Workers of the world, unite!

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SOVIET INTELLECTUALS AND THE ELECTIONS

In June, in each of the federated and autonomous republics of the USSR elections to its Supreme Soviet are being held.

Russians, Ukrainians, Byelo-Russians, Azerbaijanians, Armenians, Georgians, Kazakhs, Uzbeks, Turkmenians, Kirghizians, and Tajiks, each of these peoples, in their own countries, will go to the polls and elect their representatives to their own national Supreme Soviets.

They will vote in accordance with the unprecedentedly democratic Stalinist Constitution in which their national status is firmly secured: and in accordance with their own national constitutions in which similar guarantees guard the rights of the various nationalities incorporated and organized in autonomous republics and autonomous provinces.

The elections thus call attention to that noble and distinctive feature of the Stalinist Constitution and the Soviet political organization which welds the peoples of the Soviet Union into a Socialist community of free and equal nations and has ended forever, on one sixth of the earth's surface, antagonisms between peoples and exploitation of weaker nationalities.

Under Tsarism some of these peoples had been kept, by deliberate policy, in a state bordering upon barbarism, the better to maintain them in subjection. To serve the same imperialist ends the ancient national cultures of other peoples such as the Ukrainians, Georgians and Armenians, had been checked in their development and atrophied.

The Great October Socialist Revolution had liberated all these peoples and secured them the political freedom and economic development essential to cultural advance. As a result there has been a brilliant blossoming of national cultures throughout the Soviet Union. And, where before, the characteristic note of the national arts had been the grieving minor note of resignation to suffering and humiliation, as man's fate, now the dominant note is joy in life and the triumphant affirmation of man's creative powers.

To the democratic forces of the rest of the world, a world darkened by the extinction of the liberties of the formerly independent peoples of Austria and Ethiopia, and by the menacing invasions of Spain and China, these elections will serve as an inspiration and reinforcement in their struggle for democracy, culture and human progress. Each step of the campaign has been another ratification of the Leninist policies pursued under the leadership of Stalin and the Party of the Bolsheviks; the elections become, therefore, another historical landmark for progressive humanity throughout the world.

Election posters of Union Republics of the U.S.S.R. depicting state emblems.
Top—*R.S.F.S.R.*
Center—*Armenian S.S.R.*
Bottom—*Turkmenian S.S.R.*

Another significant feature of the election is the large number of intellectuals among the candidates and the widespread and active participation in the campaign of the intelligentsia of each of the Soviet nations.

In the early years of the Soviet Union anti-Soviet propaganda abroad did its best to alienate the progressive intellectuals of the West from Socialism by picturing the intellectuals in the Soviet Union as a despised and persecuted group. As these libels were exposed, as the immense cultural advances of the Soviet Union and the responsible and honorable role of the Soviet intelligentsia was made known to the world, large numbers of the Western intellectuals became friends of the Soviet Union.

This friendship will be strengthened by the June elections which register the triumphs of Socialist Democracy and demonstrate afresh the love and respect of the Soviet peoples for their Socialist intelligentsia, and the wholehearted participation of this intelligentsia in the life of the people.

Again as in the December 1937 elections a very large number of the candidates are not members of the Communist Party; they are the unanimous choice of non-Party and Party voters, signalizing the strength of the bloc of Party and non-Party people which scored a remarkable triumph in the elections to the All-Union Supreme Soviet. Again, leaders of the government and the Communist Party head the list of candidates. The deep love of the Soviet People for Stalin was reemphasized by the unanimous presentation of his name as first candidate in each of the republics. Great fervor marked the nominations of Molotov, Kaganovich, Voroshilov, Kalinin, Mikoyan, Andreyev, Yezhov and Zhdanov, as candidates.

Again as in the December elections, along with the best workers in other fields, the candidates include outstanding figures in the world of culture; among them are Jamboul, Kazakh folk poet who was recently awarded the Order of Lenin on the 75th anniversary of his creative activity; the film actor Cherkassov who played the role of the aged scientist in *The Deputy From the Baltic* and the young Tsarevich in *Peter First;* the composer Dunayevsky and the lyric writer Lebedev-Kumach. Again, as in the December elections, the campaign is being made the occasion for a vast countrywide educational course, in each of the Soviet nations, on the basic elements of the Stalinist Constitution,

the significance of Socialist Democracy and the nature of the struggle for effective democracy throughout the world. And again, as in the December elections Soviet intellectuals are taking an important part in the campaign.

The respect accorded to Soviet intellectuals and, in their turn, their eagerness to serve in the campaign, which enters into almost every activity of the hundred and seventy million Soviet people, was shown from the very outset of the campaign.

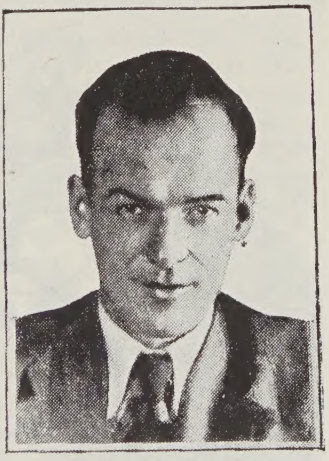
Writers, scientists, actors, teachers, musicians, technicians, are among the outstanding figures in Soviet life appointed to the Electoral Commissions in each of the Republics. Among them, for example, are the violinist David Oistrakh, the architect Vesnin, designer of some of the stations on the Moscow Metro, and the writer Serafimovich, author of the *Iron Flood,* known to our readers in its English translation.

National theaters have organized exhibitions in the lobbies and sent brigades on tour into the cities and into the countryside. This contact of the actor, and indeed of every type of art worker, with his audience is a constant one and not limited to outstanding events. It is one of the vital sources of Soviet culture.

Other cultural groups undertook similar activities. Poets have written poems dedicated to the elections and the candidates and recite them at factory meetings, study circles and before cinema audiences. In booths, in public parks, cultural and professional workers take turns in answering questions on the Constitution, the electoral laws and related subjects.

Writers, actors, college teachers as candidates to national legislative bodies,—musicians, poets, architects as political campaigners and lecturers on Constitutional Law, —this may startle intellectuals in the capitalist world who have lived isolated and overspecialized lives. It is an inspiration however to the advanced intellectuals of the West who realize that in such a reunion with the people lies the health of culture. By them, as by all democratic, anti-fascist workers, throughout the world, each unfoldment of these historic elections is being followed with ardor.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER



Candidates to the Supreme Soviet of R.S.F.S.R. Top—*Valeria Barsova, Soprano of Moscow Grand Opera.* Center —*Vasily Lebedev-Kumach, Poet.* Bottom—*Nikolai Cherkassov, stage and film actor.*

Electors of the Stalin electoral district in Moscow hailing the news that Stalin has consented to stand as their candidate.

Members of a Gipsy collective farm (Stalingrad) studying the election law for the forthcoming elections to the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R.

FICTION

Sandor Gergely

The scene of the novel is laid in Hungary in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. The most powerful figure in the land was the primate, Cardinal Tamas Bakocz. In 1513 he had gone to Rome where he had almost succeeded in having himself elected pope. In 1514 he returned bringing with him the papal bull, proclaiming a crusade against the Turks. He had his own motives for the crusade, hoping to become primate in Constantinople and to extend his rule over the whole Near East. The book deals with the preparations for this crusade which developed into a peasant rebellion when the peasants secured arms.

The greatest power in Europe at the time was Maximilian of Hapsburg. He was an advocate of a crusade against the Turks, expecting by its means to extend his empire and control the trade of mid-Europe, and the Orient through the communications by way of the Danube with the Mediterranean and the Black Sea that a successful crusade would provide.

Hungary in that period was in the grip of feudal reaction. While throughout most of Europe strong centralized monarchies were rising, in Hungary the upper clergy and the nobility had reduced the king, who was also king of Bohemia, to a puppet. Towns were deprived of their charters and such civil rights as existed were suspended. The frontier troops took to brigandage. The cattle drivers, deprived of a living also took to brigandage. The feudal lords and the clergy ruled despotically and were notorious for their debauchery. The city of Budapest, formerly one of the most cultured capitals of Europe, had declined. The peasantry secretly assisted the cattle drivers with food, and were themselves in a condition of endemic revolt. Farseeing leaders of the peasants were in favor of the crusade, as a means of getting arms. The money lenders were in favor of the crusade because it would give them control as mortgagors over big landholdings. They proposed that the cattle drivers be hired as a rearguard to put down the threatened peasant insurrection.

In the first section, published here, there is a dramatic episode between the money lender of the town of Shaphron, Stockinger, and the guildsman Kremzir; the ruin of the guildsman and the growing power of the bankers is strikingly reflected. In the middle part of this section, in an interview between Stockinger and the abbot of Miege who comes as an emissary of the Primate Bakocz, the abbot comes to ask Stockinger to influence the feudal lord Kanizhai, whose banker Stockinger is, to favor the crusade plans. In the latter part of this section the Abbot of Miege interviews leaders of the outlaws to enlist them in the service of the Primate Bakocz.

In the second section, we have a powerful picture of savage feudal "Justice" against the crushed peasants. The lord Kanizhai's manorial court has been in session and has passed sentences, which are carried out immediately. Included among the victims are the wives of rebel peasants, who are punished in place of their husbands.

Hanes Stockinger sat in a corner of his reception room. Gold coins lay on the table before him. One by one he placed them on the scales. Some of the coins he rubbed on a small black polished stone and with a glass stick moistened with nitric acid he smeared the traces which the coins left on the stone. No, not a single false coin.

Carefully he stacked in piles those coins which he had tested, from time to time writing down something. After a while he rose and paced the room, humming. He sat down near the table and again began to build piles of gold pieces. There were fifty piles of fifty coins each. He stretched out his hand, withdrew a fresh bag from a strongbox, and poured the contents on the table.

At this moment his secretary Gabor Balog [1] entered the room.

"What is the matter? I told you not to disturb me."

Gabor approached, stepping noiselessly in his soft-soled shoes, and reported respectfully:

"Master Michael Kremzir has come to visit your worship."

"Turn him out."

"Kremzir?" Gabor repeated in feigned horror.

"What is the matter? Who is he?"

"Michael Kremzir is the chairman of the Coopers' and Wheelwrights' Guild," answered Gabor, smiling ingratiatingly.

"Oh, yes. Vince wrote me about him."

"Michael Kremzir," Gabor read from the parchment he had brought with him, "was not chosen magistrate at the last elections. He used to have three apprentices, now he has only two. With other craftsmen he went to Maximilian in Vienna and to Vladislav in Buda, bearing petitions. He speaks not only German, but also Hungarian and Serbian, and he knows some Latin as well. In addition . . . ."

"Wait a minute," interrupted Stockinger. "Why wasn't he elected magistrate? Didn't Vince write?"

"Yes. I think he says why." Gabor looked at the parchment. "Vince writes here that Kremzir has a mad hatred for money. . . ."

"Well?" Stockinger, puzzled, asked.

" . . . because the money lies in other people's pockets. In Hanes Stockinger's and . . ." Gabor smiled. "It is also stated here that at the fair Kremzir scolds the rich in all languages. At the Guild meetings he called all the money-changers blood-sucking leeches and lieutenants of the devil."

Stockinger stroked his reddish beard in silence. A jewel in the ring on his hand sparkled, and he held out his finger the better to enjoy the glitter.

"Go. I am working."

"What shall I tell Master Kremzir?"

"Show him in," he said with a bored air, and again busied himself with his gold coins.

Gabor left the room. The visitor was sitting in the next room, staring fixedly ahead of him. When the door opened he lifted his eyes.

"His worship, Sir Stockinger, consents to receive you," Gabor addressed him.

Kremzir did not move. The long wait had tried his patience. Let this haughty man know with whom he has to deal—let him wait for him, Krem-

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[1]) Gabor Balog, a peasant educated as a scribe who has become a peasant leader. He is here, to spy out the plans of the nobles.

zir, he thought. And where did this clerk come from? Was not Vince Khodasi bad enough? How many idlers there are in this house!

"Listen," he said to Gabor, "what workshop were you kicked out of?"

"I was always a scribe," answered Gabor.

"When you grow up you'll become a good hangman, too . . ."

Gabor smiled and reminded Kremzir that every city has a hangman and that the office is as highly respected as any other.

"If the hangman is employed by an honorable magistrate, that is entirely different. Then he must also be respected."

"Well, you see, you, too, love the stick if it is in your hands and dances on other people's backs according to your wish. But, since it dances on your back . . ."

"On my back! Listen, you!" he stood proudly erect. "Your master won't live to see that day, even if he gets ten times as much stolen gold. . . ."

"Why won't he?"

Although Kremzir realized that Gabor was mocking him, he could not stop.

"Shameless man, blasphemer! You threaten with flogging a free citizen of Shaphron, a Guild chairman who presented a petition before two emperors?"

Completely losing his temper, Kremzir seized the skirts of his garment, walked to the door of the big room, and, red as a lobster, he shouted back to Gabor: "Sniveler! You will be brought to book yet! You will learn what a guild chairman is! You puppy, you are not even fit to be an apprentice! And you will never become one. One has to deserve it to become an apprentice. Scribe," he pronounced with disdain, "hangman! What are you grinning at?" So saying, he raised the heavy curtain, embroidered with flowers and stretching all the way to the floor, and entered the room.

As he entered he saw two huge stuffed bears with paws outstretched and yawning jaws. Kremzir shrank to the window. Here he looked around. Near Stockinger's table stood a stuffed wolf on his hind legs as if ready to leap, and behind him, hanging from the ceiling, a mighty eagle spread his wings. On the table white mice crawled under a glass bell. One mouse had fallen on her back and was staring up. It seemed to Kremzir that he heard a squeaking. He looked attentively, and noticed that the mouse had given birth to a litter . . . .

Surprised, he knitted his brows and stroked his beard. You can find everything here! Hanes collects everything. Silk stuffs on the floor, gold on the table!

Stockinger stood at the window and stared out on the yard. Then he walked through the room and his silk dressing gown, falling to his ankles, gently rustled. He stooped before the stuffed wolf, and absent-mindedly scratched the animal's ear.

"Hanes," said Kremzir in a low voice.

"What do you want?" the money-changer asked spitefully, continuing to busy himself with the wolf.

Kremzir grew red. He wished to speak in friendly fashion, like one craftsman to another. Why should he not ask Stockinger for help? If the latter had suffered some misfortune and were in need of money for business. . . . But, hearing Stockinger's haughty tone, he stiffened.

"I am come to ask you for one hundred pieces of gold."

Stockinger left the wolf and began to advance toward Kremzir, but in the middle of the room he changed his mind and approached the mice

Tapping against the glass he scrutinized his object of amusement and murmured:

"A hundred pieces of gold? It is a lot of money."

"A lot? But I have four hundred barrels and five carts."

"Sell them—they are good wares."

"My goods are well spoken of, but who buys nowadays? Barrel staves? Nobody. Who buys wine? Nobody, even for practically nothing. Carts are not bought either. Ah, if there were a demand for these goods!" He sighed. His thin beard quivered. "Hanes, listen to me! Our fathers never dreamt of such times. Who would ever have dreamed that for a whole week I would not be able to sell even one piece of gold's worth of goods? Who would believe that the chairman of the guild is so glad to see a client that he is ready to kiss his hand? Who would believe that we would ever sell our goods cheaper than what they cost us? These hundred pieces of gold. . . ."

"I do not have a hundred pieces of gold. . . ."

"Hanes. . . ."

"You know my full name."

"I know it." Kremzir grew even more red. "I knew your grandfather. . . ."

"That is of no importance. I will give more than one hundred. I'll give you one hundred and fifty. And not on loan. Sell me staves for a hundred barrels and your five carts. I will give you a hundred pieces of gold in addition for your workshop gear. And keep the carts and the staves until I make arrangements to remove them. I will throw in fifty pieces of gold more—three hundred in all."

"For my gear? I don't want to sell them."

"What do you need them for? Do you use them?"

"We'll see better times yet. . . . And what shall I do then without it? I still have apprentices. Let them go on working."

"Better take care of yourself, and let the apprentices go. Have some amusement, enjoy yourself. I shall pay you ten pieces of gold a month until better times. Then you can make use of your gear again. Take a rest until staves and carts find a market once more. I shall then increase your wages to twenty-five pieces of gold. You and your apprentices will work for me."

"Impossible. The guild will never allow it."

"Let the guild lend you money then."

"The guild has none," said Kremzir desperately. "I have already seen the tanners and the saddlers. None of them has money. Half of them are out of work."

"The other half will soon stop work, too." Stockinger grinned maliciously.

"Why?" Kremzir was puzzled, and he stared at Stockinger's cruel, cold face. "Did you promise three hundred pieces of gold to all of them?"

"They have more craftsmen, and each will receive less."

"The blacksmiths, the jewelers, the carpenters. . . . Did you promise all of them?"

"I shall settle with them in time," answered Stockinger, and pointed significantly to the table. "Three hundred. . . ."

"Hanes," groaned the Guild chairman, looking at the piles of gold lying on the table, and trying to catch Stockinger's eye. "Hanes, I made all my gear myself!"

"Old trash."

"Hanes. I was an apprentice ten years. My father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather they built a house, they carried the workshop banner in the

processions, they guarded the castle, the rights of our children, their power and the honor of our ancestors."

"That was in other times. Every one who worked then was paid for his work."

"Well, let us wait for better times. Let us wait!" Kremzir stared at the gold with despairing eyes.

"I am waiting," said Stockinger, and pointed to the table.

"No, no. . . ." Kremzir turned away. "That I should work for another! That I should work for you? I'd rather starve. Let everything perish, let everything burn." He rapped his stick on the floor. "You impious man, you won't escape disaster. Jesus Christ kicked you money-changers out of the temple." He flung his stick away and, throwing up his arms, started to shout madly. "My house! My tools! You blasphemers, you leeches! I will kill you if others are afraid!"

Stockinger knocked on a metal plate which hung over the table, behind him. Immediately a door opened, and cavalrymen with unsheathed swords entered. Gabor Balog stood at the entrance and watched.

"Throw him out," ordered Stockinger in an indifferent voice.

Michael Kremzir paled. Gasping for breath, he shouted to the newcomers: "I am a free citizen! I am a guild chairman! Don't touch me."

He was seized and dragged down the staircase.

Stockinger remained alone.

Sixty piles of gold coins lay on the table—a good, solid foundation. Any building can stand on such a foundation. It is like water to ships, or wind to sails. Especially here, in Hungary, where the king is given no credit, even by the butcher! Where a man like Kanizhai or some other people in high places pay without blinking more for some expensive toy than it would cost to keep the king s court half a year. In this country everybody except the king is venal. The king—you can have him for nothing. . . . But who needs him?

The spring air streamed through the open windows. A noise was heard in the street below. Probably the ejected Kremzir.

But why were the gates open? He looked out the window. The yard was turfed. Expensive olive trees imported from Italy were already in bloom. Over multicolored beds of roses a fountain played. The curtain of falling water murmured and sparkled with all the colors of the rainbow.

The guards, after having kicked out Kremzir, were scattering a crowd of idlers which surrounded not Kremzir, as Stockinger thought, but the carriage of the abbot of Miege, driving through the gateway.

Some time passed before the stout abbot climbed the staircase. The master of the house was waiting for him upstairs, and next to him, standing erect, was Gabor Balog.

The abbot was tired and in a bad mood. He hardly shook hands with Stockinger, nodded to the clerk and directed himself to the reception room. Gabor came forward and opened the heavy, expensive curtains. The master of the house and his guest entered the room hung with magnificent draperies. Gabor Balog opened them and loudly latched the door behind himself. Then he silently pushed the door ajar again and stared between the curtains.

The abbot examined the numerous family of mice with interest.

"Take some of them for the Primate," proposed Stockinger.

The abbot did not seem to understand the proposal. Stockinger repeated it. But the abbot laughed and asked if he could not find a more suitable gift for his eminence. Without waiting for an answer, he sat down in an armchair,

took another one to rest his feet on, threw his head back thoughtfully and stroked his double chin. The master of the house took a seat opposite him.

The abbot looked at Stockinger with animosity, from under his half closed eyelids.

"You keep your dogs on a long chain!" he said.

Stockinger started, and stared in surprise.

"You don't observe the Augsburg regulations very faithfully in Shaphron," continued the abbot angrily after a pause. "The Fuggers tighten or loosen the golden reins as occasion arises. Kanizhai is to you what the Emperor Maximilian is to the Fuggers. [1] I don't suppose that his Majesty objects as much to the plans of the Fuggers as this gentleman. In vain have we reckoned on him, in vain have we tried to coerce him. Sir Kanizhai flew into a rage this morning and ordered all his cavalrymen to mount. And he ordered me to announce the fact that he declines to take part in any conferences, even with the pope himself."

"Kanizhai went home, to Metchen," interrupted Stockinger. "He is not against our plan. He just wants us to plead with him, or rather he wants us to recognize his importance."

"Yes, he is not a German—he is a Hungarian lord. His measure is not an ell but hundreds of cavalrymen."

"That means nothing; it is not forage for his horses which he expects from here," answered Stockinger, lowering his voice.

The abbot, quite tired, was almost lying in his armchair. From early morning he had been at a conference at Kanizhai's, but the latter had stubbornly refused to agree to any undertaking. All the abbot's plans he considered adventures. And what else could they be? To help Vladislav [2] or the Primate Bakocz? No! No! And he had hammered with his fist on the table. This great lord carried his fury to excess. All the arguments of the abbot, who tried to convince Kanizhai that the country would at last have peace when all the runaways were lured into the war against the Turks, were useless. Kanizhai only waved his hand.

"What must we do?" asked the abbot helplessly.

"The cattle drivers are gathering under the banner of His Majesty Maximilian," answered Stockinger, "and we shall send 10,000 to Bakocz to support his army."

"But Sir Kanizhai wants the same thing," said the abbot, quite surprised.

"No, his majesty wants it."

"And the Augsburgers?"[1]

"The Augsburgers are faithful subjects of the Emperor Maximilian. With christian humility they helped him to banish the pagans. The primate knows about it. He knows more! He knows that the Turks are not the only pagans; here in this country there are many people who ought to be converted to christianity."

"The best way to convert people to christianity is to give them bread, clothing and new bast shoes, not an army."

Stockinger noticed that the abbot did not understand him and smiled. Bakocz did not consider the slaves pagans, but the high nobility. Not all of them, but the majority. That is how the primate understood it. His majesty

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1) International bankers of that period who played an important role in the politics of Europe.

2) The powerless king of Hungary.

3) The banking house of the Fuggers.

the Emperor and the Augsburgers will support his eminence with all their forces if he leads the army against the Turks. But if the primate intends to use the Crusaders as a dike against his own enemies, neither the German emperor nor the Fuggers will help him. They would never take the primate's part, but would wait until they saw the end of their internal war. The Turks would be the winners no matter how such a war might end.

"Not only the Turks—Maximilian too," Stockinger nodded.

"But tell the Primate that if he and Vladislav, or the nobles, are the victors in this struggle, the internal war will so weaken the country that it will be a joke for the Turks to conquer it later. For this reason his majesty and the Augsburg dynasty want to strengthen the weak eastern border."

"Near Shaphron and Vash, in Hungary?" exclaimed the abbot. "Three thousand haiducks[1] are needed for the defense of this border."

"To defend it against the Turks? If the primate consents to lead his army against the Turks without delay, he can only win," and Stockinger smiled ironically. "He would soon be able to move his residence to Byzantium. The pagans have enough to do at home in Asia. The fortresses of the borders of Serbia and Wallachia are carelessly fortified. Bakocz could approach Byzantium with forces stronger than the Pope's, before they have the possibility to collect themselves. Because even if Bakocz moves to Constantinople, all the Italian trading cities will grow poor and the galleys will rot at anchor of idleness. If the primate has his residence at Byzantium the Augsburgers can sail their galleys down the Danube to the Black Sea. And all the carts carrying German goods from Bremen through Vienna, Buda and Nandorfehervar will be in their hands. All the spices, stuffs and treasures will be controlled and taxed before they come to Hungary, Germany or France And all this the Augsburgers would owe to Bakocz! This is why I state as an authorized ambassador: Augsburg is sending ten thousand pieces of gold to support this campaign. When the Crusade army enters Serbia the Augsburgers will give fifty thousand more. As soon as the army tops the Bulgarian mountain range the warriors will receive fifty thousand as a gift. And when his eminence takes possession of the patriarchal throne he will receive fifty thousand personally."

The abbot thought a long while about these conditions. If the army takes the field for the campaign. . . . If Nandorfehervar. . . . If the Bulgarian mountain range. . . . If . . . If . . . If . . . But this money-changer overlooked one thing: if all those experienced in military affairs are gone, Maximilian's army will be able to advance to the Fierte![2] The best way for him to defend the borders of the German land is to build fortifications abroad, in other words, on Hungarian soil.

The Primate was of the opinion that the thousands of Sir Dietrichstein's armed and trained warriors, situated between Gratz and Nemetujhely could be of great assistance if they headed the crusade army. Stockinger knew that Bakocz feared Dietrichstein's army, whereas Vladislav did not. What did that crowned fool care if his guard diminished or not? His successor would have a puppet reign under the scepter of Maximilian the same as his father, under whose make-believe rule the primate is the all- mighty sovereign. Bakocz fears that in case of an attack of the German army, the Hungarian landlords, enemies of the Germans and partisans of the elected king, would sweep the half-witted Vladislav and all his Polish relatives out of Buda, like

[1] Rebellious cattle drivers.

[2] A large lake, the scene of notable events in Hungarian history.

rubbish, and put Janosh Sapogai[1] in his place. But this would be the end of the primate's domination!

True, this would also be the end of the dreams of the German lords. Sapogai, if he agrees with the lords, in a month and a half would collect an army of a hundred thousand. And then the head of the German empire would have to flee from Vienna, just as in the time of Sapogai's father, Matthias. No! Sapogai must not reign! Let Vladislav and Bakocz stay.

"The army of Sir Dietrichstein will be needed in Styria," said Stockinger yieldingly. "The primate must know what an uprising we had there last autumn. Several thousand rebels hid in the forests of Craina, and continue to live there, right up to now. Dietrichstein is on the watch. If they fall into his hands, not one will remain alive. That is why they need the army there—in order that the rebels may not make their way to Hungary."

"What a pity. The cuirassiers and the peasants would be of use in the war against the Turks."

"Don't forget, holy father, that they are not gentle lambs of our Lord, but brigands who kill their masters. . . . They would sow disturbances in the crusade army."

"The cattle drivers were their partisans."

"It is quite different with the cattle drivers. They took part in the rebellion in Styria. And why should they not have done it? The masters also take the part of those who promise them easy prey. Cattle drivers are created to be warriors and not peaceful plowmen. They are used to the sword. Only pay them well and they will take our part and go wherever we send them. It is different with the serfs. They are revolting everywhere. Their frantic hatred flares up like a will-of-the-wisp, now here, now there." Stockinger walked across the room. "If the primate won't rule his army with an iron rod, if he leads the army not against the Turks but against the lords competing with him, the serfs will rise up against all the masters indiscriminately and they will go farther than the Hungarian land!"

"Is that what Dietrichstein needs his army for?"

"Only to guard our borders from a rebellion."

"And where can he block the rebels' way? Near Dier?"

Stockinger did not answer the question.

"You want the cattle drivers to guard Styria?" asked the abbot mockingly.

"Yes. The rebellion may spread over our border."

"Why court disaster if it does not yet exist?"

"Does it not exist? It threatens the whole world."

"We took measures against it. We spoke about it in Esterhome. The primate says that what the rich man does for pleasure, the poor man does from need. That is why he is doubly poor. . . . If his patience is tried he destroys everything that falls into his hands. This tendency to destruction should be mercilessly suppressed in him, although this inclination deserves respect in the eye of man's and god's law."

Stockinger laughed loudly. The abbot smiled and sat up in his armchair.

"I will communicate this thesis of the primate to Augsburg. To suppress mercilessly something that deserves respect!"

"I will send one thousand to Bakocz for that purpose," said Stockinger laughing.

Somebody knocked at the door. It was Gabor. He reported that her worship Lady Stockinger was waiting for Sir Stockinger for their usual ride.

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[1] Lawful heir to the Hungarian throne. Cheated out of his inheritance by Bakocz.

The horses were neighing in the yard. They scraped the stony earth with their hooves. Stockinger looked out, then he took a leather bag from a strongbox and put his piles of gold in the bag. He tied the bag with straps and gave the gold to the abbot.

"Three thousand."

He called Gabor and told him to order the abbot's carriage.

When the abbot had taken his place in the carriage, shielding the bag swollen with gold, Stockinger bent to his ear:

"The primate's thesis is good, but he must not forget to follow it."

"You have promised one thousand for the thesis," the abbot reminded him, lifting his finger. Stockinger stepped back. The carriage, surrounded by a mounted guard, drove out of the yard.

The abbot was soon rocked to sleep by the fast driving. He woke up when a gust of fresh forest air struck his face. The abbot was preparing for the last stage of his mission. The abbot of Miege would move to Buda, and as for Miege. . . . Well, he'd see about it later.

But what would happen if the crusade army were defeated? The Turks would, of course, invade the country, and again the Germans would attack the western border. The abbot moved heavily on his cushions. The big leather bag slipped to his feet. He picked it up and placed it on his lap. He felt the gold and thought of Buda, of the disappearing wealth and luxury of the city. . . . The scholars were gradually leaving this formerly glorious and prosperous town. Under Matthias Buda had swarmed with painters, sculptors and poets. And now? Can a pauper king be a patron of the arts? But if the army won, a new life would flourish on the banks of the Danube and again Buda would prosper on the taxes and duties. . . .

The carriage made a sharp turn and stopped near the abbey gates. The monk-gatekeeper kissed the abbot's hand. Monks, busy in the big garden, left their work and surrounded the abbot, but the latter asked them to leave him. Slowly and heavily he waddled toward the main building. Next to him walked Gvardian. In great excitement, he related that some time ago Brother Kelleman had come, with two unknown people, on a visit to the cloister. He had wanted to put Kelleman in jail, but he did not know how to act with the two other robbers. For who could they be but robbers? They, too, ought to be thrown into a dungeon, as is done with runaway monks. But here comes this pagan with the two brigands, and without confession takes up quarters in the internal rooms. He says they arrived to attend a great conference about some kind of business concerning the entire country. Gvardian glanced inquisitively at the abbot. They crossed the hollow corridor.

At the door of the reception room the abbot affectionately parted from Gvardian. The monk Kelleman ran to him and kissed his hand. Demeter Shosh [1] stood erect near the table, and Pero Veliki near the window. Scrutinizing them, the abbot approached the table and threw on it the leather bag. The gold tumbled out. The two brigands watched him like dogs scenting their prey. The abbot laughed and stretched his hand to Demeter Shosh.

Demeter clumsily shook the soft, sweaty hand. He even bent to bow and the holy father quivered with laughter. He called Pero. The Serbian chieftain opened his mouth and his white teeth glittered.

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[1] Demeter Shosh and Pero Veliki are leaders of a band of cattle drivers, robbers and runaway serfs; they are here to enter negotiations for service under Bakocz.

"Have you eaten?" asked the abbot. "No? Kelleman, go and tell them to bring meat and wine."

The monk left. The abbot wearily seated himself in an armchair and called the two chieftains.

"Are you not tired of this wolves' existence of yours, my children?"

"We are tired," sighed Demeter. "Even a dog ought to be pitied if he leads such a life. . . ."

"You see, you see," said the abbot, with a good-natured smile, stretching forth his hand by turns to both of them. Timidly they put their hands in his.

The bearded monks entered with big tureens and jars, and heaped the table with food. The abbot and the monk went to the corner of the room and began to speak in Latin. Demeter Shosh scrutinized the table. He cut off a huge slice of bread and bacon and began to eat, pacing to and fro with long strides.

Demeter Shosh was an abstemious man all his life. He knew that a long period of hunger dried his bowels and that they became accustomed to food only gradually. The last few weeks he and his men had lived only on rye. Rarely could they find fish in the neighborhood of their camp. They boiled the uncleaned rye in kettles, the rye they had laid hands upon together with ten carts of servants of the Dier bishopric. They had nothing more. This beggarly food pricked and scratched their bowels. The cattle drivers rolled on the ground with cramps after swallowing the food, it choked them, but still they ate it. They even had to place guards near the kettles to prevent people from taking more than their share of the sticky concoction.

A man who has eaten such food for some time must be careful. A piece of bread and some bacon, and he must walk about fifty steps. Again some bread and bacon, thoroughly chewed, and a slow walk across the hall. He can also drink a bowl of wine. But Pero will certainly come to trouble. He ate nearly the whole leg of a wild boar and poured home-made beer over it as if he were pouring water on a fainting man. He did not look around, only gnawed away at the meat, and look at his mouth all covered with crumbs and grease.

Tirelessly Demeter wandered back and forth across the hall, glancing once in a while at the two men in the corner. Demeter saw a row of holy images looking at him from the walls. On the ceiling he noticed a strange, incomprehensible picture. A man, or maybe it was a dog, was seizing a girl with his long hairy paws. The girl, screaming and struggling, was unable to flee, for in front of her another hairy dog, looking out from behind the trees, blocked the way. Such a pious man, and this is how he amuses himself! He must worship his belly, too. Demeter cut himself another piece of bread and bacon and walked about the hall again. The strong Rust wine clouded his mind. He stopped drinking and took a little piece of lean game.

Pero Veliki, too, no longer ate so greedily. He put his head on the table and fell asleep.

Deme laughed at him, but he also stretched out on a large bench which stood under the window. The bench groaned under his weight.

The twilight was sifting through the window, throwing its rays on the empty jugs and jars and the bones picked clean. Two novices brought in torches and put more wood in the fireplace.

The abbot felt very tired. Until now he had been the only one to speak. Kelleman simply nodded.

If the crusade is unsuccessful, Tamas Bakocz is threatened by great dan-

ger. All the lords are against the primate; after a defeat they would have the advantage over him. That is why the primate needs a special army subordinate only to him. He struggles against two enemies. He attacks the Turk, and at the same time he expects to be attacked by the lords. He will send the peasants against the Turks, and he will leave the cattle drivers to protect him against the lords. Three thousand cattle drivers rove about the forests on the western borders. There are as many in Semigrad. About five thousand in Pusta and not less on the banks of the upper Tissa. A suitable man could create a strong army of them, and with such help all the lords, one after another, can have their spines broken. The cardinal would then see his dream fulfilled. Hungary would become a country ruled by the best scholars, by the wisest men. Only the clergy can give such men to the country. Bakocz would reign in the heart of Hungary—in Buda. The country would be divided into ten or twelve districts over which would be the abbots, the vicars of the primate. The abbey at Miege would also rule one of the districts.

"I shall soon leave Miege, my son. In the autumn I shall move to Buda. I spoke to Bakocz about you. You will have my place here as soon as the fate of the crusade is fixed."

The abbot counted out one thousand pieces of gold and gave them to the monk. Yes, he must spend his money cautiously, because he cannot reckon on having more before the crusade army reaches Buda. And he let the clerk Gabor Balog be the chief in command. Lerinc Messarosh had praised him highly. In Germany and in Styria Gabor had behaved as a valiant warrior. But he must be watched. We received information that the German peasants are rebelling not only against their lords but also against the church. The clerk is a learned man, he has a strong will, and he is trained in the military arts. He must be kept under the thumb, he must not have his own way so much, and never should the reins be entrusted to him. Let him busy himself only with military affairs.

"And as for those men," said the abbot, pointing at the snoring chieftains, "don't keep them near him if they are too much influenced by him."

The abbot rose and, with pain managing to bend over Deme, he pulled Demeter's whiskers.

"Are you awake, my son?"

Deme roared with laughter. He was shaken out of his mighty sleep, and brought back to earth. The abbot with his own hand gave him a bowl of wine full to the brim. Kelleman woke Pero Veliki.

"Listen, my son, and you, Pero, too," said the holy father. "Do you want to shake hands with me on the deal that you will serve god devotedly?"

"God is a good master," answered Deme, blinking at the abbot. "He never stands in the way."

All split their sides with laughter.

"We have one lord in heaven, let us have only one on earth—the king," pronounced Demeter Shosh.

The monk opened his eyes wide. His earth-colored face became red, and the abbot did not take his glance from the two chieftains. His answer was ready.

"So that is what your faith is? I knew it. A human being wishes to live without masters. He does not want lords and nobles to strip the very skin off his back. There will be only one lord on earth: the vicar of Christ's kingdom—His Eminence Tamas Bakocz. Do you want to become his warriors? Do you want it? Your master will be the only sovereign of the Hungarian land. Is it

not true? You don't need to fight the Turks. Just maintain order at home, while the serfs make war upon the pagans. You will see to it that nobody dares to offend or to rob the villagers who remain behind, for all of them are wards of our holy father the Primate Bakocz. What do you choose? To remain homeless wolves or to become the standard bearers of the chief lord of the country? Answer, my children."

The abbot held out his hand to them.

Pero Veliki, without meditating, pressed it heartily.

"And you, my son, don't you want to give me your hand?"

"I? Gabor Balog. . . . He knows. . . . He is the chief in command of the army. . . ."

"Could you be the chieftain of your band if you didn't wish your men well? You couldn't. Isn't it so? You are chieftain only because your people see that you take care of them. Gabor Balog will also do whatever is advantageous for the army."

"He alone knows what is advantageous for us." Deme withdrew from the table. "He said: 'One lord in heaven and one on earth'. . . ."

"Yes, yes, we shall have but one lord. . . ."

"No tax."

"No masters."

"No tithe, no obligatory work for the lord."

"Everything for yourselves. . . . that is what you want. And we, too. And the primate. Well, can you give your assent to this?"

Demeter glanced timidly at the mild, fat, bloated face of the abbot.

"Well, my son, we did not meet here with bad intentions. . . ."

Demeter Shosh slowly lifted his heavy hand.

"You see," smiled the abbot, releasing his fingers, which were squeezed in the chieftain's hand. "I am very tired and I want to have a rest. Eat and drink! Just feel at home here. Come to me whenever you want."

He held out his hand to the two chieftains to take leave of them. The monk knelt and kissed the ring on the abbot's finger. From the threshold the abbot waved to them once more.

II

The cavalrymen brought the people from Zhira, Khevey, Khimot, Kallas Shevengaza and Metchen. They ordered them to form ranks. A banner bearing the picture of Christ was carried in front, and the people, surrounded by guards, joined in singing psalms as they advanced toward the castle of Metchen. Only the sick, the cripples and the guards remained in the villages.

Those from nearby places dragged themselves to the castle in the evening. The people from Shevengaza were brought up last, at midnight. They were separated from the others and placed opposite the body of the peasant of Kallas, still impaled on the top of the wall of the castle. The wind carried to them the hideous odor of decay. Pushing each other, involuntarily they stared at the corpse, over which vultures flew with loud shrieking.

Torchbearers appeared on the castle walls. All eyes stared upward. They could see above the castle gates a long hollow metal cylinder being lifted and placed between two huge, iron-shod wheels. The orifice of the cylinder yawned over the heads of the people and was pointed toward Metchen. An armed man, clad in black, kneeled behind the cylinder, a burning torch in his hand. He touched the end of the cylinder with the torch and ran aside.

Flame burst from the orifice. A thundering explosion was heard and the

awful smell of sulphur struck the people, who fell on the earth, mad with terror.

When the smoke rolled away the castle tower bell began to ring, and the thinner sound of the church bell responded, calling the people to prayers. All knelt and crossed themselves.

Men in surplices, carrying candles, began to sing psalms. They came from the other side of the bastion. The priests of Shevengaza and Metchen, clad in full priests' vestments, walked in front. The two priests placed themselves between the crowd and the impaled man and the cannon. They swung their censers and sang the prayers loudly.

From the yard women were led to the rampart. Ashamed, they lifted their skirts to cover their faces. On the upper step they halted in indecision, but they were pushed from below. The light of the torches blinded them, the sharp stink of the decaying corpse repelled them; out of the orifice of the cannon still came a wreath of odorous sulphur.

The priest of Metchen stepped forth on the edge of the rampart above the praying people. His white frock was taut across his big belly.

"Hark ye, hark ye, people of Shevengaza, ye who have abandoned god and your lord, rovers of the woods," he shouted. "I ask for the first, second and third time. Do you wish to return to the huts you have left, to your church, to the power and justice of your masters? I ask you: do you wish to abandon your mischief-makers, whom I shall damn for eternity together with you if you do not return home?"

The torches and candles in the hands of the monks burned brighter and brighter, the voice of the priest sounded lower and lower. On the rampart and below in the crowd there was silence. "You do not return! You do not return! You do not return!" exclaimed the priest. "You persist, you persist, you persist in your sin! Through the mouth of this blasphemer and impious man, Jakov Chontosh,[1] you have declared that you would rather rove the woods like wolves than serve your master for the glory of the lord! Did not the lord command you to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow? I begged you, but you did not heed my words. I begged you, but you repulsed me. You rejected Christ and our most kind master, Sir Kanizhai. So have it your way . . ."

The monks put out their candles. Then one of them took a torch and lit them again. They formed a semicircle behind the priests. Now the priest of Shevengaza stepped forth. His head was bare and his long hair fell to his shoulders; his outstretched arms seemed to embrace the night, the forest, the village, the people kneeling here under the castle walls. His voice echoed from wall to wall like an organ.

"In the name of the father, the son and the holy ghost, in the name of the first apostle, St. Peter, and of the whole christian church, I, Lanich, priest of Shevengaza, damn all who disobey their masters and the king, all who are hardened in their obstinacy! I banish from the church and excommunicate all the impious who roam the woods and live on the lake, who, like brigands, attack the clergy and the lords. I damn and excommunicate all apostates, all those who have no home of their own, either in the village or the city. All those who live their impious lives without doing the obligatory work for their master, who do not pay taxes to the masters or tithes to the church. I damn them and forbid them to visit the church and to have a common life with faithful christians. And may no one dare to share their

[1] A peasant rebel leader.

bed and board, to accept a gift from them, to kiss them, to murmur a prayer for them or to welcome them. May everyone who disobeys this command of the holy church be damned together with the apostates, in the name of the father, the son and the holy ghost, may they be anathematized like devils in hell for eternity! Amen."

"Amen!" responded the monks and put out their candles again. People crawled on the earth, beat their breasts, moaned. Wails and lamentations rose to the heavens.

The priest stretched forth his arms to bless the crowd gathered at his feet. He pointed to the impaled man: "The just hand of our master has already punished this apostate, this impious man, this rebel! In the name of the father, the son and the holy ghost, in the name of St. Peter, the first apostle of the holy church! I give absolution to all who stone this carrion rejected by God. May my promise be fulfilled, amen!"

"Amen, amen, amen," sang the monks in chorus. Two cavalrymen pulled the corpse down from the wall, and the foremost ranks of the kneeling recoiled in horror.

After a while everyone tried to elbow his way to the corpse. But armed guards stood there and kept the curious moving. Many wandered aimlessly about, others threw themselves on the earth and crawled about on the grass seeking stones. Suddenly a joyful shout was heard. A lucky man had found one. Someone wailed with pain as his foot was trodden on. Invective was heard on all sides. Cavalrymen roved about the castle and forced the people toward the walls. The serfs reached the lake and grubbed in the slime, scratching out stones. The monks and priests had already quit the ramparts. The canon was removed. On the place where it had stood, a space as large as a room, five large wooden benches were now placed. Ten cavalrymen dragged them onto the ramparts.

Two cavalrymen were jumping up and down, along the drawbridge, in order to keep warm. Guards were standing in front of the castle protecting the masters who had come from afar to deal justice.

Balint Cher [1] appeared in the yard and listened to the incessant noise on the other side of the wall. He stopped near the stable, examined a bunch of keys, selected the two he needed and approached the cellar. When the guards passed by, he stood erect, pressing the keys to his leg. The cavalrymen laughed and galloped on. Some of them rode to the castle in order to relay the guards, who were encircling the peasants. Others ranged themselves in a row, from the door of the cellar up to the castle.

Balint Cher stood thoughtfully at his post. He recollected the past. What a strange, mad spring this year. The blood boiled in the veins. It even seemed to him that somebody had thrown him back to the past, thirty years ago. Everything then seemed so merry, especially in Upper Hungary. . . . And god knows who had been right there. He had advanced with the Black Brigade [2] on Sojom, forcing back the Czech regiments. The Czechs in the Black Brigade zealously fought against their countrymen, considering as apostates everyone who attacked the land of King Matthias, because when Matthias was not yet his majesty, but only an orphan and a captive of the Czech king, the young Hunyadi had given his secret oath to the Czechs, who

[1] An old soldier of the time of the Hussite religious reformation and peasant uprising who feels secret sympathies for the peasants. He is acting here as a guard.

[2] A brigade of mercenaires, organized chiefly from the Czech troops who remained with the army of King Matthias.

were the adherents and followers of Johann Huss.[1] The Czechs swore that they would get rid of all the lords and the lords' priests in all the cities and villages of Czechia and if Matthias, they said, comes to power in Hungary, he would do the same at home.

The serfs exulted at the thought that Matthias would be their sovereign—from mouth to mouth flew the news that he would bring kindness to the poor, and on the wicked lords would fall the weight of his justice. Huge regiments of Czechs followed him. They were the beginning of the Black Brigade. How they hated the lords! Sitting near the campfire, they told each other that the time was near when the only lord in heaven and on earth would be king Matthias. Hungarians, Germans, Serbs, all the nations would live under his reign, as in god's paradise. For Matthias and his Czech warriors had promised it.

But suddenly these merry, cruel lads had gone crazy. They had turned on each other. Whole detachments of them deserted. They gathered under the banner of Zhizhka, who invaded the Hungarian land. When nights were quiet, they shouted to the Black Brigadiers from the summit of the hills that Matthias had deserted his comrades, that he was no longer a liberator, that he had become a tyrant, and that that was the reason why Zhizhka had invaded the country. The Czechs who had remained in the army answered that on the contrary, the Hussites were vile spawn who wouldn't kick out the lords from their own country, and wouldn't open the frontier fortresses to King Matthias, as had been decided in Prague. That was why the Czechs began to kill each other . . .

"Good morning, Uncle Cher!" shouted someone.

"Good morning, Junker Pali,"[2] he hailed the passing clerk.

"We shall soon begin," remarked Pali.

The old man spat after him. But immediately he came to his senses and looked around in fear. Michael Dulai riding in front of the cavalry detachment was a manly sort. No harm if it was Dulai who saw the disrespectful gesture.

The clerk slowly entered the steward's reception room. He was pale after a sleepless night, and there were noticeable rings under his eyes. He looked at the manager, who was absorbed in reading, threw himself on a leather couch and started to cry.

The steward, Logi, listened to his childish crying for some time, but, since he did not stop sobbing, he rose and bent over Pali. "Are you sick?" he asked.

Hearing these kind words, the clerk grew quiet.

"Are you sick?" repeated the steward. He scrutinized the troubled face of the young man, whose complexion already showed signs of peeling from excessive use of cosmetics. What had become of this once fresh, feminine youth? Two short months! Pity and disgust struggled in him. . . . His look probably betrayed his feelings. Pali turned to the wall.

"Pali, you will get over this."

"If he had struck me . . . or told me something . . . but he doesn't notice me . . . I walk before him and he doesn't see me. . . ."

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[1] Czech church reformer who was burned at the stake. The religious wars that followed his execution were characterized by vast serf rebellions which had repercussions in neighboring lands.

[2] One of the young clerk, Kanizhai's homosexual "mistress".

"It is better so, Pali. When all these horrors come to an end, I shall return to Vienna and take you with me."

"What has he done with me! How much have I suffered because of him! He took back all his gifts. My hussar's jacket, my plume. Stockinger gave me a bracelet, he took the bracelet, too. I didn't sleep in the room last night. He locked the room. But it is better so!"

"It is better, of course," agreed the manager. "You may still become a man."

"No!" and the clerk rose. Bending his back, with tightened fists, he stood before Logi. "No! May my eyes become blind, may my hands dry off if I ever forgive him this. . . ." His bloodless face and dry lips grew red.

"You are sick, go to sleep."

"I am not sick. I am not sick any more."

Logi turned away from his frenzied eyes.

"Pali," he pushed the clerk to the table, "here is the list. Take it and go downstairs to the cellar."

The clerk took the parchment and left. The manager looked out of the window.

Balint Cher was standing at the entrance to the cellar. From the first row of cavalrymen Dulai waved to him.

The sound of the horn interrupted the silence. The old centurion returned to his place. The clerk stood next to him. Between the chain of cavalrymen and the castle a wooden bench was placed.

Three hussars crept out of the cellar and went to the wooden bench. The first took off his trousers and lay down on the bench. The second lifted a birch rod. Adam Chepregi [1] was counting the blows.

Logi had ordered twenty-five blows for two of them for having caught the cripple Sharkesi and sheared off his beard. Although it is forbidden to a peasant to wear a beard, cavalrymen had no right to punish him. The third man was Janosh Kereshi, who had given the order to cut off Sharkesi's beard. Further he had blasphemed at the funeral of Ambrush Somba's wife. For this Logi had ordered thirty blows. When the manager gave this order to Adam Chepregi, the latter grumbled, but concealed his wrath. Now he leaned out of the window and shouted to the man below: "Don't caress him, don't caress him, you! . . ." Kereshi looked up at Chepregi. As soon as his victim rose from the bench, he took his place.

"Dulai," shouted Chepregi. "Take a stick!" Dulai dismounted. Chepregi called him again and ordered him not to spare either the stick or Kereshi.

And how he laughed to himself, this Chepregi! He was always glad to see his lads quarrel. It makes the work of their overlords easier. Two months ago Kereshi had flailed Dulai.

"Don't spare him, don't spare him," he cried in frenzy.

Dulai, swinging the stick and laughing playfully, winked to Uncle Cher, who was standing near the cellar.

Kereshi yelled. It was his first scream.

"Be quiet," shouted the centurion to him. Silence followed, interrupted only by the sound of the stick swinging and the blows falling on naked flesh.

The punished men, with quivering knees, holding on to each other, crept to their homes. When they reached the cellar, Kereshi let his hand slip from the neck of the hussar in front. He suddenly tottered on all fours and crawled to the cellar.

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[1] Kanizhai's military commander, notorious for his cruelty.

"I shall kill him. You hear, Dulai? I shall rip out your bowels," Kereshi fainted and fell.

The horn sounded again. The clerk opened the parchment roll and read five names to Cher. The old man called out the names in the depth of the cellar.

Five peasants appeared. They pressed close to one another. The bright light made them blink. Their faces were yellow and soiled with sand. The clerk ordered them to go upstairs where the manorial court was sitting. They went, hardly moving their feet.

The clerk looked at his parchment again. Hastily Cher called out ten new names. While he was still calling the first of them reached the steps.

Pali didn't look after them. He tried to look into the drearily yawning entrance. No people were to be seen here. They were hiding somewhere in the depths. Long-drawn-out moans and screams reached their ears. The light of the torches sifted down from above. On the ramparts cavalrymen were ferociously beating their victims. A hum of psalm singing was heard from the walls of the castle.

Darkness and silence reigned in the cellar. People sat shriveled up in the corners, trying to catch fragments of sound. They had been here many days. They knew that the manorial would come inevitably, like a thunderstorm on a hot day. They had sinned, and now they awaited retribution. Still worse would be god's punishment upon the wives of the outlaw Shevengazi serfs for the sins of their husbands.

The wives and daughters of the Shevengazi serfs climbed the staircase to listen to the masters' sentence. They had deceived god, they had not paid the tax to god's servant, they had insulted the king, because instead of paying him a voluntary tithe as a sign of their serf's faithfulness, they had given the tax collector a jug of must. But worse than the sin to god and the king is the crime they had committed against Sir Kanizhai, their lord, to whom they had not paid the due tithe.

The judge sentenced them to fifteen strokes each, ordered the tithes and all taxes to be paid not later than St. George's Day and rents not later than St. Michael's Day. Not in kind, as formerly, but in cash. This is obligatory for all serfs in all the estates of Kanizhai.

Silently the women listened to the sentence. When the last words fell, they turned and slowly went down the staircase, before the five wooden benches that had been placed on the ramparts. Below, opposite them, the monks of Shevengazi were kneeling. The rustle of banners streaming in the air came from below. Women lifted their skirts over their heads and lay prone on the benches. The chaplain of Metchen whose vestments hung on his body like a bag, folded his arms and began praying.

Five sticks were lifted simultaneously. The chaplain told his prayers louder. Sharp shrieks were heard. The chaplain tried to outshout the sufferers. Most of the women stood the blows sturdily, but their tightened lips bled.

Shaking, they rose from the benches of torture. Other women of Shevengazi took their places. Chepregi standing at the window kept on counting the blows. And god knows that he begrudged none her legal share of blows. The chaplain grew hoarse trying to drown out the moans.

After the women of Shevengaza came the turn of the offenders of Kalass, Khimot, Khevey, Zhira and Metchen. There was not a single wealthy one among them; only poor people—women, men, girls, children. They had been caught taking brushwood from the forest. Now, after their detention in prison, they found themselves before the court.

The manorial court dealt with the peasants only through their elders. The peasants of Shevengaza had with them their village elder, who was also manager of the Shevengaza estate. He sat at the table next to the judges, but the elder of the village of Metchen was only allowed to stand on the threshold. He stood before the judges, bending his bared head like the culprits themselves, and had to deliver the order of his master: to give them all fifty strokes apiece.

The condemned dragged their feet, wrapped in rags, over the floor to the staircase. The women sobbed. Chepregi's command rang out; the first strokes fell; shrieks rent the air.

Men and women of other villages took the place of those of Metchen.

Chepregi went on counting. The cavalrymen formed an immovable chain. Balint Cher tramped back and forth excitedly at the door of the cellar. The punished serfs lay near the wall and around the stake on which the men had been impaled.

The eyes of the clerk were riveted on the scene on the rampart. He approached the door of the cellar and called out two names. Two peasants, clad in torn, dirty clothes, crawled out of the cellar. The wooden bench was removed and two sections of a log, as thick as chopping blocks, were put in its place. The cavalrymen huddled together.

"Go, go there." Balint Cher uttered these words with difficulty, keeping down spasms. He nodded to show the peasants their way.

"Yanosh Iregi!" shouted an impatient voice.

"Here I am," a one-armed man replied with weary defiance.

The lords whispered to each other. These serfs had perpetrated an awful sin. Yanosh Iregi had fished, and Antol Shashdi had been surprised hunting hares. Shashdi should have known what to expect. He had lost his right arm for hunting.

The lords did not confer long. The steward rose and stroked his shaven chin.

"Instead of doing the obligatory work for your master, you wander in the forest and on the lake. That is why people are so poor," he said spitefully.

"No!" exclaimed Iregi, "people go fishing because they are poor!" He wanted to say more and opened his mouth, but Murga appeared in front of him, and whispering something, pushed him out of the door. Four hussars came down the staircase, clanking their swords. They surrounded the peasants and drove them to the rampart. The chaplain started praying.

The crowd under the wall stirred and invaded the ditch. Banners were borne in the air, as to battle. Iregi looked down. The crowd knelt. People were beating their breasts and uncertainly repeating paternosters.

"Brethren!" This outcry escaped Iregi's breast. "The messenger of the primate will soon arrive! He will announce absolution for the poor and excommunication for the masters. I am sorry for my hand, because it will be cut off before I can lift it up against pagans.... The master's pagans will cut off my hand!"

Chepregi's order was heard from the castle. Two hussars rushed to the peasants and made them kneel.

"Take off your hat," shouted one of the cavalrymen.

"My hat! Why?" Shashdi shuddered. "Are we to be beheaded? You want to behead us!"

The two peasants took off their hats and raised their eyes to heaven, so that only the whites were seen. They were ordered to lower their left hand on the fresh cut blocks. They felt as if their hand touched ice. Simultaneously

they pulled their hands away, but when ordered laid them on the blocks again. Their eyes misted over and they could not hear the deadened sounds of women's sobbing because of the ringing in their ears.

The swords flashed and bones cracked. The blade stuck in the wood after bisecting the wrist. The two hands fell to the earth, and the two men rose as if an unseen force pulled them upward. But a moment later they fell as if mown down. Women surrounded the two mutilated men. The barber of the castle dressed their wounds.

On the rampart, the chaplain raised the crucifix, and in the name of the punished men loudly thanked the steward for the fact that in spite of the criminals' heavy sin his worship had only ordered their left hands cut off instead of the right arm up to the shoulder as required by the law.

The armed men were ranged in a row from the cellar to the castle, shielding what was going on on the rampart. But under the wall the punished men communicated from mouth to mouth the news that Shara Iregi was ascending the rampart. Two of Chepregi's hussars had brought her in the night. Before the trial Shara had been locked alone in the cellar like Iregi and Shashdi.

The masters watching at the table stretched out their necks and looked at the prisoner. The manager, who was sitting at the middle of the table, even rose a moment in his armchair. The priest of Metchen sat on his chair as if glued to it; his tiny eyes were restless. The elder of Shevengazi (who was at the same time steward of Kanizhai's estate) rose, took several steps toward the door, then returned to his place and lowered his heavy body in the armchair. The eyes of the masters shone, some of them stroked their whiskers. Michael Logi looked over the parchments before him.

"Well," he said in a loud voice, "tell us everything, unburden your soul, confess your guilt."

The girl crossed the threshold and resolutely approached the table.

"The old goat was dead. . ." started Shara.

"You will tell us that later, my daughter. What did the abbot die of? And may Christ forgive your sin! Confess all your sins, my daughter," the priest pronounced in a sing-song, and narrowed his eyes.

"I have told you already." The girl blushed and shook her heavy golden plaits. "I have already told all," she repeated, looking at the manager.

"But the judges want to know, too . . . unburden your soul, my daughter."

The neighing of horses and the muffled moans of the peasants lying on the rampart were heard through the open window. In the fireplace the fire flared up. The girl contemplated the flames. . . .

"Will you speak?" shouted Adam Chepregi from the window. He shrugged his shoulders, massive as if sculptured of stone. He seemed to be ready to trample her under his feet.

Still staring at the fire, the girl started to relate the story of her dishonor.

"My father went to the lake to fish and the hussars caught him. As soon as we learned of it my mother told me, 'Go, my daughter, to the abbot at the cloister of Miege. He is kindhearted, beg him to ask the masters to forgive your father. I would go but I am sick.' And it would have been useless for her to go. . . . The masters don't like old women. So I set off for Miege. I arrived when the sun was approaching noon, and the abbot was still sleeping. Old people like to sleep late. But the monks pushed me in. They told me to go quietly to him, as if I were approaching god himself. . . . I knelt and begged the abbot to forgive my father, for my father had fished out of hunger and

I hungered too, and at home my mother was dying. My father only wanted to get us some food!

"The abbot thrust out his hands from under the blanket. He said he would forgive my father if I would lie with him. He told me it would be all the same for me, for if I marry I must first sleep with the lord and only afterward with my husband.... And he also told me to notify the lord that I had already been with the abbot. So I laid down with him, but he was no longer a man. He only coughed without stopping. So he sent me home, and ordered me to come back the same evening, and promised to forgive me. 'My poor daughter!' my mother sobbed when I told her about it.

"When I went back, a bearded monk dragged me to a ditch. He scolded me, called me spawn of the devil for going to an old man. I started to scream and he freed me. So I went again to the abbot. His bedroom was terribly hot. The abbot was lying on the floor on a bear skin. He was ugly and hairy, like a dog. His skin was swollen. He had meat and wine near him. I ate and drank with him. His face was as red as a poppy. Probably my own face looked the same, from wine and shame, for I was naked, too. He fell on me and began to kiss me. I felt nothing. I knew he would not be able to take me. He lay on his back and ordered me to sit on his chest. What could I do? He told me to ride on him and he would hold my hair. He seized my braids, and at that moment awful sounds came from his mouth. I couldn't see his face, for I had my back to it. Suddenly his leg gave a jerk and then everything became quiet. I turned around; he was still holding my braid. And I saw his eyes rolling dreadfully and his chin hanging .... I screamed so loud that the whole house came running. His hand was still holding my hair. The monks fell upon me. They squeezed me and pushed me, beat me, naked as I was, and locked me in a cell. There I remained the whole day, with nothing to eat or drink, and cried my heart out. In the evening two hussars came to fetch me and escorted me here...."

The girl turned her face from the fire and saw the staring eyes of the judges. The lips of Ishtvan Messei were moving like those of a cow chewing his cud. Shara touched her neck and shyly tied the ends of her shawl.

"Leave the room, my daughter," the steward said wearily.

The judges at the table coughed and smacked their lips lasciviously.

The steward stared at the door through which the girl had only just disappeared.

"Why did you lock her up?" he suddenly addressed the centurion.

"I told you about this night debauchery."

"The abbot engaged in debauchery and not she. The judges heard the whole story ...."

"God himself lent her to the abbot," laughed the centurion. The priest joined him in giggling.

"Listen to me, I beg you," interrupted Ishtvan Messei. "She is a witch! She bewitched the abbot. ... Yes, yes, she ought to be branded with a red hot iron." The voice of the manager of Shevengazi squeaked, his bloated face turned blood red. "Yes, yes, her hand must be seared with a red hot iron; if she can stand it she can be released, if not she ought to be beheaded."

The steward glanced at the talking man. His lips curved into a bitter smile.

"What nonsense!" he exclaimed. "Why should we shed blood without cause?"

"What do you mean, without cause?" grumbled Chepregi. He approached the table, his spurs jingling, and continued in a louder tone. "I think it doesn't hurt to shed some of the serfs' blood once in a while. And henceforth we

ought to tighten the reins. The judges know what happened last year in Styria. It was only with the greatest effort that the lords suppressed the rioting peasants. If we are over-tender the same thing can happen here, too.... Such a misfortune must be prevented. If we want to hold on, we must hold the reins tightly. Our master ordered us to rule the peasants with an iron rod on all the estates of his worship, and here in Metchen, too."

"There are people here in Metchen who treat the peasants with a heavy hand," interrupted the steward, and his hollow-cheeked, overbearing face turned red. "Here in Metchen the reins are held tight . . . ."

"No," replied the centurion contemptuously. "Not tight enough! They will be, though, in the future. But first the obstacle that hinders the new iron order must be removed . . . ."

"Sir centurion, you ought to keep a sharp eye on your horses."

"I have other things to do! Metchen is neglected whenever the solicitous eye of our master is not fixed on it. Our ancestors—our well-born ancestors, not serfs raised to nobility—issued a regulation: every serf caught hunting, fishing or poaching has the hand with which he sinned cut off. And here, according to the order of the manager, not the right, but the left hand was cut off. The serfs deceived our master with devilish astuteness during the tax and tithe collections. There is no difference between the rebels of Styria and the runaway serfs of Shevengazi. At least every other head ought to be cut off. But we didn't get hold of the peasants, so we ought to put to death every other woman of those arrested. But our merciful judge, the manager, orders only fifty lashes for each." He paused and looked furiously at the manager's pale face. "My cavalrymen only made fun of the serfs, and Logi immediately ordered twenty-five lashes for them. What for? He did it in order that the serfs be appeased. The steward uses every pretext to postpone the manorial court sessions, and meanwhile the people of Shevengazi become real rebels. They are no better than the people of Styria." He laughed heartily. "Oh, sir steward, sir steward! You will fall into disgrace with our master!"

Logi pushed the armchair away with his boot and stood erect.

"It is not for you to teach me," he shouted wrathfully. "Everybody will act here as I, Michael Logi, desire. In the absence of the master, there can be only one will here, the will of Michael Logi."

"Oh, oh!" flung out Chepregi.

"In the absence of our master, I am his substitute. And if Chepregi or anyone else attempts to object, I shall order him to be shackled."

"Me? You?" yelled the centurion. "You? Me? My God! . . ." he leaped to the steward's side, but he was seized and forced back in his armchair.

The steward, having regained his composure, approached the door and called Mate Murga. In the corridor he noticed Balint Cher, who stood next to Shara.

Logi scrutinized the thickset man, his old wrinkled face, his bloodshot eyes. Yes, the last few weeks had had some effect on him. Kanizhai, with his easily roused passion for women, had depressed and humiliated him. Logi turned away, and looking aside, he pronounced sentence.

"Order Shara to be given fifty lashes today. And henceforth on every anniversary she must be flogged in front of the church. Let her know what a serf girl may expect if she does not take care of her virginity for her master. The abbot might have had her." The manager turned red. "You can go," he shouted to the elder.

Shara was waiting for the elder in the corridor. She was holding in her

hands a small bunch of violets which Michael Dulai had sent her. Balint Cher had silently given it to Shara. His hand shook on the girl's hair, his eyes were full of tears.

The elder and Balint Cher escorted Shara to the rampart. The masters were looking out of the windows. The chaplain knelt. The girl lay down on the bench exposing her snowhite flesh, mottled with swollen blue scars.

"The master ordered her to be flogged not long ago, for disobedience," explained Chepregi to the members of the estate court at the windows.

Yanosh Iregi crawled to Shara on his knees. He fell on the bench so that the girl might see his bloody dressing.

Lashes whistled in the air. Shara tightened her lips, They bled, but she did not cry. Her maddened eyes were fixed on the bloody stump of her father's hand.

When Shara was brought off the rampart the instruments of punishment were removed and the masters ascended the rampart. The steward climbed on the bastion. He looked round at the fields still wrapped in night. From here he could see everything up to the Fierte.

In the castle torches were put out. There was a smell of burning. Michael Logi was tired. His body ached. The night had placed a weight on his brain like a lump of lead.

He glanced in the direction of the Fierte. Grey scraps were swimming in the sky. The stars had grown dim, shyly hiding in the dawn. The dawn burst suddenly, as if coming from the bottom of a sea of flame, and the light scattered over the glassy smooth surface of the lake. The darkness faltered and vanished over the wall, the shore of the lake, over the hillocks, over the thickets of the forest. The sun seemed to dive out of the lake. The blue tent of the sky spread over the lake. A joyful breeze ran through the reeds and rustled over the tree tops of the endless forest. The smooth surface of the lake tossed under the breeze which skimmed over the pine forest and kissed up the life giving dew.

The morning of Palm Sunday had come.

People stirred under the walls of the castle. The hussars drove people together. Again church banners spread over the crowd. Two priests walked in front, surrounded by deacons, and behind them came monks of the Franciscan order. They were singing psalms. People were carrying stones which they threw at the corpse of the impaled peasant of Kalass, now lying in the ditch. And thus a hillock of stones rose over the corpse.

People in the last rows of the procession turned round once more. The cavalrymen following on their heels urged them forward, because the church bell was already summoning believers to prayer.

The camp was sleeping. The thin sickle of the moon swam over the valley. Lerinctz Messerosh imperceptibly left a small group of the sleeping people. Hanging his head, he slowly strolled to the Danube. Ambrush did not sleep, either. The moon had already disappeared. He rose noiselessly in order not to wake his comrades. A baggage train was standing on the shore. The sentry saw the man who came from the camp stretch himself out on the shore and lie watching the play of waves.

The sentry kept staring out at the river. He had joined the army somewhere near Chorna, and never in his life had he seen such a quantity of water. Surprised, he listened to the incessant splash and roll of the waves. His glance slipped farther and farther along the crest of the waves. Suddenly he felt

as if something were lifting him up. It seemed to him that golden locks tossed in immeasurable space out of the huge black canopy of the night.

The sentry, deeply shaken, looked out into space. Now the Danube did not reflect gold any more. Its spine was swollen with a bloody red crust. And behind the hillocks in the east, a purple shaft of light rose to the sky. The shaft tottered, fell to pieces and the sun sprang out on its place. The sentry covered his eyes with his hand and turned away from the blinding light. His eyes filled with tears. He began to look around.

Far out on the Danube a raft was drifting. Three thick logs tied with ropes swung on it, sloping sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left. What could it be? The sentry turned round.

Not far off two priests were standing. One of them, the one who had administered the oath yesterday, was leaning on his long, knotty staff. He was looking toward the east.

"Speak to Gabor," said Lerinctz, "I will go to Dosha.[1]"

Ambrush, almost running, set out for the camp. Some moments afterward he appeared with Gabor Balog. Shara came running after them. They stopped at the shore, looking at the strange raft. The swollen, inflated disc of the sun was pouring its beams on the raft. Three gallows were swimming toward the east. Three corpses swung on them.

"Cavalrymen, hussars, here!" commanded Gabor.

The sentry ran to the camp.

Soon after long rows of haiducks with Gabor at their head were swimming on horseback toward the gallows. George Dosha came to the shore. The wind spread his fluffy beard.

The cavalrymen swam with the current. Sometimes they disappeared in the crests of the waves, and later were seen again in the water up to their waists. They approached the wet logs. Balint Cher threw the first lasso. Fifteen lassoes dragged the swimming gallows with a huge plank nailed to them. When they were dragged out on the shore, Gabor pointed at the naked corpses of the three hanged men. Crosses had been cut on their breasts From neck to navel the hangman had cut out strips of skin as wide as a palm. The bowels had fallen out, and dripped water and dirt.

"They are crusaders," said Gabor, shivering in his wet clothes. "They have a cross cut on their breasts. . . ."

"For shame and mockery," whispered Lerinctz. He fixed his grey eyes on Dosha. "Whoever they may be," shouted Gabor to the crowd gathered on the shore, "they are poor men, peasants, and the masters cut this sign on them. . . ."

George Dosha was standing on the shore under the three gallows, motionless as a statue. Suddenly he raised his head.

"Death to the damned torturers!" he exclaimed. "Death to them!"

The great crowd roared in response. He stretched out his arms and drew Lerinctz Messerosh and Gabor Balog to him. In the east, perhaps over Buda, the sun rose from behind the hills. The Danube waves rolled, and it seemed that the river carried flame and blood toward the east, toward Buda. . . .

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[1] George Dosha, one of the peasant leaders who turned the crusade of 1514 into a peasant rebellion.

Maxim Gorky

At the Salt Mines

"You ought to go to the salt mines, brother! You'll always find a job there! Always—because it's drudgery, desperate work. You can't work at it long. Men run away from the mines . . . they can't stand it! But try a day. You'll be paid seven kopeks a wheelbarrow. You can make your day's living."

The fisherman who recommended it to me spat aside, looked at the distant blue horizon of the sea, and began to hum a melancholy tune. I was sitting with him in the shade of the cottage wall. He was mending cotton trousers, yawning, slowly and listlessly dropping remarks on the scarcity of work and on how much effort a man has to waste to find a job.

"If you won't be able to stand it, come back here for a rest. You'll tell me all about it. It's not far from here—about five *versts*. Go ahead."

I bade him goodbye, thanked him for his instructions, and set off for the salt mines, following the shore. It was a hot August morning, the sky was bright and clear, the sea caressing and empty, and greenish waves came dashing up, one after another, with a sad splash on the shore. In front of me, far off in the hot blue haze, were scattered white spots; the city of Ochakov. Behind me the cottage sunk among the bright yellow hillocks of sand.

In the cottage where I had passed the night I had heard many absurd stories and opinions, and I was in rather low spirits. The waves sounded in unison with my mood and increased my melancholy.

Soon the salt mines appeared before my eyes. Three squares of earth, about half a *verst* each, surrounded by narrow ramparts and narrow ditches. These squares represented the three phases of the extraction of salt. In one of the squares, full of sea water, the salt concentrated, settling in a light grey layer tinged with pink, sparkling in the sun. In another square the salt was shoveled in heaps. The women who shoveled it were trampling up to their knees in the shiny black mud, shovels in their hands. Torpidly, without shouts or talk, their filthy grey figures moved slowly and wearily on the glittering black background of the fat, salty, caustic silt. From the third square salt was being removed. Workers bent over wheelbarrows, bluntly and silently, and moved forward. The wheels of the barrows squeaked and whimpered, and these sounds seemed an irritatingly plaintive protest addressed to heaven and coming from a long row of human backs. The sky poured down unbearable, searing heat on the grey, cracked, red-hot earth, covered here and there with reddish-brown salt-marsh grass and small dazzling salt crystals. Through the monotonous squeaking of the wheels rasped the rough, sharp note of the foreman's deep voice, cursing blood and thunder. The wheelbarrow men emptied their barrows at his feet. The foreman poured water on the salt and laid it out in elongated pyramids. Standing on a high peak of salt and swinging his shovel in the air, the foreman, a tall man, black as coal, in a blue shirt

and broad white trousers, at the top of his voice commanded the men who were driving wheelbarrows up the plank: "Pour to the left! Pour to the left! You shaggy devil! May you roast in hell! Where are you shoving?"

With exasperation he wiped his perspiring face with the hem of his blouse, shouted angrily and began to smooth the salt hammering it down with his shovel with all his might pouring out an unending stream of curses. The workers automatically drove up the barrows, automatically emptied them on command, "to the right," "to the left," straightened their backs with effort and, dragging after them the barrows, which now squeaked more wearily but with less noise, stepped unsteadily and heavily along the shaky planks, which were sticky with black greasy slime, to fetch more salt. "Work faster, devils," shouted the foreman at them.

But they worked as silently as before. They seemed crestfallen, and only their gloomy, weary, exhausted faces, covered with filth and sweat, quivered with wrath and irritation. Their lips were tight set. Sometimes a wheel slipped off the plank and got stuck in the mud; the barrow men in front of it went on, but those behind had to stop. They looked bluntly and impassively at their fellow-worker as he tried to put the wheel of a barrow weighing over six hundred pounds on the plank again.

From the cloudless sky, overlaid with a hot mist, the blazing southern sun burned the earth with the greatest zeal, as if it wanted to press its warm attentions upon the earth at all costs today, of all days.

I watched all this, standing aside, and decided to try my luck. Assuming as great an air of independence as I could, I approached the plank on which workers were moving with their emptied barrels.

"Hello, brothers, god be with you."

The answer was entirely unexpected. The first worker, a grey-haired, healthy old man with sleeves and trousers rolled up, which bared his blue-veined arms and legs, walked along without a single indication that he had heard me. The second, a blond lad with angry grey eyes, looked at me wrathfully and pulled a face, swearing to boot. The third, obviously a Greek, black as a beetle, with curly hair, as he came up to me expressed his regret that because his hands were occupied he was unable to say hello to my nose. This was said in an impassive tone, quite inadequate to the desire he expressed. The fourth shouted mockingly at the top of his voice: "Hello, glass-eyes!" and attempted to give me a kick.

It was a reception that is called in cultured society, if I am not mistaken, "discourteous." Never had such a thing happened to me. Disheartened, I involuntarily put my eyeglasses in my pocket and moved toward the foreman, intending to ask him if I could get a job. I did not have the time to reach him before he hailed me.

"Hey, you, what do you want, a job?"

"Yes."

"And have you worked on wheelbarrows?"

I answered that I had carted earth in barrows.

"Earth—won't do. Soil is quite another thing. Here it is salt, not earth. Be off with you to the pigs in your village." To another man: "Hey, you fright, pour out the salt right at my feet."

The "fright," a shabby grey Hercules with long mustaches and a bluish grey nose covered with pimples shouted with all his might and emptied the barrel. The salt poured out. The "fright" swore, but the foreman swore harder. Both smiled with satisfaction and turned their attention to me.

"Well, what you do want?' 'asked the shoveler.

"Maybe you came to the salt mines to eat sour cheese dumplings, *muzhik?*" asked the "fright," winking to the foreman.

I asked the foreman to give me a job, assuring him that I would get accustomed to the work and that I would not work worse than anyone else.

"Well, you'll break your spine here before you learn the hang of things, but go ahead and try. Hey, you there, give him a wheelbarrow.

A youth appeared. He had only a blouse on him. His bare feet were bandaged up to his knees with rags. He looked at me skeptically and uttered through his teeth:

"Come along."

I followed him to the heap of wheelbarrows and tried to pick a light one. The lad scratched his leg and looked at me silently.

"What are you taking? Don't you see, it has a crooked wheel?" he said.

Indifferently he went aside and laid down on the earth.

I picked another barrow, took my place in the row of men, and went to fetch salt, feeling that something indefinite and heavy was oppressing me and prevented me from talking to my fellow-workers. In spite of the weariness which marked all the faces, they expressed smothered irritation. All were exhausted and angry at the sun which mercilessly seared their skin, at the planks which shook under the barrow wheels, at the silt, that nasty, fat, salty slime mixed with sharp crystals which scratched their feet and then ate out the scratches into big wet wounds. They were angry at everything around them. This wrath was evident in the sidelong glances they cast at one another, at the poisonous sharp curses which now and then escaped from their thirst-inflamed throats. No one paid any attention to me. But, entering the square and trying to avoid the barrows and the heaps of salt, I felt a blow on my leg from behind. I turned around and received a wrathful exclamation straight in my face.

"Pick up your heels, you long devil."

Hastily I picked up my heels and, having set down the barrow, I began to shovel salt into it.

"Fill it up!" commanded the Ukrainian Hercules, who stood next to me.

I poured it as full as I could. The ones behind shouted: "Get a move on!" Those in front spat on their hands and, groaning, set the barrows in motion. Bending almost at a right angle and pitching their bodies forward, they strained their necks as if it would make the work easier.

Having noticed all these methods I bent and stretched myself forward as much as possible, just like them. I lifted the barrow a little, the wheels squeaked piercingly, my collar bone began to ache, my hands, strained to the utmost, quivered. . . . Shaking, I made a step or two. I was jerked to the left, then to the right, pulled forward. . . . The wheel slipped off the plank, and I tumbled face down into the mud. The handle of the barrow edifyingly hit the back of my head, and turned lazily upside down. Deafening whistles, shouts and laughter welcomed my fall, and I got more stuck in the mud. I floundered, trying to lift the barrow, and felt as if something cold and sharp were cutting my breast.

"Hey, friend, help me out," I addressed my neighbor, a Ukrainian, who was laughing at the top of his voice and held his stomach as he shook with laughter.

"A plague on your mother! Fool! Creep out on the plank. Bend the barrow to the left. May the silt swallow you!" and again he laughed, with tears in his eyes, holding his hips and sighing.

"You devil, go along the logs," the grey-haired old man in front of me waved his hand, looking at me with vexation. He groaned and began to drag his barrow. The front barrow men set off, while those behind me stood and stared malevolently at me as, covered with a thick layer of mud which dripped from me, I perspired with efforts to pull out the barrow, and blocked their way. Nobody wanted to help, and the voice of the foreman was heard:

"Where are you sticking, you devils? Dogs! Pigs! The farther you are from my eyes the lazier you become! Woodgoblins! Wheel your barrows here, you damned devils!"

"Get out of my way!" shouted the Ukrainian behind me, and pushed his barrow so that its side narrowly missed my head.

I stayed alone. Somehow I pulled the barrow out and, as the salt had poured out of it and it was all covered with mud, I wheeled it empty out of the square, intending to pick up another load.

"What's the matter, brother? Took a tumble? No harm. It happens to everyone at first." Turning, I noticed behind a heap of salt a lad of about twenty, squatting on a plank placed in the mud, and sucking his palm. He looked at me with kind smiling eyes and nodded.

"It's all right, brother. You just haven't got the knack of it yet."

"What's the matter with your hand?"

"I just scratched it, and the silt is caustic. If I didn't suck it I'd have to stop working, it would be so sore. Go on, go on, or else the foreman will start cursing again."

I wheeled on. It went off all right with the second barrow. I brought a third, a fourth, and two more. No one paid any attention to me, and I enjoyed this circumstance, which is generally a sad one for a human being.

"Enough! Let's have a bite," shouted somebody.

All sighed with relief and went to eat, but even here nobody showed animation or pleasure over having a rest. The atmosphere was constrained, it reeked of hardly concealed disgust and wrath.

Nobody seemed to enjoy the rest for their work-wracked bones and heat-twisted muscles. My feet, back and shoulders ached, but, trying not to let the others notice it, I cheerfully approached the kettle.

"Wait!" I was stopped by an old gloomy looking worker-tramp, barefoot and clad in a shabby blue blouse. He had the face of a drunkard, as blue as his blouse, adorned with thick gloomy eyebrows from under which red, inflamed eyes glittered savagely and jeeringly. "Wait. What's your name?"

I told him.

"Your father was a fool to give you such a name. We don't allow Maxims to approach the kettle the first day they work. Maxims pay their board the first day, that's how it is. If you would have been called Ivan or some other name it would be different. My name is Matvey, so I will eat. And Maxim can look at me. Get away from the kettle."

I looked at him in surprise, went aside and sat down on the earth. This attitude, which I had never experienced before and for which I had given no provocation, puzzled me. Hitherto—and many times after—when I joined an artel of workers friendly relations were established at once. This time everything was inconceivably strange. In spite of my difficulties my curiosity was highly excited. I was deeply interested in this riddle and decided to look

for its key. Outwardly calm, I watched the men eating and waited for work to begin. I had to make out the reason for this attitude.

They finished their meal, belched, and began to smoke, departing from the kettle. The Ukrainian Hercules and the lad with bandaged feet came to me and sat down, so that the row of barrows left on the plank was screened from me.

"Well, brother," asked the Ukrainian, "want a smoke?"

"Yes, let me have some 'baccy," I answered.

"Have you no tobacco of your own?"

"If I had some I wouldn't ask for it."

"That's right. Take a puff," and he handed me his pipe. "Will you go on wheeling salt?"

"Yes, I shall. For the present."

"Where do you come from?"

I told him.

"Far from here?"

"About three thousand *versts*."

"Very far. Why did you come here?"

"I came just like you."

"Ah, you mean you were turned out of your village for theft?"

"How's that?" I asked, feeling that I had committed a blunder.

"I came here because I was turned out of my village for theft, and you say you came just like me . . ." and he laughed, pleased with his shrewdness.

His comrade sat silent and winked at him with a cunning smile.

"Wait . . ." I began.

"No time to wait, brother. We have to work. Come along. You can take my barrow. I have a nice reliable barrow. Come."

We went. "Let me have the barrow I've given you, and put it in the one I'm pushing. Let it have a ride for a rest," he said.

This kindness seemed rather suspicious, and walking alongside him I searchingly examined the barrow he had offered me. It was placed wheel up, and I inspected it, trying to convince myself that no trick was being plotted, but I noticed nothing except the fact that I suddenly became the object of general attention, which they tried to conceal, unskilfully. It was obvious in their frequent winking and nodding at me, and in their suspicious whispers. I understood that I must keep my eyes wide open and be on the alert.

"Here we are," said the Ukrainian. He took his barrow off and put it before me.

"Fill it, brother."

I looked around. All were working zealously, and I began to fill my barrow. There was no sound except the rustling of the salt spilling off the shovels, and the silence oppressed me heavily. I thought that maybe I had better get out of here.

"Well, take your barrow. Are you asleep?" commanded Matvey.

With an effort I grasped the handles, lifted the barrow and set it in motion. A sharp pain in my palms made me scream piercingly, and I pulled my hands free. The pain started again, twice as strong. From both my palms I tore off the skin, which had been pinched in the barrow handles. Gritting my teeth with pain and anger, I examined the handles and found that they were split at the side and wedges placed in the slits. It was done very skilfully, so that when I pressed the handles tightly the wedge would fall out and the wood, closing of itself, would pinch my skin. I raised my head and looked around. Shouts, laughter and whistles flew in my face from all sides. Everywhere I

saw malicious, triumphant faces. The curses of the foreman reached us from the square. No one paid any attention to it. All were occupied with me. I looked around bluntly and senselessly, feeling how insulted I was, and I boiled with desire for revenge and with hatred of these men. They stood in a crowd opposite me and poured curses and sneers on me. Passionately, painfully I wanted to insult and humiliate them.

"Scoundrels!" I exclaimed, stretching out my clenched fists.

And I began to swear at them just as cynically as they at me, walking toward them.

They seemed to falter and, losing their assurance, they drew back. Only the Ukrainian Hercules and the blue Matvey stood their places and composedly rolled up their sleeves.

"Come on, come on," joyfully uttered the Ukrainian in a low voice, keeping an eye on me.

"Give him a sound beating, Gavrila," Matvey advised him.

"Why do you insult me?" I shouted. "What harm have I done you? Why? Am I not a human being like you?" I shouted other plaintive, absurd, wrathful and senseless words, at the same time keeping an eye on them, fearing that they might play some other trick on me. But their stupid, senseless faces looked at me less impassively than before, and on some of them there seemed to appear a consciousness of their guilt of this malicious joke. The Ukrainian and Matvey also moved back. Matvey adjusted his blouse, the Ukrainian put his hand in his pocket.

"What for? What for?" I asked them.

They remained dumb. The Ukrainian rolled a cigarette and looked down at his feet. Matvey suddenly found himself behind the others. The rest of them went to their barrows, stretching themselves, without uttering a word. The foreman approached the group, shouting loudly and threatening them with his fists. All this occurred so quickly that the women who were heaping up the salt twenty steps from us and had, as I noticed, come running when I screamed, arrived as the lads were already departing in various directions to their barrows. I stayed alone, with a hot feeling of undeserved and unavengeable insult. This increased the pain in my hands. I wanted my questions to be answered. I wanted retaliation. I shouted to them:

"Stop, brothers!"

They stopped, staring at me sullenly.

"Tell me, why did you torture me? Have you no conscience?"

They were silent, and the silence answered for them. Then, composing myself, I began to address them. I started with the fact that I am a human being just as they, that I was just as hungry as they, and that I must work like them to earn my bread; that I came to them as to my own people, that I consider them no lower and no worse than myself.

"We are all equal," I told them. "We must all understand each other and help each other as much as possible."

They listened attentively, standing in a crowd around me, but avoiding my glance. I noticed that my words acted on them, and this gave me inspiration. Looking around, I became still more convinced of this. I was seized with a sharp feeling of bright happiness. I threw myself on a heap of salt and began crying.

When I raised my head there was nobody near me. Work was finished, and the barrow men were sitting in groups of five and six here and there near the square of salt. Their groups were visible as big, clumsy, filthy spots on the pinkish background of the salt, illuminated by the beams of the setting sun.

It was quiet. Coolness breathed from the sea. A small white cloud was smoothly moving on the sky. Thin, transparent fleecy streams tore away from the cloud and vanished, spreading on the blue background of the sky.

I rose and went to the salt layer with the intention of bidding goodbye and setting off for the fisherman's cottage. When I came up to the group composed of the Ukrainian, Matvey and the foreman and three other elderly, brawny tramps, they rose to meet me and before I could speak Matvey stretched forth his hand and said, without looking at me:

"Well, friend, go your own way, wherever you wish. We collected some kopeks for you, for your trip. Here they are. Take them."

Some coppers lay in his palm; his hand quivered as he stretched it out to me. I lost my head, and looked at them without understanding. They stood downcast, bending their heads, and silently, unnecessarily and absurdly adjusted their rags, stepping from one foot to another, staring aside and expressing with each movement, each gesture, that they were embarrassed and wanted to be done with me as quickly as possible.

"I won't take it," I said, pushing Matvey's hand away.

"No, please, take it. Don't offend us. What have we done, after all? Honestly speaking, we didn't mean harm. We understand, brother, that we have insulted you. But it isn't so, if you reason correctly. It isn't true at all, brother, because the main reason for this is life. What is our life? Hard labor, the barrow a weight, silt tearing our feet to pieces, the sun burning like fire the whole day, and fifty kopeks for it all. Is it not enough to make one a brute? You work, you work, and you squander your earnings on drink, and you work again. If you live thus five years and more, you lose all human semblance, you become a brute, and you are finished. Brother, we insult ourselves more than you, and yet we know one another—and you are a stranger. . . . Why should we be sorry for you? . . . You told us several things. Different things. Well, it was, of course, well spoken. Apparently you must be right, you are right, only it isn't timely. . . . It doesn't fit us. Don't get offended. . . . It's just a joke. We still have a heart. . . . So go where you want, with your truth, and we shall stay here, with ours. Take the money. Goodbye, brother. We bear no guilt toward you, nor you toward us. It didn't come off well, it is true. Well, all right. What is nice is not for us, and it is of no use for you to stay here. You don't . . . match. We, brother, are solidly stitched to each other, and you joined us, so . . . slightly. . . . It can come to nothing. . . . So push off. Go your own way. Goodbye."

I looked around, and convinced myself that all agreed with Matvey. I trussed up my knapsack on my shoulders and wanted to leave.

"Wait, man. Let me have a word with you." The Ukrainian stopped me, holding my shoulder.

"If it would have been somebody else, not you, I would have seen him off with my fists in his face. Do you feel it? And you we let go freely and we even give you money for your trip. Thank us for this." Spitting aside, he twisted his tobacco pouch with his fingers and stared triumphantly around him as if he wanted to say: "Just admire me, see how clever I am."

Overwhelmed with all this, I hastily bade them goodbye and set off along the shore back to the cottage where I had passed the night. The sky was clear and hot, the sea was deserted and grave of mien, and green waves rolled noisily to my feet. . . . I felt unbearably sore and ashamed of something. Depressed I slowly walked along the hot sand. The sea glittered quietly in the sunlight, the waves spoke of something incomprehensible and sad. When I came to the cottage my acquaintance, the fisherman, rose to greet me and

in the triumphant tone of a man whose conjecture had proved true, he said: "Well, brother, was it salty?"

Silently I glanced at him.

"Rather too salty, wasn't it?" He pronounced it with self-assurance, scrutinizing me. "Are you hungry? Go eat some gruel. There is lots of it cooked, half of it must have remained. Go, blow on your spoon. It's a tasty gruel, with flatfish and sturgeon in it."

Two minutes later I was sitting in the shade of the cottage, filthy, very weary, and hungry, and with anguish and pain in my heart I ate the gruel with flatfish and sturgeon.

Drawing by Miturich.

Maxim Gorky

Dividing-up

The church threw a huge, dense shadow across the square. An abundant summer downpour had ceased only a short while ago, and little puddles had formed in the ruts in the paving. Dull where the shadow of the church covered them, beyond they were shot with silver reflection of the light of the moon—a full, bright moon standing serene in the soft blue sky. Vespers were over, and dark figures were scattering across the square. Carefully avoiding the puddles, they vanished down the streets—eight narrow channels radiating from the square.

The emptied square grew quiet and sad.

Then in the shadow near the church portico the tinkle of metal on the stones was heard, and a small figure appeared. With a peculiar hopping the figure ran across the paving and suddenly seemed to become small—it had either bent over or fallen.

At the same time a tall, slightly stooped figure of a man emerged from one of the side streets and, walking slowly, advanced toward the first. He moved without looking underfoot, and the puddles squelched under his tread, splashing water to the sides. Now the two figures seemed to merge into one—the second hiding the first as it bent over.

"What are you looking for?" came in a hoarse, cracked bass.

"A five-kopek piece!" answered a clear, childish alto, anxiously and worriedly. "I began to count up and the five-kopek piece—the heretic!—it fell out of my hands and rolled off. How long I have been searching for it! *Akh*, you!"

"Are you sure it's five kopeks?" asked the melancholy bass.

"Of course. She always gives five kopeks. It was her coin."

"Who is she?"

"She? She is a lady. . . ."

"And is it always five kopeks?" sighed the tall one.

"Always," nodded the boy curtly and with a worried air.

And, fusing in one dense dark stain, they both fell silent, carefully searching the ground.

"No use! Water and mud. And the coin was a large one. A pity!" spoke up the bass. He sighed and straightened up.

"The devil with it," said the boy with sudden decision, and he, too, rose. He was hunchbacked. His companion was tall, but thin and strangely shrunken. It seemed as if a heavy blow had sunk his head deep in his shoulders.

"The devil," he repeated thoughtfully. "You must have got a lot?"

"Even without the five kopeks—twenty-two!" the hunchback answered in a self-satisfied tone.

"So to some they give! But I have no luck. Go and work, they tell me. Go

to the workhouse. Just like jail. Bah! Could I live with all those shabby people? You are young yet. . . . You don't understand."

He had begun in a self-pitying tone, but he finished with irritation. They stood motionless before each other.

"They stuck me in the workhouse once," animatedly spoke up the hunchbacked boy. "A policeman brought me there. There was a man in eyeglasses. The policeman says, 'Here,' he says, 'I caught this one, your worship! Take him!' That one immediately set me to stripping reed into fiber. It was awfully hot. The dust got into your eyes, your nose, everywhere. I sneezed and sneezed." And the boy laughed as he recalled how he had sneezed.

"Well?" asked the tall one with interest.

"Nothing. I ran away the next day."

"Ran away?"

"Ran away. . . ."

"Ah! You see!" said the tall one with great triumph in his voice, but he did not explain what was to be seen. From one of the streets came the jarring sound of a night watchman twirling his rattle. Then the church bell pealed. The lugubrious copper sound floated in the air, slowly dying, and in seeming protest.

Drawing by Miturich.

"I have to go," said the boy, and moved on.

"Where to? Do you have a place to go to? Father, mother? Do you have a place to hang your hat?" asked his companion striding alongside him.

"I? My mother died of the cholera. I'm living with an 'aunt.'"

"A real aunt?"

"Not a chance—just a bum . . . ." answered the boy, who apparently had a high standard for relatives.

"Does she beat you?"

"And how! . . . with anything she gets hold of!"

"It's always like that," his companion comforted him.

They turned into a narrow street and slowly walked along it, keeping in the shadows of the buildings. The street was bare and dark. Far off the loud creak of a carriage flawed the sad stillness of the night. . . .

"And your father?"

"I never had one," answered the boy indifferently.

"Ah! It happens. Often. At our place there was a maid who also had a child, and no father! Why? Where? Hide-and-go-seek!" the older one said in a half-humorous, half-sad tone.

The boy laughed quietly, fell silent, then said thoughtfully:

"Lots of children in our street don't know their fathers. Their mothers stepped out a little too often," he finished, in the tone of a grown-up, and with a trace of cynicism.

"Ah—so it goes. What street do you live on?"

"I? On Polevaya. And you?"

"I live on any street where it's good. I have no lodging, brother. I had one . . . but I was turned out yesterday. . . ."

"Who are you?" asked the boy in a low voice, lifting his head and looking at his companion.

"I was a footman, brother. A swell one! I made good money. Well . . . I hit the bottle. I drank because life was good, then. Instead of hanging on to my luck with my teeth, I let go and raised all sorts of hell. Because life was dull . . . and that's all. . . . So I started to drink. I drank and was done for. Boy, how I drank! You can take a lesson from me. . . ."

The boy was silent, apparently trying to figure out what he could learn from this tale. His companion was also silent.

Thus they walked on a few minutes. . . .

"Boy—" suddenly began the former footman quietly and imploringly, then broke off.

"Ah?" and the boy, walking thoughtfully and without haste, lifted his head.

"Look here, boy. . . . How about giving me some of what they gave you? Eh?"

"Huh!" grunted the boy, laughing drily. Then he drew away from his companion and shrank toward the wall, leaning against it and looking at his companion with a grin of distrustful expectation.

His companion also stopped and adjusted his torn cap, talking without a pause.

"Just figure it out, boy. . . . You'll give your money to your stingy aunt. What for? She'll drink it up. And she'll beat you all the same. Better spite her. And I'd buy something to eat. I'd have a drink, too—for three kopeks. It's a long time since I had a drop," He ended in a shaky voice.

The boy suddenly left him and crossed the street. When he came under the light of the lantern, shaking on his rachitic feet and sticking out his sharp

hump, an ugly black shadow lay on the road; lay there, and disappeared, as if the damp soil had melted it and sucked it in. He stood on the sidewalk and glanced back at the footman, who looked after him, stretching his neck . . . .

"You won't give me anything?" It sounded hopeless, reproachful, timid. The sound died between the heavy buildings, which looked coldly at each other with their windows, in their dull glitter, like the eyes of the blind.

The lackey also began to cross the street, irresolutely.

"What a beating she will give me if I bring too little," said the little hunchback thoughtfully.

"Just a little!" said the footman, almost in a whisper. "Five kopeks is all I want. I'll have a drink for three and eat two kopeks' worth of bread . . . eh?" The hunchback lifted his hands to his face. He murmured into them. The clink of copper coins was heard.

"Five . . . three . . . eight . . . and three. . . . Half and half! The devil with her! Let her bust. If she beats me, so she'll beat me. Let's go. Have you all the eleven?" he said with satisfaction, stretching forth his hand.

"*Akh*, you. Now—a real spree! Thanks, brother! That's the kind of fellow you are! Boy! I'll have a five-kopek drink—a real swallow! Oh, baby!" the former footman muttered in a sort of shy triumph.

And soon he bent strangely and jumped from the spot where he had stood, just as if he had been struck a painful blow in the stomach. The hunchback recoiled, but the other had already vanished, hopping off. The boy's glance followed him, then he silently walked on in the opposite direction.

Soon he, too, vanished in the gloom of the street.

The empty street was dark, and the big white houses continued to look at each other coldly and unseeingly with their glass eyes. . . .

The sad stillness spread everywhere.

Maxim Gorky

Rendezvous

A young girl sat under the willows at the bank of the river. She looked at her reflection in the river. The sand around her was spotted with yellow leaves; they fell soundlessly on her shoulders and dress from the branches overhead. In her lap lay many leaves; she slowly twisted one in her fingers. In her other hand she held a long willow switch. She was tall and stout, and clad smartly in village fashion, but her round face was sad and her eyes looked at the water thoughtfully, almost sternly.

On the bank wandered newly shorn sheep, nibbling at leaves: they were all ugly and pitiful. Beyond the river stood trees clad in the colors of autumn; orange predominated. Red bunches of ash berries looked like bloody wounds on the trees. The day was quiet, sunny and warm, full of the sere sadness of autumn.

Behind the girl's back came a rustling of branches, and a tall, tanned lad with a short blond beard appeared. He was shabby and barefoot.

The girl half-turned to him and said in a low voice:

"I waited and waited. . . ."

He lowered himself on the sand at her side, immediately noticed her holiday attire—a bright cotton print dress, a pink shawl on her head, goatskin shoes—and, smiling, he told her:

"How smart you look today. . . ."

But his lively light eyes met the cheerless glance of hers, big and blue—and he shyly shook his head, exclaiming:

"What's the matter? Did you speak to him?"

"Yes."

"And? Did he swear?"

"He thrashed me."

"The old devil. So. What did he say?"

"He said you're poor . . ." sighed the girl, staring again at the water.

The lad hung his head and said:

"So. . . . It's true, of course. . . ."

A lamb came up to them and stared at them with his stupid, servile eyes, melancholically chewing. The sunbeams sparkled like silver at the spot where a fish splashed in the river. Somewhere far off came the sounds of an accordion; an ox roared, a dog barked and hollow thuds resounded—boom . . . boom!

"I'm poor . . . It's true, what he says . . . And how could I be rich? Except my health. I have nothing . . . Nevertheless, we could live all our life together . . . Eh, Palashka?"

He touched her shoulder and looked inquiringly into her face.

"He says of you, 'I know him,' he says, 'a rich peasant could get a son-in-

law of a better kind!' " the girl related with sudden animation. "He says you're a beggar . . . He says you ought to be asking him to hire you as a farmhand, not take you as a son-in-law."

"And what did you answer?" asked the lad gloomily.

"What could I answer? I cried."

"Hmm. But what did you tell him?"

"What did I tell him! I said I love you and I don't want to marry any other man."

"And he?"

"He hit me on the back of my head and pulled my braid . . . 'I'll tear your tongue out,' he said, 'if you so much as mention him.'—He meant you."

"So," the lad answered gloomily, and spat into the river.

"And then mother started to pester me too. 'We are rich,' she says, 'it's a shame for us to have such a son-in-law. As if we were unable to find a better!' "

The girl spoke as if she herself agreed with these words. . . . Her face was stern and sullen, and in her desire to relate truthfully what her mother and father had said, she tried to speak like them: sometimes wrathfully, sometimes with conviction.

The lad listened silently to her story, and with strong jerks of his feet he dug a pit in the sand.

A flock of birds flew over the river, with a gay twittering. His glance followed them, and when they vanished beyond the trees of the forest on the other bank, he said unemotionally, and with a shade of derision:

"I guess my luck is like the wind in the field—it can't be caught. . . ."

The girl sighed. She glanced at him affectionately and pityingly. He stared into the distance.

"If your father says so, that means it will be so. You can't bend him. He's a stiff old fellow. . . . You can crack the old devil over the skull, he'll still have his own way. Isn't it so? He won't yield, will he?"

"He won't." The girl shook her head. "Even if I cry my heart out he won't give in. . . ."

"That's the end of it, then! It didn't work out, Pelageya! It's not our fate to be married."

"What will happen now?" she asked anxiously, in a low voice.

"What can happen? I'll go to a factory and work there. . . . When I get tired of it, I'll move on. . . . So. . . . And now, goodbye."

She turned her big eyes on him and silently hid her face in his bosom.

He put one arm about her, noticed how her shoulders quivered, and thoughtfully began to stare at the quiet river, which reflected them as in a mirror.

"How many times I let my imagination run away with me! I pictured us married and working together. . . ."

He stopped, perhaps because he once more "pictured" himself married to this girl pressed to his bosom, working together with her; or perhaps because he could no longer allow himself to imagine it.

"Yes. . . . I would be mowing, for instance, and you raking up. . . . Or I would be threshing, and you winnowing. . . . Oh, devil take it! We would have children, and everything as it ought to be. . . . A cow, or maybe two. . . . Sheep, too. . . . It makes me cheerful just to dream of it."

The girl sobbed loudly, like a village woman over the death of a near relative.

"Don't cry," said the lad calmly, embracing her. "Why cry? What's the use?"

"Stepa, my own. . . . My dear!" she whispered through her sobs.

The yellow willow leaves sadly whirled about them, the wind ruffled the river.

"Don't mind," said the lad encouragingly. "You won't miss me long. And then you'll get accustomed to it. You women easily get accustomed. . . . You'll forget me, and that's all. As if I had never been."

"Stepa! Don't say such things. . . . I'll never. . . . I'll never forget you. What will become of me without you? It will be like living without a heart."

"You'll marry all the same," said the lad, with a sullen laugh.

"God! No. I'll marry nobody!" the girl answered in anguish.

"You will, if you are told to. You were ordered not to marry me, you obeyed. You'll be told to marry another, and you'll obey again. It's always like that. You won't miss me long!"

"Why do you want to leave, Stepa? If you would only stay! I could look at you from afar, it would comfort me for the time. What will my life be like now?"

He listened to her whimper, looked at her with a bitter grin, and sighed deeply.

"Why should I stay? You don't talk sense, Pelageya. If I hung about here,

Drawing by Miturich

it was only because I was young and then, there was you . . . I thought your father would give himself airs for a while and then he would agree . . . Now I see nothing will come of it . . . Uncle Ivan spoke of me more than once to your father, but he didn't even want to listen . . . Your family is too rich . . . That is why you're all so proud . . . I must get out of here . . . It won't be so pleasant for me to see you married off . . . And what have I to do here?"

"Maybe you will marry, too?" the girl asked quietly.

"Well . . . There's no point in marrying . . . Except you—that's a different matter. Because you're a healthy girl . . . nice, and hard working. Life could be so beautiful with you!"

And again he sighed heavily and fell silent.

"Holy mother!" said the girl imploringly.

"Hmm . . . Yes . . . You don't want me if I'm married, nor I you if you marry another . . . You didn't want me unless I lead you to the altar . . . But many girls act like that. They become pregnant, and then they hasten to marry her off to the man . . . You don't want that . . . So your love is not so very great."

"Stepa!" the girl said plaintively, raising her eyes to his face, "it is a sin without going to the altar . . . And they'd beat me black and blue, they'd cripple me, if . . . and still they wouldn't marry me to you."

"Well," the lad answered indifferently. "It's your affair, not mine, and you have to decide. What would blows mean if you really loved me?"

She began to cry again, but this time she drew away from him. From under his palm he peered at the setting sun, and slowly he spoke again.

"It must be about four o'clock . . . The vesper chimes will soon be sounded. And tomorrow I shall rise with the sun and leave. That's all."

"Aren't you sorry for me?" the girl said through her sobs.

"Sorry or not—that's my affair," the lad answered sullenly.

Looking at the water, he saw the girl hiding her face in her hands. He saw her head shaking and her shoulders quivering. Then he heard a whimper, quiet and plaintive, as if a six-year old child were crying. The lad set his teeth and swore earnestly, turning his head aside. For a long time he sat motionless and she shed tears of grief and resentment.

"Enough of it," he said at last, without looking at the girl.

She did not hear, or did not want to hear. Then he vehemently turned toward her, seized her in his strong arms, and, almost pulling her into his lap, he spoke in muffled tones, bending his excited face over hers:

"Stop crying . . . Don't make my heart sore! . . . What's the use of talking? . . . It's not our fate to be married, and that's all . . . Well . . . Pelageya? . . . Stop, or else I'll leave, by god!"

She freed herself from his embrace, but went on sobbing.

"That's how you women are," said the lad bitterly. "How you love to make things worse! Hard enough as it is, and you make it worse! Stop crying, I say!"

He pushed her off and rose; she remained on the sand, her head in her lap. The lad looked down at her for a long time, and his eyes were stern. He knit his brow. After a while he said:

"Well . . . Goodbye!"

"Goodbye," she answered, raising her head to him.

"Let's kiss for the last time," he proposed.

She rose and pressed herself to him, and cast her hands on his shoulders. He earnestly kissed her lips, her cheeks, and, taking her hands from his shoulders, he said:

"Tomorrow I go. . . . Goodbye! I wish you happiness. . . . You'll prob-

ably be married to Sasha Nikonov. . . . He's a quiet lad . . . only dumb, and not very strong . . . a weakling. . . . Goodbye."

And he walked off. She turned her face, swollen and red with tears, to him, and shouted once more, as if hoping for something:

"Stepa!"

"Yes?" he turned to her.

"Goodbye!"

"Goodbye," he answered loudly, and vanished among the willows.

She sat down on the sand again and sobbed soundlessly.

The leaves fell from the trees as before, and the quiet river reflected the clear sky, the trees, the river banks and the girl.

The sheep came close to her and stared at her with their round, eternally humble eyes, as if they were wondering how this strong girl, who gave them such painful blows with her rod—how could she cry?

Many of Maxim Gorky's works, though published long ago, were not included by the author in his collected works, either because of Gorky's critical attitude to them or because of stringent censorship. These were published in the early '90s in various periodicals—revolutionary and emigré publications as well as legal magazines, both Russian and foreign.

These uncollected stories, articles, feuilletons, sketches and pamphlets are in many respects highly significant. They provide valuable realistic historical material on the life of Gorky's time and on the ideological and artistic evolution of Gorky himself.

Above are three stories by Maxim Gorky printed in pre-Revolutionary publications but not included in his books.

Boris Gorbatov

Friendship

When the last ships had sailed, and the last plane had flown away, and the first winter snowfall had descended on the ice-bound bay, peace and order were restored in the Arctic air; and Stepan Timofeyich, for the first time in three months, looked at himself in the mirror.

He stood aghast at the sight.

"Red . . . . Red!"—he cried out, bringing the glass right up to his nose.

There was not the slightest doubt about it: his beard was red.

During the short and rushed Arctic navigation season Stepan Timofeyich had found no time to either shave or look in the glass. Like all the operators in the radio-junction, he was at his post then day and night, only snatching a little sleep in between watches. On being roused he plunged his head into the fire-barrel, which was always full of icy tundra water; from this he emerged blowing like a walrus, wiped his mustache and immediately went on duty. Sitting down at his desk, he put on his ear-phones, and set his outspread thumb on the key.

His was desk No. 3—the "heavy" one—for communication with ships.

That summer the northern sea-route was crowded with vessels: ice-breakers, cargo ships, Diesel boats, timber transports, hydrographic boats, tugs towing long caravans of barges, lighters, sealing boats, schooners, and expedition ships. Each had its own wireless station, each had accumulated a mass of correspondence—both business and private,—and each called for weather forecasts, and demanded immediate contact with the mainland; each was in a hurry, nervous and irritable; each vented its irritation on Stepan Timofeyich, the sole representative of the world with which they were so anxious to get in touch.

Each vessel had a time allowance that was woefully insufficient in the opinion of its wireless operator, who made persistent attempts to smuggle extra messages through.

"Marussia, Marussia!" The operator on a hydrographic vessel perseveringly tapped out an ardent message from the second mate. "Arctic greetings and a good hot kiss even the ice can't cool!"

"To hell with you and your Marussia!" Stepan Timofeyich exploded. "Any business messages? No? Then I'm signing off to you."

But the ship operators were never got rid of so easily. A stubborn, self willed lot; Stepan Timofeyich had no end of trouble with them. Especially with those on the foreign timber ships; frantic—that was the only word to describe them. A glint of ice far away on the horizon threw their captains into panic; they demanded the immediate dispatch of an ice-breaker to the rescue, they sent one radiogram after another.

With foreigners one had to be polite: diplomacy, valuta, the prestige of the station—all these had to be taken into account. Stepan Timofeyich set

his teeth and received the panicky appeals politely; the only expression he permitted himself was an indignant shrug.

Then again over the air came the persistent dot-and-dash, dot-and-dash. . . . "Marussia, you're always in my mind; seventy degrees North latitude, and the further I go the more I love you. . . ."

But the most terrible uproar of all was raised by the vessels in the roadsteads; there was nothing to compare with it. Their sirens were deafening, they interrupted one another constantly, they all called Stepan Timofeyich, they tapped out messages to him simultaneously, and all this cacophony, this sound-hysteria, in which there was neither sense nor order—was poured into Timofeyich's suffering ears.

He flung down his ear-phones and called out to the dispatcher:

"I can't go on, Emelyanich! Say what you like—it's 'all hands on deck' with a vengeance! Have they gone crazy, or what? Put the militia-man onto them!"

The imperturbable Emelyanich turned on the "wireless militia-man" at once. Quietly, courteously, the "militia-man" drowned all stations with his powerful tones, admonishing them in the ironical voice of the dispatcher.

"Hello! Hello! Kindly observe air traffic regulations. Don't all talk at once. Ice-breaker *Sadko*—your turn. We're listening. Is that all? *Chronometer,* your turn. . . ."

And now it was over; all the ships had sailed, all the airplanes had flown away. . . . And Stepan Timofeyich looking in the glass saw to his great surprise, a red beard.

"I'll be damned—I look like a thug! A bandit from Briansk forest! Red! Why red?"

Musing thus, he stroked and smoothed this unlooked-for adornment and becoming used to it, came to rather fancy it, and changed his opinion of its appearance. Far from a bandit look, it added something rather heroic to his appearance. Something of a sea-wolf, or an old Polar explorer. Or, if you liked, a touch of the historic Stepan Razin. He was Stepan, too—Stepan Timofeyich.

Growing easier in his mind, he shaved, but only as a means to trim the beard which he combed out. Giving the ends of his moustache a twist, and, with an approving wink at the reflection in the mirror, he went off to the ward-room.

Next day he was shifted to the old wireless-station—"the health resort," as the dispatcher called it.

This station was very, very old; one of the oldest in the Arctic. It was coming to the end of its days. The apparatus had been changed; nothing of the original station remained but the blackened walls impregnated with garlic and benzine.

But the old station still creaked on, still sent out its calls, and served even in these last days of its life a whole district of little camps well away from the broad sea-route. It was like an old nurse, still tending her little charges while strength remained to her.

Stepan Timofeyich sat down at his table; he pulled out his pipe and lit it. Then he looked about him. He was alone in an old, deserted building. It was very quiet here, and he felt a little melancholy and strange alone after the liveliness of the new station, where there were always plenty of people at the tables under the green lamp-shades, and the familiar faces of comrades, bent over their papers, the clicking of the telegraph keys, the punch and the

typewriter, and the voice of the announcer shouting into the microphone, and, every now and again, the ringing of the telephone.

Here, in the old station, an unbroken stillness reigned; it was probably as quiet now as it had been ten years back. Timofeyich caught himself thinking that if he were to glance out of the window, he might, as likely as not, see a Polar bear, lumbering along on the scent of the human dwelling. He even cast an involuntary glance at the window, but through the frosty tracery of the panes, could distinguish nothing but the lines of the wireless masts and the drab contours of the houses. He chuckled at his own thoughts, laid down his pipe and looked first at the time-table and then—anxiously—at the clock. Then he took up his key.

The stillness and the loneliness vanished. The world came to life and talked; the ear-phones were filled with sound. Dots and dashes hastily ranged themselves into letters, letters into words. It all happened of its own accord, without any effort on Stepan Timofeyich's part. For him this had long been a familiar process. For him the dots and dashes were speech.

The air was peopled with friendly, familiar voices. Timofeyich recognized the operators of his acquaintance by their tapping, just as one recognizes a friend by his footsteps. . . . Some he knew from the days when they had been in winter-camps together or had met at parties ashore; others he had only met over the air.

Now he greeted them again; each by name. They kidded each other over the air. He carried on noisy conversations with them, amidst meteorological reports and official correspondence. But the room was quiet save for the chirping of the key and the squeaking of the pencil as it flew over the paper.

The world lived in Timofeyich's ear-phones. The world loved and suffered, fell sick, bore children, built stations, struggled, conquered—and confided all its secrets to Stepan Timofeyich, sharing with him its joys and sorrows.

"Marussia, Marussia, how's the boy? How do you feel?" he smiled indulgently. "Station meteorologist sick. Help urgently needed,"—he frowned anxiously. "Send recipe for preserving Polar bear meat,"—he gave way to silent laughter, his pipe nodding in his mouth.

That day all the stations answered him, but one—the station at Nadezhda Bay, a new and small one, recently erected to fill a gap in the meteorological network. Between two important points there had been a blank spot, the despair of the people who make the synoptic charts. They insisted that it was just at this point—on Nadezhda Bay—that the cyclones altered their direction and decided the weather changes. They were in the habit of saying this about every point where no meteorological station existed. The station had been built. Today it had not reported at the proper time.

Timofeyich called it, again and again, but got no answer. "UKL! UKL!" he rapped out in exasperation. But UKL was silent. Timofeyich gave up at last and wrote in the log-book: "UKL did not report today."

That evening he spoke to the dispatcher about it. "UKL didn't turn up today. The operator there must be a regular flat."

"That's just like them," the dispatcher responded. "Fancy sending flats to the Arctic! Is this the place for them? I said long ago that. . . ." The dispatcher could go on on that theme for hours.

UKL did not turn up the next day, nor the three following. Timofeyich stormed and gesticulated with his pipe.

On the fifth day UKL called up the junction. Timofeyich responded with a torrent of abuse.

"Where've you been—these five days? Where's your meteo-reports? You this-that-and-the-other!" The Nadezhda Bay operator excused himself.

"I'm all alone here . . . things went wrong. Mended them myself. Excuse me this time, comrade."

He spoke politely, as befitted the operator of an insignificant station when speaking to a junction operator. The meekness of the Nadezhda man mollified Timofeyich.

"At it!" he tapped out, and then chuckled as an idea occurred to him: "I'll make him sweat now as a punishment."

"At it! Quicker, quicker! You send as if you were only half alive," he tapped, laughing to himself. "Now then, now then, my boy!"

Suddenly he heard a clear, swift drumming, the speediest possible.

"Oho!" he turned pale. "About a hundred and fifty a minute." He sweated taking it down.

In half the allotted time the meteorological reports for the past five days were transmitted. "Bravo!" thought Timofeyich involuntarily, but the satisfaction he felt was partly on his own account, at having managed to take down this lightning transmission.

Having nothing more to transmit to Nadezhda Bay, he devoted the remainder of the time to making the operator's acquaintance.

"You're new, aren't you?" he asked. "I don't seem to know your key."

"This is my first winter here."

"What's your name?"

"Kolyvanov."

"Everybody calls me Timofeyich."

"Glad to meet you . . . Timofeyich."

"They'll be calling me Stepan Razin soon. I've grown a beard. A red one."

"Razin's was black."

"Mine's red."

"Dye it."

"Guess that's what I'll have to do."

Pleased over his new acquaintance, Timofeyich decided that decency demanded he should treat his new friend to some music, and incidentally show off his accomplishments, as was the custom among the Arctic operators. He tapped out *Toreador,* the piece he usually played; a species of password, the wireless-operator's coat-of-arms, the sign by which he was known. When he had finished, he waited a moment. Would the operator of Nadezhda Bay be able to respond the same way? Not every operator could manage music. Then he heard a melody being drummed out from Nadezhda Bay. He recognized it, and hummed it over. It was the *Turkish March.* This operator, it appeared, had good taste. And he was certainly a good hand at the key. It seemed to Timofeyich that he had heard that hand before, somewhere. Kolyvanov? "No, I don't know the name," he said after a while, shaking his head.

This was how their friendship began. UKL always turned up punctually now and the two operators greeted each other heartily and exchanged remarks in between business. These daily, friendly chats did not, of course, resemble those of friends who meet in cafes of an evening for a glass of beer, or at home, smoking their pipes, legs stretched out under the table. The operators' chats were spasmodic, brief, condensed. They were five hundred kilometers apart. They had never seen each other. The minutes at their disposal for conversation were strictly limited by the time-table. They had sometimes only one, sometimes two or at most three whole minutes for conversation;

but that is a good deal for operators who can tap a hundred and fifty a minute. Sometimes their conversation had to break off in the middle of a word; time was up. When Timofeyich had no time for a comeback to his comrade's joke, he would go about smiling to himself all evening, thinking it out—polishing it up.

Every day the Nadezhda Bay operator would inquire:

"How's the beard?"

And Timofeyich would invariably reply:

"All right. . . . With your prayers. . . . It's growing. Getting darker."

"Tried boot-blacking yet?"

There was never much correspondence for Nadezhda Bay. Timofeyich knew now that there were only two men in the camp; his friend Kolyvanov, the operator, and Savintsev, the meteorologist. The latter often got wireless messages, either from his mother or someone named Lida (whom Timofeyich guessed to be his fiancée) or from friends. They were cheerful, facetious messages, and Savintsev replied promptly, with the same, rather overdone, cheerfulness and in a slightly pompous style. And, since all this correspondence went on through Timofeyich, he could form a fairly clear picture of Savintsev, Kolyvanov's comrade.

He saw him as a young, a very young fellow, nice, healthy, with a girlishly clean face; he was an impulsive chap, probably thought no end of his naval uniform and the braid on his sleeve; in short one of these wonderful, romantic chaps from the Young Communist League, drawn to the Arctic by love of adventure and seeing a Polar bear behind every cake of ice, and chafing over the unexpectedly quiet life. All this our man of the world, Timofeyich, read between the terse lines of Savintsev's messages. He did not doubt for a moment that it was an excellent portrait.

But never once had there been a message for Kolyvanov, and never yet had Kolyvanov sent one. This astonished and worried Timofeyich. He knew himself how precious news from home was to lonely souls in the Arctic.

Now Timofeyich was a kindly soul and became concerned over his friend, waiting for news that never came. He could see him striding up and down the cabin, glancing impatiently at the clock, as he waited for his time to arrive, only to have his hopes dashed. And pride would keep him silent.

Oh, if there were even one message, let it be a short, stumpy one!

One could pull his leg a bit first, get him all worked up, before sending it.

One couldn't, of course, make him dance, as the happy recipients of radiograms danced in the wardroom. But Kolyvanov would have to play the *Turkish March* first as a ransom. And only then he would be given the message, which would be something in the nature of "Vassya, dearest, I love you."

However, no radiograms turned up for Kolyvanov. In vain Timofeyich went over to the new station, searched the log-book, scattered the pile of messages over the table to ascertain if one had been mislaid. There was nothing for Kolyvanov. Worried and depressed, Timofeyich instead of the usual greetings, began:

"Nothing for you today, mate; there's sure to be one tomorrow though."

"But I'm not expecting anything," replied the Nadezhda Bay operator.

"How's that?"

"No one to send any."

"Your mother, maybe?"

"She's dead."

"No wife?"

Timofeyich waited long for the answer, but the Nadezhda's time being up, he signed off and summoned another station.

He understood now that he had no business to question Kolyvanov about his wife and his home. He felt sorry for the friend, whose face he had never seen; he pictured the face to himself as pale, frowning and care-worn.

In the course of their conversation Timofeyich had found out that Kolyvanov often remained entirely alone in the camp, Savintsev going off on hunting trips, and explorations of his own, hoping to discover a new bay or some miserable little cape as yet uncharted. And meanwhile Kolyvanov remained alone in the hut, doing the meteorological work as well as his own, cooking his meals, feeding the dogs and doing the other chores. Even so he must have a lot of time on his hands, and nothing to do. Timofeyich could well imagine how lonely the man must be, how he must gaze out of the little window—half blocked up with snow, and yawn, and return to the tea he had brewed on the primus stove and thoughtfully suck the sugared lemon recommended as a preventative of scurvy. His dog would come and rub himself against the man's knees, and lick his hands. . . . "But has he got a dog? A house dog, not a sledge dog? A real friend?"

This thought gave Timofeyich no rest; when the time for their daily talk arrived, he asked at once:

"Have you got even a dog?"

Kolyvanov did not understand him. "B. K. Repeat that. I did not understand," he replied. Timofeyich suddenly felt embarrassed, realizing that his question was out of place.

"Never mind. Let's have your report. I was simply wondering whether you had a dog or not in the camp."

"Why, of course. I have! He's called Pal. An affectionate chap. A real friend."

Timofeyich felt a great relief hearing this. He began joking, transmitted a brief message to Pal, and inquired respectfully after his health. From that day on he frequently asked after Pal and sent his respects—all in the two or three minutes they had at their disposal.

Occasionally Kolyvanov asked:

"How's the weather over your way?"

"Looks like a blizzard," Timofeyich replied, glancing out of the window If the truth were told, he had no time to bother about the weather.

"There's a blizzard here, too. Force eight—about."

"Feeling lonely?" Timofeyich asked.

"No, I'm all right, thanks."

But Timofeyich did not believe it. A blizzard, eh? It was rotten being alone in a blizzard. He looked out of the window and listened: the wind was howling in the wires and round the roofs, and banging the doors. When Timofeyich went off duty he could go to the wardroom, where there was warmth and electric light, and people and music; the rattle of dominoes on the table—and the stout, smart chef in a white cap who served supper as if he were in a big city hotel, and flavored it with jokes. And that poor chap was sitting alone in Nadezhda Bay, listening to the howling of the storm and wondering whether to risk going out to the shed for more coal or to creep into his sleeping-sack and drop off to sleep. Timofeyich felt more and more drawn to the man on Nadezhda Bay, to the man whom he knew and yet did not know, the man who seemed so entirely alone in the world.

"Kolyvanov, Kolyvanov," he mused. "Surely I've heard the name somewhere before." But where and when, he could not for the life of him recall.

November 7 came round in due course. Over the Arctic a storm burst—a storm of congratulatory radiograms. They showered down on the table in such quantities—it seemed as if the whole country thought of nothing that day but the Arctic wintering parties.

Timofeyich received a good many; including an unexpected one from Sukhumi on the Black Sea coast, from some old comrade, long-forgotten by Timofeyich. "Reunion here for holidays remembered you old chap comma our young days at front stop congratulations holiday greetings drinking your health."

Timofeyich was profoundly touched. He stood twisting the bit of paper in his fingers.

"Look at that!" he muttered. "From Sukhum, no less. Perhaps the magnolias are in bloom there. And they remembered me!"

With the message still in his hand, he went on duty. The time for the UKL station was nearly due. Timofeyich dived into the cupboard and pulled out a slim bundle of messages.

"Savintsev. Nadezhda Bay. Savintsev. Another for Savintsev. And still another. . . . Hold on! What about Kolyvanov?" Nothing for Kolyvanov.

He went over the bundle again. Nothing for Kolyvanov. "Nothing! On a day like this! Aye, poor chap! You must be really alone in the world."

Moved by a sudden impulse, he strode over to the table and dashed off a wireless message at one breath.

"Wireless operator Kolyvanov, Nadezhda Bay.

"Dear Comrade.

"Hearty greetings and congratulations on the anniversary of the Great October Revolution. We wish you the best of health and good spirits."

He signed it: "From the wireless operators of the junction."

He thought for a moment and then added "88," which in the language of wireless operators is a specially intimate form of conveying "best wishes."

The reply was immediate.

"Thank you dear comrades stop your warm wishes give me support courage stop doing my job in perfect confidence and will carry on honorably wireless operator Kolyvanov '88' to all."

That festive evening Timofeyich was livelier than ever. He mentioned the message to Kolyvanov and all expressed their approval.

All that evening Timofeyich carried around the two messages—the one from Nadezhda Bay and the other from Sukhum; Sukhum—"Kariakin. Samoilov, Chubenko." He read the signatures over and over again, whispering them to himself, Kariakin, Samoilov, Chubenko. They had been fellow operators at the southern front. . . . Field headquarters. . . . And the night. In the fields of rye. . . . Kariakin. . . . Samoilov. . . . Kolyvanov.

It seemed to him that now he remembered something . . . he had got on the track of something. He wrinkled his brow and pressed his fingers to his temples.

"Kariakin. Samoilov. . . ."

And for some reason, the scent of cherry-blossom . . . and the steppe, and the honey-sweet perfume of the grass. . . . Moonlight, a silvery night. . . . The blue farmhouses—and girls' voices singing in the village. . . . Cannon booming in the distance. . . . He remembered a lad in a brand-new Red Army uniform . . . . himself; a lad with blue eyes and a turned-up nose—a very young fellow. He had no red beard in those days. And no one called him Stepan Timofeyich, but Stepa, simply Stepa. He was fresh from the wireless school and he was going on duty for the first time. He fitted on his ear-

phones timidly. Kariakin—yes, it was Kariakin—encouraged him and helped him. Controlling his excitement, young Stepa sat perfectly still, pencil poised over the blank form that lay before him. Suddenly a call came. It was from headquarters at Skadovsk. With trembling hand he replied. Then came a tapping as swift as a machine-gun. A cascade of sounds, letters, words, poured into his ears. He could only catch fragments, something like "pr" "kel" "be." He wanted to yell: "Wait! I can't catch up with you! I'm new on the job." The pencil leaped convulsively over the paper, leaving a record of Stepa's helplessness: "pr," "kl." Then Kariakin . . . yes—it was Kariakin—had noticed and taken pity on him.

"Half a minute, I'll take that myself."

Disgraced, Stepa left his place, or, rather, crept out of it. He sat down with his head bent almost to his knees. The smell of cherry-blossom came in through the window.

"That was Kolyvanov," Kariakin told him. "Kolyvanov's a regular devil. Who'd be able to keep up with him! I find it hard enough. And it's your first try."

From that day on Kolyvanov had always inquired first:

"Who's receiving?"

And, recognizing the inexorable hand of the Skadovsk operator, Stepa rose meekly and gave his place to Kariakin or Chubenko.

It became his most ardent and cherished dream to work up to the standard when he could go one better than Kolyvanov.

He spent all his spare time training. He worked up to 80, 90, 100, 120 signals a minute. But this did not satisfy him: he went on to 130, 140, 150.

At last the day came when Kolyvanov called, and Stepa did not yield his place as usual, but with a strained white face and clenched teeth, started to take the message.

"Quicker!" he demanded.

A minute later.

"Quicker!"

Now he heard an uninterrupted rattle. His pencil no longer ran but skimmed over the paper. Quicker, quicker! he kept demanding. His comrades bent over him, silently absorbed in the contest. He was triumphant. He had beaten Kolyvanov at last!

Skadovsk. . . . The southern front. . . .

The silvery moonlit night. And cherry-trees in bloom.

But was this the same Kolyvanov? What miraculous coincidence had brought him here? Stepan Timofeyich had never seen him. Kolyvanov had left the Skadovsk station soon afterwards. And Stepa had moved on with the Red Army divisions away from the steppe, towards the sea, following the track of the retreating White army. Neither on land nor over the air had he ever met Kolyvanov again.

What if this was the same Kolyvanov?

He could hardly wait for the UKL call the next day.

"Ever worked in Skadovsk?" he asked immediately.

"Yes. Why?"

"What year?"

It turned out to be the same Kolyvanov!

"It's wonderful, it's really wonderful!" he muttered between pulls at his pipe. "There's a meeting for you!"

As a matter of fact, these Arctic encounters were wonderful. Wonderful are the meetings of pilots in the air, greeting each other by swaying the

wings; wonderful the accidental meetings of friends at aerial cross-roads, at small, unexpected airdromes, wonderful the acquaintanceships struck up with travelers, round camp-fires in the tundra, when talk glows like the camp-fire—warm and intimate, and the meat sizzles over the fire, the snow crackles, and the dogs sniff one another. But most wonderful of all are the meetings of wireless operators over the air, when, fighting their way through the chaos of waves, through the whistling and howling of the storm, the voices of friends find one another.

"So we meet again, Vassya Kolyvanov!" Timofeyich thought, with a tender smile. "And where? In the Arctic! Over the air. South and north. Aye, there's a country and a people for you. Where've we got to, Vassya Kolyvanov, you and I? And I don't even know what you look like. Are you fair or dark? Tall or short? We have a chat every day, and yet, I don't know your voice. Is it a baritone, tenor, bass? In the street we would pass each other by; but over the air I recognized you. Well, hello, old chap. How are you getting on? How's life?"

Now the main subject of their daily chats was their memories of the front. The minutes allowed by the time-table were all too few for them; they worked out abbreviation to the point of a fine art, developing a code of their own; they described to each other the roads they had taken after the army days were over; ordinary roads, that yet had led both to a romantic country—the Arctic, which for Kolyvanov was new and mysterious, but for Timofeyich had become routine. After leaving Skadovsk Kolyvanov had been on a submarine. When he was demobilized he stayed on in the merchant-marine. This autumn he had taken a sudden decision to go to an Arctic station.

What had taken him there? He did not explain. And Timofeyich did not ask. This "sudden decision" told him a great deal, he did not try to find out any more. As far as he was concerned he connected this "sudden decision" with the entire absence of radiograms for Kolyvanov and felt, rather than understood, that there had been some tragedy in the private life of the Nadezhda Bay operator.

Now they began their conversations with: "And do you remember?" They did not go into details in their recollections, all they did was to give one another an outline in a sentence, but the outline awakened forgotten things and then each recalled—when the conversation was over—everything connected with it, and savored it and turned it over. They remembered people known to both of them in the army, episodes both had had some part in, men who were much talked of at that time at headquarters, and in the wireless stations.

They lived in an atmosphere they had created for themselves: they were back in the hot Ukrainian steppe, in grey canvas tents; they lay beside their field apparatus, deep in scented clover; their billy-cans clattered as they ran to the field-kitchen for a helping of porridge innocent of butter or oil, and their laughter gave it a relish. They laughed and sang as only reckless youth can laugh and sing, to the accompaniment of artillery fire. And now, over the ice-fields of the Arctic, over the white silence of the frozen tundra the breezes of the steppe came sighing back to them, their youth at the front, re-arisen, transformed, burning them with its hot breath. Patiently they awaited the next meeting over the air, when they could ask each other gaily: "And do you remember?". . .

If these conversations meant so much to Timofeyich, for whom the air swarmed with friends and who lived in a noisy, friendly camp, among jolly

comrades, and received regular tidings from home—then surely, to the lonely operator of Nadezhda Bay they must have meant everything.

Timofeyich guessed as much and it made the friendship even more valuable in his eyes. He belonged to those who, in their friendship, give more than they take, the sort who, when they give up their last pinch of tobacco to a comrade, do not expect his last shirt in return. Whenever he managed to dig up some fresh Skadovsk anecdotes, the day was brightened for Kolyvanov. He was glad to know that now Kolyvanov smiled at least once a day, that his gloomy thoughts left him for these minutes, that the night, the Arctic night outside the windows had grown lighter and less forbidding.

Between the watches, the chats and the jokes, the long Arctic night waned at last. Kolyvanov was the first to inform Timofeyich of the fact.

"The sun came out over here today. Have you seen it yet?"

"No, we're expecting it tomorrow," Timofeyich replied, and congratulated his friend.

Next day Kolyvanov's first question was whether the sun had appeared; he seemed fearful lest the solar mechanism had broken down and deprived Timofeyich of sunshine. Now, whether it was that he had become so accustomed to the night, or simply because he had company in a house brightly lit by electricity—the fact was, Timofeyich did not feel any particular need to watch for the sun's first appearance.

He said "yes." By the tone in which, he guessed, Kolyvanov's question had been put (though he could not hear his voice), he realized what the sun must mean for the operator of Nadezhda Bay. So Timofeyich congratulated him again on the return of the sun.

All the people in the big camp knew of Timofeyich's friendship. They joked about it, as people will in winter camps, but, on the whole, their attitude was considerate. Through Timofeyich they frequently sent greetings to Kolyvanov.

Then, one day—it was in March—Timofeyich came off duty gloomy and upset; everyone understood that something must have gone wrong with UKL.

"UKL didn't turn up today," Timofeyich informed them.

"What do you mean—didn't turn up?" the dispatcher asked in astonishment.

"I called him for twenty minutes," Timofeyich explained, with a shrug. "I called him when the second turn came round and again when the third turn came. And no answer. Silent as the grave."

"It may be simply that he can't get through," someone suggested.

"No, I don't see why he shouldn't. All the stations in the western sector turned up. There was excellent audibility. I can't understand it. I can't imagine what's happened to him."

Timofeyich was out of spirits all that evening. When UKL did not answer that night and next morning, he could no longer doubt that something had happened to Kolyvanov.

But what?

"Perhaps his accumulators are worn out."

"No. He would have let me know beforehand. We were talking about that just three days ago. Not long ago he gave the station a thorough overhauling without stopping work."

"Well, then, he must be laid up. A touch of 'flu."

"If he were sick, he'd crawl to the key," Timofeyich objected. "He's a wireless operator, after all, a wireless operator to the backbone. He'd have come to the apparatus even if he had to crawl. Wouldn't you? Wouldn't I?

No, this looks serious. This is" . . . he was afraid to admit to himself that this might mean a catastrophe; he went on calling UKL in and out of the allotted spells, but received no reply.

He felt then as if he had lost a friend, his best friend, forever. Yet he did not even know him to look at, he had never heard his voice. What could he remember of him? Only the dots and dashes they had exchanged; but as to what Kolyvanov looked like—whether he was handsome, or homely, clean-shaven or bearded, what color his eyes were, and how he looked when he laughed, of all these things Timofeyich could form no idea. He did not know those trifling but indispensable details that preserve images in our memories and give the illusion that he is here beside us. Timofeyich was deprived even of this illusion. Dots and dashes—were all he had to remember of his vanished friend.

Sadly he went through the day, but his thoughts were all of Kolyvanov. When the UKL's spell came round, his hopes rose. He pulled out the messages for Nadezhda Bay—there was quite a heap of them now—and tried perseveringly to summon UKL. But the time went by and UKL did not turn up. Sadly he sorted the pile of radiograms, before putting them back in the drawer.

Suddenly he noticed one that fairly took his breath away. "Kolyvanov, Nadezhda Bay," he read. He must be mistaken. No, that was right. The first radiogram—after all this time. He glanced at the signature. "Galya."

"Galya!" he said aloud. "Galya." And read on: "Vassya forgive me damn the past I was a fool forgive me come back can't live without you I love you am going crazy Vassya dearest come back Galya."

Timofeyich rushed to his apparatus and made another effort to call UKL.

He tapped desperately. "There's a message for you. Galya loves you. Come back. Vassya! UKL! UKL! Vassya!"

But Nadezhda Bay remained silent. He waited, he called again. He altered the tuning. He pressed the ear-phones to his ears, then flung them down, and went close to the loud speaker. But all he could hear was a horrible whistling. Still he did not despair, he did not lose hope, he held his ear closer still to the loud-speaker, longing to detect dots and dashes faint, perhaps, and incomprehensible, but consoling. All he heard was a ghastly whistling that made his blood run cold. He began to fancy that through the whistling he could hear distant, stifled moans, voices calling "Help! Help!" and whispering "Friend! Friend!" He was quite ready to believe that he heard all this, that he heard all manner of things—except the dot-and-dash. That, he could not hear. The sensitive ear of the wireless-operator would not permit him to deceive himself.

Harassed and worn out he went off duty. When he got home he flung himself down on his bed, and smoked in silence, shrouding himself in tobacco smoke.

That message.... It would have made Vassya happy. Perhaps, it was of a message like this that he had been dreaming all through the long Arctic night; perhaps of those very words: "Vassya, come back!" And now here it was—this radiogram, and Vassya not there to receive it.

Occasionally the others dropped in, and sat down on his bed to sympathize.

"No word?" they asked and Timofeyich shook his head despondently.

"No news is good news, wise men say," they comforted him. "Kolyvanov isn't alone in the camp, after all. His comrade would have let us know if anything serious had happened."

"How? Just how would he let us know?" Timofeyich burst out. "By pigeon post? By the holy spirit? He's not an operator."

Thus five more weary days passed—making seven in all since UKL had fallen silent. The first spring plane arrived at the big camp. The blue bird swept across the ice of the bay, and set the snow whirling. A stout, clumsy figure wrapped in furs climbed out of the pilot's seat. He pulled off the woolen mask that protected his face from the frost, and Timofeyich saw that the pilot was young and fair-haired and good-looking. In the rest-room the newcomer divested himself of his furs, unwound his scarfs. Then he pulled off his ice-covered deerskin boots, his shaggy dog-skin stockings, his flying-suit, woolen jersey, wadded trousers; and Timofeyich saw that the pilot was young, slim and well-built. The wireless operator looked hopefully at this vigorous fellow with the weather-beaten face that smelt of frost, benzine and space.

"I say, comrade," Timofeyich said stealthily to the pilot, who was having his breakfast in the dining room. The others of the winter party had gone to their rooms to read their mail. "How d'you feel now? Frozen stiff?"

"No, not so bad," the pilot said smiling. "You have good coffee here."

"Have you got to get back soon?"

"Depends on the weather."

"Do you think you could—say—go and rescue a fellow?"

The pilot looked at him in surprise, but said nothing. Then Timofeyich told him about Kolyvanov, and Galya, who had sent a radiogram at last and. . . .

"But why do you think," the pilot interrupted, his sympathies aroused, "why must you think something terrible has happened to your friend? It may be simply that the wireless station's out of order."

Timofeyich shook his head mournfully.

"No. It must be something serious. I'm certain of it. Let's suppose you had a comrade, a pilot, a regular pilot who'd flown, say from Dickson Island to Dudinka. And supposing a whole day, two days, three days passed and nothing was heard of him at Dickson or Dudinka, or at any station on the way, what would you say? Would you say he'd got sick? You know pilots don't get sick on flights. . . . You'd be more likely to say something's happened to him. And you'd start out in search of him. Wouldn't you?"

"I suppose I would," the pilot said, smiling.

"Well, I'm a wireless operator. And, when a comrade of mine and let me tell you, a first class operator, doesn't turn up at his spells for seven days, I'm telling you—something serious has happened to him. And I'm asking you—I'm begging you, comrade, to go and save my friend."

The pilot got up and paced about the room, without giving any reply.

"Righto!" he said at last, coming to a standstill before Timofeyich. "Nadezhda Bay—you say? Straight across the tundra—two or three hours' flight. We'll get our gasoline here. Take the doctor with us. And we'll find your pal. We'll find him all right! But first I've got to get permission from Moscow."

"Moscow will give you permission!" cried Timofeyich. "Moscow can't refuse. It's a question of a man's life. Let's get it right now!" he glanced anxiously at his watch. "In fifteen minutes we can wire straight to Moscow, in an hour we can telephone. If you like I'll write out the message."

That night permission arrived from Moscow. Timofeyich was waiting in the wireless station. And when the radiogram arrived he rushed out, waving it at the pilot. At daybreak the airplane, with the doctor on board, was on its

way westwards to Nadezhda Bay. Galya's radiogram was in an envelope in the pocket of the pilot's flying suit.

"That's medicine," Timofeyich had explained, as he handed the envelope to the pilot. "The finest medicine in the world."

Then he settled down at the apparatus to keep in touch with the plane. "Passed Kamenny Gulf," he wrote feverishly in the log-book. "Flying over the tundra now," "heavy snow," "visibility very poor," "wandering in fog."

"They'll turn back," he thought in despair. "Will they? Will they really turn back?"

"Heading through fog."

"No visibility."

"Four-forty. Heading into a snowstorm."

"Five-ten. Safely through. Over Devil's Stone Cape."

"They've got through! They've got through!" Timofeyich cried in wild delight. "Hey, people! Hey, boys!"

His thoughts, feelings, hopes and fears were away on the blue, ribbed wings of the plane. Faster, faster! Keep your heart up, Vassya! We're flying to you. "We're over Devils's Stone Cape. . . . Five-forty. . . . Krest Bay. . . . Six-ten . . . over Tikhaya Gulf. . . . Six-forty. . . . We can see Nadezhda Bay. Six-forty-five. We're going to land. Call you from UKL."

They are landing, a dreary ten minutes pass. Have they landed yet? Is everything all right? What are they doing now? Are they out of the plane yet? They're walking across the snow to the camp . . . but perhaps they've landed too far off. Another ten minutes, a whole eternity. What's happened? Why don't they speak? UKL! UKL! UKL! What's up?

Then, all of a sudden: dot-dash can be heard distinctly. "UKL speaking, UKL speaking! Junction! Junction! UKL speaking! Can you hear me?"

"Okay! Okay! I can hear you," Timofeyich replies. He fancies it is Vassya calling him as he did more than a week ago. Nothing terrible has happened, it was all imagination. But the tapping of the distant key is not Vassya's. It's not his hand.

"Report weather immediately stop flying back."

"What about the operator? Vassya?"

"Very bad. Bringing him with us."

"He's alive. He's alive, at any rate!"

The 'plane is up in the air again. Kolyvanov is on it now. They're coming back.

"Nine-ten. . . . Leaving Tikhaya Gulf. . . . nine-forty. Passed Krest.

"How's Kolyvanov!" Timofeyich asks.

"Bad. Been out hunting. Alone. . . . Snowstorm. . . . Evidently lost his way. . . . Mountain. Fell . . concussion . . . Savintsev found him. . . . Savintsev, plucky chap. . . . Didn't lose his head. . . . Brought back to camp. . . . Went to nearest settlement. . . . From there sent Nenets hunter with note to doctor. . . . White Bay. . . . We arrived first. . . . Unconscious now. . . . Doctor says. . . ."

"What? What does the doctor say?"

"Doctor says . . . very bad . . . some hope. . . . Chief thing . . . still unconscious . . . coming to island . . . see your bonfire. . . . Going to land . . . cutting off communication. . . ."

Timofeyich rushed out hatless to the door of the station and saw the plane circling over the bay. Her wings were like molten metal in the sunlight, it hurt the eyes to look at them.

By the time he had put on his coat and run up to the plane the men were

already crowding round. The bonfire was burning out, children were pulling out faggots. When Timofeyich pushed his way through the crowd, a man wrapped in furs was being carried out. They made way for Timofeyich, hastening to lend a hand; he had a right to be there. Together with two other operators, he bore Kolyvanov to the hospital.

In the hospital, Timofeyich saw for the first time the face of his friend Kolyvanov.

"So there you are . . . so that's what you're like!" he whispered, bending to examine the sharp features that seemed carved out of stone. The face was pale, the hair at the temples was greying, there were deep lines in the cheeks. the lips were tightly compressed. The eyes were closed; Timofeyich wanted to see them; he fancied that they were blue. Kolyvanov had neither beard nor mustache, but there was a stubble of several days' growth on the cheeks and the prominent chin. It had grown during his illness. Timofeyich saw what others could not see. He saw the strength of will of the man lying unconscious before him. He understood everything.

It was all here, in those blue cheeks. He had shaved every day, this man, shaved meticulously, stubbornly, fearful of growing slovenly, of getting lax. Probably he had often washed his own shirts, changed the collar on his jacket every day, saw that all the buttons were firmly sewn on. Probably, he had set up an inflexible regime for himself and kept to it. He had struggled with himself, with his gloomy thoughts, with his loneliness, and had come out victorious from the struggle.

Timofeyich stayed in the hospital all day. At long intervals he went out on to the steps to smoke a pipe of tobacco and get a breath of frosty air. Then he would hurry back again. Stout and awkward in the white hospital smock over his wadded jacket, he sat by the sick man's bed afraid to stir. He was tormented by the hospital smells—carbolic and chloroform. He wanted to cough and sneeze, but he controlled the impulse for fear of disturbing the sick man, and breaking the mysterious and very likely, necessary, quiet of the hospital. He looked about him, terrified. The doctor and the nurse were busy, noiselessly busy about the patient's bed. They passed in and out as silently as shadows, while he sat huddled on his chair, watching.

When consciousness returned to Kolyvanov, slowly—oh, how slowly—he found himself in an unfamiliar room, which, after a while, he recognized as a hospital. He could not remember what was the matter with him nor how he came to be there.

It was an unfamiliar but a very good-natured face that bent over him. He saw the beard—a red beard. Then he remembered.

"Timofeyich!" he whispered, a faint smile hovering about his lips.

POEMS

Richard Aldington

Death of Another Hero

Who is this that is borne with lamentation,
Who is this that is honored by a proud people?
Is it one who gave life and hope?
Is it one who gave knowledge, wisdom or beauty?
Is it one who died that others might live?
Who is this hero? Let me know,
Let me share in the sorrow of my nation
And lay my wreath of praise on a worthy tomb.

It is the rich man who is dead at last,
Struck—Nemesis!—in the very brain
Which plotted all that senseless gathering.
Gone! Like a beggar, like a frowsty worm
Trodden beneath the contemptuous foot of Death.

It is the rich man, he who spent the years,
All lovely hours or dark, to gather more,
And yet more, and yet more, and more and more,
He who possessed, who was feared, who was hated,
Crucified himself between conceit and fear,
Now boasting of his power like a loud pimp
Bullying a frightened woman, and anon,
His eyes darkened and narrowed with fear,
Dreading in abject bowel-shaken terror
The speechless vengeance of the wronged.

It is the rich man, peak-quotation Judas,
Who for five hundred million silver pieces
Sold life and his fellow men,
But first and last and every day himself,
And with each shilling bought a sullen fear,
The fear of losing it.

Now all are lost.

Ring out, base bugles! Sound, ye empty drums!
Stand to attention, low Servility,
Lick-spittle Flattery, whining Parasites,
Your hero passes. Stand with palms reversed
And pockets inside out.
And you, gaunt legions of the too-honored slain,
Rise from your geometric lines of graves,
Kindle in empty sockets the fierce fires
Of your avenging eyes, stare from your shrouds,
There goes your general to his last unrest,
There trails one corpse which made you corpses too.

Johannes R. Bēcher

Six Sonnets

STORTEBECKER (1401)

When his head was severed he took it up—
The legend goes—and ran with it a race
Of horror, and from his body as from a cup
Shook out his blood with furious pulse and pace.

Some saw the heart above the ribs slip out,
So narrow was the breast in which it strained.
Death clutched it but it wished to live, to rout
Among the folk, among the still unchained.

Sprung by its dreams it let the body stride
To separate death, a death beyond its own,
A death the heart was slow to understand.

To leave the body at a happier command,
That was its will; to all the people known,
To find the people's heart and beat inside.

JOSS FRITZ (1513)

'Twas he who nightlong on the Kniebis stood;
The words he uttered there the wind brought here.
Meanwhile, who ran through Danube banks and woods,
And spread the news uniting far and near?

He danced beneath the maypole, on the turf,
Was seller, buyer, beggar at the fair;
He was the drinker at the inn, the serf
Who stabled horses; he, the bowed in prayer.

As turnkey he has passage through all walls;
As the chained one's confessor does appear,
Stands near the block and 'ere the doomed head falls
One last word whispers in the peasant's ear.

He has the flag's eternal waving been;
The whole world sees its folds though he's unseen.

DREAM OF THE RESOUNDING VOICE

Meseemed I stood nightbound in such a room;
Its breadth was boundless, star fields arched above;
And my unbounded voice and unbound love
Spoke out to Germany, and through the gloom.

Windlike my voice all barriers did climb,
Was wide and edgeless like infinity.
To wake you from illusion, set you free,
My words belled through the night, "'Tis time, 'tis time!"

Through Odenwald and 'cross the Rhine it bounded;
In Munich loud and pauseless pealed my voice.
Scarce have my first words out resounded
When choruses respond: "We hear. We shall rejoice!"

Then reveling night and space sing out, stars dance
And fill the world with jubilant resonance!

MOSCOW

Above all cities you may name and praise
Moscow in organed growth itself fulfills
Beyond its city plans and temporal wills.
No hand can trace its final boundaries.

It ever demands a greater than we were
And urges us unresting to the height.
The past is but a perch unto its flight.
The future lives in its creative stir.

Above all cities you may praise and name
Moscow for space and time is hungriest
And to new concepts strains its joyous core.

Come here and see in what a glorious frame
The builder people, of all builders best,
Raises the city free, world conqueror!

THE BLOSSOMING TO COME

I

Him no choirs chant, nor chimes do publicly regret.
No honoring salvos ritually stamp above his grave.
Down sinks the coffin and but the diggers' eyes are wet;
His memory no sibilant mourners come to save.

A gnarled tree stands beside, dry branched and weather torn.
No bud has ever promised, no bloom e'er given delight.
Yet one strange day as if for festival adorned
The tree burst into blossom; its leaves grew bright.

And birds perched there and brought a further bloom of song
Above it the attentive sky shone blue and long;
And like anointment glistening sunlight laved the tree.

"Who knows? In this poor grave a fallen hero lies?"
The whisper streams abroad and shines in knowing eyes.
"Perhaps one 'shot, attempting flight'—and us to free!"

II

What brought this blossoming? This bloom, is it a sign?
The dead beneath, perhaps, has sent these messages.
The once bare lime tree flowers, the oak, the chestnut shine;
All Germany is radiant with these presages.

It was as if new bloom burst from the sere and dry.
In Naumberg flowers grew from stones and crowned the steeple;
And seeing how the land renewed itself and by
This blossoming restored, how sang and laughed the people!

Bells chime and over unmarked graves the salvos thunder.
Men sing, "Your fruit has ripened, you who sleep here, under,
And need is quenched and ended is man's savagery."

And with the living, dead hands on the flags take hold.
The banners in the liberating breeze unfold.
And wave aloft! The German fatherland is free!

STALIN

And when men speak of good you are the text;
And when a poet sings you share the theme.
To your gaze time lies docile and relaxed.
Eternal are you in the folk's esteem.

There is no moment when you cease your touch
With people, to take the ease of privacy.
Your image given to history is such
As only men fixed in the folk can be.

And when men speak of good you are the theme.
Your name on bronze and stone is not fixed there
But spreads through all world space its luminous gleam
And like a star inscribes the ambient air.

No future too remote, no land too far;
In the folk you live; with them immortal are.

VAÇAV V. VOROVSKY
(1871—1923)

May 10, 1938, marked fifteen years from the day when a fascist hireling cut short the life of V. V. Vorovsky. Vorovsky was murdered at a time when, as a member of the Soviet delegation at the Lausanne conference, he was defending the cause of peace and of the undisturbed creative toil of the Soviet people and the peoples of the whole world.

Anatole Lunacharsky's keen characterization of him describes him as "a true comrade-in-arms and marshal of Lenin. He was a Leninite to the core in his psychological build. He was attached to the proletariat by the most indestructible ties; he was bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the proletariat. He knew that the cause of the proletariat is truly immortal. He knew that he served this cause as far as he could, and served it worthily."

Vorovsky was one of the highly talented Soviet diplomats sent by the Party of Bolsheviks and by the Soviet Government, in the very first days of the Revolution, to this most responsible sector of international work. In the past Vorovsky had been a very active worker of the Bolshevik underground movement, a member of the Party from 1903, combining illegal underground activity with literary criticism. Vorovsky was an active worker on many Bolshevik publications, both in Russia and abroad. To his pen belong many highly interesting articles on questions of literature and art. He was an outstanding representative of Marxist criticism. Lunacharsky, devoting a special article to the figure of Vorovsky, rightfully placed him alongside the greatest Russian critics.

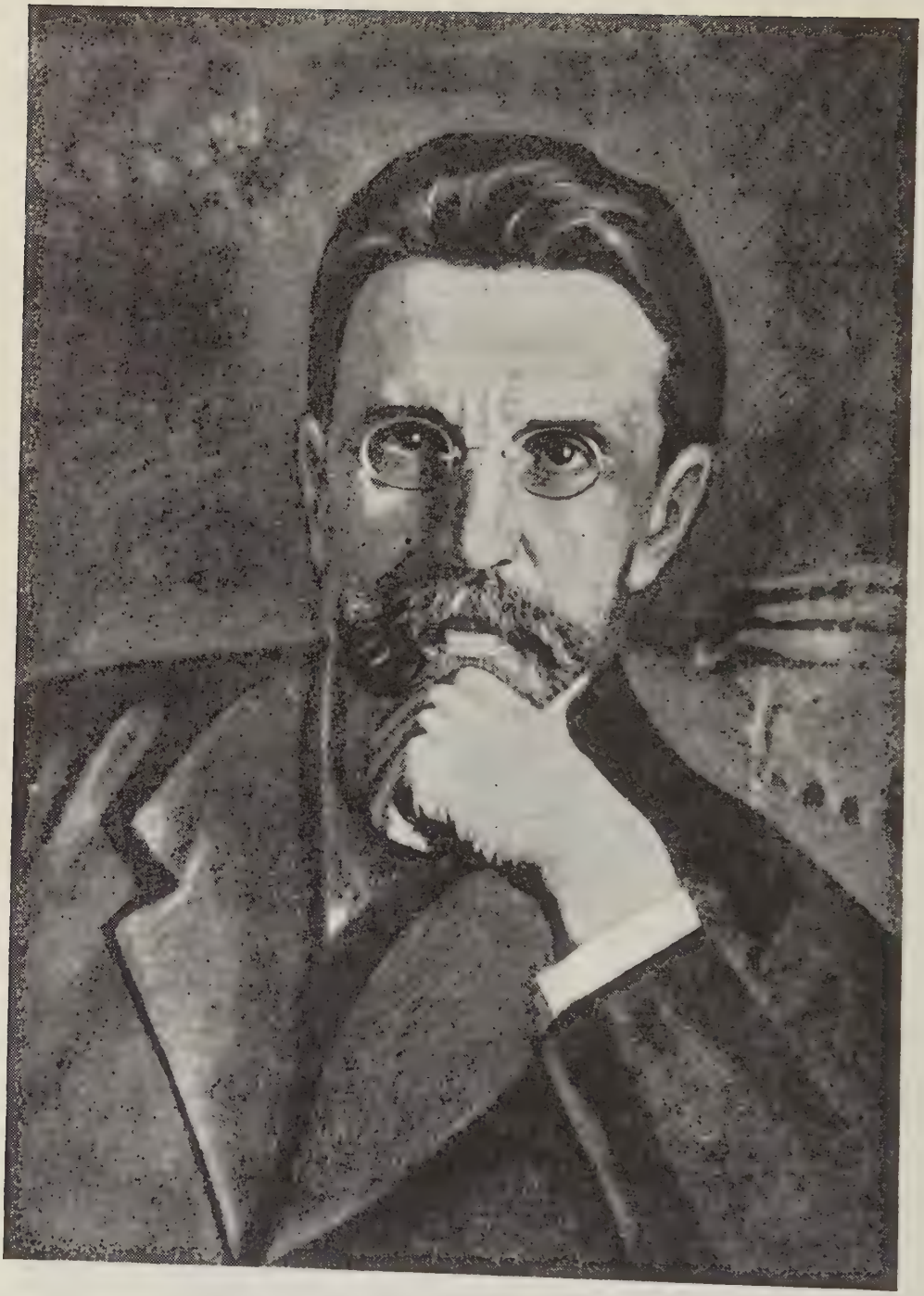
Vorovsky came of a family of intellectuals; he was the son of an engineer. He well understood the specific problems which agitated the pre-Revolutionary Russian intelligentsia. To these problems he devoted many articles. The most significant passages of one of these articles, which has not lost interest today for the intelligentsia of Western Europe and America, is printed below. The article was written in 1904.

In addition we publish another article by Vorovsky, devoted to the memory of his great predecessor and comrade in criticism, Belinsky, the ninetieth anniversary of whose death will be marked by the Soviet Union June 9, 1938.

V. V. Vorovsky

IS THE INTELLIGENTSIA A SOCIAL CLASS?

The intelligentsia as a group certainly cannot be said to have "identical economic interests," nor have intellectuals a "consciousness of community of aims," for their actual aims are various. On the contrary, with regard both to economic interests and social aims a desperate class struggle goes on among the intelligentsia, in which we find both impassioned advocates and impassioned adversaries of land rent, the profit system, socialization of the means



of production, and so on; and partisans, moreover, of the most divergent political movements. The mistake made by the adherents of the idea of "the intelligentsia as a class" consists in their understanding the word "intelligentsia" in the narrow and conditional sense in which it was used in Russia in the '60s of last century. At that time the word "intelligentsia" was mostly applied to that group which might now be termed "the progressive intelligentsia." The intelligentsia was then in fact to a large extent progressive, though by no means wholly; two branches of the intelligentsia of that time, the aristocratic and the petty-bourgeois, together formed the progressive element, the "friends of the people." The sympathy which they felt for a social layer to which they did not belong by social origin created the impression that the intelligentsia was outside and above class, that it had common ideological interests which made of it an independent social class. But as the growth of capitalism remoulded Russian society on the new principles inherent to the bourgeois-capitalistic order, the intelligentsia likewise became differentiated and fell into increasingly definite and sharply distinguishable groups, closely connected in origin and ideology with the various social classes. As the antagonistic character of the new classes of Russian society grew more defined, so did the antagonism of outlook amongst the groups of the intelligentsia. The intellectuals, as mental workers, have to formulate ideologically the urgent social demands of the groups and classes that they represent; this mere fact of formal community of interest, of being occupied with ideas and matters of principle, creates the fiction of a real community of interest for all the intelligentsia or a considerable part of it. When the contradictory interests of antagonistic classes conflict, the demands of the corresponding groups of the intelligentsia are also at loggerheads in the sphere of aims and ideals. The intelligentsia is rather to be compared with a parliament occupied with ideas, where delegates of the different classes enter into many varied groupings, corresponding to the groupings of those they represent. Thus there is no foundation whatever for speaking of the class traits of the intelligentsia as a whole, as the characteristics which go to split up the intelligentsia predominate over the really group characteristics, *i.e.,* those which go to unite all its members.

To recapitulate: (a) the intelligentsia as a whole is a patchwork group made up of representatives and ideologists of different social classes; (b) the intelligentsia, or its separate component groups, is united by common interests only to the extent that corresponding interests also unite those classes to which at the time they are attached.

The confusion on this question arises, as we said, from the fact that the word "intelligentsia" is understood in the narrow sense of the "progressive intelligentsia," and all the reactionary, conservative, indifferent and other groups in its midst are ignored. For a moment, however, we will allow ourselves to use the word in this narrow sense, as it is necessary in considering still another interesting question: the question of the connection between the intelligentsia and the people. So, in the following argument, by "intelligentsia" we will conditionally understand the narrower group, the progressive intelligentsia. This intelligentsia, not counting its earlier representatives, who were confined to a narrow sphere of influence, were during the course of half a century in Russia the torch-bearers and champions of the ideas of progress and democracy: their activity has been conspicuous in recent history and if for no other reason deserves the most serious study. But this is not all; recalling the role of the intelligentsia in the past the question involuntarily arises:

will Russian society in the future also create an intelligentsia so devoted to the people, will the Russian people in the future too be assured of their help, or will it have to open up the way unaided? In order to elucidate this question it is necessary to examine the historical origins of the intelligentsia, what inspired its sympathy for the people, and by what tie it was bound to the people. Having decided these questions we will be in a position to judge what promise the future holds.

The intelligentsia as an ideological group attached to some social class or layer may be formed in one of two ways. In the first place it may be flesh and blood of the class it represents, *i.e.,* the said class may create its own ideologists. This process is usually seen in the so-called "ruling classes," which have great need of mental workers and create them in large numbers out of their own midst, even drawing upon other social layers as far as possible. Secondly, the intelligentsia attached to a given class may be formed of elements from another class who have abandoned their former kin and the ideology associated with them. Deserters from the "ruling classes," adopting the ideology of one or another layer of the unprivileged masses, form a "renegade" intelligentsia of this description.[1] Thus the second manner of acquiring an intelligentsia is characteristic for the unprivileged classes.

If we now take a longer view and consider both processes in their historical development we shall see that the first process is typical of classes which have attained or are attaining full development (approaching the conception of a "class in itself"[2]) and the second of newly-born, young, merely potential classes. As these latter rise higher and higher in the scale of development they also begin directly to create their own intelligentsia. Then, on the other hand, no sooner does the fully developed class, having reached its apogee and attained power in society, begin to decline, disintegrate, and yield to the influence of a new, growing class, than "renegades" begin in ever increasing numbers to break away from its fold, shaking its dust off their feet and as ideologists hastening to meet the new class which has arisen from the chaos of the masses.

This circulation from class to class of members of the cultured groups goes on unceasingly within society, constituting a conspicuous historical phenomenon. It has left its stamp on Russian literature. The "renegades" from the nobility welcomed the rising bourgeoisie, setting up the Solomin type of bourgeois business-man against the aristocratic Oblomov;[3] when, starting from the '60s, the bourgeoisie began to develop to its full strength (thus hastening the disintegration of the nobility,) the "repentant" seceders from the ranks of the aristocracy, along with the petty-bourgeois intelligentsia, turned to the peasantry, in whom they hoped to find salvation from the bourgeois order. But the peasantry bitterly disappointed them; it itself took up bourgeois ways. At the same time all the social relations in Russian life were little by little being readjusted. The capitalist mode of production, having established itself in industry, spread into the country, into agriculture, irresistibly forcing its way into every nook and cranny of Russian territory. Where it could not penetrate in the form of capitalist technique it slipped in in the form of capitalist

[1] Not every "renegade" is certain to espouse the cause of the lower classes, but disintegrating classes are much more likely to give off elements which will attach themselves to the classes that are coming into power and thrusting their native class from the arena of history. However, we are dealing here with a narrower subject and cannot describe the full extent of the process.

[2] That is a class conscious of itself as a class.—*Ed.*

[3] A character (from a novel by Goncharov) typifying idleness.—*Ed.*

exploitation in its crassest, most primitive and ugly form, namely in the *kulak* (rich peasant) form. The former local nobility broke up economically under the bourgeois order of things. Instead of the old Russian landlord appeared producers of agricultural products or landowners renting out part of their land; the aristocrat-landlord turned into a farmer, into the self-same bourgeois, only in the sphere of agriculture, and the old ideology was replaced by or infused with the new bourgeois ideology. Thus, imperceptibly, step by step, the forms and substance of the old patriarchal order of social relationships and ideas were supplanted, and even where the form was still preserved, not a trace remained of the one-time substance. At the same time radical changes were taking place also in the lower ranks of society. The peasant mass was being split up, various elements began to crystallize out and precipitate; on the one hand large-scale, firmly-established farmers (*kulaks,* well-to-do peasants), giving rise to the agricultural bourgeoisie, and on the other, the country proletariat and semi-proletariat in the form of peasants without land, without horses and so on. Between these two groups there remained the mass of middle peasants, easily slipping under pressure of circumstances into the poverty that awaited them on the left, and glancing the while with sighs and envy to the right; typical petty-bourgeois with the characteristic psychology of property-owners. Along with these reorganized elements a new social class arose and grew rapidly—the industrial proletariat.

The splitting up of society and its reorganization on new bourgeois principles corresponding to the requirements of capitalism brought about a parallel alteration in the forces of the intelligentsia in society. The collossal growth of capitalism and the bourgeoisie created a similarly tremendous demand for the services of the intelligentsia. The bourgeois class and the reorganized class of landowners themselves had need of all the intelligentsia springing from their own ranks. More than that, the mighty growth of the bourgeoisie attracted many mental workers from the petty-bourgeois layer and even a few individuals from the depths of the masses. Thanks to this the flow of intelligentsia to the dispossessed classes from other social groups was considerably lessened, but, on the other hand, another process gradually began to be noticeable, namely, the appearance of an intelligentsia from the masses, for the most part from the town proletariat. This new social class, as it rose, began, like other classes, to form its own class intelligentsia, though at first in no great numbers. As yet its chief ideological strength was recruited from the ranks of the "ruling" classes in the form of "renegades." This in general outline is the process by which a social, though unconscious, connection is established between the intelligentsia and the masses of the poor. And the conscious connection? asks the reader. The conscious connection is the reflection of this process in the mind of the "renegade."[1] It must be borne in mind that the process of "turning renegade," which in a social sense is the result of the disintegration (or unstable equilibrium) of a given class, reflects itself in the consciousness of the individual as dissatisfaction with the ideology of that class, as a skeptical and critical attitude towards it, a demand for the "revision" of that ideology. The character of this revision, its extent and the results at which the individual (or group of individuals) may arrive depend, first and foremost, on the degree of disintegration of the given class psychology (and consequently of the class itself) and on the correlation of forces in society at the given moment. Here we may remark briefly upon two points: (1) the

[1] This process of "turning renegade" is to be observed also amongst social groups incapable of maturing into an independent class, as, for instance, the petty-bourgeoisie in Russia,

deeper the discord in the mind of the "renegade," the further he departs from the ideology of his native group, the more distant will be the group to which he will attach himself and the more thoroughly will he be imbued with its typical psychology; (2) the less pronounced the splitting up of society, the less definite the antagonism of interest between the various groups, the easier is it for the "renegade" to become a "friend of the people," the more quickly and fully does he absorb the ideology of the indigent masses, ideology in that customarily vague form which it takes in a still fairly united society.

We have tried to give a schematic account of the process by which the social and psychological connection between the intelligentsia and the people is established; an account which will we think make clear how complicated and difficult is the problem upon which we have touched.

V. V. Vorovsky

V. G. BELINSKY

Enlightened Russia is now [1] celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of its most talented sons—Vissarion Grigorievich Belinsky. But to honor the memory of this remarkable man is the right and duty not of educated people alone. His memory is cherished even more, perhaps, by the vast masses of the uneducated poor, particularly the working people, for both by origin and especially by his views and affiliations, Belinsky was bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the lower strata of society.

It was Belinsky's lot to live and work in a period when education, knowledge and a public career were privileges of which the nobility enjoyed a monopoly. The sole class which possessed all the rights, means and leisure for such work was the nobility and the higher officialdom closely connected with it. It is not surprising that any outstanding personality from the lower rungs of society who strove for a place in the field of public endeavor was obliged to "ennoble" himself, *i.e.*,—by services, offices and high orders to be accepted into the ruling class. Cruel times were those: unless one became a noble, a member of the ruling class, a serf-owner, there was no opportunity for activity.

It was in such an environment that Belinsky succeeded in becoming one of the most brilliant figures in the Russia of the nineteenth century, yet remaining a member of the Russian low-born intelligentsia.

What did this mean? In an aristocratic society, where to belong to the privileged class meant not only honor and rights, but wealth as well, so that to work for a living was unnecessary and was deemed shameful, in such a society an intellectual who lives by his pen is an intellectual proletarian. Like the factory worker of our day, the intellectual proletarian owns nothing beyond his labor power, which he is compelled to sell to various employers in order to live. Belinsky, who wrote twelve enormous volumes during his lifetime, lived a life of semi-starvation and died a pauper—just like any proletarian who after long years of toil and hardship leaves his family without a crust of bread.

It is not surprising that the proletarian Belinsky in many ways thought the same thoughts as are now in the minds of millions of proletarians in various parts of the world. True, in those days the labor movement was in its infancy even in Western Europe and the theory of this movement still floated in the maze of what was known as Utopia. It was to this "Utopian Socialism," as it is customarily termed, that Belinsky's eager thoughts were turned. And, remember, this was in the '30s and '40s of the last century, in the Russia of serfdom.

But if Belinsky's proletarian soul was so sensitively attuned to the pulsation

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[1] This article appeared in *The Black Sea Port Herald* of June 5, 1911.

of the great heart of the European toiling masses, he was nonetheless compelled to live in the old pre-reform Russia, and the best people with whom he could associate at that time were noblemen. Even such of Belinsky's friends as held the most extreme views, such as Herzen and Bakunin, came from wealthy and exalted circles. What were his relations with these aristocratic friends? To understand this we must examine both aspects of the question.

Belinsky's personal relations with the leading intelligentsia of the nobility were intimate and friendly. In the domain of thought many of his friends shared his views and only in details was it possible to discern that these were people of different mentality. Moreover, at that time all of the practical activities of Belinsky and his friends were set at naught, being confined to censored journalism and friendly debates. Thus, the difference between Belinsky and his patrician friends may be traced only by a careful study of his writings.

In life these differences could make themselves felt only much later. Many years after Belinsky's death a new period set in and instead of isolated intellectuals of low birth, crowds of people without either birth or breeding, the children of peasants, of middle-class parents, petty office employees and the small rural clergy, plunged into the social life of Russia. They entered public life, although they had neither titles nor property; their sole possession was their faith in the future, their love for their people and the desire to help with their own hands to bring this better future a step nearer. The intellectuals flooded all walks of public life, superseding the former artistocratic intelligentsia. Science, art and literature they claimed for their own, leaving on everything the imprint of the intellectual proletarian. And here it was that the difference between Belinsky and his privileged friends was to be found.

Belinsky's friends, the people of the '40s, were educated, liberal, noble-minded people, the best people of their time. They bitterly condemned the social system of their day, demanded the abolition of serfdom and dreamed of a constitution, yearned for the free institutions of Western Europe. Yet their condemnation went only thus far, it was limited and superficial. For essentially they themselves, both in their thoughts and aspirations, upheld the views of the propertied classes. They condemned only the political order of their time and certain manifestations of social life (mainly serfdom). The principal foundations of society—inequality, the exploitation of one class by others, private property, etc.—they preserved and even strengthened. In a word, Belinsky's liberal friends criticized the aristocratic society from the standpoint of bourgeois society.

But Belinsky did not stop at that. His protest went further. His criticism of the society of his time emanated from a purely proletarian position. True, with the undeveloped economic relationships existing in those days, Belinsky could not put his social ideas into practice. They are merely touched upon in his works. But these views were thoroughly perceived and evaluated by Belinsky's successors, the men of the '60s, Dobrolyubov, Chernyshevsky and others. They were the first to establish Belinsky's spiritual kinship with the "nameless Russia," with the intellectuals who loved the people, and they showed that Belinsky's ties with the nobility of the '40s were merely external and that actually he was the forerunner of that intellectual proletarian movement which flooded the social life of Russia in the '60s and up to the '80s.

Without a broad mass movement Belinsky was, of course, inevitably confined to the role of an Utopian. But the modern proletarian reader will easily understand the unwitting errors made by this great critic whose works have retained their freshness and interest while the critical writings of his contemporaries have long since been gathering dust in the archives.

MARX AND ENGELS ON ART

The views of Marx and Engels on art are of prime importance for our critical and literary work; nonetheless, strange as it may seem and sad though it be to confess it, we literary men and artists have devoted little study to the rich aesthetic heritage they have left us. Not only have there been no special works on the subject, but until quite recently even the passages of Marx and Engels directly relating to art had not been collected with anything approaching completeness.

For many years, Marx's and Engels' critical utterances on art were falsely considered simply a matter of "personal taste." How much harm this absurd libel has done! It has been grist to the mill of all the enemies of Soviet art, the vulgarizers of Marxism, who started from the position that it was "necessary to supplement" Marx so far as aesthetics was concerned, to build a Marxian science of art from the foundation up—under pretext of which they disseminated a lot of poisonous rubbish.

Recently, however, the detailed study of the aesthetic legacy of the classics of Marxism has been undertaken in the U.S.S.R. and is going ahead rapidly. To this *Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels on Art,* a volume edited by M. Lifshitz (Art Publishing House, Moscow, 1937) bears witness.

The idea of a book of this sort is not new. In 1933-1934, a similar volume appeared, compiled by M. Lifshitz and F. Schiller. The new volume is by no means a repetition of the first, however. It is an independent work, of much greater value than its predecessor.

The chief merit of the new book, and one which very markedly distinguishes it from the older volume, is the principle on which the material is arranged. The collection of 1933 was nothing more than a "reader," arranged unsystematically. The new symposium is compiled in such a way that there unfold before the reader the profound organic connections and inner unity of the observations of Marx and Engels on art, which are scattered throughout their works. This arrangement of the material is an invaluable aid to the reader in grasping these observations as *a complete and harmonious system,* in understanding their essential unity with the general teaching of Marx and Engels, their fundamental and profoundly revolutionary aim—to reveal the contradictions of the culture of class society and to show that these contradictions can be destroyed only with the destruction of private property and of classes.

The symposium opens with a section entitled *The Materialist Conception of the History of Culture,* where are collected the basic ideas of Marx and Engels on the dialectic-materialist conception of the history of culture and the method of investigation used, showing the unity of their views on art with their general teaching about culture.

The chief themes treated in this section are the definition of historical ma-

terialism, the role played by the class struggle in the development of culture and art, class and its literary representatives, the historical succession of cultural development, and, finally, Marx's and Engels' warning on the vulgarization of historical materialism, a warning of the utmost importance.

The next section, *Art in Class Society,* is of great interest from the point of view of general theory, for here are systematically collected the utterances of Marx and Engels on the unevenness of the development of art and the conclusions to be drawn therefrom.

From the point of view of Marx and Engels, artistic development by no means depends directly and immediately on economic progress, but only to the extent that economic progress creates a spiritual *milieu* favorable to art: beauty, wealth and diversity of customs, manners and characters. Not every historical method of production creates an atmosphere congenial to art. One of the most profound contradictions of class society consists in the fact that the growth of social wealth, of the objective possibility of a free, all-around development of individual capacities, means at the same time a growth of exploitation and poverty, the ironing out of differences of personality and endowment, and so on, that is, a growth of conditions inimical to art. It follows that class society provides a really favorable environment for the development of artistic activity only during the early stages of its development. Thus, for example, the flourishing of art in the epoch of the Renaissance was connected with the low stage of development of commodity exchange and the short-lived predominance of unhampered small property both in town and countryside, giving rise to that *relatively* balanced and at the same time *directly personal* character of social relations, that comparatively widespread encouragement of individual development that formed the background of Shakespearean drama and Italian painting of the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries.

It is in the art of the Renaissance and in ancient art, that Marx and Engels see the highest flower of artistic development in class society. Capitalism, multiplying the material resources of society to a hitherto unheard-of degree, to the same degree exacerbates the contradictions of class society, increases the power of things over men, intensifies exploitation and destroys individuality, thus creating obstacles in the way of artistic development. "Capitalist production is inimical to certain types of spiritual activity, such as art and poetry" (p. 89).

The Historical Mission of the Working Class, which is further developed in the third section of the book, *Communism and Creative Art,* gives Marx's views on the role of the proletarian revolution in determining the fate and future of art.

Since capitalism is hostile to art, it follows that an artistic revival is possible only with the destruction of capitalism. Destroying private property, destroying exploitation and the division of society into classes, the revolutionary proletariat therewith resolves all the contradictions of the preceding form of society, among them the contradiction between the development of art and social wealth. The revolutionary proletariat and art are natural allies. The dictatorship of the proletariat is the main condition necessary for the further development of art. Smashing capitalism in the course of the revolutionary refashioning of the world, and at the same time remoulding its own nature, the proletariat is creating its own art, opening up the way for a real flourishing of art in socialist society. "If the critics," argues Marx in a controversy with Bruno Bauer, "knew more about the movement of the lower classes [Marx has in mind the revolutionary workers' movement] they would

be aware of the fact that the stubborn resistance which the working class meets in practical life continually moulds and changes it. The new prose and poetry coming from the lower classes in England and France would show the critics that the lower classes are capable of rising culturally without the direct patronage of the holy spirit of 'critical criticism.' "

The next section of the symposium, a thick and important one, is entitled *The History of Art and Literature in Observations of Marx and Engels.* Here Marx's and Engels' commentaries on the literature of the past are systematically presented in such a way that the reader is given, as it were, a little encyclopedia of world literary development. The material is arranged according to the principal epochs of the development of literature: *The Ancient World, The Middle Ages and the Renaissance, The Seventeenth Century, The Age of Enlightenment, Romanticism,* etc. Of these subdivisions, *Classical Realism of the End of the Eighteenth and Beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries* is of especial interest.

Marx and Engels are full of admiration for ancient art and the Renaissance. But does this mean that from their point of view the literature of more recent times has no artistic value, that Diderot, Fielding, Goethe and Balzac are worthless in comparison with Shakespeare and Aeschylus? Not at all. Such an opinion would point to a complete lack of understanding of the views of Marx and Engels. That Marx declares capitalism to be hostile to art by no means implies that great works of art cannot be produced in the capitalist era. It only implies the artistic impossibility of depicting capitalist relations favorably, of irradiating them with poetry. Struggle against them, protest against the dehumanizing character of capitalist civilization, not only can, but does provide inspiration for genuine creative art. Every great work of art produced in the era of capitalism is always concerned with the exposure of some aspect of bourgeois reality, whether or not this was the conscious aim of the artist. It is just for this reason that Marx and Engels held in such high esteem the sober and truthful realism of Fielding, Diderot and Balzac, while for the sugary apologetic belles-lettres that set out to embellish capitalism they expressed the greatest contempt, as we find in *The German Philistine in Verse and Prose* and *Critical Analysis of Eugene Sue's Novel, "Mysteries of Paris."*

A second outstanding advantage of this new collection over the old lies in the fullness of the material. There is almost twice as much. The compiler quite rightly included a great deal of material that, while containing no direct reference to literature and art, is nonetheless necessary for an understanding of the dialectic of their historical development, their connections with the movement of world culture. But besides this material there is much that is new in the general theoretical sections of the book, much that has never before been made use of in our critical literature. For example, *Engels on the Vulgarization of Marxism, The Historical Succession of Cultural Development, The Breakdown of the Narrow Patriarchal Order, India,* and other material. In order to give the reader some idea of the interest of this new material I quote a passage from Engels *(Letter to Conrad Schmidt):* "In general, for many of the younger writers of Germany the word 'materialistic' is a mere catchword to be applied to various things to save the trouble of going deeper into them, *i.e.,* they attach this label and consider the matter settled. But our conception of life is first and foremost an introduction to study and not a framework to fit everything into after the Hegelian manner. It is necessary to start from the beginning and to study the whole of history. Instead of which the phraseology of historical materialism (as though a phrase were a talisman that could accomplish anything) is used by many Germans of the

younger generation only as something wherewith as rapidly as possible to reduce their own relatively very small historical knowledge into some kind of system . . . and then boldly forge ahead." How timely these words of Engels sound!

Specially worthy of attention is the literary extract from *Capital*, little known in our current literature, and here inserted under the title *The Reign of Freedom, and Physical Labor,* an unusually profound and significant passage which suggests unlimited possibilities for research.

Along with all its merits the symposium compiled by Lifshitz has a number of faults. The most serious of them is that while making a thorough collection of all the thoughts and opinions of Marx and Engels relating to art as a social phenomenon, Lifshitz, for some unknown reason, has entirely omitted their thoughts on art as social consciousness, as a form through which the world is comprehended and assimilated. For instance, the compiler has omitted even such a well-known passage as that containing the observations of Marx on the difference between the logical and the artistic comprehension of the world, in the *Preface to the Critique of Political Economy.* Not to speak of less well-known material which is to be found in the preparatory notes to *The Holy Family,* in *Manuscripts on Philosophic and Economic Problems, 1844-1845,* and *German Ideology.* It stands to reason that we speak of material having no direct reference to art, but treating of the dialectic of the process of cognition, which has the same significance for questions of aesthetic perception as the teaching of Marx on culture for the social aspect of art.

Among the other faults must be noted a certain overloading of the collection with superfluous material, such as in the section on Freiligrath. In this section there is very little about Freiligrath the poet, and very much about Freiligrath the "champion of the emigrés" to use Marx's expression. Doubtless the public behavior of Freiligrath, the pitiful role he played in the struggle of Marx and Engels with libelers and petty-bourgeois emigré philistines, is important for understanding why Freiligrath's political career was brief though brilliant, and why he so quickly exhausted his talent and slid into the bourgeois swamp. Nonetheless it would have been sufficient to limit oneself to the insertion of two or three of the more striking passages (all the more so that this question is discussed succinctly but quite satisfactorily in the commentaries) and not devote sixty pages to it, as the compiler has done.

The commentaries give the reader all the necessary information to understand the historical background, frequently very complicated, of Marx's and Engels' articles, and almost relieve one of the necessity of consulting references. In other cases they go beyond the bounds of commentaries of the usual type, giving short sketches of many important literary phenomena. Such, for instance, is the short digression on the views of Heine on Hegel, the sketches on the relations between Freiligrath and Marx, on Sue's novel and other questions.

VLADIMIR GRIB

THE GREAT AND THE SMALL

Charlie Chaplin in America and Sergei Eisenstein in the Soviet Union were the first to demonstrate that in the films one can declaim, mock, dream, be indignant and utter paradoxes; that pathos, irony, wrath and cold observation are possible on the screen. They established the fact that direct presentation of a plot does not mark the limits of the art of the cinema, that in the films one can reflect all those aspects of the author's relation to his material which are to be found in literature.

Chaplin, working on a great problem of the twentieth century, competes with literature. The Little Man and his sad fate —this is his theme. Chaplin is literature to the core. He is sensitive, capricious and given to unexpected mocking, like Sterne. To each of his films one has an urge to add an explanatory second title "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of a Noble Tramp, His Droll and Rueful History."

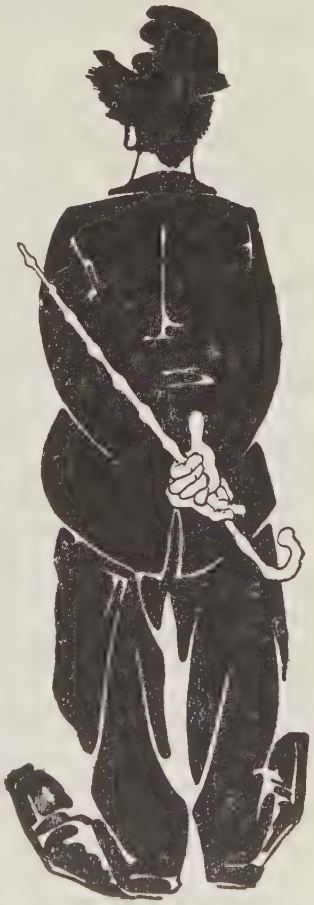
"The tremendous shadow of the Little Man"— thus has the French critic Jean Lemur named the figure created by Chaplin.

Shadows have certain advantages over a mirror reflection: a shadow can depict the chief thing without bothering about details. The figure created by Chaplin is the version by a genius, of a great theme which runs through the literature and art of the twentieth century.

In the first half of the nineteenth century the figure of the hero who shaped his own destiny was the dominant literary figure; he aroused sympathy, this hero, even when he was Rastignac. At that time history was still on his side.

One of the developments of capitalism was the gradual robotizing of society. The process was deified, and to the unthinking it took on the status of a law of nature.

In literature people ceased to say: "What shall I do now?" They said: "What will happen to me now?" Man's fate is stated more and more in the passive. People ruling their own fate now frighten like beasts of prey; they are the men who obey the capitalist commandment: "If you wish to rise above those of your kind, use them as stepping



Drawing by M. Miloslavsky

stones." Those who felt the heel provided the theme of the "Little Man." In the capitalist world the number of such people is legion, and it is natural that the theme has been raised to the category of the universal.

There is a close link between Chaplin and one of the greatest of books—Cervantes' *Don Quixote*. In many ways Chaplin is the Don's descendant except that he has no earthly-minded squire. Some of the latter's characteristics he assumes himself, some he imparts to the rest of the world. All of the good-natured roguishness of Sancho Panza he takes to himself. The crudely practical he imparts to the world—world of cavernous cities and dehumanizing machines. The more closely stand its buildings, the more scattered are human fates and the more lonely do people feel in it. Solitude and doom as a subject has been contemporary with capitalism; only those who can break with the tradition of individualism and political indifference can master it. The "Little Man" theme is an offshoot of it. As long as the disease exists which makes men small, it will remain a living theme.

There lived a lonely clerk, Claude, and a lonely seamstress Angela. The writer *Charles Louis Philippe* described the meeting of these lonely ones, how they became necessary to each other. But between them there flashed the *nouveau riche* Croquinol, and the two who had been so drawn to one another went their separate ways: she to death, he to a lone and dreary existence.

One recalls Chaplin's film, *La Parisienne,* the film Chaplin directed but in which he took no acting part. It is a petty but terrible tragedy of everyday life, exhibiting how little is necessary to part and wreck two little lives. Weak, and with an adolescent's clumsiness, the hero stands and glowers at the blatant luxury of the fashionable restaurant, in which he loses his girl friend. Later his puny body thuds absurdly near the clamorously luxurious fountain in the lobby. The most terrible thing in such tragedies is their commonness which makes them, in the artist's mind, universal.

The world is inimical to the human being; the lonely, the helpless against the indifferent and incomprehensible world—this is the most common situation in Western literature and art of our century.

In the films in which Chaplin himself acts, this blockade of the individual by the world is shown with expressive grotesquery. Timid, lonely and shy, he roams the earth, seeking refuge. He is ashamed because he feels he embarrasses others. Everywhere he is superfluous. Life runs past him, and he is unable to get into the stream. Sometimes in a paroxysm of energy he leaps onto the rushing, roaring conveyor of active life, balances on it for a moment, and falls off. And people laugh. Even objects are hostile to him as to Nikolai Kavalyerov in Yury Olyesha's novel, *Envy*. Both things and people lay snares for him. The world slips trickily out of his hands whenever he tries to take hold. It is impossible to refrain from laughing at the comic aspects of the failure of Chaplin the character, but the sorrowful look of Chaplin the human being reminds one that underneath, these failures are crucial to him.

The unattainable desires and pretensions of the weak Little Man have always been simultaneously a theme for clowning and for little everyday tragedies.

Chekhov's Epikhodov is a type of the innumerable luckless failures for whom the author has the pitying indifference of the doctor. Epikhodov, the clown, portraying "22 Misfortunes" suggested to Chekhov the foreshortened figure which he made unforgettable, which has become a byword, like

"Babbit." Epikhodov aspires to much but can do nothing, for the world is in a conspiracy against him. In a moment of reflection he says that fate treats him "without pity, as a storm treats a small boat." Just so does it treat Charles Louis Philippe's Claude, Fallada's Pinneberg, O. Henry's many characters, Chaplin's tramp—all the Little People of the capitalist world.

Chaplin's types appeared in literature before Chaplin came on the scene. We have already named several of their predecessors. But Chaplin is an American phenomenon. The American Little Man is more subject to democratic and careerist illusions than his transoceanic brothers. The ghosts of great opportunities still haunt America; on their heels follows the Great Hopelessness.

At the beginning of the imperialist period the industrial East had completed the swallowing and subjection of the "free" West. The American freeman died with the beginning of the East's absorption of the West. In the American city it is impossible to find him. One can become a bird of prey—but one needs claws for this. Lacking claws, one must needs become simply a Little Man, consoled by illusions of boundless opportunity. Consequently there arose in American literature the tragi-comic figure of the lost Little Man. From the very opening of the century attempts were made to extract humor from his fate. Witness O. Henry.

In O. Henry's time American imperialism was still "patriarchal," if one may use this hoary word in such a connection. The broad, free spirit of the "democratic" era of the nineteenth century had not yet evaporated, and people could still dream of making their fortunes in the big city. Therefore the following *motif* occurs so often in O. Henry's short stories: Westerners from the great open spaces come "to this swaggering town on Manhattan Island" to bring it to its knees, to rope it in like a bronco. They end either in a flight to the West or in capitulation before "Bagdad-on-the-Subway," where so many miracles occur that no nights suffice for their recounting. The city enslaves them, pulls them into its rhythm, makes them automatons.

O. Henry shared the fate of many frightened artists working in a society of warring classes: he tried to make a jest of reality. He sought to make his stories humorous, and the very presence of this humor horrifies. Where the humor appears, values disappear. Man becomes a butt.

O. Henry brings out one of the most terrible characteristics of the nature of the man who has become small: he desires much and can do nothing. He is not even master of what he attains.

There is a book which depicts with the simplicity of genius how the capitalist system tears to shreds "little humanity,"—Dreiser's *An American Tragedy*.

Let us return to Chaplin: recall *City Lights*. The drunken millionaire drops his huge bulk on the pinched Chaplin. Chaplin becomes rich, shrivels into himself; this blatant, absurd and unlucky wealth torments him. He is not at home in the luxurious house of the millionaire. Even when he strives to bear himself arrogantly for a few minutes, the arrogance comes from fear and he is the victim in the end anyway.

We see Chaplin, in a dress suit, slightly intoxicated, sitting triumphantly in an automobile, strenuously seeking to inspire in himself the belief that he is rich and powerful. He is on the way toward conviction when he notices

a cigar butt on the pavement. He dives after this treasure and even gets into a fight over it.

Again in the film *The Gold Rush* Chaplin, after many trying experiences, becomes rich. Sailing home first class, surrounded by reporters, he pompously gives an interview. Suddenly he throws himself upon something lying on the floor. It is a cigar butt.

Thus, in genius-like "tragi-grotesquery" (this word was coined by the German Left artist George Grosz, a great master of this genre), Chaplin conveys the automatization and doom of the Little Man, his inability to stand on the captain's bridge of the ship.

The Little Man's urge to activity, to appear an important and significant person, makes him love politics, ceremony and even street accidents. And this constant desire to become a participant of what runs past without stopping for him frequently creates sad and simultaneously funny situations.

Chaplin's tramp often assumes that the smiles of girls, directed at others, are meant for him. In the picture, *Under Arms,* it appears as pure tragedy. Mail comes to the trenches. Every soldier has his bit of paper happiness. Only Chaplin's hands are empty, for he, as usual, is alone in the world. He stands behind one of the happy ones and reads the stranger's letter over his shoulder. At the happy parts he laughs; at the sad parts he cries. One of his tears falls on the stranger's shoulder; the man turns angrily aside. Chaplin walks off guiltily, shrugging his shoulders.

The implication that he does not depict reality as he should is characteristic of the work of O. Henry. His amusing stories deal with things serious and sad. Therefore O. Henry hints to his more astute readers that more is meant. Thus, to the more critical reader there appears a note of irony. O. Henry persistently reminds the reader that the action takes place not in life, but in literature, which is limited by certain formal plot moulds. The intention is not alone to tease the reader; in this manner the ironic O. Henry avenges O. Henry the uncourageous.

This working on a double plane is characteristic of Chaplin. Buffoonery and melodrama are intentionally mixed in his pictures. He hastens to break up some very touching episode with open mockery. Having caused the audience to laugh, he turns on them his sorrowful face.

One recalls a scene from *City Lights.* Chaplin persuades the despondent millionaire that life is beautiful. His gestures are quite convincing, but they are made in drenched clothing. Chaplin's oratory is done to a musical accompaniment that sings of the sun, spring, hope, new beginnings. The millionaire is dissuaded from suicide. But the impulse always returns when he is drunk, and he is frequently drunk. Over and over again Chaplin dissuades him, and each time the same music accompanies the action. Finally this becomes something like smelling salts, constantly necessary to the millionaire. Thus Chaplin mocks the very beauty he himself has created.

In *Modern Times* Chaplin, a night watchman in a department store, comes upon robbers. One of them turns out to be an old friend of his from the factory where they had worked. He recounts the conditions which led him to a life of crime, and as a sign of contrition and distress he buries his eyes in the palm of his hand. This is a classic banal gesture of American screen melodrama.

But the pace of the picture is so fast that the gesture acquires a mocking character. One comments ironically: "Thief repents in haste." No. Chaplin does not love American melodrama. He turns it on only to show in what hor-

ridly idiotic circles the thinking of the Little Man is confined so long as he remains little.

It would be hasty to affirm that Chaplin quite consciously occupies himself with tragi-comic generalizations of the Little Man's fate. Judging by the all too few statements of Chaplin about his art, the artist himself is sincerely convinced that he presents the universal. This acceptance of the Little Man as the universal is a fundamental defect in the reasoning of many artists of the West. Not for nothing does the theory of "incurable" *(i.e.,* age-old, universal) suffering exist among them. If all humanity shrugs its shoulders that means there is no way out. It is the resort of the human ostrich. This is a vote against human dignity. The humanism of pity is equivocal and dangerous.

Dreams—this is the only resort of the Little Man. He dreams much and pitifully. His dreams are petty, and the happiness of which he dreams is petty.

A soap bubble is a gay thing. There are colors in it such as one never meets in life. Children regret very much that no one has yet invented a durable soap bubble. The Little Man needs his soap bubble, would welcome a durable one. Being shut out of life forces these people to play at life. Like children, the Little Men dream of themselves as they might become.

Sensing this disease of his fellow-men, Chaplin intentionally "infantilizes" his pictures. All the adventure part of his films (and his films are largely adventure pictures) are aimed at the level of the twelve-year-old. The problems of his pictures, however, are very, very adult problems.

In one of his old films, *The Kid,* Chaplin has a dream. He dreams that everybody becomes an angel. Even the policeman sprouts wings. Chaplin himself becomes an angel, retaining his derby, his baggy trousers which flap under his celestial white tunic, and his gargantuan shoes. Superficially, this dream is childishly comic, but one can see in it a symbol of the social reform dreams of the Little People while the ragged trousers, sticking out from under the angel's attire, symbolize the inescapable reality.

One of the motifs of the picture *City Lights*—that of the blind girl who lives with her grandmother—seems taken from some well-behaved children's book. However, the theme is not worked out on a juvenile level, but seriously; to analyze it one must return to the anxiety of small people to fake reality, to manage in some way to persuade themselves that life is beautiful and decent. This is vital to such people, it somehow ties them to life.

Up to this point we have been discussing the dreaming Little Man; now let us see him in what he does attain, the "subsistence level" of his aspirations, what he sometimes does reach when the hostile world does not squeeze him too hard.

Casper Milquetoast reached this "half-pint" ideal. He is not alone, he has his little wifey. They have an apartment-shell into which to creep away from the roar of life. From the safety of their refuge they can follow, not without a feeling of superiority, the events of the world (with the aid of the evening paper). Casper, however, is among the favored ones. Fate is kind to him. It deals with many of his spirit and blood brothers far less tenderly. Few can acquire a shell to creep into; and in the shell fewer find peace.

Can one think of a more biting caricature of this pigmy happiness than Chaplin's "suburban home" in *Modern Times* where one lives at the risk of his life.

Chaplin is heroic not as a man but as a boy would be. And here we come to one of the most powerful figures of the Little Man in literature, com-

parable with Chaplin the film character, and, perhaps, suggested by him, Hans Fallada's Pinneberg.

He is modest, small, shy, infantile and pleasant-looking, like Chaplin. He and his wife Lambchen are like children lost in a very unpleasant forest and trying to keep up their spirits. We recall that Chaplin also loves to show parody situations from children's books. Fallada heightens the child character of the theme by furnishing chapter titles in "baby talk."

The huge arrogant Yachmann emphasizes, by contrast, Pinneberg's littleness. So in all of Chaplin's films a giant appears alongside as a foil to Chaplin's weakling. Fallada's very manner of dealing with very serious affairs (the general economic crisis) in a comic-childish tone reminds one of Chaplin's style. Pinneberg's childish consciousness is poisoned by a purely petty bourgeois characteristic: in his mind he translates all aspects of life into marks and pfennigs. Money which he does not have commands his conduct and thoughts. Sometimes he rebels in childish fashion against this shackling power.

"What's the difference?" says a voice inside. "Some day I must begin. It is impossible to refuse oneself everything." And then, quite resolutely: "Well, I want to do it and I will, and let come what may. At least once I shall have it my way."

And he has it his way. He buys a dressing table he cannot afford and does not need. A few minutes after he has been so daring he is frightened by his own act. Again, worried over his wife when she is giving birth, Pinneberg swears "not to smoke on Sundays if everything comes off well." And when everything does go off well, he performs a deed worthy of Chaplin. Not wishing to visit his wife after the child is born without a bouquet, and being penniless, he picks some flowers from a park garden. Later, when he sees in the films a man like himself, cheated by life and fate, he whispers to his wife:

"Oh, Lambchen, how terrible. We are also alone."

She slowly nods her head and quietly answers: "But we are together, you and I."

But even together it is not easy. For two to live in an inimical world is a daily increasing hardship.

Pinneberg confides to the actor Schlueter: "We little people, you understand, don't live so very well, and now and then it seems to me that everyone mocks us, that all life laughs at us, you understand, and you feel so small. . . ."

Thus the last real dream of the Little Man goes crashing.

Man becomes small, and, in this frightening, senseless and badly arranged world, he does not wish to be a human being. Is it worth while being a man in a world where unseen forces drive people into trenches, where storms rage over one's head, where bombers drop death on one's beloved ones?

The world is a nightmare of flight and pursuit. The pursued man wakes in a cold sweat. But the policemen pursue Pinneberg not in a dream. He cannot wake up to a safe reality. This nightmare has become the everyday reality of Pinneberg's land—a reality which the creator and traitor Hans Fallada accepted, bowing his head before it.

The puny Chaplin, in his search for money, passes a boxing arena. A rat-faced promoter offers him easy money, Chaplin finds himself among bruisers. Timidly he shrinks in this brutal atmosphere. And, worst of all, here he is in the ring, surrounded by a crowd yelling for blood. His opponent pounds him ceaselessly and conscientiously. Everyone laughs at him, no

one is sorry for him. But Chaplin were not Chaplin if, shuddering at the symbolic meaning of this scene, the spectator did not laugh at its comic staging. Its theme and structure resembles a nightmare in its incoherency and disjointedness. The events in such dreams grow and develop absurdly, driven by a fantastic logic. Horrifying senselessness is the essence of such dreams.

We have already spoken of how little the Little Man understands the basic features of society. Things seem to him the masters of people, and in his mind there goes on a process of dehumanizing the world ruled by horrifying senselessness.

The theme of man's dehumanization particularly attracts Chaplin. We have already mentioned the incident of the cigar butt for which Chaplin dashes from a swanky car. At the same moment a good natured old beggar makes for the butt. Chaplin easily shoves him aside, returns to the car and drives off. We get a close-up of the old man, gazing reproachfully with large childish eyes after this "millionaire miser." The spectator knows that Chaplin is not a millionaire miser, but a kind and penniless Little Man. The spectator witnesses a monstrous misunderstanding: one Little Man injures another.

The dehumanization of the world, proceeding in the consciousness of Little People, consists not only of the fact that people lose their human qualities and crowd others out of life, but also that things crowd out people. These creations of human hands cease to serve man but become his enemies. The theme is elaborate and emphatic in *Modern Times,* but in the earlier films, notably *City Lights,* there are also incidents based on it.

It is rare to find signs of human dignity among "Little People" in the West. The consciousness of their own unworthiness obsesses them. This feeling is purely social in its nature. And it is on this feeling that demagogues play, not without success. The constant striving toward all that is great and imposing proceeds from it. At the same time the Little Man is not above manipulating this unworthiness and giving it an air of suffering or simply morbidity.

The humanism of pity is the path of least resistance. Instead of struggling against the forcible belittling of humanity, the uncourageous artist does the convenient thing: he tries to give a melancholy glamor to suffering.

Many scientists with great reputations succumb to the temptation of this "convenience." The Little Man's inferiority complex is rationalized in psychological terms and represented as the *Weltanschauung* of cripples.

This literary gallery of bruised people can be properly headed by Jake of Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises.* Maimed in the war, Jake can continue to live for a long time, but he can never enjoy life. Sherwood Anderson's similar people populate a whole town, Winesburg, Ohio, whose inhabitants are all bowed and shriveled. They are maimed from birth; they do not live, they exist. All of them are possessed by petty fears, vices and delusions. Most of them are subject to religious exaltation, and this is closely bound up with the fact that their petty desires are unsatisfied. And these people surround their petty sufferings with a superhuman halo:

"Here is my idea: Each person in this world is a Christ, each will be crucified." *(The Philosopher.)*

Incompetents, they try to represent themselves as kneeling before Fate, they try to invest their humility with greatness. And at the same time they are apologetic for their very existence.

In Chaplin's *The Circus* we have an ironic image of it. Chaplin as the clumsy and unlucky circus hand, has a personal enemy: a restive horse who keeps pursuing him. When Chaplin meets the horse, he raises his hat, bows and smiles ingratiatingly. Later he blunders into a lion's cage. Chaplin tries to divert the lion, tells him jokes, reminds him of their great friendship (which never existed), does stunts, his eyes, throughout, dilated with fear. The lion contemptuously turns away. Chaplin dashes for the exit; he is free, but his Little Man politeness prevents him from leaving without a goodbye to this nice, cordial animal. Again he approaches the lion, and wheedlingly tries to be friendly. The lion loses patience and bares his teeth. Chaplin flies from the cage.

In *City Lights* Chaplin has a moment that concentrates the agony of the Little Man. It is the smile with which the picture ends, the joyless smile from eyes filled with dog-like reproach. That smile is like a smack in the face to the audience at the end of the long comedy.

Artists of the West, among them Chaplin, call upon their audience to pity the Little Man, for, in their opinion, all the suffering of humanity is concentrated in the Little Man.

As a matter of fact, this is a dangerous symptom of the dwarfing of humanity. The conveyors of Ford and Citroen manufacture a type of spare-part men.

Impotency, fear of the world, the dwarfing of all feelings and passions—these are all elements of the disease. And it does not follow that this disease is a city malady. The farmers are sick with it too. Like any other disease it is played on by all sorts of religious and political charlatans. The publishers of such American magazines as *Personality,* who promise the Little Man salvation through will power, take advantage of the plight of these depersonalized people.

Wherever there is squalor and impotence, people always look for miracles. America has its "holy" Aimee MacPherson, charming as a cosmetics advertisement. Germany had the "seer" Hanussen who substituted for Christ in Berlin until the fascist competing in the Messianic role murdered him.

The fascists ably played upon the Little Man's resentment of being trampled upon. They promised to smash the great forces of the capitalist world and to enthrone an eternal kingdom of Little Man happiness. They made use of this resentment among large groups of the Little Men to incite them to run amuck against those who were dangerous to the upper classes.

Oscar Maria Graf has a terrifying book—*One Against All.* In it he describes how a simple peasant lad, George Loeffler, is transformed by the war into a beast and a murderer. This is what is happening now to Italian and German Little Men, sent to die on Abyssinian and Spanish fronts.

There is only one detachment of humanity which is worthy of curing this disease and which is curing it. That is those who have realized that the salvation of humanity from stultification will not come under the thorny crown of suffering but the "thorny crown of revolution." These people are not prophets. They are workers—doers. They are Communists. A million and a half people voted for them in Germany even after the Hitler *coup d'état.* People know where to find salvation.

Leonid Krassin, a great man and an old Bolshevik, said, dying: "People live in boxes. All my life I strove to help them to come out of these boxes." The horrible senselessness of life under capitalism must be liquidated. Is it

not senseless that along with the title of man, a being who has studied and conquered nature, over five-sixths of the globe it is necessary to place the word "little." Only they will be able to exterminate this senselessness who know the path to the new world. We must struggle for the Little Man against those who would inject into mankind bigger and bigger doses of the dwarfing disease. We are far from idealizing those "Little Man" masses. "We must take these masses as they are, and not as we would like to see them," said Dimitrov at the Seventh Congress of the Communist International. It is necessary to make these masses firm, to train them for action, to cure them of childish habits and points of view. One must not pity the Little Man, for he has enough of that in his own self-pity. One must not pity him even when great artists call upon us to do so.

Our enemies try hard to frighten the Little Man with the "soullessness" of Marxism, the Marxist "disregard of the individual." Even our sincere sympathizers among the Little Man fear for their individuality.

A German writer confessed in a conversation with the greatest living genius of our epoch[1]:

"Thirty years ago, when I studied at the university, innumerable German professors, who considered themselves on the side of the materialist conception of history, inculcated in us the idea that Marxism denies the role of heroes, the role of heroic personalities in history."

Stalin answered him:

"They were vulgarizers of Marxism. Marxism never denied the role of heroes. On the contrary, it recognizes this role even more, with the reservations of which I have just spoken."

This is a wise and exact judgment:

"Each new generation meets definite conditions, which were already on hand, prepared, at the moment when this generation sprang into life. And great people are of importance only inasmuch as they are able to correctly understand these conditions, understand how to change them. If they do not understand these conditions and wish to change them as their fantasy suggests, then they, these people, fall into the position of Don Quixote." [1]

Here the great artist Charlie Chaplin can find an exact estimation of his role and mission. He has taken upon himself the burden of all the unhappy and the defects of the Little Man and created an image—a great monument to the Little Man.

We need more than to erect monuments to the Little Man. We must help him grow, struggle for him, win from fascism millions of people who might otherwise become fascist recruits.

The twenty years of the Proletarian Revolution in our country have been twenty years of struggle for the exalting of human dignity.

The dwarfing disease also raged in tsarist Russia. Let us recall Lieutenant Romashev of Kuprin's *Duel*. One of his comforts is go to the railway station to see the luxurious first class express trains pass. Standing in his dirty uniform, his rubbers covered with mud, he sees a well dressed woman passenger glance at him from the car. And he speaks to himself, as he is accustomed to do, in the third person: "The eyes of the beautiful unknown woman paused with pleasure on the handsome slim figure of the young officer."

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[1] J. Stalin. Interview with Emil Ludwig.

But it is made clear that the passenger and her companion are amused at his ungainliness. Is that not right out of Chaplin?

Old Russia had such "Little Man" chimeras as Peredonov,[1] such sufferers as Mendel Beilis, such hysterical traitors as Asef and the hero of Gorky's *Story of an Unnecessary Person.* It is characteristic that he had to produce a work with such a title. It took the manhood of a proletarian artist to point out, in those years, that the word "Man" "sounds proudly."

In 1908, in a symposium *Literary Disintegration,* an article by Maxim Gorky, *On Cynicism,* was published. There he wrote:

"Millions of eyes glow with a joyous light, everywhere the lightning of hatred flashes, lighting up the clouds of ignorance and error, prejudices and lies, which have piled up through the ages; we are on the eve of the celebration of an international renaissance of the masses . . . The slaves are being transformed into people—here is the new meaning of life. . . ."

Ten years later this prophecy became reality.

On the Tenth Anniversary of the October Revolution Gorky wrote:

"To this small, but great man, scattered over all the corners of the land, in the factories, the villages, lost in the steppes and the Siberian taiga, in the mountains of the Caucasus and the tundra of the North, to the man, sometimes very *lonely,* working among people who still with difficulty understand him, to the worker of his state, who modestly performs his apparently minor work, but has a tremendous historical significance—to him I address my sincere greeting. Comrade, know and believe, that you are the most necessary man on the face of the earth. Carry on your little work, you have begun to create a truly new world."

Here we see the great meaning of the Socialist renewal of the soil: millions of people, so long feeling themselves "unnecessary," have become "the most necessary people on the face of the earth."

The knowledge that one is needed is the best medicine for the dwarfing disease. People who know they are necessary are capable of miracles.

One recalls a character from Leonov's novel, *Skutarevsky.* Matvey Nikeich Cherimov, a middle-aged representative of a disadvantageous profession: he is a bathhouse attendant. He was, as his author says, "a roaming amoeba," and he saw in his dreams "fish in jackets, or one hundred thousand patriarchs at one time." Time transformed him. Once, to his own horror, he was elected to the soviet. And he, "lying in life motionless, like beef," turned out to be a worker, active, capable, and even wise.

No, no one will ever apply to the Soviet man the definition of "Little."

The dwarfing disease has been exterminated in our country.

BORIS ETINGIN

[1] A character in Fyodor Sologub's well-known pre-revolutionary novel, *The Petty Devil,* who became a symbol of an unstable "self-deluded" "Little Man" terrorized by his own hallucinations.

AZERBAIJAN ART

The heavily crosshatched area shows the Azerbaijan Socialist Soviet Republic

One of the means through which republics of the Soviet Union become acquainted with the culture of brother republics of the U.S.S.R. is festivals of national art. These festivals, which have attained wide popularity among Soviet audiences, demonstrate the art of peoples which before the Revolution were oppressed and enslaved by tsarist Russia. During the past two years Moscow theaters have witnessed productions by talented artists from the Ukraine (March, 1936), Georgia (January, 1937) and Uzbekistan (May, 1937).

The fifth folk festival, devoted to Azerbaijan art was staged in Moscow in April 1938.

The entire history of the Azerbaijan people before the Revolution is a recording of oppression and misery. The rule of the *khans*, tsarist generals, capitalists and church held the people in subjection for many centuries.

Culture in old Azerbaijan was neglected and forgotten. The ruling class regarded artists and actors with contempt; they were called "the shameless."

All of Azerbaijan had only one music school before the Revolution—in Baku—and even there native Azerbaijan students were rare exceptions, and not the rule.

The great Socialist Revolution made possible a genuine flowering of Azerbaijan art. The republic has excellent theaters today, an extensive school system, and music conservatories where thousands of the Azerbaijan youth are studying.

Three of the four operas presented during the festival in Moscow were written during the Socialist era.

KYOR-OGLY

The author of the opera *Kyor-ogly* is Uzeir Gajibekov, who in 1908 wrote the first Azerbaijan opera, *Leila and Medjnun* (a native version of *Romeo and Juliet).* The libretto of the

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Left:
Ballet scene

Right:
A scene fro
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Scene from the first act of the opera SHAKH-SANEM

Scene from the musical comedy ARSHIN-MAL-ALAN

opera is built around a popular folk legend about Kyor-ogly, the leader of a peasant uprising.

Tradition places his birth in the sixteenth century. At that period Azerbaijan was invaded in turn by the Persian *shahs* and the Turkish *pashas*. The people waged a stubborn war against the foreign invaders and against local feudalism.

The father of Kyor-ogly (which means *Son of the Blind Man)* was an old groom who had been blinded at the order of the ruling prince. Kyor-ogly, the leader of a popular uprising, knows no fear, he is truthful and just, he defends all the downtrodden and the miserable, regardless of their nationality, he is the terror of all oppressors. The enemy cannot vanquish Kyor-ogly, neither through cunning nor through strength, nor can his champions, the people, be defeated.

The opera contains very interesting music. There are no authentic native melodies taken directly from folk music, but the score is written in the style of Azerbaijan musical folklore.

The colorful settings are the work of Rustam Mustafayev. Director I. Idaya-Zade has made the mass scenes stirring in their dynamic power.

The rich tonal effects of the orchestra, directed by A. Hasanov, young Azerbaijan musician, confirm the correctness of the methods employed by the composer, Gajibekov, in uniting the national instruments of Azerbaijan with the instruments familiar to the European orchestra.

SHAKH-SANEM

A good many composers in their desire to add "eastern color" to some works, fall into the unfortunate error of creating a false "oriental style." Honored Artist R. M. Gliere avoided this pitfall in his opera, *Shakh-Sanem,* which had its first presentation in 1934. The success of the opera may be attributed to the composer's wide study of authentic musical folklore.

The subject of the opera is the folk legend of Garib, the poor *ashug* (native name for minstrel), who loves the beautiful Shakh-Sanem, daughter of a wealthy man. When it seems as though Garib has lost all chance of winning her, the people come to the aid of their beloved singer and Garib is given a winged horse which leads him to Shakh-Sanem. The charming characterization of a young girl in love, is given by People's Artist Shevket Mamedova in the title role; the finished technique of Honored Artist G. Gajibabekov, who sings the role of Garib; excellent decoration and costumes, and careful work by the director, A. Iskenderov, added to the deserved success of the spectacle.

Uzeir Gajibekov, People's Artist of Azerbaijan composer and Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the USSR

ARSHIN-MAL-ALAN

The musical comedy Arshin-Mal-Alan one of Gajibekov's earlier works, showed exceptional daring at the time it was written, in 1913. The comedy is built around

the bondage of Azerbaijan girls who did not even have the right to pick their own husbands, but were forced to bend to the will of their fathers.

To Soviet audiences *Arshin-Mal-Alan* is a classic national comedy taken from the recent past. The musical accompaniment is afforded by an orchestra of Azerbaijan folk instruments under the baton of a young director, Seis Rustamov. This orchestra was formed in 1932 by students of Azerbaijan music schools and it introduced written notes for Azerbaijan folk instruments for the first time.

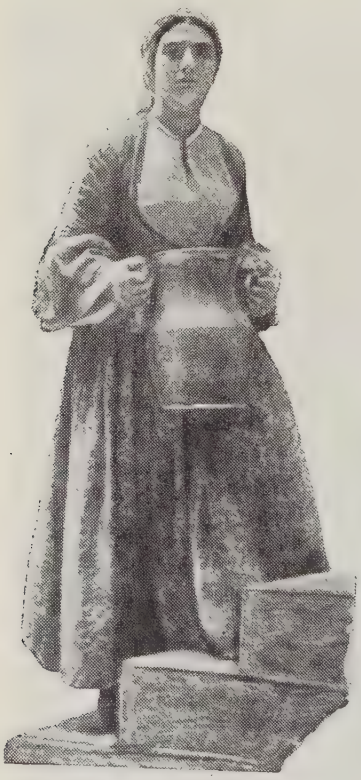
A remarkable reproduction of the colors and forms characteristic of Azerbaijan has been achieved by the artist Sultanov in staging the work.

As produced by Honored Artist Idaya-Zade, the entire production is extremely realistic and displays an excellent feeling for Azerbaijan life and customs.

NERGIZ

The opera *Nergiz* by the composer Muslim Magamayev, is interesting primarily because it is the first attempt at employing a Soviet theme in Azerbaijan national opera. The plot concerns the struggle of the Azerbaijan people to establish Soviet power. The heroine of the opera, the peasant girl Nergiz, is the leader of an armed uprising of peasants. She kills the provocator Bedel. Breaking into the home of the local *bey,* she faces him alone, and bravely settles accounts with him. Her shot serves as a signal for the peasant uprising, and Nergiz joins the newly-arrived Red Army men in celebrating the triumph of her people.

In this opera the composer, with remarkable artistry, follows the development of Soviet themes in opera begun so successfully in such works as *And Quiet Flows the Don* and *Soil Upturned,* by the composer I. Dzerzhinsky, and *Armored Cruiser Potemkin,* by O. Chishko.



Agigat Rayeva in the role of Tella in ARSHIN-MAL-ALAN

There are moments of great vitality and significance as the plot of the opera unfolds. Particularly worthy of mention are the chorus and the ballet. The decorations for *Nergiz,* as for the other productions in the festival, are very colorful.

THE AZERBAIJAN DANCE

The folk dances which featured all these Azerbaijan productions are long to be remembered. Fluent, lyrical movements characterize the dance of the girls in *Shakh-Sanem,* the humorous dance in *Arshin-Mal-Alan,* and the boisterous military dance in *Kyor-ogly.*

The people of Azerbaijan have long been accustomed to express their joys and sorrows through the medium of dancing. Every region of Azerbaijan has its local dances.

Azerbaijan audiences today, whether they be collective farmers or workers in the oil industry, place great value on every new dance, and are able to distinguish between a genuine master of the dance and one who resorts to cheap effects.

The Azerbaijan festival in Moscow revealed the young girl Gamar Almas-Zade as one of the most talented of folk dancers. Here is what the well-known Russian dancer Victorina Krieger says about this young dancer: "The figure of Almas-Zade, in her magnificent snow white costume, her flowing and rhythmical leg movements, her graceful arms, make up a fanciful

pattern, something capricious and lovely, like the sound of a tambourine, awakening universal delight."

THE NATIONAL SINGERS—THE ASHUGS

The true guardians of national culture in Azerbaijan were the folk singers—the *ashugs*. Their remarkable memories, their voices, their instrument, the *saz*, the music of which gave artistic expression to the emotions and aspirations of this wonderful people. The close bonds between the *ashugs* and the popular masses enriched their art.

Every *ashug* is a poet and improviser, a storyteller, a dancer, a singer and a musician. History has preserved the names of many *ashugs* who were fighters for the cause of freedom, for national independence. In the latter half of the nineteenth century the *ashug* Gusein sang against the clergy. In 1905 the *ashug* Avak raised his voice against the tsarist government. Now a participant in the festival, this *ashug* presented before the workers of Moscow songs about the beloved leader of the Soviet people, Stalin.

After the Revolution the music of the *saz* sounded with new strength in the hands of Soviet *ashugs*. Early this year there was a congress of Azerbaijan ashugs, attended by more than a hundred outstanding folk bards. Besides historical themes, the *ashugs* sing new and joyous songs of the happy life in the Soviet land. The *ashugs* Asad, Islam and Mirza took part in the Moscow festival.

Almas-Zade a talented folk dancer in a ballet scene from the opera KYOR-OGLY

PEOPLE OF THE AZERBAIJAN ART WORLD

Many of those who took part in the Moscow festival suffered the oppression and persecution which were the lot of all artists in pre-revolutionary Azerbaijan.

People's Artist of the Republic Shevket Khanum Mamedova recalls: "During all of the tsarist regime I had only one opportunity to perform in Baku—in 1912. The reactionary local bourgeoisie, fearing I would set a bad example to their wives and children, had the box office closed down and I had to flee the city." The appearance of a woman on the stage was considered an insult to the public, and women's roles were played by men. When the first Azerbaijan opera, *Leila and Medjnun*, was staged, thirty years ago, the role of the gentle Leila was played by a burly youth accompanied by an orchestra composed of amateur musicians, and directed by the playwright, M. Akhverdov.

Today Shevket Mamedova is an outstanding figure in the music world and a public figure of importance. She is the founder of the first Azerbaijan theatrical school, she directs a music publishing house, and she is active in the training of new singers of the national opera stage.

The composer Uzeir Gajibekov managed to keep alive before the Revolution only thanks to the help of actor comrades—most of whom suffered from the same lack of support of their art. Today Gajibekov is the acknowledged leader of the Azerbaijan music world and is a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.

Competition of Ashugs. From a 150 year old painting

The singer Mamedov, who enjoys great popularity in Azerbaijan, is known as *Buul-Buul* (Nightingale), because of the high range of his voice. Back in 1916 he and a crippled accordion player roamed the streets, fairs and courtyards of Azerbaijan towns, picking up kopeks for their performance. The talent of *Buul-Buul* was properly developed only under Soviet power, and in 1926 he was sent to Italy to perfect his training. Today he sings leading roles in the operas *Shakh-Sanem, Kyor-ogly* and *Nergiz,* and trains new Azerbaijan singers in the Baku conservatory.

Similar careers are common to all of the older generation of the Azerbaijan artists who took part in the festival. The happy younger generation, however, knows this dark past only by hearsay, for they are now free to develop their creative powers to the full.

STALINIST BROTHERHOOD OF PEOPLES

The performances of Azerbaijan art turned into a holiday festival which still further cemented the firm friendship of the peoples of the Soviet Union. The working people of Moscow showered affection and attention on the guests. Every performance was received with great acclaim, and each production drew a packed house.

The Azerbaijan festival, like all the previous festivals of national art, clearly confirmed the wise words of the great Stalin: "... The period of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the building of socialism in the U.S.S.R. is a period of the flowering of national culture, socialist in content and national in form."

Leaders of the Party and the Government attended every performance during the festival. By decision of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. a large group of the participants in the festival were awarded Government Orders. Large sums have been allocated for the further development of Azerbaijan art.

The high awards received by the Azerbaijan artists are an acknowledgement of their skill and a testimony to the country's persistent efforts on behalf of Soviet art as a whole.

V. M.

Rosa Alkhazova, seven-year old dancer

Jamboul, Giant of Folk Poetry

In May, 1938, the entire Soviet Union celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of the creative activity of Jamboul, famous Kazakh folk poet.

Jamboul is now ninety-two years old. In appearance resembling the honored heroes of Kazakh legend and epic, he himself ranks among the best singers of their exploits.

Almost a century ago Jamboul was born in the family of a nomad Kazakh. His native village, the *aul* Yer-Nazar, lies in the steppe at the foothills of Mount Jamboul, after which he was named. Jamboul recalls the scenes of his childhood: "Barren steppeland spread out everywhere as far as the eye could see. I grew up in a *yurta* (nomad tent)."

When a lad of fourteen, Jamboul began to visit neighboring *yurtas,* to play the *dombra* [1] and to sing. The pleased nomads gave him food and drink. In one of the *auls* Jamboul once met a celebrated folk singer of that time. That meeting proved decisive for his subsequent career. He became a disciple of the professional folk singer. When just turning sixteen, Jamboul for the first time performed his improvised songs at a marriage celebration. The songs eulogized the bride.

After mastering the art of improvisation, Jamboul began wandering from *aul* to *aul,* going either afoot or riding a nag. He composed songs for weddings, burials and festive occasions. His fame spread. Wherever Jamboul appeared—in the bazaars, at the fairs, in nomad encampments—crowds gathered to hear his songs. With bated breath they listened to his candid, simple words. He sang mournful songs about fratricidal wars between the Kazakhs and the Kirkhiz, wars inspired by the *beys.* He sang plaintively of Kazakh women, deprived of rights and sold as chattels. . . These were songs expressing the people's sorrows, their staunchness and hatred of oppressors.

Folk singers had a hard life during tsarist times. They were oppressed in every way by Kazakh *khans* and Russian officials. The feudal lords feared the folk singers and even outlawed the folk song, for songs are a great power in the steppe, and persons mocked in the songs are the objects of public derision and disgrace.

In his songs at this period, which unfortunately are not yet all collected and recorded, Jamboul expressed the grief of the people, suffering under the double yoke of tsarist colonizers and the native *beys, khans* and *mullahs.* An indomitable hatred of oppressors inspired these songs, a passionate dream of a happy future for the people. A magician of song, a singer celebrated far and wide in the steppe, Jamboul listened to the dreams and hopes of the people, and composed songs about mighty heroes who triumphed over their enemies. The Kazakh people preserved from century to century the remarkable legend of Zher-Uyuk, a legend about an ideal social order where all the people would be happy and free. According to the legend, a folk hero travels all over the earth in his quest of the happy land of Zher-Uyuk. Jamboul renders this song with great art.

The people in Kazakhstan rose up against the colonial oppressors in 1916. This uprising

[1] Kazakh musical instrument.

Ninety-two year old Jamboul Jabayev, Kazakh folk poet, who was awarded The Order of Lenin on the 75th anniversary of his creative activity.

was an examination in political maturity for Jamboul. The poet proved himself equal to the occasion. His songs encouraged the people, inspired them with fresh energy, summoned the fighters to victorious struggle.

Jamboul lived to see the days when the peoples' cherished dream, expressed in tales and legends, was embodied in actual life. The old poet Jamboul sang songs with the ring of youthful and triumphant enthusiasm.

"When I reached the age of seventy," Jamboul says of himself, "I saw the dawn of a new life. Truth for all living beings had come to earth. I heard the name of Lenin and witnessed the Red Army's victorious procession. The life stirring all around me was what I had sung of in my best songs as a golden dream."

Passed on from lip to lip, Jamboul's songs penetrated to places unreached by either newspapers or books. With a song of congratulation to the people Jamboul hailed the Soviet power in Kazakhstan. During the years of the collectivization of agriculture he composed hundreds of songs about collective farms and "they flew throughout the steppe because they came from the heart." To emphasize that his deeds were as good as his words, Jamboul adds with pride: "I myself was the first among us to join the collective farm."

Jamboul's happy song rings in response to all that happens in the country. In fresh and inspired words Jamboul sings of all that he has seen:

For ninety years I groomed the horse,
That I might ride into the new days.

He says himself: "My old age is radiant with happiness. I am more than ninety years old, but I don't want to die. I want to live more, ever more. The people honor me. Stalin himself has heard of me and of my songs. My golden dreams have come true. I shall sing as long as my heart beats."

Jamboul, as it were, stored up and treasured his power so as to give it back in songs to the happy Soviet people.

Jamboul's songs about Stalin are of astonishing force and expression. While drawing the living features of Stalin, Jamboul also conveys in a masterly way the peoples' deep feeling for their leader. Utilizing all the descriptive powers of folk poetry, he sings to an audience of millions. The lavish colors, the mastery of metaphor, the melody and popular character of the songs which Jamboul composed about Stalin make them an inalienable part of all folk poetry. These songs are simple, unaffected and sincere.

Jamboul perhaps may not know Henri Barbusse's aphorism, "Stalin is Lenin today," but in his songs he employs the same idea. In his *Song to the People,* the bard says:

Jamboul saw Lenin in the mausoleum.
He lowly bowed his hoary head
And softly whispered:
Lenin, you live,
You are in the prime of life.
In Stalin we see your traits:
The aims of immeasurable height,
The thoughts of indiscernable breadth,
The speech ineffably plain.
In Stalin you live again .

Jamboul's poetry is largely political. But any political theme of his sounds lyrical. Jamboul is a lyricist singing political songs "at the full of his voice and with his whole heart."

His poems sound fresh and timely.

When he speaks about the vipers nest of enemies, his song storms with rage. With fiery words he brands the sign of Cain on the foreheads of traitors. In a soft tender voice, he sings cradle songs. When he recalls the past his words are bitter; but when singing of the present-day joy and happiness his songs are enchanting and free.

Jamboul has many gifted pupils. Among them are persons of advanced years—sixty to seventy years of age. The younger ones, who know Russian, write down the poems of their great teacher. They also sing their own songs. Together with his pupils Jamboul went to Tbilisi (Tiflis) last year to the celebration held in connection with the seven hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Shota Rust'haveli's gifted poem, *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin.*

They traveled twelve thousand kilometers from far-away Kazakhstan in order to hail the poetic genius of the Georgian people and to see the native land of Stalin. While there Jamboul composed his song about the Caucasus and his song about the singers of the brotherhood of peoples—Pushkin, Schevchenko, the great Ukrainian poet, and others.

While on the train riding homeward Jamboul and his pupils engaged in a verse contest. They competed in improvising songs. As he listened to the rising songs, Jamboul sat motionless, his foot steadily beating time to the music. He gave a few hints to his competing pupils, suggesting a new theme for improvisation. Other Kazakh poets gatherd in Jamboul's compartment, eager to take part in the "combat." They chose a new theme: songs in honor of Jamboul. Concealing a smile, Jamboul accepted the gifts of his poetic grandsons. And just as each of them ended, Jamboul without hesitation responded to the salutation with a prompt and witty rhyme. Jamboul himself came out winner of the contest. How difficult to contend against him, this giant whose songs beautify life!

"Is anyone really a match for Jamboul in poetic combat?" exclaimed one of the young poets. "He is ninety-two years old, but can anyone really keep pace with his thought, with the flight of his poetic phantasy? It is customary among us Kazakh people to compete in song. A girl will always favor the youth who composes the best song for her. At such contests Jamboul was invincible in his youth. People say that in the *yurta* of his beloved he sang the whole day through, all day long, without once repeating himself."

This patriarch of folk poetry has a phenomenal memory. He knows by heart most of the Kazakh folk legends and tales, as well as many epics of other peoples who inhabit the U.S.S.R. He freely quotes Firdausi, Persian epic poet (940-1020), and can without difficulty recount tale after tale from *A Thousand and One Nights.* The memory of this wise old man retains as sacred all that a rich life experience has brought him. Thousands of lines of the oral and written poetry of eastern peoples are stored in his memory as the engravings of historical events and the imprints of his country's past.

An anthology of Jamboul's songs and poems was recently issued. It contains about forty works which the poet composed during the past two years. But this is only part (that written down and translated) of the numerous inspired improvisations of the poet.

Never is one and the same song twice repeated with identical words. The song is endlessly altered and revised; new thoughts are expressed, new lines added. The song grows and develops like a living thing. When the words of the songs are fixed in translation and written down apart from the music this singular quality of improvisation, of course, is lost.

Nevertheless, this anthology is a priceless contribution to Soviet poetry. It is yet more evidence that peoples' art in the Soviet Union flourishes unprecedentedly.

"In my songs I express the rapturous feeling stirred in me by the beauty, the grandeur and the might of the U.S.S.R., says Jamboul. "I see the boundless steppelands of Kazakhstan, the Aral Sea, the mighty Volga and the great plains of Russia. All of this is living, rejoicing; for the first time in many centuries you feel a complete happiness."

And Jamboul conveys to the full this happiness. Whatever he sings of—his native collective farm, the heroes of the Soviet people, the Stalin Constitution, the Red Army, Voroshilov, alpine pastures and native steppeland—it all resounds with the fervent, youthful joy of the Soviet patriot.

All the people of the eleven Soviet republics know and love the songs of Jamboul—bard of the people.

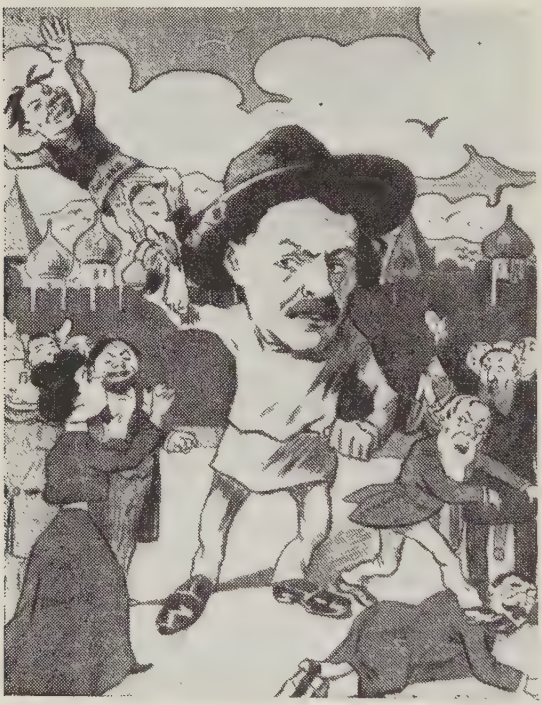
Valentina Milman

CHRONICLE

Literary Notes

GORKY MEMORIAL DAYS

Meetings, lectures and literary evenings dedicated to the memory of Maxim Gorky were recently held throughout the Soviet Union on the seventieth anniversary of his birth. Exhibitions on Gorky's life were opened in factory reading rooms, libraries, schools and universities, while his plays were staged in the theaters of Moscow, Leningrad and other cities, as well as in the provinces.



"Gorky and the Intelligentsia"—
a pre-Revolutionary cartoon

A second hall devoted to the writer's works has been opened in the Leningrad Literary Museum of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. Gorky's international significance as a great humanist and writer are stressed in the exhibits.

The Institute of Literature of the Academy of Sciences and the Leningrad University commemorated the anniversary in a joint meeting.

The Lower Depths and *Yegor Bulychev,* plays by Gorky, were staged by Red Army amateur drama circles in Kiev.

The Rostov Theater arranged a large Gorky exhibition.

A memorial tablet has been put up in the Rostov port where Gorky at one time worked as a longshoreman.

ON THE PATH TO THE DEPTHS

On the Path to the Depths, a hitherto unpublished scenario by Gorky, has been prepared for the press by the Gorky Archives of the Institute of World Literature. Written, it is believed, in 1922-23, the manuscript gives, in three episodes, the previous history of the main characters of *The Lower Depths.*

The first episode deals with Luka, village elder and *kulak,* who compels the wife of a poor peasant to live with him. Her husband commits suicide. Luka, who confesses at the inquest

to having lived with the woman, is arrested. He manages to escape, however, and becomes a vagabond.

The life of Satin, a telegraph operator, is dealt with in the second episode. He boards with a poor widow who has a lame daughter. In an attempt to get money to help them he goes to a gambling house; a gang of sharpers takes his last kopek. The swindlers force him to become their accomplice in a theft. Satin returns to the widow with his share of the spoils, but, suspecting that he did not come by the money honestly, she refuses to accept it. As Satin tears up the bills, the police enter the room and arrest him.

GORKY'S CHILDHOOD: A NEW FILM

The Moscow studios of the Children's Film Trust (*Soyuzdetfilm*) are putting the final touches to *Gorky's Childhood,* the scenario of which was adapted by I. Gruzdev from Gorky's autobiographical book, *My Childhood.* M. Donskoy is directing the production.

Most of the action takes place in the house of Gorky's grandfather in Nijni-Novgorod (now the city of Gorky). The main characters are the affectionate and kind-hearted grandmother, Akulina Ivanovna, who, as Gorky has written, "became a life-long friend, a person near to my heart, one who was understanding and dear." Vasily Vasilyevich, the grandfather; Grigory, the artisan, the charming lad Tsiganok, and young Gorky himself, whose part is played by a Moscow schoolboy. Giving a clear picture of Russian life in the '70s of the last century, the film shows how the psychology of the boy who later became one of the world's greatest writers, thinkers and humanists, was formed.

Gorky's Childhood is the first part of a film trilogy on the life of the great proletarian writer. The second part will be based on his book, *In the World,* and the third on *My University Days.*

THE OPERA *MOTHER* AT THE BOLSHOI THEATER

V. Zhelobinsky, Leningrad composer, has completed *Mother,* an opera based on Gorky's book of the same name, which will be produced by the Bolshoi Theater, Moscow. Peoples Artist of the U.S.S.R. S. Samosud gives the new opera a very high rating. "The music," he said, "is permeated with a clear melodiousness; it has many fine choral, solo and ensemble numbers. It conveys a stirring dramatic effect."

The premiere is fixed for the twenty-first anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution, in November.

A GORKY MUSEUM IN HIS HOME TOWN

In Nijni-Novgorod, Gorky's home town (now called the city of Gorky), there is much that is connected with the life and activity of the writer. Especially interesting is the little house where he spent his early years. Now, after restoration, it is exactly the same as it was when the five-year old Gorky came there from Astrakhan to live with his grandfather after his father's death.

Here is the room of his grandmother, a lace-maker. In this pleasant, comfortable room with lace-curtained windows and many flowers, the little boy used to sit and listen to tales and stories from life, tales which imbued him with an irreconcilable hatred toward the cruel tsarist regime.

In the adjacent room, his grandfather's, are the symbols of the old man's rule over those surrounding him. Keys hang along the wall; nobody here trusted anybody else. Many ikons and old books and portraits of ruling personages line the walls.

The last room is the kitchen, whose main feature is a huge bench, on which grandfather caried out his weekly whipping of the children. Little Gorky also received his share regularly.

VSEVOLOD GARSHIN

Fifty years ago the life of Vsevolod Garshin, one of the talented Russian writers of the second half of the nineteenth century, was tragically cut short. The majority of the comments on his death at the time give an inherited mental disease as the reason for his suicide. But Gleb Uspensky, famous Russian writer, said that Garshin's suicide was the result of his inability to reconcile himself to the philistinism and oppression of the tsarist regime.

Vsevolod Garshin

Garshin's biography is, in essence, the life story of a young man of the nineteenth century, a writer full of strength and energy, who was smothered in the choking atmosphere of that epoch of confusion.

Although he wrote little, Garshin's name has acquired a firm footing in the history of Russian literature as a consummate master of the short story, as one who did much to popularize this *genre* in Russia. His style is clear, expressive and laconic. Lyricism and crystal-clear purity of style characterize the majority of his novels. He was a realist, his works clearly and saliently portraying the life of the common people.

At the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish war in the middle of the '70s, Garshin entered the army as a volunteer. Wounded in battle, he was sent home to his parents in Kharkov where he finished his first story, *Four Days,* which was very well received. The young but already famous writer moved to St. Petersburg. In the course of three years he wrote a number of stories on various aspects of Russian life; on the war, the life of a soldier in the tsarist army, prostitution, capitalist exploitation, worker's living conditions and other themes. He fell ill in 1880 and, after a year in a psychiatric ward, recovered and returned to writing. Of his short stories relating to this period *Red Flower* is of special interest. Here is concentrated, as it were, the author's ideology, the ideology of a doomed, solitary figure, challenging the world of hatred and oppression.

Toward the end of his life Garshin, to all outward appearances, drew close to the followers of Tolstoy. He collaborated with the *Posrednik* Publishing House, which belonged to followers of Tolstoy, and traces of Tolstoy's influence may be found in some of his later works. But this does not justify ranking him as a follower of Tolstoy, as some critics have attempted to do. In *Nadezhda Nikolayevna,* his last work, for instance, there is a special episode where Garshin decisively enters into a polemic against Tolstoy, coming forth as an advocate of the policy of answering violence with violence. Recently published letters of Garshin and a careful analysis of his short stories fully justify protecting him from attempts to classify him as a Tolstoy follower.

In his short life span, thirty-three years in all, Garshin could not display the whole of his wonderful talent. What he wrote is nevertheless a great cultural treasure.

In Starobesk (in the Ukraine), where Garshin was born, a street has been named after him, and a monument to him is being erected in the town's central square.

SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF *THE TALE OF IGOR'S REGIMENT*

This year will see the celebration in the U.S.S.R. of the seven hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the creation by an anonymous author of the epic *Tale of Igor's Regiment.* The jubilee of this classic epic poem will be celebrated as a festival of Russian culture. An anniversary committee under the auspices of the Academy of Sciences and the Union of Soviet Writers has been formed to arrange the celebration.

For a long time *The Tale* had been regarded as a rare museum piece. Now this splendid work is being made accessible to the average reader.

The first printed edition of *The Tale,* of which more than thirty translations have been made since, was published in Moscow in 1880. The Institute of Literature of the Academy of Sciences has compiled a complete bibliography, containing about one thousand titles of Russian and foreign editions of *The Tale* and scientific studies devoted to it.

I. Novikov and M. Tarlovsky, Soviet translators of the poem (which was written in ancient Slavonic) were warmly received during recent public readings of their translations. Novikov's translation is literal, following the original closely, while Tarlovsky's is very free, with rhymed verse in the modern Russian.

In the displays planned for the exhibition to be arranged during the celebration will be shown the first edition of *The Tale.* A display will be devoted to the poem's influence on other forms of art. Opera theaters all over country are to stage Borodin's *Prince Igor,* the libretto of which is based on the poem.

Woodcut by V. Favorsky illustrating The Tale of Igor's Regiment

Cultural Growth in the National Republics

Schiller's *Love and Intrigue* has been staged in the Armenian language by the State Dramatic Theater, Yerevan. Next on the theater's program is Shakespeare's *Othello,* also in Armenian.

A translation in verse of *Othello* into the Kirghizian language, for production by the State Theater of Kirghizia, has been made by Kasymbek Ishmambetov. This poet is now translating *King Lear, Romeo and Juliet* and *The Merchant of Venice.*

The Tajikistan State Publishing House will issue two hundred and eighty-six titles in the Tajik language this year, the total number of copies to exceed 1,700,000. Many translations of children's books and of Russian and foreign classics are among the publications.

Many foreign classics have appeared in the Armenian language, among them Hugo's *'93,* and Shakespeare's *King Lear.* Forthcoming publications include Homer's *Iliad,* Dickens' *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* and Feuchtwanger's *The Oppenheims.*

A student of a Tashkent technical school reading Gorky's JANUARY 9 in a translation into the Uzbek

The works of O. Tumanyan, well-known Armenian writer, have been published in the Georgian language.

The Moscow State Conservatory, which has patronage over the eastern section of the Soviet Arctic, sent a group of its members there in 1936 and 1937, and the practice is becoming an annual one. Fifty concerts were given in 1936 by the troupe, which is composed of a string orchestra, soloists, accordion players and monologists. In addition to stage performances the Moscow artists carry on considerable educational work among the local population and collect folklore.

The concerts are held at the polar stations, on ice breakers and in Chukotsk and Eskimo villages, frequently under the open sky.

Included in the troupe's repertoire are Chaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Beethoven, Liszt, Chopin, Schubert and modern Soviet composers. It presents *montages* of outstanding Soviet and foreign literary works of recent years, several of which deal with the Arctic.

The music school in Batumi (capital of the Ajar Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic, part of Georgia, in the Caucasus) founded ten years ago, now has an enrollment of over one hundred and fifty students. The school has departments of vocal training, piano and string, wind and folk instruments. Many talented young people who are now orchestra and chorus leaders were trained in the school.

Cinema

The Party and the Government have bestowed Orders of the Soviet Union on many of the cinema workers who were engaged in the filming of *Lenin in October, Peter I* and *The Wealthy Bride.*

Evenings in honor of those awarded, held in the Moscow and Leningrad Houses of the Cinema (film workers' clubs), were marked by enthusiasm and high spirit. The speakers told of their happiness at living and working in the Soviet land, pledging themselves to devote all their energy to the creation of even better films.

Alexei Tolstoy has completed the scenario of the sequel to *Peter I.* Embracing the period of Russian history from the battle of Poltava in 1709 to the conclusion of peace with Sweden in 1721, it deals with Peter I, the great reformer, and Prince Alexis, the traitor who, together with a group of the nobility and the clergy, spurred a foreign invasion which the Russian army and navy defeated.

Part of the action takes place in Naples where Alexis hid with his mistress. An envoy sent by Peter influences Alexis to return to his homeland. On his return, Alexis does not cease his conspiratorial activities; he attempts to incite the Don Cossacks and serfs to an uprising. Alexis, however, is not popular with the Russian people. The peasants recognize their age-old oppressors in the noblemen and clergymen whom Alexis has sent to dupe them. They refuse to follow him, understanding the real meaning of the conspiracy.

Peter I unmasks the traitors and hands Alexis over to the Senate Court which sentences him to death. As a result of the rout of the conspirators Peter is able to gain a decisive victory over the Swedes in a sea battle. They sue for peace. The final scene shows the popular rejoicing over the signing of peace with Sweden.

Some of the outdoor scenes will be shot in the vicinity of Leningrad, while the sea battle will be filmed in Odessa. Over five thousand extras will take part in the mass scenes.

The main roles in the sequel, also directed by V. Petrov, will he filled by the same actors who played in the first part.

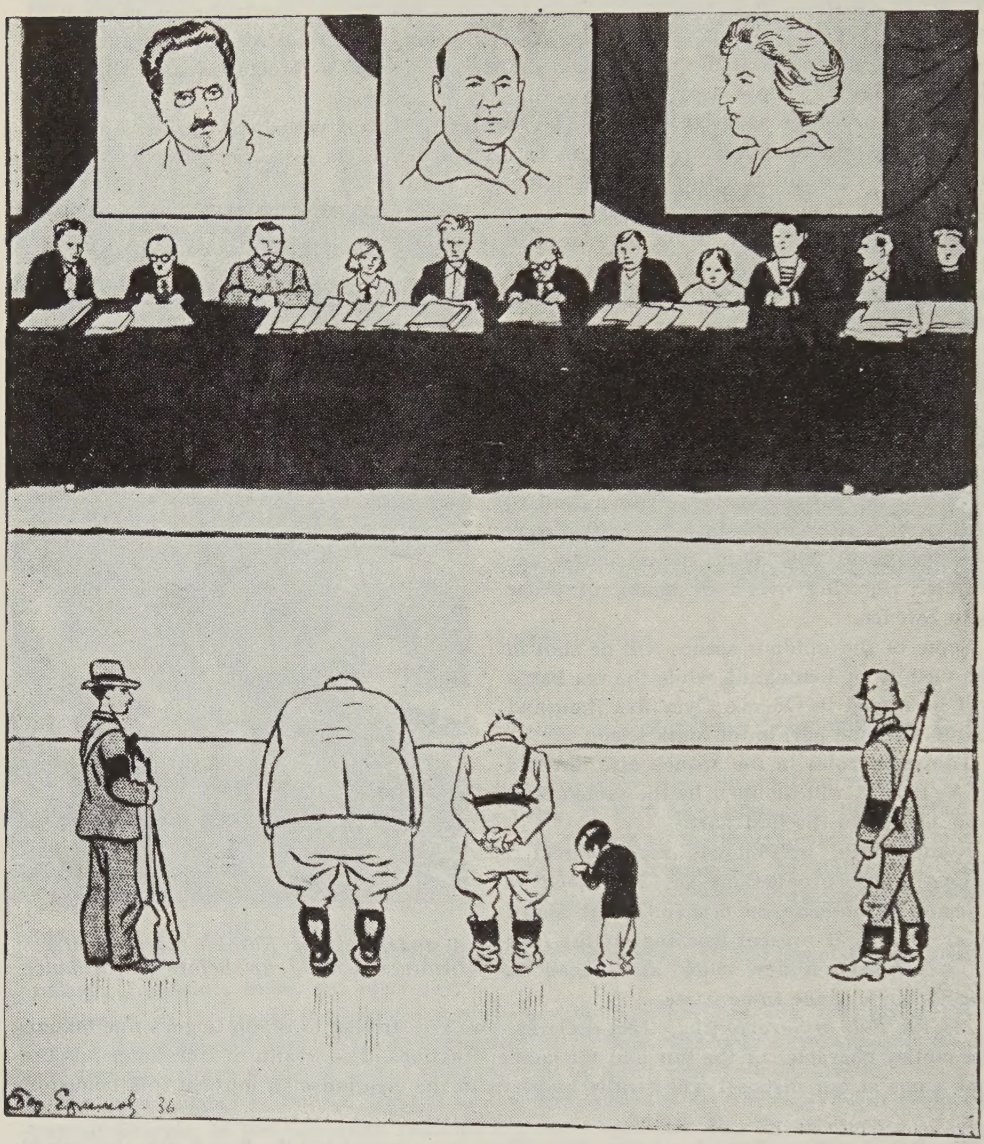
A student of the Kazakh State Theater Institute making up before performance

Nikolai Ekk, well-known movie director, among whose productions are *The Road to Life* and *Nightingale,* the first full-length Soviet color film, is at present working on the *Fair at Sorochinsky* a new color film, based on Gogol's work of the same name.

"In the *Fair at Sorochinsky,*" Ekk declares, "we are striving to retain Gogol's fine humor, the motley character of the fair and the comic situations. The wealth of Ukrainian folklore and songs at our disposal will greatly assist us in the creation of a musical folk comedy."

The Baku studios of the Azerbaijan Film Trust have completed the first Azerbaijan sound film, which shows how the toilers of Azerbaijan, led by the Bolsheviks, entered upon the path of the proletarian revolution.

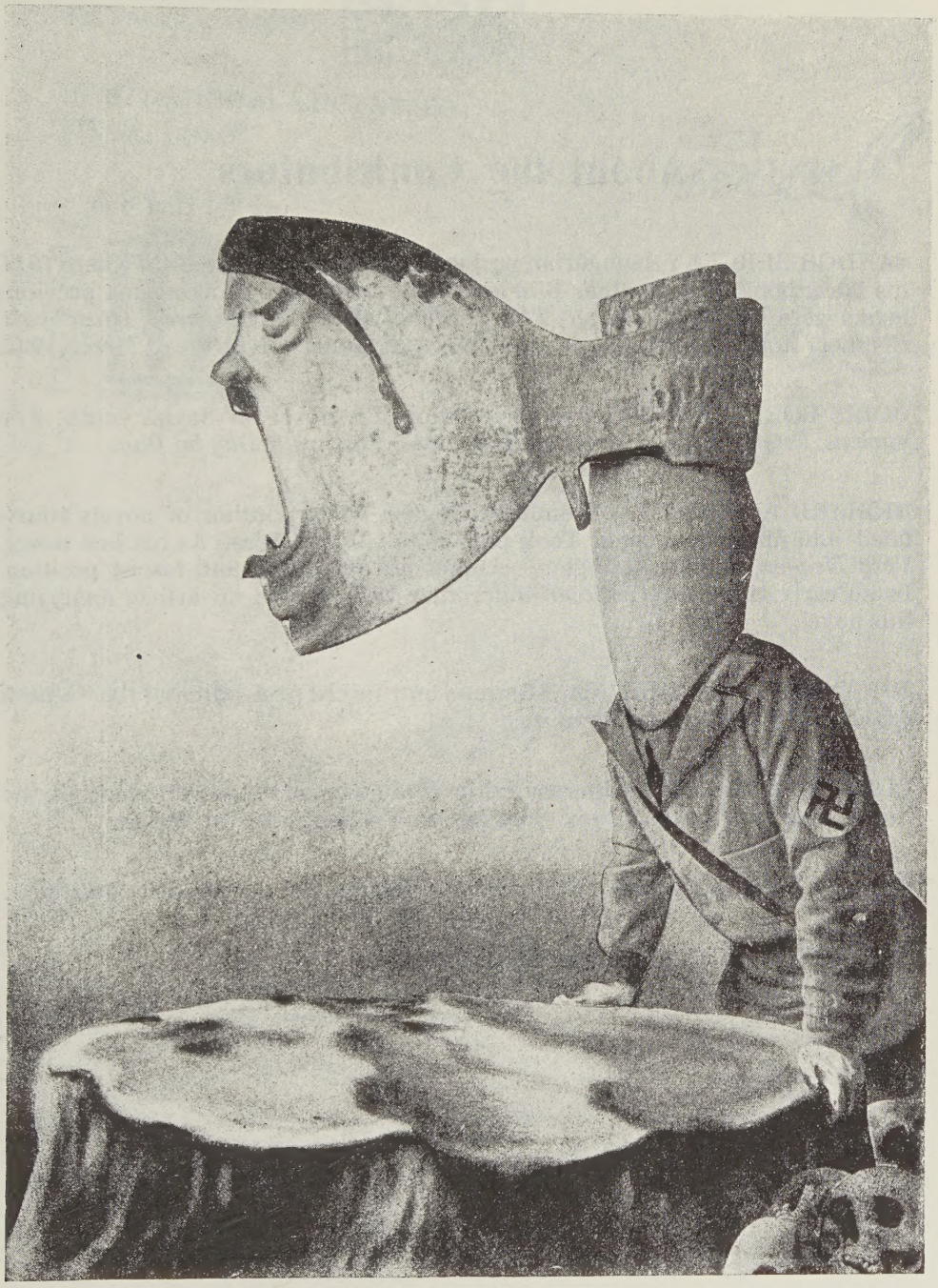
The film, abounding in Azerbaijan folk songs and dances, contrasts the life and working conditions of the oil workers before the Revolution and the new, happy people of the Socialist state.



Berlin—A trial to be

by Boris Yefimov. From his Album:
"Fascism—Enemy of the People"

in Soviet Caricatures



Fuhrer "calms" Vienna

Photo-montage by Klinch

About the Contributors

SANDOR GERGELY. Hungarian writer now living in the U.S.S.R., where *1514,* his latest book, was written. Blinded in the world war. Among his previous books were *The Wood Cutter, The Market of Men, The Prepared, Drumbeats.* His short story *The Heroes* appeared in *International Literature* of March 1937.

BORIS GORBATOV. Soviet writer, author of a novel on Soviet youth, *The Nucleus. Friendship* is one of a series of tales, *The Arctic Day by Day.*

RICHARD ALDINGTON. Prominent English writer, author of novels translated into many languages. Took part in the World War. As his last novel, *Very Heaven,* shows, Aldington occupies an outspoken anti-fascist position. In an early issue, *International Literature* will publish an article analyzing this novel.

JOHANNES R. BECHER. Noted German anti-fascist poet, editor of the German edition of *International Literature.*

VLADIMIR GRIB. Soviet literary critic who has made a special study of the classic bourgeois period. Now working on a monograph on Balzac.

BORIS ETINGIN. Young critic whose chief interest is Western literature.

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