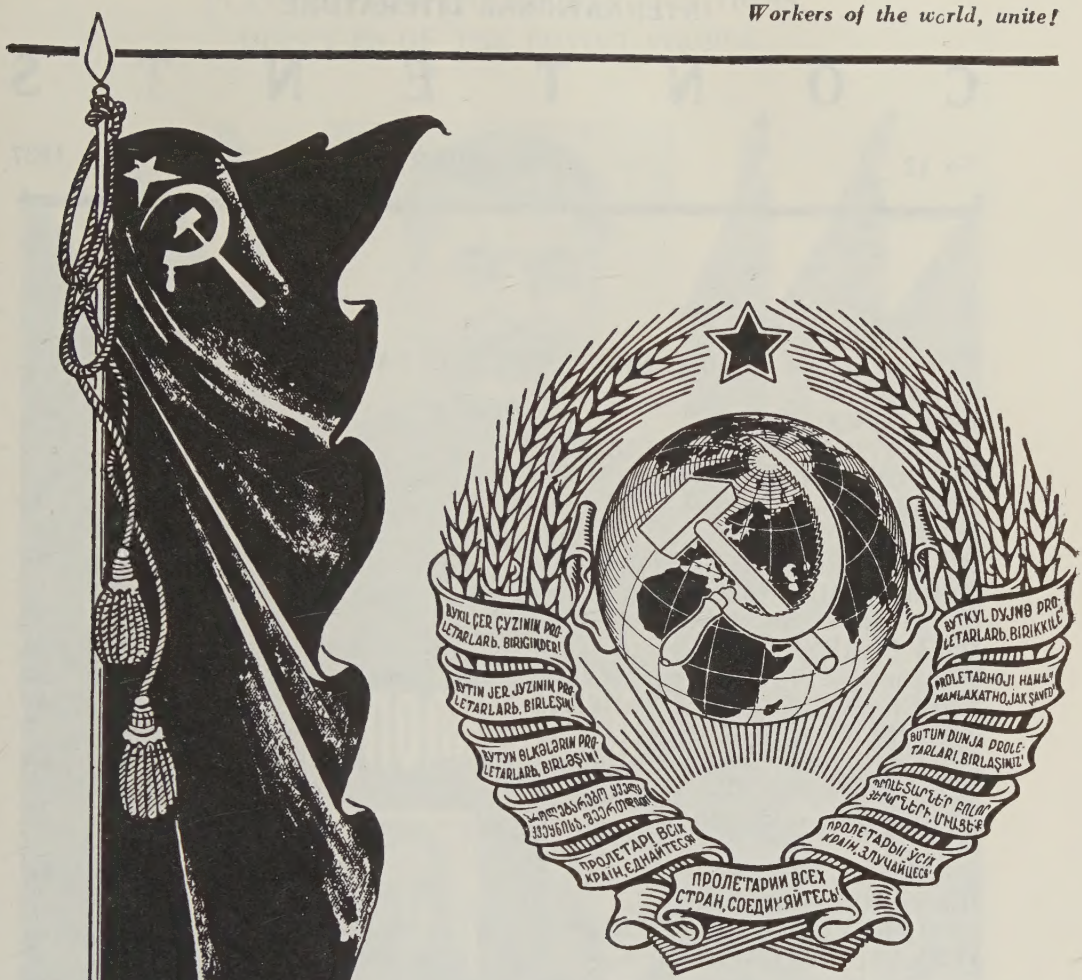
Workers of the world, unite!



1937

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

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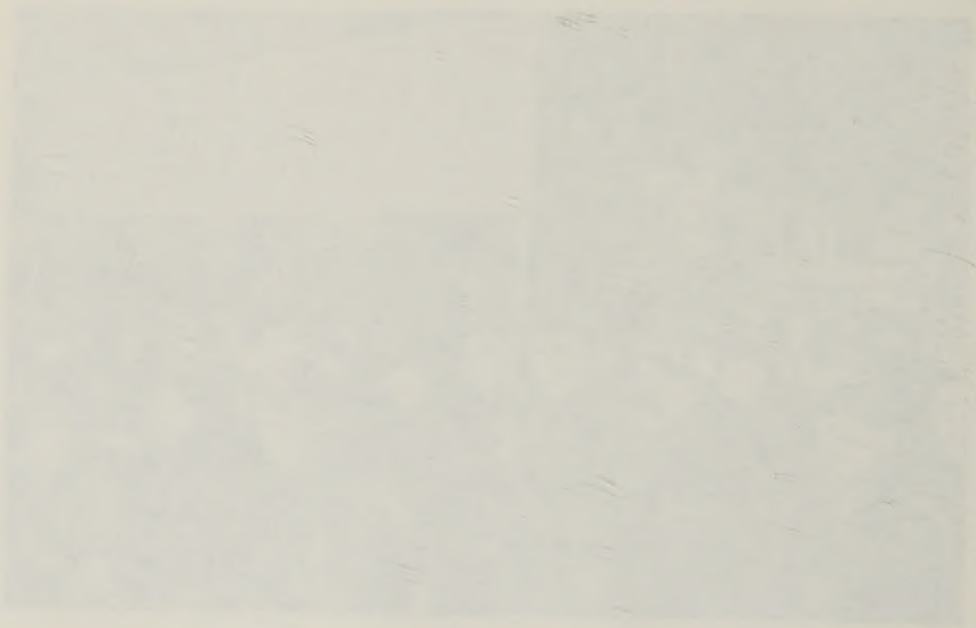
FLASHES FROM THE RECENT ELECTIONS
DEPUTIES OF THE SOVIET PEOPLE

The Political Bureau of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the USSR. From an election poster issued during the recent campaign. All the Members of the Central Committee have been elected deputies to the Supreme Soviet, their candidacy having been proposed at numberless meetings of the Soviet people throughout the Soviet Union.

Dec. 12th, 1937. Joseph Stalin depositing his ballot. Left, Vyacheslav Molotov. Right, Klim Voroshilov and Nikolai Yezhov.

Workers of the Kuibyshev Electro-Combinat in a demonstration celebrating the victory of the Stalinist bloc between Communist and non-party people.



Left, the noted Soviet scientist and polar explorer (now deputy of the Supreme Soviet) Otto Schmidt in the electoral booth. Right, three Soviet citizen casting their vote.

People's Artist Ivan Moskvin (now deputy of the Supreme Soviet) depositing his ballot.

The Bloc of Communists and Non-Party People is Invincible

The Supreme Soviet of the USSR has been elected. The bloc of Communists and non-Party people has won a brilliant victory. The candidates of the invincible election union of Communists and non-Party toilers of our fatherland have everywhere been elected deputies to the Soviet of the Union and the Soviet of Nationalities. Ninety-six and eight tenths per cent of the citizens possessing the right to vote took part in the elections!

The list of deputies contains the names of those to whom the working class, the Soviet peasantry and the Soviet intelligentsia have entrusted the leadership of the land of victorious Socialism.

These are the best sons and daughters of the people itself—workers, peasants, intellectuals, valiant fighters and commanders of the heroic Red Army. They are members of the invincible Party of Lenin and Stalin and staunch non-Party fighters for the happiness, freedom and independence of our fatherland. Of the 1,143 deputies to the Supreme Soviet, 870 are Communists and 273 non-Party people.

Among the deputies are the leading political figures of the country, headed by Comrade Stalin, the members of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union and members of the Soviet Government, a large contingent of workers in local Party and Soviet organizations, talented managers, noted Stakhanovites of the factories and the collective farms, famous fliers, world-famed scientists, educators who are bringing up the young generation, People's Artists, writers.

The deputies to the Supreme Soviet, elected by all the toilers with unheard-of unanimity, are genuine representatives, the genuine choice of the people; they express its will, desires and hopes. The composition of our Supreme Soviet shows in real life what Socialist democracy means, what truly free and truly democratic elections mean.

The social composition of parliaments even in so-called democratic countries eloquently demonstrates all the limitations of bourgeois democracy, which is, in fact, democracy for the rich. The "representatives" of the English people in the House of Commons include members of the squirearchy, admirals, generals, industrialists and merchants. More than half the members of Congress in the United States are lawyers and directors of capitalist trusts and enterprises.

This is how "people's" government appears in fact in the capitalist world, the world of exploitation, the world of social and national oppression.

Only in our country, where the exploiting classes have been liquidated for ever, where there are no capitalists and landowners, only here does the people freely elect to all organs of state power persons rising from its own midst, devoted body and soul to the people's cause, the cause of Communism. Only here are the people and its deputies, the people and its government united!

In the Supreme Soviet are people of the most varied scales of political activitity—from a collective farm to the entire state. All of them are united by one thought, by the common desire to make our fatherland even more powerful; they are true soldiers of the great army of fighters for Communism.

In the highest organ of the Soviet state are representatives of the most varied peoples, who have united fraternally and freely in the great, indestructible Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Even the least numerous peoples, according to the Stalinist Constitution, elected their representatives to the Supreme Soviet.

To be a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the world's first Socialist state, to belong to the iron cohort of Party and non-Party Bolsheviks to whom the leadership of the mighty, invincible Socialist power is entrusted, is an honorable and *responsible* thing. Each deputy must feel the greatest responsibility before the people, before his electors.

There is no greater honor than the trust of the people. Each deputy should guard this trust above all. He is a servant of the people. And his strength lies in the people's confidence in him. Should he turn from the path which the people and the Party show him, he loses this confidence.

In his remarkable speech at the pre-election meeting of voters of the Stalin Election District, Comrade Stalin stated:

> "The electors, the people must demand of their deputies that they remain equal to their tasks, that in their work they should not descend to the level of political philistines, that they remain at their posts as public men of the type of Lenin, that they stand out as clear and definitive public men as Lenin, that they be just as fearless in battle and as merciless toward the enemies of the people as was Lenin, that they be free of all panic, of all semblance of panic when things become complicated and when some danger appears on the horizon, that they be just as free of any semblance of panic as Lenin was free, that they be just as sagacious and deliberate in deciding difficult questions, which require an all-round orientation and all-round consideration of all the pros and cons, as was Lenin, that they be just as truthful and honest as was Lenin, that they love their people as Lenin did."

The picture of the Soviet deputy which Comrade Stalin drew is the picture of a people's representative of the greatest political and moral cleanliness. An example of such a deputy of the Soviet people is Comrade Stalin! Stalin is the incarnation of wisdom, will, honesty and firmness. Stalin is the banner of our victories!

The Supreme Soviet of the USSR has been elected. But the great enthusiasm which reigned throughout the country during the election campaign and which reached its height Dec. 12, continues. The statement of the Central Election Commission on the election to the Supreme Soviet of Comrade Stalin, of his closest comrades-in-arms, of the members of the Central Committee of the CPSU, of a whole *pleiade* of talented representatives of the working class, the peasantry and the Soviet intelligentsia, aroused general public exultation.

On Dec. 12 the Soviet people showed the whole world its moral and political unity, its firm devotion to the cause of the Party of Lenin and Stalin, its unlimited faith in the Stalinist Central Committee and the Soviet Government. *The whole world was convinced of the indestructible strength of the bloc of Communists and non-Party people. Let all the imperialists who intend to attack the Soviet Union know that any attempt of theirs, like the attempt of their ignoble trotskyite-bukharinite fascist agents to do harm to the land of Socialism, will be smashed by the iron bloc of Communists and non-Party people. The bloc of Communists and non-Party people is invincible!*

The Supreme Soviet of the USSR has been elected—hail the Supreme Soviet of the USSR! Under the great, invincible banner of the Party of Lenin and Stalin, forward to new victories of Communism!

Voting For Civilization

Some Features of the Great Days

The two greatest cultural events in 1937 in the Soviet Union—and perhaps in the world—were the celebration of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution and the elections of deputies to the Supreme Soviet, inaugurating the election procedure provided in the Stalinist Constitution, humanity's greatest achievement in democracy.

As the Webbs indicated in their study of the Soviet Union, the Great October Socialist Revolution produced changes so fundamental that the social structure it has raised must be given the status of a new civilization. In the Twentieth Anniversary celebrations the peoples of the Soviet Union and the progressive peoples of the whole world honored and took pride in the foundation of this new civilization, the first to be free of human exploitation; the first in which universal equality of opportunity is provided; the first to really make war upon war; the first where the relations between peoples are based on friendship and equality; and the first which has abolished economic insecurity, with its corruptions of character and the frustrations and sufferings it imposed on the creators of culture.

The celebrations of the anniversary, in the Soviet Union, took a remarkable form. It can be said, without exaggeration, that the whole enormous population of the Soviet Union participated, from child to adult and from the citizens at the capital to far northern nomads. And the tone of the demonstra-

DEPUTIES TO THE SUPREME SOVIET

Alexei Tolstoy, writer

Mikhail Sholokhov, writer

Vladimir Stavsky, writer

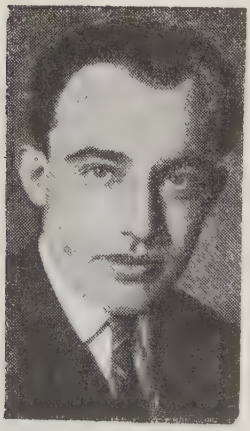
tions, the holiday festivities and the parades of millions of marchers, was one of confidence and gratitude. What was expressed was the confidence and gratitude of the people for the vigilance of the Party and its leaders who had caught and exposed their internal enemies, the enemies of Socialism and of all humanity, the allies of fascism, the trotskyite and bukharinite ploters, spies and wreckers and had placed them beyond the power to harm the people of the Soviet Union and the revolutionary cause of all humanity.

The settings for the celebrations were on a grand scale and in more than the material sense of the word. The decorations of the principal squares in the chief cities of the union were planned and directed by the leading Soviet artists and architects; but they were not alone; every house and every home strove to express both the joy and the grandeur of this historic occasion.

However, more important than any other of the preparations, were the Stakhanovite competitions in every branch of Soviet work. By this means Soviet workers made a priceless gift of work to the whole Soviet people. And this gift was greater than a gift of goods. It was a gift of people. For out of the intensive competition have come new cadres of labor leadership, new models of men, new tens of thousands of Stakhanovites, heroes of work, who responded to this call of the people, this call of Socialism in construction, as their predecessors had responded to a different call in the Civil War days.

In this type of preparation cultural workers responded as other workers did. They made a gift of cultural work of great value. In this issue we have as a typical example the account of a collaboration between a dramatist and the regisseurs, actors, stage hands, scene painters and other workers of a world famous theater in giving a play to the people in honor of their birthday as a free Socialist people. Artists, sculptors, scientists, teachers, journalists, each in their own fields, worked in the same fashion. Probably never before in the history of the world have artists and other creators of culture been so completely and consciously part of the social whole.

DEPUTIES TO THE SUPREME SOVIET



Alexander Korneichuk, playwright

Ivan Papanin, Head of the Polar Wintering Expedition.

Alexei Stakhanov.

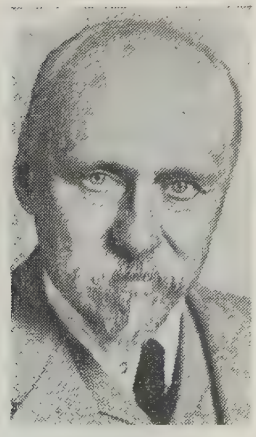
Similarly, in the election campaign, the whole people participated. There was no section of the population unwilling, as there was no section of the population unprivileged, to vote. And the greatest possible care was taken to have the citizen body go to the polls informed and fit for this act of citizenship. Courses on the election law and the election procedure were organized everywhere. Simultaneously nomad hunters in the far northeast, miners' groups in the Donbas, collective farmers in the river valleys, editorial staffs and writers' union groups in Moscow and Leningrad and Kiev and Tbilisi, were studying the election law, and qualified teams of workers and intellectuals were cruising in the countryside and the factory districts lecturing on the election law.

The occasion was turned into a nationwide and intensive period of political study. Comparisons were made with the constitutions and the electoral procedures of other countries. Socialist democracy was compared with bourgeois democracy. Books and pamphlets on the Constitution and the electoral law and on the status of Soviet democracy in the world, and on the social and economic structure of the country, were issued in millions of copies. Probably no citizen body in the world has been prepared for its political functions so thoroughly and so broadly.

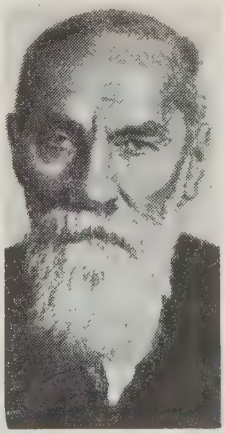
To the foreign observer what was most interesting was the manner in which the nominations were made. Accustomed to nominations made by political parties financed and controlled by the monied classes it was like looking into a new world to observe the direct and spontaneous way in which the Soviet people made their selections of candidates. Here the nominators were the people in their organizations—factories, trade unions and mass organizations of every variety. In a manner and to a degree never before known in the world the nominations were directly from the people.

Equally interesting to the foreign observer are the nominees themselves. Elsewhere candidates tend to come from groups, servile to the capitalist

DEPUTIES TO THE SUPREME SOVIET



Vladimir Komarov, President of the Academy of Sciences



Alexei Bach, Biochemist, Member of the Academy of Sciences

Praskovia Kovardak, tractor-driver

class, lawyers, functionaries and so on. In the Soviet Union however the nominees are indisputably the best sons of the people. The first nominee is Stalin, the beloved leader of peoples, then other beloved political leaders, his closest comrades-in-arms. Then heroes of the Soviet Union who have brought new glory to the Soviet people; Stakhanovites who have brought a new and higher consciousness of the honor and value of labor into the world. Through every field of Soviet life those who have proved their value to society are being called to new services to society as the representatives of the Soviet people.

A very large number of the nominees come from cultural fields,—writers, scientists, theater artists and academicians, and the nominations have come not always from their own organizations but from factories and collective farms. That is something that could have been anticipated only in a Socialist country. It is direct evidence that here, indeed, is a new civilization, one in which the cultural worker is a full participant in the life of society, not an outsider to be exploited or used as a fabricator of upper class decorations.

For these reasons the Soviet elections, like the twentieth anniversary of the Great October Revolution, constitute an event of major importance in world culture. They are an example of the operations of a genuine, a Socialist democracy, under the greatest charter of human *liberties and opportunities* humanity has ever known, the Stalin Constitution. They are a brilliant evidence of what organic and healthy functions culture has in a Socialist society. It is for that reason that the advanced intellectuals of the world together with the workers of the world have followed the elections in the Soviet Union with the most ardent interest, as they celebrated the Twentieth Anniversary of the birth of Socialist society with the most ardent enthusiasm.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

DEPUTIES TO THE SUPREME SOVIET

Maria Demchenko, beet-grower

Konstantin Borin, combine-operator

Vladimir Kabanov, locomotive-driver

We Are The Masters

An amazingly soft, sunny day. Moscow at such a time is especially beautiful. Everything is in motion. Whole new avenues are being cut through. Cargoes are borne to the city along the new canal, to be consumed almost at once by the city, that, like the whole Soviet land, constantly demands more. The city daily grows and changes. Everywhere rise the large gleaming rectangles of new houses. The city's skyline tapers down to the low, pre-revolutionary flats. Every passer-by feels a part of the gigantic reconstruction, watching the new avenues laid out, new sections rising, new river embankments and bridges being built.

Moscow is straightening her shoulders. . . . What a beautiful, singular city!

In this city, in the center of a new world, the first pre-election meetings have taken place. The people of the capital are considering candidates for deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the Union.

. . .The workers of the Red Capital are the first to propose their candidates. This is their right—theirs because they, the workers, led the people in their struggle.

A huge crowd attends the pre-election meeting at the Electrocombinat. The shift has just changed. . . . They come to the meeting straight from their machines. The youth sing and dance. The sun shines down through thirty-one enormous windows spanning the hall. The hall is light, painted white and pale blue. More and more people pour in. They stand in a compact mass, side by side. Thousands of them. . . .

Everything here is simple: a table covered with red cloth, a pitcher of water, a glass, chairs for the presidium, wooden tribune, several slogans on strips of bunting. The workers elect their Stakhanovites, their Order-bearers, to the presidium, to good-natured and warm applause. Only one question is on the agenda: to nominate candidates for deputies to the Supreme Council of the Union.

A small woman dressed in a knitted jacket and a black skirt comes to the tribune. She is a shop foreman. Her name is Anna Afanasyevna Slavnova, a native of Podkhozhye Village, Venevsky District, Tula Province. Poverty forced her to leave her village in early childhood to earn a living; she has been making electric bulbs since 1912. She is not a Party member.

Comrade Slavnova begins to speak; she is greatly moved. More than six thousand pairs of eyes are fastened on her—a Russian woman, a former peasant, now a famous worker! She has been a factory worker for twenty-five years. Here they know what her life was like before 1917, what she did during the years of the Civil War, how she worked after the war, what her family is like.

She speaks: "Who gave us the Constitution?—Our Stalin. . ." In simple words she speaks of the greatest comrade and teacher. She pauses, overcome with emotion, then continues: "I propose as our candidate for deputy to the Supreme Council of the Union, the best, the most beloved leader, father and friend, Comrade Stalin. . . ."

Everyone understands what this nomination means. The people know the election law. To propose Stalin as their candidate, to be the first to propose him, is a great honor, an act of exceptional significance. A roar of approval breaks forth, and fills the air. A great "hurrah" bursts forth from the mass of people, over six thousand strong, over whom the setting sun spreads its light. So the people had shown their preparedness for struggle, when Stalin led them into the fight, to heroic deeds. Here in the hall, all are participants in those deeds: the Civil War, the Five-Year Plans.

All are overcome with emotion. Old and young, the comrades of the presidium jump up, lean far forward over the table, and greet Stalin and the Party.

Elated, the people listen to their comrades on the platform. The speakers declare that Stalin has clear aims, a powerful will, strength of character. And in these terms the figure becomes distinct of a man who labors indefatigably, who has assumed the great responsibility of the fate of millions of people and leads the struggle fearlessly and on an unprecedented scale.

The speakers are tense, but their minds are in complete harmony with those of their audience—a harmony established by years of life in common, of joint struggle, work. . . . A harmony which no difficulties can jar.

The speakers understand that today's meeting will be news to the whole world, and they speak proudly of the Party of Bolsheviks. . . . They declare that, according to the Constitution, the Bolshevik Party will continue to lead the people, striking fear into the heart of the enemy. The speakers reaffirm their trust in their Party.

And the workers enumerate what the Party has given them and their children—freedom, education, a joyous and happy life. They speak like people with a grasp of state affairs, people who feel the greatness of the history being created by the masses.

Engineers—yesterday's workers—are on the tribune. "Why do I support the candidacy of Stalin? Because Stalin fulfilled a vow he made in 1924. I support the candidacy of Comrade Stalin because he advanced the slogan of industrialization. Russia, which depended completely on foreign capital, has become an independent country. We increased industrial production sevenfold and over. Stalin advanced the slogan of collectivization. We have built up a powerful agricultural economy. Stalin advanced the slogan of strengthening defense. Stalin is the creator of the most democratic Constitution. . . . And understand, comrades, we have been freed from the horrors of beggary and unemployment. I, the son of a barber, what could I have hoped for? In the old days my father worked from eight in the morning to ten in the evening; he was consumptive, but had nowhere to go for treatment. But we become engineers, we have dispensaries, hospitals, sanatoriums. Why am I voting for Stalin? Because we live in freedom, we are not the wage slaves of the bosses. . . ."

And the hall again resounds with their heartfelt assent. The excitement mounts.

An old worker speaks—Efrimov, at present chief of a shop. There are five

Communists and four Komsomols in his family; he has sons in industry and in the borderguard. And the old man lifts his arms; they are still strong: "I am proud of being a Voroshilov sharpshooter; should the enemy touch us, I will take my place in the ranks together with you—and my whole family with me. . . ."

The old man recalls his past. Suddenly he stops, stands erect, and shouts: "How do I live now? I have no anxieties about my children. None of us know gloomy days! I myself have worked forty-four years; in the old days I lived in hunger in my father's house; he sent me out to beg. . . . And now, at the age of fifty-six, I have mastered higher technique."

The audience of six thousand answers with enthusiasm. It has grown dark and the eyes of the people shine in the dimness.

Other thousands of workers, who could not get into the hall, are gathered in the yard. They listen under the windows. On a day like this, who could stand aside?

The old man throws his hands far out: "We are the masters, we have built this!"

And everything around us is really ours.

When the hall rang with: "We have been naught, we shall be all," the overwhelming reality of these words was felt. The audience sang the *Internationale* over and again. And every strophe of the hymn confirmed our life, its fixed laws and the happy power of the people's sovereignty and independence.

Beyond the windows lay Moscow—she was ours! We had fought for her, we loved her, we were proud of her.

"Our factory, twice awarded the Red Banner, our Electrocombinat, desires Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin to be our deputy!"

A mighty desire, a deep-felt desire. "We ask Comrade Stalin to give his consent. . . ."

The moment for taking the vote: absolute silence, great inner tension. Hands are raised. A barely audible rustling, then suddenly all stand and burst into song. . . . Again shouts fill the air. Thin girlish voices, robust young basses, shouting in chorus. Just before the end a stalwart comrade in a sports shirt roared out, above the din: "Hurrah for our many millions of Soviet workers! Hurrah for our candidate!" The plant approved its selection.

VSEVOLOD VISHNEVSKY

A Day Never to be Forgotten

That day in the Sickle and Hammer Plant went down in history; a candidate for deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. from the Molotov Election District and twenty representatives from the plant to the pre-election district conference were chosen.

The meeting was scheduled for 4:30 p.m. But long before the opening the Party Committee had already been in session at the factory gates and along the long asphalt streets of the plant's little city, streets which should long ago have had their own names because they are real streets, longer than some of the city streets. At the "old Goujon"[1]—which had seen the barricades of 1905, and furnished its Red Guard detachment in 1917—the evening began, an evening such as this place had not seen in all its fighting history. The Hammer and Sickle Plant was one of the first in the Soviet Union to open the great work of the elections, in accordance with the Stalinist Constitution.

The meeting was to be held in the sheet rolling shop, an enormous building, high, airy, conspicuous from afar by the placards and flags that decorated it. At the signal the shop began to fill with people. Electricians, anxious and excited, again examined the wires of the added lighting equipment; radio mechanics were installing microphones; but the hall was already echoing with the singing of scores of impromptu glee clubs, singing as they entered, and singing as they took their places on the plank benches. I call it a hall, and so it is. The interior of this shop is like an auditorium, spacious, majestic, and at the same time simple. Rows of benches of fresh, aromatic wood stretched a good three-quarters of its length, surrounding huge fixtures of the cold rolling mill, transformed into a tribune. Its structure recalled the captain's bridge of a ship.

A narrow iron ladder led to the top, red cloth tightly drawn around it. There, high up, as if sailing above the audience, the presidium of the meeting was to be seated. But it was feared that from this high and unusual tribune, not even the most powerful voice would be heard; the songs of the choruses, seated at the ends of the hall, were barely audible at the foot of the rolling mill. There was singing on all sides. The dome of the shop reflected and intensified the songs, which returned in a resonant echo from the roof, in counterpoint with new strophes, and stimulating the singers to fresh efforts. Big oratorio choruses would have been lost here, and the fact that there were five or six singing simultaneously, though different songs, lent that very necessary excitement to

[1] "Goujon" was a foreign-owned factory (Goujon—the name of the French owner). After nationalization it has been called The Sickle and Hammer.

the atmosphere of the hall which the general temper demanded, giving a singing quality to breathing itself.

They stopped unexpectedly. An ordinary voice rang out above the diminishing echoes, sounding free and unstrained. The radio worked as no radio or loud-speaker apparatus ever worked in a radio-studio. The lighting, strong as that of a theater, lighted up and seemed to raise and spread the walls apart. The lights too were clear and sure, like the radio.

The meeting began. The presidium climbed to their lofty and unusual platform, and all raised their heads, following them. The entire hall of the shop was now full. Six thousand Hammer and Sickle workers crowded the narrow benches, stood in the aisles, sat on machinery. The years may pass but the Hammer and Sickle Plant will never forget its first meeting in the election campaign, held on October 20, 1937, with its majestic setting in the sheet rolling shop. I propose that a marble tablet be put on the wall, commemorating the event that here, on the site of the old graveyard of the Goujon workers who died on the barricades long before the Great Socialist Revolution or who were devoured by need, six thousand Soviet people were among the first to nominate their candidate for deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Union, that they sang and that it was an occasion of joyous excitement. It should be inscribed also on every heart, so that those who were there can have the proud memory to recall for their grandchildren: "And I was there, I voted, and I sang."

Obviously not trusting the loud speakers, and placing his hopes on his own lungs, the old rolling press worker, Shchegolev, made the nominating speech. Viewing the hall from above, he was startled at its size, at the enormous space his voice had to fill. He spoke with emotion of the Party, of himself, of the plant, of his children, of the Red Army. Without a deliberate subject and without resort to verbal decoration, he talked of life and of the country, and then made his purpose clear in a single breath, a single formula, a single slogan: "Long Live Molotov!"

"Let him be elected from our district, which bears his name! We will ask him to be our candidate."

The orchestra broke in with the *Internationale,* everyone took up the music. Then Shchegolev stirred the audience to new outbursts of applause, and following him the orchestra began again to play the hymn. Thus it continued until the very end of the meeting, when, with the unanimous nomination of Molotov as candidate from their district, the workers elected twenty delegates from the floor to represent them at the pre-election district conference. Then, drowning out the chairman completely, the six thousand began to sing. The orchestra seemed small beside them.

"Long live Stalin! Long live Molotov!" were the shouts coming from all over the shop, and amid singing and hurrahs and dancing the meeting finally came to an end, the people reluctantly departing for their homes, wishing to prolong the elation of this great event.

PETER PAVLENKO

My Strength Is Winged

We workers in the field of art, and especially actors, feel great and honorable responsibilities at this time of preparation for the elections to the Supreme Soviet. We can and must come forward as ardent agitators and propagandists for the Stalinist Constitution and the election laws, to help our nation to elect to the Supreme Soviet the best and most worthy people of our country.

At this time actors who began their artistic careers before the Revolutions should tell the youth what they had to suffer under tsarism, and how it stifled talent, contrasting it with our joyous, vivid and creative life under Socialism.

Before the Revolution, we actors were looked to merely for entertainment and amusement; under serfdom we were the property of landowners. The position of actors was not much bettered by the abolition of serfdom. Insecure, with the prospect of a hungry old age, dependent on the speculations of producers, without a settled home, they led a wretched existence.

It was especially hard on the actress. At the beck and call of her family and without rights, it was impossible for her to work on an equal footing with a man; she was at once her husband's slave, and prisoner of a society stagnating in a bog of prejudice and convention. The actress, it is true, worked like a man and earned her way, but at what cost to herself!

My lot was cast in such conditions. But for twenty years now I have been working in a theater created by the Great Socialist Revolution. I help to uphold the banner of our glorious Soviet art, the banner of an actor, of a citizen of our great Socialist fatherland. It is impossible to give in words the abyss that separates the empty life of an actor in the past from the busy and purposeful life of our present Soviet actor.

It is hard to imagine what would have become of the theater in general, and in particular of the Maly Theater where I work, if the Great Socialist Revolution had not intervened and entirely changed the life of our vast country. Old values went by the board, the corrupt past was swept clean away both in art itself and in the daily lives of art workers. Art commenced to play a leading part in the development of a specifically Socialist culture. We gradually learned that art cannot be non-political, that it must have a social goal, that through the stage we must influence and activize the masses.

It was literally a stream of fresh air, a stream of new creative strength that the Great Socialist Revolution poured in upon us. Doubtless we did not at once recognize or realize the potency of that force

which was to mean for us a new birth and was to fill our creative work with happiness. Year after year working on our art, deepening our understanding of the revolutionary significance of art, studying and getting a grasp on the great teaching of Lenin and Stalin, we actors have met the Twentieth Anniversary of our Socialist Revolution as staunch fighters for a mass Soviet art. We hand on our art to our successors in the full realization of what a mighty weapon it is in the re-education of the masses.

It is a particularly valuable experience for the actor to go touring the country. This is quite a different thing from the "tours" of pre-revolutionary days, in which I took part as a young girl. The stage-Johnnies swarming around the metropolitan actress, the drunken suppers, the gifts, are gone. Now a tour means an interchange of experience, stimulating contacts, the exhibiting of one's creative achievements. Sometimes journeys into distant parts of the Soviet Union are undertaken with the aim of implanting Soviet art in new soil and promoting cultured leisure among the workers.

For example, I was once way up in the Arctic. We were going up the Yenisei from Krasnoyarsk to Igarka on the steamship *Krasnoyark Worker*, towing behind us a caravan of barges loaded with materials and stores for the expedition up the River Pyassina, which empties into the Arctic Ocean.

In mid-stream, we "made-up" in our cabins, then lowered ourselves down rope ladders into a little motor-boat, chugged over to a big lighter and climbed aboard. Here, on an improvized stage, under the open sky and in bright sunlight, we played Ostrovsky's *At the Busy Crossroads* to the whole crew of the caravan, and woodcutters and pioneers who were to spend the winter in the Arctic.

On Aviation Day, August 18, 1936, the Maly Theater gave a performance on Dickson Island, to which we flew by hydroplane. I know too of a group of actors that has been touring the Far North for two years, now working in Yakutia and along the River Lena. This is enough to show that Soviet actors are undaunted by difficulties.

The actor has developed tremendously in the twenty years following the Socialist Revolution. His manner of life and the conditions under which he works have radically changed. The actor nowadays is not troubled about the future, for we have no unemployed actors, as we have no unemployed of any sort throughout the Soviet Union. And the actor of the Land of Soviets is not afraid of old age. He is certain of the state pension. The actress is now a happy mother. She, like every Soviet woman-citizen, has maternity leave with full pay. The actress is now the happy wife and comrade of her husband and the two are united by deep social interests.

The actor is freed from the fears of a wandering, insecure life. The woman does not have to worry about a wardrobe. The state provides the actor with all that is necessary for his art—costumes, shoes, makeup. He receives a salary all the year round, and has annual vacations on full pay. The care and attention of the Soviet Government and the Communist Party have created a genuinely happy life for us, Soviet actors, and made it possible for us to develop our dramatic talents to the full.

Today it is not merely privileged "fans" who know the actor. A well-loved and esteemed actor is known by the whole country.

The special care and attention which the government and Party

devote to art and art workers oblige the Soviet actor to work ceaselessly to improve his work, to develop and deepen Soviet art, that great dynamic of Socialist culture.

I, who have had a long and strenuous life, who have a grown-up daughter, the actress I. V. Polonskaya, with fourteen years of stage experience, I, a grandmother with a grown grandson, I, who have worked thirty-three years in the theater, feel younger, stronger and happier than I have ever felt.

I feel as though my strength were winged. Before the Revolution, harried by poverty, injustice and personal misfortunes, I lost heart and did not want to live. Now I am full of a passionate desire to live and work, to educate new cadres of Soviet actors, to polish and perfect my dramatic art so that, like a well-aimed shot, it may strike without mercy any who dares to raise a hostile hand against our great Communist Party.

I sit in my beautiful flat, surrounded by flowers, greetings and congratulations. On my breast hangs the Order of Lenin—the highest honor to which a worker of the Land of Soviets can aspire.

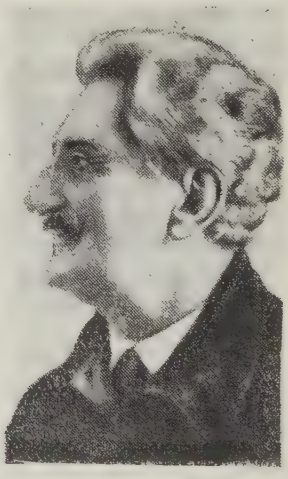
VERA PASHENNAYA

People's Artist of the USSR

DEPUTIES TO THE SUPREME SOVIET

Ivan Moskvin, actor

Maria Korchagina-Alexandrovskaya, actress



Shalva Dadiani, actor and playwright

ILYA EHRENBURG

"She Had a Rifle"[1]

Moors were running through the village clutching their loot, cocks and brass mugs and tablecloths. A camp fire had been kindled and the soldiers were roasting a kid. The odor joined the fresh smell of juniper and the rank smell from open human dwelling places. Beside the well, sitting on an upturned bucket, an old woman was moaning: they had taken her grandson. A Moor with long sparse hair on his pate was running in a circle round the fire and clucking.

In the priest's house a fat major was eating scrambled eggs. A girl was brought in: "She had a rifle."

The major wiped his mouth with his napkin and asked lazily: "Will you speak?"

The girl looked at him with burning, malignant eyes.

"Take her off."

A shot rang out under the window. The major frowned. He was now eating grapes and carefully spitting out the skins into his hand. He then brought out a bottle of eau-de-Cologne from his suitcase and moistened his forehead. The day had been long and wearying. The Moors were still looting outside. The major stretched his legs and thought about civil life. He remembered his large house in Cordova, the bubbling of the water and the pleasant shade of the wistaria bushes. He dozed off. His orderly woke him up: the German military adviser had arrived.

The German gingerly removed the plate with the remains of the major's dinner and spread out a map on the table.

"Why did you not make for Torrijos?"

The major yawned. "Perhaps you'd like something to eat? We got hold of some excellent ham."

"I am asking you why you didn't turn and make for Torrijos. One blunder after another. What's the idea of this halt?"

The major looked first at the map and then at the bristling hedgehog-like form of the German. He rose. "We shall advance immediately," he said.

* * *

Not many people succeeded in escaping from Toledo. The Alcazar garrison struck from behind. The legionnaires even dragged the wounded from the hospitals. In an empty white square Luciro was bayoneted. Women ran along the roads. When night fell peasants' houses burned and in their light the African horsemen cut down stragglers.

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[1] Excerpts from a new novel.

Florencio is sitting on a stone before his house. He is breathing fast; his ribs can be seen moving. All around exhausted women are lying. The Republican soldiers are drinking warm water and swearing.

Florencio hears nothing. He does not seem to have realized yet what has happened. He looks absent-mindedly at the people stretched on the ground, looks at the fire, at the stars. Suddenly he recognizes Luciro's wife among the sleepers. He calls her name but she does not answer. He goes up to her and touches her lightly on the shoulder.

"Where is your husband?"

She looks at him but does not answer. Florencio leaves her side. Beside the lorries he meets Royo. Florencio says:

"You'll put the machine-guns here. Get people together. A detachment has been sent out from Madrid. We must hold out till the morning."

"And you? Are you off to Madrid?"

Florencio waves his hand. He makes his way quietly among the sleepers. After leaving the village he turns south. For a long time he walks in the darkness; then he catches sight of the legionaries. He lies down and begins to shoot. He is surrounded. His ammunition runs out. He tries to dodge his enemies. A soldier finishes him off with the butt of his rifle.

The day dawns. In the distance the towers of the lost town glow red. Florencio lies on the sharp dry grass. Lying there dead he looks tiny, like a little child. Grasshoppers are busy around his head.

* * *

Marques has a young wife and a child. Before the war he was an architect. He used to say: "Architecture is spatial music; every success of a builder, whether it be the Parthenon or the cupola of St. Sophia, makes us forget the very concept of time." He has freckles, green eyes, and slightly raised eyebrows as though he were surprised at everything he saw. He began to go to meetings last spring; when the war began he joined the Fifth Regiment.

He astonishes his comrades with his coolness—he behaves as though he were not in battle but were sitting in his drafting room with a compass in his hand. Near Guadarrama (at the beginning of August) he charged the fascists and captured a machine-gun. The others crowding round him congratulated him, praised him, asked him questions. He asked for water, drank a whole jug full and then began giving orders, detailing men to go out reconnoitering, and others to forage. One comrade asked: "How is it you're not afraid?"

Marques lifted his eyebrows still higher. "What the hell do you mean, 'not afraid'? I almost died of fright."

A number of comrades had gathered together, Party workers. All around them, soldiers were running headlong. Those meeting were nervous, interrupted one another, put the blame on the government, the staff, the anarchists. Only Marques kept calm.

"It's their first time under fire—they'll get used to it."

Marques' wife worked in the Fifth Regiment as a typist. She was at the council. Someone whispered to her: "He's absolutely imperturbable!"

She shook her head.

"Didn't you see just now, he took a cigarette but didn't light it. He's terribly excited."

Madrid is cheerful and noisy. The inevitable fops can be seen walking down the Alcale. The cafés are full. Newspapers, any number of newspapers.

"Take Saragossa and then march on Burgos . . . ."

"No, the knockout blow should be struck at Cordova."

Actors dispute about the repertory of the People's Theater. In the mansion of a fugitive marquis poets organize a model reading room: bowls of water must be placed there to moisten the air and keep the books from cracking. In the streets hang posters: "Do not give your children tin soldiers—they instil a love of militarism." "To live an invalid is not to live—beautify rest homes." Curators of museums carefully blow the dust from a seventeenth century picture found in a rich miller's attic. Esperantists announce: "The First All-Iberian Congress of Advocates of a Universal Language." In the shady parks lovers kiss one another, reveling in their freedom.

A manor house, plane trees, fountains, arbors. Among marble Circes and Sileni scrofulous children in blue pinafores run about. A good-looking woman with kind eyes says: "That little boy there is the son of a fascist but Blanquita is the daughter of one of our men who was killed at the front. We want to bring them all up together and raise a new generation of free men and women."

At the ministry—plush, bronze and dust. A tired-looking man is repeating: "We are supported by democracy all over the world. We shall destroy . . . ."

Journalists are drinking coffee and are whispering to each other the latest rumor: "Tomorrow the British squadron will declare a blockade of Cadiz. . . ."

The War Office. An ancient general is at the telephone. He is gasping with asthma and fright: "Yes, yes. . . . Reinforcements will be sent. But not immediately . . . in a week's time."

Flags are being sold in the street, militia caps, revolver cases, hammer and sickle brooches, slips of paper with the initials of the Federation of Anarchists, cigarette lighters in the shape of tanks, portraits of Marx and Bakunin, treatises on free love.

The newspapers report: ". . . We have smashed the enemy on the Estremadura front," and loudspeakers shout triumphantly: "We have smashed the enemy, we have smashed the enemy."

When they hear the hoofs of the Moorish cavalry whole villages flee. They crowd into the capital. Fugitives sleep in empty lots. They bring with them rags, lice and the gloom of defeat.

In Madrid, at night, fascists shoot from the windows. The Republican military orders are immediately communicated to rebel headquarters. The city is without shells, without cartridges but the trains arrive loaded with pillows or cold cream. The militia men as they retire shout light-heartedly: "*No Pasaran*!" The general dictates the day's despatches: "On the Estremadura front. . . ."

He suddenly stops and whispers to his secretary: "They're outside Madrid."

Enemy airplanes are circling above the streets, the markets and the squares of the city.

In the cinema theater a gentleman was kissing a golden haired girl. Before dawn pieces of human bodies were brought out of the theater. Another bomb burst beside a dairy, where women were waiting with jugs to buy milk for their children. A third fell into a children's home. In the

morgue corpses are laid out according to height; that one is ten, the one next to him is younger, the one after still younger. The city has become blinded. There is not a single light. Sirens hoot. The good-looking woman with kind eyes brings the children into a cold cellar, where the rats squeak.

A fascist bomber had been brought down. The pilot, a German, had come down in a parachute. Walter was called to interpret.

"To what airdrome do you belong?"

The airman looked suspiciously at Walter. He had fair wavy hair, a face burnt red with the sun and blue eyes. "What's the good of answering? They'll kill me anyway."

Walter smiled. "The Republicans do not kill prisoners."

The airman looked uneasy, he wiped his face with his handkerchief and looked round with a start. Then he shyly asked for a cigarette, lit it and suddenly blurted out: "But anyway you're not an army, you're just Red bandits," repeating the phrase he had read the day before in the papers.

Walter could not help staring at him in wonder. He took a few steps towards the young beast of prey. But a minute later the airman stammered out: "Is it really true they won't kill me?"

He had a shivering fit of superciliousness and fear. He praised fascism, then said: "I'll draw a plan of the Saragossa airdrome for you if you like."

Suddenly he burst out: "The Marxists have not evolved a conception of a human being."

The Spanish colonel smiled mournfully.

"Ask him whether he has any relatives in Germany." The airman began to cry. Walter looked rapidly through the airman's papers, then blurted out: "What nonsense."

The airman blew his nose: "A mother and two sisters . . . In Wernigerode."

For a minute or so Walter's childhood rose before him, the smell of fir trees, blue-grey fogs, skating in winter. He rapidly drove these thoughts away and said: "Pull yourself together. The colonel wants to know exactly which towns have been bombed by Feuchter's squadron?"

A hotel. Foreigners live here: diplomats, business men, journalists. They complain of boredom and disordered stomachs ("Oh, that olive oil"), drink cocktails and play poker. A sprightly little Pole does business in Swiss francs and Brazilian passports. Looking round to see that there are no waiters within hearing he whispers: "Franco will soon be here."

A gouty diplomat relates: "I've seen it myself . . . at Vologda. But to tell you the truth it is not in the least interesting." Miss Simpson comes from Liverpool; she has a jaw like a donkey's and pimples on her neck. When the sirens begin to hoot she drinks bromide and murmurs: "How monotonous it all is!" In her spare time she goes on typing her novel: "The Bolshevik Cariba, famed for his brutality, winced as he met the young marquess' innocent eyes. . . ."

All the men in the hotel used to flirt with Elsa. She was in love with

a Spanish major and used to say: "If he leaves me I shall go off my head." One evening she came home late and went straight to her room. It was a stormy night. The town was bombarded from the river. One shell damaged the water pipes. In the morning Elsa with eyes red from weeping asked for some mineral water to wash in. Two hours later she was arrested. The consul put on his morning coat and called at the War Office. He was told politely: "This is her letter with a plan of the fortifications on the embankment. . .

* * *

At the munition factory there are sixty-four people working in three shifts. Angelina has only been in the factory a short time. Her father was a tram conductor in Madrid. He was killed during the winter: a ricocheting fragment from a bomb struck him. Angelina earns a living for her mother and small sister. She is small with a bronze complexion and dark blue eyes. People tell her: "You are very pretty." She answers: "It's not the time for that." She is buried in her work. There have been complaints in Madrid: "There is not enough ammunition," and her job is to fill cartridge cases. Her nimble hands move rapidly. Today the foreman has brought her roses.

"Angelina. . ."

She does not even look around.

The town was asleep. The olives looked silver under the moon. Water streamed out of the dolphin's mouth. On the wall of the cathedral an angel grasped a stone lute. There was an explosion. People ran out of the house half dressed. One bomb struck the cathedral and the angel collapsed into the flames. People fled the town: some carrying blankets, some bundles, some bird cages.

The attackers flew away to reload. Silence, and again explosions. Women push their children to the ground. One woman kneels, begins praying. A baby in arms cries: its mother tries to hush it: "Sh! Sh! Sh!" A third attack, a fourth. . . .

Then dawn. The sun soon warms the earth. It is the Andalusian spring. The wild hyacinths and narcissi are in flower. There are thousands of scents. Everything is hot and bright with many colors. Larks soar in the air. Stooped with fear the people return to the town. The cathedral still smokes. The angel lies on the ground with charred hands. Gonzales' body lies, decapitated, in front of his house; one foot is bare, he had been dressing himself. A girl was dragged out from beneath stones. Her mouth was open and there were dark blue spots on her face. Old man Carrero looks at the rubbish heap that was his house; he has lost his reason. Seated on a heap of debris, he sings. The neighbors sob.

About two days later the streets were cleared. The chemist stuffed his windows with mattresses. Work was resumed at the spinning mills. The shops opened. The barber Rubio went on lathering cheeks. On Saturday the peasants brought goat milk cheese, tomatoes and garlic.

By day the town continues its accustomed life: old men in broad-brimmed hats sun themselves, young girls stroll and small boys sell lottery tickets. But as soon as the sun sinks behind the mountains the streets immediately empty. Everyone goes out into the country. People

spend the nights as far from the town as possible. One bomb falling close to the cemetery killed two women. The unwelcome moon comes out late. The town is usually bombed shortly before dawn. Silvario began complaining early in the morning: "I feel bad, I feel a burning inside me." But they brought him away all the same. They could not leave him alone. When he got to the mill he died. Pedro the hunchback's wife yesterday gave birth to a child in the fields. The infant cried out but her mother whispered: "Be quiet, they'll hear."

* * *

Yesterday they bombed the town by day. Everyone looks up at the sky in terror. The sun is no more welcome than the moon.

"They are coming!"

They see three bombers surrounded by fighting 'planes. Pedro rushes out. "They're ours!"

Fear forgotten, the people fill the streets. A dozen fighting 'planes were flying north towards the fascists. The bombers described a semi-circle and disappeared, they did not drop a single bomb. But there was fighting in the sky. One airplane came down and the whole town yelled with joy:

"It's crashed!"

"Another! No, it has fallen and righted itself. One of ours is above it. Or is that not one of ours?" says a soldier.

"Ours has a turned up nose."

"Another one is coming down!"

"What are you so glad about? It's ours."

It is impossible to tell which are our own and which are the enemy's. They turn and swoop in the air amidst the roar of engines and the crack of guns. Then suddenly there is nothing to be seen. They have all disappeared.

Beyond the hills the remains of two Fiats were found: the airmen had perished. One of our 'planes had been brought down. The airman Cornejo had come down by parachute. When they found him he was scratching his back and laughing. He was carried shoulder high into the town. A woman handed him a jug of milk.

"Drink, boy, it's warm from the cow."

They all ply him with questions: How did you bring the other one down? Cornejo tells them about it.

"I saw that the enemy 'planes had fallen behind their leader so I followed them. Then I started peppering one of them and drove him down. He dodged, of course, but I know that trick myself. He climbed and I after him. I did not leave him until I saw flames. . ."

A woman asks:

"And weren't you afraid?"

"The most frightening thing of all is to look down. I know my job, you must keep your eyes open. You see the kind of neck I have. We work with our necks. . ."

He drank down the milk and started off for headquarters. The woman followed him: "Well, what is it, mother?"

"Nothing, I only wanted to say 'thank you'!"

That night they all stayed in town. They would not come now! Pedro, the hunchback, dips a piece of bread into his wine.

Seeing him off to the front

She lived here yesterday

(EHRENBURG'S "SPANISH ALBUM"

"They got it hot that time."

Rubio, the barber, answers: "We'd soon be rid of them if they got it like that every day."

"They'll send them new ones. Some people are swine. We had a boss once from Jaen. It was a long time ago, when I was a kid. Do you know what he did? He crushed some glass, sprinkled it on a piece of meat and gave it to the dog. The poor creature began vomiting blood, and he just stood there and laughed at it. That's the sort of people they are, the damned swine!"

The room is dark. Pedro's wife is tossing on her bed behind the partition. She has not recovered yet from her confinement. Rubio speaks.

"When I see the kind of thing they've done I can't sleep at night for thinking. Are they starving or what? When you've had your dinner and a glass of wine and then a nap you're not going off to choke children. Give every man a donkey, a cottage, some olive trees, a bit of tobacco and let people live the way they want to."

"*They* live all right, but they don't want us to. They must be smashed, that's all! The airman was right, you must keep your neck on its hinges and shoot without parleying. When my wife gets right, I'll go myself. I'll find them out with one eye."

The baby woke up and started crying. Pedro brought it in and began rocking it his arms. The boy became quiet. On his lips there were rainbow bubbles.

The fascists are attacking. There is no one left in the town except the colonel's staff and a deaf old woman. There are trenches just outside

the spinning mill. What was spared by the bombs is now destroyed by gunfire. There was a stork's nest on the cathedral spire. The spire has been destroyed and there is a dead bird with its beak open in the debris. The spinning mill is being bombarded; the walls have been shattered. Every night the Moors creep out of their trenches. The town is defended by a battalion of miners. Nine days, ten, eleven. . . . The men have forgotten what sleep is like. They all have red, swollen eyes: they are tormented by lice. There is nothing to eat—nothing but stale bread left.

The enemy have resolved to surround the town. They are now pressing on the main road. Walter's battalion is defending the road. Yesterday the cemetery was lost but today it has been retaken. The shells have opened out the graves. Dry bones stick out of the earth and beside them fresh corpses. There is no time for burying.

"We'll have to evacuate the town. There are no reinforcements and there won't be any. The men are exhausted. If they succeed in capturing the road we shall all be caught in a mouse trap. How do you expect to be able to hold the road? They have four thousand Moors at the very least."

Walter answers: "We have our orders so I don't see what there is to talk about."

"They've just been reinforced. They'll attack again tonight."

"What nonsense! Now, if you could get hold of a cigarette that would be something worth talking about. . . ."

The night is cold. Silence. Then suddenly—firing. Such a cannonade as there has never been before. The fascists have decided to break through to the road at all costs. Our men reply feebly. There is not much ammunition. It must be economized. The Moors throw hand grenades into our trenches. Nevertheless the attack is repulsed.

In the morning Gomez comes running up to Walter. He cannot speak for excitement. "They've gone! . . ."

Opposite there are empty trenches, corpses, mattresses and wire. Two weeks' fighting has been too much for the enemy. The attack last night was to cover their retreat.

"Forward!"

That day they covered twelve kilometers. The fascists, while retreating, occasionally fired back in a half-hearted fashion. The republicans put up for the night in a village. When the Moorish troops has attacked, the peasants had fled in various directions. They now returned to the village and brought the soldiers wine and bread and eggs.

The Spaniards call Walter to them. The battalion commander is a young miner from Linares by the name of Pardo. He asks Walter: "Have you ever been in Moscow?"

"Yes, I have."

They go on eating in silence.

"You've probably seen Stalin, then?"

"Yes, twice. He was standing on the platform."

Pardo pushes away his plate. "Damn it, I don't want to die! I have not seen anything of life yet. . . ."

Walter laughs:

"And why should you die? If we came out alive yesterday it means nothing can get us."

"How well you speak Spanish!"

The miners laugh.

"I don't believe he's a German at all. He's really a Spaniard. Look at the way he drinks from a pitcher, he hasn't split a drop!"

"Do you know any Spanish songs?"

And they start singing in chorus. The tune is mournful but everyone is in high spirits. They sing about how the Moors will never, never cross the French bridge. They could not even get on to the road. The nights in the trench, the rain and the hunger have been forgotten: no one wants to sleep. They all sing and shout and fool around.

"Tell us, Walter, when the war is over what will you do?"

"I'll go home."

"Why leave? You're a Spaniard now. This will be a fine country to live in."

"But what about my own country? No, I shall do a bit more fighting."

Pardo answers somewhat abashed: "Then we'll come over and help . . . like you did."

Now they sing about the fruit groves of Granada, about a laughing girl, and the shepherd who found a golden horse-shoe. Walter is happy today. He has nothing behind him—neither defeat, nor imprisonment, nor loneliness. Louisa is alive, she will soon be in Spain. They have saved the town. Soon they will take Cordova. He has good brave people around him. Fritz says: "Children." Of course, children. Could there be anything better than children? Walter has found happiness in this small half-ruined village.

Sheep can be heard bleating. Walter sits on the damp straw and smiles in the darkness.

Republican volunteers leaving for the front (EHRENBURG'S "SPANISH ALBUM")

Walter died without recovering consciousness: his skull had been smashed by shrapnel. The Pole, Yan, is standing beside his coffin, blowing his nose. He is choked by his sobs.

The battalion moved off at dawn. Kovalevicz gathered the men together.

"The commander. . . ."

Nobody could tell what he wanted to say. He stood there without speaking, waved his hand and shouted:

"Forward. . . ."

Yesterday the men sang as they marched but now they march in silence: the commander. . . . In the afternoon they reached the enemy's front lines. A hill had to be taken. The men fought fiercely and ran into the thick of the firing. The fascists retreated.

Evening. They are sitting round the campfires.

"The commander. . . ."

Walter's body has been brought into the town. The fascists were driven out only yesterday, but the town has come to life again. The townspeople are flocking back. In some places the streets are being cleared to give access to the houses still standing. The mill girls examine their machinery: four spinning machines have been damaged.

The colonel meets the coffin. He stands to attention, his fist pressed against the peak of his cap; his lips are trembling. Then the mill girls approach diffidently. They have picked poppies in the fields and the coffin looks as though spattered with blood. At last Yan asks:

"Where shall I bring him?"

The coffin has been laid in the school. The ceiling has been broken through by a bomb. The room is flooded with sunlight. Bees are humming. One mill girl says to the colonel: "We shall start work again tomorrow . . . army contract."

And then she suddenly adds: "It's sad about the German."

The coffin was brought to Valencia. In the villages the peasants crowded round.

"Who is it?"

Yan answered: "A soldier."

Women with pitchers on their heads stopped and wept. In one village an old man with one leg blew a bugle call. They were approaching the mountains: spring torrents roared; there was an odor of mint. The shepherds took off their hats and bells tinkled. Over the plains of La Mancha a warm breeze was blowing. A light silver dust hung like a mist over the road. The peasants put down their spades and raised their fists. The women said to their children. "Look. . . ." No one knew whom they were carrying and Yan answered shortly as before, "A soldier."

They passed Albacete where the International Brigade had its headquarters. Germans, Englishmen, Frenchmen gathered round: they sang the *Internationale,* each in his own language. A wounded Negro with lint on his head kept repeating softly: "Comrade Walter. . . ."

He had been with Walter at Teruel.

In Valencia musicians went before the coffin; the soldiers silently presented arms; the lowered flags did not stir.

Laviada was to make the funeral oration. He knew that on such occasions one spoke about the man's life. He asked Fritz: "What did he do before the war?"

Fritz answered: "I don't know," and then added:

"What did he do? He fought . . ."

Laviada is no good at making speeches. He is an Asturian. He used to be a miner and now he is in the tank corps. He calls to mind Walter's dry, bony face, the scar on his forehead and his sudden exclamation: "what nonsense," with which he used to conceal his feelings.

Laviada speaks: "Comrade Walter came to our aid. All his life he had fought against the fascists and now he has died in battle."

In the background someone is crying. The dark green of laurels, the blush of roses, the flash of bayonets.

"Now, boys, who wants to sweat? We must help the peasants. . . ."

Manolo collected thirty men. They drove to Vega. The peasants saw them arrive with some misgivings, but the soldiers laughed and played with the children. They had come unarmed. The peasants soon felt happy to have these guests.

There were no machines; they reaped with sickles. Manolo had lived in the country until he was twenty. He looked at the strip of corn, laughed and took off his shirt. The heat cheered him. "Now we're going to roast," he said gaily. Large drops ran down his bare back.

They finished just as it was getting dark. The peasants smiled, somewhat embarrassed: "We've nothing to thank you with." They made the soldiers stay and have supper with them. Diego played the guitar and the soldiers danced with the girls.

Manolo brought flour and sugar for Nicolas' widow. He found a piece of wire and twisted it into the shape of a man on horseback for the little girls.

"Look, its tail is moving."

They weren't afraid of Manolo after that. They shouted: "Come over here, commander!" He laughed. "What sort of commander am I to you?" He noticed that the door of the house did not shut properly and was about to say: "One can see that there's no master here now," but stopped himself in time; instead he fetched tools and mended it. He was doing something all the time. A woman said:

"You're tired. Sit down and rest."

He took a seat and sat hunched up on his chair. One of the little girls pulled him by the sleeve, but he did not smile. The woman sighed: "What's the matter, are you fighting badly?"

He got up. "We're fighting very well. We've taken the Rio Claro. It's time to go further."

In the sentry hut by the bridge a sergeant and three Phalangists are playing cards.

"He's a lucky devil: a nine again!"

The sentries yawn noisily. Down below the yellow river flows sluggishly. The bridge spans a deep gorge.

Manolo whispers:

"We must wait."

He wants to take the outpost without firing a shot. In a village close by there is a detachment of the Civil Guard.

Fernando had gone reconnoitering. His pockets were full of passes and documents and he had a cross round his neck. . .

The men in the hut had finished their game.

In the distance a cock crowed. Damp vapors were rising from the gorge. It would soon be two. . . .

"Go on. . . ."

At the bridge Fernando was challenged. He showed his papers.

"I'm going to town to buy flour. . . ."

He reported to Manolo: "There are three, the rest asleep."

They scrambled down. They could not keep one of the Phalangists from crying out. He was answered by his own echo.

Manolo hastened to his job.

"Give me the sword."

He worked with care and devotion as though he were mending a motor.

"Run!"

He lit the fuse and ran up the hill. It seemed to him that he was playing some exciting children's game.

They lay all day in a cave. Sheep bleated and a dog barked. Towards evening Manolo said:

"It's twenty kilometers from here. You'll get there before dawn. When you come to a cross on the mountain side turn to the right. You won't meet a soul."

"But what about yourself?"

"The airdrome is only a short distance from here. They'll be setting out at five o'clock. . . . It's a sure win. They'll come down like flies. Only it's a job for one. You start right away and I'll see you tomorrow."

Fernando drew Manolo aside: "I'll stay."

"I wouldn't if I were you. You're young for that kind of thing."

"What do you mean, I'm young? I'm twenty. You think I'm a kid, I suppose. Say what you like, I'll not go without you. . . ."

Before the war Fernando was a draughtsman. He and Manolo went to the front together. He is freckled and has fair hair and is always in love. He is thin but eats enough for three and is easily amused like a young girl.

Manolo looked at him and smiled.

"Damn you, I suppose I'll have to let you come then."

They said goodbye to their comrades at the pass. Not even shepherds come here. Stones. Down below more stones, a river: hamlets here and there.

"Pedro, go down to Conchita, say: 'Manolo is well,' and nothing more."

"But you'll be back soon yourself."

"No matter, do as I say. If you see anyone from the brigade tell them not to talk and if anyone starts wagging his tongue give him a punch on the nose."

Later the sun lit up Manolo's bony face with a rosy glow. Pedro called out: "Goodbye for the present."

Fernando waved his hand: "Salud!"

* * *

At six o'clock in the morning von Sasnitz was awakened by the telephone.

"Colonel von Sasnitz, the two Junkers which were to bomb Cuenca met with accidents. Both crews have been killed, all except the wireless operator Milau."

"Salud" (EHRENBURG'S "SPANISH ALBUM")

Von Sasnitz went at once to see the general. "First the bridge and now the airdrome! Your town is literally swarming with Reds. Damn it all, we're merely sacrificing our armaments."

The general did not try to make excuses. Sitting in his dressing gown, unshaven and with tousled hair, he heaved a loud sigh.

Pilots, employees and soldiers were questioned. One German told about how two Spaniards had passed through during the night. They said that they had just finished repairing the electric cables and showed a paper signed by the commandant.

The general ordered a beating up. The whole workers' quarter was searched and also the wood outside the town and the cemetery. Pelayo, who worked on the railway, was flogged by the police. "Who was it who mended the cables?"

Pelayo wept in silence.

Manolo and Fernando were many miles from the town.

Manolo is wearing the dead sergeant's jacket, Fernando is behind him. They have agreed to meet one another higher up near the pass.

Fernando smiles.

"Well, we've given them the slip! When the German stopped us I thought we were done for. We'll be going back this evening, I suppose?"

Manolo shakes his head.

"No, I have another little job in mind. You saw that gasoline tank? But you go back. There's no need for you to stay."

Fernando sighed. Then he laughed. "The tank? All right, the tank then! I'll be used to it by the end of the week."

* * *

Fernando had not even time to pull out his revolver. Manolo fired from behind the rocks. He killed a guardsman, fired all his cartridges and when they rushed at him shouted out and struck one of them on the head with his revolver. He was brought to the ground. The guardsmen puffed and grunted as they grappled with him. He was brought into the town with his hands tied.

His shirt was hanging down in bloodstained shreds. His face was cut into raw stripes and one eye was closed. He swore as he went, repeating the worst oaths he knew and struck the cobbles with his heels.

When he was brought before General Ochando the latter was alarmed and said to the guardsman: "Stay here."

He asked Manolo: "Who are you?"

Manolo burst out laughing. This unexpected laughter alarmed the general still more. "There's nothing to laugh about. Tell me who you are."

Manolo shrugged his shoulders and answered coolly: "A piano tuner."

The general shouted: "Give him one!"

A guardsman struck Manolo over the face with a leather thong. The general turned away. "Now answer—who are you?"

Manolo was silent.

Von Sasnitz came in. He studied the prisoner closely. "It was you who were at the airdrome, was it?"

Manolo was silent.

"Let's question the other one."

After Manolo the unassuming, tidily dressed Fernando seemed to the general quite a pleasant sort of person. He asked good-naturedly: "What is your name?"

Fernando did not answer.

Von Sasnitz said:

"You don't look like a criminal. I'm sure you've been forced into this against your will. You have an opportunity to save your life."

They tried to argue Fernando round, offered him cigarettes and coffee. He still did not speak. Then the general said to the guardsmen: "Give him a lesson," and left the room. When he came back Fernando was on the floor, blood dripping from his mouth.

The guardsman said: "I can't get a word out of the blackguard."

Fernando was carried off. Von Sasnitz suggested: "Let's try the first one again.... He's evidently the ringleader."

Von Sasnitz politely offered Manolo a chair.

"Why are you so obstinate? You're still young. You probably have a wife or a fiancée. Life is pleasant enough after all—friends, work, recreation, wine."

Manolo suddenly began laughing heartily.

"I don't mind betting you know how to drink! But what sort of a girl would look at you, you old dribbler. And you think that you can talk me into anything."

Von Sasnitz blushed scarlet.

"Hold your tongue!"

Manolo said meditatively:

"A German, yet sensitive. . . ."

The general was getting tired of it. He forgot about the bridge and the Junkers. What coarse creatures! When faced with death people ought to pray but this brigand did nothing but swear. And the German was no better. Oh, when would this war end?

The general yawned wearily. "I'll give you five minutes. If you won't speak you'll be stood up against the wall."

Then Manolo broke out. His full voice resounded down the corridors of the staff quarters.

"Do you think I'll talk to you! I've only one thing to say to you. I struck while I could and now you've taken me. Shoot me and make an end of it. But I tell you when our people get here they'll slaughter you like pigs, you may rest content about that."

They dragged him off but he went on shouting: "They'll knock your little party inside out."

* * *

Fernando said quietly:

"They'll be here soon. . ."

Manolo looked at him affectionately. "Plucky lad—didn't say a word." He did not know how to express his feelings.

"You're a plucky lad, I say! We've done some pretty good work. A fellow was telling me that two of them crashed. If we'd a brigade here you'd be one of my battalion commanders."

Fernando says nothing. Manolo thinks to himself, perhaps he's giving way. He's very young—death seems pretty awful at his age.

"I say, Fernando, let's shout. It's easier when you shout."

He shouts: "Long live the revolution! Long live Madrid! Long live the offensive! Tell me what more to shout."

They shout together: "Long live General Miaja! Long live dynamite! Long live Barcelona! Long live Paralel! Long live Conchita! Long live. . ."

The lieutenant comes in. "Come along. . ."

Manolo whispers: "Don't be downhearted, it will be soon over—ah, Fernando."

His voice trembles, but he pulls himself together and begins singing. "Now start up!"

He has only one fear. Fernando is young, he may be afraid.

They brought them through the fields. Suddenly Manolo stopped singing. For the first time he realized that this was the end. An old man was watering a bed of onions with a small watering can. Manolo looked at the green shoots, the drops of water and the old man's bent back and smiled. It's good to live all the same! He thought of life from a detached standpoint and a faint smile hovered on his lips. He was conscious of the strength of his eyes and his legs and his voice. He looked at the soldiers. They were sullenly marking time. Then as though he were a commander leading his men to the attack he shouted:

"Fire!"

From the field headquarters a huge plain was visible with reddish boulders, looking rust covered, clouds of dust, square fields with the crops still standing and pine trees. In the background hills rose, thinly covered with brush. When for a moment the guns ceased firing the country seemed

to be uninhabited or deserted. But life was stirring among the reddish stones. Men were running from place to place, digging themselves in, falling down. Suddenly the blue sky filled with tiny clouds, the anti-aircraft shells bursting. The battle began at dawn. Thousands of half-naked men crept through the standing corn or rushed headlong forwards. The attack which had been so much spoken about in whispers, and disconnectedly, as in a waking dream had suddenly turned into the advance of each soldier, the sighting of their rifles, zig-zag rushes across the fields, thirst, their fights for a tiny patch of ground, a peasant's hut, a heap of stones, a pine grove.

From field headquarters guiding the battle was difficult and exacting work. Marques arrived during the night. There was dead silence. The cicadas were chirruping. The soldiers could be heard treading along on the soft dust. At four o'clock in the morning the batteries opened fire. It rapidly became light. Marques eagerly followed the explosions. Battery No. 75 bombarded the village where there were fortifications and machine-gun nests. The 155 guns searched for the enemy's battery. It was an artillery duel: accuracy of calculation pitted against accuracy of calculation. The enemy answered and the battery acquired a semi-circular frame of shell holes. The gunner concentrated all his attention on his task and did not speak, the officer muttered: "That's it, that's it." When the enemy's guns had become silent Marques raised his eyebrows still higher than usual. The day had begun well.

The 'planes were due at five thirty. At five forty they still had not arrived. Marques started—a motorcycle drove past. . . Five forty-five. The 'planes still had not arrived. The fifteen minutes' wait was agony. He reassured the others: "They'll be here in a moment," but he thought to himself: "The plan has failed again! How many times it has happened! Either the airplanes are late or the tanks too slow or the infantry doesn't show up. The question will have to be brought up. . ." He had not finished the sentence forming in his head when the air became alive and there was an insistent roar of engines overhead. Four squadrons of light bombers were flying towards the enemy. The bluish-grey smoke of the bombs gradually dissipated in the air above the field. Marques saw through his field glasses that the Moors were running across a small dip.

At six thirty, as laid down in the orders of the day, the tanks moved forward. They divided up: seven towards the village, four turned left (where a counter attack might be expected). The tanks fired at the enemy's guns. A house in front of the village collapsed as though made of cards. Two tanks went right up to the trenches. It even seemed to Marques that they had reached behind the enemy's lines. One tank was put out of action by an armor-piercing shell. It lay among the stones like a dead beast.

The road was held by the enemy. The republicans moved across the fields. They advanced with their heads down, now running zig-zag across exposed patches and now falling flat on the ground. From a distance their movements looked as if they were playing a game with absurd rules. Then they all rushed forward. From being scattered about singly, hidden among the stones, they now became a compact mass. The men rushed on through the barrage. The guns became silent and human cries could be heard. Among torn wire entanglements and in the shell holes men throttled one another, tore each other's bodies with bayonets and rushed on in a frenzy.

Marques reports: "The first objective has been attained—we have taken the village."

The airmen are drinking warm beer and smoking. It is a hot day. Rodrigues was brought down in the morning. The telephone keeps ringing.

"You are to bomb the enemy's position two kilometers to the south of San Miguel. From a thousand meters—our men are close by—mind no mistakes are made."

"Pedro, is that you? Send out scouts to find out where the reserves are coming from."

"It's Marques speaking. The road must be cleared. Some of the bums are still hanging around there."

At the signal they rush to their machines. José goes up for the third time. They convoy the heavy bombers. Fourteen Heinkels come to meet them. The fighting 'planes attack them. José fires. The Heinkels fall. The enemy seem to have been repulsed. The bombers get to work. The village disappears in a grey cloud.

The Heinkels again. One of them is over José. José loops the loop. They shoot from behind. Damnation, the engine—no, the engine is working.

Earth again. José cannot get out, he has a bullet in his leg.

He tries to stand and it is as much as he can do to keep from crying out.

Pedro comes running up.

"Well done! It looked from here as though he had you."

José smiled with difficulty.

Then again the telephone.

"Four Junkers are flying in the direction of Colmenar."

They have been driven off. . . . Ramon sits on his haunches and sings Flamengo. The song circles around like dust in an eddy.

Ramon!

A Moorish division is moving along the road. Ramon flying low sweeps the road with his machine-gun. Men sway and shout and fall.

José has been put in an ambulance. He says: "Our infantry are the right stuff. They're attacking like hell."

* * *

Corps headquarters: "Ring up; ask them to send aircraft to Villanueva."

"We'll leave Marques in charge of the road."

"More reinforcements must be sent to the Rio Frio. Where is the sixty-fourth?"

"Give us more tanks."

Marques has arrived.

"What further orders?"

"We'll wait for their next move. Better not rush ahead, the gap is too small. We'll press on Villanueva now."

The guns started roaring again. The village is fenced in with barbed wire entanglements. There is a bitter fight for each house. Mattresses, shirts and helmets are littered about. There are flattened-out corpses hooked on the wire. A bucket, a washtub, a calf lowing in its stall, nearby corpses lying side by side. Seventeen republicans have fallen here. Another farmyard—more corpses, a third, a tenth. . . .

Madrid. War correspondent Williams looks at the dispatchers and shouts into the telephone: "The Republicans' have taken a small village. The name of the village is V for Victor, I for Isidor, L for Leonard, L for Leonard, A for Alfred. . ."

For the rank and filer a battle is a very simple and at the same time incomprehensible business. He knows nothing about the carefully worked out plan and does not see the area of land over which the troops are to move. He sees in front of him a field or a piece of dusty road. He only knows what the commander has told him—that he must make his way to the house ahead. The men are creeping along. Juanito is flattening down the corn. Pepe sighs.

"They have not got the harvest in."

Then Lianos shouts: "Forward!"

Pepe falls. Juanito knows he must not stop.

"Hand grenades!"

He flings a grenade. He is on a small hillock and sees men below him. He sees a Moor aiming at him. Afterwards he could not remember whether the Moor had fired. He saw only his wry face and his bared teeth.

Then they were lying in a shell hole, and then again running forward.

No one has been left in the village. Juanito opens the door of the house —a corpse. There is another—two of them, one of them is a Republican, the other a fascist. They look as if they were embracing. Juanito steps over the dead bodies. If only he had some water, but there is no water to be had. He has been tormented with thirst for some time. He has a mouthful in his flask, but he is keeping it for emergencies. He can hardly stand it any longer. His lips are parched and his throat is burning. Near the church he comes across a soldier from the Thälmann battalion. The German looks eagerly at the flask.

"A drop of water?"

"Drink."

The German takes the flask but does not drink.

"There'll be none left for you."

"Drink it. I have some more."

Juanito watches with delight and envy as the German drinks. Then he says: "It's worse for you. You're not accustomed to it."

A shell rips half the church away. The German is down in a pool of blood. Juanito stands where he is for a moment, then calls an ambulance man and runs on to join his comrades.

Tanks are standing beside the wood, covered with branches and foliage.

"One of them has been left in front of the trenches. It must be rescued."

Three live tanks set out to bring back the dead one.

A soldier runs up. He has blood on his arm.

"The dressing station is on the left."

"What do I want with the dressing station! I want to see the man in command of the tanks. I come from Marques. Here's a note from him."

The commander shouts: "Start up."

Then he asks the soldier: "What's the matter with your arm?"

"That was on my way here. They're shooting from over there. But your tanks have been doing splendidly, I was behind them."

The commander laughs.

"They haven't done badly. Well, we're to advance, are we?"

The night had passed quietly. Marques had inspected the positions. Someone thrust some bread and sausage into his hand. He munched and said: "We must move the machine-guns."

He had been at the base that morning and had now come back to the positions.

The dead bodies had become bloated in the sun and their skin had tanned so that they all looked like Moors. There was an insupportable stench. The ambulance men were covering the corpses with lime.

All morning they expected a counter-attack, but the enemy seemed to be in disorder. Their guns were firing half-heartedly and confusedly.

Lianos asked Marques: "Shall we move?"

"On no account."

Half an hour later the fascists began a deafening cannonade on the left flank where Vello's brigade was posted. They wanted to break through on to the road and cut off both brigades.

Suddenly the firing ceased. The Moors. The whole field is now covered with them. They take the machine-guns and rush on. Vello's brigade fails to stand up against the attack. The men run back.

"We're surrounded."

Then Marques' brigade throws itself on the Moors. Marques himself is standing on a slight rise beside the road. His arms are moving excitedly as though he were beckoning, shooting, throttling.

"Fix bayonets!"

No one hears the command. Everything is in turmoil. A confused mass wrestles among the stones. Then suddenly a living river flows off to one side. The Moors have taken to their heels.

"Forward!"

It is Lianos speaking. His lanky form can be seen striding across the field like a stork. He laughingly shows Juanito his cap. "They're wasting their bullets."

Prisoners are brought in. They do not understand what has happened. They have the sleepy, misty look in their eyes of men snatched out of battle.

The sun is high—a terrible sun. There is no water. "You haven't a drop to drink, have you?"

Juanito is speaking. Lianos shows his empty flask:

"I'd like a drink myself. Cold beer, for instance."

A tank drives up. A naked, sunburnt young fellow looks out of the manhole.

"It's German. . . We'll put it to good use now."

The captured guns are brought up with tractors. The men count the machine-guns. One of them has brought Marques a trophy in the form of a piece of orange cloth.

Marques meditatively fingers the rag. He sits down on a stone, too tired to stand any longer. Lianos looks at him in wonder.

"What's the matter with you?"

Marques' eyes are moist. He cannot answer. He merely rises up, embraces Lianos and then sits down again.

Bernard did not know what to do with himself all the morning; he had read in a dozen or so newspapers the same short telegrams from Spain and then lain down on his bed again. The pattern of the wallpaper was getting on his nerves. He had seen the surgeon who had examined his shoulder and said: "It will be a matter of years." Bernard had many friends. Everyone greeted him warmly. He did not try to speak about Spain any more. He patiently listened to local gossip and theories about the function of art and after murmuring a few words in answer went on his way.

The day before the brightness of the streets had alarmed him. He thought of black Madrid with homesickness as though it had been his native village. People here irritated him with their smugness. He found himself suddenly being uncivil or starting long, futile arguments. He said to himself—how stupid of me, there is no war here, people live as best they can. But the next minute it seemed again as though these people were not human beings and that he had left all the human beings behind in the stifling darkness of his last night in Spain.

Sonier asked him to come to the exhibition with them.

"There are some pictures there on Spain."

Solange was at the exhibition. With his head coquettishly on one side and listening to his own voice he said to Bernard: "Our friends have tried to do with the brush what you have been doing with the bayonet."

As Bernard was leaving he was stopped by a young electrician who was making new installations.

"Have you really been in Spain? How are our boys doing? Are they really standing their ground?"

He asked with such excitement in his voice that Bernard's face lit up.

"I should think so. They are now on the offensive. You can't get the faintest idea of what's going on from the papers here, but all the same it's clear that they're advancing. I expect our brigade is there—it's always sent to the hot spots."

The electrician walked up to Bernard. He listened eagerly, fearful of losing a word, and when Bernard finished, exhausted, he asked: "Tell me how can one get there? They say the frontiers are watched and they'll let no one through. I could go over the mountains, it wouldn't matter to me how if only I could get there."

When he got home Bernard opened a newspaper, but immediately threw it away. It was impossible to tell where our men were. It was impossible to make head or tail of what was happening. The war was still going on, his brigade was at the front so what was he doing in Paris? His arm? But he could fight with one arm.

At the frontier station Bernard was welcomed like an old friend.

"The Frenchman's come back."

All around there were ruined houses, vines, sea. A fisherman calls out to Bernard: "Come and have coffee with us!"

A frontier guard came up, saluted Bernard and said: "He and I fought together in the autumn."

At Talavera. . . .

An old woman looked at Bernard and began crying: "How are you going to fight with one arm? The Africans will kill you."

Bernard laughed.

"That's all right, mother, I'll learn how."

The chauffeur stopped the car, cut a large bunch of grapes and handed it to Bernard. The grapes were sweet and warm from the sun.

Lenin's Truth

Two brothers lived in a village. They plowed their field; they watered it with their tears; they grew crooked from their toil. Bread and cattle were taken from them by the Pans,[1] and they received blows and kicks in payment.

Thus they lived not a year or two years, but no one can remember how many. And so lived all the muzhiks, their neighbors.

But at last the brothers wearied of living only to make another rich. They made up their minds to wander through Mother-Russia in search of the truth.

So they wander for a month, for a year. They come to a large village. In the middle is the Pan's house and beside it the stone church.

"Let us go in here and ask for the truth," said the brothers.

As they walk through the village they meet the Pan in his carriage. "Whose muzhiks are you? Where do you come from? And what do you seek here?" the Pan asked them.

"We live and have lived in misery and woe. We have no strength to live so any longer. We are seeking the truth so that we may know how to live. Can you tell us, Pan, where we may find it?"

"You have come to the right man," said the Pan. "I will show you the truth if you really want to know it, but first you must do some work for me."

The brothers agreed.

They worked and they worked. The ground that they plowed they watered with their tears. So a year passed and they came to the Pan and they said:

"We have done your work. Now tell us where to find the truth."

"This is the truth for you, the truth for the unwashed poor," says the Pan. "You, the poor, are destined to work for us Pans forever."

The brothers spat and they went away.

They wander for a month, for a year. Then they see a priest.

"Tell us, father, where can we find the truth."

"I'll get the truth for you," says the priest. "I will get it for you from the tsar of the heavens with my prayers. But for that you will have to do some work for me."

The brothers agreed.

They worked and they worked and the ground that they plowed they watered with their tears. So a year passed and they came to the priest for the truth and this is what he tells them.

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[1] Pans—landed nobility.

"Do your work well and don't make god angry. This is the truth for you."

The brothers spat and again went on their way.

And they came to a merchant richer and fatter than the Pan and the priest. They asked him their question.

"All right," said the merchant, "I'll teach you the truth but first you must do some work for me."

The brothers agreed.

They worked and they worked and they grew bent with the work. This was the merchant's teaching: How to deceive the honest, how to cheat the poor with false weights. Before the first year was over the younger brother says:

"I see there is no truth in the world for us muzhiks. What is the use of our wandering any further?"

And he went back to his village.

But the older brother did not give up. He did not want to go home without the truth. Alone he wandered till he came to a manufacturer.

The manufacturer was richer and fatter than the Pan and the priest and the merchant. The older brother began to work for him. In the factory there were many workers.

For years they worked and they worked and they grew crooked from the work but the truth they did not see.

Among the workers he began to hear talk in whispers:

"There is a man named Lenin who lives in the North in Petersburg. He knows the truth."

The older brother puts this name in his heart. He goes in search of this man.

For many days he wandered and for many months. And he came to Petersburg. He saw a worker like the worker in the factory where he had been. And as he had learned in the factory, he asked this worker in a whisper:

"Where can I find Lenin?"

The worker answered in a whisper:

"Come with me. I will show you the way."

They came to a plain ordinary room. There were books all around. They saw a man who was dressed neatly, not richly. He said to them:

"How are you, comrades? What good have you to tell me?"

And the brother told him how he had wandered through Russia seeking the truth and had not found it. Lenin spoke to him a long time. Lenin asked him about the factory and about the poor people in his village. Then he said:

"You were right to go to the factory. In the factory you will learn the truth better than anywhere. You hold the truth there in your hands." And Lenin told him to fight for the workers' truth, not to be in the service of the Pans and merchants and manufacturers; and how they could turn them all out, together with the tsar himself.

Then the brother went back to the factory. In secret and in whispers he tells Lenin's truth. People listen and tell the truth to others. Ten tell a hundred. A hundred listen. And so spreads Lenin's truth all through the world.

For many years they spread the truth through the factories and the villages. It awakened the peasants and the workers for struggle. In Oc-

tober 1917 the truth spoke out, not in whispers but in a loud voice, in shots that were heard all over the world.

Workers and peasants began to fight without pity against the landlords and the manufacturers. Lenin led them himself together with his first assistant, Stalin. So in October Lenin's truth won.

Written down in the village Zalomnoye, Zlobinsky region, White-Russian Soviet Socialist Republic.

The Chuvash Peasant And the Eagle

In a Chuvash village there lived a peasant family, an old man, his old wife and their three sons. They lived in black poverty.

"Woe is me," says the old man. "I starve and I see my family starve. What can I do?"

And he thought of the old fairy tale he had been told in childhood, that described how happiness had been lost to the Chuvash people. In the beginnings of the world when happiness was being distributed to the peoples, the first Chuvash, the ancestor of the Chuvash people, took too long putting on his straw sandals and arrived after the distribution was all over. Thus the Chuvash people lost their share of happiness.

The old man thought: There is nothing for the three boys here. Let them go seek happiness.

Andry was the name of the youngest son. He was the one who found happiness.

He set out, and he walked and he walked on the road he had chosen, till he came to where the road divided. There at the fork of the road stood a signpost on which were two inscriptions: "Go right; meet a bear. Go left; meet an eagle."

Andry did not know which way to choose. At last he decided to take the road to the left, the road to the eagle.

Two days he went and on the second day he saw a strange thing. Before him there was a big board. On the board was a shining sun. And on the sun perched a large eagle.

"Andry, where are you going?" asked the eagle.

"My father sent me to seek happiness," said Andry. "We cannot endure the hunger and misery of our life."

The eagle called Andry close to him. And he said: "Andry, happiness is not a thing that lies on the road. One must know how to get it. Here, take a stick with you and return to the village. On your way you'll meet with a bear. Don't be afraid of him. Hit him with your stick until he is dead. Then disembowel him. Out of his belly will fall a golden box. If you open it, inside you will find happiness."

Andry did what the eagle advised. He killed the bear, opened him up and took out the golden box. Out of the box jumped a sheep and a pig.

Joyfully Andry goes home driving before him the sheep and the pig and thinking he has found happiness.

Andry lived in his village for awhile. Life was better, but happiness was still far from him.

So he decided to seek again. Once more he went on the road to the left where the eagle perched on the sun. When he arrived the eagle said to him:

"Andry, friend, where are you bound for this time?"

And Andry told him all.

"All right, Andry," says the eagle, "here's another stick. Use it well. On your way back you will meet a wolf. Do to him what you did to the bear. Beat him; kill him; disembowel him. Take out the box you will find inside him. In that box is what you seek."

Andry did as the eagle told him. When he opened the box out jumped a cow and a horse.

"Ah, now I will be happy at last," thought Andry, and home he went, skipping with joy.

And he lived in his village for awhile and his life was better, much better, but still happiness was far from him. So he decided to go seeking again.

A third time he came to the eagle and told how it was with him.

"This time you will meet a fox," said the eagle. "Kill it and on the spot where it dies you will find happiness."

Andry went and did as he was told. At the very edge of his village he meets the fox. He kills it. As he looks up from the slain animal he does not recognize the village of his childhood. It is a new village, clean and wonderful. The buildings are smart. There are big barns full of grain and seeds, big stables and cowsheds. And on the main building there is written a great word: "Kolkhoz."

So the poor Chuvash, Andry, found happiness at last. He had killed the bear, the tsar; the wolf, the landlord; and the fox, the kulak. And the eagle who showed the poor Chuvash the way was—Stalin!

Written down in the Chuvash Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic.

Chapayev

Not in a kingdom somewhere, not in a state far away, but in this country where you and I live, there was a peasant named Ivan. Three sons he had, the eldest named Ivan after him, the second Peter and the youngest Vassily—Vassily Ivanovich Chapayev.

They were poor. They owned neither drift nets nor boats for fishing. Of his great poverty died the father Ivan and lonely and hard was the lot of the widow and her three small sons.

When the children grew up war broke out. They took Ivan and Peter. Vassily they spared but not for long. They took even the very young; those who had strength enough to hold a rifle straight were taken. So, soon Vassily was taken. He says goodbye to his mother and goes to the front.

As he walks through the village he passes the house of his aunt. "I must bid farewell to my aunt too," thinks Vassily, "for who knows if I shall come back from this war or not." So he went in to say farewell.

"How are you, Auntie?" he asks.

"How are you, nephew, and where are you off?"

"I am going to the war to join my brothers."

And she tells him: "Listen, nephew, take this ring. It was left me by

my dead husband. He got it in the Turkish war. The ring has magic power. He who wears it is safe from lead and from steel. Bullets cannot go through him and swords cannot cut him. But mind, its power is only on the land. On the water its power leaves it."

So he took the ring and he went to the war. He came to the army and was drilled. When he was a trained soldier they sent him into battle. He was strong and daring and quick, and he understood everything; so they made him a corporal. The ring protected him from lead and from steel. For three years he was in the war and remained alive. Then the war ended and he went home.

At home there was only his mother now. Peter and Ivan, his brothers, had been killed in the war. "Mother," he said "I will take a wife so that I won't be alone." "Yes, son, take a wife," said his mother.

He took a wife from the same village, a peasant's daughter. They had a big wedding and Vassily Ivanovich began to live with his wife. Two years they lived together and they had two children.

Then Vassily Ivanovich heard that evil men, Kolchak and Denikin, had power. He heard that the rule of the Whites was spreading and that they were persecuting the free Bolshevik people and taking their powerful guns.

Vassily was sad. He thought of it in the field and he thought of it when he rested. Must the toiling people perish? Must the White rule come to our village? And this was his decision. "It will be better to go to war again than to let my fatherland be ruined. No bullet can harm me."

So he says to his mother: "Dear mother, I must go to war again to defend the toiling people and the Soviet power."

"The battle of Solomikha"

Drawing by Yury Podlyassky, 14 years old. Vishny-Volochok

His mother weeps. "Oh, son! You are the last hope of my old age. Three sons I had. Two have laid their heads in the earth and you will lay your head in the earth too if you go to war again."

"Still, mother, I must go," said Vassily Ivanovich. "Promise me you will look after my children if I am killed in the war."

Then he said farewell to his mother and his wife and his children. He saddled his black horse. He rode to the Red Army.

He comes to the Soviet troops. He bows to the Red Commanders.

"Health to you, Red Soviet Commanders. I want to serve in the Red Army. I will frighten Denikin and Kolchak. They will run off. The toiling people and the fatherland will be free."

The commanders said, "Good! But who are you, lad? There are all kinds of people. Some talk big and make big promises. But when the time comes to keep them they are gone."

"I'm not that kind," said Vassily Ivanovich. "After this I will not say anything but will let my deeds speak for me. I am from the village so-and-so. Vassily Ivanovich Chapayev is my name."

"Welcome then into the Red Army, Vassily Ivanovich. Be a brave fighter and help the fatherland."

A bloody battle began. Chapayev jumped on his black horse and rode into the middle of the enemy. Like one who cuts grass he cuts down the men of Kolchak and Denikin. Some he sticks with his spear; some he slices with his sword. And some he shoots with his revolver. For six hours he slaughtered them. He covered the field with their corpses. Kolchak was frightened and ran away with his soldiers.

Then the Red Army believed him; the Red Commanders believed him for they had seen what he had done with their own eyes. The soldiers said: "Let Chapayev lead us. We will go into battle with him anywhere. With him we will not perish."

Well, Kolchak was angry. He collected more men and they were twice as many as before. Again he led them against the Red Army. And again Chapayev jumped on his black horse and rode into the middle of them, even where Kolchak himself was standing. He beat the White soldiers the second time as badly as the first time. Some he stuck with his spear; some he sliced with his sword. And some he shot with his revolver. Back and forth he went like a wind. For twenty-four hours he slaughtered them. And his soldiers helped him. The field was covered with corpses but hardly any of them were his men. Almost half of Kolchak's soldiers were killed that day. Many they captured. Kolchak himself just had time enough to run away.

Then they rested. They ate and they drank. Later Chapayev went to Frunze. Frunze said to him: "Chapayev, young hero, here is an army. You have Kolchak on the run. Go chase him out. Lead your army to the other front where Kolchak is again rallying his forces."

Chapayev led his troops to Belaya River. They encamped near a village. Where was the enemy? He didn't know. He had to find out. He had to locate Kolchak's staff. So Chapayev says to his men: "Listen, boys, who'll go along with me to find out where Kolchak is hiding himself? When we find where he is we'll bring the army and finish him."

You couldn't have counted all who volunteered, but Chapayev only picked out between fifty and a hundred and went ahead with them.

On the road they meet a woman.

"Auntie, where are you going?"

"I'm going to pay a visit to my husband in the Red Army. I lost my way. For two days I have been on my feet going around like a blind one, and eating nothing. If you don't want to see me die help me and give me something to eat."

"We'll give you something to eat, Auntie," said Chapayev. He ordered the men to give her food, and the woman went with them. But the woman was a Pole and a Kolchak spy and she deceived Chapayev.

They reached a village. It was on the banks of the Belaya River. The peasants there told him Kolchak's army was nearby, only a few versts, about ten, further along. Then Vassily Ivanovich said to his bunch: "Well, boys, we found them. Now turn in and get a good night's sleep and tomorrow we'll bring the army here and finish them off."

The men went to sleep. Chapayev went to sleep. They wanted to have a good rest before the battle. Only the sentinels on watch were awake.

But the Polish woman did not go to sleep. She waited for Chapayev to fall asleep. Then she ran to Kolchak. She told Kolchak where Chapayev and his men were. She told him that Chapayev had only a few men with him and that they were fast asleep. You can be sure that was good news to Kolchak. Then he was not afraid of Chapayev. He commanded his generals to get Chapayev dead or alive.

The generals called all their soldiers. They came up in the darkness. They surrounded Chapayev's men on three sides. Only the river-front was free of them. They overpowered the sentinels. When the Whites reached the house where Chapayev was sleeping he jumped to his feet. He shouted: "There's been treachery, boys! Get up!"

They got up. They grabbed their rifles. But what was the use? They were only a few against an army. Well, the men held out as long as they could. They stood off the Whites as long as they had cartridges. But the cartridges gave out and Chapayev shouted to them: "We're cut off by land, boys, but we can get through by water. To the river, boys."

They broke through the White lines and jumped into the river. When Kolchak saw Vassily Ivanovich and his men jump into the river he shouted to his generals: "Don't let them cross alive. If they get across and then bring their army it will be our finish."

Kolchak's people fired and fired into the water. Vassily Ivanovich's ring had no power in the water. A bullet wounded him in the arm, but he did not stop swimming. All around him bullets were flying. Many beside him were shot. On the bank there's Kolchak, jumping up and down and shouting: "You're letting him get away. Kill Chapayev. Don't bother about the others. Have everybody shoot only at Chapayev."

A second bullet struck Vassily Ivanovich. At last his head sank down under the water. That was how Vassily Ivanovich died. He was near the opposite bank already and his army was coming to help him.

They rallied. They avenged Chapayev. They struck Kolchak and Denikin. They smashed Kolchak. They drove him out of the Soviet land.

Vassily Ivanovich became famous.

Everywhere they talk about him; but that won't bring Vassily Chapayev back to us.

Written down from a recital by the story-teller Korguev, a fisherman of the fishery-collective in Karelia.

STANISLAV K. NEUMANN

Gratitude To the Soviet Union

Gratitude and love to thee;
And not mine alone.
My word is a bell peal;
It rings for rising millions!
We will swarm to thee across the years' borders!
Meanwhile our brotherly greetings!

Thanks, Lenin, for thy words that lived like deeds,
And deeds that nobler made the life of man.
Thanks, Stalin, thou who lives among and for us,
Our guide into centuries unexplored.
Thanks, Soviet workers, fighters unwearying,
Proud hero creators, how the coming fire
Reddens thy faces and makes stern thy eyes,
Terrible to the hirelings of gluttony,
To the coveters of thy Socialist riches;
Them thou wilt bar like a rampart,
And sweep like a flood!

Gratitude and love to thee;
And not mine alone.
My word is a bell peal;
It rings for rising millions!
We will swarm to thee across the years' borders!
We all send thee fraternal gratitude!

Here in the Czecho-Slav lands we are sentries.
We stand guard with you by day and by night,
The Czech and the Jew, the Magyar, the Pole,
Handworkers, brainworkers, all at their posts.
All see by the rays of the Soviet star.
Thou art the pattern we take for our future.
Our own land, in time, we will mould in thy image,
Our fog-bound people lead into the light.
Hunger driven out with the gamblers in hunger,
War driven out with the makers of war,
Our people, too, will be safe, fed and free.

Gratitude and love to thee;
And not mine alone.
My word is a bell peal;
It rings for rising millions!
We will swarm to thee across the years' borders!
Meanwhile, our brotherly greetings!

A sixth of the world thou hast straightened and cleansed
Of exploiters of men and corrupters of culture,
Torn from the preening rabble of the rich,
Fineries dripping with long ignored tears.
Thy fortunate children, they are not doomed
By unholy feasters to unholy fasts.
No fainting jobless make thy streets a morgue.
Honor to the great land where work is honored,
Where no longer the right to work is held
Fast in the hands of drones and made a curse,
Where fat crops do not make the farmers lean,
Where harvests are not fed to the maw of the sea.
The riddance of drones has given thee health.
Brief will be the stench of their carcases
In the fragrant century abloom
With revolutions.

Gratitude and love to thee;
And not mine alone.
It rings for rising millions!
We will swarm to thee across the years' borders!
Meanwhile our brotherly greetings!

We owe thee thanks that thou wert merciless
To the creeping poisoners of thy wells.
Enviable land where the truth can live,
Where no longer liars own the press.
The master liars of other lands may send
Their lesser liars to crawl and peep on thee,
And forthwith in their filth returning,
Seek to soil thee with slander. But we hear
Confident and clear thy hearty laughter:
"Still do their liars lie for coin!"

Gratitude and love to thee;
And not mine alone.
It rings for rising millions!
We will swarm to thee across the years' borders!
Meanwhile our brotherly greetings!

When you gave the frightened world a shaking
What ancient, reeking, altar dusts arose!
How clean limbed stood reality disrobed
Of superstition's black, misshaping veils!
No more do idol faces haunt your homes,
No more may fearful fools at doorways stand

And breathe in fear and folly like a plague.
Harmless now in museum vaults religion lies.

Thy poets, workers, are not aliens each;
Side by side they stand in work, in arms;
Together build the Socialist fatherland,
Together guard it from the traitors who
With burrowing lies still seek to undermine it.

No chatterers withold thee on thy road;
No mystics here may puddle up thy path;
Here no "originals" pirouette for "Art";
And no Bohemians drag it into dives.

Great people, human freedom thou hast healed
Of the Vitus dance of bourgeois "liberties."
No robot "thinkers" ponder in the void.
Here thought is lever of the people's strength.
Here personality acrest its wave
Soars proudly into new horizons.

Out of thy own ranks raised are those who wield
The vast powers of thy state. Not among you
Can political plunderers ply their craft,
Or sadists rage, or pompous nothings strut.

New men in thy good new world can live.
In every vein throbs strong their resolution:
"We will sear out the ages' shame in glory.
We will reach the goal of Communism;
We will make a Communist world!"

And we who have not yet come free of mists,
We who still have the glorious road to go,
Who still have lies to break and masks to tear,
Courage and cheer we take from thy example.
Army of truth, thou art the world's refreshment,
Bringing hope, raising bulwarks of victory.
Everywhere faith in thee lights workers' lives.
Bright through our capitalist darkness burns
Like a pole star your sickle and hammer.
Star born of earth that lights and guides the earth.
How it inspires us here who live in suffering!
How our hands yearn for the delivering gun
Of revolution. And I an old poet see
That truth at last, the mind's best image
And the heart's oldest, fondest dream achieved.

For this boundless gift our gratitude and love.
For this light that gives us life,
Take our brotherly, warm greetings!
Let it ring like a bell peal!
We will swarm to you across the years' borders,
Millions of rebel fighters!

SOVIET WRITERS TO READERS OF *INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE*

VSEVOLOD VISHNEVSKY, *author of* **"The Sailors of Kronstadt," "We, the Russian People,"** *etc.*

I LIVE, write, fight in the USSR. This is my native land. Here are my people. They have lived through ages,—created an immense history... The world still has to learn about this. Our people have come out at the head in the advance of the world, prepared for the greatest battle of all times—the abolition of war, of exploitation, religion, state prejudices. Happy the man who finds himself in the ranks of such a people, who shares their ardent advance, who daily feels the fabric of which the new life is made incredibly different from the life of other, of capitalist countries....

In the spring of 1936, I produced *We from Kronstadt.* In 1937, for the celebration of the Great Socialist Revolution, I wrote a film-narrative, *We the Russian People.*[1]

My trips to the West: to Spain, Italy, France, England, Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Austria will be the basis of my literary work in 1938.

I had the opportunity of speaking of the significance of the Madrid Congress of Writers at the last session of the Congress. The Congress was a spiritual mobilization of the intelligentsia of the world. It showed that many writers are ready to go through fire for independence, for culture, art, for new Socialist ideas. Many of us took part in one war, two wars. We are ready for the third.

I knew and loved Barbusse.

... Any writer is dear to me who convincingly, steadily joins in the fight against fascism. I value Bergamin, Machado, Rafael Alberti, Maria Teresa Leon, Ludwig Renn, Regler, Malraux, Mikhail Koltsov, Ehrenburg, —all those who are active in Spain,—and the distant writers and friends in China.

Of this year's books, I consider the most significant to be the posthumous fourth volume of Gorky's *Klim Samgin*... It is a book containing much wisdom and suffering, a book disclosing the intricate path of the Russians to the Revolution.

[1] Published in our October-November issue.

DURING THE PAST SUMMER, writes Konstantin Fedin, I was with Romain Rolland in Switzerland. I will retain all my life the impression of this meeting with him. I am enchanted by the unquenchable poetic fire with which he has devoted and continues to devote himself to the social struggle.

I see his serene gaze above the heads of all European writers whom I have had occasion to know. In answer to the question: who of all the foreign anti-fascist writers is dearest to me, I reply immediately: Romain Rolland.

KONSTANTIN FEDIN, *author of* **"Years and Cities," "The Rape of Europe,"** *etc.*

The Madrid Congress of writers literally convened under the fire of the fascists, has raised the spirit of international literature to the heights of the warrior who is defending the people and freedom against fascism. And here I again quote words of Rolland: "Never evade: either for, or against!"

I have set to work on a new novel in which I should like to present our times and the pre-revolutionary past along with pictures of the Civil War. Reality will be shown in two ways: in its living forms and in its reflection in the theater. My narrative *I Was an Actor* is to appear in a separate edition. Its action takes place in Germany during the World War.

This novel it to be included in a volume in which will also appear an earlier story, *The Old Man,* and another on which I am working now, about a mountain sanatorium in Switzerland.

Stalin and Gorky
(1932)

VSEVOLOD IVANOV

The Maxim Gorky Museum

Recently, in our pages an announcement was printed of the assembling of material and the projected opening of a museum in Moscow, devoted to the life and work of Maxim Gorky; an appeal was simultaneously addressed to writers, scholars and learned institutions abroad for originals or photostats, for permanent or temporary use, of materials relating to Gorky. This communication was widely translated abroad and responses were received, among others, from H. G. Wells, Beatrice and Sidney Webb, John Strachey, Harold Laski, Rabindranath Tagore, André Chamson, Henri Lenormand, Paul Vaillant-Couturier, Martin Andersen Nexö, Thomas Mann, Stefan Zweig, Emil Ludwig, Oskar Maria Graf. A considerable amount of material was received and is still being received from abroad.

The recent opening of the museum was one of the cultural events of the year. The museum is housed in a former private mansion in Moscow, and more than three thousand items are on display in eleven exhibition halls. The first deals with Gorky's childhood and youth and the events accompanying the opening of his literary career. The second takes as its theme Gorky's revolutionary activities in the storm of tsarist repression, after 1905. *The Storm Bird* is engraved on a marble plaque in the entrance to this hall. In the third hall Gorky's activities in revolutionary journalism and his life on the Island of Capri are the subjects dealt with. The Great October Socialist Revolution and Gorky's activities during those historic days are illustrated in the exhibits in the fourth hall. The fifth hall is given up to material bearing on Gorky's arrival in the Land of the Soviets; the sixth to the fortieth anniversary of Gorky's literary activities; the seventh to his activities in Soviet literary organizations; the eighth to his association with Stalin and his work in the international struggle waged on the cultural front, against fascism; the ninth to Gorky's death and the funeral and commemorative exercises in the Soviet Union and abroad. In the tenth room we have the magnificent literary legacy left to the world. Copies of Gorky's works in the languages of the Soviet Union and in foreign languages, showing the extraordinary world-wide popularity of Gorky, are on display here. In the eleventh hall, exhibits of representative Gorky manuscripts, showing his manner of work and revision, afford an analysis of his technique. In this hall also are models of scenes from Gorky's plays as produced in the Soviet Union and abroad.

Below we publish the impressions of Vsevolod Ivanov at a pre-showing of the exhibits in the museum. Ivanov will be recalled to English and American readers as the author of the novel *The Adventures of a Fakir* and the play *Armored Train,* which have appeared in English translation.

The cottage where Alexei Peshkov (Maxim Gorky) was born is of a gloomy brick color. It has a somewhat weary air like one who has traveled many roads and seen many troubles. In another picture, a boy, an awkward young fellow, is sitting over some books he has foraged out

for himself. He seeks a school. He invents another world, unlike the world of Nizhni-Novgorod, to be seen in the old lithograph of a river boat scene before us, boastfully parading its pot-bellied barges, with narrow wooden gangways climbing ashore, and far off the Kremlin with its podgy towers, somehow resembling those same barges reared up on end. The Nizhni-Novgorod merchants are not unlike those barges either.

In the bookcase are his first study books. Old religious books, leather bound. But the boy soon banged those musty leather covers shut. No treasures there, only the fading gilt of the old illuminated characters, so different from the colors, the books and the life that lay before him. He buried himself in books which expressed the popular yearning for extraordinary events and extraordinary people. What was Don Quixote compared with these? A quite ordinary person, a bit oddly dressed. Before the boy's imagination flashed resplendent, homebred knights from Russian novels—in truth, ridiculous figures. He read on till with joy he came upon Gogol. Across a blue book-cover gallops Taras Bulba, his whip on high, a huge Cossack fur cone on his head. Walter Scott carries the boy off into Scottish castles. Beranger on his pedestal sings strange, brief, merry songs, quite unlike those that roll along the great cliffs of the Oka and the Volga, where the nightingale's song is as ample as the sweep of the confluent rivers. Weeping, the boy read Turgenev's melancholy *Sportsman's Sketches,* saw the hunter with his heavy rifle looking at the heavy life of the Russian peasant. Such were the books that he read in childhood.

From these books conviction gradually formed in his mind: I am not alone on the earth; and I will not perish.

Thus against this ordinary Russian landscape, and in this ordinary, gloomy environment, the extraordinary life of Maxim Gorky began.

The young Gorky next turned his steps towards the Kazan University. There gleam from a picture bluish columns upholding and at the same time witholding sciences which he craved to know. Though the entrance to the building is wide, this fellow from the Volga was too broad-shouldered to get in.

Here two great men might have met—Lenin and Gorky. But only their youthful portraits meet, here on the walls of the museum. They both have that softness of eye often seen in young people, and even in the photographs, though photographs are least able to reproduce the keenness of the human glance, something engagingly similar may be discerned. In 1887, the same year Gorky applied for admission, Lenin was a student in Kazan University. In December of that year Lenin was expelled for his share in a student meeting and was exiled to the village Kokushkino in the same Kazan Province. Lenin had already begun his propaganda work.

The disconsolate apprentice Gorky found a helpful and inspiring new friend in N. Fedoseyev, of whose important work in turning the Kazan youth towards Marxism Lenin has spoken.

Gorky read *Capital* in orange book covers, Flerovsky's *A.B.C. of Socialism,* the magazine *The Contemporary,* with sketches on political economy, John Stuart Mill with annotations by Chernyshevsky.

Here is the house where was printed the lithographed proclamation of Fedoseyev's circle, that tightly buttoned up, burningly eager youth amongst whom Lenin and Gorky grew up and were educated.

Seeking to apply his energies in active revolutionary work, Peshkov

went to Krasnovidovo. Little frame houses, dusty streets, townsfolk stomping along in huge boots. A worker in steelrimmed spectacles shadowed by a magnificent shock of hair gives him Darwin, Buckle, Pisarev to read.

A workers' barrack at the Krutaya station. Peshkov is watchman at the store rooms. Near the workers' barracks, stands a dejected-looking water cask. Behold the station master himself, with a beard like a puff of smoke, among the puffs of the little freight engines that go past the station shifting the rollingstock.

"The station master is interested in me, and as a sign of his benevolent interest and confidence in me he makes me carry the slops out of his kitchen every morning. I beg to enquire, is it part of my bounden duty to lug slops out of the station master's kitchen?" asks the worker in the letter before us. This is a very comprehensive question which might virtually have been addressed to the whole of tsarist Russia. On the same subject, but in another form, Peshkov, in the name of his circle of friends at Krutaya station, wrote to Leo Tolstoy informing him that the youth wanted to organize a communal colony.

Let us glance into a gloomy brown-covered tome, *Dossier of the Department of Police with Regard to Alexei Peshkov. Commencing November 1st, 1889 and Ending November 12th, 1902, i.e.,* the "business" went on thirteen years and ten days. Far from it! This beastly business of trailing, persecutions, prisons, treacheries and slanders went on fifteen years further, right up to 1917, and was put a stop to only by the October Revolution. It began with the denunciation by the police sergeant to the effect that the young people had taken it into their heads to hold meetings. "These meetings usually last till after midnight, always behind drawn blinds and locked doors so that it is impossible to surprise them." The young people, moreover, read some books or other. The sergeant writes in a handwriting fat as his plump shoulder knot: "There are grounds for supposing that in these meetings they are hatching violence against the government."

Gorky returned to Nizhni, only to be thrown into the prison which we can see here, with its semicircular towers and low wall. Thus began the business of his open struggle against the tsarist government.

2

A year before his arrest, as though sensing his coming imprisonment, he was seized with wanderlust. Down the Volga basin Gorky made his way to the shores of the Caspian Sea, and thence through the Mozdoksky steppes into the far Caucasus. But apparently feeling he had not finished his education in Kazan, he returned. From the scent of wormwood and from the enormous sun of the Mozdoksky steppes he went to Tsaritsin, from there on to Yasnaya Polyana. Turn to the left. You will see the "approach to Yasnaya Polyana," Tolstoy's estate. Two squat pillars surmounted by green roofs. Hither he turned his steps, to put a question to the great writer. But he did not succeed in seeing Tolstoy. He set off again for Moscow and Nizhni. This first journey took the form of a triangle standing on its apex with Moscow-Kazan as the base.

Now glance at the green line tracing the route of his second pilgrimage.

From Tsaritsin he went to Rostov, then turned abruptly to the north—to Kursk, thence again to the south, and skirting round in a gentle curve made for Odessa. He came out upon the open sea. He wanted to drink deep and ever deeper of the murmur of the sea and the silence of the steppes. From Perekop he crossed the Crimean steppe and came out at Yalta. Here he again followed the seashore, then turned sharply off near Maikop into the depths of the country, into the Mozdoksky steppes again, but suddenly veered towards Vladikavkaz. Later he is at Tiflis. Towards Baku on the one hand and Sukhum on the other he seems to be flinging wide those hands of his that are so hungry for life. He presses close to Tiflis, hearkening to its shrill and merry voice and the clangor of its busy market place, breathing in its scents. If you bend your head a little and look closely at the sketch, at this green line, you will make out the profile of a young man with eagerly parted lips.

Gorky was brimming over with the joy and pain of life. Here in Tiflis his two routes converge—that by the wide waters, the forests and shelving sands of the Volga; and that over the lofty eastern mountains and beside the long wash of the unfamiliar sea. Here he wants to tell how the vastness of the hills and forests of his river's upper reaches seem reflected in the vastness of the sea; and to tell how everywhere he went he found at work an exceptionally clever and gifted people.

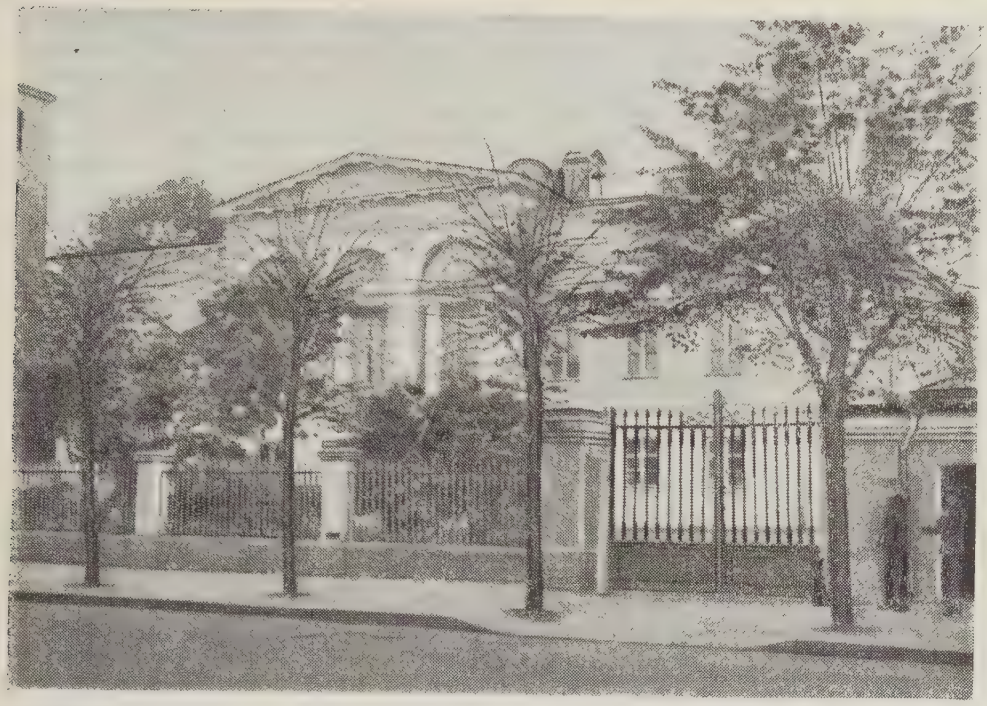
A house in Elizabethinsky Street, Tiflis. A flight of steps. Balconies with slender columns and latticed parapet. In this house the story *Makar Chudra* was written.

Alongside is a rare copy of the newspaper *Caucasus* dated September 12, 1882. In front in small type is a list of contents. At the bottom a modest line says that in No. 442 is printed the feuilleton *Makar Chudra.* The author's name does not appear in the table of contents. Apparently the editors did not attach any particular importance to it. It was run beneath the main section, insignificantly and in small type. But a grain of gunpowder is a very small thing too, and this story, like a speck of gunpowder, had its part to play in that sudden blaze of fame, in that pride with which very soon all the peoples of this great country, then still bearing the name of Russian Empire, were to pronounce the name of Maxim Gorky.

3

Gorky began contributing to more solid journals. Korolenko wrote to him. We see six startled lines: "Alexei Maximovich, dear fellow!". . . Within the blue covers of the bound volume of the journal, *Russian Riches* for 1895, covers imitating conventionalized Russian carving, lies *Chelkash.*

But Gorky loved life, and he turned impetuously to a more direct way of reaching his readers. Why make matters harder for them, why have them burrow through the innumerable pages of a thick journal to get at what he has to say to them? So Gorky took to writing for the newspapers both in Nizhni-Novgorod and Samara. Beneath the glass lie the issues of *The Samara Post* and *The Volga,* carrying his stories and feuilletons. The front pages of the paper are almost wholly taken up with advertisements. Along with death notices and tobacco ads there is an announcement: "Bulichev passenger steamers from Kazan to Vyatka." The name



Maxim Gorky Museum in Moscow

Bulichev links up with the title of that excellent play which Gorky wrote many years afterwards in the country of Socialism.

Gorky always worked hard. But in 1896 he wrote a really enormous amount: two hundred and seven feuilletons and forty-one stories and sketches, not counting reviews. He felt that he had a great deal to say and must say it well. The country required it of him.

In this year Lenin too was working hard. In December 1895 Lenin was jailed. In prison he wrote, in milk between the lines of a medical book, the *Draft and Explanation of the Program of the Social-Democratic Party,* and planned the book, *The Development of Capitalism in Russia.* He was exiled to Eastern Siberia to live under open police surveillance. During these years of Lenin's exile, Gorky was arrested and imprisoned in Metekhsky castle. This castle somewhat resembled those long Minusinsk sheds past which Lenin used to take his walks. The same rough grey contours, the same squatness; only instead of grey wood, grey stone. And in 1896 Stalin entered the Tiflis organization of the Russian Social-Democratic Party.

Gorky comes out of prison. Here he is in a long black Russian shirt, smiling. Now he begins literally to pour forth books; the show-cases of the museum are crowded with them. In the magazine *Life,* on the cover of which the sun is rising amongst clouds, a naive but justified allegory, soon the song of the Storm Bird will be printed. Alongside the copy of the magazine lies a letter from Tolstoy.

Yasnaya Polyana in the autumn of 1900. Tolstoy writes in his diary: "Gorky was here, we had a good talk. . . ."

Gorky imprisoned again. The Bolshevik paper *Iskra (The Spark),* published abroad, wrote about Gorky. It is Lenin speaking. He congratulates Gorky on his struggle with the autocracy. He rejoices at this struggle, and he rejoices that the people understand and value this great artist. And indeed innumerable exercise books, blue ones, lilac ones, were filled with hand-written copies of his banned works, were hectrographed and distributed illegally amongst the people. The revolution was drawing near. The roll of its distant thunder, the blaze of its barricades, the government tried to silence with Cossack whips and the bullets of the police and guards. In 1901 on the Kazan Square in St. Petersburg the Cossacks massacred the people. Social activists sent a protest to the papers. Here we have the text of the protest, and amongst the signatures stands out clearly "Gorky, M. (Alexei Peshkov)."

The Academy of Sciences recognized the world-wide fame of M. Gorky. Here is a communication of the Academy to the effect that it has elected him an honorary member in the section of *belles lettres.* Lower is an excerpt from the *Government Herald* pasted onto a separate page. Nikolai II writes in blue pencil at the top of this sheet: "Pure extravagance," and further underlines in red the newspaper item that M. Gorky has been elected an honorary member of the Academy along with Sukhovo-Kobylin. The fact that a dramatist who severely criticizes the morals of the Empire has been made an academician, the tsar lets pass more or less amiably. "Devil take them, nobody ever reads him anyway, this Sukhovo-Kobylin." But the fact that Gorky has been elected, a revolutionary and a plebeian into the bargain—this is too much for the tsar! On a little slip of paper he writes a most singular criticism of the election of M. Gorky to the Academy:

"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. . . ."

With a spluttering pen the tsar winds up this stupid ignoramus' comment with an order to veto Gorky's election. Immediately the vice-governor of Tavrichevsky Province demands that Gorky return "the packet with the notification of election." Gorky caustically replies to the vice-governor that seeing the Academy elected him it alone has the right to ask for the return of the packet in question. Follows a letter from Chekhov refusing the title of Academician. The same from Korolenko. A photograph beneath which he has jokingly written: "Photograph of the nose of the former Academician."

Gorky was next exiled to Arzamas. Water-color paintings depict clustering churches and stores. A little one-storied house. Beside the house, right at the window, stands a policeman. Enclosing the photo in his letter, Gorky chuckles: "As you see in the photo, they're on the job."

Persecution did not stop him working. He wrote books, articles, plays. The bourgeois press, already uneasy, did its best to belittle the singer of the coming revolution. There are many caricatures showing Gorky as a vagabond, a drunkard.

Under the glass lies a cigar case about the size of the palm of your hand. Its cover is decorated with silver water lilies in the style fashionable at the time. One night, walking along the steep river bank at Nizhni, Gorky was attacked by a certain "Somebody" sent by the Black Hundreds and stabbed twice. Fortunately the knife struck the cigar case, pierced it,

but brought up against the silver lilies. Gorky managed to throw off the hired assassin. Speaking about the attempt on his life, he says:

"It stands to reason I have neither tried nor intended to seek the protection of those laws which I do not respect, nor of the police, with whom I stand in a definite relationship!"

His theater[1] comes into being. Here in the photograph we see the meeting between Gorky and the young Art Theater collective. With touching modesty he stands at the very back. You have to look to find him. And here, beneath the glass, lies a small notebook with blunt cornered covers. This is the first draft of the play now called *The Lower Depths*. Nearby is an edition of the play under that title. Models of stage sets sketched by the artist Simov. Posters. Posters showing the Berlin stage sets. Over the whole world resounds Gorky's dramatic testimony that in Russia people are plunged into the depths, their lives made a mockery.

The year 1905 had the bloody Ninth of January dawn in St. Petersburg, and ended with the December armed uprising in Moscow. The government washed the country in blood. These events were reflected in drawings and caricatures. Gorky appeared in satirical journals. The shootings of the Ninth of January drew from him a fiery article. The manuscript has been preserved. It is written in the strong, even hand of a man who has confidence in himself and in his people.

The protesting voices of Gorky and Lenin were heard. In the February number of *Iskra* Lenin assailed the government decree ordering 183 students of the Kiev University into military service as a punishment "for premeditated disorders"; and on February 9 Gorky wrote to Bryussov calling the order "a vile, criminal piece of insolence" and "an idiotic measure of blackguards bloated with power." Gorky also wrote a letter about the events in the Caucasus.[2] This letter in handwritten copies was distributed all over the country. A general strike turned into an armed uprising. Gorky was imprisoned in the Peter and Paul Fortress. Here is a model of his room. An iron cot, a chair. An arched oval window itself like a smaller edition of a cell. A sheet of paper where, in minute handwriting, perhaps to economize space, he has written *Children of the Sun*.

"But the revolution is not crushed, and shall not be crushed!" we read in his MS about Lieutenant Schmidt.

Full of faith in the coming victory, Gorky goes to America to collect money for revolutionary work. We see him on the steamer, in cap and cloak; we see him at the Niagara Falls. We see him in a sun-drenched garden playing with a dog; we see him under lit candles in the Writers' Club, among people dressed in smoking jackets; Mark Twain, his grey head thrown back, is looking at him. The American bourgeois press, alarmed by the public enthusiasm for Gorky, sets out to blacken his character. And Chaikovsky and Shidlovsky,[3] the Socialist-Revolutionaries, are not backward in helping. We can see Gorky's detailed report to the Central Committee of the Russian Social-Democratic Workers' Party about his American reception and what he is doing and intends to do there for the revolution.

[1] The Moscow Art Theater, now named after Gorky.

[2] The brutal suppression of workers' demonstrations in Tbilisi (Tiflis) and other centers.

[3] Counter-revolutionaries Chaikovsky was head of the counter-revolutionary government in Archangel which collaborated with the interventionists.

His novel *Mother* may be regarded as a second report delivered to the Party, to the revolutionary people, and to world sympathizers of the Russian revolution all over the world. To this great book a large case has been devoted.

Gorky settled in Capri. Visits by artists, politicians, scientists, writers seeking his advice. Here Lenin visits him. Later, recalling past years, Gorky dwelt on Capri, on the people he met there, on the wonderful sunshine warming the sea, and the sea warming the people. His voice would linger, he would tap gently, meditatively, on the table, and before the listeners would pass, one after another, the people on whom his observant glance had rested.

4

In 1913 he returned to his own country.

June 1914. On the St. Petersburg streets barricades were again being raised. Strikes spread with lightning rapidity throughout the country. A fresh revolutionary squall was approaching. But war broke the force of the rising tide of proletarian unrest.

On the wall is a leaflet carrying the appeal of the Russian Social-Democratic Workers' Party. Letters are topsy-turvy and out of line, you can hardly read them. The appeal has been hastily printed in a cellar. But it is impossible to look at these words, at this faded printer's ink, without emotion. They brand the criminal war which "over the corpses of dead proletarians"—so reads the appeal—"piles up profits for the bourgeoisie." Amidst the poison streams of lies and international hatred it speaks the words of truth—what an immense service! How the hearts of the workers leaped when this leaflet with its blurred and battered print fell into their hands.

At this period Gorky inaugurated the important magazine, *Annals*. Plain speaking was impossible; the war, its horrors and injustices had to be written about in veiled, "aesopian" language. The journal as a matter of fact was addressed chiefly to the small section of the intelligentsia. Nevertheless the censorship seized on every pretext to persecute it. Gorky rallied all those who in any way disapproved of the war. He asked Bernard Shaw for a play, learning that Shaw "holds aloof from the chaos of passion stirred up by the crazy war." He invited the famous scientist Timiryasev[1] to write "On the Universal Human Significance of Experimental Science." From Romain Rolland he asked a biography of Beethoven for children.

"It is above all the children who need attention at this time. . . and it is precisely now that we must give it to them, in the midst of savagery and worship of beastliness."

Besides inviting well-known scientists and writers, Gorky encouraged young authors. One issue of *Annals* is opened on a page containing Mayakovsky's first published poem *War and Peace*. Gorky edited collections of national literatures of the peoples inhabiting Russia; an Armenian and a Finnish collection were brought out, also *The First Symposium of Proletarian Writers*.

1917. In huge letters the Petrograd Soviet of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies issued its proclamation. Old Russia was tottering. To go on

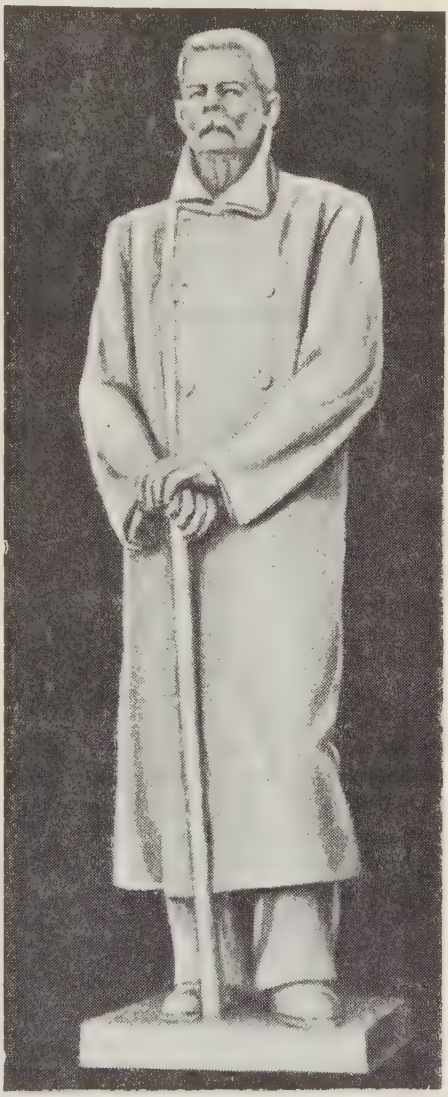
[1] The noted Russian biologist. *The Baltic Deputy* was based on episodes in his life.

living as it had lived before was impossible. The people demanded justice, peace and the final issue of the class war. Lenin published his famous *April Theses*. Stalin speaking at the Sixth Congress of the Bolsheviks said that the time had come for the workers and peasants to seize power by armed force.

Gorky took part in the October Revolution.

The three years following October Gorky worked among the intelligentsia (whose powers he later acknowledged he overestimated), explaining the significance of October to them. He organized the writers; he founded an important publishing house, *World Literature*. In spite of the paper shortage, he managed to publish Flaubert, Goethe, Voltaire. He assembled the scientists; at his suggestion the government aided the scientists in organizing for the betterment of their living conditions, and the improvement of their scientific interests.

Before us is the symposium of the literary school, *The Serapionov Brothers*. Gorky used to bring together the young writers who submitted their stories to him, had them read their work to one another. He would pick out the best ones. This was the origin of the slim symposium, many of the contributors to which are now known over the whole of the Soviet Union, among them Fedin, Tikhonov, Zoshchenko, Slonimsky, Kaverin.



Sculpture by Alexei Krinitsky

5

In 1921, on Lenin's insistence, Gorky went abroad for medical treatment. He first went to Germany, then to Sorrento, keeping an ever watchful eye on the progress of the country of Socialism. He knew all that was going on there, read every book, rejoiced at every manifestation of creative thought, wrote to scientists, inventors, children. In 1928 he returned. He came back, his sleeves rolled up, as it were, ready to work ten times harder than before.

He journeyed over the Soviet Union. Compare this journey with the pilgrimages of forty years before. Now he traveled through a new country, among new people, and new enterprises. He saw the Socialist farms,

he saw the Dnieper State Electric Station; at Astrakhan he inspected the fishing industry, Selmash, the huge plant manufacturing agricultural machinery in Rostov-on-Don, the state farm Gigant, the mechanized bakeries, the crèches.

A marble tablet inscribed with the greetings of the Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party and the Council of People's Commissars; below, engraved in gold on white marble, the words Stalin addressed to Gorky in 1932, when the whole art and revolutionary world sent congratulations on his completion of forty years of literary activity:

"Dear Alexei Maximovich:

"I greet you from my heart and warmly grasp your hand. I wish you long years of life and work to the joy of all toilers, to the confounding of the enemies of the working class."

Under the glass, on velvet set in mahogany, lies Gorky's Order of Lenin.

Gorky worked tirelessly. He initiated the vast literary undertakings, the *History of the Civil War* and the *History of Factories and Plants,* based on the living records of soldiers and partisans, rank and file men and leaders; workers who had been exploited in the old factories told how they had defended them when the factories became their own under Socialism. He inaugurated the magazines *The Kolkhoznik, Beyond the Border* and *The U.S.S.R. in Construction.*

In the sixth hall, flooded with light, stands a marble bust of M. Gorky, the work of Krandyevsky. He is surrounded by the authors who addressed the All-Union Congress of Writers in 1934. Here too is the painting by the artist Zilberstein of Gorky on the platform. It is a pity the canvas is not larger, to depict the rapt audience. The huge Hall of Columns was crammed with the best representatives of the Soviet public, with visiting foreign writers. Gorky discussed Soviet literature, explained what he himself understood by literature, how he came to write, how highly he esteemed the name and vocation of author. That authorship should be highly valued is undeniable. And Gorky all his life showed his conviction of this truth. He rejoiced at every appearance of talent and gave it loving encouragement. In the sixth hall, you can see his corrections in the manuscripts of young writers, changing the order of the same phrases and words not once but several times. He became so habituated to editing that even when noticing misprints or clumsy phrasing in an old book, he would take out a pencil and make corrections. Printers to whom he handed over beginners' manuscripts recall his saying:

"Young writers should have to go through fewer torments than we did. Though it is useful too for the writer to torture himself over words. . . ." He smiled under his generous, wind-blown mustaches and went on: "But these torments should be borne with a light heart, which is to say, we should explain to the writer exactly wherein his talent lies and how to make use of it."

Children used to write to Gorky from all over the country. They sent flowers to their "Grandad": "Flowers from our garden. We weeded and watered them ourselves." One child sent poems, another thanked him for pencils and books Gorky had sent him. A large case is full of these tokens.

Gorky is shown in the Crimea, in a rest home in Thessaly and on the

Black Sea coast. This sea along whose shores he had walked so far in his youth was always visible from his study window in this little house with the green roof. Behind the house rose the great reddish steeps of the Crimean steppe. Here he finished *Klim Samgin.*

The Italian fascists have attacked Abyssinia. It is night. People are waiting for Gorky in the long narrow dining room. He will come, they know, to hear the "latest news" transmitted from Moscow. On the veranda, birds are restless in their cages. A hacking cough can be heard. Gorky slowly comes in. He sits down, beside the radio. In the announcer's commentary the words, "the Abyssinian *race"* recur. He taps the table and says sadly: "Race, race, again race, and once again race.[1] If only they had ten thousand proletarians such as we have in Moscow, there'd be no more talk of race."

6

Gorky is seriously ill. *Izvestia* and *Pravda* publish bulletins on his health. Gorky protests against this use of valuable newspaper space, and the newspapers humor him by sending him specially printed issues from which these bulletins are omitted. One may be seen in the ninth hall.

Up to a few days before his death he is still receiving *Pravda.* In it he finds the text of the draft of the great Stalinist Constitution. Gorky was born, educated and wrote most of his books in the gloomy days of the Russian autocracy, in the days when the government organized pogroms, to set the people at each other's throats, in the days when all that was creative and vigorous was degraded and spat upon. Gorky, taking the paper in his hand, says:

"In our country now—even the stones sing. . . ."

On the wall is a painted panel; new, robust people stride through a new world; beside the panel an excerpt from Stalin's speech on the draft of the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. He enumerates what the peoples of the Land of the Soviets now possess: fields cultivated by the most modern machines in the world. Over these Socialist fields which, in Gorky's words, "have even changed the landscape," soar airplanes; metal smelters smoke, oil gushes; ships steam up the White Sea Canal; Dnieproges gives light.

Another wall. The Plenum of the Communist International appeals for a strenuous struggle against fascism. Stalin brands fascism as the most loathsome phenomenon of reaction. Gorky organizes writers, scientists, all cultural workers in the struggle against it. Here is the portrait of Gorky's friends and comrades-in-arms abroad in the struggle against fascism—Romain Rolland and Henri Barbusse. With their help Gorky convokes a World Congress of Writers, and the Amsterdam Congress Against War.

The great Socialist patriot and standard bearer against reaction and fascism is dead. On a pedestal is his death mask and a cast of his hands amid black bordered flags. The people and the leaders of the Party and government take leave of the ashes of M. Gorky.

The President of the Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R., V. M. Molotov, says: "After Lenin, the death of Gorky is the heaviest loss for our country and for humanity."

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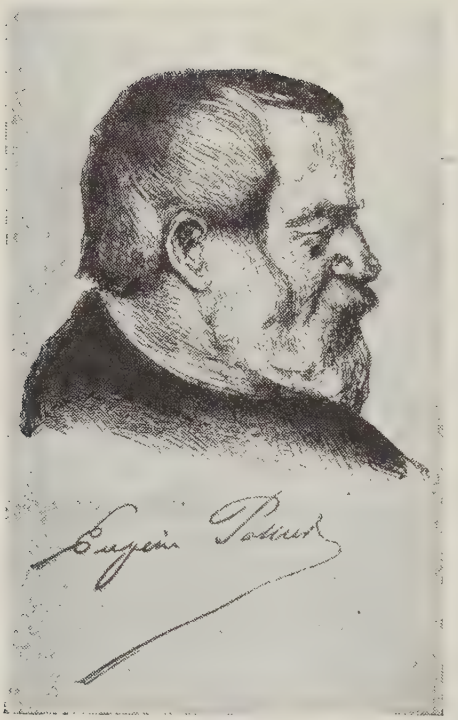
[1] In Russian the words for "race" and "again" are pronounced in almost the same way. Gorky's exclamation is a play on words. — *Tr.*

N. L.

Eugene Pottier[1]

(ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS DEATH)



November 1912 marked the passage of twenty-five years since the death of the French worker poet, Eugene Pottier, author of the anthem of the world proletariat, *The Internationale.*

This song has been translated into all European languages and into many others. Let a class conscious worker travel anywhere or be stranded anywhere, in a foreign land, though he knows no one and does not speak the language, he can still be sure of finding comrades and friends, singing the refrain of *The Internationale.*

The song of this proletarian poet and fighter in their vanguard was taken up by the workers of all lands and made the anthem of the world proletariat.

And now the workers of all lands honor Eugene Pottier. His wife and daughter, who survive him, live in poverty as he did all his life. He was born in Paris on October 4, 1816. At fourteen he composed his first song. Its title was *Long Live Liberty!* In 1848 be was to be found on the barricades in the great battle of the workers against the bourgeoisie.

Pottier was born in a poor family, and lived a poor man, a proletarian, to the end of his days. He earned his bread first as a cratepacker, later as a designer on cloth.

From 1840 onward his battle songs responded to every great event in the life of his country, rousing the backward into full consciousness, summoning the workers to unity, flaying the bourgeoisie and the bourgeois governments of France.

Pottier was elected member of the great Paris Commune of 1871. The vote for him was 3,352 out of 3,600. He participated in all the activities of that first proletarian government.

[1] This article appeared in No. 2 of *Pravda,* January 3, 1913 over the initials "N. L." In those years Lenin used to sign his articles "N.L.". For this and other reasons it is considered probable that it was written by Lenin.

The fall of the Commune forced him to flee to England and America. He wrote his world famous song, *The Internationale,* in June 1871, one might say the day after the bloody May defeat.

The Commune was suppressed. But throughout the world Pottier's *Internationale* spread its idea which is today more alive than ever.

In 1876, in exile Pottier wrote the poem *The Workers of America to the Workers of France,* depicting the hard life of the workers under the yoke of capitalism, an exploited life of poverty and bitter toil, and their firm confidence in the coming victory of their cause.

Only nine years after the Commune Pottier returned to France and immediately joined the Workers' Party. The first volume of his poems was published in 1884; three years later the second appeared under the title *Revolutionary Songs.* Other songs of the worker-poet were published after his death.

On November 8, 1887, the workers of Paris bore the ashes of Eugene Pottier to Père Lachaise Cemetery, where lie the bodies of the executed Communards. The police provoked a carnage. They snatched away the red flag. A huge crowd took part in the funeral, shouting *"Vive Pottier!"*

Pottier died in poverty. But 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 in scores. Now scores of millions of proletarians sing the historic song of Eugene Pottier.

JEAN-RICHARD BLOCH

I Have Lost a Friend

How many men and women, hearing the impassive radio voice announcing the death of Vaillant-Couturier the death of "Vaillant," "Our Paul," said: "I have lost a friend!"

And this grief is not confined to the ranks of his Party. It was felt wherever there are people capable of recognizing and respecting innate nobility of character.

I have heard comments on him all morning. I have heard it said that "to know him you should have been with him, hunting." I have heard: "The platform speaker, that is the real Vaillant." "But have you seen Vaillant at his editor's desk writing an article, between telephone calls, remaining benevolent, patient and courteous through it all? He has made his paper one of the best in France. That's the real Vaillant!" "No, Vaillant's secret was the charming, witty and spontaneous poet in him." "But have you ever heard him sing—popular songs and opera arias? That might have become Vaillant's true calling, for he came of a theater family." "No, the true Vaillant showed himself during the war as an officer in the tank corps, a fighter and a hero." "Nothing of the sort! At the bottom of his heart Vaillant was a born scientist, experimenter and geographer. Those who accompanied him on his expedition in Central Asia are those who really came to know him." "Do not forget Vaillant the artist! The true Vaillant is the author of *Banners,* the creator of great mass drama." "No, Vaillant was a statesman. Ask those who worked with him on one of the large parliamentary commissions (on education, aviation or the exposition) and learned to admire the statesmanlike qualities of this remarkable man!" "The essence of Vaillant's character was to be found in his daring—his courage under fire, and (a form of courage that is rare) before his seniors in the hierarchy of the state, in the struggle against political opponents, and (another form of courage that is rare) in his dealings with his colleagues, his courage at work, and (a form of courage that is very rare) his courage with himself."

All true, all equally true!

Each of these remarks bares only one facet of our grief. Each enlarges the gap left by the departure of this strong, versatile, great-hearted and delightful person.

For my part I want to say: "Those who marched through Paris beside him on one of the great national demonstrations—such as the day of the Walls of the Communards—know one more aspect of this remarkable character."

Paul Vaillant-Couturier in conversation with Mikhail Koltsov during one of his last visits to Moscow.

The word popularity has never had such a fullness and nobility of meaning as when applied to him. Between him and the people of France—especially between him and the people of Paris—there was genuine, mutual love.

He loved life, ideas and people; three passions that do not always go together. And how deeply people felt his love and how warmly they returned it!

Which of us has not had imprinted on his memory the thunderous greetings the crowds at public demonstrations gave this strong figure? Who can forget how old men and women hurried proudly and shyly to shake their friend's hand? "Long live Vaillant!" said their eyes.

The people were attracted by this many-sided man's simplicity, by the sincerity in his heart and the wisdom of his sparkling mind.

Today in mingling my grief with the grief of thousands I can only repeat with the others: "I have lost a friend. Our people has lost a friend. The cause which unites us has lost its faithful friend."

The masses chiefly know Vaillant-Couturier from his public work. His life as a political fighter, and perhaps also his great and varied talents, prevented Vaillant-Couturier from showing his full powers as a writer.

We were full of hopes for the future. He was only forty-five. We knew his plans; great and attractive plans they were. We expected great things during the second half of his maturity—we hoped that the man of action, the traveler, the scientist would eventually be given leisure to

gather together all his recollections, to write memoirs, to reap a rich harvest from his wonderfully full life.

These hopes are destroyed. Yet even what he has given us is of sufficient mark. A mere list of his books does not give a full idea of the wealth and originality of his contribution to culture.

Vaillant-Couturier was born in the happy land where Provençal is spoken. He had a splendid Aquitanian head with all that remained of the Roman in the Gascon. During the night, half an hour after his death, this face, worn out with several hours of suffering, vividly revealed his artistic lineage and the poetic strain he had inherited from his ancestors.

His mother was a famous singer. She left the stage to devote herself to her husband and son. Vaillant Couturier's eloquence was, as it were, a natural continuation of his music. There was nothing more revealing and delightful than to watch him among friends spring from words to singing, from sentences to songs with extraordinary spontaneity and ease.

But the most remarkable thing was this Southerner's constant struggle with the levity natural to him—the subordination of the bard to the laws of reason, the discipline of this great brain which kept his warm heart strictly in control.

He wrote many books: *The Blind Men's Ball, Letters to My Friends, The Shepherd's Visit, Jean the Breadless, Red Trains, The Misfortune of Being Young, Father July* (the latter in collaboration with Leon Moussinac).

Recently his play *The Banners* was performed on the meadows of Garchat before 300,000 spectators, a red letter day in the history of the mass theater, the great people's theater which our age so thirsts for, the theater of the day to which many of us are devoting part of our thoughts and efforts.

How can Vaillant-Couturier's art best be defined? Some of the sentences already written include this definition. In proportion as larger and larger numbers of people find cultural interests open to them and acquire a taste for reading, our literature, while losing nothing of its high quality and artistic merit, should be written for them, and not merely for the approval of the most refined, for the applause of the aesthetes, and for that purpose should seek a language all can understand.

Our contemporary French literature is turning to the simplicity advocated by Malherbe, Molière, Lafontaine, La Bruyère. But twentieth century conditions are not those of the seventeenth century. We are living in stormier times. Our society is more complex, our occupations more varied, our people and its language are not so alone in the world.

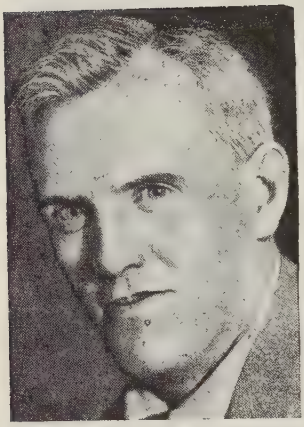
Vaillant-Couturier will be remembered as one of the writers who has worked with the greatest success at combining austerity and universality. This man, born into a well-to-do family, this advocate, this artist of refined taste has made the attainment of the greatest possible simplicity his aim. The closer and more indissoluble his ties with the masses became the more did he feel the need to bring to the people all the riches accumulated by the culture of the centuries. This need gave his works that exactness which he attained without prejudice to his wealth of expression and that economy of words which was the very opposite of dryness.

Few worked more untiringly than he at the problems of national culture and the cultural heritage of such a great nation as ours. He devoted numbers of his works to this cause. Time alone will show their greatness and their prophetic nature. He came to his writing desk fatigued with public speaking. When writing fatigued him he would go off to the Pyrenees with a fishing rod, a dog and a knapsack. And one newspaper reports the important discoveries he made in the study of prehistoric times and paleontology.

But when he wearied even of this he would begin composing songs for his musician friends, Sauveplan, Arthur Honegger and Georges Auric, marches, camp songs, songs for youth and songs for children, for he was fond of all that was young.

Life, youth, the people, the revolution, his brothers have lost a friend.

SOVIET WRITERS TO READERS OF *INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE*



NIKOLAI TIKHONOV *author of* "War," "Verses on Europe," "The Oath," *etc.*

MY MOST ABSORBING RECENT WORK was my collaboration with the film director Ernstam on a scenario entitled *Friends*, dealing with events of the Civil War and the victory of the Soviet Government in the mountains of Northern Caucasus.

The actors are representatives of the various mountaineer peoples, the Kabards, the Ingushes, the Ossetians, the Chechens.

Our aim was to show the gradual transformation of the mountaineer from a blood feudist and a lone fighter against oppressors into a class conscious fighter, into a heroic and conscious participant in the cause of liberation of his native people under the banner of the October Revolution.

In the person of Alexei we aimed to show the characteristic traits of a Russian Bolshevik of that time—come to lead the oppressed mountaineers.

We have dedicated the scenario and the film to the bright memory of Sergei Mironovich Kirov whose great name is an indissoluble part of the epic of the liberation of the peoples of the Northern Caucasus from age old oppression.

This year I have translated the poem *The Childhood of Stalin* by the Georgian poet George Leonidze. In this great poem abounding in vivid imagery Georgia is brought to the fore with her customs, people, history, and the grandeur of her scenery. I took great delight in translating this work.

I have also written sketches of the Baltic countries which I visited during the summer of this year.

The importance of anti-fascist work by all friends of peace, including writers, poets, journalists, has become greater than ever. Already at opposite ends of the globe, in China and Spain, we witness open aggression the consequences of which can hardly be foreseen. Fascism has openly flung out the war flag and declared intervention a natural state to which it proposes to subject all the nations in turn. It seeks to usher in an unheard-of chaos, in whose whirlpool all accomplishments of human culture, the heritage of centuries and the rights of a free humanity, are to perish.

In this atmosphere, there gathered this summer in Madrid the Second Congress of the International Association of Writers for the Defense of Culture. For contrast, let us recall the previous congress in Paris, two years ago, where the delegates met, if one may say so, in an atmosphere of seclusion, a peaceful gathering during the summer quiet of a city, and discoursed on fascism and its dangers. The Congress in Madrid took place not only under the auspices of a united front of writers but under the conditions of a war front; the trenches could be reached from the hall by a street car. Some writers, though remaining philosophers, prose writers and poets, came to the sessions covered with the dust of the trenches, having passed through a night battle or awaited a morning attack. The writers have become warriors.

The thunder of the cannons, the blasts of the anti-aircraft guns and the roar of motors hung over the speeches.

Even to the most detached observers and withdrawn thinkers such surroundings I think were highly instructive. In the face of such events, what honest writer could declare himself unconcerned with world developments?

In the period of the Madrid Congress, the united front was undoubtedly broadened and strengthened. More writers who had heretofore taken a neutral stand, now realized that the struggle is on and permits no escape. Everywhere in the world the ranks of anti-fascist writers grow; the ranks of those who can change pen for rifle, of those who not only write for the fighters in the trenches but who join them there, taking their places in the front ranks of the defenders of civilization—against the resuscitators of the Dark Ages. Many have already met heroes' deaths on the battlefield.

Mankind is in danger. The warning signal flies over the blue skies of Spain and over the yellow hills of China.

In this struggle for freedom, the organized work—the verse, the song, the story, the novel, the film—is of great importance. The writer can inspire, explain, recall the grand examples of the past, inform, convince, shame the deserter, expose the intrigues of the enemy, extol victory.

If the fascists vociferate for a new predatory crusade, for universal plunder and destruction, let them be taught that this is also the time for a new unfolding of heroism, for the emergence of the new Socialist Man, for a new champion of world culture who shall drive these repulsive medieval phantoms back into their stinking catacombs; shall inter these knights of death in the graves they have dug.

Fascism shall be smashed; the final victory will come when all forces are mobilized. The weapon of the writer must be devoted to this struggle.

Let us recall the outbreak of the Spanish events. The whole uprising could have been liquidated in a day after removing, by a decision of a people's military court, a gang of generals, for whose crime thousands of innocents are now paying the penalty and in whose name cities are destroyed—for the sake of the most terrific, the most idiotic, the most anti-human "myth of the twentieth century," of the international society of murderers called fascism.

I AM NOW COMPLETING, writes Iury Tinyanov, the third part of my novel *Pushkin.* I did not conceive the novel as a historical romance, but as an epos of the birth, development and death of our national poet. I do not separate the life of my hero from his work, nor his work from the history of his country.

Aside from this I am editing the works of Pushkin's friend, the poet and Decembrist Küchelbäcker, the hero of my first novel. These works were written a hundred years ago in the solitary cells of prisons, and until now have remained unpublished and virtually unseen. They seem to me very fresh,

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and they clear the name of the poet from the century-old imputation of lack of talent. He shows great satiric force in the lines of one of his poems on a case of hypocritical vandalism in the twenties of the last century. This episode deals with Lord Elgin, a British diplomat, who while serving the British Empire in Greece looted its artistic treasures which he sold to the British Museum. These lines, written a hundred years ago by the imprisoned man, have not lost their menace and scorn even now.

The fight against fascism ought to be understood by all writers as a vital duty, a struggle in word and deed. Fascism must be exposed and branded from beginning to end, in all its words and deeds. In particular, a writer working with historical material must expose the camouflaged *genealogy* of fascism, which like the parvenu it is, conceals the lairs from which it springs. The ancestors of fascists are not the barbarians who worshipped Wotan, not Caesar, not Pompey, but those who took part in the pogroms of the nineteenth century. The burning of books is not of such ancient origin either: it was done in the nineteenth century by "the old German simpleton" Jan v. Wartburg; he burned the books of his friend Heine Immerman; and his grandsons are burning the books of Heine himself. That very same Heine long ago wiped all this out with one of the most terrible of weapons—laughter. It has now been resurrected for new funerals. "Horse-doctor" notions, the philosophy of policemen and spies, a genealogy invented by schoolboys, are called in to justify brigandage on an unheard-of scale. The duty of writers is to demolish this squalid structure, and to replace the weapon of the pen by a weapon in the literal sense.

Among Western writers there are some who remind one of a character of the great satirist, Saltykov, a certain du Chariot,[1] who "began to explain the rights of man and ended with an exposition of the rights of the Bourbons." The fight must also be carried on against these servants of fascism, whether they are helpers through weakness, lack of will, or from the instinct of self-preservation.

The strongest impression produced on me in recent years by Western literature is that made by Feuchtwanger and Hemingway. The roots of German fascism, the atmosphere in which it developed, which are not clear to many, are depicted by Feuchtwanger forcefully and strikingly. His novels will live for a long time. In Hemingway, I was struck by the profound veracity in his depiction of Western intellectuals and by his real human hatred for war.

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etc.

IN THE SUMMER OF 1936 I finished my novel *Desires Fulfilled* (English translation issued by Stackpole Publishers, New York). This book, dealing with the younger generation of our Revolution, completed I feel the first cycle of my fifteen years of work. The development of a new character type, as a result of new conditions of life possible only in the Soviet Union; the transformation of old feelings; the triumph of the Soviet style of life and work: these are the chief themes of my novel. It was written in the simplest language, because in presenting these complicated and interesting things it is absolutely necessary to be very simple.

I have just completed a scenario on young Soviet musicians. The background of action is an international competition abroad.

I followed my novel with a play, *Actors*, which marked the Twentieth Anniversary of the October Socialist Revolution. Its scene is in South Russia, 1918, a small city within the orbit of German occupation. It is well-known what German occupation of the Ukraine meant. *The Times* wrote in August 1918: "The Germans, setting fire to whole villages in their attempts to suppress rebellion, are only arousing still greater fury against themselves." The German command ordered the shooting of ten Russians for every German killed. The frenzied ideas of Hitler on "changing over to the policy of conquering new lands in the East" were put to the test in 1918: the shattered German regiments left the Ukraine in ignominious rout. My actors defend the merits of Russian art with rifles in their hands. They do not immediately guess that in so doing they are defending the dignity of their native land. But when they grasp this, art itself becomes a fearful weapon against fascists.

I don't know whether my play is sufficiently well-armed to enter the arsenal of anti-fascist literature. It stands to reason that the heroes only slightly recall those scientists and artists who are at present battling on the fronts of Spain for true democracy, Socialism and peace. Writers, painters, actors —on planes, behind machine-guns, in tanks, have altered the indoor figure of the man of art. I imagine no one will doubt that revolutionary writers—those who have enriched anti-fascist literature—will show that they can master all types of arms, in the proper time and place. *Le Temps du mepris* (taken from the title of André Malraux' recent novel) demands honestly and will-power, two qualities, without which it is as difficult to battle for the victory of democracy and Socialism, as it is to write a true work of art.

Among those writers who combine great skill with a profound knowledge of the disease which affects the contemporary capitalistic world, I especially respect Hemingway. *Forewell to Arms* is one of the saddest books I have ever read in my life. It is a terrible indictment, pronounced in the quiet voice of a person brought to complete despair.

It is impossible not to pay due credit to the sound talent of Lion Feuchtwanger, who, in *Success*, presents a tremendous picture of a country neglected and doomed to death.

At present I have begun work on a new novel, a story of a young Soviet scientist, a physiologist, told in the first person. I want to describe the life of a Soviet "hero of our times," beginning with his first conscious years and ending with the heyday of his activities in the present. The spread of time and space in this book is very wide.

[1] One of Saltykov's characters, a despotic tsarist provincial administrator of French origin.

The Epic of Heroism In Soviet Folklore

Almost thirty years ago, in a dark, grim and cruel period of reaction, Gorky, in an exceptionally penetrating, and, in many ways, prophetic article, expressed the following striking thought:

"The people is not only a force creating all material riches, it is the only source-font of spiritual riches, an inexhaustible source-font; it is the first philosopher and poet in point of time, beauty and genius in creation; it has created all the great poems, all the tragedies of the world and the greatest of them all—the history of world culture. In the days of its childhood, led by the instinct of self-defense, struggling barehanded against nature, in fear, in wonder and in delight before her, it created religion, which was its poetry and included the sum total of the people's knowledge of the forces of nature—all the experience obtained in clashes with inimical forces outside of itself. The first victories over nature aroused in the people the sense of its own strength, pride in itself and the desire for new victories, and impelled it toward the creation of the heroic epic, which became the repository of the people's knowledge of itself and its demands upon itself. Then myth and epic blended into one, since the people, creating the epic character, imparted to him all the might of the collective mind and placed him in opposition to the gods or side by side with them. In the myth and the epic, as in language itself, the collective creation of the entire people is felt, and not the individual thought of one person." [1]

For Gorky these words were even then a program. For him even then they contained practical, not merely theoretical significance. Taking a stand against the reigning school of folklore of those days with the affirmation that the heroic *epos* of ancient times was created by the collective effort of the toiling people, Gorky firmly believed that the coming victory of democracy would lead in the arts to a "resurrection" of the great traditions of this *epos* on a new, far higher Socialist level.

Gorky always believed strongly in the creative forces of the masses of the people, which even in the early stages of their historical development have left remarkable monuments of epic art. He believed that the people, enslaved and dejected, in the conditions imposed upon them in the society of exploiters, carried on, in its oral-poetic creation, the high traditions of this art, and in the land of emancipated labor would evoke poetry a hundred times

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[1] M. Gorky, *The Destruction of Individuality*, 1908.

superior in depth, force and craftsmanship to all created up to then in world poetry.

Arguing this thesis of his *in extenso* in his report to the First All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers, Gorky directly indicated folklore as the basis for the creation of the heroic art of Socialism. There is no doubt that Gorky orientated our writers to the study and assimilation of the riches of folklore, not only because he saw in the historic past of folk art works of great vigor and fine craftsmanship, but also because he was able, earlier than other writers, to see in Soviet folklore the characteristics of the developing new heroic *epos*. In the folklore of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. Gorky saw that the process of regeneration of the heroic *epos* had outstripped the same process in literature.

In the center of the oral-poetical *epos* of all times and all peoples there has stood the figure of the hero created by folk fantasy. The protagonists of antique mythology—the Green titan Hercules, the rebel demigod Prometheus, the heroes of the epic folk tales of the Kiev cycle, the titans Mikula Selyaninovich and Ilya Muromets, the fabulously lucky "hapless one," Ivan the Fool—they and many other figures created by the mighty creative striving of the peoples were always embodiments of folk concepts of the heroic, bearers of popular characteristics, of power, courage, native wit; they reflected the inexhaustible optimism of the people-creator, their ineradicable belief in a better future for humanity, in the victory over any and all oppressors and enslavers of creative labor. The epic figures of folklore possess, besides their artistic charm (their sparkling colors and imagery, the verbal preciseness of folk poetry), great historico-perceptive force: they reveal history.

The people, who created heroes "in their own image" and gave in artistic form anticipations of the future of their struggle for emancipation, were the only creators—and very talented creators—of all the riches of life, yet they were not the masters of life. In our country twenty years ago the century-old dreams and hopes of the people were realized. They became masters of their life and their fate. Our people, who have achieved their liberation, who in titan-like battle have saved their homeland, and beat back the armed attack of the predatory imperialist powers, and who have built up their Socialist fatherland with legendary speed, no longer need invent imaginary heroes. The twenty years of our Revolution and the twenty years of struggle of the proletariat which preceded it gave the world so many heroic examples, disclosed so many who in intelligence, talent and daring were of heroic proportions that the creators of Soviet folklore—singers and narrators, *ashugi, akyni, zhirshi, bakhshi* and other folk singers—creators of the new heroic *epos*—no longer need remove their thought from reality into the field of the hoped-for and imaginery.

The deeds and heroes of our reality—these are the favorite subjects of the heroic poetry of our people, of the many-tongued and multi-national peoples of our country. The new hero is a man of statesman-like intelligence, supremely devoted to the people, to the Party, to the fatherland; he is a hero of the people, a leader. In our contemporary heroic *epos* first place belongs to the greatest figures of history, pilots of the people's fate, the beloved and the wise leaders of toiling humanity, Lenin and Stalin. To no one has the Soviet people dedicated so many songs, legends, tales; of no one do they sing with such inspiration, with such depth of feeling, as Lenin and Stalin.

Lenin and Stalin are inseparable, in the consciousness of the people's poet, from the country, from the masses, from the Party and the Revolution. To praise them is to praise the greatness of our fatherland.

Happiness springs in my eyes
When I look on my fatherland;
It is beyond my strength to tear them,
To turn away from the giver of joy.
I tremble with the grandeur of life.
Our abundance are hills without summits.
Therefore too weak are small words
For uttering such joys, until
Pronouncing Stalin I say all.

So goes the beautiful highly poetic *Uzbek Song About Stalin.* The Armenian folk singers do the same:

Stalin, leader, we are bound
Unto you with infinite love.
You are the Party's heart, its brain,
Your wrought steel will defends us all.

The same thoughts and feelings inspired the *ashug* (bard) Hussein Bozalgonly of Tauz, in the Turkic lines of his *Song About Stalin:*

Age has no hardships, youth has room
In the wide green garden our land has become.
Who has planted this wonderful garden?
A gardener Bolshevik whom all know,—
Stalin.

Beats his great heart; the woodsman hears it,
The fisher, the shepherd, hear and are strengthened;
The warrior on duty hears and he straightens;
And proudly all of them, say the proud name,—
Stalin.

We stretch our millions of arms, a forest,
Around you. The miner below, the airman on high,
The bard with his rallying song all join in
Our invincible circle around you,
Stalin.

The unity of hero and fatherland, the fatherland seen through the figure of the hero, also characteristizes the rich Lenin *epos.*

Thus do they sing of the great Lenin in the Marx Collective Farm in Onguda *aimak* (village), in the Buryat-Mongolian Republic. And just such a

figure of Lenin does the Darginian song, recorded in Urakhi *aul* (village), Levashinsky District, Daghestan A.S.S.R. give us:

Let no one say Lenin is dead;
Lenin lives!
Again in every generation
Lenin lives!
In our youth's blossom
Lenin lives!
When workers join together
Lenin lives!
In our ennobling Constitution
Lenin lives!
In breath of the world revolution
Lenin lives!
Wherever truth is uttered
Lenin lives!
In Stalin's deathless oath
Lenin lives!
In our Socialist workday
Lenin lives!
And in our triumphant anniversaries
Lenin lives!
On the Spanish barricades
Lenin lives!
Where the Red Army bivouacs
Lenin lives!
Hear Stalin's wise speeches; there
Lenin lives!

The longing to give in the majestic figures of the heroes of the revolutionary epoch the contents of their time and the character of the land of Socialism, which they have established, is typical of popular creation and, in particular, of the popular *epos* of Lenin and Stalin. The heroic poetry of the Soviet people thus becomes the poetry of Soviet patriotism. And it is certainly not accidental that the best works of Soviet poets about Lenin and Stalin are marked by this same longing to identify with the leader-hero "the genius of the Soviet land," and are close to folklore—close not in any imitative sense but in the sense of a vital and organic ideological and artistic relationship to the poetry of the people. This is true especially of such works as Mayakovsky's *Vladimir Ilyich Lenin* and Demyan Bedny's poems *Cheerful Land* and *Permanent Glory.*

We have many folksongs, legends and tales of other heroes and popular leaders—Kirov, Kalinin, Voroshilov, Kaganovich, Orjonikidze, Chapayev, Budyonny, Shchors.[1] In all these songs the figure of the hero holds great historic significance, since it is realistic in the highest meaning of this word, laying before us the wide expanse of our fatherland, the creative might of its people, the great glory of the Party which reared and tempered for the struggle and for great deeds a whole pleiade of popular heroes. We have in

[1] Nikolai Shchors was a Ukrainian partisan leader who, like Chapayev, trained partisan detachments into a disciplined military force. He helped beat back German interventionary forces. He died in battle.

an artistic rendering the heroes and heroic history of our time. Comrade Budyonny is right when he says that "the collection of people's compositions of our fatherland is a remarkable monument of the Civil War (Budyonny is discussing songs devoted to the theme of the Civil War—A.D.) erected by the people themselves."

What does a folk singer do when he makes a song about Kaganovich? He sings the *man,* the iron People's Commissar, but he also glorifies the successes of Soviet transport, he shows the part played by the new railways in the Socialist flourishing of our fatherland. It is for this reason that in the song of the *akyn* Kenen of Kastensky District, Kazakhstan, we see as the surrounding background to the hero, Kazakhstan in renaissance, strengthened by its new "iron roads."

Thy name, Kaganovich, I make my doumra[1] sing;
To honor you I strain to sing my best.
For loneliness has left our steppes
Spanned by the iron road you laid.

I look to the East, I look to the West,
No plain too wide, no peak too high,
For your strong steps to falter, Kaganovich,
The tracks of your railroad.

What does it mean for the anonymous singers of the Chechen *aul,* Gekhe, to sing of the late Sergo, G. K. Orjonikidze? Sergo is associated by them primarily with the heroic years of the Civil War, when this devoted comrade-in-arms of the great Stalin was known throughout the Caucasus as a courageous and stalwart leader, a model Bolshevik hero of the Red Army.

Like a lion covering his whelps
When a storm breaks among the peaks
So did you shelter us
Orjonikidze,
When over our land
Struck the war bolts.

Like an eagle
From his mountain perches
Sighting his enemy
So did you, golden-winged
Orjonikidze,
Watch over our Chechen villages
Beating back assaults
With strokes of your mighty wings.

For the Kazakh *akyn* Taizhan, Comrade Orjonikidze is above all the commander of the army of heavy industry, assuring the industrial blossoming of his native land. Therefore in his song, *To our Beloved Sergo,* he presents Sergo in a different reality, the beautiful reality of the new Kazakhstan.

In tales of Budyonny, in the Volga legends of Chapayev, in Kabardinian narratives of the Civil War heroes, the partisan Fitsev and the commander Myrzabekov, we have Civil War history artistically recorded, mass heroism summed up as it were in the symbol of the hero.

[1] Kazakh musical instrument.

The figure of the revolutionary hero entered folklore long before the victory of our Revolution; it appeared at the beginning of the Russian revolutionary movement. But the heroic *epos* of the people came to full life after the Great October Revolution.

Revolutionary heroes became the subjects of Red Army songs and songs sung in the villages in Civil War years. At first they mechanically carried on the tradition of the old folksong, merely introducing new names. Soon however the folk singers met the task of creating artistically independent works on the new themes. New works appear, most of them associated with the name of Lenin.

These new songs did not depart from the characteristics of the popular poetic tradition. On the contrary, in these works the stylistic tradition of the oral-poetic creation of the people developed a new brilliance and new force. The use of traditional epithets, and similes, so characteristic of folklore generally, continues in the Soviet oral heroic *epos,* but acquires a new force with the new content.

The poetic consciousness of the peoples in every corner of our vast country developed for their beloved leaders, for their wise teachers and leaders of toiling humanity a unified system of similes. Clear and light as the sun, clean and shining like fire, daring and noble as the eagle, etc.

The Georgian song, *Two Suns,* is built on subtle variations of the poetic comparison of Lenin with the sun.

Come sun, enough of tears;
Light out the sorrow.
Lenin was like thee,
Give him thy diamonds.
Thou I must tell thee
Art not his equal;
Day endeth thy light,
His shines without ceasing.

Folk poetry, exceptionally sparing in rhetorical figures, bestows this or that image only on a chosen hero. Only to the great Stalin has the poetic consciousness of the people attached the same beautiful comparison with the sun as it has attached to Lenin—the majestic popular hero—"sun bearer"—thus is Stalin presented in the epic poetry of the peoples.

Only on Lenin and Stalin has folk poetry bestowed another constant image —the image of the flame: *Fiery Lenin* is the title of a song recorded by L. Solovyev in Dangar *kishlyak* (village), Ferghana Province. Tajiks from a *kishlyak* in Obi-Garma sing this song of the flaming Stalin:

Poor born like us,
Among the poor, grown,
In childhood a flame
Was Stalin, our leader.
With Lenin he
Like a flame
Lit the flag of October
Over cities and villages;
Our Stalin
Great leader.

The heroic *epos* of contemporary times is extremely varied in *genre.* We know that the *bylina* (epic folk tale)—our oldest genre of the heroic folk

epos—has continued to live down to our day and now "feeds" on the new material of revolutionary contemporaneity.

Bright hawk, were I thee;
Lone rock dove, were I thee;
Swift swallow, were I thee;
Speedily would I fly,
Straight would I fly,
To the Kremlin, the mighty;
At his tomb drop down
Before Vladimir, before Lenin.

Such *genres* as the "table song" (honorary songs sung at feasts), "lamentations" and others marvelously express in a new way, in new conditions, joy and sadness, as the event calls forth. Spontaneous folk lamentations were raised for the foully murdered people's hero, one of Stalin's comrades-in-arms, Sergei Mironovich Kirov. In those somber days of national mourning, grief over the death of the leader, hatred for the murderers nestled in the trotskyite-zinovyevite reptile nest of spies and wreckers expressed themselves in passionate laments. How genuine is the grief expressed, in the Nenets *Lamentation for Kirov!*

In the night of long silence
Sorrow is great, words are little.
In the night of long silence
Around their fires the Nenets weep.

What touching lyricism there is in the lamentations of the Mordovian minstrel Krivosheyeva—in her *Lamentation for Kirow,* risen straight from the traditional lamentations on the death of friends and kin.

Give me strong wings
To fly to Mironich;
Give me strength to swim
Across the big water;
Over the mountains in flame
To run, though I singe my gray hair;
But to be at the coffin
To make my lament.
From head to foot would my tears
Wet thee, Mironich.

And with what holy hatred for the fascist degenerates and hirelings did the words of the mourners resound when they spoke of the murderers of the beloved leader.

Every hole cleaned,
Every path watched;
Not a single snake
Will go unscotched.

Thus Udmurt *kolkhozniks* swore eternal, scourging hatred toward the enemies of the people.

The new heroism of our epoch and its monumental figures were what the epic poetry of the people had awaited for centuries. It regenerated dying

genres, but on a new basis, giving new meaning to their traditions, filling them with new revolutionary content.

The Lenin concept in the popular *epos* may be expressed in the words: folk hero, champion of the poor. At first this concept was artistically realized against the background of the traditional legendary plot with admixture of religious-mythological characteristics, but later we see them acquire realistic motifs and the religious admixtures drop out.

There is a legend that Lenin was chosen leader of the oppressed by Allah. To awaken in Lenin's gentle heart hatred for the rich, Allah doomed to death at their hands Alexander Ilyich Ulyanov, Lenin's brother, who proclaimed a *hazawat* (holy war) against the tsars. Then, says the legend, Lenin became the avenger of his elder brother.

In another—*Lenin and Kuchuk-Adam*—the plot centers around the theme of Lenin's struggle with the rich. A similar legend appeared among the mountain Jews; the theme is civil war of the oppressed against oppressors, from which the genius of Lenin comes forth the victor.

The plot is simple. Eshmedei (a form of Asmodeus, the devil) leads the idle rich, oppresses the poor. Against him nature itself rebels.

"And the sun and the stars, beholding the people's grief, broke off parts of their flaming bodies, and created a fiery avenger. On a dark night they sent him north to a cold land where all year round there is snow as on Mount Elbrus, there to cool his fire. They named him Lenin; they instructed him to avenge the blood of the poor.

"The earth quivered, the trees danced with joy. The birds sang to each other the joyful tidings that a mighty one had come to avenge every drop of blood of the poor. Eshmedei heard and announced it to the rich. They gathered in council and trusted to Eshmedei the slaying of Lenin. . . .

"To the city where Lenin lived came Eshmedei and saw him speaking of freedom to the poor. And such a light flamed forth from Lenin's words that terror overcame Eshmedei, and he fled. . . ."

Then Eshmedei started the Civil War.

"But the mountain eagles flying to the far northern land told Lenin of the cruelty of the rich. And Lenin flew on an eagle to Daghestan. Dressed as a poor man he raised all the poor and unhappy against the rich. Tearing off a part of his fiery body, he lit a war flame against the rich. Then he flew back to the cold clime to write a book of truth for the people. And the pupils of Lenin achieved freedom for many countries. Eshmedei saw that he was unequal to Lenin, he fled to lands not yet freed by Lenin. But the day is not far when Lenin will hunt Eshmedei out of his last refuge."

As we see, the theme already shows differences: not Lenin "the chosen of Allah," but Lenin as the genius, the leader of the people, stands before the reader and listener.

The Armenian legend *Lenin-Pasha* gives in symbolic terms a striking picture of the revolution and the Civil War centered around the majestic figure of Lenin. All the finest characteristics of the old *epos* of the titans are retained here, regenerated by the new theme and cleansed of the social prejudices of the past.

In this remarkable legend, as in many others, the action begins when Lenin declares a holy war against the sultan and the gods, but then its development attains a truly epic strength, reflecting in symbolic forms the history of our Revolution in the years of the Civil War:

The beys and the emirs [1] *mounted their steeds;*
The beys and the emirs rode against Lenin.
All the poor people ran to Lenin-Pasha,
All the workers ran to Lenin-Pasha;
With pickaxe, hammer and sickle they ran.

Lenin-Pasha mounted his steed and galloped,
Shaumyan-Pasha mounted his steed and galloped,
Mikoyan-Pasha mounted his steed and galloped.
Stalin-Pasha too mounted his steed and galloped.
Look how all the poor crowded behind them!

There follow battles and the victory of the people, strictly in the folk legend tradition.

Thus the contemporary heroic theme while returning to folklore its primordial epic base, gives it a new, more realistic force.

This process can be observed not only in folklore devoted to leader-heroes, but also in folk creation singing the heroic deeds of rank and file people of the Socialist land. Tales of heroes, sometimes nameless, invariably turn into histories of the heroic and happy life of the liberated peoples of the East. For example, there is a song about a poor man who emerges out of the storms of the Civil War a victor-hero. Here, as in all such songs, there is revealed before us the happy reality created by the heroic efforts of the liberated people.

Historians of folklore have recorded the perceptible narrowing of the epic-realistic base of folk art, the "degradation" of folklore under the con-

[1] High ranking nobles in the pre-revolutionary Turkic regions.

Jambul amid his audience

ditions of tsarist Russia. They attributed this entirely to the torments and difficulties in which the regime of enslavement and exploitation placed the pre-revolutionary village and the many nationalities of the former Russian empire, whose members were termed "aliens" and were doomed by tsarism, with criminally conscious intent, to extinction. The splendid fusion of the epic and the lyric, characteristic of folklore in the early stages of its development, was mercilessly destroyed in the folk art of the generations preceding the Great October Revolution.

Only the heroic theme of our day was able to restore to folk art this stylistic unity which had been inherent in it and which had been lost with the years.

The Armenian legend *Lenin-Pasha,* already cited above, is close to classic folklore, in that, together with a broad epic picture of the battles and daring deeds, one hears the passion-filled lyric voice of the folk singer, putting all the tenderness of his loving heart into the opening apostrophe to the leader.

Thou whom the poor venerate, peace and praise to thee;
Thou whom the whole people venerate, peace
and praise to thee;
Thou whom the whole world venerates, peace
and praise to thee;
Lenin-Pasha, peace and praise to thee.

With such lyric apostrophes many epic legends open. Even in the love lyric and the doggerel rhyme, epic motifs resound. Life and the figure of the hero of the new folk poetry, even taken in personal relations, cannot be separated from life and his identity with the country.

Thus, the theme of heroic reality, brought in by the Revolution, opened a window on the world and revived and enriched temporarily lost epic characteristics. The ascent to the creation of an unheard-of, grand, thoroughly popular Communist *epos,* is taking place before our eyes.

Directly upon the publication of the Draft Constitution of the U.S.S.R. and in the days of the Eighth (Extraordinary) Congress of Soviets of the U.S.S.R. a flood of folk songs on the Great Stalinist Constitution gushed forth. All are in accord with the heroic *epos* of our day; they breathe Socialist consciousness and the heroic patriotism of the masses of people, who lived and composed these songs; in them is reflected with epic grandeur our happy and joyous reality; in them in all its majesty appears the powerful figure of the folk hero, leader, teacher, father and friend of toiling humanity—the great Stalin.

Such is the song of Jambul—*The Great Stalinist Law*:

Run as a herald through our Kazakh auls,
Make the whole steppe attend
You, song of Akyn Jambul.
Listen Kaskelen, Karakol, Kastek.[1]
Glorious is the great Soviet law,
It enacts joy to the peoples;
It waters the steppe and brings fruit;
It lifts up our hearts to sing;
It commands all Nature to live

[2] Provinces or towns of Kazakhstan.

In service and praise of the people;
It gives to our free riders way
To deeds and the life of heroes.

In the heaven of the law each shines equal!
Our people shines amid brother republics,
A star, amid stars, in the bright constellation.
Therefore, akyns, fill the air with thy singing.
Ratify with song the great Constitution.
Come singing, akyns, come with songs to the meetings;
Seal with the songs the brotherhood of peoples;
Shower with thy songs our flowering fatherland,
Call forth with song more labor, more victories.
Hail him whose care warms the hearts of the millions
Stalin the wise, the loving father.

These songs are varied in form, but they all are similar in content, in their realistic force, in the characteristic combination of epic range and lyric passion.

Soviet folklore not only does not lag behind life, but has itself long ago become one of the foremost phenomena of the life of our country. The leading theme of Soviet folklore—its heroic theme—has imbued it with Socialist content and therefore has made it the truly oral-poetic folk creation of our land. We have often had occasion to note the unity of ideas and figures in the folklore of twenty years of Revolution, though created by the most varied nationalities of the Soviet Union. The explanation can be found only in the inner unity of Socialist content of Soviet folklore, which stimulates the development of new *genres* and forms and the adaptation of old *genres* and forms of oral-poetic creation. This unified Socialist content of folk art in our country does not abolish national characteristics, does not violate the mighty polyphony of languages, dialects, cultural custom and artistic tradition of the diverse nationalities of our Union, but gives the many-tongued folk art that common language of ideas and methods which lends them a broad unity.

For all poets of the toiling people no matter to what nationalities they belong, for all truly Soviet poets of the people, the figures of the great leader-heroes—Lenin and Stalin—will always be united, in the expression in art of their world-historic significance. This typical characteristic of the new heroic *epos,* the brilliant creation of twenty years of the Revolution; this unity of *epos* the old Kazakh *akyn* Jambul felt and gave perfect expression to in his song addressed to Hasem Lakhuti.[1] With the lines of this poem in which the path of the future development of the hero *epos* of Socialism is indicated and its twenty years of revolutionary victories are recorded, we close this article:

In our breasts the same fire rushes,
Akyn Lakhuti, red in thy Persian quatrain
And red in my Kazakh stanza, alike.
Ripened on the same bough our fruiting thoughts;
Thus our songs have the one theme, the one hero,
Him not to be measured by stars, nor painted

[1] Persian Communist poet now living in the Soviet Union.

In the gleaming colors and gilt of dawn;
Whose name names our epoch, whom we sing
As long as we have breath to make music.
The ripened song swells in our breasts.
Let us strike up together, Akyn Lakhuti,
And thunder our song on invincible Stalin,
Dearest and greatest and earth's best beloved.
The centuries will reverberate with our song,
And all the world's tongues will repeat it.

ALEXANDER DYMSHITZ

On November 23, 1937 there died in the aul of Ashuga Stal, the celebrated folk poet of the Daghestan people, Suleiman Stalsky.

Beginning as a poverty-stricken peasant who won fame singing the miseries of his people, he lived to share their prosperity and to sing their liberation and happiness under Socialism.

Shortly before his death the people of Daghestan named Suleiman Stalsky one of their candidates for deputy to the Supreme Soviet, thus acknowledging the singer of the people as one of their best sons.

Stalsky works were translated into almost every language of the Soviet Union.

In his death Soviet literature, and its friends throughout the world, have suffered a great loss.

Writers-in-Arms

FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA | 1898-1936

"FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA! Pensive, merry and dear to the people as a guitar, simple-hearted and responsive as a child. . . . His whole life was helpful and inspiring to others and he earned the deep and lasting affection of the people."

It is in these warm terms that the South American poet Pablo Neruda writes about Lorca. Lorca's tragic death, felt so keenly by the Spanish people, called forth numerous tributes. And in every case, he was spoken of as a poet who had consecrated his literary work to the people and given his life for the people.

Garcia Lorca, one of the greatest poets of young Spain, drew the inspiration for his best works from folklore. His mature work shows signs of being genuinely of the people. Reviving an ancient genre of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, he wrote songs which now can be heard in Castille, Andalusia and Estremadura (*e.g.*, the popular *Song of the Civil War*). The lyrical note in Lorca's poetry greatly contributed to its popularity.

Garcia Lorca lived in Granada, traveling among the peasants of the province; thus his life gave him many themes for plays and poetry. The deep feeling in his voice when he sang about the sufferings of the people came from living knowledge.

Garcia Lorca was a poet, a musician and a dramatist. He wrote the popular dramas *The Wedding of Blood* and *A Plant in Growth*. He gathered together a troupe of actors known as *La Barraca* and toured the whole of Spain with them. They acted before delighted audiences the plays of Lope de Vega, Cervantes and Lope de Rueda. It was Lorca's firm conviction that the people are creative artists and the inheritors of the culture of the past. And he regarded it as his duty to restore to the only legitimate heirs what they had been deprived of by the aristocratic and bourgeois usurpers.

When the fascist insurrection broke out Lorca joined the ranks of the Popular Front. A poet who had written about the people could not have acted otherwise. In 1936 he merely drew a bold line to sum up his literary work. The fascists saw to it that this line was his last and became stained with blood. In August 1936 in his native Granada the fascists shot Federico Garcia Lorca.

Lorca's love for the people, clear in his writings, met with a passionate response. His songs and ballads were soon caught up all over revolutionary Spain. His plays were performed in Buenos Ayres and large audiences greeted the author with enthusiastic applause. He traveled round from village to village collecting old costumes and stage properties for the performance of his troupe and was everywhere given a warm welcome.

The fascist henchmen could never forgive Lorca his devotion to the people and his popularity. They shot the poet and made a bonfire of his books on Carmen Square, in Granada. They were bent on exterminating poetry with bullets and fire. But by shooting Lorca the fascists merely proved their loyalty to their "cultural principles." Lorca's name, on the other hand, became a symbol of the culture that was being destroyed by fascism.

Federico Garcia Lorca's poetry can never be silenced. It will continue to blow as free as the wind over the wide spaces of heroic Spain.

Fear not! This debt we shall repay!
Yes, quaffing vengeance wide and deep
Granada's sons their mourning day
Will hold, and Spain will weep.

In these lines, addressed to Lorca by Luis de Tapia, the will of the Spanish people is expressed.

RALPH FOX

IN LONDON I HEARD A CONFESSION from a writer that illuminated the nature of a man I had never seen but whom I had respected for the generous tone of his letters. Ralph Fox's death in Spain was still news; people were still numb with the shock of it. This writer, speaking of Fox, said: "I am deeply ashamed of myself. I used to be irritated with Fox. He was always pressing me into activities which I knew were important and which I found it equally hard to say 'yes' or 'no' to. I was a little jealous, too, that he should be so active and still find time to write, to travel, to pick up the most astonishing information."

What a revelation this gives of a man of energy and fervor, who took the risk of irritating his colder fellow writers when there was important work to do, as, later, he did not hesitate to risk his life. He was an agitator and publicist as well as an author of novels, short stories, a historian and a critic.

Fox had one of those rich minds for which nothing is distant or difficult. He traveled widely, visiting the Soviet Union and the interior of Asia. He coursed as widely through time. He studied Far Eastern civilizations and history. He wrote criticism. His last book, posthumously published, was a brilliant essay on the novel.

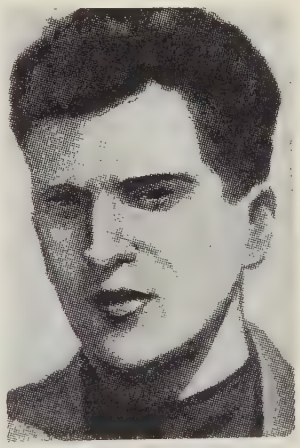
The new energy and enthusiasm that characterized him radiated into his scientific-publicist books. Every one of them has the excitement that one associates with the best narrative fiction. It could, of course, sometimes become a fault. In his biography of Lenin, in his desire to dramatize the events of Lenin's life he took, according to authorities, some unhistorical license, but it gave to the English speaking world a clear, intimate and human image of that greatest of men who led the proletariat in opening its historic mission of the Socialist reconstruction of society.

In a later book, *Genghis Khan,* he gave a memorable picture of the organizer of the greatest military movement in history. Genghis Khan had been allowed to remain a myth, a superman or an apocalyptic horseman according to the taste of the chronicler.

Fox's approach took nothing away from the drama of his life, but made it humanly and historically explicable.

His last book to be published is a consideration of the novel, its significance as the dominant literary form of the period dominated by the bourgeoisie, its origins and the causes of its recent disintegration. It is a work written with characteristic vigor, with skill and penetration and fine taste and is another testimony to the rich quality of his mind.

He was killed at Cordova, January 2, 1937, while fighting in the ranks of the International Brigade. *I. S.*



JOHN CORNFORD 1915-1936

JOHN CORNFORD DIED AT THE AGE of twenty-one, fighting for the revolutionary people of Spain. This brilliant and promising youth's whole life was a model of revolutionary integrity, consistency and self-sacrifice.

He was brilliant in everything. He was one of the best students at Cambridge where his father was a professor at Trinity College. After joining the Communist Party he showed new talents as an organizer. Abandoning for a time his youthful literary activities (he had been writing trenchant and animated verse) he threw himself with all the enthusiasm of his lively temperament into revolutionary work.

He succeeded in breaking through the university tradition of isolation from life and politics by bringing some of the best of his fellow undergraduates into the Communist movement, and forming a united Socialist front.

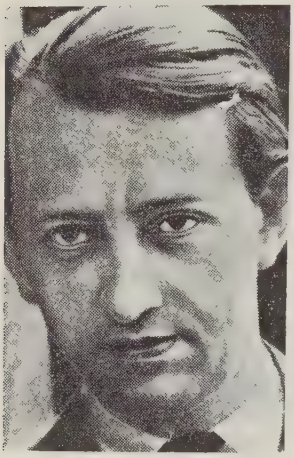
When the war broke out in Spain he did

not hesitate a moment. Rejecting the research scholarship in history which had been offered him, he left for Spain. After two months on the Aragon front he returned to England to organize the group which became the kernel of the British section of the International Brigade. He was a delightful comrade, courageous and jolly.

Cornford was wounded in the head in Madrid. Chosen commander by his comrades, he continued to lead his men after he had been wounded; he died the death of a hero.

In Spain he had started writing poetry again. In the few poems he had time to write his lively temperament and fine mentality are reflected.

With his death the English revolutionary movement lost a most gifted and promising revolutionary. But his death was so inseparable from his life's task that it became the affirmation of all the ideas for which he fought.



ANDRÉ MALRAUX

HE IS THIRTY-SIX YEARS OLD. As these lines are written, he is on one of the fronts in Spain, in the ranks of the Republican army, defending the country against the fascists.

This act of courage and nobility completes the path which André Malraux as an artist and citizen has followed these last years.

He belongs to the young generation of French writers who matured and gained strength after the World War. Pre-war Europe he knows only from descriptions, from hearsay, from hazy childhood memories.

On the other hand he is well acquainted with post-war Europe—chaotic, exhausted by ruin and crisis, the Europe of unprecedented exploitation of workers, the Europe of frustrated revolutions, of military putsches, of fascist upheavals, of strikes, revolts, prisons, torture chambers, police raids and punitive expeditions.

André Malraux, spirited, impetuous, restless, began as a globe-trotter, thirsting for impressions. However, he differed sharply from those bourgeois tourists who have traveled beyond the borders of Europe and hunted in other continents exotic and unusual amusements. Visiting China and Indo-China, observing the national movement for freedom there, he sought one thing: great characters and great passions.

Out of these investigations emerged his novels: *The Conquerors* and *Man's Fate.*

Speaking of his novel *Man's Fate,* Malraux defined his aim in this manner: "In my novel I attempted to give several examples of human greatness. These I discovered among Chinese Communists, tortured, executed, and thrown into cauldrons of boiling oil. For their sake I wrote my novel."

"Examples of human greatness" is the leitmotiv of the work of André Malraux. And in his most recent book *Years of Contempt* (title in England; the American title was *Days of Wrath)* André Malraux again creates the figure of a staunch, manly and proud Communist, whom the executioners cannot break in their torture chambers. Here not only the individual figure of the Communist is important to Malraux. He exalts this figure to the general symbol of the invincible power of the revolutionary spirit. Malraux understands that this power is created by the ties of this fighter with the masses of the people. In a speech at a meeting held in Paris for the release of Thälmann, Malraux formulated this idea as follows: "The people of all the world are with you, they stand on guard, they keep watch over you. On the day of your release—and the people will be able to attain this—they will treat you just as they treated Dimitrov: they will put you at their head, as their leader.

RAMON J. SENDER

SOME YEARS AGO, a questionnaire sent to its readers by the anti-fascist paper *Octubre*

disclosed that the most popular books in Spain were those of Ramon Sender. This was not unexpected.

Sender grew up with the Spanish people and the Spanish revolution. It is to them that all his work belongs, from his first to his last book. Each new wave of revolution in Spain has been marked by Sender with a new philosophical and artistic triumph. In him the artist and the revolutionary have been fused.

The author of *Seven Red Sundays* joined the revolutionary struggle while still a student. He has been arrested many times. In 1927 he was condemned to be shot in Segovia but succeeded in escaping. On July 20, 1936, Sender joined the Fifth Regiment and shared its magnificent victories. "One of the happiest days in my life," he declared in an interview with a French journalist, "was the day on which my comrades, soldiers such as I had been and such as I remained, who were bound to me closer than brothers by sufferings and dangers shared and memories of the fallen, by all that constituted the tragic daily routine of war, told me that they wanted to appoint me commander of the company." At this time he sent articles to the *Milicia Popular* and was finishing a book about the tragic daily life on the civil war front *(War in Spain)*. It is thus that Ramon J. Sender, captain in the republican army, defends the revolution with sword and pen.

Sender's work is autobiographical, but in it personal life broadens till it merges with the social and becomes as it were its condensor.

Sender served his term in the army in Morocco, taking part against his will in the bloody adventure organized in 1921 by the feudal and clerical clique then in power. His experiences in the Moroccan campaign were crystallized in his novel *The Magnet*. The idea of international brotherhood illuminates with its light the pages of Sender's new books. Between the composition of *The Magnet* and *Public Order*, Sender took active part in the revolutionary fighting. The journalist in his prison cell in *Public Order* is no longer satisfied with the reckless but impotent protest of Viance in *The Magnet*. He is an enlightened revolutionary and knows where to find the remedy. His tragedy lies somewhere else—it lies in the fact that he is alone. A few years later Sender was to bring the working masses out on the arena on which the action of the novel *Seven Red Sundays* took place, and show us their revolutionary aspirations and their confidence in victory. The chief hero of the novel, the autobiographical nature of which Sender does not seek to conceal, has the same aspirations and this same confidence. But Sender does not stand alone, like his predecessor. He marches shoulder to shoulder with his revolutionary comrades.

Sender writes social novels. Even when he took a historical subject for his novel *Mr. Witt In The Canton* (1935) dealing with the canton movement in Cartagena in 1873, he was able to make it come to life so that in reading the book one gets the impression that it was written at the height of the civil war. But Sender's stylistic principle is complex; Sender broadens the framework of his story telling, opens wide the door and a strong and refreshing breeze of life blows in from all quarters. This breeze is somewhat overpowering but no one who can stand up against it can fail to experience its bracing influence. Sender wished to convey not only the sober facts of the revolution but also its romance. Hence his complex range of intonations. He uses all the registers of linguistic expression, passing smoothly from one to the other. His prose continually borders on poetry.

Sender spent a short time in the Soviet Union in the summer of 1933. The birthplace of Socialist humanism inspired him with the confidence which is given to us in the face of the enemy by the presence of conquered ground behind us. He left us, as he expressed it, "as a soldier in the front lines of the Socialist struggle and Socialist construction." And when we see Sender in the ranks of the People's Army risking his life "for peace and human freedom, for culture and the dignity of man," we know that he has kept his word.

GUSTAV REGLER

ALL THE DELEGATES at the Madrid Congress of Writers recall one remarkable speech. The speaker sat in an armchair; he was unable to stand. The audience was hushed, listening to the wounded man's gasping and almost inaudible words: "There are no problems of composition other than those of

unity against the enemy. There are no problems of syntax other than those which will serve to annihilate the barbarians. There is no poetical feeling other than that which inspires present-day Spain. There are no problems of style other than the style of fighting."

These were the words of Gustav Regler.

Not yet recovered from his wounds Regler came to the Congress to do his duty on the literary front. One of the best sons of the German people who has devoted all his strength to the fight against fascist barbarians, Regler is one of the most cultivated writers of the younger generation of German anti-fascist literature. It is hard to talk of anyone who is in closer contact than Regler with the great humanist and revolutionary traditions of his people. Culture, the great heritage of the past is for him a formidable weapon in the struggle for the liberation of mankind. It was just this lively sense of his country's great past that helped Gustav Regler, the son of a bourgeois, Catholic family, and a German officer, to break once and for all with the capitalist society and to join the German Communist Party.

Regler was one of the organizers of the united anti-fascist front in the Saar Region. He was a guest at the First Congress of Soviet Writers. He took part in the Paris Congress for the Defense of Culture and there made a fiery speech inspired by that sincerity, courage and revolutionary optimism which is so characteristic of him both as a writer and a human being.

"You may close your frontiers," said Regler, addressing the present-day rulers of Germany, "but our literature will find its way through, all the same.... You were able to murder Mühsam, and Ossietski is in your hands but you shall not gag us, you shall not stifle our love for the working people nor the flaming fire of our passion for the truth."

Regler is an untiring fighter and his pen is a weapon in his hand. His book *Bread, Water and Bullets* was an effective broadside against the corrupt Weimar Republic.

In his *Prodigal Son* he showed up the essentially anti-popular and pharisaical nature of the Catholic Church. In *Sowing* (1931), which was written in Switzerland during a short interval in his Party work, he affirmed the undying truths of the popular revolution and revived the revolutionary traditions of the German people.

Even in his earlier novels Regler showed himself to be an artist of undoubted talent. *Sowing,* however, is one of his greatest triumphs and one of the best contemporary revolutionary novels. One can feel in it the very heartbeat of the people's revolution; the charming and lifelike figure of the popular leader Joss Fritz becomes at the same time the symbolical incarnation of the revolutionary aspirations and the indomitable will to conquer, which are possessed and will continue to be possessed by the masses of the people.

LUDWIG RENN

"IT IS ALL RIGHT TO HATE WAR, in fact one should hate it, but one must write about it with a manly hatred." These were Barbusse's words, and it was in this spirit that Ludwig Renn wrote during the period referred to in his book entitled *War* which differs so much from the works of the hysterical pacifists. One can certainly not accuse the officer of aristocratic birth, Arnold Vit von Golsenau (Ludwig Renn is a pseudonym) of idealizing militarism. War and its leaders are judged unsparingly. The book was not written by a passive martyr of the war but by a fighter. Writing the plain truth he was more eloquent than the pacifists although he was not a pacifist.

War taught Renn that truth is on the side of the revolutionary proletarian soldiers. The Junker officer broke with his class and caste. The war chiefs found work for themselves after the war was over—the work of suppressing the revolution. Renn, refusing to join in this despicable work, renounced his privileged position as a German officer.

"An unsettled life thus began for me. I found work here and there but did not stay anywhere long. I was tormented with a feeling of helplessness and fecklessness. I continued this life for seven years before I found my way to Communism." (Ludwig Renn, *After the War.)*

In 1927 Renn joined the German Communist Party. His book *War* was published at this time and was a world wide success, being translated into more than twenty languages and circulated in every continent.

In 1930 Renn published *After the War* which gives the story of members of the German army, generals and soldiers, describing their different lots.

Renn attended the World Conference of revolutionary writers held at Kharkov in 1930. He recounted his impressions of the Soviet Union in *Travels Through Russia* (1932). Renn has written a number of Marxist books on the history of military technique. It was probably this that suggested the formulation of the sentence passed on him by a fascist court in 1934. The court declared Renn to be "a military theorist of the German Communist Party" and sentenced him to two and a half years imprisonment. The whole civilized world joined in a campaign for Renn's release. His name, like the names of Ernst Thälmann and Karl Ossietski, was on everyone's lips. Renn is now fighting against world fascism in the ranks of the Spanish people's army. This soldier-artist is a man of extraordinary courage and modesty. He enjoys great prestige in the army of defenders of the new world. Crystal clear honesty, will power, talent, devotion to the great idea of the liberation of mankind, that is the stuff of which real heroism is made. And all these qualities are possessed by the writer and anti-fascist commander, Ludwig Renn.

WILLY BREDEL

IN THE "DEMOCRATIC" Weimar republic the editor of a Communist newspaper had frequently to serve prison terms under the "republican" press laws. Thus it was with Willy Bredel. It was while in prison in 1930 that Bredel's first novel, *The Engineering Works of N. & C.,* was written.

"One feels the place; it smells of fresh rolls," Chekhov wrote to Gorky after reading his story, *Twenty-Six and One.* It is the feel of the place that immediately grips the reader of *The Engineering Works.* The atmosphere of the group of German workers (German workers and not just any workers) has been faithfully rendered. For the first time, without any sentimentality, without any "ultra-left" exaggeration, this book showed the everyday life of a German proletarian and the work of the Communist Party in a factory.

Bredel is of the Hamburg proletariat. This is not merely a biographical detail. Hamburg has been the scene of many demonstrations of militancy on the part of the German proletariat. The 1923 rising was a battle of the working class vanguard. Hamburg has given to the history of the world revolution such names as Ernst Thälmann, August Lütgens, Fiete Schultze and Edgar Andre. For Willy Bredel Hamburg was a magnificent class war school. Bredel joined the German Communist Party at its inception.

Bredel did not start writing novels immediately. He was a Party worker, worker-correspondent and later editor of the organ of the Hamburg branch of the Communist Party, the *Hamburger Volksecho.*

Bredel spent thirteen months in a fascist concentration camp at Fülsbüttel near Hamburg. He described these thirteen months in *Ordeal.*

The novel was written at a time when the people's anti-fascist front was being formed and writers were faced with the task of writing realist revolutionary productions. *Ordeal* is a stirring book written with great artistic skill. Its subject is the subject of all anti-fascist literature, the resistance offered by the human spirit to barbarism. This resistance is incarnated in the German Bolshevik Torsten. In his person the German people passes the test.

Bredel has succeeded in drawing a really satisfactory type of hero. The reader becomes close friends with Kreibel and Torsten. In *Ordeal* Bredel showed that he had outgrown his early weakness, he does not declaim but demonstrates profoundly and vividly. He watched his warders closely with the eye of an artist and found that they were weak because they lacked what the prisoners had—inner conviction.

His new novel *Your Unknown Brother* deals with the heroic everyday life of Communists working illegally under the fascist terror. Now Bredel is in the outpost of the anti-fascist struggle, on the republican front in Spain, taking his place by the side of the best anti-fascist writers.

RALPH BATES

SPAIN HAS OFTEN FIGURED IN THE WORK of English and American writers, but usually in mystical terms. For one the soul of Spain was a virgin; for another Spain was not a part of Europe but of the African continent; for a third Spain is the child of the violent marriage of the West and the East, etc.

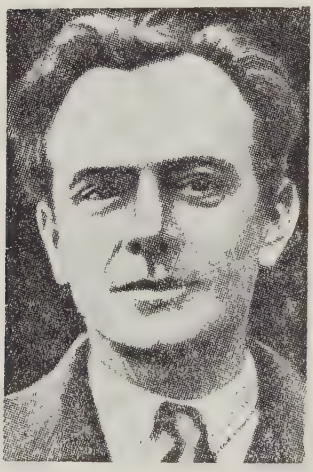
It was the contribution of Ralph Bates to

make clear the realities of life in a country chosen by history to play one of the most significant parts in the historical drama of our time. Bates saw the meaningful and beautiful in Spanish life not in feudal survivals, not in any cult of death, but in its aspirations for life, in its revolutionary movement.

Bates is the son of a British worker. It was natural for him, when in the course of seaman's wanderings that led him all along the Mediterranean he came to Spain, to see and live among the Spanish workers.

Bates' work is full of color. The real Spain that he presents in his novels *Lean Men* and *The Olive Field* and in his strong and subtle short stories is far more absorbing than any creation of the mystics. Stylistically Bates' work is glowing, and has a flexibility and subtlety that hostile critics pretend to miss in revolutionary literature.

At present Bates is at the front fighting for that real Spain that he has written about so lovingly. But even before this his fiction had anticipated and served, from the moment of their publication, as revolutionary weapons.



HANS MARCHWITZA

I USED TO READ HANS MARCHWITZA'S short stories in the Berlin *Rote Fahne,* this was around 1929. And I developed this mental picture of the author; having heard that he was a manual worker, a miner, I had an image of a man of huge build, stern, ponderous.

Later I met him and found him almost fragile, dreamy, impressionable, and rather silent for he spoke with some difficulty, not yet having completely mastered the German language. He spoke with a Polish accent, or rather the language used by those Russian miners who at the end of last century immigrated here from Poland and Upper Silesia.

It was in this environment that Hans Marchwitza developed. And although he could not even speak, let alone write, German correctly, at the age of fourteen when he first entered the pits he already knew the hopeless plight of the German miners.

Then came the imperialist war. *At Verdun I Lost God,* that is the title of a series of short stories written in 1932. But before this, in 1930, Hans Marchwitza in *Storm Over Essen* had written about himself and his life after the war. Although Marchwitza's book is not autobiographical, there is not a single incident in it which Hans has not himself experienced. It is the story of a worker who, guided by class intuition, fights against the bloodthirsty pack of armed hirelings raised by Noske against the revolutionary masses: and how that worker becomes a class conscious fighter.

But how did Hans Marchwitza become a German writer? A man who found it difficult even to speak the language? . . . "Ah, that was simple enough, I had to write," said Marchwitza later. The pressure of his experience, which led him into the struggle for a better life, and the desire to draw others into the struggle—that is what made Marchwitza a writer. And he wrote honestly, with considered purpose, sincerely. If he failed to convey exactly what he wanted he would revise his work five and even ten times. The readers of the Communist press felt that it was one of their own people writing.

Marchwitza's first novel, *Storm Over Essen,* although it has artistic shortcomings, is moving and truthful. His following works were greater triumphs. One has only to compare *Fighting Round the Corner* and *The Steelplate Works* (both published in Berlin in 1932) with Marchwitza's first novel to realize his development as a writer during this period.

When the fascists came into power, Hans Marchwitza was forced to leave the country. He went to Switzerland, then to Paris. In spite of grinding poverty and starvation, he grimly went on working. His native talent developed. He became a genuine realist writer.

Then the insurrection of the fascist bandits broke out in Spain. Hans Marchwitza went to Spain. His place, he wrote, was in Spain in the International Brigade. He was promoted to the rank of captain for bravery in the field.

He writes from Spain. . . . His letter ends with the words: "Today we may say with confidence that our victory is certain."

This revolutionary optimism based on profound knowledge and a correct appraisal of the actual situation is very characteristic of Hans Marchwitza. Not only he himself, but all his writing is steeped in this optimism.

FR. ERP.

October Premieres

The role of the Soviet theater and Soviet dramatists, on the Twentieth Anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution, was a great and responsible one. The theater, like all other branches of Soviet culture, mobilized all its resources to fitly celebrate, in its own terms, this great occasion. Theater art in the Soviet Union has the affection of the toiling masses—and deservedly. The Soviet theater, which has grown up on the traditions of Russian realist art deepened by Socialist realism, has been one of the most effective means of building up new human values.

Among the undertakings designed for the Twentieth Anniversary, the following are notable. The dramatist Trenyev, well known for his play *Lyubov Yarovaya,* performed with such success by the Gorky Moscow Academic Art Theater in Paris, wrote *On the Banks of the Neva,* for production by the Maly Theater, Moscow's oldest theater organization, which was recently honored by the award of the Order of Lenin.

The play gives a picture of old Petrograd between February and October 1917. The action takes place at a Petrograd mill, the scenes shifting from the workers to the apartment of one of the chief characters of the play—the factory owner Rastyogin who stems, in conception, from Gorky's classic portrait of a capitalist, Yegor Bulichev. Through this interplay of class forces and motives Trenyev shows how the Revolution logically developed and matured, unfolding the main stages in the revolutionary course from February to October. Trenyev pays great attention to the character of Rastyogin, whom the bourgeois camp recognize as their leader. Other figures in the bourgeois camp are shown in broad outline, almost in caricature.

The chief figure in the proletarian camp is Buranov in whom the author has striven to embody the character of a Bolshevik leader. Buranov is a warm-hearted and cultured man. At political meetings he may be seen with a volume of poetry. But he is a real revolutionary and when the moment demands it he can put his volume of poetry aside to lead a detachment of the Red Guard.

Lenin appears twice in Trenyev's drama.

The figure of Lenin also appears in some of the other October plays. In *The Man With the Gun* by Nikolai Pogodin (author of *Aristocrats,* produced by the Vakhtangov Theater), the part of Lenin is taken by People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. Shchukin.

Dramatizing the great figure of Lenin is a task which Soviet playwrights approach with caution. In no play as yet has Lenin been the central figure. Soviet dramatists have yet a great deal of preparatory work to perform before such a play can be written.

In *Truth,* by the Ukrainian playwright Korneichuk, the action of the

A scene from Nikolai Pogodin's "The Man with the Gun"

play swings from the Ukraine to Petrograd, during preparations for armed rebellion. The chief characters are the Bolshevik metal worker Ryzhov, the Ukrainian peasant Taras Golota and the cavalryman Vassya Sidorov. The author is conspicuously successful in depicting mass heroism.

Historical figures appear in the play, Kerensky among them, and the long role of traitors like Zinovyev and Kamenev are made clear here—an exposé also rendered in Trenyev's play.

The figure of Lenin appears in critical moments of the play; we hear Lenin's telephone conversations with his best pupil and comrade-in-arms Stalin, and with Uritsky, Dzerzhinsky and other comrades, and thus we get a living feeling of the way Lenin organized the preparations for the Revolution; we hear him make two speeches the text of which are reproduced with almost documentary accuracy.

Elsewhere in this issue a description of the chief characters in N. Virta's play *Earth* is given. *Earth,* produced by the Moscow Art Theater, mobilizes the audience for the struggle against the enemy, portraying the perils of their secret enmity. The kulak Storozhev conceals his hostility in order the better to work against the Soviet power and the workers and peasants. To destroy the masked enemies, vigilance, self-control and Bolshevik determination are needed. That is the conclusion which the spectator draws from this play. Virta's characterization of the Bolshevik Frol Bayev, of the partisan leader Listrat Grigoryevich and others are considered to be masterly evocations of the invincible spirit of the great Soviet people.

It will be of interest to our readers to know that Leonid Rakhmanov, the scenario writer of the now world-famous film *Baltic Deputy,* has written a play on the same theme. The author makes no attempt to show the armed

rebellion or the preparations for it. He deals with another problem, the attitude of the learned professions to the Revolution and the attitude of Bolsheviks to scholarship.

The figure of Polezhayev is not merely a dramatized biography of the great Russian scientist Timiryazev. It is a symbol of the best section of the Russian scientific intelligentsia, that section which inherited its revolutionary traditions from Belinsky, Dobrolyubov, Chernyshevsky. Contrasted with Polezhayev is the miserable Vorobyev, the professor's assistant, pigmy-minded, toadying, reactionary. Polezhayev's favorite pupil, the Bolshevik Bocharov, enlists his old professor in the ranks of the active defenders of the Revolution. Polezhayev has the vision to see that only the complete victory of the Proletarian Revolution can liberate science. To the Red sailors who invited Polezhayev to address them the old professor says: "Until my pen falls from my hands, until my eyes are no longer able to distinguish one letter from another, I shall defend the Revolution from its enemies in my own manner."

Other interesting plays written for the Twentieth Anniversary include Vsevolod Ivanov's play on the Far East which has the somewhat odd title, *The Doves See the Cruiser Departing;* the play by the Jewish dramatist Perets Markish (State Jewish Theater), *The Ovadis Family,* dealing with the life of a Jewish family in Birobijan, and Bill-Belotserkovsky's *The Frontier* based on the heroic work of the Soviet frontier guards. Nikulin has written an interesting play entitled *Port Arthur.* This play brings upon the stage the doltish tsarist colonel Stessel who abandoned Port Arthur to the Japanese and the degenerate officers who sold the whole country to the enemy. At the same time it also shows those officers whom the events of 1904 turned into revolu-

A scene from Alexander Korneichuk's drama "Truth"

tionists, and the soldiers and workers who take part in the rising revolutionary movement.

The play emphasizes that in 1904 during the Russo-Japanese War the disintegrating system of tsarist Russia was defeated, not the Russian people, whose representatives, in the persons of the soldiers and sailors, showed unimpeachable heroism in their struggle against the enemy. One might say that the message of the play is that if the representatives of the Russian people showed such bravery during the tsarist war against the Japanese in 1904, what miracles of heroism may be expected from the Red Army men in the forthcoming struggle with our enemies, under such different conditions and under such different leadership.

N. Nikitin's play of the October days, *Apsheron Night,* deals with the underground work of Bolsheviks and the preparations for insurrection in Baku. It depicts the liberation of Baku from the Mensheviks and the heroic struggle of the Baku proletarians against the foreign interventionists.

It has been possible here to touch only on some of the plays which the Soviet theater prepared for the October Anniversary. Some are first plays. The fact that authors who have formerly distinguished themselves in fiction or journalism have turned to the drama adds much to the potentialities of the Soviet theater.

One thing may be said in conclusion: during the past few years the cultural needs of Soviet theatergoers—workers, collective farmers, office workers, intellectual workers, indeed of the whole Soviet people which is now entering the twenty-first year of its existence, have developed to such an extent that they now expect plays of higher artistic value. Only those plays will win success in which the authors, producers and actors have taken full cognizance of the more advanced demands of the Soviet theatergoer and his desire for genuine art which is true to life and history.

SOVIET WRITERS TO READERS OF *INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE*

OLGA FORSCH
author of
"The Fortress," "Kazan Landlady,"
etc.

PARAGRAPH 122 of the great Stalinist Constitution, dealing with the equality of women, furnished the theme and the title of the play, *One Hundred Twenty-Second,* which I have just finished. The play portrays the new Soviet woman.

The first two acts take place in a distant kolkhoz where a hydroelectric station is being built. In another scene two women delegates meet at a Congress, one a representative of this kolkhoz, the other an Uzbek, who has charge of the *aryks.*[1] This is a trespass on the age old Uzbek traditions which forbid women to touch water as an "insult to the water."

The play is to appear in *The Literary Contemporary*[2] and as a book. It will be staged by the New Theater in Leningrad.

I have also written the scenario for the historical film *Pugachev,* which appeared during the anniversary celebrations.

Together with S. Levitt I have written the libretto for the opera of the young Soviet composer Frenkel, *Dawn,* dealing with the revolutionary movement of the 1870's in Russia. It will be produced by the operatic studio of the Leningrad conservatory.

My plans for the future? I intend to work on the third part of the trilogy on Radishchev[3] which will be entitled *The Pernicious Book,* and on a scenario on the theme of *One Hundred Twenty-Second.*

I am now going to a rest home for a rest after a period of intensive work: I will do a lot of reading.

Of contemporary Western writers Lion Feuchtwanger interests me most.

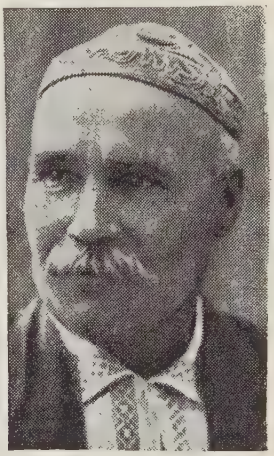
Modern writers can have no two ways, there is no choice of alternatives for them. All their powers must be concentrated to strengthen to a maximum the resistance to fascist barbarism and to the retrograde movement which accompanies fascism.

The struggle of the writers in the ranks of a united anti-fascist movement must not be confined to fighting with the pen; the writers must participate actively, "materially."

[1] Irrigation system in Central Asia

[2] A Leningrad literary magazine.

[3] Russian revolutionary pamphleteer of the eighteenth century, author of the famous *Journey from St. Petersburg to Moscow.*



ALEXEI NOVIKOV-PRIBOY,
author of
"Tsushima"

FOR THE TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY of the October Revolution a new edition of my book *Tsushima* with revisions and supplementary chapters has appeared. I have finished the libretto to the opera, also called Tsushima, and based on the book, though it differs in some details.

I am now at work on a novel, *Captain of the First Rank.* I have finished the first part, dealing with the tsarist fleet, and am in the midst of the second part, dealing with the Soviet fleet. The chief character, a captain's orderly in the tsarist fleet, is now a captain himself. I expect to finish this novel soon.

You ask me to give my opinion about the significance of the last Congress of the International Association of Writers—a rather difficult task. Is it possible in a few words to characterize this great advance in the movement of the anti-fascist writers? The International Congress is historical. The fact that the best writers met in Spain, in the roar of cannons, is in itself a mighty protest against the unspeakable crimes of fascism.

Whom do I like best among the foreign writers? Romain Rolland. His mind is so rich. His *Colas Breugnon* is delightful. His books on Beethoven and Tolstoy are very impressive.

And André Malraux is very dear to me.

Earth

THE MOSCOW ART THEATER

A year ago the director of the Moscow Art Theater, Nemirovich-Danchenko, proposed that I write a play for the theater based on my novel *Loneliness*.

The Art Theater has always been my favorite. There have been times when I spent my last ruble for a seat in a far corner of the gallery.

And here I was—sitting with one of the founders of the theater, a man world renowned, who was proposing that I write a play for them—a thing I could only have dreamed about, a play to be produced alongside Gorky and Chekhov! It was enticing and terrifying; it had in store for me hours of fascinating work, meetings with world-famous regisseurs and actors. But it involved mountains of work.

I hesitated at first but spurred on by Nemirovich-Danchenko I set myself to the task. The first draft was ready by November and met with the approval of the regisseurs. Leonidov, one of the theater's oldest actors, was to by the producer. The leading actors of the theater were to take part. A well-known Moscow artist, Ryndin, was to paint the sets.

In February the Art Theater set to work. Everything was subordinated to one idea—to produce the play on the great day that marks the Twentieth Anniversary of our victory over capitalism and the beginning of the construction of Socialism within our country.

I threw myself into the work, was carried away by it. With the producers Leonidov and Nikolai Gorchakov we sat long hours over the novel, making it over for the stage.

The stage has its inviolable rules. The regisseurs with whom I worked on the text taught them to me. As I comprehended them things appeared in a new light; deficiencies, what needed more elaboration, what was superfluous, what was effective and what was weak, all that was dead and all that was living—everything became clear to me.

There were, I recall, about fifteen drafts of the play.

I will not dwell on the plot. I will just mention that *Earth* is a play about the first years of the Soviet Government, dealing particularly with the emancipation of the country from kulak exploitation, the resistance of the kulaks to the Party and the people who followed the Party, the rebellion fomented by the kulaks who cheated or forced people into outbreaks against the Soviet Government; how the people finally turned to the Party and to Lenin, their confidence in the Soviet Government and comprehension of the right road to the deliverance of the peasantry. They understood at last that this deliverance lay in those words of Lenin and Stalin which summoned the peasantry to merciless struggle against exploiters, to collective work on the land, and in cooperatives. It is a glimpse into yesterday out of today, an attempt to show the road by which

the peasantry came to attach its faith to the Soviet Government, and which led the peasantry to a genuinely free and plenteous life.

The characters are divided between two opposing camps—the people and the enemies of the people. To the latter belong the kulak Peter Ivanovich Storozhev, "the Socialist-Revolutionary" *—the adventurer Antonov, who incites a rebellion in Storozhev's interest, the demagogue counter-revolutionary Ishin, the woman-ataman Kosova. In the other camp the chief figures are the Communist Listrat, the peasants Frol, Andrei and Nikita. With them are the peasants who seek "truth" and the Bolsheviks who have found it.

The work on the play was carried on with animation by the collective of the Art Theater. This filled me with pleasure since this work was the main interest of my life at the time.

I spent all my time at rehearsals, helping in whatever way I could the regisseurs, actors and artists fully to realize the characters, helping them master the expressive Russian language of the people. Being myself a native of the places in which the action of the play is placed I could supply details of country life, peculiarities in customs, speech, gesture, mimicry, clothing.

Together with the producer, Nikolai Gorchakov, and the designer of the sets, I visited the scenes of the action. There we met with participants in the actual events, who enriched our stock of data. We took back sketches and photographs which were a great aid in our work.

The work absorbed everyone. The People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. Leonidov worked without rest. With his indefatigable energy and rich imagination he inspired the experienced artists as well as the younger ones. He inhaled the breath of that epoch, so to say: read Lenin and Stalin, pored over documents covering the events of 1920-21, carried on a large cor-

A scene from "Earth"

respondence with the participants. Letters arrived from all over the U.S.S.R. Former Red Armymen, Red Guards and partisans, Communists and peasants contributed reminiscences. Leonidov made a careful study of their letters which he answered immediately. He visited local museums of the Revolution, inspected workshops of the theater where the costumes, wigs, peasant utensils and other properties were being prepared.

The Communists in the theater met several times to discuss measures to aid the regisseurs. The workers, constructing the stage sets and the properties, obligated themselves to execute the order ahead of time. The great machine of the Art Theater pulsed in rhythmic work. The scenes and episodes were developed to the minutest detail, the contours of the play became clearly visible.

And this concentrated, collective effort made it possible for us to have the premiere two days before November 7.

The leading actors of the Art Theater took part. Among them is People's Artist of the U.S.S.R., the gifted young Nikolai Khmelov, famous for his role of Karenin in *Anna Karenina*. In *Earth* he plays the kulak Storozhev; the People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. Boris Dobronravov is the Bolshevik Listrat.

I have learned much in this work. I have witnessed how the performances of the famous Moscow Art Theater are prepared: the play of ideas that shape each figure, each word; the depth and range of the creative work; the insight, the thirst for truth.

I entered the doors of the Art Theater a pupil. And a pupil I left after the premiere of my first play, filled with the greatest respect and gratitude to my teachers.

The Moscow Art Theater has reached unprecedented heights during these twenty years, has presented its Socialist fatherland with many wonderful performances, world renowned masterpieces. For decades the theater has been laying by a treasure of experience. It has taken from the world's masters the best they had to offer, all that could serve the culture of the people of the U.S.S.R. The theater helps the Communist Party, helps Stalin, develops Socialist culture. It is a pleasure and an honor to work with such a theater—an ideal "home" for an artist and a dramatist, it has proved to me for the past year.

NIKOLAI VIRTA

*) The Socialist Revolutionary Party, a counter-revolutionary party of the petty-bourgeoisie. The party was destroyed by the October Socialist revolution and its remnants went over to active counter-revolution in the Civil War and gave aid to the interventionists.

INDUSTRY OF SOCIALISM

In eleven spacious halls of the All-Union Permanent Building Exposition in Moscow the new exhibition "Industry of Socialism," devoted to paintings which take Soviet industry for their subject, displays its riches. The Exhibit is under the auspices of the People's Commissariat of Heavy Industry. Some 700 artists are represented who have been to every corner of the great Union, wherever new giants of industry, new cities are being built. Building does not mean construction only—it comprehends the general uplift of Soviet life and the everyday heroism of Soviet workers. That is the leitmotiv of the Exposition.

There are seven sections. The dominant themes are:

1. *Bolsheviks have disclosed the riches of the country.*
2. *The USSR has become a metal country.*
3. *Socialist reconstruction of agriculture.*
4. *Industry defends the fatherland.*
5. *Life has become more comfortable and happier.*

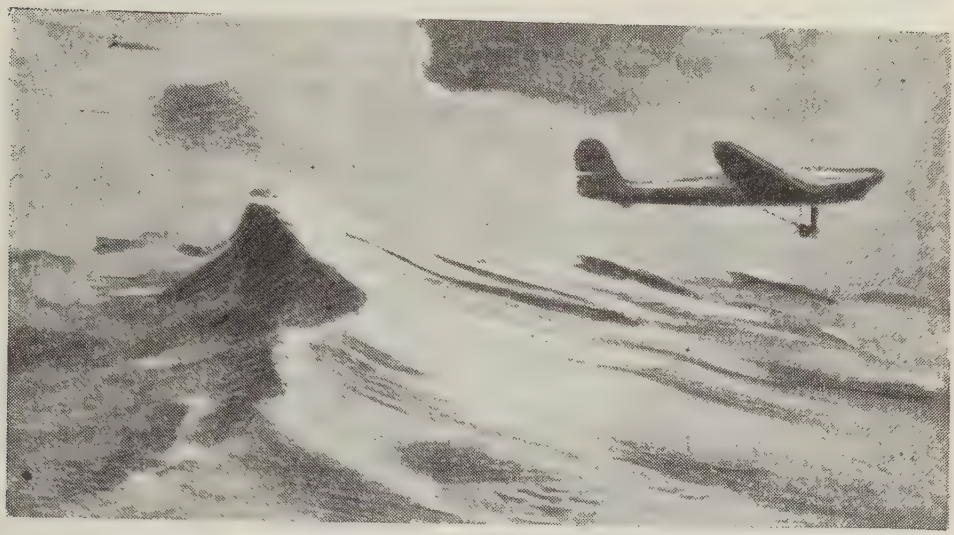
Altogether the exhibits number a thousand.

Pouring steel

by Alexei Kravchenko

"The plan has been fulfilled"

by A. Zaidenberg



Polar flight *by Alexander Deineka*

Harvest celebration *by Arkady Plastov*

UPTON SINCLAIR

Beginning of My Enrichment

The Twentieth Anniversary of the Soviet Revolution marks one of the great events of human history and impels us outsiders to sit down and realize exactly what we think about the twenty years of labor of the first working class government in the world's history. I have to confess that I for one didn't believe that it could last twenty years. I never had any doubt about the ability of the workers to organize and build a society upon a collective basis. But I could not believe that the capitalist governments of the world would permit it to happen and the fact that they have not been able to keep it from happening has been to me the happiest development of these twenty years of struggle and gropings for mankind. The mere fact that you are in existence today and that you have built up such power that your enemies are letting you alone, that stands in my mind as the most important single fact of the present day world and I believe that history will have the same opinion about it.

The Soviet Union today is surrounded by deadly enemies, by nations which are in the hands of gangsters, nothing better than that. I don't know what the name of Al Capone means to people in the Soviet Union; he was a king of the bootleggers in Chicago who became our symbol of gangsterism and he remains that, even though he has for many years been in a federal prison. I recently said in an address to the Western Writers' Congress which was reprinted in the Soviet Union, that Al Capone was a scholar and a statesman, compared with the men who are running Italy and Germany. Today, since that speech was made, I have to add Japan to the list. So, I am not among those who are troubled because the Soviet Union, threatened by these enemies, has had to build an army and an air force for self defense and to enforce discipline within its own borders. What counts with me is that in the past twenty years 100,000,000 people have been taught to read and write. What counts with me is the fact that the problem of national minorities has been solved within the Soviet Union by the granting of cultural freedom to hundreds of different tribes and racial groups. What interests me is that a degraded peasantry has been freed from superstition and drunkenness and had modern machinery placed in its hands and opportunities of culture through collective effort. What counts with me is that women have been placed upon an equality with men and that racial discrimination has been abolished by law. What counts with me is that the workers' government exists and has forced all the peoples of the world to argue and write and think about a society without exploitation. Also, as a writer who has spent his whole life in the effort to produce enlightening books, I am not indifferent to the fact that in the Soviet Union some millions of copies of my books have been placed in the hands of readers. I cannot greet all these readers individually so I take this occasion to send them a collective greeting and to tell them that, for twenty years, I have watched the development of their country and whenever I read about a new subway being opened, or a new dam starting to make electricity, or a new giant combinat turning out some useful and necessary product, I feel as proud as if I had done it myself. I never expected to own personally either a subway or a dam or a combinat but I feel that I own

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By courtesy of *Izvestia*.

everything in the Soviet Union and on this twentieth anniversary of the beginning of my enrichment I have naturally a great sense of prosperity and satisfaction. Our philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, advised us to hitch our wagon to a star and just now the Soviet star seems to me to be the biggest and brightest in the whole sky. I greet your new Constitution and wish you success in making it work. I know that you would have had much more personal freedom and much more prosperity, both personal and national, if it had not been for the imminent threat of war throughout these twenty years. But the threat is there and we have to adjust ourselves to the world as it is and we, all of us, have to do all we can individually and collectively to bring the democratic peoples of the world to a realization of their danger and to collective action to make the world safe against gangsters, now and for all future time.

THEODORE DREISER

I AM GRATEFUL TO THE RED MARX AND RED RUSSIA

This is not a greeting but an expression of gratitude on my part for that phase of the Social evolution which has brought into being and maintained thus far the Union of Socialist Republics called Russia.

Since the "ten days that shook the world" consider the world attention given to the problem of the *haves* and the *have nots*. Twenty years of fierce discussion in all lands of all the phases of inequity in government and in life in general in the hope that they may be ameliorated, if not entirely abolished, and in many places outside of Russia as well as in, with the determination to so ameliorate or abolish the same.

Consider also the present state of the world. It is true that in Italy, Mr. Mussolini dictates, but on the plea, you will note, that it is for the best social interests of all Italians—father, mother, child, and not for any fore-ordained and god-established gang of social loafers and nit-wits labeled the royal family. And in Germany although the Kaiser and his royal heirs were unceremoniously swept into the social ash can, and although another would-be Kaiser has succeeded him, he has succeeded because of the constant reiteration of the statement that he represents and furthers the interests of all of the people and preferably the masses as against any special class. That the cold blooded bandit war of himself and Mussolini against the properly qualified democratic government of Spain gives the lie to all this, is neither here nor there. The holy war for equity undertaken by Russia in 1917 makes such lies, such genuflections and kowtowings to mass opinion, necessary. And even Japan, if you please, talks of its holy purpose to uplift the masses of China by saving them from the "horrors" of Communism and investing them with the true and democratic privileges of Japan.

Well, judge for yourself.

In Mexico, a real social war is on.

In Spain, the same.

In South America not only armed dictatorship but the suppression of every trace of education for the masses, even the A.B.C., is necessary to prevent them from turning on their oppressors, the monied monopolists, and that arch social tyranny and plutocratic beneficiary, the Catholic Church. Here in the United States—and despite our heritages of freedom most of which had been undermined by our financiers and their corporations, lawyers and paid representatives, by 1917—we have seen the forty hour week, minimum wages, planned economies in connection with crop distribution as well as crop control, and the necessity for mass meetings in order that there may be mass spendings here in America advocated—and no more palaces and yachts scattered over all the alien lands of our related world. Child labor has become a real issue. Also the national health, state medicine, state and national insurance in connection with old age and periods of unemployment, to say nothing of national planning for mass protection against national disasters in

whatever form these may appear, drouths, erosions, scarcity of water, food, and the like, even to national development of national power resources for the benefit of all.

But why this sudden socialistic flare-up in connection with a democratic nation that before 1914 was about as democratic as Germany or Russia before the war?

Your answer?

Russia. The "ten days that shook the world."

Dear old Dr. Marx with his *Das Kapital* and his self-sacrificing devotion to the idea that labor, agriculture, industry and the resources of the state should be so coordinated as to produce a balanced abundance shared equitably by all. He insisted on that and for his pains has become a *Red* with every little whipper-snapper heir and heiress—their lawyers, bankers, brokers and butlers shivering at his name. But, for all this I am grateful to the Red Marx and the Red Russia, and I think despite the present outlook that I will live to see the triumph of the Marxian equity where now the anti-socialists of Europe, Asia, Africa and South America strut and threaten and for the time being suppress that innate desire in all for work, a fair economic reward for the same and the decent and simple pleasures and satisfactions that should accompany it.

Dreiser

SIDNEY WEBB

THE RISE OF NINETY MILLIONS

(by cable)

Let others recite the Communist achievements, during the past twenty years, in wealth production, in the lowering of the death rate, and not least in science and the various arts. These self congratulations are known. What I choose for commemoration is an achievement not always present to the mind of the younger generation, namely the quite exceptional uplifting of half of all the people—the girls and wives and mothers of the U.S.S.R.

The young men and women of today do not realize how badly off their mothers and grandmothers were. Twenty years ago practically all of them—except the tiny minority of the tsarist aristocracy, and the small set of women doctors and teachers, ballet dancers and underground revolutionaries—were not only uneducated, but mostly actually illiterate. Those who were not yet married for the most part were unpaid drudges on the peasant holdings. Those who were wives were virtually in servitude: in their lives completely subjected to their husbands, even to the extent of unrestrained physical chastisement. Millions of them, of the faith of Islam, were sold by their fathers into marriage, and lived all their lives habitually veiled. Except in name, their economic and political status was that of slaves. The Bolshevik Revolution of 1917 struck off their chains at a single blow. In every respect women became at once legally as free as men. Like men, they can mate at will; at eighteen they can, if they choose, register a marriage with the man of their choice (if both parties are not already married), irrespective of race or color, religion or occupation. Divorce is open equally to either partner, with equal financial obligations for any children. Nowadays we take all this freedom as a matter of course. But every woman over forty remembers how great is the achievement for womanhood. So equally with the girl child. The infant, the toddler, the school child, the adolescent at college are provided for at the public expense, both sexes equally. Every occupation is open on equal terms to either sex. Women choose their own vocations just as men do. Women equally with men become laborers or artists, skilled mechanics or journalists. The piecework rates for women are invariably the same as those for men. Women pursue every branch of agriculture and stock-raising. They serve in the mercantile marine or as air-pilots, in the defense forces or in the learned professions. They are found, side by side with men, in every branch of literature and science, and in all the arts. There are many women judges and magistrates. Most women in the U.S.S.R. know that one of their own sex, a distin-

guished novelist, has long been Soviet Minister to Sweden. No other nation, not even the United States has so completely emancipated women.

This equality of status does not mean that the laws and customs are identical for the two sexes. It is a fact that the great majority of either sex are not as well suited as the great majority of the other sex to particular occupations. This comes out in the usual though not invariable difference in physical strength, and often in the relative liability to industrial injury, or susceptibility to vocational diseases. Such differences and likewise differences of taste, affect the usual choice of occupation by one or other sex. But there is no legal or customary exclusion of women from any occupation.

But the most remarkable achievement of Soviet Communism relates, not to women's freedom, but to the special function, namely motherhood, which women monopolize. This function, all-important to the community, as to the race, is regarded and dealt with in the Soviet Union in a way absolutely unique in history. It was the deliberate intention of Marx, and the constant aim of Stalin as it was of Lenin, that the indispensable function of maternity should not be allowed, either to enslave the women, or, in so far as this was practicable, even permitted to be a hindrance to her in whatever vocation she has chosen. This has involved the most elaborate provision of maternity hospitals, with the best medical attendance and nursing, for all confinements free of charge, so as to reduce the unavoidable pain and suffering as much as possible. The mental anxiety of the mother of a family is not forgotten. The foreign visitor to the great maternity hospital at Moscow, is astonished to find that every woman not only has ear-phones to enable her to listen to the wireless music and news; but also has at her bedside a telephone through which she can keep in constant communication with her home. But this is only the beginning of the provision for maternity. Women in every other country are astonished to learn that, in the U.S.S.R. the wage earning mother is entitled (and required) to take two months holiday on full pay before confinement, and two months more after confinement, still on full pay, with her situation legally secured to her. She draws in addition so many rubles as contribution tofards the infant's clothing; and a further sum each month for the first five years towards its food. Whatever her employment, she is entitled, without loss of pay, to break off for half an hour every three and a half hours, to nurse the infant. There is always a crêche close by, where the infant can be taken care of whilst the mother is at work; to be succeeded by a nursery school or kindergarten which looks after the toddler until the age of eight when the boy or girl enters the elementary school, where all pupils receive one meal a day, for a very small payment, which is easily foregone wherever the family income is exceptionally low. In short, the bearing and rearing of children is, in the Soviet Union, made as easy to the mother as is physically possible. Even the women in the Soviet Union, like their husbands, do not always realize the principle on which these extraordinary privileges are conceded. Maternity is, in fact, treated as a functional expense, which the woman cannot avoid incurring in the exercise of her vocation. When an office employee is sent on a mission on his employer's business, it is taken for granted that all the expenses his mission involves are reimbursed to him. Maternity, as a functional expense special to women, accordingly involves, in the Soviet Union, and there only, the mother being freed, as far as is practicable, from all the expenses incurred.

What has been the result, to the ninety millions of Soviet women, of twenty years of this unparalleled emancipation of women? Every observer of the U.S.S.R. testifies to an immense, even an amazing bound forward of the women of every grade or occupation, of every race or religion. Contrast the mere numerical magnitude of this uplifting of ninety millions of people with that of the emancipation of slaves by Great Britain in 1833, benefiting a population only some five millions in number; or that effected by Abraham Lincoln's proclamation in the United States thirty years later, which

freed only a few more. The improvement in the health and the physical development of the ninety millions of Soviet women has been extraordinary and apparently universal. They have advanced in education at least equally with the men. They have proved their competence in almost every vocation. Many of them have excelled in music and the drama, literature and science. Their names appear frequently in the lists of those awarded orders and decorations for public achievements. Nevertheless, whilst recognizing this extraordinary progress, every visitor remarks on the average Soviet woman's devotion to her husband and children. At the same time, it is not claimed that the Soviet women have yet produced any genius of absolutely the first rank. We ought not to expect from women any more than from men, that every decade, or even every generation, can throw up a Dante or a Shakespeare, a Goethe or a Darwin, a Marx or an Einstein. It is enough, in our commemoration of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, for us to remember, as actually the greatest of all its achievements, this immense uplifting of ninety million human beings, over and above its gains to as many more men, inhabiting as much as one-sixth of the entire land surface of the globe. In mere numerical magnitude it is an achievement greater than anything in history.

PRITT

THE HUMANITY OF THE CONSTITUTION

(by cable)

I am deeply interested in the Constitution of the U.S.S.R. From several and various viewpoints and from reactions of many meetings and congresses that I have addressed on the Constitution I know that many thousands of workers and intellectuals in Britain are equally interested.

What is the true source and cause of this interest? Is it legal, political, economic or just human? It is not legal only. Few are interested in the legal side of a matter, important as this may be. I myself am frankly interested and moved to admiration by this Constitution from a purely legal viewpoint; but then I am a jurist and as such am both qualified and ready to express my admiration in legal work such as drafting a Constitution, electoral rules and other subsidiary legislation. The great mass of people, whether in the U.S.S.R., Britain or elsewhere do not give much thought to the merely juristic aspect; they are more interested in substance than in form, in the spirit than the letter; and in this I too join them, for I am not a jurist only. Our interest is human, political, economic.

Our interest is human because we see in this document a manifestation of the incredibly swift progress of a great group of peoples from the depths of tsarist misery into the ever more surely consolidating prosperity of the new era. Our interest is political because we see this magnificent new political structure, broader, stronger than anything preceeding it in history. We see splendid ideals of equal, direct, universal, secret voting as the basis of all legislation carried into reality, reality that can only exist when true economic freedom—freedom from exploitation—accompanies political freedom. We see the triumphant vindication of our faith in the unshakable stability of the Socialist state; no trotskyite, no counter revolutionary, no saboteur can cause sufficient disquiet, or delay or alter or affect in any way the grant of full electoral rights to every previously disqualified class, equal vote for all, the secret vote for all, direct election to all bodies. But above all we are interested economically.

Achievements recorded in and represented by the economic section of the Constitution are so striking that we in Britain should be at once jealous and ashamed—jealous of the immense success of the Soviet Union's economic development in the face of unparalleled difficulties and ashamed that the great material wealth of Britain is still employed not to emulate that success but rather to perpetuate unnecessary poverty. But we are not jealous—for your economic success guarantees ultimate happiness for all workers of the world and we will survive our shame; we also will build a Socialist state.

Now what is it that really interests us, stimulates us most deeply in the economic portions of the Constitution? It is the tenth chapter dealing with the basic rights and duties of citizens. It tells us for example that citizens of the U.S.S.R. have the right to work. If nothing else had been achieved and definitely established in twenty years this would still represent economic success so vast that citizens of Britain could hardly comprehend it. They do not possess the right to work. Every attempt to have it recognized even theoretically by legislation has been rejected by the exploiting class; and as a matter of practical economics we know that without Socialism it can never be achieved. So far from having anything remotely resembling the right to work, few citizens of the Western world can feel at all secure regarding their economic position next week even if all is momentarily well this week. Some of course still possess that strange right: the right not to work but nevertheless to live in luxury, though healthy and in the prime of life.

Comrades of the U.S.S.R., we felicitate you on this right to work; we too will achieve it but you have already won it by your courage and struggle. May it become ever more joyous for you!

Then your Constitution proclaims that you have the right to rest, how much more glorious than the fate of compulsory idleness which is laid upon so many workers in Britain as a result of the purchasing power of the mass population being so cut down that the labor of all the workers cannot be profitably exploited in making commodities. There is nothing in Britain to compare with the happy sight of thousands of Soviet workers holidaying with pay in Sochi, Yalta, Mineralnye Vody and countless other paradises of rest—fourteen to sixteen million of British workers are not even paid during holidays.

Then you have the right to material security in old age, in sickness, in incapacity. We, on the contrary, are warned by our Prime Minister, whilst his own class lives in ever greater luxury, that so much money must be spent on munitions for a new war, that we must give up the hope, even in face of the rising cost of living, of any extension of our meager old age pensions, etc.

You have the right to education. So have we, the right to a fairly good education up to the age of fourteen. Then we become cheap factory fodder excepting a few who can get scholarships and the children of the rich who can continue studying until seventeen or twenty-two. Who shall receive university education depends, with you, on who is intellectually fitted for it; with us it depends almost entirely on whose father is financially fitted to pay heavily for it—whether necessary intellectual receptivity be present or absent. Truly it is not to be wondered at with our wasteful system, that citizens of the U.S.S.R. are rapidly overhauling us in almost every field of scientific and intellectual endeavor. Women among you have equal rights, elaborately secured and safeguarded. Among us in many instances they are turned out from employment if they marry and over wide fields of industry they are underpaid and otherwise handicapped. With you, despite all difficulties, the right of political freedom widens; with us it is ever narrowing down, not merely among our oppressed minorities in India and many colonies but even at home, in Britain.

There is much to be done to achieve the full measure of Socialist maturity, stability, success in the U.S.S.R. but this Constitution reminds us that the advance to such achievement is marching ever more rapidly. There is still more to be done in the Western world; but even in the least unhappy of the Western states we seem to be marching sideways or even backwards whilst signposts showing the way forward to Socialist progress become ever more easy to read. Comrades, we salute you—we salute the great advance of your splendid Constitution. Soon we will join you in the march.

A MESSAGE FROM CHAPLIN

(by cable)

It gives me pleasure to send my greetings to the Soviet Union on its Twentieth Anniversary. Also to the many readers of *Izvestia*. I also wish to extend my congratulations to the Soviet Film Industry on its progress.

Sincerely yours

Charles Chaplin

Libraries of Foreign Literature in U.S.S.R.

Among the flood of telegrams and press items dealing with the preparations for the Twentieth Anniversary of the Great October Revolution and for the elections to the Supreme Soviets, scant notice was paid to the following brief report from Sverdlovsk:

"For the past three years the Gorky Central Library in Perm has maintained a foreign literature section of 17,700 books in seventeen languages. It is used by over seven hundred readers, including many grammar school pupils. A frequent visitor to the foreign section is Kuznetsov, a collective farmer from the village of Chusovskye Gorodki."

These facts reflect an important and interesting process in the cultural development of the working people of the Soviet Union Some time ago the librarians noticed a growing demand for current European and American literature, as well as for the foreign classics. The Soviet writer, especially, is not content with reading them in translation. He wants to read foreign writers in the original, to acquaint himself with the treasures of world literature, in the languages in which they were written.

It is easy to follow this process in the work of the Central Library of Foreign Literature in Moscow.

On its shelves are over 200,000 books in foreign languages, available both in the library reading rooms and for home reading. This library also helps its users to perfect their knowledge of foreign languages. There is a special consultation room where qualified teachers and textbooks are at the service of visitors who are studying foreign languages. Instruction is given in English, German, French, Spanish and Italian both in group and in individual lessons. Linguaphones with a large quantity of records are also available to visitors. In 1936 alone 36,000 teaching consultations were given, one third of them for English.

The library gives regular lectures to meet the keen interest of Soviet readers in the lives and works of the foreign writers. In the forty-two lectures given in 1936 the subjects included Spanish literature, Negro poetry, the writings of Baudelaire, Heine, Barbusse, Romain Rolland, Shakespeare, Anatole France and others. When it is noted that there is a heavy demand for the works of a writer, special lectures are devoted to him. Thus last year there was a course of fourteen lectures on Shakespeare, and five each on Balzac and Zola. In 1937 the Soviet Shakespearean scholar, Professor Morozov, delivered lectures on the following subjects: "Christopher Marlowe," "Commentaries and Translations of Shakespeare," "Hamlet," "The Theater in Shakespeare's Time." "The Language and Style of Shakespeare," etc.

The audiences at the Shakespeare literary evenings included people of the most varied professions, workers, clerks, teachers, Red Army commanders and students.

From time to time the library organizes meetings of readers with foreign writers who come to Moscow. Its guests have included Henri Barbusse, Louis Aragon, Michael Gold, Jean Richard Bloch, Moussinac and others. German anti-fascist writers often lecture and read papers at the library. The following example serves to illustrate the interest of the worker-readers in the writings of anti-fascist writers of the West. When Lion Feuchtwanger came to Moscow the workers of sixteen factories voiced their desire to meet the noted writer. Feuchtwanger could accept only one of the invitations, that of the TsAGI Club (The Club of the Central Institute of Aero-Hydro-Dynamics). The workers who filled the club's spacious auditorium listened with interest to the writer's discussion of his work, and made many keen critical remarks which revealed that they not only were familiar with Feuchtwanger's writings but were aware of both his good points and his shortcomings.

An interesting phase of the work of the Central Library of Foreign Literature in Moscow and of other libraries that follow its example in other cities of the Union, is

the organization of exhibits on individual writers and books. In 1936 the library arranged thirty-three such exhibits, including the celebration of Romain Rolland's seventieth birthday, the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the appearance of *Pickwick Papers,* the hundred and sixty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Baudelaire, the seventy-fifth anniversary of the death of Scribe. Exhibits were held of the works of Flaubert, Barbusse, Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Theodore Dreiser, Henri Chamson. A special bureau supplies information on the study of literature and of languages. Several times a year the library convocates readers' conferences. At these conferences the administration reports on its activities and the readers offer criticisms and suggestions. From time to time literary evenings are held where visitors to the library give readings. An elderly worker who recites a quotation from Hamlet is followed by a blonde girl, a dishwasher in a factory restaurant, who reads a fable by Fontaine in French. Part of the program is devoted to performing the music of foreign composers. These evenings are popular among the workers and serve to encourage the study of foreign languages.

The interest in foreign books has so increased recently that the library has opened branches in four of the largest Moscow factories—in the Stalin Automobile Plant, the Kaganovich Ball-Bearing Plant, the Kuibyshev Electrical Combinat and the Machine Tool Plant. In all these factories hundreds of people read books in foreign languages. It is interesting to examine a few of the branch library cards. Here is the card of Comrade Bolotnikov, a mechanic from the Stalin Plant. During two months, he read ten books, including two volumes by Dickens, stories by Jerome K. Jerome, a novel by Michael Gold and several books in German, including Feuchtwanger's latest novels.

The painter Sergeyev from the same plant is interested in the works of Zola. Edjubov from the machine shop, an Armenian by nationality, read fourteen books during two months. His favorite authors are Romain Rolland and Prosper Merimée. The girl mechanic Belyayeva read six French books, including Balzac's *Cousin Pons, A Woman of Thirty, Lost Illusions,* and Aragon's *The Bells of Basle.*

The Tatar girl, Harji Kanat, accountant at the Ball-Bearing Plant, read two novels by Stendhal, *The Country Doctor* by Balzac, *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Dumas.

Some books are in such demand that people wait their turn for them. Barbusse's book on Stalin, and the anti-fascist novels of Feuchtwanger are among the books that drew such queues.

Among the classics Shakespeare and Dickens in English and Flaubert, Merimée, Zola and Hugo in French enjoy the greatest popularity. Among contemporary writers there is a heavy demand for books by Romain Rolland, Barbusse, Feuchtwanger, Wells, Upton Sinclair, Theodore Dreiser, André Malraux and Louis Aragon.

The library staff cherishes the memory of Henri Barbusse who took much interest in its work. Shortly before his death he sent an appeal to French writers to send him their books for presentation to the library.

Every year the library increases the scope of its activities. The government has allotted four million rubles for the construction of a large new library building with shelves for 500.000 volumes. New branch libraries will be opened in mills and factories.

The growth of the cultural demands and interests of the workers of the U.S.S.R., the vastly increasing numbers of those who are in touch with the world's cultural heritage, have a vivid illustration in these facts.

Maxim Gorky and Leo Tolstoy (a jacket-design for a collection of Gorky's short stories in German edition)

SOVIET WRITERS TO READERS OF *INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE*

BORIS LAVRENEV
author of
"Fracture,"
"Forty-One,"
"The Seventh Fellow-Traveller,"
etc.

MY MOST RECENT WORK is a Spanish story *The Draught of Archimedes,* based on the life of the Spanish writer, Unamuno.

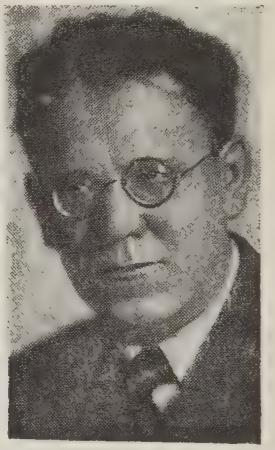
A Spanish theme is also the subject of the work I am engaged on now, a play about the International Brigade, General Lucacs as the main figure, and the intent to show the international solidarity of the people, fighting on the anti-fascist front. All Spanish exoticism is deliberately avoided; everything that occurs in the play could happen just as well in any other country. The play will be called *Journey's Start,* in response to Sheriff's play *Journey's End,* which dealt with the imperialist World War, and showed the people chased into a blind alley. My aim is to show the different road of the people, participating in the national war of liberation.

Spanish events reveal what will occur during a national war for liberation, when the people of various countries will rise in arms against fascism. The proletariat uniting with all truly revolutionary elements is a formidable warning to fascist aggression.

Now, more than ever, it seems to me, is the role of the writer important in establishing international brotherhood. It is most important to prove now by word and deed the necessity of active struggle against fascism, the need of drawing into the struggle the petty bourgeoisie and intelligentsia, to whom it is not yet quite clear, that a revolution without Marxism is not a real revolution. The main problem of the writer is to attract the petty bourgeoisie and intelligentsia to the anti-fascist movement. In dealing with the events in Spain and China these writers have a grateful subject, one that is in fullest accord with their powers. That is just why André Malraux's novel *Man's Fate* helped to form social opinion in Europe. This novel of the Chinese revolution was written with such talent, feeling and tact that it engaged the sympathies of the entire petty bourgeoisie.

Of recent books I consider Upton Sinclair's *No Pasaran* the most interesting. His usual hesitation and mistakes are evident but he has comprehended the tasks of the anti-fascist writer—to show the turning point in the psychology of the petty bourgeois and philistine.

I am expecting much of the brilliant writer Hemingway.



SEMYON MARSHAK
Popular children's writer

AN UNKNOWN HERO, a youth who performed a heroic act and disappeared without naming himself, a type of heroism common in the U.S.S.R., is the subject of a ballad I have written recently. I am working on a group of heroic ballads on Soviet themes, and on another collection on themes from English and Scottish ballads. I am also working on an autobiographical narrative entitled *The War of the Three Courtyards.*

I have written book for children which the artist Pakhomov is illustrating. It is in the form of a war game for young marksmen, young defenders of the Socialist fatherland.

We are filled with pride when we read of the writers on the fronts in Spain. With great tenderness I recall the name of André Malraux, whose acquaintance I made during the All-Union Congress of Writers.

All revolutionary writers are ready to fight with word and deed against fascism.

Of the contemporary Western writers I prefer Feuchtwanger and Hemingway, each of whose books I look forward to.

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