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FICTION

Mathe Zalka

The war was entering its third year. Again, on a long train—twenty-six cattle cars and two passenger coaches—I was being borne to the front. I experienced a feeling of restlessness. It was a new feeling, a little frightening at first.

The day after war was declared I had entrained for the Serbian front resolute and naively indignant as if I had been personally offended. Last spring in the Carpathians I had served with the troops defending the passes to the Hungarian plains against the Russians. In Volyne I had experienced the calm of the conqueror—for we were in conquered territory. And now the front again, this time the Italian front, dismal Doberdo.

Doberdo is a small Slovene village on the Kavst River, northwest of the Istrian Peninsula. The village had been razed to the ground, was dead, like the shell-blasted countryside. For us Doberdo was not only the name of the village, but of the entire flat plateau on which it stood.

From Doberdo artfully constructed communication trenches diverged to Vermigliano and Height 104, to Monte dei sei Boussi, or, as we called it, Monte Clara, the hump-backed mountain which rose out of the stone chaos, and to San Martino and the last spurs of the Alps. In the whole blood-stained Doberdo, Monte Clara scaled highest, in blood and elevation.

I was transferred to the Second Isonzo Army as chief of a sapper detachment of the Honved Hussar Brigade. A sapper! What kind of a sapper could I make? True, amid the disorder and chaos I was put through short training courses. Here, in Doberdo, this specialty was a most important one.

I had an adjutant, Sergeant Spitz, a pink, plump, active youth, almost a child. He had been graduated from secondary school during the war. He gave me a colorful account of the non-coms. in my command.

"Corporal Haal is more than a corporal, he's a father to us. We call him 'Papa Haal.' Poor Lieutenant Tushai called him that, too."

"My predecessor?"

"Yes, Lieutenant. He was blown up two weeks ago. Lieutenant Tushai liked to lay fuses himself... Haal is the best specialist in our brigade. He is a miner from Shal.

gotaria; he handles rocks like a woman kneads dough."

To the thin, elderly soldier assigned to me as orderly, Spitz gave a decent character; he called him Papa Andrisch.

Leaving my detachment I went with my sergeant to the Officers' Club where a reception was being given to the staff of the reinforcements.

A pleasant surprise awaited me in the dining hall, a spacious barracks room filled with tables covered with snow-white table cloths. In a corner, away from the crowd of officers making each others' acquaintance, sat an Oberleutnant reading a letter. A bundle of newspapers was folded under his arm. I recognized him, and shouted out my surprise and pleasure.

"Oberleutnant! Professor! You, Arnold? How long have you been here?"

"Six months," replied Oberleutnant Arnold Schick composedly. He proffered his hand without turning from the letter. "Welcome! I knew you were coming. I saw your name in the regimental orders."

I shook his hand. "What a meeting! Can it really be you, Arnold?"

"Unfortunately, yes. As a matter of fact, I would willingly give up the honor of being here," answered Arnold with that discreet, ironical smile so characteristic of him.

I did not release Arnold's hand, although I was sure he would not turn his head toward me until he had finished reading his letter. I knew the quirks of Arnold's nature, his somewhat eccentric habits, his fine intelligence, his nobility of character. I knew he shared my pleasure in our meeting; but he remained his old, skeptical, scholarly self, the self-possessed, calm, outwardly cold Arnold Schick, Professor of National Economy, History and Political Geography. Here too he was elegant, faultlessly shaven and cool; the only unusual note was the bottle and glass at his elbow.

Having read the letter through, he lifted his grey eyes. In their depths I noticed weariness and an expression I had never seen in his face before. Yes, Arnold's look had changed, and perhaps what the new look expressed had had its part in the accompanying deterioration of his health. His face was an unhealthy yellow; and there were deep folds about his mouth.

I noticed again the glass and bottle at Arnold's elbow; I noticed that he helped himself rather freely. This surprised me. At home Arnold drank little, and only in company. My surprise gradually gave way to uneasiness. Arnold was partaking like a toper. With shaking hand he was pouring down glass after glass. I suppose I showed my disapproval. An embarrassed smile flitted across his face.

Near us sat a young, stiff-mustached lieutenant with a frank, manly look. His high forehead and unconcerned eyes reminded me of the hero of an old Spanish knightly romance. He drank with obvious pleasure, sometimes leaned over to clink glasses with me, but did not insist that I drink with him when I did not wish.

Suddenly the young lieutenant nudged me, nodded toward the window and said: "Watch what happens."

At first there was nothing to see, but all at once a group of soldiers seated outside in the shadow of the barracks jumped up and scattered in all directions; the card players followed their example.

"I guess the high command has arrived," I said.

The lieutenant, whose name was Bacco, laughed and clinked glasses with me.

"The highest command, friend. Major-General Death. Listen."

Quite near at hand, right alongside us, it seemed, I heard artillery. By its dry whine I recognized it as an anti-aircraft battery. Machine-gun fire crackled from several nests simultaneously.

Some officers dashed for the door. The rest kept their seats, heads bent. The machine-guns crackled unceasingly. Many of the officers paled noticeably. Sergeant Torma, who had arrived with my battalion, kept a waxy stare fixed on his plate. Some of the officers ran to the windows, and two jumped through. I walked to the window and looked out. High in a cloudless sky were three Italian planes. Toy-like puffs of shrapnel explosions faded out in the clear blue. Somebody climbed onto the barrack roof and in the silence his footsteps sounded hollowly on the sheet metal.

"What's that?" came cries from all sides.

"Nothing particular. Just a shrapnel shell."

A tall young sergeant stretched his cap through the window. In it lay the shell.

"Careful, it's still hot."

In their relief, the officers festively carried the shell to the major. An Oberleutnant beside him filled the shell with wine and amid shouts and cheers drained it. A battle immediately raged over the shell; everybody wanted to drink from it. It passed from hand to hand. I sat down beside Arnold. Staring ahead, he asked:

"Well, how do you like it here?"

Orderlies appeared and served us coffee and cake.

"I want to have a talk with you, if you don't mind," I replied.

Arnold sipped his coffee with gusto. I made short shrift of the coarse cake. The battalion chief of staff, a blond lieutenant in pince-nez, announced:

"Attention, gentlemen! Leave the hall one at a time. Don't form groups."

"Let's go," said Arnold, and made for the door.

I followed. Outside, an orderly rolled on the ground, his face already wearing the ghost-like fixity of one who sees death before him. About him lay scattered the dishes he had been carrying. With a convulsive hand he clutched his shoulder, and streams of thick blood poured between his fingers.

"What happened?"

"Shrapnel, lieutenant!" somebody cried.

Stretcher-bearers arrived. Exerting his last strength, the wounded man mounted the stretcher with child-like obedience.

From the dining room came the *bravura* rhythm of the *Czardas.*[1] Arnold, with his old habit of slightly lowering his head, walked out to the highway. I followed him in silence.

"Let's walk," he said.

"But the firing... the planes...."

"All the better. We'll be quite alone."

In the society of our provincial university town the Schick family stood high. First of all, Professor Doktor Arnold Schick was financially independent. (Everybody knew that after the death of his father he and his sister Ella had closed down their father's hundred-year-old cloth business and placed their money in the soli̇dest bank in the city.) Besides his professional activity at the university, where he lectured in the social sciences, Arnold was well known as a journalist, and his well-written articles delighted that section of the youth which considered itself progressive. They were reprinted abroad, adding to his prestige and serving

[1] Hungarian dance.

as a shield for the rebellious professor. Some of his articles were on academic questions, and thanks to this he had become a corresponding member of the Heidelberg and Oxford Universities.

Although the city and university authorities realized that the young professor's politics were unorthodox, they could fix on nothing to act on, for the discussions at Schick's cottage bore a very abstract and non-conspirative character. And, although the professor's stand evoked a response from democratically inclined workers, his hostility to the feudal survivals in Hungary, his attacks upon the arrogant landed aristocracy were attractive also to the industrialists and to the minor government officials. They felt his daring criticism could well express their interests in parliament. Arnold himself had not rejected the possibility, if he were asked, of becoming a candidate on a democratic platform. It had been for this reason that besides his "academic" papers he had written popular articles for the local Social-Democratic journals.

I was to have finished at the university in 1914. In the spring of that year Arnold entered into correspondence with an English scientific society requesting their aid for my trip to Tibet. The society approved my plans. It was agreed that I was to go to Oxford in the summer with Arnold to discuss arrangements. . . .

And now here we were, sitting on the hot stones on the edge of a precipice, in dismal Doberdo. Arnold had already gone through what I would have to experience. I expected Arnold to do what he always did: to select the most important elements in his experiences and share them with me for my guidance. In five days our battalion was to relieve a unit that had been long under fire.

Nearby a grasshopper was chirruping.

"Do you hear?" I said.

"Monte Clara? Yes."

"No, the grasshopper."

"Ah! Interesting!" The grasshopper suddenly fell silent.

"The little insect is frightened. He senses our presence. How nicely the little devil chirruped. Just like. . . ."

"Yes, just like in peace time."

"Just so!"

We fell silent. Arnold lit a cigarette and puffed deeply.

"So we've met! Don't think I am any less glad than you. If we had met under other circumstances, not here, but in Venice, for instance. . . . Remember Venice? And Padua?"

"Arnold, in what direction is Venice? It can't be very far."

"The distance to Venice, my friend, is no longer a geographical notion, it is a political one," Arnold answered. He lifted his field glasses and peered through them. "Today, my dear boy, the road to Venice lies not through Trieste but through Monte Clara and Doberdo. Try, if you can, to go straight through Doberdo. You will reach Udine. But the distance from Doberdo to Udine is the distance between the cradle and the grave."

"Venice, Padua. . ." I replied. "How it all comes back to me. I caught up with you near Rome. Do you remember d'Annunzio's reception? What do you make of Italy? Up to now it was for us the country of the great past. Now this raw betrayal of its allies. . ."

"Those Italians are pretty good fliers."

"Is it true that d'Annunzio is a pilot?"

"Never can tell what to expect from that cretin. I wouldn't fly in the same plane with him for anything in the world."

"If Caruso got up on a parapet and

started singing, do you think they'd fire at him?"

"At Monte Clara? Sure. . . ."

From the southeast corner of the plateau came the sound of powerful explosions.

"Many people say that Monte Clara is unassailable. Fortification is the Italians' strong point. They're all masons; they can build a fort anywhere. Monte Clara is a particularly strategic point. They're above us, we below. But that's not the point, that's not the point. . . . We must look deeper, my dear friend. Did you ever feel that the war has reached an impasse?"

"Impasse? What do you mean?"

"Do you know, sometimes I feel like a deceived child?"

"Who deceived you?"

"My own naiveté, primarily. I make no secret of it. I was already a mature man when the war began. And I never particularly admired the social system of the country in which I lived. I was always skeptical about the capacity of our statesmen. Adventurers without courage—plotters without the capacity to plan,—above all devoid of social responsibility. Any observer, not only in our country, but anywhere in the world, could have seen it . . . human destinies in the hands of crooked dilettantes. Where will it end? Nobody knows. Adventurism begins when the end is impossible to foresee."

Arnold picked up a stone and threw it over the precipice.

"I thought that the men who got us into this mess had at least properly prepared for it. But no. For twenty-five years they prepared, spent colossal sums, mapped out idle plans and were deep in espionage. But that's beside the point. The point is, they were preparing for something entirely different. The Italians were to be our allies, and what happened? Now we're stuck in this mess. . ."

"Up to our necks in it."

"One half of the world is up to its neck in it, and the other half is making money out of it. America and the neutral countries are bloating on it. War must have its policy and its economy—strategy they call it—and to this day we have no strategy."

"And the general staffs?"

"They understand the situation least of all. That's the hell of it. What did the great leaders, Kaiser Wilhelm and Conrad von Hetzendorff, promise us? To bring the war to a close by the Christmas of 1914."

"You don't suppose the war can last another year?"

"Another year? I not only think, I'm sure it will last four or five, or even six, if necessary. If our nerves hold out. Prepare yourself for a long drawn out trench warfare. Trench warfare. Impasse. Do you realize now? Why do you stare at me? Don't you understand?"

"Yes," I answered in a low voice.

"Lieutenant Matrai, you understand nothing. My respected student, you don't understand the problem. I'll sum it up and all the circumstances, and perhaps it'll become clearer. The general staffs and the statesmen miscalculated. They promised us a short war of maneuver, and here we are, stuck in trenches dug into the earth, into rock, into human brains. Together with the barbed wire in front of the trenches, they've stretched our nerves. This isn't a struggle, it is an endurance test in torture. . . . And when you understand that, ask yourself what for?"

Arnold bowed as if with an unbearable weight. He remained stooped thus for some seconds, then straightened up.

"What for?" he went on. "Hm. Of course that is another question."

"I begin to understand," I said thoughtfully.

"You begin? That's just it.

You're just beginning to understand. Do you know the cost of one, two, a hundred days of trench warfare? Do you know what it means in terms of people, money, materials? Huge figures. Monaco, a giant roulette wheel. Monaco. Monte Clara, Doberdo—a roulette wheel."

"That simile is a little too cynical for my taste," I said.

"Don't be a baby, don't be a baby or I'll get angry. You must realize that this is a bottomless horror. Even ten Dantes wouldn't have fantasy enough to picture it."

"Then answer your own question: what is it all for?" I exclaimed.

"I said before that this is another question. It involves social questions as old as humanity."

Suddenly Arnold paused and listened with the attention of a hunter.

"Sh.... Let's hide behind this stone.... Somebody is coming."

He crawled behind a big stone, and I followed.

Soon we heard steps and voices. Pebbles cracked under heavy soles. I heard Hungarian, and although I could not see the speakers, I could picture them clearly: tanned Hungarian peasants in soldiers' uniforms.

"We could try. Only won't it be worse?" asked one voice.

"That's what I'm saying," declared another. "We had a corporal said he knew a Slovene woman in the field laundry; you could get the clap from her. But what's the use? They'll send you to Leibach to be given injections for a month and a half, and then you'll get sent right back. And it's not a sickness you get over, like a cold. You never really get rid of it. A nice present for your wife, too."

Two of them laughed loudly. The third remained silent.

"Well, if I thought this damned war would end in a month I'd take my chances."

"Right."

Silence. A sigh. One of them shied a stone over the precipice.

"So there's no hope?"

"If we were only sent to another front. Things are better on the Russian front. It's not so damned hot, and it isn't like here, where you can spit from our lines at the enemy."

"I'd like to stick my bayonet into the guts of whoever invented this devil of a war. God must have been asleep on the job to let it come."

"Don't get so hot under the collar, buddy. It's not god's affair. We know who's boss in this war business. God's far away; our own higher-ups on earth are near enough."

"So they don't send sick cases further than Leibach?"

"You can be sent further back if you're willing to go without hands or feet. Or totally blind. A stomach wound might send you as far back as Innsbruck or even to Vienna. But you can't go further than Leibach on a chest, leg or arm wound. And there is only one road from Leibach: back here. Even the insane are kept at Leibach until they make sure they're not faking. Many of them get sent back. We've no end of trouble with them. Not long ago one of them jumped right out onto the barbed wire. And they thought he'd been faking."

"No way out, buddy. We've got only one life, and we die only once. Ours is the life of the damned; and death is the only thing you can be sure of; only we don't know what we die for."

Arnold nudged me.

"We die for the bosses," said the soldier who had been silent up to now.

Arnold suddenly whispered: "Stay here until I call you." And before I could move he had jumped out of our hiding place.

"What are you talking about?" he cried. "Attention! So you're debating between what a diseased

whore can give you or a wound in your guts to get you off? Have you forgotten your oath? 'To go through fire and water, to die for the highest representative of my native land, for my king.' What were you saying? Bosses? What bosses? Which one of you said it? Talk!"

From my refuge I could see the backs of three tall soldiers. One was a corporal. It was he who had spoken of bosses. The soldiers were frightened. In front of them stood the Oberleutnant, his holster open. The soldiers wore short bayonets at their belts.

"Allow me to report, Oberleutnant," said the corporal. "We came here to relieve ourselves, simply for a stroll, so to speak. We were just walking together."

"Just walking together—and talking together? What were you talking about?"

"Our relatives, Oberleutnant, our families and our suffering. We met a fellow-countryman who had just arrived. He has no experience in the business here, so we were explaining to him what a damned front Doberdo is."

"A damned front?"

"I beg your pardon, Herr Oberleutnant. It is not a pleasant one. But there is nothing to be done. We must be patient, since we have received our orders."

"All right," said Arnold, and suddenly he changed his tone and smiled.

He took out his wallet and removed three banknotes.

"Here, take this, soldiers. Go to the canteen and have a jug of cold beer. And don't let your tongues wag too much."

"We'll drink to your health, Herr Oberleutnant," said one of the soldiers, saluting.

"Thank you."

"You two go ahead, and you, corporal, stay here a minute. I have something to tell you."

The two soldiers went on down the slope. The corporal remained.

"To what company do you belong?"

"Third company, commanded by Herr Lieutenant Dortenberg."

"Your name?"

"Corporal Gabor Hussar."

"Do you know me?"

"Yes, Herr Oberleutnant."

"Have you been in Doberdo long?"

"Four months, Herr Oberleutnant."

"So you took part in the last battles of Isonzo.... Yes, I understand. Anyone might be shaken after that." Arnold smiled and shook his finger at the corporal. "I neither heard nor saw anything... But you should be ashamed, corporal."

"Herr Oberleutnant...."

"Enough," Arnold said with a wave of his hand.

"The service is very hard, Herr Oberleutnant."

Arnold laughed loudly.

"You're a sharp one. Why are you squirming? You're not before a court martial. All right, you may go."

The corporal dashed off like an animal released from his cage, his iron-shod marching shoes raising a cloud of fine stone dust.

Arnold buttoned his revolver holster and called me.

"Did you hear it? There we had the answer to our question."

In the morning Papa Homok woke me. Corporal Haal who had proposed him to me yesterday as an orderly, had dwelt on his efficiency and independence.

Homok was a meager, broad-shouldered man with grizzly hair, drooping mustaches and calm, imperturbable eyes.

"The officers' conference is to take place at eleven o'clock, Herr Lieutenant, and it is now about ten," he said, touching my shoulder.

The officers, pale, weary with lack of sleep, listlessly gathered in the large hall of the officers' club, which had been cleaned and aired. Bare tables were stacked in a corner. Chairs had been placed in rows in front of the raised dais. A blackboard hung on the wall. The officers sat in groups, talking in low tones.

Major Madarashi entered, Arnold behind him.

The major shook hands all round, smiling affably, and did not utter a word about "the disgraceful conduct of the officers the day before." Arnold looked gloomy. I went up to him.

"Oho! The honorable chiefs are in a merciful mood today," exclaimed Bacco jauntily, loud enough for the major to hear him. "Do you know, friends, what the Honveds say in such cases?"

"What do they say?" asked the major with a smile.

"They say," said Bacco, "that when the honorable chiefs are kind to us they have some dirty trick up their sleeve."

The officers laughed. Arnold's face remained immobile; but his eyes gleamed with ironical agreement. Bacco's flippancy shocked the major apparently, but the laughter was so unanimous that he too smiled, albeit sourly. He scrutinized his officers with a hostile glance from his small, black eyes. An old commissioned officer, Major Madarashi considered himself an expert in military psychology. Now, apparently, he wished to maintain a friendly tone toward the officers, for, putting on an engaging smile, he addressed Bacco:

"I suppose you heard nothing last night except your own snoring?"

"Why? What happened last night, Herr Major?" Bacco inquired with interest.

"The twelfth battalion disgraced itself."

"Where? How?" came questions from all sides.

"Near Clara. They set the attack for last night, but no one advanced. The officers were unable to drag the soldiers out of the trenches. The Italians were upset by the noise at first, but afterward, realizing what was happening, they opened a bombardment, and toward morning gassed our men."

The door opened, there was the light tinkle of spurs, and a tall captain, whose elegance was in sharp contrast to the appearance of the men from the front, entered. Politely greeting the officers, the captain went up to the major and whispered something to him.

"That's the chief of staff of the second regiment," Spitz whispered to me.

"Officers, attention!" said the major. "Our guests are arriving. Colonel Kosha wishes to have a talk with us. Atten-tion!"

An automobile stopped before the club. Colonel Kosha, a short, active, energetic man, entered. Smiling, he replied to the greetings.

"At ease, gentlemen. *Servus, servus.*" He waved his hand to the senior officers.

A red-headed, freckled sub-lieutenant followed the colonel like a shadow.

Under his arm the sub-lieutenant bore a map rolled up; strapped at his side was a courier's despatch case; and in his hand he carried a long, thin pointer.

Major Madarashi stepped down from the stage, the red-headed sub-lieutenant placed himself at the blackboard. We all took seats, and the colonel advanced to the map.

"Your major has already informed you of the fact that one of the battalions of our joint mountain brigade suffered misfortune last night," he said. "Yes, one cannot term it aught but a misfortune," he repeated thoughtfully, several

times, as if to convince himself that it was really a misfortune and not a disgrace.

"And so, gentlemen," the colonel continued, "what do you think? Is Monte dei sei Boussi, or, as you call it, Monte Clara, really an invincible fortress? No, gentlemen, no. In the first place, in principle there is no such thing as an invincible fortress, and in the second place, if the Italians were able to capture it from us, we Hungarians should long ago have recaptured our fortress from the enemy. Italian soldiers cannot be compared with Hungarians. The Italians took Clara only through the treachery of the Moravian-Ostrovski Regiment. It was not difficult to capture it from these Czech heroes, of course."

"The colonel is playing his heavy trumps. Wonder what the forfeit is in this game," Bacco whispered to Arnold.

"Yes, they captured it from the Czechs. That is fate, gentlemen; what the Czechs surrender easily we Hungarians must win back at great cost. And we shall recapture Monte Clara without delay. One can only wonder why we took so long over this insignificant clod. Only forty-five meters high, just a gravel mound, and it causes so much unpleasantness. How can we allow it to go on?

"In a word, gentlemen, it is plain that the staff command cannot permit such a state of affairs. Decisive action, courage and initiative, such as the staff has a right to expect from the Hungarian units, are called for. The attempts to take Monte Clara by siege, with long preparatory bombardments and so on, only put the Italians on their guard. Therefore the command has decided to ask the opinions of the experienced officers, those who are well acquainted with the special features of this front. This does not mean, gentlemen, that the staff does not have its own plan, worked out to the last detail. But we believe that you officers can give us valuable suggestions from your experience. And so, gentlemen, I request you to speak, without regard to rank, position or seniority."

"Oho, that's not all," said Bacco, winking slyly.

A lame hussar Oberleutnant entered. He moved rapidly, tapping with his metal-shod crutch. The colonel and the major hastened to the doors, where a general's cap showed in the midst of the suite of staff officers.

"The archduke!"

The archduke was a tall, blond man. He had a soft, oval, rosy face. Behind him came a brigadier-general, adjutants and staff officers. Everyone froze still.

Exchanging a few words with the colonel, the archduke, followed by the staff officers, mounted the stage, and said in a pleasant voice:

"The colonel has probably already explained the reason for this conference. To wipe out Monte dei sei Boussi is imperative. We must get Cadorna's dogs out of there, and it must be done at one blow, boldly, like Magyars. Right?" Archduke Josef gave us a captivating smile. "Such a surprise blow is best handled by a group attack. Each volunteer from among the officers will lead a group of volunteer soldiers. The groups should consist of no more than twenty to twenty-five men. Simultaneously, but each group independently, they are to rush the Italian trenches. The purpose of a sudden blow is to bewilder and paralyze the enemy. Units on duty in the trenches will then complete the smashing of the Italian positions. I shall recommend for the highest honors the group which is first to rush an Italian trench, and all who display courage and energy will likewise receive awards. This must be made clear to the low-

er ranks. That is all, gentlemen. Volunteers are requested to sign up with the adjutant."

"Well, gentlemen?" said the brigadier-general.

Every face was turned to the general, but all coldly avoided his gaze. The archduke watched the officers in amazement. Near the stage stood agitated little Torma. The archduke's glance fastened on his victim, and Torma immediately took a step forward.

"Good!" said the archduke with a smile of approval.

Torma took another step forward; the officers alongside him instinctively stepped back, and the little sergeant was left alone out front. Everyone was watching him, many with smiles. Arnold, to whose company Torma belonged, coughed drily.

The archduke said benevolently: "Have you been at the front long?"

"I have just arrived, your royal highness."

"Ah, so! Very good, very touching," the archduke drawled, not attempting to hide his disappointment.

Several painful minutes passed. The group of officers did not move. The archduke said something to the brigadier-general. The lame Oberleutnant stumped to the doors. An automobile horn blared. The staff officers followed the archduke out. I glanced out of the windows. A string of automobiles wound along the road to Kostanjevica.

Captain Berend snapped his notebook shut and demonstratively stuck it in his courier's despatch case. The colonel stepped down from the stage and, without a farewell, left the hall. The red-headed sublieutenant tore the map from the wall, rolled it up, and looking the officers over with the indescribable disdain of a staff rat, hastened after his superior.

The sentry on duty put his head in the door and cried out:

"Herr Lieutenant Matrai!"

Haal was waiting for me at the entrance to the dining hall. He held out a paper on which was written in smooth, secretarial penmanship:

"Personal—rush. To Lieutenant Matrai, Sapper Detachment:

"On receipt of this, please report immediately to me at Kostanjevica Camp, Kronprinzessa Zita Avenue, 60.

"Captain Lantosh,
"Chief of the Sapper Section of the Brigade Headquarters."

Although I had not yet visited the brigade headquarters, I had already met Captain Lantosh, a stout, well-cared for, haughty man. On my very first day I learned that he was well known throughout the army and was close to the archduke. Captain Lantosh was the author of military inventions and a good business man. Lantosh hand grenades were standard in Doberdo. The principle of these grenades was as simple as Columbus' egg.

The captain had received handsome payment for this invention and, being a practical man, had opened near Leibach a plant to manufacture his brilliant invention. Officially Captain Lantosh headed the sapper detachment of our joint Honved brigade and was my immediate superior.

When we had been distributed among the brigades in Opaciosello, I had met the chief of the sapper units of the division, Colonel Hruna, a short old man with bushy grey brows. The colonel, a military engineer, was considered a specialist. He received me very politely and put me through a quiz. I heard that Hruna and Lantosh wasted no affection on one another, which, however, did not prevent Lantosh, under the patronage of the archduke, from winning rank and riches. Hruna

impressed me as serious and forthright. Obviously not a bootlicker. As an authority in his field, he looked upon the headquarters muddle with unconcealed scorn. The colonel was one of those few officers who in the surrender of Przemysl, after mining the basic fortifications, succeeded in leading a whole battalion of sappers through the encircling enemy rings. For this feat old Hruna was personally received by the emperor and awarded the Iron Cross, after which he was sent to the Italian front where the trench warfare had features suitable to his talents.

"What does Captain Lantosh want with me?" I wondered.

The road to Kostanjevica runs along a broad valley cut through by a swift stream. On its right bank sloped mossy meadows broken here and there by bare outcrops of stone like the grey spots on a horse's back where the hair has been galled off.

I found it hard to get my horse to trot. Beside me cantered old Homok, sitting his horse like a youth.

"What the devil is it all for?" I heard him mutter suddenly.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I said, what the devil is it all for?" he repeated angrily. His eye, I could see, was hostile to this alien landscape.

"What's on your mind, Papa Andrisch?" I asked him.

"We're Honveds, aren't we, Herr Lieutenant? We're not supposed to fight except to guard our own country. Then what are we doing here in this damned Doberdo? If they gave it to me, free, I wouldn't take it. It's not proper land. It's not worth ploughing. And how many honest Honveds have gone to the crows here!"

I did not reply. I spurred my horse on, using the sudden gallop as an excuse for not answering. What answer was there to give that would not encourage his discontent?

A drowsy Lantosh received me. He showed me to a chair and stared at me with his sleepy eyes.

"Well, your battalion has also distinguished itself," he said at last. "As a result, the reason for calling you here is gone."

From the open collar of his uniform Lantosh's pale puffy neck bulged like rising dough. Clipped mustaches accented his selfish mouth.

"I regret it deeply, Herr Captain," I said, forcing an appearance of politeness. "Still, I am glad you called me; it gives me the opportunity to introduce myself before I take on my assignment."

The captain stared at me suspiciously; then he gave me a shrewd smile and taking out a box of cigars offered me one.

"Even in hell a gentleman remains a gentleman," I said, with deliberate naiveté.

"Are you an engineer or a technician?" the captain asked.

"I'm a former philologist, now a sapper," I said.

Lantosh did not appear to appreciate the piquancy of this combination. He said, thoughtfully: "You know, this is a difficult front. We need sappers here. The soil is rocky. Before we can sink trenches in this rock we have to lay covering trenches with bags of gravel. So you see here sapping operations are of the highest importance. You must gauge your charges accurately or you blow up your own together with the enemy. Your predecessor Tushai was a brave man—but you know the mistake he made. In a word, we must be careful."

The captain paused. Then his little dull eyes glowed, and he resumed: "Nevertheless what you permitted yourself today toward his royal highness is simply scandalous. I don't hold you personally responsible. You're new here. But if you realized how you disappointed the archduke. Poor chap. I heard him

say at dinner, 'Even the Hungarians!' "

"They say the same thing happened in the nineteenth battalion," I said with pretended innocence.

"How do you know?" the captain burst out.

I could not retain my pose. "The grapevine telegraph," I said defiantly.

Here the door leading to the next room was flung open, and a corporal entered. Paying no attention to me, he went up to the captain and addressed him in German. I walked to the window in pretended indifference.

"So he dares to say our accounts are not straight," Lantosh broke out in Hungarian. "Did you show him the invoice signed by the commandant at the station? The tonnage is listed there to a kilogram. We accept goods by weight on arrival. What concern is it of ours if the goods lose weight in transit? It's for him to worry about that."

The door opened again, this time circumspectly. A stout man in civilian clothes entered. He tried to appear calm but he was excited and perspiring.

"But no, Captain," he said, mixing German and Hungarian. "Herr Bogdanovich showed me the invoice and the exact weight of the goods as despatched was entered on it."

"Herr Grendl appears to accuse us of cheating him," said the captain sharply, addressing himself to Corporal Bogdanovich. Then turning to Grendl he said: "Do you take me for a dealer in scrap iron?"

"Not you, but I'm a dealer in scrap iron," Grendl answered with a supplicating smile. "With your gracious help, I am also an army contractor. I realize all my obligations to the Herr Captain but in business matters you have to have perfect accuracy in your accounts. I understand, Herr Bogdanovich made a bookkeeping mistake. The matter can be settled without any fuss."

The scene made me feel nauseous. I gave a dry, impatient cough. The captain, reminded of my presence, threw a disapproving glance at the corporal and said: "Wait for me in the office."

Grendl and Bogdanovich went out. Lantosh pulled nervously at his cigar. Apparently he had just enough sensitiveness to feel embarrassed.

"Well, yes," began Lantosh, and waved his hand to clear away the smoke. "The reason for calling you here is gone, but we can discuss it anyway. I have drawn up a plan."

He took a sketch out of a drawer and laid it on the table.

"When we do make a surprise attack on Monte Clara this thing can be of inestimable value. You see how simple it is. A water conduit, three or four, or if necessary five meters long. We pack it tight with high explosive—powder, but not smokeless. One end is hermetically sealed. At the other end we attach the detonating apparatus. Same principle as my hand grenade. In fact it's just a long hand grenade. You understand it? Now, before the attack we lay these pipes under the enemy's barbed wire. We wire them to a magneto. When our men charge, we set these long grenades off and the enemy trenches get a nice smoking. Now for a good smoke screen certain substances have to be mixed with the powder. That's what I wanted to suggest for the volunteers from your battalion."

I glanced over the sketch. The fool. Did he think the Italians would welcome us like a bunch of plumbers come to fix their bathtubs? I found it hard to suppress my indignation. And as I looked again into his smug face, I realized that he and I were mortal enemies now, like an animal and his tamer, a slave and his master—enemies for all time.

We rode the whole way back in silence. Homok was sure I was gloomy because I had been given a dressing down. Our mounts, given free rein, went at a trot. A scarcely noticeable sun-shower laid the dust on the path.

At Opaciosello, Spitz and Haal reported to me that the battalion had been ordered to the front. Everywhere preparations were in full swing. Drying washing was pulled off the ropes still wet. In front of the barracks there was a troop inspection; the sick and wounded were being retired; arms were being put in order and hand grenades distributed.

"We're being sent to the front out of turn," said Spitz. "That's our punishment for turning a cold shoulder to the archduke."

The Hueffer Agency would report that the fifth Isonzo battle had taken place and my mother would say: "My son fell in that battle."

I stopped and wiped my damp brow.

The soldiers streamed past, in the muffled roar of an army on the march.

The men marched . . . and I with them . . . . Where? Into history—carrying on the cause of our warrior ancestors? Could it be that they had fought as senselessly as we?

A hand descended on my shoulder. It was Arnold.

I spoke to him of my interview with Lantosh, and noted how his lips compressed. He marched with the even, springy stride of the athlete in training; but I, excited by my story, walked distractedly, now slowing down, now plunging ahead. Arnold was responsive, making exclamations of indignation and throughout keeping a friendly glance fixed upon me.

"They go marching on and on," I said, almost despondently. "And you and I, who ought to be better able to understand what is going on, march on, as will-lessly."

"Doesn't it sometimes appear to you like a big show where we are the extras, the masses? Sometimes we dash across the stage, in front of the spotlight—we fire off our guns, we yell, then back into the wings again."

At that moment, as if in confirmation, the blinding light of an Italian projector slid across the darkening sky. The battalion broke ranks and spread out, but I noticed method in the disorder.

"What's up?" I asked. "Why are they scattering?"

"We must be approaching Zelo. There's open ground there. If the Italians take it into their heads to light up that spot and see moving figures on it, their artillery will set to work; and in a few minutes the highway will be nothing but shell craters."

"Man can become accustomed to anything. Our adaptability is highly developed," I remarked thoughtfully.

"Philosophizing, my friend? Well, sometimes it isn't a bad thing. But I must keep a promise I made you. I promised to tell you the story of our front."

"I have been waiting for it."

"Until March 23 of last year the Italians were considered our allies. Our unit was only shifted to Doberdo from the Serbian front on May 25. It was obvious that we would be on the defensive, and that's how it did work out. As a matter of fact, we're lucky that the high command realized it, or we would have been back on the banks of the Drava long ago.

"The Italians opened up with a powerful offensive. General Cadorna hoped for rapid victories.

"Until June 20 we sparred for position. On June 23 the first Isonzo battle began. It lasted until July 7. The Italians attacked eighty-six

times, each attack preceded by a shattering bombardment, concentrating artillery of all calibers. Then the firing would suddenly stop, and the Italians would pour out of their trenches, in a bayonet charge. We would climb out of our dugouts, occupy our battered trenches, and stop them with point-blank fire. They would get stuck on the remains of our barbed wire. During the first Isonzo battle I took part in seventeen hand-to-hand engagements. The Italians did not expect such stiff resistance; whole squads of them surrendered in our own trenches. On the Serbian front I met the enemy face to face only nine times in four months, and here in one day—it was June 30, if I am not mistaken—we went through eleven hand-to-hand fights.

"You say man possesses a remarkable capacity for adapting himself. After the third of these hand-to-hand bouts, when the Italians came, our men met them without excitement, with a devilish calm. With cold calculation we got them on our bayonets as they leaped in. I never saw as many dead and wounded. The Italian staff was in a fury when their men retreated; their own artillery strafed them. On June 30, two retreating Italian battalions ran back to us with arms raised, under the fire of their own artillery. That gave the Italian command a lesson.

"During the third battle our battalion was near Oslavia. The Bersaglieri attacked Pevno and Podgora twelve times in one day. By evening there were few of them left, yet they made one more attempt. I witnessed a strange scene.

"When the artillery bombardment that lasted an hour and a half, stopped, we climbed out, took our places in our smashed trenches, placed our rifles in the loopholes. In silence we let the attackers occupy the front line trenches no more than forty feet off. Then we clearly heard the command: '*Avanti*, Bersaglieri!' Then, once more, '*Avanti*, Bersaglieri!' I passed the word down the line: 'Hold your fire.' The Italians did not show themselves. Then we heard a hot stream of Italian curses—and at the end: '*Avanti*, Bersaglieri!' Silence. Then a hubbub, in which one could make out shouts of '*Avanti, Capitano!*' Silence. Suddenly an officer's cap showed above the trench, the officer climbed out. His black boots still kept their polish; the gold braid on his cap glittered. A cape was thrown over his shoulders, and he held an unsheathed sword in his hand. He cleared his way through the barbed wire, slashing it with his sword. The ring of the blade against the wire carried to us clearly in the dead silence. My soldiers looked at me: I repeated the order to wait. The captain faced us, deathly grey. Suddenly, like a furious rooster, he raised himself on his toes, turned in a pose fit to be painted, and cried to his trenches: '*Avanti*, Bersaglieri!' and an answering shout burst from hundreds of throats: '*Avanti!*' They swarmed up and our machine-guns mowed them down. The Bersaglieri fell helplessly where they were. The captain dropped to his knees, the sword slipped from his hand, and he quietly toppled on his side. In the following silence the drawn-out moans of the captain were clearly heard. In the Italian trenches they began to remove their wounded. I had the Red Cross flag flown, and the Italians came out to get their officer. That was the last attack. The next day both sides carried out a general clean-up. My company had lost half its men. When we were relieved we were only a handful. That's how we fight here, my dear Tibi."

I watched the artillery duel with tense nerves. The clear sky was spotted with bursts of smoke. Sud-

denly Bacco seized me by the elbow. I listened: behind us we heard voices. We hid. The men approaching spoke German but were not Austrians; they did not use the soft Viennese but spoke sharply, chopping out each word. Soon two German officers turned out on the narrow path, and behind them three soldiers dragging telephone wire.

"Germans? How did they get here?"

"Quiet!"

The Germans were talking about the front. The older officer remarked scornfully that the Austro-Hungarian army could not handle "these filthy macaronis." The other officer, noticing us, nudged his comrade.

"*Ungarn!*" (Hungarians) he said rapidly and his hand went to his cap in salute.

I replied to the greeting drily, but Bacco, who understood little German, was delighted with the meeting. The Germans came up to us, and we introduced ourselves. The German lieutenant, a red-haired young man with haughty features, held himself as erect as if he had swallowed a stick. His companion was a non-commissioned officer in the artillery, short, dark, with a lively, frank face. He looked embarrassed, fearing that we must have overheard his lieutenant's arrogant remarks.

I was emphatically cold. Bacco bellowed, mangling the German words, and finally I had to translate his whole little speech. The Germans told us they were officers of a Prussian artillery detachment, that their heavy battery had already occupied a position near the viaduct on the Nabresina chaussee, and that they were scouting. The artillery had been shifted here from the Russian front. The non-commissioned officer had taken part in the battles in the Carpathians last year. He praised the Honveds highly, berated the Czechs and, of course, would have abused the Austrians too if he had not feared we would take offence.

"We have come here," he said, "to clean up these Italians. They've been tolerated around here too long."

"Throw a good scare into them and they'll run," said the lieutenant.

"Of course you expect to be in Venice in two or three weeks?" I asked.

"Why not?" answered the German non-com. with sincere surprise.

Bacco asked me to translate for the Germans the following: the year before, when he had fought beside German troops, near Ivangorod, the Germans had suddenly retreated, leaving the Hungarians' flank unprotected. This disgrace roused the whole front. German headquarters had to send the Hungarians twelve Iron Crosses to restore good relations.

I was surprised by Bacco's unexpected thrust, but it turned out that he had just realized the sense of the lieutenant's arrogant words. I was thankful to Bacco. The German lieutenant drily nodded, apparently realizing that his haughty tone was out of place. He told us that two German corps of Falkenhayn's army were being shifted here and soon decisive battles would begin.

Bacco became chatty with the non-commissioned officer and lent him his Zeiss binoculars. The N.C.O. and I by turns surveyed the locality. Suddenly Bacco called the artilleryman's attention to a group of buildings near the seashore.

"Please translate for him, Tibi, that those are the docks of the Adria-Werke, an abandoned shipbuilding works. According to our reports, large units of the Italians are concentrated there, and they're living in clover. Our artillery just can't seem to reach then. See how they stroll about."

In the binoculars I made out a good deal of movement around the buildings.

"Look, an automobile just rolled out through the gates."

"An auto?"

"Yes, and a damn fine car."

"The devil!"

"Ask them to take a crack at it."

The Germans unrolled a map and began rapidly to take measurements. While the lieutenant went on taking the measurements and made the necessary reckonings, the N.C.O. made connections by field telephone with his battery.

"We ought to singe their beards a bit, damn them. You know, our men never bombard that place. Tell the Germans our men can't manage it. And the Italians, noticing that we don't bombard them there, have become so cheeky they run around there like chickens in a barnyard and make so much noise at night you can even hear it all the way up here in calm weather."

"Hello! Hello! Observation. Number five? Yes! Yes! Here lieutenant, let me have the measurements," cried the N.C.O.

The lieutenant began to dictate the figures.

"Say, Bela," I said to Bacco, "what if our headquarters has some special reason for letting that place alone, and has given orders not to bombard it?"

"Go on," Bacco replied, and his look was a mixture of boyish eagerness and malice.

The Germans had already given the command to fire, and from the viaduct came the muffled sounds of artillery firing, then the familiar screech of heavy shells. The lieutenant quickly checked his reckonings and remarked calmly:

"Quite correct."

As at a command we raised our binoculars. The shells had landed in a swampy spot to the right of the buildings, and raised fountains of mud. Around the buildings there was a noticable pellmell; tiny figures ran about. The lieutenant dictated corrected reckonings and the cannon, three guns at once, answered to the command.

A few seconds of tension—then a shell hit the tallest building. Bricks, rafters, pieces of roof went flying. The lieutenant gave us a self-satisfied smile. We saluted, paying due tribute to his talent. The battery sent over a few more heavy shells, and we watched the panic around the building.

"What a hell there must be there now," I said to Bacco.

"Stop being silly. I don't want to be sorry for them," Bacco replied angrily.

The two artillerymen were absorbed, the lieutenant with his reckonings, the N.C.O. with the map. Bacco pulled my elbow. We departed. And before the Italians could start a retaliating cannonade, we were already in the valley. Along the slope of Pietro Rosa hovered puffs of smoke; shrapnel explosions filled the narrow valley with their whine, but the shells directed at the peak could not reach our Germans.

After a while, Bacco stopped me and remarked with a wise look:

"And now, my dear Matrai, listen to me: don't say a word about the trick we have just pulled on the Germans."

"Why?" I asked and he raised his index finger.

"Ts...s...s....Listen. Last autumn a Hungarian battery could stand it no longer and bombarded the Adria-Werke just a wee bit. What a mess they got in! We ourselves then didn't know what it was all about, but later it leaked out that this works has the protection of somebody close to our high command. The Italians, knowing this, made themselves comfortable there."

"But why should our men not

fire at it if the works are on the other side?"

"That's just it, that's why we were bawled out. Just imagine, the Italians gather under our very nose, and we mustn't annoy them. Well, our battery went and did it last autumn. We did even more damage than today. Apparently the Italians had kept munitions there. They began to explode. It was great fun. But then our poor artillerymen got it good and hard; investigation, courts-martial and all that. But we front line men didn't take it silently. Well, the men up at the top understood, and they pigeonholed the case. But obviously we had stepped on some big shot's toes. Since then a half year has passed, and no one has touched the Werke. And now you and I and luck have fixed our German colleague . . . oho-ho! Our headquarters will make their fur fly for it."

Bacco enjoyed it but I was confused and depressed. So that's how it was! Even No-Man's Land has its frontiers! I remarked on this, but Bacco paid no attention; he was too delighted with his trick. He, a simple front line lieutenant, had succeeded in tweaking the nose of the high command. I, of course, promised to keep the secret.

I did not tell Arnold of the incident, but when he asked me two days later whether I had met any German artillerymen during a recent scouting trip, I fell significantly silent. Arnold frowned and began to drum a march on the desk with his long fingers. This desk, rudely made of packing case boards, as much resembled a desk as our vegetating resembled life. Arnold, too, I felt, was holding something back.

The thing took on the proportions of a goodly-sized affair. Investigations, correspondence . . . .The shells of the Germans had hit a sensitive spot. If they had fallen in Italian trenches or even in our own trenches, it would have been all right; no one at headquarters would have thought of poking around to find out who had pointed out the place as a target. But here, you see, a real mistake had occurred.

I listened with great interest to Chutora's views, which were new to me, on the harm of patriotic delusions. But Arnold, hastening to soften their effect, teased Chutora:

"Germany has fifteen million organized workers, and they all became patriots overnight. 'What's wrong with this picture?' "

Chutora, poised for objections, stopped short and looked at me suspiciously.

"The Herr Lieutenant is okay," Arnold said. "You can lay your Social-Democratic illusions before him without constraint."

Chutora looked at me in surprise, as if he were seeing me for the first time, and screwed up his black eyes.

"Yes, of course, I know Herr Matrai, one might even say from childhood. But you know, Herr Doctor, that as long as you wear this uniform you have to reckon with the views of headquarters. How much did I have to suffer before I got to you! And, willy-nilly, I finally reached the conclusion that silence is golden. Yes, that's how it goes. Did we ever think that I would some day be your orderly, Herr Doctor?"

Chutora's harangue amused Arnold. An odd, half-comradely tone had been established in their relations, and it was obvious that Arnold had not chosen Chutora as an orderly because he valued him as a servant, but to save him from trouble.

Chutora was a very interesting person. Until the war he was active in trade union work in our town, and was connected with a radical newspaper for which Arnold wrote. In 1914 Chutora parted company with the local committee of the Social-Democratic Party over the

question of the war. This conflict brought him trouble and vexation. Although he was over age, he was "turned over to the military authorities" and sent to the front. Chutora did not like to speak of it. He called the Social-Democrats lackeys and traitors, and half in jest, half seriously, spoke of forming a new party. This party, consecrated in fire and blood, was to be called the Vengeance Party. Arnold deeply respected his orderly, and the jesting tone between them was assumed only in the presence of strangers.

"Well, and what would happen if one fine day you were released from military service and your old party friends once more took you to their bosom?"

"Oh, no," replied Chutora. "That will never be. Now I am seeing for myself, hearing with my own ears and feeling on my own skin what war means. My first anti-war talks were only theory, empty words; theory without practice is no better than a church sermon. Now it's a different matter. Behind every word I see the action, I feel the suffering, and if, honorable gentlemen, I live through these times, there'll be something to talk about and a real reckoning to be made. Do you think I'm alone? You're mistaken. There are many of us. And what a strong organization we'll have!"

One night we were relieved. We set out for Brestovitsa, where the battalion baggage train was. The Brestovitsa camp swarmed with Germans. When we entered the camp they showed little hospitality but, learning that we were Honveds, became a little more affable.

That day we dined with the German officers. They proved reserved and haughty, but we, like solicitous hosts, were considerate and courteous. I was deeply offended and tried to explain my feelings to Arnold:

"They bear themselves as if they were our masters."

Arnold was out of sorts and he answered glumly; "You don't suspect how near you are to the truth."

The days at Brestovitsa were monotonous, and soon we were chafing to return. The Germans were despatched to Kostanjevica, a day ahead of us. Another night march.

The noonday sun hung directly over the trenches. The trenches there were deep and damp. Breastworks were constructed of sacks filled with rubble and in places propped up with large beams. As an additional protection we had steel-plated shields with loopholes, but they were of little value against the Italian snipers who were able to send their bullets through the loopholes.

Arnold came for me. We entered the trench, where Bacco joined us. We went along the well-masked communication trench which led to the rear. Only when we were in the communication trench did I notice that to our left, less than a kilometer away, rose the brown side of Monte Clara. For several seconds we stared as if bewitched at this somber crag muffled in foreboding silence. Nothing could be observed from that spot. Clara seemed dead, but as the eye grew accustomed to the scene I made out the rust-red line of barbed wire. Aha, there was the bend of the trenches, the cell-like walls of sacks. Then I saw clearly the lines of our trenches on the terrace below.

"What do you think of it?" asked Arnold gloomily.

"What a place!" sighed Bacco.

Suddenly from above us came an angry whine ending in a cloud of dust where the shell struck. As we ducked we heard the whistle of flying bullets.

"Bad aim," said Bacco, wiping the dust from his eyes.

"Why do they use exploding shells?" I asked indignantly.

"Send a complaint to the Hague," Arnold laughed bitterly.

We went back. Behind us the sniper's bullets continued to whine among the rocks. At that moment we would have welcomed a command to attack, just to get that sniper.

During the march Corporal Novak, of Arnold's company, had beaten up one of my sappers for not lying down quickly enough when an enemy flare spotted us. Haal's indignation was intense. He did everything he could to provoke me to punish the corporal.

"Physical punishment is not allowed in the army, Herr Lieutenant," he reminded me.

Haal focussed his flashlight on the face of the man who had been beaten up. He was not a young fellow. I knew him: he was our electrician. Blood was dripping from nose and mouth onto his gas mask, which hung on his chest.

"Why didn't you lie down in time, Kiral?" I asked.

"According to instructions, Herr Lieutenant, anyone who does not succeed in lying down in time must remain motionless, covering his face and the shiny parts of his outfit. I stood near a rock and, bending down, tried to use it for camouflage."

Hmm . . . he had properly used the rock, grey like the soldier's uniform, for camouflage.

"Haal, turn in a report and give Kiral something to stop the bleeding."

On our return from Clara I saw Novak, irresolutely tramping back and forth before my dugout. Broad-shouldered and powerful, he had an odd deformity. He looked as if he should have been a much taller man but that some force of nature had flattened him. Novak was the bullying sort. The soldiers wasted no love on him, but he, in turn, did not fear them.

Noticing me he saluted ingratiatingly.

"Novak!"

"Yes, sir, Herr Lieutenant!"

One could speak to him only in the language of the regulations; he needed a good lesson in that tongue.

"Corporal Novak, do you know that the regulations do not permit using your fists?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why did you strike Sapper Kiral?"

"Permit me to report, Herr Lieutenant, that it was for his own good."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for instance, if a child misbehaves, the father must punish him."

"Kiral is not a child, but a soldier, and a corporal is not a father, but a leader. That's according to the regulations."

Novak was cornered. The use of physical punishment in the army was generally winked at, and apparently I, defending the regulations on this point, was an exception. Novak was embarrassed.

"Corporal Novak," I said firmly, "you are to make out a report on this incident to your company commander. You may go."

Novak saluted and right-about-faced according to regulations. His heavy steps reverberated on the rocks. Around a bend in the trench I saw Haal's shining face. I pretended not to notice him, and entering the dugout, slammed the door.

The dugout was empty. Homok had gone out. I stood in the tiny entryway and turned on my flashlight. My dugout was a real officer's dugout. Cut deep into the rock, it seemed impregnable. I lit a candle and removed my belt. At that moment the thunder of an explosion sounded from the direction of the trench. The candle guttered and

blew out, leaving me in darkness. Searching for my flashlight, I struck my head hard on something sharp. From the trenches I heard cries and footsteps. Someone, breathing heavily, halted before the dugout and opened the door. In the half-light I saw that I had bumped against the stone wall. In the open doorway stood a battalion orderly. He handed me the orders book, and going into the dugout, I re-lit the candle and inquired:

"What happened there, Shuba?"

"The Italians are throwing cats again, Herr Lieutenant. They wounded two men in the second company."

I straightened the candle and read the orders. That night I was to be on officer's watch. I had to write in the orders book where I would be.

Of course, at Arnold's—he had a phone there. Passes, paroles—a tangle of formalities!

"Shuba, come on into the dugout, since the cats are jumping!" I cried to the orderly. He did not answer—probably hadn't heard me. Well, let him get a breath of fresh air; he had had to run here.

"Cats" was the soldiers' name for mines, which both we and the Italians from time to time rained upon each other. These mines produced a miaowing sound in their flight.

I searched in the orders book for the page mentioning the bombardment of Adria-Werke. It mentioned "unidentified Honved officers." I smiled, slammed the book shut and rose.

Suddenly I felt as if a mighty fist had struck me in the chest. I fell on my back. The candle blew out but light came through the door which had been blown ajar. I realized that I was unharmed and that this shock was due to an air concussion. I ran out into the trenches.

"Shuba! Where are you, Shuba?"

A mine had exploded at a transom crossing, five feet from the dugout. The smoke, mixed with rock dust, was thinning out in the sun's rays, and a pungent odor filled the air. There was no one in sight, but on the ground at the entrance to the dugout lay the orderly's pipe. Smoke was still dribbling from it and the mouthpiece was still moist. I picked it up and looked at it.

"Shuba!" I cried impatiently.

From around the turn Corporal Husar dashed right at me.

"Have you seen Shuba?" I asked.

Husar looked at me in amazement, then turned a horrified glance at the side of the hill under which my dugout was situated. I did not understand the reason for the corporal's fright. Then a warm drop fell on my hand. Blood. Jumping aside, I saw on the hillside Shuba, head down, blood pouring from his split skull, the body slowly slipping down. A moment later it crashed at our feet.

Men came running from all sides, Homok and Haal among them. Shuba had been killed by being knocked against the rock. His body began to turn black as we watched. Soldiers bore the corpse off and poured lime over the pool of blood so that flies would not gather. I held the pipe and orders book in my hands helplessly.

I gave the orders book and pipe to Homok, and asked him to bring them to the company for delivery to battalion headquarters. I warned him to be careful of "cats."

Homok stuck the pipe into his pocket and entered the dugout. I was weak and coughed drily, still feeling the terrible force of the concussion in my lungs. Before leaving, Papa Andrisch opened a bottle of wine, which he had never done before without being asked, filled a glass and placed it on the table.

"*Ekh*, Herr Lieutenant, nobody dies twice or avoids dying once. And if one could die twice we would have to die twice," the old man philosophized.

As a result of the concussion my heart had an abnormal beat. I drank down the wine at a gulp. It took effect immediately. Homok left. I heard someone carefully scrubbing out the stains of Shuba's blood before the dugout.

Arnold awoke slumbering feelings in me; I began to clearly see the distorted but real face of the war. Should I thank Arnold? I did not know. Until then I had thought little of what was happening; I began to see everything from a fresh viewpoint. The war there was rock, cannon, soldiers and Herr officers. Yes, yes, *Herr* officers. We lived with the soldiers, suffered and died alongside them, but an impassable gulf separated us. I began to chafe at this age-old injustice. I saw our army not as troops but as an armed herd; and we officers as its drivers. But who owned the herd? We, Hungarian and Italian cattle drivers, were driving against each other two human herds, speaking another language but otherwise much the same, and seeing to it that they discharged their rifles, cannons and machine-guns, threw their grenades and used their bayonets at what we thought were the right moments.

I noted that I was beginning to lose the depression which had possessed me at first. Arnold was wrong, I thought; this was not the time to philosophize. Over our heads hung a sword, and we had to parry its blow. This was war. But those firm, confident words dropped through my mind like coins in a torn pocket. I could not look at the lacerated body of a soldier with the same indifference as one looks at a slaughtered calf.

When I had relieved Dortenberg on officer's watch and had gone to the front trenches, Springer, officers' watch of the left flank, sought me out. From a neighboring battalion in Polazzo two German officers had come to us with a request to allow them to correct their artillery range findings from our positions. I reported this by phone to Kenez, and the lieutenant immediately made his appearance. We were very courteous to our allies, but they were cold; apparently our punctilious civility tired them. Lieutenant Kenez did not stay with us long. As he left he repeated that one must be very attentive to guests.

I replied with assumed artlessness:

"Don't fear, everything will be all right, so long as they don't get in the way of any 'cats.' "

Kenez took off his pincenez for a moment and became so much like an unbridled horse that it was funny.

"Mines?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes," I answered seriously. "I cannot assume responsibility for them."

Kenez was no fool. He smiled sourly and warmly shook my hand.

"I'll send you some tobacco and a snack for the guests; perhaps they will be hungry. Where shall I send it?"

I pointed out Arnold's dugout. Kenez saluted gravely and left. I remained with the Germans. I was stubbornly silent. The elder of the two was a stout Oberleutnant of the reserve, with drooping mustaches. The other was a short, thin, pale young lieutenant. They quietly conferred, scanning the positions through marvelous periscopes. Clara interested them more than anything else.

With the officers came four German soldiers. Our men watched them without hostility but coldly. The Honveds spat adroitly, without removing their pipes from their mouths. With proud composure they exchanged remarks on the Germans. When I approached the officers they interrupted their conversation. I told them where I would be, assured

them that I was always ready to be of service to them, and, leaving Springer behind, went to Arnold's.

The first three hours of my officer's watch passed in silence. Arnold was uncommunicative, and I decided not to bother him, although I had much to say to the begetter of my pessimism.

Lieutenant Kenez sent over a whole basket of food. When the orderly laid out its contents on the table I could not restrain myself at the sight of chocolates, and I b gan devouring them. Arnold smiled.

"What a kid you are!"

"Uhu," I mumbled, my mouth full.

At that moment the door opened and an excited orderly, out of breath, came dashing in.

"Herr Lieutenant, Herr Oberleutnant, quick!"

"What's the matter?"

"The Germans—they're near Clara. Herr Springer noticed them."

We grabbed our binoculars and dashed out. In the trenches we ran into Bacco, sighting through a periscope.

Without halting I gave the order:

"Get the soldiers into the dugouts."

"What's happened, Bela?"

Bacco handed me the periscope. At the foot of Monte dei sei Boussi, about two hundred feet from the zigzags of our trenches, a double file of attacking Germans was moving across an open space, as if it were a drill ground.

I sent orderlies out in all directions, ordered that what was happening be reported to battalion headquarters, and gave instructions to marshal the company in readiness for battle.

"But where are the German officers?"

"They went through the communications trench with Herr Springer. They are now at the third blind trench."

All three, Bacco, Arnold and I, hurried there. The machine-gunners were preparing water, the soldiers obediently manning the breastworks. I reinforced the observation posts. The soldiers started after us.

We soon found Springer and the Germans. Near the blind end of the trench we fixed up a platform of boards and were able to observe events as from a box in the theater.

The line of Germans was twenty feet from our base line. The German officers watched them calmly. The pupils of Arnold's eyes were distended; Bacco gnawed at his nails, Springer breathed heavily. Suddenly, in front of our trenches, where the dark line of barbed wire was stretched, a thick cloud of smoke rose and heavy explosions came. Two of them, five, ten.

"Aha, those are probably Lantosh's explosive conduits," I thought.

Silence. The Germans ran forward. We heard their war-cry, muted in the distance.

For a while they were invisible, everything hidden by the smoke screen. What would happen? But Clara was silent, and in the silence we felt a terrible menace. Some of the attackers scrambled up onto the first terrace. The smoke spread farther and farther, and suddenly Clara launched long tongues of flame.

"The pigs have flame throwers!" exclaimed the German lieutenant, and blinked nervously. The attackers again cried out, and we saw several figures dashing forward through the smoke and flames. The tongues of flame fused and suddenly the whole mountain seemed ringed in the coils of a fiery snake. Rifles chattered jerkily, and the mad machine-guns caught up the rifles' tune; with a dry crash, as if boards were cracking, mines exploded; with a

bark and a whinny the trench flame-throwing guns launched their flames. And all this occupied no more than five terrible minutes.

We had to leave our observation post and find refuge in the front trenches to avoid ricocheting bullets. The Italians opposite our trenches had joined in. The crossfire soon spread all the way to Polazzo. In many places they probably did not know what it was all about but fired in mad fear. From Polazzo Clara is not visible, yet the crossfire crackled there, too. We made our men stay in the dugouts, and in the trenches there were only observers and machine-gunners. A fierce riflefire came from the Italians. The macaronis were nervous.

We ran to the dugouts, all the Germans with us. The heavyweight Oberleutnant sought to retain his composure, but he could not hold out and before long he was skipping after us. When we reached the dugout the firing began to die down. The Germans immediately expressed a desire to return and continue their observations. They were noticeably nervous. We found another observation point and set up our periscopes. From battalion headquarters they kept phoning every five minutes. I gave a stereotyped reply: "No change on our front."

Clara smoked like a derailed locomotive.

"A nice hell," said Arnold, without putting down his binoculars.

Bacco was silent, puffing deeply at his cigarette. The German Oberleutnant energetically gave orders to his soldiers. They quickly set up telephone communication. Solitary shots still came from Clara.

"They're hunting for their wounded. In that respect the Italians are strict," said Bacco.

The Oberleutnant reported briefly over the telephone on all we had witnessed. He turned to us and asked us what the place was called. I pointed on the map.

"Fermeshkliano?"

"No, Vermigliano, Herr Oberleutnant."

"Of no importance. If you have nothing against it, gentlemen, we shall shell Monte dei sei Poushi a bit."

"Go right ahead," we answered in chorus.

The lieutenant reached for the telephone and in a moment the batteries behind Debella Hill spoke up. Monte dei sei Boussi groaned, then began to squeal and rattle hoarsely. Its terraces were wrapped in yellow, red and purple explosions. The crest of the mountain remained unharmed.

"Herr Oberleutnant, be so kind as to inform your artillery that so far it has succeeded only in hitting our own positions; at the top, where the Italian lines are, not one shell has yet landed."

"What do you mean?" asked the German in surprise.

"What I say, Herr Oberleutnant. The Italian trenches are not on the terraces but on the mountain top."

The Oberleutnant seized the telephone and dictated corrected reckonings. After a short interval the bombardment was renewed, but now the shells flew behind Clara. The other batteries continued to hammer the terraces. Again we tried to correct the fire, but with little result. One shell fell in the Italian trenches, but the smoke of the other explosions made it impossible to note the effect. And suddenly, as at a nod, the bombardment stopped. Clara was wreathed in the drifting smoke of the last explosions.

"Well?"

We vainly sought to make out the line of attackers; then suddenly we saw them on the terraces of Clara, near our trenches, across which they jumped. Bacco clenched his teeth.

"Well, take a look. Look, now."

The crown of Monte Clara, where the tiny grooves of Italian trenches were visible, was coming to life. The attackers no longer shouted; they had all disappeared except isolated figures, limping or hobbling their way back.

"Of course," sighed Arnold.

"Not so easy as some people think," said Springer in German and a note of satisfaction sounded in his tone.

"They have no pluck. They moved slowly, they shouted without anger," remarked Bacco thoughtfully.

The Oberleutnant threw a brief "*Fertig!*" (Through!) at the soldiers and the telephone men detached their apparatus, leaving the wire. We put our binoculars away. It was 4:20.

"Perhaps the gentlemen are hungry," I said to the Germans, playing the host, but without great insistence. To my surprise the guests eagerly responded to my invitation and we set out for Arnold's.

I went out into the trenches. Stretcher bearers passed near me. By their solemn tread I realized they were carrying a corpse.

A drowsy silence reigned, only far, far off, near San Michel, there was a rumble like summer thunder. Pretending to adjust my leggings, I stopped to overhear the soldiers' conversation.

"They got what they deserve. They came here with the idea they could pick the stars from the skies."

"Whoever heard of attacking like that? We haven't attacked like that since the autumn of 1914. Spread out in file. Huh!"

"Maybe they're green and don't know how to attack?"

"That's it. And they went straight to heaven."

"No stops between here and heaven."

I went on, thinking of the cold indifference which our soldiers felt for the fate of their conceited allies.

"We string along at the tail of the German political bandwagon"—suddenly a phrase popped into my head over whose meaning I had not bothered to think up to then. I had read or heard it somewhere; where, was of little matter. What did matter was that it only this moment reached my consciousness.

"At the tail of German policy. We have been betrayed."

The phrase which up to then had sounded empty was filled with living meaning. That day's meeting with our allies, Pietro-Rosa and the soldiers' conversation had helped me to understand.

Arnold, Chutora and I had had a long talk. Arnold spoke of world economy. I had never thought so academic a subject could sound so fresh. So, not the Slavic menace, not the "defense of civilization," but markets, colonies, shipping routes, the competition with British capital, were the secret springs of the war. How many secrets, how many cursed secrets! And now here, on Doberdo, we were deciding the important question of who should cast more iron, forge more steel, mine more coal, weave more cotton. As I listened to Arnold's calm statements I felt my back bent under the weight of his words. Arnold did not err about the war. But he unnerved me and we agreed to postpone further talk on this line.

At last I was home, alone. I lay down on the bed. What a strange creature is man! In that hole, by comparison with which the cave of a prehistoric man would, no doubt, have seemed a luxurious hotel, I felt myself at home. Perhaps it was my blanket and leather case which aroused this feeling, perhaps my

greatcoat, my gas mask or an unfinished book on the table or the green pillow sent by my mother to Wiener Neustadt three days before I left for the front.

I dozed off.

...I stole a furtive glance at my wrist: the cuff gleaming like ivory and the sleeve of a black suit, really not a suit but a swallow-tail jacket, and, apparently, made by a good tailor, for I felt very comfortable in it. I stood at the rostrum. Before me an open book, papers and a glass of quivering liquid, not water but nectar. Three feet from me the first row of the auditorium. One chair empty. Its back was covered with green leather on which brass tack h ads gl amed. The other s ats were filled. Beards, shining bald heads, eyeglasses. I was making a report. I opened my mouth, interested in hearing what I myself was going to say. I was not excited, I knew my theme perfectly. I spoke in English, reporting on my Tibetan journey before an English scientific society. But why English and not Hungarian? Oh, yes, of course. Englishmen were the lords of the world, and I was an employee in their service. My old, old dream had been to go to Tibet in the footsteps of Sandor Kereshi-Choma[1] and find the cradle of my people. And now I had been there. My path lay through India and Indo-China and English scientific circles had rendered me considerable aid in my work.

I spoke authoritatively. Some gentlemen in the hall were taking notes. They were, apparently, in agreement with me, smiled and whispered approvingly to each other. Some of my statements provoked a sensation in this serious, reserved audience. But one thought kept drilling at my mind. Strictly speaking, it bore no relation to my report but it stubbornly refused to retire. I had to work it into my report somehow, for otherwise I feared it would confuse me—a thought about the war, about the war which had lasted several years, gentlemen, the war you conducted against the Germans, in which my little people was forced to take part in the orbit of German interests. We were in the tail of events. But the Italians were in the tail of English policy.

So much blood! You see from my report that it was not historic, not economic, and not political factors, which forced the Hungarian people to take part in this terrible and—let us speak plainly—criminal warfare.

A young man with a black beard looked at me from the audience, smiling encouragement. Where had I met him before? I could not recall, but I did know he and I were old friends. His eyes said: "Right, right, tear into them, don't be worried that it will be considered irrelevant. You're too mild. Remember, you're speaking for a whole people, an unhappy, suffering people! Speak out, take advantage of the tribune!"

Suddenly somebody from behind pulled my elbow and whispered: "Italians, Italians!"

It was all the same, Italians or Hungarians. We are all people, and we all suffered there, gentlemen. We suffered incredible torments and humiliation, and who can now say what it was for?

"Italians, Herr Lieutenant, Italians!"

"What? What Italians?"

"Herr Spitz sent me to awake the Herr Lieutenant."

"An attack?"

"No, two Italians near our barbed wire. Corporal Husar noticed them. They are lying near our barbed wire and the enemy is firing on them."

I was already on my feet, sleepy

[1] Prominent Hungarian ethnographer of the beginning of the nineteenth century.

and irritable. It would have felt good to burst into tears or to beat up the orderly who woke me.

It was light in the trenches with the light of dawn, but the sun was hiding in the waters of the Adriatic.

War.

I was still under the influence of my dream, it had seemed so real. I looked furtively at my wrist: the cuff of my uniform, the sun-blackened, dry hands. Trenches around me. It wasn't over yet; we were still up to our necks in it. That was reality.

Near the transverse trench soldiers had gathered. I shouted at them to scatter, but Haal calmed me:

"At this hour, Herr Lieutenant, they never bombard."

"What's happened?"

Spitz turned around toward me and waved his arm to direct me to the periscope. I went up to it and looked.

"Where?"

"Straight ahead. You see the hollow ahead? It is unprotected from our side, but on the Italians' side there is a high wall. Do you see, there, where a rag is hanging on the barbed wire?"

"Yes. Someone is waving something white."

"That is a handkerchief. There are two of them. One is lying down, the other is standing and looking toward us. He seems very excited; apparently he is afraid we will fire at him."

I pulled my handkerchief out of my pocket and asked for a rifle. A soldier took his place alongside me. I tied the handkerchief to his bayonet and directed him to raise it over the breastwork, while I watched the Italian through the periscope. He noticed it and smiled, he was happy. But from the Italian side came the whistle of a bullet, and a little cloud of dust puffed up from our breastwork.

"Well, what are we going to do?" I asked the men about me.

Most of the soldiers were veterans. Alongside me stood Husar and Haal. I looked at a stalwart young corporal. When our eyes met he turned away.

"We ought to save them," said Husar.

"Sure, of course," several soldiers spoke up immediately.

Was it the chance to take prisoners or sympathy for one in a tight spot?

Haal sent for stretcher bearers. Five men ran out to give the order.

"A ladder!"

Three ladders made their appearance immediately. What zeal! The men were enthusiastic. I had long not seen them so.

"It will be interesting to see what happens," I thought.

We waited for the stretcher bearers. We decided they ought to go out to get the wounded men. The Italians kept on shooting, trying to get the range on the refugees. Spitz was terribly excited. He seized a rocket gun from Husar's hands and shot two red rockets in the air. The stretcher bearers appeared. A conference followed over what they should use. Red Cross armbands or flags. The Red Cross flag was finally flown over the breastwork. The Italians were silent. The soldiers impatiently urged on the sanitary orderlies. A medical corps orderly, pale and tense, climbed onto the breastwork. The enemy remained silent. At that moment the daring young corporal mounted the ladder, was handed another one and threw it over the breastwork. I kept my eyes glued to the periscope.

The medical orderly bore a stretcher and the corporal cut a path through the barbed wire. They descended into the hollow and approached the wounded man. The second Italian ran up to them and silent-

ly pointed. They opened the stretcher. The wounded Italian groaned. He was placed on the stretcher, alongside him two Italian rifles. They moved ahead. The unharmed Italian went in front, our men sheltering him. They were quite close. The wounded man kept repeating a single word, which I could not make out. The stretcher was raised and handed across the breastwork; dozens of strong hands grasped it. Up the ladder and onto the breastwork came the second Italian, panting, with eyes bulging. Pi-i-yu—shptz! A shot from the enemy trenches. The Italian cried out and fell into our trench. He was caught as he fell.

"*Sacramento,*" he groaned. From his shoulder a thick stream of blood poured through his torn uniform.

"Dum-dum," said Haal. "If it had hit his head it would have ripped it clean off."

The stretcher bearer climbed into the trench next. He was red in the face and he grasped the ladder with shaking hands and rolled across the breastwork like a top. Last came the corporal. He went slowly, without haste, and stopped on the very breastwork to pull in the ladder from the outside and remove the flag.

Pi-i-yu—shptz!

"Quick! They're firing dum-dums!"

The corporal sprang down from the breastwork. The crossfire was in full swing. To our right a mine struck, behind us a rifle-grenade exploded. Everyone ducked. The Italians were already in the company commander's dugout. The man wounded in the shoulder quivered like a leaf and without pause kept repeating a single curse over and over. The man on the stretcher shook like jelly; both his feet had been shot off. We gave them cigarettes.

"They're saved, they're saved," I kept thinking, while I described the corporal's heroism.

Arnold questioned the prisoners. The information they gave was correct, but of little value. We had Sicilian riflemen before us; but we knew that before.

"Can you tell us the names of your officers?"

The prisoners were silent for a while, then named one captain and one sergeant-major. They flatly refused to give us the names of other officers. Arnold did not insist. He looked at the Italians and smiled.

"The captain's no good, eh?"

"The devil's right-hand man."

"And the sergeant-major is his left-hand man?" I asked.

"*Si, si,*" the one on the stretcher said.

The one wounded in the shoulder had lost a great deal of blood. His face was ashen, and the cigarette made him feel faint. We gave him cognac, but he got worse.

"How did you come to be between the trenches?"

After a long silence the man on the stretcher said:

"Please, signor, work more quietly at night in your little trench."

The one wounded in the shoulder angrily shouted at his comrade.

"You don't have to answer; I don't insist," said Arnold quietly. "But, you see, you are already out of the war and we are still fighting."

"You are very good, sirs, but for all that we still remain soldiers," answered the one on the stretcher.

"Do you want some more cognac?" asked Arnold.

The artillery duel was fierce but short. We didn't have a single casualty. A breastwork was smashed, in the sector of the second company, but that was easily repaired. The soldiers were glad over the outcome of events. With remarkable solicitude they followed the stretchers to the communication trench.

Morning, a real, sunny morning. The war goes on.

Dreams were more pleasant than reality, they were more like life than our surroundings.

I had to write a report to Lieutenant Kenez, chief of staff of the battalion. I had to report that during the night on our battalion's lines. . .

I wrote my report. Outwardly I was calm, superfluously so. I knew I was stunning my assistant, Martin Spitz, by my cold-bloodedness, and that pleased me.

Perhaps my weariness came not from the horrors of the war, but from the endlessness and aimlessness of what we were doing and from the fact that each day was a monotonous and senseless repetition of the previous day. The war, I thought, had already crushed me; I had lost all my illusions. I clearly saw the bare horror of the war in that day-to-day trench life, and all the time I—and not only I—kept wondering about a single importunate question: when would it end?

...It happened! The entirely unexpected happened! The regiment and even the brigade commanders had long stopped dreaming of it. The commander of the Isonzo army had lost all hopes of it. But the archduke had triumphed and Cadorna was disgraced. We, the battalion of the Tenth Honved Regiment, were astride the summit of Monte dei sei Boussi; the Italians had been driven out.

And now I could safely declare, without inward torment, that my attitude to the war was clear again. But I could postpone coming to conclusions. There was no need for that now. This was no place for meditation—our task was to fight, to display miracles of morale. The storming of Monte Clara had been a miracle!

"Monte Clara exists no longer—there is Monte dei sei Boussi, occupied by the Austro-Hungarian troops. . ."—thus began our report to Major Madarashi, sent directly to the brigade staff. (The regiment staff was offended.) But I must relate everything in order.

Commotion in the trenches. Seizing our gas masks, unclasping our revolver holsters, we sprang out of the dugout.

The alarm had come from our left. We saw a general rush in that direction. Those on reserve duty manned the breastworks and set their rifles in the slits in the steel shields.

We stopped a passing soldier to enquire what had happened.

"In the second company front-line trenches, Herr Lieutenant, something crashed but we heard no explosion. The Italians threw something over there and our men began firing."

We went on—carefully—for the flank fire grew hotter. We met two snipers of our detachment. Spitz asked them:

"What happened there?"

"Pardon, Herr Lieutenant, we ourselves don't know. They say the Italians pulled a dirty trick on the second company."

"What dirty trick? What do you mean?" I asked angrily.

"They dropped some dirt on our men, Herr Lieutenant," the soldier replied, obviously too embarrassed to name it.

As we went on, there was less need for explanation. The Italians, situated on the terrace above our front-line men, had emptied their latrine into our trench. The foul mess, which the Italians had apparently collected long and carefully, had descended on the heads of our poor soldiers. There was a good deal of the tragic in this comic situation. By telephone the victims reported that they were literally suffocating, but they could do nothing about it; it was impossible to leave the trench until nightfall.

"The Italians are beginning to fight with their national weapon," Arnold sneered. "But I'm not sure we wouldn't have done the same had we been up there," he added. "Every war develops its own ethics."

Major Madarashi called Arnold to the telephone.

"Please keep this story quiet. Explain to the soldiers that they must keep quiet about it. We don't want any new nickname tagged on us."

Arnold immediately communicated to the officers present the major's request.

"So now we'll quietly be the goat any time the enemy feels like playing dirty tricks on us," said Oberleutnant Sexardi.

"Don't take this latrine to heart," soothed Bacco.

Rapidly the incident bred its inevitable series of jokes.

From the Italian positions the following evening mandolins strummed, songs, laughter rang out. The very summit of Clara was festive.

"They've probably been relieved," many of us thought. "Yesterday they were quiet."

On the left flank our soldiers began to sing, parodying the Italians.

The night went by calmly. Husar, Haal and Spitz worked hard at the sappers' trench and boasted that they had deepened it by a meter and a half in one night.

In the morning I visited them, returned home and lay down. It was about eight o'clock. Soon after to the right of my dugout I heard the dry crash of an explosion.

"Hand grenade," I thought.

Homok dashed out to find out what was the matter and returned aghast.

"They blew them up—Herr Spitz, Corporal Husar and five more."

I ran out. In the trenches the excitement was high. Bacco appeared from the opposite direction, revolver in hand. About twenty of the men on duty were with him. Bacco and his men were excited, pale, a savage light in their eyes. Not all of them had their rifles with them, but many were hanging hand grenades on their belts and adjusting bayonets as they walked. Bacco nodded to me as he passed by and went on to the sappers' trench with his soldiers.

Sanitary corps orderlies stopped me, bearing Spitz on a stretcher. Spitz's face was a lemon yellow, his hanging arms swung limply, his left eye was shut and his right had a blank stare.

"What's the matter with him?"

"A spinal wound. He's done for," said the stretcher bearer.

"Who else?"

Several seriously wounded men were being borne on stretchers. One walked without aid, his right arm in first-aid bandages, blood oozing through the gauze. Haal ran up.

"Seven casualties in our detachment, Herr Lieutenant. Poor Spitz, may he rest in peace. Husar is wounded, but not seriously—he is being treated now. Four dead and many wounded in the company."

I rushed to the sappers' trench, but men from Bacco's platoon barred the way.

"Go away, Herr Lieutenant, the Italians have it under fire."

Pushing aside the soldiers, I made my way to where a Honved with a light face wound was telling Bacco how it had all happened.

"The sappers were at work, Herr Lieutenant. They had taken down the net which stops falling hand grenades, as Sub-Lieutenant Spitz had ordered. And suddenly, quite close, as if only two feet off, somebody shouted in Hungarian from the Italian side: 'Hey, Magyars!' 'What's on your mind?' asked the Herr Sub-Lieutenant. 'Want some cigarettes?' The Herr Sub-Lieutenant did not reply, and whispered to us to keep quiet, but one of our

men cried out: 'Sure—but only if they're Tunis or Egyptians!' 'Here!' shouted the Italians, 'catch them!' And sure enough, a tin of cigarettes came flying at us from the Italian trenches, a hundred in the box, all gold-tipped, real Tunis cigarettes, a picture of an Arab on the lid. We began to divide them up, leaving half for the Herr Sub-Lieutenant, when suddenly the Italians again shouted: 'Hey, Magyars!' 'What now?' we asked—I was the man who asked, sir. 'Want a windproof lighter?' 'Send it over,' we cried. 'Catch!' says the Italian, and I saw something black come down. 'Bad stuff,' I thought right away, and shouted: 'Lie down!' and rushed for a sandbag myself. But the explosion drowned out what I said. It was grenades, sir—five tied together. That's how it happened."

Bacco stood among his soldiers. His eyes literally glistened, he breathed heavily, grabbing the revolver in his hand.

"And that's all?" he asked, when the wounded man finished.

"Yes, sir, Herr Lieutenant."

"Not quite all," said Bacco, raising his head. He grew red in the face, and his eyes were blazing.

"Well, boys," he addressed the soldiers, "are we going to take it lying down?"

"What are you up to, Bacco?" I asked, making my way to his side.

"Listen, Matrai, we're going to pay them back—right now. If we don't return soon, inform my company commander. Goodbye."

At least fifty men had gathered in the trench, some from Bacco's platoon, some from other platoons, and some of my sappers. The soldiers were enraged, ready for anything.

"Well," cried Bacco. "Whoever wants to fight, follow me!"

I hardly had time to open my mouth when the crowd moved like one mass, disappearing into the trench. For several seconds nothing was to be heard but the scattering of dislodged stones. Suddenly someone shouted:

"They're through the barbed wire! They're advancing!"

The soldiers in the trenches dashed toward the exit. They made no outcries, nothing was to be heard but the shuffling of spiked boots. I drew my revolver and felt a spasm in my throat.

"Haal!" I ordered. "Report to the Herr Oberleutnant; get two platoons here quick!" and I jumped into the sappers' trench.

The trench was packed with people pushing forward. No one knew what was happening in front. I stumbled over some stones, then over something slippery and soft, but there was no time to glance at the ground. Barbed wire swayed before my face. Another second, and I might have lost my eyes. At the cost of a cut hand I seized the wire and bent it aside. Looking back to warn the next man, I saw to my surprise that Haal was behind me. He was carrying a short-handled trench shovel.

In front of us we heard shouts, then hand grenades exploding.

"At them, boys!" I heard Bacco's piercing voice, and we ran forward.

"Our men must be in the Italian trenches!" flashed through my mind.

The men behind pushed us forward.

"Forward! Forward!"

Everyone was pushing on to the left, upward, upward, toward the top of the mountain. I realized that it was necessary to turn some of the men off to the right, to cover the advance. Then I noticed that from our trenches the men were attacking in file and further along, at Vermigliano, a fierce cross-fire had started up. Till then our whole attack had taken place in almost complete silence. When the artillery fire broke out the attackers

grew more excited and everywhere came the cries: "*Raita*! Hurrah! *Raita*!"

I too shouted until I was hoarse, oblivious of everything.

"Forward! Forward! Reserves! Forward!"

I stepped across a prone Italian. He raised his hands, and I waved at him with my revolver.

"March back!"

He backed toward the rear, keeping his hands up. One of our soldiers jabbed at him with his bayonet. The Italian dodged and threw himself on the ground like a frightened dog.

Higher and higher we went on. We were already in the Italian trenches. Before us yawned a dugout.

"Clean it out with a hand grenade!"

I approached the cavern and, without knowing why, cried in German:

"*Heraus*!" (Get out!)

My voice produced a muffled echo, but no one answered. We threw a hand grenade into the depth and went on.

Only a few steps remained to the very crest of the mountain. The front ranks of the attackers were now dashing down the other slope. For a second I had a glimpse of the whole attack, but there was no time to look around.

Our men nosed about like tigers, poking into every cranny; the slightest resistance brought a bullet or a bayonet thrust. Everywhere Italians were surrendering; we had to argue with the soldiers not to kill them.

The whole first company was there, and many of my snipers as well. From the left flank the second and third companies were joining us. We were on the top. From the captured trenches we could look down.

Along Clara's sloping terraces the second company was running, spread out in file. In front ran Oberleutant Sexardi, a long saber in his hand. Where had he got the saber? Around me were wild, victory-flushed faces. Arnold's face was red, inflamed; his mouth twisted as he shouted and waved his arms.

"Lie down! Open fire on the retreating enemy! Machine-gun!"

Many did not even have rifles, just hand grenades.

What had happened to Bacco? Bacco was the hero. Bacco, Bacco...

Arnold kept the fleeing foe under fire. The soldiers who had used up their grenades threw stones.

And below? The chausseurs were attacking on the right flank. They left their trenches and surged toward the barbed wire. A machine-gun rattled, and the chausseurs sought cover. Some began to run back, then to crawl back, and the rest followed in flight. We should have put the Italians under machine-gun fire from the crest before. Now they were emplacing machine-guns, but it was too late—the chausseurs would not go into the attack again.

"Forward to the trenches! Dislodge them!"

Mad shouts. No one paid attention to the flying bullets; even grenades made no impression. The grenades, incidentally, flew over our heads. We heard them hissing and exploding behind us. Shrapnel crackled above us. We didn't care. Two wounded. What did it matter? Clara was ours. Hurrah! *Raita!* Bravo!

In those eventful days I had an excellent opportunity to study the soldiers and officers.

Bacco was amazingly simple. He said:

"I don't understand, myself, how it happened, but you know, when I saw Spitz dying and heard of their swinish trick I went mad. The soldiers were as mad as I was. And this

wir, friends, begins when the soldiers go into a rage.

"The Herr Generals don't realize that, but we officers of the line, we who are making the war, we realize it. 'Well,' I thought, 'if that's how we feel, let's go!' We scrambled into the sappers' trench and went through. No one said a word. I saw a pile of sacks. I grabbed three of them, winked to the soldiers, and they followed my example. I recalled how when I was a kid, I had sneaked into orchards. We threw the sacks on the barbed wire and in a flash we were over. We must have run right into the bastards who played that trick; one of them cried out 'Magyars!' in Hungarian when he saw us, but he didn't have time to say another word; I went for him, and he went flying like a top."

Bacco was fascinating; he bewitched us by his simplicity. I was considered hero No. 2, for I had led my men right after Bacco's, but I thought Arnold deserved the honor more than I. Arnold was the man who, with the second platoon, instead of going to the left, turned to the right and thereby made the capture of the peak decisive. If we had all gone to the left, we might easily have found ourselves in a trap.

There were comical sidelights. Dr. Aachim tried to prove that five minutes after the assault he was on the spot. No one had seen the heroic doctor, but we heard out his elaborate lie, and let it go. Later Lieutenant Kenez told me confidentially that division headquarters had asked for the names of those who had distinguished themselves in the attack and the battalion staff was drawing up the list. Non-coms. and soldiers were also to be listed and I proposed Haal, Husar and the tall corporal who had gone out to fetch the wounded Italians at Vermigliano, a splendid fellow.

I was dissatisfied with Arnold's attitude. We had a quarrel. I had presumed to speak to him about his morbid skepticism, and about his drinking. To put it plainly, Arnold drank like a house painter. Painter, painter.... Once we had a painter for a neighbor, one Gabriel Dietrich. He was always drunk; and the eyes of Professor Doktor Arnold Schick, that formerly had constantly shone with a marvelous brightness, were now either drowsily dull or glittered madly.

Herr Oberleutnant Schick enjoyed great authority in the battalion. Being reserved and quiet, and not being too ceremonious with unwelcome company, he was considered haughty. Herr Oberleutnant Schick was in command of the first company, the highest rank in the battalion, below the major. Now the division staff was raising him to captain's rank.

No one there knew that silent, courteous officer as well as I, and that that calm company commander, cold-blooded to the point of elegance, was a wreck. The wise, cultivated man whom I had known as Professor Doktor Schick, for whom we, his pupils, would have gone through fire and water, existed no longer.

The very forming of this thought was in itself terrible, and my heart contracted. Had not Arnold been my ideal? I had always sought to understand him and imitate him, and that had never seemed humiliating to me. And now we had quarreled. True, there had been no ill-will in our heated words; neither of us could successfully hide the love we still felt for each other; but the episode depressed me.

The victory did not exhilarate Arnold; he remained indifferent to the glamor and the heroism of it. In his opinion, the incident had no significance, tactical or otherwise. Untrue, I argued hotly. Arnold lis-

tened apathetically, and after my tirade found nothing better to say than:

"Have it as you please."

It was insulting, humiliating. For the first time in my life I opposed my teacher and told him to his face: "You don't understand." Loss of authority is unpleasant to any teacher; Arnold was no exception. But this time even his anger was without dignity—a little hysterical. He cursed me, called me a mooncalf. I explained it by the fact that he drank too much. He had at last burnt out his nerves. I had begun to drink too.

But what had I said that could have so annoyed him? I only wanted to describe the feelings the attack had aroused in me. I wanted to cite that as evidence that the war had not worn itself out, that in that day's fighting there had been spirit, anger and purpose, and therefore the victory had been beautiful. Arnold had looked at me with disgust.

"Yes, Arnold, that attack taught me much; in the first place it proved to me that you and I have been on the wrong track. What happened? I, Tibor Matrai, a young man of twenty-three, an officer of the Hungarian Army..."

"Herr Lieutenant..."

"Yes, a lieutenant, with experience on many fronts, allowed myself of late to fall into a mood, to express thoughts, which..."

"Which were, to say the least, unbecoming a Honved officer," finished Arnold.

"If you please, you may put it that way, but add that such thoughts have a demoralizing effect and lead to nothing good."

"And what good do you expect?"

"Arnold, I do not wish to prolong our conversation in this tone. Hear me out," I said as quietly as I could. "What good is there in giving way to annihilating pessimism? True, my nerves are worn out, I confess that of late I have had my doubts about the aims and the lines along which the war is being conducted. Most of all I doubted whether the soldiers could hold out much longer. We officers are of no significance. I don't count the general staff or the ministers. They'll hold out, if the soldiers will. It was you, Arnold, who roused my interest in the soldiers. I confess I had doubts, but today I look on them totally differently from the way I considered them a week ago. The soldiers know how and are able to fight if properly led, and when they know what for."

Arnold burst into laughter, and thus our conversation ended. Later I regretted that I had touched on this question. Arnold considered my views a relapse into a schoolboy mood. Perhaps he was right. It did not matter. I did not want to analyze. At last I had found what I was missing; the assurance without which everything around me turned into a giant question mark. That day I looked at everything with confidence and allowed no one to disturb my equilibrium.

I tried to draw out Bacco.

"That's all politics, buddy," he said. "When it comes to politics I'm a complete ignoramus."

No, that, too, could not be the viewpoint of an intelligent person. I had long abandoned the traditional view that officers should not concern themselves with politics.

I wanted to believe in the future, I wanted the war not to resolve itself within me into a paralyzing "what for?" Down with question marks, hurrah for the exclamation mark!

The whole day we spent tidying up the conquered positions. Everything facing north was shifted to face south. I looked over the latrine which the Italians had emp-

tied on us. It was a masterly built affair, like a balcony overhanging the terrace. A sign read: "Latrine No. 7."

I received orders from Major Madarashi to have the latrine turned toward the Italians, tipping it over the cliff like a hanging balcony. The order pleased the soldiers. The work went cheerfully ahead. The sappers prepared foundations, and on the second night the structure was turned from the north to the south. The Italians almost immediately machine-gunned it. Two soldiers in the latrine at that moment received light wounds.

"A bad joke, that latrine," I said to Haal.

"The men like it, Herr Lieutenant. There's little enough fun here."

From battalion headquarters came a telephone message ordering Springer, Bacco and myself with a platoon from the first company to go down that night to Novi-Vash, where an automobile would await us. The next day we would have a public funeral for our dead heroes. At first it was rumored that the whole first company would attend, but later that this plan had been changed for "high considerations." We knew what those "high considerations" meant; ceremonies and awards. It was said the awards would be personally presented by General Boreovich, commander of our sector, and in the trenches, on the very summit of Monte dei sei Boussi; then that not only Boreovich would come, but Archduke Josef, chief-of-command, who would personally present the awards. The soldiers extolled the archduke to the skies, but they did it too insistently, and mostly when officers stood near by.

I called for Haal and gave him instructions on what to do in my absence, saying that Sub-Lieutenant Torma would substitute for me. A smile flitted across his face.

"What's the matter, Haal? Have you anything against him?" I asked.

"Not at all," stammered Haal.

I was emphatically cold and official.

"Tonight we must finish shifting the breastworks, and when I return we shall start work on the right flank. We can only hold Boussi when we have the other side."

I cursed the chausseurs for having let slip their chance of throwing the Italians back. I wanted Haal to understand that I was in a militant frame of mind and unreceptive to his views on the war and the army.

"Well, Herr Haal, I hope you understand me. See to it that no incidents like yesterday's occur in Latrine No. 7. It's we sappers who get hell for it. I instructed Herr Torma to demand twenty or thirty-five men to fill out our detachment. Order Kiral to be ready to report to me, on my return, where the Italians got their electricity and where the wires are cut. I suspect the electricity was not only for lighting."

Haal was silent. Not once did he punctuate my speech as soldiers punctuated officers' speeches, with ready "yes sir's." I finally asked sharply:

"You understand?"

"I understand, Herr Lieutenant, but. . ."

"Well, what else?"

A shadow of embarrassment flitted across Haal's face: he hesitated a moment, then said in a low voice:

"Nothing, Herr Lieutenant. I only wanted to say. . . .But perhaps the Herr Lieutenant does not wish to hear. . ."

"I don't understand you, Haal. Are we soldiers or old women? Speak out."

Haal pulled himself up stiffly, a thing he had not done for a long time. It ill suited him, this soldier-like movement, but apparently he wished to please me.

"I beg to report, Herr Lieutenant, that the operative section of division or brigade headquarters ought to have a special cross-section map of our position. We call it a hydrogeological map of the locality. In order to get a clear idea of what Monte dei sei Boussi is like we must get such a map. And since you are going to Kostanjevica, I wanted to ask you..."

I was upset. From embarrassment I passed to anger. I thought:

"What he'd like to say is: 'Eh, Herr Lieutenant, you are still a baby, and although I am only a soldier, I have more knowledge of military affairs in my little finger than you.' "

Suppressing my fury, I said:

"Right, Haal. Very good that you reminded me."

And my irritation as suddenly vanished. It was true, Haal knew a great deal more about sappers' work than I, but I could not let him know that I knew it.

We were driven straight to brigade headquarters. The brigade general was absent, and we were received by a blond, official major of the general staff, chief of staff of the brigade, who the moment he heard my report, immediately turned from official into affable host. The staff men were unaffected in their admiration and were very attentive to us. The major called us into his office and offered us cigars. Several staff officers, among them Lantosh, entered. Toward me Lantosh overworked his superior's graciousness. The major shut the door and addressed us:

"Well, my friends, tell us everything. So many legends have grown up around it, such a mass of contradiction that it sets your head spinning. I want to know the whole story."

I pointed to Bacco.

"Herr Major, the real hero of the attack was Lieutenant Bacco. The attack began on his initiative."

All eyes turned toward Bacco, who was disconcerted. He was as embarrassed as a high school girl at the blackboard.

"If Bacco permits, I will tell you what took place," I said, to relieve him.

In the middle of my recital the general, just returned from some important conference, entered and condescendingly excused himself for not having been able to receive us in person. The general gave off a strong odor of perfume. Bacco sniffed involuntarily. I began my account again, and now dwelt on the role of the soldiers, indicating that I considered the soldiers' heroism greater than ours. From time to time I glanced at Bacco, in whose eyes I saw approval. Springer, however, stared at me with surprise and annoyance.

"I read your report," nodded the general. "There, too, you exaggerate the role of the soldiers. That is wrong. Without the initiative of the Herr officers, without your heroism the soldiers would have been helpless."

Overstepping all conventions, I, rising slightly, quietly finished the general's sentence:

"And vice-versa, your excellency."

There was a hush, but the general magnanimously agreed with me, and everyone breathed easier; yet I saw from Captain Lantosh's face that he would have wrung my neck with pleasure.

At supper Lantosh sat alongside me; I patiently listened to his effusions. Recalling Haal's request, I brought up the question of the map.

"There must be such a map about somewhere," Lantosh remarked absent-mindedly. "I'll instruct Bogdanovich to find it. He probably knows where it is—whether we have it or the division has it."

"I earnestly request you to obtain it, Herr Captain. It is imperative for us to know the cross-section of Monte dei sei Boussi."

The captain nodded to dismiss the topic. All his attention was concentrated on the place of honor at the end of the table, where the brigade-general had made a joke; the men around him were giving it its due of sycophantic laughter.

The supper was far from barrack-like. There were many courses, and in each dish one tasted the art of a first-class chef.

After the supper the chief of staff of the brigade took us aside and told us that the brigade general wished to drive us to Zagrai, to show us the club and cinema, but, of course, only if we were not tired. Naturally, we said that we were entranced by the prospect.

Another swift ride, this time with lights on and a siren which could be heard miles off. Zagrai was in the mountains. A nice little town. Broad streets, warm lights in the windows of the houses, people out walking. Quiet; the war seemed far off; and were it not for the uniforms of the men on the streets, one might have thought . . .

Animation ruled in the large, brightly lighted building. Gypsy music in one room, card tables in another. We went up to the floor above. Our brigade general, apparently, was a habitue. An officer stood on duty at the door.

"Has it started?" asked the general.

"Just this moment, your excellency."

"Quick, then, let us in."

The officer admitted the general and looked at us in enquiring surprise, but the major nodded and we were admitted. Someone pulled me into a seat, and suddenly out of the darkness the white screen came alive.

After the film we went down to the music room and listened to the gypsy band playing waltzes. Springer was thrilled.

"This is the life! Culture, civilization! Friends, could you believe that the war is only twenty-five kilometers from here?"

We were guests of the general. Everyone was super-courteous. The major, the chief of staff, was amazingly nice to us. Nevertheless, his every word, every gesture, kept us in our humiliated, separate position. It was as if they said:

"Enjoy yourselves, friends, just see how we value you; we accept you as equals for the moment, and give you an opportunity to enjoy the things which are our property, property of the gentlemen of the staff. Appreciate this!"

The general seated Bacco and me alongside him, provoking envious glances from the staff officers. And the thought: "outsider, outsider, outsider" kept boring into my mind.

Lantosh stuck to me all evening. He looked on me as his hero, and bathed in the rays of our glory.

Again in the auto, we rushed across darkness to be deposited in a small house. I was able to undress and sleep, sleep, sleep. The bed was almost unbearably soft, the springs whined musically under me, the bedding felt pleasantly fresh and cool.

I stared at the dark ceiling of my room and thought for a long time. Then suddenly I rebelled against myself: "Why bother my head so? That's life." But then with cold logic thought after thought crawled on:

Our army consisted of three layers, united by the barracks discipline built up through centuries. The first and largest layer was the soldiers: the foundation buried from sight. This layer was the most unexplored, the most dangerous and puzzling. There were people who thought the only characteristic of

these masses was capacity for blind obedience. What an error! The second layer was the front officers, a much thinner and more transparent layer—and less dangerous. Between these two layers, like oil between the working parts of a machine, was a layer of non-commissioned officers. They lessened the friction of the contact between these parts. Soldiers and officers—two different worlds united by an iron bolt of discipline. If that bolt weakened the layers would fly apart.

And those gentlemen in staff headquarters, who were they? A privileged upper layer, aristocrats who, amidst the horrors and deprivations, were able and dared to create for themselves something like life. Those gentlemen were the specialists of war, they directed us. War was their profession. If the fate of the war depended on them, the war would go on to the last bullet, to the last spoonful of soldiers' soup, to the last common grave. If they were allowed, these comfortable gentlemen would "fight this war without end." But would the soldiers hold out? These thoughts, like snakes, crawled in the convolutions of my brain, and I vainly sought to dislodge them, vainly sought to warm my heart with my former optimism.

After the funeral the command gave a dinner in honor of the dead. The men emptied bottle after bottle of tinted alcohol. We were served goulash and curd dumplings. The mood was one of high spirits; they wanted to give me an ovation. Only my vehement objections halted them.

Colonel Hruna attended the dinner. I was glad to see the old man. The colonel also expressed his joy aloud, slapped me on the back, then took my arm and demonstratively walked down the room with me.

"I want to visit you up there," he said, "but I never find the time. Tomorrow I leave for several days for the right flank. How are the Italians behaving?"

"Quietly, Herr Colonel."

"Hum... Then you'd better watch out or they'll pull a fast one."

The major of the general staff appeared on the threshold, our general preceding him into the room. Conversation stopped. Hruna sat alongside the general, and we three, the heroes for the moment, received places in the center.

Why should we watch out? What fast one could the Italians pull? Hruna's words gave me no peace.

I pitched into the cognac, anxious to warm up. The oppressive feeling passed and I began to feel at home.

"The devil take everything! What 'everything'? Well, of course, first of all the war," I thought, and laughed drunkenly.

"A gay funeral this is, buddy," I said to Bacco.

Bacco replied by shaking my hand and we clinked glasses. Then the general delivered a speech, smooth, empty, unfeeling. Carefully, so that no one would notice, I removed the mourning band from my left sleeve. The dinner to commemorate the slain turned into a revel. Gypsies entered and, so low that they could hardly be heard, played Hungarian tunes in a minor key.

"May those sleeping in the grave sleep in peace, may the living live to the full!" cried a small, round-faced officer, raising his glass; and these words seemed to serve as a signal for the gypsies to change to a major key.

Preparing to leave, the general delivered a pep talk hailing our courage and hinting that the supreme command intended to distribute high honors and promotions in our battalion. Major Madarashi gave a solemn parody in reply. The general shook hands with us and left. Hruna also rose, and I ac-

companied him. Lantosh did not let us out of his sight. Again I mentioned the matter of the hydrogeological map.

"That's it!" exclaimed Hruna, nudging me in the chest with his finger. "At all costs, Herr Captain, find this map for them."

The colonel said goodbye. Lantosh was annoyed.

"Why bother the old man with such trifles? I told you I'd get the map for you." And disdainfully he turned away.

At Novi-Vash we bade farewell to the major and went on to the communications trench we knew so well.

I reached my cavern dugout. Homok met me with the report that Haal had come for me several times that afternoon. I sent Homok for Haal. In a few minutes Haal entered, shut the door carefully, and said he had a secret report to make.

I gave Homok Arnold's mail, and Papa Andrisch left.

(To be concluded in the next issue)

Mikhail Koltsov

Spanish Diary

November 7

General Miaja arrived at headquarters at about 2 a.m. He began the defense of Madrid with a "crime."

The day before at six in the evening, just before fleeing the town, General Asensio, Assistant Minister for War, summoned Miaja and handed him a sealed envelope bearing the inscription: "Not to be opened till 6 a.m., November 7, 1936."

Miaja went home, with it, the envelope, burning his fingers. Over the telephone friends informed him that the government and the higher military command had left the town. His friends told him that his appointment was to saddle him with the onus of surrendering Madrid to the fascists.

There was some plausibility in this. Miaja was considered an unsuccessful general, rather simple and countrified. The younger men, especially Franco, Queipo de Llano, Verela, had always made fun of him. His very name ('*miaja*' means 'rabbit') was a joke. Miaja's appointment to the War Office in July, on the outbreak of the rebellion, was considered a laughing matter. Fingers were ironically raised in Madrid hotels, to accompany the *bon mot*: "Of course Miaja is the only man for an army of that size!"

Miaja haunted various departments, trying to get hold of troops, of information, trying to get in touch with some sort of military command, but in vain. From some houses the only reply to his questions was an indignant snort. He resigned the same day.

There was an element of mockery in leaving abandoned, defenseless Madrid in the charge of an apparently discredited general like Miaja. This was indubitably the work of Asensio, ostensibly a Republican general, actually the old messmate of Franco, Varela and Yague, and their fellow in education, outlook and tastes.

After some hesitation Miaja decided to open the letter against orders, without waiting till morning. It contained the War Office edict:

"In order to facilitate the fulfilment of our principal task—the defense of the republic—the government has resolved to leave Madrid and entrusts to Your Excellency the defense of the capital at all costs. For your assistance in this difficult matter, in addition to the permanent administrative organs a Junta (Committee) for

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Excerpts from the second part of the diary kept by Mikhail Koltsov, during his sojourn in Spain.

the Defense of Madrid has been created , including representatives of all political parties in the government, in the proportion in which they are represented therein. Your Excellency is entrusted with the presidency of this Committee. The Junta has plenipotentiary powers from the government for the coordination of all the necessary means for the defense of Madrid, which must be maintained till the end. In the event, despite all efforts, of it becoming necessary to leave the capital, the same organ is charged to save all property of military importance, and any other property which might be of value to the enemy. In this event the troops should retreat on Cuenca in order to create a line of defense along a frontier which will be laid down by the command of the central front. Your Excellency is subordinate to the command of the central front, with which you will maintain permanent communications on military operative questions. From the command you will receive orders for the defense, and with regard to military and food supplies for the army. Staff headquarters and the Junta should be situated in the War Office. The whole of the General Staff, except those members which the government considers necessary to take with it, will form your staff."

Miaja rushed about to look for the staff with which he had been endowed, and that of the central front. He found neither. Everyone had run away. There was not a soul in the War Office. He began to ring up people's houses. Nobody came to the telephone; or, hearing that the "General Miaja, President of the Junta for the Defense of Madrid" was on the line, they hung up the receiver with the utmost caution, without uttering a sound.

Miaja's hunt for the Junta was equally fruitless. The appointed representatives of the parties had left Madrid on their own, with the exception of the Communist Mije. It was a repetition of the humiliation to which Miaja had been subjected on his appointment to the War Office in July.

He appealed to the Fifth Regiment of the National Militia. The Fifth responded by placing at the disposal of General Miaja not only its troops, reserves, and munitions, but the whole of its staff, commanders and commissars. This cheered Miaja a little. Cheka and Mije got into touch with him from the Central Committee. Late that night a few officers turned up for staff work: Colonel Rojo, Colonel Fontan, Major Matallana. The Fifth Regiment sent Ortage, member of the Central Committee, and chief of the service department of the General Staff, for staff work.

Miaja recounted all this himself, standing in the middle of the spacious anteroom, surrounded by the people who were assembling in the abandoned building. He is a tall, rosy old man, completely bald. His cheeks sag, and in big, horn-rimmed spectacles he looks like an owl. He is excitable, gets angry, slaps himself on the chest and stomach; but these gestures somehow make you feel his staunchness.

What a treacherous act it had been to forbid the organizer of the defense of Madrid to read his credentials till the morning! A good thing Miaja had had the sense to open the letter. Not all Spanish generals would have done it! At least some hours were gained.

The staff officers are endeavoring to establish communications with the troops which yesterday retreated into the town. But nothing comes of it. Nobody is to be found. Colonel Rojo, assuming the duties of chief of staff, sends officers and commissars who happen to be at his disposal, simply to

A new school named in honor of Emilo Castelar, recently erected in Madrid by the Republican Government

hunt through the town, the barracks, and the barricades looking for troops, and to bring commanders and delegates back to headquarters. The Fifth Regiment had been somewhat overconfident—there also confusion reigned. As for the munitions it had offered Miaja, there was only enough for four hours' fighting. In all there were a hundred and twenty-two cases of cartridges for the whole of Madrid. No doubt there was more somewhere, perhaps ten times as much, but since no one knew *where*—they were as good as nonexistent.

Along the Manzanares, at the bridges, scattered troops were shooting at random. Rojo endeavored to get in touch with them first of all. They had to be supplied with munitions, cannon and machine-guns; the preparations for blowing up the bridges at a moment's notice had to be tested, adjoining houses had to be mined. This last was undertaken by the Macedonian Sniper Xanti, a volunteer, a daring fellow and a Communist.

The tanks were still roaming the town. After losing touch with their higher command they had embarked since the day before on an independent career. Their commander made brief onslaughts at Casa-del-Campo or the Western Park, on his own initiative or on request. In the night, when tanks ought to be fast asleep in bed, they turned themselves into heavy artillery, shooting into the dark (at the request of the volunteers) in the direction of the enemy.

Miguel Martinez went to the Central Committee. Outside, the building seemed to be abandoned, but inside, behind drawn curtains, life

was seething. Cheka was at the center of things. With the secretaries of district committees he was organizing general mobilization of all the anti-fascist population fit to fight or work. The Party workers, joining up with other trustworthy elements, were making a round of the houses, drawing up lists of volunteers, setting up internal military committees within apartment houses, pledged to defend every building to the end, to leave it only when it became a heap of ruins. A section of the working class population was enrolled for the actual fighting, another section for fortification work, others for collecting and transporting provisions and military supplies.

In addition to district committees five sectional military Party committees were organized. These undertook matters of a purely military nature as well as the political side of the defense of the four sections of the town. The ordinary district committees were to look after the defense work of the civil population. Old people unfit for work and mothers and children were to be immediately evacuated.

Miguel inquired about the evacuation of the arrested fascists. Cheka replied that nothing had been done, and now it was too late. Vast transport resources not to mention guards would be required, and where were they to come from?

"But there's no need to evacuate the whole eight thousand, there's any amount of harmless types among them. The thing to do is to pick out the worst elements and send them on foot to the rear, in small groups, up to two hundred."

"They'll escape!"

"They won't. Give them in charge of the peasants, that'll probably be more reliable than prison warders, who are always corrupt. And if some of them do escape, to hell with them, we can catch them again later. Anything not to put these forces into Franco's hands. However few we get rid of, two thousand, a thousand, even five hundred, will lessen the danger. They can be sent in fatigues to Valencia."

Cheka gave it his consideration and nodded his agreement. Two comrades, in addition to Miguel, were assigned for the purpose. They set off for the two biggest prisons.

The prisoners were in excellent spirits. They gleefully told their warders: "This is our last night here. You'll have other clients tomorrow." They made no threats. In Spain, prison staffs stay on through all changes of government, in the capacity of essential experts. It is only the prisoners who are changed.

The fascists were led into the yard and made to answer the roll-call. This alarmed them. They thought they were being taken out to be shot. They were sent over to Arganda and the chief warder went with the first lot to organize the first despatch point.

By 6 a. m. we had got as far as the bridges. The firing had quieted down a bit. People were dozing. Everything was numbed in somber, desperate expectation. Expectation of what? Madrid could not possibly be saved, but must not be surrendered. Everything had been done for its surrender, nothing for its salvation.

Madrid must not be surrendered! She must be fought for to the last cartridge, to the last stick of dynamite; and then with bayonets, with paving-stones, with fists and at last, if the enemy gets in, with tooth and nail.... Let them know what it means to take such a town!

But if people are to fight, fight to the last gasp, they must have something to believe in, they must feel that there is some point in

fighting. They must believe Madrid can be saved. And perhaps it can, after all.... If it could only hold out till reserves come up! Perhaps after all they will come.... As a matter of fact they're on the way, six whole brigades. They are somewhere near the capital. They say the International Brigade is already at Vallecas. It is covering the retreat along the road to Valencia. Why cover retreat? Let the runaways cover their own retreat! Better hurl these six brigades, if more cannot be found, at the rebels' rear, surround them, drive them up to Madrid, catch them in a trap, break them up... There was a "Marne miracle." Why not one on the Manzanares? There must be! A miracle must be performed....

It is quite light and life is stirring in the streets; stirring and growing ever more active, till, like a threatening storm, from the south and south-west sections of the town, it grows to a vast ever swelling wave of people, carriages, vans and beasts.

The capital has only just discovered, this morning, that the government has decamped, that the town has no real defense, that the enemy is at the gate, at the door, has crossed the threshold.

Two hours later the main streets are jammed, then the side-streets, then every lane and alley. The dense mass of humanity bubbles, murmurs and howls. Automobiles, trucks, empty street-cars, carts laden with furniture, are inextricably mixed up in it. Here is an armored car with mattresses, pillows, wash-tubs, and bundles of washing shamelessly exposed on its roof. There a funeral hearse, corpse and all, abandoned by its driver.

The panic has become elemental. People, sobbing and wringing their hands, confide to strangers; mothers scream for their children—the way people behave during an earthquake. A tradesman, avaricious to the last, has loaded his goods on a hand-cart, and a bolt of colored silk has become unwound, and caught in the wheel; the owner storms, a passer-by tears off a piece of the shining stuff, indifferently, as if it were a paper streamer.

It is the flood, it is the day of doom, the fall of Pompeii, panic and madness on a mass scale! But there is method in its madness. The seething masses, jamming the streets, are nevertheless slowly, but surely moving towards the east.

I left automobile and driver, telling him, if the crowd should thin out, to get to the War Office. I myself, working with my elbows, began to push towards the Palace. I wanted to visit Simon.

It took me over an hour to get to the Plaza de las Cortes. At the entrance of the hotel was a fleet of ambulance cars crowded with wounded, with nobody to take them out.

I made my way to Simon's ward. People were jostling each other between the beds, talking to the wounded, discussing what to do. Some had brought with them home-made stretchers and were placing on them wounded relatives, residents of Madrid, to take them home, to hide them from the fascists.

Simon was not in his place. From neighboring beds they told me he had died an hour before, and been taken to the morgue.

The entrance to the morgue was in a side-street, formerly the hotel garage for the cars of rich guests. It was filling up with its new charges; the bodies were already being placed two deep. Simon was lying near the wall, an automobile tire hanging over him. His face was peaceful. The sirens were hooting in the street. Junkers had appear-

Airman José Redondo of the Spanish Republican Air Force

ed overhead. Far away there was a hollow explosion. But instead of running away people looked with cheerful interest overhead.

The bombers changed their course, turning westward, rapidly disappearing. A group of destroyers remained, which was attacked from the side in mass formation by small, very rapid planes.

The Junkers turned tail; the fight took on a more individualized nature. One of the Junkers crashed in flames, describing a line of black smoke against the sky. The crowd applauded in ecstasy, tossing up their berets and hats.

"*Chatos!*" they exclaimed. "*Viva los chatos!*"

Almost as soon as the new Republican destroyers made their appearance the people of Madrid invented a name for them—"*chatos*" (snub-nose). The epithet is apt, for the screw turns up slightly in front of the wings.

The Junkers fled. To emphasize their triumph the "snub noses" circled twice over the capital, stunting, coming down low enough to show the tricolor of the Republican flag. The crowds in the streets listened, rejoicing, to the throb of the friendly engines. Women waved their kerchiefs and, standing on tiptoe, stretching out their necks, blew kisses upwards.

In Moscow now the November parade is in full swing. Probably the military academy, the Proletarian Division, the Osoaviakhim, the cavalry, the artillery are passing through the Square, or have already passed. The noisy avalanche of the tanks has probably already poured round the Historical Museum from both sides. And perhaps just at this moment the first airplane formation has appeared overhead. The crowd will clap, looking now up at the flying machines, now down at the heavy, swift-moving, steel turtles.

Since yesterday a brand new five-seater Buick has been standing before the entrance of the Palace. I got someone to find the chauffeur. He was a short, middle-aged man, with a natty collar and tie.

"What's wrong with your car?"

"Nothing. I'm waiting for my employer."

He named a prominent official of the military-engineering department.

"Your employer left yesterday for Valencia in another car."

"Impossible! He would have given me warning."

"Well, I saw him, with his wife and children; his wife was wearing a blue hat, and the eldest son, about twenty, had a camera over his shoulder. The car was bigger than yours."

He listened with knit brows.

"That's right," he said. "He has a seven-seater Packard. Blue hat, camera, that all fits. They've

probably taken a lot of luggage in the Packard. I have a family, too. Some chauffeurs left their employers and evacuated their families. I didn't do that. Three days ago I said goodbye to my family, though they are all living here, in the town."

"What's your name?"

"Dorado."

"Be my chauffeur!"

He walked slowly round the car, looking at it as if he had never seen it before. He examined the wheels, the radiator, the trade mark, the door-handles, the luggage-carrier at the back. Everything looked new and gleaming. He unlocked the driver's door, took his place at the wheel, put his foot on the starter, and said:

"Where to?"

In the afternoon Miguel Martinez tried to get something done in the commissariat. There was no one from the administration in Madrid except Mije, and he was busy with the Junta. Three typists who were told nothing yesterday about the evacuation came to work in the empty offices. One of these was promoted secretary, and took her seat at the main desk. Commissar Gomez and two or three others turned up. They began working as if nothing had happened. They rang up Cheka asking for forty political workers for directing work among the troops holding the bridges. Cheka replied that he had not a single Communist free, but in half an hour sent five. They were furnished with mandates, and each given a writing-pad, three copying-ink pencils, a colored map of Madrid, a packet of cigarettes and telephone numbers to ring up, every two hours, about the position in the line. A motorcyclist came from one of the brigades, with a note from the commander asking for a political worker to take back with him in his side-car. Everybody liked this and spirits went up. Gomez and Martinez bustled about importantly, they felt very grand with no one over them. Nobody knows how long all this will go on..., Cheka sent nine more men, what a fine fellow he is! "What are we to do?" ask the newly nominated political workers. Most of them are building workers. There was no time to read them a lecture about political agitation. Miguel said: "In the first place, try and raise the morale of the fighters, don't let them retreat a step! In the second place cheer up the commanders; in the third place organize volunteer dynamiters, and tank fighters; in the fourth place see to the reinforcing of the second and third line of defense, get the residents to build barricades; in the fifth place..." The commissars wrote down their instructions with their new pencils on their new pads. "In the fifth place?" they asked. Miguel didn't know what came in the fifth place. "In the fifth place," he said, after a moment's thought, "keep steady, no retreating—not a step! Till powerful reserves come to our help and Franco is beaten back from the gates of Madrid."

"... till powerful reserves come to our help," wrote the commissars cheerfully in their new pads. "And supposing they don't come!" thought Miguel to himself. "Or if they come too late!"

At 5 p.m. fascist troops endeavored to skirt the Casa del Campo park. They were met here with energetic machine-gun and artillery fire (four tanks acted as artillery). In Carabanchel Moroccan cavalry was seen. Two armored cars opened fire along the street from Slaughter Square and the cavalry retreated.

In addition to this, the troops holding the Toledo bridge made a counter-attack. In the dusk they crept through the yards towards the southern end of Carabanchel,

and threw hand grenades into a small Italian tank. Its crew was killed. The tank itself was dragged by the volunteers a hundred paces, and then, coupled to a truck, was hauled across the Toledo bridge. The smashed tank was led through the streets of the capital amid indescribable cries of enthusiasm.

The enemy attacked the town at various points, but thus far with small forces, apparently feeling their way to see how steady was the determination of the Madrid garrison to resist, if it *was* determined, and if there *was* any Madrid garrison.

The volunteers stuck to their posts, and to the barricades. Rojo appointed Barcelo, Galan, Escobar, Lister, Prada, Clairac and Bueno commanders of the brigades within the town. Some of these were regular officers, some from the Fifth Regiment of the militia.

The main attack, which might be called the storming of Madrid, was not begun by the fascists till the evening. They seemed to be bracing up their strength in order, tomorrow, to hurl themselves into the center of the town.

The huge wave of fugitives gradually sweeps over the whole town. It is now, little by little, passing through the east end of the town. On the Valencia road the Anarchists have formed themselves into road patrols; they allow anyone to pass whom they choose, turn back those whom they choose. This is the sort of work they like. Yesterday they held up a group of prominent officials from the higher government departments, made fun of them, and all but shot them. The Mayor of Madrid, the famous fat man, Pedro Rico, was forced to return to the city. Panic stricken, he took refuge in a foreign embassy—incredible disgrace!

There have been bloody fights in side streets, around the Castellana Boulevard. The "enemy within the gates," the secret fascists, hiding in attics, fired on volunteers and on all and sundry. Some had machine-guns. Some threw small bombs, and field hand grenades. This is an extremely demoralizing form of attack. We were going along Goya Street when in front, at the crossroads, about half a block away, there was an explosion; people fell in the gutters; groans and cries were heard. Somehow it's simpler in actual battle. But in the streets people lose their heads, are afraid to go out of doors, and when they do, slink along the wall. But the activities of the Fifth Column have evoked an outburst of terrible wrath. The people forced their way into a house from which there had been shooting, and raiding all the rooms, shot a number of persons, the just and the unjust, and broke up everything they could lay their hands on. One house was burned down. Then someone had the good idea of announcing over the radio that this would happen in any house in which fascist terrorists and wreckers were discovered. Let the inhabitants of every house hunt out the enemy—they will be held responsible!

In less than three hours an internal front had been created within the town. House committees of antifascists have been organized. They guard the houses, examine the inhabitants, get in touch with the district authorities. A kind of fever has seized upon the town. But a healthy fever—it looks as if Madrid would really fight, block by block. The numbness of fear and the sense of doom are relaxing, and are being succeeded by wrath and determination.

I visited the bridges again. Casual artillery fire. The number of fighters has increased enormously at all barricades. There is no

"Defence of Madrid." Drawing by the Spanish Republican artist Solano

panic. People are emplacing machine-guns, dragging about sandbags, in the most orderly and business-like manner. Cannon have turned up, "blindages" are being camouflaged. Some of the fighters, rolled up in their blankets, are sleeping on the pavement.

I found headquarters in indescribable excitement. The captured Italian tank appears to have been a commander's machine, and General Varela's operative instructions for the seizure of Madrid were found on the body of the fascist officer, a Spaniard. Colonel Rojo was going through them for the second time, in an even voice, stopping after each paragraph to tick off the points with a red and blue pencil. Miaja was striding from corner to corner of the former ministerial office, beating his chest frantically with his open palm. Brigade commanders were seated on tables and chairs, listening in tense absorption.

Varela gave as "the task for the day 'D' ": to occupy a basic position for the storming of Madrid. To occupy and hold the line covering our left flank.

He also formulated as the underlying principle of the maneuver; "To attack the enemy on the front between the Segovia and Andalucia bridges, with the purpose of trapping him. To throw a shock group to the northwest so as to occupy the district between University City and Spanish Square, which is the basic position for the subsequent advance into the heart of Madrid."

The instructions are menacing. There is no hesitation or alternative in them. Madrid is to be taken by storm, the very building in which we were reading them was included in the military agenda.

There was practically nothing with which to withstand this iron blast. Nothing but ragged, decimated, scattered brigades of the most motley composition. Especially round the Casa del Campo. Here is Escobar's brigade, composed of various groups, scraped together during the flight to the city walls.

But still, the seizure of the enemy's military plans cheered us up. At least we knew what we had to expect.

But everything was not going well with the enemy. His brigades No 2 and 5 were the only ones to fulfil their program today, with an attack on the Segovia and Toledo bridges. And even then they can hardly be said to have fulfilled it entirely. They appear to have been extremely conscientious in carrying out the instructions "to avoid great losses." What were they afraid of—our two armored cars and three tanks? The rest of the brigades seem hardly to have made any move at all.

But Varela's edict by no means names November 7 as the day of the storming. Day "D" was named. It looks as if day "D" had been put off till the morrow.

Rojo asked not to be disturbed and sat at a table with his face towards the wall, to think out an order, every now and then calling brigade commanders and consulting them. He tapped with his pencil on General Varela's instructions. Everyone felt pleased that the worker volunteers had captured an Italian tank and wrung from it this insolent edict, in which the streets of Madrid were disposed of as if they were already fascist ground.

I went out and drove towards Spanish Square. The Gran Via has not yet been under the machine-gun or artillery fire of Brigade No. 3, as provided for in Varela's orders. On the corner, at the entrance to the Capital, a light was burning through a darkened glass, and people could be seen in front of it. *Chapayev* was being shown. The impulse to go in was irresistible. The huge picture house was crammed to overflowing. There were many women, but still more volunteers. Of course they ought by right to have been at the barricades, but still....

The atmosphere was tense. Vasili Ivanovich had only just come on. The machine-gun was crackling, and the audience involuntarily gripped their rifles, such was the strength of the newly formed reflex to the sound of shooting.... The burning house was being shot to bits, even the valiant Petka was nervous:

"Vasili Ivanovich ... we'd better retreat!"

"Chapayev never retreats."

And three thousand voices cried in reply:

"*Viva*, Russia, *viva!*"

In just the same way the Aragon peasants had shouted "*Viva*," looking at *Chapayev* in the village of Tardiente. The Russian partisans, the Russian sailors are posthumously affording inspiration to the people of the whole world for the struggle with their oppressors.

I rang up Barcelona from the commissariat, dictating the last telephonogram for Moscow for the day:

"It wants twenty minutes to midnight. We in Madrid are entitled to assert that we too have celebrated the holiday. The fascist bands tried to get into the town today. But the Madrid workers have confounded the plans of the fascist generals. They have defended Madrid today, at the cost, it is true, of much bloodshed. But the workers' holiday has not been clouded. Tomorrow, according to positive information, the enemy is preparing a heavy attack, with large forces furnished with abundant mil-

itary supplies. But Madrid's power to fight is increasing with every hour."

Rojo has already drawn up instructions, Miaja has signed them. The International Brigade is to be put into action, without waiting for the promised government reserves to come up. This may be uneconomical and spoil the idea of the powerful battering-ram, to be concentrated somewhere or other for the salvation of the capital—but there is no time for waiting.

I had to snatch three or four hours of sleep, for I felt as if I would break down. Of course I could get a shakedown here, at headquarters, or in the commissariat, on a sofa. Dorado, my new chauffeur, suggested going to his home, on the outskirts of the town. He said, though it would be crowded, it was clean.

"Don't trouble, Comrade Dorado, why should we disturb your family? Let's try the Palace again."

We went to the Palace. The dislodged porter had been driven behind his counter and was hedged in by a wilderness of stretchers, spittoons, and nightpots. He smiled faintly, ashamed for the hotel's prestige.

"Can I sleep here tonight?"

I asked this as though I'd never been here before.

"Perhaps you can.... Here are some free rooms on the second floor. Apartments in fact."

"All right. Let me have an apartment. How much will it cost?"

"I don't know exactly. The management has fled.... I really don't know whether payment should be given."

I chose Suite 110, a study, drawing-room and bedroom with two huge beds.

"Comrade Dorado, we'll sleep together. We'll barricade the door with chairs. We'll move the beds. Our rifles we'll put on our beds, between us. We mustn't oversleep, we've got to be at the bridges again at five. Let's hope we'll be left in peace till five."

"I sleep very lightly, I can wake you whenever you like."

Somebody knocked softly at the door. It was the porter with my suitcase, which I had given him the day before, November 6, for storage. Was it only yesterday? It seems like a year ago. What a day! What a day!

"I don't need it yet. All right, put it down."

We started undressing, and then thought better of it and took off only our boots, and unfastened our collars. It would be better to sleep in our clothes.

"You don't know yet," said Dorado. "I didn't tell you—I'm a Communist, a member of the Party. I used to be a Socialist, but I joined the Communist Party not long ago."

"Splendid! I'm awfully glad, Comrade Dorado. That's a pleasant surprise. We'll have to have a drink over that."

He smiled politely.

"I'm not joking. We'll have a drink, and a drink you never even dreamed of. And one I never dreamed of, for that matter."

I opened the suitcase and took out the carefully wrapped bottle of 1821 Burgundy, the precious bottle from the cellar of the Duke of Alba, whose descent was more august than the Bourbon line of the Spanish royal family.

I had promised the workers guarding Alba's palace to drink this wine after the first victory scored by the Republican troops. Was I being previous? I determined not to go on tempting fate.

We went to the bathroom and found two small frosted glasses. "Let us, two Communists, Comrade Dorado, drink to the Seventh of

November. And let us drink to the hope that today won't be day 'D.'"

He didn't understand. I added:

"Let us drink because we are glad that we did after all pass this day in Madrid, and because we are not afraid of tomorrow or the day after or any future battles."

We clinked our glasses together, and the chauffeur said very cordially:

"Happy to make your aquaintance!"

November 8

We were awakened not by bombs and not by entering fascists, against whom we had barricaded our doors, but by a cock crowing. At first I thought I was dreaming, and my thoughts passed in rapid review collective farms, the Pugachev district, harvesting scenes, the hut of the chairman of the village Soviet; poultry farms, that girl zoologist, what was her name? Polycarpov, Polikanov?—who had cried because her hens got diphtheria and the district Soviet gave her no help, nice girl.... The cock crowed, straining its throat. Spain? Spain? Why Spain? Suite, boudoir, silly words. Where's the cock? Dorado had already got up and was moving noiselessly about the enormous bedroom, combing his thinning hair with a broken bit of comb.

But it really had been a cock, a cock in the luxurious Palace Hotel, and moreover several cocks. The hospital had brought along its livestock, living dietetic supplies for the wounded. The chicken coop had temporarily been set up in a drawing-room on the first floor.

At the entrance there were already ambulance cars with newly wounded, so the fighting must have begun. It was past six.

Violent firing was going on beyond the Toledo and Segovia bridges. The volunteers were holding out, and had entrenched themselves firmly in the buildings. They had even advanced, in short runs, throwing hand grenades, capturing small buildings and sheds. The usual composition of the brigades had changed somewhat. Among the volunteers of the usual type, youths in soldiers' caps, could be seen middle-aged and elderly workers, a bit awkward, but very serious and zealous. They had gone to the barricades as people go to put out a fire, as our workers go to unload wood on "subbotniks."[1] That's why losses have gone up so noticeably since the morning. Most of the wounded and killed today have been precisely these older workers, who joined the fight yesterday. On the other hand the fighting spirit has gone up considerably. The younger men are following the older generation; they are becoming infected with the purposefulness of the struggle; so far the mass of the young volunteers had experienced nothing but the endless dreariness of retreat, the idiocy of stupid, conflicting orders, misunderstandings and conflicts between inexperienced or untrustworthy commanders. Now everything has become clear, there is nowhere to escape to: if this street is surrendered, and then the next and a couple more, the end of everything will come.

The Madrilenos have one advantage over the enemy: they are at home, they know, especially here, in the working class district, every side-street, every house, every attic, while the besiegers, Navarre petty farmers, the sons of Galician landed proprietors, African mercenaries of the Foreign Legion, don't know their way about and hurl themselves without much sys-

[1] Voluntary work performed in free time in cases of special need, in the early years after the Revolution.

tem at the walls of what is practically an unknown city to them. For only the higher fascist command and some of the front line officers come from the capital and are familiar with its labyrinthine streets.

Here, however, according to Varela's instructions (and he is unlikely to have changed them), we are being attacked by the group for trapping and for demonstrating the fascist strength. The principal blow is directed against Casa del Campo. I went there and found things not so bad. Four artillery batteries, with, it is true, extremely decrepit guns, were keeping the fascists at a standstill. Our troops were digging trenches for dear life. The streets were under machine-gun fire. At two sectors I came across fighters from the International Brigade. They are neatly clad, in new tunics, khaki berets, puttees or leggings, with new rifles; most of them are German or French. Their first echelon is here, their second further back, in the western park, and at the southern extremity of University City. One battalion has been sent to Villaverde, to the help of Lister. To look at them you would not say there were so many soldiers who had been through the Great War, as is reported. Most of them seem to be, on an average, between twenty-five and thirty-five. Some of them use their rifles clumsily enough, and don't seem to know what to do if a machine-gun sticks.

About midday a small counter-attack was brought off. The Spaniards and Internationalists, following an artillery barrage, rushed in two groups through the trees, and surrounded two pavilions crowded with Moroccans. They could, of course, have captured or destroyed them if they had been more experienced. As it was, with blood curdling cries and flinging hand-grenades in all directions, the Moroccans escaped from the pavilions and got back to their ranks. But the enemy has been held up, and has even given some ground.

At headquarters: information from all sectors so far satisfactory. The volunteers are holding out. But Barcelo has still not been able to bring off his flank attack. Suddenly sirens. Seven Junkers have appeared over the town, accompanied by destroyers. The "snub-noses" are nowhere to be seen. The fascists move across the sky with calm impunity. And now they are over the very middle of the town. The explosions are deafening. Columns of smoke arise on all sides, higher than the roofs. They are approaching the War Office. Yes, that's their objective. More explosions, quite near, in the Boulevard Recoletes probably. Window frames rattling, the tinkle of falling glass. The War Office has no cover against aircraft. Attempts are made to persuade Miaja and Rojo to go into the basement, where the archives are kept. But the Junkers have already gone. Republican destroyers appear too late. They were called five minutes too late, and those five minutes were decisive; the fascist planes only need a minute to get back to their base. They have the Getafe airdrome, protected by anti-aircraft guns. The "snub-nose" command has been forbidden to cruise far off, they are only a handful, every man of them, every plane, is worth its weight in gold.

This time the destruction has been enormous, casualties heavy. Many women, children, unarmed, inoffensive people. Death overtook them in casual, innocent attitudes. One old woman had been hanging out her washing, she was found stretched out on scorched sheets and diapers, the washing-line in her hand, headless. The

explosion which we heard so near the War Office was in the big garage. The bomb fell through the glass roof; numbers of trucks and automobiles caught fire. The place was still enveloped in explosive petrol flames.

The Communist Party is working splendidly. The most impartial observer would be forced to admit that it alone is making itself felt throughout Madrid. All the anti-fascists, even the most moderate and inert, willingly submit to its leadership, follow its instructions for the defense of the city, and even come and ask for instructions. The members of the Central Committee and the Madrid provincial committee of the Party spend all day at the fighting sectors, with the troops, take part in counter-attacks, help to build barricades and improvized forts.

Towards evening the loud-speakers and the no less loud newspaper boys distributing the *Mundo Obrero*, summon the people to a "grandiose, sensational, extraordinary meeting" in the Monumental Cinema.

The picture-house is crammed to overflowing, the hall decorated with flags and slogans in honor of the nineteenth anniversary of the Great Socialist Revolution, and portraits of Marx, Lenin, Stalin, José Diaz and Thaelmann.

The members of the Madrid Committee come into the presidium, followed by Pedro Cheka and Antonio Mije and last, the audience rising in enthusiasm and clapping wildly, Dolores.

A Republican theatrical group giving performances at the front.

The chairman of the meeting announces that it is devoted to the nineteenth anniversary of the Great Socialist Revolution and to the defense of Madrid. Ovations, music. Thank goodness for music! That's what's been missing. These last few days, especially when the heart beat high, triumphant, bitter, there has been a dryness in the ears, just as there is sometimes a dryness in the throat. And now when the orchestra—there are still orchestras in Madrid—flung upon the air the grand, vibrant metal of the *Internationale*, the longing was satisfied, and the breath came easier. If the meeting in the Monumental had ended in nothing but that it would still be entitled to be called "grandiose, sensational, extraordinary." The tears in all eyes, the inspired faces of the workers, fighters, the lads, the women, show that for all of them the possibility in this trying moment, in these fatal hours, to assemble here in one vast fighting Party unit, and sing eagerly, supported by the orchestra, the thundering anthem of proletarian struggle and victory, is of enormous help, is a holiday gift.

November 9

The day has passed in severe fighting. The fascists are continuing, at a somewhat diminished rate, it is true, to attack the town on the lines laid down in General Varela's instructions. Day "D" has, however, stretched out to nearly seventy hours. The fascist brigades, numbers 1, 4, and 3, are sticking to their circuitous advance, and endeavoring to penetrate the town through the parks. The International Brigade, sustaining huge losses, is holding the front at the approaches to the slopes of University City.

Where are the reserves? Nobody knows anything definite about them. Five brigades are supposed to strike the enemy in his rear, acting in concert with the troops holding the town. Five brigades and one other—the 2nd International Brigade. There is no exact information about this. There is no contact with the central front headquarters, with General Pozas. Every now and then strange telephone calls come from there, or strange liaison officers arrive to find out whose hands Madrid is in. But from Valencia, from the War Office, from general headquarters, not a sound.

But this can't go on. We must know how long we are to wait for reserves or for some sort of help. Defense tactics depend on this. If help is to come tomorrow, today's counter-attacks will be bolder, every hundred meters of territory will be contested more resolutely, so as not to yield the foe an inch of space. If help is to be delayed another four or five days . . . well then—lives and munitions must be more economically expended,—we shall have to retreat slowly, fighting every step of the way, surrendering a block a day, playing for time, drawing out the struggle, we shall have to cling to at least a part of the town, not giving the fascists ground to boast that they have conquered the capital. As it is nobody knows what will happen even a day ahead. For that matter two hours ahead. About midday in Carabanchel, at the Toledo bridge where so far the enemy had been kept back, there was a sudden rattling noise. The tanks were being overhauled at the moment, at the barricades people were enjoying a snack, when suddenly, concentrated, fan-formation machine-gun fire scattered the advance guard. The panic spread immediately to Spanish Square; from there someone yelled into the telephone at Alkala Street, and people came rushing out of headquarters,

jostling one another. Miaja and Rojo were almost forcibly dragged to an automobile to be rushed to the eastern extreme of the town. In an hour the confusion had died down, and the attack was beaten off without the help of reinforcements.

So far one small brigade has been added to the defenders of Madrid, but without the slightest participation of the central front or higher command. Campesino's guerilla battalion has arrived—bold, dare-devil fellows, who have been fighting for months on the Guadarrama front, formerly considered the nearest to Madrid, and now the furthest from the town.

Most of the battalion are peasants, excellent rifle shots and grenade throwers. Their commander chose them one by one, testing the courage of each. The punitive measures adopted in the battalion are not very elaborate—for slight offences a flogging, for military offences—the firing squad. But Campesino looks after his fighters scrupulously, sees that they are always well-fed, well-booted, and in good spirits. He himself is small, thickset, gipsy-looking, with a dense black beard, and a would-be fierce expression. But his youthful white-toothed smile and whimsical, prominent eyes contradict the fierceness. He and his battalion belong to the Fifth and are members of the Communist Party. Something was said in the Central Committee about the extremely modest Marxian equipment and simple morals of the battalion. But Campesino and his lads are fighting fascism so gallantly and devotedly, fulfilling all orders so scrupulously, that it has been decided that there will be time to make Red professors of them after the war.

Shortly after the confusion and the routing of the attack on the Toledo bridge an extremely dusty automobile drew up in front of headquarters. An officer came out of it, saluting in every direction, and sprang up the grand staircase. He was recognized as an adjutant from Largo Caballero's suite. At last! We all rushed joyfully to the big room where Miaja, surrounded as usual by crowds of visitors, was listening to reports and giving orders. Colonel Rojo, Chief of Staff, came out of his office and stood at the door expectantly. The officer saluted the general, the president of the Madrid Defense Committee, and drew a huge missive from the front of his tunic, with a flourish.

"From the head of the government, the Minister for War."

Before breaking open the envelope Miaja gave a cordial handshake to the first man to come from Valencia to besieged Madrid.

Then he sat at his desk and looked for the ministerial ivory paper knife. He couldn't find it and we waited while he slit open the tough paper with a wire clip. He read the letter through. He looked at the officer. Then he read it again, and put up his hand to his face as if to ward off a blow.

He rose, letter in hand and went to the door with slow, heavy steps, his flabby cheeks crimson, his face indescribably sorrow-stricken, then he suddenly turned back, went to the desk, dragged from under it the waste-paper basket, and threw into it the letter. Then he rapidly left the room.

We rushed to the waste-paper basket and took the letter out of it.

Largo Caballero, head of the government, and Minister for War, addressed an urgent appeal to the general, the president of the Madrid Defense Junta: "In view of the fact that the War Office staff and General Staff had been unable when leaving the capital to take

with them dinner services and table-linen, which was now causing certain inconveniences, to give to the bearer of this letter the dinner and tea services of the War Office, the corresponding sets of table-cloths and napkins and also to provide the necessary autotransport for the immediate dispatch of the items mentioned to Valencia."

Towards evening the situation became much more complicated. Intensive fighting went on at the Princess Bridge. The Moroccans broke through to the river twice and were driven back by a miracle. Again air attacks; violent explosions; our destroyers it is true caught up, but only beyond the outskirts of the town, after the bombardment; one Junker was brought down. One of the "snub-noses" was slightly injured and had to make a forced landing at Vikalcaro, on our territory. After this a few Republican bombers bombed the western part of the Casa del Campo, occupied by the fascists. They came upon an Italian tank brigade on the road from Umera and bombed it too. At the Model Prison sector the volunteers had used up all their cartridges and someone began to tempt them to retreat. The provocation was all but successful. Heavy rebel artillery drew nearer and began to destroy houses beyond Spanish Square. From Carabanchel Bajo two women made their way with awful descriptions of the ghastly massacre of the workers that had been going on for the last three days. Not just shooting, the fascists said they couldn't spare the cartridges. Pure massacre. The Moroccans and "phalangists" were exercising their skill at slitting the throats of bound workers.

November 10

Another twenty-four hours has passed and Madrid is still in our hands. And the endurance of the defenders shows no sign of weakening. Nor has the fierceness of the struggle in any degree abated. The volunteers, backed up by aviation, penetrated into the Casa del Campo at dawn. From the south Lister's brigade has captured several streets at Villaverde.

The members of the International Brigade are fighting splendidly. It's a pity that this unit, which with the help of tanks might have been an excellent battering-ram, is being wasted in garrison duty. But it can't be helped. We've got to hold out. At present this is the one thing that matters. Middle-aged men, tried veterans and leaders, who have been through two and sometimes three revolutions apiece, and have languished for years in prisons and concentration camps, are fighting side by side with youths as rank-and-file soldiers, keeping fascism out of Madrid with their bodies.

Miaja sent out an order today, very simple, very short:

"Militiamen and soldiers! The enemy is concentrating all his forces in the attack on Madrid. I hope that none of you will retreat a step till I personally tell you to retreat. I congratulate you on today's brilliant operations. Your General Miaja."

The town is continually in the throes of air raids. The Junkers turn up almost every two or three hours. The small Republican air fleet cannot do much in reprisal, it is all the time flying over the attacking rebel planes.

The Fifth Column keeps it up all the time. As before the enemy within the gates throws bombs at passers-by, especially at night. They seldom venture to attack armed men. Their purpose is to spread panic. One bomb killed two children, playing in a doorway.

The Junta has issued a new edict

respecting the registration of firearms. Any person discovered with unregistered firearms is to be considered a member of the secret fascist associations within the town. The Junta has united all the small armed sections for defense, of which a great many have sprung up in the town. Departments and organizations may with special permission form defense bodies on their own premises only. Street defense has been centralized. On the streets there is comparative order.

Towards evening there was an incident, which spread pleasant excitement all through the town. A Junker bomber appeared over the airdrome of Alcala de Enares, not far from Madrid. Ignoring the blasts of anti-aircraft with which its appearance was met, it shut off its engines and began to descend with the obvious purpose of landing. There turned out to be no crew in it, and only the pilot—a Spanish officer—stepped out. He declared that he had long wanted to place himself at the disposal of the Republican forces and had profited by the first convenient opportunity, when the German machine-gunners and bombarders had gone to lunch, to do so.

Some who left the town have come back. Some come for the day, returning to Alcala or other tiny towns to the east of the capital, for the night. The cameraman Carmen, and Georges Soria, the *Humanité* special correspondent, have taken up their quarters in the Palace. We form a miniature brigade.

Carmen, Soria and I stood talking at my window. Right across the road, under our very eyes, an artillery shell fell plump on the Cortes building, exploding inside. We in the Palace were shaken up.

We ran downstairs and crossed the road, getting into the building through a side entrance. The clerks and watchmen were in a panic, but gradually came round. One old charwoman was covered with plaster and was as white as a miller. She was extremely upset, but quite intact. We went to the place where the shell had burst. It had come through the roof at the right of the main hall, and destroyed the room in which the newspaper correspondents usually worked. Some of the furniture and a picture on the wall remained scatheless. The old clock was ticking away as if nothing had happened.

Today closes the period for the arrival of the reserves promised for the counter-attack. It is still said that they are being organized and reorganized somewhere or other. People here are at the end of their tether, munitions are fast dwindling. It would be monstrous to have to surrender the town now, after four days of agony, now, when its defenders have developed the most important, the most precious things of all—morale, the will to resist, fearlessness in the face of the foe. And after all, it may have to be done! So far Madrid has received nothing but telegraphic expressions of sympathy from meetings and trade unions.

One day I was called to the telephone by a voice speaking Russian!

"Michail Efimovich, a good friend is speaking, a very good friend, you're sure to recognize him when you see him..."

The voice was remote, from some suburban line, but I answered at once:

"How are you, Zalka! Where are you speaking from? Come over here!"

I remember voices and hands as if they were faces. Of course it was Zalka's pronunciation, with its un-Russian "l," its Ukrainian "g," its vibrating "r," its

Hungarian intonation, the stress on the first syllable, and the pause after each word. I remembered his hands, small, broad in the palm, the fingers soft, with strong nails, and fair hairs on the backs. There was laughter in the receiver. He said, evidently delighted:

"It's not Zalka, dear Michail Efimovich, it's someone else. But you're not far out. I'll see you soon and I'm very glad to hear your voice, dear—rrr boy."

Emile Kleber, commander of the International Brigade, and his assistant Hans have come to speak about the tasks before them to Colonel Rojo. I heard from them that a second brigade had been formed under the command of Pavel Lukach.

"He's a Hungarian, a writer," said Kleber. "You ought to know him, he lived a long time in Moscow. Comrade Marty at first wanted the second brigade to be a reserve for the first. Now he has come to the conclusion that it must immediately be organized into an independent fighting unit."

During the four days of command, the commissars and general staff have got to know one another and made friends. There are no disputes or reproaches, such as were the order of the day in the War Office before the siege of Madrid. Everybody makes a point of obeying orders without argument, though they are not always carried out to the letter. The play of military vanity has been checked, and there is a genuine cooperation. Much of this must be put to the credit of Miaja and Rojo. Miaja interferes very little in operative details, and doesn't even know much about them—he leaves that to Rojo and the brigade commanders. But he is a great hand at tactful conversation with both military and civilian visitors, and with all sorts of delegations and deputations. He has the right idiom for them, firm, good-natured, laconic, like an old peasant. This braces and stimulates people and, at the same time, Miaja himself. He sees that matters are not hopeless, that things are not going so badly as those who left him in this post believed. Even if Madrid was taken tomorrow, it would have put up a good fight, and he would have no little of the credit for this. He likes administrative work, and obviously has a flair for it. . . .

Rojo attracts by his modest manner, which conceals much and precise knowledge, and uncommon perseverance. He has now been stooping four days over the plan of Madrid. Commanders and commissars come to him in an endless stream, and he speaks to them all in a low voice, as calm and patient as if he were a clerk in an information bureau, ready to repeat the same thing a dozen times, to explain, elucidate, demonstrate, to make notes on paper, to draw explanatory pictures if necessary.

Just now, late at night, furious fighting has broken out again in the Casa del Campo. The rebels have determined to win back the part of the park which they lost in the day. The noise of the reports is deafening. It is hard to make anything out in the dark, people fall over one another, question each other, and are off again. Several trees caught fire from a shell, but this only intensifies the outer darkness.

November 12

Misty, dirty weather. But that's a good thing, it will keep off air raids.

The fascists are making a furious onslaught at almost all the bridges over the Manzanares. The rebels are scattering fire on all the quaysides. It is a veritable fire-whirlwind. Sometimes you feel as if you

were going mad. But the volunteers are standing firm, those same volunteers, many of them, who fled precipitously from Talavera and Toledo at the first rattle of machine-gun fire!

At the Segovia Bridge a battalion led by Sergeant Velasquez made a counter-attack on the fascists. Among them were the Asturian dynamiters. Singing the *Internationale*, they advanced beneath machine-gun fire to the Estremadura road and seized almost one and a half kilometers from the enemy.

At the Princess Bridge the fascist Ansaldo tanks led the attack. They are smaller than the Republican tanks, but more mobile in a town. But the lads of the Socialist youth organization managed to throw hand grenades into them.

I don't know if General Varela is still sticking to his order for "Day D." The fascist command is now changing the direction of its attacks on Madrid and combining them. It is compensating for the failure of its infantry and tank attacks by powerful artillery fire. The thunder of explosions is incessant. The window-panes shake all the time. The fire brigades can scarcely keep up with the fires.

Before me lie three radiograms received by the Madrid telegraph, and sent by it to the Commissariat for War:

"Madrid. General Franco. We bow with ecstasy and blessings before the conqueror, entering with his sacred troops into the capital of Spain. We send our prayers to the knights of the Holy Church, the liberators of our native land. Mayor of Burgossa, Alelia. Reply, pre-paid, fifteen words."

"Madrid. General Franco. Hail Caesar, Emperor! Antonio Arenvero."

"Madrid. General Varela. Congratulations on your victorious entry into Madrid! The eyes of history are upon you! Bolivar."

The heroic resistance of Madrid came as a surprise to others as well as the fascists. During the last two days certain faces which had made a faceless disappearance on the fifth and sixth of November, are again being seen here. These returned natives glance into their former offices, and at the workers of the Junta, seated at their abandoned desks. They try to look like tourists. This morning, my chauffeur Dorado and I, coming out of the Palace, bumped into his former employer. He bowed to me courteously, and glanced at Dorado and the Buick as if he had never seen them before. Dorado performed his part with equal aplomb and took his seat at the wheel with a somber know-nothing expression. Towards evening, when things became hot again in town, the tourists from Valencia again disappeared.

The Junta has issued a new kind of permit for entering and leaving the town. This will prevent both unsystematic flight, and the unnecessary return to Madrid of those who left before.

The Junta is working with great energy. It is restoring order in the town, regulating retail selling, registering supplies, and organizing evacuation. The fascist prisoners have, little by little, beginning from November 7, been removed from Madrid....

In the evening there was at least some hope of a counter-attack tomorrow against the fascists, with the help of reserves. It is grandly referred to at headquarters as a counter-attack, but to my thinking it will turn out to be small scale. The imposing plans for broad maneuvers by six brigades from the Agranda district to Pinto-Parla and marches by four other brigades upon Leganes and Ilescas, have shrunk

considerably. Some of the troops were demanded by Miaja and Rojo for municipal defense—"half a loaf is better than none." There remains a very small battering-ram of four brigades, with a handful of cannon and a handful of tanks, which are tomorrow to strike at the fascists' rear, near the Angelo Heights and Getafe. Madrid itself will strike with its whole right flank and central defense.

Not the Marne, perhaps, but still I....

November 13

A day of disappointments and sorrow. It looks as if nothing was going to come of our counter-attack. The main offense group opened operations late. Its artillery preparation was wretched. The new, badly-trained soldiers advanced torpidly, and, alarmed at the firing with which they were met, near the Angelev Heights took shelter behind rocks and ridges. And that's where they are still.

The Madrid troops also did not go far. If it is hard for the fascists to get into Madrid it is also hard to dislodge them from the points they have taken. To throw the rebels far beyond the river with one blow has shown itself to be impossible at present.

The International Brigade bravely plunged along the wall of the Casa del Campo. Skillfully advancing, in groups and singly, profiting by every hillock, every stick and stone, sending the machine-gun sections ahead, two battalions advanced over a kilometer. They could have got much farther, but the flanks, Galan's and another (Anarchist) brigade, fell behind, and made no attempt to recover their position. Their tanks broke away from them several times, returning again to the infantry and trying to tempt it forward. The tank commanders tried to persuade the soldiers not to waste time, but to go ahead, to seize a large area under quite weak fire, but it was no good. "We're twiddling our thumbs," said their captain once more. This expression served him in good stead. Furious, the two tank corps once more drove ahead, plunging into barbed wire, blotting out machine-gun bases, destroying artillery emplacements, wrecking a few fascist automobiles. They cheered up a bit at having something to do after having stood at the bridges the whole week like scare-crows in a vegetable plot, as their captain phrased it.

This failure was disheartening, but not so mortifying as it would have been before. Evidently the time for annihilating Franco at the gates of Madrid has not yet come, but, while waiting for reserves, the defense of the town, passive, perhaps, but none the less determined, is strengthening.

As on previous days the Junkers appeared over the town at 2 p. m., accompanied by their destroyers. Miaja got red in the face with rage, banging with his plump fist on the dinner table:

"When do they have lunch? They don't eat themselves, and don't let others eat! Please don't get up, anyone!"

But he himself was lured from the table, running, napkin in hand, to the balcony, on being told that the fight was going on right over the War Office building.

The Junkers were already running away from the "snub noses." The fight continued behind the building and nothing could be seen. We all sat down to go on with our lunch. Five minutes later we heard by telephone that several planes had been wrecked, and a pilot had jumped with a parachute and been taken prisoner. Miaja ordered him to be brought to headquarters. Ten minutes later an incredible noise reached us from the

streets. We looked from the balcony and saw an automobile slowly approaching, with people hanging to it on all sides, and even on the top. The door was opened and someone was pulled out of it and dragged through the garden of the War Office.

A small crowd of onlookers attempted to get into the building. I went to the top of the staircase; an athletic, youthful figure, with a grimace of pain on the face, was being half dragged, half borne up the broad steps. He was holding onto his stomach like a man whose belt had come undone, and who was afraid his trousers would fall off.

But this was no fascist pilot. I recognized him immediately. It was Captain Antonio, commander of the "snub nose" brigade. Why was he being manhandled? He was ghastly pale, stumbling, could hardly see. He threw himself on the sofa in the big room in which Rocco and his assistants worked, almost breaking the springs with his powerful body.

"Antonio, was it you who jumped from the airplane? Were you attacked?"

"Water!" he cried, breathing heavily. "I'm shot in the belly."

"Antonio!"

"This is a madhouse! What do they want to shoot at their own fellows for? Water! Water! There's a fire in my belly! Bullets in my bowels. Give me some water and I'll tell you all about it."

"Antonio, you mustn't talk. You mustn't drink if you're wounded in the belly! You'll be seen to at once, they'll take you to the Palace."

"Take me to the hospital, quick, and give me some water. I must put this fire out. Don't lose sight of me! Six of them attacked me, the beasts! I got behind a cloud. and suddenly six Junkers. From all sides, and all after me! Don't lose sight of me, please don't lose sight of me!"

"I'm not thinking of it! I'll go with you to the Palace. It's a hospital. Antonio, dear Antonio, don't talk, I forbid you to!"

The whole room listened in horror. Why had the wounded Republican pilot been dragged here instead of to the hospital? Everyone began talking at once, all blaming one another. Everyone agreed that Miaja's order was at the root of the trouble. They were told of bring the pilot and they brought him. But the order had been based on false information, on the report that a fascist pilot had come down. Why had they obeyed an order based on a misunderstanding—was it sheer idiocy, or worse? Everybody agreed that the order should not have been obeyed. Nobody thought of sending for ambulance workers and a stretcher. Everybody agreed that ambulance workers and a stretcher should be sent for. Antonio began to slip off the sofa, his eyelids drooping. At last stretcher-bearers came. They picked Antonio up clumsily from the sofa, put him on the stretcher; someone jostled one of the stretcher-bearers. He let go of the handle and Antonio came down on the floor with a bang. Everyone cried out in horror and pain, everyone but Antonio himself. He was picked up again, laid on the stretcher, and we descended to the ambulance car, and drove the three minutes to the Palace. He was taken straight to the operating theater where there was jostling, cigarette smoke, heaps of bloodstained cotton wool and where amputated limbs and organs lay in a great basin, waiting to be thrown away. On the wall was a poster showing a couple dancing, over the inscription: "Spend the summer in Santander." Antonio was laid on the operating table, and he suddenly seemed to be a child, huge fellow though he was.

Two hours later Doctor Gomesulla came to tell me that Antonio had

been operated upon and was in the next room, asking for me, and getting worked up. Four bullets had been extracted from his intestines, and there were still two in other internal organs, which it would have been too dangerous to extract. Now the only thing was for the patient to lie perfectly still, otherwise peritonitis would set in, and everything would be up with him. The pilot, apparently, was as strong as a gladiator, and there was a chance of his recovery, so long as complete immobility could be guaranteed. But he was very restless. He kept calling for me, he had something to explain.

I went in to him, and saw that he was in a sweat of excitement. First of all, he insisted on my taking a sheet of paper and writing out his report.

"Don't you see, there is no documentary evidence! We must draw up documentary evidence!"

"Don't you worry about documents! You fought bravely, heroically, you've been wounded, you'll recover, and other people will see about documents for you."

"Nothing's any good without documents! It's registered in the airdrome register when we took off after the alarm. Get the date, please,and put it down in my report. I remember it exactly, it was fifteen-forty-eight, but still you'd better check it in the register, it's a document, you see."

"Thirteen-forty-eight, you mean. You were operated on at fifteen-forty-eight."

"What's that? I remember exactly—yesterday, fifteen-forty-eight, fifteen. . . ."

"Not yesterday, today! The fight was *today*, three hours ago."

He was alarmed.

"Today? Was it today? What's happened to my memory? Do you really mean it was today? You're not joking? What's the date?"

"Today. You've been under chloroform. It's all right. The great thing is to keep still and get better."

He was very much upset, having mixed the days.

"Is my brain all right? Tell me the truth!"

"Your brain's all right, perfectly all right. Lie still!"

"And what about the chaps? Are the chaps all right?"

"Absolutely! Your chaps wrecked five planes, and one you brought down—that's six altogether."

"Good lads! Dear chaps! They're just kids, you know. I sent six of them against the Junkers, and took two with me, the more experienced ones, to hold up the destroyers. . . . We fought well. Each of us got one of the swine, and suddenly I saw my comrade on the right disappear, and the fascist too. I understood they were behind a cloud. I was afraid for the kids. They're stunning kids, but they're not experienced. I began a nose dive. I'm not mixing anything, am I? Tell me if I am."

"You're not mixing anything. But don't talk. You mustn't talk."

"I'm scared about them. I made a nose dive, and suddenly, there were six Junkers again, other ones, from all sides, all rushing at me like curs. Before I knew what I was doing my left wing was shot off. I went into a spin. I kept trying to keep the plane level with the engine, but it was no good. You understand me?"

"I understand. Don't talk, old boy, you can tell me after."

"You understand? I hated leaving the plane, but it couldn't be helped. We have so few planes, you see. So I undid my tunic, kicked away from the plane and jumped. While I was jumping I was thinking: the wind's in the south, towards the fascists, I must fall quickly with delayed jumps. . . . At 400 meters

Over the top

I released the parachute and steered for the street, don't know which. My life depended on a matter of twenty meters. You understand? Can you imagine my feelings?... And then they began to fire from below, at the airplanes or at me, I don't know which, and I don't know who fired. And then suddenly a fire in my belly. Perhaps it was even some idiot from our side. The dumbells! Are they blind? But don't you say anything! My kids mustn't find it out on any account, it would be bad for their political morale. Accidents will happen, they don't prove anything. Flying staffs mustn't be taught on such examples. You understand? Don't you say a word about it!"

"Don't you say a word, not me! D'you hear? I'll go away this minute if you keep on talking! Your only salvation is to lie without moving, and keep quiet!"

"Only salvation? It means I'm in a bad way."

He fell silent, and then began again.

"Wounded in the belly I couldn't come down properly. I banged against the ground. I remember people running up to me. Strangers.... I don't know who they were...."

"You won't listen to reason! I shall go!"

"All right, I'll stop! It's such a shame to be shot by your own side! Such a crazy mistake. I would have landed all right and gone up again today...against the fascists! Against the fascists! Against the fascists!"

"Now I beg you, I implore you, don't talk! Then you'll get better quickly and get back to work."

"Do you think I'll get back?"

He looked at me with eyes which became unexpectedly clairvoyant. I was afraid he would read in mine the word "peritonitis." But he didn't

seem to. Suddenly, he fell into the light dream of weakness.

Captain Antonio's brigade again went up a few minutes past four. It brought down four more destroyers, three Junkers, and one Fiat.

Altogether ten fascist airplanes, eight Germans and two Italians, were brought down over Madrid during the day. An old fashioned Breguet bomber and Antonio's airplane were lost.

Headlines in this evening's *Munde Obrero:*

"Aerial battle over the roofs of Madrid.

"Hail to the heroes of the air! The fascist pilots, beaten off by the pilots of freedom, are a testimony to the whole world that fascism will be beaten at the gates of Madrid.

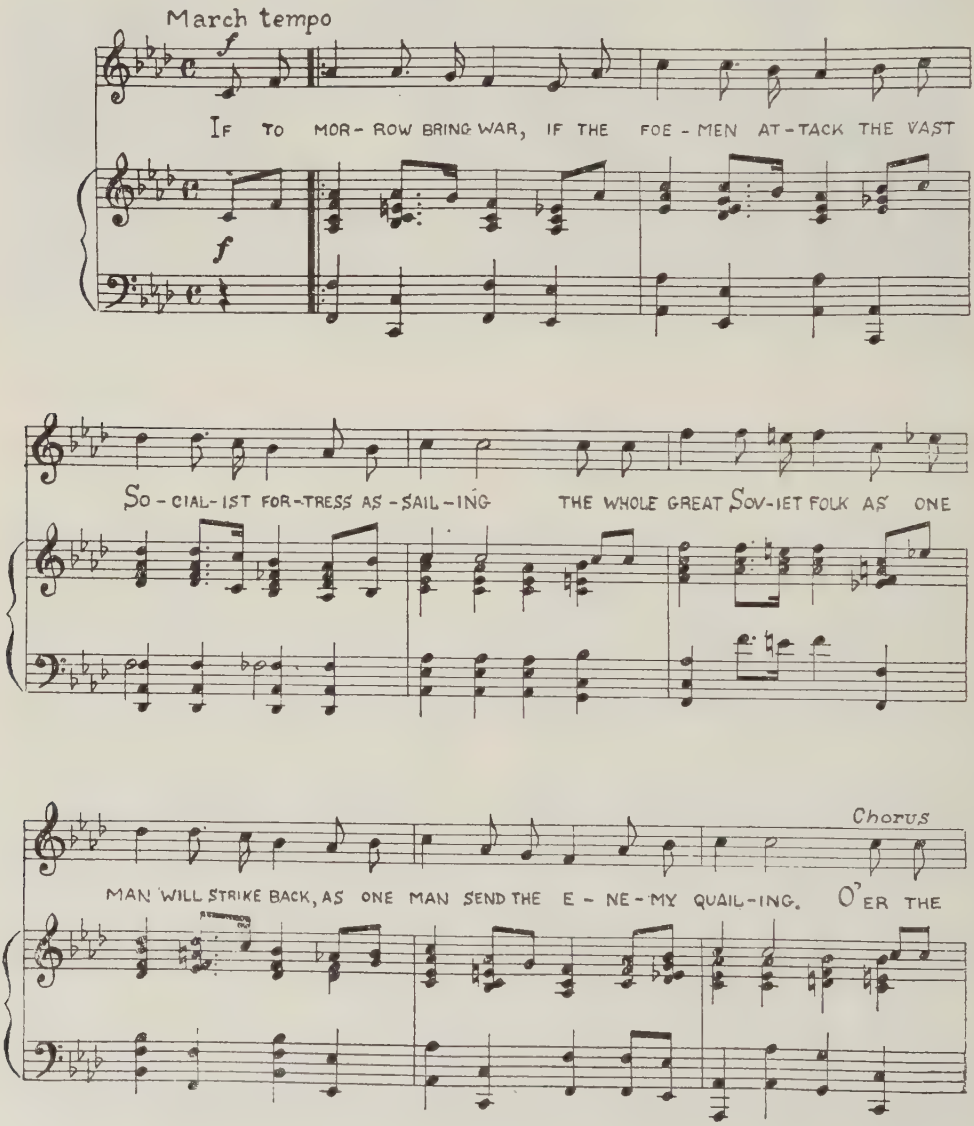
"Long live the Republican pilots!"

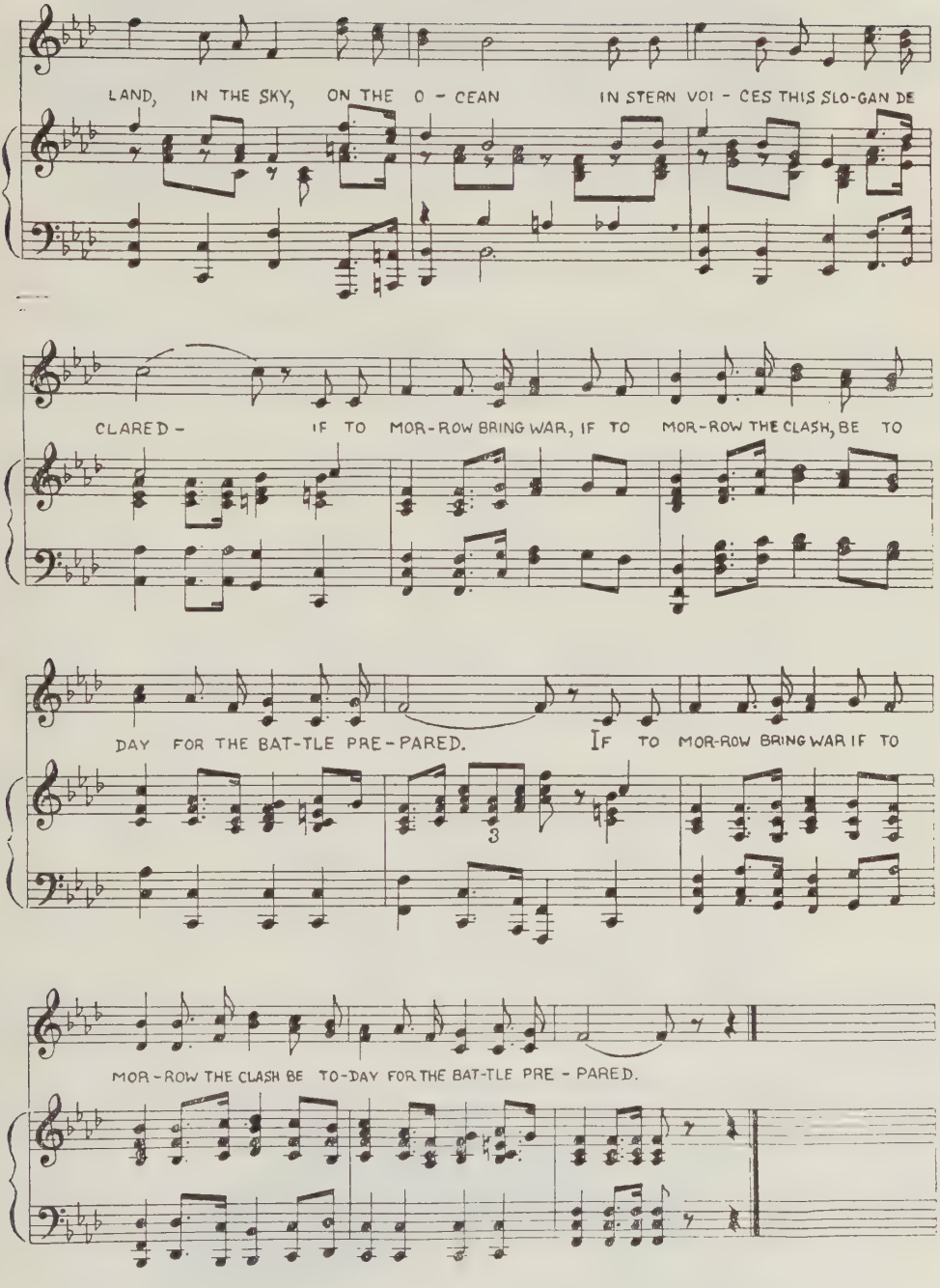
I went round the suburban sectors in the night. The attack had already died down. Most of the troops had gone to the base, excepting in the Casa del Campo, where the international infantry and Galan's brigade (the second) had after all, with the help of tanks, advanced along the wall four kilometers. The fighters of the shock group lay below the Angelo heights, unable to advance or retreat, and yet today, taking it all in all, has brought much that is good with it. The fascists have seen that Madrid will not only beat them off, but will attack, that it is not so solitary, help does come to it. This is upsetting for the enemy, it forces him to reorganize, to reinforce, it takes time. And time is what we need, here in Madrid. Every day makes us stronger, even if it makes the enemy stronger too.

IF TOMORROW BRING WAR

Words by Vasily LEBEDEV-KUMACH

Music by Dmitri and Daniel POKRASS




LAND, IN THE SKY, ON THE O - CEAN
IN STERN VOI - CES THIS SLO-GAN DE
CLARED -
IF TO MOR-ROW BRING WAR, IF TO MOR-ROW THE CLASH, BE TO
DAY FOR THE BAT-TLE PRE-PARED.
IF TO MOR-ROW BRING WAR IF TO
3
MOR-ROW THE CLASH BE TO-DAY FOR THE BAT-TLE PRE - PARED.

(From the film of the same title)

If tomorrow bring war, if the foemen attack
The vast Socialist fortress assailing,
The whole great Soviet folk as one man will strike back
As one man send the enemy quailing.

Chorus

O'er the land, in the sky, on the ocean
In stern voices this slogan declared —
If tomorrow bring war,
If tomorrow the clash, } *repeat*
Be today for the battle prepared.

If tomorrow bring war and our Socialist land
From the Black Sea to Arctic assembles,
In their courage and strength the whole people will stand
Till with terror the routed foe trembles.

Chorus

Then the airplanes will soar, then machine-guns will flash,
And the battleships plunge, ensigns streaming;
Beside lorry-filled roadways the huge tanks will crash,
And the infantry's bay'nets pass gleaming.

Chorus

War was never our wish, "to defend" our command
Though beyond our own borders we go;
The decision will come on the enemy's land;
Scant the bloodshed but mighty our blow.

Chorus

So stretch forth Soviet might, be prepared, we shall win!
Louder drums!-Fill the heavens with thunder!
Go musicians ahead! Come brave singers begin!
To triumphant song rend foes asunder!

Chorus

Let them plot, let them rage; on all earth there's no force
That can crush Soviet power that has freed us.
We have Stalin for guide, and through battles' grim course
Voroshilov to vict'ry to lead us!

Chorus

Samuel Marshak

Shark and Whale

(Suggested by the Japanese invasion of China)

The Far-East shark
Is grim and dark
As he a-hunting goes
Where neighbor whale
His far off tail
Suns in calm repose.
"To eat too full,"
Shark thinks, "is dull
And sometimes causes sorrow.
I'll dine today
On whale halfway
And finish him tomorrow."
With lashing fin
And hanging chin
Onward the hunter hops,
His belly puffed,
Soon to be stuffed
With flavorous whale chops.
Alas, alas,
In quite a pass
This hunter, grim, unerring.
The whale he found
Too large around,
Quite different from a herring.
Too big a bite—
The shark feels tight,
In fact quite overloaded;
And then and there
In churning air,
Shark—and hunt—exploded.

TRANSLATED BY ISIDOR SCHNEIDER

1896-1937

MATHE ZALKA, GENERAL LUKACS

War today is quite devoid of color; man dons an earth-colored shirt; he buries himself in the ground—victory will smile on the unseen. But in war only can we know a man for what he is worth. Spiritually here he is disrobed head to foot; pathos is denied him; stripped from him like the parade uniform and the drums, these things are buried in the warrior's heart as the warrior burrows into the ground. In war we see man at close range, and the heart of man astonishes. As General Lukacs (the writer, Mathe Zalka) remarked to me: "We know so little about man." Yes—and we know very little about Mathe Zalka. He was a regular fellow; affable and communicative, good natured and cheerful. From all appearances he was made for a life of peace and comfort: a cottage in the country and a garden. And this man proved himself a distinguished general in a foreign land during those critical days when there were no arms, no army, no rear: only territory and faith. This man, Mathe Zalka, loved life with sincere passion; loved it in big and little, from headlines to eight point type. He inspired others with his flaming love of life; his spirit filled his famous, fearless 12th Brigade. *We know so little about man.* Courage alone is insufficient: courrage is a fuel quickly burnt out. In order to meet death easily, one must love life, all of life, not only the sense of life, but the whole of life from the core within to the rugged outer skin.

I remember General Lukacs in a period of respite, kidding his men about their love affairs. He understood everything (doubtless the writer Zalka stood him in good stead here). He would pull up a broken blade of grass, blow on it, laugh and ask: "What is it in Spanish?" Evening, at staff headquarters, he would amuse his comrades by tapping out melodies on his teeth with a pencil as on a xylophone. The Italians sang *Bandiera Rossa*, the Germans *Comintern*. General Lukacs laughs. "Now that our demonstration songs are over—let's just sing." He knew songs of all nationalities: Hungarian, Bulgarian, Ukrainian, German and Spanish. He danced with the Spanish peasants. He danced with zest. (This was not long after Guadalajarra). "I haven't forgotten," he said, "after all I'm a Hungarian Huzzar."

He was poet and comrade in the fullest sense of the words; qualities which facilitated his rise to the position of "General Lukacs" of whom legends are repeated in a dozen languages. He never won his victories from ambush. He pounded them out in the open, not forgetting the value of cheering words and baked beans for his men. Under

his command were men from all quarters of the world: Polish coal miners, fiery Italians, Eastern ghetto Jews, Hungarians, workers from the Red proletarian suburbs of Paris; Belgian students, World-War veterans and youngsters reaching at a bound from the dream of youth into cruel reality in the Spanish Sierras. He inspired them all with a fusing flame, united them in determination, in faith. The 12th Brigade was his last love and he was the heart of his brigade. Hard, unsentimental Yanek, commander of the Dombrov Battalion, wept: "They have killed Lukacs!" The commander of the Rakoczy Battalion, Nieburg, met his death the day after, following, as it were, in the footsteps of his beloved general. The Garibaldians composed songs to Lukacs. Brigade Commissar and writer Regler, convalescing from a serious wound, reached for his notebook and began to write—of course, of him, of General Lukacs. A slender scrofulous Jew, a Hassid, jabbering all the languages of Europe, wounded four times at Madrid, exclaimed: "That was a man! . . ."

He survived defeat, the anxiety of long nights before attack, and victory. His brigade routed the Italians at Palacio Ubarra and at Brihuega. Then they went to rest in a beautiful village located on the crest of a steep hill, Fuentos. This village was bombarded daily by the fascists. The men slept in caves. During the day the boys of the Dombrov Battalion stretched out in the sun on the hillside warming their swollen and trench-frozen feet. We sat with General Lukacs among the stones of Fuentos and talked of writing. Mathe Zalka said he had not written "the one real book" of which every author dreams.

"The problem in Doberdo had yet to be cleared up in life. Now, every stone here gives the solution."

One must understand how to show man—as he is in war—without pathos, modestly. . . . He smiled confusedly: "I hate bragging. . . ."

Happy, affable, revolutionary, warrior, who had fought nearly half his life, he loved quiet, possessed the ability to listen, to understand.

"If I'm not killed. . . ." They killed him. The book of which he dreamed, looking down into the valleys of Guadalajarra, that book shall not be. Books shall be written about him. Not of Mathe Zalka, but of General Lukacs. And the book of which Mathe Zalka dreamed—without bragging, perhaps one of his fighting comrades will write it.

Battle! Rest. This time in the village of Meka. At headquarters, Lukacs, busy as ever administering consolation, nursing his wounded, clumsy unshaven men. Here also were Regler, the Spanish artist Jerrazi, the Bulgarians Belov and Petrov, and Lukacs' adjutant, Alosha.

Suddenly the 12th Brigade again swooped down on Jarrama. "The Spanish Doberdo," said Lukacs. A patrol was sent out to feel the strength of the enemies' reserve. The operation was a thankless one, cruelly trying, attacking in order to retreat. General Lukacs repeatedly urged: "Waste no lives."

That was in April. Lukacs died in June. He died on the eve of one of the heaviest battles. Terrible, grim is the landscape around Huesca. Mathe Zalka died on a stifling, sultry day in a rocky desert. Once he said to me: "I often think of home . . ." He evidently thought of Hungary. Hungary—green fields. . . .

The village Igries, where General Lukacs died, is a sun-scorched spot. From here one can see in the distance the joyless town of Huesca.

They did not put his name on his grave, simply a number. His name is known to all. I heard the children in Valencia calling to one another: "That is General Lukacs,"

and an old woman adding: "Our general."

Mathe Zalka jokingly spoke of a certain writer. "They all write. I envy them." Mathe Zalka can be envied, in his life and death. Thus he wrote his big book: Spain. Such was the man, and if the writer, Mathe Zalka, didn't get to express the whole truth of man, General Lukacs said it for him—no, not said, showed. Although a year has passed since his death, it seems that he still lives, is still leading his 12th Brigade into battle with jests, repartee, or song, or grimly and in silence.

ILYA EHRENBURG

MATHE ZALKA'S LAST NOVEL

Doberdo, the last novel written by the Hungarian writer Mathe Zalka, is the story of Tibor Matrai, a lieutenant of sappers in the Hungarian army. Matrai, a worker's son, becomes a Bolshevik—an enemy of capitalism and war. The novel is obviously autobiographical.

Early in 1916, Tibor Matrai is transferred to the Italian front. He is stationed on the slopes of Monte Clara, whose crest is held by the Italians. It is one of the most hazardous locations on the whole front. Here Tibor meets his friend and former teacher Arnold Schick, now an Oberleutnant. Tibor had attended Arnold's lectures on "Criticism of Social Relations." He had taught that "strong, complete natures must direct their lives in such manner that under no circumstances, shall one consider oneself weaker than one's opponent."

Arnold hates war. He sympathizes with the rank-and-file soldiers and mingles with them. But Arnold fails to understand those who are working for the formation of a Communist Party in Hungary. He becomes a skeptic and vainly perishes at the front.

Tibor is made of sterner stuff. By nature he is the man of action. At first he accepts war as personal fate, but later on sees it as mass murder. The criminal stupidity of the army commanders, the sufferings of the soldiers, the feverish speculation and war-profiteering, the enrichment of the few at the expense of the blood of millions, compel Tibor to think deeply over passing events. At first he tries to make himself inconspicuous during the fighting so as to avoid promotion but not so far as to earn demotion. He soon realizes, however, the naivité of such tactics. A neutral position is neither practical nor possible. For the soldier masses there is no such thing as a neutral position,—there are friends and enemies! And Tibor does not think in the abstract. Only hard facts can convince him.

At great cost of life Monte Clara is taken. Headquarters is elated and hands out awards all around—naturally the pick of these falls to the staff behind the lines. The archduke himself is to ascend Monte Clara to personally distribute the awards to the heroes.

The Italians are determined to drive out the Hungarians from the heights of Monte Clara, which are of particular strategic importance. Their sappers begin laying mines to blow up the Hungarian troops occupying the height. The boring of the Italian sappers is detected by Tibor's men, who are sappers themselves.

Realizing the terrible menace Tibor dashes to inform headquarters urging the necessity for laying counter-mines. At headquarters he is met with a stone wall of indifference. It had been easier, Tibor found, to take the almost invincible heights than to get his staff commanders, busy preparing for the visit of the archduke and the awarding ceremonies, to think of the fate of the

doomed soldiers. Tibor's feverish efforts to do something to avert the looming catastrophe are in vain. No one is interested. The spiritual sufferings Tibor has undergone do not yet open his eyes to the truth, do not yet bring him into open conflict with the system which breeds imperialist wars.

Defying army discipline Tibor goes to divisional headquarters. The danger is made clear and all is confusion. Why, the archduke himself may be blown up! Something must be done! A war council is immediately summoned.

"I wanted to take the floor and remind these gentlemen that our discussion concerned not only the archduke, but above all the lives of eight hundred soldiers and officers who yesterday were the heroes of the front and tomorrow might be human debris left by an exploded mine...."

The council reaches a "brilliant" decision. The archduke's visit is postponed. He is saved. But the top of Monte Clara together with the heroic eight hundred are blown to hell. Tibor rushing back to render what assistance he could to his doomed comrades is wounded.

This senseless and tragic catastrophe completes the mental change that has been going on in Tibor. He arrives at the only possible conclusion: to revolt against this criminal system.

Before Tibor, as the savior of the archduke, opens a brilliant career. But he joins the Bolsheviks.

"Forward Lieutenant Matrai! You have declared war on war, and now you are on your way to organize legions of friends and comrades who will turn their rifles on those who make us fight."

Belief in humanity and purposeful courage is the leitmotif of this novel. Such men as Tibor will not watch with indifference the preparations for a new war, nor look upon the baseness of counter-revolution and the vileness of fascism with calm.

From the first stroke of the author's pen we feel his love for the common man and his hate and contempt for the exploiters and fascist hangmen. The entire life and political experience of the author has taught him that to love man in a society where exploitation, imperialism, fascism, treachery exist, is to hate exploiters and betrayers.

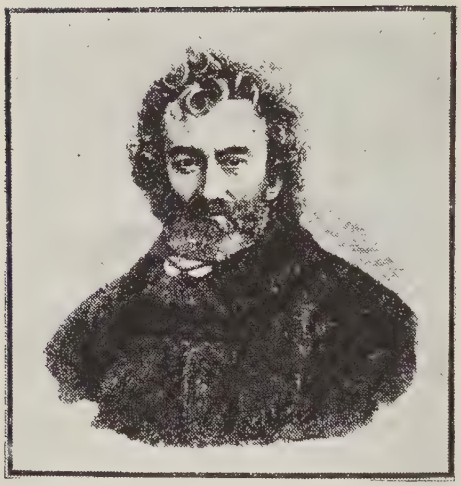
Mathe Zalka's hate is as active as his love. His hate demands deeds. His is the hate which has impelled thousands from all over the world to fight, in the ranks of the International Brigade, for the freedom and happiness of democratic Spain. The International Brigade is an expression of the sympathy of all progressive humanity toward Spain. German and Italian fascism is flooding Spain in blood but their murderous designs will never be realized. Their path is blocked by the courageous hearts and hate of thousands and millions of Matrais whose class consciousness has ripened in the great battles of our epoch.

This novel by Mathe Zalka is not only an interesting literary work. It is a call to struggle—an unshakable testimony of faith in victory. It is the portrait of a forceful, optimistic, undefeatable and heroic Hungarian Communist and writer who passionately gave his life for the triumph of democracy and Socialism.

VITALY KIRPOTIN

N. N. MIKHLUKHA-MAKLAI

(1846—1888)



The little town of Borovichi has a curious official seal: a shield divided into two fields, one silver, the other blue. In the blue field a golden sun rises; on the silver field is a ship's helm. Snow, water, sun, ship—the symbols of travel.

Borovichi was the birthplace of the great Russian traveler, Mikhlukha-Maklai, the starting place of his voyage over the globe.

He was born on July 5, 1846, in the village of Rozhdestvensk near Borovichi in Novgorod Gubernia, where his father, Engineer-Captain N. I. Mikhlukha, had a small estate.

The future explorer began his studies in the natural sciences but did not complete the university course.

In 1864 he left for Heidelberg, enrolling in the philosophical courses. After two years Maklai moved to Leipzig to take up medicine. Before long the restless youth had left Leipzig for Jena where the famous natural scientist Ernest Haeckel was then lecturing.

In 1866 Haeckel published his *General Morphology of Organisms*, which made him immortal. And in the same year Haeckel invited Mikhlukha-Maklai to accompany him on an expedition. They went to the Madeira Islands, the Canaries and spent four months on Lancerot Island. Mikhlukha-Maklai dissected sponges and worked on the brains of cartilaginous fish. From the islands Mikhlukha-Maklai sailed to Morocco, crossed over to Spain and returned to Jena through France. The following year found him at Messina working with Dr. Doorn, the zoologist, studying sea organisms.

From Messina, Mikhlukha-Maklai turned to other lands. In 1869 on the shores of the Red Sea, the twenty-three year old Russian scientist found himself in a little-known land among Arab tribes hostile to Europeans.

Mikhlukha-Maklai shaved his head, dyed his face and donned an Arabian burnoose. In this guise he wandered along the arid shores of the Red Sea, studying the relations between the fauna of the Red Sea and those of the Indian Ocean.

On his return, Maklai passed through Constantinople and disembarked at Odessa. Although his shattered health demanded a respite, Mikhlukha-Maklai did not rest long in the Crimea, but headed for the Volga. Here, obviously under the influence of Behr, he again made researches on the brains of cartilaginous fish. Finishing his work there, Maklai came to Moscow and without resting, literally straight from his hotel, he went to the Second Congress of Russian Naturalists and Physicians then in session in Moscow. From the platform of the congress Maklai proposed a plan for the establishment of a chain of zoological stations on the four Russian seas and in the Pacific. The young naturalist's proposal was not made in vain.

But Maklai was impatient to go to Petersburg where great things awaited him. He was particularly anxious to meet Carl Behr.

In 1869 Carl Behr was seventy years of age.

He remembered Napoleon's invasion of Russia when, still a student, he had volunteered to save Russian soldiers of the Riga garrison from the typhus epidemic. Behr worked there at double risk of his life: Riga was under fire from MacDonald's batteries.

In 1827 Behr published his work *On the Origin of the Ovum of Mammals and Humans*, which made a revolution in embryology. In the winter of 1829 Behr left Prussia and, having been elected Russian academician, settled in Petersburg to dedicate his work to the glory of Russia.

Carl Behr belonged to that category of scientists whose inspired enthusiasm makes science akin to poetry. Behr's scope encompassed everything. He suggested linking the Caspian and Azov Seas by a canal; he made important studies on the Caspian, discovered the "Behr Law" of the varying heights of the right and left banks of rivers, wrote an anthropological study on the Papuans, conducted researches on tin, advocated the cultivation of new useful plants and the breeding of new fish species in the reservoirs of Russia.

The young Mikhlukha-Maklai sought to meet this great man. He had a letter of introduction from Haeckel. Carl Behr did Maklai a great honor; the aged scientist commissioned the explorer of the Red Sea to make a study of a collection of sponges in the Zoological Museum gathered by Behr himself and by Middendorf. Toward the end of October 1870 Maklai bade farewell to Russia once more from the deck of the *Vityaz* which left Kronstadt on a voyage around the world. The commander of the vessel had instructions to take Mikhlukha-Maklai to New Guinea.

Reaching his goal, Maklai lost no time making acquaintance with the Papuans. He plunged into the depths of the jungle, taking the first path. He came upon a village that had apparently been suddenly abandoned. In the brush nearby Maklai met the first citizen of New Guinea and his future friend Tuy. Maklai grasped the hand of Tuy, who, benumbed with fright, led him back into the village. On the village square Maklai and his companion were soon surrounded by eight Papuans adorned with tortoiseshell earrings and plaited bracelets encircling their wrists, and carryng stone axes in their dark hands. Maklai handed out gifts and toward evening returned to his vessel. When Maklai again rowed ashore Tuy came out to meet him.

Maklai decided to settle down to live in New Guinea. He chose ground on the bank of a river near its mouth on the seashore as the site of his future dwelling.

Maklai's new friend, the respectable family-man Tuy, warned Maklai that as soon as the vessel vanished

from sight the Papuans would come and kill him. The latter pretended not to understand and made Tuy a present of another nail.

On September 27, 1871, the *Vityaz* raised anchor and sailed out of Astrolabe Bay, leaving Maklai alone with the Papuans under the palm-leaf roof over which, as the *Vityaz* disappeared from sight, the Russian flag waved.

Maklai began to learn the native language. Tuy, swaggering about in a hat which had belonged to Ulsen, a whaler, was his teacher. Their friendship was strengthening. On the day that the *Vityaz* set sail, Tuy, leading a crowd of Papuans, brought offerings of suckling pigs and coconuts to Maklai's hut.

Maklai gave much thought whether or not to take a revolver with him on his visits to the Papuan village. After weighing the matter carefully he decided to leave the weapon behind and armed himself only with his notebook and gifts.

Maklai went to Gorenda village. The Papuans sent their arrows whizzing just above Maklai's ears and brandished their spears in front of his face. And what did Maklai do? He calmly untied his shoelaces and lay down to rest on the matting. When he awoke he raised his head and saw that the Papuans were seated around him, peacefully chewing betel nuts. No weapons were in sight. The Papuans watched spellbound as Maklai laced up his shoes.

He went home as though nothing at all had happened or could have happened.

This is how Maklai "charmed away" the spears, arrows and bone knives. Maklai's will had triumphed. He had shown his scorn of death more than once and the Papuans had concluded that he must be immortal. Tuy took up his abode in Maklai's hut; he could invariably be found in front of the steps leading to the house. The number of Maklai's friends grew. They brought him provisions—bananas, breadfruits and cold boiled human flesh. . . .

Life on New Guinea flowed smoothly. As a rule Maklai rose at dawn and washed in the clear spring water near his house. After his breakfast he walked along the shore making observations of the tide, measured the temperature of the water and air and made entries in his diary. About midday Maklai lunched and returned to the seashore to wade for shell-fish, or strode into the forest to hunt for insects for his collection. In the evenings Maklai would pore over his diaries.

Sometimes Maklai, raising his eyes, would see Tuy approaching, Ulsen's hat on his head, and a stone axe over his shoulder. Following him would be a crowd of guests from Vityaz Island. The guests would be adorned with seashells and animal tusks, over skins painted in festive hues and gay designs. Maklai must greet them and hand them gifts. The islanders would stay until evening and then depart, lighting their way with torches of dry leaves. Upon taking their leave they would make signs to show Maklai that they would neither kill him nor eat him.

The guests would then depart, bearing away the gifts on their canoes. . . .

Tuy acted as Maklai's guide. On more than one occasion Tuy corrected Maklai's sketches of maps with such accuracy that one would have thought he had had his training in the cartography bureau of the British Admiralty. Maklai had many a time been struck by Tuy's talents.

Maklai's notebook was filled with Papuan words taught him by Tuy: *tan*—the earth; *tamoman*—nuts; *ci*—comb. . . . Maklai learned three hundred and fifty words and conjectured that the entire Papuan language comprised not more than a thousand. Consequently the *tamo-rus* (Russian-

man), as Maklai was nicknamed, knew the language of the Papuans tolerably well. He was soon able to dispense almost wholly with gestures in conversation with the natives.

Not only had Maklai no occasion to use his revolver throughout these six months of his life with the Papuans; he had not even cause to show it.

Maklai carefully respected the Papuan customs. He never imposed himself upon the natives. They would come to his hut themselves and, leaving their spears and knives in the care of one of their number, would enter and converse with Maklai. Bugai, a native of Gorenda, was the first to spread the legend throughout the Coast that Maklai, the *tamo-rus*, was a man from the moon. To them the moon and Russia were one and the same.

. . . The fame of the *tamo-rus* grew. Maklai received invitations from more and more remote parts of New Guinea. Maklai added to his prestige by doing a little doctoring. Having gained the goodwill of the natives, he made a study of their weapons and tools.

Maklai made notes and drawings of all he saw. His book on the Papuans contained a long list of the names and "addresses" of his new friends.

Once Tuy fell ill. Maklai cured him. Upon his recovery, Tuy gave a feast in Maklai's honor and even expressed the desire to exchange names with the Russian traveler.

The indefatigable Maklai made a trip in his row-boat to Vityaz Island where he was met by Kain, one of the chieftains of the island. Here Maklai made the acquaintance of the native potters for whose fine work the island was famed. The islanders—men, women and children—all flocked to the shore to meet the *tamo-rus*. Many of them wished to name their children after Maklai but the modest *tamo-rus* would not consent. Upon returning Maklai had a boatload of gifts to unload, coconuts, sago and bananas.

One day Maklai, with a knapsack over his shoulder, set off in the direction of the mountain village of Tengum Mana. A warm reception awaited him on arrival and when the visit was over Maklai was given an escort of honor—an entire detachment of spearsmen! Alongside the spearsmen ran torchbearers with flaming brands. En route from Tengum Mana, Maklai discovered signs etched on a tree trunk—evidence of a Papuan written language. Knowing that he collected animals, Maklai's escorts caught a lizard for him. Such assistance became more and more frequent as time went on.

The "man from the moon" sometimes spent the night in hospitable huts where stood enormous *telumi* or statues and under the ceiling of which or over the door jamb, among skulls and the bones of cassowaries, pigs, dogs and the skins of lizards, hung the jawbones of relatives. Women no longer feared the *tamo-rus;* some villages even sent matchmakers to Maklai. . . .

One evening when Maklai was sitting at home writing a paper for Carl Behr on the anthropological peculiarities of the Papuans, he looked up and beheld a large crowd of guests approaching. He laid aside his work and prepared to receive them. These were representatives from all the neighboring villages who had come to persuade the *tamo-rus* not to leave the island but to settle there for good and to take himself as many wives as he pleased. It was a delicate situation and required a careful answer. He replied that if he did leave the island he would certainly return. As for wives, Maklai remarked that his work required quiet and women made too much noise; what would he do

if all the wives started to make a noise at once? Maklai's answer and his imperturbability put off the obviously disappointed matchmakers, without ruffling their feelings.

And now a Papuan song in honor of the *tamo-rus* resounded throughout the entire Coast. As for Maklai, he continued to roam over the island, carrying on his observations, adding to his collections, consoling the weeping wife of Kokol, grief-struck at the death of her favorite pig whom she had once suckled herself.... He took a lively interest in every detail of Papuan life; and in their gratitude the Papuans were ready to go through fire and water for Maklai....

Kain and Gad once took Maklai in a canoe to Tairu Island, where he received an enthusiastic welcome. Maklai returned to record the discovery of thirty islets and a wide strait.

One day Maklai was smitten with a violent attack of ague from which he barely recovered. His food supplies were almost exhausted. On September 20 Maklai, sick and hungry, wandering through the dense liana groves in search of food, suddenly recalled that exactly one year had elapsed since he had first set foot on the island. That day he recorded in his diary the fact that during the past year he had won the absolute confidence of the natives and trusted them completely himself.... Sick and hungry, but proud of his success, the scientist closed that day's entry with the words: "I am prepared and would be glad to remain for several years on these shores."

On December 19 an important event took place. On the previous day the *tamo-rus* had gone to Bongu to attend a Papuan holiday; in the evening Saul had begged Maklai to spend the night in his hut. The night had been almost sleepless because of the music and hubbub of the feast but toward dawn Maklai had dropped into a deep sleep. Suddenly he was awakened by shouts of "*Bia! Bia!*" (fire). Maklai asked the Bongu people where they had sighted fire. From Kar-Kar, was the reply, meaning the sea. The Papuans ran in a body to Maklai's hut shouting "*Corveta-rus!*"

Maklai, still doubting the tidings, went to the seashore and saw the smoke of a ship.

Maklai set off in all haste for his own hut and hoisted the Russian flag. The vessel at once changed its course and headed straight for the cape. Maklai took his boat and rowed out to meet it. The hero of New Guinea was recognized from the deck of the vessel and greeted with cheers.

These were days of deep mourning on Maklai Coast. The dark-skinned people understood that the vessel had come to take away the *tamo-rus*, Maklai, the friend of the Papuans.

Maklai promised his friends that he would return to the island. The *tamo-rus* spent his last night with the islanders. On the morning of his departure the islanders carried him shoulder-high to Garagassi. On the green cape the sailors of the *Izumrud* raised the first monument in honor of the exploits of the Russian scientist in Oceania. To the largest tree in all Garagassi they nailed a heavy mahogany board covered with a sheet of copper with an inscription in honor of Maklai and the ships on which he sailed, the *Vityaz* and the *Izumrud*.

The ship's doctor prescribed a complete rest for Maklai and insisted that he remain in bed. But not Maklai! He sat in the cabin, pencil in hand, editing the manuscript of his *Anthropological Notes of the Papuans of Maklai Coast in New Guinea*. This was to be his gift to Behr.

"It was my desire, following the advice of K. E. Behr, to observe the people with the utmost scientific objectivity," wrote Maklai.

But the thought that had obsessed him in his New Guinea hut gave him no rest now in the ship's cabin. He had lived for fifteen months on Maklai Coast studying the natives, but he could not rest at that. It was necessary to study other Papuans of New Guinea and compare them with the inhabitants of Maklai Coast. And when all the Papuans of New Guinea were studied, Maklai would explore the other Melanesian lands and compare the Melanesians with the New Guinea natives. That might provide clues to the origin of the Melanesians, to show where they had formed a special group and broken away from the Polynesians proper, since the Malays bore some striking resemblances to the inhabitants of Melanesia.

"We will have a look at the Malays," he told himself; and at whatever port the ship put in he went ashore and mingled with the motley throng of coast dwellers.

In the Limayan Mountains in the Philippines he found tribes that were undoubtedly Papuan. The physical characteristics of the Negritos, their language and customs were all reminiscent of the Papuans. The delighted Maklai returned to the vessel with a Negrito skull, notes, measurements and drawings. In the privacy of his cabin he rummaged among his papers and found a precious letter.

"I would advise you," Carl Behr had written, "to call in at the Philippine Islands and search for evidence of the aboriginal population; make a careful study and endeavor by all possible means to bring back a few skulls. I believe it is very important to solve the question as to whether these Negritos of the Philippine Islands are brachycephalic or not."

Maklai solved this problem. "Yes, Behr was right—the Negritos have the brachycephalic type of skull. Such skulls occurred on the Maklai Coast as well."

In December 1873 James Lawdon, Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, accompanied the "king of the Papuans" on a new voyage. Maklai sailed from Batavia in Java to the small island of Amboina in the southern Molucca Archipelago. There were dragon-flies with wings of the most curious proportions and structure and gigantic moths to reward the naturalist, and seven hundred and eighty varieties of the fish teeming in its waters, that make Amboina one of the richest centers of sea fauna in the world.

The town of Amboina lies on the trade route to Dutch New Guinea. The inhabitants of the island of Seram-Laut had grown rich marauding the Papuans for many centuries. But these Malay freebooters did not dare show themselves on the shore of Papua-Kovai, reputed to be inhabited by cannibals.

This, of course, was the very island which Maklai was resolved to explore since here the Papuans would doubtless be better preserved than on the coasts ravaged by the Malays.

Maklai left Seram-Laut on a large boat, an *urumbai*, manned by sixteen natives. Near the shores of New Guinea he discovered a new strait (Helen), made corrections in the old map of the coast and re-discovered the Sofia Straits. Maklai built himself a hut on Cape Aiva on the shores of Papua-Kovai and commenced to observe the natives there.

Learning that there was a large lake in the mountains he determined to penetrate into the unknown

interior. He ascended the mountains to a height of 1,200 feet and was rewarded at last by the sight of the sparkling blue lake waters. In the language of the Papuans it was called Kamaka-Vallar. For the naturalist the expedition was not profitless. He found a new variety of sponge and picked up some curious shells.

He found a tribe of the Vaausirai near the lake, akin to the Papuan coast dwellers.

But a disaster occurred on the coast during his absence. Two hundred Papuans from Kiruru Bay attacked the coastal Papuans who retreated to Maklai's hut where five of Maklai's fellow-travelers had remained behind to guard his belongings. The Kiruru natives got the upper hand, killed Maklai's men and destroyed all his scientific instruments. When they left they poisoned the drinking water.

Maklai had to raise sail and leave. He could no longer remain on Aidum.

What new scientific data did Maklai derive from his voyage to Papua-Kovai? He proved that dolichocephalia—elongated skull—cannot be regarded as the principal and immutable characteristic of the Papuans. The legend of the tufted hair of the Papuan tribes he exploded forever; the hair of the inhabitants of Maklai Coast, of the Philippine Negritos and the Papua-Kovai tribes grows like that of other human beings. Maklai made some valuable observations on the intermarriage of the Malays and Papuans.

But the noble and fearless Russian learned something else about which he could not keep silent. He revealed to the world the terrible crimes perpetrated by the Malay merchants and slave traders. The Malays who looted the Papuan Coast had corrupted the one-time peaceful people. The coastal Papuans had entered the slave trade themselves, were making forays among their mountain kinsmen and selling them into slavery to the Malays. Maklai disclosed the phenomenon that the Papuans were gradually being forced to adopt a nomad life. Seeking refuge both from the Malays and their internal enemies, entire villages of Papuans had become water nomads, living on canoes and roaming up and down the coast. Maklai sent a note to the Governor of the Dutch East Indies wrathfully condemning the barter in human beings.

On reaching Amboina, Maklai was taken seriously ill. He was confined to his bed with a high fever, suffering violent neuralgic pains and unable to use his limbs. The Amboina doctor had little hopes for his recovery.

By this time Maklai's exploits had aroused the admiration of the Europeans in the South Seas. No tidings having been received from Maklai for some time, Moresby, captain of the British warship *Basilisk*, was ordered to search for Maklai and if alive to assist him in every way. The British captain set out in search of Maklai. On learning that he had been taken to Amboina, Moresby dropped anchor, went ashore and made his way to Amboina. But when Moresby set eyes on Maklai he was horrified. Against the white pillows Maklai's face looked frightful. Yellow and haggard, with sunken cheeks overgrown with hair, the Russian traveler seemed doomed. Moresby reported that he had found Maklai but it was unlikely that the famous Russian traveler would ever rise again from his bed.... Yet the will and courage of the *tamo-rus* triumphed once more. He not only recovered but before long was making plans for a new expedition.

This time Maklai had as his goal the Malay Peninsula. In the back-

woods of Malacca among the Malay tribes dwelt the unknown Orang-Utangi.[1] Who were they? No scientist had ever seen a living specimen. Maklai resolved to go to Malacca to penetrate into the forests and mountains and unriddle the mystery.

The Orang-Utangi—the Malaccan forest men—were rumored to be so short of stature as to belong to the species of dwarfs. Their chief weapons were poisoned arrows.

Maklai planned to go to Singapore and thence to Malacca. But where was he to obtain the funds? He wrote to the Geographical Society in Petersburg asking for money but received no reply. Maklai then borrowed one hundred and fifty pounds stirling and with this small sum set out on his journey.

Singapore—City of Lions—in those days was not the powerful sea base it is today. At that time it was a quiet island. Fort Canning rose over the sea facing the residence of the governor on the opposite hill.

Maklai had had occasion more than once to knock at palace doors seeking attention for his work. On arriving in Singapore he secured a letter from the Governor to the Maharaja of Johore.

Johore was once a powerful Malaccan state ruling not only vast lands on the mainland but numerous islands as well. In the year 1874 Johore still included in its possession huge, practically unexplored tracts of land on Malacca. And Maklai set out for the town of Johore Bagru. This was a large village rather than a capital. But in this village stood the palace of the Maharaja and his storehouses filled with pepper, rubber, camphor and ivory.

The Maharaja of Johore, a man who had visited Europe, received the emissary of science most cordially. Maklai asked the Maharaja many questions about the land and its people. He convinced the Maharaja of the importance of exploring Johore. In reply the Maharaja regretfully admitted that there was not a single man in his domains who could be said to have traveled from end to end of the country. The Maharaja did not even possess a map of Johore! Maklai, the first European to explore the Maklai Coast, the first to penetrate into the interior of Papua-Kovai, was determined to be the first to journey through Johore. Maklai promised the Maharaja to make the first map of Johore in return for his assistance. . . . The Maharaja drew up and handed to Maklai an order to all the elders of Johore commanding them to provide Maklai with native guides and porters wherever he went.

Maklai set out on his journey. It was December, when the rivers overflow their banks, and Maklai wandered for seventeen days over the flooded wastes of Johore. In a primitive junk, his teeth chattering from fever and inhaling the malarial air, Maklai sailed up the Muar River.

At last the boat reached the mouth of the Muar tributary of Palon. And here Maklai sighted the pitiful dwellings of the "forest men" on the wooded shore! Thus the land of the Orang-Utangi was discovered. Maklai established the kinship between the Orang-Utangi and the Polynesians. And although the Orang-Utangi mingle with the Malays, the marks of Polynesian blood are so obvious that some further search was necessary to find the pure Melanesians in the backwoods of Malacca.

In the jungles of Johore Maklai found transitionary species from

[1] In the Malay language Orang-Utangi means wild men. Not to be confused with the name of the large ape which has wrongly been given this name.

Orang-Utangi to Malayans but nowhere did he meet a pure Melanesian type. He wandered through the length and breadth of Johore from the Malacca Straits to the Chinese Sea.... *Tamo-rus* carried out his promise made to the Maharaja. Twice he crossed Johore.

On his return to Singapore Maklai was again the guest of the Maharaja of Johore. This time the Maharaja pleaded with Maklai to give up his proposed new journey into the country of "forest people." But Maklai would not be moved. Thereupon the Maharaja gave him thirty carriers and a letter to the Lord of Pahanga.

As always, armed only with enthusiasm, Maklai departed from Johore-Bagru on June 15, 1875.

The Maklai caravan entered Pekan—capital of Pahang. He was well received by the local lord and on leaving was given carriers and guides to continue his journey.

Maklai journeyed straight into the heart of the kingdom of Kalantan, whither no European had set foot before him. Traveling by boat, by raft, by elephant, by ox cart but for the most part on foot, Maklai at last reached his goal.

On the upper ranges of Pahanga in the mountain gorges between the countries of Pahang, Tringan and Kalantan, Maklai startled his first "forest men." These were timid creatures of stunted growth who slept in the trees. These were the purest Melanesians....

There could be no doubt about it! These people did not resemble the Malayans. In their dwarfish stature the "forest men" bore a greater resemblance to the Philippine Negritos; but in all other respects they looked like the Papuans of New Guinea. Their kinky hair, the color of their skins, their build and many other physical characteristics marked them as Melanesians....

Maklai traveled from one settlement to another. The timid dwarfs ceased to fear the Russian and he learned a great deal about their lives and customs. Maklai stayed here one hundred and seventy-six days.

Maklai recalled his promise to the Papuans of Maklai Coast. He remembered that they were waiting for him, that they would be scanning the ocean horizon in the hope that the smoke of the Russian vessel would appear on its turquoise expanses. The *tamo-rus* packed up his belongings and went to the Java port of Cheribon where the light schooner *Seabird*, flying the British flag, was ready to set sail.

On June 27 Maklai was put ashore by the *Seabird* on the familiar coast of Gorenda. Oh, how joyfully did the Papuan tom-toms beat that day! All his old friends were still living. The tom-toms reverberated throughout Gorenda, in Bangu, on Vityaz Island, on Kar-Kar and in the villages of the gloomy mountaineers. "The *tamo-rus* has returned!" This was a living miracle, a Papuan folk legend!

The cannibals wept for sheer joy on meeting Maklai. From all over, the Papuans flocked to the *tamo-rus*,—to implore him to settle in their various villages. The skipper of the *Seabird*, who witnessed this reception, looked on in utter amazement.

The ship's carpenter, assisted by crowds of Papuans, built a new home for Maklai on the cape near Bonga. This time instead of a hut Maklai had a real house built of strong timber brought from Singapore.

His old friendships were a great aid to Maklai in his scientific work. He was now able to walk freely all over Maklai Coast and he paid lengthy visits to the more distant

villages. In the Papuan dances and in their daily pantomimes Maklai saw how closely embryonic folk art is related to life. He noted the high moral standards of the Papuans, their love for their families and their uncorrupted lives.

He continued his anthropological observations, making a detailed study of one hundred and fifty Papuans. Maklai became more and more convinced that the form of skull cannot be considered as a decisive race characteristic. Anthropologists maintained that the elongated head was the undisputed peculiarity of the Papuans but Maklai disproved this by evidence that brachycephalia was met with among the Papuans....Maklai's whole life was thus spent in fighting against the conception that humanity might be divided into higher and lower races.

Kody-Boro, a native of Bogai, learned that two men from Gorima, Malu and Abui, were plotting to murder Maklai. The old man begged his Russian friend not to go to Gorima but Maklai disregarded the warnings. Unarmed as always, he set out for Gorima. He crossed the Kior River, wading waist-deep in water, and sought out his would-be assassins. Maklai made a speech to the natives crouched around a fire. He told the inhabitants of Gorima that he had come to them in the night, through forest and across the river, that he was weary and wished to rest. If Abui and Malu, for some unknown reason, wished to kill Maklai, let them make haste, for he was now about to lie down to sleep. The *tamo-rus* then rolled himself in his blanket and slept soundly the night through. In the morning, the shamed Abui brought a butchered pig and laid it humbly at the feet of Maklai; Malu followed him and both of them escorted Maklai home. The two "assassins" walked alongside the white man ready now to defend him with the last drop of their blood.

Thus Maklai lived in utter peace and friendship with the Papuans. Time passed and the skipper from the *Seabird*, who had promised to come back for Maklai, failed to appear.

On November 6, 1877, a British schooner chanced to put in at Astrolabe Bay. Maklai decided to catch the boat and once more the tom-toms thumped mournfully along Maklai Coast. Crowds of Papuans came to see the *tamo-rus* off.

As he bade farewell to the Papuans, Maklai made a speech.

He said that before long, if not today, then tomorrow, people with white faces and dressed as he dressed would come here on ships. But they would not be like him. When these people came ashore they would shoot at the Papuans from rifles; they would rob them and lead them into captivity. (At this there was a murmur in the crowd and shouts of "Do not leava us, *tamo-rus!*") Maklai would return, he said. But he must warn his friends that the terrible white men were heartless and cruel. What should the Papuans do when these wicked men came? They must send their women and children into the mountains, hide themselves and strive to avoid bloodshed at all costs, for the white men are stronger than the Papuans and they would shoot them down with cannons and guns. And if but a single one of the whites were slain by a Papuan arrow, the whites would spare no one. Hence Maklai would teach the Papuans how to distinguish a white enemy from a friend, how to avoid disaster and slavery. If Maklai would send his friends here they give the sign and utter the word Maklai. And such white friends of the *tamo-rus* might indeed come this way ... perhaps

it might happen that many, many of Maklai's fellow-scientists would come. They would not harm the Papuans but would help them and treat them as brothers. With these people the Papuans could live in peace. And Maklai the *tamo-rus* would return.

Thus did Maklai advise his friends. And he departed, accompanied by the sound of weeping, the beating of tom-toms and farewell cries....

By this time Maklai's name was known to the whole world, but he had little of the world's goods. His belongings remained on Maklai Coast in the care of the Papuans. Maklai took out with him only his notes and scientific collections. He settled in Sydney where he stayed for almost a year, at first as the guest of the Russian vice-consul Pauli and later of William McClay, the owner of a fine museum in Sydney.

Before long the Australian Museum invited Maklai to work in its laboratory and the *tamo-rus* lived in the museum building.

Shortly afterward he was elected member of the Linnaean natural history society of New South Wales. Australia gave recognition to the thirty-two year old Russian scientist. For some reason he was known as "Baron McKlai."

In 1879 Maklai left Sydney for thirteen months and went off again to Melanesia. On returning to Australia he resumed his scientific work.

Maklai was the first to enrich Russian geographical science with a study of the people and the natural life of Australia. Before him no Russian had studied this country to any extent. Suffice it to say that since Lazarev and Zavarlishin first visited Tasmania in 1823, on the *Cruiser*, no Russian had penetrated into the Australian mainland. And Maklai, who had covered the whole country from the Cape of York on the east coast to the south of Victoria, penetrated also into the interior.

He spent several months in Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, where society vied in "lionizing" the Russian "baron."

Elisée Rectus said rightly that the "history of the exploitation of Australia is one of those which gives the highest conception of man's greatness...." But this conception of man's greatness, as Maklai had occasion to observe, was then being trampled in the mud. Polynesian slaves and captives from Melanesia toiled in the bamboo plantations of Queensland. And what was most dreadful for Maklai, Australia was preparing to seize New Guinea.

Gold had been found on the island in 1877 and a year later the future shareholders of the Australian Company in Sydney were seeking the British government's consent to the seizure of the huge island. The first gold-seekers were already setting out for Maklai Coast....

Maklai could not keep silent. He wrote a letter to Sir Arthur Gorden, the British High Commissioner in the Western Pacific:

"Considering the extermination of the dark races on the islands of the Pacific not only an unjustified cruelty but an inexcusable blunder from the political and economic standpoint, I deem it my duty to put some considerations before you," began the letter, which he ended with: "I cannot, however, refrain from the pessimistic observation that the justness of my arguments may perhaps serve as the weightiest factor in leaving my letter without the desired results...."

Seeing that his protest was fated to be a cry in the wilderness, Maklai composed another message, this time to the British commodore Wilson, chief of the Australian war fleet; it was entitled "Abduction

and Slavery within the Limits of the Western Pacific."

The year 1882 was approaching.... A Russian naval squadron visited Australia. This was unexpected for Maklai. For eleven years Maklai had not heard his native language. And the Russian fleet was standing at anchor in Hobson Bay.

Maklai sailed home to Russia. In September he sighted the first Russian lighthouse and debarked at Kronstadt. A month later he was addressing the members of the Russian Geographical Society. The mature men of science who listened to Maklai's account of his twelve years of travel gazed in admiration at this hero of Russian science, a scientist without a diploma, a pioneer of a great idea. Semyonov-Tyanshansky announced that the Geographical Society would see to it that Maklai's works were published. But, as before, the society did not offer any material assistance.

Twelve years of his life had been spent wandering in strange lands. His health was ruined. And what was to be done now? For he needed two years at least to prepare his Singapore and Sydney notes for publication. The Geographical Society favored the idea of publishing his works and even insisted that they be issued by 1885. But here is an excerpt from the decision of the council of the society:

"...Unfortunately the Geographical Society is totally unable to give him the necessary assistance in view of lack of funds as well as for the reason that the subject of M. Maklai's research does not come directly under the activities of the Geographical Society, which, as laid down by the statutes, are limited merely to a study of the fatherland and neighboring countries...."

Maklai decided to set out once more on his travels and secured passage on a vessel sailing to Brisbane on the British Indies steamship line.

All through this journey Maklai was unusually preoccupied and sad. On March 16, 1883, leaning on the deck railings, Maklai looked out on the familiar green shores of New Guinea. There was Izumrud Strait and Kar-Kar Island, the tranquil blooming shores of the Archipelago of Contented People where he had roamed with Kain....

On March 18 Maklai, the vice-admiral Kopytov and a number of ship's officers went ashore. The Papuans surrounded Maklai. His old friend Saul walked alongside the *tamo-rus* telling him the latest news. And there was much to relate. It was well, he said, that the Papuans had followed Maklai's advice and sent their women and children away from the coast. Wicked white people had come. They were gold hunters; using sign language they had questioned the Papuans about Maklai. They were certain that Maklai had hidden stores of gold. Their rifle butts clanking, they had mounted the veranda of Maklai's house and had gazed longingly at the heavy lock hung on the door. But the moment one of them had touched the lock the Papuans had sprung forward and forced them to leave Maklai's house. And the gold seekers had departed, marveling at the fidelity of the savages and the care with which they had tended the flower garden in front of the house of the "man from the moon." The Papuans had politely made the wicked men understand that they would do well to depart, and that would be the Papuans' attitude to all who did not give them the password of Maklai.

Saul chattered on, glancing over his shoulder at the white Russian people accompanying Maklai. And

what had happened to Maklai's old friend Tuy? Saul imparted the sad news that Tuy was no longer living. Of the old friends there remained only Kain from Vityaz Island, Maramai with the ring in his nose and boars' teeth on his chest, and Hassan with whom the *tamo-rus* had once explored the Archipelago of Contented People. . . .

It was the year 1886. . . . Countries were warring with one another for the possession of new territories. The French had raised their flag over Madagascar. Italian soldiers were marching over parched Eritrea; the British were annexing Burma; Germany was aiming at Samoa. France and Britain were quarreling over Tonkin. French agents were active throughout Polynesia to bring about the enslavement of the stalwart bronze Tahitians.

Maklai realized that Bismarck and the German bankers and merchants who were claiming New Guinea would not limit themselves to a protectorate. Missionaries and merchants followed rapidly in the wake of Finsch.[1] Before long Pomeranian soldiers, Hamburg and Stettin marines, officials and gendarmes would be brought on steamers to the Archipelago of Unfortunate People.

While still in Sydney bidding farewell to Australia, Maklai had felt ill. His body had throbbed and ached with rheumatic and neuralgic pains and he could not collect his thoughts. On board the *Nekkar* he was frequently unable to rise from his bed.

On reaching home all work was strictly forbidden by the doctors. He was made to lie still and rest, his mind a blank.

For seven long months he was confined to his bed, his doctors forbidding any activity.

[1] German explorer sent out by Bismarck to prepare for the occupation of New Guinea.

Thus autumn passed and winter came; the crisp frosty breath of January 1888 entered the window of the sick-room. Maklai felt somewhat better. But who could have been so careless as to have left a newspaper within reach of Maklai's wasted hands? For there in black and white was the report that Germany had begun its merciless occupation of New Guinea. This time a pen and paper were put into Maklai's hands—he must write a few lines to fulfill his duty. And practically from his deathbed Maklai sent a telegram to Bismarck—a cry of wrath wrung from a noble and brave heart!

". . . The natives of Maklai Coast protest against being annexed to Germany"—these words flew over the telegraph wires into cruel and cold Berlin. . . .

. . . A bright ward in the Villie clinic of the military medical academy, lit up by the April sun, was the scene of six weeks of agony and courage which amazed the military doctors who had witnessed thousands of deaths. The valiant son of Russia grappled with death like a soldier on the battlefield.

And on April 2 (15), 1888, Maklai, who had crossed many seas and oceans, died in a hospital ward.

Many years passed. The great works of Maklai lay gathering dust in the scientific archives. And only we, his grateful Soviet descendants, citizens of a great Socialist country, have begun to give to the press the works of the Russian scientist Nikolai Mikhlukha-Maklai.

Maklai! This name is the symbol of Russian courage, majestic simplicity and the friendship between a northern country and the oppressed peoples of the South Seas, for whose happiness Maklai, the *tamo-rus*, gave his life.

SERGEI MARKOV

Twenty Years of the Red Army Celebrated in Art

Approximately 450 pictures were on view at the Moscow exhibit, organized in connection with the Twentieth Anniversary of the Red Army and Navy. The love of the Soviet people for their army has found one form of expression in the work of the artists who exhibited their pictures, the subjects of which were chosen from the heroic days of the Red Army's struggle against the whites and interventionists in the past, and from the brisk daily round of work and study of the Red Army men at present, under the conditions of extensive Socialist construction.

Russian artists, Vereshchagin in particular, have produced masterly battle paintings. The exhibit devoted to the Twentieth Anniversary of the Red Army and Navy clearly demonstrated that Soviet battle painting is of a high order. This is partially explained by the interest taken in painting by the Red Army leaders, Voroshilov in particular. It is known that in the most strenuous days of the struggle with the tsarist generals Voroshilov found time for a talk with the painter Grekov, noted for his battle canvases.

We publish a few photographic reproductions of the exhibited pictures. It should be pointed out that Soviet artists who devote their work to the Red Army do not limit themselves to battle scene painting. The pictures in the exhibit include portraits, scenes from daily life and genre painting.

Before the Flight. Portrait of Mikhail Gromov, Hero of the Soviet Union. A Painting by O. Dela-Vos-Kardovskaya

J. Stalin and K. Voroshilov

Painting by Honored Art Worker A. Gerasimov

Rousing Send-Off to New Recruits

Painting by Terpsikhorov

K. Voroshilov, People's Commissar for Defense, on a Skiing Outing
Painting by Honored Art Worker I. Brodsky

Red Army Commander with his Family *Painting by S. V. Vasiliev*

On Guard Against Border Violators

Painting by A. Zhaba

Forward, for the Soviet Fatherland

Painting by I. Toidze

Victor Ardov

Circle

Promptly at 8 a. m. Kryukov, the instructor, walked into the auditorium of the N— military school. He seated himself at his desk and began.

"Now, let me see, who would like to tell us today where and when to use the comma?. . . You, Comrade Zhuravlenko? Step up to the blackboard, Comrade Zhuravlenko."

Pink-cheeked and square-shouldered, Zhuravlenko, with a "Voroshilov Marksman" badge on his breast, paced briskly to the board.

"The comma is used before the words: 'which,' 'what,' 'if,' and also in cases where. . . ."

That was at eight in the morning. At three in the afternoon we see Kryukov, the instructor, in his turn, sitting in the classroom of the teachers' training course listening to a lecture on political economy.

"Last time we studied the definition of land rent, did we not?" Comrade Posyagatsky, the lecturer, was saying. "How did Adam Smith and Ricardo, the classic political economists, define land rent?"

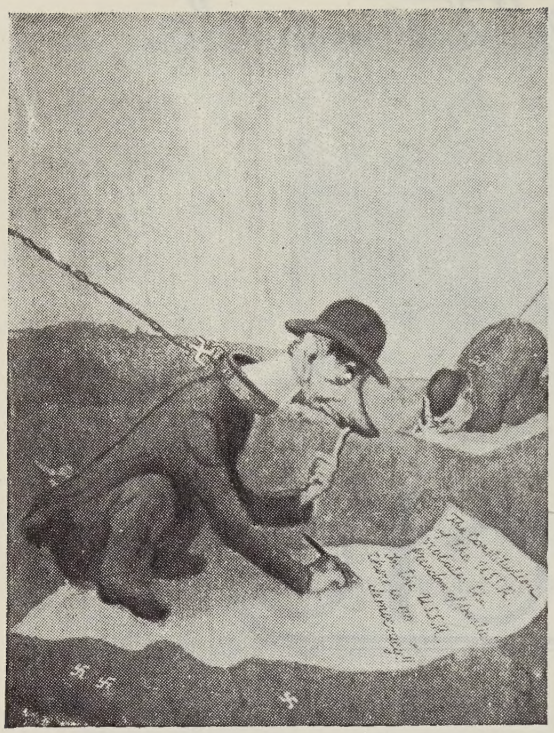
Three hours later, at six the same evening, Posyagatsky was assiduously taking notes at the lecture delivered by Academician Fomin. The gentle whisper of turning notebook pages filled the small conference hall of the institute. The academician was lecturing on the philosophical views of Ludwig Feuerbach.

Ten o'clock that evening found Fomin at the Scientists' Club, or to be more exact, at the barrier of the club's shooting range where, resting his rifle on his right shoulder, the academician was taking careful aim at the target. At the academician's side stood our friend, Zhuravlenko, with the "Voroshilov Marksman" badge on his chest.

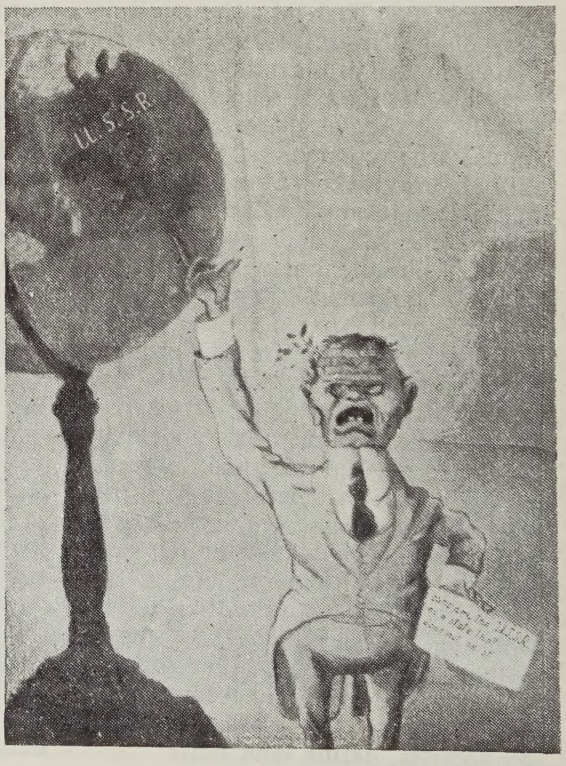
"Shoulders straight, shoulders straight, Comrade Fomin," he admonished. "Before taking aim you must provide proper support for the butt, otherwise we shall never learn to shoot."

Obediently the academician stuck out his chest and pressed the rifle butt firmly into his shoulder.

Carica



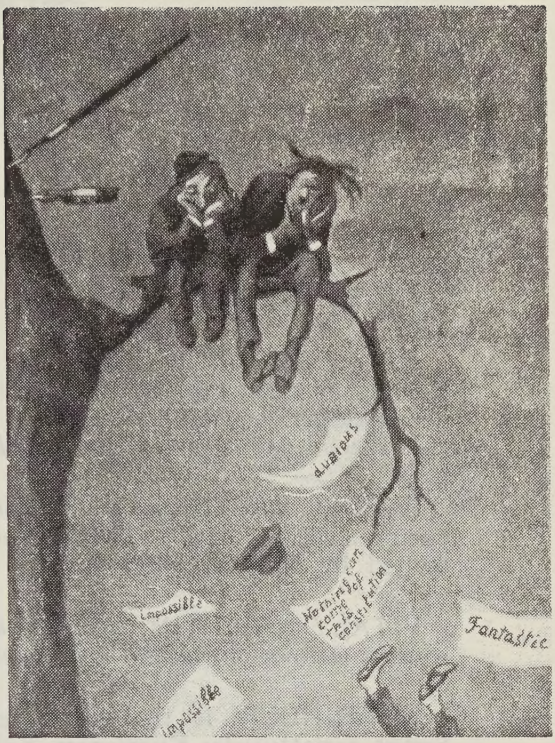
Western readers need no introduction to that brilliant trio of Soviet cartoonists who work under the group name of Kukriniksy. Here we



On the right:
Consider the U.S.S.R. as a state that does not exist

t u r e s

reproduce a series of their drawings caricaturising opinions expressed in certain quarters of Europe on the new Soviet Constitution.



On the left:
How not to hear the truth

About the Contributors

ILYA EHRENBURG. Eminent Soviet writer who needs no introduction to Western readers. His reportage has placed him in the ranks of acknowledged masters of this genre.
Is special correspondent for *Izvestia* in Spain.

SAMUEL MARSHAK. Widely known and popular children's writer. His poems such as: *Mister Twister* and *Post-Office* are known, loved and recited by children everywhere in the Soviet Union.

VITALY KIRPOTIN. Well-known Soviet critic and literary research worker. Author of *Pushkin and Communism*, and others.

KUKRINIKSY is the group name of three internationally famous Soviet caricaturists: Kuprianov, Krilov and Nikolai Sokolov. Kukriniksy is made up of the first syllables of their names.

SERGEI MARKOV. Soviet journalist.

To our readers

The editors of *International Literature* would like to know what the readers think of the magazine.

In this period, more than ever before, with menacing attacks upon world culture, *International Literature* feels the gravity and significance of its role as an organ devoted to the cultural interests of the advanced and progressive people throughout the world. It wishes to fill this role as effectively as possible. For that reason it calls upon its readers for this cooperation.

Even if you have a good opinion of the magazine there may be some features you prefer to others. We would like to know what they are. You will help the work of the magazine if you tell us.

If the magazine has disappointed you in any way please let us know.

Please tell us what type of stories you have liked; whether you object to serialization of material; what type of articles you have valued; what aspects of international and Soviet cultural life you would like to have chronicled in the magazine; and how you would like to have the chronicle material presented?

Do you find the present form of the magazine attractive and readable? Recently, at the request of some of our readers we introduced illustrated covers and a two-column page. Are there other changes of format readers would like to see introduced? Are you satisfied with the quality of the translations?

Address letters to editor of *International Literature*, Box 527, Moscow, USSR.

Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV