Workers of the world, unite!

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IN THE NAME OF THE PEOPLE

FOR more than twenty years the U.S.S.R. has stood, a majestic and indestructible rock, a lighthouse illuminating the way for toiling and oppressed humanity. From the very beginning of the Great October Socialist Revolution, the Russian and the international bourgeoisie have sought with all the means at their command to crush the Soviet power which they hate, to place our people once more under the yoke of capitalism. But the workers and the peasantry of our mighty fatherland, under the leadership of the Bolshevik Party, under the direction of the great leaders of the people, Lenin and Stalin, defeated all the attempts to fasten the power of capital on us by armed attack. The glorious Red Army annihilated the armed forces of the internal counter-revolution and of all the interventionists. Forced to give up open war, the bourgeoisie selected other tactics. But the old world, surrounding the world of Socialism in a besieging circle, found even the tactics of the Trojan horse unavailing.

The Soviet people, armed with the inspired teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, destroyed and will always destroy the machinations of its enemies. More than once during the last twenty years the vigilant eye, the punishing sword of the dictatorship of the proletariat, the Cheka-O.G.P.U.-All-Union Peoples' Commissariat of Home Affairs, uncovered and wiped out the menacing snakes' nests where hid perfidy and treason. Not a few unmasked spies, provocateurs, and traitors of all kinds passed before the Soviet court, before the court of the people during these years. It is instructive to recall what the great Russian proletarian writer, one of the supreme humanists of all time, Gorky, wrote of one of the trials of mortal enemies of our fatherland and our people. These words of Gorky will retain their relevance until the final world victory of the workers over capital.

"Within the country," wrote Gorky, on November 15, 1930, "we have against us subtle enemies, organizing food shortages; kulaks, terrorizing the collective farm peasants by murder, arson and other crimes; we have against us everything which has outlived the time history appointed for it, and this gives us the right to consider ourselves still in a state of civil war. Hence the logical conclusion: if the enemy does not surrender he must be destroyed."

In his appeal, *To the Workers and Peasants,* published in *Pravda* and *Izvestia* on November 25 of that year, Gorky raised his voice in warning, addressing himself to all working people: "In Moscow the Supreme Court of the workers and peasants of the Union of Socialist Soviets is trying the organizers of a counter-revolutionary plot against the power of the workers and peasants. The proletarians of the world, and especially you, workers of France and England, must understand the meaning of this plot and its significance for you,

because in time you will also have to deal with just such traitors as are being tried now in Moscow. These people, technical specialists, scientists, lackeys of capitalists, exiled from Russia, were caught red-handed and confessed to a series of odious crimes against the workers. Taking advantage of their knowledge and of the trust which the Soviet power placed in them, they harmed in all possible ways the construction of the workers' state of equals."

When some of the squeamish intellectuals of the West signed a protest against the execution of forty-eight criminals who organized food shortages in the Soviet Union, Gorky answered with indisputable justice and conviction: "I am entirely convinced that among the rights of man there is no right to commit crimes, and especially crimes against the toiling people.... I consider this execution completely justified. It is the judgment passed by the people, which, living and working in difficult conditions, stinting itself in everything and not sparing itself, is courageously and successfully setting out to create a workers' state free from beasts of prey and parasites—and, from people whose humanism serves after all as a screen for plundering and parasitism."

ABOUT eight years have passed since then. On the basis of the two Five-Year Plans which have been carried out, the Soviet power has in the main completed the construction of Socialism in our country, has assured a joyful and well-to-do life for one hundred and seventy million people. Our victories and our achievements increased the fury and the hatred of our enemies. Defeated in open battle, they placed their hopes on their espionage network in the U.S.S.R., on agents smuggled in among us or recruited by foreign intelligence services. It was only natural that the greatest activity in this direction was developed by the intelligence services of the fascist countries, for whose aims the Trotskyites, the Zinovyevites, the Bukharinites and similar human filth were a real find.

The trials of the Zinovyevites and Trotskyites held in recent years aroused the indignation of honest people throughout the world by the revelations of the bloody crimes committed by the base traitors of the fatherland who had hired out to the fascist intelligence services. But evidently there is no limit to the depths to which these degenerates fell! The last trial of the participants in the anti-Soviet "Right and Trotskyite bloc" disclosed such nightmare-like crimes that, when speaking of them, one can but repeat Virgil's words—*"horresco referens"*—"I shudder when I relate."

As the Soviet court established and as the sentence of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. states:

"The accused Bukharin, Rykov, Yagoda, Krestinsky, Rosengoltz, Grinko, Sharangovich, Khodjayev, Ikramov, Ivanov, Zubarev, Zelensky and Chernov, being irreconcilable enemies of the Soviet power, on the instructions of the intelligence services of foreign states hostile to the U.S.S.R. in 1932-33 organized a conspiratorial group known as the 'bloc of Rights and Trotskyites,' which united underground anti-Soviet groups of Trotskyites, Rights, Zinovyevites, Mensheviks, Socialist-Revolutionaries and bourgeois-nationalists of the Ukraine, Byelorussia, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, and the Central Asian Republics....

"Bereft of all support within the U.S.S.R. the leaders of the 'bloc of Rights

and Trotskyites,' with the object of carrying out their criminal designs, concluded through enemy of the people L. Trotsky and through individual participants in the anti-Soviet 'bloc of Rights and Trotskyites' an agreement with representatives of certain foreign states on armed assistance in overthrowing the Soviet power in the U.S.S.R., on condition of its dismemberment and the severance from the U.S.S.R. of the Ukraine, Byelorussia, the Maritime Region and the Central Asian and Transcaucasian Republics for the benefit of the aforementioned foreign states."

The members of this criminal gang engaged in spying for the German, Polish, Japanese and British intelligence services. They engaged in all kinds of wrecking to the injury of the Soviet people. Some, such as Chernov and his accomplices, killed off horses, doing everything to reduce the collective farm herds, including spreading infectious diseases among the cattle. Others, like the spy Grinko, and his accomplices, directed their efforts toward fulfilling Spy-in-Chief Rykov's instructions "to strike at the Soviet Government with the Soviet ruble," for which they sought to undermine Soviet finances by all means. The tsarist provocateur Zelensky committed unheard-of crimes, disrupting the supply of food and goods to the population, and descended to such a point of inhuman villainy that, together with other criminals, he placed ground glass in butter and iron filings in flour. Others, on the orders of the Japanese intelligence service, carried out subversive acts in mines, and caused train wrecks with loss of life. Terror against the leaders of the people was included in the "program" of the band.

Rosengoltz personally planned to make an attempt on Comrade Stalin's life. The murder of the beloved leader, Sergei Kirov, as the court established, was carried out "on the decision of the 'Right and Trotskyite bloc,' " while the defendant Yagoda took direct part in the organization of this terrorist act. Immediately after this murder Yagoda, on the order of the leading members of the "bloc," organized, with the participation of the physicians Levin, Kazakov and Pletnev, the murder of the chairman of the O.G.P.U., Comrade V. R. Menzhinsky, and the assistant chairman of the Council of Peoples' Commissars of the U.S.S.R. Comrade V. V. Kuibyshev, by treatments designed to undermine their health and prescriptions which, in their conditions, were equivalent to poisons. This same Yagoda, with his accomplice Bulanov, sought to poison the glorious Stalinist People's Commissar N. I. Yezhov in order to prevent him from uncovering the crimes of the gang of bandits who called themselves the "Right and Trotskyite bloc."

This was a band of the lowest order of traitors. Of such degenerates Gorky well said: The traitor is such a specifically revolting product that one cannot compare him with anyone or anything. I think even a typhus-carrying louse would be insulted to be compared to a traitor.

Even the crimes disclosed at the previous trials of the Zinovyevites and Trotskyites pale before the crimes committed by Bukharin, Rykov, Yagoda and their accomplices. Now Gorky's stern, noble, pure voice, full of principled ideas, could sound forth no more against these crimes against the people; the great writer himself was one of the victims murdered at the order of the bandit gang of Bukharin, Yagoda and the others who carried out the direct instructions of Judas Trotsky. The base anti-Soviet plotters who sought to restore the power of capital in our country had to remove Gorky, because, as Yagoda cynically testified at the trial, the "bloc" saw in Gorky "a dangerous figure. . . . Gorky was a staunch supporter of Stalin's leadership,

and in case the conspiracy were carried into effect, he would undoubtedly have raised his voice in protest against us, the conspirators."

The fascist hirelings feared the voice of the man who wrote repeatedly of how "the pupils, comrades-in-arms and friends of Lenin . . . headed by Joseph Stalin, a man of great organizing ability, are amicably rearing in the former 'barbarous' and 'poverty-stricken' land a new master, a cultured master, the Socialist."

In 1935 Gorky wrote prophetically:

"The wise, vigilant leadership of the Leninist Central Committee, headed by a man who truly merits the deep love of the masses of workers and peasants—this leadership is not only recognized 'with gnashing of teeth,' but even admired, and, what is more, feared, by the capitalists. Admiration, of course, does not hinder the growth of the exploiters' animal hatred. And, naturally, the bankers, the lords and the barons, the adventurists and rich crooks, will buy and bribe assassins, will send them to us to strike at the great heart, at the bright revolutionary consciousness of the proletariat."

When S. M. Kirov, beloved of the Soviet people, was murdered, Gorky, sharing with his whole soul the sorrow of the Party, of the entire country, noted that "the enemy's success is a comment not only on his baseness, but also on our insufficient vigilance." And he himself fell one of the next victims of the foul fascist plot; he fell because the enemies succeeded in placing the carefully disguised fascist Yagoda in the organs of the Soviet counter-espionage service.

In a special section in this issue, *How Gorky Was Murdered,* we publish a detailed documented account of these unheard-of crimes whose victims were the great writer, Alexei Maximovich Gorky, and his son Maxim Alexeyevich Peshkov.

THE chief of the monstrous plot against the people, its practical leader and "the theoretician of its program," if one may speak of a "program" or a "theory" in connection with criminal bandits, was Bukharin. As the State Prosecutor, Comrade Vyshinsky, aptly remarked, he was like one of Gorky's characters, "cursed hybrid of fox and hog." Bukharin wore a mask his whole life; he was a virtuoso of hypocrisy and cunning, and in his last plea at the trial lied so brazenly, that even one of the defendants, Sharangovich, could not refrain from exclaiming: "Stop lying, at least once in you life. Even now at the trial you lie!"

While the trail of foul provocateur's work stretches back to tsarist times in the cases of several of the other defendants—Zelensky, Ivanov, and Zubarov—Bukharin has a long record of even worse crimes. He, Bukharin, as the leader of the "Left" Communists, as far back as 1918, together with the Socialist-Revolutionaries, organized a plot against the Soviet Government; in the days preceding and following the Brest-Litovsk negotiations he plotted the arrest and murder of Comrades Lenin, Stalin and Sverdlov, and later, in the autumn of 1918, according to the testimony of Karelin, one of the leaders of the "Left" Socialist-Revolutionaries, he was the initiator of the attempt on Lenin's life which was carried out by the Socialist-Revolutionary Kaplan. It is impossible to list all the bloody crimes of the bandit gang. Many of them, apparently, are still not uncovered, for, as the previous trials showed, the accused confessed only what they could no longer conceal because of the proofs in the hands of justice.

The guilt of the twenty-one criminals tried by the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. is immeasurable. And the court, carrying out the will of the Soviet people, brought in the only possible verdict, a severe but just one, when it sentenced eighteen of the evil-doers to the supreme penalty, to be shot, and three—Rakovsky, Bessonov and Pletnev—to long prison terms. The sentence has been carried out.

Eight years before, Gorky wrote about other executed criminals who committed crimes against our people: "I consider this execution fully justified. It is judgment passed by the people. . . ." These are the words of a real humanist.

Jean Paul Marat, "friend of the people," one of the leaders of the French bourgeois Revolution, murdered at the instigation of the counter-revolutionary Girondins, against whom he fought relentlessly and staunchly, once said in refuting the attacks on the policy of the Jacobins: "When I think that, in order not to spill a few drops of blood, blood is allowed to be poured in torrents, I involuntarily become indignant at our false principles of 'humanism.' " Henri Barbusse, one of the brightest and noblest humanists of our days, unequivocally declared: "He who spares people who are preparing to do injury to the cause of all humanity is a criminal. The defender of criminals is himself a criminal. Genuine benevolence must extend to the future also."

Here are the words, here is the attitude of true humanism! Lion Feuchtwanger admitted and testified to this in his book, *Moscow, 1937*—Lion Feuchtwanger who, until the trial of the Trotskyites Pyatakov, Radek and others, considered that "the indictment proffered at the trial of Zinovyev seemed to be unworthy of belief. . . . But when I attended the second trial in Moscow, when I saw and heard Pyatakov, Radek, and their friends, I felt my doubts dissolved, like salt in water, under the influence of the direct impressions of what the defendants said and how they said it. If all this were thought up or staged, then I do not know what truth means." And the writer inevitably came to the conclusion that the execution of Pyatakov and the whole band of Trotskyite criminals was a necessary act, and that toward them "it was impossible to allow oneself to be tender-hearted."

The great German anti-fascist writer Heinrich Mann spoke out firmly on the same subject even before Feuchtwanger, on the case of the Trotskyite-Zinovyevite center. "Since the plotters worked to harm the Revolution they must be quickly wiped out to a man, in the interests of the Revolution."

Renegades and traitors have many times attempted by devious measures to rob the people of their revolutionary victories. The French magazine *Regards* in a recent issue gives fresh and timely evidence of this, in its citations from recent historical researches on the real position of some leaders of the French bourgeois Revolution executed for treason by the Jacobins. *Regards,* making use of newly disclosed documents, in particular of materials assembled and published by Albert Mathiez, proves that Danton was in the pay of the enemies of the French Revolution, that he consciously acted against the interests of the French people, and that he was involved in treasonable negotiations with the British government. Robespierre and the Montagnards had no direct knowledge of this. But history now conclusively confirms the correctness of their action toward the leaders of the French counter-revolutionaries, represented by the party of the Girondins, and to such right elements among the Jacobins whose attitude toward the Girondins was conciliatory.

Such is the truth, which the reactionary bourgeoisie hides with all its arts, for "the bourgeoisie cannot but lie. . . it lies in order to hide the truth"

(Gorky). And many bourgeois newspapers lie now about the sentence of the band of criminals of the "Right and Trotskyite bloc," seeking, sometimes not unsuccessfully, to confuse the public opinion of their country. The task of all honest people is to fight the slander and insinuations with all possible means, in all possible ways, and to spread the truth as far and wide as possible. The noted French writer George David writes in a letter to *International Literature:* "The mail has just brought me *Le Journal de Moscou* of March 4, carrying the trial testimony. I am happy to have it. I will pass it on for others to read. It is necessary to spread the truth as widely as possible."

Yes, it is necessary to spread the truth as widely as possible! And one must hail such open, public declarations against the Trotskyite-fascist lies and slanders as the statement of the well-known American writer, Upton Sinclair, in connection with the trial of the participants in the "Right-Trotskyite bloc": "I know just as well that there are German and Japanese agents in Russia today posing as being ultra-Left wingers, as I know that there are spies of Ford and Weir and Girdler in the American labor movement posing as being Communists."

EVEN among some intellectuals of the West friendly to the U.S.S.R. but ill-informed, and therefore unable to analyze political questions concerning the life of the Soviet Union, there still exist opinions of the Right and Trotskyite bandits as people who were once "good revolutionaries, Bolsheviks," but who "degenerated, fell morally," in the course of their constantly sharpening struggle against the Leninist-Stalinist general line unswervingly carried out by the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. It is impossible not to recognize as one of the most important results of the latest trial the fact that the picture it revealed has utterly proved the falsity and, consequently, the harm of such a "psychological approach" to the analysis of the criminal path of the Right and Trotskyite degenerates.

Of all of them, without exception, one can and must say what Yagoda said of himself: "All my life I went about disguised, claiming to be a staunch Bolshevik. In reality I was never a Bolshevik in the true sense of the word." In his summing up Comrade Vyshinsky brilliantly revealed the true face of Bukharin and Rykov, those "pillars of the bloc," who fought against Lenin all through their political careers. As far back as 1918 Lenin wrote that the platform on which Rykov had taken his stand has "nothing in common with Bolshevism." And Lenin added: ". . . The Moscow working masses will not follow Rykov. . . ." *(Collected Works,* Russian ed. Vol. XXII, p. 46.) Characteristic is a particularly penetrating comment on Bukharin by Lenin, made in 1918. On April 20, 1918, in the first number of his magazine *The Communist* (the name was just as much a camouflage as all the verbal juggling of the Trotskyites and Bukharinites), the organ of the "Left" Communists, Bukharin published a laudatory review of Lenin's work, *The State and Revolution.* We note that this review was written in the very days when Bukharin was carrying on negotiations with the Socialist-Revolutionaries for the arrest of Lenin, a fact which he confessed not only as a defendant in the case of the anti-Soviet "Right and Trotskyite center," but long before, in the pages of *Pravda* in 1924. Here is one more fact testifying to the base double-dealing of the Right and Trotskyite scoundrels, which was always their vital essence. Lenin, of course, could have known nothing in those years of the true physiognomy of Bukha-

Dreams and reality

by the artists Kuprianov, Krilov and Sokolov

rin. But how indicative of Ilyich's insight is his comment on Bukharin's review! "The character of the review reveals," wrote Lenin, "a sad and significant fact: Bukharin looks at the tasks of the proletarian dictatorship with his face turned to the past, and not to the future." *(Ibid.,* Vol. XXII, p. 527.) Only now has it become clear into what "past" Bukharin was looking, the man who in the very days when he wrote the review of *State and Revolution* was plotting the murder of its great author.

Lenin constantly warned that "Bukharin will use all means, will play against the bank, to destroy our unity. Liars, provocateurs, traitors will be found . . . but nothing can frighten us from now on, for we have created our new state power. . . . We will fall upon any counter-revolutionary attempt with all our might." *(Ibid.,* Vol. XXII, pp. 324-25.) Lenin taught us that "the destruction of classes is a long, difficult affair of stubborn class struggle, which, after the overthrow of the power of capital, after the destruction of the bourgeois state, after the establishment of the proletarian dictatorship, does not disappear (as the vulgarizers of the old Socialism and the old Social-Democracy imagine), but only changes its form, and in many respects becomes intensified." *(Ibid.,* Vol. XXIV, p. 315.)

In his summing up Comrade Vyshinsky correctly and aptly emphasized the fact that the philosophy behind which Bukharin sought to hide is incompatible with crime. It would be equally just to say the same of Bukharin's activity as a "theoretician." Bukharin, as is known, was the author of the "theory" of the dying out of the class struggle in the U.S.S.R., of the "growing over of the kulak into Socialism." Only now has the background of this "theory" (if one may be pardoned for so calling it), become completely evident; only now do we see it completely confirmed in its lackey's role of a blunt to the vigilance of the Soviet people and its Party, thereby clearing the road for the Right and Trotskyite criminal machinations.

Their whole plot miscarried! Our people always bore in mind and unswervingly carried out Lenin's instruction, which he gave in the very beginning of the October Revolution: "The more extreme becomes the opposition of the exploiters, the more energetic, the firmer, the more relentless, the more successful will be their suppression by the exploited." *(Ibid.,* Vol. XXII, p. 157.) When on November 5, 1927, certain members of foreign workers' delegations in an interview with Stalin spoke of "French public opinion," and asked him about the changes in the functions of the G.P.U., Comrade Stalin answered in plain and clear words, voicing the Marxist-Leninist position on this question, a position which our people never abandoned and which they will not abandon: ". . . No, comrades, we do not wish to repeat the errors of the Paris Communards. The Communards of Paris were too lenient in dealing with Versailles, for which Marx rightly reproved them at the time. They had to pay for their leniency, and when Thiers came to Paris, tens of thousands of workers were shot by the Versailles forces. . . . No, comrades, we do not want to repeat the mistakes of the Paris Communards. The G.P.U. is necessary for the Revolution and it will continue to live and strike terror into the hearts of the enemies of the proletariat." *(Leninism,* English edition, Vol. I, pp. 420-21.) The foreign workers' delegations greeted these words of the leader of the peoples, Comrade Stalin, with stormy applause.

The immediate future completely confirmed Comrade Stalin's forecast. The Spanish people paid dearly for its carelessness and leniency toward the fascist bands and their lackeys in the Trotskyite P.O.U.M., in Franco's "fifth column." And today public opinion of the French people, which expressed its

will in voting for the platform of the People's Front, is opposed to that inexcusable leniency which the courts employed toward the Cagoulard fascist plotters.

IN ANIMAL fear before the base threats of the fuehrers and Duces of fascism, certain bystanders and philistines are ready to sell the interests of their people, the interests of their fatherland, to purchase for themselves a "peaceful" philistine existence at the price of unquestioning surrender to the mercy of the aggressor.

Does not the "philosophy" of the French writer Jean Giono—of whose attitude to the struggle against fascist aggression Georges Sadoul gave so apt and so timely an analysis in the February issue of *Commune*—come to the same thing? Strip Giono's central thesis of its wordy frills and the substance of the doctrine with which this writer addresses the French people, who are now going through one of the most responsible periods in their history, becomes clear. Once Giono, in the period when he entered the Association of Revolutionary Writers of France, said with truth: "Now is not the time to speak, the time has come to act.... There is one means of saving our freedom—that is physical courage. . . ." But Giono's courage turned out to be weak and short-lived. Today Giono thus answers the question, "What is to be done if Germany attacks France?" in *Les Cahiers du Contadour,* which he publishes: "What is the worst thing that can happen to us if Germany occupies France? To become Germans. So far as I am concerned, I prefer to be a live German than a dead Frenchman." The cynicism of these words is amazing. This is probably the first time in history that such a statement is published as a "precept." There is food for thought for the supporters of an isolationist policy, for the logical development of such a policy in the end reduces itself to this very thesis of Giono. His position in 1938 is strikingly similar to the position which Gorky scored as far back as 1905 in his article, *Notes on Philistinism* (published in this issue): "Philistinism would like to live quietly and nicely, without taking active part in... struggle; its favorite place is a peaceful life in the rear of the stronger army."

Besides all that is anti-democratic and unworthy of man in Giono's cynical "formula," this "formula" is false in its basic assumptions. Today not fascism but the forces of the united anti-fascist front, the forces of the international solidarity of advanced and progressive humanity, the might of the U.S.S.R., is "the stronger army." History has never forgiven traitors to their people. History always imprinted in the memories of grateful posterity the names of the heroes who fought courageously for the people's cause, for its freedom, its honor, its national independence.

And no other than Gorky shows how a true writer of the people should meet the news that his country has been attacked. Here are the proud words of Gorky, full of human dignity: "... if war breaks out against that class by whose forces I live and work, I shall also enter its army as a rank-and-file fighter, I shall go . . . because the great, just cause of the working class of the Union of Soviets is also my lawful cause, my duty."

It was for just this position that he took that the bandits of the "Right and Trotskyite bloc" murdered the loyal Stalinist Gorky at the order of their fascist bosses. The people will never forget the memory of this genius who gave all, who gave his life, for the cause of the people, for the cause of Socialism. And the people, cursing the fascist aggressors and murderers, curse, together with them, all their accomplices. Their name will be eternally branded with the brand of Cain.

Destroying a most dangerous gang, one of the foremost shock battalions of fascism, its "fifth column," we shall not weaken our revolutionary vigilance toward the further machinations of our enemies. We remember the capitalist encirclement which "provides a base and a rear for the internal enemies of our Revolution." (Stalin, *Leninism,* English ed., Vol. I, p. 421.) We remember that as long as this capitalist encirclement exists all sorts of spies, subversive agents, wreckers and terrorists will seek to penetrate into the Soviet Union. The growing vigilance of the whole of our people, the glorious work of the organs of the Soviet counter-espionage service, led by the splendid Stalinist People's Commissar Nikolai Ivanovich Yezhov, is a pledge of the fact that every inch of Soviet soil will become a trap for the enemies of our Socialist fatherland. Our entire great people will be "in a state of mobilization, preparedness in the face of the danger of a military attack, so that no 'accident' and no tricks on the part of our external enemies may take us by surprise. . . ." (Stalin.)

THE entire Soviet people gave unanimous and enthusiastic approval to the sentence of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. In scores of thousands of resolutions, workers, collective farmers and intellectuals firmly, openly and determinedly declared that the verdict passed by the court is *their* verdict, that our people will continue to demand of its Government, of its court, the relentless destruction of the fascist network of agents, and of all traitors of the fatherland and the people. The resolution passed at an all-Moscow meeting of writers expressed the thoughts and feelings of Soviet writers, thoughts and feelings which Leonid Leonov, Evgueny Petrov, Victor Fink, Lev Nikulin, Johannes Becher and other voiced in their speeches at the meeting: "The verdict of the Supreme Court is the verdict of the entire Soviet people. It is our personal verdict. We brought in this verdict because we have all judged these criminals who sought to sell, to dismember our republics, to enslave our fatherland, to return us to the beggary of capitalism. . . ." The Leningrad writers Alexei Tolstoi, Boris Lavrenev and others voiced similar sentiments in the *Literary Gazette:* "It is not just the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court which is trying these bandits, it is the whole Soviet people, the toilers of the world who are trying them." From the Ukraine, Byelorussia and from other national republics, writers and the whole multi-national Soviet intelligentsia wrote of the same thing. Novikov-Priboy, author of *Tsushima,* well expressed the feelings which ruled the thoughts of writers in those days, their sense of the tasks facing them in connection with the trial: "We, writers, must react to this trial with works which will inspire in our people still greater loyalty to the Party of Lenin and Stalin, still greater love for the fatherland and the most burning hatred for the Trotskys, Bukharins, Rykovs, Yagodas, and similar filth."

SOVIET writers and artists have already given us works exposing the history of the struggle of the traitors to the fatherland against the Bolshevik Party which firmly carried out Lenin's behests on the construction of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.; works which exposed the methods and manner of work of the fascist agents within, of which two come to mind—Friedrich Ermler's film, *The Great Citizen,* and Nikolai Virta's new play. Undoubtedly these are only the first steps and Soviet writers and artists will produce still further works on this critical theme.

We are convinced of the fact that the revelations of the trial will oblige every anti-fascist writer to review his creative plans in their light. Many writers, among them André Malraux, Ramon Sender, John Sommerfield and others have already turned out works which are stirring in their stark truth, works devoted to the heroic struggle of the Spanish people against fascist aggression. But there are still no books exposing what goes on behind the curtains of the fascist machinations, the dark activity of "fifth columns" of all sorts, such as the Cagoulards in France and the Henleinites in Czechoslovakia. We are convinced that books on this theme would be of great value in strengthening the people's front of struggle against fascism, would confront the masses with the vivid realization that the internal fascists and their accomplices are no less dangerous than the foreign masters whom they serve.

The trial of the anti-Soviet "Right and Trotskyite bloc" has, as the State Prosecutor, Comrade Vyshinsky, correctly stated, a historical significance. This trial to an even greater degree than the preceding ones tore the mask from the Right and Trotskyite criminals, laid bare their anti-human fascist essence, exposed them before the world. The exposure and smashing of the Trotskyite-Bukharinite band is a lesson and a victory of exceptional significance for the further successful struggle of progressive humanity against fascist barbarity. *Pravda* formulated this thought very aptly in one of its editorials in which it characterized the smashing of the spies' nest, the Trotskyite-Bukharinite-Rykovite gang, as "a serious blow against the instigators of war, a blow equal in significance to a battle won in a war against fascism."

Any defeat of fascism is a victory for the friends of peace, no matter in what country they may be. The pull toward unity among the forces of the anti-fascist intelligentsia is now stronger than at any previous time. The statement recently published in *Ce Soir* by a group of leading French writers, in which those who took the path of anti-fascist struggle under the impression of recent events aligned themselves with Communist and Left writers, testifies to this. This unity of the progressive forces of the intelligentsia expresses itself in the telegram received by the Foreign Commission of the Union of Soviet writers from the meeting of the New York Chapter of the League of American Writers:

"New York Chapter League of American Writers meeting on seventieth anniversary of birth of Maxim Gorky join you in celebrating his memory and commends Soviet writers and workers for having rid their country of fascist traitors and destroyers of literary genius. *Frances Winwar, chairman, New York Chapter League of American Writers.*"

This unity is a pledge of the complete and final triumph of the cause of advanced and progressive humanity over the dark forces of fascism.

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS

In the small, cramped flat of a New York worker, a trade union study circle has assembled for its first session. The organizer of the circle begins by reading a list of books and pamphlets that are to be studied for the course. It is a solid list drawn chiefly from the Marxist classics. But it includes one book of fiction—*Mother,* by Maxim Gorky.

In a large luxurious apartment in New York, on another evening the host, trying to suppress his pride in his elegant collection, conducts a guest through his library. It is a curious library. Its distinction appears to be the number of books with pages uncut and unread, the number of books so gigantically deluxe that it would require machinery to assist a reader to read them. The surfaces are magnificent—parchment, tooled leather, layers of gilt, fine paper. First editions, for which the collector has paid large sums, are fitted into magnificent tooled leather cases, the cost of each of which would pay for a dozen books. Out of one of them the guest slips a volume. It is a worn and stained copy of the first edition of the English translation of a collection of Gorky's short stories, the title story being *Twenty-Six Men and a Girl.* It looks odd in the midst of these lavish examples of book-making produced for what our American economist Veblen so aptly called "conspicuous waste." It looks odd in its tooled leather case. The host answers his guest's unspoken question. He explains: "It is impossible to get hold of a mint copy *(i. e.,* an unread copy with pages uncut) of Gorky's books."

It is the summer of 1936. The news of Gorky's death has just reached America. Even the reactionary press is forced to pay respectful tribute to the great proletarian writer. In New York, Left cultural organizations decide to hold a public meeting to honor the memory of the dead Gorky.

Most organizations are in a state of summer languor. Suitable speakers are out of town, hard to reach, or inaccessible. They are on beaches or in summer retreats in the hills. In the tropical New York summer nights it is almost impossible to get people indoors, especially to a meeting.

But the meeting is held.

To honor Gorky's memory speakers come back from the country. The writer and lecturer H. W. L. Dana comes to New York from a faraway Massachussetts seashore. The noted poet Archibald Macleish cancels a trip to the country to be present. The editor and historian Max Lerner does the same.

On the night of the meeting, in spite of the heat and the humidity, the hall is crowded to the doors. The audience is unusual for New York where the classes go separately to their separate entertainments. It resembles a Moscow

audience which is a cross section of the population. It includes factory workers, white-collar workers, students and intellectuals. In the audience a number of noted writers can be seen.

The emotion of the speakers is deep and the response of the audience is deep. Gorky is hailed as the writer who has helped to restore literature to its high and useful place in the life of humanity, whose books have enabled man not only to dream beautifully but to act creatively, have encouraged him to fight for and build a new society that would do honor to his humanity.

H. W. L. Dana has less need than any other of the speakers to resort to oratory. He had the privilege of meeting Gorky in America in 1905; and again, several times, in the Soviet Union. He has maintained a long-standing personal correspondence with Gorky. He has only to recall the meetings, to quote from conversations, to read from letters. The constancy and fervor of the activities with which Gorky served the Revolution and the international of culture are made dramatically vivid.

In the testimony of Bessonov, one of the twenty-one members of the anti-Soviet Right-Trotskyite bloc brought to trial in March and convicted of treason and murder, is this significant statement:

"Unexpectedly for me, he (Trotsky) touched, in this connection, upon Maxim Gorky, describing the role of Gorky as quite exceptional in the sense of his influence not only in the Soviet Union but first and foremost abroad, pointing out his very close intimacy with Stalin and the fact that Maxim Gorky's utterances very definitely repulsed many of Trotsky's adherents among the European intelligentsia from him, bringing them nearer to the position of the Party leadership."

Here we have the fascist Trotsky's estimate of the friendship of Gorky with Stalin—a guardian influence to Stalin; his estimate of Gorky's influence over Western intellectuals—a guard in their ranks over the Soviet Union and the Communist Party. The love and reverance of the cultural world for the great proletarian writer was a weapon against Trotskyism. Typically enough, consistent with his fascist disregard of the masses, Trotsky said nothing of Gorky's influence with the masses. For his friendship with Stalin, for the affection and respect which Gorky aroused throughout the world toward the Soviet Union, Trotsky ordered his murder.

A cold March morning in Moscow. Queues before the newsstands are always long, but this morning they stretch out of sight around street corners. A shocked murmur seems to pass through the whole city. "They killed Gorky!"

I stand in a Moscow public library. I hear, louder, the same words. "They killed Gorky!" Faces have a startled look like the faces of passers-by who see a fatality in the street.

It is horrifying to a people who see the human heights of Socialism to have to look into the inhuman abysses of the Right-Trotskyites.

The Soviet people cry out to the court to deal merciless justice. In the street cars, in the stores, one hears expressions of the relentless hatred of the

people toward the traitors and murderers. Factory workers hold meetings and pass resolutions demanding the extreme penalty for the murderers. Writers hold meetings and pass resolutions demanding the extreme penalty for the murderers. In Russian the very words seem to burn. In English translation they are inevitably weakened. English has become too urbane to transmit it. But as English readers and especially American readers read the testimony mentioning the American Trotskyite Max Eastman's double connection with the counter-revolutionary gangs in the Soviet Union and the British secret service, then the need for such epithets becomes clear.

The ties of Trotskyism with fascism are now open and notorious. Trotskyism and fascism meet in a common depth of anti-human infamy. They meet in murder. They meet in their assaults upon the masses; they meet in their assaults upon culture; they meet in their dependence upon war that will mean the slaughter of millions of human beings. The testimony is sprinkled with questions and answers like the following:

Vyshinsky: That means that the "bloc of Rights and Trotskyites" orientated itself on war?

Grinko: Yes, on war, on the military defeat of the Soviet Union and on the assistance of the aggressor in the seizure of power.

The Right-Trotskyites went further than their Nazi mentors. The Nazis withheld butter from the masses; the Right-Trotskyites loaded butter with nails and broken glass. The Nazis withheld meat from the masses; the Right-Trotskyites infected meat animals with deadly anthrax. The Nazis would use war in the dream of aggrandizing their nation at the expense of other nations; the Right-Trotskyites would use war to dismember their own nation. The Nazis would oppress their people; the Right-Trotskyites would sell their people into foreign slavery.

There was nothing to which the criminals would not stoop. Treachery, murder, arson, explosions, destruction of vast social properties, blackmail and the corruption of weaklings were all included in their counter-revolutionary arts. No allies were too base for them. They resorted to Nazi agents, to provocateurs of the tsarist police. The "theorist" Bukharin associated with the fiend Yagoda in a brotherly harmony of baseness. The murder of the strong was accompanied with the suborning of the weak. Together with the murder of Gorky they accomplished through the devices of the sinister Yagoda the corruption of a handful of writers, recruited for the adventurer by the Trotskyite Auerbach. They did their best to besmirch and ruin Soviet literature.

The Trotskyites and their Right confederates, wherever they are—in the Soviet Union, in Spain, in China, in Mexico, in the United States, in France, in England—everywhere—are outposts of fascism. They have identified themselves by their assaults upon the masses, their assaults upon culture, their promotion of world war. They are being destroyed in the Soviet Union. They must be destroyed everywhere.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

Excerpts from Court Proceedings in the Case of the Anti-Soviet "Bloc of Rights and Trotskyites" Heard Before the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R.

Moscow, March 2—13, 1938

From the Summation by State Prosecutor A. Y. Vyshinsky

. . . In the course of this brief period three victims, three remarkable men met an untimely death by decision of the "bloc of Rights and Trotskyites." Three of the finest people of our country, true sons of their fatherland, fell victim to a shameless conspiracy of traitors. And among them was the pride of Russian and world literature, the great Russian author and literary genius, Alexei Maximovich Gorky.

Every line of his songs and stories, of his novels and tales, breathes the spirit of nobility and the ardor of revolutionary action. It was not without good reason that he bound up his life with the great Lenin and the great Stalin, as one of their best and closest friends. It was not without good reason that Lenin several times wrote that Gorky was a man of great artistic talent who had done and would do much for the world proletarian movement.

It was not without good reason that Lenin wrote that Gorky was undoubtedly the greatest representative of proletarian art, who by his great artistic productions had formed firm ties with the working class of Russia and the world. Gorky sensed the coming storm, he foretold the victory of our movement, the triumph of the bright intellect of the proletariat over the murk and vileness of capitalism . . .

Everything has now been brought to light. We now know not only how the murders were committed, but the motives for the murders and the murderers themselves. Bessonov said that when in Paris in July, 1934, he met Trotsky, who always rancorously hated Gorky as also Gorky hated Trotsky, the superbandit of international espionage and treachery, Trotsky then said that Gorky must be removed at all costs, that Gorky was widely popular as a close friend of Stalin's and as a champion of the general line of the Party. Trotsky gave Bessonov direct orders to convey to Pyatakov. As Bessonov tells us, this message was couched in the most categorical form, namely, to physically destroy Gorky at all costs. And this order of the enemy of the people and super-bandit, Trotsky, was brought by Bessonov to this country, to the U.S.S.R., and transmitted to Pyatakov, transmitted to the bloc, which, as Yagoda has testified, and as I shall prove later, accepted this order and adopted the decision to murder A. M. Gorky. This is so monstrous a crime that I consider it necessary to dwell upon it at greater length.

The first question I should like to raise is whether Rykov and Bukharin took part in this affair, whether they knew that preparations were being made for this monstrous villainy. To this question I answer firmly and unhesitatingly; yes, they did know; yes, they did take part in it. I do not wish to use

any other evidence, and particularly the evidence of Yagoda—I will use (1) the testimony of Rykov and Bukharin themselves, and (2) what I call the logic of things. What is the position? Just see what Rykov says on this subject. Rykov stated that he had had a talk with Yenukidze, that is, one of the most active members and organizers of the conspiratorial bloc . . . Yenukidze and Yagoda had charge of this "job." And it is with this Yenukidze that Rykov talked. What about? Let us take only what Rykov himself said: "Yenukidze told me that the Trotskyites and Zinovyevites were extremely concerned about the influence which Gorky was acquiring, and because he was a determined supporter of Stalin and of the general line of the Party." This is just what Bessonov was told by Trotsky in 1934, and what he brought here in the autumn of 1934 and transmitted to the bosses, the heads, the ringleaders of this bloc.

And so there follows from Rykov's testimony the first incontrovertibly established circumstance: in 1935 Rykov and Yenukidze had a conversation about Gorky; they talked about the tremendous influence which Alexei Maximovich Gorky wielded over public opinion as a true friend and supporter of the general line of the Party, and as a true friend and supporter of the Stalin leadership. And this is what worries the Trotskyites and Zinovyevites, it worries them just as they were worried when they discussed the assassinadtion of Sergei Mironovich Kirov. For they selected Sergei Mironovich Kirov as a victim of their villainy for the same reasons. And here you have the complete coincidence, the full historical logic of this conspiracy.

What came next? "They" (the Trotskyites and Zinovyevites) "considered it necessary," said Rykov, "in view of this significance of Gorky's and his significance both abroad and in our country required no confirmation, they insisted as he phrased it, on putting an end to Gorky's political activity." If Rykov had said only that, it would have been enough. Even a child could have understood what this implied. How can the political activity of a grown man be put an end to in our country? How could Gorky be compelled to stop being politically active in the direction he had displayed himself, as a champion of the Bolshevik, Leninist-Stalinist truth? How could he be compelled to do this?

Men like Al Capone in America organize gangster raids, kidnap people or their children, and then demand ransom. But this is impossible in our country, because we make short shrift of Al Capones. How in our country, in the conditions that exist in the Soviet state, could it be made impossible for Gorky to display political activity except by taking his life? And in reply to my question, Rykov explicitly stated: "He, that is Yenukidze, spoke in such a raised voice, or in such sharply hostile expressions, that it was clear to me that this tone concealed the possibility of the employment of violent measures." Consequently, I consider it quite definitely established that in 1935 Yenukidze and Rykov talked in a tone menacing to the life of Gorky. And it was quite clear to Rykov that measures of violence against Gorky were intended. And I again asked the same question: "What were these violent measures? Did you count on isolating Gorky, did you count on keeping him in some sort of confinement? How could that be done in our country, in the country of the proletarian dictatorship?" This could be done in only one way, by slaying Gorky. Rykov understands that only this could have been implied and only in this way are we entitled to interpret this criminal conversation, which amounted to nothing else than that Yenukidze was informing Rykov of the preparations for the assassination of Alexei Maximovich Gorky.

And finally, in reply to my last question during the court investigation: "What does 'going to the extent of violent measures' mean? May it also mean murder?"—Rykov explicitly answered: "Of course."

I asked Rykov: "You knew that preparations for Gorky's murder were being made?" How would Rykov have answered this question if he had known nothing about the crime? He would have answered: "I did not know." But what did Rykov say? Here is the stenographic report. He said: "Not exactly." Not exactly, but he did know!

I regard as fully proved and established the following facts, from which only one conclusion follows, namely, that Rykov took part in the preparations for the murder of A. M. Gorky. Firstly, Yenukidze and Rykov spoke in 1935 about the particular rancour which the bloc entertained against Alexei Maximovich Gorky. It is true that they tried to lay this at the door of the Trotskyite-Zinovyevite part of the bloc; but this does not change the situation in any way. Secondly, they expressed this rancour in tones which implied preparations for violent measures designed "to put an end to Gorky's political activity." And thirdly, the idea of putting an end to Gorky's political activity included even the adoption of violent measures against Gorky.

Fourthly, these violent measures included the assassination of Alexei Maximovich Gorky. Rykov and Bukharin knew about these violent measures. They knew that preparations were being made for the assassination of Gorky, they organized this assassination, they shielded this assassination. Rykov and Bukharin were therefore participants in this vilest assassination of A. M. Gorky.

And Bukharin—that cursed hybrid of a fox and a hog—how does he behave here? . . . As befits a fox and a hog. He squirms and wriggles. But in the end Bukharin virtually says the same as Rykov. Let us take this part of Bukharin's testimony. Allow me to refer to the following part of his testimony: "In 1935 Tomsky told me that Trotsky was preparing some hostile action or hostile act against Gorky."

How did Tomsky know about this? He of course knew about it from Bessonov, who had brought these instructions from abroad. And what were Trotsky's instructions? To destroy Gorky, to destroy him physically. Bukharin testifies: "Tomsky said that Trotsky was preparing a hostile action or a hostile act against Gorky."

I ask, through whom was Trotsky preparing this hostile action? Through this bloc, of course, which was in the hands of Trotsky, through the bloc in which were intermingled Rights and Trotskyites, Mensheviks, and Socialist-Revolutionaries, bourgeois nationalists and just scoundrels of all shades, degrees and categories.

This fact has been established. Bukharin himself admitted that in 1935, a year before Gorky's death, Tomsky had informed Bukharin that Trotsky was preparing a hostile act against Gorky. This is exactly what Rykov said when he reported his conversation with Yenukidze, and this, in its turn, is what was said by Bessonov when reporting the conversation he had had with Trotsky in Paris in July 1934. There are no divergences here at all.

Let us examine the second question: What exactly was this hostile act, what did this hostile act represent? It is not so easy to get a direct reply to a direct question from Bukharin.

I asked Bukharin: "What did this hostile act consist in?" He gave no direct answer. He said: "Action against the 'Stalinite Gorky,' as a defender of Socialist construction in general, and of Stalin's Party policy in particular." That is what they had in mind. "This referred to the great resonance that every word uttered by Alexei Maximovich found on the international arena in general and among intellectuals in particular."

Here again we have complete coincidence of the facts of which Rykov

spoke, of which Bessonov spoke, of which Yagoda knew and spoke, and of which Bulanov knew and spoke. Here everything is organically connected.

I asked: "Did Tomsky link up the perpetration of a hostile act against Gorky with the question of the overthrow of the Soviet government?" Bukharin answered that "in essence he did." Consequently, it was not merely a question of causing Gorky some personal unpleasantness, or as Rykov, in his involved way, said, "Putting an end to his political activity" but of committing such a hostile act against Gorky as would directly represent one of the elements in the overthrow of the Soviet power.

Clearly, when put in this way, the intention was not to deprive Gorky of the possibility of writing articles or giving lectures, although even that is beyond your power, Gentlemen murderers. Consequently, we must here recognize what Bukharin confirmed, namely, that the hostile act against Gorky was associated with the aim of overthrowing the Soviet power and was one of the acts in the struggle against the Soviet power.

We know how the plotters conceived the struggle against the Soviet power. Their methods were terrorism, treason, etc.

Bukharin said that when one speaks of a hostile act it may mean anything, including a terrorist act; the amplitude is here very great. Bukharin admits that at the time the murder of Gorky was not precluded. This is a veiled admission, which completely incriminates Bukharin.

I have already spoken of the method by which were committed the three terrorist acts—against Menzhinsky, against Kuibyshev and against Alexei Maximovich Gorky.

The method by which these murders were committed is worthy of attention. It is the method of killing by degrees, "murder with a guarantee," as Yagoda put it—it is the method of murdering with the help of the expert knowledge of accomplices. Not a bad idea! Levin, Pletnev, Kazakov, Maximov-Dikovsky, Kryuchkov and Bulanov—this gang of murderers, of specially trained murderers had a hand in this "affair." I should like to draw your attention to the particular method employed and the particular role played in the commission of this murder by the accused physicians Levin, Kazakov, and Pletnev . . .

Levin . . . played a very important part in these murders. Levin was the main organizer of the murders which had been conceived by Yagoda; he enlisted the services of both Kazakov and Pletnev for these purposes; he was, I might say, Yagoda's right hand in this business, just as Bulanov was Yagoda's right hand in all of the latter's crimes in their entirety.

When Alexei Maximovich Gorky perished at the hands of Levin, Levin, Doctor of Medical Sciences, published an obituary in the newspapers: "The Last Days of Alexei Maximovich Gorky." In this obituary he wrote, he sighed, he sobbed over the death of the great man. "Great men," he wrote pharisaically, hypocritically, with duplicity, "live and die like great men." "Live and die like great men"!—Levin did not add: "by the hand of the author of this obituary, one of the dastardly murderers!"

If we should now consider this article in connection with the findings of the commission of experts, it would present a certain, in my opinion, considerable interest for the estimation of Levin's part in this murder.

In the first place, we find here an exposure of the technique of bringing about Alexei Maximovich's death, which has now been revealed to the full. It is the technique which was primarily directed at the therapeutical preparation of the murder of Alexei Maximovich.

Levin wrote in this obituary:

"In the ten years during which Alexei Maximovich was under my medical observation this was the sixth time he fell ill with the grippe. Each time the grippe invariably caused complications of bronchitis and catarrhal pneumonia."

Hence Levin was already well aware in what direction to look for complications in this struggle of Alexei Maximovich Gorky with his ailment.

"At each attack of the illness this indomitable fighter suffered severely under it, each time there was cause for alarm from the very first days of his illness. When people asked me during the good calm periods of Alexei Maximovich's life about the state of his health, I always answered:

" 'Comparatively well, but only till the first grippe.' "

And further:

"I knew from experience what a severe course the grippe takes in the case of Alexei Maximovich, how rapidly it affects his lungs—the place of least resistance in his system—and how frightful it is with his lungs transmuted owing to an old tubercular process and with his sick heart. Thus, his powerful constitution made it possible for us to emerge victorious for five times, and Alexei Maximovich's constitution was powerful indeed. Gorky was of those people who live to be a hundred, and he would undoubtedly have lived to be a hundred if not for the vicious tuberculosis."

The murderer is giving away the secret of the murder. It is precisely here where the place of lest resistance lies—physicians call it *locus minors resistentiae,*—and it was to this spot that the perpetrators of the murder directed their main blow aimed at the sick A. M. Gorky.

Shameful duplicity, perfidy, hypocrisy, are here rivaled by the shamelessness of the poisoner, who weeps at the bed of the victim of his so-called "treatment."

From the Examination of Defendant Levin

The President: [1] . . . Accused Levin, do you confirm the testimony given during the preliminary investigation?

Levin: I do.

The President: Comrade Prosecutor, have you any questions?

Vyshinsky: I have a few questions.

Accused Levin, tell us when and under what circumstances you became acquainted with Yagoda, and what were the results of your intimacy with Yagoda.

Levin: My acquaintance with Yagoda began as early as the beginning of the twenties. I treated the late Dzerzhinsky and Menzhinsky. I met Yagoda occasionally and gave him medical treatment. Our meetings became more frequent approximately since 1928 in connection with A. M. Gorky's arrival in Moscow.

It is a well known fact that since his youth A. M. Gorky had been sick with tuberculosis in a very severe form. Both before the Revolution and since 1921, after the Revolution,he had lived in Italy for a number of years. . . . Since 1928 he used to come to Moscow for the summer months, when the climatic con-

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[1] President of the Military Collegium of the Supreme Court, Army Military Jurist V. V. Ulrich, who served as the presiding officer of the court during the trial.

ditions around Moscow are relatively favorable for lung and heart patients.

During his residence in Moscow I, as A. M. Gorky's constant physician, visited him very frequently. He lived outside Moscow. I would stay with him at his place for the night even when there was no urgent need.

At the same time Yagoda was also a frequent visitor to the house. We met there frequently. The relations established between us were not the casual relations between physician and patient, but those of acquaintances.

During the same period my visits to Yagoda at his home or at his country house became more frequent. Thus our acquaintance became more and more intimate.

I must say that Yagoda treated me very nicely, and showed me various marks of attention. These marks of attention on his part flattered me.

Vyshinsky: How was this attention expressed?

Levin: Well, for instance, he had beautiful flowers, he had a conservatory, and he would send me flowers, he would send me very good French wine. Once he made me a present which was very valuable to me: he turned over to me as my property a country house near Moscow where I lived with my family during the summer months for five or six years.

Vyshinsky: Did Yagoda give you any assistance during your trips abroad by relieving you of various customs house formalities?

Levin: Yes, he would inform the customs house that when returning from abroad I was to be allowed to pass without undergoing inspection.

Vyshinsky: And did this go on for long?

Levin: Since my first trip to Alexei Maximovich—in 1928 or 1929—up to the last.

Vyshinsky: You realized that you were taking advantage of gross violations of Soviet laws but you agreed to this lawlessness for mercenary reasons.

Levin: Yes, I realized that . . . . In 1932 Alexei Maximovich decided to move to Moscow for good with all his family. The family included his son, Maxim Alexeyevich Peshkov. Early in 1933, in the winter, during one of my visits to Yagoda, during a walk through the grounds of his country house, he began a conversation to which he subsequently returned several times, a conversation about Alexei Maximovich's son, about Maxim Alexeyevich Peshkov.

During one such conversation he said to me: You see, Max—that was the way he called him—is not only a good-for-nothing, but also exerts harmful influence on his father. His father loves him, and he takes advantage of it to bring undesirable and harmful people to Alexei Maximovich's house. He must be removed. It is necessary to do something that he should perish.

Vyshinsky: That is to say?

Levin: To bring about his death.

Vyshinsky: Hence, to murder him?

Levin: Of course.

Vyshinsky: And so Yagoda proposed to you to carry this out.

Levin: He said: "You must help us in this. Let us now drop this conversation; you think it over at home, and I shall call you in a few days. Have in mind that you cannot help obeying me, you cannot get away from me. You think it over, how you could do it, whose services you could enlist for this. I will call you in a few days." He reiterated that my refusal to carry this out would spell ruin for me and my family. I figured that I had no other way out, that I had to submit to him.

Vyshinsky: Did you try to protest, to tell somebody about this, to inform?

Levin: No. I did nothing, I did not try to evade, I spoke to no one and adopted a decision. When I came to a decision, I called on him. Yagoda said to me: "It will probably be difficult for you to do this alone. Whom do you think you could enlist for this affair?" I told him that it was generally very difficult to introduce a new physician to Alexei Maximovich's house, because they did not like it there. There was, however, one physician who had treated Maxim Alexeyevich during one of my vacations; this was Dr. A. I. Vinogradov from the Medical Service of the O.G.P.U. Kryuchkov knew him very well. If I am not mistaken, it had been Kryuchkov who had sent for Vinogradov. (Kryuchkov was Gorky's secretary.) I said that it would be absolutely necessary to enlist his services. I said further that, if it were necessary to enlist the services of someone else of the consulting physicians, then the only consulting physician who used to come to this house was Professor Dmitry Dmitrievich Pletnev. That was the way things stood in 1933. He was urging me . . .

I omitted one detail which should be mentioned. Yagoda told me that he had had a conversation with Kryuchkov.

Vyshinsky: Accused Kryuchkov, what kind of conversation did you have with Yagoda?

Kryuchkov: Yagoda told me that it was necessary to remove Maxim Peshkov.

Vyshinsky: What does "remove" mean?

Kryuchkov: To murder Maxim. He said: "It is not a question of Maxim, but mainly of Gorky. Gorky's activity must be cut down, Gorky's activity is in the way of some people." From the further conversation, I understood that he was referring to Rykov, Bukharin and others. During this conversation I learnt from Yagoda that a counter-revolutionary coup was being planned and he was a participant in this coup. He told me plainly: Soon there will be a new government more in line with your tendencies.

Vyshinsky: Whose?

Kryuchkov: Mine.

Vyshinsky: And what were your tendencies?

Kryuchkov: On the basis of a conversation I had with him, approximately in 1933, he could draw the conclusion that I was close to the organization of the Rights. I asked him what I was to do. He said: "You know how Alexei Maximovich loves Max. Max's death would be a heavy blow to Gorky and would turn him into a harmless old man. You must kill Max." At the same time he added a few threatening phrases. I complied with Yagoda's proposal . . .

Vyshinsky: Continue, accused Levin.

Levin: As a result of our joint wrecking activities Menzhinsky died on May 10, 1934, and Maxim Alexeyevich Peshkov died on the following day. These crimes were perpetrated. Within a few days after the funerals of V. R. Menzhinsky and M. A. Peshkov, Yagoda again summoned me and said: "Well, now that you have committed these crimes, you are entirely in my hands and you must agree to what I shall now propose—something much more serious and important. I warn you that what I shall instruct you to do now is just as obligatory for you as my previous instructions."

Then he went on to tell me that widespread dissatisfaction was growing and

strengthening in the Party against the Party leadership, that a change of government was inevitable, predetermined and unavoidable, that the movement was headed by Rykov, Bukharin and Yenukidze. And since this was inevitable, since it would happen all the same, then the sooner it took place, the better. In order to speed it up, in order to facilitate this process, we had to remove certain members of the Political Bureau and Alexei Maximovich Gorky from the political scene. This was a historical necessity. ". . . You must help us with the means which you have at your disposal . . . Tell me whom you can take upon yourself besides Alexei Maximovich Gorky." Within a few days, I again visited Yagoda and told him that I was compelled to fulfill these instructions of his as well. In the course of this conversation, Yagoda added: "Alexei Maximovich is a man who is very close to the highest Party leadership, a man very much devoted to the policy which is now being carried out in the country, very devoted personally to Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin, a man who will never betray, who will never tread our road. Then again, you know what authority Gorky's words have both in our country and far beyond its borders, you are aware of the influence he enjoys and of how much harm he can cause our movement by his words. You must agree to undertake this," he said, "and you will reap the fruits of it when the new government comes to power."

When Yagoda asked me whom else I could propose, I told him that this could be carried out in the case of a person who ails often and frequently requires medical aid; I pointed to Valerian Vladimirovich Kuibyshev, member of the Political Bureau. I could enlist Dmitry Dritrievich Pletnev, who knew Valerian Vladimirovich. Both of us had known him for about twelve years. Dmitry Dmitrievich Pletnev harbored anti-Soviet sentiments and he would agree to this more readily than anyone else. Yagoda said: "Very well, I shall speak to him myself. You warn Pletnev that I shall invite him and speak to him. Besides, in everything concerning Alexei Maximovich, Kryuchkov can help, and with regard to Valerian Vladimirovich, his secretary, Maximov, will be in the know."

Vyshinsky: That means you organized the death of A. M. Gorky?

Levin: Yes.

Vyshinsky: Whom did you draw into this criminal deed?

Levin: Professor Pletnev.

Vyshinsky: Who were your accomplices in this deed?

Levin: Pyotr Petrovich Kryuchkov.

Vyshinsky: Upon whose orders did you act?

Levin: Yagoda's.

Vyshinsky: Accused Yagoda, do you confirm this part of the accused Levin's testimony?

Yagoda: Yes, I do.

Vyshinsky: You gave such an order?

Yagoda: Yes, I did.

Vyshinsky (to Levin): On whose instructions did you also organize the assassination of Valerian Vladimirovich Kuibyshev?

Levin: On Yagoda's instructions.

Vyshinsky: Drawing into this criminal deed . . .

Levin: Maximov and Professor Pletnev.

Vyshinsky: Accused Kryuchkov, do you confirm what Levin says?

Kryuchkov: I confirm that Yagoda gave me instructions to murder A. M. Gorky.

Vyshinsky: Accused Maximov-Dikovsky, do you confirm Levin's testimony?

Maximov-Dikovsky: I confirm it, but I was recruited not by Levin, but by Yenukidze and Yagoda.

Vyshinsky: Accused Pletnev, do you confirm the testimony of Levin, who referred to your participation in this crime?

Pletnev: Yes, I confirm it.

The President: Accused Levin, continue.

Levin: Not wishing to apply potent poisonous substances, we worked by means of wrong treatment.

Vyshinsky: Who are "we"?

Levin: Pletnev, Vinogradov, Kazakov and I. All those whom I have already named to you.

Vyshinsky: Did you draw up this plan yourself or jointly with any of the people mentioned?

Levin: I drew up the plan concerning Alexei Maximovich Gorky and Valerian Vladimirovich Kuibyshev with Professor Pletnev, and the one concerning Vyacheslav Rudolfovich Menzhinsky with Kazakov.

Vyshinsky: Accused Pletnev, did you draw up such a plan with Levin?

Pletnev: Yes.

Levin: I will speak of all the four cases. When the question arose of bringing about the death of Maxim Peshkov, in this case we worked on the weakening of the organism by the excessive use of alcoholic beverages.

Then one very hot day in April, and it was exceptionally hot in Moscow in the spring of that year, Max, in his weakened condition, flushed and perspiring, was made to lie down on a bench not far from the river at the suggestion of Kryuchkov, who had taken part in weakening Peshkov's organism. He lay there in the wind perspiring, without a shirt, for a period of two hours. It was natural that he caught a chill; he fell sick and in two days croupous pneumonia set in. I invited Pletnev to a consultation, I went along with him twice, and we saw that the course of the sickness was very grave. A. I. Vinogradov, who was invited as doctor on duty, was also aware of this. The progress of this sickness was aggravated by the fact that the medicines capable of bringing great benefit to the heart were eliminated, while, on the contrary, those that weakened the heart were applied. And finally, as I have already stated, on May 11 he died of pneumonia. That was how our first wrecking act passed off . . .

And, finally, the last case, the putting to death of Alexei Maximovich Gorky. By this time he was already a very sick man. His lungs were in a bad state, they were in a threatening condition after the attacks of tuberculosis which, as I have already stated, frequently afflicted him. In addition, the changes in the lungs had a terrible effect on the activity of the heart, so that he was in an extremely poor condition as regards both his lungs and his heart simultaneously.

Now in the winter of 1935 he was in the Crimea, and there I spoke to Kryuchkov, who constantly traveled to the Crimea and was generally in charge of everything in Gorky's house. We came to an understanding as to measures harmful to Gorky; I told him that Gorky was very fond of hiking. I said that he should take walks. Gorky was very fond of manual work, of chopping down branches and breaking pieces of rock in the park, in the garden. He was allowed to do all this to the detriment of his health. His second passion was for fire. Gorky loved fire, flames, and we made use of this. A bonfire would be lit up for him. Just when Gorky would feel the fatigue after his work, all the chopped branches were gathered together, and a flame

kindled. Gorky would stand near this bonfire, it was hot there, and all this had a harmful effect on his health.

Again, it was agreed that a suitable moment should be selected for Gorky's arrival in Moscow when he could contract the grippe. He was very susceptible to the grippe, which was frequently complicated by bronchitis or pneumonia. When Yagoda learnt that someone was suffering from the grippe in Maxim Gorky's house (the children were sick at that time with it) he sent word to the Crimea, and Kryuchkov organized Maxim Gorky's return to Moscow at that very time. And in fact, on the second or third day after his arrival in this grippe-infected house, Gorky fell sick with the grippe. This was soon complicated by croupous pneumonia and immediately took a serious turn. Nonetheless, Professor Pletnev and I considered that the plan we had drawn up must be carried through, and that for this purpose use must be made of medicines which would be harmful to him. We did not administer any special medicines that would make people wonder why they were being applied. We used only the medicines that are usually prescribed in such cases, but administered them in very big doses. In the given case, they changed into their opposite. Again the cardiac motor under continuous pressure was losing its power, its working capacity, and finally failed.

Vyshinsky: Tell me precisely what were the doses of the medicaments administered to Alexei Maximovich Gorky.

Levin: As regards Alexei Maximovich Gorky the line was as follows: to use such medicines as were in general indicated, against which no doubt or suspicion could arise and which could be used to stimulate the activity of the heart. Among such medicines were camphor, caffeine, cardiosol, digalen. We have the right to apply these medicines for a group of cardiac diseases. But in his case they were administered in tremendous doses. Thus, for example, he received as many as forty injections of camphor.

Vyshinsky: Over what period of time?

Levin: Between thirty and forty injections in twenty-four hours. This dose was too heavy for him.

Vyshinsky: Thirty to forty injections of camphor to start with, plus . . . ?

Levin: Plus two injections of digalen.

Vyshinsky: That's forty-two plus. . . ?

Levin: Plus four injections of caffeine.

Vyshinsky: That's forty-six plus . . . ?

Levin: Plus two injections of strychnine.

Vyshinsky: That's forty-eight.

Levin: Forty-eight. For anybody else it is not so terrible, but for him it was . . .

Vyshinsky: Terrible?

Levin: Of course. After all that Gorky had undergone, and given the condition of his heart and lungs, such doses were injurious.

Vyshinsky: From what did Maxim Alexeyevich Peshkov suffer?

Levin: Croupous pneumonia.

Vyshinsky: In that case anti-pneumococcus serum is employed?

Levin: It is.

Vyshinsky: Did you resort to it?

Levin: No.

Vyshinsky: Why?

Levin: Out of wrecking considerations.

Vyshinsky: So that you deliberately did not employ the means that would ordinarily be employed?

Levin: That is so.

Braude: [1] When Yagoda was persuading you to undertake the murder of Maxim Peshkov, did he hint that the instructions about this murder did not come from him alone?

Levin: He told me that the matter concerned a group of leading political figures, among whom he mentioned the names of Rykov, Bukharin, and Yenukidze, whom I knew personally.

Braude: Did he not put you in touch with one of the members of this organization? Did he not direct you to Yenukidze?

Levin: Quite right.

Braude: Tell the Court what Yagoda said about Yenukidze and the contents of your conversation with Yenukidze.

Levin: This was during our conversation in 1934, when he spoke to me about Valerian Vladimirovich Kuibyshev and Alexei Maximovich Gorky. He asked me to go to see Yenukidze, who knew that I was initiated into this affair and wanted to speak to me about it. Yenukidze was also one of my regular patients. I visited him the next day in the Kremlin. He also asked me whom I could take, and he was very disappointed to hear me mention only Kuibyshev. He said: "Well, start with him." He told me to think about an accomplice, and I said that I would think it over and let Yagoda know.

From the Examination of Defendant Bulanov

Vyshinsky: In addition to the dastardly preparations for the poisoning of Nikolai Ivanovich Yezhov, do you know of any crimes of the same kind committed by Yagoda and yourself, or by Yagoda alone?

Bulanov: Yes, I know quite definitely of the killing of Menzhinsky, Alexei Maximovich Gorky and Maxim Alexeyevich Peshkov.

Vyshinsky: Tell us briefly about these cases.

Bulanov: The killing of A. M. Gorky was undertaken by Yagoda as one of the effective measures for the creation of the conditions for success in case the coup came off. Yagoda said that when the Rights became convinced that Alexei Maximovich not only fully and entirely shared the policy of the Party and the Government, but that he himself, with his usual enthusiasm, had joined in the building of the Socialist state, when they saw, heard and observed with what exceptional admiration Alexei Maximovich on every occasion spoke about the role of Stalin in the building of the Socialist state, they came to the unanimous conclusion that in the event of the success of the coup, Alexei Maximovich would publicly raise his voice against them, and that, in view of the prestige which Gorky enjoyed among all sections of the population in the Soviet Union and his exceptional significance in the eyes of culturally thinking people abroad, this revolt—as Yagoda put it —of Gorky's against the new power would be of exceptional consequence. They therefore decided to remove Gorky in good time.

From Yagoda I learnt that Dr. Levin, Prof. Pletnev and Kryuchkov, Gorky's secretary, took part in this crime. I personally several times heard Yagoda instructing Kryuchkov that he must try to give Alexei Maximovich a chill.

Vyshinsky: Accused Bulanov, and was the killing of Maxim Peshkov also Yagoda's work?

Bulanov: Of course.

Vyshinsky: Accused Yagoda, what do you say to that?

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[1] I. D. Braude, defense counsel for Levin

Yagoda: I admit my part in the illness of Peshkov. I request the Court to hear this whole question in camera.

Vyshinsky: I have no objections.

Accused Bulanov, you have drawn a monstrous picture here of a number of crimes you committed under the direction of Yagoda. Who else among the leaders of the "bloc of Rights and Trotskyites" had a share in these crimes as far as you know?

Bulanov: Yagoda told me plainly that the decision to poison Yezhov and to kill Gorky was adopted by Rykov, Bukharin . . .

Vyshinsky: And Yenukidze?

Bulanov: And Yenukidze, of course.

Vyshinsky: In a word, the top leadership of the "bloc of Rights and Trotskyites"?

Accused Rykov, do you know that the "bloc of Rights and Trotskyites" adopted a decision to physically do away with Alexei Maximovich Gorky?

Rykov: No.

Vyshinsky: But what did you know about it?

Rykov: I knew about the extremely hostile attitude towards Alexei Maximovich Gorky that had prevailed among the Trotskyites and among certain circles of the Rights for several years.

Vyshinsky: Did you have a conversation with Yenukidze at the end of 1935 on this subject?

Rykov: With Yenukidze? Yes, I did.

Vyshinky: What about?

Rykov: Yenukidze told me that the Trotskyites and Zinovyevites were extremely concerned because of the influence which Gorky was acquiring, and because he was a determined supporter of Stalin and the general line of the Party. Therefore, as he put it, they considered it necessary, in view of this significance of Gorky's—and his significance both abroad and in our country required no confirmation—they insisted, as he phrased it, on putting an end to Gorky's political activity.

Vyshinsky: That is, Yenukidze spoke of the necessity of putting an end to Gorky's political activity?

Rykov: Yes.

Vyshinsky: How, and in what sense?

Rykov: He spoke in such a raised voice, or in such sharply hostile expressions, that it was clear to me (inasmuch as it chiefly came from the Trotskyite-Zinovyevite part) that this tone concealed the possibility of the employment of violent measures.

Vyshinsky: And what does it mean, going to the extent of adopting violent measures? May it also mean murder?

Rykov: Of course.

Vyshinsky: So you knew that preparations for Gorky's murder were being made?

Rykov: Not exactly.

Vyshinsky: It was clear from this conversation with Yenukidze that it might be a question of a terrorist act against Gorky?

Rykov: Yes. The question could have been put that way.

From the Examination of Defendant Yagoda

Yagoda: I declare categorically that the murder of Kirov was carried out on the instructions of the center of the "bloc of Rights and Trotskyites." It was also on the decision of this center that terrorist acts were committed against Kuibyshev, Menzhinsky and Gorky.

Yenukidze explained to me that the "bloc of Rights and Trotskyites," considering that the overthrow of the Soviet Government was a prospect of the near future, regarded Gorky as a dangerous figure. Gorky was a staunch supporter of Stalin's leadership, and in case the conspiracy was carried into effect, he would undoubtedly raise his voice in protest against us, the conspirators. Considering Gorky's immense prestige within the country and abroad, the center, according to Yenukidze, adopted a categorical decision about Gorky being physically put out of the way.

I declare that Rykov, Bukharin and the others sitting here in the dock bear full responsibility for these terrorist acts. I declare that these acts were committed on their decision . . .

Vyshinsky: Do you admit being guilty of the murder of Alexei Maximovich Gorky?

Yagoda: I do.

Vyshinsky: Now that is what I am asking you. Please tell me now, what, according to your information, was the role of the accused Rykov and Bukharin in causing the death of Alexei Maximovich Gorky?

Yagoda: From Yenukidze I learnt that they had taken part in a discussion of this question.

Vyshinsky: We have already cleared up this question as regards Rykov. He has admitted that in a conversation with Yenukidze they discussed the possibility of a terrorist act. I would like to question Bukharin on this point.

I wish to ask you, what was the attitude of Alexei Maximovich to Trotsky?

Bukharin: A sharply negative one.

Vyshinsky: And do you know what was Trotsky's attitude towards Alexei Maximovich Gorky?

Bukharin: Also a sharply negative one.

Vyshinsky: Accused Bessonov, do you confirm that Trotsky's attitude to Alexei Maximovich Gorky was a sharply negative one?

Bessonov: Yes, I do.

Vyshinsky: On the basis of what facts?

Bessonov: On the basis of what Trotsky said to me in a personal conversation.

Vyshinsky: Do you confirm your testimony in Court, to the effect that Trotsky conveyed through you the instructions about the physical destruction of Gorky?

Bessonov: Yes, I passed on these instructions of Trotsky's to Pyatakov.

Vyshinsky: Accused Bukharin, are you aware that this hostile attitude to Gorky was adopted not only by Trotsky, but also by the Trotskyites?

Bukharin: Yes, of course, because Trotsky and the Trotskyites are one whole; the plotters obeyed in military fashion. . . .

In 1935 Tomsky told me that Trotsky was preparing some hostile action or hostile act against Gorky.

Vyshinsky: Did he not tell you why the Trotskyites were preparing this hostile action or act against Gorky?

Bukharin: He did not; he said that it was an action against the "Stalinite

Gorky" as a defender of Socialist construction in general, and of Stalin's Party policy in particular. I think that this referred to the great resonance that every word uttered by Alexei Maximovich found on the international arena in general, and among intellectuals in particular.

Vyshinsky: Tell me, did Tomsky link up the perpetration of a hostile act against Gorky with the question of the overthrow of the Soviet Government?

Bukharin: In essence he did.

Vyshinsky: Consequently, you knew that some hostile act against Gorky was under consideration?

Bukharin: Yes.

Vyshinsky: When a hostile act is mentioned, one can understand it to mean very serious hostile acts, even terrorist acts?

Bukharin: Yes. Between an article in the press, or an unpleasant conversation, and a terrorist act the range is very great.

Vyshinsky: It is not excluded that precisely at that time the physical destruction, the murder, of Gorky was under consideration?

Bukharin: Now I consider that this cannot be excluded.

From the Examination of Defendant Kryuchkov

The President: Accused Kryuchkov, inasmuch as you have already confirmed the testimony given by you at the preliminary investigation, tell the Court briefly of your criminal deeds.

Kryuchkov: I have confirmed my testimony completely. I treacherously murdered Maxim Gorky and his son, Maxim Peshkov. I committed both murders on Yagoda's instructions and under the influence of his threats.

While ordering me to murder Maxim Peshkov, Yagoda informed me of the proposed coup d'etat and of his, Yagoda's, participation in it. By accepting this order I became a participant of the counter-revolutionary organization of the Rights.

I cannot hide from the Court, as I have already testified at the preliminary investigation, that my personal interests coincided, were interwoven with the underlying political motive of this crime. In the death of Maxim Peshkov I was interested personally. I calculated that with the death of Maxim Peshkov I would become the only person close to Gorky, a person who in the future might succeed to Gorky's large literary inheritance, which would provide me with means and an independent position in the future.

I made Yagoda's acquaintance in 1928. We established a closer contact in 1931. In 1932 our meetings became more frequent. Yagoda often talked with me, we spoke of Alexei Maximovich. Yagoda also sounded out my political views. I did not believe in the forces of industrialization of the country, I did not believe in the collectivization of the country's agriculture.

In conversations with me in 1932, Yagoda often hinted to me that he was aware of the fact that I lived rather lavishly and spent relatively large sums for my personal needs.

Vyshinsky: Where did you get the means?

Kryuchkov: I embezzled large sums of money belonging to Gorky, exploiting his full confidence in me. And it was precisely this that made me in a certain way dependent on Yagoda. I was afraid that he knew of my embezzling money and committing a felony. Yagoda began to use my services in order to gain access to Gorky's home and become more intimate with Gorky. I helped him in everything.

In the course of one of our conversations, at the beginning of 1933, Yagoda said that Alexei Maximovich might die soon, that he was getting old and that after Alexei Maximovich's death his son Max would be in charge of Gorky's literary heritage. "But you are used," Yagoda said, "to an easy life, and you will remain in the house in the role of a retainer." This remark of Yagoda's embarrassed me and Yagoda noticed my embarrassment. With this our conversation came to an end.

In 1933, I think in the spring, as I have already testified today, Yagoda again resumed this conversation. This time he bluntly urged the removal, or, to be more exact, the murder of Maxim Peshkov.

He spoke to me in the following way: "It is not Maxim Peshkov that matters, it is necessary to lessen Gorky's activity, because it is in the way of the 'big chiefs'—Rykov, Bukharin, Kamenev, Zinovyev." The conversation took place in Yagoda's office. He also spoke to me of the counter-revolutionary coup. As far as I can remember his words, he spoke about a new government soon coming to power in the U.S.S.R., which would fully correspond to my political tendencies. Gorky's activity was an obstacle in the way of the coup d'etat, this activity must be lessened. "You know how Alexei Maximovich loves his son Maxim; he derives great strength from this love," he said.

I told him that I did not intend to stand in his, Yagoda's way, and asked what I must do. To this he replied: "Remove Maxim"—and added that Maxim's death would affect Gorky and turn him into a harmless old man. In the course of further conversation he said: "Your task is very simple; make Maxim drink heavily." He told me that Dr. A. I. Vinogradov and Dr. Levin had been enlisted for this purpose.

I complied with his orders and set about preparing the murder of Maxim Peshkov. I began to ply him with liquors, receiving them directly from Yagoda in fairly large quantities. But nevertheless Maxim Peshkov's strong constitution would not give way. And then in 1934 Yagoda kept hurrying me: he advised me to get Maxim chilled. Yagoda said: "You should arrange somehow to leave him lying in the snow." In March or April, a short time before Maxim Peshkov's critical illness, I did this, but Maxim Peshkov got off with a light cold. On May 2, after getting Maxim drunk, I left him to sleep for a few hours on a bench in the garden, as Dr. Levin testified here today. It was a cold day and Maxim took ill. On the evening of May 3, Maxim told me he was not feeling well; he took his temperature, which proved to be 39.5,[1] but notwithstanding this I did not summon a doctor. The following morning I summoned Levin.

Levin arrived and stated that Maxim's ailment was a light form of the grippe. He called me aside and said: "You have achieved what you were aiming at." A few days later, Dr. Badmayev came by chance to see Alexei Maximovich Gorky. Badmayev examined Maxim Peshkov and immediately declared that he was suffering from croupous pneumonia. He asked in surprise: "But didn't Levin examine him?" When Maxim Peshkov learnt that he was suffering from croupous pneumonia, he asked whether A. D. Speransky, who often visited the Gorky family, could not be summoned. Alexei Dmitrievich Speransky was not a practising physician, but Alexei Maximovich was very much attached to him and had high regard for him as a prominent scientist. I informed Levin about this. Levin said: "Under no circumstances should Speransky be called." Levin added that he would soon come together

[1] This is a temperature reading on a Centigrade thermometer. It would correspond to 125.5 on a Fahrenheit thermometer.

with Dr. A. I. Vinogradov. Towards evening he did arrive together with Vinogradov. Dr. Vinogradov, though he had not yet seen the patient, brought some medicine with him.

On May 7 or 8, Maxim Alexeyevich's health improved. I reported this to Yagoda, who indignantly said: "Damn it all, they are able to kill healthy people by their treatment, and here they cannot do the trick on a sick man." I know that after this Yagoda spoke to Dr. Vinogradov and Dr. Vinogradov proposed that Maxim Peshkov be given champagne. Levin said that champagne would be very beneficial because the patient was in a very depressed state. Maxim Alexeyevich was given champagne, and this caused indigestion accompanied by a high temperature.

When this indigestion began, Vinogradov personally—I know this for sure—gave the patient a laxative, and upon leaving the patient's room said: "Any layman knows that with such a high temperature a laxative should not be given."

The medical consultation which was summoned at the insistence of Alexei Maximovich Gorky raised the question of applying blockade treatment according to Speransky's method, but Drs. Vinogradov, Levin and Pletnev categorically objected to this and said that a little more time should be allowed to pass. On the night of May 10 when Maxim was actually dying, and when cyanosis set in, it was decided to apply Speransky's blockade treatment method, but Speransky himself said that it was already too late and there was no sense in doing it.

Thus, Maxim died on May 11. I have already testified that I had a personal interest in the killing of Maxim Peshkov. Yagoda put the dagger in my hand. I killed Maxim on Yagoda's instructions.

I forgot to add that when Yagoda spoke to me about the murder of Maxim Peshkov, he said: "Pyotr Petrovich, I can remove you from Gorky in no time, you are in my hands. The slightest disloyal step on your part with regard to me will result in more than unpleasant consequences for you."

Having committed this crime, I was compelled to agree to a more horrible crime, to the murder of Gorky. Yagoda said bluntly that I was to set about undermining Gorky's health. I wavered; I tried to avoid carrying out this order. Yagoda said that he would not stop short of denouncing me as the murderer of Maxim Peshkov. And Yagoda gave me to understand in no ambiguous way that if I ever thought of bringing his name into it, nothing would come of it. "The investigation will be conducted by my people," Yagoda remarked, and I agreed to perform this crime. Levin explained in his testimony today how I made Gorky catch cold. In this case actions were co-ordinated: that is, I consulted Levin. Maxim Gorky spent the winter of 1935-36 in Tesseli, in the Crimea. I was staying in Moscow, but I visited him in the Crimea once every three weeks or once a month. I arranged long walks for Alexei Maximovich, I was always arranging bonfires. The smoke of the bonfire naturally affected Gorky's weak lungs. This time, in the period of 1935-36, Gorky did not recuperate in the Crimea; on the contrary, he started on his return trip to Moscow tired out. Gorky's return to Moscow was organized, or, to be more exact, hastened by Yagoda, who both with regard to the murder of Maxim Peshkov and with regard to the murder of M. Gorky was always hurrying me on. While in the Crimea, I spoke to Yagoda on the telephone. Yagoda urged me to make haste. He said it was necessary to bring Gorky back to Moscow, and this notwithstanding the fact that the weather in the Crimea was very warm, while in Moscow it was cold. I spoke to Gorky about returning to Moscow; he agreed and began preparations for the trip. Approximately on May 26, 1936,

Nadezhda Alexeyevna Peshkova, the widow of Maxim Alexeyevich Peshkov, informed us by telephone that we should not return under any circumstances —the weather in Moscow was cold, and, besides, Alexei Maximovich's granddaughters, *i. e.*, her daughters, who were in Moscow, were down with the grippe, accompanied by a rather high fever. A day or two after this I again spoke to Yagoda over the 'phone. Yagoda told me that the granddaughters were perfectly well, they had recovered entirely, and it was necessary to persuade Alexei Maximovich to return to Moscow. I told Alexei Maximovich of this, and on May 26 or 27 we left for Moscow. Immediately upon arriving in Moscow on May 31, Alexei Maximovich went to see his granddaughters, who were really down with the grippe and had fever; and Gorky took sick on May 31. Dr. Levin was summoned the same evening. Levin diagnosed Gorky's ailment as a light form of the grippe, but on June 2 Alexei Maximovich, in speaking to me in the morning, asked: "What do the doctors say?" I replied: "The grippe." But he said: "In my opinion, I am developing pneumonia: I see this by the sputum." I then 'phoned Levin. Levin arrived and immediately agreed with the diagnosis given by the patient. After this the "cure" began. Gorky was treated by Professor Pletnev and Dr. Levin. I watched this treatment, and must say that the administration of digalen to Gorky produced a critical effect, about which the Court possesses data. While prior to June 8, 1936, Gorky's pulse was even and reached, I think, 130 a minute, after digalen had been administered his pulse immediately showed sharp fluctuations.

This is my second horrible crime.

From the Examination of Defendant Pletnev

The President: Accused Pletnev, tell the Court about your crimes against the Soviet power.

Pletnev: In the summer of 1934 Dr. Levin told me that Yagoda wanted to see me, saying at the same time that it was not as a patient that he would apply to me.

A few days later a car was sent for me and I was taken to Yagoda's office. He started to speak to me on political subjects. He said that a coup d'etat was maturing, and that he was taking part in it; of other persons involved he mentioned only Yenukidze. Some time later Levin told me that, besides Yenukidze, Rykov was also involved in the anti-Soviet conspiracy. Yagoda said that he and Yenukidze had decided to enlist me, in addition to Levin, and that our assistance was required for the purpose of getting two persons out of the way. These two persons were Maxim Gorky and Kuibyshev. I objected. I said that, in the first place, Maxim Gorky was a writer, and, in the second place, both were sick men whose days, in fact, were numbered. Yagoda said: "They are sick but very active, and it is not only a question of getting healthy people out of the way, but also of reducing the duration and the extent of the activity of these persons." He added that Maxim Gorky's role was particularly great both within the country and abroad. He said that he selected me not only as a medical expert but also because he knew of my anti-Soviet tendencies. He accompanied his proposal with violent threats directed against me and against my family.

I visited Kuibyshev very seldom. Gorky I visited together with Dr. Levin on occasions when Gorky was seriously ill. I was the consulting physician, Levin was Gorky's family physician.

The plan of treatment was worked out by me together with Levin, I am responsible for it as much as Levin.

I confirm what Levin stated here. Gorky's health was failing, a fact that was then known to all physicians. It was corroborated by the autopsy that Gorky lived with one-third of his lungs; consequently, physical strain, any infection, might prove fatal. No extraneous poisonous substances were introduced, but he was subjected to a regime which was harmful for Gorky.

Quantitatively and qualitatively, all the medicines were permissible, but in the individual case of Gorky they were harmful. Of course, this does not change the essence of this affair. A toxic effect, a harmful effect, appeared because the limit of endurance in the case of Gorky was lower than in the case of other people . . .

Vyshinsky: Formulate briefly the particulars of the plan which you drew up together with Levin for the killing of Alexei Maximovich Gorky.

Pletnev: To tire out the organism and thus lower its power of resistance.

Vyshinsky: To the lowest possible and endurable limit?

Pletnev: Yes.

Vyshinsky: To take advantage of this weakened state of the organism—for what purpose?

Pletnev: For bringing about a possible cold and the infection accompanying a cold.

Vyshinsky: That is to say, deliberately to bring about a condition when some kind of illness would be inevitably contracted?

Pletnev: Yes.

Vyshinsky: And to take advantage of the illness in order to do what?

Pletnev: In order to apply an incorrect method of treatment.

Vyshinsky: For what purpose?

Pletnev: To bring about Gorky's death.

Vyshinsky: And that was your plan?

Pletnev: Yes.

Vyshinsky: And you carried it out?

Pletnev: Yes.

Vyshinsky: What did you do to Gorky's organism in order to bring it to a state when it could not resist illness?

Pletnev: The technique was explained here by Levin.

Vyshinsky: Did you support this plan?

Pletnev: Yes.

Vyshinsky: Did you, together with Levin, bring about the monstrous result which you planned?

Pletnev: Yes.

Answers of the Commission of Medical Experts to the Questions Submitted by the State Prosecutor

On the Killing of A. M. GORKY

Question: Was it permissible to appoint a regimen of long walks after dinner, especially when accompanied by exhausting work, for a patient who suffered from acute pneumosclerosis, broncho-ectasiae and cavities in the lungs, pulmonary emphysema and deterioration of the cardio-vascular system, and who was subject to severe periodic haemorrhage?

Might such a regimen, practised over a long period, cause the deterioration of the health of the patient and especially of the cardio-vascular system?

Answer: Such a regimen was undoubtedly impermissible and could lead to deterioration in the health of the patient and, in particular, to deterioration of the state of the cardio-vascular system.

Question: Was it permissible to place such a patient in an apartment where there were known to be persons suffering from grippe?

Answer: Absolutely impermissible, because the patient was sure to become infected with grippe under the circumstances.

Question: Was the care of the patient correct, and were the case history and the treatment of A. M. Gorky properly conducted during his last illness, which lasted from May 31 to June 18, 1936?

Answer: The grave condition of the patient was registered clearly enough in the case history, but the details of the treatment were registered in a criminally negligent manner.

Question: Is it permissible in general for prolonged, large doses of heart stimulants, namely, digitalis, digalen (extract of foxglove), strophanthin and strophanthus, to be administered intravenously, subcutaneously and internally at the same time, and in particular, in the case of the very sick patient A. M. Gorky, who was sixty-eight years of age, and suffered from the above-mentioned affection of the internal organs?

Answer: Absolutely impermissible.

Question: What may have been the consequence of such treatment of A. M. Gorky during his last illness?

Answer: Such a method of treatment in general could only lead to exhaustion of the cardiac muscles, and in the given case could induce a fatal result.

Question: Can it be granted that properly qualified physicians could have adopted such a wrong method of treatment without malicious intent?

Answer: No, it cannot.

Question: May it be regarded as established, on the basis of the sum total of these facts, that the method of treatment of A. M. Gorky was a deliberate act of wrecking designed to hasten his death, the expert knowledge possessed by the accused Levin and Pletnev having been utilized for the attainment of this criminal end?

Answer: Yes, it can be taken as established beyond doubt.

On the Killing of M. A. PESHKOV

Question: In the case of M. A. Peshkov, who suffered from croupous pneumonia, as described in the testimony of the accused Levin, was the treatment conducted properly?

Answer: The treatment of M. A. Peshkov as described in the testimony of the accused Levin was conducted wrongly and criminally:

1) No use was made of the anti-pneumococcus serum, which according to the accused Levin's own admission could have been beneficial in the treatment of the patient;

2) Narcotics—morphia and pantopon—were prescribed in impermissibly large doses;

3) No heart stimulants were used.

Question: Might this wrong method of treatment, employed by the accused Levin, have contributed to a fatal issue of the sickness?

Answer: Such treatment not only did not help the organism to combat the disease, but, on the contrary, impaired the condition of the patient.

Question: May it be regarded as established that the accused Levin, having set himself the criminal aim of hastening the death of M. A. Peshkov, deliberately adopted a wrecking method of treatment for the accomplishment of his criminal aim?

Answer: Yes, it may be taken as established beyond doubt.

COMMISSION OF EXPERTS:
Professor D. A. Burmin, Scientist of Merit
Professor N. A. Shereshevsky, Scientist of Merit
Professor V. N. Vinogradov
Professor D. M. Rossisky
V. D. Zipalov, Doctor of Medicine

Moscow, March 9, 1938.

Excerpts from the Speech by Counsel for Defence Kommodov

. . .The crimes of Levin, the crimes of Kazakov, the crimes of Pletnev are undoubtedly one link in a very long chain of crimes, which in their sum total characterize the methods, modes and means of struggle employed against the Soviet power by its enemies throughout the course of these twenty years. . . .

Fascism as a form of government is based on the degradation of mankind and cannot reconcile itself with the existence of a country where the system of social life is based on the principle of social justice and respect for human dignity. That is why the struggle against the Soviet Union has been placed on the order of the day by fascism as a most urgent task . . .

. . . The methods of struggle against the Soviet union are espionage, wrecking, acts of diversion and murder, support for armed gangs, terror, et cetera—an entire assortment of means designed to bring about the weakening and crushing of the Soviet Union. The Prosecutor has cited here to you innumerable cases of espionage, wrecking and terror. The forms of wrecking have changed somewhat in recent times; I would say they have become more subtle and more dangerous . . .

In terrorist activity new methods of removing political leaders have also appeared . . .

One of the methods of murder in the present case is the method characterized by Yagoda as "death from disease." I must say that the history of human malefactions does not know of such a method . . .

At first Pletnev also understood this method as a proposal to use poison, but Yagoda told him: "No, that is crude, too crude and dangerous; the thing to do is to employ a suitable method of treatment to hasten the end of the people whom you will be called on to treat." . . .

It is very simple, says Yagoda. A person falls ill, and everybody becomes accustomed to his being sick. The physician can facilitate his recovery, but the physician can also facilitate his death. This is the gist of the idea. "And all the rest," adds Yagoda, "is a matter of technique." According to Yagoda, when he told this to the old man Levin, the latter was stupefied.

There are many, very many cruel methods of killing. But I must say that not a single one of these methods is so heartrending, so nerve-racking as

the method described in the present case, even though the individual does not die in a ravine with a broken head, but at home in his bed, surrounded by the solicitude of all. No other method of killing can arouse such public indignation as this one.

It is an insult to all the ethical principles of the doctor, who even on the battlefield must render aid to the enemy. This method kills the confidence of patients in physicians. . . .

The question arises, how could doctors, each of whom has forty years of medical practice to his credit and who have grown grey in their profession, resort to such a method of murder? . . .

. . . Yagoda attempted to draw Pletnev into this crime by playing on his anti-Soviet sentiments. He spoke of the unification of all anti-Soviet forces, asserting that he, Yagoda, would help them in their counter-revolutionary action. But he himself did not hope that his assertions would produce favorable results, that was why he demanded to be given compromising material affecting Pletnev. But even when Pletnev saw the compromising material that had been gathered against him by Yagoda he still did not agree.

Then Yagoda resorted to the most effective means; he threatened, and said: "I shall not stop at the most extreme measures to compel you to serve me". . .

. . . What is important to me is the behavior of Pletnev and Kazakov at that ill-fated moment when they were face to face with Yagoda in his office. The question was put to them bluntly . . .

. . . There was no way for them to escape. There was no time to think the matter over. Here was a moment when the fate of a man was being decided . . .

. . . What did they become after this moment of their fall? Before they became the murderers of others, they morally murdered themselves. This was a moment which killed them themselves. They made their conscience, the conscience of physicians, black as the conscience of a tyrant. They bespattered the name of professor with the filth of unbelievable crimes, they cast shame on the halo surrounding men of science, they trampled upon the name of man. Only a great psychologist can describe such moments.

All the rest is the consequence of this moment. The moment Yagoda broke them, the moment they gave their consent, they became moral corpses, they killed themselves. And you, Comrades Judges, know who it was that spurred them on first to moral suicide and then to the murder of others.

That is why I request clemency for them . . .

When Pletnev wrote in his statement to Comrade Yezhov that after confessing he felt relief, when Kazakov said the same thing, they were not being hypocritical . . .

. . . the task before them, if they are destined to live, is to prove that they are worthy of mercy.

Mikhail Sholokhov

And Quiet Flows the Don

That day Kudinov, having rejected Melekhov's invitation, called a secret conference at staff headquarters. An officer of the Don army who had just arrived, reported that any day the shock group concentrated around the Cossack village of Kamenskaya would smash the Red lines, and that the cavalry division of the Don army under General Sekretyev's command would advance to join forces with the insurrectionists.

The officer proposed that they immediately prepare means for crossing the river, transferring the cavalry of the insurrectionary regiments to the right bank of the Don, making a junction with Sekretyev's division. He advised them also to draw the reserve detachments nearer to the Don. At the close of the conference, after plans for the crossing of the river and the advance of the pursuit detachments had been formed, he enquired:

"But why do you keep your prisoners at Veshenskaya?"

"There's no other place for them; we can't distribute them on the farms," one of the staff members replied.

The officer carefully mopped the perspiration from his shaven head with his handkerchief, and unbuttoned the collar of his khaki blouse. Then he said with a sigh:

"Send them to Kazanskaya."

Kudinov raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"And from there?"

"From there back to Veshenskaya," the officer explained condescendingly, squinting his cold blue eyes. And tightening his lips he concluded grimly: "I don't understand your politeness, gentlemen. The times don't warrant it. Those swine, who are the carriers of every disease, physical and social, must be exterminated. This is coddling them!"

The following day the first batch of two hundred prisoners was led out on the beach. The gaunt bluish legs of the Red Army men moved like shadows. The cavalry convoy closely hemmed in the ragged procession. On the ten verst stretch from Veshenskaya to Dubrovka the whole two hundred were slain to a man. The second batch was hustled out before dusk. The convoy received strict orders to cut down only the stragglers and not to shoot unless necessary. Only eighteen of the one hundred and fifty reached Kazanskaya. One of them, a young Red Army man with the features of a gypsy went crazy on the way. He sang, danced and cried the whole way, clasping to his bosom a bunch of fragrant wild flowers which he had

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Book IV of Sholokhov's novel *And Quiet Flows the Don,* from which this section is taken, has not yet appeared in book form.

picked. He frequently fell flat on his face on the hot sand, the wind lifted the dirty tatters of his cotton shirt, and the convoy troopers could see his bony back and the black soles of his sprawled feet. They picked him up, doused him with canteen water; he opened his black eyes which glittered with insanity; he chuckled and staggered on.

Pitying women from one of the farms clustered around the convoy and one dignified and stout old woman upbraided the convoy commander:

"You ought to free that dark fellow. He is out of his wits, he's nearer to god than to men, and it would be a great sin to kill such a fellow."

The commander, a dashing cornet with a red mustache, snickered.

"Well, woman, we are not afraid of burdening our souls with an extra sin or two. Anyway, we will never be among the blessed!"

"Don't be obstinate, let him go," pleaded the persistent old woman. "The wings of death hover over all of you."

The other women supported her and the cornet let himself be persuaded.

"I don't mind, take him. He's no danger to us now. And for our kindness give each man of us a dipper of unskimmed milk."

The old woman led the madman to her hut, she fed him and made a bed for him in the front room. He slept twenty-four hours at a stretch and then awoke. He stood with his back to the window and sang softly. The old woman entered the room, sat down on a chest and, propping her cheeks on her hands, stared long and fixedly on the young man's emaciated face. Then she said in a whisper:

"They say your people are not far off."

The madman was silent an instant and then resumed his singing, but still more softly.

Then the old woman said severely:

"Listen, you can stop playing around now—stop singing, I've lived a long lifetime and you can't fool me! The game can stop now. I know you're sane. I heard you chattering in your sleep."

The Red Army man continued his soft singing. The old woman went on:

"Don't be afraid of me, I don't wish you any harm. Two of my sons fought in the war with the Germans and my youngest son died at Cherkassk in this war. I carried all of them under my heart. I nursed them and fed them and stayed awake nights for them. I think of them and I feel sorry for all young fellows who bring sorrow to themselves and their mothers in the war." Then she became silent.

The Red Army man, too, lapsed into silence. He closed his eyes and a barely perceptible flush stole into his swarthy cheeks while a blue blood-vessel throbbed tensely on his neck. His look was so coherent and charged with such impatient eagerness that the old woman smiled faintly.

"Do you know the road to Shumilinskaya?"

"No, woman," the Red Army man answered, scarcely moving his lips.

"So how will you go?"

"I don't know."

"Well, well! What will I do with you now?" The old woman waited long for an answer and then asked:

"But can you walk?"

"I'll manage, somehow."

"It just so happens that you can't manage somehow. You must travel at night and step lively, lively! Stay another day and then I'll give you food and send my granddaughter along to show you the way—and good luck! Your Reds are near Shumilinskaya I know for sure. And you can reach them. But you

mustn't go along the road, but across fields and through the woods where there are no roads; or the Cossacks will got you and then you'll be in a fix: you understand, my darling."

The following day as soon as dusk descended, the old woman blessed her twelve year old granddaughter and the Red Army man who was dressed in a Cossack coat, and said gravely:

"May god be with you. And see that you don't get caught! That's all right, that's all right! Don't thank me, for god's sake! All mothers are good hearted. We feel sorry for you devils! There, there, go now and may the lord protect you!" And she slammed the sagging door of the clay hut.

At noon three mounted Kalmyks drove fifteen Red prisoners to the staff headquarters. They were followed by a wagon drawn by two horses from which gleamed the metal horns of a brass band. The Red Army men were dressed in unusual fashion, with grey trousers and blouses, with a red stripe around the cuffs. A middle-aged Kalmyk rode up to the orderlies who stood idly in the gateway, fidgeted and stuck a clay pipe back in his pocket:

"Our boys have captured a Red orchestra, you understand?"

"What's there to understand?" a heavy jowled orderly lazily replied, spitting sunflower seeds on the Kalmyk's dusty boots.

"What's there to understand? That you're to take charge of the prisoners. You're so bloated with fat, you're too lazy to think!"

"I'll have you under guard for that, you goat!" the orderly said in an injured tone; but he went in to report the prisoners.

A Cossack captain clad in a tight-fitting brown jacket, snug around his waist, came out of the gate. Spreading his fat legs and scratching his head he stared at the Red Army men and boomed in a deep voice:

"So this riff-raff of Tambov charmed their commissars with music! Where did you get the grey uniforms? Did you trade with the Germans?"

"Not at all," said a Red Army man, who stood in front of the others, blinking frequently as he spoke. "Under Kerensky, they supplied our group with this uniform just before the June offensive. And we've been wearing it ever since."

"I'll see that you go on wearing it all right! I'll see that you do!" The captain pushed his cap back, revealing a raspberry scar on his shaven head. Turning sharply on his high heels towards the Kalmyk he remarked: "Why did you bring them here, you heathen swine? What devil made you? Couldn't you have them eat dust on the road?" The Kalmyk imperceptibly straightened up and nimbly shifted his bow legs. Without removing his hand from the visor of his khaki cap he answered:

"The commander ordered us to drive them here."

"Drive them here!" The captain repeated mockingly, contemptuously curling his fat lips. Clumsily throwing his fat legs into motion, with his fat buttocks shifting from side to side, he walked around the Red Army men examining them long and carefully like a stableman examining horses.

The orderlies chuckled quietly. The faces of the Kalmyk convoy retained their accustomed impassiveness.

"Open the gate! Drive them into the yard!" the captain ordered.

The Red Army men and the wagon load of instruments halted by the stoop.

"Who's the leader?" the captain asked, lighting his pipe.

"He's not here," several voices chorused.

"Where is he? Did he run away?"

"No, he was killed."

"You'll get along without him. Well, put the instruments together!"

The Red Army men approached the wagon.

Against the distant church bells, the brass tinkle of the trumpets sounded timid and disjointed in the yard.

"Get ready! Play *God Save the Tsar.*"

The musicians exchanged glances in silence. No one began. The ominous silence lasted a minute and then one of them who was barefoot, but who wore carefully bound puttees remarked, glancing at the ground:

"None of us know the old hymn."

"None of you? How interesting! Hey there! Send a rifle squad."

The captain beat a noiseless tattoo with the toe of his boot. In the hallway the orderlies fell in line clanking their carbines. The sparrows chirped beyond the fence in the dense acacias. The yard was filled with a strong mingled smell of the hot sheet iron roofing the barns and of human sweat. The captain walked from the sun into the shade and then the barefoot musician glanced gloomily at his comrades and said faintly:

"Your Excellency! All of us are young musicians. We never had occasion to play the old songs. Mainly we played revolutionary marches. Your Excellency!"

The captain absently twitched the end of his riding whip and kept silent. The orderlies standing in formation by the stoop awaited orders. Thrusting aside the Red Army man a middle-aged trumpeter with a cataract in one eye hastened forward and asked, clearing his throat:

"Allow me? I can play it." And without waiting for an answer he placed his trembling lips to the mouthpiece that was hot from the sun.

The doleful and melancholy strains which floated in solitude over the spacious yard made the captain frown savagely. With a wave of his hand he shouted:

"Stop it, you howl like a beggar! You call that music?"

The smiling faces of staff officers and adjutants appeared in the windows.

"Have them play a funeral march!" a young officer shouted in a youthful tenor voice, leaning far out of the window.

The clang of bells above the yard was hushed for an instant and the captain, twitching his brows, asked ironically:

"I hope you can play the *Internationale*? Go ahead, don't be afraid, since I give you the order."

And in the silence of the noon heat, the strains of the *Internationale* pealed harmoniously and majestically.

The captain stood like a bull before an obstacle, his head lowered and his legs apart. He stood and listened. The blood surged into his muscular neck and suffused the bluish whites of his squinted eyes.

"Stop it!" he roared, unable to stand it any longer.

The musicians licked their dry lips and wiped them on their sleeves and dirty hands. Their faces were tired and indifferent. Only from the eye of one a tell-tale tear ran down his dusty cheek, leaving a moist trail.

At this point General Sekretyev, having dined with relatives of a colleague of his in the Russo-Japanese war and supported by a drunken adjutant, came on the square. The heat and home brew had fuddled him. On the corner opposite the brick building of the academy the general stumbled and fell flat on the hot sand. The frantic adjutant vainly attempted to lift him, and men from a crowd watching nearby rushed over to help him. Two

old Cossacks respectfully lifted the general, supporting him under the arms. At this point the general had a public attack of nausea. In the intervals between vomiting he still attempted to shout something, belligerently shaking his fists. They managed to mollify him somehow and lead him home.

The Cossacks standing at a distance, followed him with long glances, muttering in undertones:

"He is a bad example! He doesn't behave properly. He has no business to be a general."

"Home brew does not respect rank and decorations."

"He shouldn't drink everything they pour him."

"Listen, friend, not every man can stand it!"

... They caroused and drank in the village until dusk. And that evening the staff had the banquet for the new comers in the house that was set aside for staff meetings.

The tall and stately Sekretyev was a full blooded Cossack, from one of the farms of the Krasnokutsk village; he was a splendid horseman and a dashing cavalry general. But he was no orator. His speech at the banquet was full of drunken boasting and at the end it contained unmistakable reproofs and threats addressed to the people of the Upper Don.

Grigory, who attended the banquet, listened with tense and angry attention to Sekretyev's words. The general, who had not had time to sober up, stood pressing his fingers against the table and stopping now and then to take a sip from his whiskey glass. He pronounced each phrase with exaggerated harshness.

"No, it's not you who helped us but we who helped you. It's you who must thank us. It was you and it's got to be plainly understood. If not for us the Reds would have destroyed you. You know that yourselves. But we would have crushed the swine perfectly well without you. We will crush them here and we'll crush them everywhere until we have cleaned up all Russia. You quit the front in the autumn and let the Bolsheviks set foot on Cossack soil. You wanted to live in peace with them, but you couldn't! And then you rose to save your property and your lives. To put it plainly, to save your ox hides. I am bringing up the past not to reprove you. But it never hurts to tell the truth. We pardoned your treachery. Like brothers, we came to help you in your time of need. But your shameful past must be atoned for in the future. Is that clear? You must atone for it by your deeds and by irreproachable service to the Quiet Don. You understand?"

"Here's to atonement!" said an elderly officer sitting opposite Grigory, smiling hardly perceptibly and addressing himself to no one in particular, and, without waiting for the rest, he drank the toast. He had a manly face, pockmarked, but not deeply, and ironical hazel eyes. During Sekretyev's speech his lips framed a vague fleeting grin, and then his eyes seemed darker, even quite black. Grigory, watching this officer, noticed that he used "thou" in conversation with Sekretyev and that his attitude towards Sekretyev was one of equality, while with other officers he was particularly cold and reserved. He was the only one at the banquet dressed in a khaki uniform with khaki epaulettes and the Kornilov chevron on his sleeve. "A man of conviction. Probably a volunteer," thought Grigory. The officer did not eat, but drank like a horse. He did not become drunk, but from time to time he loosened his broad leather belt.

"Who is this man opposite me—the pockmarked one?" Grigory whispered to Bogatiryov, who sat next to him.

"The devil knows!" Bogatiryov, tipsy, waved off the question.

Kudinov did not spare the home brew. Bottles appeared on the table from the lord knows where, and Sekretyev, finishing his speech with difficulty, opened his khaki jacket and lowered himself heavily into his chair. A young sergeant with pronounced Mongolian features bent down and whispered in his ear.

"To the devil!" answered Sekretyev, turning purple, and in one gulp he swallowed the drink which Kudinov obligingly poured for him.

"Who is that cross-eyed one?" asked Grigory of Bogatiryov. "An adjutant?"

Bogatiryov answered, screening his mouth with his palm: "No, that is his adopted son, a kid he brought back with him from Manchuria, from the war with Japan. He brought him up and educated him in the Junkers' School. The little Chinese turned out well. A spirited devil! Near Makeyevka yesterday he captured a money chest from the Reds. He grabbed off two millions. Just look—it sticks out of all his pockets in wads! The damned guy has the luck! A real fortune! Go on, drink, what are you staring for?"

Kudinov was delivering an address in answer to Sekretyev's speech, but hardly anyone was listening. The carousing grew. Sekretyev, discarding his jacket, wore nothing over his underwear. His shaven head shone with perspiration, and his irreproachably spotless linen underwear set off his crimson face and his tanned neck. Kudinov whispered to him, but Sekretyev, without looking at him, insistently repeated: "No-o-o-o, excuse me! Excuse me! We trust you, but just so far and no further.... Your treachery won't be forgotten for a long time. Those who went over to the Reds in the autumn will have cause to remember it. . . ."

"Well, and we shall serve you just so far and no further, too!" thought Grigory, by now drunk, and in a cold fury. He rose.

He went out on the porch without putting on his cap, and breathed in the fresh night air with a feeling of relief.

At the shores of the Don, as before a rain, the frogs croaked and the water beetles droned sullenly. On the sandy bank snipes called to one another. Far off on a farm a foal which had lost his mother whinnied high and sharply.

"Bitter need wedded us, otherwise we wouldn't need even your smell! Damned rats! He gives himself airs like a one-kopek cookie, he reproaches you now and a week later he'll be stepping on your neck. . . .What times have come on us! Wherever you turn, you're up a blind alley. So I expected it to be . . . and so it has turned out. Now the Cossacks will get sore! They forgot how to salute and stand erect before their excellencies..." thought Grigory, descending the steps of the porch and feeling his way to the gate.

Kapilov woke him at dawn.

"Get up, it's time to go! We are ordered to be there at six."

The chief of the staff had just shaved, shined his boots and dressed in a wrinkled, but clean military jacket. Evidently he was in a hurry; he had cut his plump cheeks twice in shaving. His whole person reflected a foppish smartness unnatural to him.

Grigory looked him over from head to heels, thinking: "Just look how smartly got up he is! He doesn't want to seem untidy before the general!" As if guessing his thoughts, Kapilov said: "Awkward to look slovenly. I advise you to put yourself in order, too."

"He can stand me as I am," muttered Grigory, stretching. "So you say we

are ordered to be there at six? They are already beginning to order us about, eh?"

Kapilov, grinning, shrugged his shoulders: "New times, new songs. Obedience goes by rank. Fitzkhelaurov is a general, it's not he who must come to us."

"That's the way of it. We're getting what we let ourselves in for," said Grigory, and went to the well to wash.

The landlady dashed into the house and brought back a clean embroidered towel. Bowing, she gave it to Grigory. Furiously he rubbed his brick-red face, stung by the cold water, and said to Kapilov, who had come up to him:

"So it is, but their excellencies, the generals, ought to think of this: the people have changed since the Revolution, as if they had been born anew! And the generals go on measuring with the old yardstick. The yardstick may break in their hands. . . . The generals are stuck in their old ways. They ought to use axle grease on their brains so they won't creak!"

"What are you gabbing about?" asked Kapilov absent-mindedly, blowing a fleck off his sleeve.

"About their domineering over us as in the past. I have the rank of officer since the German war, for instance. I earned it with my blood! But when I am in the society of officers it is as if I went out of the house in a frost in just my underwear. Such a chill comes from them, I feel it down my spine." Grigory's eyes glittered with rage; his voice had risen without his being aware of it.

Kapilov looked about him anxiously and whispered: "Quieter, the orderlies are listening!"

"Why is it so, I ask you?" continued Grigory, lowering his voice. "Because to them, I'm a freak, a white raven. They have smooth hands, but there are so many callouses on mine that they are more like hooves. They know how to bow, but I am all hands and feet, I'm like a bull in a China shop. They smell of scented soap, and women's pomades, and I smell of sweat and horse piss. They're all educated, and I just managed to get through a parish school. I am alien to them from head to heels. That's why. When I leave them I feel as if I had spider threads on my face. It's unpleasant and ticklish, and I continually have the itch to scratch it off." Grigory threw the towel on the well cover and combed his hair with a broken comb. His forehead, usually shielded by his cap from the sun, showed sharply white by contrast with the rest of his tanned face. "They don't want to understand that the old times are done and gone to the devil's grandmother," said Grigory in a low voice. "They think we're made of other clay than they, that simple, unlearned men are cattle. They think I, and others like me, understand less than they in military affairs. And who are the commanders of the Reds? Budyonny—is he an officer? A sergeant of the old army—and didn't he beat the generals of the general staff? And didn't regiments of officers run away from him? Guselshchikov is the bravest and most famous of all the Cossack generals, and didn't he run in his underwear this winter from Ust-Khoperskaya? And you know who made him run? An insignificant Moscow factory bench hand—commander of a Red regiment. The prisoners spoke about him later. You have to understand these things! And did we, uneducated officers, lead the Cossacks badly in the uprising? Did the generals help us?"

"They helped a lot," said Kapilov emphatically.

"Maybe they helped Kudinov, but I did without their help and I smashed the Reds without their teaching me how."

"So what—do you think you can do without science in warfare?"

"No, I don't think so. But it isn't the chief thing in war, buddy."

"And what is the chief thing?"

"The chief thing is what you're fighting for."

"Well, that's another question. . . ." Kapilov, smiling guardedly, said. "That's obvious.... To know what you're after. You can win only if you know quite clearly what you're fighting for and if you believe in it. This truth is as old as the world, and you strive in vain to present it as your own. I am for the good old times. If it were otherwise I wouldn't move a finger to go anywhere and fight for anything. All who are with us are people who are defending their old privileges with arms and are suppressing those who want to take them from us. You and I are among these suppressors. But I've been watching you for a long time and I can't understand. . . ."

General Fitzkhelaurov was breakfasting when a not very young, bedraggled adjutant announced: "Commander of the first insurrection division Grigory Melekhov and Chief of Staff of the division Kapilov."

"Show them into my room." Fitzkhelaurov pushed away his plate full of egg shells with his big veined hand, drank without haste a glass of milk fresh from the cow, and neatly folding his napkin, rose from the table.

Over six feet tall, stout and puffy, he seemed unbelievably big in the small Cossack room with its rickety door frame and tiny windows. Adjusting the stiff collar of his irreproachable uniform as he went, he entered the neighboring room and, bowing briefly to Kapilov and Grigory, who rose, he invited them to the table without proffering his hand.

Holding his sword, Grigory carefully seated himself on the edge of a tabouret and cast a sidelong glance at Kapilov.

Fitzkhelaurov heavily lowered himself into a chair, which creaked under him, bent his long legs under the chair, placed his big hands on his knees, and began to speak in a thick, low, bass voice:

"I have invited you, gentlemen officers, to discuss certain questions.... The partisan insurrectionary movement is over! Your divisions are no longer to be independent units, in fact, they never were units. A fiction! They are to be merged with the Don army! We are going over to a systematic advance. It's time to recognize this and to obey unconditionally the orders of the higher command. Be so kind as to explain why your infantry regiment yesterday failed to support the attack of the shock battalion, why your regiment refused to join the attack despite my order. Who commands your so-called division?"

"I," answered Grigory in a low voice.

"Be so kind as to answer my question."

"I only returned to the division yesterday."

"And pray, where were you?"

"I visited my home."

"So the commander of a division visits his home during military operations! The division left in a mess! Disgraceful!" The general's bass rose to a roar in the little room; adjutants were already walking on tip-toe behind the doors and whispering. Kapilov's cheeks paled, and Grigory, looking at the general's crimson face, at his clenched, swollen fists, felt an irrepressible rage rising in him.

Fitzkhelaurov jumped up with unexpected agility, and seizing the back of the chair, shouted:

"Yours is not a military division but a Red Guard rabble! . . . Scum, not Cossacks! You, Melekhov, ought not to be commanding a division but serving as an orderly! Shining boots! You hear? . . . Why was the order not carried out? You didn't hold a meeting? Didn't discuss it? Remember: you are not dealing with *tovarishchi,* and you can't introduce Bolshevik ways! We won't have it!"

"I request you not to yell at me!" Grigory said in a muffled voice and rose, pushing away the tabouret with his foot.

"What did you say?" Fitzkhelaurov shouted hoarsely, bending over the table and choking with anger.

"I request you not to yell at me," repeated Grigory louder. "You invited us to decide. . . ." He fell silent for a moment, lowered his eyes, and, looking at Fitzkhelaurov's hand, dropped his voice to a whisper: "If your excellency so much as touches me with your finger, I will cut you down as you stand!"

It became so quiet in the room that Fitzkhelaurov's heavy breathing could be distinctly heard. The stillness lasted a minute. The door creaked slightly. A frightened adjutant peeked in, then the door was carefully closed again. Grigory stood, his hand still on his sword hilt. Kapilov's knees quivered and his look roamed across the wall. Fitzkhelaurov sat down heavily, groaned like an old man, and mumbled: "A fine business!" And then quite calmly, but without looking at Grigory: "Have a seat. You were excited. Enough of this. Now, pray, listen: I order you to move your cavalry units immediately. . . . Sit down! . . ."

Grigory sat down and wiped the profuse perspiration which had suddenly broken out on his face with his sleeve.

". . . So immediately move your cavalry divisions to the southeastern sector and go right into attack. Your right flank will touch the second battalion of officer Chumakov. . . ."

"I won't lead the division there," said Grigory wearily, and reached into the pocket of his trousers for his handkerchief. With Natalya's lace gift he once more wiped the perspiration from his forehead and repeated: "I won't lead the division there."

"Why?"

"The maneuver will take a lot of time."

"That does not concern you. I answer for the result of the maneuver."

"No, it does concern me, and not only you are responsible. . . ."

"You refuse to carry out my order?" hoarsely asked Fitzkhelaurov, holding himself in check with obvious effort.

"Yes."

"Then kindly surrender command of the division at once! Now I understand why yesterday's order was not carried out. . . ."

"That is as you please, but I won't surrender the division."

"How am I to understand that?"

"Just as I say," said Grigory, smiling hardly perceptibly.

"I will remove you from your command!" Fritzkhelaurov raised his voice, and Grigory immediately rose.

"I won't obey you, your excellency!"

"And do you obey anybody?"

"Yes, I obey Kudinov, commander of the insurrectionary forces. And I am even astonished to hear you give me orders. . . . We are on an equal footing. You command a division, and I also. And don't yell at me. . . . You can do that when I'm reduced to the rank of *sotnik*[1]. But to hit me. . . ." Grigory

[1] Commander of a *sotnya,* a detachment of a hundred Cossacks.

raised a dirty index finger, and, smiling, though his eyes glittered dangerously, he concluded: "... I won't allow you to hit me then, either!"

Fitzkhelaurov rose, again adjusted the collar which seemed to be strangling him, and with a slight bow he said:

"We have nothing more to discuss. Act as you please. I will immediately inform army headquarters of your conduct and, I dare say, it will not be long before you will feel the results. Our courts martial still work uninterruptedly."

Grigory, paying no attention to the desperate looks of Kapilov, stuck his cap on his head and made for the door. At the threshold he paused and said: "Inform the authorities, but you won't frighten me, I'm not of those who are easily frightened. And meanwhile don't touch me." He paused, and added: "Otherwise my Cossacks might give you a shaking...." He pushed open the door, rattling his sword, and strode into the passage.

Three days after Grigory's departure Mitka Korshunov turned up in the hamlet of Tatarskaya. He was not alone: with him were two other members of the punitive detachment. One of them was a Kalmyk, not very young, who came from Manych; the other a simple Cossack from the hamlet of Raspopinskaya. Mitka called the Kalmyk "Chink," but the Raspopinskaya hooligan he politely called "Silanty Petrovich."

Mitka's services in the Don army's punitive detachment had won him rewards; during the winter he had been given two promotions, first to sergeant, later to subaltern. He entered the village in the full splendor of his new officer's uniform. He must have lived well during the retreat, beyond the Donets; his huge shoulders strained the light khaki uniform, folds of fat pink skin bulged out of his stiff collar, the seams of his tight blue trousers seemed ready to burst.... According to his qualities Mitka should have been ataman of the guard, should have lived in the palace and should have guarded the sacred person of his imperial majesty—if it had not been for this damned revolution. But even so Mitka did not complain. He, too, had won the rank of officer, and without risking his life in reckless heroism, like Grigory Melekhov. Other qualities were required for promotion in the punitive detachment.... Mitka had those qualities in excess; not trusting the Cossacks particularly, he himself led those suspected of Bolshevism before the firing squad; he did not disdain to punish deserters with his own hands, with wielding of lash or ramrod, and as for cross-examining the arrested, he had no equal in the detachment, and the officer Pryanishnikov himself used to say, shrugging his shoulders:

"No, gentlemen, as you please, but it is impossible to outdo Korshunov—he is a dragon, not a man!" They had a special use for Mitka: when they found it impossible for any reason to shoot a prisoner, whom, at the same time, they did not want to leave alive, they sentenced him to be flogged, and let Mitka carry out the sentence. He carried it out so well, that after the fiftieth blow, or earlier, the victim began to vomit blood, and after a hundred blows he was ready for the coffin, no need to examine him. From Mitka's flogging no one came out alive. He himself, laughing, many times declared: "If I'd collected the shirts and trousers of all the Reds I've flogged I could clothe all of Tatarskaya."

The cruelty for which Mitka had been known from his childhood not only found fit employment in the punitive detachment, but, unrestrained, it

grew monstrously. Coming into contact through his work with all the dregs of officers who were gathered in the detachment—cocaine fiends, rapers, highwaymen, and other such intellects—Mitka eagerly, with peasant diligence, learned everything he was taught in their hatred for the Reds and without straining himself surpassed his teachers. When a neurasthenic officer could stand the sight of the tortured no longer, Mitka only screwed up his yellow eyes, as a signal that, for him, it was only a beginning.

Such had Mitka become when he dropped out of the Cossack regulars into an easy job in Pryanishnikov's punitive detachment.

On his entry into the village he gave himself airs. He rode slowly to his house, scarcely condescending to return the greetings of women whom he passed on the way. At the half-burned, charred gate of his house, he dismounted, gave his reins to the Kalmyk, and strode into the yard. Accompanied by Silanty, he walked around the foundation in silence, flicked with his whip a lump of glass melted during the fire and reflecting the light like a torquoise. Hoarse with emotion, he said:

"They burned it.... And what a rich house it was! The best in the village! A fellow-villager burnt it—Mishka Koshevoi. He was the one who killed my grandfather. So, Silanty Petrovich, I had to take a look at the ruins of my own home...."

"Are any of the Koshevois home?" Silanty Petrovich asked with liveliness.

"Probably they are. . . We'll see them yet. Let's go to our relatives first."

On his way to the Melekhov's Mitka asked Bogatiryov's daughter-in-law, whom he met: "Did my mother return from beyond the Don?"

"Probably she hasn't returned yet, Mitri Mironich."

"And is Melekhov at home?"

"The old man?"

"Yes."

"The old man is at home—in fact, all the family is at home except Grigory. Pyotr was killed this winter. Did you hear about it?"

Mitka nodded and let his horse trot.

He rode down a lonely street, and in his yellow cat-like eyes, surfeited and cold, there was no trace of the animation which they had held not long before. When he arrived at the Melekhovs' barn he said in a low voice, without addressing either of his companions: "Thus my native village welcomes me. Even to have a dinner, I must go to my relatives. Well, we'll see yet!"

Pantelei Prokofyevich was mending a farm implement. When he saw the riders and recognized Korshunov among them he came to the gate.

"Welcome," he said affably, opening the gate. "We are glad to see guests. Greetings!"

"Good day, Pantelei Prokofyevich! Alive and well?"

"Quite well, thanks be to god! And it turns out you are already an officer?"

"You thought only your sons would wear white epaulettes?" Mitka answered conceitedly, proffering his long sinewy hand.

"My sons were not so eager to have them," answered Pantelei Prokofyevich, smiling, and he went forward to show them where to tether their horses.

The hospitable Ilyinichna gave the guests dinner, and after dinner the conversation began. Mitka inquired in detail about everything concerning his family, but he said little and showed neither wrath nor sorrow. He asked, incidentally, if any member of Mishka Koshevoi's family had re-

mained in Mishka's house, and upon learning that Mishka's mother was at home with the children, he winked to Silanty.

The guests soon rose to leave. Seeing them off, Pantelei Prokofyevich asked:

"How long do you intend to stay in the village?"

"About two or three days."

"Will you see your mother?"

"If I have a chance."

"And now are you going far?"

"No, I want to see some of the village people. We shall soon return."

On their return to the Melekhovs, Mitka and his companions were preceded by the rumor: "Korshunov and his Kalmyk have murdered the whole Koshevoi family!"

Pantelei Prokofyevich, who had not yet heard about it, was returning from the forge with the scythe, and was about to start mending his implements, but Ilyinichna called him: "Come here, Prokofyevich, quick!"

The old woman's voice contained a note of unconcealed alarm, and the surprised Pantelei Prokofyevich immediately set off for the cottage.

Natalya, pale and in tears, stood near the oven. Ilyinichna indicated with a glance Anikushka's wife and asked in a muffled voice:

"Did you hear the news, old man?"

"Something about Grigory!" This thought flashed through his mind. He grew pale from fear and anger as no one told him the news, and he shouted:

"Quick, spit it out, damn you! What happened? Something about Grigory?" And as if the yelling made him weak, he lowered himself onto the bench, stroking his quivering feet.

Dunyashka was the first to guess that the father feared bad news about Grigory, and she hastened to say: "No, daddy, the news is not about Grisha. Mitri killed the Koshevoi family."

"What do you mean, he killed them?" Pantelei Prokofyevich felt a weight lifted from his heart. And, not yet understanding the significance of Dunyashka's words, he asked again: "The Koshevoi family? Mitri?"

Anikushka's wife, who had brought the news, began ramblingly to tell the story.

"I went to look for the calf, Uncle, and as I went past the Koshevois' Mitri and two soldiers came riding up to the barn and entered the house, and so I thought, 'the calf won't go beyond the wind-mill'—it was my turn to mind the calves. . . ."

"Damn your calf," interrupted Pantelei Prokofyevich, angrily.

". . . And so they entered the house," she continued, choking, "and I stood and waited. They came for no good, I thought, and there came screams from the house, and I heard blows. I was frightened to death, I wanted to run away, but as soon as I went away from the fence I heard somebody stamping behind me. I looked around, and there was your Mitri, who was throwing a rope around the old woman's neck and was dragging her along like a dog, god forgive me! He dragged her to the shed and she, poor dear woman, didn't even scream. Probably she was unconscious already. The Kalmyk who was with him ran past him. . . . I turned to look and saw Mitri throwing him the end of the rope and I heard him shouting, 'Pull it and tie a knot!' Oh, how horrible it was! The poor old woman was strangled before my eyes, and after this they jumped on their horses and rode down the alley, probably to the village administration. I was afraid to enter the cottage. . . . But I saw from the crack under the door, blood

flowing down the steps. May god forbid that I ever see such a horror again."

"Nice guests god sent us," said Ilyinichna, glancing at the old man expectantly.

Without saying a word, Pantelei Prokofyevich went to the entrance, and stood there.

Not long afterwards Mitka appeared at the gate with his aide. Pantelei Prokofyevich quickly limped forward to meet them.

"Wait a moment!" he shouted while still at a distance. "Don't put your horses in the barn."

"What's the matter, Pantelei Prokofyevich?" asked Mitka in surprise.

"Turn back!" Pantelei Prokofyevich came up to him and, looking at Mitka's yellow glittering eyes, he said:

"Don't get angry, Mitri, but I don't want you to stay in my house. Better go away peacefully, go away wherever you wish."

"A-a-a-h..." Mitka exclaimed, realizing what was the matter, and he grew pale. "You are turning me out, then?"

"I don't want you to defile my home," the old man repeated firmly. "I don't want you to put foot in my house. We, Melekhovs, do not want to be related to hangmen."

"I understand. You're a soft one, old man."

"But you must have no pity at all to kill women and children. Mitri, you took to a bad trade. Your late father wouldn't be pleased to look at you now."

"You old fool, you'd like me to coddle them? They killed my father, they killed my grandfather, and you want me to give them an Easter kiss. So go—you know where?" Mitka furiously pulled the reins and led his horse out through the gateway.

"Don't swear, Mitri, you are young enough to be my son. We have nothing to divide, and quarrel about. So go, with god's help!"

Mitka, white with rage, raised his whip.

"Don't make me sin! If I were not sorry for Natalya, I would show you, you man of mercy. I know you! I can see right through you. You didn't retreat beyond the Donets. You stayed with the Reds. So! . . . All you sons of bitches ought to be killed like the Koshevois. Let's go, boys! And you, lame dog, be careful! Better not fall into my hands! If you do you won't get away! I'll remember your hospitality! . . . I have revenged myself on such relatives more than once!..."

Pantelei Prokofyevich bolted the gate with shaking hands and limped toward the cottage.

Konstantin Paustovsky

BOOKSHELVES

The cramped little flat of the cabinet-maker Nikanor Nikitin was in confusion.

Nikitin's fellow craftsman and friend, Prokhor, had fallen ill and had sent word to Nikitin to go to Petrograd in his place, and finish some bookshelves he had been working on in Kronverksky Prospect.

It was not unusual for Nikitin to do work right in his customers' homes; but this customer was out of the ordinary. Even Nikitin's wife, Matriona, who was dull enough about things, had grasped that . . . . This customer's name was known to all Russia, to all Europe, and it might be safely asserted —to all the world. It was the name of one of the world's greatest writers.

Nikitin got up at five that morning, rousing everyone; he took a long time over his shaving, bickering with Matriona all through it.

"Aleshka's coming with me," he declared emphatically, "as my apprentice. Let him have a look at a real man once in his life."

Aleshka Tikhonov turned pale and tugged nervously at his faded print shirt.

"What next, you old fool!" said Matriona. "See that you're let in yourself first, never mind apprentices."

"That's enough from you," said Nikitin decisively. "He's coming with me and that's that." Matriona spat angrily and remarked to no one in particular:

"He hasn't got a decent shift of clothes."

"He can go in what he's got on."

Nevertheless Matriona pulled a new print shirt for Alesha out of the chest of drawers and ironed it on the window-sill. Alesha pulled it on. It was still hot from the iron and made his back smart.

"What a hurry you're in!" Matriona screamed. "Here, wash your neck first; going there filthy and untidy as usual. You pester the life out of me, the devil take the both of you!"

At breakfast Matriona—without looking at Nikitin—addressed herself to Alesha:

"Now you keep your eye on him. He's—you know the sort he is. He only needs the wind of a word to set his tongue wagging, and once he's off he'll go on blathering and blithering till he drops. That's all that keeps him alive —is gabbing."

"Hold your tongue, you fool. I'm warning you," said Nikitin.

The moment Nikitin and Alesha were gone, Matriona made the rounds of

the neighbors and flushed with triumph, informed them that that brute of a husband of hers had been summoned, along with Alesha, to work for the famous man. Upon which the neighbors sighed enviously.

"You don't say so, my dear!" they chanted. "What next! And you don't mean to say he's gone and taken that bit of a lad with him? Well, I never! He has his nerve, he has. But he always was a nervy one, wasn't he?"

Meanwhile, the nervy one was trudging the grass-grown pavements of Petrograd's deserted streets. He had grown so hoarse with excitement that he could hardly talk to Alesha.

"You're terribly hoarse, Nikanor Ilyich," Alesha said.

To clear his throat, Nikitin went into a beershop, and drank off a pint of beer, as sour as kvass.

Alesha Tikhonov had been brought to Peterhof eighteen months before. He liked it. A timid lad, he gazed at everything with absorption; at the grey sea, and the palaces, and at the sailors in wide, flapping trousers, who swung along the quiet Peterhof streets. From time to time sounds of firing would be heard; where it came from he did not know. Once, even cannon boomed, and Alesha timidly asked Nikitin what it meant. The latter pulled the boy's nose and replied:

"It's all for folks like you—silly, thoughtless chaps—we're doing our best."

It was a rather foggy explanation, but Alesha grasped the main idea, and after persistent questioning, found out the rest for himself; who the Bolsheviks were, and what Yudenich was after, and the difference between the proletariat and the bourgeosie.

Nikitin taught the boy his trade and for want of a companion, held forth to him by the hour on old furniture, on peculiarities of various woods, on French polishing, and on famous, long-dead craftsmen who had left rich remembrances of their labors, and whose names would never be forgotten. Nikitin spoke of gilders, of master carvers and modelers, of men who could work bronze, of master parquet layers. He knew many craft secrets and he strove to impart them to Alesha.

The boy was an attentive listener. Nikitin gave him books to read, the works of Pushkin and Gogol, and the little known Krestovsky. He made Alesha read and give a full account of what he read. But Alesha preferred drawing. His whole equipment was colored pencils, but with these he made drawings that filled Nikitin with admiration.

"You'll be a real artist like Repin yet!" said Nikitin. "Your hand just draws of itself, without any effort of your mind. You ought to have lessons young fool, that's what you ought."

When they reached Kronverksky Prospect, Nikitin and Alesha stood for some time before a tall grey house. Nikanor Ilyich looked up at its broad windows, and cleared his throat. Then, with put-on aggressiveness, he walked up to the gate and inquired of a sweeper in the yard, where the famous writer lived.

"First door on the left," replied the man without even turning his head.

"An impudent fellow; you can see, he's not had much education," Nikitin observed to Alesha as they mounted the stairs.

They rang the bell. Nikitin and Alesha could never afterwards remember clearly by whom they were admitted, by whom shown into a big bare room, where book shelves ran along the walls. Hundreds and thousands, maybe scores of thousands of books stood on the shelves, were heaped on the tables, the chairs, the window sills, and even in piles on the floor.

Alesha would have liked to squat down there and then and lose himself in them, from morning till evening, a whole year.

Nikitin looked about him and fingered the shelves Prokhor had made. They were mahogany. All that remained to be done was to polish them.

Nikitin set to work. At first his hand shook, and at the slightest sound in the next room his heart stood still. Then beginning to feel at home in his work, he calmed down. To Alesha's persistent question: "Will he come in, himself?" he replied: "How should I know? Who do you think I am? God almighty?"

Suddenly the door opened and a man entered with heavy tread. He was tall and stooped; his hair was graying; his face was plain and good-natured; it had a turned-up nose; he was a regular Uncle Vassily, like their acquaintance, the pump-man on the barge. The tall stooped man wore a roomy suit of thin gray stuff.

He took Nikitin's hand, stained as it was with French polish, in his own huge one, and then passed his hand over Alesha's head from the brow to the nape of the neck, making the boy's hair stand on end. He looked at their work, coughed and said:

"Good work, splendid!"

Alesha gave a timorous glance at the big man. So this was the famous writer.

The man drew a box of long cigarettes, apparently foreign ones, from his pocket, opened it and held it out to Nikitin. Alesha's eyes widened to their limits. Nikanor Ilyich took one of the proffered cigarettes daintily with the tips of two fingers and lit it, although he had never smoked in his life: it wouldn't do, he felt, to refuse such a man.

"What do they call you, fatty?" the writer asked Alesha.

"Alexei," Alesha mumbled shyly.

"'Alexei—the man of god, sewed up in matting and nailed down in the sod—with a view to improving his temper.'" The writer's tone was serious, but there was a good-humored, fatherly twinkle in his eye. "Well, but you want to go on with your work. I'm not going to hinder you."

He went out. For a long time they could hear the rumbling of his deep voice from the next room. He was explaining something to someone.

"I'm not trying to embarrass you. But an author ought to know every kind of apple if he's writing about apples. Let's take the pear-apple, for instance, or the anise. In what do they differ? Down on the Oka I knew a gardener, oh—a grand soul . . . ."

At this point several voices spoke in unison, and it was impossible to single out the writer's.

Spell-bound, Alesha watched Nikitin at work. The old cabinet-maker was performing miracles. Never yet had Alesha seen wood gleam with such a delicate polish. The rays of the setting sun slanted into the room and golden filaments glowed in the ruddy depths of the wood. It seemed plunged in dark, but translucent water, through which its structure—undulating, intricate, and untrammeled—became visible.

The writer entered the room again. For a long time he questioned Nikitin about the niceties of his craft. Alesha observed with alarm that Nikanor Ilyich was talking with increasing boldness. At any moment now, as Matriona had warned them, he would start off, and go "blithering and blathering" and forget to stop.

"You've got learning," Nikanor Ilyich was saying. "Now, would you mind explaining to a fool like myself in what way this wood is inferior to a precious stone. There's all the play of light, all the glow you want, and a better color than you'd get in a garnet. Of course, wood like this only shows up well by candle light; electric light doesn't give the proper effect."

The writer sat listening with knitted brows. Then he smiled.

"If you had some candles, now," Nikanor went on, "and the room was a bit darker, I'd show you how that wood ought to look."

"Fine," said the writer. "Show me." He crossed over to the windows and drew down the blinds, darkening the room. The writer then went out and returned, in a few moments, with a candle.

"Now, then, light it up!" he said, and in his eyes Alesha could see the same lively curiosity he remembered seeing in the eyes of his playmates. "What'll we see?"

"You'll see a complete transformation," said Nikanor Ilyich.

He lit the candle and set it on a shelf. The wood altered in appearance at once. Now it appeared fathomless. The candle flame swam in its depths like a misty miniature sun, circled with an aureole. It caught the filaments around it and they glowed like wine-red flames.

"Mozart and Saglieri," Nikanor Ilyich began unexpectedly, and Alesha shook with horror, for Matriona's prophecy was coming true. "I've read that poem twenty times if I've read it once, and I can't read it often enough. . . . When I'm polishing wood like this, I keep remembering bits of it. The words kind of haunt you, you can't forget them: 'The organ pealed in the ancient fane; unwearying, I listened, while tears—involuntary and sweet—rolled down my face.'"

The writer smiled under his mustache and called some people in from the next room. He exhibited the beauties of the wood by candle light, admired it and uttered, in his deep voice, spasmodic phrases about the charm of genuine art—be it literature or French polishing.

Alesha listened, dazed. The conversation had switched on to architecture. Nikanor Ilyich had the hardihood to declare in a loud voice that Voronikhin was a mere puppy compared to Rastrelli. The voices rose; the writer gripped Nikanor Ilyich by the arm, and said indignantly:

"That's going a bit too far, old chap. What about the Mining College? Not so bad, is it? And the Kazan Cathedral?"

"Too much weight. A building should stand light and accurate on the ground," Nikanor Ilyich persisted.

The writer laughed; he took Nikanor Ilyich by the shoulders and gave him a hearty shaking. Suddenly the conversation turned to Alesha and the boy was so embarrassed that he did not know what to do with himself. Nikanor Ilyich started to tell them about his drawings, repeating his favorite phrase:

"His hand just draws of itself, without any effort of mind."

"There's a pupil for you," said the writer, turning to a thin, scowling man with a sparse beard. "You all shut yourselves up in your studios and never train any pupils. There's a revolution on in the country and you behave like moles. That's not the way it was with artists in olden times. What a wonderful family of pupils grew up around each of them! A splendid tradition, that was. Fruitful—grand. We've got to bring it back to our own day. You're misers, you remind me of my great-grandmother. She buried her bank-notes in the

ground so that no one else would be able to get at them. The money went mouldy and the ink faded. She dried them afterwards on the stove; but what was the use of that—no one would accept them."

The thin man looked sternly at Alesha.

"I'll try him," he said. "I'll take him into the Academy."

"And it's high time, too," rejoined the writer as angrily as if he had been talking to the artist about Alesha for the last year. "You're letting splendid opportunities slip."

Alesha could not afterwards remember rightly how he and Nikanor Ilyich left the writer's house. A deserted Petrograd lay still in the "white" northern night, multicolored waters gleamed softly, and away to the north, beyond the dark masses of the islands, the dawn was brightening.

"You'll be a man yet, Alesha," said Nikanor Ilyich. "You will, it's a fact! My word is—final!"

Vladimir Lidin

HAMLET

Three persons came to Stepan Yakovlevich Rybtsov-Onezhsky, manager of the municipal theater, before the performance. Two were girls, wearing identical light blue berets; the third a shy, blond lad, the son of Stukov, a carpenter of the theater. To the manager, a former comedian who had left the boards long ago, the timid coughing behind the door of his office was a familiar and significant sound—the overture to an appeal for passes—seats in the fourth row, balcony.

"No passes for tonight," he told his young visitors, as they came in.

But the lad shifted from foot to foot, the girls coughed . . . and Rybtsov could never remain indifferent long to a theater fan. He scratched his double chin with a pencil and said to Stukov:

"You always tote around a crew of these fans, my friend. If I were to give all of you passes there would be no seats left in the box office."

Nevertheless he shuffled through his papers, black with annotations, and made out three passes for box No. 4.

"But, Stepan Yakovlevich, we didn't come for passes," said Stukov. "Our factory dramatic circle has decided to stage *Hamlet,* and we need some help. So we came to you."

Rybtsov looked at Stukov, at his golden eyebrows, at the silent girls.

"Hmm . . . . Nothing less than *Hamlet,* eh?" he asked, after a moment.

"As a matter of fact, we have already produced scenes from Shakespeare. Now we want to put ourselves to the test."

"Well, have a seat," said Rybtsov, with a loud sigh. "Let's talk it over."

He knew Stukov, felt drawn to him because of his passion for the theater and his uncommon ability to memorize monologues; Stukov's mop of golden hair and his habit of flinging back his head with a strong, youthful gesture had always intrigued him. During his forty-five years in the theater Rybtsov had learned to recognize talent, but he had also known short-lived provincial Hamlets and Neshchastlivtsevs [1] whose passionate acting deeply moved the provincial audiences . . . but who usually became, in the middle of their careers, inveterate drunkards . . . . All of that had changed. The people bring forth naturally talented persons by the handful . . . . Who can tell what role this stubborn young lad with the golden eyebrows may perform in a year or two?

"We need help," said Stukov. "Our own forces won't do. Of course we won't bother with complicated props . . . . We can reduce the number of

[1] Neshchastlivtsev (from "neshchastlivy"—unlucky): a character in *The Forest,* a popular play by Ostrovsky, classic Russian dramatist of the second half of the nineteenth century. The role is that of an unlucky provincial actor who has become an habitual drunkard.

courtiers . . . . And we've filled the women's roles . . . . Here are our Young Communists Smirnova and Katerina Stukova, my sister. They will play Gertrude and Ophelia. Maybe, their acting is a little amateurish, but it will do. For the men's roles we have also found the people we want, except—"

"What part are you taking, Stukov?" asked Rybtsov.

"I'm playing Laertes. We have a Horatio, too—Mishkin, the machinist. He's pretty good. He played Glumov in Ostrovsky's *In Every Wise Man,*[1] and the audience gave him a good hand. But we're worried about Hamlet. Its too hard for one of us. Can you help us, Stepan Yakovlevich?" "Maybe some of your actors would help us out," said Katerina Stukova.

Rybtsov looked at the golden-haired girl, so like her brother, and at the tall, stout Smirnova, the future Queen Gertrude.

"Why didn't you pick something easier? Ostrovsky, for instance. Why Shakespeare, right off the bat?"

"We want something difficult; it's more interesting," Smirnova, a bookkeeper at the factory, answered in a deep voice.

"Well, youngsters," said Rybtsov, mysteriously, "We have a very good actor. He plays with real spirit. Kobelkov. He is young, but he has the stuff. If he agrees, you can find nobody better. Can you hold your rehearsals in the city?"

"Of course. The factory is only four kilometers from here—we walk it every evening."

The manager rose with a lightness inconsistent with his stout figure, winked at his visitors, waved his fat little hand like a ballet dancer, and left his office with a comedian's stage exit.

Left alone in the warm office the young people examined the framed portraits of actors hanging on the wall, reading the inscriptions: "To an old theater worker," "To our Arkashka,"[2] "To Harpagon," "To Raspluyev"[3]. . . In a moment Rybtsov returned, bringing with him Kobelkov. The latter was a young actor, recently graduated from a Moscow theater studio. Here, on the provincial stage, he played with spirit, winning praise for his performances in the role of Chatsky[4]; he was now acting the part of Karl Moor in Schiller's *Robbers.*

"How many have you got in your drama circle?" he asked immediately.

Stukov explained that they had twenty-seven members altogether, of whom nine were from the nearby Die Shops and five from the Collective Farm, Dawn of the Revolution. They had started with one-act plays and gone on to productions of Gogol and Ostrovsky, Stukov told him. Now they wanted to produce Shakespeare. Last year they had staged *The Miserly Knight*[5] nine times and had toured many factory clubs. "Now that we have learned to declaim poetry, perhaps we will succeed," Stukov concluded.

"All right," said Kobelkov, "I'll undertake to produce the play with you and I'll take the role of Hamlet, but you must have an understudy for the part."

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[1] The full title is, *In Every Wise Man There is a Bit of the Fool,* from an old Russian proverb.

[2] Arkashka: another character in Ostrovsky's *Forest.*

[3] The hero of *The Wedding of Krechinsky,* play by Sukhovo-Kobylin.

[4] Chatsky: hero of Griboyedov's classic play, *Woe to Wit.* An important role in any Soviet theater.

[5] A narrative poem by Pushkin.

"This is very nice, Kostenka," approved Rybtsov. "I knew you would agree."

He was quite pleased with the turn the affair had taken.

Kobelkov worked on the factory drama circle's *Hamlet* with the enthusiasm befitting youth, with a faith in fresh young talents befitting a former bench worker, with the optimism befitting an actor accustomed to an audience of Red Army men, steel workers, miners and tractor drivers. . . .

His enthusiasm was catching; he got the theater to become patron of the circle, and through Rybtsov he obtained stage properties. From the very start he observed how the calm deep voice of Smirnova conjured up the majesty of Queen Gertrude; how Katerina Stukova's unconscious naivete suited Ophelia; there was youthful daring in Stukov's Laertes, with his graceful gesture of flinging his head back; and the machinist Mishkin brought a becoming thoughtfulness to the role of the friend of the tragic Prince Hamlet . . . . And Rybtsov, fluttering about despite his small stature and comic stoutness, appeared for a few moments at the rehearsals, listened, chewed his lips, spurred on the actors with an approving wave of his hand . . . .

By spring the production was ready, the stage of the October Revolution Factory club saw Shakespeare for the first time. Rybtsov ran about as if it was his affair entirely, proud of the full house, pausing to fix the make-up of the actors, arranging the placing of extra seats, scolding the electrician for not keeping an eye on the rheostat, and from time to time dashing out for a breath of air. March was in the air, in the starless sky. In the club yard it smelled of horse droppings, of trampled snow and wet boot leather, long forgotten odors of Rybtsov's childhood, forgotten during the long years of wandering from city to city. . . years of misfortune, of homelessness, of anxious quests for engagements, of supercilious petty bourgeois audiences, of drunken tears; he recalled his forced parting from the stage, the prompter's box into which he sank together with his hopes of success and glory. All that was long ago; and here he stood looking into the faces of this worker audience, at their young eyes turned toward the stage, at the grey beards and shiny bald patches of the elderly. And the son of the stage carpenter shakes back his hair with a beautiful gesture and declaims:

Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.

He sees the spectators knitting their brows straining to understand what is going on on the stage . . . why Polonius does evil, why they all torture the slow-witted Hamlet . . . the whole audience wants to warn him against deception. . . but there are good fellows, too, Laertes and Horatio. . . from the third scene on they are applauded as soon as they step into the glare of the footlights. . . .

Stepan Rybtsov, son of a Volga boatman, wandered over the world, had to overcome all kinds of obstacles, and now, in the neighborhood of just such

WORKER-ACTORS PERFORM SHAKESPEARE

"Romeo and Juliet." Duel scene from the performance by the workers' amateur circle of the Aviakhim Plant (Moscow)

The amateur dramatic circle has a profcssional "green room." Worker performers making up for their presentation of "Romeo and Juliet"

a Volga village as he had come from, boys and girls were playing Shakespeare and the audience was moved by the trials of the noble Hamlet, was hissing Polonius, applauding the heroic Laertes . . . .

And, balancing on his short feet, rolling like a little round loaf over the crowded and prop-filled stage, he ran backstage. It was also crowded here; the actors were gluing on whiskers which had come off, going over their parts in undertones, setting to rights make-up which had begun to run on their flushed faces. The courtiers, the cavalrymen, the servants, actors, grave diggers—tractor drivers, bench workers, bookkeepers (including the elderly cashier Sushkin, in the role of Raynaldo) were in tremors of excitement. Stepan Rybtsov's fingers removed a lock of the wig from Hamlet's ear, and, sputtering, he whispered:

"Kostenka, what an audience! How they listen!"

But again something went wrong with the hapless lighting control board and he had to run to the footlights; he had to recompose the wrinkled wig of Polonius, and brace up Ophelia, whose voice was faltering.

One day, a week later, between seven and eight p.m., the actor Kobelkov entered the manager's stuffy cubicle. A performance was to go on. Bells rang, doors banged. The corridors emptied; and the performance began. Kobelkov waited until Rybtsov had dismissed his other callers.

"Stepan Yakovlevich," he said somewhat ceremoniously, "I owe to you the greatest satisfaction I ever had. Read this letter."

Rybtsov took the letter and read it aloud:

"We, a group of collective farm and factory youth, after having seen the production of *Hamlet,* wish to tender our thanks. We enjoyed the performance very much. We understood what Hamlet had to suffer; we understood how he was persecuted and killed. Not long ago we attended a lecture on Pushkin, and we see that the persecution of the best people throughout the ages seems alike. We request you to produce another play to show how the people overthrew those tyrants and took power in its own hands. All our collective farm and factory youth also played well, and if any of them have the desire to study and become actors, our Young Communist League organization is willing to help them on this difficult path."

Rybtsov read the letter and laid it aside.

"Kostenka, even Ivanov-Kozelsky [1] never dreamt of things which are common occurrences to every actor nowadays." And he added, with great dignity placing right the bow of his tie. "And, young man, get out of here, because I want terribly to go on the stage and live my life over again. . . I feel like crying."

And, balancing on his feet, he pushed the actor toward the exit and locked the door of his office. The performance was already in full swing, the audience was seated; and nobody was coughing behind his door in hopes of obtaining a pass somewhere in the fourth row balcony, where it is awfully hot and stuffy, but where the spectator is as close in spirit to the stage as if he were part of it.

[1] *I.* famous Russian provincial actor.

Ilya Ehrenburg

Spain's Tempering

A people gay, unconcerned, made for peaceful toil, for siestas, for songs, has entered the school of war. The fifth regiment was not even a regiment when it was born; a handful of staunch and brave men began the defense of the country—in Guadarrama, around Toledo, near Navalcarnero. Later the fifth regiment grew into brigades, divisions, an army.

Recruits came from the villages. They did not know how to shoot and there were no cartridges for training. Factories went right on making beds, typewriters, toys. Everything had to be started from the bottom. I heard a naive person say: "The fascists have scored many victories during the year. And the Republicans? Only Guadalajara . . . ." No, the Republicans scored hundreds of unusual victories. They learned to make airplane motors and bombs, armored cars and projectiles. In the cities workers, harassed by enemy planes, sleepless, on hunger rations, created the equipment of the people's army. Peasants sowed and harvested under enemy fire, growing grain for the army. A year ago thousands of men were fighting against the fascists, now there are hundreds of thousands. The Republicans created an army. Carpenters, printers, ploughmen became generals; Modesto, Campesino, Lister and Carton came from the midst of the people. Battalions, divisions, brigades move along the roads around Madrid. On July 18, 1936, the fascists started the war; they trained their perfected guns on an unarmed, brave people. On July 18, 1937, they had to deal with a people hardened in battle.

Poets speak of the fragility of a blade of grass and the strength of granite, but the skilled worker knows what tempering is. Here is an ordinary man. He has never seen airplanes; he has known swallows and stars in the sky. Enemy bombers whirl slowly overhead, raining bombs, raking the earth with machine gun fire, they go on whirling and whirling until the man loses his self-control. He is a hero or a coward, but not yet a fighter. After a month or two he looks calmly at a sky full of droning planes. For six months the Republicans defended every inch of ground, every house, every hillock around Madrid. They wanted to win not territory, but time. In the rear the people were creating reserves: divisions and machine-guns, generals and tanks. Every repulsed attack was a victory, and the tiny river Jarama, near which the enemy was stopped, will go down in the history of Spain alongside the name of Guadalajara.

A year of losses, a year of partings, a year of ordeals. Cities perished like people. Refugees tossed about the roads like leaves. The agony of Malaga touched the carefree villages of Catalonia. When Bilbao fell, people silently put the newspaper aside. Speakers fell silent; only guns and hearts spoke.

This stern year I spent in Spain. I saw sorrow, wrath, anguish, but never despair. Women stood quietly in the long lines for bread, and, smiling affec-

tionately, they divided a quarter of a pound of bread between their children and the children of Madrid. Silently fighters went into battle with thirty cartridges. Cities lived without searchlights, without anti-aircraft guns—at the mercy of German bombing planes. They lived gaily and worthily. Italian ships bombarded the coast, yet tiny fishing boats set out to sea, scorning death. Of course we cannot simply look on at this struggle; this is no observation gallery; the chain of events involves everyone. But we realize something which, perhaps, cannot be seen from afar: this people was punished for trustfulness and thoughtlessness, it had to suffer much, and now it is ripe for victory.

Many speeches were delivered at the Madrid writers' congress. Some writers spoke better, some worse. Writers are not orators, and Madrid in 1937 was certainly no lyceum for literary discussions. The congress showed the Spanish people that its fate is dear and sacred to people of various countries. In Spanish the congress was called, for some reason or other, "congress of intellectuals." Many times have I seen patrols on the roads, on hearing the word "intellectual," solemnly lift fists; shepherds or workers of the vineyards, they saluted human thought. But the best day of the congress for me was the day on which I visited Brunete and Villeneuve, freed by the Republicans only the day before.

Heat, dry African heat. Hundreds of corpses. They tan quickly in this heat. Impossible to distinguish a white man from a Moroccan. Barbed wire and pieces of human bodies on it. These villages were not easy to capture. The victory was dearly bought. But here come new fighters. They walk past the corpses. They march silently and with concentration. A sip of precious water from their bottle, perhaps a man's last gratification. . . Never, until now, have I seen so much will power and so much firmness. The village of Cijorno was a fortress. The fighters attacked it thirteen times in two days. Cijorno had to be taken, and the fighters of Campesino's division took it. Two weeks ago, near Jaca, a member of the Pyrrenean brigade was wounded by a shell fragment. Two comrades led the wounded man to the field ambulance station. He shouted: "Go back! Our forces are attacking. . . I can reach the ambulance alone . . . ."

But he didn't reach it. He died a hundred feet short of the station. Next day I read the communique: "Our units carried out a successful local operation near Jaca . . ." I have related the story of one man, but I could write about hundreds and thousands. I could cover heaps of paper with words, speak without stopping, go on and on. A people which desires victory so much must win it.

Madrid, July 1937.

POEMS

Vladimir Mayakovsky

Bureaucracy
like a wolf
I'd gnaw;
for stamped papers
I have no awe;
to any devil's dam
and her
son
I'd consign them all—
but one . . . .

Before
the suites
and cabin grooves,
from dim hands
passports
shine.
Impeccably
the suave inspector
moves —
I hand him mine.
At these he stares
with bored
indifference;
at those
smiles loop his lips
like Dion's.
For instance
note his
reverence
for the engraved
British
lion.
Magnetized
eyes
and a murmuring
lip—
for the American's passport
official hands

rise
as if taking
a tip.
The Pole's passport
they handle
with insolent paws
Bullish disdain
On their
bullish jaws.
They goggle at it
like a goat
at the views,—
What if they choose
to ignore
its geographical
news?
Not an inch
veer their skulls
for such.
With the unblinking
nonchalance
of shore dicks
the passports
they take
of the Dutch
and other
minor
Nordics.

Suddenly
you'd think fire
had caught
the man's mouth;
it twists
like scorched paper.
This dignity
aper
reaches a
shuddering
white hand
out
for my good
ruddy
passport,
which for officials
and that sort
now, see,
has become
a hedgehog,
a bomb,
a twenty fanged
snake,

an Asian
earthquake!
A wise wink
creases
the porter's eye.
Your baggage
you know
he'll haul free.
The cop turns a
querying
wink to the dicks,
back to the cop
the query
flicks.
O how they'd love
to see me
bleed,
slugged
crucified
and third-degreed,
for having in hand
that challenging
massword
my hammered and sickled
Soviet
passport!

Bureaucracy
like a wolf
I'd gnaw;
for stamped papers
I have no awe;
to any devil's dam
and her
son
I'd consign them all—
but one. . .
which I pull
from my pants
as receipt
for a priceless
treasure;
and greet
with it all mankind.
Read,
envy me
elect of men!
I am
a Soviet
citizen!

Black and White

A glimpse
at Havana
bright from the windows—
A sunland
under the palms stand
red shadows,
the one legged flamingoes;
and bloom
collarios
In high toned
Vedado.
Of frontiers
Havana
no lack;
Dollars bound the white man,
bare pockets the black.
And so
Willie stands flush
with his brush
before Henry Clay
& Co.
Enough splinters
and fluff
to stock a dead forest
Has black Willie brushed
his lean living
to win.
That's why Willie's hair
off has been harrassed
And his belly
brushed in.
Dreams dwarf in cramped beds—
thin phantoms of joy—
Sometimes a thief
or a wharf gang chief
throws a cent
to the "boy."
No escape from the dirt shoveling shoe.
if only
man walked
on his head?—

All the worse!
More dirt
would be spread.
Hairs are a thousand,
feet only
two.
Sparkles
and sputters
a three mile jazz.
Straight and ahead
slick boulevards spin.
"Ah here," his mind
the dim thought
has,
the veritable
Eden
must have been.
No subtleties coil
in Willlie's
brain,
where little was sown
and little grown;
but one thing's cut
far in
by pain—
(Not deeper
the words indent
the stone of Maseo's
monument)
"White man eats fruit
that's ripe
and firm;
black man
shares his
with the worm.
In fair hands
fair work
parks;
on dark hands
falls the dark."
No great queries worried Willie
but one question
had him stumped.
How that question
drilled through Willie!—
When it stuck him,
willy-nilly,
from his arm
the big brush
slumped.

Too bad that
just then
heaved his way
toward the King of Cigars
Henry Clay,
in pluperfect whiteness
and big jowl wag,
his royal
sugar highness
Mr. Bragg.
Up to the fat one
runs the
'nigger':
"Beg yo' pardon
Mr. Bragg,
Aint it funny
yo' lily whit
sugar
Black man makes and puts it in the bag.
With yo' white color
black cigar's sho'
out o' place;
goes lots better
on the black man's
face.
Sugar in yo' coffee?—
Help yo'self,
help;
Be so kind, sir
make it
yo'self."
To flaming yellow
suddenly
the royal whiteness burns.
Here such a question
never goes.
The king does what
each white lord
learns;
then from his hands
his soiled gloves
throws.
Shaky Wille wipes his hand
across his drawers
across his stern.
Broad red smears
he leaves there from
his bloody nose.
Painful sniffs he draws up with
his injured organ.

Don't ask no questions
of a
gorgon.
One hand on his brush
Willy
presses,
the other to
his bruised cheek
goes.
That such questions
one addresses
To Comintern,
Moscow,
how should Willie
know?

LOST in CONFERENCE

I paint this mural of a Moscow dawn.
The meeting-magnetized, see them drawn
to the Gen—
Com—
Polit—
Educat—.
Into offices they swarm.
Follow at your risk,
a paper shower you'll be caught in.
You come to interview
a mere fifty-one or two,
the most important.
Every desk
empty, everyone fleeting
to a meeting.
You stop one:
"Comrade, a moment,"
you implore,
"Ivan Ivanich, where? I've tr.
to reach him since antiquity.
Till I see him I won't stir."
"Ivan Ivanich had to confer
with the United Bureau of A and B."

You pant up the hundredth stair
wan with climbing and despair.
Again you hear
"in an hour, meanwhile
why not enjoy the fresh air?
They're at a conference
negotiating the purchase—
important, can't stop—
of a bottle of ink
from the Region Co-op."

An hour passes.
You walk into vacancy.
No clerks in sight,
no lads, no lasses
to give you a greeting,

even to hand you another stall.
Then you see the poster on the wall:
"Under twenty-two years, all
To the Komsomol meeting."

I learn where Ivan Ivanich is.
Into the room I burst, possest,
wild curses spattering
from my breast,
eyes dilating.

What's this?
Halves of men lolling!
Torsos debating!
Stiff stands my hair.
The other halves, where?

The secretary's cool
official voice
halts me retreating.
"We're here—and we're there
at a second meeting.
We had no choice.
How simultaneously
hold two meetings?
The problem's solved.
Ourselves we halved;
torsos here,
the rest
there."

Those half men meetings keep
my night from sleep.
But with a soothing dream
I meet the sun.
One more conference
one last conference,
one
to liquidate all conferences!

Translated by Isidor Schneider

Mayakovsky As Satirist

In 1930, in his last poem, *At the Top of My Voice,* looking back on the path he had traversed, inspecting the front of his poems, so to speak, Mayakovsky wrote:

The favorite arm of all our fighting line,
wit's cavalry
wait tense and low,
Raising the sharpened lances of their rhyme,
ready to burst in thunder on the foe.

Yes, satire was his favorite weapon—rapid, biting, effective. He was a master of this weapon, and he wielded it with the elation of a master.

During the Civil War he worked for Rosta (Russian Telegraphic Agency) hatching ideas for the now famous "Rosta Windows of Satire." They were satirical placards on topics of the day, drawn by hand, developing an agitational theme in a whole series of drawings and captions. The posters were hung in the windows of empty shops—hence their odd name. The themes for these poems, dictated by the burning revolutionary questions of the day, were extremely varied, ranging from reports from the fronts to agitation for economizing fuel, for cleanliness, discipline and so on. In this highly difficult, responsible, and for a lyric poet, unusual work, Soviet reality presented itself before Mayakovsky as an inexhaustible source of new poetry.

From Rosta his path led straight to his newspaper work.

When the open enemies of his fatherland—the generals, landowners, the capitalists and interventionists of all colors—were smashed, new targets appeared for the satirist, cunning new enemies wreaking their harm in cautious instalments and from concealment.

With the brooms and brushes of satire and humor Mayakovsky poked, wherever his poet's word could advance the common cause.

Mayakovsky loved this work and attached great significance to it. "I have a great itch for writing satiric things," he said, "for the feuilleton in verse can whip some bureaucrats so well that for a whole year their red flesh will shine through the seats of their trousers."

In February, 1922, the last "Window of Satire" came out, and in March of the same year Mayakovsky's first poem to be published by a national newspaper appeared in *Izvestia.* This was a satiric poem in which he scorned the love of some Soviet department heads for meetings. It was called *Lost in Conference.* The day after these verses appeared, V. I. Lenin, in his report to the All-Russian Conference of the Iron and Steel Industry, mentioned these verses with praise.

"Yesterday, in *Izvestia,* I happened to read Mayakovsky's poem on a political subject; it's a long time since I experienced such pleasure from the political and administrative standpoint. In his poem he laughs at and makes fun of Communists for holding too many meetings. I don't know about the poetry, but as for the politics, I can vouch for it that he is entirely right."

Mayakovsky was very proud and happy. This high evaluation by Lenin was, so to speak, a diploma of political maturity. These words of Lenin incontrovertibly confirmed him in the knowledge that he had selected the right path, that he was performing necessary work, useful to the proletarian Revolution.

The high political aims which Mayakovsky set himself in his satiric work, and his mastery give his newspaper verse their permanence.

In the introduction to a volume of his satiric verse, Mayakovsky wrote in jest: "I am convinced that in the schools of the future satire will be taught along with arithmetic, with no less success. Especially mischievons and high-spirited pupils will select laughter as their specialty. There will be, there certainly will be a higher school of laughter."

And of course, if such a school is born its students will study the terrible laughter of the best poet of the Soviet epoch, as a splendid example of a satiric pen in the service of the October Revolution and Socialist construction.

VASSILY KATANYAN

DOCUMENTS

LETTER OF COMRADE IVANOV AND COMRADE STALIN'S ANSWER

To Comrade Stalin

From Ivan Philipovich Ivanov, Staff Propagandist of the Manturovsk District Committee of the Young Communist League, Kursk Region.

Dear Comrade Stalin,

I earnestly request you to explain the following question: In the local districts here, and even in the Regional Committee of the Young Communist League, a two-fold conception prevails about the final victory of Socialism in our country, *i.e.*, the first group of contradictions is confused with the second. In your works on the destiny of Socialism in the U.S.S.R. you speak of two groups of contradictions—internal and external.

As for the first group of contradictions, of course, we have solved them—within the country Socialism is victorious.

I would like to receive a reply on the second group of contradictions, *i.e.*, those between the land of Socialism and capitalism. You point out that the final victory of Socialism implies the solution of the external contradictions, that we must be fully guaranteed against intervention, and consequently, against the restoration of capitalism. But this group of contradictions can be solved only by the efforts of the workers of all countries.

Besides, Comrade Lenin taught us that "we can achieve final victory only on a world scale, only by the joint efforts of the workers of all countries."

While attending the seminary for staff propagandists at the Regional Committee of the Young Communist League, I, basing myself on your works, said that the final victory of Socialism is possible only on a world scale; but the leading Regional Committee workers—Urozhenko (first secretary of the Regional Committee) and Kazelkov (propaganda instructor)—qualified my statement as a Trotskyite sortie.

I began to read to them passages from your works on this question, but Urozhenko ordered me to close the book and said: "Comrade Stalin said this in 1926, but we are now in 1938; at that time we did not have final victory, but now we have it and there is now no need for us at all to worry about intervention and restoration"; then he went on to say: "We have now the final victory of Socialism and full guarantee against intervention and the restoration of capitalism." And so I was counted as an abettor of Trotskyism and removed from propaganda work, and the question was raised as to whether I was fit to remain in the Young Communist League.

Please, Comrade Stalin, will you explain whether we have the final victory of Socialism yet or not? Perhaps there is additional contemporary material on this question connected with recent changes that I have not come across yet.

Also, I think that Urozhenko's statement that Comrade Stalin's works on this question are somewhat out of date is an anti-Bolshevik one. Are the leading workers of the Regional Committee right in counting me as a Trotskyist? I feel very much hurt and offended over this.

I hope, Comrade Stalin, you will grant my request and reply to Manturovsk District, Kursk Region, Ist. Zasemsky Village Soviet, Ivan Philipovich Ivanov.

I. IVANOV

Reply to Comrade Ivan Philipovich Ivanov

Of course, you are right, Comrade Ivanov, and your ideological opponents, *i.e.,* Comrades Urozhenko and Kazelkov, are wrong.

And for the following reasons.

Undoubtedly, the question of the victory of Socialism in one country, in this case, our country, has *two different* sides.

The *first* side of the question of the victory of Socialism in our country embraces the problem of the mutual relations between classes in our country. This concerns the sphere of *internal* relations. Can the working class of our country overcome the contradictions with our peasantry and establish an alliance, collaboration, with them? Can the working class of our country in alliance with our peasantry smash the bourgeoisie of our country, deprive it of the land, factories, mines, etc., and by its own efforts build a new, nonclass society, complete Socialist society?

Such are the problems that are connected with the *first* side of the question of the victory of Socialism in our country.

Leninism answers these problems in the affirmative. Lenin teaches that *"we have all that is necessary for building complete Socialist society."* Hence, we can and must by our own efforts overcome our bourgeoisie and build Socialist society. Trotsky, Zinovyev, Kamenev and those other gentlemen who later became the spies and agents of fascism, denied that it was possible to build Socialism in our country unless the victory of the Socialist revolution was first achieved in other countries, in capitalist countries. As a matter of fact, these gentlemen wanted to turn our country back to the path of bourgeois development, and they concealed their apostasy by hypocritically talking about the "victory of the revolution" in other countries. This was precisely the point of controversy between our Party and these gentlemen. Our country's subsequent course of development proved that the Party was right and that Trotsky and Co. were wrong. For during this period we succeeded in liquidating our bourgeoisie, in establishing fraternal collaboration with our peasantry, and in building, in the main, Socialist society, notwithstanding the fact that the Socialist revolution has not yet been victorious in other countries.

This is the position in regard to the *first* side of the question of the victory of Socialism in our country.

I think, Comrade Ivanov, that it is not this side of the question that is the point of controversy between you and Comrades Urozhenko and Kazelkov.

The *second* side of the question of the victory of Socialism in our country embraces the problem of the mutual relations between our country and other countries, capitalist countries; the problem of the mutual relations between the working class of our country and the bourgeoisie of other countries. This concerns the sphere of *external, international* relations. Can the victorious Socialism of one country, which is encircled by many strong capitalist coun-

tries, regard itself as being fully guaranteed against the danger of military invasion (intervention), and hence, against attempts to restore capitalism in our country? Can our working class and our peasantry, by their own efforts, without the serious assistance of the working class in capitalist countries, overcome the bourgeoisie of other countries, in the same way as we overcame our own bourgeoisie? In other words, can we regard the victory of Socialism in our country as final, *i.e.*, as being freed from the danger of military attack and of attempts to restore capitalism, assuming that Socialism is victorious only in one country and that the capitalist encirclement continues to exist?

Such are the problems that are connected with the *second* side of the question of the victory of Socialism in our country.

Leninism answers these problems in the negative. Leninism teaches that "the final victory of Socialism in the sense of full guarantee against the restoration of bourgeois relations, is possible only on an international scale." (*Cf.* Resolution of the Fourteenth Conference of the C.P.S.U.) This means that the serious assistance of the international proletariat is a force without which the problem of the final victory of Socialism in one country cannot be solved. This, of course, does not mean that we must sit with folded arms and wait for assistance from outside. On the contrary, the assistance of the international proletariat must be combined with our work to strengthen the defense of our country, to strengthen the Red Army and the Red Navy, to mobilize the whole country for the purpose of resisting military attack and attempts to restore bourgeois relations.

This is what Lenin says on this score:

"We are living not merely in a state, but *in a system of states,* and it is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialist states. Ultimately, one or the other must conquer. Meanwhile, a number of terrible clashes between the Soviet Republic and the bourgeois states is inevitable. This means that if the proletariat, as the ruling class, wants to and will rule, it must prove this also by military organization." *(Collected Works, Russian Edition* Vol. XXIV, p. 122.)

And further:

"We are surrounded by people, classes and governments which openly express their hatred for us. We must remember that we are at all times but a hair's breadth from invasion." *(Collected Works,* Vol. XXVII, p. 117.)

This is said sharply and strongly, but honestly and truthfully, without embellishment, as Lenin was able to speak.

On the basis of these premises Stalin stated in *Problems of Leninism* that:

"The final victory of Socialism is the full guarantee against attempts at intervention, and that means against restoration, for any serious attempt at restoration can take place only with serious support from outside, only with the support of international capital. Hence, the support of our Revolution by the workers of all countries, and still more, the victory of the workers in at least several countries, is a necessary condition for fully guaranteeing the first victorious country against attempts at intervention and restoration, a necessary condition for the final victory of Socialism." *(Problems of Leninism,* Vol. I. p. 299.)

Indeed, it would be ridiculous and stupid to close our eyes to the capitalist encirclement and to think that our external enemies, the fascists, for example, will not, if the opportunity arises, make an attempt at a military attack upon the U.S.S.R. Only blind braggarts, or masked enemies who desire to

lull the vigilance of our people, can think like that. No less ridiculous would it be to deny that in the event of the slightest success of military intervention, the interventionists would try to destroy the Soviet system in the districts they occupied and restore the bourgeois system. Did not Denikin or Kolchak restore the bourgeois system in the districts they occupied? Are the fascists any better than Denikin or Kolchak? Only blockheads or masked enemies who with their boastfulness want to conceal their hostility and are striving to demobilize the people, can deny the danger of military intervention and of attempts at restoration as long as the capitalist encirclement exists. Can the victory of Socialism in one country be regarded as final if this country is encircled by capitalism, and if it is not fully guaranteed against the danger of intervention and restoration? Clearly, it cannot.

This is the position in regard to the question of the victory of Socialism in one country.

It follows that this question contains two different problems: a) the problem of the *internal* relations in our country, *i.e.,* the problem of overcoming our bourgeoisie and building complete Socialism, and b) the problem of the *external* relations of our country, *i.e.,* the problem of completely insuring our country against the dangers of military intervention and restoration. We have already solved the first problem, for our bourgeoisie has already been liquidated, and Socialism has already been built in the main. This is what we call the victory of Socialism, or to be more exact, the victory of Socialist construction in one country. We could say that this victory is final if our country were situated on an island and if it were not surrounded by numerous other, capitalist, countries. But as we are living not on an island but "in a system of states," a considerable number of which are hostile to the Land of Socialism and create the danger of intervention and restoration, we say openly and honestly that the victory of Socialism in our country is not yet final. But from this it follows that the second problem is not yet solved and that it has yet to be solved. More than that; the second problem cannot be solved in the way that we solved the first problem, *i.e.,* solely by the efforts of our country. The second problem can be solved only by combining the serious efforts of the international proletariat with the still more serious efforts of the whole of our Soviet people. The international proletarian ties between the working class of the U.S.S.R. and the working class in bourgeois countries must be increased and strengthened; the political assistance of the working class in the bourgeois countries for the working class of our country must be organized in the event of a military attack on our country; and also, every assistance of the working class of our country for the working class in bourgeois countries must be organized; our Red Army, Red Navy, Red Air Fleet and the Chemical and Air Defense Society must be increased and strengthened to the utmost. The whole of our people must be kept in a state of mobilization, preparedness in the face of the danger of a military attack, so that no "accident" and no tricks on the part of our external enemies may take us by surprise. . . .

From your letter it is evident that Comrade Urozhenko adheres to different and not quite Leninist opinions. He, it appears, asserts that "we now have the final victory of Socialism and full guarantee against intervention and the restoration of capitalism." There cannot be the slightest doubt that Comrade Urozhenko is fundamentally wrong. Comrade Urozhenko's assertion can be explained only by his failure to understand surrounding reality and his ignorance of the elementary propositions of Leninism, or by the empty boastfulness of a conceited young bureaucrat. If it is true that "we have

full guarantees against intervention and the restoration of capitalism," then why do we need a strong Red Army, Red Navy, Red Air Fleet, a strong Chemical and Air Defense Society, more and stronger ties with the international proletariat? Would it not be better to spend the billions that now go for the purpose of strengthening the Red Army on other needs, and to reduce the Red Army to the utmost, or even to dissolve it altogether? People like Comrade Urozhenko, even if subjectively they are loyal to our cause, are objectively dangerous to it, because by their boastfulness, they, willingly or unwillingly (it makes no difference!) lull the vigilance of our people, demobilize the workers and peasants and help the enemies to take us by surprise in the event of international complications.

As for the fact that, as it appears, you, Comrade Ivanov, have been "removed from propaganda work and the question has been raised of your fitness to remain in the Young Communist League," you have nothing to fear. If the people in the Regional Committee of the Young Communist League really want to imitate Chekhov's Sergeant Prishibeyev, you can be quite sure that they will lose on this game. Prishibeyevs are not liked in our country.

Now you can judge whether the passage from the book *Problems of Leninism* on the victory of Socialism in one country is out of date or not. I myself would very much like it to be out of date, I would like unpleasant things like the capitalist encirclement, the danger of military attack, the danger of the restoration of capitalism, etc., to be things of the past. Unfortunately, however, these unpleasant things still exist.

February 12, 1938.

J. STALIN

MAXIM GORKY

Commemorating the Seventieth Anniversary of his Birth

Maxim Gorky and his son Maxim Peshkov in 1912

Vyacheslav Molotov

A TRIBUTE TO MAXIM GORKY

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

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

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

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

Gorky created immortal characters—the people of his times.

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

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

At the same time Gorky, as a magnificent artist of the proletariat, drew remarkable portraits of freedom-loving and selfless people who would not accept oppression and the slime of life; he gave the best and most expressive pictures of proletarian revolutionaries, pictures burning with the warmth of the sincere feeling of an artist-genius.

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

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

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

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

It reflects the grandeur of Gorky that his shining mind, closeness to the people, self-sacrificing and gigantic labor upon the mastery of the

achievements of human culture made him a supreme friend of the toilers and a majestic inspiration in the struggle for the cause of Communism.

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

Gorky's example teaches us much.

Gorky was a *literary genius.*

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

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

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

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

Is any further proof needed that humanity's finest men, those who have reached the heights of culture and of deep comprehension of the secret dreams of the peoples about their happiness, give their energies supremely and without reserve to the cause of Communism, and in so doing find their highest satisfaction? This in itself shows that the cause of Communism is on the way to its full triumph.

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

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

Maxim Gorky

Death and the Maiden

Once returning from unlucky war,
Through the village with diminished staff,
Rode with anger clenchéd heart, the tsar,
And heard behind a bush a maiden laugh.
Menace plucked his red brows up like burs.
His horse's side he rowelled with his spurs.
And, storming after, rode his followers.
Hoarse, above his armor clank he sprayed
Coarse and evil words upon the maid.
"Slut you! Grinning now? At what, you jade!
Me, my enemy on defeat has fed.
On the field lie slain my bravest harriers.
Half my army is in slave ropes led.
Home I come to seek more warriors.
Your tsar am I, and on my misery
I hear you cackle your barnyard glee!"
Over her young breast she folds her coat.
Unashamed joy still throbs in her throat.
"Go away, father," she bids the tsar.
"I speak to my lover. Happy we are."
Loving and loved, who minds a crown,
Whether tsars laugh, or whether they frown.
Candles no quicker in hot shrines burn
Than love that will spend all, all to learn.
Heel to helmet, mad wrath shakes the tsar.
"Jail the slut," he shouts, "or better, now,
Strangle her right here, and show her how
Further goes punishment when a fool goes far."
Knights and lords distort their pompous faces.
Knights and lords on her breathe murderous breatn
Like fiends upon her hurl their noble graces,
And thrust the maid into the hands of death.

II

Death is always meek to evil ones;
But today she feels a rebellious stir.
Seeds of love and life, of high Spring suns
Touch her withered heart and swell in her.
Bored with ever handling rotting meat,
With ever goading on slow-paced disease,

At death clocks ever hurrying time's feet,
She yearns to end such uses, live at ease.
Howls of fear,—all come with that as greeting
To the inevitable meeting.
Enough she's had of writhing human dooms.
The fears, the funerals, the tears, the tombs.
Busy, busy, and on thankless work,
Ridding earth of illth and filth,
Skillful she is and does not shirk,—
But man has only curses for her tilth.
Death offended by their blaming word
Harries the harder the human herd.
Sometimes, erring in her wroth, her voice
Calls another than the proper choice.
Should she to Satan loving, go
Breathing hell heat to warm her heart,
Wailing with human seeming woe.
Should she never from charred Satan part!

III

Bravely awaiting the evil blow,
Bravely the maiden looks at death
Who, pitying the victim, draws a breath—
"Ah, you child, you! You're too young to go!
Why were you impudent to the tsar?
You see, I must kill you, now, for that."
As if beginning a quiet chat
The maid says, "Why be angry because others are?
Right there I'd had my first love kiss,
There with my lover in the green,
Could I think of tsars at a time like this?
Beaten comes the tsar and full of spleen.
I spoke to him but what did I say?
I only said, oh father, go away.
I spoke well, I thought; I had no doubt;
But, just look, how badly it turned out.
There's no way for me to hide from you.
It's hard to go before full love you knew.
Death, darling, let me go for one more kiss.
One more I beg and then your scythe can hiss."
New to death was this plain eloquence.
None, of death, had asked so little—or much.
"How," she ponders, "will I live when hence
Go the kissing ones, the lovers who touch . . . ."
Death, then, feeling her old bones warming
Gestured her serpent down, and said, "Go, fill
Your heart my lass, go kiss till morning,
The night is yours; be quick, at dawn I kill."
Down sat death on a sunwarmed stone.
On the scythe her serpent whets his fang.
Sobbing with joy the maiden sprang.
Old death mumbles, "Quicker, begone."

IV

Gently warming her, the vernal sun
Soothes death to sleep. She drops her worn bast shoes.
The stone she lies on can give her no bruise.
But an ill dream chills the deadly one.
She saw Cain, her parent, crawling, cold
His great-grandson, Judas, at his side,
Quiet as mated snakes, both old
And puny for this height, untried.
Dull eyes to the heavens stiffly cast,
"Lord, oh lord," implores the sullen Cain;
"Lord," the evil Judas pleads aghast,
His eyes unlifted from the earth they stain.
High upon the mount, upon a rosy reef
Of cloud rests god and reads a book, vast, bright;
Stars are its words and give the reader light;
All the Milky Way is but one leaf.
On the summit an archangel stands,
A lightning bolt in his white hands.
Sternly these wayfarers he commands:
"Away, the lord hath naught with thee!"
"Michael, mercy," crieth Cain,
"Well I know my sin's degree,
How it speaks in every slain.
I to bright life was the traitor;
I am curséd death's begetter."
"Michael, mercy," is Judas' cry;
"More than Cain hath sinned, have I;
For, to death, my treacherous nod
Gave the sunlike heart of god."
Then together: "Michael, ask the lord,
Ask that from his holy city
He drop to us one word,
One glance of pity."
Stilly the angel answeréd:
"Thrice unto the lord I spake thy word.
Twice was he mute as if he had not heard;
The third time heard, and said:
'Know thou so long as death lords over life
Nor Cain nor Judas shall forgiven be.
Let him forgive who wins a victory,
Who strikes, forever, from death's hand, the knife.'"
Thereat the traitor, who god's heart had sold,
The fratricide who had begotten death,
Shrieking their misery, down the mountain rolled,
Plunging in the fetid swamp beneath,
Where exulting devil, ghoul, vampire,
Gave them welcomes suited to their names,
Hurled them deep into the pitchy mire,
Spat at them with searing, blue marsh flames.

V

Noon was high when death her eyes unshut.
Where is the maid? Death glances to and forth,
And grumbles drowsily, "Eh, you slut,
It seems the night and morning were too short."
Idly an aster from its stalk she tears,
Marvels how the sun halos its head,
Picks with its flame the petals fine as hairs
And gilds them golden yellow, golden red.
Hard for her, an unwonted thing,
Stirred by the sun, death begins to sing:
"With ruthless hands men slay
Their nearest and their best;
Burying them they pray,
'Peace among the blest.'
Difficult are men to understand.
The despot beats them with a bloody hand
And when he perishes, solemnly where
They bury him they recite that prayer.
Be he truthful, be he liar,
Equal anguish is expressed,
The same prayer chants the choir:
'Peace among the blest.'
Fool and beast and poisoned whore,
When they fall at my behest;
Still this senseless song they roar:
'Peace among the blest.'"

VI

Her song ended, death's anger stirs anew.
More than her night, and more than a day
Has the maiden taken. That she'll rue.
Death has no patience for such play.
Sore with her anger death draws on her shoes,
Winds round her legs her puttee rags,
Not waiting for the moon,—no time to lose,—
Her ominous way upon the road she drags,
Plods an hour; then in a glade she sees
Aureoled and white, there under the moon,
On satiny grass, in leaf-linked canopies
The maid like a goddess sits as in swoon.
Like earth disrobed for ardent Spring
Unabashed her eager breast is bare;
On her silken doe-like skin how cling
The dazzling, starlike kisses there!
Two redder stars, her nipples glow;
Two bluer stars, her gentle eyes;
Into the heavens their soft glances go
Far upon the blue paths of the skies.
Under each eye a light blue stain;
Moist her two lips glitter, bitten red.
On both her lover laid ecstatic pain;

Now on her lap, content, his sleeping head.
Seeing her, death's anger flickers out.
In her skull the last flame leaves a hush.
"Have you, like Eve, with knowledge eaten doubt
That thus, from god, you hide behind a bush?"
Heavenlike bends her moon and starlit breast,
Shielding from inquisitive death her lover,
Who with that gesture is again caressed.
Boldly the maiden, as him she covers,
Answers, "Don't scold, and hush, don't wake him
Put that jingling scythe of yours aside.
Soon, from him, within the grave I'll hide,—
And be it long before you take him!
The lateness is my fault, forgive me.
I thought death never is too far;
One more embrace ere short life leave me;
How painfully good love's kisses are!
Ah, see how good my lover is!
All, all these glistening marks are his.
See them on my breast and cheek
Blooming like poppies fresh and thick!"
"Looks like you've been kissing with the sun!"
Death there shyly laughing says.
"But listen, lass; you're not my only one.
By thousands do they count my ravages.
From the time that first I did begin it
I've worked myself to gray hair and dry bone
To get all done. I cannot waste a minute.
Come now lass, this time I claim my own."
The maiden makes this cry:
'No more with earth, no more with sky,
Shall my lover lie.
In the soul a fire elate
Burns out fear of fate.
Nor man nor god we need;
Childlike, happiness now freed,
But its happy self doth heed.
And the same doth love approve.
Love, but itself doth love."
Silent is death, pondering and stern.
She hears and cannot stop the maiden's song.
Brighter than sun and more than gods can learn;
Stronger than fire is love that makes her strong.

VII

Then, in that silence, how death flowers!
An envious heat has thawed her bone.
Now chilled, now fevered, she is overpowered.
What new heart unto the world is shown!
No mother, death, but a woman, aye!
Always stronger than the mind the heart;
And in her heart now love has way;

And seeds of pity, seeds of longing start.
All those whom her strengthened love will reach,
The spirit-ill, dismayed with evil yearning,
Them at night her healing whispers teach
The joy of peace and health returning.
"Well then," said death, "let the wonder blind me.
I give you my permission. Live!
But at your side, forever, you will find me,
Ever to have what love can give."
Since then, inseparable they go
Like sisters, love before and death behind
Trailing the scythe that makes her slow,—
A stepsister following a sister kind.
By her sister willingly bewitched
She gladdens the wedding and the feast.
She has become what her envy itched,—
Who love hath aided and joy increased.

Translated by Isidor Schneider

In the Gorky museum in Moscow one of the exhibits is a copy of *Death and the Maiden* on which Stalin and Voroshilov have written these comments:

*

This piece is stronger than Goethe's Faust, (on the theme of) love's conquest over death.

STALIN

*

As for me I would say, I love Maxim Gorky as my own and my class writer who mentally advanced our movement.

VOROSHILOV

Maxim Gorky

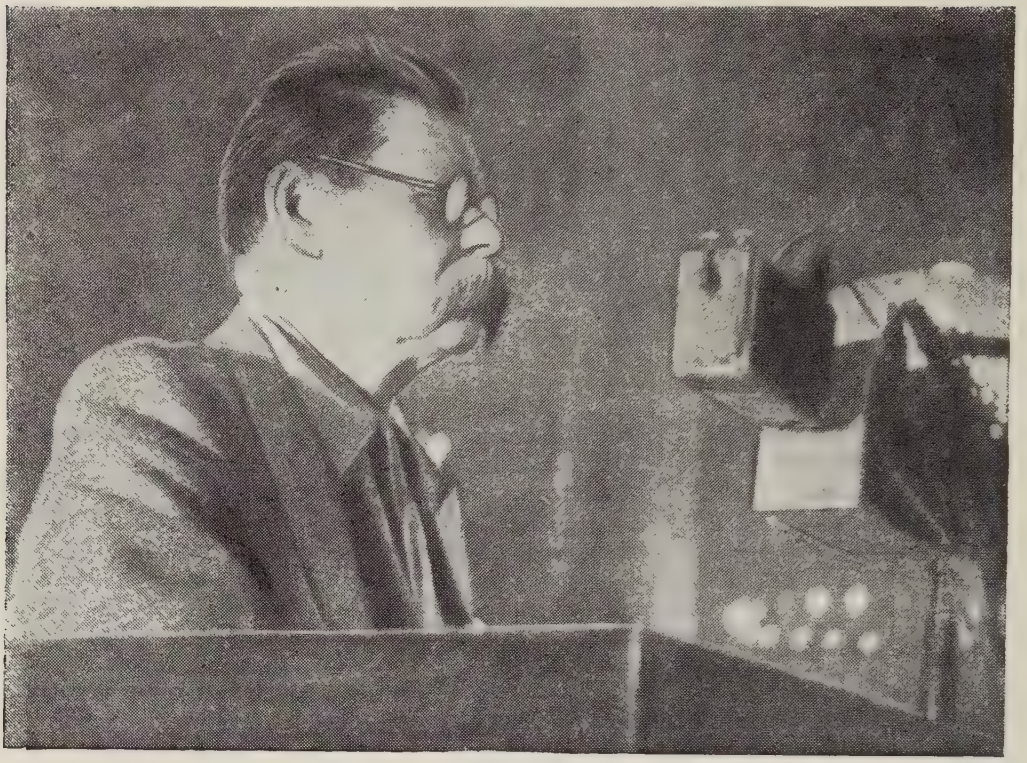
IF THE ENEMY DOES NOT SURRENDER HE MUST BE DESTROYED

Organized by the teachings of Marx and Lenin, the energy of the vanguard of the workers and peasants is leading the masses of the toiling people toward a goal whose significance is expressed in five simple words: to create a new world. In the Union of Soviets even Young Pioneers understand that for the creation of a new world, of new living conditions, it is necessary to make impossible the accumulation in the hands, and pockets of individuals, of tremendous riches, which always were and always are squeezed out of the blood and sweat of the workers and peasants; it is necessary to abolish the division of people into classes; to abolish every possibility of the exploitation by a minority, of the labor and of the creative power of the majority; it is necessary to expose the poisonous falsehoods of religious and national prejudices, which disunite people, making them incomprehensible and alien to each other: to burn out of the life of the toilers all the filthy and savage customs in day-to-day life, bred by age-old slavery; to destroy everything which hinders the growth of the consciousness of the unity of its vital interests in the toiling people, and permits the capitalists to work human slaughters, sending millions of toilers to fight each other—to war, the main goal of which is always the same: the strengthening of the right of capitalists to rob, the strengthening of their senseless thirst for profit, of their power over the toilers.

In the long run, it means to create conditions for a free development of the forces and abilities of all the people and of each individual; to create equal opportunity for all the people to reach a level to which only the exceptional, the so-called "great" people, can rise at the expense of a tremendous amount of wasted energy.

Is this the dream of a romantic? No, it is a reality. The enemies of the workers and peasants term the movement of the masses toward the building of a new world "a romantic dream." As "A Russian Woman" wrote to me not long ago, they are "a thin layer of well educated people, with European minds," who, as she writes, are convinced that "intellect belongs to the few," that "culture was created by a few highly talented people."

In these words "A Russian Woman" harshly but justly expressed the whole significance and all the poverty of bourgeois ideology, she exposed everything that the bourgeois mind is able to oppose to the spiritual regeneration of the proletarian masses. This spiritual regeneration of the proletariat throughout the world is an incontestable reality. The working class of the Soviet Union, marching at the head of the proletarians of the world, splendidly confirms this new reality. It has set before itself a great task, and its concentrated energy is successfully accomplishing it. The difficulties are tremendous, but when one desires, one can!



Maxim Gorky addressing the First Congress of Soviet Writers in the summer of 1934

In the thirteen years of its dictatorship, the working class, almost unarmed, barefoot, in rags, starving, threw out of the country the whiteguard armies, excellently armed by the capitalists of Europe, threw out of the country the interventionists' troops.

For thirteen years the working class has been building its state, with the assistance of a small number of honest, sincerely devoted specialists who are overlaid with a multitude of vile traitors, who disgustingly compromise their comrades and even science itself. Working in the atmosphere of the hatred of the world bourgeoisie, amid the snake-like hissing of the "mechanical citizens," who register with malicious joy each small mistake, each defect, each sin; working in conditions, of whose burden and horror it has still no full conception itself, in these hellish conditions the working class has developed a quite amazing strain of genuinely revolutionary and wonderful energy.

Only the heroic courage of the workers and the Party which represents the intellect of the working class—the mind of the revolutionary masses, is able to perform in all these conditions such exploits as, for instance, raising the output of industry by twenty-five per cent, instead of the twenty-two per cent called for by the 1929-30 plan. Collective farmers were scheduled to till twenty million hectares (about fifty million acres); they tilled thirty-six million! At the same time, the working class and the peasants, employing their forces for the building up of industry, for the reorganization of the countryside, have put forth hundreds of talented workers, shock workers, worker-correspondents, writers, inventors, their own, new intellectual forces.

Inside the country, cunning enemies organize a shortage of food. The kulaks

terrorize the collective farm peasants by murder, by arson, by all sorts of villainies; everything that has outlived the term set by history is against us, and this gives us the right to consider ourselves still in a state of civil war. The natural conclusion which follows is: if the enemy does not surrender, he must be destroyed.

From outside, European capital is against the Soviet Union. It has also outlived its time and is doomed to destruction. But it still wants to and has the force to resist the inevitable. It is tied to those traitors who carried on wrecking inside the Soviet Union, and they, to the extent of their baseness, help its brigand aims.

Poincaré, one of the prominent organizers of the European slaughter of 1914-18, nicknamed "Poincaré War," a man who almost destroyed the game of the French capitalists; the former Socialist Briand; the notorious drunkard Lord Birkenhead, and other loyal lackeys of capital are preparing, with the blessing of the head of the Christian church, a brigand attack on the Soviet Union. We live in the conditions of constant warfare against the bourgeoisie of the whole world. This obliges the working class to prepare actively for self-defense and for the defense of everything it has created for itself and as an example for the proletarians of the whole world during the thirteen years of heroic and self-sacrificing work of the building of a new world.

The working class and the peasantry must arm themselves, bearing in mind that once before the Red Army has triumphantly withstood the attack of world capitalism. The Red Army was then unarmed, starving, barefoot, in rags. It was led by comrades not very well trained in military science. Now we have a Red Army, an army of fighters, and every fighter knows well what he has to fight for.

If the capitalists of Europe go completely crazy from fear of the inevitable future, and still dare to send their workers and peasants against us, it is necessary to meet them, to beat their stupid heads with such blows of words and deeds that the blow may become the last one on the blockhead of capital and throw it into the grave history opportunely dug for it.

1930

MAXIM GORKY
ON ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE

On the Murder of Kirov

A splendid man has been murdered, one of the finest leaders of the Party, an ideal example of a proletarian, a master of culture. With all my soul I share the Party's sorrow, the sorrow of all honest workers. I cannot keep from saying: the enemy's deed not only testifies to his baseness but to the insufficiency of our own vigilance.

Pravda, December 4, 1934

The Enemy Must be Destroyed.

We are living in a state of war—this is what we must keep in mind, never forgetting it for an instant. It appears that scoundrels are concealed in our midst, scoundrels who are capable of betraying, selling and murdering. The existence of such scoundrels is impermissible . . . The enemy must be destroyed mercilessly and ruthlessly, regardless of the sighs and groans of the professional humanists. We must remember that the world is illumined by the light of genuine humanism, whose purpose is to liberate the proletarians of all lands from the iron cage of capitalism.

Pravda, January 2, 1935

There is a proud ring in the assertion that man is "nature's crown." Its truth is beyond denial but it is also true that some men are scoundrels, murderers of the leaders of the proletariat, traitors to their country, incredible hypocrites, enemies of the working class and spies of the capitalists, and because of these qualities they are subject to ruthless extermination.

Written in 1936. Published in the collection of Gorky's articles, On Literature, *which appeared in 1937.*

Maxim Gorky

ON PHILISTINISM

Philistinism is the cast of mind of the contemporary [1] representatives of the ruling classes. The basic features of philistinism are a love of ownership which has developed along ugly lines; a constant tense desire for peace both within oneself and in the outer world; an obscure fear of everything which in one way or another may upset this peace, and a persistent tendency to explain away everything which disturbs one's peace of mind, everything which violates customary views on life and people.

But the philistine wants explanation not in order to understand the new and unknown; he wants it only for self-justification, to justify his passive attitude in the battle of life.

The disgusting development of the sense of ownership in a society built on the principle of the enslavement of the human being is to be explained, perhaps, by the fact that only money seems to give the individuality the opportunity to feel itself free and strong; sometimes only money can preserve the individuality from the arbitrariness of that all-powerful monster, the state.

But explanation is not justification. The contemporary state has been created by philistines to defend their property; the philistines let the state develop to a point where individuality is completely enslaved and disfigured. Never seek outside yourself protection against a force inimical to you: learn to develop within yourself resistance to violence.

Life, as is well known, is a struggle of the masters for power and of the slaves for liberation. The tempo of this struggle grows constantly faster with the growth in the masses of the feeling of self-respect and the consciousness of the class unity of interests.

Philistinism would like to live quietly and nicely, without taking active part in this struggle. Its favorite place is a peaceful life in the rear of the stronger army. Philistinism, which is always inwardly powerless, worships the brutal force of its government, but if, as we have seen and are seeing, the government becomes decrepit, philistinism is capable of wheedling or even tearing from the hands of the government a share of the power over the country; and it does this by employing the force of the people, the people's hand.

Philistinism heavily plasters over the people its grey, viscous layer, yet it cannot but feel how thin this cold layer is, how instincts antagonistic to it burn under this layer, how brightly irreconcilable, daring thought blazes, melting and burning up age-old untruth. . . .

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[1] *Notes on Philistinism* was published in *Novaya Zhizn* in 1905. Another article on the same theme, published in 1929, follows this article.

This onslaught of energy from below arouses in philistinism a terrific fear of life, at the root of which lies fear of the people with whose forces philistinism has constructed the cumbersome, narrow, dull edifice of its felicity. On the uncertain ground of this fear, in the presentiment of retribution, the philistines burst out in hasty, crude attempts to justify their role of parasites on the body of the people—and then the philistines become Malthuses, Spencers, Le Bons, Lombrosos—their name is legion. . . .

Somebody in the future will probably write "A History of Social Falsehood," a book in many volumes, in which all the cowardly attempts at self-justification, assembled together, will form a whole Mount Ararat of shameless efforts to suppress the obvious, real truth with heaps of sticky, cunning lies.

Philistines are always beguiled by the illusory possibility of proving to themselves and the whole world that they are guilty of nothing.

And they prove with more or less loquacity and dullness that life has irrisistible and inevitable laws created by god or nature, or by people themselves, and by virtue of these laws man can arrange himself comfortably only on the neck of his fellow-man, and that if all the workers were to desire to eat meat cutlets, there would not be enough cows on earth. . . .

The contradictions between the people and the ruling classes are irreconcilable. Every man who sincerely wishes to see the triumph of truth in the world, the triumph of freedom and beauty, must work to the limit of his ability for the swift and normal development of these contradictions to the very end, because at the end of this process both the criminal nature of our social system and the obvious impossibility of its further existence in its present forms will be equally clear to all. . . .

Philistinism always seeks to hinder the process of the normal development of class contradictions.

When the friction between hostile forces increases, the philistines usually hide their heads under the wing of some reconciliation theory. Avoiding taking part in the struggle himself, the philistine tries to introduce into it a more or less authoritative third person and charges this third person with the defense of his philistine interests. Formerly he cleverly employed god for this purpose; having crushed god through the structure of the church, he turned to science, trying everywhere to find proofs of the necessity of the majority's subordination to the minority.

Every time dark, suspicious mould forms on the bright, majestic temple of science, rest assured that a philistine has touched the temple of truth with his impure hand. . . .

Science was born of the experience and thought of humanity. It is a free force which it is difficult to subordinate to the interests of philistinism. Science has not provided arguments justifying the existence of philistinism; on the contrary, the more science develops, the more light it throws on the harmfulness of parasitism. . . .

On the basis of his strenuous efforts to reconcile the irreconcilable, the philistine developed an illness which he termed "conscience." It has much in common with the feeling of anxious uneasiness which an idler and parasite experiences in a stern workers' family from which he expects to be kicked out some day. In essence conscience is the same fear of retribution, but weakened, taking on, like rheumatism, a chronic form. . . . This peculiarity of the philistine soul permitted the philistine to create a new weapon of reconciliation—humanism: something like religion, but not so wholehearted and beautiful. It

is composed of some logic, some kind feeling, pity and a good deal of naiveté, but most of all of the Christian tendency to give people soap bubbles instead of their daily bread. In essence, it is charity for the people, the quite pitiful and insipid crumbs generously thrown by the rich Lazarus to his poor namesake. . . . But it was unsuccessful. The people were not satiated, they became no milder, and, as before, though silently, their hungry eyes cast sidelong glances at the way the fruits of their toil were devoured. . . . It was clear that humanism cannot serve the philistines as a weapon of defense against the pressure of justice.

The philistine likes to tell the people: "Love your neighbor as yourself," but by the word neighbor he always means himself, and while he preaches love to the people, he retains for himself the right to live securely at the expense of other's toil.

When philistinism became convinced that the doctrine of Christ does not reconcile the worker to the role of slave which the state forced on him, it began to feel that humanism and religion are superfluous ballast in its tight, square, little soul; it began to want to free itself of this ballast. Hence began the disgusting process of the decay of the philistine soul.

One should have seen the drunken joy of the philistines when Nietzsche loudly proclaimed his hatred for democracy!

It seemed to them that here, at last, was a Hercules who would clean the Augean stables of their philistine soul of its grey confusion of ideas, who would sweep away the fine, patchwork net of feelings which the philistines had been weaving with their own hands so long, so zealously and so ungiftedly, a net which tied them with mutually contradictory threads—I want, but I must not; I must but I do not want—tied, and led them to an impasse of helpless despair —I cannot live. Philistinism at once made an idol of Nietzsche, putting the whole of him into one terrible cry:

"Save yourselves as well as you can! The world is perishing, for democracy comes!"

But this was the shout of agony of philistine society itself, gasping its last breath of exhaustion in its search for lasting happiness, however cheap; for assured peace, however dull; for firm order, however limiting. . . . Philistinism lives at the expense of others' toil, and it can fight only with other people's hands.

Formerly philistinism could hire people with money; later it bought them with promises; always it cheated them. Now, when people have begun to understand their own interests, it has become hard to deceive them. People have become more and more sharply divided into two irreconcilable camps—the minority, armed with every weapon to defend itself, and the majority, which has only one weapon, its hands, and only one desire, the desire for equality. On the right stand the slaves of capital as impassive as machines, and clad in armor. They are accustomed to considering themselves the masters of life, but in reality they are weak-willed servants of the cold, yellow devil whose name is gold. On the left stand the real masters of life, uniting faster and faster in indestructible friendship. They are the only living force, setting everything in movement—the working people. . . . Their hearts are aflame with certainty of victory, and they see their future: freedom. . . .

The philistines scamper in perplexity between these two forces. They see that reconciliation is impossible; they are ashamed to go to the right; they are afraid to go to the left; and the strip of land on which they are crowded be-

comes narrower and narrower, the enemies come closer and closer to one another, the battle begins. . . .

What is the philistine to do? He is no hero; the heroic is incomprehensible to him. Only on the stage does he sometimes enjoy heroes, in the calm certainty that heroes in the theater will not affect his life. He has no prescience of the future, and, having only the interests of the present moment at heart, he states his attitude toward life thus:

Why fuss, why argue? Quiet keep
Let madmen search and fools inquire.
Heal your daily wounds with sleep.
Tomorrow'll put its own on fire.
Learn to take all, bright or blue,
Hope or menace as they're ranked.
What is there to want or rue?
The day is done—and god be thanked!

The philistine is enamored of living, but life leaves no deep impressions upon him. Social tragedy is beyond his feelings. He can feel deeply only the terror of the hour of his own death; and he sometimes expresses this strongly and vividly. The philistine is always a lyricist. Deep pathos is quite beyond his powers; here he is as if cursed with the curse of impotence. . . .

What can he do in the battle of life? Here we see how anxiously and pitifully the philistines hide from the battle of life, each wherever he can—in the dark corners of mysticism, in the prettified arbors of æsthetics, jerrybuilt of stolen materials. Sadly and hopelessly they wander through the labyrinths of metaphysics, and return again to the narrow paths of religion, soiled by the rubbish of age-old lies; everywhere bringing into their sticky triviality the hysterical groaning of souls full of petty fear, their lack of talent and their impudence, they strew over everything they touch a hail of prettified but empty and cold words which sound false and plaintive. . . .

Philistines, I repeat, want to live in peace with the whole world at any cost, quietly enjoying the fruit of other people's labor and striving by all possible means to preserve that peace of mind which they term happiness.

What can those who have such a psychology add to the "common welfare" except falsehood and hypocrisy? This "common welfare," as the philistines picture it, is a vast muddy morass, overgrown with the thick mould of good intentions, eternally covered with the grey, dead mist of false words; and at its bottom lie crushed people, living people transformed into instruments for the enrichment of the philistines. This "common welfare" smells of the blood and sweat of deceived, enslaved people.

Life puts the case simply and clearly: common welfare is impossible as long as boss and worker, subordinate and ruler, the haves and the have-nots, exist.

Either all people, despite the sharp differences of their minds, are comrades politically and equals economically, or all life is a disgusting crime, a foul tragedy of perversion, a process which has no justification. . . .

No matter how much perfume you spray on the sea, it will still smell of brine. Of course the nice philistine books would not accomplish much if they preached only virtues advantageous to the philistines and if there were not, besides books, other influences, capable of arousing thought even in a stone.

Along the steppes, past villages, like gigantic iron worms strewing fiery sparks, locomotives drag trains with a triumphant roaring, devouring the muzhik's grain. Near the villages were raised the gloomy red walls of plants and factories, huge smokestacks rise threateningly to the sky, black smoke blasphemously flows toward god's dwelling, unafraid of his wrath. Machines appeared on the landowners' estates, sowing, reaping and mowing with steel hands, depriving men of work; and the men, to keep from dying of starvation, left the fields and walked into the wide-open, hot maw of the factory. There wheels whirled fussily, noisily, regularly around them, pistons moved, iron shrieked ominously, and all, all the fruits of earth, everything born of the earth—stones, trees, the earth itself, everything was transformed into gold and snatched far away from man, leaving him weary, exhausted, with only a piece of bread and without a penny for his old age.

The roar of the smelting furnaces, the shrilling of the lathes, the muffled blows of the press shaking the earth, the endless motion of belts, the bright, gay fire blazing everywhere—all this was powerful and terrible. This feverish life weighed upon man and involuntarily aroused in him a sharp, devastating question:

Why is it so? For whom?

Little by little he began to guess that all this mechanically correct but mad hell was created and set into motion by the insatiable greed of those people who had seized power over the whole earth and over man, and that all of them want to develop and to strengthen this power by the force of gold. They went crazy over greed, themselves became stupid and pitiful slaves of their factories, of their machines, of their promissory notes and gold; they went to extremes, they entangled themselves in the net of the devil of profits, like flies in a spider web; they no longer realize why they need it all, and these people become blunted, do not see, they cannot see, a possibility of living otherwise, of leading a different, a beautiful, free, sane life. They float on mechanically, like drowned bodies, in a foul stream of senseless and disgusting insanity, wrapped in acrid smoke and the odor of human sweat, surrounded by the greedy clanking of iron and the groans of the people who work at the iron to increase the amount of gold in the philistines' pockets—of the gold which killed the soul of the philistine, of the gold which is the metal god of limited and pitiful people.

Man saw and understood that his hands create everything, while he has nothing but the beggar's right to eat just enough bread to keep on working and, finally, having created in his lifetime an immeasurable quantity of riches, to die of starvation. Man, struck by the obviousness of these facts, became thoughtful: Who is he, then, who has created so much that it is superfluous, yet does not have necessities? Is he the master of life or its slave?

The man working at the factory saw how out of formless lumps of ore his labor creates machines and guns; how weak, thin, shyly quivering threads are twisted into firm, strong cloth and rope. He protested against the greed of capital, and he saw that the guns he has made are used to kill his comrades, and the ropes turned into nooses for his friends.

Everywhere around him the red, maliciously gay fire laughed brightly at him and brought to life the invincible power of the human being—his mind. Capital, taking the last shirt off his back, transformed man, the slave owner of a small plot of barren land, into the free beggar; from a passive sufferer whose patience surprises the world into a fervent, obstinate fighter for his right to be a human being and not an item of income for philistines.

And he began his great struggle.

But to the philistines capital is an idol, a force and an invincible power, and they serve it slavishly, satisfied with the crumbs which the satiated animal throws to them under the table, like dogs. They are not offended by this—the philistines have not developed the feeling of human self-respect. Blinded by the sparkling of gold, they serve their master not only out of fear of his strength, but out of respect for his strength, and they not only serve him—this would be only natural, for the philistine loves to eat heartily and of tasty dishes—but they are servile, and this is repulsive. Philistines are always moralists, and conscious of the moral nakedness of their idol, obscurely feeling the criminal nature of its existence, they try to lay a philosophic basis, to soften the guilt incurred by this process of violence, torture and murder of millions of people for the sake of accumulating gold in the pockets of a handful. And, proving the right of capital to rob, to kill, they believe they can conceal the fact that they are accomplices in the plundering and murder.

"It cannot be otherwise!" they say.

"It can!" the Socialists answer them.

"Oh, that's just a dream!" object the philistines, and return to swindling, searching everywhere for arguments to confirm the eternal necessity of dividing people into the rich and the poor, and the inevitability of a system which equally degrades the worker, the capitalist and the philistines themselves.

These pitiful attempts of cowardly serfs to stop the chariot of history by throwing heaps of false words in its path sometimes really slacken the march of life by obscuring and entangling the masses' slowly growing consciousness of their rights. That is why one ought always to remember, as one remembers one's name, that the real enemy of life is not capital only but its lackeys, the respectable philistines, who strive, in the interests of their personal happiness, to prove to the masses the impossibility of another state of affairs as well; who seek to reconcile the worker to his role of an item of income for the boss; who seek to justify a life based on the enslavement of the majority by the minority. . . .

The role of conciliator is a double-faced role, and the philistine is the eternal captive of this inner two-sidedness. Everything he ever invented bears in itself irreconcilable and base contradictions. He gives man both a bottle of whiskey and a book on the harmful effects of alcohol, simultaneously collecting his percentage of profit from both articles. Recognizing woman as man's equal in everything, nevertheless, out of considerations of "a realistic policy"—*i.e.*, a policy of the quickest possible establishment of a firm order, at any cost—he deprives her of suffrage, despite the fact that his wife is probably no less anxious than he for the triumph of order and peace of mind. He is ready to embrace liberty, but only as a legal spouse, in order that he may rape her to his heart's content within "the limits of the law." Like all parasites, he possesses an amazing ability to adapt himself but never to adapt himself to the truth.

The philistine's multicolored, disfiguring servility to power, the poison of his constant desire for peace and well-being; his little, dull, title-loving, clammy soul is becoming more and more apparent in the epoch of popular stirring, when he, grey, fussy and greedy, runs about horribly between the black representative of oppression and the Red fighter for freedom, striving to guess as quickly as possible which of the two will conquer. Which is the stronger, which side can he join as soon as possible, in order to establish order in life, to settle his peace of mind and to snatch a bit of power?

A pitiful being. If he were only not so harmful, it would not be necessary to discuss him, but it is imperative to speak of him more than of anything else, revolting as it is.

The philistines are Lilliputians, the people Gulliver, but if he is tied with all the threads of falsehood and deceit which lie in the hands of that tribe, he will have to waste time in breaking those threads.

Our days are not only days of struggle, but days of judgment, not only days of the uniting of all the workers for truth, for freedom and for honor into one invincible army, but also days of breaking with all who only recently hung about the rear of the army of the proletariat and now, when it has won the victory, run forward and shout:

"It is we who have conquered! We represent the people! Please make room for us to sit down and begin our bargaining with you. We are selling the Russian working people. How much do you offer?"

They will probably soon make a sale, for they are offering bargain prices. . . .

1905

ON PHILISTINISM

A philistine is a creature who is limited by a narrow circle of timeworn habits and thought, and who, within the limit of this circle, does his thinking automatically. The influence of the family, the school, the church, of "humanitarian" literature, the influence of all those elements that constitute the "spirit of the law" and "tradition" of the bourgeoisie, assembles in the mind of the philistine a simple apparatus (similar to the mechanism of a watch), the mainspring which sets in motion the wheels of his ideas, which starts the force that will enable him to tick quietly on to the end. All the philistine's prayers may without injury to their eloquence, be summed up in the words: "God have mercy!"

Expressed in a more amplified form, as a demand to the state and to society, this prayer sounds as follows: "Leave me alone, let me live as I choose."

Every day his press reminds the English philistine, that he is the best man on earth, or if he be a Frenchman, that *he* is the best of all men. It makes no difference whether he be a German, or a Russian, he and no one else is the best man in the world.

In general, however, this finest citizen of the "cultured" world is quite like the savage, who, when asked by the missionary: "What do you want?" answered, "To work very little, to think very little, and to eat a lot." The philistine is a pathological case. When a man has thoroughly mastered the technique of thinking, the growth of his thoughts ceases. There are cases when the philistine, under the impact of events, assimilates ideas that are alien to him, but they become a cause of suffering, like diseases due to the presence of foreign bodies. In such cases he quite frequently begins dosing himself with "anaesthetics," with religion, pessimism, alcohol, dissoluteness, hooliganism, etc.

To prevent this assertion from seeming too abstract, let us take an example: in the four-year mass extermination of people, engineered by the ruling classes of Europe to swell their profits, to which eleven years ago an end was put by the indignant Russian people, the philistine suffered severely, both financially and economically. How did his sufferings during the imperialist war contribute to the philistine's spiritual life; how did they alter the automatic process of philistine thought?

They contributed nothing and in no way changed the accustomed mechanical process and the sterile thinking. The philistine remained convinced that religion is the foundation of morals, and that without religion the state cannot exist, although it is perfectly obvious that the bourgeois state is amoral, that it is founded on robbery, plunder and the cynical exploitation of the working people. During the war they considered it perfectly natural to appeal to their god who had commanded them "kill not" and "love thy neighbor as thyself," to aid the despicable cause of mutual slaughter.

After the war the "humanism" of the philistines remained the same "humanitarianism" in words, but not in deeds, that it had been before the war. It is still capable of raising its voice a little in defense of individualism but is utterly indifferent to the suffering and oppression of the masses. Generally speaking, the ghastly lesson of the World War in no way altered the psyche of philistinism, just as it failed to affect the habits of mosquitoes, frogs and cockroaches.

The capitalist states of Europe are actively preparing for a new war. The military experts unanimously affirm that this war will mainly be chemical, and that its destruction and horrors will vastly exceed the horrors and destruction of the war of 1914-18. In the January 15 issue of the Italian newspaper *Il Mattino,* Due, a writer on military problems and a general, I believe, says: "General-Engineer Burleon considered that from the air five hundred tons of phosgene gas would suffice completely to devastate ten thousand hectares, *i.e.,* an area equal to that occupied by Paris, in half an hour." Colonel Bloch says: "A five hundred kilogram phosgene bomb which strikes a house kills all the inhabitants. Upon explosion, the bomb forms a cloud one hundred thousand cubic meters in volume, and its action is instantaneous. A street thirty meters wide and one hundred meters long would be poisoned to a height of thirty-five meters. In case of a favorable (!) wind all houses for a distance of one kilometer, that are not sealed up airtight, will be poisoned."

The European press frequently carries such detailed reports of the future war. The European philistine naturally reads these articles and ought to realize that the gases will poison his children, his wife and old folk.

If a small gang of thieves and bandits were publicly to discuss the question of what neighborhood they should rob and how best to go about it, the philistines would, in all probability, attempt in one way or another to frustrate the modest intentions of these "socially dangerous" citizens. But the philistine does not interfere with the far more destructive intentions of people who are incomparably more criminal and socially dangerous, who publicly debate projects for the extermination of tens of millions of people.

We shall not discuss "humanism." It would seem that the instinct of the property holder and the desire for self-preservation should arouse the philistine's alarm and fear. It would seem that the philistine's organic longing to be left alone should compel him to shout: "I don't want war!" But he does not shout.

When the Soviet government placed before the governments of Europe its project for immediate disarmament and then for disarmament over a four-year period, the philistines pretended not to hear the proposal. They heard it, of course, but the automatic nature of their thinking, circumscribed

and repressed by tradition, compelled them to treat this proposal as impossible and fantastic.

Many things in the past likewise seemed impossible and fantastic to the philistines, as for example: Fulton's steamboat, Yablochkin's electric light bulb and countless other achievements of the free and daring mind, the force that creates culture, that enriches life.

The philistine's fundamental slogan is "Thus it was, thus will it always be." The sound of these words reminds one of the automatic swinging of the pendulum. The philistines are truly degenerating. Like fish "their rotting starts from the head."

February-March, 1929

Vsevolod Ivanov

THE HEART THAT ACCUSES

ABOUT thirty-five years ago the young Gorky was walking down a river bank in Nizhni-Novgorod (now the city of Gorky). "Someone" sent by the Black Hundreds attacked him, striking at his heart with a dagger. He struck twice. The dagger hit a metal cigarette case—slashed through it—but was stopped by a mounted silver lily on the lid; Gorky fended off the hired assassin and went on. His heart worked calmly and powerfully. The dagger blow did not stop, did not slow down its glorious and strong beat.

They placed Gorky in jails, they let him rot in prisons. They forced Gorky to leave his own country, to long for it on alien soil. Just the same, Gorky's ardent heart continued to expose the enemies of the people, the enemies of equality, the enemies of Socialism.

The October Revolution, the Party, the working class, creative and fruitful friendship with Lenin and Stalin, the love of the whole people for the great artist, tremendously elevated and inspired Maxim Gorky's work. Gorky's most splendid creative successes, his most remarkable ideas, came in those years. There is no necessity to list them; they are well known to all. And it is obvious that the enemies' hatred for Gorky similarly rose. It is now established that the mad hater of Socialism, Trotsky, gave the order to kill Gorky.

They snatched the dagger from the fascist sheath and directed it at Gorky's heart. But times had changed considerably since those of thirty years before. To strike directly at Gorky was now both dangerous and impossible. So the dagger in the experienced hands of the murderers-provocateurs-spies took on new shapes.

It is extremely hard to understand and define all the abomination of the human downfall which we have now seen. But the storm whirls in the yard, no matter how we may strive to see the fence beyond and thus to reassure ourselves of our security from the storm. However, one can hardly call that vile and repulsive fascist vortex, rising from the already snow-covered abyss of human abomination, a storm. Straining all one's forces, one looks at this foul vortex of death and treachery, and tries to understand better and more keenly the reason for its origin and how it whirls and strangles honest people. And one realizes that it strangles them with hypocrisy, falsehood and treachery, sometimes taking on very complex forms.

It was both easy and difficult to deceive Gorky. It was easy because he readily trusted people. It was difficult because he quickly saw through them. Enemies understood this ability of his, this indisputable essence of the artist. Therefore the enemies, after declaring their friendship for Gorky, immediately proceeded to use Gorky's great love, his love of toil. Gorky understood and loved fruitful, social, strong toil better than any other art-

Maxim Gorky with his grand-daughters

ist. Anyone who toiled honestly for the benefit of Socialism could reckon on Gorky's love. That is why he hated people who sought easy jobs, who were idle, who had no respect for toil. Using this ineradicable, immeasurable respect of Gorky for toil, the assassins, the direct executors of Trotsky's order, the spies Yagoda and Kryuchkov, made their way to Gorky.

But a strong wall of friends, of assistants, of disciples, stood around Gorky. With Gorky lived his devoted son Max. When Max Peshkov joined the Communist Party, Lenin asked him what he intended to do. Max answered that he would leave for the front. "Your front is near your father," Lenin told him then.

Accordingly, the assassins had to remove this wall in order to reach Gorky's heart. It was impossible to slander the son; so physician-murderers killed Max. They tried to defame friends, first of all Soviet writers. They spoke of them as money-chasers who thought only of royalties and summer homes; they represented them as drunkards, as people who did not want to work and to search for the new. Gorky was a passionate follower of the common, collective work of writers. Untalented or pernicious people were skillfully introduced to Gorky as leaders for these schemes of his, in order to deprive writers of the possibility of writing; or writers were used for the advantage of certain groups, in effect, again, for the Trotskyite plans of Auerbach, Kirshon and Kryuchkov. Now, looking back, one sees that this wrecking in literature was going on not only around Gorky. It was also going on in those literary circles which did not adjoin Gorky's circle, and

it was conducted in a manner to discredit by all possible means the name of Gorky and the name of the Soviet writer in general. Deliberately, untalented scribblers were brought into literature. More often than not they were spies and provocateurs. Intentionally a low level of literary judgment was created. Everything was done to make Soviet literature seem poor and talentless. Even editorial work, in which Gorky always excelled, was vulgarized. Editing, Gorky taught. Editing, the enemies spoiled.

Nevertheless, they did not succeed in deceiving Gorky in literature, just as they did not succeed in deceiving him in the evaluation of the life of the whole country and the Party. They did not succeed in shaking his immeasurable devotion to the Party and to the people. Gorky's heart beat faithfully. He could see what was really rotten and reject it. He could recognize genuine talent, he could patiently wait for the growth of a writer's creative powers, he could forgive the mistakes an artist made, but he was merciless toward hypocrisy and lack of talent. The traitors and assassins vainly tried to calumniate Soviet literature, just as they vainly attempted to calumniate the Party and its leaders; and the assassins came to the conclusion that it was necessary to kill Gorky.

How terrible these words sound: "to kill Gorky"! To kill this marvelous heart of a great artist, of an extraordinarily sensitive and affectionate man, of the creator who knew how to toil and how to respect toil better than any one else on earth; a man who possessed inspiration which you could feel in his every movement; a man who possessed the unusual gift of transmitting this inspiration to other people.

I recall the large, bright house on the shadowy bank of the Moscow River: dense meadows beyond the river. I recall the soft step of Gorky as he walked along the corridor. He would sit down at the table and, tapping on the edge with his thumbs, with their pleasant big wrinkles, he would shake off the ashes without haste. A light brown box of cigarettes would be shining softly near his big hand. Leisurely the conversation would go on, sometimes plunging into the past, sometimes scattering over the map of the present. And on this map Gorky would always look for some unusually bright event, man or book, characteristic of our epoch (just as we look up small circles on the map, denoting cities). And he would enjoy his find. Triumphantly he would glance at you, with that peculiar glance of Gorky when he put his eyes on the same level as yours and it seemed that a light blue, large, joyous wave flowed over you.

And this wonderful, bright, pure Gorky exists no more! He has been killed!

He was killed at the climax of his remarkable work. He was killed when he was writing the last chapter of *Klim Samgin*, describing Lenin's arrival in Petersburg. The traitors would not let him finish the chapter.

He who would still be among us now, who would have told the whole world the great truth of the Soviets and of Socialism with all the weight which his word carried—he, Maxim Gorky, has been killed!

Maxim Gorky killed! But his heart accuses—the great heart of a great artist, it beats from beyond the grave, shaking the earth, calling for revenge, for hatred, for the extermination of the enemies of Socialism—for untiring toil, for creative work, for truth!

His heart accuses, and it lives!

Death to the enemies of the people! Death to Trotskyism! Death to fascism! Death to the assassins of Maxim Gorky!

Pyotr Pavlenko

HE FELL FIGHTING FOR US

Gorky's name signifies a whole trend; his literary biography is the path which he has blazed for young generations of writers, the path of a new artist, raised by the epoch of the proletarian revolution. The name of Gorky has become the yardstick of talent, of talent that has permanently linked its destiny with the destinies of the people fighting for its rights and its happiness. The excellent writer Jack London was proud of the fact that he was called "the American Gorky."

Never before did an outstanding man of letters enjoy such absolute authority as Gorky. Gorky acted like an artist delegated to art by millions of working people from all ends of the earth.

Gorky stands at the pinnacle of the artistic power of the Russian proletariat. He is beloved by the broadest sections of the democratic intelligentsia of the whole world. They regard Gorky as the spokesman of the revolutionary humanism of the Soviet peoples.

In the consciousness of several generations who had the fortune to be Gorky's contemporaries, he was the supreme judge.

We know his verdict. It was voiced for the whole world to hear: "There are no hands that can dim the torch raised by Lenin in the stifling gloom of a crazy world."

Standing at the head of the international anti-fascist front of art, Gorky was a true leader. For him there were no matters beneath his interest, nothing which he passed by with indifference. He fought for his convictions, every day and every hour, with every throb of his noble heart.

Provocateurs from the right-Trotskyite bloc decided to kill this man. They not only aimed their blow against a personality of unexampled brilliance and charm, but against the embodiment of principle and courage in art, they aimed their blow at the very integrity and independence of the artist.

Gorky's murder was a horrible crime; it fully reflected the fascist attitude to culture.

By killing Gorky, the Trotskyites sought to kill the author's duty to serve his convictions fearlessly, his right to free creative work.

Gorky's murder was a blow not only to Soviet culture, but to world culture as well.

He perished because he did not wish to betray Stalin, to betray his people's future, to betray all of us, his younger contemporaries, whose teacher he was.

He died fighting for us.

On the Kremlin Wall, above the urn which contains the ashes of the great Stalinite we now must inscribe:

"Murdered by the Trotskyites for his loyalty to the Soviet people, for his faithfulness to the cause of Lenin and Stalin."

FOREIGN WRITERS ON MAXIM GORKY'S DEATH

Gorky belonged with the few great writers of our time, and among these few writers he was the man nearest to the masses of the people. He starved with them, he fought for them, and he lived to see that new life achieved, partly as a result of his own efforts. Today they mourn him not only as a great leader, but as one of themselves, an older comrade, a brother who went a long way without ever forgetting his home.

MALCOLM COWLEY

The eclipse of Gorky will darken the Soviets—for a moment. They have others, but they won't think of that—for a moment. Remember Lenin. Like him, Gorky personified something tender and immortal, and the Soviets will grieve till they remember that that something is indeed immortal and that it remains forever where these representatives first found it—in others.

LINCOLN STEFFENS

I never met Gorky, but the news of his passing is as though a beloved and close friend is vanished. Gorky came from the depths and never forgot where he came from. He grew and changed with a changing world. Out of the bitter dark of his earlier days and work came a faith to man that will yet change the earth from a theater of exploitation into something else, easier to look at than what we have now.

CARL SANDBURG

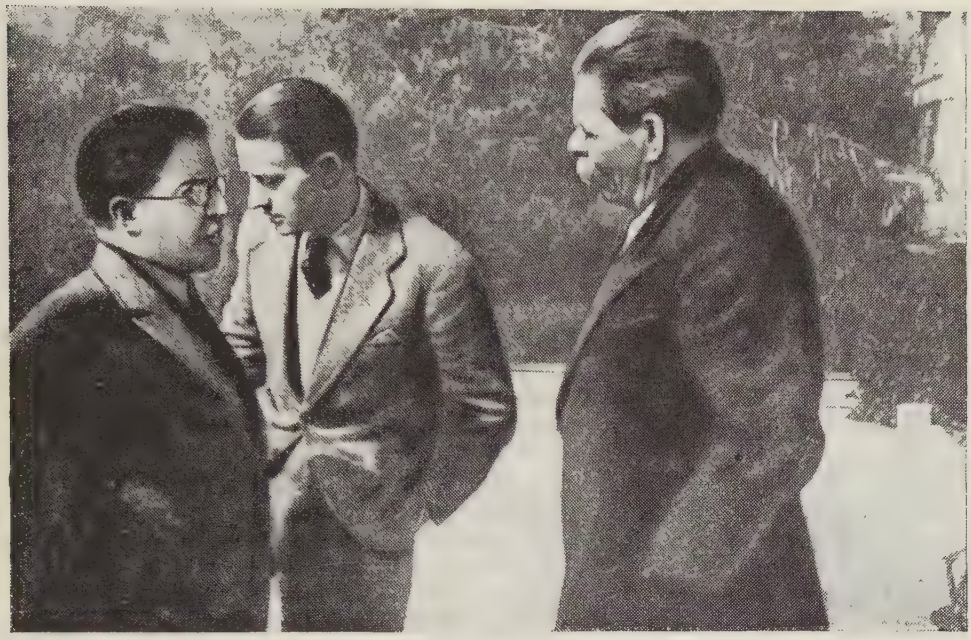
Maxim Gorky's books were among the shaping influences of my youth. His personal indignities in America were my personal concern. His career during and since the Revolution was followed by me with admiration for his heroic devotion, his loyalty to justice, right, reason and real human advancement.

UPTON SINCLAIR

I am proud of the fact that my name will appear among those workers of culture who, on the day of Gorky's jubilee, will honor a man who for forty years has headed the literary movement of our times.

I say "our great Gorky" because I consider that his creative work belongs to all of us, and not only to those of us who, either by citizenship or, like myself, by conviction, are citizens of the Soviet land.

His works, born of his own life, give a simple, bare, living picture of the misery of the unfortunate, and his austere, powerful realism exposed the remains of romanticism in the most powerful incarnations of naturalism.



Maxim Gorky in a conversation with Mikhail Koltzov and André Malraux

As for the social significance of Gorky's works, his example teaches intellectuals how to respond to the social drama. He revealed the logical necessity and inevitability of the victory of social forces over the forces of individualism. . . .

This does not mean that individuality must disappear. Socialism, the natural law of society, does not destroy individuality. On the contrary, Socialism is the perfection of individuality, and cannot be anything else.

Of course the very fruitful discussion of the relations between the individual and society remains unsolved in many respects. But one point is already clear: if the artist does not want to forsake his human duty or his professional obligations, he cannot but enlist his creative work in the march of social progress, which in our days is personified in Socialism.

I cannot help but be moved every time I remember a conversation in which Gorky pointed out the most important points of this plan of action for the artist. Gorky is the great torch of our times, lighting new paths for the whole world.

With all our heart and mind we welcome our great teacher and fellow-writer.

HENRI BARBUSSE

In this painful hour of parting I think of Gorky not as a great man and a famous writer, nor do I recall his shining life and his mighty works. I remember last summer, which I spent with him, and the moment of another parting, at the Moscow railway station on July 5, 1935; Gorky's glance resting on me, his eyes filled with affection, and his deep, tender voice. I look back on his life, deep as his native Volga, a life that streamed through his works in a torrent of ideas and images. I recall his youthful fire, his spark-

ling enthusiasm when he spoke of the new world in whose creation he participated. I remember his great kindness, in whose depths lay sorrow.

I want to be silent now, yet to feel closer to him in the eternal peace where his great soul has gone.

But I have no right to conceal my pain and my affection. I address myself to Gorky, before the whole world, with a short passionate greeting of admiration and sorrow.

I am only one of the millions for whom Gorky's death is the greatest loss to humanity since the death of Lenin.

Gorky was the first, the greatest of the world's artists of the word to clear the path for the proletarian revolution, to devote all his strength to it, as well as all the prestige of his fame and the rich life experience of a man who from childhood had partaken of the misery and humiliation which are the lot of the enslaved proletariat. Like Dante, Gorky went through hell. But he did not come out of it alone. He led out with him his fellow-sufferers.

Not one great writer has played a higher part. . . .

He gave his broad mind and his unlimited kindness to the Soviet Government, which deeply respected him and whose leaders were his personal friends. He died at just the moment when the great Constitution which crowned the victory of the Soviets—the most human and most free constitution which any people ever possessed—was completed.

With my heart contracted by pain I listened last night to a broadcast from Moscow of Beethoven's sorrowful funeral march, and to the austere words reporting the death of Gorky. I felt myself in Moscow, among the millions of men and women consumed with grief. In my mind I felt myself standing all night in the guard of honor near my deceased friend's bier. Tomorrow I shall feel on my shoulders the weight of his coffin, which I would have carried were I in Moscow.

Friends! Let us unite in our sorrow and our admiration of Gorky! No matter in what form we preserve the glory of this great man, after whom one of the largest cities of the U.S.S.R. is named, the most beautiful, the most sacred place for Gorky's eternal rest will be our hearts.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

. . . Gorky's death has wounded me deeply. It must wound everyone who holds the new Russia close to his heart. Through this writer Russia told us about herself more clearly, more expressively, more vividly than through the most colorful data. The strangeness dropped off, the distance disappeared; reading Gorky's books we feel ourselves among Russian people. It is not as if an individual Russian were speaking subjectively; no, this is the people itself finding its voice and speaking about itself. Every human being described by Gorky is interesting just because he belongs to the masses from which he is taken, because he is of the people. After reading any other great writer there always remain associations connected with the individual human figures he has created. You read Gorky—and Russia rises before your eyes: not separate individuals, but the great mass of Russian people. Each has his own face, but all of them together show the face of the masses. I know no other writer who could so portray the people, the masses, without becoming abstract. Other writers have recourse to various stylistic methods, more or less rhetorical. They make their heroes speak in chorus, they stylize them, they artificially create the typical. You find nothing of this sort in Gorky. Each of his individuals has his own voice, yet all these voices re-

spond to one another, interweave into a great symphony and receive their full force only in their context.

He who analyzes works of art in their component parts, who studies the technique of their construction, will find it hard to read Gorky's books, for there is nothing false, nothing artificially arranged in them. Here artificial tricks are not employed, here are no staged effects. Everything is alive, everything moves and produces a profound effect. Gorky speaks, and the Russian people stand before you, tangible; he speaks of himself, without an exact beginning, without an exact end, and still nothing is diffuse, nothing is lost.

Just because he does not seek effects, thanks to this very straightforward, natural, expressive fullness, Gorky's works agitate for the new Russia more deeply than the most skillful propaganda, for the latter employs not an artistic but a logical approach. The world loses in Gorky one of its best narrators, the new Russia loses a man who was its most eloquent advocate just because he never strove to be an advocate.

Maxim Gorky, through his life, his will and his works, became one of the greatest spokesmen of the new, young Russia. It is lucky that this Russia, losing him, can speak for itself through its new Constitution.

LION FEUCHTWANGER

Has Gorky really died? For me he still lives, he is even more alive than many living corpses whom we see daily. He lives for me ever since, in the days of my youth, I read *Mother*. That book was a striking revelation for me. I found there something else, something more than the suffering compassion of Tolstoy or the morbid and mocking rebellion of Dostoyevsky. In Gorky's book I found the ardent feeling of fraternity which in the hour of mortal danger unites people fighting for bread, peace and freedom: there I found a strength which could not be resisted. That force assailed a tremendous empire, and the revolutionary flame, passed from one heart to the next, was lit even in the hearts of the simplest people. This book makes it possible to understand the basis of the Revolution of 1917.

Can a man who wrote such a book ever die?

ANDRÉE VIOLLIS

ONE DAY OF THE WORLD

History knows days equivalent to centuries, days when a new era dawns for mankind, such as the day when power in one-sixth of the earth passed into the hands of millions of toilers and the path was pointed out leading to liberation for all mankind. History knows days filled with grief, days when such geniuses as Marx and Lenin, inspirers of mighty emancipating movements, died, and mankind became a head lower.

But an ordinary day of the world, not a red letter day, not marked by newspaper extras or stop-program broadcasts—what is it like?

We know that infected by the microbes of war and decadence, shaken by the frenzies of fascists, five-sixths of the world has an alarmed and heightened pulse beat. We want to feel this pulse beat for one day. We also want the world to know how one average day was spent in the vast area of one-sixth of the world where capitalism has been forever eradicated, where the infamous exploitation of man by man does not exist, where one hundred and seventy million free people are building a new and a splendid life.

To portray one day like this is a worthy task for the writer. At the same time this task involves difficulties which at first glance seeem insurmountable. Not to drown in the sea of facts and details seems an insuperable difficulty. In so far as one day of the world has not yet been portrayed wholly by artistic means, may not a documentary book fixing the appearance of "one day of the world" be of great value? But to collect such a book requires a world-wide network of collaborators supported by groups of purposeful and energetic volunteers. This enterprise, stupendous in scope and seeming to many too difficult even for some world newspaper trust having unlimited financial reserves, has been carried through in the U.S.S.R., where, regardless of obstacles, everything new, genuinely original and contributing to mass education is embodied in life. We refer to the book *One Day of the World,* the publication of which has enriched both Soviet and world literature with a new genre, a new type of documentary book. The volume of six hundred large pages contains newspaper clippings, correspondence and sketches,

diaries and reporters' notes, photographs and cartoons, arranged to make a composite picture of one day of the world. It is not a labyrinth of data through which the reader gropes his way. It is a selection of all that was printed in newspapers on the day described, all that was recorded by camera lenses or by artists' brushes. It synthesizes the major and minor events, the alarms and speculations which gripped the world on the day of September 27, 1935. The day itself is the chief character of the book. The documents of this day we survey with a certain condescension as people who have grown older and wiser by two and a half years; we see that much spoken of in this book reflects the present day.

The book *One Day of the World,* like many other splendid undertakings, was initiated by the great proletarian writer Maxim Gorky who was ever interested in spreading among Soviet readers a knowledge of processes taking place in the rest of the world. The book *One Day of the World* was issued under the joint editorship of Gorky and Koltsov. Gorky did not live to see the book published. He died June 18, 1936.

Maxim Gorky advanced the idea of writing such a book as early as the First All-Union Congress of Soviet Writers. To the writers he addressed a fervent appeal for assistance:

"I am so sure this method of collective creative work can yield positively original and unusually interesting books that I take the liberty of proposing such work also to our guests—the excellent craftsmen of West European literature. Will they not try to create a book which would picture one day of the bourgeois world? I have in view any day—September 25, October 7 or December 15—it matters not which. An ordinary day should be taken just as it is portrayed in the pages of the world press. A complete picture should be given of the motley chaos of modern life in Paris and Grenoble, in London and Shanghai, in San Francisco, Geneva, Rome, Dublin and so forth, in cities and villages, on the water and on land. It should portray the carnival of the wealthy and the suicide of the poor; the sessions of Academies and scientific societies and news items reflecting arrant illiteracy, superstition, crime; facts on the subtleties of refined culture, and the strikes of workers; anecdotes and everyday dramas, loud-mouthed arrogant luxury, the tricks of swindlers, the lies of political leaders—it should portray, I repeat, an ordinary day in all the insane fantastic diversity of its appearance. This is much more a job of the scissors than the pen. The artistic creative work of history during some one day should be portrayed."

In his introduction to the book *One Day of the World,* Koltsov tells how Gorky's proposal was met and how it was carried out.

"The foreign writers present at the Congress were sympathetic to Alexei Maximovich's proposal. But in all frankness they acknowledged outright:

" 'Why, we are just a feeble knot of literary men scattered in various countries. Only the most powerful publishing concern, like Hearst, or Beaverbrook, or Hugenberg, would be capable of organizing a book like this. Huge funds are needed, a powerful promoting machine—in general, an audacious scope to which we are unaccustomed. Now if someone else were to initiate and organize it, we would gladly take part. . . .!'

"The project had to be shelved temporarily. At the International Congress in Defense of Culture, held in Paris during the summer of 1935, Soviet writers turned to their foreign colleagues no longer as inspirers but as organizers of the book *One Day of the World.*

"Journalists, writers, social workers, artists, scientists and actors—stirred and eager to assist in the undertaking—came forth from everywhere in almost all the countries with which the Soviet Union has cultural ties.

"A huge army of volunteers from all over the world was formed at once around the future book. This active group got busy collecting and forwarding not only articles, but also newspapers, interesting photographs, calendar leaflets, theater programs, posters, all kinds of curious social and cultural human documents; all reflecting the day of September 27. Without any Hearst or Beaverbrook a firm base for the book had been founded and work on the book became its own small demonstration of solidarity abroad with the cultural undertakings of the U.S.S.R."

The book now published in a handsomely printed, lavishly illustrated edition, is thus the fruit of the collective labor so highly prized by Maxim Gorky. Writers, newspapermen, political workers, factory workers, peasants and intellectuals shared in its creation.

So much material reached the editorial office that there seemed a real danger of choking on it, of "not digesting" it. For example, the first shipment of material received from England weighed two hundred and eleven pounds. More than three thousand newspapers and magazines were received from Latin America alone.

Press clippings form the basic content of the book. Supplementing them are reportage, letters and essays specially written by foreign writers for the book. The excerpts are from bourgeois newspapers of all trends. The bourgeois world of the present day is revealed in all its ugliness, regardless of the bourgeois journalists' effort to conceal the real state of affairs. The labor press shows the other side of contemporary social history, the growth process of those progressive forces which will once and for all put an end to the horrors of capitalism.

We say the "present day" and have grounds for saying so. We note today the steady consequential development of those basic trends and directions in world policy which we see marked so clearly more than two years ago.

The book opens with the day's weather bulletin. In Colombo, Ceylon, on September 27 the temperature was 89° Fahrenheit. Canada already had early autumn frosts and snowfalls.

The political news published in capitalist countries on that day is more uniform. Everywhere the mood is one of tension, an eve-of-war atmosphere, the monstrous grin of the depression, the armaments race, fascist provocations, starvation and need here, bacchanalian excess and refined corruption there, the whims of the wealthy and the suicides of the unemployed—this is the grim and monotonous picture of the capitalist world.

The first section is devoted to the Italo-Ethiopian conflict. Supplementing the news items are photos showing how the Ethiopian people prepared to resist the Italian invaders. *Italy in the Fire* shows life in the fascist rear, the feverish preparations made by the government for the Ethiopian "operation"—one of the preludes to a "Big War."

England at the Cross-Roads—this section includes economic data, a letter to a newspaper, an appeal of the magazine *The Other World* (English Spiritualist organ) calling on people to combat war by prayer, alarming items on the growth of unemployment. A certain Rev. Cooper reports on a visit to a jail. He remarks: "Many of the prisoners are persons of great ability and some have finished high school and even the university. Why are these peo-

ple in jail? Chiefly because of unemployment." The court trials held in England on that day are described. The plays and cinemas presented on that day in England (and elsewhere) are reviewed. Detective and sex dramas predominate. The *Manchester Guardian* is alarmed that the reading public is dwindling. The chapters *Everyday Life in England* and *England Without Commentary* are extremely interesting. The Soviet reader learns of the English "Marriage Advertisements" (a journalistic feature in other countries as well). For the Soviet reader here is a significant exposure of the cynicism with which capitalism tramples upon innermost human feelings.

The chapter following England is *Gomboes' Hunting.* With it goes a striking Czechoslovakian cartoon—*The Dove of Peace Killed Outright—Trophy of German Hunters.*

We pass to countries in the orbit of the Third Empire's influence—Hungary and Poland. Everyday life in these Nazi-satellite states is gloomy. "September 27 Nemet Ishtval, an unemployed Hungarian, broke a store window to get himself arrested. In the police station he declared that prison or suicide were preferable to starving to death. 'If he had not arrested me, I would have flung myself into the Danube.' "

Another item: "The slanderer Andreas Malik, who had accused a member of parliament, Martin Lan, of being a Jew, was sentenced to four months imprisonment. With documents dated 1666 Mr. Lan proved beyond doubt that he was of Hungarian origin." One feels the proximity of the fascist neighbor.

Two items from the Polish newspapers: *Poranny Courier* and *Tsodseny Courier:*

"Thirty-three year old Stanislava Glukovich flung herself from the fifth story window of house 25 on Zelny Street. She died in St. Rocha hospital. The cause of the suicide was fear of losing her job."

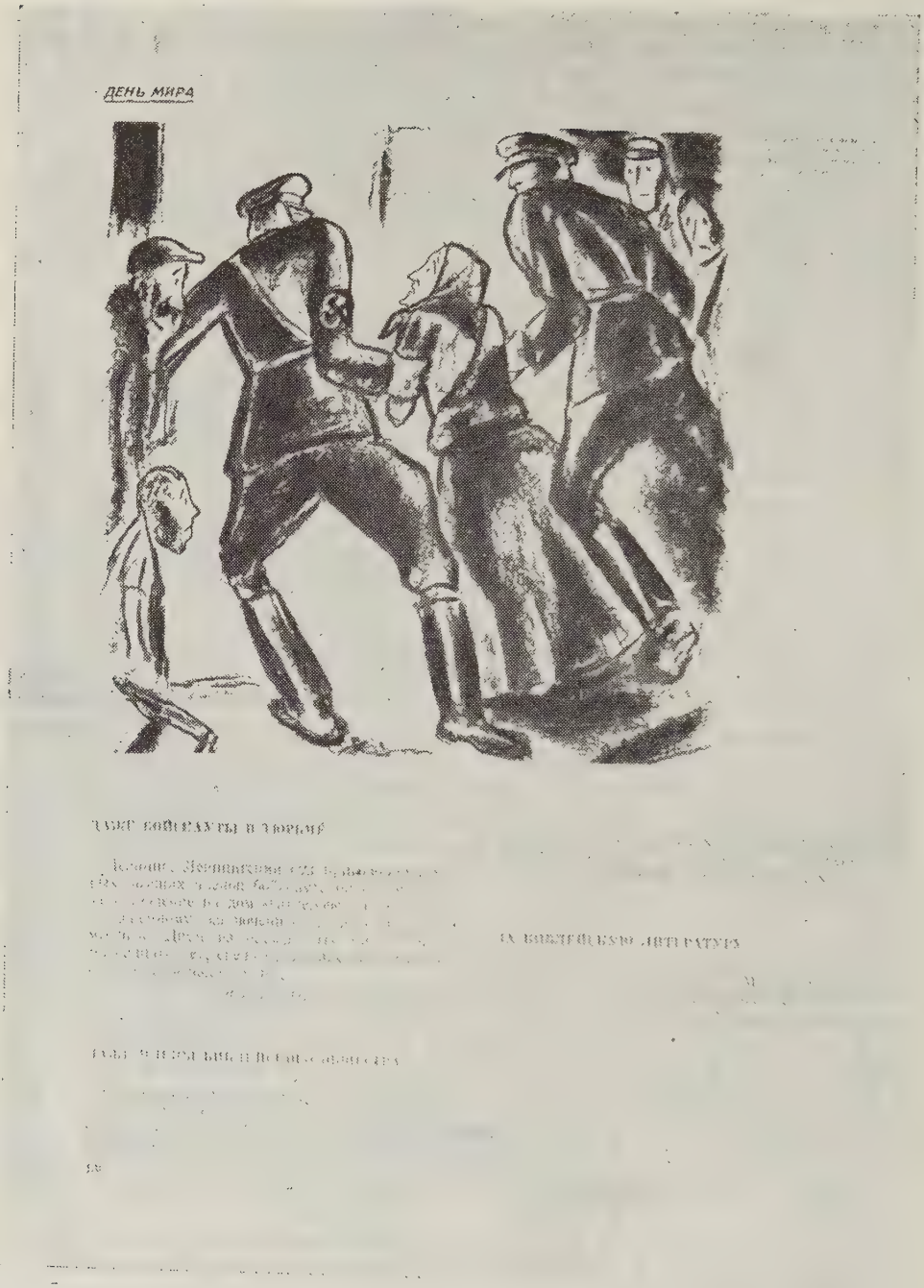
"A despondent mother begs kind readers to find her some kind of work in a factory or store. I am completely exhausted, in no shape either to wash clothes or clean house. I am dying of hunger. I have a five-year-old child and nothing to feed him. I beg you, respected readers, have pity on me. A mother."

We come to the section devoted to Germany, powder magazine of Europe, colossal concentration camp bearing the name of the "Third Empire." The "unified" press of Goebbels is silent on all pressing questions. Nevertheless certain items convey the atmosphere of the barracks and the torture chamber of fascist Germany. "Cannons Instead of Butter" is transmuted to life.

The *Koenigsberg Allgemeine Zeitung* recommends sparrow hunts: "Sparrow hunting has begun everywhere. Gourmets already dream of boiled sparrows' breasts." The same newspaper prints: "The village population is urged to participate in harvesting beech cones. This will contribute to the improvement of the German butter market." Commentary on such items is superfluous.

The fascist barbarians destroyed culture and abolished science "because it was not wanted." In the letter which he wrote for *One Day of the World* and addressed to the fascist who received his Berlin home as a gift of the government, Lion Feuchtwanger writes:

"But what will you do with the two rooms occupied by my library? Books, as I have heard, are not especially esteemed in the empire where you live, Mr. X., and the person who studies them can easily get himself into trouble.



A page from the German Section of "One Day of the World"
The cartoon from "Simpl" (Prague) is captioned: This woman asked if Hitler was really elected.

Now I, for instance, read the book of your "Führer" and inoffensively remarked that the 140,000 words in it contain 140,000 errors against the spirit of the German language. As a result of my remark you now live in my house."

A dispatch from Hamburg reports that two professors of Bonn University were discharged because their servants had purchased meat from a Jewish shopkeeper. The *Berliner Volkszeitung* of September 27 reports that a "Passport of Ancestors" has been introduced. A respectable Aryan merchant advertises to the public at large that he is seeking a genuine friend in life, but makes the indispensable condition that "a full-length snapshot be enclosed."

Following this are the chapters on countries included in the fascist program of expansion—Latvia, Lithuania, Esthonia, Austria, and Czechoslovakia. Next come countries which now have a German orientation—Rumania, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria. Again we read of poverty, famine, a ruined peasantry bled by taxes, suffering from crop failures and "acts of god." Greece, Belgium and Holland close this part of the book in which is wedged a chapter entitled: *The Press Instructs How to Live.* It contains excerpts from the "advice" columns. A Canadian paper tries in vain to determine: "Why Do Men Marry?" A Chilean newspaper deplores "the indecency of the lower classes" and advises young men, when choosing a wife, to pay attention to property arrangements. Hypocrisy celebrates a genuine triumph.

A large section entitled *France at the Turning Point* is devoted chiefly to the growing strength of the People's Front. An interesting sketch about scenes on the streets of Paris was written for the book by Luc Durtain. Newspaper clippings show us, on the one hand, cabaret Paris, where fascist-inclined young people, the youth of "the two hundred families," make merry; on the other hand, working class France rallying its forces against the fascist reaction.

In his sketch *One Day at Haphazard* Louis Aragon describes a day of his life, when he attended a meeting devoted to trade union unity—September 27 was the day when successful negotiations brought into being the union of the General and the Unitary Confederations of Labor.

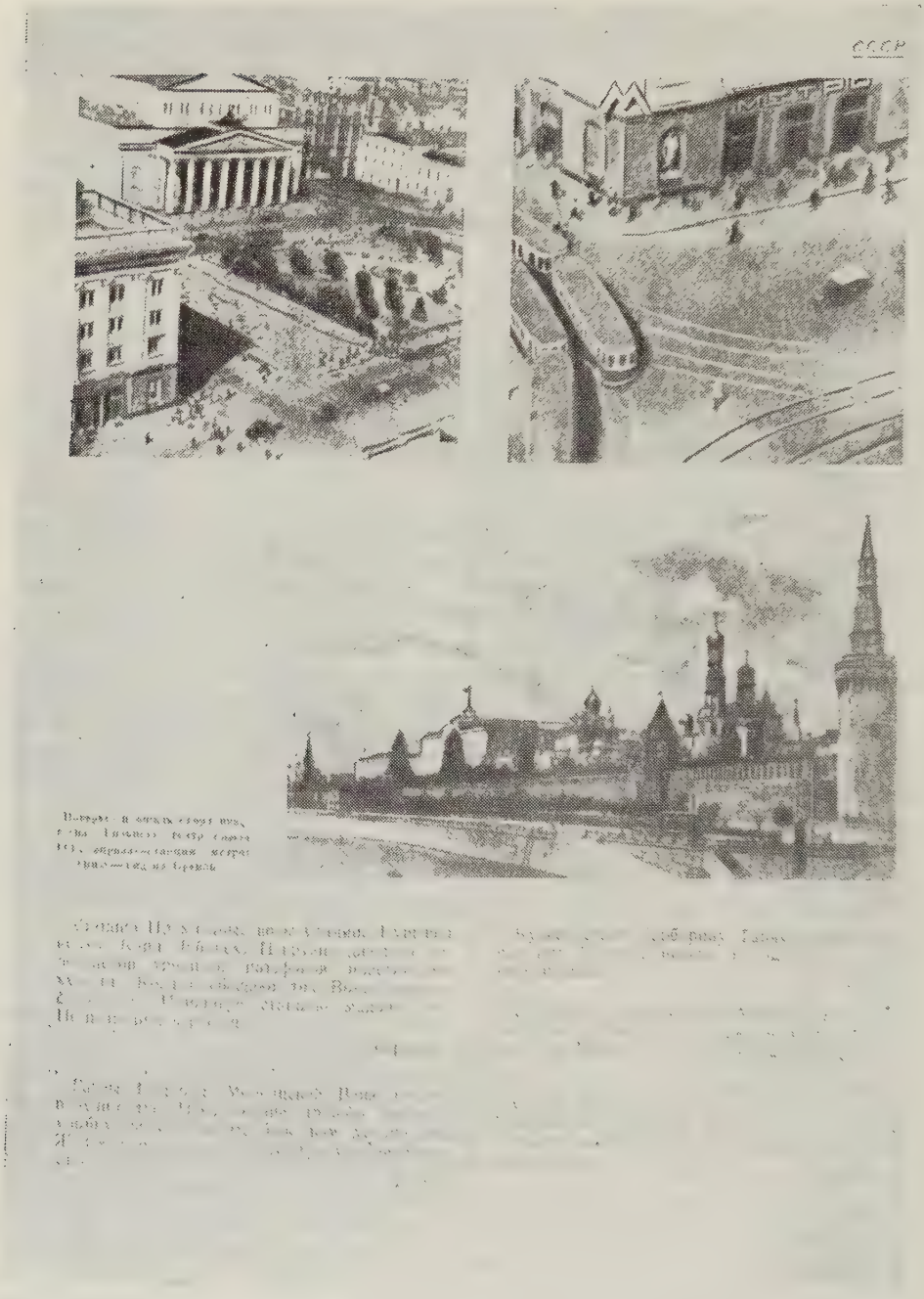
For *One Day of the World* Jean Richard Bloch wrote a long sketch entitled *A Day in Poitou*, a snapshot view of a French province. George David speaks of the street where he lives. The essay *At a Health Resort* comes from the pen of Andrée Viollis. Here again are newspaper clippings, documents of the life, customs and culture of the French people. The letter written to the editors of *One Day of the World* by the railway worker Louis Paul summarizes: "September 27. This is a day for which I had long been preparing myself; the day when I saw my comrade workers welded in unity."

Following France comes the section *Spain Before the Battle.*

In September 1935, future events were already presaged in Spain. In those days the country felt the iron heel of reactionary forces. Part of the material presented in this section was taken from Spanish newspapers mutilated by the censor's blanks. The other part came from *Tensor (Union)*, a magazine of revolutionary Spanish writers, which published a special issue on September 27, 1935.

Following this are newspaper items depicting the day in Portugal, Switzerland, Ireland, and the Scandinavian states.

Next is Japan which on September 27, 1935, was devastated by the



A page from the section on the Soviet Union in "One Day of the World"

Upper left: *Moscow. The building with the columns is the Bolshoi Opera House.*
Upper right: *A Metro station in the center of the City.*
Lower right: *A view of the Kremlin from the Moscow River.*

customary typhoon. Also on September 27, Teradzima, a soldier of the third infantry regiment, absent without leave and learning that the gendarmes were searching for him, took poison. On September 27 in China the twelve-year old serf-girl Miao-sin committed suicide by throwing herself into a well in the province of Tsian-Su.

Then we are shown the day in the colonial and semi-colonial countries of Indo-China, Indonesia, India, Syria, Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, and other African colonies. The section *What Sets the Fashions* separates this group of countries from Turkey, Iran and the young Tannu-Tuva and Mongolian republics.

An impressive section devoted to the United States of America, the *Land of Contrasts,* to Canada and Latin America, closes the part of the book dealing with the capitalist world.

An unusual section is *A Day of Writers.* It contains letters written for *One Day of the World* by noted foreign writers. The letter of Romain Rolland, *A Day in Villeneuve,* describes his activities. "After mailing my daily correspondence," he writes, "I study the Russian language. At seventy years of age I have returned to school." Describing the uneasy atmosphere of the day in the capitalist world, Romain Rolland ends his letter with the words: "And before going to sleep in the anarchic and cruel world chaos where I hear the shock of colliding masses of diverse nations and differing spirit, I recall the wise and clear thought of Lenin, and I know that our freedom is secured, for we are right."

Heinrich Mann writes about the problems of war and peace. He writes about the peace policy of the U.S.S.R. and brands fascism: "A natural, inevitable path leads from fascism to war. Only by eradicating the fascist dictators and the monopoly capital which buys them with money, is it possible to open the way to peace."

We meet other familiar names: Julien Benda, Bert Brecht, Oscar Maria Graf, Jean Gassou, Emil Ludwig, Hans Marchwitza, Karin Michaelis, Gustav Regler, Stefan Zweig, H. G. Wells, Karel Capek.

We turn to those pages of the book which picture a day of the new world, an ordinary day in the Land of Socialism. What a contrast to the oppressive atmosphere of the capitalist world! Everything down to the newspaper advertisements is imbued with the joy of construction and creation. Indeed would newspaper advertisements such as we see in the section *The U.S.S.R.* even be thinkable in a capitalist country? Workers, chauffeurs, technicians, teachers, doctors, agronomists, bookkeepers, engineers, typists, orchestra leaders, tractor drivers, firemen—all wanted.

On the night of September 27, the Soviet writers and journalists reporting for *One Day of the World* went out on the streets of Moscow. They questioned pedestrians passing by, read telegrams being sent from Moscow. One wire stated that a project for plant construction had been approved, others that an examination had been passed, an operation had turned out well, an Order had been won, an orchestra and actors dispatched to a collective farm, a parachute jump made, a plan overfulfilled. . . .

Soviet newspapers announced a new reduction in prices. On that day a number of artists and actors arrived in Moscow from abroad. A pilot of the Civil Air Fleet moved into a new apartment. The Kaluga district newspaper called a conference of collective farm tailors. The housewives of Podolsk organized a choral circle. An issue of the literary magazine published by the builders of the Moscow-Volga canal appeared. The newspapers printed

comments on a letter in which the Stakhanovite textile worker Dusya Vinogradova proposed to tend an increased number of looms. The last individual peasant of Nikulinsk village had joined the collective farm. The Sakonsk collective farm acquired an auto truck. Shipments of books arrived at collective and state farms. At the Kozelsk sanatorium six hundred thousand rubles were assigned for construction. The collective farm woman Artyukhova entered the Academy of Communications. The scaffolding was removed from the new Institute of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences. A school of the ballet was opened in a club in Mirgorod. A Stakhanov machinist in Makeyevka set a new record. Academician Pavlov's eighty-sixth birthday was observed. By airplane a flyer delivered literature to a sick lumber worker. The season opened at the Jewish Theater in the Jewish Autonomous Region—Birobijan. In a House of Culture in Murmansk Professor Otto Schmidt spoke about mastery of the Arctic.

During the somewhat more than two years since the day portrayed in the book, we have witnessed a further growth in Soviet culture, a further rise of the material well-being of the Soviet masses. New records in the productivity of labor have been established. Led by Comrade Stalin, leader of the toilers of all the world, their best friend and teacher, the people of the Land of the Soviets have achieved historic successes. New and brilliant works have appeared in literature, the theater, the cinema—in all branches of culture. The Papaninites have made their historic drift on an ice floe, raising the red flag of Socialism at the Pole; the world has rung with the spectacular flights of Chkalov and Gromov from the U.S.S.R. across the North Pole to the U.S.A.

The Stalinist Constitution and the historic elections to the Supreme Soviet, a triumph of Soviet democracy, have shown the whole world the extraordinary moral and political unity of the Soviet people.

Having learned to expose and exterminate without mercy all enemies of the people—Trotskyite-Bukharinite spies and diversionists—the Soviet people looks calmly and confidently into the future. The people knows that the invincible Red Army posts a vigilant guard on the frontiers of the Soviet land and woe betide the one who trespasses her borders. We read the words spoken by a sailor of the English steamer *Nenhill:* "We marvel at you, Soviet people. Once you begin some work you do not rest easy until you have accomplished it."

These words give expression to that trust and love which the great land of the Soviets arouses in all toiling mankind.

VLADIMIR RUBIN

Ernest Krenkel

The twenty-fourth of December, 1903. Christmas Eve. The little snow-bound university town of Yuryev in the Baltic Provinces. The modest flat of Theodore Krenkel, teacher of languages. In a corner of the most spacious room stands a Christmas tree.

This year it celebrates a double holiday. A son has been born. Often will the mother say to her boy: "You ought to be lucky, Ernest, born on Christmas Eve!"

And a lucky fellow he proves to be—Ernest Krenkel, the famous Arctic explorer, leading Soviet wireless operator, Deputy to the Supreme Soviet, and thrice awarded the highest distinctions of his country. But this "luck" Krenkel owes to his own abilities, and to the fact that he lives and works in the country of the Soviets, where such abilities can be fulfilled.

In 1910 his family moved to Moscow, and from that time on, Moscow became his home. It was here that he started high school, which, however, he was unable to finish.

"Anyone who happens to be interested in my childhood," said Ernest reminiscently, "may picture to himself a small town boy from a poor scholar's family; who, every evening after school, changed from his school uniform to make it last longer, and put on patched trousers and a threadbare jacket. He played soccer, was an amateur electrician (the bulbs in his house burnt out in no time), a Jack London fan, dreaming of high adventure, fretting over the frugality of his home and making endless plans for a life of glory."

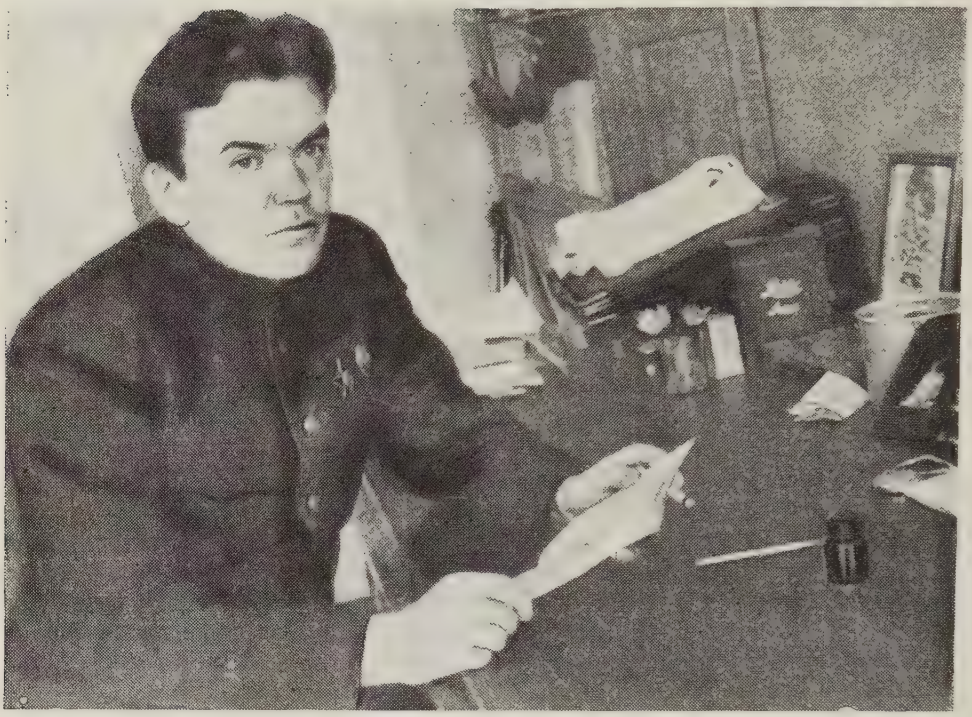
The war broke out, and for the Krenkel family life became still harder. While Krenkel's well-to-do comrades spent the summer in the country, he had to stay in the stuffy town, working. He got a job as a porter in the "War-Prisoners' Parcels Department" of the "Zemsky Soyuz" (All-Russian Land Union). Even here Ernest proved his worth; he was "promoted" to packer.

After this he became a bill poster. The work was not easy. From early morning till nightfall the boy trudged about the town, weighed down with huge armfuls of poster rolls, his bucket of paste, and a folding step ladder. Krenkel said, jokingly, that the only good thing about this job was that he learned to mix paste well. It was made of potato flour and water, and he mixed it at any convenient spot along his way.

February, 1917. The third year of the war. Long bread lines. Dissatisfaction in the factories and workshops. Mismanagement at the front. Disorder in the rear. And, lastly, the collapse of the tsarist empire, and the formation of the Provisional Government. Krenkel's schooling came to an abrupt end. He was then midway in high school. His education might have stopped there for good, had it not been for the October Revolution.

. . . . Moscow during the Civil War; the Red capital blockaded; Denikin and Wrangel in the South, Yudenich outside Petrograd, Kolchak in the East; interventionists of every description.

A long-legged, broad-shouldered lad in a worn overcoat tramping the deserted streets of Moscow. Broken windows, partly demolished houses, walls everywhere pitted with bullet holes, the traces of the October battles in the streets.



Ernest Krenkel at his desk at home

The brisk young man hums a gay tune, but his heart is by no means light. His father has long been ailing; and his mother works and so does Ernest, but the work is hard and tedious. All day in a little, dark, dirty workshop, mending meat grinders, primus stoves, pots and pans, perambulators. "Must I go on like this all my life? I've got to find a way out."

Absorbed in his thoughts he gives only the most cursory glances to shop signs and posters. But he lingers before one announcement in fat black type. He rereads it. Then he takes out a pencil stub and jots into a well-worn notebook: "Gorokhovskaya Street."

Courses for wireless operators are given on Gorokhovskaya Street. The notice invites applicants. Nine months' training and then—work in a wireless station. Why not have a shot at it, thinks Krenkel. Now he fairly flies over the pavement. What if he should come too late!

Ernest was accepted. Those were chilly years in the capital. Fuel supplies were insufficient. The fronts were between the coal mines and the center. Classes were held in freezing rooms. The students shivered even in their padded overcoats and sheepskin jackets. They had to breathe on their fingers when practicing the Morse code. When the transmission was over, the forty students exchanged key for pencil and the receiving began.

In 1920 Krenkel completed the course. Proud and hopeful he returned home. He ranked first among the forty. He was quickest at receiving the complicated wireless hieroglyphics, and he had been recommended to the Lubertsi wireless station.

At last the day came to go on duty at Lubertsi. The head of the station, a silent morose man, tried out the young fellow. They sat down together at the receiver.

Krenkel's debut was a sad one. The Lyons wireless station was transmitting. To his horror Krenkel found himself unable to get down a single word in full, while the head wrote

out the whole transmission with ease. Work in ordinary conditions on a wireless station was a different matter from the simple exercises at the school. Krenkel was rejected, "Unfit" was written on the order for his dismissal. Another boy in Krenkel's place would have given up and sought an easier profession. But Ernest said: "It can't possibly be that the thing is beyond me. Allow me at least a fortnight's practice and try me again."

He was given another trial. In a week's time he had mastered the job. A little later he was put on the permanent staff.

The first line had been inscribed on Ernest Krenkel's service record.

... Krenkel worked satisfactorily at the Lubertsi wireless station. At the same time he prepared for his examination as a wireless mechanic. Only six months of study remained when suddenly he threw up his job, broke off his studies, and, to everyone's surprise, left Moscow for Leningrad.

That was in 1924. Ten years later he said, frankly: "I wanted to do a bit of roaming, I'm a man of action by nature, and practical, too. I love a job that calls for action. If I'm keen on it, I don't spare myself. But plodding away at books is hard. In an office I'd have probably died of boredom and been buried, minus music and speeches."

We shall understand his action the better if we recall his ambitious childhood when his favorite authors were Jack London and Nick Carter. Father Krenkel had not encouraged the form of entertainment provided by the latter author and often Ernest had to stuff under the mattress the latest number of the endless serials retailing the exploits of the American detective.

Krenkel was not yet twenty-one when he made his appearance in the port of Leningrad, determined on becoming a "sea-wolf." He acquired a nautical cap, a pipe, and a seaman's jersey, white with blue horizontal stripes that encircled his strong young torso. He struck up acquaintanceship with the engineer of a small cargo-ship and attained the height of bliss when he was invited to sleep in the engineer's cabin.

A seaman's cap... a pipe... sleeping in a bunk aboard ship... these were "private theatricals" for his own edification. Very nice, too, but it was not for this that Ernest Krenkel had thrown up Moscow and come to Leningrad. He went in search of a job on a ship bound for distant ports.

At first he tried a foreign line. He was unsuccessful. There were dozens of experienced wireless operators waiting for vacancies.

Week after week went by; Krenkel's money was melting away. The cargo-boat with the hospitable engineer had sailed; for two nights Ernest had slept in the square, for want of other lodgings. Would he have to go back to Moscow, after all?

No; Krenkel was not the kind who gives in. He persisted. Finally he learned that wireless specialists were required at a distant island in the north. Krenkel applied and was taken on; he received money and instructions and left Leningrad for the North.

The appointment was to the wireless station at Novaya Zemlya, where he was to spend the winter. Winter on a faraway, almost desert island in the icy waste of the Arctic Ocean. This did not exactly correspond to Ernest's plans. But he was glad to go. On the steamer *Yushar* Krenkel went to his winter quarters.

Krenkel spent the winter of 1924-25 in Novaya Zemlya. This first winter yielded nothing memorable. It was only after his return to the mainland that Krenkel felt that something in him had changed, something new had entered into him.

He gazed with delight at the green world, at the trees, meadows and grazing animals. All women seemed bewitching.

At the same time he felt something drawing him back to the North, to the outwardly lifeless North. On his return to the mainland he was called up for service in the Red Army. A year in the wireless section passed quickly and in the autumn of 1926 he was transferred to the reserve. Hardly was his term of service over when the call of the Arctic made itself felt. Krenkel was re-employed as operator on Novaya Zemlya. But the second winter in no wise resembled the first.

It was at this time that short-wave transmission was beginning to be talked about. Krenkel resolved to try it out in the North. But how was he to obtain short-wave equipment for a distant Arctic station, how was he to convince the Navy Department that experiments in short-wave transmission should be carried on there, and further, that they should be entrusted to a relatively unproved young operator?

Krenkel's fears were not unfounded. He offered to set up a small short-wave wireless station at Novaya Zemlya and establish communication with Moscow, Leningrad and even the stations abroad. His proposal was skeptically received. But Krenkel was determined to carry out his plan. From the Lenin Wireless Laboratory in Nizhni Novgorod he wangled the necessary apparatus. With it he found it not so difficult to persuade the Navy Department to sanction shortwave experiments in the Arctic.

Krenkel set up his short-wave station in Novaya Zemlya. It was the first of its kind in the Soviet Arctic. Later he established two-way communication, not only with Archangel, Leningrad and Moscow, but with London and Paris as well.

... After the second winter in Novaya Zemlya Krenkel's name became known to a large circle of Arctic explorers. Krenkel himself felt that all his interests were now firmly fixed in the Polar regions.

Returning from Novaya Zemlya, he sailed on the hydrographic ship the *Taimyr* as wireless operator. After this he entered the Scientific-Experimental Institute of Communications at Sokolniki in Moscow. There, he kept in touch with Arctic affairs and on learning that a new expedition was heading for Franz Josef Land, he left the Institute.

That was in the summer of 1929. The expedition was headed by Otto Yulyevich Schmidt and on the ice breaker *Sedov* they forced their way through to Franz Josef Land.

Situated much farther north than Novaya Zemlya, the Polar night lasts over four months, but this did not dismay Krenkel, who had spent two winters within the Arctic Circle. His third was spent at Tikhaya Bay on Hooker Island.

Krenkel was in charge of the wireless station; in fact, he was its entire staff. This was the most northerly station in the world, but Krenkel contrived to set a remarkable record in wireless communication.

That year Admiral Richard Byrd was wintering not far from the South Pole with his expedition, "Little America." On January 12, 1930, Krenkel heard signals in English. It was the wireless operator of "Little America" speaking. Krenkel replied and a lively conversation ensued between the northernmost and the southernmost stations in the world.

In the summer of 1930 Krenkel returned to Moscow. Here he learned from Professor Wiese of a projected air expedition to the North Pole. Fridtjof Nansen had expressed his approval of the idea. The majority of scientists, however, looked upon the idea as impracticable. After the death of Nansen, Professor Wiese continued to fight for the realization of his idea. Krenkel applied to Professor Wiese as wireless operator at the North Pole. That was eight years ago, in 1930.

From the moment that Krenkel heard that there was a possibility of an expedition to the North Pole, to the day when that glorious idea was carried out by Soviet explorers, the dream never left him.

... Once more he returned to Moscow. It was too late now to plan a voyage to the Arctic. Krenkel spent the winter of 1930-31 on the mainland. He took charge of the Radio Friends' Society's wireless station in Moscow and tried to absorb himself in work and everyday life in a big Soviet city. But the Arctic was, so to speak, frozen into his consciousness. During the whole winter he made constant enquiries regarding projected expeditions to the North. In January, 1931, Krenkel heard from Professor Wiese that during the coming summer the international association Aeroarctica proposed to organize a dirigible flight to the North. True, the goal of the expedition was not the Pole, but Franz Josef Land; still, the prospect of traveling to the Arctic in a dirigible and surveying those regions from the air was tempting.

Four men from the Soviet Union took part in the expedition. One of these was Ernest Krenkel, serving as wireless operator. On July 4, 1931, the dirigible took off from Friedrichshafen *via* Berlin, to Leningrad. From Leningrad it started northwards—Franz Josef Land, North Land, Cape Chelyuskin. The return voyage was *via* Novaya Zemlya. Krenkel had spent a hundred and four hours in the air. He had flown thirteen thousand kilometers. It was a splendid test for a Polar wireless operator.

Another year passed by. The summer of 1932 came round. The ice breaker *Sibiryakov* was undertaking to navigate the Arctic Ocean from West to East.

This had first been accomplished by Nordenskjöld in 1878-79; followed by an expedition headed by Vilkitsky, on the *Taimyr* and the *Vaigach* in 1914-15 and in 1918-20 by the great Amundsen. It had taken Nordenskjöld two years; Vilkitsky spent a winter, and Amundsen two winters. Now, the *Sibiryakov* was to try to navigate the Northeast Passage without wintering.

Otto Yulyevich Schmidt was appointed leader of the expedition. Krenkel joined it as second wireless operator. It was during this historic cruise that Krenkel first heard, with increasing excitement, of a projected expedition to the North Pole. While discussing plans for the Arctic, Schmidt remarked that in the course of the last year of the Second Five-Year Plan an expedition was to be organized to the North Pole, where a small party of scientists would land and work.

As is well known, the voyage of the *Sibiryakov* was crowned with success. For the first time in the history of the conquest of the Arctic the Northeast Passage had been navigated in a single summer, without wintering there. Every man who had taken part in the expedition was awarded the Order of the Red Banner. It was Krenkel's first big reward for his self-denying labors in the Arctic. He resolved to justify the confidence of his country and his people.

A year later Krenkel met Otto Schmidt again. The latter had become acquainted with Krenkel's abilities during the voyage of the *Sibiryakov* and when the *Chelyuskin* expedition was being organized, Schmidt selected Krenkel as chief wireless operator.

The story of the *Chelyuskin* is known to the whole world. Crushed by icebergs in the Sea of Chukotsk, the *Chelyuskin* sank on February 13, 1934. The crew and passengers went ashore on the ice. For two months—from February 13 to April 13—life was carried on in the ice-floe camp known as "Schmidt's camp." Krenkel took charge of the wireless in "Schmidt's camp." Under the most trying conditions he contrived to keep in touch with the mainland. Who knows what the fate of the *Chelyuskin* party might have been, had Krenkel not, with the help of two other wireless operators, maintained uninterrupted communication with the world?

On April 13 Krenkel was one of the last six men to be taken off the ice and brought to the mainland. On the way home from Vladivostok to Moscow, where a triumphal reception was awaiting the Chelyuskin party, Krenkel applied for admission to the Communist Party.

Hardly a year had passed since Krenkel's return from the icy Sea of Chukotsk, when he began preparations for another winter—the fourth and perhaps the most complicated and responsible of all.

On the night of August 23, 1935, during a violent storm, the *Sibiryakov* approached Cape Olovyanny, North Land. A party of four men, headed by Krenkel, with equipment for a new Arctic station, were put ashore. For nine days the wintering party and the crew of the *Sibiryakov* were at work erecting the new station. By September 1, everything was ready. The Sibiryakov blew its siren and sailed away.

The four men remained alone. The normal, everyday life of a Soviet Arctic station began. Under Krenkel's management, the Cape Olovyanny station became a civilized corner of the Arctic; scrupulous cleanliness, exemplary order and the special discipline of the Arctic—this is the description given of Krenkel's camp by the aviator Lindell, who flew there in February, 1936.

A winter party of four on Cape Olovyanny evidently seemed "too big a crowd" to Krenkel. He applied to the headquarters of the Northeast Passage Navigation for permission to fly with the station mechanic to the islet Domashny, to the north of the North Land archipelago, for the purpose of restoring the old deserted winter camp there and resuming the interrupted meteorological and other observation work.

Krenkel was given permission. Lindell took him and the mechanic to their faraway Polar destination. Krenkel carried out his plans. He and his comrade carried on under the most trying conditions until late summer, when, at last, the ice breaker forced her way through to them.

It was the autumn of 1936 when he returned to Moscow. He was impatient to reach the mainland. He had already heard of the new expedition preparing to go to the North Pole, his dream of many a long year. When he got back to the capital, he flung himself heart and soul into the preparations.

On March 22, 1937, the multiple-engined airplanes of Schmidt's expedition flew northwards from Moscow. Two months later, on May 21, the air squadron landed at the North Pole, where a party of four men—Papanin, Krenkel, Fyodorov and Shirshov—were to remain for the winter.

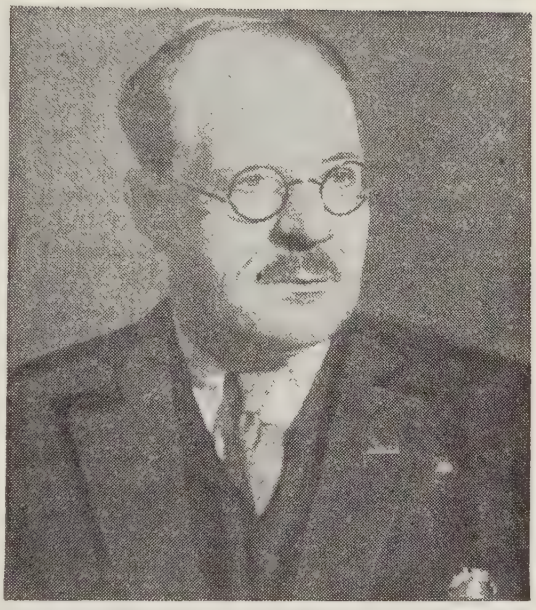
On landing, the wireless operator set about his usual job, fixed up his station, put on his ebonite earphones, picked up a pencil and opened conversation. All the world learned that the Bolsheviks had landed at the North Pole.

At this point we may come to a full stop. The work and achievements of the four men wintering on an ice floe are known to the whole world.

NIKOLAI PODOROLSKY

Left to right: *Shirshov, Krenkel and Papanin*

Professor Nikolai N. Burdenko



Grandfather Karp Fyodorovich Burdenko, a former serf, feels his end drawing near. Movement costs him groans, he suffers from seizures of coughing. Before quitting this earth, however, he wishes to leave to his descendants his views on life, to hand down the wisdom accumulated in years of backbreaking toil as a serf.

"A priest," he says, "as I understand it, should be honest, should feel for the people, and be humble. There are very few like that nowadays. But Kolya—he'd make a priest for you."

And so Kolya, on his grandfather's advice, was sent first to a parish school, then to a seminary. Besides, it was easier for the son of the poor to get into a seminary than into a high school. Also, at the seminary you were fed, clothed and housed at government expense, an important consideration to Kolya's father, a clerk burdened witha large family.

While studying at the seminary Kolya paid frequent visits to his family. On these visits he always spent his time in the yard or in the cowshed or helping his mother around the house. He carried water in a two-pailed yoke on his shoulders; he cleaned the cowshed; then, having eaten nothing, not wishing to consume his fathers' none-too-plentiful bread, he would go back to his dormitory.

Kolya did well in his studies. He finished the seminary courses at the head of his class, and was sent, again at government expense, to a religious academy in St. Petersburg. His way to the priesthood seemed clear. And Grandad, more visibly nearing his end, would say:

"I'll wait. I'm in no hurry. I'll have my own priest bury me."

But in the autumn the grandson returned and gave them a shock. He announced that he had given up studying for the priesthood; because, as it turned out, he knew now that there was no god, and would be ashamed to deceive the people.

"I am interested in natural science," he said. It turned out that the religious academy prepared pupils to combat Darwin. To this end the powerful theory of the great founder of evolution was placed before them. To the scandalized astonishment of the teachers, it carried away the young man.

"I must study nature," he told his father. "I'm entering a university."

There were two universities in Russia that accepted seminary students. One was in Yuryev in Esthonia, the other in Tomsk, in Siberia. He decided on the latter.

"Better think it over, Kolya," his father advised quietly, restraining himself.

"I already have," the son answered.

The father's face darkened. "Do as you please," said the father, giving way at last to his anger. "Do as you please. But don't expect a father's blessing. And I have no money."

"I know," the son said simply. "I'll get to Tomsk somehow. And then we'll see."

Then the father embraced the son, opened a box and took out a postage stamp. He said:

"Put it in your pocketbook. If things turn out badly for you, write."

The son thanked his father, put the stamp in his wallet, and made off for Tomsk.

That wooden city struck him first of all with its tedium, the emptiness of its narrow streets, and the dust which filled the air even on breezeless days. This dust was raised by the shaggy little horses harnessed to creaking carriages. The inhabitants of the city apparently never went on foot. That, perhaps, was why the city was without sidewalks.

Burdenko, though, went on foot. Autumn turned the dust into mud. The former seminary student kneaded it with his torn shoes, walking daily to and from the university, where he had entered the medical school, and to pupils whom he tutored and who lived, as if on purpose, scattered around the outskirts of the spreading city.

He himself lived in a bathhouse. A tender-hearted merchant, in his esteem for science and education, rented his abandoned bathhouse to students at a low rate. Burdenko lived in the dressing-room. Two other students, who lived in the steamroom, envied him.

But they envied still more his inexhaustible capacity for work and his inextinguishable cheerfulness, which neither the dreary autumn rains nor malnutrition could quench.

Moreover, he was always busy. He had to walk more than three miles daily to coach a rich pupil, he wrote reviews for the newspapers, he went to the theater regularly, and yet found enough time for his studies to be an "A" student.

In a city which had seemed dull to him those first days, he found acquaintances and friends, was soon as much at home as a native. Everyone knew him and he knew everyone. Even the marketwomen from whom in winter he bought fried liver or minced fish—he took his meals walking—treated this bristly-haired student in the ragged sheepskin coat with the affability of old acquaintances, the most grasping one conceding five kopeks for his winning banter.

To get along with people, to be made welcome, to always win a pleased response to your smile and your joke is a special gift; and Burdenko had it. Added to it were his extraordinary aptitude for science which made these people proud of his acquaintanceship.

Dr. Pirussky was then organizing the first forest school colony in the taiga, a difficult undertaking for those days. The doctor was alone in this venture. He sought collaborators, assistants, even mere sympathizers. And he found the student Burdenko.

However, to assemble the children of the poor in the forest school, it was necessary to find money to maintain them. But no one would give money. In Tomsk disinterested, hard-working Dr. Pirussky was considered mentally unbalanced. The city fathers derided his plans. As well try to heat the streets as try to take care of all the poor!

Young Burdenko was one of the few who had faith in Pirussky's undertaking. Together they organized charity concerts, canvassed for funds, selected the equipment for the new school, which went up in the taiga, in the depths of the forest.

Here Burdenko studied natural history, fulfilling his dearest wish.

In the anatomy laboratory corpses were dissected to study the cause of the death and the change in the organism occasioned by sickness. This is hard and dirty work. But his interest in man overcame his natural squeamishness, and Burdenko devoted himself to the work. Soon he became assistant to the dissector, and was entrusted with preparing the corpses.

The general unrest spread to the institute. A beardless young fellow climbed up onto a broad windowsill in the large auditorium and shouted: "Fellow-students! We shall win! All the ministers and senators are with us. . ."

It was a naive demonstration. But the students had just grievances. They were tormented by stupid regulations.

The social-minded Burdenko could not keep out of the student movement. Climbing upon a table, he proclaimed that a human being had rights. For this action, a few days later, he was expelled, the authorities further forbidding him to live within the city limits.

Burdenko departed into the unknown.

Boundless Siberia unfolded in almost primeval virginity before the young man. A few towns were scattered here and there over it like oases. Beyond them the impassable taiga, the unbounded steppes, swamps and rivers, tiny villages and pioneer settlements.

Burdenko tracked through them, seeking work. He had had three years at the medical school. He could qualify as a doctor's assistant, though not officially. He found such work at the Nizhne-Udinsk railway station. And just as had been the case in Tomsk, in a few days he was at home and everybody's friend. He could have lived well here but decided to go on. There was still the city of Yuryev and its university to examine. And Burdenko traveled to the Esthonian university town where seminary students were admitted as at Tomsk. The young man was determined to become a doctor at all costs.

Without taking time to rest from the railway journey, he went straight to the university. There he examined everything as if to get the feel of things; then went straight to the surgical clinic.

Here once Pirogov had worked. With reverence and delight Burdenko glanced through the yellowed pages of a surgical journal that to him was hallowed by the memory of the great surgeon.

Sitting at his window he thought of home; he thought of the postage stamp which had been given him. How many years now had he been wandering about the vast country. From Penza to Tomsk, from Tomsk into the very heart of Siberia, from Siberia to Yuryev. And the stamp was still unused. His trials, however, were not over.

Within a week again, as always, he was at home here. Carefully observing the Germans and Esthonians who made up a large part of the city's population, he noted that the Esthonians had a friendlier attitude towards his countrymen than the Germans. From this he drew certain practical conclusions. The Esthonian shopkeepers readily extended credit to Russian students. A poor student, obliged to consider every kopek, had to take this into account.

Burdenko entered the fourth course at the university. He quickly won as wide popularity as he had in Tomsk. But he preferred Yuryev to Tomsk. "Here Pirogov had lived." The recollection of this great Russian surgeon always stirred Burdenko.

The fascinating figure of the marvelous surgeon has stirred generations of Russian medical men. Here in Yuryev Professor Pirogov had performed notable operations, especially aneurisms, and then written his famous dissertation on the treatment of the *aorta abdominalis*.

There were ten student societies and unions in Yuryev. Burdenko became the organizer of a new society among the medical students.

Again he astonished people by his ability to engage in a multitude of activities without scanting one. He found time to speak at student meetings, to be active in many societies, to go to parties, to write, to draw, to earn his living. And as before, he did well in his studies. As before, too, he spent long hours in the anatomy laboratory, in the dissection room, seeking the causes of human ailments.

This work absorbed him so much it seemed incredible that he should have strength or time for anything else. But let there be any flareup of student unrest and this extraordinarily busy man, engrossed in science, suddenly appeared at the head of it.

His short, stocky figure was often seen at meetings and parties, and was well known to

the police, who appraised the unusual activity of this young man in their own terms. A student strike broke out at Yuryev. Burdenko was considered the ringleader, and the authorities shipped him out of Yuryev.

He resumed his forced and penniless wanderings. This time he went to Kherson Province. The region was suffering from epidemics of smallpox, scarlet fever and measles; Burdenko settled down in a remote hamlet. He vaccinated people against smallpox; he made up cough powders.

Once a man came running to him in great agitation begging for help: "My wife has just given birth and is dying!" The young doctor's assistant could have said that, first, he was not a doctor, second, that he had never even witnessed a birth. But one might so excuse himself where there were other physicians. Here Burdenko was the only medical man. He hurried to the stricken woman.

She was writhing in torment. Burdenko watched her, then ran home—for a look into his textbook. In the book there were smooth explanations of childbirth, descriptions of different deliveries. But the specific case he had to deal with was like none of those described. He returned to the woman. Could he really do nothing to help her? He had studied medicine almost five years, had dissected corpses. Could he really not help? Impossible. He racked his memory for cases that even in the slightest resembled this one.

And inspiration, a special medical form of inspiration, came to him. Rolling up his sleeves and washing his hands, he gave orders to the weeping husband:

"Boil some water. Get me a clean towel."

Bending over the woman, he began to draw out the retarded afterbirth.

Was it a mere surmise or actual knowledge? At any rate, ten minutes later the woman was feeling better.

This incident taught the student much. From that time on there were no branches of medicine which he left unstudied. A doctor should have a good knowledge, an excellent knowledge, of a particular branch of medicine. In that branch he should be a flawless specialist. But this does not release him from the responsibility of knowing all related branches, and all related sciences.

Returning to the university when his period of banishment was over, he applied himself even more passionately than before to the study of the sciences. He must graduate. He must hurry.

But now the war with Japan intervened. Professor Zege von Manteufel went off to the front and invited Burdenko, who had not yet finished the course, to go with him as his interpreter. The war was an event Burdenko could not pass by. Burdenko accepted.

"It will be of use to me," he thought. "Had not the great Pirogov also done field surgery?"

It took the train a month and a half to get to the war zone. In Samara, en route, the medical detachment bought wild horses, broke them and rode them. Then re-entrained and rode on.

They reached Port Arthur on the eve of its fall. They went to Wafangkou. And there Burdenko for the first time learned what a curtain of fire was like.

Professor Zege von Manteufel did not understand modern warfare. He established the medical corps almost in the center of the military operations, behind a small hill that was open and quite without defenses. The wounded he thought would be brought to the dressing station from the other side. What was the professor's astonishment then to see the wounded brought in from what he thought was the rear! The medical detachment found itself ringed by artillery fire. The wild horses from Samara steppes were untrustworthy under fire.

In the detachment there was a doctor named Boettcher, tall and thin, with a Kaiser Wilhelm mustache. At the university he had been a notorious brawler, reckless to the point of frenzy. He had served a term in the Dvina fortress for a killing in a duel. His protruberant eyes, looking still bigger behind a pince-nez, were repellantly supercilious.

But here, under fire, those protruberant eyes glazed like those of a dead horse. On the very first day, Dr. Boettcher shook his pince-nez off in fright and, near-sighted, crawled on all fours, seeking refuge in the bushes.

The legend of his bravery was shattered. On the second day, he came down with dysentery, and soon quietly passed away. He died probably not of the dysentery but of mental depression.

This death shook Burdenko. It frightened him, but at the same time it raised his self-confidence. "Dr. Boettcher, famous for his bravado, has died, crushed by the terror of war, but I am alive, I can bring the wounded out from under fire!" And Burdenko brought the wounded out, performed simple operations on them and dressed their wounds. Then he himself was wounded.

The retreat began; for sixteen hours a day he rode upright with a bandaged arm. The horse would walk, then break into a gallop, then walk again. When it ambled, the student, taking a surgery textbook from his saddle bag, would read, underlining important passages with a pencil.

Here, in the war, he made his choice of a specialty—surgery—and here, not to waste time, he studied it. His textbook, however, was of less help to him than war, with its terrible laboratories. And Burdenko studied hard.

Russian soldiers fought bravely and died stoically. Burdenko saw how they took Putilov Hill. They were led to certain death under a hurricane of fire. Mass formations broke into strings of men. As in silent cinema, people fell without a murmur, rose and pushed forward again.

In the hospital Burdenko stopped before a fellow whose leg was to be amputated. He was a huge, black-bearded patriarch. His leg was slightly elevated. He was looking at it for the last time before parting with it. He raised his eyes and asked Burdenko:

"So, Mister Doctor, there's nothing else to be done, eh?"

"Nothing," said Burdenko.

The bearded man sighed. On his farm he knew the place of every item that made up his working equipment. And he gazed at his leg as part of that equipment.

He asked again: "So there'd be no use from it if we left it, eh, Mister Doctor—?"

"None at all," said Burdenko.

The bearded man sighed. "Well, so be it. Things were bad with the leg and things will be bad without the leg. It's bad all round, any way you look at it."

And, evidently to himself, he said hopefully: "Maybe I'll manage somehow. Without that leg—"

This inextinguishable will-to-live and hardihood of an ordinary Russian man moved the young doctor and taught him something important, strengthened his convictions and his character.

One night before an attack, he was summoned to the corps commander. In the general's tent, a dozen officers were sitting at cards.

The spectacle amazed Burdenko. The fearless, virile Russian muzhik, led into battle by such worthless people!

Burdenko saw the wounded transported in dirty freight cars, where they infected each other, the filthy field hospitals, where the wounded fell victims to gangrene, tetanus and inflammation of the brain. He determined to devote himself to field surgery. But the war came to an end. The troops rolled off to Harbin. There was nothing more to do at the front. Burdenko boarded a train for Yuryev.

In Yuryev political demonstrations were at their height. One bright spring day a detective in a striped brown coat climbed up a telegraph pole the better to see and list the striking students. The most conspicuous was a short, stocky student in a peak cap pushed back on his head, waving his arms and shouting. It was Burdenko. He looked around him and saw the detective hugging the telegraph pole. Their eyes met.

Just then a volley of rifle fire rang out. Soldiers had fired into the air to intimidate the demonstrators. The zealous detective, struck by a bullet, lost his grip and fell, dead. This was something the police had not figured on.

And the students remained in revolt.

Burdenko was again expelled from Yuryev. He went to Riga, where he worked in a hospital and continued his study of surgery. Then again to Yuryev. Finishing the university at last, he went to Petersburg. Came a visit to Academician Pavlov.

Ivan Petrovich Pavlov, the famous scientist, interested himself in the young doctor, was convinced of his talent, and proposed a subject for his dissertation. Burdenko, happy, came again to Yuryev.

Zege von Manteufel had long ago invited him to work in the surgical clinic. In the daytime Burdenko worked in the clinic, at night he wrote his thesis which was called: "The diversion of blood from the liver, the joining of the two venous systems to the circuit of the liver." It took him three years to write it, three years of night work.

From then on, all his life he retained the habit of working at night. But this habit brought on insomnia.

A letter arrived from Petersburg. It was from Academician Pavlov. The famous academician invited Burdenko to work in his laboratory. Burdenko was on the point of going. Problems of physiology had always excited his interest. But Professor Zege von Manteufel held him back. Another obstacle was his lack of money.

Burdenko did not go. He decided to remain a surgeon. But he always retained his interest in the physiological sciences. And he always regretted the opportunity that had gone unused.

At last the dissertation is finished. Three years of strenuous day and night work have tired even Burdenko. The young doctor decides to permit himself to take a rest.

He is all ready to take the train for Petersburg. He has packed his things, has bought a ticket, a hat and new boots. Suitcase in hand, he comes to the staircase. His boots shine. The brim of his hat is turned up smartly. His clean-shaven face wears a broad smile. He is twenty minutes before train time. Suddenly he sees a white-faced student beside him.

"What's the matter?"

"I feel very bad—"

"Are you sick?"

"Yes, I fell against a knife in the anatomy laboratory."

The pale student totters, almost falls. Burdenko drops the suitcase, puts his arms around the student's waist and brings him into his room.

Near the student's left nipple there is a knife wound. The young doctor seats him on a chair and examines him. Then he lays him on a couch. What's this? The student has lost consciousness. There is no pulse beat. Is he dead?

An orderly comes in.

"Get the stretcher," said Dr. Burdenko. "To the operating room."

It is twelve minutes to train time. Burdenko takes off his hat and coat, tries to unknot his tie. But the new silk doesn't unknot. The doctor loses his temper, tugs at it, buttons spray from his collar.

He goes to the operating room, white gowned, ready. Nine minutes to train time. A sick man on the operating table.

Lights.

Train-time is forgotten. Dr. Burdenko lays bare the man's heart. He is sure that the heart has been wounded. He has seen cases in the Japanese war. He is, of course, a young doctor, but an experienced one.

His movements already have the quiet assurance of the experienced surgeon. He has laid bare the heart. Yes, it is wounded. Sutures must be made.

In those days this operation was rarely performed. It would have reflected honor not

only on a young surgeon but on a surgeon with a reputation. It was a dangerous and difficult operation.

Incidentally, in our day, it is also considered difficult and dangerous.

But the young doctor set to work as if on an ordinary operation. With surprising calm, he made the first suture.

Into the operating room came the professor. To Dr. Burdenko fell the high honor of making one suture. The other two were made by the professor.

The professor finished the operation and looked at Burdenko. It was obvious that the professor had an impulse to say something to him. But there were no adequate words, and the professor said nothing. Silently he left the operating room. He was a wise man. Burdenko deserved greater praise than could be expressed in banal words.

The train had gone. Well, the devil with it! Something else interested him. He was interested in how the injured man felt. Breathing normal? Pulse? Everything in order. Good!

Dr. Burdenko no longer feels tired. He must at once, if you please, think not about a rest, but about earning the money to go abroad. This is imperative for his development. And so Burdenko goes off to Siberia.

Things were not quiet at that time on the Siberian railway. The big money involved in its construction had attracted the underworld. Around Taishet there were almost daily brawls and killings. Dr. Burdenko settled down in Taishet. He took lodgings at the house of a rich muzhik.

"You will be quite comfortable with me," his host said. "If you find it hot please go right ahead and sleep with the windows open. You're no contractor—you're a man of science, as they say. No one has the right to so much as touch you with a finger."

And in fact no one ever touched the doctor. He lived quietly, working at night with the windows open. His host said: "I myself don't exactly worship these crooks. My house is like a fortress. And I advise you not to go too far from the house. Who knows—"

The doctor, though, could not stay indoors when there was so much of interest without. Near Taishet there was a leper hospital. A doctor acquaintance of his proposed that they take a look at it.

"You're going away," he said, "and you will not have seen our sights. There's a saying—"

Burdenko had already, as a matter of fact, finished his work and was preparing for his departure.

"All right," he said. "Let's take a look."

In the morning they drove out. The droshky driver brought them to a forest. Several cabin dormitories enclosed by a high fence were to be seen through the trees. The carriage drew up before a tall gate with a heavy bolt and huge padlocks. It was sad to think that people, even though afflicted with leprosy, should be so cruelly cut off from the world. The doctor in charge of the leper hospital, an elderly man who resembled a cattle dealer, hospitably showed them around his unusual establishment. The lepers fortunately were few.

Dr. Burdenko was a bit surprised at this doctor's simple ways. After they had made the rounds of the hospital, the doctor merely rinsed his hands before leading his guests to dinner. No washing in alcohol. Was this bravado?

From the hospital they walked into a small grove. Here people with lion-like snouts and matted hair were picking raspberries. Burdenko asked: "Who are these?"

"These are lepers too," said the doctor in charge unconcernedly. "It's dull for them to be locked up. Here they can walk around."

"Oh," said Burdenko. Cautiously he stole a glance at the doctor. But the latter did not notice his astonishment.

At dinner the doctor drank vodka and talked about the grouse that were plentiful in the region. "If you wish, we'll go hunting after dinner."

The matron of the hospital served the guests with cabbage soup. But Burdenko had lost

his appetite. He was obsessed with the thought of this strange doctor who did not fear contagion.

Suddenly a flea bit Burdenko's hand. This gave him a real scare. A flea could easily transmit contagion. Burdenko paled and said: "I've been bitten by a flea."

His voice quavered slightly. He was a young man, a young doctor. He did not relish the risk of infection by a leprous flea.

"Eh," said the hospitable host. "My dear sir, bugs and fleas have been biting me for twenty years now. And as you see, I'm none the worse for it."

Burdenko kept quiet. He pretended to be calm. But he declined to go hunting and rode home.

Arriving, he lay down on his cot and tremblingly meditated on his fate. In the evening the owner of the house came to his room and proposed that he buy a revolver. The doctor declined.

"How about a fox-skin coat? You don't need it? Well, then, maybe a gold watch—for a lady?" The doctor again shook his head.

"What's the matter—too high?" said the host. "I can make it cheaper—like for someone in the family. Anything to please you."

And it suddenly became clear to the doctor that his landlord, his protector against bandits, was himself a bandit. The doctor felt low. Leprosy, then bandits! This was worse than the Japanese war. But the mood passed instantly. A doctor fears nothing. A doctor must fear nothing. This Dr. Burdenko made a life principle.

He left Siberia. He had the money he needed. He could go abroad.

For about a year he lived in Berlin, studying physiology. Then he went to Zurich. In Zurich lived a famous scientist, Professor Monakov, whose specialty was the nervous system. Descended from a Russian emigrant, he preserved the big-boned features of his northern forbears. He would probably have looked more impressive in his Russian blouse and boots than in the morning coat and patent leather shoes.

His laboratory was distributed through his apartment. In the kitchen was the professor's study. In the dining room stood the jars with guinea pigs. Here, too, his laboratory assistants worked.

At Monakov's Burdenko made the acquaintance of a certain doctor, who had been living in Zurich for more than seven years, who readily undertook to show the Russian doctor round. One evening they went to hear a lecture by Professor Monakov. Burdenko had not yet attended these lectures. The other doctor had spoken of them enthusiastically. He had said they were remarkable lectures. And that evening Burdenko was convinced of it.

The lecture hall was large and was equipped with apparatus and charts for a comprehensive session. All it lacked was an audience. On the students' benches sat only Burdenko and his companion. The professor, nevertheless, came out in his black cutaway, a bit worn at the elbows, and mounting the platform began his lecture. Burdenko was astonished. In a whisper he asked his neighbor:

"But where are the students?"

"*Die Studenten?*" said the doctor, butchering the German. "*Die Studenten nicht angekommen*"

Burdenko looked his astonishment.

"*Nicht, nicht,*" the doctor whispered again. "*So ist immer.*"

It turned out that the famous scientist almost always lectured to an empty hall. Before Burdenko's coming he had lectured to Burdenko's companion. Now he was probably delighted to have two listeners.

Burdenko attended these lectures with great enjoyment for four months. He later learned that Foerster read his lectures in similar circumstances. It is said that the same was true also of the famous Vishkov. And learning all this, Burdenko was struck by the isolation of great scientists.

In Germany and Switzerland he inspected almost all the surgical clinics, and worked in several. But chiefly he studied physiology and neuropathology under the greatest scientists. In the fall he returned to Berlin. His money was almost gone. He could expect help from no one. His many brothers and sisters working as doctor's assistants, teachers and telegraphers could not help him. He decided to return to Yuryev.

In Berlin he had a dog upon whom he had performed a fistula. Before the operation it was a beautiful wolfspitz. But after the operation, perhaps from an infection from pus-drip, the dog lost its hair. Tufts of wool hung from the denuded body.

But to the doctor it was as dear as it had been before. He had already written a large book about his experiments on the dog, Affe. It would be a pity to part with this good creature. Affe would go with the doctor to Yuryev.

At the customs, the dog's appearance created a sensation. The officials decided there was more to the matter than met the eye. They suspected diamonds in that mangy dog. Squeamishly wrinkling their noses, the officials passed their hands over Affe. They probed the dog's openings front and rear.

Just then Burdenko came out of his compartment.

"Affe!"

The dog recognized its master, broke loose from the conductor, and streaked up the platform. The doctor lifted the dog and chucked it affectionately under the chin. This scene thoroughly upset the officials. What did the respectacle young man in the foreign hat need that disgusting dog for? Certainly, there was something queer.

And there certainly was. The doctor continued to work on the dog.

In Yuryev Burdenko was made a lecturer. A few months later he was granted a professorship. That was in 1910. Burdenko was not yet thirty-two. To receive a chair at that age was a triumph. But if he had not been expelled from the universities, if he had not suffered from constant want, he would no doubt have achieved it earlier.

Professor Burdenko held a chair in medical theory in the Yuryev university. To study practical surgery he used to go to Pskov. There he worked in the hospital as a consultant, and performed operations. But he not only taught—he studied uninterruptedly with ordinary but experienced doctors. His professional pride did not suffer from this in the least. People were as astonished at the man's simplicity as at his extraordinary capacity for work.

As before, the professor worked hard. As before, he had not enough money.

In Penza, near the border, were his family. Grandfather Karp Fyodorovich had not lived to see his grandson become a professor. A strange priest had read the funeral service. His father, Nil Karpovich, had also died. But there were still relatives living who needed his help.

The professor worked hard to make money and was economical with every ruble. After a strenuous winter's work he would go abroad in the summer to study the latest developments in science. To study uninterruptedly and always was a life rule for young Professor Nikolai Nilovich Burdenko.

In the summer of 1914 he again went to Germany. At a well-known bookseller's he ordered books priced at 1,200 marks. The bookseller, an old acquaintance, who had always before extended him credit, now surprised him with: "Herr Professor, I must have the entire amount in advance, in cash!"

This sentence struck the professor perhaps more forcefully than all the newspaper articles on the approaching war.

That same year, the professor went to the front. The horrors of the Japanese war were still alive in his memory. But this war from the very beginning promised to outdo the other.

And it did.

The professor took part in the East Prussian campaign. He witnessed the destruction of Samsonov's army. He went through the siege of Lodz. He walked through streets strewn with

shattered glass that cut through the thick soldiers' boots to the flesh. Before Dvinsk he witnessed the first gas attack. In Riga he dissected corpses of soldiers so asphyxiated.

Frost, hunger, rotting corpses, piles of wounded—Professor Burdenko went through it all. And not once did he funk. Indeed, he purposely went to the hottest sectors. And once more, as in his early youth, as in the previous war, the example of ordinary, humble Russian people heartened him, sustained him, stimulated him.

Of 150,000 Russian soldiers before Lodz, 80,000 died and 32,000 were wounded. Yet the 38,000 survivors did not want to retreat.

The professor viewed the war from two vantage points—as a "civilian" and as a surgeon. The war horrified him; but at the same time it awoke in him pride in his indefatigable, undiscourageable, immortal people.

Not without reason did Napoleon say that before the Russian soldier would fall he had not only to be killed but pushed over afterward. On the field of battle the professor saw thousands of fallen soldiers but not one wounded in the back.

Before Lodz, under frightful conditions, under ceaseless gunfire, he directed the evacuation of thirty-two thousand wounded. And there, near Lodz, on the grounds of a Roman Catholic church, he saw two freshly heaped up mounds; on one hung a German private's cap, on the other a Russian's. Beside the Russian cap stood a neat slab of wood on which was inscribed in German: "In honor of our brave Russian opponent."

To have brought Germans to write such an inscription in the face of their brutal military regime could only have been evoked by miracles of bravery. The Russian soldiers performed such miracles. It was a high honor to help such people, to treat them, to dress their wounds. Under gunfire the professor went from one hospital tent to another, with his own hands operating, dressing wounds, carrying the wounded.

The Russians were short of arms. Because of a shell shortage before Zhirardov in Poland, word was passed around not to fire the cannon. But the Russian troops made up for it with bayonet charges. The bravery of the rank and file soldier is something Professor Burdenko has remembered all his life.

Before Zhirardov, a Cossack with an arm slashed rode up to the hospital. Skillfully he leaped down from his horse, tied it to a post, and entered the hospital.

"Hey, which of you is the doctor? Take a look at this. My arm's done for, the bastards—"

"Eh, brother," said the professor, examining the arm. "It'll have to come off. Where's your horse? It must be sent to the rear."

"Why frighten the horse?" The Cossack grew angry. "Your business is this, Mister Doctor—" showing his arm.

"He's a professor," the senior orderly corrected him.

"All right—professor, then. What's the difference? Excuse me. Your business is this. Cut the arm—and that's all. As for the horse, I'll look after him myself. It's my horse."

Recovering from the anesthetic, the now one-armed Cossack scowled at the orderly, rose, quickly adjusted his cartridge belt, smoothed down his forelock with his left hand, untied the horse with the same hand, mounted and rode off, as he said, to "his own people."

"So long!" he sang out to the chief orderly. "There's no time, as you can see for yourself, to kiss you goodbye."

The professor sharply reprimanded the orderly for letting the wounded Cossack go off. But to himself he said: "There are people for you! Real people!" Perhaps he even envied the Cossack.

Most people, though, envied the professor, as they had envied the student Burdenko. When did this professor sleep?

The youthful student Lebedenko came to the hospital and also worked without sparing himself, but was astonished watching the professor. Day and night, the professor, wearing torn boots, with his fur coat open and his cap pulled down, made the rounds of the

barracks, picked his way among the wounded who lay closely packed on the straw, bent over them, adjusted their bandages, and grumbled angrily every time he found anything amiss.

Once Lebedenko said: "Nikolai Nilych! I believe it's four days now that you haven't slept!"

"The Arab horse never sleeps," said the professor, angrily.

"But it's now—" stammered Lebedenko.

"That's nothing," said the professor, relaxing into a smile. "Good stock always shows."

The professor managed to find time to evacuate the wounded, to get chocolate for them, perform operations on them; but not time to sleep.

Once, though, he disappeared for three whole hours. No one saw him, either in the barracks or in the street.

An operation was being performed in the hospital. Two doctors were making sutures. Suddenly—apparently from the closet—a voice roared: "Is that how you make sutures!"

Everyone stared at the closet. There the professor, hunched up, had been asleep. It was the only place where he could catch a nap undisturbed.

The stream of wounded was endless. There was no place to put them. They were laid out on straw on the ground. They lay there, dirty and bloodstained, with parched lips.

The professor was powerless to remedy conditions. There were not enough bandages, medicines or stretchers. And no help was forthcoming. The Medical Inspection worked as if in the service of the enemy. The professor was furious. He sent urgent letters, petitions. No answer from those in power. Then suddenly there arrived at the front the chief of the Military Medical Service, the head culprit, responsible for the scandal, the perfumed do-nothing, Prince Oldenburgsky.

Professor Burdenko was with the wounded, when he was told that the prince wished to see him. Burdenko flushed and said: "I can't now—I'm busy. Let him wait a while."

Prince Oldenburgsky sat, stood up, sat down again. The prince grew nervous and began biting his nails.

At last the professor came out of the hospital. The prince was on the verge of speaking rudely to him, but restrained himself. After all, this professor's hospital was the best on the entire front. More, the prince even condescended to smile, and offered his hand to the professor. But the professor did not take it, saying: "I haven't had time to wash my hands yet."

This was more than the prince could bear. Boiling over with fury, he flung one word at the professor: "Muzhik!" Then he strode out, clinking his saber.

Burdenko a muzhik! Not a muzhik, but the son of a clerk, a poor man, a member of the unprivileged Russian intelligentsia. The professor however had reason enough to despise the prince. Nor did he wish to conceal his scorn. "Yes! I despise you, Prince Oldenburgsky. You and your whole breed of hereditary parasites. Your entire class. You brought on this war, but we fight it. We go through all its horrors and burdens. And we despise you."

The professor went back to the hospital.

There he often works as a common orderly. But he never forgets that he is a man of science. He studies problems of shock, develops a primary treatment of skull wounds by a special method, works out new problems connected with injuries to the central nervous system.

Often he writes to Yuryev. And from Yuryev people write to him. Professor Burdenko is interested in the latest scientific developments. From Yuryev he receives literature. In Yuryev live people who esteem and love their pupil, Professor Burdenko.

The fighting shifts to the Baltic region. The Germans have taken Yuryev. But Professor Burdenko need not be alarmed. The German command makes the proposal that he remain as professor at the university under gratifying conditions. The university is being reorgan-

ized on German lines. And Professor Zege von Manteufel, his old teacher, urges Professor Burdenko to remain. Everything will be as it was before. He will lead a quiet, secure life, devoted to scientific work.

But Professor Burdenko does not let himself be persuaded. "No," he says, "I'm going home."

"But there's a revolution there—"

"That's why I'm going."

The man has always been astonishingly simple, and always ready for anything. He has never encumbered himself with baggage—nor professorial superciliousness—nor anything that smothers human feeling. He has had a single aim in life, in whose correctness he believed firmly and utterly.

Picking up his suitcase, he rode home to Russia.

In Russia, in the Civil War years, he was busy doing organizational work in the medical service and working at military surgery. He put the entire system of supplies into shape, opened new hospitals and directed them. Actually, for him the war had not come to an end. He plunged into the Civil War without having rested from the imperialist war. But the Civil War was different; it was a necessary war.

At this time he was commissioned to carry out the evacuation of the Yuryev University. The university was transferred to the Soviet city of Voronezh. And there Burdenko worked as before—as surgeon, as organizer and as social worker.

The university in Voronezh had not enough professors. Some of the professors, not wishing to work for the people, who had now come into power, emigrated. Others remained. Of those remaining, a large group hesitated whether to accept Soviet power or wait. Perhaps power would again change hands.

Because of the scarcity of professors Burdenko, a professor of surgery, was compelled to hold seven chairs. At the same time, he managed to operate on wounded Red Army men, find them nourishing food, stand in queues for *vobla* (cheap smoked fish) for himself, write scientific works and mend, with his own resources, his much patched professorial breeches.

From time to time he went to Moscow. The student Lebedenko, with whom he had made friends in the imperialist war, had since become a doctor and now helped him in organizational matters, serving as his closest assistant. They had many matters to attend to together in Moscow. Frequently they had to sit in reception rooms, awaiting answers to requests. They had to argue with bureaucrats, insist, demand, threaten. As for eating, the professor and his assistant often, to put it plainly, had to do without.

Walking along on one such occasion, they suddenly came upon an old woman sitting on the curb, in whose lap lay a piece of soggy black bread weighing perhaps three hundred grams. Her face was hard—a typical trader's face.

"How much is your bread, auntie?" asks the professor.

The woman, sure of the drawing power of her goods, covers up the bread with her hand and disdainfully looks her customer over. Before her, eyes glued to the bread, stands a man in a shabby old coat and ragged, run-down boots.

"Do you want it for money?" she asks.

"Yes, for money."

"You don't happen to have something you could give me for it? Drawers, say—men's would be all right—and cotton ones, even. Or pants?"

The professor long and skillfully bargains with her, jokes with her, showing his even white teeth. And her woman's heart, hardened though it has become with desperate trading, softens and grows kindlier. She sells him her bread.

On the spot the professor breaks the bread. "Here, eat it," he says to Lebedenko.

"Thank you," says the assistant gallantly, "but I'm not really hungry yet. Eat it yourself."

"Where would I put away such a huge hunk of bread?" says the professor. "Let's both dig in." And munching the soured bread of the days of War Communism, the professor and his assistant walk on.

But now a great misfortune occurs. One of the professor's soles, which has long been loose, drops off. The professor carefully stows it away in his pocket and walks along the wet sidewalk. The boot rattles on his foot like a box without a bottom. His exposed sock is soon soaking.

But good luck is always with this fellow. Here hangs a wooden sign that reads: "Shoe repairing done, also orders taken for new boots and ladies' slippers." Obviously the shoemaker is new to the capital. The sign is a temporary one, new, and is not exactly standard in spelling.

The professor and his assistant enter the shoemaker's shop. A skinny man sits sipping tea.

"I," says he, "am a sick man: I don't wax the threads myself. And the boy who does it for me hasn't turned up. And my awl is in the cellar. And I can't climb down for it."

"I'll get it for you," the professor proposes. And he clambers down into the cellar.

At last the boots are repaired. Having made the rounds of various institutions and arranged their affairs in the capital, the professor and his assistant take the train back to Voronezh.

In Voronezh, the question of power is not yet settled. Now the Reds hold it, now the Whites. Twice Shkuro and Mamontov enter Voronezh. Denikin occupies the city. In the hospital Burdenko hides Communists hunted by the firing squad.

One night, accompanied by his assistant, he makes his way through the dark city. A patrol halts them. There is an interrogation.

"From what army are you?"

"We're doctors. On our way to visit patients."

"What kind of patients—Whites or Reds?"

"It's Burdenko," says one of the men in the patrol. "The professor. Don't you remember? He's treated us."

It turns out that it is a Red patrol. But it might have been a White. It is risky going about the city at night. Still, the professor goes. It has to be done.

At last life in the city becomes normal. Soviet power has been firmly established. Professor Burdenko has to lecture, operate, give consultations. But he no longer has to stand in line for *vobla*. Such poor fare is no longer on sale. Provision difficulties are at an end. Restoration of the war-ruined economy begins.

1923. Professor Burdenko is summoned to work in Moscow. But Voronezh does not want to give him up. When it is definitely decided that he is to go, nevertheless, the students and inhabitants of Voronezh carry him from the university to the train on their shoulders. Such an honor has fallen to few people during the entire existence of the city of Voronezh. The people of that city are not particularly given to sentiment.

In Moscow he did not change in the least. As before, he worked a great deal. As before, he did not confine himself to one branch of medicine, but studied all jointly. Or rather, when working in one particular field, he applied to it all the achievements of other related branches of medicine. And as before, he does not separate theory from practice. Practice enriches theory, as theory enriches practice. For "theory without practice is pointless, as practice without theory is blind."

Problems of blood transfusion, surgery of the lungs, the treatment of purulent wounds, operations on the nervous system and in the abdominal region, anesthesia and many other no less important problems occupy him. He deals brilliantly with all.

In Moscow he organizes the now famous Neurosurgical Institute, which he directs, and soon the whole country hears of epoch-making operations on the brain, involving new technique.

From America, Belgium, France, Turkey, Spain and other countries come letters to Pro-

fessor Burdenko. Noted scientists come to acquaint themselves with his work. American professors inspect the institute's laboratory, organized by him. Even from Germany, from a land crushed by fascism, come letters from invalids who have heard of his remarkable operations.

"Passing through our country, American professors who have visited your institute say that you work miracles. Can't you save my daughter, professor?" writes a Berliner.

The hopelessly afflicted are brought to him from all parts of our boundless country. And he restores them to health. The very name of this professor, whose popularity is constantly growing, has the power to hearten the sick.

"Burdenko told me I would get better," a stovesetter, suffering from Parkman's disease (shaking palsy), tells his wife. "Do you understand? Burdenko the professor, he says: 'You'll get better.' And you cry—"

A congress of surgeons took place in Paris. Following the congress, Professor Burdenko read a paper in the French surgical academy on bulbatomy operations which had been unthought of before him and which he now performed as was his custom without fuss. The paper made a tremendous impression on the noted scientists. When it was finished, an eminent French surgeon came up to Professor Burdenko and said: "I should like the esteemed professor to do me the great honor of demonstrating one of the operations in my clinic."

Professor Burdenko agreed. But it turned out that French clinics did not have the special instrument, the bulbatom, required for these operations. This instrument was the invention of Professor Burdenko, and was manufactured in Soviet plants. Before performing the demonstration operation, a bulbatom had to be prepared in France.

A last all was ready. The day for the operation was fixed. Professor Burdenko came to the clinic at the appointed hour. Awaiting him were the leading surgeons of Paris.

The patient was wheeled into the operating room. Professor Burdenko asked that the patient's brain be laid bare. This was done by the director of the clinic himself.

In any operation hemorrhages may occur. And so it happened here. Blood flooded the spot that was to be operated upon—a spot no bigger than a pin head.

It is hard and dangerous enough to get at this spot, which is in the most sensitive region of the brain under normal conditions; and doubly hard and doubly dangerous, of course, when there is a hemorrhage.

Not one other surgeon, even the bravest, probably, would have undertaken the responsibility of carrying through an operation at the very beginning of which someone else had committed a mistake. Any other surgeon under such circumstances would no doubt simply have refused to go on with the operation, not wishing to risk his good name.

The head of the clinic told Burdenko: "If your operation turns out unsuccessful it will be my responsibility."

But Professor Burdenko acted as though he had not noticed the mistake of his eminent colleague. Examining the bared brain, he proceeded to operate.

The operation was successful. All were struck by Professor Burdenko's calm. After the operation they asked him: "Don't you ever get excited, professor?"

"Yes, I get very excited. You can't forget that the patient may have a wife, mother, children, that you are undertaking a great moral responsibility. I must admit that I am always excited—but that is before the operation. When operating, as you understand, a surgeon must not be excited. During the actual operation I am quite calm."

And his modesty perhaps astonished his hearers still more.

His modesty is genuine. He is modest always and in all things. He speaks more readily about the achievements of his pupils than his own. More accurately, he never speaks about his own. But his pupils are also among his achievements. Among them are noted profes-

sors and doctors, personally trained by him. He himself continues his studies to this day.

"How is it, Nikolai Nilovich," he is asked, "don't you get tired? You make time for everything—"

"But that's just my trouble," is his answer. "I don't have time for everything."

And it is not clear whether he is facetious or serious. More likely he is serious. In the course of a single day he has time to perform a serious operation at the clinic, deliver a lecture at the institute, receive patients, attend conferences, write an article for a scientific journal, phone the clinic at night to find out how the patient is feeling after the operation. But that does not exhaust all his interests. There is never time enough for that.

And going to bed, in the early hours of the morning, he falls asleep with the feeling that in the clinic and in the institute many things remain unfinished. He never thinks of the fact that he has already done a great deal.

He is highly valued in our country. Professor Burdenko is a member of the Government of the R.S.F.S.R., was a delegate to the eighth (Special) All-Union Congress of Soviets, which approved the Stalin Constitution, and a member of the Editorial Commission of the Congress, is a member of the Moscow Soviet, a leader of numerous public organizations and scientific societies, and deputy to the Supreme Soviet.

The Government awarded him the Order of Lenin. That was a great occasion. From every corner of the land congratulations poured in from organizations and individuals. Most of the letters came from patients. From these letters one could trace, step by step, the entire course of Professor Nikolai Nilovich Burdenko's life.

"From our Kherson newspaper I learned about Professor Burdenko, who has been awarded the Order of Lenin. Weren't you the student who came to our village thirty years ago and helped me after childbirth?"

"You, no doubt, have forgotten me, Nikolai Nilovich. I am Gavrila Grinchenko, chief orderly of the Red Cross detachment in Manchuria at the time of the war with Japan. I remember you! I congratulate you and am proud of you. . . ."

". . . Remember, Nikolai Nilovich, the front near Warsaw, at Zhirardov, the Tula hospital and me, the nurse Kolesnikova, whom you treated so considerately. Your former assistants send you greetings and congratulations from the North Caucasus. . . ."

". . . With all my heart I am glad that, for your knowledge of surgery, for your kindliness and your efforts on behalf of the sick, the Party and the Government have conferred upon you that great award. And I am grateful to you for the advice you gave me, though you have probably forgotten me. I came to you with my son, who was suffering from water on the brain after having had meningitis. The whole Soviet people is glad, too. Long may you live and continue your battle against disease. We thank you and congratulate you once more on receiving the highest award in the world—the Order of Lenin. . . ."

". . . When I saw your photo in the pages of *Pravda,* I was very glad on your account. But not only on your account but on my own too, because I studied under you. With all my heart I congratulate you on receiving the Order. I remain, as I was known to you then, Seryozha, or the Special Red Banner Far Eastern Army fighter Sergei Pulkov."

". . . Greetings, Professor N. N. Burdenko. I send you best wishes and congratulations on your great honor. I celebrated the day when I learned about your award as a holiday. I worked with you as an orderly in that most difficult period from 1920 to 1923. You saved my life. I now work for the proletarian fatherland. Prokhorov. . ."

". . . Marussia and I, we often recall how you did not permit me to bring Marussia to you in that fearful frost and snowstorm but came to us yourself, so worn out and chilled through and through. I shall never forget how gently and lovingly you handled the infant. The memory of you is like a warm bright ray in the tragedy we have lived through. . . ."

"I congratulate you, professor! Thank you for everything. I should like you to know that I am still alive. I live and am happy, thanks to your skilled hands. Thank you very much. A living witness to your great talent—Petrov."

There are too many letters to quote, letters ranging from the rough scrawl of a sick furnace tender who has learned to write only a short while ago to the fancy flourishes of a clerk on a state farm.

But the professor must take a rest sometime. It is long since he has had a vacation.

His wife, Maria Emilyevna, has been urging a trip to the Caucasus. And Nikolai Nilovich at last agrees. Late one evening he comes home as usual, and announces: "We leave tomorrow. I've arranged all my affairs."

Shortly before midnight they begin to pack. First of all, his books. "Isn't it possible to travel without books?" asks his wife.

"Impossible," says the husband.

"But you're going for a rest," his wife insists.

"I rest better with books," says the professor.

At about one o'clock the packing is finished. The professor has tea and goes off to his study. At this hour he generally writes. In any case he does not fall asleep before three. He can't fall asleep. He has insomnia. His insomnia is now of more than thirty years' duration. And the professor will be sixty this year. Though well along in years, he sleeps no more than four hours a day.

At night he smokes a great deal. The mutilated little corpses of the cigarettes fall around him fanwise. They are the only sign that he is agitated. The professor is awake, aroused.

About four o'clock in the morning, sleep at last overcomes him. But at eight in the morning he is already up and about. At half past eight his short, stocky figure can be seen at Devichye Polye. Stepping lightly, like a youngster, he heads for the clinic.

This is the last day before his vacation begins.

First he must visit the university clinic of which he is director, then the Neurosurgical Institute, of which he is also director. But today he is not going to the institute. He has finished up everything there yesterday. Today he is going only to the clinic.

The professor has left for the clinic. At his home the telephone rings without pause. Some people are surprised that the professor is already off to work; an indignant voice asks for his phone number at the clinic. And the houseworker in simple language, with ill-concealed pride, explains:

"Don't you know the professor can't be called at work? What do you suppose—he sits and waits for your calls? Right now he is standing in the operating room and is cutting somebody up. Do you get me? Or else he's chiseling somebody's skull—"

But the houseworker is mistaken. The professor is not yet "cutting up." He has only now reached the clinic.

The caretaker meets him at the gate.

"Good morning, Grisha," says the professor.

"Good health," says the caretaker.

And they both smile as if they know something about each other that cannot yet be told, and perhaps not tomorrow, nor a year from now.

The professor mounts the stairway to his study. On the walls of the room hang paintings of his predecessors, distinguished scientists, previous directors of the clinic. Here are Pirogov, Basov, Sklifasovsky, Inozemtsev, Bobrov, Spizharni. They occupy all the wall space.

The charwoman looks at them and says: "And where will they hang you, that is, your portrait, Nikolai Nilych, if it comes to that?"

"Me?" says the professor, his eyes smiling. "If I deserve it, they'll fix me up, maybe, there over the washbowl. That's not a bad spot."

"Go on!" says the charwoman. "Over the washbowl!"

Into the study comes Professor Lebedenko, who has been working with Professor Burdenko for almost twenty-five years. It is said that Nikolai Nilovich loves him and

values him highly. And no doubt it is true. But outwardly there is little to show it. In his attitude towards his old pupil the professor is just as severe as towards others. He has no favorites whose mistakes he overlooks.

Nor would he, no doubt, forgive his own. Burdenko is very strict. He can joke, slap you on the shoulder, invite you to tea—but he can also fly into a passion when he sees slovenliness, laziness, an unconscientious attitude towards work.

He has a marvelous memory. This memory retains complicated formulas and complicated case histories. Passing through a ward a week before, the professor had given certain instructions—let us say, to follow such-and-such a procedure with a certain patient. A week later he enters the ward again. "Well, have you done it?"

"Oh—I forgot," says the doctor responsible.

This one had better not say. Professor Burdenko never forgives forgetfulness. Everyone knows this. And Professor Lebedenko knows it. Once, he forgot something. A little thing. It could happen to anyone. The careful, precise and industrious worker made a slip.

Professor Burdenko, however, flared up. And Professor Lebedenko took offense. These two, who had worked together for almost twenty years, were now about to part. Their pride was involved. All paths to reconciliation seemed cut. And both professors were sad.

In those days they first realized how dear they were to each other. And there was an early and unexpected reconciliation.

Professor Lebedenko says good morning to Professor Burdenko. Professor Burdenko dons a white gown and washes his hands. Then he says: "Well, let's go."

Professor Lebedenko steps out into the corridor and gives the order: "Summon the doctors."

They begin making the rounds of the hospital. Beside Professor Burdenko walks Professor Lebedenko. Behind them walk thirty doctors in white coats.

They come to the first patient. He has paralysis of a facial nerve. The doctor treating him reports: *"Paresis facialisa."*

"Of which nerve?" asks the professor. "Left or right?"

"Left," answers the young doctor quickly.

"Please shut your eyes," the professor says to the patient. "Harder. Good. Open them."

And gazing into the patient's eyes the professor says to the doctor: "Why do you say the left when it's the right?"

"Yes, yes, it's the right," exclaims the doctor guiltily.

The professor examines the patient.

The sick smile at him when he enters a ward. They know him. It's Burdenko. "He's a jolly one," says an old man to a newcomer. "You'll see. But sometimes, how he'll get sore at a doctor—"

The professor proceeds from ward to ward. In one of the wards lies a patient who is to be operated on for a hernia. The professor examines him for a long time, and talks to the doctors about it. Then he suddenly asks: "Who is the nurse here?"

"I am," answers a quiet woman, obviously shivering in her boots. Is the professor going to reprimand her?

But the professor says: "It's the first time I see a patient's legs in such perfect shape. You're a good nurse."

The nurse blushes. At that moment the doctors envy her. The professor has praised no one but her today. But he has also reprimanded no one. Which makes it essentially a happy day. The professor continues on his rounds.

It comes to an end. Noon. The professor is in his study, drinking warmed mineral water.

The senior assistant reports to him on various administrative matters, and asks that he do not reprimand a certain person.

"You are a typical weak intellectual," says the professor to the assistant, not angrily, but jokingly.

His wife telephones: Nikolai Nilovich hasn't forgotten that they're leaving today? No, he hasn't forgotten. The train leaves at six fifteen in the evening. Yes, he remembers.

The chief assistant goes on with his report.

Later a doctor enters with a letter from a patient. "Do you remember that Parkinson's disease case? That kind of curly-haired one?"

And they recalled the Parkinson's disease victim who had been brought to the clinic in a half-dead condition, his arms and his feet incapable of motion. Complete immobility. Professor Burdenko had operated on him.

"Well, what does he write?"

"He writes that he has gone to work, that he rides in the streetcars. And that he wrote this letter with his own hand."

Another doctor enters. He says that a new patient has been brought in. A very serious case. Long Latin terms. It calls for an operation.

The secretary of a journal edited by Professor Burdenko enters. Almost half an hour of discussion, inspection of the fresh proofs and phone calls to the printshop.

Then the professor says: "Anyhow, I want to take a look at that patient."

He goes and examines him. Sure enough, a complicated case. But not to be operated on immediately—not for another hour. The professor announces: "I'll operate myself. It's got to be done." And he asks: "Is Marussia here?"

Marussia is in charge of the operating room, a young woman. She began working in the clinic as a charwoman. She was illiterate, but distinguished herself by her conscientious attitude towards her work, her love of cleanliness. Because of this, the professor promoted her, had her sent to a school for nurses, which she completed successfully. And now, whenever he is ready for an operation, he first asks: "Is Marussia here?"

No one could be more satisfying to him in the operating room. "Marussia is here," means that everything will be in order. Even the People's Commissar of Health knows of Marussia's talent. Not long ago he established a special status for her.

"Yes, Marussia is here."

The professor prepares for the operation. He gets into his white. Just then the caretaker Grisha comes into the study.

"Nikolai Nilych, Maria Emilyevna" (his wife) "is downstairs waiting for you."

"Yes, yes," says the professor. "I'll be right down."

And a bit worried, he descends the stairway.

Maria Emilyevna is seated in the car, surrounded by suitcases, trunks and packages.

"Well, are you ready?" she asks. "It's time to start out."

"I can't," says her husband. "Not yet."

"The ticket will be wasted," she says. "The train leaves at six fifteen. What's to be done now?"

"An operation," says the professor.

And he makes his way up the staircase.

PAVEL NILIN

Maxim Gorky's "Mother" in Paris

Mother—a play, adapted from Gorky's famous and often dramatized novel—has just completed an outstandingly successful run at the Sarah Bernhardt Theater, which the People's Theater Company engaged for it.

The play opened at the Renaissance Theater on May 15, 1937, but was transferred to the larger stage where once the "divine Sarah" reigned. It played nine months and to packed houses. The audience was almost exclusively proletarian. The French bourgeoisie expressed its disapproval of the play that had such a strong popular appeal. Soon after the opening, the octagenarian producer Antoine, who has, in the past, done so much for the French theater, but in his old age has evidently forgotten his former principles of free æsthetics, violently attacked the play. When the play moved to the larger Sarah Bernhardt Theater, the actress' "aristocratic" granddaughter publicly protested against the use of the theater "dedicated to the memory of the great actress," for the performance of a revolutionary play. Whereupon she was promptly reminded of Sarah Bernhardt's love for the people.

Mother's fiercest enemy proved to be the Paris Municipal Council, from whom the People's Theater Company rented the theater. The Municipal Council, consisting mainly of reactionaries, wished to close the house to this play inspired by the Bolshevik Maxim Gorky. However, the Prefet of the Seine, authorized by the Government of the People's Front to superintend, as it were, over the "elect of the City of Paris," ruled against the Municipal Council.

Extremely significant is the great success in France of a play imbued with the Soviet spirit. Gorky wrote the story in 1905, yet the Bolshevik spirit can be felt in it. Clearly, there is no better food for popular art—be it in Paris or Moscow—than subjects drawn from the sufferings of those who fought for freedom.

Gorky's *Mother* is not a peculiarly Russian work. It is a powerful shout of indignation and protest against the yoke that oppresses the toilers of the whole world. In the U.S.S.R. oppression has been done away with, but how many toilers in other countries still feel it? Proletarians in all countries recognize themselves in the Russian workers, who in 1905 awoke from their long stupor, and made an effort to fling off the capitalist yoke. In this lies the universal interest and significance of *Mother*.

The play is divided into a prologue and two parts. In the prologue, the old worker Vlassov, an inveterate drunkard, comes home from work drunk. He swears at his wife Pelageya, and is about to beat her, when he has an attack of pain; he has been suffering from rupture for a long time. He dies in agony.

His son Pavel at first follows in his father's footsteps; he frequents saloons and drinks heavily. But a group of revolutionary workers draws him into their circle. He makes it his duty to educate himself, in order to be of service in setting free his unhappy people.

Following the prologue, Pavel reappears as a revolutionary agitator. The scene is a meeting in Vlassov's house. The revolutionaries have been secretly distributing leaflets in the factory, and are meeting with a good response from the workers. The police

Mass scene from The Paris People's Theater's presentation of "Mother" by Maxim Gorky

search the hovel where Pavel lives, but find nothing suspicious; the agitators have managed to hide all compromising papers.

To cover the cost of draining a marsh in the vicinity of his factory, the owner decides to reduce the already beggarly wages of the workers. Pavel and his companions incite the workers to strike. The police arrest several of the revolutionaries.

In the second part, Pelageya, Pavel's old mother, imagines, in her ignorance, that her son and his companions are criminals, because they oppose the authorities, resisting the sacred rule of the tsar and repudiating religion.

But soon she comes to see that the Socialists are brave, clever and friendly people. They excite her admiration, and she longs to be like them. Although she is an elderly woman, she learns to read and write. Now she can help the revolutionaries; she carries out dangerous commissions for them. On May First, Pavel marches at the head of a workers' demonstration. The police appear, seize Pavel, who is carrying a red flag, and arrest others.

The men who took part in the demonstration are sentenced to exile in Siberia. As they are being sent away, Pelageya bids her son farewell. She, too, wants to go into exile. She pulls out a red flag, the emblem of freedom, and waves it. The infuriated police fall on her and kill her.

I have given this account of the play as performed in Paris in order to show how the action of the novel has been condensed for the play.

The production, for which Henri Lesueur, the director of the People's Theater, is responsible, gives the play still greater completeness. The same set of extraordinarily expressive scenery was used throughout. Downstage on the right, almost at the proscenium, stood the Vlassov's house. Whenever it was necessary to show what was going on inside, the wall slid open. To the left stood the saloon, where those workers not yet drawn into

the struggle sit drinking. A flight of steps led down from the stage into the orchestra. Inclined planes and a staircase above the hovel and the saloon led up to an arrangement of bars reminiscent of prison gates; these represented the gate of the factory. Behind these could be seen the silhouette of the factory and the giant chimneys of the blast furnaces. The grim buildings towered over the workers' settlement, threatening to crush it, as in olden times the feudal castles seemed ready to crush the hovels of the serfs. Beside the factory could be seen the cupola of the church, the bulwark of tyranny and capitalism. The scenery is genuinely symbolic in its completeness.

In the mass scenes, as for instance, the First of May demonstration and the police attack on the workers, the Vlassovs' house was moved off stage to make room for the crowds.

This kind of scenery and the arrangement of the stage space simplifies the staging, and corresponds in every way to the principle of "etage" settings, favored at one time by the great Firmin Gémier, whose disciple Henri Lesueur considers himself. The role of the heroine, the mother, was magnificently played by one of the leading Parisian actresses—Marie Kalff, wife of the dramatist H. R. Lenormand, for a very modest salary.

Marie Kalff played the mother with superb art, from the moment when, almost unnoticeably, light first breaks in on the darkened mind and she awakes as if from a deep sleep, to the climax, when her devotion leads her to sacrifice her life.

More than once Marie Kalff has spoken to me with feeling, of the satisfaction she had in playing this role.

Henri Monteux gives a magnificent rendering of the death-agony of old Vlassov.

As Pavel, Harry Crimier creates for us the character of the young worker and his spiritual development under the influence of his Socialist comrades.

In Henri Lesueur's presentation of a revolutionary, we see a man full of youthful vigor and confidence. The acting of the entire cast was outstanding.

This successful performance by the People's Theater has proved that it is not a haphazard company, but a genuine *collective*—well disciplined, precise in execution—where each member gives himself wholeheartedly to the common end. This is the distinguishing feature of the People's Theater Company, and it is just this that is characteristic of the Soviet theater, which affords us unsurpassed examples of actors' *collectives,* where solidarity in creative work is of first importance. From now on the People's Theater may be regarded as a full-fledged theater collective.

We wish that it may soon have an opportunity of performing good French popular dramas similar to those of which young Soviet literature is justly proud. Let us hope that we shall soon see the creation of the repertoire the French proletariat is awaiting impatiently. Maxim Gorky's great work—given us by Russia—has undoubtedly done much to turn the People's Theater in the direction which the development of the Socialist theater in France is bound to take.

PAUL GZELL

The Living Theme in Soviet Opera

The Bolshoi Opera Theater, which holds the Order of Lenin, this year produced the opera *The Soil Upturned,* after the novel of the same name by Sholokhov. This is the first Soviet opera to bring opera close to our day. The plot deals with quite recent events, the breaking up of the old tenor of village life, in the first period of the struggle for collectivization. For the first time a composer has portrayed on the opera stage heroes of our times. For the first time a composer has revealed in musical and dramatic images, the significance of class struggle in the village, depicted the complicated process of the change in human psychology in the Socialist epoch.

The young Soviet composer Dzerzhinsky, together with the librettist, has created a new, integral dramatic work, while retaining the essence and the color of Sholokhov's epic. The slightest departure from realism toward the usual operatic conventions would have given an impression of falsity. The work passed through several versions, on which he had the collaboration of the talented collective of the Bolshoi Theater.

Dzerzhinsky called *The Soil Upturned* a musical drama. This is accurate. The struggle for the rebuilding of society, in which the kulaks and the fighters for Socialism clash, is portrayed with great force in the opera.

The first thing to be said of Dzerzhinsky's music is that it is folk music. Its language is the language of the Russian folk song and folk dance. Since his first opera, *Quiet Flows the Don,* produced by the Bolshoi Theater in the 1936 season, the composer has developed considerably. His orchestration has become richer. This is felt immediately in the overture, in which buoyant dance melodies grow into a heroic march-like song, powerful and rhythmically clear. A soft, melodious tune follows, and rises to a passionate, exciting, deeply lyric climax. The overture has a beautiful instrumentation; it is a brilliant concert overture, reminiscent of the overtures of the classic French composers.

Ivan Dzerzhinsky is an irreproachable master of folk song. *Chastushki* (popular Russian limericks on topics of the day), drawling songs, dance tunes, characteristic folk recitation, are abundantly employed in the opera. Expressiveness in vocal parts is Dzerzhinsky's *forte:* literally every voice is heard in the chorus.

In *The Soil Upturned,* the composer has used three basic musical motifs. One is manly and willful, in a clear march rhythm of unremittant struggle. This motif is given to the hero of the opera, the Communist Davidov, a factory worker who came to the Kuban from far-off Leningrad to help the collective farm. Davidov's hatred for the kulaks, his enthusiastic devotion to the cause of the working class, his solicitude and love for those honest Cossack tillers of the soil who fight for their collective farm are warmly and clearly depicted by the composer. The motif of struggle runs through the whole opera, it broadens, grows and pours forth in the final triumphant song of victory. "Toward a bright life, toward a proud goal. . . ."

The second motif is troubled and restless. The composer employs it to characterize the figure of Nagulny, full of deep and sharp contradictions. Unable to analyze his acts, he often becomes a tool of enemies.

The third motif, lyrical, charmingly simple and intimate, is given to Lusha, the most successful creation of the composer. Lusha is a woman of great vitality, cunning yet simple-hearted, flighty yet capable of lifelong love. The singer Kruglikova plays this role with sincere feeling. Her many-sided talent has helped her to create an unforgettable picture of a Soviet woman, who after much hesitation and despite many contradictions becomes the best worker of her collective farm.

The negative characters of the opera—the organizer of the kulak uprising, Polovtsev, a cunning double-dealer; the treacherous Ostrovnov, and the perpetually tipsy accordion player Timoshka, son of a kulak—are presented expressively and are carefully thought out.

The composer had to combat moribund traditions of the opera stage in order to show truthfully and realistically situations and characters unusual in opera. The composer did not fear this, and he succeeded in raising the opera to a level of artistic mastery, which, together with the opera's idea content, makes *The Soil Upturned* an event in the Soviet world of art.

Mordvinov, the regisseur, deserves high praise for a vivid, living production, free of "Vampuka" [1] trumpery and tinsel. The mass scenes make effective use of Dzerzhinsky's beautiful Cossack choruses.

The artist U. Williams' decorations are restrained and realistic. Their gamut is laconic. Williams struck on the happy idea of gradually increasing, from the first to the eighth scene, the lighting and use of bright spring colors.

V. M.

[1] A term derived from the name of a comic opera satirizing operatic conventions.

Scene from the Leningrad Maly Opera Theater's production of "Colas Breugnon," based on Romain Rolland's novel. The music is by the Soviet composer D. B. Kabalevsky

Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony

The Fifth Symphony, a new work by the Soviet composer Dimitri Shostakovich, recently had its world premiere in Moscow.

As is well known, two previous works by Shostakovich—his opera *Katherina Izmailova* and his ballet *The Luminous Stream*—met with an unfavorable reception by Soviet critics.

The now famous articles of *Pravda* posed the question broadly of the development of Soviet art as a great realistic art, the question of the fight against æsthetic trends alien to the spirit of the people. The articles were evoked by these works of Shostakovich. This criticism helped the young artist to overcome that which was alien and injurious to his great talent.

Shostakovich's new composition achieved great success. It proceeds from a profound conception, expressed with originality and power. Below we give the comments of an outstanding Soviet musician, Professor Goldenweiser, and excerpts from an article in the newspaper *Soviet Art.*

A. GOLDENWEISER: *Pravda's* articles on music indicated those paths along which Soviet musical art ought to travel. These articles were written, as is well known, in connection with the ballet *(The Luminous Stream)* and the opera *Katherina Izmailova,* by Shostakovich.

Without denying Shostakovich's outstanding talent, *Pravda* trenchantly pointed out the pernicious alien direction of his work, the impasse into which he had fallen.

It is understandable that the whole musical public awaited Shostakovich's next step with interest: would he find the right path, renounce his "formalistic" mistakes and intrusive passion for the musically "grotesque"? Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony, which recently had its world premiere in Moscow, dissipated all apprehensions. His remarkable talent was revealed with great force in the new symphony. From its first notes the symphony captures the listener with its depth, its richness of musical content . . .

And it is impossible not to point out Shostakovich's original and brilliant mastery over orchestration.

SOVIET ART: This is not an analysis of the music. This is a first impression.

The superb talent of Shostakovich appeared strengthened in this symphony, seemed more purposeful. His striking artistic temperament has become disciplined.

The theme of humanity has been treated with great power and sincerity in Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony. Indifference to man, that characteristic of bourgeois art, is unacceptable to the Soviet artist.

Having severed his connections with formalism, Shostakovich has returned to the classic symphonic tradition.

Influences of musical naturalism and expressionism have not, in Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony, been completely overcome. In calling the composer's attention to these shortcomings, we by no means diminish the deep significance of his music. Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony is significant for its great creative searching.

F. B.

Hakasska Girl With Her Cat.
Painting in oils by the Red Army man Kalinin, Leningrad Military District.

THE RED ARMY EXHIBITION OF NON-PROFESSIONAL ART

As a part of the celebrations of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army and Navy, an art exhibit was opened in the Central House of the Red Army in Moscow. The exhibition occupies an entire floor of the huge building. The exhibits include painting, sculpture, engravings.

Military engineers, commanders, artillerists, fighters from every branch of the service, exhibited, presenting not only battle scenes but genre scenes, lyrical landscapes, portraits and flower paintings. The history of the Civil War, the life of the Red Army, its cultural and military force are widely reflected. There were many works dealing with the life of border guards. Photography had its place in the display; it showed the mastery of the fighter-artists in this field. Outstanding was the work of the Red Army man Kalinin (Leningrad military district), who created a charming image of a Hakasska girl.

In addition to the Red Army men members of their families were represented in the exhibit. On display were remarkable examples of embroidery by some of the commanders' wives. Similar exhibitions of the non-professional art of the Red Army and Navy were opened simultaneously in Leningrad, the Ukraine, Belorussia and in other parts of the Soviet Union.

Coach.
Painting in oils, by Junior Commander Teptsov

Passing the Ski Test for the G.T.O. (Ready for Labor and Defence) Badge.
Painting in oils by Savinkov

Border Alarm.
Painting in oils by the Red Army man Bondarenko, Byelorussia.

Literary Notes

April, 1938, marks the tenth year devoted to the work of publishing the first complete collection of Leo Tolstoy's works. It will be completed in 1939. The edition consists of eighty-nine volumes, divided into three series. The first series, forty-six volumes, is composed of the artistic and theoretical works of the writer. The second, twelve volumes, contains his diaries and notebooks; the third, thirty-one volumes, his letters. Besides these eighty-nine basic volumes it is planned to publish six supplementary volumes in which will be included indices, a biographical outline and new material which has not appeared in the preceding volumes. The publishers are Goslitizdat (State Literary and Art Publishers).

A volume of tales by Saltykov-Shchedrin, the great Russian satirist known in English-speaking countries for his novel *The Golovlyov Family,* is being published in an edition of 100,000 by Goslitizdat.

A second edition of the complete works of V. V. Mayakovsky is being prepared by Goslitizdat. This twelve-volume edition will be more elaborate than the first edition and will be illustrated with multicolored reproductions from drawings by Mayakovsky himself. The arrangement of the material will differ in the new edition.

Pushkin the Craftsman by A. Zeitlin is one of a series of literary guides now being released by the Soviet Writer Publishers for use by young writers and members of literary circles. In the same series the publishers are issuing a volume by G. Chulkov, *How Dostoyevsky Worked.*

The Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. has approved the plan of work of the Historical Research Institute for 1938. In this year it is proposed to compile three volumes of the five-volume *History of the U.S.S.R.* and four volumes of a *Universal History.* In connection with the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the bourgeois revolution in France in 1939, the Institute is preparing the first publication of a number of rare historical documents.

A bookshop in Voronezh, dealing in old and rare books, has acquired an interesting document. It is an old notebook, yellow with age, containing in careful handwriting accounts of Pushkin's death by people who were at his bedside.

The Gorky archives now contain sixty-two thousand manuscripts, documents and letters. Among new documents added are twenty-two "cases" covering Gorky's persecution by the tsarist censorship. The Gorky archives will be placed at the disposal of scholars studying Gorky and the literary culture of his time.

Mavra Khoteeva, 78-year old folk story-teller, Karelia

A collection of the poet Nekrasov's papers has been assembled by the State Literary Museum of Moscow. Among the manuscripts are unpublished verses which the poet wrote in an album of Maria Fermor. The sixtieth anniversary of his death was recently commemorated throughout the Soviet Union.

The second volume of Byron's collected poems in an edition issued in commemoration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of his birth, is on the press.

A translation of Thackeray's *English Humorists* and *The Four Georges* is being issued this year, released by Goslitizdat.

Saragossa, one of the finest works by Perez Galdos, has been published in Russian translation in the series, *Historical Novels*. It deals with the struggle of the Spanish national masses against the Napoleonic intervention.

Benito Perez Galdos was one of the outstanding Spanish writers of the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries. Galdos died in 1920. To the end of his life he did not change the radical convictions of his youth, remaining an ardent opponent of clericalism, anti-Semitism and class inequality. The writer was twice elected to parliament. In the words of Rafael Alberti, the works of Galdos have proven to be more in harmony with present day Spain than any other Spanish classics. Leaflets circulated on November 6-7, 1936, by a group of revolutionary writers, among the population of besieged Madrid, make use of excerpts from a novel by Galdos.

Cultural Life in the National Republics

The well-known Daghestan folk poet Suleiman Stalsky, who died during the December elections, for which he was a candidate, left a considerable legacy of unpublished works, a hundred and twenty poems, among them poems on Stalin, poems dedicated to Pushkin, to Nikolai Ostrovsky, to the heroic Spanish people, and verses on the election campaign.

An exhibition in honor of the famous Georgian poet Shota Rust'haveli (the 750th anniversary of whose birth was celebrated throughout the Soviet Union last year), and his Azerbaijanian contemporaries has been opened in Baku, capital of the Azerbaijan A.S.S.R. Examples of architecture, coinage, fabrics, apparel, *objets d'art*, furniture, ceramics, are on display. Interesting material characterizing the antiquity and the community of the culture of the Georgian and Azerbaijan peoples is exhibited.

The publishing house of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. has issued in one volume, two monuments of medieval Georgian and Persian poetry: the Georgian romance of the twelfth century, *Visramiani,* and its prototype, the Persian poem of the eleventh century, *Vissa and Ramin.* Both of these works were familiar to the Georgian poet, Shota Rust'haveli, who mentions their heroes in his brilliant poem *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin.*

Pushkin's tale *The Captain's Daughter,* his poems *Poltava, Fountain of Bakhchisarai, Stone Guest,* and a collection of his lyrical verses were published in Kazan in the Tatar language. Tatar translations of *A Hero of Our Times* by Lermontov, *Mother* by Gorky, a collection of Gorky's stories, and his play *Vassa Zheleznova* have been reprinted. A volume of Chekhov's tales and the works of Saltykov-Shchedrin, Gogol, Nekrasov and L. Tolstoy are being published.

The Kazakh Literary Publishers have been printing a number of Russian classics in the Kazakh translations. This year they will publish Gorky's works, *Stalin* by Henri Barbusse, poems by the Tajik poet Aini, an anthology of verse by Kazakh poets, and Ostrovsky's *How the Steel Was Tempered.*

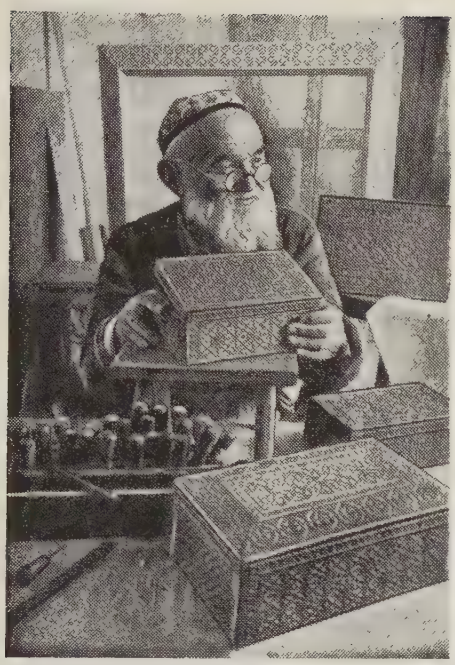
Russian and Western European classics are being printed in the Kirghiz language; among them Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* a number of Pushkin's tales, and Turgenev's and Chekhov's narratives.

Six hundred and sixty-two titles in issues totaling ten million copies will be printed in the current year by the State Publishers of Belorussia. Besides works by Belorussian writers and poets, and translations from the brother nationalities of the U.S.S.R., West European classical literature will be published, including Feuchtwanger's *Success,* the works of Anatole France, Emile Zola, and others.

The Karelian alphabet has been finally approved. It is based on the Russian alphabet. The first book in the Karelian language, a primer, has been published. History textbooks, arithmetic books, and others, in the Karelian language, are on the press.

Every year talented youths arrive in Moscow from the national republics, for training in the theater. These young actors form a friendly collective group in the Lunacharsky State Dramatic Art Institute. After a four to five year period of study at the insti-

A scene from Molière's "The Escapades of Scapin" as produced by a Kara-Kalpak amateur troupe



The Uzbek master wood carver, Suleiman Khojayev, the oldest in his craft, at work

The oldest singer of Azerbaijan, Kariakhy Jobar, 87 years of age, who appears at performances of the State Philarmonic Orchestra

tute the graduates return to their homes to organize collective groups of amateurs, from which professional theaters later spring. The drama collectives from North Osetia and Yakutia, having finished their studies, have returned to their homes and have established the first national state theaters there. In the summer of this year the Kazakh students will finish their studies; they are preparing three plays in their native tongue: Goldoni's *The Servant of Two Gentlemen,* Balzac's *Pamela Giraud,* and Gorky's *Vassa Zheleznova.*

The Kazakh State Opera Theater is working on the first Kazakh ballet, *Kalmakan Mamish,* the music for which was written by the young Leningrad composer, V. Velikanov, to a libretto by the Kazakh writer Auezov, based on a Kazakh folk legend.

The Kara-Kalpak (Central Asia) dramatic studio of the State Institute of Dramatic Art presented Molière's comedy *The Escapades of Scapin,* in the Kara-Kalpak language. The members of the cast are collective farmers. The studio is also preparing Ostrovsky's play *Poverty Is No Crime,* and Vishnevsky's *The First Cavalry Army.*

Before the Revolution the Kabardino-Balkarian people (in the Caucasus) had no theater of their own. Now in Nalchik, capital of Kabardino-Balkaria, a state dramatic theater has just opened, presenting plays in the national language. Three-fourths of the actors are Komsomols. At their first performance of Korneichuk's *Platon Krechet,* eight hundred collective farmers came to Nalchik, men and women; they listened, enraptured by the first play ever to be produced in their native tongue.

In 1937, the Central Asian State University, in Tashkent, Uzbekistan, graduated one hundred and sixty-five students, including zoologists, mathematicians, botanists, geophysicists, chemists. The graduates were of various nationalities, and included seventy-five women in a region where formerly women were kept in seclusion.

People's Art

The Karelian Scientific Research Institute of Culture is publishing new volumes of recordings of Karelian people's oral art. A volume of Karelian tales is also on the press. Vep and Russian songs written in Karelia in 1937 have been collected and prepared for the press. These songs are being published for the first time. At the end of the year a second large volume of folk songs will be issued. Folklore expeditions are being sent to various regions to collect material. In Petrozavodsk it is planned to erect a special building for recording folk songs on sound film.

Compilation of a volume of folk epics of the Soviet era (Soviet *bylinas)* has been undertaken by the Folklore Department of the Chair of Literature at the Rostov Pedagogical Institute.

An Amateur Art Olympiad for the province was held in Tiraspol, Moldavian ASSR, in which five hundred dancers, orators, singers and violinists took part. Among the participants were many aged folk, including one a hundred and eighteen years old.

A review of workers' amateur theaters was held in Moscow, in which ten of the best collectives took part.

The review showed a considerable growth in workers' amateur theaters. The Aviakhim plant's club performed *Romeo and Juliet.*

In Tashkent, capital of the Uzbek S.S.R., is to be found the famous palace of the former Khivan Khan. The walls of the palace are covered with the exquisite art of that master of Eastern frescos Rusmet Masharipov-Arbab, who is still alive and working. Recently the old masters of Eastern fresco work have begun to teach their art to the young generation. In the Khorezm district the first studio of Eastern graphic art in the U.S.S.R. has been opened.

Villages near Moscow have always been noted for their wood carvers. Subjects were previously found in the Russian folk tales and epics. Later the artists began to make use of historical subjects and classic works.

In Khotkovo village a vocational-technical school has been organized for wood carving, with old craftsmen as the teachers.

Pictorial and Plastic Arts

EXHIBITIONS FOR 1938

In the summer of 1938, in the halls of the Tretyakov Galleries in Moscow, an exhibition of historical painting, sculpture and engraving is being organized, which will portray vital moments in the history of Russia, the life and struggle of the Russian people and the peoples of the U.S.S.R. against their enemies. The works of both pre-revolutionary and Soviet artists will be exhibited.

At the end of the year an all-Union exhibition of painting and sculpture will be held.

"Socialist Moscow" is the title of an exhibition being organized by the Cooperative Society of Artists, "Vsekokhudozhnik." It will portray the reconstruction of the capital.

Sixty-eight professional artists and nineteen self-taught artists were represented in the four hundred items on display at an exhibition of graphic art in Baku.

An exhibition of paintings and sketches by worker-artists of the Hammer and Sickle

Machine Building Plant has been opened in the club of the plant in Kharkov, the Ukraine. More than a hundred works, most of them oils, are on display.

A brigade of artists, working on the creation of a panorama, "The Storming of Perekop," one of the most heroic moments of the Civil War, is finishing the first stage in its work; the model of the panorama and four dioramas are finished. The panorama will be a circle of thirty meters, four and a half meters in height. The size of each diorama is twelve by three and half meters, and the figures are life size. Eleven painters are collaborating in this work, an interesting experiment in collective painting.

ADDITIONS TO THE HERMITAGE

The Journeys of Abraham, a painting by the famous artist Lastman, has been acquired for the Hermitage in Leningrad. This work has a curious history. Once during a visit to the gallery, tsar Nicholas I, who considered himself a connoisseur, ordered its removal. Only now, after eighty-four years, has this famous work again been found and returned to the Hermitage. Three portraits by Repin, a bronze sculpture by Paolo Trubetskoy, and a painting by Brullov are among other recent acquisitions.

Recent Musical Events

The first all-Union contest for pianists was held in Moscow, at which musicians from Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Odessa, Kharkov, Tbilisi, Baku, Yerevan, Sverdlovsk and Minsk took part. At previous contests performers on various musical instruments took part, which made a proper appraisal difficult. This last contest was limited to pianists. The chairman of the jury at the contest was Professor A. Goldenweiser, People's Artist of the R.S.F.S.R. He wrote: "The art of piano playing in our country has achieved a significant level of development. The high level of this art was confirmed in a number of international contests, and again in the present one."

The internationally famous Red Army Ensemble which will visit New York during the forthcoming world exhibit there, is increasing its membership this year. The number of vocalists is being brought up to a hundred and fifty; the orchestra is being increased to sixty, the dance group to thirty. The new members will come chiefly from Red Army units. Additions have been made to the repertoire of the ensemble.

Chaikovsky's opera *Eugene Onegin* has been performed in a Kuibyshev (Middle Volga Region) factory club. All the roles in the opera were played by workers.

One of the outstanding recent events in the Soviet cultural world was the production of *Armored Cruiser Potemkin,* at the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow, and in other cities of the Soviet Union.

The composer, Oles Chishko, is an opera singer and composer from the Ukraine, who made use of his theater experience to make the opera dramatic, and of Ukrainian folk song to bring it close to the life of the people.

This opera follows in the line of Dzerzhinsky's operas, *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *The Soil Upturned.* Like these operas, it turns for its subject to revolutionary history, as it turns to folk song for its musical motifs. The significance of this opera is that it adds another important work to a new opera genre, an opera that turns from the old remote operatic subject matter, to themes vital to its audience.

Armored Cruiser Potemkin met with an enthusiastic reception.

LEONID LENCH

Conversation Overheard

"Get down off the step, citizen!"

"But, comrade conductor, I'm in a terrible hurry."

"So's everybody. Come on, get off. The bus is overloaded as it is!"

"Have a heart, comrade conductor; just look at me, I hardly weigh anything. Why if you were to put us on the scales, someone else's coat alone would weigh more than me."

"Citizen, I'm not here to weigh passengers. Get off, I tell you, get off!"

"But I'm hurrying home with the newspaper, comrade conductor. They just took the Papaninites off the floe. I've got twelve people in my family, all waiting to hear the news. They're grinding their teeth with impatience. Be reasonable, comrade conductor."

"You mean to say they'll be bringing them back to Moscow soon?"

"Yes, yes. Thank you. I beg your pardon citizen, did I hurt your ear?"

"Hold on, citizens, where do you think you're going? Get off! See what you've done, citizen? The whole line has elbowed in after you."

"We've also been buying newspapers, comrade conductor. They're waiting for us at home too."

"I just can't take you, citizens. I tell you the bus is overloaded. Let's go, driver. And you, citizens, instead of standing around doing nothing ought to hurry to the nearest phone booth and call up home to tell 'em the news. Don't keep your folks in suspense. Where do you think *you're* going, citizen? Jump down! You're not allowed to hang on to the step!"

"I only want to change a twenty-kopek piece for two ten-kopek pieces. To call up, as you yourself suggested."

"All right, here you are. Get off at the next stop, there's a 'phone booth in the corner drugstore."

"But I don't have to go farther. Here's where I live."

II

"Shura Polyudov, go to the map. Show us where the North Sea is, Shura. That's right. Well then, tell us what you know about the North Sea; what countries border on it?"

"Before speaking of the North Sea, I must say a few words about the Sea of Greenland. The Sea of Greenland washes the shores of Greenland, Iceland and Spitzbergen. It also washes the Papanin ice floe, from which on February 19th at 5:30 p.m. the icebreakers *Taimyr* and *Murman*. . ."

"Wait a bit, Shura. I asked you about the North Sea. Tell us what its dimensions are."

"Its dimensions? At first it was three hundred meters long and two hundred meters wide, and then, when the ice started to crack, it became fifty meters long and thirty meters wide."

"Snap out of it, Shura Polyudov. What are you talking about?"

"About the Papaninites' ice floe, Philip Petrovich."

"But I asked you for the dimensions of the North Sea."

"Philip Petrovich, I earnestly request you, and the whole class will back me up, to ask us only about the Sea of Greenland and Papanin's ice floe today. Today we can't answer questions about anything else."

The Pole Laughs

THE FLYING FIELD IS CLOSED UNTIL OUR WORK IS OVER

December 15, 1937.

When we get back people are sure to grab us by the sleeve and pull us aside and ask in a mysterious whisper: "Tell us honestly and truly, were you very much afraid?" Everyone will expect us to reply in the negative. I must disappoint these comrades beforehand. The story is told how once during a dangerous attack a detachment rushed past Napoleon, headed by a young officer who was in tears. Napoleon called him over and asked him why he was crying. The officer answered that he was scared. "Well, I wish you success!" said Napoleon, and the officer hurried on to catch up with the head of his detachment.

It was all very well for him to cry, with the thermometer above freezing! Even though we are plenty scared, we cannot allow ourselves to cry for the tears freeze immediately. Nevertheless we urgently request all who feel for us not to go running, on the basis of his sensational information, to Otto Yuleyevich Schmidt and to demand the immediate dispatch of airplanes! Our flying field is closed until our work is fully completed!

ERNEST KRENKEL

BEHIND THE BAR

December 27, 1937

My chemical laboratory strongly reminds Fyodorov and Krenkel of a booth where they sell beer.

I invited an American movie actress to act as barmaid. She manages fairly well! The only unfortunate part of it is that my Hollywood beauty has a very sad look on her face. Besides, it's rather tiresome to stare for seven months running at the same smoke darkened face, even a movie star's.

P. SHIRSHOV

PAPANIN DANCES THE LEZGINKA

ON BOARD THE TAIMYR. An amateur concert began in the saloon. Every one was in the finest spirits. Our dear guests, the Papaninites were the jolliest of all. When the music started Comrade Papanin leaped from his chair and began dancing a Lezginka.

The general merrymaking lasted until four in the morning. Thus ended the nineteenth of February, 1938, the last day of the drifting "North Pole" Station.

The Pole

THE ICE FLOE AS SEEN BY THE ENGLISH LADY.

December 15, 1937

Some Englishwoman reported from London that a humorous magazine had published a cartoon showing tourists landing on the Pole where a placard depicting vodka and caviar is prominently displayed. In the first place, we are interested in knowing when a placard depicting whisky and sandwiches will appear on the pole. In the second place the worthy lady forgot to mention that the first placard was doubtless hung from the thick stalk of a spreading cranberry vine.

For the information of credulous readers of English humorous publications, I supply supplementary details. Every morning at six o'clock sharp, in spite of the worst blizzard, we climb up on the highest hummock and sing a Russian folksong in chorus, and only then do we begin our scientific work.

However, we think it quite possible that tourists will soon be visiting the Pole. It would be simple to post warnings changing the customary: "Look out for the cars!" to "Look out for pressure areas!" Another that might be posted up would read: "Don't throw cigarette butts in the cracks!"

ERNEST KRENKEL

Laughs

WHAT TOOK THE JOY OUT OF JOYFUL...

December 27, 1937

At last our tour of inspection is over. Now we can go and warm up. I go into the empty kitchen. As I thaw out my spirits involuntarily rise and I hasten to avail myself of the solitude in order to render a few songs. The fact is that I am very fond of music but no one wants to listen to my singing. No one, that is, except our dog "Joyful" who displays great forbearance, and with him as audience, I let myself go. On this occasion my patient listener sits on the threshold, watches me and quizzically wags his tail while I improvise:

"What can compare with your eyes, my dog!
I see and I know you are moved to tears."

Out of excess feeling Joyful wags his tail frantically, gives me his paw and, to show his relish, licks his chops. From a noble impulse I give my responsive listener a good-sized chunk of sausage. Then I resume my song, a new and even better one, dedicated to my four-footed friend, but I note with surprise that Joyful has vanished! My dear musical mutt, did you really listen to me only for a handout? *P. SHIRSHOV*

About the Contributors

MIKHAIL SHOLOKHOV. One of the most famous and popular of Soviet romanticists whose books have been widely published abroad. Sholokhov is a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. I. Dzerzhinsky, well known Soviet composer, has written the operas *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *Soil Upturned,* based on Sholokhov's books.

KONSTANTIN PAUSTOVSKY. Soviet writer best known for his work for children. He has published novels and short stories; of his longer works the best known are *Kara-Bugaz* for children, and *Colchis* for adult readers. *Bookshelves,* which appears in this issue, is from a volume *Northern Tales* which the author is working on. The portrait of the writer in the story is based on Gorky.

VLADIMIR LIDIN. Soviet novelist and short story writer. His novel *The Price of Life* has appeared in English translation under that title in America and in England under the title, *The Apostate.*

ILYA EHRENBURG. Soviet writer, world famous for his fiction and reportage in which he is ranked as a contemporary master. He spent several months in Spain as the special correspondent of *Izvestia. Spain's Tempering* is taken from a book of that title which has just been published in the U.S.S.R. *International Literature* last year published *She Had a Rifle,* a chapter of Ehrenburg's novel about the heroic struggle of the Spanish people against fascism.

VASSILY KATANYAN. Soviet critic and writer. One of the editors of the new collected edition of Mayakovsky's works, now being issued, and a friend of Mayakovsky.

VSEVOLOD IVANOV. Soviet writer known abroad for his play *Armored Train 14-68,* and his novel, *The Adventures of a Fakir.* During the Civil War in the Soviet Union he campaigned with a partisan detachment in Siberia. Ivanov was on friendly terms with Gorky and was co-editor with him of the annual anthology of new work initiated by Gorky.

PYOTR PAVLENKO. Author of *Barricades,* a novel based on the Paris Commune, and *In the East,* from which a recent film was made, and excerpts from which appeared in *International Literature.* No. 4, 1937.

VLADIMIR RUBIN. A young Soviet critic who has made foreign literature his major interest.

NIKOLAI PODOROLSKY. A Soviet journalist who has taken part in expeditions within the Arctic Circle.

PAVEL NILIN. Young Soviet writer. His previous book was a story of an American aviator who participated in the Civil War in Russia.

PAUL GZELL. Novelist, one of the leading theater critic of France, author of several books on the Soviet Union. Fighting actively against fascism, he is head of the French section of Literature and Art of The League for Peace.

LEONID LENCH. Contributes frequently to the Soviet satirical weekly *Krokodil.*

ALEXEI KRAVCHENKO. Prominent Soviet artist well known for his woodcuts.