground empty. Beside them, lying on his face, was Ivan Gora.

Agrippina raised herself on one arm and looked round her. The steppes were dark and deserted. In the dimming light of the sunset smoke could be seen slowly rising. Behind her the conflagration of Likhaya was reflected in the sky. A reddish shadow was cast by Gapka's head across the tufts of wormwood.

Both the sunset and the glow from the fire seemed to jump up into the sky when on the black horizon the big guns sent out blinding spurts of fire. It was then that Agrippina clearly descried human figures. They were moving in her direction, towards the hill where the miners' detachment was entrenched.

"The commandant has been killed, Gapka,"

"No," she answered shortly.

"How do you mean, no... he's not breathing."

Volodka began searching around Ivan and found a few clips of cartridges in his pockets and haversack.

"Gapka.... Not more than seven or perhaps eight of us remain... what can we do without cartridges. We'll have to leave."

"Leave then."

Volodka squatting down on his bare heels breathed heavily and loaded a clip into his rifle. Again the whole plain flashed up out of the darkness and pitch black crouching figures were silhouetted against the sky. Vo-

lodka fired off his round of cartridges, jerking backwards with his whole body at each shot.

"Come, Gapka," he said.

He tugged at her but she forced her arm free. Volodka, bending low, ran under the whistling bullets into the darkness. Agrippina remained beside Ivan.

He was lying full length, motionless, as though embedded in the ground. Was he dead or merely unconscious after his recent contusion? Agrippina did not know, nor did she think about it. In either case whether he was alive or dead she could not leave him. They were now alone together on the hill. The others had crept off, retreated, and it was probably just as well they had for what could they do with empty hands?

Agrippina sat down and raising her knee, laid her heavy rifle on it to rest her hands. With her head lowered she stared up at the steppe. She had five cartridges in her rifle. What would happen now? Her thoughts could not grasp it.

Thought was altogether absent, there was only a terrible inertia.

She was looking out into the steppes in the direction pointed out by Volodka. Again all the hollows in the ground and the shrubs suddenly appeared lit up with exaggerated shadows. Agrippina trembled, suffocated with fear: the black figures of brawny men were running along at a distance of thirty, twenty yards . . . She fired . . . There was a wild shout . . . flashes. . . reports. . . the stamping of feet. Men were running towards her and others were running up behind her—towards those black figures. Hand grenades exploded. . . . Someone came tumbling down on top of her from behind swearing loudly in Russian. Agrippina fell, hands, breast and face on Ivan.

Her defenders were men from Lokotosh's detachment sent by Voroshilov to make the last effort to repulse the enemy from Likhaya. The Germans or dismounted Cossacks—who the hell could make them out in the darkness—had retired quietly and did not renew their attack until morning.

Six tired men were marching along the road beside the railway line.

Five of them were hauling a Maxim gun, clattering on rollers. The sixth, Alexander Yakovlevich Parkhomenko, drew up the rear, bending under the weight of ammunition belts.

These six were the last of the rearguard of the Fifth Army. Parkhomenko in his armored train covered the retreat which towards the end of the day had broken down into disordered flight. While the light lasted he fired at the airplanes with an anti-aircraft gun, decimated the attacking Cossack cavalry with machine-gun fire and hammered his way with heavy guns along the railway in the direction of Kamenskaya where he was answered by a German armored train.

They approached Likhaya after dark. Here everything was in flames and all the lines were torn up. All the trains and all the troops were already far ahead on the line to Belaya Kalitva.

Parkhomenko and the five men remaining in the amored car—an anti-aircraft man, three gunners, a machine-gunner and an engine driver,—took out the machine-guns, dismantled the other guns and, raising steam in the boiler of the engine to bursting point, sent the armored train back along the line to Kamenskaya to meet the German train. They themselves started off on foot collecting valuable arms as they went.

After passing Likhaya they turned along the Tsaritsin line. They left Likhaya burning behind them and lighting up the deserted valley with a smoky glow. They saw a man sitting by the railway line. They stopped to rest. Parkhomenko threw the heavy ammunition belts from his shoulder and asked:

"What are you doing here?"

"I've got a bad cut in my foot," the man answered after a moment's silence.

"Have you come from the front?"

"Yes. . . ."

"What is happening there?"

"Everyone has left. . . ."

"Did you see the commander-in-chief?"

The man was again silent for a moment and than said with conviction:

"His horse has been stolen. . ."

"His horse? But where is he himself?"

"The Lord knows. He must be lost. There were men out looking for him on horses."

Parkhomenko turned round, gazed for a long time in the direction of Likhaya where, under opaque clouds, the smoke and flames were dancing and showers of sparks were rising up from collapsing roofs. He lifted up his ammunition belts and again wound them round his body. They went on slowly. Parkhomenko loved Voroshilov like a brother. They came from the same part of the country—Lugansk. They had both had a hard time in their youth. They had done illegal work together as Bolsheviks.

Surely his friend had not been killed!

It was bad news that his horse had been stolen. It was quite right to search for him. The commander-in-chief was not a needle. But Parkhomenko was despondent; he was afraid that Voroshilov had met a stray bullet and his horse had galloped off riderless.

Alexander Yakovlevich walked along with bent back and felt (the devil take it) that his mustache was wet.

He had become so wrapped up in his thoughts that he had fallen behind. And for a long time he did not hear when his companions called him. They pointed in the direction of the glow in the sky: there, along the road, driving a long reddish shadow in front of him, a man was riding at a walking pace on a tired looking horse.

"Alexander Yakovlevich, look, isn't that the man who stole Klementi Efremovich's horse? It seems to be his horse all right."

"Give me my rifle," said Parkhomenko hoarsely, slipping off his ammunition belts with a quick movement. "Hey! You, cavalryman!" he shouted at the top of his voice, walking towards the rider. "Come this way, please. Listen, damn you, I'll get you off."

He ran towards him, clicking the bolt of his rifle. It was indeed the commander-in-chief's horse. He recognized him by every sign. The horseman, as though not hearing what was being shouted at him, sat where he was with his bare head bent down and the bridle hanging limp in his limp hands. Parkhomenko, beside himself with rage, sprang to the horse's head. The horseman looked up. . .

"Klim!" exclaimed Parkhomenko. "Klim, and we thought. . . "

Recognizing Alexander Yakovlevich, the commander-in-chief cheered up somewhat. He turned round in his saddle and gazed for a long time at the burning town.

"Did you see?" he asked his face again clouding over. "Did you see how we were disgraced? They ran away!"

He took a deep breath through his nose. His arm after dropping the bridle rose up as though not knowing what to do. He spread out his fingers, took hold of the back of his neck and twisted his head.

"I cannot get over the disgrace, I shall never get over it."

"Wait, Klim. . . ."

Parkhomenko almost threw himself against the bay horse's shoulders. The horse started aside and planted its feet down more firmly.

"I understand . . . Disgrace, of course, it is . . . "

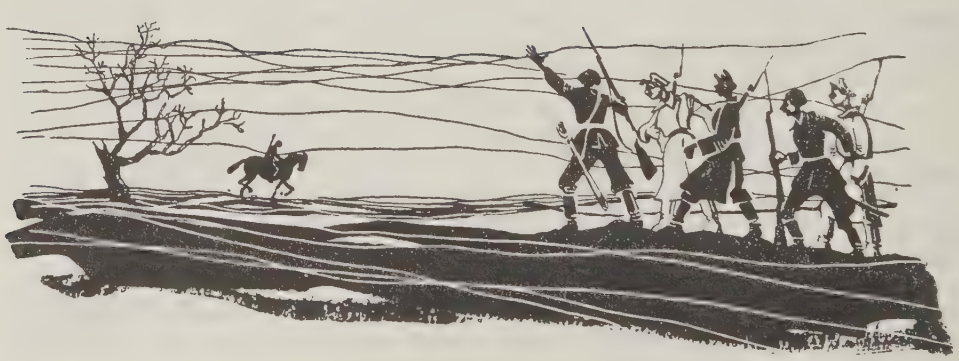
"Disgrace," repeated Voroshilov emphatically.

"Wait a minute. . . let's just consider the matter. The whole plan was correctly worked out. . . . And in the last resort what was planned has been done . . . The army did not fulfill its task . . ." (Voroshilov ground his teeth.) "Wait, I tell you . . . They are a young lot . . . unstable . . . It's one thing to attack. . . And didn't we give the German generals a licking? . . . But another thing to retreat. That needs self-control. But we'll organize an army in Tsaritsin, we'll develop a discipline of a superior kind—and there'll be self-control . . . Well, they left a gun or two behind, a few machine-guns, but our losses, when all is said and done, are very little. In the tsarist war whole regiments were wiped out. But we did, after all, bring our army out of the firing line . . . Whatever happens it was not a German victory but ours. That's to say, if one looks at the matter quite calmly, without grinding one's teeth."

Voroshilov suddenly laughed quietly, as though a weight had been lifted from his mind.

"You are a frightfully quaint fellow, Sasha. . . ."

He then jumped down from his horse and brought it up to the five men standing on the road to help them pull the machine-guns.



Romain Rolland

To the Young October Revolution, which is celebrating its Twentieth Anniversary today, I bring grateful greetings from the sons of the old revolution of the West.

At one time we, your French brothers, like you, fought violently against a whole world of enemies who acted both from within and from without. And in spite of the heroism of our great ancestors the Convention, our Revolution, betrayed by its enemies, wounded to death, was forced to stop half way, beheaded, having lost its Robespierre. You, Soviet comrades, have raised the torch which fell from our hands, and in the hands of your great Lenin, who kindled the flame, the light of freedom shone over the whole world.

The work of the Convention, which was left unfinished, is being continued, and you are now building a new world of which we dreamed. Greetings to Stalin, the creator, and to all of your millions, who are building a great proletarian union of all peoples, free and equal, brought about by the proud joyous labor of all, for the good of all! Now, in spite of the blood-stained shadows of recent years, when a death-battle of the nations has broken out against fascism in the rest of the world, your example and faith in the U.S.S.R. are leading the nations.

Your mighty stronghold which towers high over Europe and Asia serves as their bulwark.

At the International Exhibition in Paris, on the shores of the Seine, two young Soviet giants—a collective farm woman and a worker,—with indomitable passion hold aloft the hammer and sickle, in front of Hitler's eagle. And we hear, flowing from their breasts, a heroic hymn which, like the new Marseillaise, calls the peoples to freedom and to unity, and will lead them to victory.

Romain Rolland

Upton Sinclair

I have followed the affairs of the U.S.S.R. during the past twenty years with most careful attention. I do not believe that ever before in the history of mankind have the masses of the people made such progress, culturally, politically and economically. The hopes of all progressive-minded human beings are with you. May you build up your strength so rapidly that the enemies of human welfare will not dare to attack you.

Upton Sinclair

[1] The Foreign Commission of the Soviet Writers' Union received communications from a number of European and American writers greeting the Twentieth Anniversary of the Great Socialist Revolution. Extracts from some of these letters are here reproduced.

VICTOR PERTSOV

Heroic Characters of the Civil War

The Civil War was a creative school for the builders of the new proletarian state rising on the ruins of the bourgeois state. This fact explains a great deal in our history, making clear in particular how the same persons who learned to wage war later made prodigious gains also in economic construction.

That the armed struggle of the people is a planned, unified struggle pursuing deliberate ends has up till now been obscured by bourgeois annalists and historians. A real and truthful history of rebellion should portray not only the spontaneous but also the conscious elements in the movement of armed masses of people.

Historical experience gives grounds for the assertion that armies brought to life by revolution have proven more disciplined than the armies of the old regimes. Engels wrote that:

"... the French army of 1794, had time to organize itself; the allies' system of conducting the war, that of not using the results of battles, had one peculiarity—it could only demoralize an experienced and an advancing army while it could discipline the opposing army and give it training in warfare, this army being young and adopting a defensive warfare ... The French army of 1794 can by no means be looked upon as a rude, riotous, mob of volunteers 'inspired by the idea of dying for the Republic' but a very fair army, quite the equal of its opponent."[1]

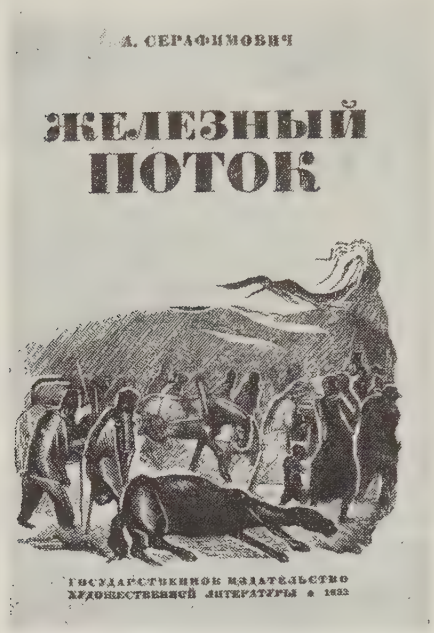
However, compared to the armies of the bourgeois revolutions in the past, the army brought to life by the Great October Socialist Revolution has a character which is new and unprecedented in history.

"... We succeeded in reaching the turning point when in the place of the army of ten million all to a man scuttling off, unable to endure the horrors of war and aware that this war was a crime, began to build itself up the Socialist army, hundreds by hundreds of thousands, which knew what it fought for, which made greater sacrifices and endured more hardships than under tsarism because it knew it was fighting for its own cause, for its own land, for its own power in the factory, for defending the power of the toilers." [2]

The success of certain partisan units organized in military fashion strikingly demonstrates the correct-

[1] Marx, Engels, *Collected Works*, Russian edition, Vol. VIII, p. 451.

[2] Lenin, *Collected Works*, Russian edition, Vol. XXIV, p. 61.



Jacket Design for Serafimovich's "Iron Stream"

ness of J. Stalin's demand that the peasant elements be welded "into a united disciplined mass."

The revolutionary organization of the Taman partisans, for instance, proved a successful counterpoise to the professional ability of Denikin's soldiers. Enduring superhuman physical and mental suffering, ragged, barefoot, ravaged by typhus, almost without munitions of war the Taman partisans drove back the enemy in the famous battle near Stavropol.

In 1919 the Party already had behind it more than a year's experience in organizing a new armed force.

What in Soviet literature reflects this leading, conscious, principled force of armed struggle of workers and peasants?

Appearing in 1925, the *Iron Stream* by Serafimovich is remarkable first by its very choice of an historical subject. The fortune of the Taman army gave the writer a chance to render in poetic form the human qualities—awareness, order, solidarity, the organizer's will—which became the real basis for the establishment of the new regular army and for the building up of the Socialist state machine.

Preceding Serafimovich somewhat, in 1923, Furmanov had dealt with the same problem in his book *Chapayev;* in 1927 A. Fadeyev followed with *The Nineteen.* Confirming certain trends of the Soviet classic, the three works quickly became famous.

The Taman partisans on the march for 500 versts (about 310 miles) began as a straggling, unorganized mass of many thousand panic-stricken people, of individualists shocked out of their habitual existence by the revolution, ignorant and very susceptible to rumors. In this mob the soldiers, demobilized from the old army, recognized no authority. Thinking, "since we walked plenty under tsarism, we should ride in the Revolution," the infantrymen demanded a horse and cart. The troops were ruled by meetings.

A new disciplined armed force, which joined units of the regular Red Army, was formed during the Taman march.

Organization of a military force is the same as organization of any other kind, but with this significant difference, that human material is of first importance here, and besides, this human material must be organized for the most difficult of human endeavors, for a life and death struggle. In *The Nineteen* as in *The Iron Stream,* the main thematic content is the or-

ganization of people to engage in this most difficult human undertaking in the cause of the victory of Socialism.

Fadeyev's work throws light on obscure relationships among people facing death. Without yielding for an instant his leading role, his sole responsibility for the fate of the detachment, Levinson has to arouse the activity of the collective, to awaken and to utilize initiative. Levinson comes to be perceived both as a leader and as a man. His very ruthlessness, like the firmness of a surgeon's hand, reveals the immense compassion of a Bolshevik commander.

Fadeyev exposes the most deeply hidden springs and gears of that marvelous mechanism, the unbending Bolshevik will. The will appears not as a perfected organ, but as a developing will, *as a continuous work of self-improvement.* This is what endows the Bolshevik character drawn by Fadeyev with its optimism and educative power. Such a character lives for the people who made the greatest records in the Second Five-Year Plan, people whose most significant trait J. Stalin marked as being ". . . clarity of goal, persistance in attaining the goal and a firmness of character which breaks down each and every barrier." [1]

Herein lies the secret of the inflexible will, the source of Socialist discipline.

Placing images of Socialist organization, consciousness and will in balanced contrast to the romantic images of arbitrary will, Fadeyev was able to make them humanly comprehensible and poetically impressive.

The struggle between conscious and spontaneous action, this is the basic philosophical theme developed in the work *Chapayev* by Furmanov. The entire dramatic effect of this work arises from the mutual action and interplay of two characters—Chapayev and the political commissar sent to his division.

The beginning of Furmanov's work prepares the reader for the meeting of the proletarian commissar and the peasant leader. As it develops the relationships between them alternating between rivalry and rare, touching friendship are kept in living focus. Finally, Chapayev's tragic death, which concludes the novel, occurs almost immediately after the two friends separate.

While retaining all the high lights of Chapayev's original character, Furmanov was able to give an æsthetic disclosure of the re-education of Chapayev, his training in discipline and self-discipline. Illuminated by poetic portrayal of the conscious, the acts of Chapayev are given their true significance.

Among the folk heroes of the Civil War a special place is accorded to the image of the famous commander, drawn by Furmanov. Chapayev as portrayed in Furmanov's novel is a born leader of a revolutionary army, a brilliant tactician and organizer of insurgent masses. His friend, the commissar, never ceased to marvel at his ability to conceive a future military operation so vividly that he seemed to be making a critical study of an event which had already occurred.

Chapayev is shown as a military leader in action. Military talent stands out as the most prominent trait of his original character made to live in the book. With a splendid grasp of this line, the Vassilyev brothers have remarkably developed it in their work as motion picture regisseurs.

In the screen version, the figure of Chapayev exhibits all the irrepressible, elemental, wrathful and remonstrant passions which, during long years of oppression, had grown with

[1] *Pravda,* August 25, 1935.

a cumulative force among the peasantry. Depicting on the other hand Chapayev's growth in Socialist discipline, traits are emphasized which make this hero of the Civil War, as it were, a prototype of the man of the Second Five-Year Plan. He is our forefather, but also our contemporary. A hero of a period and a definite stage of the Civil War, he embodies the universal problem of the world revolution, how the masses rise from spontaneous to conscious action.

Chapayev is as yet without a rival among those characters of Soviet literature reflecting the role which the peasantry played in the armed struggle of the proletariat for Socialism. Chapayev has become a favourite hero of millions of people in the period of the Second Five-Year Plan.

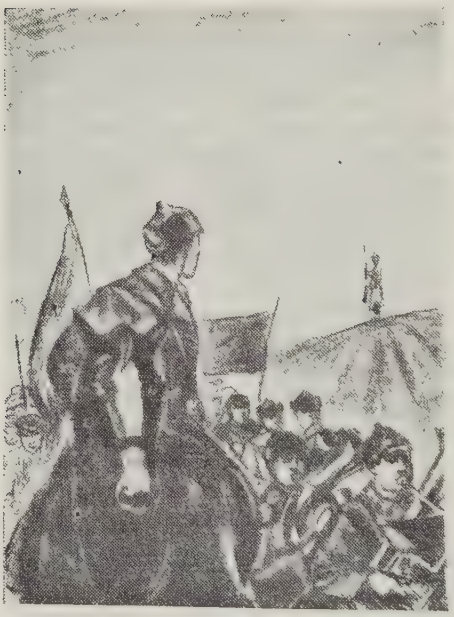


Illustration for "How the Steel Was Tempered"

The film conveys not only Chapayev's charming personality but also the fascination of his talent, his sparkling wit and his ingenuity. Living faith in the ability of his own class and in his own growth is a trait characteristic of Chapayev and has a connection with his personal gifts.

This is important. To the vanguard of the Socialist revolution the toilers have promoted a vast throng of talented persons whose gifts both in number and in character bear no comparison to those which up to now history has begotten when a new class entered upon its stage. Talent, this is the specific trait of our leaders, which stands out with striking boldness against the background of the countless administrators of old Russia.

In the memoirs of one of those who fought in the Civil War we find a curious item which characterizes the military gifts of S. M. Budyonny, a hero of the Civil War, now a Marshal of the Soviet Union.

"The usual hour of reading was observed in the evening. Today Voroshilov read and we listened. We finished reading *The Deluge* by Syenkevich. As our next book I had obtained the *Year 1812,* the memoirs of Count Seguerre, aide-de-camp of Napoleon I. The reading especially interested Budyonny. With the greatest satisfaction he listened to the description of the military operations and interjected his remarks, pointing out the merits and the errors in the operations of Seguerre."

Sergei Lazo, a famous military leader of the Far Eastern partisans who was brutally tortured by the Japanese, had not only the greatest military gifts. His erudition, intrinsic to the Bolshevik, was astonishing. He thought his vocation to be the science of mathematics, but as his friends say, he knew medicine not less well than a physician, and he also had a vast knowledge of agriculture. And Lazo

had an astonishing ability to transmit his knowledge to others.

Frequently while fighting on the front in the Trans-Baikal and the Maritime Province, he would gather comrades around, and tell them how to breed fish and poultry, how important bee-keeping was in agriculture, how to improve the breed of livestock, and how the harvest yield could be increased by the simple expedient of selecting the best seeds.

The legendary commander of the 44th Kiev Infantry Division N. A. Schors, known as the "Ukrainian Chapayev," distinguished himself by his exceptional ability as a strategist and military organizer.

A most important episode in the biography of Schors is his work in the establishment of a divisional school of Red Commanders during the most crucial days of the armed struggle. The divisional school was his beloved child. When the enemy was on the offensive, whenever a difficult situation arose, insistent demands were made on Schors to give up the divisional school. But he categorically refused, holding the school personnel as a last reserve. This is evidence of the immense care which Schors displayed for the new officer cadres of the new army.

The First and the Second Five-Year Plans established not only powerful technical means of defense, but also inspired remarkable books devoted to the defense of the Socialist fatherland.

In the epoch of the five-year plans the brilliant writer Vsevolod Vishnevsky, like the regisseurs, the Vasilyev brothers, rose to prominence. Vsevolod Vishnevsky, like Furmanov, was a Bolshevik soldier who became a writer. He deals with historical material on the establishment of the regular Socialist army during the course of the Civil War. In 1930 he brought out

Illustration for "How the Steel Was Tempered"

the *First Cavalry,* a drama in verse. This is a singular story of how a rank and file soldier became a Bolshevik in the process of the transformation of the imperialist war into a civil war. In 1933 his *Optimistic Tragedy* appeared. In this work he further develops certain motifs of the *First Cavalry.*

Vishnevsky poses the problem of Socialist discipline in a broad way, since he regards it as a basic problem of Bolshevik ethics. Military discipline in the struggle for Socialism is not a fortuitous restraint motivated by the fear of death, but is the inherent triumph of a man moved by an awareness of the ends for which he struggles. With this conception Vishnevsky speaks fearlessly about Bolshevik immortality.

Love of life is stronger than fear of

death, than the horror which seizes one faced with individual physical annihilation—this is the meaning in the quest of the author of *Optimistic Tragedy*. The death of the political leader who in the *First Cavalry* with failing voice commands the Red Army man to take the machine-gun away with him, the destruction of outpost No. 6 in the *Last Decisive*, the death of the tortured woman commissar in *The Optimistic Tragedy*—all these are tragedy because it is impossible to recover these persons who are dear to us, imposible to reconcile oneself to their loss. At the same time this is optimistic tragedy because these people know what they are fighting for, know what they give their lives for. This is death in the name of life, in the name of love for life. Herein is optimism which can in no wise be compared to the spurious, self-centered optimism of religion with its "resurrection of the dead."

In his works Vishnevsky seeks for the clue to the moral forces of the Socialist deed, of self-sacrifice. Socialist self-sacrifice is not motivated by victimizing oneself or by the denial of one's own personality, but by the opposite, by the expression of one's own personality in the interests of a common cause.

Moral forces disclose their incalculable influence just at the time of a people's struggle, a civil war. The Socialist army of the Soviet land knew the immense enthusiasm of these "imponderable" forces, about which Clausewitz wrote in his famous theoretical work,[1] that they "are too elusive for bookish wisdom for they cannot be summarized either in numbers or categories; they can only be observed and keenly felt."

The kernel of Vishnevsky's "researches in tragedy" was already contained in Fadeyev's work *The Nineteen*. It is hinted at in its Russian title *Devastation*, and it prepared for what Vishnevsky emphasized in *The Optimistic Tragedy*.

Vishnevsky puts his characters through ordeals—an ordeal in the fear of death, a trial in stoicism, an essay in nobility. He as it were stages the trial with moral forces brought out in war.

In the *First Cavalry* the suicide of despondent White officers is contrasted to the horrible "ordeal with death" through which go five comrades of Budyonny's army. This scene *Under the Dark Sky*, wherein the White butchers torment their prisoners, men from Budyonny's army, with the pangs of hope, is full of extraordinary moral beauty and resounds like a song.

Illustration to Sholokhov's "Quiet Flows the Don"

[1] *About War*, Vol. I.

The theme of death running through all the works of Vishnevsky is by no means that professional appurtenance of war about which Clausewitz wrote with such bitter fortitude. For Vishnevsky the triumph of consciousness over spontaneity, the culmination of Socialist discipline is expressed in relation to death. His attention is focused on the problem of discipline, the problem of the new military organization.

Awareness of the purpose of the struggle gives rise to a specific character of submission. Socialist discipline in its highest manifestations not only does not contradict freedom, but on the contrary, arises together with it. Discipline is the sister of freedom, of the Socialist relationships between people.

"... iron discipline does not preclude but presupposes conscious and voluntary submission, for only conscious discipline can be truly iron discipline."[1]

In the havoc of the Civil War not everyone had the faculties to see the gleam of lofty new human relations. The times were still more difficult for those who, like Lyutov, a hero of Babel's *First Cavalry,* comprehended the lofty meaning of the class war of the proletariat, but felt himself outside the circle of the new human relations.

The *First Cavalry* by Babel is a book suffused with the Civil War and its inspired heroism, a book of passionate, contradictory reflection on the great epoch. Despite the rare artistic finish in many of its episodes, it is an incomplete book, in which intrinsic elements remain unresolved and ideas are cast aside midway.

But breaking through all the contradictions and anguish of this book

Illustration to Fadeyev's "The Nineteen"

rises the dawn of Communism's great truth, discipline. Such is the purport of the best episodes in *First Cavalry* such as The Death of Dolgushov, Squadron Commander Trunov, Salt, The Letter.

Socialist discipline, or the ability to subordinate one's own life to the interests of the majority of the people, is also freedom. The absence of such discipline shows that the man is not free.

Lyutov is not a free man for the very reason that he is unable to subject his own life and conduct to the interests of the proletarian revolution, that is, to the interests of the overwhelming majority of the people.

Other characters of the *First*

[1] J. Stalin, *Leninism,* English Edition, p. 92.

Cavalry—the squadron commander Trunov, Dolgushov, the telephone operator—are of course not ideal people. Their minds still cling fast to diverse survivals of capitalism from which they have just been lifted by the Soviet order. Each of them has much of partisanship, of reliance on spontaneous action. But they seized from the future and transferred to the present some of the best traits distinguishing a person of a Communist society. They felt themselves a vital part of the collective. Without posing or contention, for them the interests of the collective were dearer than life. In the collective they actually found personal freedom. In this they were fundamentally different from Lyutov, who being a solitary remained in solitude.

For Trunov and others like him the Civil War was a springboard for elevating his personality. The freedom of personality develops and grows stronger not in contradiction to discipline, but within the form of Socialist discipline.

The vanguard of our epoch has yet in store a great deal of work to elevate the masses, to awaken a sense of personal worth in those who are backward. But today already, together with a rising feeling of responsibility for the state evident in people of the Stakhanov type, that is, in millions of people, there arises also a self-confidence, a reliance on one's own powers, and a distinct awareness has been aroused of the unlimited individual opportunities for everyone in the Socialist creative power of life.

No force is more potent than that of the man who commands himself. The all-powerful collective which begets mighty individual characters rests on the Socialist discipline of convinced people who are loyal to ideas. Crippled by severe illness, Nikolai Ostrovsky, author of the book *How Steel Was Tempered*, found in his work the strength to go on living in defiance of the excruciating pain to which a terrible malady doomed him.

In Ostrovsky's novel *How Steel Was Tempered* the figure of the Young Communist Pavel Korchagin demonstrates the process by which this new type of person, a genuine knight of Communism, is formed. Korchagin's predecessors in literature are such characters as Levinson in *The Nineteen*, Chapayev and others

Pavel Korchagin is an image of astonishing moral beauty and purity. His strength lies in complete lack of idealization, in absolute veracity. Felix Dzerzhinsky, the great knight of the Revolution, could serve as a prototype for him.

The fascination of Ostrovsky's book is found in this character, full of feeling for the Revolution as a vital necessity and not as an obligation or duty, in this image of a "child who could never turn traitor."[1] In Pavel Korchagin, the knight of Communism, two traits are impressive:—his unusually pure love for people and his extraordinarily stubborn will in the struggle for the people.

The will of Pavel Korchagin, his deeds of self-discipline, are born of a love for people, a supreme fidelity to the ideals of Socialism. In the image of the hero in Ostrovsky's novel ultimate expression is given to the victory of conscious action over spontaneous action, a victory which has inspired the best Soviet writers from Furmanov to Vishnevsky.

Ostrovsky's book is a monument to the moral force of the revolutionary. Seeking in the character of Pavel to express the greatness of the human spirit, Ostrovsky, paralyzed and blind, tries out his powers in literary work, an entirely new field for him, and with the integrity of an artist,

[1] From Felix Dzerzhinsky's famous *Diary*.

writes with absolute frankness of the deprivations suffered by his hero.

But the indefatigable will of Korchagin conquers. Ill, bed-ridden, he became the focus of incredible energy inspired by his awareness of a fellowship with many million companions in arms. Pavel is the image of an ineradicable faith in life, an example of the will which breaks down all barriers. In the family of Socialist feelings discipline is the sister of freedom. But this does not mean that such discipline comes spontaneously without a struggle. In his book Ostrovsky depicts this struggle, the tempering of the steel will of the Bolshevik and its triumph.

Woodcut by Kravchenko

From Recent Soviet Book Illustrations

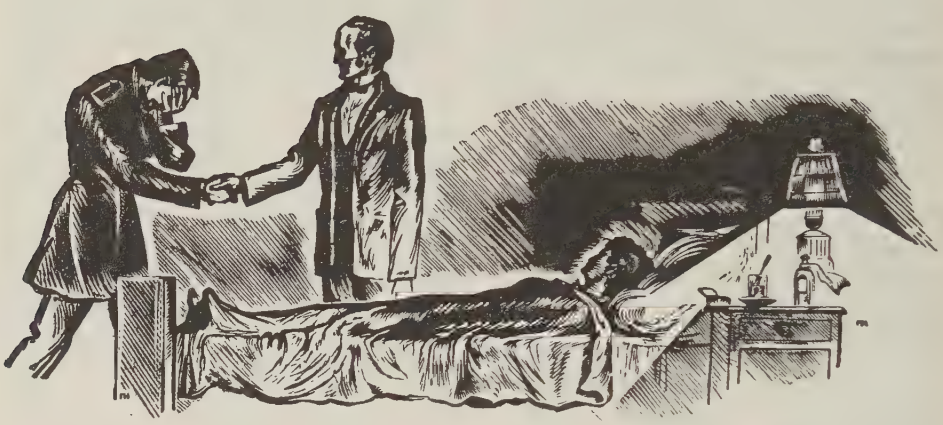


Illustration to Leo Tolstoy's "Anna Karenina," by the artist Pavlinov

Illustration to Ehrenburg's "The Communard's Pipe," by the artist Pavlinov

Illustration to "Tales of the Soviet North," by the artist Staronosov

Illustrations to Sholokhov's "Quiet Flows the Don" by the artist Kravchenko

Illustration to Sholokhov's "Quiet Flows the Don" by the artist Korolkov

Sources of Proletarian Literature

Speaking of Soviet literature and reviewing the stages of its development during the past twenty years, we cannot neglect the most important sources of the proletarian literary movement, which emerged while despotic tsarist oppression still held sway. Lenin's epoch-making article on partisanship in literature and his articles on Leo Tolstoy, the work of the Bolshevik press, especially of *Pravda* edited by V. Lenin, J. Stalin and V. Molotov, as a guide to the literary movement, the literary and political activity of Maxim Gorky, greatest of proletarian writers—all these have taken a permanent place in the history of proletarian Socialist literature and become cornerstones of Soviet art. [1]

December 24, 1900

The first issue of the newspaper *Iskra (The Spark),* guiding organ of the Russian Social-Democracy, founded on the initiative of V. Lenin, whose role in the newspaper was that of ideological leader and practical organizer. *Iskra* was first published in Germany, afterwards in London, and finally in Switzerland.

1901

Maxim Gorky takes his stand as a poet of the revolution with *The Storm Bird.*

O'er the leaden plain of ocean, winds
are gathering the storm clouds.
'Mid the cloud banks and the water
soars in pride the stormy petrel.
There he lunges like a demon, proud
black demon of the tempest,
And with outcry like a laughter, like
a drawn out sob of rapture
He is challenging the storm clouds.
Winds blow stronger, thunder crashes
and a blue flame breaks the cloud
banks
O'er the boundless ocean spaces near-
er charges on the tempest.
closer mass the piling storm clouds,
while defiantly the petrel
Proudly soars athwart the lightning,
dipping o'er the hissing waters;
And his call foretells the victory; let
it strike with greater fury!

[1] Beginning with the issue of January 1938 we will publish a detailed chronicle of the stages through which Soviet literature has passed during twenty years of its development.

September 1901

In Baku the first issue of the illegal newspaper *Brdzola (Struggle)*, organ of the Tbilisi (Tiflis) Social-Democracy. J. Stalin was the initiator in founding the newspaper and an active contributor. The *Brdzola* made the ideas of Lenin's *Iskra* its guiding principle. Altogether four numbers of the newspaper appeared.

January 3, 1902

Pointing to the far-reaching upsurge of the mass demonstration movement, which in a succession of well-conducted demonstrations merged into a single stream directed against the autocracy, V. Lenin, in his article *The Beginning of Demonstrations*, notes the following:

"In Nizhni-Novgorod" (now Gorky —*Editors*) "on November 7 a small demonstration, but one which came off successfully, was held as a send-off to Maxim Gorky. Without trial and investigation a writer famous throughout Europe and one whose only weapon was . . . free speech, is being banished from his home by the autocratic government. . . . Hundreds of student awaited Gorky at the railway station in Moscow and the frightened police arrested him in his coach, *en route. . . .*" (Lenin, *Collected Works*, Russian edition, Vol. IV, p. 345.)

1902

At the joint session of the Department of Russian Language and Literature, held on February 21, closed elections of honorary academicians in the category of *belles-lettres* were held, in conformity with the existing regulations.

Alexander Vasilyevich Sukhovo-Kobylin [1] and Alexei Maximovich Peshkov (Maxim Gorky) were elected.

From the Diary of Constantine Romanov (Chairman of the Imperial Academy of Sciences)

"Mramorny, March 10, 1902. A trying day. I didn't leave the house because of a sore throat. I eagerly awaited the arrival of Vanovsky, (then Minister of Public Education—*Editors)* who had promised to come to me straight from the Winter Palace after his report. There was some work to be done at home. We were at luncheon when the Minister came and I hastened to meet him. He had managed to convince His Majesty that the declaration voiding Gorky's election should come from the Academy and not from superior authorities. The Emperor himself sketched the draft of the announcement in the *Pravitelstvenny Vestnik* and all that remained was to make a few editorial corrections. I now quote the Tsar's letter to Vanovsky dated March 5.

" 'Pyotr Semenovich. The news of Gorky's election to the Academy of Sciences depressed me just as it did all right-thinking Russians. I can't imagine what led the worthy wisemen to make this choice.

" 'Neither Gorky's age nor his brief writings are sufficient to warrant his election to such a place of honor. What is far more serious is the fact that he is under judicial investigation, and that the Academy should allow itself to elect such a man to its membership in the present troubled times. I am deeply indignant over the whole affair, and I commission you to announce that by my

[1] A Russian dramatist of the nineteenth century.

[1] The newspaper *Novoye Vremya* wrote about this incident in its issue of March 1, 1902. On the clipping is an annotation of the police department: "Held for questioning on charges of revolutionary propaganda among workers and kept under special police surveillance. Some belittle him, others exalt him."

wishes Gorky's election is voided.

" 'I hope that my action will at least have a sobering influence on the minds of the Academy.

'Nicholas' "

This incident strikingly characterizes the relation of the tsarist government to the Academy of Sciences and to the famous writer M. Gorky, who was the most popular writer of that time among the wide masses of the revolutionary intelligentsia.

As a result of this "academic incident" Korolenko and Chekhov resigned from the academy.

January 1904

First issue of *Pravda,* the Marxist monthly magazine of art, literature and social science appears in Moscow. Among the contributors to the magazine were A. Lunacharsky, M. Olminsky, I. Stepanov, V. Friche, A. Serafimovich and others. After four numbers had been issued the magazine was stopped by the censorship.

January 4, 1905

The first issue of the Bolshevik newspaper *Vperyod (Forward)* appears in Geneva. The paper was edited by V. Lenin, M. Olminsky, V. Vorovsky and A. Lunacharsky. A total of eighteen numbers was issued. At its session on May 8, 1905, the Third Congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party founded its first central organ and named it *Proletarii (Proletarian).* The latter continued the work of *Vperyod* which it displaced.

1905

Gorky is confined in a fortress. After the revocation of Gorky's election to the Academy, the tsarist government put him under even stricter surveillance and in the end incarcerated the writer in the Peter and Paul Fortress. The Commandant of the Peter and Paul Fortress reports on this event to the Director of the Police Department, on January 12, 1905, as follows:

"I inform Your Excellency that today, by order of the Police Department, the writer Alexei Maximovich Peshkov, arrested on the charge of state crime, was brought to the fortress and locked in a separate cell of the building of the Trubetskoi Bastion, whereof the report is hereby loyally transmitted to His Majesty the Emperor.

"The Commandant, Infantry General Ellis,
"Acting Secretary Captain Ivanshin."

During Gorky's brief confinement in the Peter and Paul Fortress (he was freed by the Revolution of 1905) he had time to write the play *Children of the Sun.*

February 7, 1905

Lenin, in his article *Trepov Is Boss,* remarks that a vigorous pro-Gorky campaign was carried on throughout Europe protesting against the arrest of Maxim Gorky by the tsarist government: "... The petition for his liberation sent to the tsar was signed by many of the outstanding German scientists and writers. Now they are joined by the scientists and literary men of Austria, France and Italy." (Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian edition, Vol. VII, p. 97.)

November 9, 1905

No. 1 of *Novaya Zhizn (New Life),* the first legal Bolshevik newspaper, is published in St. Petersburg. When Lenin arrived from abroad, he became its leading figure. The first article by V. Lenin was printed in the ninth

number. Besides Lenin and Gorky, the contributors included N. Olminsky, V. Vorovsky, A. Lunacharsky. A total of twenty-six numbers were issued, the last being circulated illegally.

November 26, 1905

Party Organization and Party Literature, a remarkable article by Lenin, was printed in *Novaya Zhizn.* Here Lenin solves the basic problem of the role of literature in the struggle of the proletariat.

"The cause of literature must become *a part* of the common cause of the proletariat, 'a cog and screw' in one single great Social-Democratic mechanism that is placed in operation by the entire conscious vanguard of the whole working class. The cause of literature must become an integral part of organized, planful, united Social-Democratic Party work. . . .

" 'What!' some intellectual, an ardent advocate of freedom, is likely to exclaim. 'How is that? You want to subordinate such delicate individual work as literary production to the collective! You want the workers to decide questions of science, philosophy and aesthetics by a majority vote. . . .'

"Don't get excited, gentlemen! In the first place, we are discussing Party literature and its subordination to Party control. . . .

"In the second place, gentlemen, bourgeois individualists, we must tell you that your talk about absolute freedom is sheer hypocrisy. In a society that is founded on the power of money, in a society where the masses of working people live in misery and handfuls of rich people live as parasites, there can be no real and actual 'freedom.' Are you, mister writer, 'free' from your bourgeois publishers, from your bourgeois public which demands from you pornography in frames and pictures, prostitution in the form of a 'supplement' to the 'holy' scenic art? . . . The freedom of the bourgeois writer, artist and actor is simply secret (or hypocritically disguised) dependence on the moneybags, on bribery, on wages." (Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian edition, Vol. VIII, pp. 386-90).

1905

Under the title *During Twenty Years* a collected volume of articles by G. V. Plekhanov on questions of art and literature is published. G. V. Plekhanov is one of the first important adherents of Marxism in Russia. From 1883 till 1903 he held to a revolutionary Marxist position, after which he adopted Menshevism becoming the "leader of Russian opportunists." In 1908 Lenin wrote: ". . . not one Russian Social-Democrat should fail to distinguish between the present-day Plekhanov and the former Plekhanov." (Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian edition, Vol. XXVIII, p. 524.)

With the exception of the classic works of Marxism, the works of Plekhanov on questions of philosophy are the best to be found in the international literature of Marxism. While placing a high value on these works of Plekhanov, Lenin at the same time frequently marked the defects peculiar to his entire world outlook, as a result of which even in the period before 1903 there were many mistaken views in all the works of Plekhanov, on philosophical and political as well as literary and other themes. In his work *Foundations of Leninism,* Stalin emphasizes that:

". . . None other than Lenin himself undertook, in the realm of materialist philosophy, the very serious task of generalizing all the most important achievements of science from the time of Engels down to his own time, as well as subjecting to comprehensive criticism the anti-materialist currents among Marxists. . . . We all know that

none other than Lenin fulfilled this task, as far as his own time was concerned, in his remarkable book *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism.*

"It is well known that Plekhanov, who loved to chaff Lenin for this lack of regard for philosophy, did not even dare to make a serious attempt to undertake such a task." (J. Stalin, *Voprosy Leninisma (Leninism),* Russian edition, Vol. I, pp. 13-14, English edition, p. 24.)

Many works belong to the pen of Plekhanov, articles both on questions of art and literature and concrete criticism of individual works, of which we mention below only the most important. This Plekhanov heritage is being critically assimilated by Soviet writers, literary scholars and critics. On the other hand, guided by the criteria of Lenin and Stalin, they discard the mistaken views which were peculiar to Plekhanov's work as a whole and in particular to his works on art and literature, most of which were written after 1903.

1906

The postal censorship intercepted a letter of Gorky's of great interest to the Police Department. It was evidently addressed to the West European workers and expressed the profound optimism of the proletarian writer. " 'The proletariat is defeated, the Revolution has been put down,' shrieks the reactionary press. But their exultation is premature: the proletariat is not defeated even though it has sustained losses. The Revolution is strengthened by new hopes, its forces have increased tremendously. . . ."

The letter ends as follows:

"Long live the proletariat which boldly seeks to renew the world! Long live the workers of all lands whose hands have created the wealth of nations and who are now seeking to establish a new life! Long live Socialism! Greetings to the fighters, greetings to the workers of all lands, may they always retain their faith in the victory of truth and justice! Long live humanity, united by the great ideal of equality and brotherhood."

May, June, 1907

Gorky attended the Fifth (London) Congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Labor Party with a consultative vote. This marked the beginning of his rapprochement with Lenin which later developed into the closest friendship. Shortly before the Congress Gorky wrote his famous novel *Mother,* one of the greatest works of world revolutionary literature.

1907

A prolonged and regular correspondence between Lenin and Maxim Gorky begins. Of the letters which have been preserved the first is dated August 14, 1907. In this letter Lenin invites Gorky to take part in the work of the Stuttgart Congress of the Second International, to which Gorky was elected as a delegate, with a consultative vote.

June 20, 1907

No. 1 of the *Baku Proletarian,* an illegal newspaper in which Stalin had a leading role, appears. In its pages were a number of articles by Stalin.

March 28, 1908

Arrest of the youth Vladimir Mayakovsky, who had joined the revolutionary movement. This was the first of his three arrests by the tsarist government.

September 24, 1908

V. Lenin's article *Leo Tolstoy as a Mirror of the Russian Revolution.*

1909

"Comrade Gorky... has closely bound himself with his great literary works to the labor movement of Russia and the whole world." (Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian Edition, Vol. XIV, p. 211.)

The proletarian poet Demyan Bedny first appeared in the literary field during one of the darkest years of reaction. From 1911 he was a contributor to the legal Bolshevik newspaper *Zvezda (Star).*

1910

"... And Gorky is undoubtedly the greatest representative of *proletarian* art, has done a great deal for this art and is capable of doing still more in the future." (Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian edition, Vol. XIV, p. 298, English edition, Selected Works Vol. IV, p. 36)

November 29, 1910

V. Lenin's article: *L. N. Tolstoy.*

December 11, 1910

V. Lenin's article: *L. N. Tolstoy and the Contemporary Labor Movement.*

December 16, 1910

The first number of the legal Bolshevik newspaper *Zvezda (The Star)* appeared in Petrograd. V. Lenin informs Gorky of this in a letter written January 3, 1911.

Zvezda was initiated by Lenin who directed the editorial work from abroad. With the 33rd number, that of May 5, 1912, *Zvezda* was suppressed by the tsarist censorship. Its work was carried on by *Pravda.* Among *Zvezda's* contributors were V. Molotov, M. Olminsky, Demyan Bedny.

December 31, 1910

V. I. Lenin's article *Tolstoy and the Proletarian Struggle.*

Lenin connects the first new revival of the labor movement, after the defeat of the 1905 Revolution, with the demonstrations that took place in connection with L. N. Tolstoy's death (1910).

"Leo Tolstoy's death," he says, "has caused the first street demonstrations after a long interval. They consist of students mainly, but of workers too to some extent. The stoppage of work in a number of factories on the day of Tolstoy's funeral marks the beginning, even though it is a very modest one, of demonstration strikes. ..." (Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian edition, Vol. XIV, p. 393)

December 1910

First number of the legal Bolshevik monthly, *Mysl (Thought),* issued in Moscow as "a philosophical and socio-economic journal." It was actually edited by Lenin, then living in Paris). A number of his articles apeared in the magazine. Among other contributors were Vorovsky, Olminsky, Stepanov-Skvortsov, and Plekhanov. In a letter to Gorky dated January 3, 1911, Lenin wrote: "I got the first number (of *Mysl*) today. Congratulate me—it is our little magazine in Moscow, a Marxist one. How much we enjoyed this thought today.... *Mysl* is altogether *ours* and rejoices me beyond measure. But they'll kill it soon." With the publication of the fifth number the magazine met its prophesied death at the hands of the tsarist censorship. Lenin dealt with it in a letter to Gorky written in April, 1911.

December 1910

V. Lenin's article *Heroes of Restoration* in the magazine *Mysl* devoted to exposing the unprincipled attacks made on L. N. Tolstoy by critics from the camp of Menshevik Social-Democrats.

1910

The publication of a work by Plekhanov on the Russian critic Chernyshevsky.

1910-1911

The appearance of a number of articles by Plekhanov about L. N. Tolstoy. A comparison of these works with V. Lenin's opinions on Tolstoy makes quite obvious the main failings of Plekhanov's conceptions of literature, which derive from his philosophical and political views.

The appearance of a number of articles by Plekhanov on the great Russian critic Belinsky and on Alexander Hertzen.

February 4, 1911

V. Lenin's article *L. N. Tolstoy and His Epoch.*

December 1911

Succeeding *Mysl,* in fact a direct continuation of it, was the Bolshevik monthly *Prosveshchenye (Enlightenment),* legally issued in St. Petersburg as a "socialogical, political and literary journal, Marxist in tendency." Writing to Gorky about the suppression of *Mysl* in Moscow, Lenin said: "We ought to transfer it to St. Petersburg and begin all over again." The actual editing was done by Lenin from abroad. Many of his articles appeared in its pages. Very valuable to the magazine also was J. Stalin, a number of whose articles on the national question were published in its pages. V. Molotov, I. Stepanov-Skvortsov, M. Olminsky and Demyan Bedny were among its contributors. Publication of *Prosveshchenye* continued till June 1914. The sixth number appearing on the eve of the imperialist World War, was abolished by the tsarist censorship.

May 5, 1912

The first issue of the Bolshevik daily newspaper *Pravda (Truth),* edited by V. Lenin, J. Stalin, V. Molotov, appears. Because of the persecution by the tsarist censorship *Pravda* was frequently compelled to change the name under which it was published; to such titles as *Rabochaya Pravda (Workers' Truth), Severnaya Pravda (Northern Truth), Pravda Truda (Truth of Labor), Za Pravdu (For Truth)* and so on. But under all these diverse names in reality one and the same paper was published, until the eve of the imperialist war (1914-18) when it was finally suppressed by the tsarist government.

After the February Revolution 1917 *Pravda* began to appear legally, but under the Provisional government also it was severely persecuted and was compelled again to change its name.

Pravda devoted much space and attention to questions of literature and art. The newspaper took advantage of every opportunity to acquaint the worker reader with great classic cultural works which merited his attention. In a series of articles, *Pravda* takes issue on current literary questions, vigorously attacking the reactionary trends in literature and art. The newspaper devoted much attention not only to Russian, but also to West European and American writers and workers in art.

Among the articles devoted to Western writers, we find pieces on Eugene Pottier, author of the Internationale; Emile Verhaeren, Denis Diderot, Emile Zola, Anatole France, Upton Sinclair and others.

The newspaper regarded as one of its tasks the encouragement and training of new writers of worker and peasant origin. In 1913 the newspaper wrote: "The sons of democratic workers and peasants enter literature and they alone are destined to speak the word which our contemporary literature is in no way able to say." M. Gorky took a very active part in the work of *Pravda,* Demyan Bedny was an active contributor, as well as a group of young proletarian writers, and many Bolshevik critics. V. Lenin also apparently placed his articles on particular problems of literature there. Thus, for instance, the article *Eugene Pottier,* in *Pravda* of January 3, 1913, was signed with the initials of N. L., which were frequently used by Lenin. The authorship of the article has not been established by documents.

It is noteworthy also that *Pravda* was a spirited advocate of the establishment of the people's theater and in one of its articles, devoted to the questions of the theater, it sympathetically remarked: "Stanislavsky [1] continually spreads the idea of establishing a theater for the masses of people." This idea, which found a response in an analogous idea of Romain Rolland, was realized only after the victory of the October Socialist Revolution in the U.S.S.R.

May 8, 1912

V. Lenin's article *In Memory of Hertzen,* written on the occasion of the centenary of A. I. Hertzen's birth. A famous Russian revolutionary democrat, a journalist, writer and public-spirited man, Hertzen was the founder of the "free Russian press abroad": the *Pole Star* and *The Bell.* which were published in London.

January, 1913

J. Stalin completed his work: *Marxism and the National Question,* a work of historical significance in the founding of the Bolshevik theory of the national question.

January 3, 1913

The article *Eugene Pottier* in *Pravda* which ended with the following remarkable estimate of his role as a poet: "He left a truly imperishable monument. He was one of the greatest propagandists through song. When he composed his first song, the numbers of Socialist workers could have been counted by scores. Now scores of millions of proletarians sing the historic song of Eugene Pottier."

Demyan Bedny's first anthology *Fables* appears. V. Lenin calls Gorky's attention to it in a letter written in May 1913.

April 22, 1914

The article *Worker Writers* in *Pravda* ends with the following lines: "The vast majority of the authors who print their poetry and stories in *Pravda* are proletarians . . . A beginning has been made. We should protect and with a friendly hand encourage every gifted worker, and every spark of worker talent. . . . Long live the worker writer!"

June, 1914

The first anthology of proletarian writers is published. Among the au-

[1] K. S. Stanislavsky, People's Artist of the U.S.S.R., together with the People's Artist of the US.S.R., Nemirovich-Danchenko, now directs the Moscow Art Theater named after Gorky, which this year was awarded the Order of Lenin.)

thors included were Samobytnik, S. Malyshev and others who contributed regularly to *Pravda.*

The appearance of the first anthology of proletarian writers was in a large degree due to the labors and influence of Maxim Gorky in rallying and training proletarian writers. In his foreword Gorky sets forth the immense importance of this event.

"I am firmly convinced that the proletariat can create its own literature just as with mighty effort and enormous sacrifice it created its daily press. This conviction is based on long years of observation of the effort which hundreds upon hundreds of workers, artisans and peasants directly expend in attempts to set down on paper their thoughts about life, their observations and feelings.

"We are faced with an undeniable fact: not one country in Europe produces such a quantity of self-taught writers as Russia and since 1906 the number of writers has grown immeasurably."

This significant foreword ends with the following appeal:

"Comrades! When history tells the proletariat of the whole world what you have lived through and accomplished in eight years of reaction, the workers' world will be amazed by your activity, by your buoyant spirits and your heroism."

1914-16

The publication of many anti-war poems by Mayakovsky (1914), of his poem *A Cloud in Trousers* (1915) and of his *War and Peace* (1916).

March 25, 1917

". . . Gorky is a great literary talent, who has brought and will bring much benefit to the proletarian movement of the whole world." (Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian edition, Vol. XX, p. 41.)

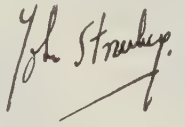
September-October, 1917

Reappearance, in a double issue, of the magazine *Prosveshchenye,* suppressed by the tsarist censorship in June 1914. The magazine became a theoretical organ of the Bolshevik Party. The issue opened with Lenin's article: *Will the Bolsheviks Hold State Power?*

John Strachey

ENGLAND

The Soviet Union remains for us who live in the capitalist world a beacon lighting the way to human progress. That beacon burns more brightly year by year. We watch the work of the peoples of the Soviet Union; we take profound delight in their achievements: we see them overcoming one by one the serious obstacles which lie in their path; we have become confident in their ability to go forward.



Robert Briffault

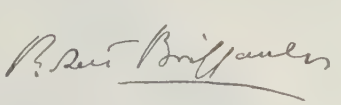
ENGLAND

The U.S.S.R. is a menace to all interested in fraud and falsehood, social, cultural, political—by its very existence and example. That example assures today the ultimate liberation of all humanity from the agelong misrule and miseducation which has hitherto made its history an object of disgust and contempt. Before the U.S.S.R. came into existence the social, cultural, and political redemption of humanity was a distant vision, a pious hope, floating in the minds of a few dreamers. Today it is a certainty, which hangs as an inevitable doom over capitalist pseudo-democracies.

A majority of the intellectuals of every country perceives that in the strength and power of the Socialist state lies the tangible promise of a new future for the human race, a future in which human lives will cease to be ruled by force, fear, and fraud. Because of that strength and power of the Socialist state, the task of bringing about that redemption, which appeared hopeless, is now an assured consummation. All clear-sighted intellectuals therefore regard themselves as spiritual citizens of the U.S.S.R. It is a loyalty upon which, for the intellectual no less than for the productive masses, all human values and all mental and creative freedom depend.

That loyalty is independent of the achievements of the Socialist state. It is unaffected by success or failure in its enterprises, wisdom or error in its leadership. For it is called forth by the basic foundation of the Socialist state: the abolition of privileged private profit and wage slavery. All the rest follows that transformation of the social basis, or will follow inevitably in the process of growth. I do not pretend to be competent to judge of the gigantic economic achievements of the Socialist state. What I have seen of them resembles much that I have seen elsewhere. But I have seen in the U.S.S.R. what no human being has ever seen elsewhere—crowds numbering millions in which not one face was to be found harrowed by care or pinched by suffering. That is a greater achievement that the electrification of all Russia. I also see, as everyone can, an achievement of the Socialist state that the world has never known before: an international policy and diplomacy that has no need of fraud or of lies, and whose wisdom and restraint in the face of every provocation makes every foreign relation and diplomatic insincerity of capitalist statecraft appear ridiculous, contemptible and criminal. All honest intellectuals throughout the world are grateful to the people of the Russian Socialist state and to Joseph Stalin.

That is their political allegiance. And every cultural worker of the present day should, if he be worthy of his task, share the wish of Heinrich Heine: "Lay not a laurel wreath upon my tomb, but a sword, for I have been a soldier in the liberation war of humanity."



MAXIM GORKY

On Socialist Humanism

The working class must rear its own masters of culture—this is the mandate of history, the slogan of the epoch. For the attainment of this aim there have been opened and are being opened by the Soviet power various higher educational institutions and technicums; for the attainment of this aim the Party arms the worker and peasant masses with political literacy, organizes a consciousness of their class interests in the masses, inculcates in the workers and peasants an exact understanding of the historic task—to create their own free, Socialist state. (*The Working Class Must Rear Its Own Masters of Culture,* p. 40.)

Those who underestimate *belles lettres* and the educational significance of the classics must understand, and it is high time they understood, that the ideology of the bourgeois humanists beomes steadily and organically less intelligible for the working class, and that this takes place quite naturally. And so it should be, for the new reality created by the working class itself is thoroughly and deeply alien to the ideology of the outlived, bloodless, humanism, deprived of volitional impulses. (*Ibid.,* p. 44.)

There is a country where the will and intelligence of the workers and peasants are awakened and fostered by work which is alike necessary to the state, and beneficial to each individual taking part, and where the sum total of energy available for work is drawn into the multiform task of creating new conditions of life, *i.e.,* a new Socialist culture.

A country where the proletariat, following out the teaching of Marx and Lenin under the leadership of Joseph Stalin, emancipated the peasantry from the idiotic "tyranny of the soil," from submissive dependence on the caprices of nature, from the deforming influence of property, where the proletariat turned the private property owner into a man of collective spirit.

Where the proletarian, the despised of bourgeois society, proves that, armed with knowledge, he is fully capable of absorbing culture and of creating it.

Where the cultural work of the individual is prized by the toiling people more highly than at any time, or in any country, and where this high esteem in turn promotes his growth as an individual and inspires him to heroism in his work.

Where women, half the population of the country, have equal rights with

men, and work creatively together with them, wherever rational energy is applied in the process of transforming the world; and where the capacity, courage and working enthusiasm of the women grow with fantastic rapidity.

Where children are brought up outside the deforming influence of the church, which sets as its aim to make men patient, meek, submissive to the "powers that be."

Where a multitude of different races, even of numerically small, half-wild tribes, who for the first time possess a writing of their own, have received the right of free development and reveal to the world the unspoiled freshness of their feeling for life, their practical talents and their engagingly simple poetry.

Where ancient races whose culture was crushed beneath the colonial politics of shopkeepers and tsars, today disclose the splendor of their talents and the treasures of their spirit released from bondage.

In this country the artist and the scientist are limited only by the will of the working people, by the will that is striving to attain the genuine cultural values of mankind.

But this country lives ringed around by enemies, who envy her riches, who dread her stimulating influence on the working people of the world, who dream of making a piratic descent upon her. Thus the ardent desire for knowledge of the past, necessary though it be for the creative work of the future, is limited in this country by the necessity of working to defend ourselves from our enemies, a fact which somewhat hinders the growth of our material culture and our wealth. The desire for knowledge of the past is also limited to some extent by the circumstance that in our heritage of bourgeois culture the honey and the poison are almost inextricably mingled and that the "truths" of bourgeois science concerning the historical past of mankind have the capacity of experienced old demi-mondaines to appear like innocent maidens.

Man is dear to the proletariat. Even when a man shows socially harmful tendencies and for some time acts in a socially harmful way, he is not kept in the corrupting idleness of a prison, but re-educated into a qualified worker, into a useful member of society. In this invariable attitude to the "criminal" is revealed the active humanism of the proletariat, a humanism which could never and nowhere exist in a society of "dog eat dog."

The wise worker-peasant power of the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics takes thought for the mental health of the working population, and especially that of the children and youth. Equally zealously it cares for their physical education, the preservation of their physical health; for this purpose the All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine was created—the first institute in the world for the thoroughgoing, all-round study of the human organism. One might point to a whole series of quite new undertakings which are decisively and rapidly enriching the country, even changing its physical geography: industry is ceaselessly expanding, agriculture is being reorganized, new strains of food cereals and fruits introduced, the culture of root-plants and cereals suitable for bread is being pushed further to the north; swamps are being drained, deserts irrigated, rivers canalized, from year to year the country is enriched with electric energy, the stores of coal, oil, metal ores, and mineral fertilizers increase, the conquest of the Arctic continues, and this is certainly far from exhausting the tale of what is going forward in the country where there are not enough working hands, at a time when the shopowners of Europe and the U.S.A. have created tens of millions of unemployed.

Everything that has been accomplished in the Union of Socialist Sov-

iet Republics has been accomplished in the course of less than two decades, and this bears eloquent witness to the capabilities of the peoples of the Union, to their heroism in work, to the fact that in our country work has become an art, that the proletariat of the U.S.S.R., under the guidance of the teaching and Party of Lenin, and activized by the inexhaustible and ever-growing energy of Joseph Stalin, is creating a new culture, a new history of working humanity. And what real understanding of culture has the contemporary bourgeoisie?

Underlying and informing all that has been briefly recounted above is the mighty creative energy of proletarian humanism—the humanism of Marx and Lenin. This is not that humanism which not so long since the bourgeoisie vaunted as the basis of their civilization and culture.

Between these two things there is nothing in common but the name. The word is the same, but its meaning in the one case is worlds apart from its meaning in the other. Appearing five hundred years before our times, this humanism was the bourgeois' method of self-defense against feudalism and the church, its "spiritual guide," at the head of which stood the feudal lords themselves. In speaking of the equality of men, the rich bourgeois-industrialist, the trader, understood only his personal equality with the parasitical feudal lord in knightly armor or in bishop's chasuble. The humanism of the bourgeoisie existed peacefully side by side with slavery and the slave trade, with the "right of the first night," with the Inquisition, with the wholesale slaughter of the Albigenses of Toulouse, the burning of Giordano Bruno, John Huss, and tens of thousands of nameless "heretics" and "witches," artisans, peasants, who were attracted by the echoes of primitive Communism preserved in the Bible and the Evangels.

Did the bourgeoisie ever oppose the brutality of the church and the feudal lords? As a class, never; some individuals from amongst them opposed it, and the bourgeoisie destroyed them. In the past the bourgeois-humanists just as zealously aided the feudal lords to annihilate the peasants of the armies of Wat Tyler, of the French "Jacques," of the "Taborites," as in the twentieth century the cultured shopkeepers cruelly and in cold blood shoot down workers on the streets of Vienna, Antwerp, and Berlin, in Spain, in the Philippines, in the towns of India, in China, everywhere. Is it necessary to speak of those most revolting crimes which are known to all and bear witness to the fact that today "humanism as the basis of bourgeois culture" is struck out of the page of life? No one ever troubles to speak of it; no doubt the bourgeois gentlemen feel it to be altogether too shameless to mention humanism when almost every day they shoot down hungry workers on city streets, cram the prisons with them, executing the more active of them and sending thousands to chain-gang labor.

In general the bourgeoisie never tried to lighten the lot of the working masses otherwise than by charity, lowering the self-esteem of the working people. In practice their humanism found expression in "philanthropy"—*i.e.*, in charity to the victims of theft. There was devised and put into practice an absolutely stupid, swindling "commandment"; "Let not your right hand know what your left doeth," and lo, thieving millions, milliards, "the lords of life" expended pence on schools, hospitals, invalid homes. Petty-bourgeois literature preached "mercy to the fallen," but the "fallen" were in fact those same people whom the shopowners had robbed, tripped up, and trampled in the mud.

If bourgeois humanism had been in any way honest, if it had sincerely yearned to awaken and foster in those whom it had enslaved the sense of human worth, the consciousness of

their collective strength, the consciousness of the significance of man as organizer of the world and the forces of nature, it should have imbued him not with a miserable notion of the inevitability of suffering, not with a passive feeling of sympathy, but with an active abhorrence of all suffering, especially that arising from social-economic causes.

Physiological pain is nothing more than the signal given by the human organism of the inroad into its normal activity of some harmful principle; the organism through the voice of pain says: "Defend yourself!" The humanism of the petty-bourgeois, preaching sympathy, teaches reconciliation with that degrading pain that was in reality caused by the so-to-say "changeless and eternally fixed" relationships of classes; reconciliation with that humiliating division of people into higher and lower races and tribes, into white aristocrats and "colored" slaves. This division hampers the growth of working humanity's consciousness of the unity of its interests, and for this very reason was it instituted.

The humanism of the revolutionary proletariat is plain-spoken. It does not shout from the housetops sweet words of love to mankind. Its aim is to free the proletariat of the whole world from the ignominious bloody, senseless oppression of the capitalists, to teach people not to look upon themselves as goods, to be bought and sold, the raw material for the manufacture of the gilded luxuries of the philistines. Capitalism violates the world, like a decrepit old man a young healthy woman; he can no longer help her to creativeness, but can only inpart to her the diseases of old age. The task of proletarian humanism does not demand lyrical declarations of love—what it does demand is the consciousness on the part of each worker of his historical duty, his right to power, the need for revolutionary action, especially pressing on the eve of a new war set on foot by the capitalists against him alone, in the final count.

The humanism of the proletariat demands unquenchable hatred of philistinism, of the power of the capitalists, its lackeys, of the parasites, fascists, hangmen and betrayers of the working class, hatred of all that imposes suffering, of who live on the suffering of hundreds of millions of people. One would suppose that in this schematic account of the actual position, the relative value of bourgeois and proletarian culture would be sufficiently clear to every honest person.

(On cultures, pp. 420-24)

The liberal petty bourgeoisie considers itself the founder and preserver of European culture. Up till recently it believed in the "evolution of culture," in the continuity of its growth. Today we see that its wild hatred of Socialism, of the work of emancipating the toilers from the iron chains of capital, has compelled the German shopkeepers to renounce their beloved, apparently "humanitarian culture" in favor of the most insolent brigandage, such as the screened, cynical annihilation of the revolutionary but unarmed proletariat, by the armed bosses, the capitalists, gone wild. Further, fascism is a denial of culture, a sermon of war, the outcry of the enfeebled about the desire to be strong. There is a very grim humor in the fact that the capitalists always spent pennies on the protection of labor and of the health of the toilers, but spent billions, squeezed out of the toil of workers and peasants, on the destruction of people.

They renounce, too, the Christian god, exchanging him for ancient, pagan gods, and they reveal themselves to the world completely naked, without trousers, in their own skin, like toads. They hastily organize a new world war on land, on sea, under the earth, in the air, with the use of pois-

Maxim Gorky and Romain Rolland

on gases, of bacteria, of the plague and other epidemics and all "the ten plagues of Egypt." *To realize what the contemporary capitalist means, one must total up the approximate number of two-legged creatures of this species and the number of working people whom these beasts have destroyed in their fights between themselves for gold and for the sake of strengthening their power within their own states, against the proletariat. Adding this up, we shall convince ourselves that each banker, manufacturer, landlord, shopkeeper, is the murderer of hundreds, and, it may be, of thousands of the most healthy, efficient and talented people.* Preparing a new war, the capitalists again prepare themselves to destroy tens of millions of the population of Europe, to destroy a tremendous amount of accomplished, most valuable toil.

Do we have the right to hate these incurable degenerates gone wild, these degenerates of humanity, this irresponsible international band of downright criminals, who undoubtedly will try to set their "people" against the state of Socialism in the making?

A genuine, sincere revolutionary of the Soviet Socialist Republics cannot but maintain an attitude of conscious, active, heroic hatred towards his vile enemy. Our right to hatred of him is sufficiently well grounded and justified. And just as well, just as thoroughly justified is our hatred of all the indifferent, the lazy, the vulgar and other abortions who still live and appear for a moment in our land, throwing on our light, miracle making work, the grey, dirty shadow of vulgarity, indifference, apathy, petty swindling, petty bourgeois self-seeking.

Our revolutionary, proletarian hatred for those who create unhappiness and suffering for the people must be contrasted with the animal, selfish, pathological hatred of the world of the capitalists, rotten with fatness,

sentenced by history to destruction.

We must remember even when we sleep that we have already learned to work not badly for our happiness and that happiness can become an integral part of life only under the condition that we learn to work still better for the emancipation, freedom, happiness of the toilers of the whole world.

(*Proletarian Hatred,* pp. 426-27.)

Comrade Stalin told us the reasons for the Stakhanov movement and its meaning. The Stakhanov movement is the result of the cultural growth of the workers and collective farmers, the result of their understanding of the conquering force and state significance of Socialist labor; the result of their having mastered technique and the growth of their feeling of responsibility towards their country for their work and their behavior.

(*This Movement is Helping to Forge the New Man,* p. 428.)

The Stakhanov movement is a flaming outburst of mass energy, an explosion produced by the colossal successes of labor, by the consciousness of its cultural significance, its force in liberating working humanity from the yoke of the past. The Stakhanov movement is Socialist competition in labor raised to still greater heights. It seems to me that the conception of "competition" is now filled with new meaning and will inevitably have a very favorable effect on life, will help people of the Soviet land to establish new relationships with one another.

Socialist competition undertakes to make us all social equals, equal in strength and worth, not hampering the development of individual capabilities but on the contrary fostering their growth. The more varied the talents of the people, the more vivid their lives; the richer their lives are in creative work, the more rapidly will they move toward the great goal of organizing the whole world of labor along the line of new Communist beginnings. The Stakhanov movement has no place for philistine individualistic ambitions on the part of one man to rise higher than another and use another's talents for his own profit as is accepted and legalized in class society. (*This Movement is Helping to Forge the New Man,* pp. 429-30.)

We have lived through eighteen years of struggle, very difficult and wonderful years. Without speaking of how much—a colossal amount—we have created in those years, we should recall that this tremendous work was done by tens of thousands of people of a completely new psychology. What is new about it?

Maria Demchenko writes me: "Labor is the most sacred thing in our land. Free labor in the service of our Socialist fatherland is the greatest joy and happiness for me, whose parents worked their whole lives without knowing the joy of labor." Demchenko is not the only one who talks like this. They are not only new words but new feelings.

When have workers experienced joy, happiness and satisfaction in work? Since they never worked for their fatherland, for they did not have a fatherland, they could not have experienced these feelings.

And so our youth have conquered for themselves a fatherland. They, the youth, are complete masters of a huge, rich, lavish country, which almost daily opens up new treasures before them. That should teach the youth to discover and develop the treasures of their own talents and capabilities.

There is still much in our life that must be driven out and destroyed. We must create a new Socialist life. We must reach the point where the words "comrade," "friend," will not be merely empty words, as we sometimes find today. We must teach each other, for tough we are reservoirs of energy of equal value, we are un-

equally developed. Soviet man is a being who is more and more attracting the attention of the workers of the world. He must be a model man not only in his labor activity but in the relationships of his life.

In the U.S.S.R. all citizens should take care that each one is completely developed and using his capacities to the fullest. That is why our Socialist competition essentially means mutual aid between 170,000,000 people—millions of workers, collective farmers, engineers, scientists, writers, artists—mutual aid and cooperation in building Socialist culture.

The Stakhanovites show us graphically that any man can be an artist in his work if he wants to be. The more forcefully and brilliantly an artist expresses his talents the more we respect and love him. So let us imitate the Stakhanovites and try to be just such honest artists, each in our own work. Such emulation would not only solve the problem of cadres but would create such an attitude, such an atmosphere around us that we would soon rid ourselves of all stupid, infamous philistine rubbish that unfortunately still exists among us and greatly interferes with our lives. It is high time we did this!

Is it possible to create a life in which people strongly respect one another? Everything is possible if we collectively and unanimously want it. The church, that infamous fellow-traveler of history, played a role of procuror, persuading the poor to love the rich. "Love your neighbors as yourself," it taught, setting up the bestial love of man for himself as the ideal of love. As opposed to that cunning and false teaching, clearly suited to the predatory conditions of life, requiring inhuman force to be exercised against the working class, against the masses of the workers; as opposed to that hypocritical preaching, we create conditions of life in which it is possible to love people sincerely, to love them for the heroism of their labor, for the beauty of their work in the many-sided development and strengthening of our country—which makes the philistines of all countries sharpen their teeth and claws and makes the proletariat of all the world look upon our country as their fatherland. (*This Movement is Helping to Forge the New Man,* pp. 430-31.)

Valentine Katayev

Author of "Peace Is Where the Tempests Blow."[2]

Just recently I have finished a new story called *I, the Son of Labor,* dealing with the German occupation in the Ukraine. In it I show the fate of a soldier, Semyon Konko, who experienced on his own shoulders the delights of the German occupation. The story will appear by the October Anniversary. By the October anniversary *Peace Is Where the Tempest Blow* will appear on the screen. At the same time a play of the same title will be produced at The Children's Theater.

That is all that I can say about my current creative work.

I would like to say a few words about the Madrid Congress of the International Association of Writers for the Defense of Culture. The Congress must become a tradition, a focus of unity of all that is best in literature. I want to see in the Congress a medium where the writers can inter-change ideas and receive help from each other. In this way the significance of the congresses of the International Association of Writers can become still greater.

You ask me to name my favorite anti-fascist writers. First of all I want to mention Romain Rolland, the author of the classic *Colas Brengnon,* which is one of my best-loved books.

Hemingway is wonderful.

Of the latest works of the Soviet Writers I prefer *In the East* by Peter Pavlenko and *One-Story America* by Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov.

Yury Olyesha

Author of "Envy" and "Three Fat Men"

I am working on many literary projects. In truth, life is so dynamic that a new theme is born almost every day.

How can one remain indifferent to such an event as the flight of our pilots across the North Pole to the United States?

This is a wonderful theme for a play. I dream of writing it.

I am connected with cinematography Regisseur A. Macheret is at the present time producing the film *Walter,* to a scenario which we wrote together. It will be an anti-fascist picture. The action takes place in Germany.

I am now working on a scenario based on K. Paustovsky's excellent story, *The Bloodhounds.* The theme treats of the Spanish in-

[1] The editors of *International Literature* asked a number of Soviet writers to give their views, to our readers, on current literary problems, and to describe their own immediate creative plans. We publish the responses already received. Others will appear in our next issue.

[2] Published in our issue of March, 1937.

telligentsia and the fight of the Spanish people. The story presents an opportunity of making a film that is modern in every respect.

You ask me, who of the anti-fascist writers attracts me most of all. Feuchtwanger writes very well—vividly. Malraux is a splendid figure. I dare say that in our epoch such writers as Malraux represent the most progressive forces. We must study passion and purposefulness from them. Malraux's visit to America, which ended in a collection of millions for the benefit of Republican Spain, was a brilliant episode.

In my opinion Wells can be included among the anti-fascist writers. This old writer is worthy of respect; back in the nineteenth century he devoted much thought to man and technique—this brilliant fantast, indefatigably seeking answers to social questions.

It is surprising with what youthful freshness he wrote *An Outline of the Future.*

Then, of course, there is Hemingway.

What ought we to write about? The most important subject today is the danger of war. To expose fascism in all its forms. The world is being set afire from two sides. Before the eyes of the world, the masses are showing examples of heroism in the fight against fascism. Spain, China. A new patriotism is appearing. Mankind has clearly seen the threat.

The fight against fascism is a fight for culture.

For, the fascists wish to influence the mind! They are training murderers. Are not the captains of the submarines who send peaceful ships to the bottom, people educated by fascist "ideologists"!

It is necessary to expose in literature this pirate-psychology.

Fascism has assaulted literature!

But the people will settle their accounts with fascism.

I should like to greet those writers of the West who have understood that only Socialism brings happiness to humanity. The world's best writers are joining the ranks of the fighters of the People's Front.

The history of literature is at present being written on the field of battle.

And how attractive the figure of Ludwig Renn!

A people exists, and so do its enemies. No matter how the fascists may surpass themselves in cruelty, the people will be victorious. Not the aristocracy of technicians will raise a new world, as Wells imagines, but the people, led out of the traps of capitalism.

Vladimir Stavsky

Author of "The Start" and "Cossack Village." Responsible Secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers

For the October Anniversary I am writing sketches on Spain. In these sketches I should like to describe what I saw in that remarkable country, which is fighting for its freedom.

I was in Spain at the Second Congress of the International Writers' Union. One could talk indefinitely about this Congress. Its significance cannot be overestimated. The Congress, which held its sessions to the sound of exploding shells, rallied the ranks of the Union and brought in new writers, especially South Americans.

Who of the revolutionary writers of the West is especially near to me?

Many. Ludwig Renn, Gustave Regler, Louis Aragon. Of the Americans, Hemingway comes first.

The book by the English writer, Pitcairn, *Spain under Fire,* stirred me very much

Semyon Kirsanov

Poet

This year I have written two poems. One of them, a narrative-poem, *War Against the Plague,* against fascism, the second a lyric, called *Thy Poem.*

A book of my verses, *Cape Desire,* is also coming out. And I am resuming the traditional printing of verses in the newspapers, political lyrics, most of them dedicated to the Twentieth Anniversary of October.

My work as a poet, like the development of all Soviet poetry, is linked with Mayakovsky. Our enemies attempted to picture Mayakovsky as "the destroyer of cultural values." Yet in no other poet can we meet with more delicate lines on Pushkin. This is significant. As a genuine innovator, Mayakovsky, of course, did not renounce the great heritage of Soviet poetry. He is organically connected with it. At present Soviet poetry and art as a whole pay loving attention to the great figures of the past. At the same time our art does not copy, but innovates. That is how Mayakovsky began in his days.

However, in the West they often call innovation what, in essence, is not revolutionary, and thereby does not merit the name of new art....

I should like to say a few words on the Madrid Congress of the International Writers' Union. We were there in spirit, in Madrid. The very fact that people, supporting culture, did gather together in one city, is profoundly poetical in itself and of unusual significance. Is it necessary to say that the Madrid Congress is of vital importance in the further strengthening of the bond between the foremost writers of all lands and the continued fight for peace and culture!

It seems to me that the best prose of today is American. In America there are many brilliant writers, particularly novelists. Hemingway's *Farewell to Arms* produced an indelible impression upon me.

Of the European writers, the figure of Aragon has always attracted me. I am translating his verses and will soon publish them in a separate volume.

Among the German writers, Berthold Brecht moves me.

In my opinion Soviet writers, and the best revolutionary writers of the West can learn a great deal from each other. We value the remarkable capacity for observation, the high skill in the handling of language of foreign revolutionary writers. On the other hand, Soviet literature can and must play an important part in their development. It is enough to point to Alexei Tolstoy. What decisive significance his work can have for the development of the foreign anti-fascist historical novel!

I believe that the bond between Soviet and anti-fascist writers should be an ideological and creative bond.

EUGENIA KNIPOVICH

The Socialist Humanism of Gorky

In 1927 Gorky finished his article on the Tenth Anniversary of the October Revolution with words of brotherly greeting to "the new Russian man," to "the builder of a truly new world," to "the most necessary person on earth."

These words were more than the congratulations of a comrade. They were words of communion between the deputy and his electors. The Russian, and international, master of culture hailed those whose will, passion and hatred moulded and reared his incomparable talent.

Gorky's works embody revolutionary life, underground work, prison, exile, hard labor, the greatest revolution in history, civil war and the heroic and victorious struggle for the building of a "truly new world." Gorky personifies the fearless mind of the "new Russian man," who storms all the heights of past and present culture. His works stir with that new and formerly unknown quality which distinguishes the conquests of our aviators, miners, cotton pickers, geologists,—all manifestations of the same Socialist culture, based on the free labor of free men. That is why Gorky stands in the world of letters not only as the bearer of the great traditions of Russian culture, but as the first representative of the universal Socialist culture, bringing with him a creative and liberating knowledge of ancient and contemporary culture. In the name of millions he can demand the fulfillment of all the promises made by the humanists of bourgeois revolutions.

Past culture has nurtured for mankind many wonderful conceptions, liberty, harmonious development of personality, the rule of reason, the brotherhood of peoples, equality, justice. However, in a world founded on private property, on wolfish egoism, on forced labor, they remained visions. Loyalty to the great ideals of the past, which penetrates the works of the "prodigal sons" of bourgeois culture, is accompanied with expressions of agony, bitternesss, impotence and alarm.

Gorky, in the cultural world, is endowed with special privileges, as the "representative" of a many-millioned master, a master conscious of his rights, armed with revolutionary theory, disciplined and educated by free labor. In the possession of this master the great concepts, values, slogans of the past acquire for the first time actual, not abstract and hypocritical

meanings. And in the name of this new master Gorky has a solution for every problem that had tormented the lone keepers of the great cultural treasures. Each reply had been bought with their life and blood. And Gorky also paid for them with his own blood.

This determines the specific nature of Gorky's humanism.

Gorky was first known as a romanticist, but his romanticism was born not of disillusionment with the world, not denial or evasion, substituting for the living reality always accessible to the creative hand of a master, a picture world, personal, invented and sterile. To such "individualistic" romanticism Gorky contrasts another kind, which "springs from man's consciousness of his bond with the world and the confidence of creative powers which this consciousness evokes." This type of romanticism Gorky called "social, or the romanticism of collectivism." "It is only now being born," wrote Gorky in the period of the "disgraceful and infamous decade, and its owner is the class which is entering life as the carrier of the Socialist idea of liberating mankind from the clutches of capitalism, as the carrier of the idea of free and brotherly labor—of the Socialist system."

Yes, Gorky was both realist and romanticist. But his romanticism had the same qualities as the romanticism of the creative Soviet people today.

For our pilots and scientists, our statesmen and workers also dream. Their visions have created new lakes, have turned the course of rivers, have opened new airways as important historically as the routes traced by Columbus and Vasco da Gama, have produced new flora and fauna; what is most important, their dream has remade the remaker of the earth—man himself. The dreams of a Bolshevik-Leninist, of a man of Stalin's epoch, are creative. Tomorrow the dream becomes a plan, and the day after countless loving hands are carrying it out.

All of Gorky's works from the romantic legend to the realistic would confirm this orientation to the future, this faith in collective labor.

To the humanism of the masters of Western culture Gorky contrasted proletarian revolutionary humanism. To the humanism of pity the humanism of truth, which is "above pity"; to gentle scorn—the severe demand to respect man; to the cult of "autonomous personality"—the glorification of the great mass of individuals, the real creators of cultural values. To the imagined superman Gorky contrasts the fighter, who has grown to the stature of a titan in the revolutionary battles of his class. Gorky, insisting upon the tie between the artist and the world, exposes the illusory nature of art isolated from reality.

At the same time—and here, again, the deeply proletarian nature of Gorky's humanism declares itself—every genuine protest against bourgeois terror, every expression of discontent with the unjust world of private ownership, every act of devotion to the cultural heritage of the world is near and dear to him.

That testimony of "the death of a world" which the great modern humanitarian artists have left us, in one form or another, is consummately presented in Gorky's works. Hatred of the capitalist system, which in the work of the best Western writers is often feeble and unfocused, has, in Gorky's writings, a creative function, merges with active love of the new society being built. Lastly, the charges of the murder of man, which the humanists of the West bring against the old world—in Gorky's works these charges go deeper and further; they force a reckoning with the old

world in the name of all humanity, in the name of the emergent new world.

Wretches? Gorky saw and portrayed wretches more ghastly than any monster of the Russian and Western decadence.

Here is Igosha, the Nizhni-Novgorod half-wit beggar, hungrier, more hunted than an animal. Here is Panashkina, with blue blood rot in her veins, wall-eyed, dreaming of "an affair with an officer not lower in rank than a lieutenant." Here is the "dog's mother," whom misfortune has crazed, whose companions are a pack of strayed dogs. And finally—"mother Kemskikh"—madwoman with a fit brood of seven children—cripples and idiots, for whom she sacrifices her life. A starved bitch who feeds her puppies on garbage is more dignified than this morsel of ridiculously suffering womanflesh.

Man's brutality? What writer has a more appalling kindergarten of abused children? Jacob (*The Three*), sweet Bubenchik *(Among People),* Koska Ulyucharev *(The Spectators),* etc. They perish not so much from barbed inhumanity as from dull indifference. Similarly, in women's lives, Gorky lays bare their torment. They are beaten not out of cruelty alone but because on them the menfolk avenge their own sufferings—the anguish and humiliation of their degraded and oppressed lives. Such is the fate of Nilovna *(Mother),* Orlova *(The Orlov Family),* Nikon's mother *(Summer),* etc.

To Gorky, however, unlike some Western writers, this world of wretchedness was not fixed and immutable, not the creation of man but of the bourgeois. It is not the mutilated but the mutilators who must answer for these crimes.

Gorky's protest against injustice began when as an eight year old child he saw his stepfather beating his consumptive mother.

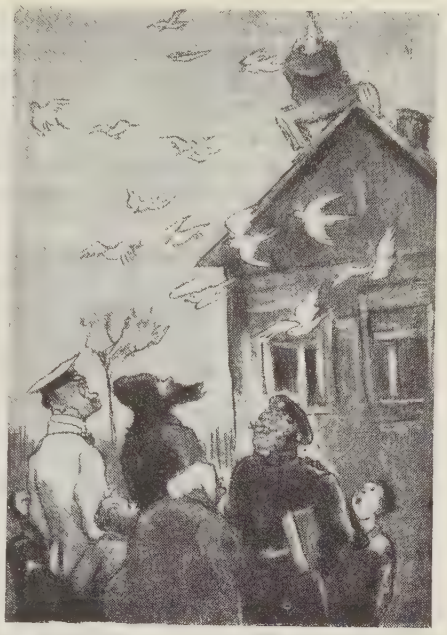


Illustration to "The Life of Klim Samgin" by the artists Kuprianov, Krylov, Sokolov

"I heard sounds of the beating, broke into the room. I saw my mother, who had fallen on her knees, lean her back and elbow against the chair; her back was arched with pain and she was groaning. Her head was thrown back and her eyes glittered with terror and fever; and he, neatly dressed in a new uniform, kept kicking her in the breast with his big, heavy foot. I grasped a knife from the table—it was a bread knife with an ivory and silver handle. It was the only article of my father's left to my mother—I gripped it and with all my might struck my stepfather in the side."

Gorky knew from experience that justice is not restored, "once and for all," that "each time the fight begins anew."

One must crush the brothel "bouncer," who drags a drunken prostitute by the feet, while her head knocks against the cobble-stones *(Among People);* one must crush

the underworld scum, who perform their vile, blasphemous ceremony on the drunken student at the flophouse *(My University Days);* and one must, even at the cost of one's life, attempt to rescue the tortured woman of whom Gorky writes in *The Conclusion.*

The Conclusion was founded on an episode during Gorky's wanderings in Russia in the nineties of the last century. These barbarities inflicted on a woman actually occurred in the village of Kandybovka. Gorky told what he had seen but he left unmentioned what he had done. A passserby—Alexei Peshkov (Gorky) threw himself on the tormentors, was given a beating that almost finished him, was flung into the bushes, to be picked up by a chance pedestrian who carried him to a hospital. However, the memory of this chivalrous passerby remained alive in the village. In 1936, more than forty years later, the daughters and granddaughters of women who had suffered like that tortured one, members of the Kandybov collective farm, sent Gorky a warm letter full of love and gratitude. They described their work, their present life—the life of free and equal Soviet women—and invited him to visit Kandybovka and see the changes with his own eyes.

Gorky saw the truth in the person of a tormented bloodstained woman; and for her blood he shed his own.

Gorky won the treasures of human culture, reached the highest levels of humanism through continuous fighting.

Gorky with his rich life-experience more than any other writer realized that labor is the foundation of culture, that every great work of art comes from the people. To Gorky a genuine artist was one whose works reflect the deep and vital processes of society, whose works mirror an entire epoch.

Patiently and lovingly Gorky recreates the figures of those industrious masters of Russian culture, who were in such close touch with life, those wonderful people who do honor to the human race by the worth of their lives. Tolstoy, Chekhov, Korolenko, Karonin, Kotsubinsky—in each Gorky marks their perseverance, these men who helped beautify the earth, by attacking in the name of life and the dignity of man, stagnancy, ignorance and violence.

And above all these great men, in Gorky's memory, towers the huge image of Leo Tolstoy, the image of a demiurge, a universal man, whose creative powers are so immense that "it seems as if he shall rise, wave his hand, and the rocks will begin to stir, and everything shall quicken, make itself heard, speak up in different voices, about themselves, about him, against him."

How can the world "refuse happiness" to such a man? He is real, bred on the creative forces of an entire epoch. The works of such people when taken possession of by the masses remake man and consequently the face of the earth.

To the cook Smury, one of the best stepsons of tsarist Russsia, "the proper book," the one he looks for, is a weapon in struggle; and in Gorky's understanding it is in truth a formidable weapon. One who has come into contact with such works of art becomes aware of his human dignity, of his right to happiness and beauty, to a life worthy of man—and demands them.

Gorky has left us unforgettable pages describing his first communion with great works of art, describing the joy and pain of the awakening to new levels of understanding. Gorky describes his introduction to Pushkin, to the musical lines "so easy to memorize, that fes-

tively adorned everything they mentioned; this made me happy and my life easy and pleasant. The poems sounded like chimes of a new life. How fortunate to be literate!"

Then his discovery of Balzac! Gorky describes how he found doubles for every character created by the great realist, in the people around him. How old Grandet helped him understand his avaricious grandfather, who refused to feed his wife and grandson, and how the very image of old Grandet shone with new light and new truth from this verification in real life.

The capitalist world not only forces a physical half-life upon the worker; it stupifies him, it fosters ignorance, superstition and savagery. "Consciousness" in a capitalist society is limited to the few privileged "specialists" who in the capitalist "division of labor" have drawn this assignment. And it is against these "few," against the bourgeois intellectuals, hangers-on of capitalism, usurpers of cultural treasures, parasites on creative thought, that Gorky directs his stern and shattering wrath. The greedy commercial attitude towards cultural values, the fooling around with ideas which the life ferment of a real artist has paid for—this, to Gorky, is sacrilege.

The roots of culture are in the creative potentialities of the people, and Gorky blasted those who stood between the masses and culture, stole from the people their lawful inheritance, blasted them as imposters and thieves, "empty bags" inflated with other people's words and ideas. Gorky knew well who these charlatans were—they were his persecutors all his life. They squeaked about "the end of Gorky" when *Mother,* that artistic manifesto of revolutionary humanism, appeared, These were the hysterical advocates of suffering and humiliation (for others) who slandered Gorky when in 1913 he had the courage to speak frankly about the "truths" of Dostoyevsky. It is they, then white emigrés or "mechanical citizens" of the Soviet Union, who poured feeble, insolent libel on the name of the greatest contemporary fighting artist. And it is they, who through Radek and the Trotskyite traitors, who had penetrated into Soviet literary organizations, attempted to soil with false words the name of the founder of Socialist literature.

Gorky was tireless in exposing these people, exposing their cowardice, futility and treachery. Such is Klim Samgin—this half-man, ruled by fear and lies, who shrinks from action, all his life seeking a "third way" between revolution and bourgeois counter-revolution. Never in world literature was bourgeois individualism so comprehensively exposed, and stripped of its pretentions as in *The Life of Klim Samgin.* Klim Samgin is a vacuum enclosed in phrases. Cultural values are phrases to him; those who created them, the people, are nothing to him. As a characteristic feature of the "critical-minded" bourgeois intellectual, Gorky in the fourth volume of his epic points out the complete indifference of Klim Samgin toward Tolstoy's death.

Mental parasitism, emptiness, worship of his own non-existent personality bring Klim Samgin very near to that offspring of decaying capitalism most despised by Gorky—to the provocateur. Klim Samgin did not work in the tsarist secret police but the atmosphere of the secret police permeates this "critical-minded" individual's whole life. An empty soul leading an empty life, the provocateur, to Gorky, was one who could not keep from doing evil through fear that otherwise his "quiet life" might be disturbed. A provocateur is the quintessence of the corrupted, whose worldly wisdom is to shuffle along walls, never con-

tradict, so that nothing need be changed, so that one should never have to make decisions, never have to act by one's own free will. This paralyzing passivity, actively harmful and corrupting, this drag toward stagnancy Gorky embodied in Karamor, the "useless man," and in the most loathsome of provocateurs—the potential provocateur—Klim Samgin. Those with whom Klim Samgin feels most compatible, most secure, most soothed in his twilight indecision, inevitably turn out to be agents of the secret police. Samgin is more dangerous than the provocateur, because he contrives to make cowardly inertia a value, seeks to endow it with a tradition, decorate it as a preserver of "human personality." These seducing inactivities of Samgin's are more disintegrating to revolutionary action and consequently more effective than the activities of provocateurs.

A. A. Lunacharsky was correct, when he wrote:

"No, it is not true that we can allow the dead to bury the dead. The old saying is false, and this is expressed in another proverb: 'The dead snatch the living.' Yes, the dead snatch at the living; the social corpse, the dead class, the dead mode of life, the dead religion have an after-life as vampires; they are not still in their graves but return among us. They rise with the fumes from the chimney of the crematorium and again settle down on the earth and cover it with black filth."

Did not the voice of Klim Samgin's "original personality" echo in the confessions of the Trotskyite-fascist conspiracy, this "black filth," during the trials of 1936-37? And Gorky deals as ruthlessly with another outgrowth of this same philosophy—passive pity and consolation. Luka (*In the Depths*), Markusha (*The Life of Matthew Kozhemyakin*), Serafim (*The Artomonous Affair*), the old apiarist (*A Story About the Unusual*)—all expose these "consolers," these "teachers of life." Gorky himself did not immediately understand this cunning and odious breed of the old world. In the figure of Luka he does not yet completely reveal that deep contempt of man and his sufferings which make him console only so as "not to disturb the rigid peace of an all-tolerating frigid soul." (*About Plays.*) This characteristic of "the teacher of life" is impressively exposed; their hidden aim: to muddy the soul of man with words, so that he should become too sluggish for discontent and action, is revealed. And "the consoler" is shown finally in his inevitable "social function," as secret counter-revolutionary, the underground agitator against the "restless people"—the Bolsheviks who "demolish life."

The philistine nature's sluggishness and disgusting clammy indifference —this is the core of the "original personality's" individualism, of the "humanism of pity and consolation." Gorky undresses these two fetishes, strips them of their ceremonial robes, makes them stand forth in their hideous nakedness as the quintessential expressions of philistine morbidity.

Studying the changes in the life of the bourgeoisie, Gorky analyzed two generations of Russian capitalists—noted the fate of the "fathers"—the plunderers of the period of preliminary accumulation, and the different destiny of the "children."

"We should not paste the class label on a person as we are used to doing," wrote Gorky in his article *About Plays*; "the class feature is not a mark, it is something internal, biological, of nerves and brain." This is why Gorky does not give us the "capitalist shark" of poster presentations. The awakening of class instinct in Ilya Lunin (*The Three*) or Matthew Kozhemyakin, an awakening that shocks heart and reason, Gorky depicts as a dialectic artist, organically understanding what "social environ-

ment" means. And at the same time Gorky's portrayal of capitalists (Ignat Gordeyev, Ilya Artamonov, Saveli Kozhemyakin, Vassa Zheleznova, Yegor Bulychev) is far from the weak-minded slogan: "Look for good in evil and for evil in good," with which the Trotskyite "critics" attempted to mislead Soviet literature in its struggle against the enemy.

Gorky does not "sympathize" with the merchant Yegor Bulychev or the factory owner Vassilissa Zheleznova because one of them is an "honest" man and the other a "devoted mother." No, he shows how property consciousness mangled and disgraced splendid human material, perverted wholesome instincts, turned the passion for creation, for beautifying the earth into a pursuit of shadowy, stolen profits. Yegor and Vassilissa (of the second version) themselves understand that their service to the "cause" is senseless and unreal. Unreal because in the case of the factory owner Zheleznova her "heir" as well as the merchant Artamonov's son become Bolsheviks, and Yegor Bulychev, when the revolution breaks out, declares that he had "saddled the wrong horse," that he, "the man," found himself robbed by money.

Having made the rounds of capitalist society, high and low, in pre-revolutionary Russia, Gorky through the remorseless witness of his characters, pronounces death sentence on that world. But from the outset Gorky understood the Leninist dictum that the national crisis is the forerunner of the approaching revolution, that intensified distress gives intensified force to man's protest against his oppressor, that together with the decay of "one world" another is being born; and facing the old world, in struggle, man rises to his own full height.

"... On the steppe, barren and waste, a huge thousand-handed man moves in great circles, ever wider girthing the earth, and in his path the dead steppe comes to life, quivering, juicy grass shoots forth and everywhere towns and villages emerge; and he strides ever on, farther towards the edge, sowing what is live and human.

"Then one feels toward people a new tenderness and respect; feels in them an inexhaustible vitality that can vanquish death, that eternally transforms what is dead into life, moving toward immortality by mortal roads—death overshadows people, but it cannot engulf them."

Illustration to Gorky's story "Malva" by the artist Dyekhtyarov

At times during his wanderings in Russia Gorky conceived his hero as a folk image—Mikula, Ilya, Vassilissa the Wise, for example—figures in whom the toiling people embodied its faith in its own measureless creative power. But to Gorky this "thousand-handed man" is not a featureless incarnation of stormy, elemental forces. His novels, biographical sketches and short stories, his autobiographical writing and journalistic work show with what untiring care and devotion he worked to save from oblivion, from

featureless anonymity the protean figure of his hero—the man who adorns the earth. The creative personality was to Gorky the greatest value in the world.

And if the "original personality" of Klim Samgin, the individualism of emptiness, sluggishness and property owning conceit when in contact with revolution turned into "a dirty bag, filled with worthless angular things," then at the same time the awakening of revolutionary consciousness revealed and raised up the millions of human personalities, crushed by capitalism. This transformation of man is not "a miracle" for Gorky, no sudden transfiguration. In all his works there are tributes to the mighty impetus of creative force that seeks liberation, that shows even through the scum of "swinish filth" of bourgeois society; the healthy, creative forces break through, good, human things grow, protecting and justifying faith in regeneration to a free and noble life.

Grandmother Akulina Ivanovna, the workers Tsiganok, the boarder "Gooddeed," the cook Smury, the bakers, ikon painters, typesetters, stokers, the student Gury Pletnyev, the Narodnik Romass—imposing is the gallery of wonderful Russian people, strong and sweet individuals, who have preserved inner beauty, dignity and courage through the unbearable hardships of Russian life, despite the efforts of the "teachers" and "masters" to blot from man his human countenance.

Gorky knew that in the brutishness and ignorance of workers the guilty were those who had driven them into a beastly existence. Gorky noted how these oppressed and degraded victims of capitalism at the first possibility reveal creativeness and human dignity. He marked their instinctive and wholesome respect for human beauty, strength, agility, their instinctive esteem for skill and labor—and he knew these responses to be the foundation of human culture.

In *The Life of Klim Samgin* and *Foma Gordeyev,* in stories and autobiographical narratives (*Among People*) Gorky pictured collective labor, which—if only for a short time—gives him the wonderful release and contentment of self-fulfillment. Collective work even under conditions of capitalism creates "a legion of labor" among the people which anticipates the time when labor shall be "a thing of honor, valor and heroism," as it is in a Socialist society.

These recurrent witnesses of glowing humanity, of the transformation of man through labor, love, friendship, contact with works of art, permitted Gorky to view the world with elation.

"I passionately want to live—live so that the old stones make merry and the white horses of the sea rear and prance still higher; I want to sing a hymn to earth so that, drunk with praise, she should with more abandon unfold her riches, display her beauty, inspired by the love of one of her creatures—man, who loves the earth like a woman and burns with ardor to impregnate her with new beauty."

On the Ukrainian steppe a peasant "who feeds the world" died; an ordinary "little man" left the world; but thinking of his work "it seems astonishingly great." But then, between Sukhum and Ochemagari, a "new young eaglet" was born; the mother, just up after its birth, gazes at the sea, the forest, the mountains and the face of her new-born son, and "her eyes, washed with tears of agony, once more become amazingly clear, blossom and burn with the blue flame of inexhaustible love."

Countless people, whose paths crossed Gorky's, who stored up in his soul the "honey" of their experiences and knowledge, also pined for a nobler life, grieved for vainly perishing forces.

All the imperceptibly small, who do "great things," all the downtrodden,

oppressed, bitter and furious, all whose strength and abilities are unused—all shall find the right road, because there is a force—and Gorky always knew of it—which is the touchstone of genuine human character, which draws out of man his best humanity. This force is revolutionary consciousness.

In *Enemies* and *Mother* Gorky depicts the revolutionary movement and revolutionary ideas first of all as factors restoring in man what is most human in him. The flame of revolution, the struggle for the building of a new world, burns out in man the petty bourgeois dross deposited in him. Man is transformed while transforming the world. Revolutionary, proletarian, Bolshevik humanism—this is Gorky's answer to the "accursed problems" which tormented the great humanists of the West.

Not the last feeble offspring of bourgeois humanism, not a fictive titan and creator, conjured from the past, are called upon to solve these historical problems as inheritors of the great legacies of the past. There is no need to look for an heir—he has appeared and entered his claim. Revolutionary consciousness, which penetrates into the very thick of the masses, creates millions of heroes and heirs. Simultaneously the theme of rupture between the artist and the world becomes an anachronism; for one of the events of the new created world is their reconciliation; liberated humanity thrusts forth the artist as the fighter, toiler, worker for the great common cause.

The tasks of a genuine master of culture in days of great class battles and social upheavals arouse to his aid millions, who for the first time become aware of their rights, their human dignity, of the revolutionary and humanitarian traditions of the past, of all that has been accumulated by mankind during the thousands of years of its conscious existence.

Unforgettable in Gorky's works are the figures of men moulded in the revolutionary movement and together with it. From Pavel Grachev to Pavel Vlassov, Gorky realized in loving portraiture fighters of the vanguard of the proletariat, to whom revolutionary enlightenment brought will, faith, new emotions, new ideas.

One of the finest and most beautiful of these figures is Nilovna, "the mother," the impersonation of the universal power and significance of revolutionary enlightenment. For forty years prevented by the bestial conditions of capitalist society from fulfilling the great resources of active love stored in her heart, she is reborn when she comes in contact with revolutionary consciousness borne into the world by revolutionary youth.

In the image of Nilovna, portrayed in clear and vivid epic form, with stirring simplicity, Gorky has shown how a new consciousness, new social feelings do not fall from the sky, but are dormant in man himself, are eternal, and only change in quality.

Love of her son, of her flesh and blood, gradually grows into a love of her son's truth, of his comrades, of all the oppressed, fighting for their emancipation; she joins their ranks, for they have become her children.

"Children, through truth and reason bring love to everything and array everything in new colors; they illuminate all things with an imperishable flame—which comes from the very soul. A new life is being born, thanks to the children's ardent love toward the entire world. And who shall extinguish this love? What power is above it, who shall overcome it? The earth gave birth to it and all life wants its victory—all life!"

Gorky with all his works, all his life served the slogan: "Support the rebel," and his works as well as his life are an example, a lesson for all.

Gorky not only advocated revolutionary humanism, but he is a living memory of those battles in which this humanism was born.

Mikhail Koltsov

KORNELY ZELINSKY

Mikhail Koltsov

The writers claim Koltsov and have elected him to the governing board of the Union of Soviet Writers. The journalists retort: "No, he belongs to us," and they heap honors on him. The publishers have an equal claim to him because he heads one of the largest publishing enterprises in the U.S.S.R., the United Magazines and Newspapers which publishes dozens of newspapers and magazines. Soviet diplomats would welcome Koltsov with open arms; he is at home in their world too, talks to cabinet ministers like an ambassador and to journalists like a cabinet minister. Soviet flyers, however, maintain that Koltsov wields the pen or attends diplomatic receptions as a sideline to aviation. He is the commander of the Maxim Gorky airplane squadron. Koltsov was even decorated for his part in a daring flight across the Pamirs. Incidentally at other times Koltsov has in his journalistic adventures sat behind a high school teacher's desk and at another time, driven a taxi. These activities have also left their mark.

And yet the readers have the first claim on Koltsov. Miners, fishermen, professors and border guards lay aside a number of *Pravda* that contains an article by Koltsov from Spain so as to read the article slowly, word for word, at their leisure, relishing the way Koltsov deftly portrays the very gist of events.

Who is Koltsov?

Mikhail Efimovich Koltsov was born in Kiev in an artisan's family. The special literary qualities which determine a journalist evinced themselves at an early age. Koltsov was an eighteen year old youth, fresh from school, when the tsarist autocracy was overthrown in Petersburg in February 1917. He climbed the steps of the Tauride Palace as the arrested ministers of Nicholas II were led from there to the fortress of Peter and Paul. When the newspapers ceased to appear Koltsov and a group of journalists published a chronicle of events. Copies of these large information sheets, the first reportorial accounts of the new history of Russia, are to be seen at the Museum of the Revolution.

Like John Reed, Koltsov took his stand with the revolution. The struggle of the workers and peasants for Socialism became the mainspring of Koltsov's newspaper work. In his quests for news, not content with vague rumors, he

always tried to get to the root of events. He talked to Red Guardsmen around the camp fires and traveled with troop columns over the boundless Russian plain. He has been seen sitting in country taverns, at receptions for foreign scientists, on the lecture platform, addressing worker-correspondents, at literary discussions, military manoeuvres or participating in meetings of the board of some provincial cooperative.

He plunged into the thick of the First Five-Year Plan. He inspects newly opened hydro-electric stations. He travels on freight cars, on locomotive tenders, by camel and by airplane, on foot and by submarine, by motor glider and reindeer sled. Throughout twenty years of the Socialist revolution Koltsov has moved with the revolution and there is scarcely a corner of the globe, from Moscow to the remotest Siberian village, from Madrid to Vladivostok, where Koltsov has not turned up and given us his testimony of a contemporary and an eye witness.

What is this testimony like? Koltsov's literary style has its unforgettable peculiarities. His language is full of metaphors, especially in his early writings It is sprinkled with irony and sharp, telling phrases. It is not without good cause that the writers claim Koltsov. He is a literary artist who knows how to seize upon and express essentials. But Koltsov is a publicist. The traditions of his literary style hark back to Heine and Herzen and the French essayists. He combines lyricism and feeling (in the expression of his sympathy or enthusiasm) with every shade of irony and sarcasm (to express ridicule and condemnation). His style derives from his partisan attitude towards class struggle realities.

And what is the source of this partisanship? What is its character? There are many forms of "subjectivism." One form is the expression of personal caprice on the part of the observer. Hence preciousness. Koltsov's partizanship has nothing in common with such an approach. On the contrary, there is nothing personal about it. It is derived from a new historic factor, from the working class. This is why Koltsov's "partisan style" expresses not his personal subjective opinion but presents an objective picture of reality.

How does this happen? Take for instance his description of his journey by rail from Vienna to Budapest: "Dandified shopkeepers buzz in the corridor—they are importing haberdashery to Austria and right on the train they arbitrarily fix prices. Heavy-jawed individuals with shaved heads, wearing monstrous signet rings on their hairy fingers stand about straddle-legged. They are stablemen, jockeys, and horsebreeders, returning from the races where the winners were Hungarian horses, the only inhabitants of the country who still win victories."

This snapshot of the Hungarian bourgeoisie contains nothing that is fictitious but it is not the description of an indifferent observer.

Koltsov selects those features which give the gist. Incidentally we shall not attempt to analyze Koltsov's style. The main thing is that Koltsov did not enter the sphere of journalism to "hunt for news." He regarded journalism as the particular form of activity that satisfied his inner demands and abilities, as a means of getting at the root of present day history. As the pathfinder and scout of the great army of a historic movement Koltsov was the first to arrive on the scene of conflict or of events and his testimony was that of a

fighter for the ideals of a new Socialist humanity. This circumstance endows his journalistic activity with special coherence and originality.

The history of journalism lists many remarkable talents. It would be stupid and needless boasting for us to contend that Koltsov has broken all records and has no rivals. There are more brilliant writers than Koltsov; others have accomplished great feats in "scooping" the news beginning with the legendary Greek who ran from Marathon to Athens, more than forty-two kilometers, with the tidings of victory. Since then, there have been plenty of journalistic stunts (like that of the reporter who during the Dempsey-Carpentier fight telegraphed the bible in order to keep the wires engaged until he had news to transmit). Luc Durtain has probably seen more of the world than any other reporter. Egon Erwin Kisch's leap from shipboard to the Australian shore has become world famous.

Koltsov, like a real journalist, combines all the qualities of ingenuity, daring and imagination. His success in exposing Russian whiteguards made him famous. On one occasion, disguised as a French journalist, Koltsov attended a reception in Paris for General Miller, head of the "Russian Military Alliance." For two hours the conceited captain of imaginery armies boasted of how he would crush the Bolsheviks. Even Koltsov's broad hints that he was not a French journalist did not bring the "bold warrior" to his senses. On another occasion Koltsov decided to teach a lesson to the White newspapers which feed the Parisian public on forged "letters from Russia," containing descriptions of "Bolshevik horrors." Koltsov mailed such a letter from Paris and composed it in such a way that the third and fourth letters of the words formed a sentence the meaning of which was brief: "You are damned fools." The letter was printed.

At home in the U.S.S.R. Koltsov surprises his readers from time to time with some new stunt—he writes about his adventures as a taxi chauffeur, a school examiner, a marriage registrar, etc. But we would be wrong in taking Koltsov's journalistic adventures as the most important phase of his work. Stunts are not his chief end. They are not stunts performed for their own sake; they are experiments, which are a part of Koltsov's work, which provide a sample of the age in its various sections and trends. Koltsov is prompted not by a love for the sensational but by a love of science. His particular branch is contemporary history. His ideal is the ideal of the birth of new Communist humanity. This is what lends Koltsov's writings their peculiar unity. It keeps Koltsov's journalistic work from becoming chance newsgathering. On the contrary, line by line, he creates a vast mosaic portrait of our time with its main historic features. Lenin called publicists "historians of the present." This applies to Koltsov. He is both an artist and a scientific analyst of the news moment.

After they appear in the newspapers Koltsov's articles and essays become books. A dozen such books have been published. They contain our whole epoch for the past two decades.

At some future date the readers of coming generations will re-read Koltsov and re-experience the sharpness and tenseness of our dramatic, tempestuous epoch. There will, of course, be other books and other histories that are more replete with facts and which give more of a summary of the full course

of events, but among contemporary testimony Koltsov's vivid accounts will remain among the most accurate and truthful recordings of the mood of the times.

We now understand why Koltsov went to Spain after the first shots. He went there as correspondent for *Pravda* on the staff of which he had worked for fifteen years and of which he is an editor. Working on the central organ of the Bolshevik Party developed his sense of responsibility for everything he said, it made him feel like a fighter who was part of the great army of Socialism.

The entire U.S.S.R. eagerly reads Koltsov's correspondence from Spain. He displays a remarkable enthusiasm for his work. He never has time for sleep. He talks to the president, to Moorish prisoners, to peasants from Catalonia and miners from Asturia. In the evening he transmits the military bulletin which he has received from General Miaja, by telephone. At night he writes articles that give an analysis of class forces. During the daytime he is on the front.

He accompanied a tank attack, armed only with his pen. He lies in the trenches of Carabanchel and the University Settlement with his notebook. He lives in Madrid under the fire of Franco's German shells. The six story hotel where he first stayed had been vacated by all the tenants and servants. He stayed on there alone at first. Then the wounded were moved into the adjoining rooms. Dozens of times Koltsov was under fire and a hairsbreadth from death. Once he was injured in an automobile accident.

Koltsov wrote day by day, gathering facts not for the sake of sensation but to reveal to the reader the trends of our times. He wrote, telegraphed and telephoned two and three times a day about everything, from children's milk station to political prognostications. The only subject he did not write about was himself. The battle on the Jarrama was one of the bloodiest encounters of the whole civil war in Spain. Koltsov was on the spot. His eye witness correspondence combined correct military information with the emotion of an artist and the penetration of a historian.

He went home for a short time; then returned to his post as a Soviet journalist and writer in the land where the people for the last two years have been fighting in the cause of all advanced and progressive mankind. Not long ago the Second World Writers' Congress was held in Madrid and Valencia. Koltsov's voice, feared by our enemies, loved by our friends, sounded from the tribune. Koltsov has a remarkable knack for saying the right thing at the right time. His speech at the Congress in Madrid was one of the best. The Congress closed and Koltsov is again on the firing line of the fight against the fascists. For Koltsov will always be present on the front of struggle for a new mankind, for a Socialist humanism. Such is the meaning of his journalistic work and the explanation of his courage and gifted personality.

Karin Michaelis
DENMARK

How time flies! Is it really true, that twenty years have passed since the Russian Revolution created a new world!

Sometimes I heard from friends of the Soviet Union, what it would be like in the future. Excitedly, they described to me the picture of this future, but I did not want to believe.... And just as water drop by drop wears away a stone, so did these stories, full of youthful fire, act upon me.... Very slowly, I began to see things differently. I don't know how it happened, but every time when I heard something good about the Soviet Union, there was a warm feeling in my soul.

And thus one day, I felt a desire to convince myself with my own eyes of what I had heard and read.

I had long been invited.

The invitation was repeated, and in the spring of 1934 I set off through Stockholm and Helsingfors....

I saw collective farms. In some of them cleanliness and tidiness reigned, in others there was less tidiness, but no less gladness and animation, and in the field during work and in the evening: lectures, games, sports.

I saw children's summer colonies, where the children themselves prepared dinner, cleaned up, and in short directed the colony themselves. They had their own orchestra, and they proudly and happily invited accidental and unexpected guests to dinner.

I saw resorts on the shore of the Black Sea, whither hundreds of thousands of workers go to lie in the sun, and to enjoy nature.

I visited immense factories, which previously I had been unable to imagine. Every factory is a small city with a school, libraries, playgrounds, kindergartens, and here every worker has an opportunity of studying. Workers who came to the factory illiterate a year ago, now sit of an evening, playing chess, while their wives begin to understand the great wisdom of reading and writing.

I saw villages built only a few years ago; they were considered old and architects were busy making new plans.

All this I saw with my own eyes, and not only this, but much more.

I don't want to say that everything at present is in the best possible order. This, of course, is impossible in a land of such tremendous size. I only want to say that the achievements exceed all human expectations, that every one who looks on this without prejudiced hostility and is ready to corroborate reality ought to be as enthusiastic as I.

What have women not as yet attained? The Russian woman used to be beaten like a dog, and turned over to the arbitrary will of her drunken husband. Now in the Soviet Union there is not one woman who is subjected to beatings; everyone is a full-fledged comrade of her husband, and a full-fledged citizen of her country.

The youth of the Soviet land are a happy youth; everyone agrees to that, even enemies. These youth lived through hard years, and every new day leads them to new attainments. Such youth ought to accomplish miracles. Each one for himself and each for all —that is their slogan.

I hope to visit the Soviet Union again soon, in order to carry home the scenes of your beautiful construction. I have a good memory and will see to it that my words are heard.

I wish you the very best on your Twentieth Anniversary.

Karin Michaelis

Vladimir Mayakovsky

VASSILY KATANYAN

Vladimir Mayakovsky, Greatest Poet of the Soviet Era

Eighteen kilometers from the town of Kutaisi in the Caucasus the village of Bagdadi stands, ringed by lofty wooded mountains. Here, in a cottage on a street that now bears his name, Vladimir Mayakovsky was born to a woodman's family. When the time came for Vladimir to go to school the Mayakovsky family moved to Kutaisi. There in the fall of 1902 Mayakovsky entered the upper school.

Preserved in the archives of the Kutaisi upper school is a yellowed document dated 1872. This was a "plea" addressed to the administration and signed by the fourth grade pupil Vladimir Mayakovsky. "My father who is burdened with a family of seven, is extremely poor and barely able to feed us. Because of our extreme poverty I entreat the administration to exempt me from payment of tuition fees." The same archives contain another document asking exemption from tuition fees for a student by the name of Vladimir Mayakovsky.

The two documents, between the writing of which thirty years had elapsed, were written in the same hand. In the first Vladimir Konstantinovich Mayakovsky asked exemption for himself, in the second for his son.

Nothing had changed in thirty years. The gymnasium was much the same, the same plane trees grew in the yard, the same poverty drew the same from the same man.

The revolutionary events of 1905, the strikes, meetings and armed conflicts with the police were the first memories that left a deep imprint upon the mind of little Vladimir.

At the age of twelve Mayakovsky wrote to his elder sister in Moscow:

"Dear Luda, we received your letter and we all of us promptly sat down to write an answer. So far nothing terrible had happened in Kutaisi, although the upper school and the trades school went on strike. There was plenty to strike about; cannon were trained on the upper school and at the trades school they did even better; they set up cannon in the yard and announced that if anyone opened his mouth they would blow the place to bits.

"The Cossacks scored another 'brilliant' victory in Tbilisi. The upper school students were ordered to raise their hats to an image of Nikolas borne in a procession before us; and when the students refused the Cossacks fired. The trouble lasted two days and the first victory against the tsarist Bashi-bazouks was scored in Georgia; over two hundred of the swine were killed. Kutaisi is also arming. All you hear in the streets are the strains of the Marseillaise. They also sang the fu-

neral march at the memorial demonstration for Troubetskoi and the Tiflis workers.

"Write to me.

"Love and kisses from your brother,

"Vladimir."

This excitement left little time for study. Mayakovsky quit school and attended the Marxist circle in the upper school. He read political pamphlets and practiced oratory on the banks of the Rion, developing clear diction, like Demosthenes, by speaking with pebbles in his mouth.

In February 1906 Mayakovsky's father died. His family, consisting of his mother, sisters and the thirteen year old Volodya, moved to Moscow.

His mother had managed to secure a pension, but it was a pittance, insufficient to pay the rent, so they sublet one room to two students from the Caucasus. Vladimir made friends with these roomers and through them came in contact with the underground revolutionary organizations.

On March 28, 1908, Mayakovsky was arrested for the first time, following the discovery of a printshop of the Moscow Committee of the Social-Democratic Party. He was caught carrying a bundle of copies of the illegal newspaper and leaflets. He was released on account of his extreme youth but was placed under strict police surveillance. In January 1909 Mayakovsky, arrested a second time, was released for lack of evidence. In July 1909 he was arrested a third time. He was kept in Butirsky jail for nine months, eight of them spent in solitary confinement.

His first years in Moscow, his first steps on his own, marked an extremely important period in the life of the young Mayakovsky, a period when his personality and ideas were moulded. The underground revolutionary movement, his arrest and imprisonment were a school and lessons of life which, happening when he was still a mere lad, constituted the most important part of his education. The experience acquired in the revolutionary struggle during the worst years of reaction and the Marxist books which he read at the time, left a deep mark on the whole of his life, and endowed him with the best human traits, a fighting revolutionary disposition, tenacity and hatred for social injustice, generosity and comradeship, self-reliance and courage.

Revolutionary work, arrests and imprisonment had interrupted Mayakovsky's studies. Upon his arrival in Moscow he had entered the Fifth Upper School where he did not remain long. Later he spent a year at the Stroganovsky School of Art. Upon his release from the Butirsky jail he was confronted with the question of what to do next. He had done a lot of thinking and reading in jail. Now he had to choose a profession, complete his formal education, get on his feet, become independent. Material circumstances also compelled him to think of the future.

Mayakovsky made up his mind to become an artist. In the fall of 1911, after preparatory work at the studios first of the artist Grukovsky, then of Kailin, Mayakovsky passed the entrance examination to the Academy of Painting, Architecture and Sculpture. This was the last institution of learning he attended. Entering it to become an artist, he left it a poet.

Here he met a group of insurgent young artists and poets, revolutionary in their approach to the ruling tendencies in art and he soon joined the foremost ranks of those who called themselves the creators of the art of the future, the Russian Futurists.

II

Mayakovsky and his young friends Burluk, Khlebnikov and Kamensky [1]

[1] Burliuk, Khlebnikov and Kamensky were Futurist artists. Burliuk emigrated to

despised the gilded patrons of the arts. Mayakovsky, after his training and revolutionary leaflets and pamphlets, was especially vehement in his dislike.

The first of Mayakovsky's verses date from this time. They were written in a new manner that in itself fulfilled the slogan of a new art. Early in 1913 the first Futurist anthology appeared, bearing on its cover the slogan: "In Defense of Free Art," under the daring heading: "A Slap in the Face of Public Taste." It contained Mayakovsky's first verses.

The chief theme of Mayakovsky's early poems was the city. Not the city of the broad, brilliantly lighted thoroughfares, but the city of the forgotten and the disinherited, vainly seeking a way out.

His instinct for mass appeal, his bent toward public speaking attracted Mayakovsky to the stage. The result was his first big work, the tragedy *Vladimir Mayakovsky.*

The subject of the tragedy is the poet's suffering for the sake of all the poor and disinherited. The poet takes upon himself the sorrows of mankind; people come to him for relief, but he is powerless, there is nothing that he can offer but fellow-feeling, no practical help can he give.

The tragedy *Vladimir Mayakovsky* marked the close of the first period in Mayakovsky's work.

Mayakovsky and Burliuk were expelled from the Academy of Painting for their militant advocacy of the new art. Mayakovsky went to St. Petersburg. There he devoted himself entirely to writing. In the fall of 1913 his tragedy was produced in St. Petersburg in a small theater, with funds supplied by friends. It was received with a storm of mingled protest and applause.

Now Mayakovsky felt himself on solid ground. His tone became bolder and more confident. In 1914-15 he wrote his second big work, the poem *The Thirteenth Disciple.* Censorship forced a change in the title as well as other mutilations. It was published as *The Cloud in Trousers.*

In this poem, as in his preceding tragedy, Mayakovsky appears as an exhorter, a champion, an avenger. There is too much sorrow and suffering everywhere.

A sorrow as vast as the city shrouds it, laced with a hundred tiny woes.

As before, the downtrodden and the disinherited are the theme, but their figures are far more decisive and clear. To the downtrodden and the homely Mayakovsky says they are just as good or better than the happy and the handsome. Therefore they need not "plead for the mercy of time as alms"; but they must go forth and take what belongs to them by right. In this poem the abstract theme of rebellion against some oppressive force acquires more concrete form.

The oppressed are the "pockmarked" people, people with faces "like rumpled sheets," "the convicts of the leper colony," who however are at the same time the producers in factories and laboratories.

The oppressors are in the first place the rich and the surfeited; next come those who serve the muses of these fleshy masters—the poets who giggle or whimper to order. Last of all comes God who legitimizes this mess. To this social subject Mayakovsky further adds the theme of his tragic love for Maria.

When *The Cloud in Trousers* was reprinted after the Revolution without the censor's mutilations, Mayakovsky wrote that every section of the poem had its own invective. "Down with your love," "Down with your art," "Down with your social order," "Down with your religion"—these are the four slogans of its four parts.

At the time he did not yet know

America where his pictures at the exhibitions of the "Independents" aroused attention for their extremism.

Illustration to "150,000,000" by the artist Denysovsky

where to go or *how* to go, but he fully realized that he must go *against.*

This, to be sure, was not yet the class conscious proletarian appeal to struggle, but inchoate rebellion, the protest of an individual who felt cramped by bourgeois society.

He heralded the revolution:

It crosses the ridge of time
I see it, the yet unseen,
For vision fails at that range.
With the heads of the hungry
Garlanded with the thorns of revolt
The year 1916 comes.

But as in the first tragedy Mayakovsky sorrowfully admits his powerlessness. Revolt is enfeebled by his sense of loneliness and the depression caused by the suffering he saw around him.

The Cloud in Trousers sounded at the time an open challenge to contemporary poetry.

Put on brass knuckles:
We have to crack the world's skull.
Don't cheep like a quail
And take the meek name of poet.

The new revolutionary content required a new revolutionary form. Mayakovsky did not attempt to cram his subject into the old metres, into old forms. He created his own.

But this outraged established taste and accepted concepts of poetry. Mayakovsky shared the fate of every poetic innovator. The critics refused to acknowledge Mayakovsky as a poet. This was how Pushkin had been received and Nekrassov. No magazine would print *The Cloud in Trousers.* Friends got it out as a booklet; and it was mutilated by the censorship; but even in this form it made a powerful impression on the new generation of writers and gained Mayakovsky the prestige of originality, the fame of a poet of the future.

In 1915 Mayakovsky met Gorky, who immediately recognized him as an outstanding poet, a rebel and an innovator. At the height of the imperialist war, at the end of 1915, the magazine *Letopis (Chronicle)* began to appear under Gorky's editorship. Mayakovsky was invited to become a regular contributor. In its policy the magazine was against the imperialist war, satisfying Mayakovsky's political convictions. Mayakovsky regarded the imperialist World War as a gross violation of human personality and as one of the major crimes of world capitalism.

His earlier verses on the war portray it as horror and lunacy. He now had the opportunity to develop this subject to the full. His poem *War and Peace,* in which it is easy to detect Gorky's influence, was Mayakovsky's first poem on a large and clearly defined social subject, and its firmer and larger awareness of reality (derived from the fact that its subject is a real one) distinguishes it from his previous works. *Vladimir Mayakovsky* and *The Cloud in Trousers.*

Similar themes—social unrest, the

solitude of the sensitive, appear in some lyrical poems written at the same time. The loneliness he felt and expressed was that of a man of strong feeling, a man of enthusiasm and warmth who finds no sympathetic response in the people around him.

In the gloomy months just before the Revolution, the theme of social unrest is interrupted by a pessimistic strain declaring his own uselessness.

In what a sick,
delirious night
By what Goliaths
was I conceived,
I, so big,
so useless.

Mayakovsky, with his tremendous poetic breadth, his heroic feelings and giant forms had not then found a subject of compatible dimensions. The Revolution gave him his subject.

III

When the Revolution of 1917 swept away the tsar, Mayakovsky was in military service, attached to the automobile school.

In his autobiography he writes telegraphically, regarding those days:

"Drove to the Duma with the automobiles. Entered Rodzyanko's office. Had a look at Milyukov. He didn't say a word. It seems to me he stutters. Got sick of them. I left. I took command at the automobile school for a few days. At the Duma the old officers hang around. It's clear to me this must inevitably be followed by the Socialist. Bolsheviks . . . In the first days of the Revolution am writing a poetic chronicle *Revolution*. Delivered a lecture on Bolshevik of Art.' Russia is being Kerensky-ized."

The poem he refers to, *Revolution*, was published in the newspaper *Novaya Zhizn (New Life)*, edited by Gorky. Here also appeared Mayakovsky's *The Story of Little Red Riding Hood* (satirizing the Cadets) and the trenchant anti-war poem *In Reply* which flung the angry question "What are we fighting for?" straight in the faces of the ruling class. This poem, written after the criminal July offensive organized by Kerensky at the bidding of the Anglo-French imperialists, evoked a sarcastic retort from the paper of the Menshevik Party. At this time Mayakovsky's political and social position took definite shape. The Menshevik baiting had its effect. On the crucial subject of the imperialist war, Mayakovsky was wholly on the side of the Bolsheviks—the only party which demanded the immediate cessation of the war.

Mayakovsky carried on active work in the Union of Art Workers. At the former palace of Ksheshinskaya where the Bolshevik organization was then housed he attended the first meeting of proletarian writers. His political direction was a steadily closer approach to the Bolshevik ideology, to the idea of revolutionary class struggle.

Thus when the October storm burst, unlike every other writer-intellectual who crossed the great divide of 1917, he did not waste time in agitated pondering and debating before finally "recognizing" what had happened.

In his autobiography Mayakovsky wrote

"To accept or not to accept? No such question in my case. Revolution was mine. Went to Smolny and set to work. Did everything there was to do."

Recently an extremely interesting document was discovered in Leningrad, the minutes of a meeting of the Union of Men of Art, held a few days after the Revolution, on November 17, 1917. This session discussed the proposal of Lunacharsky, People's Commissar of Education, on the organization of the country's artistic life. Some of those present sharply criticized the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks and proposed that cooperation in any form be refused. The majority could not make a de-

cision and were silent. Mayakovsky alone came forward with a direct and clear motion: "To send greetings to the new power and establish contact with it."

Early in 1918 Mayakovsky published the uncensored version of his poem *The Cloud in Trousers;* he collected his minor poems and those of his comrades in arms, Aseyev, Kamensky, Burliuk and Khlebnikov in a volume entitled *Rye World,* to imply that this poetry sought to be a human necessity, like the rye that went into the bread eaten by all. In the foreword to this anthology Mayakovsky wrote that the poet, the statesman building a new life to the slogan "Long Live Socialism," and the Red Army man defending the Revolution by force of arms, shared the same feelings, thoughts and duties. The only difference was in the mode of expression.

These words were a clear political declaration confirming the partisan character of art. And the sentiment did not stop at these words. Mayakovsky placed himself, as a poet, on the same footing with the builders of a new life and with its defenders. He marched in step with them for the rest of his life, never letting his own work stray from the common struggle, devoting all his ability and energies to the Revolution.

The old literary proverb says: When the cannon roar the Muses are silent. Mayakovsky spoke. He did not write verses to be stowed away in a bureau drawer until better times. He found powerful words that spoke in unison; he wrought verbal bombs that could shatter the enemy.

The old proverb was wrong! The Muses of the Revolution could not keep silent in the decisive battle. Mayakovsky would not only write *about* the Revolution (there would be time for that later), but *for* the Revolution; and immediately!

If paper to circulate his verses ran short he would write a play in praise of the Revolution to be seen by millions in the thousands of the country's theaters. He would portray for those who were creating the Revolution day by day, by hard work and in battle, the Revolution as a world epic, as a magnificent contemporary legend opening a new calendar in human history.

This play written in 1918 was *Mysteria Buff*—"an heroic, epic and satirical presentation of our epoch." He paralleled the flood of the bible. The Revolution is the flood that engulfs the foul old world, washing and cleansing it.

Mayakovsky finished his *Mysteria* a month before the first anniversary of October. He proposed to present it during the holidays. The play was well received by Lunacharsky, Commissar of Education and by the commission organizing the October celebrations.

Mysteria Buff has a very great importance in the history of Soviet literature and the Soviet theater. It was not only the first Soviet play, chronologically speaking, written by a Soviet author and presented in a Soviet theater; what mattered even more was the fact that it was the first play in praise of the Socialist Revolution. Its content was correspondingly new, as were its new literary and scenic forms.

At the end of 1918 Mayakovsky joined the collegium of the Department of Fine Arts of the People's Commissariat of Education, which guided the cultural life of the country. He took an active part in every phase of the work. Mayakovsky and a group of his friends organized the publication of a journal of the arts under the name of *Iskusstvo Kommuni (Art of the Commune).* In its first number it published as an editorial Mayakovsky's famous poem *Command to the Army of Art,* which enjoined artists and poets to go out on the street, and to the people with their art. Almost every subsequent number contained poems by Mayakovsky on political subjects as well as poems in defense of the principles of revolutionary art.

During this period, the editorial board of *Iskusstvo Kommuni* organized lectures by Mayakovsky in the workers' districts of Petrograd at which he spoke on the new art and poetry. One of these lectures became the inspiration for one of his most remarkable poems.

On a December day in 1918 he received a phone call to give a reading of his poetry to a group of sailors of the Baltic Fleet. He agreed, but felt compelled to read them something new, something more suitable to their demands and interests than he had yet written. And so, in the course of a few days, Mayakovsky wrote his famous *Left March*. The poem was translated into many European languages, and almost all the languages of the U.S.S.R.

In 1919 Mayakovsky was absorbed by a large poetic enterprise, an epic whose images would be portrayed in the legendary figure, Ivan, and world capitalism in the figure of President Woodrow Wilson. The projected title was *Ivan: an Epic of the Revolution;* but on the completion of the work the title given it was *150,000,000,* the population figure of Soviet Russia at that time. It was published anonymously, Mayakovsky wishing it to appear not in his name, but in the name of the entire revolutionary proletariat that had achieved the October Revolution.

In *Mysteria Buff* and in *150,000,000* Mayakovsky sought to express the social revolution and the movement taking place before his eyes. He wanted to present the main features of the great epoch in general figures. In both these works Mayakovsky took the revolutionary present, the heroic drama of today, and disclosed the horizons of the future. He presented the future as the final outcome of the revolutionary struggle. The idea in both works is "to see the future in the present." This was Mayakovsky's first writing on the subject which became his central theme after October 1917, the Socialist Revolution.

Mayakovsky's capacity for work was tremendous and almost inexhaustible. There were still energies and abilities to be used after his work at the Commissariat of Education, his writing for the magazine *Art of the Commune,* and his activities in the cinema which drew his interest at that time. These further energies and abilities came into play at the height of the Civil War, when the whiteguards, supported by European imperialism, were attacking on all sides.

The young Soviet Republic strained all its resources defending itself. In the agitational work conducted by the Party and Soviet social organizations, numerous technical difficulties were encountered. There were few printing and lithograph plants, and those worked badly. The idea occurred to a group of artists to make their posters and appeals by hand. They applied to ROST (The Russian Telegraph Agency) with their proposals, which were accepted. Thus the first "ROST Windows of Satire" (so-called because they were put up in store windows in place of the usual merchandise) appeared and became a common sight throughout the country. These posters on subjects of immediate interest, with their clever rhymed captions, were a great success and drew big crowds. The "ROST Windows" were more than posters, they served also as newspapers, humerous magazines and vaudeville stage.

"My work with ROST began so," Mayakovsky wrote later. "On the corner of Kuznetsky and Petrovka, where the Mosselprom candy store now stands, I saw the first two-meter poster. I immediately applied to the head of ROST, Comrade Kerzhentsev, who put me in touch with M. M. Cheryomny, one of the best workers in this field. We made the second window together.

"At first, Comrade Gramen worked on the text, afterwards almost all the subjects and texts were mine."

"At first" meant a few weeks; "afterwards" meant two and a half years, in the

course of which day by day Mayakovsky worked on the "windows of satire," as a poet and as an artist.

"Looking through my photograph album," he said later, "I found about four hundred of my 'windows.' Each 'window' contained from four to twelve posters, altogether about 3,200 posters. The captions would fill a separate volume."

Contemporary readers know too little about this titanic activity and it has been given inadequate consideration in our criticism. Poems from the ROST Satire Windows are without precedent in the history of literature. They were integral with the drawings; drawings and text were designed to make a unified impression on the spectator. It would be hard to determine whether the artist illustrated the rhymes, or the poet captioned the illustrations. There is not an event of importance, not a workaday task of the Revolution that was not dealt with in a ROST poster. Denikin and Yudenich, Wrangel and the Polish barons, saboteurs and deserters, self-seekers and schemers, lice and disorganization, loafers and slovens, all the enemies of the republic were caught in the "Windows of Satire," in caricature and rhyme. At the same time the posters popularized hundreds of urgent tasks; they campaigned for discipline and responsibility, for shock brigade work, for the collection of warm clothing for the front, for lumbering, soap making and electrification, for the cooperative ownership of agricultural implements, for feeding mushrooms to children suffering from scurvy, for hundreds of matters large and small that were marked on the work calendar of the Revolution. Examining these posters today, the whole history of those fighting years seems to pass in review before your eyes.

Highbrow poets and highbrow readers looked down upon Mayakovsky at that time. They regarded this work as "beneath" real poetry. They were shocked that with his ability he should "stoop" to it. But for Mayakovsky there were no "highbrow" and "lowbrow" subjects. His criteria were necessity and use; and following these criteria he was never at a loss for subjects.

Daily literary preoccupation with the realities of the Revolution purged the remnants of Futurism and Symbolism. It enlarged the range and strengthened the content of the material he used for his subjects.

This was the political school where the untutored rebel spirit of his youth matured into a good instrument of the Revolution. Mayakovsky's political growth was accompanied by a revision of his whole poetical system. His verses were no longer written for a narrow circle of friends; they were written for the millions.

And Mayakovsky thoroughly understood this task. In ceaseless quests for a comprehensible language, he broke with his accustomed poetic forms, confident of finding a form that would achieve comprehensibility without loss of poetic quality.

When the Civil War ended, and the Republic entered the period of peaceful construction, fighting did not cease for the poet of the Revolution. The "ROST Windows" still appeared. Mayakovsky and the ROST artists fought for the economic restoration of the country, fought new enemies of the Revolution—typhus, hunger, disorganization. It was not till 1922 that the last "ROST Window" appeared and in March, a poem of Mayakovsky's was published for the first time in a large central newspaper. This was the famous poem published in *Izvestia* on March 5, 1922, on the excessive meetings that burdened responsible workers at that period.

The day after the publication of the poem in the newspaper, Lenin, in a speech at the Party fraction meet-

Mexican Scene, Drawing by Mayakovsky

ing of the All-Russian Metal Workers' Congress, praised the poem.

"Yesterday, in *Izvestia,* I happened to read Mayakovsky's poem on a political subject; it's a long time since I experienced such pleasure from the political and administrative standpoint. In his poem he laughs at and makes fun of Communists for holding too many meetings. I don't know about the poetry, but as for the politics, I can vouch for it that he is entirely right."

Mayakovsky was proud and happy. He regarded this praise on Lenin's part as a certificate of political maturity.

This poem marked the beginning of Mayakovsky's newspaper work which continued until his death. His ROST work had trained him for it. Mayakovsky's newspaper work, like all his writings, confirms his position as the poet of the Soviet era. His newspaper poems include some of his best. Parts of *Lenin* and *Good,* for example, were published in the press. Mayakovsky never regarded his newspaper activity as a sideline.

His facility had no relation to that of the short order rhymesters who can sling together verses to suit any occasion. His facility came from the fact that he was intimately and vitally interested in the events of the Revolution and the building of Socialism.

More than once he was already at work on a poem of topical interest when the editor phoned for it. Mayakovsky would reply: "Yes, I know. It's already half written."

During the years 1922-25 Mayakovsky did much poster work, covering a wide range of subjects, anti-religious propaganda, cultural and educational work, propaganda against alcoholism, agitation in favor of cooperatives, etc. He wrote many poems advocating the establishment of a powerful Soviet air fleet and a long poem on aviation called *The Flying Proletarian.*

"Art is not born with a mass character," Mayakovsky wrote, "it acquires a mass character as the result of a sum of efforts. Its mass character is the outcome of our struggle and not a silver spoon in a lucky mouth—a book by some literary genius."

Just as revolutionary need had found him ready to draw and caption posters, and write topical poetry for the newspapers, so, during the NEP period, when government stores competed with private stores, he did not hesitate to write rhymed "ads" for the government enterprises.

Mayakovsky wrote a whole series of advertising blurbs for various trusts—Mosselprom (foods), Resinotrest (rubber goods), Mospoligraph (poster supplies), GUM (bazaars), he

designed candy wrappers and electric signs, etc.

In 1920, in a poem in honor of Lenin's fiftieth birthday, Mayakovsky wrote: "In Lenin I praise the world's faith and my own."

When the first bulletin on Lenin's illness appeared, Mayakovsky reacted with lines full of revolutionary feeling:

The Revolution will have forever
Lenin's heart in its breast.

Lenin's death was a stunning blow to Mayakovsky. It gave him the spur to write his powerful memorial poem on Lenin.

On January 27, 1924, Mayakovsky attended Lenin's funeral on the Red Square. The poem begins with the deep emotional experience of that day, and the entire third section is devoted to it.

Having attended the funeral and described the historic moment of the people's last farewell to their leader, Mayakovsky speaks of his overwhelming sense of duty and of the need to write about the event, to "multiply" the unforgettable impression of an eye-witness.

On the world, a coffin
Motionless, speechless;
But we at its side
Shall move, speak.
We, of the people,
With a frenzy of struggle
Work, poems,
Shall preserve,
Multiply,
What we have seen today.

VI

In this section of the poem Mayakovsky sought to give the maximum poetical expression of the tremendous sorrow which was not his alone but was shared by the workers of the whole world. But Mayakovsky sets himself a second task, to overcome this sorrow. This is the culminating point of the whole poem; it contains its full ideological and poetical meaning.

Here Mayakovsky, his grief having been completely expressed, exclaims:

I am happy
I am borne away;
In the flowing march
My buoyant body.
I know that now
Will be forever;
This moment
Will be life
Within me.
I am happy
That I
Am of this force;
That our tears
Are in common.
More strongly
More cleanly
We cannot share
The great communion
In the name
Of our class.

In all that has been said and written in prose and verse about the overcoming of one's ego, the triumph over individualism, we are not likely to find elsewhere a passage that so powerfully expresses the transformation of individual emotion and the joy that accompanies this transformation.

If we recall that the subject of "loneliness" was one of the main themes of Mayakovsky's pre-revolutionary writing we can realize the significance of these lines.

It must not be thought that in writing *Lenin* Mayakovsky let himself be swept into it by his deep emotion. He wanted to give not only his own emotion and the people's emotion but a conception of Lenin's significance to the world (which he gives in the concluding sections of the poem).

He was anxious not to "give Lenin's wholesome simplicity a sugar

coating." The figure of Lenin was for Mayakovsky the human incarnation of all the great concepts of the Revolution. He was afraid that he might fail to find the strong plain words which he required. Mayakovsky also wanted to show that the appearance of a man like Lenin was not a miracle but the result of an iron historical necessity.

"Two hundred years ago came the first news of Lenin."

Mayakovsky pictures capitalist exploitation, the class struggle, the beginnings of the revolutionary movement, and concludes:

Therefore
in far off Simbirsk
was born
the ordinary boy
Lenin.

Mayakovsky wanted to emphasize as strongly as he could that Lenin was organically linked with the proletariat and that this connection was magnified in the everyday revolutionary class struggle.

Our class
groping
touched Lenin,
And took
strength and light
from the touch;
And Lenin
with the strength,
with the light of the masses,
Grew with the class.

Mayakovsky's whole narrative of Lenin's life and work is focussed on this emphasis of the tangible and living ties that link Lenin with the revolutionary proletariat. It would be wrong of course to expect from the poem an exhaustive biography of Lenin. But Mayakovsky manages to show the many sides of Lenin, the great thinker, the great organizer, the great strategist.

This work was an important stage in Mayakovsky's literary development. He emerged from it a full grown Bolshevik poet. He managed to overcome those "aesthetic" survivals that had been a handicap to his becoming the poet of the masses of the revolutionary proletariat.

When the poem was finished and before it was printed Mayakovsky read it to a large audience, a meeting of the *actives* of the Moscow Committee of the C.P.S.U., thus testing the written word by the ear, by a mass response.

In his autobiography he wrote: "I finished the poem *Lenin,* and I read it at many workers' meetings. I had misgivings about the poem, since it would have been all too easy to descend to the level of a mere political resumé. The reaction of the workers' audiences reassured me and convinced me of the poem's usefulness."

Subsequently Mayakovsky returned to the subject of Lenin many times. He has much to say about Lenin in the poem *Good,* written on the tenth anniversary of October, and almost every year Mayakovsky observed the anniversary of Lenin's death with verses in his memory.

VII

"I must travel," Mayakovsky said, "I find contact with living things an almost complete substitute for reading books." Between 1922 and 1929 Mayakovsky went abroad almost every year. During these seven years he visited Latvia, Germany, France, Spain, Cuba, Mexico, the United States, Poland and Czechoslovakia. His travels had a definite influence on his work. Poems and essays followed each trip. Even when the trip was taken as a vacation he continued writing. In 1924 Mayakovsky set out to make a round the world tour. He left for Paris in November. Here he had to obtain an American visa, then not easy for a revolutionary poet, a citizen of the Soviet Union. In the Paris autumn while waiting for the visa he wrote the verses which later took the form of a

One of Mayakovsky's famous Rost Windows

complete cycle entitled *Paris*. At the end of December Mayakovsky returned to Moscow. He had not received the American visa.

The following year, 1925, he decided to repeat the attempt. In May he was again in Paris, planning to go first to Mexico and there obtain permission to enter the United States. But he was robbed in the Paris hotel. He had already engaged his steamship passage. He wired an appeal to the Gosizdat (State Publishers) to send him an advance on his future books. Gosizdat sent him money and he continued his journey.

On June 21 he set sail for Mexico.

On board he wrote the poems, *The Atlantic Ocean, Six Nuns, Christopher Columbus, Shallow Philsophy in Deep Places.*

On July 7 Mayakovsky arrived in Mexico where he spent about three weeks. On July 29 Mayakovsky reached New York. He had been admitted to the United States on a six months' tourist visa. Mayakovsky spent three months in the States. He delivered lectures, under the sponsorship of the newspapers *Novy Mir* and *Freiheit*. Mayakovsky left New York on October 28, 1925, and returned to Moscow at the end of November.

His next trip abroad, in 1927, Warsaw-Prague-Paris-Berlin, produced the poems *Poland, Iron Trousers, The Slavic Question Is Easily Solved.* The tour was marked by frequent, large and warmly applauded lectures and poetry readings in Prague, Paris and Berlin.

Upon his arrival in America in 1925, Mayakovsky wrote:

My travel plan was
to go seven thousand versts forward;
There I found myself
seven years behind.

The powerful modern American technique did not hide from him the barbarous character of the social relations. Acknowledging the tremendous impression which New York produced upon him, Mayakovsky concludes his first poem about the city with the lines:

New York deserves ecstasy.
That I'll give,
but not respect.
My cap stays on.
We Soviet men
know when to uncover.
For the bourgeois,
never.

"The personal pride of the Soviet people is pride in their country which was the first to take the road of Communism." He proudly raises above his head his red Soviet passport. "Envy me, I am a citizen of the Soviet Union."

VIII

Mayakovsky blazed new trails for the art of poetry, making it a weapon of the Revolution. He was an innovator and a revolutionary as regards

form, language, poetic technique and the poetic use of words. His work as an innovator was not prompted by a desire to be original at any cost. It was the course of a master who realized that the old poetic form could not contain his new content. New words, new verses, new forms of poetic syntax and new images had to be found. In all this Mayakovsky made his personal course as an innovator subordinate to ideological tasks which he placed before his art.

"The question of form," he says, "is the question of how to go about composing your verses so that they will penetrate to those recesses of the brain and heart that you cannot reach by any other means save poetry."

Mayakovsky traveled a long road from being a pre-revolutionary individualist rebel to becoming the "best and most talented poet of our Soviet epoch" (Stalin), from his Futurist theories and concepts of art to his recognition as the poet of the revolutionary proletariat, the poet of the great Soviet epoch.

To the end of his life he fought to make Soviet poetry and Soviet art weapons of Socialism. He was uncompromising in his defense of the fighting traditions of revolutionary art. This antagonized critics with conservative inclinations. Nor was he understood by those poets who continued to write in the old fashion and who either could not or would not change in response to the requirements of the age. But he was loved and valued by those for whom he worked, by constantly growing masses of listeners and readers, young workers, university students, and he regarded this understanding and love as a living justification of his work.

Aesthetes flung at Mayakovsky the reproach that he wrote to order, "abusing" his great poetic gifts by writing verses to fit an occasion or an anniversary. "Can one compel the inspiration of the lyrical poet by giving him assignments?" asked these "new Russian ancient Greeks," as Mayakovsky contemptuously dubbed them. Their answer was naturally in the negative: "the lyrical poet is a free bard who strums on the strings of his harp in those rare moments when the inspiration is upon him."

Mayakovsky was the first to attack these sterile inspiration theories. He said that the requirements of a great era could and should be a quicker and stronger inspiration to a real poet than the change of seasons or the poet's latest successful or unsuccessful love affair. It was he himself who first demanded that he receive assignments from the age, from the Revolution.

Let others be
flowers waiting
to be picked.
For me
let Gosplan sweat
at its desks;
Let it draw up
my whole year's
agenda.

Mayakovsky even dreamed of a time when Stalin would report to a Congress on the work accomplished by poetry.

I will not be
satisfied
till pens and steel bars
are counted together.
Till Stalin
reporting
to the Politburo
shall deal with
the work of poets
along with
the output of pig iron
and the output of steel.

The poet in his conception stands in the front ranks of the builders of a new life. Mayakovsky despised and ridiculed the poets who "strum on the mandolin," or "boom on the 'cello"

in the stern days of class battles. The revolutionary poet is "at one and the same time the people's guide and the people's porter."

If the poet is to be a growth
outlasting centuries,
If the poet is to be
a signaler to mankind,
Let the stems through which he
drinks the juices of the world
Be feet, deep rooted in the ground.

In a number of poems, beginning with *Command to the Army of Art* and ending with *At the Top of my Voice,* Mayakovsky returns to this subject.

Our poets
work with what has been,
Shout
yesterday's din,
When they should rush
toward
tomorrow.

This constant reach to the future was one of the remarkable traits of Mayakovsky's literary personality. It explains the enduring freshness of his verses, which ever accompany us in our advance.

Mayakovsky was ever among the people; he lived in the rhythm of meetings, ovations, newspaper work.

Mayakovsky well understood the importance of this living tie with the reading masses; therefore his journeys across the Soviet Union were not taken at random, but were carefully planned and occupied an important place in his work calendar.

Mayakovsky's public appearances were always a tremendous success. His wit and his forcefulness as a speaker, his easy familiarity in talking to a large audience, his magnificent and powerful voice held his listeners spellbound. He answered questions from the floor with lightening wit which evoked bursts of applause.

Mayakovsky often remarked that he avoided writing about what he had not himself seen. And he made poetic use of what he saw. Consequently his travels through Russia are well represented in his poetry. At Sverdlovsk he saw splendid new houses for workers and he wrote *The Foundry Worker Ivan Kozyrov Moves into his New Apartment.* In Novocherkassk he was intrigued to learn that of its 60,000 inhabitants, 7,000 were university graduates and he wrote *The Blue Lamp.* In Yalta seeing a steamer named *Theodore Netter,* after the Soviet diplomatic courier who died a hero's death defending diplomatic correspondence from the fascists, he wrote the remarkable lyrical poem *To Comrade Netter, the Man and the Steamship.*

However, these subjects did not exhaust Mayakovsky's lyricism.

What is lyricism? It is a poet's rendering of what vitally interests him. However, some poets' vital interests do not go beyond their love affairs; others with a little better developed social consciousness reflect the surrounding social reality, which can be treated lyrically, if it is close to the poet's heart. This holds true for all truly great poets. It holds true for Mayakovsky.

He was interested heart and soul in the destiny of the Revolution. That is why in his verses the personal motif is often interrupted by the social one.

Proletarians come
From the earthy world
of mines,
sickles,
pitchforks,
While from the poet's sky,
I
Flung myself into its arms.
There is no love for me
outside.

This is why Mayakovsky's best verses about the Revolution are so sincere and stirring in their lyricism. This, more than innovations in form, constitutes Mayakovsky's originality.

The year 1927 is marked in Mayakovsky's literary biography by the poem *Good.* Mayakovsky began work on the poem in December 1926, when

the management of the Leningrad Academic Theater suggested that he write a play for the celebration of the Tenth Anniversary of the October Revolution. In April 1927, at a meeting of directors and producers of the Leningrad theaters he read the first eight sections of the poem, and proposed that it be used on the stage. By August the poem was finished and it was published by the Tenth Anniversary. Before its publication Mayakovsky read the poem to the *actives* of the Moscow Party organization just as he had done with his poem on Lenin. In November and December 1927 he visited the main cities of the R.S.F.S.R., the Ukraine and the Caucasus and read his new poem to worker and student audiences.

In his autobiography Mayakovsky writes: "I regard *Good* as a sort of program as *The Cloud in Trousers* was in its day."

In nineteen short sections Mayakovsky presents the ten-year epic of the Revolution, from the days before October to the threshold of the First Five-Year Plan. *Good* differs from all Mayakovsky's other poems in its restraint and its controlled forcefulness. It reveals the finished workmanship of a great master, who succeeded in giving a complex content in a simple and expressive form.

The last years of Mayakovsky's life, 1927-30, mark the peak of his activity as a publicist.

In 1926 several of Mayakovsky's poems were published in the newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* and in 1927 he became a regular contributor. Mayakovsky's work for the paper was not confined to writing poetry on subjects which occurred to him in his room. He worked with the staff as part of a collective. He wrote his poems on current questions.

During an evening meeting at the House of the Komsomol on March 25, 1930, in reply to questions, Mayakovsky observed: "Someone here referred to 'social orders.' It is true that I get orders. But I want them to give me orders."

Mayakovsky was at the offices of the *Komsomolskaya Pravda* almost daily, and was in touch with all the departments. He spoke with the visitors, with the workers. In the literary department he was surrounded by young poets who listened to his short, apt and merciless comment on poems that were read to him. Leaving the office, his pockets bulged with letters from his readers. His own poems he brought to the office and discussed them with the staff, attentive to every suggestion, cheerfully correcting passages which might "not get across," which might be misinterpreted, etc.

Mayakovsky gave much to the paper, but at the same time work on the paper gave much to Mayakovsky. Live material from every corner of the huge land reached his hands. It was sorted according to questions and subjects. Two of Mayakovsky's plays, *The Bug* and *The Bath,* written in 1928 and 1929, grew out of it.

Although their plots differ, the two plays have much in common. In both the theme is the struggle with survivals of capitalism in Soviet life. In both plays people of the future appear. Both plays are written in sharp satirical tone, closely akin to Mayakovsky's newspaper work.

Mayakovsky never fully developed his dramatic method, but the departures from the usual dramatic forms are obvious and striking. For example, he does not present characters, he exposes them. They are set up as targets for his satire.

This accounts for the distinct publicist flavor of Mayakovsky's plays. It explains why his positive characters in the plays are less expressive; their role is, by relief, to bring out most sharply the negative characters.

"The theater has forgotten, that it is a show," Mayakovsky said; "we do not know how to use this show for our agitation. The purpose of my theatrical work is again to make the theater a show, to use the stage as a tribune."

The other features of Mayakovsky's drama naturally follow from this purpose. And the introduction of the fantastic element, the grotesque speech and unusual situations all serve one purpose, to heighten the satirical effect to the utmost—to achieve the best agitational results.

Mayakovsky's last work, which he began but never finished, was a poem about the Five-Year Plan. By the beginning of 1930 he had only managed to finish a prologue to the poem, which he published separately under the title: *At the Top of My Voice,*[1] one of the most powerful and significant pieces of Mayakovsky's writing. In it he seems to sum up the whole of his poetic work, to give an appraisal of the road he has traveled. The strength of its feeling, the simplicity and clarity of its poetic structure gives it a place in world poetry. It presents the figure of an utterly new kind of poet—not a caterer to aesthetic tastes, but a fighter for Communism in the ranks of the revolutionary proletariat.

Mayakovsky regarded the Socialist Revolution not merely as a "theme." It was the one cause for the sake of which he wrote, in the name of which he lived.

[1] A translation of this poem by H. G. Scott appeared in our April, 1937 issue.

Born on the boundary between two epochs, Mayakovsky left the old world, and entered the epoch of Socialism with his heart full of human love. He had keen eyes; he believed in the invincible justice of the revolutionary struggle. His name is forever linked with the greatest revolution that has taken place on earth.

Mayakovsky traveled a difficult road. He made heavy demands upon his art. He was a revolutionary in art and he placed art in the service of the Revolution.

"Participation in the Revolution and revolutionary methods of participation"—such were the two main principles of Mayakovsky's poetical work. The enemies of the Revolution were his enemies. The enemies of the Soviet people—the Trotskyites, Bukharin and his satellites—spared no pains in their efforts to knock down this remarkable poet, and thrust him aside through their agents in the literary organizations (Averbach and others). They ignored his work, belittled him and hampered him while he was alive; and after his death they tried to make people forget him.

But the Soviet people has expressed its love and high appreciation of the poet's work in the words of Comrade Stalin: "Mayakovsky was and is the best and most talented poet of our Soviet epoch."

Mexican Scene, Drawing by Mayakovsky

EUGENE DOLMATOVSKY

Typhoon

When over the Japan Sea the winds
Change, terror ascends, as all know,
The cyclone ascends and is terrible
To all living that it strikes
With its lash of wind
And its lash of water.

The sea is grim;
The sun gives unnatural light;
War shreds the earth;
The night of war darkens over the nations.

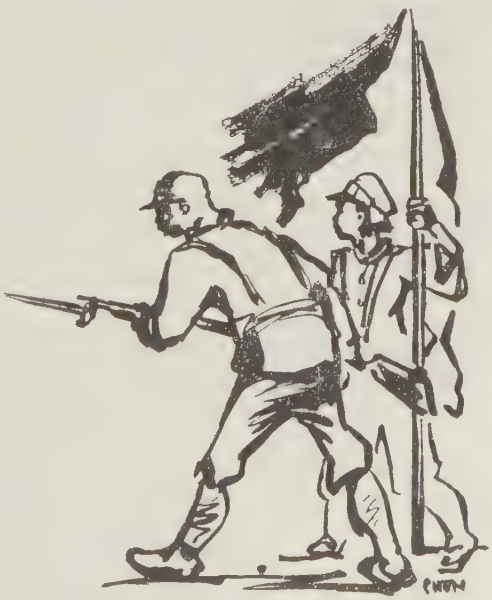
Fearful eyes scan the papers;
The pages smell of gunpowder.
On another threshold scrapes
The square toed Japanese boot.
But more than once (read history,
Japan!) it broke its heel;
Quick out of our Maritime Province
It limped back; quick out of Mongolia.

The sea sighs with mortal secrets.
The mist is flecked with airplanes.
The bombs roaring
Down on Shanghai
Spatter echoes through the world.
The changing winds forebode
The hurricane!

Death wounds open with bursts of flame
In the sides of cruisers moored on the Yangtse.
The cannons roar: "Back!"
They have disgorged.
Feed them again!
With steeled chest, China,
Ancient in sorrow,
Defend yourself!

Believe it, know it, China
Thy new day
Needed such a dawn.
Soon over the Japanese cities
Black
Terrible
Will blow the typhoon,
Blow from the plantations
From the factories, the offices
The wrath of the workers.
More terrible their fury
Than the fury of waters!

Freely translated by Isidor Schneider



VLADIMIR LUGOVSKOY

Shanghai 1937

Not a step further!
Shanghai thunders!
Shanghai smokes!
Bark, curs of Japan
steel jaws
dribbling gas.

They sail to Usun;
around them
blaze horizons.

Not a step further!
Unconquerable Shanghai
lives . . . fights!

Shanghai, put forth your strength,
man-testing war
has come.

Chapei's bonfire,
Putun flames,
Hongyu crackles.

Mid salutes of bombardment
fire crowns Shanghai,
airplanes flock.

Not a step further!
Unconquerable Shanghai
lives . . . fights!
Yangtse Kiang, again
great river
see

the sword of the Taipings
flash again and
"the Great Fist"
clench!

Ye who will not be slaves
arise!

Not a step further!
Blood streaming Shanghai
lives!

The fated year,
the year of fear
comes,

casts fate to eight hundred
million outstretched
hands.

Hands to the machine guns;
hands to the wheels;
load the guns!

Not a step further!
Unconquerable Shanghai
lives!

There's a time when foundations
see more than
the dome,

the people have seen,
and declare
holy war!

The soldiers hear
the people's stern cry
"Do not betray us!"

Not a step further!
Die for Shanghai!
Shanghai lives!

Freely translated by Isidor Schneider

Heinrich Mann

GERMANY

In the last 150 years, the Soviet Union is the greatest incarnation of an idea. This idea, undoubtedly, will continue to be realized in the future. A century was necessary, that the most important strivings of the French Revolution triumph not over all Europe, but only the western part. The Proletarian Revolution possesses the same invincible reserves of force. But its results will reach out much further, and they will be final.

At the present time Europe does not know any other democracy, than a democracy secured economically. Proof of this is the inevitable success of that state, which has been existing since November 7, 1917. The old French democracy strives to ensure its existence by carrying out economic measures. Democracy in other countries—where it still must be achieved, or won in battle from fascism—proceeds from the very same economic bases, and these bases are copied from the Soviet Union. Heroic Spain is fighting for liberty, which, before all else, it understands as liberation from the economic rule of the minority. The German Popular Front, all parties and individuals supporting it, also recognize no other liberty.

The partitioning of the land, its collective cultivation, the nationalization of industry, the proletariat and peasantry as classes that are building a state, all this is still far from realization everywhere. But these are the ideas that control men's minds. In the very largest country of the continent, Socialism has triumphed and retained its vital force. Thereby the question of the future of Socialism has been solved. The further it goes, the more often is Socialism viewed as a self-understood phenomenon. In essence, Europe conceives its future—if it wants to have a future at all—only as a Socialistic one.

The desire for peace of the Soviet Union evidently comes from its organic nature, since the Union has been created for living people and not for a chimera, for the entire population, and not for a small handful that compels the masses to serve it. In those states where the power is in the hands of a few, the masses are imbued with the spirit of national superiority, because this is necessary for carrying on war, and for the enrichment of the ruling classes. The Soviet Union manifests complete tolerance in connection with races, origin, and language. In all probability, this tolerance, characteristic of its most profound principles, like the love of peace, is inherent in its nature. And both of these arise from the fact that the Soviet State exists in the interests of society, and not against it.

We are told—and it is altogether possible—that in the Soviet Union there are more people who read than in any other country. In any case, this corresponds to the spirit of a state which does not intend to improve the breed of people as one improves the breed of cattle. On the contrary, here the state strives to create a better, more perfect humanity. In order that progress, that economic and cultural achievements, may acquire stability, it is necessary that many, that the majority learn self-criticism, learn to know their surroundings, and to understand those similar to themselves. The masses should master sufficiently the clear conception of general welfare. Public opinion must be expressed freely and openly, and at the same time it is by no means necessary and it is even undesirable to criticize the bases of the state. A state which exists not for the suppression of man, but to protect him and secure his happiness, does not require criticism and does not incur it. This ought not to be a hardship, but a great good for the writer, as a thinking and socially active person.

All our life we have suffered much from the state which was against us, against our

consciousness, against our intellectual conceptions of justice and humanity.

And then there arises a state, which sets as its aim what we have always dreamed about: to transform people into intelligent beings who work together for the sake of the happiness of all; a state which strives to exalt all in a society which is constantly being perfected. The realization that such a state exists, makes a person happy. Many inhabitants of the earth are saved from despair by the hope that their own country may sometime follow this example.

The existence of the Soviet Union, and its example, release the consciousness of people from the necessity of turning away from reality. We do not live in a world of fantasy, our duty is to observe reality and the facts of human life.

Recently I saw on the first page of a magazine in which my novel is being printed, the speech of the leader of the country on the new Constitution of the Soviet Union. I admit that complete democracy and realistic humanism cannot be realized in such a short time. Whole generations of Soviet people will have to go to the school of democracy and humanism, before they can meet all the demands of such a Constitution. But the hope that this will nevertheless come to pass, is extraordinarily strengthened when you read the words of Stalin,—they are so full of confidence, goodness, and clarity of spirit. For me it was new, that the leader of such a gigantic state could possess all these qualities, together with great energy. And furthermore, I never before met with the words of the head of a state on the first pages of a literary magazine, never till this moment thought that he could have the right to do this, because of the talent and content of his writing.

Heinrich Mann

Stanislav Neumann

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

It is impossible to picture to oneself a single honest, progressive and modern person who, if he is not connected with the class of exploiters, does not follow with feverish interest the successes and difficulties of the Soviet Union.

The construction of a Socialist society in the Soviet Union, and the international struggle against fascism, are the most important events of modern humanity, on the successes of which its entire future depends.

In the Soviet Union the class of exploiters is suppressed; there is no unemployment and every citizen has a legal right to work. The standard of living of the toilers is constantly rising; raising the living standard is organic and constant, a work day of clearly defined length is something which is understandable by itself, like other measures for the protection of labor. The insurance of invalids and the aged keeps pace with the rise in the well-being of the Union.

In the Soviet Union the toilers have sanatoriums, parks of culture and rest, vacations and facilities for enjoying them, and the concern for children is outstanding.

The Soviet Union is a stronghold of peace and a real peoples' democracy; it has solved the unusually difficult national question in exemplary manner; it helps the renaissance of the small nationalities which, under tsarism, were on the point of ruin; it does not tolerate anti-Semitism or racial prejudice.

In the Soviet Union there is real education, general and special, which is accessible to every able-bodied worker no matter where he lives; magazines and elementary literature, which are published in millions of copies, serve as a help to self-education. One can understand why a Czechoslovakian Socialist writer looks upon the Soviet Union with great respect and admiration, and why all his hopes for a better future for a bleeding humanity are bound up with the fate of the Soviet Union.

Stanislav Neumann

LUIS DE TAPIA

S a l u d

"Salud. . . . comrade!"
Brotherly the voice I hear
Speaking the brotherly word.
"Salud," I answer, my joyous heart
Timing the syllables.

I too have answered the alarm,
I too, at the front, stood under the war flags.
Quiver my nerves and sinews
Like strings of a played guitar.

An old man doesn't grow younger,
Nature gives no exemptions, they say;
But in these days you push Time aside.
I do not listen when they say:
"Old man, soon death will be your crony.
Soon your shoulders will sag, your eyes
Be dim with the sixty-fifth shadow."

Yes, all things have their time.
But I can bear the year's burden.
The battle for freedom gives strength.
The song of liberty is ever young.

My heart consoles me. "Salud!"
Three score and five? To be
Three score and five in a young world?
That is not bad. You and I are young
Fighting for all on this earth
That is healthy and young.

So no matter how many years
Our lives count up to, we're young
Singing our battle songs
Our free songs that made the enemy
Age, in a day, with fear.

If I won't be able to stand in a trench
To wear the weight of my rifle,
I will not then, or ever, feel finished
While I can answer the front with a song
Meet every new day with a song;
I will live in our dawn.

Salud to you all in the stormy distance!
Hail, sons of free Spain!
Health, fighters of Navalperal!
Greetings Madrid, heart of the country!

Salud to you, women and children;
Salud to her whom the voice strengthens to name,
Who is dearest to us of all earth.
To whom the singer his breath gives
And the soldier his blood,
Salud to you, oh, my Spain!

You will conquer, make still nobler your name,
Raise your banners reddening with blood.
The darker the night, the brighter the flame!
Salud, Spain, Salud!

Freely translated by Isidor Schneider

Scene from the forthcoming film "Insurrection." The role of Lenin is played by the famous actor Shchukin

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

Soviet Cinema

ON THE EVE OF THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

The Soviet cinema industry approaches the twentieth anniversary of the Great Proletarian Revolution with colossal accomplishments acknowledged by the entire world. This summer commenting on the film *The Deputy from the Baltic* we stated that this production of the young directors Heifits and Zarkhi would meet with success wherever it should be shown. Our judgment has been fully verified. *The Deputy from the Baltic* is triumphantly marching from country to country and placing in the hearts and minds of thousands upon thousands a conquering and inspiring image of Socialism.

It is interesting to note one peculiarity of the film, a peculiarity common to many Soviet films. *The Deputy from the Baltic* can be enjoyed equally by the general public and by the connoisseurs. Romain Rolland spoke in high terms of this film. The general spectator shows his response by crowding the ticket offices of the theaters where this film, honoring the world scientist who instantly and unconditionally came to the defense of the new world, is the attraction.

At the time these lines are being written we are yet unable to evaluate the numerous works of the Soviet screen directors produced to celebrate the twentieth anniversary of the October Revolution. Judging by what the Soviet cinema industry has already offered to the public, we should be justified in anticipating new accomplishments by the film industry in the land of victorious Socialism. These new accomplishments are bound up with the names of Soviet writers and cinema workers already known to the public of Europe and America.

In our August 1937 issue we dwelt upon history in its connection with literature and art. In *Peter I,* the work of the film director Vladimir Petrov, produced from the scenario based on the novel of the same name by Alexei Tolstoy, we have an example of correct relationship to the facts of the historic past, of the ability to select from the given epoch the most significant events, and of delineating the setting of social forces in the class struggle of the period.

Vladimir Petrov is an experienced cinema worker. Especially successful was his previous film *The Storm,* made from the great Russian playwright Ostrovsky's play of the same name. It would be hard to exaggerate the difficulties Petrov had to overcome in his work on *Peter I.* With this new production Petrov and Tolstoy have paved for the historians

new ways to conceive and present historical events in old Russia under the reign of Peter I, whose image found its artistic incarnation in the poetry of the great Pushkin.

It is known that many historians—in particular Pokrovsky and his disciples—completely disregarded the role played in history by prominent individuals. Their indifferent attitude to Peter I is a characteristic example, and constituted a crude vulgarization of Marxism. In December 1931, during the conversation of Comrade Stalin with the German writer Emil Ludwig, then visiting Moscow, the latter touched upon the question of the role of Peter I in shaping Russian history. Emil Ludwig was obviously surprised when Comrade Stalin pointed clearly and distinctly to the contributions of this tsar "in the creation and consolidation of the national state of landowners and merchants." In reply to the utterances of Comrade Stalin regarding the attitude of Marxism to great historical personages, Emil Ludwig declared: "Some thirty years ago, when I studied at the university, many German professors, who considered themselves believers in the materialist conception of history, taught me that Marxism denies the role of heroes, of heroic personalities in history." "They were vulgarizers of Marxism. Marxism never denied the role of heroes," was the rejoinder of Comrade Stalin. "On the contrary, it admits that they play a considerable role, with the provisos that I have just made." These limitations, as pointed out by Comrade Stalin, refer to the fact that the value of great men is in direct proportion to their ability to grasp the surrounding conditions and to be able to understand the methods by which these conditions were to be changed.

Peter I was a wise and active tsar who understood the historic paths Russia had to tread. As already pointed out by Lenin, Peter I "quickened the process of transplanting Western civilization to barbaric Russia, not recoiling before applying barbaric methods to combat this barbarism."

The film of Petrov and Tolstoy reestablished the historically actual image of Peter, disclosing his activity as historically inevitable and progressive. At the same time the film does not belittle the class struggle then raging in Russia. The directors of this production show how the entire activity of Peter was directed against the boyars (the Russian feudal nobility), against the Old Church, against all those reactionary forces that grouped themselves—as shown in the film—around Peter's son Alexei. In contrast to many other artists who saw and understood the progressive character of the struggle led by Peter against his son, the authors of the film emphasize the relativity of the progressive reforms of Peter. To this end they introduce into the play the at first sight rather insignificant figure of the simple peasant Fedka. In his person we are able to see the third party in the class struggle, though not sufficiently grown to understand the methods of struggle necessary to attain his liberation from slavery. However, the representation of the figure of Fedka, in its totality, his symbolically athletic strength, his calmness and determination, his firm belief that the reign of justice shall finally descend upon the earth, his tenacity and his characteristic statement that "no one shall break me, I shall get mine" is indicative of the fact that in the image of Fedka the makers of the film have demonstrated the gigantic strength of the Russian people who succeeded in October 1917 in throwing off their slave chains, and their exploiters. In the conception of Fedka we see the artist's capacity to unveil the characteristic traits of the Russian people, its inborn kindheartedness, accompanied, however, by stubbornness, calmness, and firm deci-

The role of Catherine in "Peter I" was played by the famous Moscow Art Theater Artist Tarasova

sion to go to the utmost in the struggle for the victory of truth and happiness on earth. The film points to the fact that the prosperity and progress of feudal Russia during Peter's reign was achieved at the cost of the ruin of thousands of "Fedkas"; simultaneously the spectator is stirred by the conviction that the final say belongs to the "Fedkas."

The artistic significance of the film is powerfully realized in the acting of the two main roles—those of Peter and Menshikov. As Peter, the artist Simonov has created an image of the founder of the Russian Empire that, thanks to its realism and simplicity, fixes itself in the consciousness of the spectator, as if it were a natural phenomenon, the origin of which we do not question. The film shows us Peter on the battlefield, in the State Council, at rest, at work in the blacksmith shop. For each episode the actor finds precisely fitting intonation, gestures and expressions. Let us take, for example, the first conversation between Peter and Catherine. Catherine empties the wine goblet offered her by Peter. When asked to speak she says she has a request to make. Over Peter's face a shadow of annoyance passes, vanishing almost instantly when it appears that the request is for another goblet of wine. The film abounds in such details which make the figure of Peter so alive, natural and convincing.

Of equal quality is the playing of the actor Zharov in the role of Peter's servant, Menshikov, who from an errand-boy rises to the position of an intimate of the tsar and the first governor of Petersburg, the city newly founded by Peter on

the conquered Baltic coast. While the interpretation of the person of Peter, as presented by Simonov, emphasizes primarily the intellect of the tsar, his farsightedness, the will to conquer, the concern for the future of Russia, dominating all his plans, the artist Zharov accentuates something else. Before the spectator arises the jolly, jesting, dissipated figure of Menshikov, featured by his simplicity, directness, and his distinctly national wit. At the same time Zharov points up what is mean and petty in the same Menshikov, traits which helped him in his career. Impressively masterful is the acting of Zharov as shown in the minutest movements of the face, of the eyes, which come to light even in the scenes filmed on a smaller plane.

The performance of the actress Tarasova (in the role of Catherine) is undoubtedly below the capacity of this actress, celebrated for her Anna Karenina which she played with such great success on the stage of the Moscow Art Theater and not only in Moscow but in Paris. We explain it only by the fact that from the point of view of staging, the role of Catherine in the film has been less worked out than the others and with comparatively small success. In the role of Alexei the excellent actor Cherkassov—who has won world-wide applause for his performance as Professor Polyzhayev in the film *The Deputy from the Baltic*—had little or no chance fully to unfold his artistic genius. But even in this comparatively minor role Cherkassov was able to bring out such traits of Alexei's character as heretofore generally remained unknown. Cherkassov is right in portraying Alexei not only in his half-witted dull-

Scene from second part of "Peter I" now in preparation

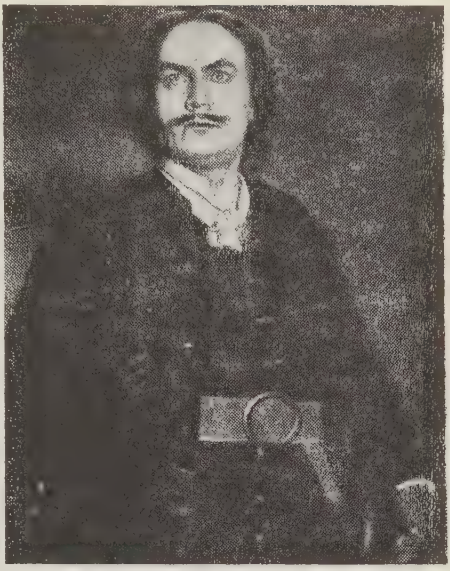
ness but in revealing also how under that guise he succeeded in masking his true face as a stupid, malicious and rather dangerous zealot of old institutions. Cherkassov's acting reveals the foulness that when disclosed spreads an odor like the stench rising from a cellar the doors of which have been shut for a long time. What is sinister in the personality of Alexei is successfully brought out thanks to the gloomy background and the dim light thrown upon the scenes in which he appears.

Especially worth noticing are the mass scenes in the film. The battle scenes are wonderfully filmed. One forgets at times that it is only staging. These scenes superbly reveal the heroism and daring of the Russian armies already capable of defeating the best troops in Europe—the army of Charles XII.

Peter I was one of the most beloved historical heroes of the Russian poet Pushkin. Thanks to the penetration of his poetic genius, Pushkin was able to grasp the role and the historic importance of this Russian tsar. Many of the lines given to Peter in the film are borrowed from the verses of Pushkin. Pushkin underlined the national traits in Peter's character and revealed the progressive nature of his reforms. The film owes its popularity greatly to the fact that its producers have followed in the footsteps of Pushkin in their portrayal of the stature and the character of Peter.

Petrov and Tolstoy have, up to the present, completed but the first part of the film *Peter I.* The second part will be finished next year. The public can anticipate viewing the grand scenes of the famous battle of Poltava and the naval encounter. The second part will complete the image of Peter as a great personality of his time.

If the film *Peter I* represents a successful excursion into the historic past, another film, *In the Far East,* shown with great success on all the screens of the Soviet Union shows



Simonov in the role of Peter

an example of exceptionally prompt response of the film industry to the acute problems of the present, to the difficulties which the people of the Soviet Union are successfully overcoming while building a Communist society under the leadership of the Party of Lenin-Stalin. This film, like others (*The Party Ticket,* for example) clearly disproves the harmful and false theory according to which the film industry, due to its specific character, requires for the production of a film including the writing of a scenario not less than a year's time and therefore was to be excused from making timely response on the screen to urgent political questions of vital concern to the public.

A narrow strip of water divides Soviet territory from Chinese. Even without a field-glass, the old Red partisans, who once before drove the Japanese interventionist hordes from the Soviet border, can see what is taking place on the other side. And thus they once beheld a pitiful scene, a Japanese officer shooting down four bound Chinese partisans. Three were killed,

Scene from second part of "Peter I" now in preparation

but the fourth succeeded in escaping and swimming over to the Russian shore, thus, as by a miracle, saving his life. The Soviet people gave the fugitive a hearty welcome, provided him with shelter and work. Who could say that in the person of this "guest" a malicious and dangerous spy had penetrated into the Soviet Union? Who could say that the whole shooting scene had been staged by the Japanese intelligence service for the express purpose of throwing a spy across the border?

Some may point out that this episode, introducing the film *In the Far East,* is a fantasy of the author of the scenario, with whom, by the way, the readers of this magazine are already acquainted. (The film *In the Far East* is based on the novel by Pavlenko *In the East,* published in *International Literature.)* Alas! It is not the first time that reality has proved to be richer than any human imagination.

It is known that at the very start of the imperialist war, in 1914, the youngest son of Wilhelm II, Prince Joachim, found himself "incognito" in France with instructions that were soon brought to nought by the French intelligence service. The latter acted as if they did not know whom they had arrested, for the prince had lived under an assumed name. He was tried and sentenced to death. All this was consciously staged and had as its aim far-reaching designs. Some hours before the execution, the prince escaped with the aid of a sentry of Alsatian birth who avowed his loyalty to the German crown. The fugitives passed

with great risk across the border into Spain, and hence to Germany. The "savior" of the prince was met with open arms, provided with work, etc. Soon, however, he was exposed as a French spy. This happened because the further unfolding of his activity demanded an accomplice. This was granted, and the "wife" arrived. Shortly afterwards she was exposed. Thus it came to light that the whole affair had been staged by the French intelligence service in order to transfer, most conveniently, their agent into Germany—into her highest circles.

The incidents artistically related in the film *In the Far East* illustrate the cunning methods used by the enemies of the Soviet Union. The film shows most convincingly how the ways of the Japanese spies closely mesh with those of the Trotskyite traitors. The spectator is constantly kept in suspense by the turns of the exciting plot and the tense dramatic collisions.

The story of the film is known to all familiar with the novel by Pavlenko. It is clear, however, that the authors of the scenario, Pavlenko and Radzinsky, have utilized but the main themes of the novel, and that they have used only the chief personages of the story. The film, however, has gained by it; the action is tautened, the images of the heroes —insufficiently unfolded in the novel —become clearer, more convincing and more impressive. But the main shortcomings of the novel, and, primarily, the lack of unity of construction, the blurred plot, and the somewhat schematic presentation of its types, are not fully overcome in the film.

None the less, despite all that has been said, the film *In the Far East,* directed by Marian, is one of the successes of the Soviet cinema industry. It is a film by means of which current

Scene from "In the Far East" from scenario by Pavlenko and Radzinsky

events, of which the public reads in the columns of the daily press, are presented to the spectator in live and artistic pictures. The effectiveness of the film is due to the depth of its realistic portrayal of life, heightened by the political acuteness of the plot.

The attention of the spectator is caught by the performance of the role of the Japanese spy by the artist Sverdlin. This artist possesses a rare ability of transformation. A pupil of Meyerhold, Sverdlin, after coming to the cinema, immediately displayed his talent in the picture *By the Blue Sea,* in which he played the role of the young mechanic, performing it with exceptional comic verve and calling forth outbursts of thunderous laughter among the audience. In the film *In the Far East* Sverdlin in actuality plays two roles in one and the same person, one, the enemy cunningly masked as a friend, the other, in his true form. And one sees how the whole makeup of Sverdlin changes. We no more behold the jolly Chinese juggler who has won for himself the sympathies of the Soviet citizens. The spy as portrayed by Sverdlin is shown as a dangerous and clever enemy. Different becomes his speech, different his gestures and motions. In the person of Sverdlin the Soviet cinema has an actor of rare gifts.

Of the other actors in this film we must mention Bolduman, of the Moscow Art Theater, who plays the role of the political head of the region, Mikhail Semyonovich. Under the outwardly stern appearance of an old Bolshevik, the spectator easily feels a heart throbbing with deep human love. Bolduman produces the image of a true Bolshevik, an organizer and leader of the masses.

For the Western spectator the film is of especial value in that it teaches not to put any trust in verbal avowals unless they are confirmed by practical deeds. The film is a call for vigilance, a reminder that the enemies of the

The noted actor Sverdlin (right) in a scene from "The Far East"

people's cause have not folded their arms, that the imperialists continue all sorts of provocations in order to unleash the evil spirit of war. The film shows further that the Soviet people, zealously guarding their revolutionary achievements, will be able to cut short the intrigues of all the enemies of Socialism—Japanese spies, as well as their Trotskyite aids and all the agents of fascism in general.

When we shall celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of the Great Socialist October Revolution, our first word, our first thought, will naturally belong to its leader and organizer, to the greatest genius of all men—Vladimir Lenin. It is self-understood that the Soviet cinema must not and shall not omit its duty to show from the screen the image of the one whom all the nationalities of the Soviet Union call with love "Ilyich," whose name all over the world is a symbol of a tireless and invincible champion of the interests of oppressed humanity. For the Twentieth Anniversary the Soviet cinema is presenting the film *Insurrection,* in which the central role, that of Lenin, will be played by the artist of the Vakhtangov Theater, Shchukin. It is as yet too early to speak of this picture, but the generally high level of the works of our artists permits us to expect with assurance the appearance of this film which, let us think, will justify the anticipations of the public.

SOVIET WRITERS TO READERS OF *INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE*

Anna Bartow

Children's writer, and delegate to the Second International Writers' Congress

My book, *At the Outposts,* appeared recently. It is a ballad for children about border guards. I have received many comments on the ballad both from children and from border guards.

For the Twentieth Anniversary of the October Revolution a volume of my verses is being issued.

At the present moment I am writing verses about Spain. They are being written from my experiences at meetings with Spanish children, from letters and autobiographies of little Spaniards, and from conversations I had with Spanish teachers when I was in Spain.

The significance of the Writers' Congress which took place in Spain is clear to all. It will be felt again in the future when all the participants will write what they have in mind. Many are already at work. From conversations with foreign comrades I know that they are making preparations. They will tell the truth about Spain.

Recalling the books and the speeches of anti-fascist writers, I would like to mention Anna Seghers, José Bergamin, Julien Benda, Raphael Alberti, Louis Aragon, and, of course, Martin Andersen-Nexö, in whom I see the complete figure of a warrior-writer.

The greatness of his revolutionary spirit and the purposefulness of Romain Rolland were evident in his attitude to the Congress.

Franz Masereel

FRANCE

I think that any person who is not prejudiced, and who has sufficient information about the Soviet Union, will have to admit that it is just there that a social order is being created which secures for the people a life that is more worthy, more human, more just, a life that does not permit the exploitation of man by man. The destruction of such exploitation represents such progress in the life of humanity that, it seems to me, it is impossible not to welcome it if you possess even an iota of magnanimity and a feeling of justice. All of the achievements of the U.S.S.R. which are known to us, all that we have seen there, serve as a certain guarantee that the aim which the builders of a Socialist society are pursuing, will be reached. Indeed, in all fields there is not only the guarantee of future victories, but much more: there are real accomplishments which often surpass the very latest attainments of the most progressive countries.

Every one can become acquainted with the colossal successes of the U.S.S.R. Let us take industry: in many of its branches the U.S.S.R. now occupies one of the first places, both for quality and quantity of production. No less effort and concern have been devoted to the rise in culture, and in this respect all the citizens are afforded unlimited opportunities.

Lack of space prevents me from going into detail about the tremendous activity which is seen in all aspects of life in the U.S.S.R. and as a result of which the boldest hopes are often surpassed.

I consider it necessary to say, here, that the policy which the U.S.S.R. is following appears to me to be one of the basic guarantees of peace. If there is a country in the world that does not want war, it is the U.S.S.R.

What especially astonishes the foreigner in the Soviet Union, a foreigner, of course, who knows the language and wants to become more closely acquainted with everything he sees, is the tremendous striving for learning, for education, which is characteristic of all the Soviet peoples who differ so much from each other, for whom Stalin has created a new Constitution of the U.S.S.R. From the youngest to the oldest, there is an unusual thirst for culture, and all are given the opportunity to satisfy this thirst and to perfect themselves in any direction.

One must have faith in a country which strives so for knowledge, and one must place one's hopes in it, for in this country everything is done for the good of all.

Franz Masereel

Catherine Susannah Prichard

AUSTRALIA

When I think of the Soviet Union, my mind seethes with the images and impressions that assailed it when I was there in 1933.

I remember:

Celebrations of November 7 on the Red Square in Moscow, snow falling, diplomatic representatives of the powers of Europe standing with hats raised while guns of the Kremlin boomed and massed bands played the Internationale. Stirring and magnificent the pageant before the Kremlin walls was; but much more so the spirit of the thousands of men and women who had stood in the street all day, waiting to march through

the Square and salute the Council of People's Commissars standing on the plinth of Lenin's tomb. At six o'clock in the evening, they were still moving in dense dark crowds, with scarlet banners flying, along the river banks, white with snow.

Only a few years ago, these people were fighting before the Kremlin, in just such bitter weather, for all that they now possess. No one who saw them that day, and heard the oath of the Red Army, gathering volume like the roar of a tidal wave as it was borne on hundreds of voices and echoed in remote corners of the city, could imagine they were ever likely to desert or retreat, from their triumph.

Bewildering and thrilling it was to see this country emerging from the Middle Ages and building Socialism.

I have been accused sometimes of painting a rosy picture of life in the Soviet Union. I insist that I do not paint a rosy picture: I saw many imperfections in the great design; but it seems pettifogging and irrational to quibble about them when so much has been accomplished. I was so thrilled with accomplishments of the Russian people under Socialism that I could not be bothered to talk of scrap iron round factories or water basins without a plug.

If people go to the Soviet Union looking for defects of administration, they will surely find them, as they will in any country on earth. The garbage of the past has not yet been all cleared away; but what is of interest in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics is Socialism. Does it work? Has it benefited the masses of the people? Has it given them peace and security, education, culture? Is it moving always towards improvement in the living conditions of the people, for their health, welfare and happiness? These are the questions that must be asked.

As a result of the months I spent in Russia and Siberia wandering about the cities and country districts, talking to the workers in their homes and in the factories, to artists, writers, technicians, students and children, I am convinced that in no other country have the masses of the people such opportunities for developing to the limit of their capacity as human beings: in no other country, are the masses of the people so united for the defense of all that makes living worth while.

Katharine Susannah Prichard

Oskar Maria Graf

GERMANY

Twenty years of the Soviet Union.

Twenty years of purposeful realization of Socialism on one-sixth of the earth.

Twenty years of existence of this significant and joyful fact of a new history.

Friends, comrades, wherever you are, stop. Plunge into recollections; inhale a chestful of the air of these two heroic decades of this almost indescribable, entirely new development of society. Just think of the significance of the ineradicable fact of the existence of the Soviet Union, of the influence it exerts upon all humanity and on world events, of how our lives, views, our struggle and dreams are bound up with it. When thoughts and recollections resurrect before us all those ardent, self-sacrificing battles, the difficult steps and basic changes, then, oh friends and comrades, our courage again becomes stronger and almost immovable. Yes, I think that some of us are even seized with a restrained joy: the profound certainty that we will conquer.

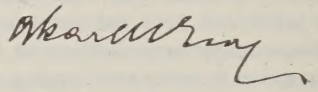
Only twenty years have passed since the numerically weak Bolsheviks destroyed the seemingly invincible, grim colossus of tsarism. Twenty years have elapsed since they took into their hands a completely disorgan-

ized, ruined, collapsed state, which was literally a barren country with millions of hungry, desperate people—and, during the course of many years, fighting against venomous foreign and internal enemies, they began to build, in this desolate waste, a new Socialist order of human worth and justice. Only two short decades—just think of it, friends—have elapsed since the days of the Lenin October Revolution. During these two decades changes have taken place, which formerly were accomplished only in the course of centuries: a courageous, bloody fight for power, the final victory of the Revolution, the organization of a new order. the completion of two gigantic Stalinist Five-Year Plans as the basis for the free existence of every one, and, finally, the adoption of a democratic Constitution the like of which is not to be found in any other country.

Just think, my friends, from the blood and despair, from uncertainty and misery, from a neglected country with impoverished masses, a strong, rich, outstanding state of Socialist Republics and Autonomous Provinces has been created, a successful cooperation of emancipated peoples who are moving towards the highest stage of civilization, who now know the real meaning of the words "native land" and of "fatherland of all the toilers."

The Twentieth Anniversary of the Soviet power, by the mere fact of its existence, acts as an inspiring example for all who desire that our collapsing world may become more beautiful, happier, more joyous, and more just. No barbaric violence will be able to destroy the creative vital will of emancipated peoples.

Friends, comrades, is there not really grounds for optimism in these days?



André Würmser

FRANCE

My friend, a revolution passes through three phases, through which the lives of all its leaders also pass, such as the lives of Stalin and Orjonikidze, which can serve as examples for all. The first phase is a period of ideological struggle and underground work, a period of uprising. The second phase inspires the epic poets: this is the period of armed fighting, of Civil War, barricades, the time when Winged Victory spread her wings in the sky over Tsaritsin. The third phase, my friend, throws heroes into dejection, and esthetes turn away from it: its basic task is to lower the price of tomatoes. Not to die, no, on the contrary, to live better, not to face bullets while uttering phrases intended for history, but to occupy yourself with questions of hygiene, problems of railway communication, problems of urbanization; to drop all kinds of proclamations, exclamations.

But is this the Revolution?

It goes without saying, yes. Revolution is an everyday affair like philosophy, which proved the existence of movement to such a point that it began to move itself; revolution proves its actuality by prolonging its activity. In celebrating its Twentieth Anniversary, we are not celebrating a return of a historical date (as we celebrate July 14), but rather the enormous work performed during these twenty years. It is not so much the Twentieth Anniversary of liberation, as it is twenty years of continuously growing liberty.

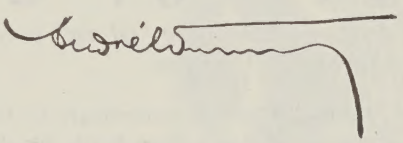
And are you aware, that all those throughout the world who are fighting against the Revolution, have never stopped fighting

against the Soviet Union! Now, as before, a sharp line divides the world into two camps: for the Revolution and the Soviet Union, or against the Soviet Union and against the Revolution.

I am bound to the U.S.S.R., because when I look at the world, I see that all my hopes are bound with the destiny of the Soviet Union, because I recognize as just, the principles being carried out by it, as hateful, that against which it is fighting, as desirable, that which it is building. To attempt to fight, disavowing the U.S.S.R., without the U.S.S.R., —means to accept the nationalistic lie—*i.e.*, to fight against the U.S.S.R.

The fight demands discipline,—and I want to fight.

We will arrive at the place for which we set out, only by the path of revolutionary activity; but only a really revolutionary party can lead. Only a really international party will destroy nationalism, only the Communist Party will destroy capitalism. This was done in Eastern Europe. The Party took power into its hands. I belong to this Party, although I am not a member; I belong to that Socialist society, although I am not one of its citizens.



SOVIET WRITERS TO READERS OF *INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE*

Nikolai Virta

Author of "Loneliness"

During the Twentieth Anniversary of October, my play, *The Land,* will be produced in the Moscow Art Theater. I wanted to show how the Russian peasant, under the leadership of the Communist Party, fought during the years of the Revolution for the right to possess the land. I am sure that the remarkable theater, with which I had the good fortune to work, will produce vivid characterizations of the peasants, will show how they strengthened their power, how they won for themselves a life of joy and happiness.

The Land (the stage version of the novel *Loneliness*) will also be produced in other theaters of the Soviet Union.

The Second Congress of the International Writers' Union accomplished a colossal piece of work. It showed the writers of all lands how to act, all honest creative workers how to unite in the fight against fascism.

To a writer, the fight against fascism is his first duty, if the triumph of peace is his aim. When the Congress met, I was working on a play *The Northern Tower.* This play depicts an episode in the future war against fascism. After the Congress I decided to finish work on it. In this play I intend to make use of the fight of the Spanish people at least as a sub theme.

The writers of the U.S.S.R. and of other lands will probably make the world ring with the fight in Spain. I am awaiting these works with impatience.

Some words on anti-fascist writers:

I am following Hemingway's development with interest. He has the remarkable ability of capturing the emotions. This is not conveyed in the book by words, but it is felt. If Hemingway should deeply understand what is going on around him, he will find an excellent soil for his art. His sojourn in Spain, which resulted in an unusual film, *The New Land,* can play a great part in this.

I like all of Feuchtwanger's works: *Success, Jew Süss, Josephus*—works of great power.

I am tempted again to mention Malraux and Louis Aragon; Aragon's latest books attest the richness of that strongly realistic path, which this writer is following.

Victor Gusev

Author of the play "Glory" produced in many of the Soviet theaters.

By the Twentieth Anniversary of the Socialist Revolution I shall finish my rhymed play *Friendship* which deals with the men of our Red Army—the commanders with twenty years of heroic deeds behind them and the younger members of the great Red Army family. The play portrays the love of our country for its heroic army.

The play will be produced by the Maly Theater and the Red Army Theater.

In my opinion the significance of the Second Congress of the International Association of Writers is mainly in the fact that the Congress was one of action. Gathered in Spain, working in Madrid it took active part in the fight against fascism.

The roaring artillery of the interventionists could not deafen the voice of the Congress. Republican Spain knew that all the best, all the foremost in culture was on her side.

The Congress called forth a new wave of love and friendship throughout the whole world towards the heroic people of Spain, fighting against fascist barbarism. It would be desirable if in the future anti-fascist writers the world over were more closely connected with each other.

Now about the recent works of literature. As a poet and playwright I would like to mention these arts. Lately a number of translations of poems written by poets of Republican Spain have been published. With great joy I heard them over the radio. It was amazing with what lightening speed they were taken up by the Soviet stage, and in workers' clubs where they were met with the warm applause of our public.

It is necessary that there should be many more of these translations since our knowledge of the anti-fascist poetry of the world is far from sufficient.

The same to a greater extent refers to anti-fascist dramaturgy. The Soviet public receives the anti-fascist plays, produced by our theaters, which are as yet very few in number, with enthusiasm. The Union of Soviet Writers must spur on the translating of anti-fascist plays into Russian.

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