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FICTION

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Count Rymniksky-Suvorov

At the levée on February 6, 1797, Emperor Paul gave the order:

"Field-Marshal Count Suvorov, having informed his Imperial Majesty that since we are not at war there is nothing for him to do, is retired from service for voicing such an opinion."

Members of the imperial suite exchanged glances. Suvorov had served for half a century in the Russian Army. By his own efforts he had raised himself from a musketeer of the Semyonovsky regiment to field-marshal. A charge of grapeshot was imbedded in his thigh, a bullet in his arm and another bullet in his neck. The explosion of a cannon had left him with a game leg. His face was seared by gunpowder. During thirty-five years of victorious action he had won unrivaled glory for Russian arms, at Rymnik, Ismail, Turtukai, Prague and elsewhere. And now he was being "retired."

Paul cast a searching glance at the people around him, as though he sensed their tacit disapproval. But the faces betrayed nothing beyond the inanimate expressions of slavish deference, customary to courtiers. Nikolai Zubov stood looking for all the world as though this order did not concern his wife's father. Young Gorchakov, Suvorov's nephew, was impassive. Paul irritably struck his patent leather boot with his riding crop and paused as if expecting protest. But everyone preserved a deferential silence, save that the adjutant whispered something as he sent off a courier to the ministry with the new order: "Field-Marshal Suvorov... is retired...."

The field-marshal, then living in Tulchino, was sending petition after petition for retirement. Paul's order forestalled these petitions. Suvorov's retirement was peremptory, without honors, without even an appearance of "decorum."

Having received the monarch's orders the marshal immediately handed over the command, and, accompanied by a few close friends, departed for his favorite estate at Kobrino. There, however, he received a new dispatch from the emperor, ordering his immediate departure for the village of Konchanskoye, in a far corner of the remote Novgorod Gubernia, where he owned a neglected estate and one thousand peasants. None of his officers were permitted to accompany him. Upon his arrival at Konchanskoye the count was placed under the surveillance of the local authorities.

Kobrino had meant disgrace, Konchanskoye meant exile.

That summer a messenger on a frothing horse sped towards Konchanskoye. He covered the entire forty versts from Borovichi to Konchanskoye at a trot, with Nikolai Zubov's injunction for haste ringing in his ears. In his pouch he had a letter from the field-marshal's daughter, Natalia Alexandrovna.

Besides his strict orders the messenger was also spurred on by his own

curiosity. He had been serving in the Cuirassiers Regiment only a short time and had never set eyes on the famous Suvorov, though he had heard amazing things about him from old timers. After parade, as the weary soldiers washed off the grime, one of the veterans, glancing around to make sure the sergeant was at a safe distance, would begin reminiscing: "Ugh! In Suvorov's day they didn't drill us this way but we chased the enemy like rabbits, Turks, Poles, Bashkirs or what have you. Believe me, when we saw his white jacket in battle—he either wore a white jacket or went about in his undershirt—when we saw him riding through the grapeshot shouting: 'Come on, brave lads, run 'em through with your bayonets, use your fists,' we forgot about the bullets and dove in. Once we were fighting the Turks, near Rymnik. You can't even hope to see such fighting again. There were many more of them than there were of us and they were fighting mad. The janissaries were at us in a frenzy; the cannon boomed on all sides. And then we received orders to advance. We got a bit panicky; how were we to advance when it was all we could do to hold our ground? Then I saw him, that eagle of ours, riding up; he passed some remark to the soldiers around him. I never did find out what it was he said, but they nearly choked, laughing. And all those of us who were watching them also got to laughing. The cannon roared and hell was let loose, but we attacked laughing; we captured three lines of breastworks and routed the Turks. We lost over half our men but were laughing when it was over. There's Suvorov for you."

Recalling such stories the messenger lashed the panting mare. He passed through the pine grove at a gallop, hurdled a low fence and drew rein only when he emerged on a broad dusty roadway. The village seemed deserted; evidently all the adult population was out in the fields. A few unusually clean though barefoot children playing in the middle of the road immediately clustered around the rider.

"Sonny, whereabouts does the count live?" the messenger asked the eldest of the boys, but the latter only stared at the soldier goggle-eyed.

"What count do you want?" a thin elderly voice interposed and a little old man, plainly, almost shabbily dressed, stumped over.

The cuirassier eyed the old man disdainfully.

"Why, you lout, don't you know your own master? I'm looking for Count Suvorov, Alexander Vasilyevich."

The old man gave a sly wink.

"Tut, tut. . . . Of course I know him. He lives here, the old devil. And a sight better it would be if he went back to the tsar. He's nothing but a bother; this doesn't suit him and that doesn't suit him."

The messenger frowned.

"Then he's got cause to be angry. He is a fairminded general."

"Good lord, where's his fairmindedness. He's had plenty of soldiers flogged for praising him. He's a holy terror, that's why he's begun to lose his mind."

"You're a dirty old liar," the cuirassier shouted, brandishing his whip, "I'll teach you to speak ill of Suvorov; I'll report you to the manager and have him send you to be flogged."

The old man nimbly dodged, showing signs of amusement rather than fright.

"My, my, what a hothead. . . . Lord have mercy on us. He reaches for his whip the moment you say a word. Go your way, there's no point in my chatting with you. There's a wooden house at the end of the road; that's where your count lives. And you'd better unsaddle that mare of yours, she's steaming. Why look, even her urine's turned red."

Instead of answering the cuirassier snapped his whip at the old man, and, spurring the horse to a gallop, raced down the village.

Having pulled up before an unimposing house, little distinguished from the adjacent huts, he leaped to the ground and holding the reins walked up to the entrance. An old grenadier looked out, and seeing the newcomer he became cheerfully excited.

"Where do you come from, handsome? What brings you here?"

"I've brought a packet to Count Suvorov from his daughter Natalia Alexandrovna Zubova," the cuirassier answered as he dubiously examined the disheveled head and torn uniform of the grenadier.

"His excellency is not at home, he's gone to Dubikha, that's the spinny," the old soldier loquaciously explained. "Proshka will take you to him the moment he returns. Meanwhile come along with me and have a drink of kvass."

The messenger handed his horse over to a boy who had suddenly appeared and, licking his lips, followed the grenadier.

Two hours later a comely man of middle age in a long coat came for him and gravely announced:

"Come on! The count summons you!" The messenger guessed that this was Proshka, Suvorov's manservant. Having tightened his belt and adjusted his shako he pulled a packet from his pouch and, controlling his excitement, followed his guide.

He was ushered into a low, ill-lighted room. A shock of fresh hay lay in a corner; on top of the hay were two pillows. There was no one in the room.

"But where's his excellency?" the messenger asked in barely audible tones.

Proshka chuckled.

"In his study. He'll be out right away. This is his bedroom."

"Do you mean to say he sleeps on the hay?" the messenger asked incredulously.

"Why certainly, always, both at home and during campaigns. And he's up at the crack of dawn. If he doesn't rise with the sun I'm supposed to pull his leg."

The cuirassier listened dumbfounded, but at that moment the noise of shuffling feet was heard in the offing. The blood surged to his face and he froze at attention, as on parade in Gatchina.

The door was jerked open and a small man in a general's uniform with the order of St. Anne hanging from his neck entered, or rather hopped, into the room. To his horror the messenger recognized the old man whom he had met on his arrival and whom he had threatened with his whip.

With quivering lips he tried to say something but the words refused to come. Suvorov eyed him in silence.

"Forgive me, your excellency, I didn't recognize you," the courier finally managed to blurt, and he added in desperation: "Don't ruin me, your excellency."

"Proshka," the general suddenly shouted, "bring some vodka, and be quick about it or he'll give you a taste of his whip. He's got a temper! And what a temper! Have a drink, lad, you'll be the better for it, and meanwhile I'll read the letter. It's long time since I last heard from Suvorochka."

"Your excellency," the messenger said hopefully, as he handed him

Suvorov's crossing of the Alps
By the famous Russian artist Surikov

the packet, "I'll pray to god for the rest of my life. I didn't recognize you."

"Fool," yelled Suvorov, "how were you to recognize me when you'd never seen me before? You see I wanted to try you out: I thought to myself, I'll curse the old grouch soundly and gladden the soldier's heart. But you took Suvorov's part . . . . Good for you! It did me good to listen to you. Proshka! Give him some more vodka! And I'll read the letter."

He tore open the envelope and read the contents, moving his lips.

The cuirassier watched him in tremendous excitement.

Before him stood a small, emaciated old man. He had a longish wrinkled face with friendly expressive blue eyes and a rather large hooked nose. His movements were quick and abrupt; he walked with a hop. One foot was encased in a patent leather boot, the other in a soft slipper. (As the messenger later learned, this was his injured foot.)

There was nothing important or distinguished about this homely little old man, but he had at the same time a peculiar charm. It occurred to the cuirassier that one would willingly face the cannon for such a man.

Suvorov finished reading, pursed his lips and suddenly turned to the messenger:

"What's your name, lad?"

"Yakov Gorokhov, your excellency."

"Tell me, how many cannon are there in your regiment?"

The cuirassier was taken aback.

"I do not know, your excellency."

At that instant Suvorov made a sudden bound away from him.

"Proshka, Mitka," he shouted, "open the windows, quick, there's a stench in here, the stench of ignorance! Chase it out! Hey!"

A young boy ran in, opened wide the windows and rushed about the room going through the motions of sweeping.

"I'm afraid, I'm afraid," Suvorov continued to shout, "he's a dangerous man, an ignoramus. A pox upon him! Today he doesn't know this, tomorrow he won't know that. What has he got a head for? Do a better job of your sweeping, Mitka."

He hopped over to the boy and struck him on the cheek. Mitka smirked and proceeded to sweep with redoubled zeal.

"Ugh, you numbskull," he whispered to the cuirassier. "You're from Petersburg and don't know our master!"

Gorokhov, more dead than alive, stood at attention and gazed about panic stricken.

"Chase him out, Mitka," shouted Suvorov, "give him some cabbage soup and a silver ruble and tell him from now on not to be a fool. A soldier must know everything. I'll have the answer for Suvorochka ready in an hour, then he can set out."

Having grabbed the letter from the table he hopped out of the room but suddenly stopped short on the threshold. A big grey cat with a large bushy tail appeared in the doorway and stretched.

"Meow, meow." Suvorov's mimicry was creditable. The cat chafed against him and purred loudly, humping its back.

"Meow," Suvorov repeated and with a pleased chuckle he suddenly left the room.

Mitka stopped sweeping and remarked, picking his nose:

"Come, on, soldier. Don't be scared. He just meant it for a lesson, for your own good."

Gorokhov followed after him. His head was in a whirl. The strange old man was too unlike the gorgeous Petersburg generals and the Suvorov whom he had pictured to himself from the stories.

The old grenadier greeted him cheerily.

"Well, well! You came uninvited and went away unwhipped. What's he like?"

"What's he like?" the cuirassier echoed gloomily. "Plenty queer. He meows at the cat and jumps about like a kid. Not exactly my idea of a hero."

"Well I'll be blowed," drawled the grenadier. "Am I looking at a man who thinks he knows heroes? What! Suvorov's not a hero? Do you know what you're saying, man? I served in the Fanagorsk Grenadiers, in Suvorov's favorite regiment. We were pretty tough but there was none could come up to him. At Kinburn he got a dose of grape shot in his side and a bullet through his arm but he didn't fall out of line. We tried to take him off by force and bandage him up but he wouldn't even hear of it. 'First you beat the Turks,' he said, 'and then you'll dress the wounded.' He was wounded at Turtukai and again at Ochakov. He's an eagle, he never left the line until the victory. You numbskull! You want a general to put on airs; otherwise you don't think he's a general. You don't appreciate the real stuff!"

"I didn't mean, that is, I said," the cuirassier was completely at a loss, and, wishing to placate the indignant old man, he added: "Where did he get the wound that makes him limp?"

"It's not a wound," the grenadier mumbled somewhat mollified, "he stepped on a needle, it lodged in his heel and broke off. And he's limped ever since. The Turks used to call him Stumping-pasha, maybe you've heard?" Still grumbling he pulled on his cap and went out without even a backward glance at the messenger.

The latter with a feeling of utter dejection ate the cabbage soup and the joint of fat mutton that were set before him, placed Suvorov's answer in his pouch and the silver ruble he had received with it, and without tarrying departed on his return journey. The same children were playing in the roadway. The cuirassier reined in his horse and was about to say something; he thought better of it, however, and, with a wave of his hand, he took the road back to Borovichi at a leisurely trot.

CHAPTER II

A few days after the messenger's visit the retired Major Borgushev, neighboring landlord, drove into the yard of Suvorov's humble dwelling. It was rather risky to visit the disgraced general without special permission, but Major Borgushev had not been off his estate for the past six years; he had no intention of leaving it and he did not fear the tsar's anger.

He had made an early start and by nine in the morning he was bidding Proshka announce his arrival to Suvorov. This was the field-marshal's dinner hour. The news that he had a visitor did not overjoy Suvorov, who was forever fancying that people came to gloat over his misfortunes.

"Show him in," he snapped, without interrupting his dinner.

The retired major entered the room and stood at attention on the threshold. He was younger than Suvorov, but compared with the latter's supple figure and lively face the major seemed heavy and flabby.

"Ivan Anisimov Borgushev, major of the 45th Regiment, retired. I consider it an honor to pay my respects to your excellency."

"Sit down, Ivan Anisimovich, I'm glad to see you," Suvorov remarked, without stopping his munching, "only forget about titles, please. I'm also retired now; you've heard, I dare say. Call me by my patronymic."

He served himself another helping of gruel and with a stealthy glance at the major, who had taken a seat, he added, "I won't invite you to have dinner, it's too early for you. This is just part of the simple ways of an old man."

Borgushev said nothing; a flush stole into his cheeks.

Suvorov appeared to take no note of anything.

"You see, I'm of humble origin. In the summer of 1622, in the reign of tsar Mikhail Fyodorovich, Naum and Suvar left Sweden, petitioned to become Russian subjects and were accepted. These honest yeomen had their descendants and those who traced their lineage from Suvar called themselves Suvorov."

He fell silent, and, cocking his head to one side, started fixedly at Borgushev, with a trace of mockery.

"That's how it was, my dear sir. My father entered the service as an orderly and rose to be general-in-chief, while I, you see, entered the Semyonovsky Regiment as a musketeer in the summer of 1742, and though I was much exalted by the mother tsarina I haven't much of a head for the fancy ways and the fancy phrase. But to what do I owe the honor of this visit?" he suddenly interrupted himself and gave Borgushev a piercing look.

The latter felt as if he were sitting on live coals.

"I ventured to disturb you, Your Exc. . . Alexander Vassilyevich. . . For though I am out of military affairs at present and do not intend to return to them, I would be happy to learn from our most dexterous military leader the principles of military science. . . ." He got more and more involved.

Suvorov pushed back his plate.

"You should ask the Prussians about that. They're the ones who are listened to, nowadays," he remarked bitterly, but promptly controlled his irritation. "To win a battle, my dear sir, one must not give the enemy time. One must take every possible advantage of the enemy's least mistake and always boldly attack him from his weakest side. But for this the troops must have confidence in their commander."

Proshka appeared and brought Suvorov a bottle of his favorite lavender water.

"I don't take snuff and I don't smoke but this is a fine concoction."

He poured a goodly portion of the bottle's contents over his hands, grunted and again addressed the major. "Swiftness of action is especially necessary. I, my dear sir, went from Minsk to Prague, a distance of six hundred versts, in twelve days. Some of my orders called for a day's march of sixty and even eighty-five versts."

"Isn't that rather a tax on the soldiers?" Borgushev ventured to object.

Suvorov frowned.

"Our soldiers can stand anything. In 1784 when I was pacifying the Nogaitsi I forded the Kuban at night with a detachment, at a place where the river is a verst and a half wide. The water was up to our necks and just before that we had traveled three hundred versts over trackless country, moving only at night to the Nogaitsi should not get wind of us. And throughout the whole march not one man lagged behind."

He ruminated and added distinctly:

"If you lead your troops with brains then the impossible becomes possible for the soldier."

Borgushev eyed him with admiration. He recalled the numberless anecdotes about the field marshal current in the army: one about a reception in Prague where Suvorov had walked up to a distinguished lady who was expecting a child and had sonorously blessed her future offspring; another about a reception in Warsaw where after having blown his nose on the parquet floor in the center of a gorgeous drawing room, he noticed a beautiful princess and rushed over to her and smothered her face with kisses.

And now it was as though the curtain of eccentricities had been lifted for a moment and he saw before him the wise leader.

"Why are you so silent, major, perhaps you disagree?" Suvorov asked ironically. "And allow me to enquire as to why you went into retirement."

"I'm a sick man, Alexander Vasilyevich."

"Sick or sickly?" the field-marshal asked in the same bantering tone. "If there is really something serious the matter with a man, then he is sick, if he is a little indisposed then he is sickly, it's a big difference."

Suvorov rose.

"Please come into my study, Ivan Anisimovich."

Borgushev respectfully followed him. The walls of the study were lined with books in glass cases. Borgushev noted that at least half of them were foreign and in most varied languages. A thoroughbred hound was dozing on the floor, its moist tongue hanging out. It gave a low growl when it saw the stranger. "Now, now, Themis," the field-marshal said reassuringly, and suddenly dropping on all fours he gave a deafening bark.

The hound barked in turn and frisked about the room, overturning chairs. Suvorov, still barking, moved upon the dog until he had crowded it out of the room.

Thereupon he turned to the visitor as though nothing extraordinary had happened.

"Sit down, Ivan Anisimovich, I see you are looking at my books. Not much here. Everything was left at Kobrino," he said with a sigh.

"What sciences are you interested in?"

"As regards my studies, they include mathematics, certain branches of philosophy, geography, history and the following languages: German, French, Italian, Polish, Turkish and a smattering of Arabic, Persian and Finnish."

"They don't know that much at the Academy of Sciences," was the thought that flashed through Borgushev's mind.

"And what were you reading just now?" he asked

Suvorov grew embarrassed.

"Why I was just, er. . . amusing myself with verses. I like to read poetry. The bards haven't much to write about, they even made verses about me. Here's what Petrov writes:

" 'Our Suvorov great Catherine inspires.
What brazen eye can face his fatal fires?
He is the tsarina's thunderbolt.'

"And the great poet Derzhavin sent me an ode after my troops took Prague."

" 'Where are three hundred thousand foes?'
All whom he touched were smitten down,

And fields and cities turned to graves,
At every footstep rolled a crown.'"

He read it with ill-concealed pride.

"He likes praise," Borgushev thought.

"And I answered Derzhavin in verse," the field-marshal continued, "don't be annoyed, listen:

"*'Mistress of the North, the queen,*
Gives law to all. She wields
The rod of destiny and, still
The orb lies in her hands.'"

His thin old voice quaveringly intoned the high-sounding words.

"He probably takes more pride in his verses than he does in his victories," Borgushev told himself. Aloud he remarked:

"I heard long ago that in you Russia not only possesses a military leader but a poet as well."

It was obvious that the arrow had found its mark. Suvorov was so pleased that he even cocked his head to one side, but he promptly said:

"Idle talk. Don't you believe it," and with strange seriousness he continued: "Poetry is a matter of inspiration while I merely string together paltry rhymes."

As though in reply to the visitor's unuttered reflections he added severely:

"I am only a military man and other gifts are not for me." Whereupon he sank back in his armchair and stared vacantly at the ceiling. Borgushev realized that it was time to bid goodbye.

"Come again, Ivan Anisimovich," said the field-marshal, as he saw him out, "you are a man of sense; it's plain you've been away from Petersburg a long time. Nowadays everyone's spouting German and hanging around the antechambers. They win decorations as parlor heroes. Floor waxers. . . ."

He abruptly halted; at the dining room window a young lad was intently smoothing his locks before a fragment of a mirror which he held in one hand. Seeing Suvorov, he hastily hid his hand behind his back, but too late.

"How many times have I given orders that no one should dare bring mirrors into the house," Suvorov yelled shrilly, and bounding over to the culprit he boxed his ears. He snatched the luckless fragment from his hands and sent it spinning through the window.

Then, breathing heavily, he turned to Borgushev. "Don't trouble yourself, major. I shan't accompany you any farther. That damned Vaska has upset me," and turning on his heel he walked back to his study with mincing steps.

The unexpected caller had stirred brooding thoughts. He tried to read but soon set aside the book and lay motionless in his armchair.

Suvorov liked to meditate. When on his arrival in Warsaw he was informed that he would have to ride in a gilded coach belonging to a General N. . . notorious for his talkativeness, he gave the order: "Take General N. . . .'s carriage in which Suvorov will ride into the city. Have the owner sit opposite, look to the right and keep silent since Suvorov will be engrossed in meditation."

Right now his thoughts were gloomy, a melancholy frown furrowed his brow. There was nothing about this depressed, motionless old man to remind one of the sprightly eccentric who amused everyone with his antics.

For the thousandth time he was reviewing the details of his disgrace, when he had been cut off from the army and condemned to shameful idleness in this hole. He asked himself for the thousandth time whether he might have acted otherwise. Perhaps he should have joined the courtiers' chorus and compliantly sung the praises of the new ways.

Having professed his admiration for Frederick the Great, Paul had decided that the secret of victory lay in Prussian training, in drills, parades, wigs and pigtails. He never guessed that the essence of Frederick's mastery was the army's mobility, the swiftness and precision of its manœuvers. Suvorov's beloved lads were handed over to the hairdressers. Orders were issued to flog anyone whose braid was pasted on askew. No, he could not stomach it! In a fit of anger he had let slip the remark:

"There's no one that's as lousy as the Prussians. Even their cape is called a *lauzer*. Why, you can't go through the barracks without being contaminated, and the stench of their heads is enough to make you pass out." Suvorov's enemies had seen to it that this was reported to Paul.

On another occasion he had commented: "Face powder isn't gunpowder, ringlets aren't cannon, braids aren't cutlasses, and I'm no German but a natural born Russian." This also was quoted all through the capital.

However, the main charge against him was not his words or his eccentricities, but the fact that in his division he introduced almost no changes. The training there proceeded in the old manner; the new ways were not adopted. He did not cancel his officers' furloughs although upon their arrival in Petersburg Paul immediately sent them back. He petitioned to change the disposition of his regiments. Paul was furious and issued him reprimand after reprimand.

Perhaps he should have disbanded his staff as Paul had ordered him to do? Suvorov pondered gloomily; but he immediately dismissed the idea. Anyway he would never have consented, he would never have allowed the Germans to teach him.

But his restless imagination pitilessly conjured other pictures. He had been sent from Kobrino to Konchanskoye. The town governors of Borovichi and Vyndomsk had been assigned to watch him. They had hounded him, the victor of Rymninsk and Kozludzh, like a runaway serf and sent weekly reports about him to Kurakin, the general prosecutor. The Vyndomsk governor being a decent sort, and having refused to conduct the surveillance, had been replaced by that insolent pest Nikolyev. All letters went through him. He intercepted every messenger.

"Ah, if only the mother tsarina were alive! Russia needs a monarch, but if Paul. . . ." Bitterness and resentment suggested an awful thought to the old field-marshal; he opened his eyes, shuddered and chased away the insinuation to keep it from nesting in his heat-oppressed brain. No, he must resign himself to his fate, god knew he was used to injury!

It had been that way all his life. He had conquered but other had been rewarded. He had been removed from the army and consigned to hateful fortification work in Finland or Little Russia! Four years previously he had written his friend de Ribas: "Life is wearisome. I have crossed the Rubicon and cannot change myself. For the past several years it has been a matter of indifference to me where I die: near the equator or at the Pole." What now could he write?

He rose and frowned painfully, the soles of his feet were swollen and made walking painful. He was sixty-eight years old, and he had sustained many

wounds. But he could not surrender, he must fight old age like a disease, he must fight off the melancholy that gnawed his mind.

He took from the shelf his favorite book, Fontenelle's *Treatise on the Plurality of the Worlds.* This book had been banned as pernicious. How surprised the holy synod would have been had they known that Count Suvorov Rymniksky, true son of the church, knew this freethinking book almost by heart and had annotated all the margins with sympathetic commentary.

However, today not even Fontenelle could distract his mind. To occupy his thoughts he produced from a drawer a carefully bound notebook which contained his verses. He had always spurned proposals to have them printed, for he knew that he had no poetic talent and it was not fitting for him to be a mediocrity in any sphere. However, he could always recapture for himself the bygone thoughts and moods by turning to his verses.

Behold an epigram on Potemkin. He had written it as a parody on Derzhavin's ode *Choruses,* dedicated to the illustrious prince in 1791:

One hand moves kingdoms on the chessboard,
The other leads whole peoples, bound.
One foot steps lightly in a palace
The other, marching, stamps the whole earth round.

In it he ridiculed the vanity and arrogance of Catherine's all-powerful favorite, whom he secretly envied. But when the epigram achieved popularity he denied authorship, just as he had denied allegiance to the tsarina when captured by the followers of Pugachev.

And here was another, also connected with Potemkin:

Aspire my soul in rapture to the skies;
All starts of shame, all knavery despise.

He turned over several pages and read with enjoyment his rhymed answer to Brezhinsky, who had sent him an ode of congratulation to Prague.

E'en at the icy edge of earth
The zest for knowledge brightly burns.
True recognition of his worth
Shall be the wreath the poet earns.
He shall be as a Homer famed
Whom living countrymen admire,
With all a citizen can claim,
And live in friendship with the lyre.

If only he might always have written in that vein. But the poetic muse was a capricious dame and she seldom smiled upon him. One could not conquer the muse. This last thought caused him to smile faintly; the furrows in his brow ran out.

Outside the window a light breeze rustled the leaves. Somewhere in the village a horse neighed, the brassy clanging of a bell floated through the limpid air, reminding him that it was Sunday.

The field-marshal gingerly stowed away the notebook and rose jerkily from his armchair.

"Proshka," he shouted, "give me my cane. I'll go out for a bit of a stroll. And tell Vaska that the next time he brings a mirror into the house I'll have him flogged. Although I'm not in the habit of doing it, this time I'll make them steam his behind till he won't want to go to the bath."

And leaning on his cane, limping slightly, he quickly left the house.

CHAPTER III

As he passed through the village on the way to Dubikha, his favorite walk, Suvorov made it an occasion to examine the life of his peasants. He nodded greetings to the men who bowed low at his approach, and scolded a woman who had emptied slops in the middle of the roadway. He looked on with lively interest at a fight between two small children.

Suvorov's peasants were comparatively well off. All collections in kind had been abolished. The peasants were free to take up any trade or to go to the city to work for wages, and out of all their earnings and income they were only required to pay a quit-rent of four rubles. Suvorov was thrifty, even a bit stingy; his house serfs were permitted to wear new clothes only on holidays and if one dirtied his apparel, orders were given not to issue new clothes to him again. But the field-marshal spent money on the development of agriculture. His special interest was stock-breeding. Thus, now, having stopped the poor peasant Mikhailo Ivanov, he enquired how many cows he had.

"One, your excellency, one," Mikhailo said, bowing to the ground.

Suvorov scowled.

"Call the manager."

Formerly Konchanskoye had been managed by a cheat, Terenty Cherkassov. To curry favor, he wrote his reports in atrocious verses. Suvorov knew that Terenty was a rascal, but he limited punishment to transferring him to Moscow to run the house on Nikitskiye Vorota on an allowance of five hundred rubles. Cherkassov's place was taken by Balk, who had bullied the peasants and been unpopular. Balk was succeeded by Kachalov, who used more diplomacy.

"A fine state of affairs, man," Suvorov told him, "you and the whole community ought to be fined for allowing such a situation to arise," he pointed to Mikhailo. "Well, I'll forgive it the first time. Buy Mikhailo another cow from the estate funds and remember," he raised his voice, "don't let this happen again. And give him a ruble, let him buy himself a new hat."

Turning to the men who had clustered around, he said:

"Those of you with a fat purse should help out those who are not so well off. Affairs will go better with them and they will pay you back. Especially help those with a big family; for their children when they grow up will be workers and soldiers for the tsar. Who here has the most children, Kachalov?"

"Polyakov, your excellency."

"Buy Polyakov a hat as a reward for his fecundity and buy his wife a headdress. And from now on I shall reward all such cases. And any single man who marries shall receive exemptions from the quit-rent."

He suddenly remembered something and asked:

"How's Vlasov's boy who had the smallpox; did he get well?"

"He died, your excellency," came the gloomy answer.

"He died, eh!" shrieked Suvorov. "I had ordered the father to get a doctor and to take care of his son. And he, the scoundrel, most likely paid no attention. Kachalov, have Vlasov publicly flogged today as an example and a lesson. Write down the following order: It has become known that some parents whose children had smallpox did not protect them from catching cold and did not feed them properly. Neglectful fathers must be flogged mercilessly in public and must see themselves to the chastisement of their wives."

Muttering angrily, he turned away.

"And one more thing: don't forget my orders that children under the age of thirteen must not be sent to work in the fields."

"Just as you wish, Alexander Vasilyevich," Kachalov lowered his head. "I take the liberty of reporting that Denis Nikitin was caught taking someone else's sheaves, for which he was publicly flogged."

"Very good! Resort to flogging more often hereafter. Show no mercy to thieves. Only remember, no knouts or pikes or other such filth. Use only a birch rod and even that with moderation."

The crowd made way for him and he walked on, accompanied by Kachalov who kept one pace behind.

"Well, did Matveich send the horse?" Suvorov asked after a short silence.

"Not yet."

Matveich was the count's steward in Moscow. Not so long ago he had delayed sending a cow for the sake of the milk and butter. Now he was slow to send the horses.

"Write him as follows," Suvorov ordered. "I really cannot understand why you have not yet sent me my coach and three inasmuch as horses don't give butter."

Kachalov smiled into his whiskers.

"Matveich sent two hundred rubles in silver," he reported.

"Good for him; you can add at the end of the letter: 'well done and here's health to you.' "

This formula served to express the field-marshal's approval.

They walked along for a while in silence. Then Suvorov asked with a sigh:

"How are things there in general? Has the lawyer written?"

"He has. The rascals have brought claims against your excellency for supplies which they allege you ordered for the army at one time. It adds up to a total of one hundred thousand. How are we to pay such a pretty penny when your excellency's total yearly income barely amounts to fifty thousand. . . . The only hope, Alexander Vasilyevich, is for you to appeal to the emperor and for him to settle with those rascals for the sake of your services to the crown."

"Silence! That's none of your affair," Suvorov shouted and, scowling, he thumped the ground with his stick.

Money troubles were one of the greatest banes of Suvorov's existence. He had never been rich, but he had made ends meet. Now when he was retired and exiled to Konchanskoye, a flock of creditors appeared from nowhere and swooped down upon the disgraced field-marshal like vultures. If he had borrowed a thousand they demanded ten thousand. Had he been in Petersburg and made court appearances in his decorations, things would have turned out otherwise. But he was cooped up here. They did not listen to his lawyer; the court had probably been bribed. The only thing left to do was to sell his jewels, his snuff box, the portrait of the empress, his signet rings, the gifts of the Austrian and German kings and the tribute of conquered cities. . . . This was the only way to avoid the shame of bankruptcy.

Forgetting the presence of Kachalov he groaned like a tired old man.

Alas, he had given his strength to his country; for fifty years, he had been its shield and sword, only to end his days in this inglorious fashion!

"Your excellency," the manager gave a discreet cough, "the Novgorod litigation with the peasants will to all appearances end in our favor."

"I feel very strongly about that Novgorod appeal case before the Senate. My peasants themselves admit their fault. It's regular petifogging, shameless and unscrupulous."

Suvorov had an organic dislike of court litigation and sought to avoid it wherever possible. When he had a lawsuit he gave orders to hand out generous bribes, which he regarded as the crux of litigation. However, he strictly forbade another method which was considered equally legitimate, that of cheating the treasury or his opponents.

On this point the old marshal was adamant and would yield to no persuasions of his lawyers.

Kachalov noticed that Suvorov was in a bad mood and knowing from experience that it was best not be in evidence at such a time, he retired. Suvorov continued his walk alone, muttering to himself and limping on his game leg more than usual. He returned home feeling morose, thrust aside Proshka who rushed out to meet him and locked himself in his study.

He felt a tugging at his heart strings. At such times there was only one remedy that appeased him and that was to talk things over with Natasha, if only in a letter. Natasha was his daughter, whom he fondly called Suvorochka. Platon Zubov had betrothed her to his brother; the late Empress Catherine had herself approved the match. How could Suvorov have raised objections? But was she happy now? He recalled his annoyance when he learned that Natalka did not like her prospective bridegroom. But he had not tried to insist and to abuse his unlimited paternal authority, he had made a joke of the whole affair and had written her at the time.

"I hereby let you know, Natasha, how things stand.
The infamous Kostiushko now is in our hand.
Meanwhile I'm well and happy but a trifle frozen
That you don't seem to like the groom I've chosen.
Provided that you really love your dad
Be a good girl and don't turn down the lad.
However don't agree to something you're not sure of.
Your father Count Rymniksky-Suvorov."

Soon afterwards, in order to remove the least impression of annoyance he had sent her a letter where he wrote of everything save the marriage.

Here was the rough draft of that letter: "Greetings, my Suvorochka! Here the bustards are singing, the rabbits are hopping, the young starlings are learning to fly. I caught one off the nest, fed it from my mouth and then it left for home. I am writing you with an eagle quill. I have a pet eagle which eats out of my hand. We go skating and play with big iron skittles so heavy one can hardly lift them; also with lead balls; if one of them were to hit somebody in the eye it would bash his forehead in."

He never wrote his son Arkadi such letters. The lad was now fourteen years old. Zubov had suggested sending him out here, thinking it would distract the old man. But out here in the wilds was no place for Arkadi. it would wreck his career. Zubov did not send Suvorochka to visit him again. She had come to Konchanskoye, had gladdened the lonely house a few days and had promptly departed for the capital.

He continued to browse among the drafts of his letters to his daughter. Here was one written from Poland.

"The gods give us, though more we pray
But twenty-four short hours a day.
I fill the time, two dawns between,
By risking life for my loved queen.
And so, while cares do crease my brows,
I eat and sleep when time allows."

He was forever joking, but the jokes concealed much meaning.

Now he was seized with longing to write to Suvorochka in a different vein, a serious vein, the comic mask off. He re-read his daughter's last letter which the messenger had brought, he pulled out a clean sheet of thick white paper and began to write: ". . . . Remember that allowing oneself to take liberties breeds carelessness. Practice natural politeness, avoid those who like to dazzle with their wit. For the most part they are people with debauched morals. When old men make up to you at court gatherings pretend that you want to kiss their hand, but do not offer them yours."

How many temptations there were in St. Petersburg! God forbid that they should bring harm to Suvorochka. And he would be powerless to assist her.

He turned to the ikon and his old lips muttered the fossilized words of a prayer.

There was a subdued but persistent rapping on the door. It was Proshka, come to remind him that it was supper time.

"I'm coming right away," the field-marshal answered crossly. "What a pest you are." He hurriedly crossed himself again, sealed the letter, and whistling a march, walked buoyantly towards the dining room.

CHAPTER IV

Autumn came. The garden walks were carpeted with dry leaves. The north wind howled through the naked branches.

In wartime, under fire and grapeshot, life had proceeded at a headlong pace. In St. Petersburg, amid the assemblies and receptions, the flight of time had also been imperceptible. But how could he kill the endless day in that lonely house, far from friends or relatives and without his beloved military occupations? The time from sunrise to sunset dragged intolerably and there was nothing with which to fill it.

In addition, the heavy hand of the emperor weighed more and more heavily upon him. Suvorov rarely called upon his neighbors: Paul had forbidden any trips whatever. The company commander Pavlovsky had tried to come to see him but had been stopped and sent back before he reached Konchanskoye. The illiterate Nikolyev delayed his correspondence for several days and only Natalka's letters were exempt from his censorship. Nikolyev shadowed his every step. When Suvorov first met him he had folded his arms behind him refusing to shake hands. Nikolyev had stiffened up and declared with affected dignity:

"It is the first duty of the faithful subject to obey his monarch's wishes."

Suvorov had eyed his jailer pensively.

"In your place I wouldn't do it, I would excuse myself on the grounds of illness," and he spoke the words as though to himself and walked off.

Either because of this encounter or because of the reliability of Borgushev, Nikolyev, by way of exception, allowed the latter to visit the disgraced general. Suvorov gave the visitor a cheery welcome.

"Greetings, how did my Cerberus happen to let you pass? Serve coffee in the study, Proshka, here's a fine fellow, Ivan Anisimovich, come to see me. We'll sit right down for a good talk, otherwise, believe me, I'll soon be speaking Turkish for want of practice in my native Russian. Well, tell me what you've heard and what you've read? I noticed that you have an inquiring disposition, that you see what's going on around you."

Borgushev was somewhat overwhelmed by this unexpected cordiality.

"Why, Alexander Vasilyevich, what do you expect me to hear from my little garden? The howling of the wolves and the cawing of the crows. But

I have read a bit; a few days ago I received some German books on military affairs which I had ordered and although my German is not too strong I manage to plug through them."

"There doesn't happen to be anything about me in them, does there?" Suvorov asked with affected indifference.

"Why certainly! There's a great deal about you."

"Tell me, tell me, don't be bashful," Suvorov urged him.

"Well, what should I tell you, Alexander Vasilyevich? What difference does it make what the Germans may take it into their heads to write. . . ."

"It can't offend me. Tell me, man."

"As you wish. They say you know nothing of military science. I jotted it down, it seemed so absurd. Allow me to read it to you for your amusement.

" 'Suvorov has no conception of military affairs; he should only fight bears. Sometimes we took a position and waited for the Russians to attack from the front but he would rush in either from the rear or from the flank. We fled more from fear and surprise than as a result of the action.' "

"Pretty queer! It appears that they, who are versed in military affairs, run away, while I who am ignorant of such matters win," Suvorov remarked with a crafty smile, "and how I won! In every engagement we were outnumbered, yet our victory was always complete. What more did you read, man?"

Borgushev became embarrassed.

"They write, Alexander Vasilyevich," he said in low tones, "that under your command the soldiers are twice as cruel. They claim that when Ismail was stormed, only one wounded Turk survived out of a Turkish garrison of thirty-five thousand and that all the rest were slaughtered."

There was a brief silence.

"Good god!" Suvorov said shrilly. "They all reproach me for that. And it is a fact that after the battle of Brest only one hundred and thirty of the enemy's men survived and that not one remained after the fight at Kobilka. When we took Prague only eight hundred Poles were left alive out of a garrison of thirty thousand. At Krupchitsi the battlefield was strewn with dead bodies for over fifteen versts. Even I was appalled. But the same thing happened in minor engagements. Who is to blame for this? Suvorov! But they forget that after the capture of Prague, I saved Warsaw from destruction by ordering the bridges over the river destroyed to keep the soldiers from crossing over. For this the inhabitants presented me with a snuff box with the inscription 'To our deliverer.' They do not remember that by the sanguinary capture of Prague I wound up the whole campaign which otherwise would have cost three times as many lives."

He was no longer talking, but shouting, shaking from head to foot with emotion.

"They do not realize that to win the engagement one must attack the enemy with fury. My eagles fought one against three; there was no time for debate. And I always taught them to spare the lives of those who surrendered in battle. In my orders I stated: 'It is a sin to take life needlessly,' 'Do not abuse the inhabitants, they give us drink and food.' But blood makes people drunk, and how drunk! Of course I let the soldiers have the booty which they won in an assault: 'Take the camp and everything there will be yours, capture the fortress and everything there will be yours,' that's what I used to write in my orders.

"Then the soldiers will fight better; you have to reward them somehow,

with more than just fame or a wooden cross. That's a fact! But I never gave orders to kill people needlessly; I'm not guilty of that."

He appeared suddenly to soften and sank back in his armchair.

"Only cowards are cruel-hearted," he said dully, "and I am no coward."

Borgushev mentally cursed himself for having touched on such a ticklish subject.

"However," he added, "they commend you for your generosity and magnanimity towards enemy generals. They write that when you took Serrurier prisoner, you gave him back his sword, having declared that it would not be taken away from one who had made such use of it."

The field-marshal laughed.

"And Serurier failed to see the irony of that; he was too busy justifying himself. 'What do you expect?' I told him. 'We Russians fight without any rules. I'm not so bad as the others in this respect.' He too apparently regards me as an ignoramous. And do you know, Ivan Anisimovich, I sent one enemy commander a gift, because he had outwitted me. You heard about it perhaps?"

"Why, no."

Borgushev was glad the conversation had taken a quieter turn.

"Here's how it happened. I was pursuing the Poles after the battle at Zamostye. They were commanded by Casimir Pulaski. He had no retreat open except to Cracow, but he headed towards Lublin instead, and I followed him. Here he chose his time and left a rearguard on the road, while with his main forces he turned off to one side, circled around my rear and reached Cracow. When I learned how he had fooled me, I sent him my favorite snuff box as a gift."

"And what did Pulaski do?"

"He accepted it and sent his thanks. And when Poland was conquered he left for America to join General Washington. Before his departure he summoned his division, and he ordered them to submit to the Russian arms. Regarding me he is reported to have said that although I conquered the Poles and he therefore ought to hate me, he felt nothing but respect for me and only regretted that there were no men like me in Poland. Later he was killed in America at the siege of Savannah."

Borgushev thoughtfully commented: "He was an able military man. And apparently still quite young."

"Do you mean to say, man, that you reckon intelligence by age? At Tulchino I had two generals serving under me, one of them was forty and the other fifty. And I considered the first to be twice as old as the second; he had been constantly active while the other had slept his whole life."

"In that case, Alexander Vasilyevich, one should reckon your age at a hundred," Borgushev remarked.

"Why, no, my dear chap, open the pages of history and you will see that I figure there as a boy."

Borgushev made vain efforts to unravel the tangled thoughts which filled his brain. Decidedly, on this occasion the marshal was not as he had been the first time; but he could not for the life of him detect just where the difference lay.

"Do your wounds trouble you, Alexander Vasilyevich?" he inquired solicitously.

"I have many wounds. Some I received in the wars, others I received at court and the latter are the more painful."

Suvorov's face suddenly clouded. "You imagine I am envious! Fifty years in the service, thirty-five years in constant use and now lying on the shelf."

What was there to say in reply? Borgushev muttered something indistinct and began to make his adieus.

"Come again, if an old man doesn't bore you. I hope Nikolyev does not forbid it," Suvorov remarked on the threshold, "if he does you find a way to get around him."

"You can't get around him... he's smart..."

"No man is smart whom others consider smart," the field-marshal answered, and with a parting wave of his hand he re-entered the house.

Having left the yard Borgushev followed a narrow boundary strip to his own estate. His bay mare broke into a light trot at first but gradually slowed her gait until she walked along cropping the grass and carelessly tossing her tail. Borgushev was lost in contemplation. The figure of the old man whom he had just left loomed in his mind. One recollection rose in his memory with special vividness.

"Ismail!"

This word possessed a magic power in the army, and the accompanying word, Suvorov, loftily resounded in its every syllable.

Borgushev had then been serving in the division of the "Most Holy Prince of Taurida." He knew all the details of the siege of Ismail. Together with the others he had awaited news of the assault and had rejoiced over the amazing victory. He had plied all who came from there for further particulars of its hero. The Potemkin officers listened with bated breath to the stories of how Suvorov took the fortress.

These stories were deeply engraved on his memory. Dozens of times Borgushev had imagined himself at Ismail, had tried to picture the assault. Thus it was that now with half-opened eyes, he gave free rein to his fancy.

... It was in 1790. The second Turkish war was in full swing. Admiral Ushakov had destroyed the Turkish fleet off Hadjibei. The Russian army had taken the fortresses of Kilya, Tulcha and Isakchu in rapid succession. Ismail alone remained to the Turks and victory seemed within grasp. But then everything changed. Ismail proved impregnable. The whitehaired veteran Idos Mekhmet Pasha, with a garrison of thirty-five thousand, easily withstood the Russian onslaughts. When asked to surrender he scornfully answered that he felt no danger. The siege was unavailing. Meanwhile autumn was approaching; disease was decimating the Russian troops; provisions were running low. To raise the siege would have meant to sacrifice the fruits of the whole campaign, and assault seemed hopeless. Potemkin summoned Suvorov. Immediately all thought an assault was inevitable and all felt confident that it would succeed. Admiral Ribas, who had been about to leave the camp, stayed on, declaring: "With such a hero all difficulties will vanish."

Suvorov had thirty thousand men at his disposal, including many mounted Cossacks. There was no siege artillery and ammunition for the field guns was low. Ismail was built above a steep cliff, in the shape of a rectangle, protected by the river on one side and by ramparts twenty-eight feet high and a deep moat forty-two feet wide along the remaining sides. The assault seemed doomed to failure, and who would take the consequences? Potemkin diplomatically left the decision to the new commander. In his one letter to Suvorov in camp he wrote: "May god grant you good luck and good health, my dear friend," and that was all.

But Suvorov never hesitated. The moment he arrived in camp he began preparations for the assault.

The troops were taught the tactics of assault. The Cossacks were dismounted and given siege training. They drilled at night, not to betray their plans to

the Turks. Suvorov made several reconnoitering trips, and drew up a careful plan of the assault, a plan which even provided for the posting of sentinels at the powder magazines at various points as the troops advanced into the town.

When all was ready Suvorov parleyed with Ismail.

"I have arrived here with my troops," he wrote, "I give you twenty-four hours in which to think matters over undisturbed. After my first shot there will be no alternative save assault and death. I submit this for your consideration."

Ismail dragged out the negotiations, playing for time. No white flag was hoisted. And after three days Suvorov began the assault.

On the morning of December 11, the attacking columns advanced, carrying along faggots and ladders. The Turks, who had been warned by deserters, opened a withering fire. One of the columns crossed the moat, scaled the walls with its ladders and drove back the Turks. The beleaguered made a sortie from the redoubt but the column repelled the sortie, and, scorning the grape-shot and cannon balls, it flanked the redoubt and advanced into the town. But when its two commanders were slain, the soldiers wavered and began to fall back. Suvorov saw what had happened. He hastened over, mingled with the retreating soldiers and went along with them, saying: "That's right, lads, lure them out." Then he suddenly halted. "We've lured them far enough, lads, now hit them," and he was the first to charge. Janissaries immediately rushed upon him. "Boys, the general!" a soldier shouted and ran to his aid. He was followed by a second, a third and then the whole column turned fiercely on the Turks, routed them and carried the redoubt.

On the opposite flank General Golenishchev-Kutuzov had captured a bastion but had been dislodged, captured it a second time and had again been dislodged by the Turks. Finally, having drawn all his reserves into the battle, he held the bastion and proceeded further.

The dismounted Cossacks had it worst of all. They fell into the moat, which was full of water; as they were crossing it under fire they encountered the janissaries. At such close quarters it was hard for the Cossacks to use their spears and they were being slashed to pieces by the curved sabers of the janissaries. Suvorov, seeing what was happening, sent the reserves in from both flanks. The Turks were caught in a vise and cut down.

However, partial successes did not bring decisive victory. The beleaguered defended themselves heroically. The walls which the attackers had to assault were so high that even the thirty-three foot ladders proved far too short and had to be lashed together by twos. In addition the numerical superiority of the Turks began to tell. The reserves were all used up.

Suvorov stubbornly adhered to his original plan of assault. The Russian columns closed in on the town in concentric circles. A landing was made on the riverside. Risking his life, the sixty-year-old commander appeared at every danger point, singled out weaknesses, issued instructions with lightning speed, encouraged the waverers, urged on the attackers. At his orders all the infantry and cavalry reserves were brought into action.

As the troops advanced within the town every house and every palace was a small fort which had to be taken by storm, with the aid of ladders and cannon. Mekhmet Pasha with two thousand janissaries barricaded himself in a stone palace and held out for several hours. Finally, the Fanagorsk Grenadiers broke down the gate and surrounded the Turks. Mekhmet Pasha handed his sword to a Russian officer. At that instant one of the janissaries lunged at a passing soldier and stabbed him. This infuriated the soldiers. Disregard-

ing their officers the grenadiers proceeded to slaughter the disarmed Turks. Mekhmet Pasha was among the first to fall.

For three days the soldiers were given the run of the town. The booty was enormous and almost the only man in the Russian camp who took nothing was Suvorov.

"He is with us in everything," the soldiers were wont to say, "in battle and on the march. The only time he isn't with us is when it comes to dividing up the booty."

Borgushev also recalled the story that on one occasion several years after, when people praised the field-marshal for the capture of Ismail and asked him whether after that there was such a thing as an impregnable fortress, he had replied after deliberation:

"One can only take on a job like the assault of Ismail once in a lifetime."

Borgushev suddenly reined his horse to an abrupt halt. He had found the answer to the question which had perplexed him. On this occasion the field-marshal had not exhibited any idiosyncracies, had done without antics! This meant that Suvorov was capable of getting along without them. Why then did they exist?

It was night time but the old field-marshal could not fall asleep. He rearranged the pillows; he shook up the matted hay. He listened to the rhythmic knocking of a clapper outside the window. He remembered how once, not so long ago he had lain thus, wide awake, when he suddenly smelt smoke; and he had barely managed to escape from the burning house. It would have been easier, perhaps, had he not escaped. His enemies were doubtless gloating over the fact that he, the invincible Suvorov, had been confined to a snowed-in lair and kept under supervision like a schoolboy. They might at least have put a man of rank on the job, instead of that ignorant ruffian Nikolyev. How long could he endure vegetating in this inglorious fashion?

For Suvorov had his weakness—he thirsted after glory. The reports he sent in after his victories were unpretentious, almost naive; but secretly he was impatient for rewards and honors. Sometimes he could not hold back and entered direct requests in his own behalf. After Turtukai he had written to Saltykov: "Do not neglect my dear comrades and for god's sake don't forget me. I feel that I really deserve a Cross of St. George of the second class; no matter how indifferent I am as regards myself, I am nevertheless convinced of this." He was rewarded. He received decorations. After Ismail Catherine promoted him to a colonelship in the Preobrazhensky Regiment, the rank which she herself bore. However, what others received was inordinately greater. Platon Zubov received the biggest reward for the capture of Prague; thirteen thousand Polish peasants alone. "I was generously rewarded for Cracow and Galicia in the person of Platon Zubov," Suvorov had remarked at the time.

He had also joked on another occasion. Catherine had come to Little Russia from St. Petersburg, with a retinue of foreign generals, to view the maneuvers. Potemkin assigned Suvorov's regiments to conduct the maneuvers and his judgment proved correct. The spectators had never seen anything like it. The foreigners were kept gasping and the courtiers were green with envy. In the presence of everyone the empress had asked Suvorov: "How can I reward you?" He knew, however, that if he would be rewarded, Potemkin would receive double. The courtiers craned their necks and pricked up their ears. And he, like a simpleton, had answered: "I owe twenty-five rubles for my rent here. Give orders to have it paid, little mother, don't let an old man down." The empress bit her lip and the courtiers whispered. The rent was paid.

But though the tsarina was not lavish in rewarding him she did not neglect him altogether and many honors came his way. When he arrived from Poland and appeared at the palace, Catherine, knowing his tastes, gave orders to drape all the mirrors. He hated to see his own homely, puny figure next to the portly and imposing nobles. None realized that his unprepossessing appearance was one of the contributing causes of his eccentricity. He felt superior to all the others and longed for acknowledgement of his superiority. He could prove this superiority by his deeds. But when he saw his own reflection in elegant drawing rooms where appearance is quite as important as merit he felt compelled to retire to the background. By making no play for elegance, and affecting an indifference to it, he retained a certain originality, he was still in a class by himself. He could thus, as it were, outflank the enemy in the latter's stronghold.

It was, in addition, easier for him to behave in this manner, than endure the grueling round of the world of fashion. By nature he was simple and direct. Formerly his wife had egged him on to be "like everybody," but after their separation there was no one to constrain him. Besides, the soldiers remembered him for his idiosyncracies. Partly, perhaps, because of the fact that they were so fond of him, they did not regard him as a titan, but as a simple, queer little man. Alexander did not burn Athens for the sake of having his exploit become the topic of drawing room conversation. Why should his soldierly pranks not be discussed in the market place? But the main reason for Suvorov's eccentricities, a reason that no one ever suspected, was to be found elsewhere. The fact was that his eccentricity permitted him to retain a freedom of opinion which would otherwise have been damning to him. Who could hold such things against an eccentric? When he was governor of Poland on many occasions he had to reject legitimate requests of the population, yielding against his will to the cruel and shortsighted policy of St. Petersburg. He could not express his disagreement; but his conscience would not let him pretend that he approved. He took refuge in jokes. To one delegation, whose request he was forced to turn down against his will, he replied: "That is not in my power. The empress is so big (and he jumped up as high as he could towards the ceiling), "while Suvorov is so small" (and he squatted to the floor). When he was at court he was constantly reporting abuses to Catherine, couching his remarks in the form of jokes. When he met her he used to bow to the ground at her feet, then jump like a young rooster. His jokes cut to the quick. He knew that Rastopchin had written regarding him: "They don't know what to do with Suvorov. The empress is tired of his flat jokes, and they make her blush." She blushed but she listened.

Suvorov sat up, he gazed into the pallid murk of the winter night and slowly said aloud:

"I used to be at the court but not of the court. I was an Aesop, a La Fontaine; I told the truth through jokes and the tongues of animals. Like the joker Balakirev who was Russia's benefactor in the time of Peter, I clowned and grimaced. I crowed like a cock, waking the drowsy. I would like to have caesar's noble pride but would shun his vices."

One man saw through him, and that was the present emperor. Suvorov remembered how he had appeared once before Paul when the latter was only the tsarevich, and had indulged in his antics. Paul suddenly grew red in the face, gazed at him with frenzied eyes and said in French: "Haven't you been playing the fool long enough? I know perfectly well what's behind your jokes." He swallowed the pill and became reserved; but upon leaving Paul, he had vented his rage by shouting to the astonished courtiers:

"Prince adorable! Despote implacable!"

Had not Paul hated him ever since?

Yet another man had read his secret, his company captain in the days when he was still a sergeant. "That queer fellow will do something remarkable," the captain had declared with conviction,

Had this prophecy been fulfilled? He had, indeed, done much, but he had dreamt of greater things.

He sighed, covered his injured leg more carefully and fell into a troubled, unrefreshing sleep.

CHAPTER V

A year had passed since the field-marshal's retirement when a messenger again drove up. This time it was Suvorov's nephew, young Prince Gorchakov. The emperor sent orders for the count to leave immediately for St. Petersburg. Nikolyev was relieved of his duties and recalled from Konchanskoye; he received five thousand rubles and a rank as reward for his diligence.

The last months had been very trying for Suvorov; however, he did not let this be known. His letters were cheerful, and realizing they were censored, he had filled them with loyalties: "We celebrated the emperor's birthday," he wrote, "and even made merry till midnight. I would consider it a crime not to have done so." Secretly he had always been waiting for them to send for him, for his services to be required. And now they had sent for him; but there was no reason to rejoice. From Gorchakov's cautious hints, the astute old man realized what the emperor wanted from him; he must go to Canossa, ask for forgiveness and accept a gracious appointment from the tsar. That might be well for some gentlemen-in-waiting but it would never do for him, for Suvorov. Furthermore, if Paul had already taken a step towards reconciliation, there was doubtless some reason behind it. Evidently the continued disgrace of the famous captain was undesirable. In any case he would go: he would see Natalka, brace himself up and take things as they came.

When everything was ready a minor dispute arose. According to the instructions he had received, Gorchakov insisted that they ride with the post. The field-marshal complained of a pain in his back and flatly refused to travel in this fashion.

The upshot of it was that Gorchakov went on alone and Suvorov traveled by slow coach over the country roads.

Proshka induced him to put on a warm sheepskin coat. In a trunk they took along a gorgeous sable coat, a gift from Catherine, which he always lugged around with him but never wore.

They traveled in a leisurely manner, stopping off in the cities, where Suvorov closely examined the military innovations which Paul had introduced. Fierce, impersonal discipline prevailed in the army. The officers were provided with cudgels which they used constantly, and generals did not hesitate to beat the soldiers themselves. More serious offenders were made to run the gauntlet. The officers too had no easy time of it. The names of those who were late from furlough were read off on the parade grounds to the roll of the drums. People were dismissed into retirement in droves, so much so that a special term: "throw out of the service" had been coined and was used in the official decrees. Officers who had distinguished themselves in battle were scolded like raw recruits, for the most trivial offenses. Arakcheyev upbraided Lieutenant-Colonel Lena, an old Suvorovite, and a Cavalier of St. George; the latter had listened in silence but had then gone home and shot himself.

At the same time rewards were showered out but not to Suvorov's former comrades-in-arms. When medals were requested for one regiment which had not yet received what was due to it for the siege of Prague, Paul wrote: "Medals will not be distributed for the storming of Prague, inasmuch as I do not regard that as a military operation but as merely a slaughter of Jews."

Halberds were issued to the non-commissioned officers in place of rifles; the field-marshal looked at them and reflected: "One hundred doorkeepers, one hundred useless people in every regiment."

And he was supposed to give these innovations the stamp of his approval.

Finally they reached St. Petersburg where Gorchakov had been fidgeting and worrying.

Immediately the wheels of the cumbersome court machinery were set in motion; there was a to-do over the uniform Suvorov should wear at his audience with the emperor. Suvorov wanted to appear demonstratively in civilian clothes; Prince Andrei advised him to wear his field-marshal's uniform. In the end they asked Paul himself. He ordered Suvorov to put on an ordinary army uniform. Suvorov possessed no such uniform, but fortunately Gorchakov's fitted his skinny figure. He threw an army coat over his shoulders while Proshka on the footboard carried the fur coat which he had received from Catherine. In this fashion they arrived at the palace.

Generals were milling about in the emperor's ante-room. They all eyed Suvorov ironically, but also with a touch of expectancy; perhaps he would be restored to grace! Suvorov was cocky; with a sweeping gesture he crossed himself before the ikon and scrutinized those present. Suddenly he rushed towards an aide-de-camp with a red face and a big nose who was standing some distance away.

"Vasenka! Is it really you? Good heavens, and already an aide-de-camp! How glad I am to see you. I'd kiss your lips if only your nose weren't in the way."

Here and there a muffled guffaw erupted. The old man hadn't changed, still the same wag.

Meanwhile Suvorov hastened over to a baptized Turkish boy, the master of the wardrobe Kutaisov.

"*Salaam alekum,*" he greeted him and suddenly began to babble Turkish. Kutaisov was embarrassed; he answered at first in monosyllables, but was gradually drawn into conversation and to the utter consternation of those present a heated dialogue in Turkish developed.

Gorchakov could barely stand up. He never even turned his head when, at last, the door opened, and the adjutant sonorously called the name of Count Suvorov. He no longer expected anything good to come of it. The audience lasted for over an hour. The field-marshal left the emperor with low bows, he gave the big nosed aide-de-camp a friendly wink and promptly departed, taking his nephew by the arm.

In the carriage his gaiety evaporated. To Gorchakov's persistent questioning he reluctantly divulged that he was invited to attend the parade at Gatchina the next day. That was a definite token of grace and Prince Andrei began to have faint hopes that Suvorov might be induced to compromise.

But the following day these hopes were demolished. The parade went off splendidly. The stately geometrical lines of soldiers filed across the square with a single measured tread. The giant cuirassiers in their shining shakos raced past, to the clattering of hoofs. The artillery trundled by, drawn by black horses; the brass fittings of the cannon were polished to dazzling brightness.

Paul observed Suvorov from the corner of his eye. At first the old field-marshal was elated, he gazed at the troops with shining eyes, but his enthusiasm soon vanished. During the ceremonial march of the infantry he suddenly leaped from his seat, rushed into the ranks and began to feel the powdered braids, causing consternation in the lines. Then he returned to his place and bitterly remarked to a neighboring general: "My stride has been shortened to three-quarters, which makes the distance we must cover to attack the enemy twenty-five miles instead of eighteen."

Then Paul gave orders to demonstrate the attack. But not even that met with the field-marshal's approval. He turned away, yawned, and, placing his hand on his stomach suddenly declared: "I've got a belly-ache." Having said this he rose and went home.

The succeeding days brought no change for the better. Suvorov made open mock of everything; this was his way of expressing his dogged opposition to the new ways. As he got out of the carriage his diagonally slung sword would catch on the door handle and he would pretend that he couldn't disentangle it. Keeping a straight face he would walk around to the opposite carriage door, open it and repeat the performance. Sometimes the comedy lasted fifteen minutes while the courtiers maintained a deathlike silence. During a parade he suddenly began pretending that he couldn't manage his flat-crowned hat, he clamped it to his head with shaking fingers and finally dropped it at the feet of the scowling emperor.

None of those around him could be sure of not being made the butt of Suvorov's next prank. People had expected that a year of exile would have brought the old soldier to his senses. On one occasion somebody chanced to remark that a certain officer had lost his mind. Suvorov began a heated argument and would not give in until it was established that he was thinking of a different person. Only then did he calm down and observe with edification:

"That's good. Otherwise I would have argued the point till morning, since the man I had in view does not possess what the other one has lost."

The field-marshal carried on, and Petersburg buzzed with the stories of his antics. The courtiers looked on from the sidelines, each time expecting him to break his neck for good. They kept up acquaintance with him as a precautionary measure. But there were always new surprises in store for them.

While Suvorov regarded the majority of the courtiers with unconcealed contempt, he accorded no two of them the same treatment. He slighted some, was reserved with others and smothered others with exaggerated courtesies. Once the carriage of a distinguished nobleman drove up to his house. It was Osterman, vice-chancellor under Catherine, who had come to make a call. Having seen the visitor from the window, before Osterman had had time to get out, Suvorov rushed into the street in his jacket, jumped into the carriage, sat there for several minutes, thanked Osterman for calling and hopped back to the house.

Prince Andrei acted as his shock absorber. Respectfully but firmly he restrained his uncle, softened his sarcasm and watered down the poison of his irony. At his insistence Suvorov gave a dinner party. Everyone knew that the close-fisted field-marshal was extremely reluctant to spend money on entertainment. The capital had not yet forgotten the episode with Potemkin. The illustrious prince had conceived the idea of dining at Suvorov's. The latter however remained deaf to Potemkin's importunities. In the end Potemkin's persistence won out and he succeeded in getting an invitation. The dinner was prepared by the best chefs, even Potemkin expressed his approval. For

himself Suvorov had two simple soldiers' dishes cooked separately, and touched nothing else.

Potemkin went away highly pleased with the lucullan fare and even more pleased because he had compelled the count to spend money. What was his surprise when two days later he received an itemized bill for the dinner to a total sum of over a thousand rubles, with a note from Suvorov stating: "I myself ate nothing." The bill was paid.

On this occasion, however, no tricks of the sort were anticipated. Gorchakov was in charge of all the preparations. It was he who drew up the invitation list.

Suvorov was unusually polite and cordial; but a concealed sneer played in the corners of his eyes. As people were being seated at the dinner table a mishap occurred. In accordance with an inviolable tradition of Suvorov's, the guests were seated in order of precedence. But one young officer, wishing to sit closer to the field-marshal, sat out of place. Suvorov noticed this and suddenly got up from the table, so suddenly, in fact, that he overturned his chair. There was a general hush.

"There's a stench," the field-marshal explained.

They opened the window but Suvorov did not resume his seat.

"There's a stench at the table!"

Nikolai Zubov saved the situation. "Alexander Vasilyevich," he said, "this chap is a bard who wanted to sit closer to you, since he intends to write about the assault of Ismail."

"A bard, eh? That puts a different face on the matter. Good lord, there's nothing to get angry about in that case," and the field-marshal sat down as though nothing had happened and ordered the reading of a brief prayer.

Then vodka was served, also according to rank, but by now no one smiled. Suvorov whispered something to the lackey and no vodka was served to one of the generals. It seemed that after the prayer he had neglected to say: "Amen."

Little by little the conversation became general. Suvorov's favorite, Bagration, remarked with a good-natured smile:

"I have been a faithful servant of the count ever since at Turtukai I read his order: 'Commanders of the various sections of the column need not report, but must act on their own initiative with promptness and common sense!' I'm sure the Austrian *Hofkriegsrat* would never agree with that."

"The *Hofkriegsrat* would not be the only ones to disagree," General Rosenberg said significantly. "Not without good reason do some of our own people call the count a general without a plan!"

"Yesmen," Suvorov declared. "They destroyed more soldiers for me than the enemy did. They decided everything on paper. Actually no battle can be won in an office and theory without practice is dead. Even after a battle I never was much of a hand at writing reports; I always preferred action to description."

He speared a mushroom with his fork, munched it and added:

"Sometimes my men marched all night and had no time to eat before going into action. But the Austrians try to conduct a whole campaign according to plan. I once remarked to their General Chatelier: 'We Russians don't like to trifle. When we have no bayonets we use our fists.' "

"Neither Field-Marshal Kamensky nor Saltykov had much use for the Austrians," put in Kutaisov, who had kept silent until now.

Suvorov looked at him disparagingly.

"Kamensky knows military affairs," he stated sententiously, "but military

affairs don't know him; Suvorov, apparently, does not know military affairs, but military affairs do know him. While Saltykov has no knowledge of military affairs and military affairs know nothing of him."

There was a pause. All were amazed by such a pronounciamento on the men who had for long years been supreme commanders of the Russian army.

Rosenberg broke the silence.

"Which of our generals would you, count, consider worthy of emulation?"

Suvorov pondered for a moment.

"Derfelden, William Christophorovich. And then, why him," and he pointed to Bagration.

Suddenly he leaped from his seat and grabbed Gorchakov by the arm.

"Andrushka, you mustn't take salt with your knife. And it doesn't do to pass the salt cellar. Let each one pour a little pile on the table cloth in front of him and eat his fill."

The guests were red in the face; some of them unbuttoned their collars. The conversation grew more and more convivial.

Rastopchin got up and, puffing, walked over to the window.

"Have you heard, Alexander Vasilyevich," he remarked, "that the Jacobin general, Bonaparte, is planning a landing operation against the English? What do you think of that?"

There was a general murmur. Napoleon's name was beginning to arouse special interest.

Suvorov pursed his lips.

"A landing in England is a tragi-comedy that will never be staged."

"All the same the French have certainly given the allied armies a good drubbing."

For an instant Suvorov appeared to hesitate, but then he stated with firmness and conviction:

"Do you know, count, why the Jacobins got the upper hand? Because they know what they want, while you and the likes of you don't even know what it is to have a will of your own."

Gorchakov looked at him in alarm as though to forestall him, but the field-marshal kept calm.

"If not for that," he concluded, "Paris would have been taken long ago. All that is required to do the job is an army of one hundred thousand."

A general silence settled down. The rustle of the pages of history seemed to echo in the confident words of the old captain.

"Do you know Bonaparte's opinion of you, Count Alexander Vasilyevich?" Rastopchin again put in. "Don't get angry, I'm merely passing on what I heard. He is reported to have said: 'Suvorov has the soul of a great captain but he lacks the head.' "

This was a telling shot. Everyone was of the opinion that strategy was the field-marshal's Achille's heel. He was an incomparable tactician, when it came to directing a battle, but he was not the same technician in directing a whole campaign.

None of those at the table took anything more to eat. Craning their necks they all waited for Suvorov to reply. He alone remained impassive. His blue eyes stared piercingly into the distance, over the head of Rastopchin.

"I consider it god's punishment that I have not yet met with Bonaparte," he said simply, and rose from the table.

The dinner was over.

Gorchakov did not succeed in effecting a compromise. When Paul proposed that Suvorov re-enter the service the latter ordered his nephew to convey to the

tsar that he would return to the army only if he were accorded the same prerogatives which he had enjoyed under Catherine: the right to make promotions to the rank of colonel, grant furloughs, and make his own disposition of the troops under his command, and so on. Prince Andrei, not venturing to transmit these terms to the emperor, temporized to the effect that the field-marshal would consider it an honor, but his health would not permit him. Paul listened with a frown and turned his back on him before he had finished.

Knowing the emperor's vindictiveness Gorchakov fully expected severe reprisals against his uncle and against himself. He returned home feeling utterly crushed.

Suvorov immediately understood everything. He walked over to his nephew and patted him fondly on the cheek.

"There's nothing to worry about, Andrei, unless they try to take it out on you for my refusal. Forget about me. You're still young but my time is nearly up; it's too late for me to change myself."

Gorchakov's heart gave a jump. There was a look of majesty and sorrow in the old man's face. He recalled a phrase he had recently heard applied to Suvorov: "His rank is according to his deeds but not according to his person." This opinion was shared by many, but had they seen the field-marshal at that instant, they would have paid tribute to the noble inflexibility of his soul.

"What do you intend to do?" Gorchakov quietly asked.

"God willing, I shall see Natalka once more and then ask permission to go back to the country. That will be best for everyone."

Prince Andrei lowered his head.

"There are rumors," he said, as though talking to himself, "that an expedition will be undertaken to assist the legitimate monarchs. Whom will they appoint to lead it?"

Suvorov understood. Sparks flared in his eyes but were immediately extinguished.

"Well, I guess the emperor knows best. Otherwise it will be a fine business."

Gorchakov absently agreed, engrossed in his own thoughts. "The very idea of a republic is impious. Only the monarchical form of government is endowed with eternal truth."

Suvorov long kept silent. Suddenly he approached his nephew, laid a hand on his shoulder and gazing into his eyes, he said in a constrained voice: "When arguing as to what form of rule is best one should remember that helm is important but the hand that guides it is more important."

Gorchakov was horrorstruck. People were sent to Siberia for less than that! But the field-marshal was already smiling: "Good heavens, why are you so pale? Wake up, Andrusha! I'm only joking and you take me seriously! Cockledoodle-doo!" and he skipped out of the room.

A few days later, having asked Paul's permission, he set out for Konchanskoye.

CHAPTER VI

In the first period after his return Suvorov lived in clover. No one subjected his correspondence to meddlesome censorship. He was free to travel where he pleased. His Petersburg impressions provided him with ample food for thought. Suvorov became enterprising; he began building a new house at Konchanskoye. He was in good spirits and was pleasanter to those around him. He promised Proshka that in his will he would give him his freedom.

Just as formerly, he took long walks to Dubikha but now he found an added amusement, he would gather the children and play dibs with them. One day a prominent caller nearly had a stroke when he saw the count running around in nothing but his underwear among noisy boys, zestfully swatting the dibs. Suvorov explained to him with a straight face that so many field-marshals had grown up in Russia that there was nothing for them to do but play dibs.

He arranged an aviary in his house and spent hours on end among the birds. He even ate his dinner there amid the deafening chirping and screeching.

On some evenings he would dance and he boasted that he could do a country dance for three hours at a time.

The field-marshal always spoke in caustic terms of life in the capital. "Court life requires three qualities," he used to say. "Boldness, flexibility and unscrupulousness. And if you're a good floorwaxer they'll make you a general."

At this time he applied himself with enthusiasm to another of his favorite pastimes: he organized a chorus and compelled his serfs and any visitors whom he happened to have to sing in it. Neither lack of voice, ignorance of the notes nor any other excuse could exempt one. The resulting cacophony was at times incredible but Suvorov was as pleased as a child.

Once he learned that maneuvers were being held in the vicinity. Without hesitating he rode over to the commander and asked for permission to witness them. The regimental officers were taken aback by his request. They all knew how Suvorov conducted maneuvers. He was mainly concerned with approximating a real engagement as closely as possible. The troops were sent on long forced marches, were made to cross rivers in water up to their necks. Then Suvorov would take the command of half the troops and lead them against the other half. Having rushed up to the "enemy" the soldiers would be ordered to turn to the right and, having thus pressed their way through the ranks of the adversary, without slackening their speed they would rally at a pre-established position. The soldiers were strictly forbidden to halt, raise their rifles or in any way violate the likeness to a real bayonet attack. Suvorov required that the mock attack be launched with the same impetus and fury as a real one. As a result the maneuvers rarely went off without human victims, not to mention innumerable injuries.

However, the field-marshal maintained that the results fully compensated for any casualties.

On the march he constantly utilized every opportunity to train the soldiers. Seeing a convent on a hilltop, he ordered his troops to take it by assault, which they did, to the unspeakable horror of the nuns.

He directed special attention to "inculcating the will to victory." To this end he resorted to peculiar "Suvorov" methods. No one was allowed to lag behind under any circumstances. If someone got ahead of the line he could not fall back but the whole line had to catch up with him. It sometimes happened that when Suvorov rode along the line drawn up in array the commanding officer ordered the first rank to fall back one step. This would make Suvorov furious for the rest of the day.

After drill the soldiers had to repeat a catechism, consisting of an enumeration of those qualities which in the field-marshal's opinion were conducive to victory.

Before the array the senior officer would thunder the command: "Give the parole!"

Subordination! Health!
Exercise! Neatness!
Obedience! Cheerfulness!
Drill! Daring!
Discipline! Courage!
Cleanliness! Victory!
Glory! Glory! Glory!

All this was common knowledge and served to indicate that Suvorov would not approve of maneuvers conducted according to utterly different methods. And that was how it turned out. The field-marshal watched the operations glumly and before they were over complained that he was tired, and departed.

To the embarrassed commander who accompanied him he merely remarked:

"A regiment is a movable fort. But in your case. . . ." and without completing the sentence he offered his hand in farewell.

Months passed. Never before had Suvorov lived such a carefree life. However, by midsummer clouds appeared on the horizon. Paul, angry and offended, seized every opportunity to express his enmity to the refractory field-marshal.

Having learned that Suvorov often left Konchanskoye, the vindictive emperor ordered Andrei Gorchakov dismissed from the service, but countermanded the order three days later. Major Antonov wrote an inoffensive patriotic booklet entitled: "The Experience of General Field-Marshal Count Suvorov." Paul had it banned.

These were ominous symptoms which boded no good. Even the news that fourteen-year-old Arkady had been appointed chamberlain did not dispel Suvorov's feeling that a storm was brewing.

At the same time his money troubles increased. His creditors, who had quieted down while the field-marshal was in St. Petersburg, began to plague him with redoubled zeal. Suvorov pared his budget to a minimum, allowing himself sixteen hundred rubles for half a year. But it was more than he could do to plug up every leak. With a heavy heart he appealed to Paul but without much result. His former wife, Varvara, demanded twenty thousand rubles a year from him. He refused and she appealed to the emperor who ordered the amount to be exacted from Suvorov's income. Bankruptcy appeared inevitable.

Suvorov became depressed: his former despondency again took possession of him. Those around him found it hard to endure his irascibility. He realized this but did not alter his ways.

"I am sometimes like the don't touch me plant," he once remarked, "at other times I am like an electric machine that emits sparks when you touch it but does not kill."

His depressed mental state affected the aged field-marshal's health. Indeed, his melancholy was perhaps itself largely the product of his physical ailments. At times he felt like a semi-paralytic. In December he wrote in a letter: "There is something seriously wrong with my left side. For five days it has been completely numb, and a month ago I could not move my body at all." Indignant nature which he had held in subjection for so long now took revenge on him in the infirmities of old age.

This was the signal for embarking on the voyage from which no traveler returns. There was no longer anything that anchored him to the earth. The

emperor's disfavor made it impossible for him to return to his troops. Natalka was more and more drifting away from him. Even he was no longer true to himself. His hardy frame lost its resiliency and began to bend beneath the weight of years.

He became extremely religious. Despite his straitened circumstances, every year he sent large sums to the church of Fyodor in Moscow. He lay awake at night composing his epitaph. Once a wandering minstrel passed through the village and Suvorov ordered him to write him an epitaph which he then read aloud to the flabbergasted Proshka:

Stranger ask:
On whom hath earth, here, shut its portals?
A man apart from ordinary mortals.
In good bass voice he praised his god with candor.
In fame a Peter or an Alexander.
Cold water braced his frame and nourished fires
Of courage which a whole great land inspires.

He read it over and over; then he carefully secreted the sheet in his desk and eyed Proshka severely.

"There you are, man. You'll soon get your freedom. It won't be long now."

Proshka gave a moan and rushed from the room.

Suvorov stared motionlessly at the window for hours at a time.

The future held nothing in store for him save sad decline. It was time to draw the curtains.

One day in December he paced up and down the empty house; then he halted and loudly exclaimed: "I chased glory for a long time. It was all a delusion! The only peace is at the foot of the throne of the Almighty."

That same day he sent off a letter to Paul, requesting permission to enter the Nilova Novgorod monastery.

On February 6, 1799, exactly two years after Paul had signed the decree on Suvorov's retirement, the emperor's messenger, General Tolbukhin, galloped into Konchanskoye. Hastily dismounting, he respectfully handed the retired field-marshal the packet he had brought. Suvorov felt a twinge in his heart; this could only be the emperor's permission to enter the monastery. He controlled himself with an effort and after politely asking Tolbukhin to be seated, he opened the packet with affected calm. The next moment it fell from his hands.

"I have just received word, Count Alexander Vasilyevich," the emperor wrote, "of the insistent desire of the Court of Vienna that you should lead its armies into Italy, where my divisions are going under Rosenberg and Hermann."

"They're sending me to Italy, against the French," the old man muttered incredulously, "my country needs me. Excuse me, your excellency, one second, please." And laughing and crying simultaneously, he rushed from the room.

On this occasion he did not take the country roads. The next day, February 7, he left with the post horses on his last campaign. His physical suffering was forgotten; his indomitable spirit again asserted itself. He forgot

the pain of insult; the field-marshal was prepared completely to forgive the emperor who had replaced the sword in his hands that had seemed unclasped forever.

Suvorov did not know that his appointment was due to the insistent demands of the Austrian and especially of the English envoys. He likewise was not aware that even as he hastened to the army, Paul was drafting an ukase with instructions to General Hermann "to keep an eye on Suvorov's undertakings which might cause harm to the troops and to the common cause, if he is carried away by his imagination which sometimes makes him forget everything else in the world."

This ukase supplied the fetters that were to paralyze Suvorov's initiative in Italy and prevent him from following up his victories.

But the old soldier knew nothing of all this. He traveled at breakneck speed, tiring out his horses. He made a brief stop at Mitava to meet Louis, the pretender to the French throne, who was living there, and he soon reached Vienna. Refusing to engage in long parleys with the *Hofkriegsrat* he left for the operating army without loss of time.

The Italian campaign began.

Yury Tinyanov

Second Lieutenant Also

The Emperor Paul dreamed at the open window. In the hour after dinner when food completes its slow invasion of the body all worries were forbidden. He sat in a tall chair with a glass screen round him on three sides, steeped in his customary post-prandial dream.

In his dream he was sitting in Gatchina, in his close-cropped garden. The rotund Cupids in the corner watched him having dinner with his family. Then came a jarring sound far away.

It was the sound of a carriage bumping monotonously over ruts. Paul Petrovich espied a three-cornered hat, a galloping horse, the shafts of a gig, dust. He hid under the table. He knew the three-cornered hat was a courier. Horsemen from St. Petersburg were after him.

"Nous sommes perdus," he cried hoarsely to his wife from under the table to make her hide too.

There was not enough air under the table and the jarring sound was there already, the gig poked its shafts at him.

The courier peeped under the table, found Paul Petrovich there and said:

"Your majesty. Her majesty your mother has passed away."

But as Paul Petrovich began to crawl out from under the table, the courier flicked him on the forehead and shouted:

"Help!"

Paul Petrovich waved him off and caught a fly.

And so he sat, his grey eyes goggling through a window of the Pavlovsky Palace, breathless with eating and boredom, with a fly buzzing in his hand. He listened.

Somebody had cried "help" under his window.

2

The orderly-room clerk of the Preobrazhensky Regiment had been thrashed and sent to Siberia.

The new clerk, a mere boy, sat behind the desk, writing. His hand was trembling; he was behind in his work.

At exactly six o'clock he had to finish a regimental order for the orderly adjutant to take to the palace, where his majesty's adjutant would add it to other orders of the kind and submit it to the emperor at nine o'clock.

Lateness was a crime. The regimental clerk had begun early but had spoiled the order and was now working on another list. In the first list he had made two mistakes: had written Lieutenant Sinukhayev dead because Sinukhayev came right after the deceased Major Shokolov; and he had made an absurd slip: instead of "Also Second Lieutenants Steven, Rybin and Azancheyev are appointed" he wrote "Second Lieutenants Also, Steven, Rybin and Azancheyev are appointed."

It had happened because when the officer came in, he had stood at attention with the names he had to write running in his mind: and when he had sat down to write them, he had mixed it all up.

He knew if the orders were not ready by six o'clock the adjutant would shout "take him," and they would. That is why his hand could hardly move, why he wrote slower and slower and suddenly splashed a big blot, pretty as a fountain, on the order.

He had only ten minutes left. Leaning back the clerk looked at the clock as at something human; then with fingers seemingly detached from his body and moving of their own volition, he began to rummage among the papers for a clean sheet although none were there. They were in the cupboard, reams of them, in apple-pie order.

But then, already at his wits' end and giving the papers a last shuffle to satisfy himself, he stood aghast. On another paper, no less important, were serious mistakes.

There was the emperor's instruction, No. 940, listing words not to be used in reports; for example "viewed" was banned and "inspect" put in its place; "perform" supplanted "carry out"; "guard" supplanted "watch"; and "detachment" supplanted "corps."

There was an appendix of word changes for civil statutes; "station" took the place of "class"; "community" displaced "society," and "merchant" or "burgess" must be used in place of "citizen."

All this, in small handwriting on Regulation No. 940, hung on the wall before his eyes; he had not read it through but he had had it dinned into him by everybody who had given him directions about his work, and he remembered the words as though he had memorized them.

Still, he had written in the paper waiting for the regimental commander's signature, the paper to be sent to Baron Arakcheyev, himself:

"As your excellency directed I have *viewed* the *corps of the watch* especially appointed for service in the suburbs of Saint Petersburg and for road duty and I have the honor to report that your order has been *carried out . . . .*"

Nor was that all. The first line of the report which he himself had copied the other day was written:

"Your Excellency Dear Sir."

A little child could not be ignorant that an address written on one line meant a command; that in reports by subordinates, especially to a man like Baron Arakcheyev, one must break it up into two lines, as:

"Your Excellency,
Dear Sir,"

which indicated the respectful subordinate.

And if for "view" and the rest he could make excuses, for "Your Excellency Dear Sir" there was no excuse.

No longer conscious what he was doing the clerk sat down to put this document right. Copying it he instantly forgot about the much more urgent order.

And when the orderly came from the adjutant the clerk looked at the clock and at the orderly and suddenly offered him the sheet which announced that Lieutenant Sinukhayev was dead.

Then he sat down and still trembling wrote:
"excellencies, detachments, guards."

3

At exactly nine o'clock a bell tinkled in the palace, as the emperor tugged at the cord. At exactly nine o'clock his majesty's adjutant entered with his usual report to Paul Petrovich. Paul Petrovich sat at the window with the glass screen around him in the same pose as the day before.

But he was not sleeping or dreaming and his expression was different.

Like everyone else in the palace the adjutant knew that the emperor was angry. But he knew just as well that the imperial anger would be fed by omissions as well as commissions, and he therefore could not risk omitting to tender the report.

He stood at attention and reported his presence through the screen, to the emperor's back.

Paul Petrovich did not turn round to the adjutant.

He breathed heavily.

All yesterday's search had not revealed who had shouted "help" under his window; twice in the night he had wakened in a depression.

"Help" was a silly thing to shout and at first Paul Petrovich's anger didn't amount to much. He was angry like anyone, who has had a bad dream broken before the end, has a right to be. It is so upsetting. But then curiosity as to who shouted "help" at his very window and why had whetted his anger. And when the whole court, dispatched to find the shouter, returned without information, he became very angry.

Here was a state of things; in the court itself someone could disturb his afternoon sleep with impunity! No one could even explain why the cry "help" was shouted. Perhaps it was the warning of a repentant malefactor. Perhaps in the bushes there, which had been searched three times, a man had been gagged and strangled. But why had he disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him up? The proper thing. . . . But what was the proper thing to do when the man had not been found?

The proper thing to do was to increase the guard—here and everywhere.

Without turning round, Paul Petrovich looked at the square green bushes, almost the same as those in the Trianon. They were pruned. But there was no telling who was in them.

And without looking at the adjutant, he reached his arm behind him. The adjutant knew what this meant; in times of great anger the emperor never turned round. The adjutant adroitly slipped the Preobrazhensky Regiment Guards orders into the imperial hand and Paul Petrovich began to read them carefully. When the hand reached back again the adjutant, with ready intuition and dispatch, lifted a pen from the standish, dipped it in the inkwell, shook it and placed it lightly in the emperor's hand. All done in an instant. Then the adjutant began to submit sheets of paper, and the sheets, some signed, some merely perused, flew back one after another at the adjutant. Things seemed to be going well; the adjutant was hoping it would pass off like that when the emperor jumped from his high chair.

He ran up to the adjutant with short steps. His face was red and his eyes bulging.

He pressed close and sniffed at the adjutant, something he did when he was suspicious. Then he gripped the adjutant's arm between forefinger and thumb and pinched him.

The adjutant stood stiff holding the sheets in his hand.

"You don't know your duty, sir," said Paul hoarsely. "You come behind my back." He gave him another pinch. "I'll knock the Potemkin spirit out of you—be off."

The adjutant backed to the door.

As soon as the door shut noiselessly Paul Petrovich quickly loosened his neckerchief and began methodically to tear his shirt front, his mouth awry and his lips quivering.

The *wrath* was beginning.

4

The Preobrazhensky Regiment Guards orders was signed by the emperor after some wrathful corrections. After the words: "Second Lieutenants Also, Steven, Rybin and Azancheyev" the emperor inserted a monster hard sing,[1] and wrote over the top:

"Appoint Second Lieutenant Also to the guard." The rest of the order met with no objections.

The order was passed on.

When the commander received it he cudgelled his brains trying to remember the second lieutenant with the strange name of Also. He read the roll of all the officers in the Preobrazhensky Regiment but no officer of that name was entered there. He was missing also from the roll of privates. This was inexplicable. Only one man in all the world, the clerk, could rightly understand it, but nobody asked him and he told nobody. But still, the emperor's order had to be obeyed. How was it to be obeyed when Second Lieutenant Also was nowhere in the regiment?

The commander wondered whether to apply to Baron Arakcheyev. But Baron Arakcheyev was away in Gatchina.

And since it has ever been the custom for people in distress to fly to their kindred the commander discovered that he was related to Sablukov, his majesty's adjutant, and galloped to Pavlovskoye to consult him.

There was a great to-do at Pavlovskoye and at first the adjutant did not want to admit the commander at all. Then he gave him a reluctant hearing and was about to damn him, having enough to think of as it was, when he suddenly knitted his brows and shot a glance at the commander. Then his look changed abruptly: it became reckless. The adjutant said slowly:

"Say nothing to the emperor. Consider Second Lieutenant Also alive. Appoint him to the guard."

The commander went limp. Without another look the adjutant abandoned him to the will of fate, straightened his shoulders and strode away.

Lieutenant Sinukhayev was a poor lieutenant. His father was a physician in the service of Baron Arakcheyev and the baron, as a reward for pills which had restored him to health, had smuggled the physician's son into the regiment.

The baron liked young Sinukhayev's look of straightforward unintelligence. In the regiment he was not thick with anybody yet did not hold himself aloof. He was taciturn, liked tobacco, didn't gad about with women and, although it was not the thing for a dashing young officer to do, was fond of playing on the oboe d'amour.

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[1] The Slavonic vowel "ъ" which lost its original sound but was retained, though redundant, after all nouns with hard endings. It has been omitted, as a superfluity, since the Revolution.

His equipment was always spick and span.

When the regimental orders were being read Sinukhayev stood as usual, stiff as a ramrod, his mind blank.

Suddenly he heard his own name and his ears twitched as happens with thoughtful horses when they are surprised by the whip.

"Lieutenant Sinukhayev, being dead of a fever, is off the roll."

Here it happened that the commander, who was reading the order, looked involuntarily at the place in the ranks where Sinukhayev usually stood. His hand dropped, the one with the paper in it. Sinukhayev, as always, stood in his place. The commander read on—not so articulately, true, as before—read what there was about Steven, Azancheyev, Also and so to the end. The parade began and Sinukhayev, with all the rest, was to move in the drill formations. But he stood where he was.

It was his wont to follow the words of orders as special words, unlike the ordinary words of human speech.

They might not make sense but they had their own life and power.

At first when he heard the words of the order he stayed standing where he was like a man whose ears have deceived him. Then he doubted no longer. They referred to him. And when his column moved off he began to doubt if he were alive.

Feeling in his hand resting on the sword hilt a certain constriction from the tightly drawn straps, feeling the weight of his queue which he had greased that morning, he seemed to be alive; but still he knew something was wrong, something was marred beyond repair. He never thought for a moment that there was a mistake in the order. On the contrary he thought he was alive by mistake, by negligence.

He had overlooked something through carelessness and informed nobody.

In any case he spoiled all the formations in the parade, standing like a post on the square. He did not stir an inch. Never thought of it even.

As soon as the parade was over the commander flew at the lieutenant. He was red in the face. It was a real stroke of good fortune that the emperor had not appeared at the review, having gone to Pavlovskoye as a respite from the hot weather. The commander wanted to roar him to the guardroom but his anger needed a more satisfying outlet and he was about to rasp "under arrest" when his jaws suddenly snapped together as though he had accidently caught a fly. And so he stood before Lieutenant Sinukhayev about two minutes.

Then reeling back as though the lieutenant was infected he went his way.

He remembered suddenly that Lieutenant Sinukhayev had been struck off the rolls as deceased. What form of address must be used to such a man?

6

Paul Petrovich walked all round the room and stopped now and then.

He listened.

It had been noted that ever since the emperor, in dusty boots and traveling cloak, had passed with a rattle of spurs through the salon where his mother was still breathing stertorously and slammed the door: it had been noted that the emperor's anger grew to wrath and that after a couple of days, the wrath dissolved into fear or tenderness.

At Pavlovskoye the grotesque wall-hangings ornamenting the steps were the work of Brenna, famous for his extravagant fancy, while the plafonds and murals of the palace were the work of Cameron, who loved soft colors that

die under the gaze. On one side—the maws of bristling half lions, half men, on the other side—fine art.

Also in the palace were two pendant lamps, a gift from Louis XVI sent not long before he was beheaded. Paul had received this gift in France while roaming, incognito, as Count Severny.

The lamps were of superb workmanship; their panels softened the light.

But Paul Petrovich never lit them.

There was also a clock, sent by Marie Antoinette; it stood on a jasper table. The hour hand was a golden Saturn with a long scythe; the minute hand—Cupid with his bow.

When the clock struck noon and midnight Saturn hid Cupid's bow with his scythe. This meant that Time prevailed over Love.

Howsoever, the clock was never wound up.

And so, Brenna was in the garden, Cameron on the walls, and Louis XVI's lamp swung overhead in the void under the ceiling.

During his "wrath" Paul Petrovich was not unlike one of Brenna's lions. And rods rained down from the blue on whole regiments, someone's head was hacked off by torchlight on a dark night near the Don and soldiers, clerks, lieutenants, generals and governor-generals footed it to Siberia.

The usurper of the throne, his mother, was dead. He had knocked the "Potemkin spirit" out as Ivan the Fourth had knocked out the boyar spirit once. He had razed Potemkin's tomb and scattered Potemkin's bones. He had waged war against the usurper's tastes! Pfew! The less notorious foibles of his mother. Gold, Indian silk hangings, endless litter of Chinese crockery, Dutch stoves, the room of blue glass, the snuff box. What a bazaar she had made of the palace! He had them melted down and used as gilt in his castle.

But the spirit was still there, the flavor was still there.

It reeked everywhere. Perhaps that was why Paul Petrovich had the habit of sniffing at his company.

And the French pendant, the lamp, swung overhead.

Fear closed its grip. The emperor lacked air. Whom should he not fear? His wife, his older sons, each of whom, remembering the jolly grandame and mother-in-law, might spit him on a fork and sit on his throne.

The suspiciously jovial ministers and the suspiciously gloomy generals?

That fifty-million rabble who were squatting about the hillocks, marshes, dunes and fields of his empire? Each, as an individual, was unimaginable to him. He feared none, separately. But together they were a sea and he drowned in it. And he ordered his Petersburg castle to be entrenched with moats and outposts and the drawbridge to be hung on chains. But even the chains were unreliable—men stood sentry over them.

When wrath softened to fear then the criminal affairs office was set to work; somebody was strung up by the hands; the floor gave way under another for whom the torturers waited below.

Hence, when the sounds of steps, now short, now long, of suddenly tottering strides penetrated from the emperor's rooms people exchanged alarmed glances; smiles were rare on those occasions.

The emperor's fear entered the room.

People shuddered hearing the pacing emperor.

7

Lieutenant Sinukhayev stood where the commander had lurched at him, stopped himself, and gone off.

After parade he generally unstrapped, unstiffened, and walked to the barracks at ease. At ease in every limb. He became a private man.

In his room in the officers' barrack, the lieutenant would unbutton his surtout and play the oboe d'amour. Then he would fill his pipe and look out of the window. He would see a large morsel of the former park which had now been trodden into a bare common called Tsarina Mead. The common was unrelieved by one blade of grass; it bore hoofmarks and the print of soldiers' boots in the sand. The lieutenant liked smoking in all its processes, the filling, the packing down, after each puff, the drawing of the smoke, the spectacle of its waves and eddies in the air.

A man would never go to the wall while he had a smoke. And there were other resources. Evening soon would come on and he would visit friends or just go for a walk.

He liked the politeness of the common people. Once a man near him said when he sneezed: "That's the stuff to give 'em."

Before bed he would sit down to cards with his orderly. He had taught the orderly to play *Contra* and *Pamphile*. When the orderly lost the lieutenant would slap him on the nose with the pack; but when the lieutenant lost his nose was respected.

After cards he would inspect how the orderly had cleaned his equipment; then he would curl, plait and grease his queue and go to bed.

But now he did not relax; his muscles were stiff; not a breath was audible through his pursed lips. He pored over the parade ground and it seemed unfamiliar to him. At least he had never seen the cornices round the windows of the red government building before nor the lacklustre panes. The round cobble stones of the roadway were as unlike each other as brothers who took after different grandfathers.

In thorough order, in neat grey, lay soldierly St. Petersburg with its waste lands, rivers and filmy-eyed roadways, a strange city to him. Strange, because he was dead.

8

Paul Petrovich heard the adjutant's steps, stole like a cat to the armchair behind the glass screen and rooted himself in it as though he had been sitting there all the time.

He knew the footsteps of each member of his retinue, and each footstep announced to him the stepper's mood. Sitting with his back to them he could distinguish the slither of the confident, the hop of the flatterers and the light, ethereal tread of the terrified. He never heard straightforward steps.

On this occasion the adjutant walked confidently, he walked with a slither. Paul Petrovich half turned his head.

The adjutant advanced to the middle of the screen and inclined his head.

"Your majesty. The man who shouted help was Second Lieutenant Also."

"Who is he?"

The emperor's fear abated somewhat, now that the mystery had a name. The adjutant had not expected this question and drew back.

"The second lieutenant who has been appointed to the guard, your majesty."

"What did he shout for?"—the emperor stamped—"I am listening, sir?"

The adjutant paused for a moment.

"Folly," he murmured.

"Hold an inquiry, have him whipped, then Siberia on foot."

9

Thus began the life of Second Lieutenant Also.

When the clerk was copying the order Second Lieutenant Also was a mistake, a slip of the pen, nothing more. It could have passed unnoticed, drowned in the sea of papers; seeing nothing noteworthy about the order it is doubtful if modern historians would have bothered to reproduce it.

The captious eye of Paul Petrovich had fished it out and given it precarious life—a slip of the pen became a second lieutenant lacking a person but possessing a surname.

The sporadic thoughts of the adjutant suggested a person for him, true, a mere glimmer as in a dream. Second Lieutenant Also was the man who had shouted "Help" under the palace window.

Now this person solidified. Second Lieutenant Also was a malefactor who had been condemned to the rack or the whipping post—and Siberia.

This was reality.

Hitherto he had been the uneasiness of a clerk, the perplexity of a commander and the resource of an adjutant.

Henceforth the whipping post, the lash, the journey to Siberia were Also's own, personal affair.

The order had to be obeyed. Second Lieutenant Also had to pass from the military instance to the judical instance; and thereupon march along the green road straight to Siberia.

And so he did.

Illustration to the Russian edition of Yury Tinyanov's "Second Lieutenant Also."

In the regiment where he was listed, the commander in a frantic voice summoned Second Lieutenant Also. The regiment stood at attention on the drill grounds. A whipping post stood ready, on one side. Two guards swished the straps into position, at the head and foot. A guard on each side cracked his seventailed cat about the smooth wood; a third counted; the regiment looked on.

The wood had been well polished by thousands of writhing bellies. Somehow the post did not seem absolutely empty. There was nobody on it, yet the onlookers felt there was. There must be somebody there. The soldiers knitted their brows, looking at the whipping post and the silence did not seem altogether complete. Somebody must have moaned. When the last stroke had been delivered and counted the commander went red in the face and his nostrils dilated as they did after every flogging.

Then the straps swished apart and somebody's shoulders seemed to free

themselves from the whipping post. Two guards stepped close and waited for the word of command, whereupon they marched down the street away from the regiment with measured strides, muskets on their shoulders, and looked askance now and then, not at each other, but at the place hemmed in between them.

A young soldier in the ranks, who had not long had his head shaved, looked on at the flogging with interest. He thought the whole proceeding was part of the routine of the service.

But that night he suddenly turned over in his bunk and confidentially asked his neighbor, an old soldier:

"Uncle, who's our emperor?"

"Paul Petrovich, you fool," replied the veteran.

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes," mumbled the veteran, "and so will you."

They fell silent. But the old soldier could not go to sleep. He tossed and turned. About ten minutes passed.

"What made you ask?" the old man suddenly asked the youngster.

"I don't know," was the eager reply. "You hear them talking, talking: the emperor: and who he is nobody knows. Maybe it's only talk. . . ."

"You fool," said the old man, squinting this way and that. "Keep quiet, you hick."

Another ten minutes passed. It was dark and still in the barracks.

Suddenly the veteran leaned over and whispered in the youngster's ear: "He exists, only he is a dummy."

10

Lieutenant Sinukhayev looked attentively at the room in which he had been living until now.

It was spacious, though the ceiling was low. On one wall there was a portrait of a middle-aged man in glasses wearing a short queue, the lieutenant's father, Dr. Sinukhayev.

The doctor was living in Gatchina. The lieutenant, looking at the portrait, did not feel too sure. Perhaps the doctor was living, perhaps not. The portrait like the lieutenant evaded a direct answer.

Then he looked at the things which belonged to Lieutenant Sinukhayev: the oboe d'amour in a wooden case, the curling tongs, the powder bowl, a sand-box; and these things returned his gaze. He took his eyes off them.

He stood in the middle of the room waiting for something but not for the orderly.

But the orderly had, in the meanwhile, tiptoed into the room and halted before the lieutenant. His mouth was open just a little; his eyes were fixed on the lieutenant. Probably he always stood like that, waiting for orders. The lieutenant looked at him as if he were seeing him for the first time. The lieutenant withdrew quickly and carefully closed the door.

For the time being his death ought to be hidden.

All night long he roamed the streets of St. Petersburg; he passed houses of acquaintances but it did not even occur to him to make a call. Before dawn he grew fatigued. He sat on the ground before a house. The house was unfamiliar to him. He sat there for a few minutes, dreaming, then suddenly jumped up and moved on without looking right or left.

Soon he was outside the city limits. The sleepy tollkeeper at the barrier registered his name absently.

Lieutenant Sinukhayev returned to the barracks no more.

11

The adjutant was cunning; he told nobody the secret of Second Lieutenant Also and his own masterstroke. He had his enemies too. All he said, and this only to a few people, was that the man who had shouted "help" had been found.

But this had a strange effect on the female half of the palace.

Attached to the palace, Cameron's structure, with its columns straight as fingers stroking a harpsichord, were two front wings curved like a cat's paws playing with a mouse.

In one wing lived Fräulein Nelidova, virgin, with her train.

Often the sentries had seen Paul Petrovich passing them with a guilty look, making for this wing; once they had seen him run out, his wig awry and a woman's slipper flying over his head.

Although Nelidova was only a Fräulein she had her own retinue of Fräuleinen.

When the women's wing heard that the man who had shouted "help" had been found, one of Nelidova's Fräuleinen fell into a brief swoon.

Like Nelidova she had a slender figure and curled her hair like a shepherdess.

In grandmother Elizabeth's time the Fräuleins had been sheathed in crackling brocade and bursting silks, just up to where the truant nipples showed forth timidly. That was the fashion. But those Amazones, partial to male grab velvet trains and stars over their nipples had departed with the usurper.

Now the Fräuleins had become shepherdesses with curly heads.

And one of them, as we have reported, keeled over in a brief swoon.

Raised from the floor by her patroness and revived she confessed that she had had a rendezvous with an officer, but had been unable to leave the room she was in, in the upper story of the palace, and looking through the window, she had seen him standing under the emperor's own window, making signs to her. Either the man was inflamed beyond caution or simply did not know it was the emperor's window he was under. She had tried to wave him away; to warn him with signs and gestures. But the gallant, misunderstanding, had cried "help."

Then, not losing her head, she flattened her nose with her finger and pointed down. At this sign of the snub nose the officer staggered in consternation and made himself scarce.

She had seen no more of him; and as their love of the night before had been too impetuous to trouble over formalities she had not learnt his name.

Now he had been discovered and banished to Siberia. Nelidova became thoughtful. Her own affair was on the wane. Although she did not want to admit it to herself her slipper could fly no longer.

She was on distant terms with the adjutant and was loth to approach him.

The emperor's mood was doubtful.

That being the case she decided to approach a certain Yury Alexandrovich Neledinsky-Meletsky—a mere palace serf, but a power.

She sent a lackey to him with a note.

The sturdy lackey, to whom this errand was not a new one, was always surprised at the stinginess of the great man. Meletsky was a vocalist and secretary of state. He sang *Running Brook* and had a weakness for shepherdesses. He was a small man but his sensuous mouth and shaggy

brows and look of cunning resourcefulness showed that his capacity was large. Looking up at the massive lackey he said:

"Tell her not to worry. Let her wait. Everything will be settled."

Yet he himself was in a bit of a funk, hadn't the faintest idea how everything would be settled, and when one of his young shepherdesses, who had formerly been Annie, but on promotion to shepherdess had become Selimena, peeped in at him through the door, his eyebrows stirred truculently.

Palace serf Alexandrovich's menage consisted chiefly of young shepherdesses.

12

The sentries marched. From toll post to toll post, from *etappe* to fortress, they marched straight on looking warily at the impressive vacuum marching between them. This was not the first time they had escorted an exile to Siberia but never before had they chanced to conduct a criminal like this. When they left the boundaries of the city they had their doubts. Where was the clank of chains . . . where was the lagging body to urge on with their rifle butts? But later they reflected that this was an affair of state; they held a document. They spoke little because it was forbidden.

At the first *etappe* the governor looked at them as though they were mad. But when the sergeant produced a document which declared that the prisoner was secret and had no form, the governor made a fuss and put them up for the night in a special cell with three bunks. He avoided all conversation with them and was so ingratiating that the sentries were confirmed in the sense of their own importance.

They approached the second *etappe,* a big one, quite confidently, with a grave, uncommunicative aspect. The sergeant merely tossed the document on the commandant's table. Reading it this fellow proved just as ingratiating and accommodating as the first.

They began to realize that they were escorting a criminal of consequence. The strangeness wore off; between themselves, they referred significantly to "him" or "it."

So they progressed inland far into the Russian empire, along the straight, beaten exiles' path, the Vladimir road.

And the emptiness, patiently marching between them, changed; now it was the wind, now dust, now the languorous, overpowering heat of late summer.

13

In the meantime along the same Vladimir road, from toll to toll, from fortress to fortress, an important order crept after them.

Yuri Alexandrovich Neledinsky-Meletsky had said wait, and he had not been far from right.

Paul Petrovich's fear passed slowly but surely into self-pity and lenity.

The emperor turned his back on the devious bushes in his garden and resorted again to the refinements of Cameron.

He had broken the spirit of all his mother's officials and generals, had shut them up in their estates. He had had to do it. But what was the result? A great emptiness formed all around.

He had hung a box for complaints and letters in front of his castle because after all he and nobody else was the father of the realm. At first the box

had stayed empty and this grieved him because the fatherland should talk to the father. Then an anonymous letter was found in the box calling him Daddy Snubnose. Threats were made in the letter.

When this had happened Paul Petrovich had looked in the mirror.

"Snubnosed, sirs, quite snubnosed," he wheezed and ordered the complaint box to be taken down.

He had undertaken a journey through this strange fatherland, that refused to confide in its father.

A governor-general who had dared to lay new bridges in his province was banished to Siberia for his pains. This was none of his mother's trips; everything had to be as it was and not titivated. But still the fatherland kept mum. On the Volga muzhiks gathered round him. He sent a lad to draw water from the middle of the river so that he could have a pure drink.

He drank this water and said to the muzhiks huskily:

"You see I drink your water. What are you staring at?"

Emptiness continued all around. He made no more journeys. In place of the box he installed more strapping sentries. However, he did not know if they were loyal, and did not know whom to fear.

He was surrounded by perfidy and emptiness.

He thought he had found the antidote; he introduced discipline and absolute subordination. The chancelleries set to work. The idea was that he merely claimed executive power. But it happened somehow that the executive power threw all the chancelleries into confusion, hence suspicion, treason, emptiness and sly submission. He pitied himself as a stray swimmer reaching empty hands out of a boiling sea—he had seen an engraving like that once.

However, he was the first indisputably lawful sovereign after long years, though there had been scandals.

And he yearned for a father to stead him, if only a dead one. Out of the tomb he dug the German half-wit, his alleged father, who had been murdered with a fork; he laid his coffin alongside that of the woman who had usurped the throne. But this was done rather to spite his dead mother. In her lifetime Paul had lived like a man who might be condemned to death any minute.

Anyway, was she his mother? He had a vague idea of the scandal attached to his birth. He had no one to call his own, not even a dead father, not even a dead mother.

He never let his mind dwell on it and would have ordered anyone who suspected him of such thoughts to be fired from a cannon.

But in such moods he enjoyed the ordinary pleasures; he even gamboled in the Chinese cottages of his Trianon. Then he became a true friend of nature; then he longed for general affection or just anybody's.

When this fit came upon him rudeness counted as frankness, stupidity as uprightness, cunning as benignity; and then his boot-black was made a count.

Yury Alexandrovich always scented changes into this mood with a sixth sense.

He waited a week, then he sensed it.

He pattered around the glass screen with discreet but cheerful steps and suddenly with the cunning that he could make sound benign he told the emperor all he knew about Second Lieutenant Also leaving out, of course, that part about the snubnose.

The emperor exploded with mirth, the laughter of a barking dog, harsh and intermittent like musketry.

The outburst perturbed Yury Alexandrovich.

He wanted to do Nelidova a favor, having reasons to wish to put her under an obligation and (a second bird with the same stone), show his omniscience. However, as a German proverb, then in vogue, had it, *"umsonst ist der Tod,"* —"only death is free." A guffaw like that might push Yury Alexandrovich down in rank at once, or even be the means of his destruction.

Perhaps this was sarcasm. But no, the emperor was helpless with laughter. He held his hand out for a pen and Yury Alexandrovich, standing on tiptoe, followed the emperor's hand:

"Second Lieutenant Also, banished to Siberia, to be brought back, promoted to lieutenant and wedded to the Fräulein concerned."

This written, the emperor walked up and down the room delighted with his own inspiration.

He clapped his hands and began to whistle his favorite tune:

"Fir grove, my fir grove,
My leafy birch grove. . . ."

and Yury Alexandrovich joined in with a luting voice, very softly:

"Aira-laira, bomba-laira"

14

A bitten dog likes to go out into the field and heal his wounds with bitter herbs.

Lieutenant Sinukhayev walked from St. Petersburg to Gatchina. He went to his father, not to ask for help, but just to make sure if he had a father in Gatchina or not, maybe not. He made no response to his father's greeting, looked round and was about to depart like someone conscious of intruding.

The medico, noticing his somewhat dishevelled attire, made him sit down and quizzed him.

"Gambling? Women?"

"I'm not alive," said the lieutenant abruptly.

The physician felt his pulse, said something about leeches and went on with his questioning.

When he learned the truth of his son's default he sat down and excitedly for a full hour wrote and rewrote a petition, made his son sign it and on the morrow went to Baron Arakcheyev to submit it with his daily report. In the meanwhile he hesitated to keep the culprit in his house and stowed him away in the hospital and marked the chart over his bed:

Mors occasionalis
(Accidental death)

15

Baron Arakcheyev was thrilled with the abstract idea of the state.

His character partook of the abstract; it lent itself to definition, it was elusive. The Baron was not vindictive, sometimes he was quite condescending. When he heard a sad story he blubbered like a baby and on his rounds through the garden would give the wench a kopek. Then, if he saw the walks were badly swept he would order her a birching. When the last stroke

had been given he would hand the child a five-kopek piece. In the presence of the emperor he felt a weakness, like love.

He liked cleanliness; but he was better pleased when he found defaults in cleanliness and order to punish; if he could find none he was secretly chagrined. He always ate salt meat instead of fresh.

He was as absent-minded as a philosopher. Learned Germans discovered that his eyes resembled the philosopher Kant's, then famous in Germany: they were of a liquid, ambiguous color and covered with a transparent film. But the baron took offense if anyone mentioned this resemblance to him.

He was stingy but at the same time he liked to shine. For this he went into the minutest details of economy. He would sit over plans and sketches of chapels, orders, images or the design of a dining table. He was enchanted by designs in which circles, ellipses and lines, entangling like the thongs of a three-tailed cat, produced a structure which could deceive the eye. He liked to deceive a visitor, or deceive the emperor; he would pretend to see nothing when someone made shift to deceive him. He was hard to deceive.

He kept a detailed account of the things used by his domestics, from the valet to the scullion; he would himself verify all the hospital inventories.

During the organization of the hospital, where Lieutenant Sinukhayev's father practised, the baron himself showed how to arrange the beds, where

Scene from the Soviet film "Tsar Wants To Sleep" based on Tinyanov's story "Second Lieutenant Also." On the scene — the funeral of the unexisted General Also.

to put the stools, where the orderly's table should be and even what size and shape the clerk's pens had to be, *viz.*, a clean quill, no tuft, in the style of a Roman *calamus*—a thin reed. For having a cut quill with a tuft the apothecary's boy caught five strokes of the birch.

Baron Arakcheyev was thrilling at the idea of the Roman state, when Dr. Sinukhayev called. He gave him a dreamy hearing. But when the doctor proffered the petition he read it through attentively and reprimanded the medico for the poor handwriting.

The doctor's excuse was that his son's hand was trembling.

"Aha, my friend, so you see," the baron replied with satisfaction. "And his hand shakes."

Then he looked at the doctor and asked:

"And when was death pronounced?"

"June 15," said the doctor hastily.

"June 15," drawled the baron, putting two and two together. "June 15.... And now it is the seventeenth," he said pointedly. "Where was the body for two days?"

He smirked at the crestfallen doctor, then glanced sourly at the petition and said:

"Irregularities. Now good day, my friend, wait."

The songster and secretary of state Meletsky took chances and often won because he could put a soft complexion on everything to match Cameron's pigments; but winnings alternated with losses as in the game of quadrille.

Baron Arakcheyev was of a different bent. He never took chances, guaranteed nothing. On the contrary, in reports to the emperor he would point to an abuse—such and such—and would request instructions, *ibidem,* what steps he should take to reform it. Meletsky risked humiliation, but the baron inflicted it on himself. For the prize, gleaming in the offing, one could endure much.

Arakcheyev wrote a formal report to the emperor that the deceased Sinukhayev had appeared in Gatchina where he had been put in the hospital. It appeared that he was alive and entered a petition to be reinstated, the same being respectfully forwarded for the emperor's consideration. Thus he wanted to show his humility; the zealous steward who asks his master about everything.

A reply soon came—to the petition and to Baron Arakcheyev.

"The former Lieutenant Sinukhayev, struck off the rolls for decease, to be refused readmittance for the same reason."

And a note was appended for Arakcheyev:

"Baron Arakcheyev. It surprises me that you, Sir, holding the rank of a general, are ignorant of the regulations. How can you send to me, direct, the petition of the deceased Lieutenant Sinukhayev, who is not even of your regiment, when it should first have been sent to the orderly room of his own regiment.

However, I remain,
Yours affably,
Paul."

Not

"Ever affably."

Arakcheyev shed a few tears; it was sad that the dead too should be reprimanded. He went to the hospital himself and ordered the deceased lieutenant to be given clean linen and turned out; his officer's uniform, service issue, to be retained.

17

By the time Lieutenant Also came back from Siberia he was well known. He was the man who had shouted "help" under the emperor's window, had been flogged, banished to Siberia, then pardoned and promoted to lieutenant. Such were the completely definite details of his life.

The commander no longer felt any embarrassment with him; he simply appointed him to the guard or orderly duty as the case may be. When the regiment marched into camp for maneuvers the lieutenant marched with them. He was a well-behaved officer, he was never noticed doing anything wrong.

The Fräulein, whose brief swoon had saved him, was overjoyed at the prospect of marriage to her precipitate lover. She put a beauty spot on her cheek; she tightened her bursting laces. When, in the church, she saw that she was standing alone, and the adjutant was holding the diadem over the empty place next her, she wanted to swoon again; but her eyes being lowered and noticing her girth she thought better of it. The element of mystery in a ceremony in which the bridegroom was invisible appealed to many in the congregation.

And after a time a son was born to Also, according to rumor the very spit and image of him.

The emperor forgot him. He was a busy man. The place of the slender Nelidova was taken by the plump Gagarina. Cameron, the Swiss cottages and the rest of Pavlovskoye were forgotten. Thick-set, soldierly St. Petersburg stood in trim brick. The epileptic General Suvorov, disliked by the emperor but tolerated because he had been at loggerheads with the late Potemkin, was startled out of his rural seclusion. A campaign drew near, because the emperor had plans. These plans were many and not infrequently overlapped.

Paul Petrovich broadened out. His figure sagged. His face became the color of brick. Suvorov fell into disfavor again. The emperor laughed less and less.

In that period looking through the regimental rolls once, he stumbled across the name of Lieutenant Also and appointed him captain; finding his name a second time he appointed him colonel. The lieutenant was a well-behaved officer. Then the emperor forgot him.

Colonel Also's life passed unnoticed. At home he had his own study, his own room in the barracks and sometimes people brought him reports and orders and never betrayed surpise at the colonel's absence.

He was already commanding a regiment.

The Fräulein felt at ease in the enormous double bed. Her husband was rising in the service, she could sleep in comfort, her growing son had good prospects. Sometimes the colonel's conjugal place was warmed by a lieutenant, a captain, or even a plain civilian; which, by the way, was the case with many colonels' beds in St. Petersburg, when their lords were campaigning.

Once when the exhausted lover was asleep she heard a board creak in the next room. The creak was repeated. Of course it was only the floor warping. But she roused the sleeper forthwith, pushed him through the door and threw his clothes after him. Then she remembered and laughed at herself.

And this, too, happened in many colonels' houses.

18

The muzhiks smelt of the wind and the women of smoke.

Lieutenant Sinukhayev looked nobody in the face. He distinguished people by their smell.

He would choose places by smell and go out of his way to sleep under a tree because the rain did not penetrate so much there.

He went on and on, never stopping anywhere.

He went through Chukhon villages like a boy's pitched stones skimming a river, almost without touching. Sometimes a Chukhon woman gave him a cup of milk. He drank it standing, then pushed on. The children hushed at their play, whitish mucus glistening under their noses. The village closed in his wake. His gait was little changed. It had loosened through walking but this shabby, unstrung, even toy-like gait was an officer's for all that, a military gait.

His routes were indiscriminate. But these routes could be defined. Deviating, making zigzags like the lightening in pictures of the Deluge, he still made circles and these circles were slowly narrowing.

That is how a year went by. Then the circle closed in on the center and he entered St. Petersburg, first rounding the circumference of the city in an exhausting walk.

Then he began to circle within the city and, as it happened, walked the same round for weeks and weeks.

He walked quickly, still with his same military, unstrung gait in which his arms and legs seemed to dangle intentionally.

The shopkeepers hated him. When he happened down Gosting Ryad they cried after him:

"Come yesterday."

"Scoot."

They said he brought bad luck and the pastrywives, to escape his eyes, gave him a pastry each by tacit consent.

Little boys, who have an excellent eye for weaknesses in all eras, ran after him and shouted:

"Stringy!"

19

In St. Petersburg the sentries at Paul's castle cried:

"The emperor is asleep!"

This cry was repeated by the halberdiers at the crossings.

"The emperor is asleep!"

And at this cry, as if by a wind, the shop doors and shutters closed, one after another, and the pedestrians hid in the houses.

This meant evening.

On Isaac Square the crowds of sackclothed muzhiks who had been taken from their villages to forced labor, doused their fires and lay down where they were on the earth, covering themselves with rags.

After the sentinels had cried "The emperor is asleep," they followed suit. On the walls of the Peter and Paul fortress one sentry walked like clockwork. In one tavern in the suburbs sat a tavern bawcock with a straw rope round his waist, drinking the tsar's wine with a cab driver.

"Daddy Snubnose won't be long now," said the driver. "I've important gents up. . . ."

The castle drawbridge had been raised and Paul Petrovich looked out of the window.

He was safe for the time being, on his island.

But there were whispers and glances in the palace which he understood, and people meeting him in the street fell on their knees before his horse with a strange expression. That was their custom but now the people fell into the mud differently, not as they had always done before. They fell too quickly. The horse was tall and the rider swayed in the saddle. He was ruling too quickly. The castle was too vulnerable, too spacious. He would have to find smaller quarters. If he did it, however, someone would notice immediately.

"I had better hide in the snuffbox," thought the emperor taking a pinch of snuff. He did not light the candle. He stood in the dark, in his nightshirt. At the window he made a count of his men. He made pauses, rejected Bennigsen, added Olsufyev.

The list did not agree.

"I've missed someone.... Arakcheyev is stupid," he said, "fawning, and vague and uncertain."

The sentry was just visible at the drawbridge.

"I must," said Paul Petrovich as was his habit.

He drummed on his snuffbox.

"I must—" he searched his memory, drummed with his fingers and suddenly stopped.

Everything that must, had been done long ago but proved inadequate. "I must imprison Alexander Pavlovich," his thoughts stumbled and he waved his hand.

"I must...."

What must he?

He got into bed and whisked under the blanket, quickly, as in everything.

He went fast asleep.

At seven o'clock he wakened with a start and remembered: he must put a simple, modest man near his person, a man who would owe him everything; he must keep him and dismiss all the others.

And he went to sleep again.

20

That morning Paul Petrovich looked through the orders. Colonel Also was suddenly promoted general. He was the colonel who did not beg for estates, did not sneak promotion behind an uncle's back, was no boaster, no grubber, did his duty without fuss.

Paul Petrovich demanded his service lists.

He pored over the paper which made it known that the colonel, when a second lieutenant, had been exiled to Siberia for shouting under the emperor's window. He had a hazy recollection and smiled. A love affair? Yes. How handy he would be now, a man who would shout "help" under his window at the right moment. He awarded General Also a manor and a thousand serfs.

On the same evening the name of General Also came to the surface. He became a topic. Someone heard the emperor say to Count Palen with a smile, the first he'd seen for a long time:

"We won't encumber him with a division yet. He's slated for higher service."

Nobody, save Bennigsen, cared to admit ignorance of the new general.

Palen squinted.

Oberkammerherr Alexander Lvovich Naryshkin remembered the general:

"Why, of course, Colonel Also.... I remember. He was gadding about with Sandunova...."

"At the Krasnoye maneuvers...."

"I remember, he's related to Olsufyev, Fyodor Yakovlevich...."

"No, count, not to Olsufyev. Colonel Also is from France. His father was beheaded in Toulon by the rabble."

21

Events moved swiftly. General Also was summoned to the emperor. The emperor was informed that the general was dangerously ill.

He groaned with vexation and twisted a button off Palen, who brought the news.

"Put him in the hospital," he said hoarsely, "Cure him. And if he isn't cured, sir...."

The emperor's footman drove to the hospital twice a day to enquire about his health.

In a large ward, behind closed doors, physicians bustled about, trembling like sick men.

By evening on the third day General Also succumbed.

Paul Petrovich was no longer angry. He looked mistily at those who brought him the news and retired to his room.

22

It took St. Petersburg a long time to forget General Also's funeral. Memoir writers preserved the details.

The regiment marched with furled colors. Thirty court carriages, occupied and unoccupied, bumped along in the rear. It was the emperor's wish. The general's insignia and decorations were carried on cushions.

Behind the heavy black coffin came his wife, leading a child by the hand. She wept.

When the procession passed Paul Petrovich's castle he rode slowly out on the drawbridge with another man to watch it; he raised his bare sword.

"My best men are dying," he said.

Then, when the court carriages had passed, he said after them:

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

23

So they buried General Also, a man who had accomplished much in his extraordinary life. He had been young; he had known love; he had suffered flogging and exile; he had fulfilled years of service; he had raised a family; he had won the favor of the emperor and the envy of the courtiers.

His name occurs in *The Petersburg Necropolis;* some historians make passing mention of him.

The Petersburg Necropolis. however, omits the name of the deceased Lieutenant Sinukhayev. He vanished without a trace, crumbled into dust as though he had never been.

Paul Petrovich died in March of the same year as General Also, officially of apoplexy.

POEMS

Emi Siao

The Hour Has Struck

I

Recall the proverb oft retold,
"Cut off the lips—the teeth are cold." [1]
Our northwest bleeds, his sword has slashed,
Shanghai he tramples unabashed;
Before the violator fall
The guarding stones of China's Wall;
Prone at his feet our naked land;
On the people's throat his bloody hand.

II

Spring blossom, student youth, up arm!
Who in this tempest can be calm!
Clench fists, stride forward, we must be
Preservers of our liberty.
With dry mouth and with drier tongue
We must taste all that war has brung,
Face ice, face fire; be bravely met
The bullet and the bayonet.
Bones will ache and throats will parch;
Nor risk nor hardship stops our march.
In Three Seas Park [2] *the very water*
Leaps in revolt. And, as the slaughter
Scythes the streets, the moon makes night
Fantasmal with its shuddering light.
Over my country pales the sky,
Bloody dews on the grasses dry.
The students corps to the war front stride
Ricebasket, canteen strapped to side.
Now knows the fatherland its sons
Who bring the fighters cheer—with guns!
Here at the gate that foemen broke
Whom have they summoned with the stroke?
Now they shall see and, shrinking, turn;
With avenging fire our whole youth burn.

---

[1] Chinese saying.

[2] Park in Peiping.

III

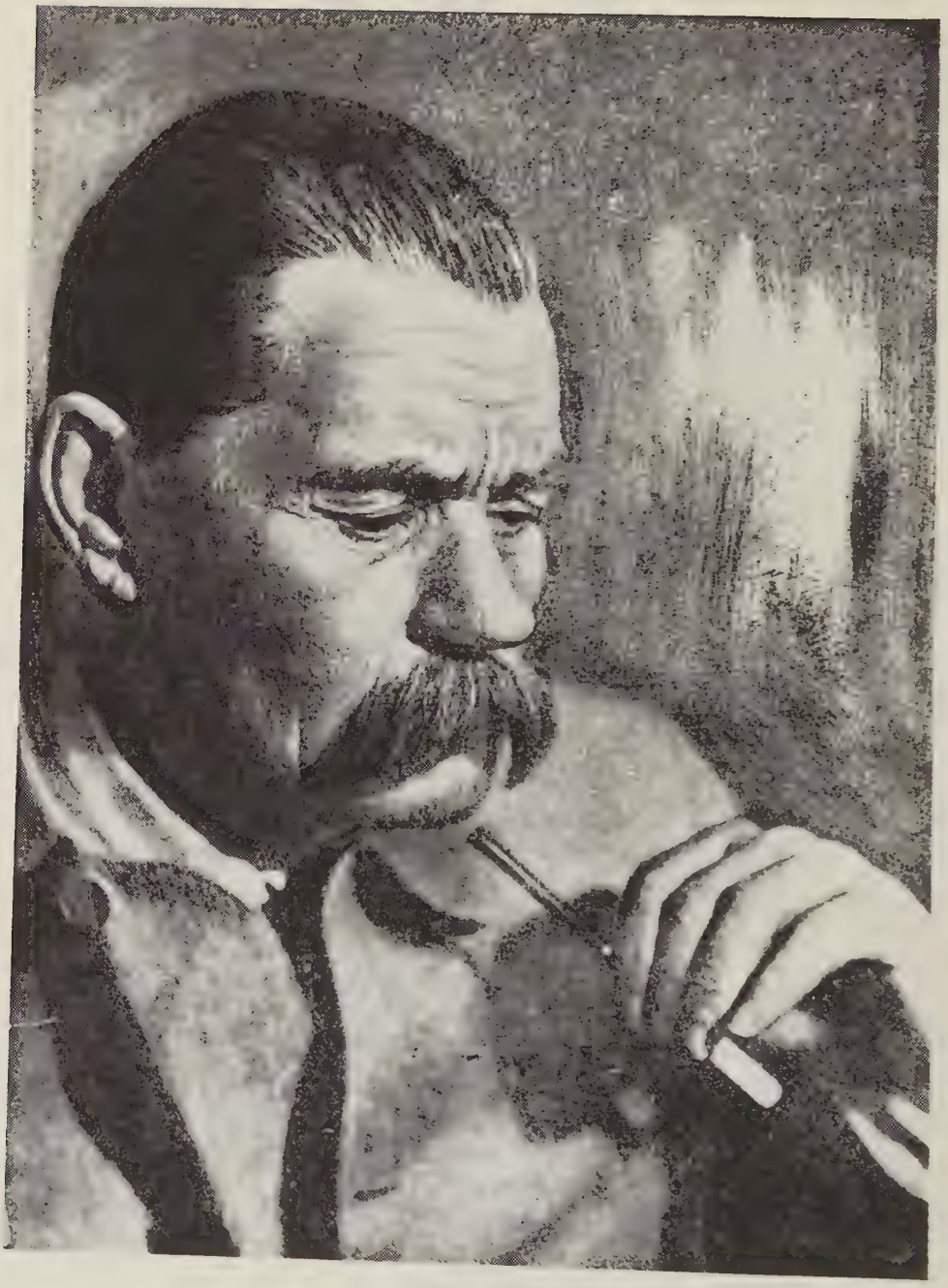
Oh shameful tale that we must tell,
How in one day to the enemy fell
The thousand year old capital,
As storied as the shattered wall.
Our Spring blossoms more than grieve;
This shame youth marches to retrieve.
Spring blossom, student youth, up, arm!
Who in this tempest can be calm!
Burning with holy wrath our youth
In battles learns and teaches truth.
At Nang Yuang the enemy shells
Pitted the earth with fiery hells.
Jan-Ai-Go, Komsomol, at their head
The student fighters charged and bled;
A Japanese bullet struck Jan dead.
He lay dying but his voice still led.
"Forward corps of steel," his cry,
"Better with honor here to die,
Than as colonial slaves to toil
Our ravished fields, our weeping soil."
Though blood like a smoking river flows,
Though heaped up death to hill height grows,
Mark well you bloody-handed ones
The millions marching, China's sons.
Though the last stone from the Great Wall wrests
We build a new wall with our breasts.
For life or death the war is on;
Your greed has death to feed upon.
With lightning kindle all the sky,
Drop thundering death from wings on high,
Your iron vultures we will kill;
You stir no fear, you forge our will!
The people's wrath will end, in flame,
The fascists and the fascist shame!
Know when our people's peace you broke
A sleeping lion you awoke.
His roar alone the jackals spurns;
Back to his lair the scavenger turns.
The people's might stills thunder,
Bows mountains; seas creep under.
Great China's living people shall
Never be colonial thrall!

English version by Isidor Schneider

Vassily Lebedev-Kumach

Lullaby

Sleep, little daughter, sleep.
Night and frost we have tied
Like restless dogs outside.
The foe we have scattered wide.
Sleep, little one, sleep.
Let the free sun be your cap;
Stretch in the motherland's lap.
Yours be singing and mirth,
Merriest blossom of earth.
Free be your spirit and hand
Child of the happiest land,
That for its daughters, lays
Equal and joyous highways.
Sleep, little daughter, sleep.
Night and frost we have tied
Like restless dogs outside.
The foe we have driven wide.
Sleep, little daughter, sleep.
Not like a moon rose this joy.
The tsar-dark we had to destroy,
Long drawn battles to fight;
Then could earth make itself bright.
Lands there are still in the dark,
Still wearing the slave's bruise and mark.
Sisters there, yours and mine
In agonized struggle entwine.
Sleep, little daughter, sleep.
Night and frost we have tied
Like restless dogs outside.
The foe we have driven wide.
Sleep, little one, sleep.
Straight will you grow and well live;
To the Red Army gratitude give;
The fatherland hold in your heart;
Be always prepared for your part.
Stalin behind Kremlin's wall,
Leader, inspirer of all,
Light that will never grow dim—
Your happiness comes from him.
Sleep, little daughter, sleep.
Night and frost we have tied
Like restless dogs outside.
The foe we have driven wide.
Sleep, little one, sleep.



DOCUMENTS

MAXIM GORKY

We publish an article of Maxim Gorky which has not appeared in the regular edition of his works. This article deals with problems of international literature and culture. It is extracts from the preface written by Gorky for the catalogue of the publications of World Literature undertaken in 1919 on his initiative. The ideas which they express acquire a special sense if one considers that this preface was composed during the most difficult year of the young Soviet Republics which were fighting for their existence against innumerable interventionists and counter-revolution, against a background of devastation and famine. The young proletarian state found the energies and the will to embark upon a prodigious cultural undertaking in which Gorky ardently participated.

World literature (1919)

It appears superfluous to argue the necessity of making a serious study of literature, or at any rate, of acquiring an extensive knowledge of it.

Literature is the heart of the world bearing all its joys and sorrows, the dreams and hopes of men, their anger and despair, the human delight over the beauty of nature and the fear its mysteries inspire. This heart throbs with restless and undying eagerness for self-knowledge; as though through its medium all forms and forces of nature, which in man have attained the highest expression of their complexity and rationality, were striving to explain the essence and purpose of their existence.

Literature may also be termed the all-seeing eye of the world, an eye whose vision pierces to the deepest secrets of the life of the human spirit. A book, a simple object, so familiar to us, is one of the greatest wonders of the world. Someone we do not know, whose language is sometimes unintelligible, who may be thousands of miles removed from us, puts on paper combinations of two dozen signs called letters, and by looking at them, we who are remote and alien to the author fathom their meaning, share his ideas, feelings and images, enjoy his descriptions of nature, admire the cadences and melodies of the words. We are moved to tears, angered, enthralled, amused. Thus we share in the life of a mind that may be akin or alien to us.

A book is, perhaps, the most complex and the greatest of all the wonders wrought by mankind on its way to future happiness and might.

There is no single world literature because as yet there is no common tongue. But all literary work, prose or poetry, is imbued with a unity of feelings, concepts and ideas shared by all humanity, with the common aspiration towards the joy of spiritual freedom, with the common sensitiveness to life's misfortunes, with the common hopes that a better existence is attainable, and, finally, with that yearning, common to all men, which eludes thoughts and words, which is barely perceived by feeling—that mysterious something upon which we have bestowed the wan name beauty and which blooms in the world and in our hearts with increasing radiance.

Besides the atmosphere and the photosphere our whole planet is encased

in a sphere of spiritual creativeness, the manifold and joyous emanation of our energy, from which is woven, fashioned and moulded all that is immortal and splendid, from which are created the great ideas and wondrous complexity of our machines, the temples and tunnels, the books, the pictures, the poems and the millions of tons of iron that span great rivers, hanging in the air with such marvelous lightness, the entire austere and charming, mighty and delicate poetry of our lives.

As we strike ever brighter sparks from the iron walls of the unknown, sparks of hope in the triumph of reason, and victory over the elements of nature and the animal element in man, we may talk with legitimate joy of the planetary significance of the great efforts of our spirit, efforts which find their clearest and most vivid expression in literary and scientific work.

The great merit of literature is the fact that by deepening our consciousness, amplifying our sense of life and shaping our feelings, it reveals to us that all ideas and actions, that the whole world of the spirit, is made of human nerves and blood.

It tells us that the Chinese Hen-Toy is as torturingly unsatisfied by sexual love as the Spaniard Don Juan, that the Abyssinian songs of joy and sadness are like the Frenchman's, that a Japanese geisha in love is quite as touching as Manon Lescaut, that the quest of a soulmate in woman was and is shared with equal ardor by men of every land throughout the ages.

A murderer is just as loathsome in Asia as in Europe, the miser Plyushkin[1] is just as pitiful as the French Grandet[2]; the Tartuffes of every country are alike; misanthropes everywhere make themselves equally miserable; and everywhere the same glamor attaches to the touching figure of Don Quixote, the knight of the spirit.

In the last analysis, all people whatever their language have the same theme: themselves and their lot.

These innumerable similarities and endless differences give us real literature, which is a living mirror of existence, sensing what it reflects; with quiet sorrow or with anger, with the good-natured grin of a Dickens, or the hideous smirk of a Dostoyevsky, the full complexity of our spiritual life, the world of our aspirations, the inexhaustible, murky pools of banality and stupidity, our heroism and cowardice before destiny, the courage of love and the drive of hatred, the full foulness of our hypocricy, the shameful abundance of falsehood, our endless travails, trembling hopes and cherished dreams—all that makes the world alive, all that throbs in the hearts of people. By observing a man with the eyes of a considerate friend or the stern gaze of a judge, sharing his suffering, laughing at him, admiring his courage, cursing his pettiness, literature rises above life and, together with science, shows people the way to attain their ends, to develop the good that is in them.

Sometimes under the spell of "objective science," literature becomes dogmatic, as when Emile Zola regards man merely as an eating apparatus constructed with "amazing crudity"; and we see how the cold despair of du Bois-Raymond affects so great a writer as Gustave Flaubert.

We should also not forget that Balzac's *Poor Relations,* Gogol's *Dead Souls,* though essentially books of a genre character, contain a great and unfading object lesson such as is not to be had even at the best university; nor does the average man receive it with such precision and clarity from fifty years of his care-ridden life.

The usual is not always commonplace, for it is usual for man to be

[1] A character in Gogol's *Dead Souls* who has become a byword for miserliness.
[2] A character in Balzac's *Eugenie Grandet* who has also become a byword for miserliness.

consumed in the hellfire of his avocation and this self-immolation is always equally beautiful and necessary, and an object lesson for those who all their lives humbly smoulder without bursting into a vivid flame, which while destroying a man, illumines the secrets of his soul.

Human error is not so typical of the art of the word and image; far more typical is the desire to raise man above the external conditions of existence, to snatch him from the chains of degrading reality, show him to himself not as slave, but master of knowledge, the free creator of life, and in this sense literature is always revolutionary.

When you examine the mighty stream of creative energy embodied in the image and the word, you feel and believe that the great goal of this stream is to wash away forever all distinctions of race, nationality and class, and after freeing men from the heavy yoke of struggle with each other, to marshal all their forces for the struggle with the unmeasured powers of nature.

This, in rough and superficial outline, is the attitude toward literature advocated by the collective on the staff of *Vsemirnaya Literatura (World Literature)*[1] organized under the auspices of the People's Commissariat of Education to publish the works of the foremost writers of England, America, Hungary, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, the Scandinavian countries, France, etc.

It will begin its task with the publication of books that appeared since the close of the eighteenth century, from the beginning of the Great French Revolution to the Great Russian Revolution. Treasures of poetry and prose written in the course of a century and a half of intense creative effort in Europe will be made available to the Russian citizen.

These books taken together will constitute an extensive historical literary compendium enabling the reader to acquaint himself with the origin, course and decline of literary schools, with the development of the technique of verse and prose, with interacting influences in literature among nations, and, in general, with the entire sweep of literary evolution in its historic sequence from Voltaire to Anatole France, from Richardson to H. G. Wells, and so on.

This series of books will appear in popular authoritative editions designed for readers who wish to study the history of literature of the period between two Revolutions. The books will be supplied with introductions, biographies of the authors, sketches of the times that produced particular schools, groups, and books, and historical annotations. It is planned to issue more than fifteen hundred of such books.

Later *Vsemirnaya Literatura* plans to acquaint the Russian people with the literature of the Middle Ages, with the literature of Russia and other Slavic countries, as well as with examples of the thought and literature of the orient, with the writings of India, Persia, China, Japan and Arabia.

At the same time we will publish a series of pamphlets for the widest distribution among the masses. These pamphlets will contain the most important writings of Europe and America and will also be supplied with biographies, notes, sociological essays, and so on.

Choosing the read of spiritual union with the peoples of Europe and Asia, the Russian people must be familiar with the peculiarities of history, sociology and psychology of those nations and peoples in accord with whom it is now seeking to build new forms of Socialist life.

[1] A publishing house in Moscow of 1919.

Literature, that living history of the exploits, mistakes, merits and misconceptions of our forbears, literature with its powerful faculty for influencing the organization of thought, softening the coarseness of instinct, and strengthening the will, must at last embark upon its epic role, the role of an inner force which firmly welds people in the knowledge of the community of their suffering and desires, the awareness of the unity of their striving to attain the happiness of a beautiful and free life.

The pamphlets will make it their purpose to acquaint the mass of readers as fully as possible with the day-to-day living conditions of the peoples of Europe and America, to show the unity and diversity of ideas, desires, and customs and prepare the Russian reader for the acquisition of the knowledge of the world and men which is imparted with such generosity by literature, and which provides a foundation for the readiest mutual understanding among peoples.

The sphere of literary creation is the International of the spirit; and in our day, when the idea of brotherhood among peoples, the idea of a social International is being clothed with reality, in our day we are bound to make every effort to hasten the assimilation of the redeeming concept of all-human brotherhood by the mind and will of the masses.

The broader his knowledge, the greater is man's perfection. The more eager a man's interest in his neighbor, the quicker the process of merging good creative impulses into a single force and the sooner we shall finish our journey to the world triumph of mutual understanding, respect, brotherhood and emancipated labor for our own benefit.

After the criminal and accursed slaughter, shamefully provoked by men besmirched by idolatry of the yellow devil gold, after the sanguinary storm of wrath and hatred, it is timely to present a broad picture of man's unity in his literary work. Many men recall all that is truly human, which people of genius and talent served, and taught the world through the centuries.

Georg Lukacz

WALTER SCOTT AND THE HISTORICAL NOVEL

The classical historical novel appeared in the beginning of the nineteenth century, about the time Napoleon was overthrown (*Waverly* appeared in 1814). Of course, there were historical novels in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and there are people disposed to interpret the medieval adaptations of ancient history or mythology as the "birth" of the historical novel; or, even to look further back for it in the literature of China or India. However, the so-called "historical novels" of the seventeenth century (de Scudery, Calprenede, etc.) are historical only in their time setting—the psychology of the characters, and even manners and customs are those of their own time.

The most famous "historical novel" of the eighteenth century, Horace Walpole's *The Castle of Otranto* also uses history as a costume: it presents unusual and curious aspects of milieu, but not an artistically true picture of a historic epoch. Before Walter Scott, the historical novel lacked historical thinking, the understanding that the peculiarities of human character have their origin in the historical singularity of the times. The great Boileau, who was critical of the historical novels of his contemporaries, attached the greatest importance to the social and psychological verisimilitude of the characters: he objected to princes of the realm being shown making love like shepherds, etc. Still, Boileau's range of vision did not extend far enough to include a demand for historical truth.

The realistic social novel of the eighteenth century played a great role in the development of world literature. By reflecting the customs and psychology of the people of its age, it advanced literature nearer to reality. However, the authors did not make it their object to depict people in the conditions of the concrete historical times. Contemporary reality is often presented in those novels with remarkable plasticity and truth to life. But it is accepted quite naively. The author never seems to ask himself the question: where and how has this reality originated? This abstract approach to historical time is reflected also in the presentation of the historical scene. Le Sage does not find it embarrassing to make Spain the background of his truthful pictures of contemporary France. Swift, Voltaire, and even Diderot laid the plots of their satirical novels outside definite place or time, though it is recognizably France and England of that time. These writers present the character of contemporary society with courageous and penetrating realism, but do not see its peculiarities as a historical phenomenon.

Essentially there is not much change to be noted in this approach even when the development of the realistic school compels the writers to bring out with increasing artistic force the specific features of their times. Take, for example, such novels as *Moll Flanders, Tom Jones,* etc. Occasionally these splendid realistic portrayals of society touch on important contem-

porary events. Consequently, the time and settings (particularly in Smollett and Fielding) are more definitely stated than in the social novels of the preceding period and in the novels of most of Fielding and Smollet's French contemporaries. Fielding was even, to a certain extent, conscious of this aspect of his writings. He calls himself a historian of bourgeois society.

In analyzing the "pre-history" of the historical novel we must discard the reactionary legend of the romanticists, that the Epoch of Enlightenment lacked a sense of history, and that it was Edmund Burke, Joseph de Maistre and other enemies of the French Revolution who first discovered the "spirit of history." It is sufficient to mention Montesquieu, Voltaire, Gibbon, and others, to show what this legend is worth.

Still, we consider it necessary to define more precisely the character of historical thought before the French bourgeois Revolution and after, to enable us to see more clearly the social and ideological soil from which the historical novel grew.

The historical works of the Epoch of Enlightenment represented in the main an ideological introduction to the Revolution of 1789. The historical conception of the representatives of Enlightenment was in many respects profound. It served, primarily, to prove the "irrationality" of the absolutist feudal order and the necessity for its overthrow; it used the experience of past history to arrive at the principles which could form the basis for the creation of a new, "rational" society. That also explains why, in their historical theory and practice, the representatives of the Englightenment movement centered their attention on the social order of Antiquity, and examined the causes of the rise and decline of the state in Antiquity.

This refers primarily to France, the country most advanced in the sphere of ideas during the Enlightenment. In England matters were somewhat different. In the eighteenth century, England passed through a profound economic change, seeing the final maturing of the social and economic prerequisites for the Industrial Revolution. *Politically,* however, England had already entered its post-revolutionary period. That is why, in the theoretical works dealing with bourgeois society, in the criticism of this society and in the elaboration of the principles of political economy, the approach to history as history was more pronounced. Here, too, a conscious and consistent application of the historical point of view is to be met with, on the whole, only occasionally. The prevailing influence in the theoretical economy of the end of the eighteenth century was that of Adam Smith. James Stuart who had a much more historical approach and who engaged in an investigation of the process itself, through which capital originates, soon fell into oblivion. Marx defines the difference between the two economists:

> "The service which he (Stuart. G.L.) rendered for the definition of the concept of capital consisted in his showing in what way the process takes place, by which the conditions of production, as the property of definite classes, become separated from the labor power. He took great interest in the *process* by which capital *comes into being* and, although *he did not clearly appreciate its economic significance* (my emphasis. *G. L.*), he regarded it as a condition for the existence of large-scale industry. He made a special study of the course of this process in agriculture. He correctly pictures the rise of manufacturing industry, as such, as a result of this process of separation in agriculture. In Adam Smith's works this process of separation is supposed to be already completed." [1]

[1] Karl Marx, *Theory of Surplus Value,* Vol. I

Failure to realize that the instinctively noted historical singularity of the times could be generalized,—this limitation had its bearing also on the place which the English social novel of the eighteenth century occupies in the history of the phenomenon under discussion. In this novel we already see the attention of the author directed to place, time, social conditions, etc., we see the literary means being worked out for a realistic portrayal of the space-and-time (*i.e.*, historical) peculiarity of people and human relationships. But in this, as in Stuart's economic theories, it was an instinct for realism that manifested itself. Neither the art, nor the economic science of the period had at that time risen to a real understanding of history as a process and of the historical past as a concrete prerequisite for contemporary society.

It was only towards the end of the Epoch of Enlightenment that the portrayal of the past began to come to the fore as a paramount problem of literature. This happened in Germany.

In Germany, the ideology of Enlightenment at first followed the road already traversed in France and England: in essential details Winkelmann's and Lessing's researches stuck close to that line. Lessing, dealing with historical drama, defined the attitude of the artist to history entirely in the spirit of the philosophy of Enlightenment: according to him, history, for a great dramatist is nothing but a "repertory of names."

However, the period of "*Sturm und Drang*" posed the problem in a new light. "Goetz von Berlichingen" marked the beginning of new flourishing of historical drama and exerted a strong and immediate influence on Walter Scott.

The conscious accentuation of the historical approach, which found its first theoretical expression in the works of Herder, was rooted in the particular conditions which obtained in Germany: in the sharp contradiction between its economic and political backwardness and the ideology of the German representatives of the Enlightenment who developed the ideas of their French and English precursors. Owing to this, the inner contradictions of the ideology of Enlightenment were more sharply revealed there than in France. But, in addition, the *specific* antithesis between German reality and the ideas of Enlightenment forced its way to the foreground.

In France and in England, the economic, political and ideological preparation for the bourgeois revolution and the establishment of their national states represented a single process. Strong as was bourgeois-revolutionary patriotism and great the works it inspired (for instance, Voltaire's *Henriade*), still, the prevailing note in the literature of these countries, when dealing with the past, was necessarily to criticise it as "irrational." In Germany, things were quite different. Here, revolutionary patriotism had to contend with the fact that the country was broken up into many separate states, and their cultural and ideological expression an import from France. The culture (and pseudo-culture) in the court circles of the small German principalities was a slavish aping of the French royal court. Thus, the petty German courts not only hindered the political national unity of Germany, but also the development of a national culture. It was therefore natural for the German brand of the Enlightenment movement to be critical toward French culture. We hear this note in German revolutionary patriotism even on occasions when the essential content of the ideological struggle was a controversy between various stages in the development of the Enlightenment (as, for instance, the struggle of Lessing against Voltaire).

That is why it was natural for German writers of that period to turn to German history. The hope for national regeneration draws strength partly from memories of past national grandeur; and the struggle for the restoration of this grandeur demanded that the historical causes of the decline and disintegration of Germany be studied and depicted in literature. That was the reason why in Germany, which for a number of preceding centuries had been only an object of historic changes, a historical approach in art became manifest sooner and in a more pronounced manner than in other Western countries, whose economical and political development was more advanced.

It was only as a result of the French Revolution, the revolutionary wars, and the rise and fall of Napoleon, that an interest for history was awakened among the *masses* throughout Europe. The masses had gained unprecedented historic experience. In the course of two or three decades, each of the nations of Europe passed through more upheavals and changes than during the preceding centuries. The fact that these changes came in quick succession lent them a particular impressiveness: they were no more looked upon as "phenomena of nature;" their social and historical character became more apparent than in the past. An example of this is furnished by Heine's childhood reminiscences in his *Book Le Grand,* where he describes how the frequent changes of government affected him. Once such impressions are combined with the realization that similar changes are taking place all over the world, there is a growing sense that history is actual, that it is a process of constant change and, finally, that it concerns each human being personally.

The quantitative accumulation of historic changes, which became transformed into a new quality, manifested itself also in the different nature of the wars of that time. Formerly, the absolutist states waged war with small armies of professional soldiers. The High Command endeavored, as far as possible, to keep the army apart from the civilian population. The Prussian king Frederick II said that war should be waged in such a way that the civilian population is not aware of it at all. "Placidity is the first duty of a citizen"—that was the war device of absolutism.

The French Revolution upset these ideas. Defending itself against the coalition of monarchic states, the French republic was compelled to create mass armies. The qualitative difference between hired troops and a mass army is primarily their entirely different attitude to the masses of the population. In creating a mass army, it becomes necessary to resort to propaganda, to convince the people of the importance of the aims and the seriousness of the causes of the given war. Propaganda was carried on not only in France. The other states were also compelled to resort to it as soon as they launched mass armies. But such propaganda cannot confine itself to explaining the issues involved. The war must be tied up with the entire life of the nation and the prospects of national development.

The life of the people is bound up with a mass army in quite a different way than with an army of professional soldiers. In France at the time, the men in the ranks were no longer walled off from the officers who formerly consisted of the nobility. The Revolution destroyed the barriers to an unlimited military career—and everybody knew it! Even in the countries hostile to the Revolution it became necessary, under its pressure, to moderate former taboos. Read the works of Gneisenau and you will see to what extent they then realized the connection between these social and military reforms and the new historic situation created by the French Revolution.

Finally, the tremendous quantitative growth of the armies and the regions affected lent war a qualitatively new significance: war now contributed to an enormous widening of the horizon. The military operations of the hired armies of the absolutist regimes had been for the most part confined to maneuvering around fortresses. Now, however, all Europe became the theater of war. French peasants fought in Egypt, then in Italy and in Russia; German and Italian auxiliaries took part in the Russian campaign; Russian and German troops, having deposed Napoleon, entered Paris. To see so much of the world had formerly been an experience which fell to the lot of individuals. Now it became possible, even unavoidable, for hundreds of thousands and millions in all walks of life, in almost all the countries of Europe.

Thus, the masses had an opportunity to realize that their entire existence is historically conditioned. The sweeping and rapid changes of this period altered the economic and cultural life of the whole French people. But the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars destroyed or altered feudal survivals also in some of the defeated countries and regions, as, for instance, in the Rhine district and Northern Italy. The difference of the Rhine district, socially and culturally, from the rest of Germany, markedly manifest during the Revolution of 1848, is a heritage of the Napoleonic period. The broad masses of the defeated countries realized that there was a connection between the social changes in their own countries and the Revolution in France. We may refer to a few literary examples where this phenomenon is reflected. Put Heine's childhood reminiscences alongside the first chapters of Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme* and you see what an indelible impression was left in Northern Italy by the short-lived French domination. As a result of the Revolution of 1789 and of the Napoleonic regime national sentiment entered the consciousness of the peasantry, the lower middle classes, etc.; they recognized the new France as *their* country, *their* fatherland, created by *their* efforts.

However, national sentiment—and, at the same time, a sense and understanding of the history of their nation—was awakened not only in France. Everywhere, the Napoleonic wars stirred up a wave of national sentiment, of national resistance against Napoleon's domination. True, as Marx says, this kind of movement represents, almost everywhere, a combination of "renascence and reaction." Thus it was in Spain, in Germany, in Russia, etc. But the struggle, for instance, for Poland's independence, was, in its main trend, progressive. In any event, no matter how great the admixture of reaction in the struggle for national renascence, it was still a genuine mass movement, and it could not help awakening in the masses an interest in history. The appeal for national independence, the appeal to national individuality, was inevitably tied up with a resuscitation of the history of the nation, with memories of past grandeur, with a protest against national humiliation.

Thus, on the one hand, in this widespread turning to history the national element was tied up with the problems of social change; on the other hand, ever increasing circles of people became aware that the history of each nation is part of world history. This growing appreciation of historical succession, of the historical origin of contemporary society, became manifest also with regard to economic conditions, with regard to the historic forms of the class struggle.

In the eighteenth century, only individual wits, critics of incipient capitalism compared the capitalist exploitation of workers with the forms of exploi-

tation prevalent in former times. This comparison brought them to the conclusion that, of all systems of exploitation, capitalism was the most inhuman (*cf.* Linguet). A similar comparison between pre-revolutionary and post-revolutionary society in France, a comparison which, from the viewpoint of economics, was insipid and of reactionary bias, later became an ideological weapon in the hands of the romanticist-legitimists who polemicized against the French Revolution and championed feudalism. As against the inhumanity of capitalism, the chaos of universal competition, the annihilation of the small by the "great," the decline of culture, owing to the transformation of all values into commodities, they glorified (as a rule, with reactionary bias) the Middle Ages as a period of peaceful cooperation among all the classes, as an epoch of the organic growth of culture. We have already emphasized the fact that in the polemical works of this nature, very often, a reactionary bias predominated. Still, it should not be forgotten that it was precisely during those years that the conception of capitalism as a historic stage of social development was formed, and that it was not the classics of political economy who introduced this conception but their opponents. It will be sufficient here to cite the case of Sismondi who, despite the confusion and muddle of his theoretical principles, brought out pointedly some particular problems of the historical development of capitalist economy; it will be sufficient to recall his words to the effect that in Antiquity the proletariat lived at the expense of society, while modern society lives at the expense of the proletariat.

From these cursory notes it may be seen that the tendency toward a comprehension of history became most pronounced during the post-Napoleonic period, during the Restoration and the Holy Alliance. However, the spirit of this, now triumphant and officially recognized, historicity was, in its very essence, reactionary and pseudo-historical. The ideal of the legitimists was a return to the pre-revolutionary social order. In other words, their aspiration was to have one of the greatest historic events of world importance stricken out from history.

According to their reactionary interpretation, history represents calm, unnoticeable, natural, "organic" growth, the kind of "development" which means stagnation. Man's activity should be entirely driven out of history. The historical legalistic school in Germany even denied the nations the right to make new laws; it wanted to leave the old and motley system of feudal common law to its own "organic growth."

Thus the struggle against the "abstract," "un-historical" spirit of Enlightenment, waged under the banner of historicity, gave rise to *pseudo-historicity,* to the ideology of immobility and of a return to the Middle Ages. Historical facts were distorted to suit the reactionary aims of this theory. But its falseness was the more apparent as the ideology of the legitimists clearly contradicted the reality which called it to life: economic necessity compelled the Restoration to establish close ties with capitalism, which by then had matured, and even to see in capitalism one of its main economic and political props. (The reactionary governments of Prussia, Austria and other countries were in approximately a similar position.) History now had to be rewritten, with a view to the new social base. Chateaubriand attempted to revise ancient history, to libel the historical prototype of the Jacobin and Napoleonic era. At the same time, Chateaubriand and other reactionary pseudo-historians created the legend of the idyllic, incomparable harmony of medieval society, which became the stock attitude in the romantic fiction of the Restoration period, dealing with the Middle Ages.

The pseudo-historicity of the legitimists, in spite of its ideological perversity, exerted a strong influence; it was distorted and false, but none the less a necessary expression of the great historic change which had begun with the French Revolution.

The new stage of development, whose beginning coincided with the Restoration, compelled the champions of human progress to forge for themselves a new ideological weapon. We know already that the Enlightenment had vigorously indicted the historical legality of the survivals of feudalism. We have also referred to the fact that the post-revolutionary legitimists saw the entire content of history in the restoration and preservation of these survivals. After the Revolution, the champions of progress had to arrive at a conception which would prove the *historical necessity* of the French Revolution, and that it was the acme of a long and gradual historical development and not at all a sudden "eclipse" of human consciousness or an "elemental catastrophe" (Cuvier); and that the future development of society was possible only along the bourgeois-democratic path.

But, as compared with the theories of the Enlightenment, there was a great change in the views on progress. Progress was no longer regarded as an essentially non-historical phenomenon, as the struggle of humanist Reason against feudal absolutist Unreason. The rationality of human progress was now deduced from the historic struggle of forces within society; history itself now came to be regarded as the bearer and the realization of the progress of humanity. The most important thing was that the decisive role of the class struggle in history and in historic progress began to be appreciated. The new approach to history was clearly manifested in the works of the outstanding historians of the Restoration period, who, in their research work, concentrated on this question. With historical data to support them, these writers endeavored to prove that the new society came into being as a result of the class struggle between the nobility and the bourgeoisie, that it was precisely these class conflicts which, in their final and decisive stage, *i.e.*, the French Revolution, proved to be the force that overthrew the whole medieval "idyll." Out of this came the attempt at a rational division of history into periods, with the object of finding a scientific explanation of the historic origin and peculiarity of contemporary reality. The first such attempt at a division of history into periods is to be found even in the days of the French Revolution, in Condorcet. In the works of the great Utopians, the division of history into periods went beyond bourgeois society. And although this step into the future, which left capitalism behind, was made along a fantastic road, still the historical-critical foundations of the teachings of the Utopians, particularly Fourier's, were connected with an annihilating criticism of bourgeois society and its contradictions. In spite of his fantastic notions of Socialism and of the paths leading to it, Fourier presented such a clear picture of the inherent contradictoriness of capitalism that the idea of the historically transient nature of this society acquired force.

This new stage in the defense of human progress in the sphere of ideas found its philosophic expression in the teaching of Hegel. As we have already seen, the central point in the new approach to history was to establish the fact that the French Revolution was a historically necessary event and that, in general, revolutions are not an antithesis of normal historic development, as was maintained by the apologists of feudal legitimism. Hegel furnished a philosophic basis for this view of history. The law of the transformation of quantity into quality, which he discovered, represents,

from the historical viewpoint, a philosophic method by which we come to the following conclusion: revolutions are a necessary, organic component part of evolution, and, without this "nodal line of measure relations" (Hegel), genuine evolution is impossible in reality and unthinkable philosophically.

Thus, the view of man, which had been entertained by the representatives of Enlightenment, was now philosophically superseded. The greatest obstacle to an understanding of history in the eighteenth century was the fact that the representatives of Enlightenment regarded the essence of man as immutable, and pictured even its most pronounced changes as merely a change of externals; they saw in such changes a moral elevation or a moral fall of man who is always the same. Hegel regarded man as a product of man, *i.e.,* as a product of his own historic activity. True, in Hegel's philosophy, the essence of the historical process is idealistically put on its head, and the bearer of the historical process is represented in the mystifying shape of a "universal spirit." However, Hegel puts into the idea of this "spirit" the real dialectics of historical development.

> "Thus," says Hegel, "the spirit in it (in history, G. L.) is opposed to himself, he has to overcome himself as a genuinely hostile obstacle to his goal: development... in the spirit... is a cruel, endless struggle against himself. What the spirit strives for is to reach the conception of himself; but he conceals it from himself, he finds pride and self-satisfaction in this divorcement from himself.... The face of the spirit is here different (from that in nature, G. L.); change takes place not only on the surface, but in the conception as well. The conception itself is here being corrected."[1]

Hegel gives here (true, in an idealistic and abstract form) a pointed characteristic of the ideological revolution which took place in his time. The thought of former centuries oscillated within the extremes of the antinomy between the conception of history as a phenomenon of fate, subject to eternal laws, and an overestimation of conscious intervention in the historical process. Both extremes of the antinomy rested on the conception of a "superhistorical" origin of principles. Hegel, on the contrary, sees in history a process which, on one hand, is moving, owing to the development of its internal forces, and, on the other hand, is extending its action to all phenomena of human life, including thought. He regards the life of humanity as a whole as a single and great historical process.

Thus it was that, both in philosophy and in concrete history, a new humanism sprang up, a new understanding of progress. This humanism strove to preserve the achievements of the French Revolution as a necessary foundation for the further development of humanity. It saw in the French Revolution (and in revolutions generally) an essential part of the progressive development of man. Of course, this new, historical humanism was a child of its age and could not reach out beyond the horizon of its times, except in the form of fantasy, of Utopias. The position of the greatest humanists of that time was truly paradoxical: they realized the need for revolutions in the past, in which they saw the formation of all that was rational and constructive in the contemporary world; at the same time they pictured future history as a peaceful evolution from this basis. They searched for constructive principles in the new state of the world, created by revolution, thinking there was no need of a new revolution for the final triumph of these principles.

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[1] Hegel. *Philosophie der Weltgeschichte* (Lassen), pp. 132, 134.

These views which took shape in the works of the last great bourgeois humanists in the spheres of philosophy and art had nothing in common with the insipid apology of capitalism of a later period and, partially, also of that time. They were based on honest research, with all the contradictions of progress laid bare. Those humanists did not recoil even from the sharpest criticism of contemporary society; and if they were unable to reach out beyond the bounds of their time even in thought, they had a constant and heavy feeling of the contradictoriness of their own historical position. Their philosophic and historical theories heralded endless and peaceful progress; yet, there is a sense of alarm running through their works; often a presentiment that humanity is passing through a short period of spiritual blossoming, and that it is the last. It is a feeling of which they were almost unconscious (or only slightly conscious), and is expressed in various forms. But that feeling is there, and is common to various thinkers and artists of that period. Let us recall the "resignation" of Goethe in his old age, Hegel's phrase that the "owl of Minerva" flies only during twilight, and, finally, Balzac's presentiment of the "day of doom," etc. Only the Revolution of 1848 confronted the people of that generation, who lived to see it, with the necessity of making the final choice: either recognize the new perspectives of the development of humanity and welcome them, even if with a tragic feeling of duality (as Heine), or descend to an apology of capitalism whose decline has begun. As Marx has shown, this latter pitiable course was taken after the Revolution of 1848 even by such outstanding men as Guizot and Carlyle.

II

Out of this social soil came the type of historical novel created by Walter Scott.

Let no one assume that, in thus drawing a comparison between the works of a writer and the philosophy of his epoch, we are taking the viewpoint of the "history of spirit"—that characteristic product of imperialist philosophy. This latter would have "cleverly" hypothesized the devious paths by which Hegel's philosophy reached Walter Scott, or discovered in some long-forgotten and insignificant writer the common source of Hegel's and Scott's historicity. Most likely, Walter Scott knew nothing of Hegel's philosophy. The conceptions of the historians of the Restoration period appeared in print later than Walter Scott's works and were formed partially under their influence. Such futilities of research, however, are an accepted form of approach, in dealing with Scott: comparisons are drawn between him and a long list of second and third-rate authors (Anne Radcliffe and others) in whose works details are unearthed to prove them to have been forerunners of Walter Scott. This, of course, does not get us a step nearer to an understanding of the *new* element which Walter Scott brought to literature generally and, particularly, to the historical novel.

The references made by biographers to various occasions on which Walter Scott might have become acquainted with the contemporary trends of historical thought have no essential value for an understanding of how the historical novel developed. They are of so much the less significance, as Walter Scott belongs to those great writers whose depth is revealed primarily in artistic images; who attain a genuine realistic comprehension of life, sometimes even in spite of personal views and prejudices.

Walter Scott's historical novels continue the line of the realistic social

novels of the eighteenth century. It is clear that he studied that literature and knew it well. However, his works differ from those novels, and his contemporaries perceived their distinctness and newness.

Pushkin wrote of Walter Scott:

> "Walter Scott's influence is felt in all branches of the literature of the time. A new school of French historians was formed under the influence of the Scottish novelist. He showed them entirely new sources, previously unsuspected despite the existence of the historical drama created by Shakespeare and Goethe."

Balzac, in his critical essay on Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme,* also drew the attention of his readers to the new artistic traits which Walter Scott brought to epic literature: broad depiction of customs and real conditions, dramatic action and, closely connected with it, a new significance of dialogue in the novel.

It was not by chance that the new, historical type of novel first appeared in England. Above, in speaking of the literature of the eighteenth century, we pointed to the most important features of realism in the English novel and defined them as an inevitable consequence of the particular situation of post-revolutionary England, as distinct from both France and Germany. But, when the post-revolutionary ideology held sway over Europe, influencing even the progressive classes and their ideologists, the influence of this ideology necessarily was particularly pronounced in England. For most of the continental ideologists, England again became the model of social development,—true, in a different sense than for the representatives of the Enlightenment.

What had attracted the Continental representatives of the Enlightenment was that, in England, bourgeois liberties had already been realized to a great extent. As for the post-revolutionary historians, they saw in English progress a classical example of gradual historical perfection in the spirit of their own teachings. England had carried out her revolution in the seventeenth century and, for a whole century now, she had been moving forward, on the basis of the achievements of that revolution, along a road of peaceful and progressive development. It was therefore natural for the post-revolutionary historians to think of England as the practical model which confirmed the correctness of their theories. To the eyes of the ideologists who defended the Restoration in the name of progress, the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688 necessarily appeared as a high ideal.

But honest writers like Walter Scott, looking closely into the real facts of history, understood that "peaceful historical development" was nothing but theory and could appear as really existing only from the bird's-eye view of philosophical thought; that the "organic" character of English history was but the result of the workings of many forces, and these forces were the big and the small, the triumphant and the defeated insurrections, the whole uninterrupted class struggle.

The relative stability of English society (as compared with the Continental countries then passing through stormy events) made it possible for the awakened sense of history to become embodied in highly artistic, objective, epic works. Walter Scott's conservatism even accentuated his artistic objectivity in the depiction of capitalism. In his world outlook Walter Scott came close to those social strata which were becoming impoverished as a result of the industrial revolution and the rapid growth of capitalism. But Scott belonged neither among those who sang enthusiastic praises to capitalism

nor among its passionate and pathetic accusers. Through historical research in the entire past of England, he tried to discover the "middle" road, to find the "mean" between the two contending extremes. English history furnished him with comforting examples: the most embittered class battles, where sometimes one and sometimes the other came out victorious, resolved, in the long run, in some "mean" spacious enough to enclose and reconcile both hostile elements. Thus, out of the war of the Saxons with the Normans emerged the English nation in which both belligerent peoples became amalgamated. Out of the Wars of the Roses the "glorious" reign of the Tudors emerged, particularly that of Queen Elizabeth. Similarly, the class conflicts which marked the Cromwell revolution, after a series of civil wars, including the "Glorious Revolution" of 1688, became neutralized in contemporary, balanced English society.

English history is interpreted in Walter Scott's novels in a way indicating a perspective for the future in accord with the views of the author. It is true, he never speaks of it directly; but it is not difficult to notice to what an extent his hopes resemble that "constructive" point of view which, as we have already observed, is to be found in the works of the great Continental thinkers, scientists and artists of that period, who bowed before the power of capitalism. Walter Scott belonged to those honest Tories who did not embellish advancing capitalism. They not only saw quite clearly but sympathized with the people in the suffering which the collapse of "Old England" brought upon them; the conservatism of these honest Tories was expressed in the fact that they did not come out in sharp opposition to the new social phenomenon, although their attitude to it was negative. Walter Scott seldom referred to his own time in his works. In his novels he did not depict the social problem then stirring England—the intensification of the class collisions between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat. When he felt the need to find an answer to the contemporary problems for himself, he gave it indirectly, in his artistic depiction of the most important stages in English history.

Walter Scott's greatness is paradoxically linked up with his, often narrow-minded, conservatism. The writer sought to find the "middle road," and he resorted to artistic means to prove the historical reality of this road by the resolution of past crises. We find this main tendency of Scott's creative work expressed in his handling of plot and in his selection of the principal characters. The "hero" of Scott's novels is invariably a rather ordinary English squire, usually a man of some, if not very great intelligence, with a practical bent, with a certain moral stamina and decency which makes him capable even of self-sacrifice, though never enlisting all of his faculties in the service of a great cause. Not only Waverly, Mortom and their like, but even the "romantic" medieval knight Ivanhoe—all these "heroes" are worthy and respectable, but mediocre representatives of the English lower nobility.

Later critics, Taine among them, attacked Scott for this selection of his heroes, regarding it as an indication of Scott's own mediocrity as an artist. However, there is not a shadow of truth in this judgment. From a biographical and psychological point of view, it is quite probable that Walter Scott's prejudices as a small nobleman strongly influenced the selection of his central figures. But that is not what is important. In constructing his novels around an "average," merely worthy and never heroic, "hero" we see the most striking manifestation of Walter Scott's great talent for epical writing, which constituted an epoch in the history of literature.

We find here, a renunciation of romanticism and a further development of the realist traditions of the epoch of Enlightenment.

Among the romanticists, even the most progressive, the protest against the humiliating dullness of capitalist reality begot the "demonic hero." This type, particularly in Byron's works, was the literary expression of the fact that in humdrum bourgeois existence the best faculties and inclinations of man had become superfluous and turned into eccentricity.

"Demonism" was a lyrical protest against the prose of life. We recognize, of course, that this protest had social roots, and that it was even historically inevitable and justified. But it does not follow from this that raising it to the status of an absolute rule for lyrical-subjective expression could turn out to be a right road to the creation of objective artistic images of reality.

The great realist writers of a later period, as, for instance, Pushkin and Stendhal, while portraying types of a romantic bent, were overcoming the influence of Byronism in a different and more profound manner than Walter Scott. They approached the study and portrayal of the eccentricities of these types from the point of view of objective history and social ethics. They even rose to a comprehension of the historical situation of their time, and thus they saw the tragedy (or tragi-comedy) of "demonic" protest as it appeared amid the social conditions which determined it.

In Scott's works the critique and renunciation of the "demonic" type did not attain such depth. Understanding or, rather, sensing the eccentricity of this type, Scott kept him out of his historical works. He endeavored to embody historic conflicts and contradictions in images of people who, in their psychology and by their destiny, remained representative of social trends and historical forces. Scott applied this same artistic principle in treating of the processes by which people become declassed, which he regarded as a social phenomenon. His comprehension of contemporary reality was not sufficiently profound to enable him to depict it realistically. That is why, maintaining, like the genuine epical writer that he was, great historical objectivity in his creative work, he shunned this theme.

All this goes to show how wrong it is to regard Walter Scott as a romanticist, unless the concept "romanticism" is so extended as to be applicable to all great literature of the first third of the nineteenth century. But, thus broadly interpreted, romanticism loses all its defining features. It is important to establish the indicated distinctions for a correct appreciation of Walter Scott, since the historical themes of his novels are closely related to the historical themes of the genuine romanticists. We shall later attempt to show that Scott's approach to these themes and the approach of the romanticists were diametrically opposed and that, accordingly, their methods of artistic depiction of history were diametrically opposed, too.

The first, immediate, expression of this contrast is to be seen in the structure of Scott's novels and in their prosaic heroes. Of course we see in this the effect also of Scott's English philistinism. Even Honoré de Balzac, his great pupil and admirer, chided Walter Scott for it. Specifically, Balzac says that, with few exceptions, the heroines of Scott's novels repeat the same type of philistine, respectable, Englishwoman, and he sees in this one of the reasons why Scott finds no room in his novels for interesting love tragedies or comedies. Balzac is quite right and his critical remarks apply not only to the treatment of love in Scott's novels. In Scott we do not find the splendid, and penetrating dialectics of character which we see in the works of the writers of the last few decades of the great school of bourgeois realism. In this respect he does not come up even to the bourgeois novel of the end

of the eighteenth century—that of Rousseau, de Laclos, Goethe. His greatest followers, Pushkin and Manzoni, surpassed him in depth and poetry in their portrayal of personalities. But this narrowness in Walter Scott does not detract from his historical literary significance. Walter Scott's power is in his ability to create living images of historical social types. The type features of man, which are the sensory, palpable manifestation of big historic currents, had never before Scott been depicted with such explicitness and precision. And, of course, never before Scott had this artistic principle been consciously adopted as a fundamental method of portraying reality.

The same may be said of his ordinary heroes. They reflect with inimitable realism both the attractive traits and the narrow-mindedness of the "middle class" Englishman. But, what is more important, this selection of ordinary people as his principal characters enables Scott to give pictures of critical transition moments in history, which, in finish and completeness, have never been surpassed. Belinsky understood this better than other critics. He analyses Scott's novels and finds that, for the most part, the secondary characters are of greater interest than the heroes. However, Belinsky sharply rebukes those who reproach him on this score:

> "This is as it should be in a work of a purely epical character, where the main personage serves only as an outer center around which the event unfolds, and where it can be distinguished only by its universal human traits which are deserving of our human sympathy: for the hero of an epic is life itself, not man! In an epic the event, so to speak, crushes man by its import, overshadows the human personality by its own greatness and vastness, turns away our attention from it by its own interestingness and diversity and by the multitude of its pictures." [1]

Belinsky is profoundly right when he stresses the epical character of Walter Scott's novels. In all the history of the novel, there are no works (with the exception perhaps of Fenimore Cooper's and Leo Tolstoy's) which are so nearly like the old epic as Scott's novels. As we shall see later, this is closely connected with his historical themes—not merely with the fact that he takes his themes from history, but with the specific character of his historical themes, *i.e.*, with the selection of such periods in history and such social strata as furnish the maximum and key material for depicting the activities and expressions of people in the spirit of the Greek epics. We shall show further on that the national character of Walter Scott as an artist is also closely linked with the genuine epical character of his themes and his method.

Walter Scott's works bear no similarity whatever to the attempts of modern bourgeois writers to revive ancient epical forms by artificial means. Scott's are real novels. Although they often go back to the epoch of "the childhood of humanity," they belong artistically to the time of the "coming of age" and of the progressing triumph of life's prose. This is of intrinsic importance for the structure of the novels and the conception of Scott's "heroes." His heroes are typical of his genre as Achilles and Odysseus were typical for the genuine heroic epic. It is precisely when the novel, as in the case of Walter Scott, comes nearest to the epic, that the difference between these two types of heroes sheds the most brilliant light on the decisive difference between the epic and the novel. The epic heroes, Hegel says, are

[1] Belinsky. *Division of poetry into genres and types.*

"complete personalities who brilliantly combine in themselves all that is distributed in parts in the national character and at the same time remain great, free and humanly splendid characters." Therefore, "such principal characters obtain the right to be placed on the summit and to regard the most important events in connection with their individual personalities." The main figures in Walter Scott's novels are typical characters of the nation, but they no longer represent the summits of generalization but only honest mediocrity.

It is easy to see how these opposed conceptions of heroes follow from the fundamental requirements of the novel and the epic. Achilles is the central figure in the epic not only by virtue of his importance in the structure of the work, but because he towers above the other characters. The central figures of Scott's novels have a different purpose. Their task is to be the intermediaries between those extremes whose conflict is the content of the novel and through whose collisions a great social crisis is depicted. In the development of the plot, the action of which is centered around the person and the destiny of this type of hero, a neutral soil is found on which the extremes of the social forces, opposing each other, can be brought to a mutual understanding of human relationship. In this Walter Scott is a marvelously nimble and resourceful master.

This modest, but inexhaustible and highly artistic resourcefulness displayed by Walter Scott has never been properly appreciated in literary criticism, notwithstanding the fact that Goethe, Balzac and Pushkin recognized in this Scott's greatness as a writer.

Walter Scott depicts in his novels big historical crises, he brings into collision social forces profoundly hostile to one another and striving to annihilate one another. Since the people representing these forces are people consumed by one passion, the danger arises that their struggle will lead to mutual annihilation which will be perceived by the reader as something external and will not awaken in him any feelings of human sympathy or compassion.

It is here that the ordinary "hero" takes up his role in the structure of the novel. Scott always chooses as his principal figure a person who, by dint of his character and destiny, involuntarily enters into personal relations with people in both hostile camps. Owing to this, he can easily become an intermediating link; the structure of the novel in this case remains natural and unconstrained.

Waverly is a country squire who comes from a family which favors the Stuarts but does not go beyond a mute and, at any rate, politically ineffectual sympathy.

Waverly comes to Scotland as an English officer. Personal friendships and misunderstandings, arising out of a love affair, lead him into the camp of the rebellious adherents of the Stuarts. His old family ties, his indecision with regard to the rebellion, owing to which he can only fight bravely, without becoming a fanatical supporter of the Stuart cause, make it possible for Waverly to keep up frank relations with the Hanoverian, *i. e.*, the king's party. Waverley's fate, therefore, lends itself to the construction of a plot, the development of which offers an opportunity not only of giving a pragmatic portrayal of the struggle between the two parties, but also of making the figures of the important representatives of both parties close objects of the feelings of the readers.

This method of structure was found by Scott not as a result of "formal searchings" and of reasoning, sophisticated "craftsmanship"; it was rooted in his great, but also limited, faculties as a writer.

Cover design of a Russian edition of "QUENTIN DURWARD" issued for children.

But there is another, even more important, significance that attaches to this principle of artistic construction. For the reader who has been brought up in the traditions of the modern historical novel, it may, at first sight, appear somewhat strange, but it is an undoubted truth that it was this property of the structure of Walter Scott's novels that made him a matchless artist when it came to the portrayal of great historial figures. In Walter Scott's works we see the most renowned people in English and French history: Richard Coeur de Lion, Louis XI, Elizabeth, Mary Stuart, Cromwell, and others. All these men and women are portrayed by Scott in their full historical stature. But he is never actuated by romantic reverence for the great of the world in the manner of Carlyle. For Walter Scott, a great historical personality is, above all, a representative of a social current which involves great masses of people. A man is great because his personal passions and his personal aims coincide with the spirit and aims of a great historic trend; the great man includes within himself the positive and negative aspects of the given trend and, owing to this, he becomes the brilliant expression and the banner of popular aspirations, whether for better or worse.

Therefore, Walter Scott never attempts to show how an historically important personality is formed. Walter Scott almost always depicts such personalities in their final shape. However, he takes care to prepare for their appearance—not on a personal psychological plane, but on an objective, socio-historical plane. Only when he has made us interested and informed participants of the events, when we have grasped the causes which divided the nation into two camps and brought on the crisis, and when we have learned the attitude of various strata of the population to the crisis, only then does the great man, the historic hero appear. He may, and even should, be a fully formed character (in the psychological sense), because he comes to perform that mission which has been reserved to him in the social conflict. But the reader does not get an impression of sluggishness and stiffness, since the broad picture of society already presented explains why it was exactly at the given time, and for the solution of exactly the given problems, that exactly this kind of hero was bound to appear on the scene.

As a matter of course, Scott applies this method of depiction not only to actual, universally known historic figures. In his best novels the role of leaders is played by persons unknown to history, semi-real or entirely fictitious characters, like Wick Ian Wor in *Waverly,* Burley in *The Puritans,* Cedric and Robin Hood in *Ivanhoe*, Rob Roy, etc. They are also represented as monumental historic figures and depicted in accordance with the same artistic principle as employed in the depiction of famous people who actually existed. The democratic nature of Walter Scott's art is here manifested in the fact that the figures of such fictitious leaders, who are closely welded with the people, are endowed in his novels with even greater historical eminence than the figures of actual kings and military leaders.

How is it that this vivid depiction of the historic significance of great people goes hand in hand with the secondary role they play as characters in the structure of Scott's novels? Balzac grasped this artistic secret of Walter Scott's and defined it as follows: The events in the novel proceed along their course towards the arrival of the hero in the same way as in real history the hero was brought on the scene by the course of real events which required his appearance. Therefore, the reader witnesses the social genesis of the great historic figures, while the author's task consists only in seeing to it that the heroes act as real representatives of social forces.

Scott shows how great people are begotten by the contradictions of an epoch, and he never deduces the character of an epoch from the character of its outstanding representatives, as the romantic hero-worshippers are wont to do. That is why it is natural that great people cannot really be the central figures of his novels: a broad and comprehensive image of an epoch and its very essence can be elicited from the depths of life itself and portrayed in its outward manifestations only in pictures of the everyday life of the people, of the joys and sorrows, waverings and vehemences of "average" people. An outstanding historic personality expressing a whole social current must, of necessity, express it on a certain height of an abstract idea. In the very process of showing the complex intertwining of the life of people Walter Scott succeeds in bringing to light the essence of the epoch which the leading historic personality is to express in an abstract form of theoretical generalization and embody in a historically great deed.

Cover design of a Russian edition of "OLD MORTALITY".

In this respect the original structure of Scott's novels furnishes an interesting parallel to Hegel's philosophy of history. Here, as in Hegel's philosophy the "world-historical individual" emerges on the broad basis of the world of "sustaining individuals" (*"erhaltende Individuen"*); here, as there, the func-

tion of the "world-historical individual" consists in informing people of their own desires.

("*Erhaltende Individuen,*" in Hegel's philosophy, is a general characterization of people of "bourgeois society" and its constant self-reproduction in the activity of these individuals. The basis is the personal, private, egoistical activity of individual people. It is in and through this activity that the social entity realizes itself. This activity is the basis for "the preservation of common life." But Hegel does not conceive of society only as such self-reproduction and stagnation; society is in the stream of history. The new opposes itself to the old; changes are "connected with the humiliation, break-up and destruction of the preceding form of reality." Great historic collisions occur. In these collisions the role of conscious bearers of historical progress [the "Spirit," according to Hegel] is performed by "world-historical individuals," but only in the sense that they lend consciousness and give clear direction to the already existing social movement. We consider it particularly important to stress this aspect of Hegel's conception, since, notwithstanding Hegel's idealism and his exaggeration of the role of "world-historical individuals," we see in it an opposition to romantic hero-worship.)

Hegel writes:

> "This concealed spirit who knocks at the entrance to modernity,—he is still underground, he has as yet not become mature for the present modern existence and he wants to come out: the modern world is for him only a shell containing not that core which would fit this shell." [1]

Walter Scott handles the personal qualities of his historic personages in such a way that they really include within themselves the most vivid positive and the most vivid negative aspects of the depicted movement.

Thus, for instance, Burley's straightforward heroic fanaticism which does not retreat before anything represents the highest embodiment of the spirit of the revolutionary Scottish Puritans while the curious mixture of the French court style with that of the clan patriarchate in the figure of Wick Ian Wor splendidly conveys the reactionary (but at the same time closely related to the backward section of the Scotch people) aspects of the movement which attempted the restoration of the Stuarts after the "Glorious Revolution."

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1 Hegel. *Philosophie der Weltgeschichte,* pp. 132 and 134.

Mark Serebryansky

THE SOVIET HISTORICAL NOVEL

As the history of literature shows, the main themes of the outstanding historical novelists have always been those dealing with the class struggle, with broad mass movements, with violent social conflicts, with epochs of wars and revolutionary movements.

The flourishing of the historical novel in the twenties and thirties of the nineteenth century was due to certain historic factors: the French Revolution, the epoch of the Napoleonic wars, the stormy period of the development of capitalism, the rise of the national consciousness of the bourgeoisie.

Writers turned to the past in search of an answer or consolation, or a prop amid the crowding and shifting jungle growth of capitalist relations. Walter Scott is an example.

The Soviet historical novel has important characteristics which mark it off as a fundamentally new phenomenon in literature. The class background of the depicted historical events is revealed in a new way. Behind the characters the social relationships of the epoch and its specific historical peculiarities are clearly discernible. The merit of Soviet writers of historical novels is their materialist conception of the history of society as the history of the class struggle. Closely connected with this approach to the past is the ideological and artistic evaluation of the role played in history by the masses of the people, which sharply distinguishes the Soviet historical novel from the aristocratic and bourgeois historical novel.

We find in the Soviet historical novel those features which are characteristic of Soviet literature in general. The former historical characters are superseded: it is no longer the bourgeois, the aristocrat, or the type of the "useless person," who holds the center of the stage, but the proletarian, the peasant, the representative of the new world. This idea of the role of the toiling people in history ran like a red thread through Gorky's report at the First All-Union Writers' Congress, a splendid analysis of the gallery of characters and literary types in the literature of the nineteenth and preceding centuries.

Lenin, in speaking of the role of the peasantry in the bourgeois revolutions, quotes the following passages from Engels:

"Curiously enough, in all the three great bourgeois risings (the Reformation in Germany and the Peasants' War in the sixteenth century, the English Revolution in the seventeenth century, the French Revolution in the eighteenth century), the peasantry furnishes the army that has to do the fighting; and the peasantry is just the class that, the victory once gained, is most surely ruined by the economic consequences of that victory. A hundred years after Cromwell, the yeomanry of England had almost disappeared. Anyhow, had it not been for that yeomanry and for the *plebeian* elements in the towns, the

[1] *Pravda,* March 7, 1936.

bourgeoisie alone would never have fought the matter out to the bitter end, and would never have brought Charles I to the block. In order to secure even those conquests of the bourgeoisie that were ripe for gathering at the time, the revolution had to be carried considerably further—exactly as in 1793 in France and 1848 in Germany. This seems, in fact, to be one of the laws of evolution of bourgeois society." [1]

But it is precisely this aspect of the historic events of the past, that is to say, the role played by the plebeian element of the towns and the peasantry, that is least represented even in the best historical novels of old. The historical genre most distinctly reflects the intellectual narrowness of the old literature, the limits of its realism. And for a good reason, too.

With rare exceptions, the people itself and its heroes never were, nor could they be, the protagonists even in the best works of classical literature. Very few of the greatest writers of the past rose to such heights of historical foresight as to discern in the toilers the future emancipators of mankind from the evils and disasters of a society based on private property.

The great Russian revolutionary democrat and critic of genius, Dobrolyubov, wrote that though some works "do deal with subjects directly relating, and of interest, to the people, such subjects are dealt with, not from the point of view of common justice, not from the point of view of humanity, of the people, but invariably with a view to the private interests of one party or another, of one class or another." It goes without saying that Dobrolyubov refers to those classes or parties whose interests are at variance with, or opposed to, the interests of the people.

"What is bad," Dobrolyubov went on to say, "its that among the scores of various parties represented in literature, there is practically never a party of the people to be found. Thus, for instance, there are many histories, written with great talent and mastery of the subject, both from a catholic and rationalistic viewpoint, from a monarchist and liberal viewpoint, and from other viewpoints, too many to enumerate. But have there appeared in Europe many historians of the people, who would see events from the viewpoint of what is best for the people, who would look into the question of what the people gained or lost in a given epoch, what was good and what was bad for the masses, for people in general, and not for a few titled personages, conquerors, military leaders, and the like?"

Time and the proletarian revolution have modified these observations of Dobrolyubov's but in essence they remain true. Dobrolyubov rightly believed that only when a system will prevail, under which the toilers will cease to be an oppressed class, will the masses and their basic interests become the literary subject matter.

II

The Soviet historical novel is performing a task similar to that of Marxist historical science: it is removing from the history of popular movements legend, inventions, deliberate distortions, with which quite a number of literary works on historical themes are "embellished."

In addition to Pushkin's novels, we may mention one of the few works of the literature of the past, which most closely approach the historical novel,

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[1] Quoted in Lenin, *Collected Works,* Russian edition, vol. XII, pp. 210-11; from Engels, *On Historical Materialism,* his English Introduction to the pamphlet *Socialism: Utopian and Scientific.* See Karl Marx, *Selected Works,* English edition, Vol. I, pp. 404-05.

that can be said to represent the people, where talent and absorption in the historical material get the better of the personal views and sentiments of the writers. We refer to *The Legend of Till Ulenspiegel and Lamme Goedzak and Their Heroic, Gay and Glorious Adventures in Flanders and other Countries,* by the Belgian writer Charles de Coster, the hero of which is a profound artistic generalization of the spirit and the will of the people.

Bourgeois criticism has ignored the revolutionary, democratic aspects of this book.

Till Ulenspiegel represents the spirit of the people. The gay industrious and buoyant Till is the image of the popular hero who has sprung from the great tribe of the toilers.

Not every historical novel must necessarily deal with the actions of the masses of the people. Marx and Engels found fault with Lassalle's historical drama *(Franz von Sickingen)* not because its central character is the knight, the representative of the moribund class, but because Lassalle placed the knights' Lutheran opposition above the plebeian Muenzer opposition. Hence the ideological errors of the play and its lack of realism.

The Soviet historical novel enjoys the advantages deriving from the new social relationships prevailing in our country. It is permeated with anti-proprietary tendencies, and, in the depiction of the past, this circumstance also contributes to the revelation of the real motives for the actions and the psychology of whole classes.

The modern attitude to the past is manifested in the Soviet historical novel not only in the choice of subject, but also in the artist's conception of history.

The genealogy of the Revolution—that is the content of the best productions of the Soviet historical genre. By exposing the shams and legends of bourgeois and aristocratic literature and science, the Soviet historical novel becomes a weapon in the class struggle. Presenting the heroic pages of our country's past, it explains to the reader why it is that only in our time and only under the leadership of the Party of Lenin and Stalin has it become possible for the age-long struggle of the toilers to end in the victory of Socialism.

The bourgeois historical novel made its appearance in that epoch, when the ideas of nationalism were in line with the interests of growing capitalism. This was the soil in which the bourgeois historical novel flourished. In the Soviet historical novel we find other processes reflected. Its basis is the idea of a Socialist fatherland, the propaganda of proletarian internationalism, of the revolutionary class struggle, the production in literature of popular movements and of the struggle of the toiling masses against their oppressors throughout the entire history of mankind.

The works of Soviet novelists producing heroic pages of the past of the Great-Russian people and other peoples inhabiting our great country cannot but be filled with love for the country.

The nationalism of the representatives of bourgeois ideology is expressed in the exaltation of one's "own" nation at the expense of other nations. In our works of art, the ideas of fatherland and Soviet patriotism are essentially international. The Socialist world outlook and Soviet patriotism are based on amity among nations, on the solidarity and fraternity of the workers of the world.

That is why we say that genealogy of the Revolution is the main theme of the Soviet historical novel, whether it be in Russian, Ukrainian, Georgian, Belorussian [1] or in any other of the languages of the multi-national literature of the U.S.S.R.

[1] The language of Belorussia, called also White Russia, one of the national Republics of the Soviet Union.

III

Soviet literature dealing with historical themes has been developing along two main lines.

Along one lie the works dealing with popular mass movements.

These include Chapygin's *Stepan Razin and Idle People,* Storm's *The Story of Bolotnikov* and *The Labors and Days of Mikhail Lomonosov,* and Pavlenko's *Barricades,* a novel on a theme from the history of the West European proletariat.

Somewhat apart from this group of novels is Tolstoy's *Peter I* which also deals with the theme of popular movements.

On the other line lie historical biographical novels—works mainly concerned with the personal and social destiny of individual heroes. They include primarily the fiction, long and short, of Yuri Tinyanov and Olga Forsh.

The two volumes of *Peter I* represent the best of what Alexei Tolstoy has written since the Revolution. But even his older works (the novels *The Lame Squire* and *Odd Fellows,* and certain of his stories), in which the theme of the break-up and deterioration of the manorial nobility's mode of life was treated, had the distinguishing merit that they did not merely and only describe facts. The satirical touches in the depiction of the degenerate nobility set Tolstoy apart even in that period from Bunin, Zaitsev and other writers treating the same themes.

What is of particular interest in Tolstoy's *Peter I* is that it represents a new stage in the writer's work, marking a profounder comprehension of the processes of history. *Peter I* signifies not an escape from the revolutionary present but a closer approach to it.

Tolstoy's impressive realistic talent is manifested in this novel. The source which feeds Tolstoy's creative energy is the new sense of history as a process of the class struggle. One of the merits of the novel is that it makes little effort to reproduce the minutæ of everyday life. The high degree of realism characteristic of *Peter I* is attributable to its organization around a central idea.

Tolstoy's approach to the past is materialistic. He depicts Peter as a statesman consciously pursuing definite political objects. Peter knows what social forces he must rely on in order to transform the Russian empire into a great power. Peter saw that the way to achieve this goal is to develop technique, industry, the productive forces of the country. But Tolstoy draws Peter's path too much as a straight line, noticing mainly the external obstacles put in his way by the boyars, the champions of the past, and not noticing the serious internal contradictions which manifested themselves in Peter's activity, in the content and direction of this activity.

Peter I has been justly considered as an important event in Soviet literature. The best features of Tolstoy's talent are manifested in this novel more than in any other work of his. His expressive language is not encumbered with archaisms and stylization. For the purpose of emphasizing the peculiarities of the old Russian speech and distinguishing it from modern speech, Tolstoy intersperses in his dialogue occasional words, ideas and terms characteristic of that epoch, but only to the extent necessary for effective character portrayal.

Still, a thorough depiction of the epoch would require a stronger accentuation in the novel of certain of its aspects, particularly those bearing on the peasant movement. This is the characterization of Peter's activity and of his epoch given by Comrade Stalin in 1931.

"Peter the Great did a great deal for the elevation of the landlord class and for the development of the incipient merchant class. Peter did very much to create and consolidate the national state of the landlords and merchants. It must also be said that the elevation of the landlord class, the encouragement given to the incipient merchant class and the consolidation of the national state of these classes took place at the expense of the serf peasantry which was skinned thrice over."

There is no need to dwell at length on the various characters in Tolstoy's novel. *Peter I* belongs to those works which have an additional interest for their reflection of the mental processes going on in the author himself. It is a document of the creative reorientation of a great artist who has adopted the position of the materialist conception of history, the position of Socialist realism.

The historic material of *Peter I* served Tolstoy as a bridge to modernity.

If we were to formulate the main interest of Tolstoy's work in general terms, we might say in short, that it was to explain to himself and to others the philosophy of Russian history, the paths of Russia's social and historic development. In all of Tolstoy's main works we find that the artist's interest in social problems predominates over his interest in the psychology of the individual.

Tolstoy's realism rests in the depiction of his characters as social agents. We clearly discern the social meaning underlying the arguments, emotions and actions of the characters. Tolstoy shows the connection between the outside world and man's soul with clarity and conviction.

Chapygin's novel, *Stepan Razin,* depicts the magnificent sweep and stern spirit of the peasant uprising in Russia in the seventeenth century.

In his interview with the German writer Emil Ludwig, Comrade Stalin said:

"We Bolsheviks always took interest in historical personalities such as Bolotnikov, Razin, Pugachev, etc. In the actions of these people we saw reflected the spontaneous anger of the oppressed classes, the spontaneous uprising of the peasantry against feudal tyranny. We have always been interested in studying the history of the first attempts at such uprisings on the part of the peasantry . . . . Isolated peasant uprisings, even when they are not so unbridled and unorganized as was Stenka Razin's, cannot bring any serious results. Peasant uprisings can result in success only if they are combined with workers' uprisings, and if the workers lead the peasant uprisings. Only a combined uprising, with the working class at its head, can lead to the goal."

Chapygin correctly sees the fate of Razin's spontaneous uprising which cannot possibly expect any assistance of the kind which the peasantry of our times received from the Socialist movement of the proletariat. With no proletariat to lead it, Razin's movement, spontaneous and unorganized as it was, was doomed to defeat in the fight against the well-armed enemy, the state apparatus of the feudal nobility with the foreign mercenaries and "military experts" in its service. (The role played by foreign condottieri in the history of Russia was ignored by the old novelists.)

At the same time A. Chapygin shows that, notwithstanding the difficulties of the struggle and the inferiority of their forces, popular uprisings, like the one led by Razin, could not help flaring up, so intense was the anger of the people, so great their indignation, so incredibly heavy their oppression.

Out of the doomed struggles rose heroes whose exploits the people cherishes in its memory. With each page of the novel the gifted author makes clear to the reader why this struggle which ended so sadly was not fought in vain.

Stepan Razin's death did not destroy the sentiments of revolt, nor extinguish the hatred of the people for the tsar and the boyars; the concluding scenes of the novel vigorously express this concept.

As with Chapygin, Storm's hero in his *The Story of Bolotnikov* personifies the democratic element in the seventeenth century. Tens of thousands followed Bolotnikov. Storm emphasizes the fact that the aims of the masses participating in an important social movement always go far beyond the aims of other participating groups—in the given case, the noblemen's groups which sought to utilize Bolotnikov's movement for their own ends. Storm gives a true representation of Bolotnikov's political aspirations as well. To free the "common people" from every form of bondage and from the power of tsars and boyars—that was what Bolotnikov aspired to.

In many respects—in its language, in the stylization, in the decorativeness which somewhat characterizes the writing—*The Story of Bolotnikov* reminds one of *Stepan Razin.*

Storm's *The Labors and Days of Michael Lomonosov,* written in the form of an episodic chronicle, is in a different vein. It is the story of a Russian peasant genius who, by persistent and bitter struggle, succeeded, under the conditions of the serf system, in attaining the heights of the culture of that time, becoming the first Russian academician and encyclopaedist and the founder of Russian science and Russian literature.

Yuri Tinyanov and Olga Forsh are concerned with the problems of culture and personality, history and the individual and the relationship between art and society in periods of sharp social conflicts.

In Tinyanov's works, historic events are reflected in the psychology of some one individual. *Kyukhlya,* Tinyanov's first successful novel, deals with the Decembrist poet Kuechelbaecker. It lays no claim to a complete presentation of the Decembrist movement. Nor does he go into an analysis of the political tactics of the Decembrists. He gives only a sketchy description, and that in passing, of the internal contradictions which characterized the Decembrist movement. But Tinyanov uses the tragic figure of the Decembrist poet Kuechelbaeker as a point of departure for his depiction of the psychological tragedy of people whom the course of events placed between two irreconcilable social camps. This is the main theme of the novel, and one feels its truth in Tinyanov's unfolding. The tragedy of Kuechelbaeker and his friends is that they fear a popular insurrection, that they hold a middle position between the tsar and the people.

In Tinyanov's later works—in his *The Death of Vazir-Mukhtar* and his historical tales—we find a departure from his earlier realistic method of portraying the past and a tendency towards an erroneous explanation of history, towards anti-historical conceptions. In *Kyukhlya*—even if only in passing—Tinyanov showed us the representatives of the people: the sailors, soldiers and workers on Senate Square, those forming the background in which one can divine the future, the historic perspective. But in *The Death of Vazir-Mukhtar,* though a masterly piece of writing, there is practically no historical perspective at all. Realism clashes with conventionality and symbolism, the individual scenes which are truthfully depicted are in conflict with the general ideological tendency of the novel. The conflict between the epoch and the individual is presented as an insoluble contradiction.

However, Tinyanov's latest work bears evidence of the fact that the author himself has realized the weak points of *The Death of Vazir-Mukhtar* and has overcome them. Tinyanov's excellent novel on Pushkin marks a new stage in his creative activity. Here, the realist method prevails, and turns out to be marvelously fruitful. This novel is the first important work dealing with the great Russian poet.

Olga Forsh's novels *The Contemporaries* (on Gogol and his contemporary, the painter Ivanov), *Clothed in Stone* (the tragic story of the revolutionary Weidemann), *Jacobin Ingredient* and *The Landlady of Kazan* should be regarded as stages in the process of an ever increasing penetration on the part of the author into the history of the past. Olga Forsh has been showing increasing firmness in adopting the positions of Socialist realism.

Jacobin Ingredient and *The Landlady of Kazan* are the first two parts in a trilogy dealing with the forerunner of the Decembrists, Radishchev.

Radishchev's was a tragic fate. But Forsh depicts this tragedy of a revolutionary in optimistic tones. She shows Radishchev's deep concern for the sufferings of the people and the inspiration he derived from the people's cherished hopes. In the people he saw the force to which the future was to belong. When the Pugachev uprising was crushed, Radishchev realized that the will of the people had not been broken, their age old hatred of the feudal landlords had not abated. This motif is brought out in the novel. Radishchev's conversations with peasants after the defeat of Pugachev show him that a new uprising is inevitable; the sentiments of the peasants serve to strengthen Radishchev even more in his conviction of the necessity for a radical change of the social system. Pugachev himself is portrayed with realistic simplicity free of distorting "embellishment." Pugachev reflects soberly on his failure. He understands that it is not he alone that matters, but the masses who have followed him. "What if they chop off my head, if they tame my black beard? There will be plenty of new black beards." Hence the courage displayed by Pugachev on the scaffold; hence his realization that the rout of his movement does not mean a complete triumph for the oppressors.

Forsh gives a vivid picture of the progressive milieu in which Radishchev mixed and of the conditions under which the representatives of revolutionary thought carried on their work.

It is at a sumptuous court celebration on the occasion of the victory over the Turks, but still more on the occasion of the defeat of Pugachev, that the idea occurs to Radishchev of writing his famous *A Journey from Petersburg to Moscow,* which was destined to survive as a remarkable monument of the history of Russian revolutionary thought.

The value of *Jacobin Ingredient* and *The Landlady of Kazan* is still further enhanced by the fact that it is in these works that Olga Forsh first portrays mass movements. Although the story of Pugachev is here still relegated to a position of secondary importance, Olga Forsh depicts the figure of Radishchev in a close connection with the peasant rebellion and not isolated from it. Therein is the force and the truthfulness of her historical novel.

What if Radishchev's is a tragic fate—it is an "optimistic tragedy." The work of the best representatives of the revolutionary intellectuals of the past has not been in vain, for they had linked their fate with the cause of the toilers and oppressed, with their revolutionary struggle which, in our time, resulted in complete victory brought about by the Party of Lenin and Stalin.

We must dwell, in conclusion, on the novel *Barricades* by the gifted writer Pavlenko, which is one of the first works in Soviet literature, dealing with a theme taken from the history of the West European proletariat.

The revolutionary experience of the Soviet proletariat helped the author toward a profound insight into the sweep and spirit of the struggle waged by the Paris Communards. In the characters of *Barricades* we find the heroism of revolutionary Paris revealed vividly and convincingly. We see also the mistakes for which Marx sharply criticised the Communards.

It was not Pavlenko's purpose to give a detailed description of the sublime and tragic events of 1871. What we have is the exciting image of the new world which opens up before the people of Paris, we see the force and revolutionary novelty of the feelings, emotions and ideas born of the victory of the Communards. The revolution is presented not in battle scenes but in the sentiments of people, in their perceptions in which we hear the ring of that optimism and that will for living which even the terror of the Versailles bourgeoisie could not break. The last words of the sign-painter Rastoul, written in coal on a tombstone: "Do not look for us among the dead!" is a call to victorious new battles. We hear the echoes of the revolution in the bookshop of Thibault (Anatole France's father) where writers and artists foregather. Those who disapprove of the revolution are opposed by the artist Buisson and the singer Helene Roche. These friends of the proletariat are carried away by the sweep of the insurrection and its spirit. They find it in them to understand the revolution and they definitely take its side. Influences of Pavlenko's novel are perhaps to be found in a later marvelous work dealing with the Commune, *Les Massacres de Paris,* by Jean Cassou.

The theme, "Intellectuals and the Revolution," which was characteristic of an entire stage in the development of Soviet literature, is to be found in the historical novel, too. It is there either as the main problem, as in the works of Yuri Tinyanov and Olga Forsh, or as a problem hidden beneath the surface of the work.

As we know, the turn of Soviet writers to Socialist themes marked at the same time a termination of the theme, "Intellectuals and the Revolution," as they had conceived of it. Leonov's *Sot*[1] and *Skutarevsky,* Marietta Shaginyan's *Hydrocentral,* Valentine Katayev's *Time, Forward,* Malyshkin's *Sevastopol*— all signified that for most of the writer intellectuals the question of their active participation in building the new life and the new culture had been settled. This turn found its reflection also in the treatment of historical themes.

At first glance it may seem that the solution of the problem of the writer's place "in a workers' order" has no bearing on Tolstoy and his novel *Peter I.* But that is only superficially so. The victory of Socialism has shown Tolstoy the logic of historical development, of which the order of the proletarian dictatorship is a natural result. The intellectuals, the masters and workers in the sphere of culture, now clearly see their role and the task before them. They see the unprecedented possibilities which could open up before them only under the conditions of the Socialist system.

The present has its place, or should have its place, in the Soviet historical novel primarily as a *point of view,* as furnishing a correct, Marxist, conception of the historic process. It is only owing to this conception, to the materialist view of history that our authors are enabled to portray the truth of the past, the truth of historic reality. It is the Socialist, Marxist-Leninist view of history which can be instrumental in making a historical novel useful for us, for our epoch. For, it is only the Marxist world outlook and the method of Socialist realism which make it possible to reveal in what relation any given historic fact or event of the past stands to our own times. And it is

[1] Published in America under the title *Soviet River.*

significant that in Soviet literature the historical novel is beginning to flourish with particular exuberance. Everything here favors it. In our conditions the educational role of the historical novel is determined by the fact that it reveals the present-day struggle for Socialism as *historically succeeding* the revolutionary movements of the past. We have already said that, if we were to define briefly the path which the historical *genre* in Soviet literature, not only in Russian but in the languages of the other nationalities as well, should follow in its development, the path should be the study of the "genealogy of the Revolution," of artistic mastery of the revolutionary experience which the peoples of the Soviet Union have accumulated in the course of the ages. This is the *central and decisive problem* which the Soviet authors of historical novels are called upon to solve. The importance of the historical *genre* is so much the greater as there is a particularly strong and growing desire among the masses for a knowledge of history, which is also referred to in the well-known decisions of the Party and the Government on the methods of teaching history in the U.S.S.R. Besides, the artistic depiction of the past by the method of Socialist realism furnishes an excellent weapon for the struggle against the bourgeois falsifiers of historical science. In this respect, the creative experience of Soviet literature can be of considerable aid to revolutionary writers abroad.

In his report at the Seventh Congress of the Communist International, Comrade G. Dimitrov gave the following brilliant characterization of fascist experimentation in the sphere of history:

"The fascists are rummaging through the entire *history* of every nation so as to be able to pose as the heirs and continuators of all that was exalted and heroic in its past, while all that was degrading and offensive to the national sentiments of the people they make use of as weapons against the enemies of fascism. Hundreds of books are being published in Germany which pursue only one aim—to falsify the history of the German people and give it a fascist complexion.

". . . In these books the greatest figures of the German people in the past are represented as having been fascists, while the great peasant movements are set down as the direct precursors of the fascist movement."

Comrade Dimitrov says further:

"... We are concerned with every important question, not only of the present and the future, but also of the past of our own peoples."

"Communists," says Comrade Dimitrov, "who suppose that all this has nothing to do with the cause of the working class, who do nothing to enlighten the masses on the past of their own people, in a historically correct fashion, in a genuinely Marxist, a Leninist-Marxist, a Leninist-Stalinist spirit, who do nothing to *link up their present struggle with its revolutionary traditions and past*—voluntarily relinquish to the fascist falsifiers all that is valuable in the historical past of the nation, that the fascists may bamboozle the masses." (G. Dimitrov, *The Working Class Against Fascism,* pp. 85-6).

Comrade Dimitrov's words furnish a basis for defining the artistic problems facing revolutionary writers. They are an important contribution to the definition of the principles forming the basis for the folk tone in Soviet literature, and they also point to the importance of literary works on historical subjects. In our country of victorious Socialism the interest in the revolutionary past is natural and logical.

The above is a summary of M. Serebryansky's book, *The Soviet Historical Novel.*

My Jumps

AT THE EDGE OF THE STRATOSPHERE

Winter was drawing to a close. March had come, with its grey skies and slushy snow. It was high time to wind up the long training period. Soon the spring thaw would make the roads impassable and that might delay my plans till summer.

I decided to make a final test flight and try for a maximum altitude. I could already climb to 6,000 meters without any strain, but I planned to jump from a considerably greater altitude. So I had to rise still higher and inure myself to the new conditions.

I sat in the rear cockpit, sweltering in my fur-lined flying togs and thick helmet. The pilot Skitev was aware of my plight and steering for the runway he demanded that we take off immediately. The signal was given but several planes were in line ahead of us and we were the last to take off. For the first fifteen or twenty minutes I still suffered from the heat but by the time the altimeter registered 5,500 meters I had cooled off. I glanced at the pilot; all I could see was the back of his helmet. For a moment I wondered whether he would stand the high altitude but then I remembered that he wore an oxygen mask.

I followed my own sensation with curiosity. The hand of the altimeter had passed the 6,500 mark but I felt fine, almost exhilerated. Leaning slightly over the edge of the cockpit I gazed down at the earth. In the hazy distance I could barely make out our rectangular flying field and the neighboring settlement.

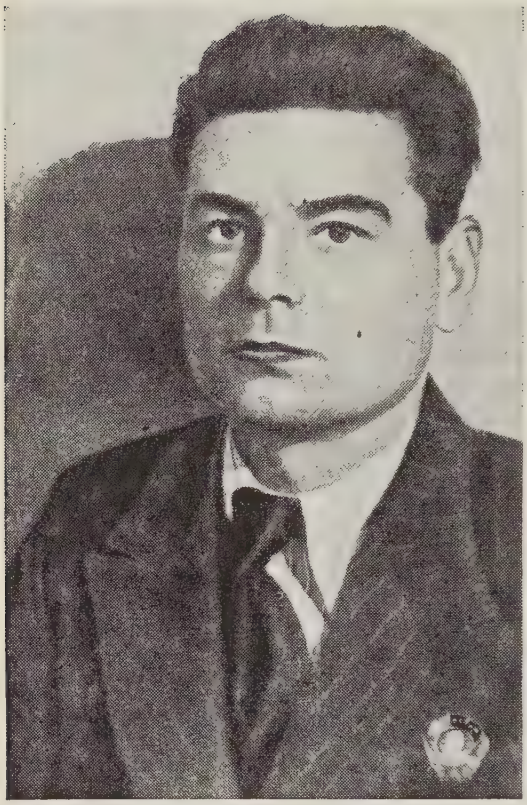
Half turning in my direction, Skitev raised his thumb as if to say: "Everything's fine, the plane climbs easily." Nosing the plane upwards he tried to make it spiral at a steeper angle but the rarity of the atmosphere told on the work of the propeller. The pull was insufficient.

We rose to 7,800 meters; having convinced myself that this altitude was easy to endure I calmly attempted to look over the side again. But my head slumped over and my body somehow suddenly grew limp. I felt drowsy. I peered at the big thermometer which should have been on the wing strut not far from me, but no matter how hard I strained my eyes I could not see it.

I leaned over the side in another attempt to see the earth. Instead of the usual panorama colored dots swam before my eyes. With a supreme effort I glanced at the altimeter. For an instant I saw 8,000; then the figure 8 disappeared and only the noughts remained. They began to revolve, surrounded by fragments of the spectrum and melted away in a whitish haze. Again I tried to read the altimeter but by now I saw no trace of either the hand or the figures.

Struggling to get a grip on myself, I tried to lift my hand to the edge of the cockpit, but a terrific drowsiness paralyzed my muscles. I was dimly aware of the face of Skitev turned in my direction and with a feeble nod I motioned upwards, bidding him keep on climbing.

With the engine racing at full speed Skitev tried to raise the plane still higher. I could hear the roar of the propeller. Again I motioned for the pilot to keep on



climbing and without realizing it I slumped from the seat into the tail of the fuselage.

When I recovered my senses I was breathing easily. The plane was cruising in a horizontal position. Glancing at the altimeter I was surprised to see that it indicated 4,000 meters. To my query as to why we had not kept on climbing the pilot answered that he would explain everything after we landed. We spiraled earthward and in a few moments the plane touched the field. Our comrades clustered around us.

Skitev told the story as follows:

"We climbed to 8,200 meters. Turning around I saw that Kaitanov was blue in the face and had lost consciousness. I realized he was in a bad way so I quickly dropped to 4,000 meters, whereupon Kaitanov came to and began prodding me in the back."

This flight increased my determination. I was sure I could jump from a height of 8,000 meters without an oxygen mask.

On March 4 we had clear frosty weather almost for the first time in the course of the whole winter. As I stepped out of doors the sunglare made me blink.

That morning the following conversation took place at the chief's office.

"The forecast is favorable. Have you made all preparations?"

"Everything's ready. Will you allow us to try for a maximum altitude?"

"But can you stand the gaff?"

"I can stand it if the plane can."

Meanwhile the engine had been tuned up and the instruments had been tested. The heart-throb of the plane was smooth and even. A group of people walked out on the field, among them the chief, the doctor, the parachute adjuster and the mechanics.

Here on the field, the plane and the cluster of people looked tiny and insignificant against the vast whiteness. To the right I saw the chief standing beside the cabin, giving strict instructions to the pilot. The parachute adjuster brought me my parachute and proceeded to harness it onto my back. From time to time he gave me an apologetic "sorry to trouble you" look as he tightened the straps.

It was tedious waiting for the take-off. The doctor slapped me on the shoulder and tried to crack a joke, but his nerves were obviously on edge and the joke fell flat. I, too, felt nervous, but I made every effort to appear calm.

I shook hands with everybody and in order to dispel my growing impatience I shouted to the pilot to hurry. Then I jumped aboard and off we went. The plane swooped upwards the moment its wheels left the runway. I looked back but my comrades were hidden in a swirl of snow and by the time it cleared the plane

was already spiraling high above the field. As we soared higher and higher I thought of the cordial send-off I had received.

The exacting and considerate chief, the doctor, the parachute adjuster and the motor mechanics, in fact all the members of the small group which had remained below on the ground were near and dear to me. At the last moment the chief, concealing his excitement, had walked over to me and given me a friendly pat on the shoulder as though by way of encouragement. Our eyes met for an instant and I saw that he wanted to say something but emotion prevented him. Suddenly he squeezed my hand and to relieve the tension gave orders to the pilot: "Go ahead, but look after Kaitanov."

I never doubted that all would be well, and I went aloft feeling certain that I would soon be seeing my friends again.

Observed through the isinglass windows of the cabin the clumps of trees and snow-covered pastures acquired a bluish glint.

The frozen river, winding between crooked spurs, was like a slender shadow across the landscape. Evergreen thrubs grew in the hollows.

The hand of the altimeter noiselessly ticked off additional hundreds of meters. We were high up; by now the earth was invisible. The speck which marked the spot where my friends stood had vanished. We were flying above light clouds which looked as though they were painted. Higher and higher soared the plane. The dry prickly cold stung those portions of my face unshielded by the mask. At 7,000 meters my breath came easily and I did not feel any lack of oxygen. The pilot described circles at this altitude and then, to my surprise, signaled for me to be ready to jump. Then I saw that he was blue in the face and instantly realized what the matter was. The rarity of the air had affected him. While the plane slowly circled the pilot feebly repeated his signal.

I had to jump. I stood up in the seat, pulled back the isinglass and glanced at the thermometer; it registered 41° below zero, centigrade. I took stock of the situation, and as the plane tilted slightly I plunged headlong into space. Stinging rivulets of cold immediately filtered through my warm togs over the tight-fitting tops of my felt boots. I turned two somersaults in mid-air, and, having glimpsed the earth through a rift in the clouds, I pulled the ring.

Through my tightly-drawn helmet I heard a shrill metallic whistle. The frost stung my face still harder. Not even the mask protected me from the intense cold. I clearly saw the ring in my right hand but I glanced upward in surprise, for the crumpled parachute trailed limply after me. Surprise gave way to alarm; was the parachute out of order? For sixty meters the unopened parachute trailed in my wake, its limp folds barely flapping. Then it slowly yawned, caught the air and filled, yanking me in the straps. At that instant the shadow of a plane flitted across the dome of the parachute. I saw the pilot circling slowly above me, observing my descent. The unequal temperature of the atmosphere made the parachute rock, and the vigorous swinging from side to side soon warmed me up. Having loosened my helmet I pulled on the ropes to reduce the rocking, but even at that I was jounced until I sweated. From an altitude of about 2,500 meters I again saw the earth.

Below me were familiar villages, the locality was approximately thirty kilometers from our flying field. In thirty minutes I had been carried thirty kilometers from the point where I had left the plane. I had to be on the lookout for a place to land. Tugging at the ropes, I tried to steer for the nearest village, but the wind bore me sideways towards a pine grove bordering it. I sank into deep snow beside a tall pine; the parachute had barely escaped being caught on the tree-top. I took a deep breath and looked around.

An old woman popped out of the nearest house and when she saw me she screamed

and popped back in again. Two other heads were thrust through the doorway. I laughed. As I gathered up the parachute I beckoned to them but got no response. At last the collective farm watchman, seeing me with a heavy pack on my back, ran out to meet me and took me to the same house in which the old woman had taken refuge.

She approached me diffidently and after feeling the texture of my flying togs she proceeded to inspect my pack. Soon I was forced to vacate the hut as it was filled to overflowing with the curious. I had to unfold the parachute in the snow, get into the straps and demonstrate my jump for the benefit of the collective farmers. All of them were pleased.

Again I was led inside the house where the table had been laid. I had just started in on the milk when I heard an automobile horn. I recognized the signal of our ambulance. At that instant in rushed the chief, the doctor and several comrades. They picked me up and carried me outside still holding an unfinished slice of bread. For a second time my parachute was pulled out of its pack and the cameras started clicking. This was supposed to portray the moment of my landing. The cameramen had barely got through with me when the reporters began. Still talking, we went bumping over the country road.

When the car reached the flying field a commission was waiting for me beside the plane. The seals had been removed from the barograph, the instrument which recorded the altitude at which I had left the plane. The maximum point on the curve was 6,800 meters. The chief and the head of the commission heartily shook my hand, congratulating me on the establishment of a new world record, the highest parachute jump without an oxygen mask.

A few days later I was surprised to read my mother's account of me in *Pravda;* the newspaper wrote:

"In remote Siberia, twelve kilometers east of Krasnoyarsk, in the workers' settlement of Uyar lives the mother of Comrade Kaitanov, the aviator and parachute jumper. After meeting her we showed her the picture of her son published in the newspaper, and asked: 'Do you recognize him?'

" 'Yes,' she replied, 'it's my son. Not long ago we got a letter from him. He wrote that he had made two hundred jumps.'

"We read her the story of her son, printed in the newspaper *Krassnaya Zveszda.* 'But 6,800 meters doesn't end matters,' was her comment, 'he'll do even better. I'm the sort of mother that other mothers should take lessons from. I've raised four sons. I'm already fifty-two years old, but I've been working among the actives since 1926.

" 'The Communist Party made a man of my son. He attended school for six years and he overtook his elder brother in the second year. He was very fond of reading. He read and re-read every book in the district library.

" 'When my son became an aviator and started jumping I was worried at first, but now I don't worry. He's got steady nerves.' "

Soviet aviators are proud to pilot their planes under the restless skies of their great country. Their wings are the wings of a dauntless people which has risen closer to the sun than any other. The records for speed, distance and altitude belong to us. Soviet parachute jumpers hold the records for altitude and daring. Not without cause did our country's most famous fliers become the first eleven Heroes of the Soviet Union.

Stalin and the great Bolshevik Party imbue the people with those traits which are mankind's greatest ornaments, daring, fearlessness and unselfishness.

"Why is it you don't use a parachute but always try to save pour planes?" Comrade Stalin once asked Chkalov, Hero of the Soviet Union.

"I replied," Comrade Chkalov relates, "that we fly extremely valuable experimental machines and that usually you try to save the plane and yourself in the bargain.

" 'Your life is worth more to us than any machine,' Comrade Stalin replied."

Whatever flight or jump I have undertaken, I have never felt fear of death for I know that my every step is surrounded by Stalin's care and solicitude, which are embodied in every bolt of the engine and every rope of my army parachute.

TWO JUMPS FROM THE STRATOSPHERE

The intrepid Soviet stratonaut Colonel Prokofyev once remarked that anyone who has made one trip to the stratosphere is certain to want to repeat the experience again and again.

The stratosphere is to the airman what the Polar wastes are to the Arctic explorer. I myself can testify to this. The higher I have risen in an airplane, the less satisfied have I been with the ceiling reached.

Once at an altitude of over nine thousand meters I began wondering whether I could make a parachute jump from that height if the necessity suddenly arose.

"I could," I told myself.

I had over four hundred jumps to my credit and had flown to an altitude of ten thousand meters dozens of times, when I applied to the People's Commissar of Defense and Marshal of the Soviet Union, Comrade Voroshilov, for permission to jump from the stratosphere.

In the long days of waiting for an answer I kept in training. Flights to an altitude of over nine thousand meters alternated with trips in the air chamber in which I "rose" to a height of thirteen thousand meters.

The answer came in the autumn of 1936. Comrade Voroshilov, Marshal of the Soviet Union, authorized me to make a trial jump from the stratosphere and to begin my preparations.

Although I had expected permission it thrilled me nonetheless.

"Will I prove worthy of the confidence of our beloved People's Commissar?" was the question I asked myself. I critically reviewed all my preparatory work and, although the preparations had been quite thorough I decided that what had been done was far from sufficient.

The altitude flights and the "ascents" in the air chamber began all over again.

Day by day I inured my lungs to the rarefied atmosphere and tested the complex oxygen apparatus and tried out special flying togs.

The training lasted through the winter and spring of 1937. The flyer who was to take me up for the jump trained with me. In July 1937 we again reviewed our preparations and decided we were ready. However, the orders of the People's Commissar called for the minutest check up of every detail.

On July 23 we decided to go through the air chamber test for a last time. After our thorough training we had no qualms about our capacity to endure the rarefied atmosphere, and approached the session in the air chamber as routine. On this occasion our aim was to "ascend" to fourteen thousand meters and make a thorough test of our ability to stand the gaff at that height under actual conditions.

The air chamber was ready. Our regular trainer, Dr. Elkin, had completed the final preparations. The instruments had been tested; the oxygen apparatus was in working order. We entered the large, all-metal drum from which pumps suck out the air, reducing the pressure in proportion to the required altitude.

The heavy steel door clanged behind us. Our contact with the outer world was through four tiny windows. Through them we could see Dr. Elkin, who communicated with us by prearranged signals. We sat down, put on our oxygen masks and turned on the juice. The test began. At this point I noticed a fly which apparently had entered the chamber together with us. The hand of the altimeter turned clockwise, 1,000, 1,200, 1,700, 2,000 meters. At first the fly behaved as though it had been born and bred in the air chamber. It flitted from

gadget to gadget, alighted on our heads, buzzed around a thoroughly happy and healthy fly. But by the time we reached 8,000 the spryness went out of it.

I made a pass at the fly with my hand and it flitted off to one side, not rising more than half a meter. I repeated the experiment; this time its wings buzzed still more feebly and it scarcely left the ground.

At 10,000 meters I again poked it with my finger. The fly tried to take wing but flopped back, flat on its belly. Apparently 10,000 is the limit of a fly's endurance.

"How do you feel?" Dr. Elkin signaled to us.

"Fine, increase the elevation."

Reassured by our signals, Dr. Elkin "raised" the ceiling. In another few minutes the altimeter read 12,000 meters. Again we held up our fingers, calling for an increase of elevation.

The hand of the altimeter moved again, and the altitude began to tell on us. Breathing became labored and we felt weak, as one feels before a fainting spell. But we could not give in. We had decided to go through certain motions at this altitude to see whether our strength would hold out.

The reason for these motions was the fact that at this altitude it takes an extra physical effort on the part of the pilot to control the plane while the parachute jumper cannot leave the plane without using a good deal of energy.

I was in doubt at first as to whether I could get up.

There was a ringing in my ears as I attempted to rise. Some invisible force seemed to shackle my limbs, every centimeter up required effort. My heart began to thump as though I had run ten kilometers. When I at last stood up the noise in my head increased. I was reminded of the time I worked in a boiler factory, I fancied I was sitting inside a boiler which was being riveted together. The feeling was so vivid that I glanced around to make sure of where I was.

Through the tiny window I saw the anxious face of Dr. Elkins. I wanted to reassure him that all was well, so I slowly raised my hand.

I had succeeded in standing up but now I must try to sit down. Again I strained every effort and slowly lowered myself into the chair. By the time I was seated again my heart was pounding as though it would leap out of my chest. A film appeared before my eyes, shot through with myriads of racing dots.

I tried to count my pulse and found it had risen to 135 beats per minute instead of the normal 76.

Ater remaining at 14,000 meters for several minutes I pointed down with my forefinger. Dr. Elkin immediately began to "lower" us. The hand of the altimeter began slowly to revolve in the opposite direction.

Dr. Elkin reduced the altitude gradually, a hundred meters at a time. A sudden reduction of altitude may cause accidents. The rapid change in atmospheric pressure may break the eardrums or burst a blood vessel.

When I was thoroughly convinced of the reliability of the oxygen apparatus and had completed my training, I decided to go aloft and make a trial jump.

A special regimen preceded the flight and the jump. The pilot and I ate, slept, and lived under constant medical observation.

On July 28 just after sunrise the doctors entered the room which had been set aside for me and the pilot.

"Get up, boys, it's ideal flying weather," said Dr. Elkin.

This greeting cheered us immensely.

After a light breakfast we climbed into the car and soon reached the flying field. A splendid, white-winged bird—a twin-motored plane stood ready to take off, its powerful engines throbbing.

A special commission examined and sealed the barograph, the instrument which automatically records the altitude at which the jump is made.

We stood in readiness.

Our flying togs were novelties. Over woolen sweaters and woolen undershirts we wore fur lined jackets, fur boots, fur helmets and warm mittens specially made for the occasion. The pilot had on an electrically heated blouse. On top of all this clothing I had to buckle on my training parachute which, as distinguished from the aviator type, consists of two parachutes, the regular one fastened to the back and a spare one fastened to the chest.

The chairman of the commission bade us a cordial goodbye and issued the final instructions. We climbed into the plane by a light step ladder and took our seats.

At 7.25 the starter raised a white flag. The plane rolled smoothly forward and after going the length of the cement runway it lightly left the ground. The pilot promptly pulled in the chassis.

We wheeled sharply over the field and gathered altitude. We rose so fast that I could hardly keep track of the spinning altimeter hand, which every instant registered hundreds of meters. In a few minutes it indicated 8,000 meters. However, by using the oxygen apparatus, I did not feel the rarity of the atmosphere and suffered no ill effects at that altitude.

Nine thousand meters. The plane climbed upwards with ease and I felt we still had plenty of altitude in reserve. I decided however that this was high enough for a trial jump. I glanced at the instruments; we had reached 10,300 meters.

I stood up and signaled to the pilot that I was ready. For the last time I tested my oxygen apparatus on me and increased the flow of oxygen. The altimeter pointed to 9,800 meters. We had dropped 500 meters while I was preparing to jump.

The gleaming mercury column inside the thermometer showed 47 degrees below zero centigrade. I entered these readings in my notebook: altitude 9,800 meters, temperature 47 degrees below.

I signaled to the pilot and at the same instant I jumped.

I fell through a light haze which hid the ground. I began by making a delayed jump of between 100 and 150 meters; then I pulled the ring. Almost instantaneously the flashing dome of the parachute billowed out above me.

Gently swaying I floated earthwards enjoying an abundant oxygen supply. The mask fitted tightly to my face and breathing was easy.

For almost 2,000 meters I descended smoothly and regularly, as though in an ordinary jump from no great altitude. Then I suddenly entered a new air current and I was buffeted about like a snow flake. From the parachute I swung back and forth like a pendulum. I would be lifted at angle of 35 degrees, then shot back.

After ten minutes of this violent motion my head began to cloud; something seemed to be tugging at my very heart.

I could see the earth below, a monotonous grey expanse, intersected by the faint lines of rivers.

I felt an attack of nausea coming on. At first I was able to control it but soon there was nothing I could do. My mouth filled with saliva and a lump rose in my throat.

Through my reeling head there flashed the thought: "Pull off the oxygen mask otherwise you'll vomit into it and clog the tubes through and suffocate."

I had barely succeeded in pulling off the mask with hands that trembled with feebleness when a regular fountain gushed from my mouth.

I continued to descend, the violent attack of vomiting robbed me of strength and will power.

"Will I land soon?"

Never before had I longed for the earth as I did then. Semi-conscious, I perceived the proximity of the earth. I summoned my last ounce of strength and prepared for the landing as though in a trance.

I felt a violent jar.

At last! With a sigh of relief I sank on the soft turf. As though in a dream I saw a car approaching, children running and then everything went black.

When I next opened my eyes I saw gathered around me friends and members of the commission who had come from the flying field to fetch me.

The doctors soon restored me to my senses and we hurried back to our flying field where the barographs had just been unsealed and their reading recorded. The jump had been made from an altitude of 9,800 meters.

This was a world altitude record. The Czechoslovakian flyer Pavlovsky, who had established the previous record, had jumped from 8,870 meters.

On the field I saw my pilot and gave his hand a hearty squeeze. Flushed, as he clambered out of his flying togs which hampered his movements, he told me about his flight.

"The moment you left the plane the nose of the machine dipped sharply. After a quick turn I steered the plane into a spiral and began to hunt around for you. However I did not see you immediately. It was a minute and a half before I spotted your parachute smoothly descending in the sunlight and I steered the plane toward you.

"My hands grew numb. As I held the steering wheel I tried to wiggle my fingers but they refused to obey me.

"To secure firmer control of the plane I clamped the steering wheel between my elbows, since by now my hands were completely numb and in this condition I spiraled downwards. When I saw you'd made a safe landing I returned to the field."

My trial jump from the stratosphere was a prelude to storming the heights. The oxygen apparatus and my physical endurance had been tested in practice. Information had been obtained on the behavior of a parachute in the rarefied sections of the atmosphere, etc.

Armed with the data derived from the trial jump I decided to begin preparations for a record jump.

On August 22, the commander of the military air forces of the Leningrad Military District ordered me to get ready. The jump was scheduled for seven o'clock in the morning on August 24.

The preceding day we kept to a special regime. After a walk we went to bed, feeling sure that the early morning sun would greet us at the flying field just as cheerfully as on the previous days.

But when I awoke at six o'clock I saw fog drifting in from the park toward our bedroom windows.

"No flying today," I told myself, and without waking the pilot I turned over on the other side.

At ten o'clock the doctors arrived and confirmed my supposition. The weather was anything but summery, the flying field was shrouded in fog, it was impossible to see beyond fifty paces. We got up cross and disappointed over the unexpected delay.

"The weather will be good by evening," the weather men announced. "At five the fog will lift."

The commission postponed the flight until evening and by afternoon we were convinced that the weather men had been right in their forecast.

Blue gaps appeared in the grey sky letting through the bright sunshine. Then the cloud blanket lifted completely and the blue vault of the heavens stretched overhead vast and unbroken.

Our spirits immediately improved. While waiting for the orders of the commission the pilot and I whiled away the time riding a motorcycle and strolling in the park. Around five o'clock we returned to the field.

Mechanics and engineers were pottering about the plane making last preparations. Our flying outfits and parachutes lay ready close at hand.

Commanders, members of the commission that had organized the leap, walked around looking preoccupied.

"Well, we'll soon give the signal to start," said Colonel Kopets, Hero of the Soviet Union and assistant commander of the military air forces of the district and turning to me, he added:

"I warn you, you're risking your life. Take care of yourself first of all; the country can always build another airplane."

Our comrades helped us into our fur flying togs and our parachute straps; meanwhile the commission sealed the instruments which were to record the altitude of the flight and the jump.

On the ground the thermometer read twenty degrees above zero centrigrade and we began to perspire as soon as we were buttoned up. By the time the parachutes were strapped on we were suffering from the heat. At last, however, all was ready. We boarded the plane and saw the commission walk over to the take-off runway.

The chief of the flying field waved a small white flag.

A swirling cloud of dust rose behind the tail of the plane. Gathering speed, we swooped down the runway and took off long before we reached the far end.

Field and comrades fell away below us. Before I could turn around and see them the plane had entered a mist that hid the earth.

Altitude 6,000 meters.

After the unbearable heat down below it was pleasant to feel the coolness, which soon turned to chilliness. I presently felt a light frost.

Tapping in on the plane's oxygen apparatus I breathed deep of the life-giving gas from the cylinder.

The altimeter hand indicated 10,000 meters. I felt so fine that I decided to try the hot coffee in the thermos bottle.

"Pretty swell," I told myself, "having hot coffee up here at a temperature of forty-five below."

Raising the neck of the bottle to my lips I drew at the coffee, but for some reason it didn't flow.

"It doesn't work," I told myself. "We'll have to do without coffee."

We continued to climb; the altimeter hand had already passed the 11,000 meter mark.

Time to get ready.

I turned on oxygen apparatus No. 1, which was stowed in a pocket of my flying togs, and immediately I felt a strong flow of the gas. Then I shut off the oxygen apparatus attached to the plane and turned on the second of my portable oxygen tanks; it too worked splendidly.

Everything was ready.

I stood up in order to open the isinglass shield over the cabin. But the powerful air current held it in place, in addition to which it was doubtless frozen fast. I shoved and shoved but I could not budge it.

Fearing we might lose altitude I placed my shoulder against the frame and with a heave I shattered the isinglass.

"I'm ready to jump," I signaled the pilot.

He steered the plane into an upward spiral. The thermometer showed fifty-six below zero. I pressed the button a second time and signaled:

"Here goes."

I hoisted myself onto the side of the cabin and fell out head-first.

Something white instantaneously flashed before my eyes. I fell like a rock without seeing the earth. The speed of the fall increased. I fell thus for ten or twelve seconds, making a delayed jump of 1,000 meters.

I pulled the ring; the parachute opened and arrested my headlong fall with a jolt. I hung in the straps amid the silent vastness of space.

I glanced around. The plane was nowhere in sight. Below was a smoky mist. Overhead was the parachute, the silken hemisphere that broke my fall. All was well. I floated earthwards.

Suddenly I realized that my left arm was completely numb, rigid as a pole. I tried to wiggle my fingers but the joints refused to obey me.

I tried to bend the wrist, also without success.

"Is it really frozen?" I wondered.

Yes, apparently it was. I remembered that in opening the isinglass shield I had pulled off my fur glove and left it in the plane.

"It's frozen, all right," I told myself.

As I gradually neared the earth I felt a cramp in my stomach muscles from my hunched over position. However, the growing pain in my arm made me forget all else.

The pain became unbearable. It coursed through my whole body and reached my heart.

In an effort to convince myself that the arm was not really frozen, I began swinging it from side to side like a pendulum. And suddenly I felt as if thousands of invisible needles were being thrust into my body, causing me new agonies.

Now I decided that the arm was frozen beyond a doubt.

In an effort to take my mind off the pain I glanced at the ground where I distinguished the familiar outlines of the woods and the railway and highroad which ran side by side. I observed that I was being carried aside, parallel to the railway along which a train was speeding merrily.

But I was in no condition to let that worry me. My arm ached and sharp twinges of pain shot through my shoulder.

When I had descended to 4,000 meters I began to feel hot, I pulled off my oxygen mask.

At this point I heard the whir of metal wings above me and a shadow flitted across the parachute. I lifted my head and saw the plane circling over me. The flyer escorted me all the way to the ground.

When I was no more than 1,000 meters from the ground I looked for a landing place and saw that the topography was rugged and swampy, gouged with deep pits.

I decided to open the second parachute. Pulling the ring with my right hand I let the silken dome out to one side. As the parachute encountered a cross current of air it filled and then I saw that some of the ropes had snagged on the oxygen apparatus. All this happened instantaneously. The silken mass got tangled with the ropes of the main parachute, reducing its spread.

The rate of falling began to increase, there was an ominous whistling in my ears.

The situation grew dangerous. I had to disentangle the ropes at any cost. It was impossible to do this with one hand and forgetting for the moment that my left hand was frozen I tried to move it but the terrific pain forced me to stop. The pain was so intense that I even cried out and tears welled up in my eyes.

What should I do?

The earth was so close that I clearly saw the trees. Then I remembered that I had a pen-knife in my pocket. I pulled it out and cut the ropes of the spare parachute. The dome of the main parachute barely had time to break my fall a little. In another second I landed in the bushes in the bottom of a pit.

The last thing I remembered was banging my side against the edge of the pit and the thud as I struck the bottom. I soon recovered my senses. Smarting from the terrific pain in my arm and my right side I picked myself up from the bottom of the pit which was covered by the silken dome of the parachute.

Pulling back the parachute, I saw children standing around. People came running up from all sides.

"I never made a landing like this before," I told myself.

I climbed out of the pit and only then did I notice the pilot still circling over me. He was evidently worried about my landing and was waiting for a signal.

I waved my uninjured arm at him and he headed for the flying field.

Someone pulled off my flying togs and yanked off my fur boots. Thus liberated I staggered over to the nearest ditch and stuck my frozen arm in the winter.

I was driven back to the field where the army physicians treated my frozen arm.

Colonel Kopets was the first to congratulate me.

"It's a record," he told me, "11,037 meters."

I made my record jump for the glory of our country which has trained hundreds and thousands of aviators, who are not only capable of rising to the stratosphere, but who know how to fly at that altitude.

My jump from the stratosphere provides them with the assurance that should the necessity arise they may always save their lives by using the parachute. Soviet parachutes have shown that they open just as easily in the stratosphere as at a height of 1,000 meters.

Comrade Stalin has charged our flyers with winning all world aviation records.

We Soviet parachute jumpers have carried out our part of the assignment.

KONSTANTIN KAITANOV

For the beginning of Kaitanov's notes see No. 2, 1938.

Timofei Rokotov

Recent Soviet Historical Films

In a recent film, *A Lone Sail Gleams White,* deservedly listed among the highest achievements of Soviet cinematography in 1937, the following episode occurs: the heroes of the picture see, far off on the horizon, the silhouette of the famous armored cruiser *Potemkin.* Similarly in considering the outstanding recent Soviet films, Eisenstein's *Armored Cruiser Potemkin* also looms on the horizon. In the intervening years the masters of the Soviet cinema have left it far behind, but there seem to be threads which link the masterpieces of Soviet cinema of today to the picture which, more than ten years ago, first established the Soviet film in the minds of millions of spectators of the capitalist world, as an unsurpassed example of artistic mastery.

Four films deserve first mention when speaking of the best Soviet productions released during the last few months: *A Lone Sail Gleams White, Volochayevka Days, Men of the Baltic* and *Lenin in October.*

Readers of *International Literature* will undoubtedly remember Valentine Katayev's nov-

Scenes from the film "A Lone Sail Gleams White"

el *A Lone Sail Gleams White,* published in this magazine. From this novel the author made a scenario from which Director Legoshin produced the film. The picture contains episodes of the 1905 Revolution. Two lads, Petya, a teacher's son, and Gavric, a fisherman's grandson, become involved in the events of the struggle of the workers of Odessa against the tsarist autocracy. The boys are the heroes of the film. Alongside them we see Rodion Zhukov, a sailor of the *Potemkin;* Terenti, Gavrik's brother, a Bolshevik worker; Gavrik's grandfather; Petya's father, the teacher; a detective and other characters.

Soviet filmgoers know Director Legoshin as the co-producer of a good film, *Song of Happiness.* In *A Lone Sail Gleams White* this talented director shows himself a mature master. Legoshin has created a film full of lyric emotion, rendering a historically truthful picture of the background and color of the stormy days of the struggle in 1905.

As in all the best Soviet films the staging of mass scenes does not yield in depth to the portrayal of the major characters. The picture owes its success as much to a perfect scenario as to the skill of the director. Under Legoshin's direction the child actors mastered their roles. Their movements are natural, as are their gestures and expressions and also their intonation, so important in the sound film. The action steadily rises to a climax. The fate of the little heroes moves not only the child spectator but also the adult, although the picture was conceived as a children's film. Real art knows no age limitations.

The producers of the film *Volochayevka Days* are the well-known regisseurs who created *Chapayev*—the Vasilyev brothers. Their new production, like its predecessor, takes its subject from the Civil War, and is devoted to the struggle of the Far Eastern partisans against the Japanese intervention in the years immediately following the victory of the Great October Socialist Revolution.

Taking advantage of the distance between the Far East and the center of the Soviet republic, hoping that the new power would not be strong enough, relying on the treachery

Scene from the film "Volochayevka Days"

of Russian whiteguards to their fatherland, Japanese imperialism attempted to seize the Soviet territory on the shores of the Pacific. The heroic struggle of the Soviet people against the Japanese intervention is reflected in many songs, poems and stories; in the minds of the masses, it is already covered with a slight haze of legend. A popular song about the partisan struggle of those days chants the fabulous exploits around Volochayevka which decided the fate of the Far East. In memory of those battles the Vasilyev brothers named that film *Volochayevka Days.*

Scene from the film "Volochayevka days"

With exceptional force and with historical truthfulness this film depicts the events which ended in the complete rout of the Japanese interventionists. Over a long period the directors collected material for this film, recorded popular songs and legends of the battles, conversed with participants of those battles. The film bears the character of a heroic popular legend. It has many epic moments and much warm folk humor. The picture renders perfectly the drama of the struggle, emphasizing the courage of the Soviet people who defended their fatherland from the foreign invaders. In this respect the film has today not only historical and artistic significance. *Volochayevka Days* proves that the people determined to struggle to the end against the interventionists could not but conquer. The film teaches how to organize victory and is a reminder to the Samurai, intoxicated on easy victories in Mandchuria, of their defeat in the hills of the Soviet Far East.

The work of the Vasilyev brothers suffers considerably from an inadequate scenario, in which not all the episodes are equally well done. Certain scenes slow down the action. Some of the characters are roughly sketched, and it is hard for the actors to build out of the material given them convincing portrayals. But the deep ideological content of the picture, the mastery of the directors and performance of the artist Sverdlin in the role of the Japanese officer Usijima, make up for these defects.

Sverdlin is comparatively new to the screen, but in his first role, a minor one, in the film *Dreamers,* he drew attention to himself as an artist with an exceptional talent for comedy. He developed his talent brilliantly in the picture, *By the Edge of the Blue Sea.* Sverdlin's later performances, particularly in the film *In the Far East,* revealed an incomparable skill in bringing his characters to life.

In *Volochayevka Days* Sverdlin has created an unforgettable figure of a Japanese interventionist, a beast of prey for whom force is the only conclusive argument. Usijima is sometimes amiable and polite, but this is only the artifice of a trained bandit. Counterposed to him in the film is the figure of Andrei, the Bolshevik commander of the Red partisans. Artist Dorokhin shows rather well how the insidiousness, craftiness and cunning of Usijima are defeated by the conviction, straightforwardness and unbending will of a Soviet fighter ready to struggle to the last against invaders.

The struggle against interventionists also forms the subject of the film *Men of the Baltic,* the brilliant achievement of the director Feinzimmer. *Men of the Baltic* continues the line of the film *We of Kronstadt,* portraying the heroic deeds of the Baltic sailors, called by the Soviet people "the beauty and pride of the October Revolution."

Scene from the film "Lenin in October." On the scene Lenin and the worker Vassily at the telephone.

The film deals with the struggle of the Baltic sailors and the workers of Petrograd against the interventionists and whiteguards. Just as in the Far East the partisans smashed the might of the imperial Japanese army, so the Baltic sailors succeeded in driving off the attack of the English fleet, the strongest in the world, and captured a strong naval fortress from the sea, upsetting the laws of military science. The motifs of love for the fatherland, and of the struggle for the happiness of the people against traitors and excutioners are vividly and strikingly shown in the film, and at the same time in an entirely new and convincing aspect.

We have written here before of the individual themes and types of heroes which have found their highest expression in the film *Lenin in October* (the former title of the picture was *The Uprising).* In the Soviet land this film proved to be a genuinely popular work of art; millions of spectators have enjoyed it. It is a new production by director Michael Romm, whose film *The Thirteen* met with great success abroad.

In his new production he has coped with a great problem and mastered it. The subject of the film is the role of the genius who led the Great Socialist Revolution, in the days immediately preceding the October storm. The film opens with the secret arrival in Petrograd (from his place of hiding in Finland) of Lenin, who is sought by Kerensky's spies; it ends with the appearance of the leader of the Revolution before the masses which had, for the first time, overthrown the power of capital.

In the responsible role of Lenin People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. Shchukin creates a penetrating, fundamentally correct figure close to the great original. The final scene—the appearance of Lenin at the meeting in Smolny—is particularly well played by the artist. Nevertheless, the acting of Shchukin is not entirely satisfactory. He somewhat oversimplifies and reduces Lenin's figure, making him too fussy and too gesticulating. Shchukin takes the part of Lenin in the play *The Man With the Gun,* produced by the Vakhtangov Theater for the Twentieth Anniversary of the Great October Revolution. Evaluating his

acting, Nadezhda Constantinovna Krupskaya, Lenin's widow, notes the same defects in his acting as in the film.

"Shchukin," writes Krupskaya, "represents Lenin as running too fast, gesticulating too much.... In *The Man With the Gun* Lenin talks to the soldier Shadrin. Shadrin's words that all the soldiers fight to a man against the war cannot but be moving. On the stage Lenin, after finishing his talk with Shadrin, runs to his office. Lenin alive would have thoughtfully and slowly walked to his office."

Following this criticism of his interpretation, Shchukin reviewed his role carefully, and the figure of Lenin on the Vakhtangov Theater stage became the better for it. Unfortunately it was impossible to make corrections in the film for quite obvious reasons. Probably in the sequel to *Lenin in October* Shchukin will better his rendering.

Lenin, disguised, waiting in the Smolny Institute, on the night of November 7, 1917, for the guide who is to lead him to the meeting of the Bolsheviks.

The defects of even Shchukin's skillful acting are quite easy to understand. They are natural when such a hard problem is to be solved: to portray a living, working, speaking Lenin. Soviet artists have a great deal to do before they achieve a full-blooded incarnation of Lenin on stage or screen. And the success already attained was not reached at once. Prior to this success there were attempts to portray Lenin's figure on the screen. For instance, in the film *Baltic Deputy*, the figure of Lenin arose before the spectator as if from beyond the stage. Professor Polezhayev, picking up the telephone receiver, discovers with emotion that the unknown voice at the other end of the wire is Lenin's. Several playwrights endeavor in similar manner to evoke before the spectator the figure of Lenin—for instance Trenev, in his play *On the Banks of the Neva*

An unusual solution of the problem was found by Director Dziga Vertov in the well-known film, *Three Songs About Lenin*. The director made use of a news reel of Lenin speaking from the tribune on Red Square, connecting with it a gramophone record of a short speech by Lenin. He obtained a scene which literally amazes the spectators. But millions of people who never saw Lenin are not satisfied. They want to see the many-sided personality of the genius, of the leader of humanity, on the stage or screen. The film *Lenin in October* is, up to now, the first step toward satisfying this desire. This step is successful and promising. This is the path which we must follow in the search for a stage figure adequate to the living Lenin.

Let us return to the film *Armored Cruiser Potemkin*. This picture, together with Pudovkin's *Mother*, and the films *Chapayev*, *We of Kronstadt*, *The Baltic Deputy* and others, established the high reputation of the masters of Soviet screen art in the judgement of spectators wherever Soviet films were allowed to be shown. The new pictures of which we have spoken here once more confirm the fact that Soviet directors are worthy of this international recognition.

Armored Cruiser Potemkin shattered the old tradition of historical films. For the first time a word of truth about the right of the oppressed to rebel against execu-

tioners was heard from the screen. For the first time the cinema showed—with uncommon artistic force—the historical truth, not a distortion to please the ruling class. This film destroyed the principles of bourgeois cinematography in a larger sense. For the first time the spectator saw a picture whose hero was the revolutionary masses in action. The social theme captured the screen. The film did not set out to sketch individual characters or to relate the personal fate of the heroes. Its hero is the collective of the people in rebellion. And the force of the artistic truth, inseparable from the historical truth, conquered the spectator. This was the victory of the new revolutionary art. Unfortunately, Eisenstein did not strengthen and did not follow up his first success. But other masters of the Soviet cinema accomplished what he did not succeed in achieving. While following the line laid out by *Armored Cruiser Potemkin*, they avoided the faults of this film.

In later historical films in the precious fund of Soviet and world cinematography the Soviet masters rejected the principle of ignoring the role of the individual hero. They show the mass and, in integral union with it, the individual; they show thousands of heroes rallied around those who lead the struggle. The attention which the director pays to outlining the characters of the heroes, to depicting their individual, unique features, is quite natural in these conditions. In this respect recent films mark a considerable step forward as compared with *Armored Cruiser Potemkin.*

A considerable portion of the major productions of the Soviet cinema are films dealing with historical subjects. But they have their own approach to history: this approach not only does not mean a departure from reality, as is characteristic of many bourgeois films, but, on the contrary, they are more like an ascent to a height from which the events of today can be seen broadly and fully. For historical today grows out of historical yesterday. And many contemporary events become more clear by attentive and careful analysis of those that already belong to history. Lion Feuchtwanger put it well: "The line of a mountain range is better seen from afar off than from among the heights themselves." We do not deal here with films on contemporary themes, we limit ourselves to the latest cinema productions whose theme is history.

Why are these historical films so successful? We believe that the cause is not so much the correct portrayal of historical details. It is known that Shakespeare in his chronicles and tragedies dealt with historical facts with a boldness that would have distressed a scholar of history. Shakespeare connected events freely, interpreted individual facts, but he never lost sight of the chief thing. Struggle always seethes in his plays and his love and sympathy are devoted to the heroes personifying the progressive development of humanity. In the deep truth of life, in the humanism of Shakespeare lies the source of his undying force. The Globe Theater audiences mourned the death of Talbot and delightedly acclaimed the decision of Henry V to execute the traitor lords who had plotted to betray their fatherland. Genuine humanism is far from rootless illusions and knows that it is impossible to appeal to the conscience of ill-doers and criminals with kind words. Every honest man cannot but repeat the words of the great humanist of the twentieth century—Gorky, who said: "If the enemy does not surrender, he must be destroyed," and Barbusse, who said: "He who spares people ready to harm all humanity is a criminal. The rescuer of murderers is himself a murderer. True kindness must extend to the future also."

This idea is implanted in Soviet historical films without exception. In *Armored Cruiser Potemkin* the spectator's heart contracts when he sees the condemned Potemkin sailors covered with a tarpaulin in preparation for their execution. But the spectators applaud stormily when the sailors, rebelling, pitch the officers overboard. And today his sense of justice is satisfied when the spy who persecutes Zhukov is drowned *(A Lone Sail Gleams White)* or when a traitor to the fatherland, who steers a Soviet torpedo boat into an English mine, is killed *(Men of the Baltic).* The spectator experiences wrath and sorrow on witnessing the execution of the driver who deliberately

smashed his automobile to prevent whiteguard junkers from seizing Lenin *(Lenin in October).* These scenes reveal the highest human and historic truth.

Socialist humanism permeates Soviet films, and is brilliantly revealed in the new films mentioned in this review. They develop and continue the line of *Chapayev.* The heroes of these films win the spectator by their courage, heroism, devotion to an idea, care for comrades and friends. They captivate us from the beginning and hold us to the end; with tense attention we follow their fate. Such are the films *Lenin in October* and *A Lone Sail Gleams White.* But, in contrast to *Chapayev,* which ends with the death of the hero, these films end with the triumph not only of the idea but also with the triumph of those who personify the idea. Such an ending fulfills the natural wish of the spectator. One boy, asked why he went to see Chapayev for the tenth time, answered: "I still hope that maybe Chapayev will be rescued." This is characteristic.

The film *Volochayevka Days* ends with the triumph of the heroes and the defeat of the interventionists. The film *Men of the Baltic* ends with the death of its heroes, but this is far from a pessimistic ending. One of the famous Abolitionist fighters in the United States, John Brown, as is known, was executed. But his name became a banner for the people. The Northern army marched against the enemy singing:

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave
But his soul goes marching on.

In the film *Men of the Baltic* the heroes, betrayed by traitors, go down with their ship. Unforgettable is the scene when for the last time they meet on the deck of the sinking ship and sing the *Internationale.* They meet death calmly, conscious of the fact that they have fulfilled their duty to the fatherland and to the Revolution. Truly the soul of these people goes marching on and calls upon the Soviet people to be as brave as they and as worthy of the great historic task which fell to its lot.

There is a great difference between the death of Chapayev and the death of the heroes of the film *Men of the Baltic,* on the one hand, and the death of the positive heroes in Shakespeare's tragedies, on the other. In Shakespeare the defeated hero, though armed with the ideas of humanism, is alone, unable to accomplish his ideal without the support of the masses. Such a death was artistically and historically true for the epoch. Today the individual heroes of such a film as *Men of the Baltic* perish in the struggle for Socialism but the idea of which they are the bearers triumphs. Other heroes of Socialist duty step into their places and continue the struggle; and this is the real historical and vital truth of the epoch of the victory of Socialism in the U.S.S.R. and the beginning of the downfall of capitalism throughout the world.

Soviet cinematography conveys through the films under review the most important, the chief idea—the inevitability of the complete and final victory of the cause of progressive humanity throughout the world. The Soviet people, its best men, are represented in these films as the advance guard of culture, of progress and civilization, which bases itself, in the struggle, on the best historical traditions of the past.

J. Neimann

The Exhibit of Moscow Masters of Soviet Satire

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.

Vladimir Mayakovsky

At this exhibit nobody is indifferent. The visitor who conscientiously "does" the exhibits one after the other and conceals furtive yawns, is absent. Visitors here become excited, begin to argue even with strangers.

You listen in to the remarks, read the comments in the visitors' book and are struck by the reaction, how impressive, witty and impetuous it is. We are accustomed to hear expressions as glowing as these not at art exhibits but in the theater, in the cinema, in a word, where we come in touch with art that is close to action and stirs to action.

And it is, in fact, just what this is. Despite their diverse styles and individual traits, these artists do not depict, do not illustrate, they act. Every daub, every pencil stroke is a blow at the enemy.

The enemy is cunning and shifty, adroit in disguises. The most important task of the artist-fighter is to unmask the enemy's face before the spectator.

To explain an intricate political situation with a few laconic touches; to make it comprehensible to the most unsophisticated; to compress, to condense a leading news article to the limit, until it can be grasped at a passing glance—this is the art of political news cartooning, the art of Boris Yefimov.

Glance at the savage in women's clothes leading her "obedient little tots"—the black-shirt burglar and the Japanese who exhorts with a cannon and the meaning of the Triple Alliance of aggressor powers becomes clear.

The paltry figure of General Franco in the ranks of the stolid Germans gives curt and incisive expression to the role played by this strangler of the Spanish people. Yefimov's weapon is trenchant ridicule, laughter, which crushes the enemy.

The enemy can also be fought by rousing aversion, abhorrance and anger. The drawings of the artist Brodaty, showing devastated Spanish streets, fields strewn with corpses, bloody "footpaths of the Samurai," arouse determined indignation of fascism.

Radakov's pictures are a mournful narration of the starvation and poverty of workers in capitalist countries.

"With the coarse tongue of the placard," the artist Cheremnykh, fellow-champion of Mayakovsky in the "windows of ROST" (ROST was the Russian Telegraph News Agency, now TASS, in the windows of which writers and artists displayed propaganda placards with verses during the Civil War), draws striking and wrathful pictures of obtuse, monstrous capital squeezing out gold and blood.

A carricature of Mikhail Koltsov, Pravda's correspondent in Spain who disregarded such trifles as fascist bombings and attacks in transmitting his correspondence direct from the front. Drawn by the artist Boris Yefimov who is Koltsov's brother.

The enemy can also be defeated "in good form," where rage and ridicule are deeply concealed. Moor is reserved. His portraits at first glance are somewhat dry. But reflect on how sharply he contrasts the ugliness of the tall figures of Rockefeller, Ford, Krupp with their omnipotence in the capitalist world.

In his anti-religious drawings Moor is free and outspoken, his humor is candid. With the sharp razor of satire Moor and Deni dissect god and his "retinue." The brilliant master Kanevsky, displayed at the exhibit chiefly by his illustrations to Saltykov-Shchedrin (pre-revolutionary Russian satirical writer), makes witty sport of untalented workers on the anti-religious front.

The Kukryniksy [1] describe the terrible phantoms of our recent past. With white eyes the deformed pygmy Makhno [2] drills the spectators. Beside him is the infuriated General Shkuro, [2] a monster on spindly legs cracking beneath him. Degeneration lies imprinted on the hideous face of Ulagaya. [2]

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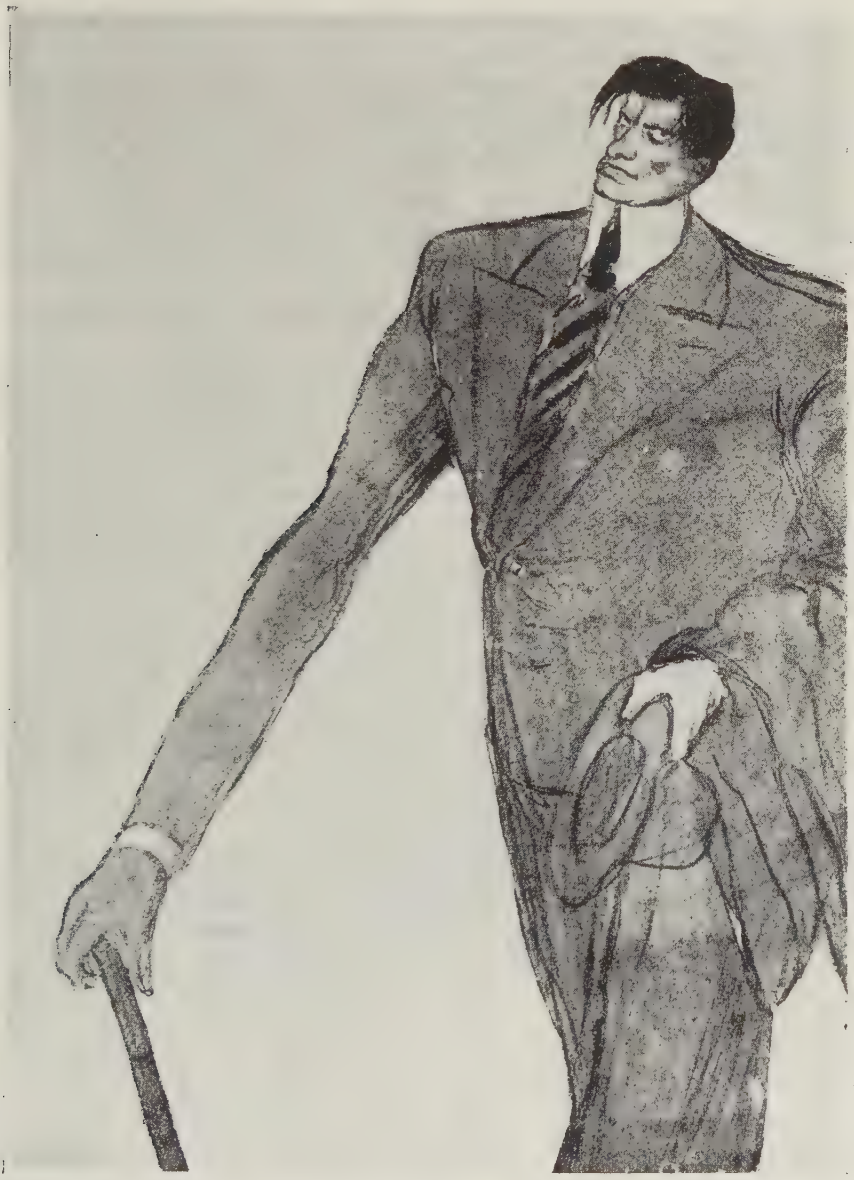
[1] A collective of three artists. Kuprianov, Krylov and Nikolai Sokolov.

[2] Leaders of counter-revolutionary detachments in the Civil War.

And quite near, not at all by accident adjoining the rogue's gallery of brutalized bandits and degenerates, is a hideous figure expressing all the hate and rage of the artists, the contemptuous Judas-Trotsky washing his hands in blood.

The Kukryniksy deliver shattering blows. Their sharp eyes puncture all disguises. One cannot help wondering at their range. How thoughtfully tender and, at the same time, sly the brush of the Kukryniksy becomes when the artists turn to portrayal of friends.



Vladimir Mayakovsky
Caricature by the artists Kupriyanov, Krilov and Sokolov

The friendly caricature is an extremely difficult art form. To depict the comical traits of a man, without degrading or disfiguring him and somehow even emphasizing his importance—this only a great and highly sensitive artist can do. These demands are met in the Kukryniksy portraits of Mayakovsky and I. P. Pavlov. With their natural tact the artists were able to caricature these great men so as not to offend our feelings of love and respect for the great poet and the great scientist.

Naturally an atmosphere of warmth pervades the caricatures of friends at this exhibition which deals smashing blows at the enemy. He who can hate is able to love. The work of F. Reshetnikov, a member of the heroic Chelyuskin expedition, is characteristic. Smiling visitors crowd around the canvas depicting the ice-floe over which Schmidt's beard spreads its waves.

The drawings of the *Krokodil*[1] artists Rotov, Soifertis and others who depict everybody life, reflect happy people overflowing with the joy of life. However, Soviet satirical artists are not narrow specialists divided into political cartoonists and cartoonists dealing with everyday life. Rotov, for instance, handles political caricature also with skill. We go from the infectious, though slightly superficial humor of *Rest Home in the Stone Age, Through the Ripply Glass of the Street-Car, The Communal Kitchen,* etc., to *I Was Bald,* his powerful drawing on the Bolshevik conquest of the North Pole.

The petty concerns and worries of everyday life find masterly expression in the works of Soifertis, Semyonov and others.

Special attention should be given to those cartoons where the satire lies in a contrast between old ideas and the new meaning which these ideas have acquired. Characteristic is the drawing captioned *I was Born in a Worker's Family, in a Working Class District.* The cartoon portrays a well-dressed, robust child. The background is a wide asphalted street lined with tall buildings, a street formerly called a working class slum.

The bureaucrats, toadies, wreckers, philistines and others who befoul our life are the main targets in the cartoons of everyday Soviet life. Boldly, merrily and mercilessly the artists take vengeance on these enemies.

After going through this remarkable exhibit organized by the editors of *Krokodil,* the visitor leaves refreshed by laughter, enriched by new impressions and readier for the struggle.

As previously mentioned this exhibit is marked by a vigorous pictorial art not usually seen at exhibits. But wherein lies their keenness of perception? Why do these pictures get over? Is it singular to this art form?

What then is the peculiarity of satirical art?

The caricature focuses the distinguishing traits of the original. The satirical art form sharpens and deepens distinctive peculiarities; a characteristic which should characterize all forms of pictorial art to landscape, genre, portraiture, etc. And it would be well for landscape, genre and portrait painters to learn from our caricatures how to penetrate deeply into nature, make careful artistic selections, be purposeful and passionate, as the very elements which make their works exciting and comprehensible.

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[1] Soviet satirical weekly.

Ilya Ilf and Evgueny Petrov

How the News Was Brought to Syzran

For everyone else summer is over. People already go about in rubbers; stoically they await an attack of grippe; fondly they caress the radiator with cold fingers.

But for earnest soccer fans summer is still at its height. They sit tightly packed in the stadium, covering their heads with newspapers, and large drops trickle down their cheeks. It is impossible to make out whether they are raindrops or tears of delight.

Several times a year there occur surprising, bright, almost unnatural days, when not a single meeting takes place in Moscow, when there is no tinkling of the chairman's bell, no speaker's voice, no one demanding the floor on a point of order. Everyone is gone, everyone is at the Dynamo Stadium watching the soccer game.

From all directions soccer fans, young and old, earnest devotees of sport, gather at Pushkin Square, whence a straight avenue leads to the stadium.

There, on the straight line formed by Gorky Street, the Leningrad Chaussee and its "model road," occurred the first, and, up to now, the only case of pedestrians running over an automobile.

We must repeat: the automobile did not run over the pedestrians, the pedestrians ran over the auto.

This drama took place along the "model road." Impatient soccer fans, as soon as they saw the rough grey bastions of the Dynamo Stadium showing through the thicket of Petrovsky Park, developed a speed above the legal limit, and ran over a small Model A Ford which was peacefully crossing the street. The auto was badly bruised. It screamed like a hare, tried to dodge, but too late. Fifty thousand people trampled over it; after which there was nothing to do but donate the victim to the scrapheap.

The situation of ordinary citizens on the day of a match is awful. All means of communication are monopolized by the fans. Gesticulating and loudly giving the dope on the teams, they take possession of the trams, the roadways, the sidewalks. They surround the taxis they meet, and with tears in their eyes, like beggars, ask the driver to be merciful and take them to the stadium.

Anyway, somehow or other, the lucky ticket holders (usually spectators organized by the factory trade union committee) make their way to the stadium. Here they find a still bigger crowd, consisting of unorganized spectators. They could not get tickets, and never will. They are here in the hope that a miracle will occur.

Their reckoning is quite simple. The wife or friend of some one of the fifty thousand spectators may be sick. "Such things happen once in a while," dream the unorganized spectators, "and this 'some one' will sell his ticket at the entrance. Or some half-witted individual, having reached the entrance to the northern stands, may suddenly change his mind, and decide to sell his ticket."

But the unorganized spectators in vain cast imploring glances at the organized ones, and whisper: "Have you a spare ticket?"

In vain. Wives and friends never fall ill on these days, and there are no more half-wits.

It is claimed, however, that once an eccentric offered a ticket for the grandstands. As soon as he pronounced these rumored words he disappeared under the unorganized spectators. The stampede lasted about two minutes, and when the crowd, red-faced, dispersed, only two jacket buttons and a small heap of ashes were found on the scene. Up to now it has not been settled as to what happened to the imprudent owner of the ticket.

Half an hour before the start of the match, when the spectators swarm in like a shoal of herrings and cars collected from all over Moscow range themselves in a long joyful ribbon, the cinema studios send cameramen to the "model road." The cameramen madly crank their cameras.

The concrete slopes of the stadium are occupied to the last seat. The spectators of the north stands unwrap small packages and snatch a hasty bite (they had no time to dine at home). Those in the sunny southern stands make three-cornered hats out of newspapers and put them on their heads.

At last the umpire's whistle sounds. Involuntarily people sigh. Smokers snatch a smoke so as not to be distracted later; non-smokers pop peppermints into their mouths and make nervous, clicking noises.

The speed with which the match goes on arouses indignation in the soul of the fan. Although the game lasts an hour and a half, it seems to the amateur that he is being cheated, and that the game has lasted only two minutes. Besides, the umpire was obviously partial; the attacking is not fast enough, the left guard is definitely worn out, the goal has been kicked from offside, and, altogether, if he, the fan, were on the field, the game would have been improved.

Still, the soccer fan is really a nice person. He is young. He is excited, he is anxious, he is agitated. He appreciates highly coordinated play, perfect passing, the accurate goal kick. He hates butter-fingers and the so-called players who get all balled up, who try to play a lone hand and spoil the beautiful harmony of soccer.

No show can boast of such a large worker-audience as the stadium on the day of the big international match. Ninety per cent of the seats are occupied by workers.

It is twilight when the second half is called. A heavy mail plane is flying over the field. The plane still catches the reflection of the sun's rays, but below the flare of matches is to be seen in the stands. At this quiet moment, when there are only a few precious minutes to play out the match, and the game is at a climax, the first homing bird, wearing a white cap, rushes for the exit, treading on other people's feet. He is allured by the dream of catching an empty tram. The number of such homing birds present at the match can be fixed immediately after this event. It comes to about 3,000. They jump up from their places and run panic-stricken to the exit. They are pitiful persons for whom a seat in the tram means more than soccer. They are despised like strike-breakers.

While they fight for a place at the tram stop, the loyal mass of spectators enjoys the last inimitable plays.

A moment after the final whistle, all who had been sitting motionlessly rise and propel themselves toward the "model road," raising clouds of dust. There, on the "model road," the game is discussed on the run and opinions exchanged about the players.

The lone one is in a miserable position here. He wants to share his opinions and has no one with whom to do so. With a pitiable smile he runs from group to group but all are busy arguing and the appearance of a new interlocutor is met icily.

During the last big match, a misfortune occurred. A fan came with a group of friends, but lost them in the crowd on his way out. And thus the greatest of misfortunes occurred to him—he had nobody to give his opinion to.

He flew from one indifferent back to another, not knowing what to do. Impressions fairly bulged from him. And being unable to keep his feelings within himself, he decided to wire somebody. But whom?

As a result the following event took place. In the night, in the city of Syzran, the postman woke a peaceful employee, the uncle of the above-mentioned fan, and delivered a telegram. For a long time the provincial uncle stood in his bare feet on the cold floor, trying to puzzle out the incomprehensible wire:

"Congratulate score 32 in favor Soviet team stop Turkey's left guard distinguished himself comma Kemal Riffat umpired tactfully comma cheer up auntie."

The uncle couldn't sleep all night. Auntie wept and wept over the misfortune she couldn't understand.

From the Exhibit of Moscow Masters of Soviet Satire

Marxism according to Karl Kautsky
Drawing by Deni

Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

K. OSIPOV. Pen-name of Osip Kuperman, a Soviet scientist and economist who in his literary work has taken history as his field. He has published a story on Potemkin, the biography of Suvorov, from which the section we print in this issue has been excerpted, and is now working on a novel based on the time of Catherine the Great.

YURY TINYANOV. One of the outstanding contemporary Soviet writers. Takes his subjects, as his story in this issue indicates, from history. He has published novelized biographies of the Russian writers, Pushkin and Griboyedov. He has also won note as a translator of Heine.

EMI SIAO. Chinese revolutionary poet and short story writer who has been in the Soviet Union for several years. Frequently contributes to *International Literature*. His short story *The Plan of Colonel Ido* was published in our first number of this year.

LEBEDEV-KUMACH. Noted Soviet poet many of whose lyrics have been set to music. His songs have a wide circulation throughout the Soviet Union. Recently awarded the Order of the Red Banner. *Lullaby* which we print in this issue was composed for the recent Soviet film of the same title.

GEORG LUKACZ. Noted Hungarian Marxist scholar. Has been living in Moscow since 1933. Is on the staff of the Academy of sciences and contributes frequently to Soviet periodicals. He writes in German. Among his works are *The Esthetics of Culture* and *The Theory of the Novel*. A number of his books and essays has been translated into Russian, French and English.

MARK SEREBRYANSKY. Soviet critic, in the field of the contemporary Soviet novel, especially the historical novel. He has recently published a volume *The Soviet Historical Novel,* extracts from which appear in this issue.

KONSTANTIN KAITANOV. The leading parachutist of the Soviet Union and holder of numerous records. Was awarded the Order of Lenin. The first part of the book was published in our previous issue.

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV. Soviet critic and journalist with two major interests, the cinema and Western literature, with special emphasis on Shakespeare. Was formerly one of the editors of two Leningrad periodicals: film weekly, *Kino* and a monthly *Life of Art*. Now editor of *International Literature* in its Russian, French and English editions.

ILYA ILF AND EVGUENY PETROV. The recent death of Ilya Ilf was a great loss to Soviet literature. The work of these two outstanding Soviet satirists is an example of the fruitful collaboration which is a frequent and striking feature of Soviet culture. Their work is well known abroad. *Diamonds to Sit On,* and *Little Golden Calf* have been published in English translation. *Little Golden America* is their last book written in collaboration after the return from their trip through the United States of America. They are widely known for their satirical sketches one of which we publish in this issue.