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International Literature

12

1938

THE STATE LITERARY-ART PUBLISHING HOUSE
MOSCOW — U.S.S.R.

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No. 12 DECEMBER 1938

Editorial Office: 12 Kuznetsky Most, Moscow
Letters and Telegrams: P. O. Box 527, Moscow

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TANKER DERBENT

It had a strange, deceptive odor, this Krasnovodsk oil. When they connected the hose and the dark, bubbly liquid poured into the hatches, Boatswain Dogailo sniffed and remarked:

"It smells like lozenges. Sniff to your heart's content."

The sailors sniffed. It smelled as if a tray of freshly baked cookies were being borne across the deck. Afterwards one experienced a disagreeable tickling sensation in the nostrils. And Dogailo, carefully picking his nose with his forefinger, said, this time without the slightest pleasure: "It smells!"

But this sensation, too, passed, and it seemed as if ordinary Surakhan oil were pouring through the pipe line. Only the sailor Fomushkin, who had stood near the hose, complained of a headache. Dogailo stalked off warily, and this time he said nothing.

In Krasnovodsk the captain received new instructions: to take in tow the *Uzbekistan*, whose engines had broken down in the storm. It was a disagreeable, troublesome task.

An excerpt from the book of the same title. Another excerpt and a note on the author were published in our last issue.

But Captain Evgueni Stepanovich was in a good mood. The storm, the worry and unbearable strain, all were over, and Evgueni Stepanovich felt a flood of good will toward everybody.

"Look. Isn't it pretty? The white town, and above it the solid red crags. And the golden shoals surrounding the blue bay. Amazingly pretty!"

Chief Mate Kasatsky looked weary and dissipated. There were dark rings under his eyes. His jacket, stained with cigarette ashes, was wrinkled as if he had slept in it.

"It's true, the city is white," he remarked ironically, "and it can't be denied that the crags are red. But what are you so cheerful about?"

He slowly turned his head and fixed his stare on the captain's necktie.

"However, it's just as well that you are cheerful," he continued. "I'm used to looking ahead, you know. The storm's over, and everybody's happy, but not we. I'm glad, but in a different way. As soon as the thin, silly voice of happiness begins singing within me, I begin to reason, and then I realize that I may be happy as I please,

yet in the end something unpleasant is bound to happen."

"But then afterward things will be all right again, won't they?"

"I don't know. Perhaps. I'm sick and tired of all this abstract talk.... There's the *U bekistan*, at that pier, see it? We ought to look it over before we take it in tow. Come on," Kasatsky said.

"Oh, that towing business! It's crazy. As if we were a tug! Can't we refuse?"

"There you go—trouble already. We can't possibly refuse to tow her. She's unable to move under her own power. Her hold is already loaded with oil and it must be transported; there's nothing to be done about it."

"You seem glad."

"No, I simply want to bring you back to reality. I want to show you that troubles still do exist. Give me your arm, Sweetness-and-Light."

They descended to the cargo deck and walked to the gangway. Evgueni Stepanovich sniffed and halted.

"What's the smell?" he asked in surprise. "Can it be the oil?"

"Have you just begun to notice it? Yes, it's Krasnovodsk oil. Why are you frowning? A rather original odor, even pleasant."

They walked along the shore without haste, and Kasatsky enlarged on the interesting qualities of Krasnovodsk oil—its aromatic properties, the benzine derived from it, and its high combustibility. Evgueni Stepanovich was struck by Kasatsky's broad knowledge of matters of which other chief mates were usually ignorant. Yet somehow Kasatsky did not like to display his knowledge, thought Evgueni Stepanovich; he even read the newspapers alone, locked in his cabin.

On the *U bekistan* they were met by a stout, genial, red-headed man, who introduced himself as the chief mate of the vessel. Together they went to the forecastle, examined the contrivances for holding fast the tow-rope, and agreed on how the tow-line would be fastened.

"We've had bad luck," complained the stout chief mate, smiling good-naturedly. "This winter our repairs were very badly done, and now we have a breakdown every trip. Yesterday the shaft got jammed, but they carried out the loading just the same. No use going back empty! But, just between us, it's against the regulations, because our deck isn't in good condition."

"Really!" said Kasatsky lightly. "Well, that's the usual thing."

"They soldered it in one place, but apparently that's not enough. It still smells of gas. And we have no gas exhaust pipes. It's illegal...."

"We must be going back," Kasatsky put in hastily. "Time, Evgueni Stepanovich, time!"

The red-headed mate yawned and went into his cabin. On the deck hung wash set out to dry, and coils of rigging lay about. Evgueni Stepanovich shook his head.

"They befoul their own ship. The scoundrels, the scoundrels!"

For some reason or other Kasatsky did not go straight to the gangway, but turned to the opposite rail of the vessel. Evgueni Stepanovich obediently followed him. As they approached the quarterdeck the spicy odor became stronger, and tickled the captain's nose.

"Aren't their hatches screwed down?" he inquired, sniffing. "What the devil! This is real violation of the law!"

Kasatsky, not halting, walked around the superstructure and then went to the gangway. "Do you have that paper with you?" he asked rapidly.

"What paper?"

"Today's radiogram from the navigation office ordering us to take the *Uzbekistan* in tow. Show it to me."

He glanced at the radiogram, folded it and sniffed.

"Keep this among the records," he muttered preoccupiedly. "Just to have the record in order, you know."

"By god, I'll refuse to tow them!" Evgueni Stepanovich shuddered. "I'll go right off and radio the navigation office."

"Not so loud. Don't let your imagination run away with you. It smells a bit on deck. What of it? They have the permission of the registry office to sail. If you refuse to tow them you'll be accused of hindering plan fulfillment."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it."

"It's a dog's job I have," sighed Evgueni Stepanovich. "Damn the day I agreed to leave the bookkeeping office!"

While the loading was going on a young fellow in a naval cap stepped up the gangway of the *Derbent*. He looked about fifteen years old, but he held himself with an air of importance and even sternness. In his hand was a notebook and he was obviously full of curiosity, for he kept rising on tiptoe to watch what was taking place on the tanker.

"Good day," he politely greeted Dogailo. "How do you do?"

"Do you know me?" asked the boatswain in good-natured surprise. "Where did you spring from?"

"No, I don't know you," replied the young man, "but you're going to take us in tow, and I came over to get acquainted. Hello," he nodded to the sailors who were gathered at the rail. "I'm Valerian, radio operator on the *Uzbekistan*."

"Well, hello, Valerian," Dogailo said laughing. "Your ship is lousy, Valerian. We've got to tow you."

Kotelnikov, Gusein and Makarov came on deck. Volodya Makarov, radio operator on the *Derbent*, glanced at the group and cried: "It's Valya!"

He ran forward, grasped the youth by the shoulders, and spun the lad around before him.

"Valya, where did you spring from? How did you get here? Are you on the *Uzbekistan*? ... He graduated together with me," he said, turning to his comrades. "The youngest of us all. They didn't want to accept him. They didn't want to, now did they, Valya? Confess! And now, look, quite a sailor and he doesn't drown! *Ekh*, you brat!"

"Very interesting," said Valerian sedately. "I've already told them I'm a radio operator. And I handle the job pretty well, if I do say it myself. How did you stand the storm? I kept on duty right through it all. Some vessel might have got in trouble and I would have heard it and saved ... that is, we would have saved it. Very important to stay on duty, particularly in stormy weather. Did you read the Peoples Commissar's order on the struggle against accidents? So I stayed on right through it all!"

He tried to speak with a careless air, but apparently he was excited and his voice became now a hoarse bass, now a high boyish soprano.

"I have a powerful station," he went on enthusiastically. "I'm an old radio amateur, and I've conducted many experiments. Now I want to send an article to the *Radio Front* magazine. You see, I tried to keep in touch with Black Sea vessels, and I succeeded, but only in the evening and for a short time. This fact has a scientific explanation. Unfortunately I had to cease my experiments because I was overheard by the control point and got a reprimand. The bureaucrats! Try to argue with them!"

"What was the reprimand for?" inquired Gusein.

"For rowdyism in the ether. But I don't care. It's still very interesting aboard ship. We have about thirty thousand volumes in our

library, even more. Besides, I'm a youth correspondent. I write about tankers and the Stakhanov movement. As a matter of fact, I've come to write my impressions. What are you laughing at, Volodya? I wanted to talk to one of the Stakhanovites. How did you achieve your records?"

A number of men gathered around him, and for a moment he felt embarrassed, but when he saw the merry, kind faces about him he opened his notebook with an air of importance. Gusein took his arm, and they walked around the deck, followed by a curious crowd.

"So the secret lay in the engines and in saving time during loading? Wait, let me get that down!" the youngster said. "That's something like an invention, isn't it? No? Well, maybe I said something foolish. Don't laugh, Volodya. I forgot to tell you that I also construct airplane glider models of wood and cardboard. It's very interesting. Too bad there's no room aboard ship to fly them. The deck is too small—they all fall overboard.... And I built a tiny electric motor. It weighs only a few grams and works on the current from a pocket battery. And it is made entirely of Soviet materials!"

Volodya laughed heartily, seized the boy, flung his arms round him and lifted him in the air.

"Of Soviet materials!" he repeated in delight. "You little devil!"

"Let me go, Volodya! Stop this childishness!" Valerian frowned, freeing himself from Volodya's embrace. "You're preventing me from conversing with these men. Do you hear, Volodya?"

He adjusted his shirt and addressed himself to Gusein.

"You'll tell me all about your Stakhanovite voyages when we get to Makhach-Kala, won't you? I'm sure there's much we can adopt in our work. On the *Uzbekistan* everything is done in the old way, and the mechanic sleeps a lot. I think he must have sleeping sickness, only he doesn't know it. It happens, you know. There's a mosquito that bites you, and... why are you laughing again, Volodya? By the way, things are very bad on the *Uzbekistan*. Yesterday the engines broke down, and the mechanic couldn't do anything about it. And I'll tell you a secret...."

He assumed a mysterious air, and Volodya bent his ear to the lad, smiling.

"There's a chink in the deck, and gas leaks from it. At the stop-over they stopped it up, but apparently they didn't do a thorough job, because there's a smell. And we have no gas exhaust. There! You see?"

He uttered all this in a single breath—Volodya was still smiling mechanically, but the men had fallen silent.

"Has it been that way long?" asked Gusein. "Do you remember?"

"Pretty long. During the stop-over the captain called in an engineer, I forget from where...."

"From the registry office, I guess."

"Yes, that's it. He said we ought to stop up the chink somehow until the end of the navigation season. Then he turned around and went off. And so they stopped it up that way."

"And the registry office official has allowed you to sail with a deck like that? And without a gas exhaust? It can't be."

"But it is, I remember it quite clearly, He turned around and went off..."

Kotelnikov bit his finger-nails and frowned.

"We ought to do something, fellows," he said quietly. "They can't go to sea, that's plain."

"What can we do?"

"Report it to the navigation office. We can't disregard it."

"Too late now," said Volodya. "They're finishing loading. Tell me,

Valerian, do you have electric motors on deck?"

"Yes, we have."

"Maybe it's not too late," suggested Gusein, glancing about anxiously. "Perhaps we ought to wake Basov."

"Too late, Mustafa. Basov is no miracle-maker. And nobody will believe us, anyway. If the registry office permits it...."

"Do they smoke on deck on your ship, Valerian? I bet they do, eh?"

"N-no, I think it's forbidden." His gaze traveled from one to another and he blinked guiltily. He regretted that the conversation, begun so well, had taken this disagreeable turn.

"Here's what, fellows," decided Kotelnikov. "It's too late to act now, but in Makhach-Kala we'll stir up the Party organization. What can your political instructor be thinking of, comrade youth correspondent?"

"I don't know, he's new." Valerian fell silent, and suddenly smiled like a pleading child. "Come on, let's talk of something else!"

The little radio operator of the *Uzbekistan* had won the affection of all of them, and they waved their caps at him when he went ashore. Dogailo was even touched, watching him go.

"I had a son ... he died...." he said, becoming sad. "Just like him, polite and friendly. He would be thirty now, or more...."

The days at sea passed, all alike, passed unnoticeably, chopped up into the four-hour segments of the watches. The swell had not yet died down in the open sea. The sun's reflections danced on the slopes of the waves. The tow-line creaked astern and behind it the high bow of the *Uzbekistan* reared out of a foamy strip of water. Its masts were black against the blue sky. They had soon become accustomed to it on the *Derbent* as if they had been towing the *Uzbekistan* for ages, and as if there were no people aboard her, nor imflammable cargo, just masts, rusty hull and white superstructure. Toward nightfall, when it became dark and the lights in the cabins were switched on, it seemed to disappear entirely. There remained only the clanking tow-line, going off into the dark, and, hanging at its end, a garland of lights. Below them, at the very bottom of the sea, tossed fiery chains. The unseen waves tore them apart with each heave, but they gathered again, again were torn to tatters, and thus without end.

It was at these golden chains that Chief Mate Kasatsky, standing his watch in the deep of the night, stared. He placed his elbows on the rail of the bridge, wrapped his sheepskin coat around him, and stood motionless. Far behind the stern twisted golden snakes. He watched them intently and could not tear his gaze from them, although the contemplation of the sight was somehow unpleasant. He felt glad when he heard voices from below. He bent as far over the railing as he could, and listened.

"There must be an island here. What island is it?"

"Chechen Island."

"Chechen, eh?... You seem to know the whole sea."

"It would be strange if I didn't. I've been sailing across it ever since I was a child."

The answers came in the high tenor of the boatswain; the questions in a hoarse, mocking voice.

"Probably Khrulyev," guessed Kasatsky.

"Dogailo...."

"Yes?"

"Where were you yesterday when we were covering the motor on deck? We looked high and low for you."

"I don't remember. Probably I was busy. I don't remember...."

"You're lying. Gusein says you were in the kitchen. You were play-

ing dead. A fine boatswain you are!"

"Gusein always lies.... He's an offensive fellow.

"He's pretty tough, true, but still..."

"Who wants to drown? Hee-hee. ... I'm an old man...."

"There! And I had to do your work for you.... A wave almost washed Gusein overboard yesterday," added Khrulyev, as if recalling something pleasant.

Kasatsky listened with a fixed smile, his thick white ear sticking out of his fur collar. But the conversation stopped.

"So!" murmured Kasatsky with satisfaction. "We've passed Chechen Island. I must enter it in the logbook...."

He entered the cabin, his eyes blinking from the light, and he stretched, arching his back like a cat. As he bent over the map a prolonged "boom!" came from somewhere at the stern, as if a hammer had struck iron sheeting. Khrulyev, on the bridge, gave a piercing shriek and threw open the door of the cabin.

"What's the matter?" Kasatsky jerked up. "Who's bitten you?"

He saw a white face, mouth hanging open, and dashed to the door. Astern, on the spot where garlands of light had glittered before, a pillar of swaying bloodred smoke rose, and through it appeared the masts and cordage of the *Uzbekistan*, illuminated by a pinkish glare. Kasatsky was already running to the gangway, but suddenly he stopped stock still as if pinned to the spot, and began biting his nails. Again Khrulyev's white, eyeless face appeared in front of him, screaming hoarsely:

"He-e-lp!"

"Shut up!" shouted Kasatsky. "Shut up and listen to orders!"

He stamped his foot and, seizing the sailor by the collar of his shirt, pulled him forward.

"Now calm down and listen to me. The tow-line must be cut.... It must be cut right away.... Get me? Now step lively!"

"I need an axe," Khrulyev replied hoarsely, his knees almost giving way.

Kasatsky pushed him away and dashed down the stairs. Khrulyev stumbled after him, breathing heavily and mumbling: "Right away, right away!"

"Where's the axe?" asked Kasatsky without slowing down. "Do you hear?"

"With the fire extinguisher," said Khrulyev weakly. "I'll get it right away."

The hollow sound of another explosion filled the air and a new column of spark-bespangled smoke rose astern. The alarm bell of the *Uzbekistan* rang hastily, but immediately broke off and fell silent. Dogailo dashed out on deck. He was dragging a life belt, and he stumbled like a blind man. He ran into the hatch and let out an "Ow!"

Khrulyev jumped down from above and caught him by the hand.

"Dogailo, get me the axe as quickly as you can or we'll perish."

"Axe?" Dogailo mumbled. He was frightened. "We don't need an axe, we need lifebelts...."

"I'll kill you!" roared Khrulyev. "Get me the axe at once, damn you!"

Dogailo stepped backward, dropped the lifebelt, and both disappeared from the shivering strip of light which fell from beyond the stern. A moment later Khrulyev came running out, axe in hand. He climbed up the stern with amazing speed, his mouth wide open and gasping for breath. On the deck Dogailo was looking for the life belt he had dropped. He moaned in a low voice and crossed himself. At last he found the life belt and

tried to put it over his head, the while the sound of the axe came from the quarterdeck. The ship, separated from the *Uzbekistan*, quivered; Dogailo stumbled, and shutting his eyes flopped down on the deck. Kasatsky ran out on deck and lit upon the boatswain.

"We're saved!" cried Kasatsky with a trembling, anxious smile. "Throw away your doughnut, old man, and wake up the captain!"

At this moment Gusein came out of the engine room and paused on the bridge, listening.

"The tow-line broke!" he exclaimed, seeing the men on deck. "We must stop, Comrade Chief Mate!"

"Go back," shouted Kasatsky. "Everything's in order, I tell you. Go back!"

But suddenly Gusein ran backward and the reflected pink light shone in his eyes.

"Where's the captain?" he shouted, glancing wildly about him. "Hey, you there!... There's a fire, don't you see?"

"Get back!" shouted Kasatsky, stamping his foot in a frenzy. "I'll have you put on trial for not carrying out orders during an emergency."

Gusein was no longer staring at the deck or listening to the chief mate. He stood thoughtful for a few minutes and suddenly rushed to the spardeck, climbed the staircase leading to the bridge and vanished.

"He wants to sound the siren," guessed Khrulyev. "He'll wake up everybody, Oleg Sergeyevich. I'm afraid; the crew will make us return to the *Uzbekistan*."

Everything seemed to become dark, and the spots of light on the black water went out, but immediately a flashing golden cloud of sparks rose astern and the sky became blood red.

And, as if it were singed by this fiery glow, the *Derbent* suddenly roared deafeningly in the dark.

Basov was lying, clothed, in his berth, face up, feet flung wide apart. He was motionless as if he had been struck on the spot by a bullet. Something was bothering him through his closed eyelids. It seemed to him that morning had come, that the pink sun had risen, and that something was roaring in his ears. It was a prolonged, loud roar, and it shook the partitions of the cabin. Half awake, he turned on his side, because the red sunbeams penetrated his eyelashes, and tickled the pupils of his eyes. The roaring ceased, and in the silence that followed it seemed to him he heard shouts, but he still did not move, trying slowly to understand why he was so sleepy even though it was daytime, wondering why nobody woke him for his watch. Had he not asked them to wake him? He heard the door open, heard somebody rush into his cabin and run right into a chair. Then, opening his eyes, he realized that the light he had seen was not sunlight at all. He saw Gusein's face bent over him and he thought Gusein wanted to frighten him.

"What time is it?" he asked, smiling sleepily and fumbling for the switch. "What did you say, Mustafa?"

"I said fire has broken out on the *Uzbekistan*," answered Gusein, shaking him by the shoulder. "Get up, quick."

Basov switched on the light and sat up.

"It's a lie!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "It can't be!"

In the light of the electric lamp it was not Gusein's words but his expression which struck him: the familiar expression of dull depression and despair which Mustafa's face had borne during the first trips, before the Stakhanovite voyage.

"Do you know what the scoundrels have done?" Gusein said in a muffled voice. "Everything is lost now! Finished!"

"Take it easy, Mustafa." Basov put his boots on and ran out into the corridor, buttoning his coat on the way. "Who's that shouting?" he asked, listening.

"The fellows assembled on the spardeck. They demand that we return."

They went down the corridor and up to the cargo deck. Basov stopped and raised his hands to his temples.

"What's the matter?" he asked in a whisper. "What's going on, Mustafa?"

Far astern a cloud of smoke was rising and an incandescent blinding crimson fire was burning in the middle of it, thrusting up a shaft of golden sparks.

"Kasatsky cut the tow-line and we're sailing off," said Gusein in despair. "I started the siren but they stopped me. Do something, there is still time. Surely we can't leave them in the lurch like this, Sasha?"

He looked at the face of the chief engineer and suddenly realized that Basov was as helpless as himself because Basov was also subordinate to the captain and it did not lie in his power to give orders for the vessel to turn back. He too might be threatened with trial, just like Gusein.

But Basov looked back as if he were measuring the distance to the burning ship. Unexpectedly he turned and silently went to the staircase. Gusein followed him.

On the spardeck men were staring at each other in fright, without seeming to recognize one another in the shimmering light of the fire. At times their voices rose in a muffled babble in which individual sounds were drowned; at times they dropped to a whisper, and then every word spoken loudly rang out clearly, and all turned to the man who was speaking as if they awaited orders from him.

On the bridge, at the head of the ladder, stood the tall figure of Kasatsky. He stood motionless, but from time to time he slowly turned his head when the noise below became louder.

Next to him, near the railing, crouched the heavy bent figure of the captain. He was in constant restless motion. He shrugged his shoulders, buttoned his jacket, then immediately ceased toying with the buttons and turned his head, looking now at the burning ship, now down at the spardeck. He sighed and wrung his hands.

On the spardeck the fitter Yakubov, flushed and excited, wiped his wet face with a handkerchief. His eyes seemed bulging because they were full of tears. "Make them come down here," he shouted, beside himself with anger. "Let them explain why we are sailing off. Hey, ship committee chairman, make them explain."

"Don't waste time talking," piped up Kotelnikov, glancing with hatred at the bridge. "We must make them turn back...."

"Bring the captain here!" shouted somebody.

"There he is!"

"Where?"

"Up there, wriggling near the railing."

There was a short silence. The men crowded at the foot of the staircase, looking up at the indistinct figure on the bridge.

"The boy must be in the fire there, on the *Uzbekistan*," Dogailo's high tenor sounded in the silence. "The boy, the radio operator. He must be burning, brothers, he must be burning."

"We must turn back," shouted Kotelnikov furiously, and at once the spardeck exploded in frantic shouts.

"Bring the captain here!"

"The captain!"

"We must rescue them, do you hear, you there?"

"Put the captain and the mate under arrest!"

"Bring the political instructor here!"

"Are you crazy? There hasn't been a political instructor for a long time. The chief engineer took his place."

"What can they be thinking of, the scoundrels? We must lower the lifeboats.... What can they be thinking of, comrades?"

"What's all the yelling about?" roared Khrulyev, elbowing his way through the crowd. "Do you want us to burn up, too? The wind'll spread the sparks, and we have the same kind of cargo. Bloody fools." He pushed the sailors aside and walking up to the fitter, he said menacingly: "Shut up! Do you know what you'll get for violating discipline?"

Suddenly he noticed Basov, who appeared from round the corner, and he quickly stepped back, squeezing against the railing. There was a dead silence. The crowd opened to let Basov pass. He walked rapidly through the passage that had formed, staring straight ahead at the bridge as if he were aiming at it. The huge figure of Gusein followed him. Volodya Makarov rushed toward them, gasping for breath from excitement. "Valka Lastik is still there, I heard his radio signals," he shouted, seizing Basov's hand. "I can't bear it! Are we cowards, or..."

Basov pushed the radio operator aside and ran up the bridge. Several men followed him and the whole crowd rushed to the staircase.

"What's this?" shouted Kasatsky. "Get back, you! Evgueni Stepanovich, stop this disorder. I can't work if..."

He stepped back from the staircase, giving way to Basov, but then he ran forward again and blocked the way to the deck cabin. Basov and he halted face to face, breathing heavily, like boxers ready to clash.

"Did you cut the tow-rope?" asked Basov in a low voice. "Why did you sail off?"

"That's none of your business," answered Kasatsky, also in a low voice. "The captain is in charge here."

A silent circle of heavily breathing men closed around them.

"I'll smash him in a minute," thought Basov, staring at the white bridge of the chief mate's nose and he automatically clenched his fist.

"Hit him," the fitter Yakubov behind him said hoarsely. "Don't be afraid, give him a good swipe... Here's a chisel."

The crowd squeezed forward. The pressure from behind pushed Basov right up to the chief mate. He controlled himself and lowered his fist.

"Keep calm, comrades," he shouted, elbowing the crowd back. "Those who are not needed here, leave the bridge. We're going back to take off the *Uzbekistan* crew."

He felt the hot mass of bodies fall back and he roared at the top of his voice: "Listen to my orders! Leave the bridge! Send me the second mate and the donkeyman. Get the lifeboats ready for lowering and ... be calm, men!"

"You have no right to give orders," Kasatsky raised his voice. "The captain gives orders here. You lifted your hand against me. Everyone saw it...."

The men who had approached the staircase paused in indecision. Basov came up to the motionless figure of the captain hunched over the railing.

"Evgueni Stepanovich," he said insistently. "Compose yourself. Lis-

ten to me. We must go back. There are men in that fire there."

The captain removed his hands from his face and looked eagerly round as though hoping that the bloodred sky, the roar of the siren and the shouts were only a dream. He saw the pink reflection on the glass of the deck cabin and pulled at his collar with shaky fingers.

"I don't know, I don't know," he exclaimed plaintively. "Oh, my god, my god! What do you all want of me?"

"Why don't you know?" roared Gusein, furiously, pushing the men aside in order to see the captain better. "You don't know? You must know if you are a captain and not...."

He didn't finish and rushed to the deck cabin. Some of the men followed him, others moved determinedly toward the staircase.

"You are ruining yourself, Evgueni Stepanovich," Basov said. "We shall both be put on trial if those men perish. Here, lean on me."

In the wheel house Gusein pushed the steersman away from the wheel. The steersman fell against the wall. "Leave the rudder alone, leave it alone, I say," he shouted. "You'll answer for this."

"I'll answer for this all right, brother," said Gusein, spreading his elbows and turning the wheel. "Don't worry, I'll answer for it."

Basov was drawing the captain along to the deck cabin, supporting his arm.

"So you say we must go back?" asked Evgueni Stepanovich. "Somehow I don't understand what is going on. Please do what is necessary until I pull myself together. Don't you see I am sick?"

A golden cloud floated from astern, to the left of the vessel, describing a giant arc, and the water sparkled with a fiery light.

"I'll surely die here with you," wailed Evgueni Stepanovich, shutting his eyes. "I feel sick, let me go...."

He pressed his hands to his heart and sat down on the staircase. His heart beat madly and his whole body seemed to be falling apart, torn by a violent trembling. At that moment he felt a hatred for his twitching, sweating body, and his breaking voice. One of the men rushed past, and with the edge of his coat accidentally brushed the captain's face. The captain turned round. "What use to hang on to this life? The best thing would be to simply cease to exist," the captain thought. But the next moment he felt through his closed eyelids the throbbing of the red light, which came closer and flared up brighter, and he choked in anguish.

"Alexander Ivanovich," he said in a low voice, "we have Krasnovodsk oil in the hold.... My god!"

"Open the water hydrants everywhere," shouted Basov, pushing the sailors toward the staircase. "Second mate, watch the course. You, boatswain, stay at the electric batteries. If you see fire break out, act according to the instructions. Open the hydrants, open the hydrants!"

Second Mate Alyavdin was now standing near the man at the wheel. His face expressed deep concentration. Obviously excited, he tried to remain calm and self-possessed.

"Port," he shouted, encouraged by the sound of his own voice. "More to port. That's it!"

The fiery glow which was the *Uzbekistan* described an arc and the layers of foam around the ship turned reddish. At the spot toward which the *Derbent* was speeding the yellow pillar of smoke divided the crimson sky into two. The column of smoke bent like a tree before the wind, a tree whose glittering fiery roots were the burning vessel.

"There's no danger, I assure you,"

said Basov, coming up to the captain. "Are you feeling better?... We shall have to lower the boats now," he added, turning away, and it was not clear whether he had ordered it, or asked the captain to permit it.

"Soon, now," thought Evgueni Stepanovich. "We are coming up on the lee side. He's doing it properly, and everyone is obeying him, even Alyavdin. If only he doesn't lose his head."

The burning ship appeared in front, to the right. From it clumps of smoke spread on the surface of the water, and the vessel reared its sharp nose, which the fire had not yet reached. The water round about was covered with tongues of flame which swiftly climbed the crests of the waves.

"The oil is burning on the water, it has spread on the water and it's burning," thought Evgueni Stepanovich in fright, and his heart began beating furiously again. The siren roared deafeningly and it seemed to him that the crimson sky was exploding. In the silence that followed, he heard cries below, the water rippling, Basov shouting into the speaking trumpet.

"Slow... start the emergency engine... all right."

A hot stinking puff reached him, and he heard a mighty monotonous buzz, as if a wind were whistling in the air vent.

"Port, more to port," unexpectedly shouted Evgueni Stepanovich, hastily and furtively crossing himself. "Hold the course."

On the spardeck the sailors were taking the tarpaulin off a lifeboat. A second boat was on the other side of the spardeck; invisible waves rippled in the dark water below.

Gusein was the first to jump into the boat, and he stood there, picking up the oars. The elderly sailor Fomushkin who until now had been restlessly moving about near the railing and helping in removing the tarpaulin, followed him.

"I feel safer in the boat," he muttered laughing. "Farther from the oil cargo."

He sat down at the rudder, seized it with both hands, and looked guiltily at Gusein, as if he were ashamed of his fear.

"Heave ho," shouted Gusein. "Soviet sailors never abandon comrades in distress," he said. "Do you understand?"

He was now animated, almost gay. While the sailors turned the handles of the davits, they kept their gaze fixed on the burning ship as if they were impatient to see it nearer.

Volodya Makarov came running up. He was gasping for breath and waved his hands to the sailors lowering the boat.

"Wait, I'm going too," he shouted. "Wait, I say!"

"Lower away!" roared Gusein, standing up in the boat and spreading his arms to keep his balance. "What's the matter with you?"

"What's this, Mustafa?" Volodya cried. "Basov and you and Kotelnikov are going... and what about me?"

"You must maintain communication with the shore. Get back to your radio shack. Don't you know what discipline means?"

The boat slipped down the side of the tanker, and Gusein, pushing off with the oars, turned the boat to face against the swell.

The boat dived between the black humps of the waves, its nose dipped in the water. Gusein's oars flew over the water in wide strokes, his body bent back and forth with each sweep. The *Derbent* was vanishing in the dark. The second boat glided out from behind the stern, with shining oars, tinged

a soft pink and delicate as orange peel.

"Basov is coming," said Gusein, pulling away at the oars. "Soviet sailors never abandon comrades in distress." He repeated the sentence with pleasure. He liked it and surely Basov would like it too.

The wind carried the first whiffs of smoke to the boat as it rose and fell on the waves.

"Hold the course to the fire," shouted Gusein angrily, turning round. "Where are you steering?"

"There's nobody there," muttered the sailor, pointing to the burning ship. "Look! The oil is burning on the water!"

Broad streaks of light shimmered around them, and the water trickling along the oars shone brightly. Gusein looked over his shoulder, trying to see what was going on aboard the *Uzbekistan*. He saw sharp tongues of flame rising over the deck and the empty portholes of the upper cabins throwing out clouds of sparks. Flaming streams of oil were flowing along the sides of the vessel as if pouring out of a boiling kettle. They spread on the water in red strips, and shone with a dull light through a screen of smoke.

"There's nobody there," repeated Fomushkin stubbornly. "Let's go back, Mustafa,"

"Oh, yeah?" shouted Gusein menacingly. "Just try to convince me!"

Orange-tinged clumps of smoke rushed along toward the boat and something like a buoy appeared.

It approached, swinging on the waves, and moved strangely, as if it were a living object overgrown with tentacles. Gusein threw down the oars and moved to the nose of the boat. Two men were holding onto a lifebelt. Their heads were turned toward the approaching boat.

"Give me your hand," shouted Gusein to one of the men. "Quickly, comrade!"

The man's hand was cold and slippery. Gusein carefully grasped the limp body under the armpits and dragged him into the boat.

"Lie down, mate, just rest." Gusein pulled the life-belt closer to the boat and stretched out for the other survivor.

The other survivor was almost naked, and his body kept sliding out of Gusein's hands. One of his eyes was tightly closed, the other one opened now and again for a minute, widely and senselessly, and then closed again. He fell into the bottom of the boat, raised his knees and sank into a lump.

"Oh, my god," he said, breathing heavily, his chest heaving. "And we thought it was all up with us."

"You'll talk about it later," interrupted Gusein, taking the oars. "Where are your life boats?"

"I saw one of them. It was lowered," the rescued man said through gritted teeth. "There was also another one, without oars. It seemed to be overturned. Then I dived... and you... How cold it is!"

The second boat from the *Derbent* came up from behind, swinging on the waves, its oarlocks rattling.

"The wind has changed," shouted Basov, who was sitting at the rudder. "Don't slow down, Mustafa."

"We've picked up two men," answered Gusein, working away at the oars and looking at the first men he had rescued like a fisherman who has had a lucky catch.

Fomushkin, who had been motionless through all this, suddenly jumped up and began to peel off his jacket. He stepped over the thwart, took the naked man by the shoulders and lifted him.

"Put it on, put it on," he urged. "You'll feel better."

A thick curtain of smoke was moving toward them. It coiled around the boat and writhed like water under the strokes of the oars. Somewhere, quite near, a dim tongue of flame flashed forth and a stream of hot air touched Gusein's face. He coughed and with his eyelashes shook off the tears that started in his eyes.

"The oil is burning," said Fomushkin with anguish, looking back. "It's spreading. We'll never get out of here, Mustafa."

"Keep quiet," ordered Gusein. "Isn't somebody calling?" He stood up and listened.

Through the even crackle of the fire a long drawn out weary cry reached his ear. It seemed to be the shout of a deadly exhausted man, of one who has lost all hope of ever being heard.

"We're coming," roared Gusein. "Where are you?"

Several voices shouted in reply. But the sounds were muffled as though sounding through a wall. The sharp nose of Basov's boat appeared and swam slowly past. The rower in Basov's boat bent his head, his body shaking with a fit of coughing. Basov left the rudder and quickly went to him. Copious tears were flowing down Basov's face; he licked his lips, breathing the acrid smoke.

"Go on rowing, Tymsik," he said in a strange, muffled voice. "Row, damn you."

Tymsik raised his red face. His eyes were bloodshot. He pulled wearily at the oars. The wind scattered the smoke and black flakes of soot whirled over the sea. Now everyone could see an overturned boat, on the clear section of the water. The boat was swaying, human bodies lying over it, other twisting bodies trying to climb its smooth sides. A breaking wave dashed them back into the water. The oil on the water roundabout burned, and on one side of the overturned boat a dense stream of fire was spreading.

Fomushkin suddenly drew the helm to the side and uttered a wild cry. The boat turned sharply to the left.

"Look, Mustafa," he muttered in a croaking voice. "Look at our ship! It's burning!"

The motionless silhouette of the *Derbent* loomed in the distance, Red sparks were flying over the spardeck like flashes of lightning.

"The *Derbent* is on fire," sobbed Fomushkin, twisting like an epileptic and threatening Gusein with his fist. "You doomed me, you. ... What shall I do now?"

He stared into the dark, his eyes like two tremendous saucers, and began sobbing loudly, choking from the smoke. Gusein, gritting his teeth, moved over to him, stepping across the thwarts, and making the boat sway from side to side.

"Shut up!" he roared in a frenzy. "I'll knock the guts out of you ... I'll chuck you overboard if you don't shut up!"

He raised his fist but did not strike. He seized the sailor by the collar and dragged him off the thwart. The red lights of the *Derbent* loomed once or twice more and went out.

"Look, you bloody fool," shouted Gusein, out of breath. "It was the portholes shining, and you whimpering, you ... bastard!"

He pulled the rudder out of its holder and went back to the oars. Basov's boat was already near the edge of the fire and swaying sharply, because men were hanging onto the side, trying to clamber in. The turtled boat swung on the waves and its wet sides reflected the fire like a mirror. Gusein approached and his boat knocked against the overturned one. At once he jumped up. Clinging hands and smooth dark heads, pale faces staring up,

appeared on the surface of the water.

"Careful now," shouted Gusein, pulling into the boat a heavy body that poured streams of water over him. "Don't cling all to one side, or we'll turn over."

His face and bare chest felt the unbearable closeness of the fire. His eyes felt as though they would burst from the blinding heat. But he went on dragging slippery, half naked bodies out of the water.

"We'll pick you all up," he said, splashing a handful of salty water on his face. "But don't cling to the sides, take your hands off. Do you think I'll abandon you? Hey, comrade!"

Then he found a motionless and entirely bare body and tried to lift it, but it slipped out of his hands. He caught it by the hair and clung to it. The overturned boat was already smoking and yellow tongues of flame which crept out of the curtain of smoke licked it cautiously. Basov's boat had turned its stern towards the fire. It came quite close and Gusein saw Basow rowing, slowly pulling at the oars as if an excessive weight were hanging on them.

"Back, back!" shouted the chief engineer in the same strange voice. "Go back, I say!"

But Gusein went on struggling with the lifeless burden. He lifted it halfway out of the water and seized it under the arms. Suddenly there was a draught of burning air, a rain of red sparks, and he felt an unbearable pain. Next to him a man mumbled something loudly through his clenched teeth and kicked at the side of the boat. Gusein made an effort, slowly lifting the body that was hanging on his hands, and when he finally pulled it in he fell back on the seat and found the oars by touch. He could see nothing for the smoke. He was coughing. Black circles swam before his eyes. He rowed as in a daze, moving his arms, mechanically throwing himself back, guessing the direction.

Little by little the smoke became thinner, the air clearer. Gusein breathed deeply several times, coughed and spat. He was almost blinded by tears from the soot and smoke, but through the veil of tears he saw the curly locks of smoke whirling in the air and behind them the black hull of the burning tanker outlined by the flames. The fire sprang about over it like a shaggy red beast, jumping over the superstructure, gnawing at the deck from which fountains of blazing oil were splashing. Slowly the tanker turned over on its side, showing its flat bottom; a raging golden lava stream poured out of the holds, snatching a wide circle of sea out of the darkness.

The *Derbent* stood on the edge of the illuminated circle. White lifeboats, tightly packed with men, approached it. The boats dipped their noses, swung on the waves, and the wet blades shone . . . three boats in front, one behind. Those in front slowed down in order to wait for the other to catch up. The rower in the lagging boat swung the oars irregularly, swaying on the thwarts as if drunk. Another took his place and the boat soon joined the others ahead. So they moved on together for a time, but suddenly they stopped. The stern of the burning vessel was sinking. Its black nose reared up. The ship was wrapped in clouds of smoke and the sky rapidly grew dark over it. Soon the smoke vanished. Where the vessel had been there was nothing. Only large stains of oil, burning out on the water, flared dimly.

Bright rows of portholes and illuminated windows were clearly to be seen on the upper deck of the *Derbent*. The metallic roar of the

siren calling the boats in, tore through the air.

Gusein squatted, his hands in the wet bottom of the boat, leaning his shoulder against a small man next to him. When the frame of the *Uzbekistan* disappeared in the water the man began to sob. Gusein silently found his hand. It was small and Gusein thought it must belong to someone small and thin.

"Is that you, Valerian?" he asked in a glad whisper.

"Of course it is," the little radio operator answered in a broken voice. "And who are you?"

"I'm Gusein, the motorist on the *Derbent*. Why are you crying? Have you any burns?"

"No. I'm sorry about the tanker, that's all. And you?"

"We too."

The boy tossed and gave a deep, quivering sigh.

"Here's our boat coming. That means it's safe. But the other boat turned over. I was in it. But not all our men are here. . . ." He clung to Gusein's shoulder and whispered: "Listen . . . Papa Kolya, our stoker, is lying still, as if he weren't breathing. I'm afraid. . . ."

"Quiet, Valek," said Gusein, putting his arm around the boy's shoulder. "Papa Kolya is dead."

On the deck of the *Derbent* men were crowded along the railing, silhouetted by the bright light of the spot behind them.

Gusein plied the oars energetically, glancing over his shoulder at the spardeck, where the ends of the lifeboat davits hung over the blocks.

"Drop the hook," Gusein wearily called to the men on the *Derbent*.

He was in a bad way. He felt a throbbing and creaking in his lungs. His skin burned, his eyes smarted. The boat slipped upward. He saw Volodya near the railing looking at him with anxious alarm. He smiled at Volodya like a man who smiles after a nightmare when he recognizes a friendly, compassionate face bent over him. He wanted to say that he didn't see well and could hardly stand on his feet, that he felt pain, but he said only, in a hoarse voice: "Bandages. See to the bandages, Volodya. There are burned men here."

Basov stood on the deck and pressed to his face a bandage dipped in a manganese solution. Inaction annoyed him; he wanted to peep into the engine room, but Dogailo had told him he must keep the cool bandage on his face.

"Be careful not to get gangrene," said the boatswain, shaking a warning finger. He hastened to the companionway, where the burnt were being bandaged.

There were a lot of them, and they all complained that they were cold and it was difficult to breathe. Some of the *Derbent* men were applying first aid. The electricians undressed the wounded or simply tore off their wet rags. Vera bandaged them, looking in fright at the indifferent black faces, afraid she had made the bandages too tight.

In the mess room the mate of the *Uzbekistan* was lying on the table. His head had been cut during the explosion. He was lying on his stomach, clinging to the oilcloth, his shoulders twitching. Volodya was picking hair out of the wound. He frowned and looked hesitantly at the iodine bottle.

"Don't be a weakling," mumbled the mate. "What are you waiting for, man?"

"It'll be pretty painful for a minute," whispered Volodya, his face desperate. He dipped a piece of wadding in iodine and brushed it around the edge of the wound. The mate twitched, gritted his teeth and swore.

"That's all," pronounced Volodya

with the air of a surgeon who has just finished a complex operation. "Vera, bandage the comrade, please."

Mustafa obediently stretched out his burned hands to Volodya. His whole face was bandaged and his swollen, tearing eyes showed through holes in the bandage. He noticed Basov and became animated.

"Does it sting, Alexander Ivanovich?" he asked Basov slyly and, looking at his own arms, added with surprise: "Huh, they're red as carrots?"

"Sit quiet," mumbled Volodya with stern tenderness. "Is it my skin that's peeling, Dumbbell?"

On the floor were strewn strips of bandage and rags. It smelled like a hospital. Under the bright light everywhere shone naked, wet bodies. Basov stood there a while, then went out on deck. The transparent sky before dawn was blue, and the stars drowned in it; they seemed to be showing through clear water. But it still seemed to Basov that he was seeing a red light over the sea, and at times he seemed to lose the faculty of sight. His face and hands felt the sensation of scorching heat. The things he had seen that night would not leave him; but they were so frightful that he did not want to think of them. Perhaps it had all happened without him? He thought of the men working alongside him, people whom he loved and of whom he was proud. Just a few months ago he had considered these men absolutely useless, a low sly crowd. Someone had called them ragtag and bobtail—he did not remember who. Perhaps he himself. No, those had been entirely different people.... It seemed as if he had known Gusein and Volodya and the fitter Yakubov for many years, and they were not a bit worse than the assembly men at the repair shops or lathe operator Eibert, of whom he had once been so proud.

In the spring, when he had left the repair shops, he had thought life was over for him. And now he knew: next year new, higher quotas of output would appear. Many vessels already had Stakhanovite crews. The *Agamali* was again forging ahead, threatening to take first place. How would the *Derbent* shape up next year? Basov thought that if he were to disappear now, nothing would change on the *Derbent*. It was just because of this that he knew for a certainty that he would not leave the tanker until the end of the navigation season.

He began to feel good. Holding the bandage to his face, he whistled a gay, lively tune, but broke off in the middle with a fit of coughing. He walked around the deck and suddenly, as he reached the hawser storehouse, he stopped short.

On the deck, under the ragged flag, lay bodies. The wind twisted the edges of the flag and revealed the still outspread feet of the dead men. A pang of pain shot through him. How could he have forgotten about them? He himself had helped to lay them out and cover them with a flag and he recalled that there were two of them and one had drowned before the boats had reached him. He had remembered it all at the time, only now he had somehow forgotten.

"It's because I'm tired," he thought, as if seeking to justify himself, and trying to arouse once more the feeling that what had happened was irreparable, a feeling which had stunned him when he first noticed the bodies.

But try as he would he could not succeed in concentrating on these sad thoughts. The gay tune sounded in his ears.

"What's the matter with me?" he asked himself. "These men have perished and it is irreparable. How can I think of trifles, enjoy things, dream of the future? Or have I

become hardened, and having learned to command, have lost all pity for people? Then my place is not here....

"It isn't true," he answered himself. "You went after them into the fire and you made others follow your example. You loved these men whom you did not know. What other feeling could have moved you last night? But they are dead, and that feeling is no longer needed. Mustafa Gusein almost perished dragging a dead body out of the water. But now he laughs, bandages his burns, and thinks of the engines, of the stop-over in port.... And do the dead need his grief?"

Basov adjusted the twisted cloth of the old flag and walked away. His face stung, but his heart was calm. He looked at his watch, wondering whether it was not time to send a radiogram to the port about their arrival. He listened to the murmur of the water. Had they forgotten to shut off the hydrants on the spardeck?

Then he met Kotelnikov, and the latter led him to the searchlight, smiling mysteriously.

"I have something," he said, hiding his hand behind his back. "Here!"

He stretched out to Basov a piece of paper written in a slanting precise hand and Basov read in the light of the searchlight:

"Unable to aid U bekistan because of high wind and sparks. Send out rescue vessel. Derbent, Kutasov."

"The chief mate wrote this," guessed Basov. "Where did you get it?"

"Very simple. While Mustafa was pulling the siren, Kasatsky wrote this radiogram and gave it to Volodya to transmit. Volodya, naturally, did not transmit it, and wanted to throw it away, but I took it from him. This is a treasure! Well, give it to me. It'll come in handy at the trial." Kotelnikov neatly folded the sheet of paper. "Now they won't be able to squirm out of it. We'll fix those parasites! How many years do you think they'll receive?"

"I don't know," said Basov. "I'm no lawyer. I'm a bit sorry for the old man, though," he added.

"For whom?"

"For the old man. I'm sorry for the captain. He is very unhappy." Kotelnikov's smile faded.

"Sorry?" Kotelnikov clicked his tongue. "Perhaps we ought to screen them?" he said sarcastically.

"You didn't understand me." Basov was embarrassed. "I don't want to screen anyone. I only said the old man is miserable. And...."

"Miserable, you say? And what is that lying there?" shouted Kotelnikov, pointing in the direction of the hawser storehouse. "If it were not for that miserable old man, they'd still be alive... That boy, the radio operator, is sleeping in my berth now. Mustafa brought him to my cabin. He's not hurt, only his hair is singed. At first he kept moaning. He was sorry about the tanker and all his notebooks were burned. He says he had lots of interesting things in them. Now he's exhausted, he fell asleep. So thin, his arms are like sticks, you ought to see him."

The sky rapidly grew lighter in the east. A range of mountains became visible beyond the sea, like a flock of clouds, and behind them whirled curling clouds, like snowy mountains. The edge of the sun appeared and the crests of the waves were tipped with pearly pink.

PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER

MANIFESTATION

The army postman.... Somehow a bit of the rear came into our trenches along with him.

If you only knew how much animation those precious packets of letters brought with them, those white, blue, green and red packages tied up with string and gay with vari-colored stamps and seals!

But suddenly, coming to yourself, you felt a deathly cold as you read those dear and long-awaited lines. For in those moments despair seized you even more strongly—to think that you were still there, on that mine-tunneled patch of the front, where the enemy had your range and you met each dawn with alarm.

That night I had worked with my orderly till two o'clock to make a dugout for myself (a little one, just about my height) with a bit of shelf for small articles.

When death threatened every minute, one did not want to risk the safety of even a single man for one's own needs, and in such cases the commanding officer himself worked. Covered with chalk and worn out, I finally collapsed and went to sleep beside my hardworking pick.

For two whole days on that deserted plain, torn up by tremendous craters in which you could bury a house, relentless fighting had been in progress.

Mine explosions following one another almost every day for four months had completely covered the level locality with pits and mounds, and on this torn-up ground we felt ourselves doomed, defenseless, open in every direction to the enemy's blows. We were continually haunted by the regular, dull, alarming thud of picks and spades in mine galleries twenty feet below us and the frightful hum of automatic drills, which, it seemed, we heard everywhere, although we could not determine either their location or their direction. Mines? Countermines?

Every night the labors of Sisyphus awaited us, for bombs completed the destruction begun by mines and regularly obliterated all the

chalk ramparts which we succeeded in throwing up with the help of stakes, faggots and brushwood.

This was at the beginning of trench warfare, when one crushed the enemy with concentrated trench gun fire.

The Germans distinctly had the upper hand of us.

In spite of all attempts at description, you simply cannot imagine how far a situation of this kind leads to slackening of discipline.

You taxed your will to the extreme limit....

You knew you were laboring in vain and the men under your command knew it too, they told you so to your face. And all the same you were obliged to risk both your life and theirs to restore work which was immediately destroyed again without fail.

How much wasted energy, how much vain toil, how much enthusiasm spent for nothing was the cost of every wrecked rampart and trench!

In this dismal obstinacy is the whole of war.

You gave your men a few minutes' respite and tried to rest yourself, when suddenly there would come a deafening explosion and crash! — your trench or your comrade's crumbled to pieces and buried you under splintered boards, under earth and stones. You were smothered with dust and smoke.

You would just be getting ready to eat, when all at once a report would ring out and into your meager ration would fly a chalky clod and a tuft of dry grass.

The ground shook only now and then, but the impression was that it was trembling unceasingly, like a restless, choppy sea.

This fixed idea (with which we were all familiar) came from our constant expectation of being smothered to death, from our fear that the solid ground at the next moment would rise up and stop our gullets.

Continual reports were brought of more wounded, more killed.

That morning, when the postman brought his big mailbag into my trench a torpedo had just wounded two soldiers, who ran screaming to the rear. One of them, with a shattered knee, hopped on one leg, his whole body swaying from side to side so that he almost broke loose from his comrades who were supporting him. Nothing could hold him back, so precipitate was his flight from that hell.

I was still under the impression of the laughter that came from an enemy post not more than seven yards away from us.

Such laughter was familiar to me, for my soldiers too laughed in just such a way when they heard the cry of a wounded enemy (the laughter of a cannibal with fangs bared). Suddenly the news ran up and down the trench:

"Mobilization in Italy; she has declared war on Austria-Hungary!"

Then this long-awaited event had come to pass after all!

The joyful news, not yet verified, it is true, was passed on from one to another. Where did it come from? The transports? Staff headquarters? No one knew and at first I myself gave way to the thoughtless feeling of satisfaction which had seized my soldiers. Feelings of the most varied sort came into conflict: a praiseworthy hope that this intervention would hasten the end of the war, and at the same time a malicious satisfaction that the neighboring power, which had remained neutral, would now bear its share of suffering (this feeling, not very noble but quite human, dwelt in the depths of many hearts).

Poor Italy! So now she too was plunging into this tremendous common grave! Madness had seized the whole world. Evidently that country likewise was living through the insane burst of enthusiasm of the first

days, which little by little would be drowned in waves of blood, that enthusiasm which I had witnessed in our country during the August days, among the soldiers crowded into railway cars decorated with flowers—flowers of the grave.

I lay down again. There had been no letters for me that morning. But I could not go to sleep. I was persistently haunted by thoughts of the beautiful homeland of the arts.

Before long I was told that the major had come.

He was a tall and sunburnt Pole, a gallant officer, who hated the Russians as sincerely as the Germans.

He had a good record. His one failing was inability to control himself. Just now he was exultant.

My soldiers glued their eyes on him and strained their ears, greedily listening for details.

"Hello, lieutenant! Have you heard the news?" he greeted me. "You should put sandbags here.... Yes, Italy is mobilizing.... Capital.... That embrasure of yours is tumbling down.... Just think what a success this is for us. It's almost a victory. I'll give the order, we'll arrange a grand manifestation.... Your rifle is dirty.... Artillery fire, rifle volleys. A volley from all the companies at once. Heavy fire from the mortar batteries.... The most important thing is for those fellows to understand the reason for it all. Shouts—Long live Italy! The Marseillaise.

"You'd like to sing the Marseillaise, wouldn't you?" he turned to one of my soldiers. The man answered as would anyone else in his place:

"Yes, sir."

"Au revoir, au revoir, order the spent cartridges to be picked up and the straw swept away. Wait for my order."

He walked along my trench with great strides. His eyes, prying in all directions, gleamed with satisfaction.

I understood how dear to his heart was the arrangement of this manifestation, which had undoubtedly been suggested to him by some Jupiter of the general staff.

And with my mind's eye I was already reading (and smiling sadly) the articles in tomorrow's papers shouting of the enthusiasm with which the news of Italy's intervention was greeted on the French front.

I received an order to report immediately the quantity of shells, powder and fuses needed by the batteries to keep up a twenty-minute bombardment.

I made the rounds of my mortars. I had two shells and one fuse left for each gun. However, I found quite a lot of powder, although to tell the truth it was quite damp. Something was always missing.

In the conditions of warfare to which we were subjected, these mortars (the only trench guns we had) were simply absurd.

Miserable trench cannon! A 75-mm. gun mounted on a wooden base, painted the favorite blue color of war. A touch-hole fuse. You shovel black powder into the thing at a guess with your spade from a tarnished brass receptacle. Then you light the fuse and flee for all you are worth from this infernal machine, which, if it does not explode, roars, flashes and sends up such a thick cloud of smoke that it is immediately the target for a fearful cloud of shrieking high-explosive shells from the enemy.

That, indeed, was the only result we achieved. Finally these guns, which gave the range splendidly to the Germans, began to be feared like the plague and officers out of consideration for their commands not infrequently refused to fire them.

I made out and dispatched my report and waited for orders.

In a few words I explained to my non-coms. and lookouts what the plan was.

They were dumbfounded.

"I'm very glad," one of them said to me, "that Italy has declared war, since that may bring the war to a close sooner, but if we begin to stir up Fritz, Fritz will bash in our faces. He has everything he needs to do it."

The major's order confirmed what he had told me. The program of the celebration was set forth by points: artillery volleys, salvos from the mortars, rifle fire, shouts of hurrah and the Marseillaise.

The celebration was set for midday.

This order simply astounded me by its lack of understanding of the situation and of the whole war in general. Nevertheless one had to obey. How terrible is that slavish obedience when reason protests!

I had only an hour left to prepare.

Again and again I read over the order.

Suddenly I heard an explosion, cries, hasty steps in one of the lower courses of the long trench. A whistling high-explosive shell, a "singer" as the soldiers call that invaluable bit of ammunition, had ripped open the belly of a messenger.

And yet the celebration had not even begun.

The triumphal moment approached.

At half past eleven I was given a few shells. They were not enough to last, of course, for the time I was supposed to keep firing. I was still waiting for fuses.

The chief of the ammunition dump served them out so unwillingly that one might think he was being robbed of his own money.

I sent my orderly for them. He brought two packages but on the road he dropped a spark from his cigarette on one of them and it went up in smoke.

"Idiot!"

I was terribly angry but there was no time to wait. I sent a new requisition and made another hurried inspection of the trench to verify the disposition of the ammunition.

In the trenches there were many dangerous communication passages, almost without cover, which were always under crossfire from machine-guns. One had to go more on his belly and hands and knees than walk.

Ten minutes to twelve.

"Everybody to the embrasures!"

The guns were loaded. Fuses set. The soldiers left their shelters dejectedly and unwillingly to do their stint at showing enthusiasm.

And to think that I had already lost six men in two days!

I posted my grenade throwers at the embrasures with improvised grenades which of course would not go off. Each one got appropriate instructions.

One more gloomy duty had to be performed, the choosing of several singers, whom I stationed not far from my own post; I tried at any rate to put them near some kind of cover and ordered them at the word of command to strike up the *Marseillaise* at the top of their voices.

We were waiting for the signal gun. This was the enemy's rest period, he was quiet, only now and then a grenade flew up from somewhere.

The captain arrived. He was satisfied. One might have thought he was getting ready for a fireworks display.

We could hardly wait to put an end to all that inept farce, that weary waiting.

Suddenly all the "75's" of my sector barked together.

The volleys crashed. Aim! Fire!

First battery! Fire!

Long live Italy!

Blending into each other, reports

thundered all around. Only the strains of the *Marseillaise*, striving to soar up out of these chalky pits, sounded weak, as did the scattered and hopelessly feeble hurrahs.

Le jour de gloire est arrivé....

Each sang as he best knew how. Amid the thunder of the batteries, the disharmony seemed maliciously funny and pitiful.

Contre nous de la tyrannie l'etendard sanglant est levé....

The guns were loaded again. Volleys followed one after another.

The enemy, apparently, had resolved on a counter-blow. A shell had fallen into the observation post. I could hear cries. Have to go and see.

Entendez-vous dans les campagnes mugir ces féroces soldats....

One of my sergeants who had climbed upon the breastworks to see better fell back with a split head. Others ran up to him. Half the soldiers had stopped singing.

Enraged, I brought out together with them:

Aux armes, citoyens!...

The Germans were waking up. Shells and high explosive hailed down upon us. The soldiers dropped prone upon the ground.

Our guns fell silent. Their part was done.

The singers, still standing by the shelter, hastened their tempo.

Qu'un sang impur abreuve nos sillons....

And they crept closer to the shelter.

All the traverses were crowded with men and the non-coms. had a hard time keeping the soldiers at the embrasures. I ordered all to retire, leaving only the lookouts.

Not five minutes had passed since the beginning of the manifestation and the roar of the German heavy artillery was already mingling with the whistle of bullets.

Explosions.

News of carnage.

"Jean is wounded."

"Pradel is wounded."

"They say Lacoste is killed."

The lookout post to the left was wrecked and the corporal buried.

I ran to the spot. I had to jump over my poor sergeant, whom they had not yet succeeded in removing.

I approached the post. During the celebration a detachment of German grenade throwers had destroyed it completely.

A half-naked soldier was lying on the ground. His clothing was burned and there was a horrible wound in his abdomen.

The corporal was not to be seen but between timbers and fallen sandbags was squeezed a twisted, still twitching hand, with a wedding ring on the fourth finger and two red stripes on the sleeve.

I sent one of the soldiers who had escaped unharmed, a skinny recruit of the class of '15, to get tools. He was pale and crying.... We began to dig with whatever we had—spades, hands, feet.

I told one of my command to carry the wounded man away, he hindered the work. But my fellow was frightened by the terrible wound. He refused, backed away trembling. I gathered up those wheezing, bloody tatters of a man and, straining every nerve, deposited them near the duckboard runway.

The roar of explosions was unceasing. Shell splinters flew in every direction.

Our artillery had ceased firing for good.

I passed by one of my batteries. Nothing was left of it but a gaping shell crater. A torpedo had struck the powder magazine. The gunners were gone. Only a leg torn off at the knee protruded from the blackened, slipping earth. I came across an artillery man.

He was not wounded but apparent-

ly he had lost his reason. He sat and gnawed his nails.

In the neighboring traverse of the central trench the wounded had been piled up. Deathly pallor, groans. . . .

I made the rounds of my sector. The lookouts were at their posts. Poor, honest soldiers! Every one of them was ready to die when his turn comes.

One of them, a man of forty, called up recently, a small, lonely figure, seemed literally rooted to the embankment of a mine crater. He stood without cover and his whole body trembled. His eyes summoned me. As I passed by him he seized my hand . . . he had not the strength to let it go. He sought words. . . to tell me that he, that he, forsooth, has children. . . .

Now I myself almost got in the way of a grenade, but succeeded in noticing it as it came. I moved on. In one traverse I stumbled over a dead body, which I had difficulty in recognizing as that of the soldier who had refused to carry his wounded comrade. A shell had fallen on his head and, exploding just at the crown, had torn off his skull to the very chin, only the singed beard remaining. The moral? What, did such a thing as a moral really exist there?

The poor fellow simply wanted to live.

And only to think that I wasn't hearing a single shot fired from our side.

The enemy's hurricane of fire did not let up.

An order was handed to me (they were a bit late with it):

"Cease the manifestation. All men are to take shelter, leaving only lookouts."

It was a good thing that I had already taken steps on my own responsibility. I suspected that the messenger had played the coward and had held up transmission of the order.

Now I myself was seized with horror. Too many of my men had been killed. Dodging down the trench, from shelter to shelter, I trembled for fear of the shells flying all around.

Finally I took shelter in a dugout where the dead and wounded were heaped. The stretcher bearers hadn't been able to carry them all away.

There were too many and it was too far to the dressing station.

Blood ran over the dirty floor, over bits of bread.

Four dead bodies lay in the corner.

Bending over the wounded, I fixed their bandages, consoled them, joked, embraced the dying and, if I had not been so absorbed in the work, I would have wept.

The wounded men were tortured by thirst. I had saved a can of tinned peaches. I gave each of them a little fruit juice from my cup. How glad one was to afford them even a little pleasure in the midst of the horror that reigned there!

Suddenly we staggered, fell against one another. The wounded raised themselves. The trench quaked. A dull roar. A mine.

I ran out of the shelter. A terrific fountain of earth and smoke had spouted up, shattering the heavens, and was falling heavily—a confusion of sandbags, stones, fragments of iron and human flesh—upon the scarred ground, smelling of wet powder and fresh blood.

The explosion had let loose not far to my left. Shrouded in black smoke, under a rain of the fine gravel which was still falling, I ran to the place.

At the edge of my sector was a new crater.

From its depths rose a sound of dull groaning. A storm of shells flew overhead. None of my men had been wounded. The adjacent section of line had been wrecked.

I ordered my soldiers to guard the approaches to the crater.

Altogether twelve men were left

able to report for duty. Five of them would guard the exit from the crater and throw up protecting works.

But why was our artillery silent, why did they not fire? This was folly, indeed. They were condemning us to destruction.

Let come what will, I sent a report to the commander.

Instead of answer, the next day I got a headquarters general order.

"Since ammunition is short at the depots and the infantry used its guns illegitimately, the infantry is hereby ordered to conserve its stores and to employ them only in case the Germans attack."

The enemy bombardment ceased only about midnight.

I was covered with blood, worn out. My twelve men held the position at the entrance to the crater.

The senseless expenditure of ammunition in order to grace our celebration had cost me seventeen dependable soldiers.

Still, Paris would know that the *Marseillaise* had been sung in the trenches of Champaigne.

You ask whether that night at least I managed to get some rest? No. All night I could hear a wounded German in no man's land as he begged at longer and longer intervals, his voice growing ever fainter:

"*Wasser! Wasser!*"

At five o'clock he died.

RUVIM FRYERMAN

The Death of Yun Fa-fu

Every one of his two and forty years Yun Fa-fu had spent on the banks of the river. It was not wide, but its voice was full and deep, resounding day and night in front of Yun Fa-fu's little hut. The river never ceased streaming down the mountains into a valley called the Valley of the Yellow Soil. The river water, too, was yellow, but like all water, it gleamed and glittered in the sun, and at nightfall it was shadowy and dark.

Yun Fa-fu was a plain man with a rough face and rough hands. But he could make wonderful things with those hands. He could cut combs out of jasper which he frequently found in the mountains. He could forge such chalices out of copper as would easily compare with those sold at U-Tayi, a city near which once preached Buddha himself.

But it was the sowing of wheat and rice that Yun Fa-fu loved most. And since he did not have enough land on the river bank, he built a long raft on the water and covered it with soil which he brought in his basket.

And his little hut was dug out in the clay.

Think not, however, that Yun Fa-fu was uncomfortable in his hut. It was cool there in the summer's heat, and warm in winter. Several props at the entrance, made of hard mulberry trees, kept the hut from caving in. Its walls he daily sprayed with river water and glazed them frequently.

Then came a day when enemies, the Japanese, invaded his fatherland, Shan-si.

The invaders were cruel. They burned down the villages on both sides of the river, and murdered Yun Fa-fu's father and his two sons.

Yun Fa-fu took his gun and left for the mountains to join the guerillas. His weapon was not much better than the first gun ever made by man. But Yun Fa-fu struck terror into the hearts of the Japanese.

"Yun Fa-fu," said the leader of the guerillas, "cover up your trail, hide from the eyes of man, and return to your river bank now in the hands of the enemy. You know ev-

ery path and trail there. Leave your gun with us."

Thus Yun Fa-fu became a scout.

He covered up his trail, he hid from the eyes of man, and never saw his neighbors. Soon his name became known to the enemy, and it was feared and hated. Each day brought with it new disasters: trains carrying soldiers and ammunition for the Japanese were wrecked, and every move of the invader was known to the guerillas in the mountains.

The Japanese were forced to retreat. They withdrew from one side of the river in order to hold the other. But there, too, Yun Fa-fu gave them no peace.

Then a price was set on his head. The price was high, but many days passed, and no one tried to claim it.

One day the soldiers brought before Major Tasimara the miller Tsoy Nam-gu, Yun Fa-fu's Korean neighbor.

"Look upon my poverty and listen with benevolence to my wretchedness," said the miller, bowing to the ground. "Last year Yun Fa-fu chopped down a mulberry tree on my plot. And this morning I heard that he is to swim the river tonight at a place not far from here. This is all I know about Yun Fa-fu, and if my words deserve the reward may it be given me."

"Is this all you came to tell me?" asked the major.

"All," answered the miller.

"Then you have told me nothing. Yet you demand the reward. Yun Fa-fu swam this river many times. But he swims like an eel, for we can never catch him. Tell me what Yun Fa-fu enjoyed doing when he lived in his hut and I shall reward you."

"I can tell you," the miller hastened to say. "Very early in the morning when the shadow of my mill would still be aslant on the river, he liked to hoe his small field. He enjoyed the morning rain and the evening rain. He loved carrying little children on his shoulders. He even used to pick up my little son, although I sternly forbade him."

"There you are," said the major with an evil smile. "Yet you tried to tell me you know nothing about Yun Fa-fu. You know a great deal about him. Tell the soldiers to fetch your little son."

"Why do you need my son?" asked Nam-gu, with fear in his voice, for he could not tell the major's thoughts behind that evil smile.

The major made no reply.

And because his teeth were long and crooked as the teeth of a polecat, Tsoy Nam-gu stepped back and bowed still lower, not daring to repeat his question.

Yun Fa-fu was hiding in the reeds at the river edge. The warm water gently caressed his body, but his face already felt the cool touch of the approaching evening.

So quietly sat Yun Fa-fu that little yellow birds perched on sedges alongside him. Time flowed quietly. Nothing stirred. Every now and then Yun Fa-fu would glance at the bank occupied by the enemy. But not a single soldier in white gaiters was in sight. Yun Fa-fu was glad of this. He only waited for the fog to cover the water, and for the mountain magpies to fly to their nests for the night. Then he would slip into the water and noiselessly swim to the other shore.

But now he was motionless and gazed at the crane standing in the reeds even as still as Yun Fa-fu. This was the holy bird, the color of lead and ashes, and the thin white feathers hanging down its head resembled the grey hair of an old man. Yun Fa-fu thought of his father tortured to death and wept, for he was a simple man and believed

one ought to shed tears over the deceased and love the living.

Just then he heard a slight noise above the river. It resembled a woman's voice or the soft sound of moving oars.

Quietly he parted the thick river grass behind which he was hiding as if behind a curtain, and looked down the river.

A fisherman's quill was coming down stream in the middle of the river. It was twirling in the turbulent water like a willow leaf in the wind. A woman standing in it steered helplessly. In one arm she held an oar, in the other a child whom she pressed to her.

"They will drown," thought Yun Fa-fu, and looked to see whether anyone was coming to their aid.

There was not a soul in sight.

The quill in the meantime was filling with water, and the woman was desperately holding on to the child as if defending it from death. And the child cried as if calling for help.

"He sounds like the miller's son," said Yun Fa-fu to himself.

Suddenly the quill keeled over, and the woman and child were thrown into the water.

What Yun Fa-fu did then was because his heart spoke, and he obeyed it in spite of his own will. He cut the water with his powerful shoulders, pushing off with a kick of his leg, and in ten strokes he reached the quill. He seized the child with his huge hand and raised it high above the water, shouting to the woman:

"Hold on to me with all your strength!"

She swam up to him, and grasped the quill with one hand.

And at the same time Yun Fa-fu felt a horrible stab as with a dagger.

The cry of the child resounded again above the yellow waves of the river, and another cry full of horror answered it from the bank. This was Tsoy Nam-gu, watching his son drown.

And Yun Fa-fu, losing his blood and his life, thought:

"This was not a woman. They trapped me the way an ouzel is trapped in a clap-net."

Soon Yun Fa-fu, still alive, was brought before Major Tasimara.

"Is this he?" asked Tasimara.

"Yes, this is Yun Fa-fu," answered the miller, still weeping for his son.

"Now you can have the reward," said the major with his evil smile.

And before the mountain magpies flew to their nests for the night, Yun Fa-fu was executed in front of his hut.

"Our times are not like those of our fathers," Tasimara remarked to his friends, "I caught him only because I know the price of men."

And Yun Fa-fu, his throat cut, lay in the yellow slime out of which he once built his little hut and on which he sowed his rice and wheat. His hands were turned towards the earth like the hands of a man who is used to holding a hoe, and his face was turned towards the blue sky the depths of which no one can probe. Morning came. The Japanese threw Yun Fa-fu's corpse into the river. And the wind from the In-Shan mountains quietly carried it downstream.

Faster than the wind from the mountains sped the news of Yun Fa-fu's death.

The fishermen of the village of San-Choy overtook the body, placed it in a boat, and brought it to the flint-covered path which led to the guerilla camp, where Yun Fa-fu was buried among flowers, cherries and peaches, in the silence of a mountain shrine.

And on his coffin they inscribed the words:

"Not one shall be indifferent to his immortal name!"

GEORGES BERNANOS

Great Cemeteries in the Moonlight

Great Cemeteries in the Moonlight, a new book by Georges Bernanos, from which we publish the excerpts below, has attracted wide attention in France.

The author, a royalist and a Catholic, is a well known French conservative writer. In 1936, at the beginning of the fascist insurrection in Spain, Bernanos was at Majorca. He admits that at first he greeted the insurrection and even welcomed the appearance of the Italians on the island. His son was an active Phalangist. But the incredible cruelty of the fascist reaction, the interventionists' savage treatment of the civil population, forced Bernanos to reconsider his attitude not only toward the Spanish fascists but also toward the French reactionaries with whom he had been associated all his life.

However, Bernanos' book is not the declaration of a man who has already come over to the side of the progressives among the French intellectuals. Bernanos remains faithful to his former views on many important social and political questions.

But two aspects of his book make it a document of major importance. One of these is what Louis Aragon, the French writer, well terms "the evidence of a witness"—the passionate exposure of fascist savagery by a man who, in spite of his ties with reactionary circles, cannot be suspected of a tendentious appraisal of the Spanish fascists and the interventionists. Bernanos presents a telling picture of the reign of savagery organized by the fascists on the little, defenseless island of Majorca.

Bernanos' book, however, is not only truthful reporting; it is also an outstanding example of political journalism. In this lies the second important aspect of the book. Bernanos constantly interrupts the factual description of events in Majorca to indulge in polemics against French reactionaries of all shades. From the very beginning he exposes the chauvinist demagogues, clericals and French fascists who cynically term themselves "realistic politicians."

Bernanos' book explains why its author immediately responded to the appeal of writers of the French People's Front and signed the "Declaration of Thirteen," calling for unity of the French intelligentsia against fascist aggression.

There, on Majorca, I saw trucks packed with men rolling down the Rambla. They tore along with a fearful roar, past the freshly watered, shining sidewalks, where the gay noise was like that of a village holiday. The trucks were coated grey with dust. The men were also grey. They sat four in a row, their grey caps aslant, their hands sedately folded on their laps. Every evening such men were seized in lonely villages. They set out on their last journey, their sweaty shirts sticking to their backs. Their hands were still occupied with the day's labors when they were arrested. On the table the soup tureen was still steaming, and their wives hardly had time to rush to the gate, gasping for breath, with a little package wrapped in a clean napkin: "*A Dios! Recuerdos!*" [1]

[1] Good-bye, remember us!

You have permitted sentimentality to get the better of you, I am told. God preserve me, no! I simply repeat, I shall not cease to repeat, that these men killed no one, wounded no one. They were peasants, just like those you know, or rather, like those your fathers knew, like the men whose hands your fathers shook. They were very much like the freethinkers of the French villages, influenced by the ideas of Gambetta, like the vineyard keepers of the Var to whom cynical old Georges Clemençeau came as the bearer of a message of science and human progress. Just think—they had only just obtained their republic, their own republic. *Viva la republica!* On the evening of July 18, 1936, the republic was the legal government, universally recognized, acclaimed by the army, approved by the pharmacists, the doctors, the teachers, by all the intellectuals. Of course, the Spanish bishops will reply: "We don't doubt that they were rather decent people, as a matter of fact, for the majority of these unfortunates were converted to God *in extremis*. According to the testimony of our honored brother, the Bishop of Majorca, only ten per cent of those dear children refused the sacrament before they were sent to their ancestors by our kind military men." I confess, this is a low figure which does honor to the diligence of the Bishop. May God reward him! I refrain, for the present at least, from passing judgment upon this form of obtaining proselytes.

. . . . . .

The population of Majorca was always marked by a great indifference to politics.

The Catalonian uprising in 1934, though it was so near, aroused no echoes on Majorca. According to the testimony of the Phalange chief, it would be impossible to find a hundred "really dangerous" Communists on the island. . . . This is a country of market gardeners, without industry, without factories. . . . I declare, on my honor, that during the months that preceded the invasion of the island, no violence was used against individuals or estates seized. . . . Considering the absence of criminal acts on Majorca, one may term what happened there only a preventive cleansing, a systematic extermination of suspected people. The majority of verdicts handed down by the courts martial of Majorca (later I will speak of the summary executions without trial, which are much more numerous) were on charges of disaffection—"*desafeccion al movimiento salvador*" manifested in words or even in gestures. A family of four, excellent bourgeois, father, mother and two sons, aged sixteen and nineteen respectively, were sentenced to death on the testimony of several witnesses who claimed to have seen them applauding in their garden when Catalonian airplanes passed overhead. (The intervention of the American

Drawing by the Spanish artist Castelao

consul, however, saved the life of the wife, who was a native of Porto Rico.)

. . . . . .

What! You still believe in the humanity of the bourgeoisie of the novels of François Mauriac, you still cannot bring yourself to imagine that the smell of blood may one day go to the head of these people? Yet I have seen some strange things. An old maid of thirty-five, belonging to the gentle breed of the beatific, who lived peacefully with her family after leaving the monastery, and devoted to the poor all the leisure she had after performing her church duties, suddenly exhibited an incomprehensible nervous fear, began to speak of possible retaliations, refused to go out alone. A close friend whom I cannot name took pity on her and, in order to calm her, gave her refuge in her home. Some time later the sanctimonious woman decided to return to her family. On the morning of the day fixed for her departure, her tender-hearted hostess affectionately questioned her. "Look here, my dear child, what do you fear? You are really a lamb of the lord, and it would be so stupid for anyone to desire the death of a person so inoffensive." "Inoffensive? Your Grace does not know. You think me incapable of serving the church! Everyone thinks so, and no one suspects me. Well, may Your Grace know then—I am the cause of the execution of eight people." Yes, I had an opportunity to observe curious, strange things. At Palma I knew a lad of noble family, very affable, very cordial, warmly loved by everybody. His small, plump, aristocratic hand held in its palm the secrets of the death of perhaps a hundred men. A woman visitor entering the salon of this nobleman one day noticed on his table a splendid rose.

"You are admiring the rose, my dear friend?"

"Of course."

"You would admire it more if you knew where it came from."

"How can I tell where it comes from?"

"I took it from the cell of Madame M—, whom we executed this morning."

. . . . . .

Two hundred inhabitants of the little town of Manacor, suspected by the Italians, were seized in their beds at midnight, led to the cemetery in batches, shot down and their corpses burned in heaps. A person whom only politeness obliges me to qualify as the Bishop delegated one of his priests to the scene; and the priest, standing in a pool of blood, gave absolution between the salvos.

I do not wish to dwell long on the details of this religious-military demonstration, in order to spare the susceptibilities of the heroic French counter-revolutionaries, who are apparently brothers to those whom my wife and I have seen running away from the island like cowards at the first suggestion of a hypothetic invasion. I simply make the observation that the massacre of those defenseless unfortunates did not arouse a word of blame, not a single objection, from the ecclesiastic authorities, who contented themselves with organizing processions to offer up praise to the Lord.

. . . . . .

When I returned to France I had nothing to tell the people of Left inclinations. It was to the people of the Right that I wanted to address myself. I had looked upon this as an easy thing to do, and at first I thought they were simply misinformed. But it appeared that they were as well informed as I.

"Italians in Spain? Good. Never too many. Germans, too? Splendid.

Summary executions? Fine! No sentimentality!"

"But your newspapers..."

"Our newspapers say what they ought to. We hope you won't write about this, though? You won't play into the hands of M. Jouhaux? By the way, did you know that carpenters at the Exposition are earning more than a hundred francs a day? Yes, yes...."

. . . . . .

Naval officers who visited me at Palma boasted of the cleanliness of the streets, the order in the trams and whatnot. "Trade is going on, the people stroll along the streets and you say killings are going on? Be along with you!" They did not know that the tradesmen dared not shut their shops under pain of death. Nor did they know that the authorities, zealously concerned with preserving the morale of the population, had forbidden relatives to wear mourning for the executed..,. And devil take it, why must the external appearance of the city change because the population of the prisons has grown two, three, ten, a hundred times? Why, I ask you? And if fifteen or twenty unfortunates are discreetly done away with daily, must the trams cease to run, the cafes cease to be filled and the *Te Deum* cease to sound in the churches?

A small island, quiet, peaceful, with its almond trees, orange groves, vineyards. The capital is no larger than some old French provincial cities. The second largest city, Soller, is simply a little township. The villages are isolated, spread at the foot of the mountains, or sprawling in the valleys, and they have no communications except bad roads and a few old vessels with chugging motors. Each of these villages is a closed world, with two parties: the party of the clergy and the party of the intellectuals, to which the workers timidly belong. There is also the landowner, who, by the way, is only seen on holidays, but he knows the temper of the people, he has learned the names of the "troublemakers" (with the assistance of his companion, the priest). Nevertheless, the amiability of Spanish customs is such that the inhabitants of this world lived in peace and danced together on holidays. Then suddenly, one fine morning, a "cleansing committee" appeared in each village, a secret tribunal composed of volunteers, generally the bourgeois landlord or his manager, the priest, the priest's servant, several well-meaning peasants and their wives, and, finally, young lads hastily recruited into a new Phalange, too often only yesterday's converts; they are impatient to display their zeal, they are intoxicated with the fear which the blue shirts and the berets with red pompoms inspire in the hearts of the miserable folk.

The Teacher's Last Lesson

by Castelao

I have already written of this, and I shall continue: five hundred Phalangists July 17. Fifteen thousand several weeks later. Then twenty-two thousand. Far from checking this insane recruiting, the military authorities encourage it with all their might, for they have their own designs: when the day comes, the task fulfilled, nothing will be easier than to pour this horde into the army by batches. The cleansing will be over.

This cleansing on Majorca passed through three stages, plus a preparatory period. The preparatory period was marked by summary executions carried out in the homes of the victims. They bore, or seemed to bear, the character of personal vengeance, they were more or less censured by everybody and the details were whispered confidentially from ear to ear. Then General Count Rossi made his appearance.

As a matter of fact, the newcomer was neither general nor count nor Rossi, but an Italian official belonging to the Black Shirts. We first saw him one fine morning descending from a purple tri-motored plane. His first visit was to the military governor, whose suite of officers welcomed him politely. Rossi delivered a speech, rapping out the points with blows of his fist on the table, and announced that he had brought with him the spirit of *fascio*. Several days later the governor and his staff were incarcerated in San Carlos prison and Count Rossi took over command of the Phalange. Clad in a black outfit adorned with a huge white cross on his breast he rode through the villages, driving his own racing auto, behind which came other automobiles in a cloud of dust, filled with men armed to the teeth and striving vainly to keep up with the lead car. Every morning the newspapers carried reports of these oratorical tours, during which Rossi, assisted by the alcalde and the priest, proclaimed the crusade in a strange mixture of Spanish, Italian and the Majorca dialect. Of course the Italian government had at its disposal in Majorca other agents of less imposing appearance than this huge animal who once declared, at the table of a *grande dame* of Palma (wiping his fingers on the tablecloth), that he needs "at least one woman a day." But the particular mission with which he was entrusted quite accorded with his talents. It was the organization of the terror.

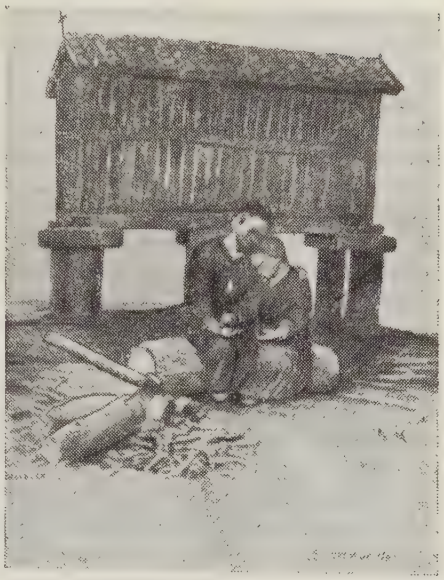
From that time every night the gangs recruited by him began operating in the villages and even on the outskirts of Palma. Wherever these *messieurs* displayed their zeal the scene was the same. Always the same discreet tap at the door of a comfortable apartment or at the door of a hut; the same heavy footfalls in the shadow-filled garden; the same sinister whispering on the staircase—to which some unfortunate is listening on the other side of the wall, his ear glued to the keyhole, his heart sinking. "Follow us." The same words to the fear-crazed woman, her hands trembling. Outside, on the street, the truck. "Please don't wake the children. You are going to take me to prison, aren't you, señor?" "*Perfettamente*,[1]" answers the murderer, who sometimes is only twenty years old. Then the truck, where the victim finds two or three neighbors, gloomy and resigned. The truck roars and starts; another minute of hope which lasts until the truck rumbles onto the highway. But now it slows down and turns down a ravine. "Get out!" They get out, line up, kiss a medal or simply the nail of their thumb. Rat-tat-tat! The corpses are placed at the

[1] Exactly.

roadside, where the gravedigger will find them the next day, the head crushed, the back of the head resting on a terrible pillow of black clotted blood. I say the gravedigger, because they usually take care to do their work near a cemetery. The alcalde will write in his register: "So-and-so, so-and-so and so-and-so died of inflammation of the brain."

The first period of the cleansing lasted four months. For four months this foreigner (Rossi) who was more than anyone else responsible for these murders, never lost the opportunity to attend a religious gathering and he occupied the place of honor at all such ceremonies. He was generally accompanied by a priest who had been mobilized for this purpose; and he would stand in boots and in his uniform with the great white cross on his chest, automatics in holsters on his belt. (The priest was eventually shot by the military men.) No one dared harbor the slightest doubts about his right to wield the military powers he held. I knew a priest who humbly implored him to spare the lives of three young Mexican women held in jail, because after he had confessed them he was convinced of their innocence. "Very well," answered the count, who was going to bed. "Morning is wiser than night. I will sleep on the matter, and render my decision in the morning." The next morning he ordered his men to execute the women.

So, until December, all the roadsides in the neighborhood of the cemeteries received their sinister harvest of the suspected workers and peasants—but also bourgeoisie, pharmacists, notaries. Once I asked a friend of mine, a doctor, for an X-ray photo made by his colleague, the only Roentgenologist in all of Palma. He answered with a sorry smile: "I wonder if we can find it. The unfortunate X was taken for a ride a few days ago." These facts are well known.



Survivors

by Castelao

The cleansing almost completed, attention was turned to the prisons. You may imagine how crowded they were. The concentration camps were just as crowded. The prison ships—somber dismantled old vessels guarded day and night—were just as crowded. Out of exaggerated caution, as soon as night fell, ominous streams of light were directed on these vessels from searchlights, and, alas, the light was visible from my bed.

Then the second period began: the cleansing of the prisons—for many of the suspected men and women had escaped martial law because there was not the slightest bit of evidence to present to the courts martial. So they were freed, by groups according to their place of residence. On the way their bodies were thrown into roadside ditches.

I know . . . you don't want me to continue. How many killed? Fifty? A hundred? Five hundred? The figure I will give was supplied to me by one of the chiefs of the reign of terror in Palma. The popular estimate is much higher. But be that as it may, in the beginning of March, 1937, after seven months of civil war, there were three thousand of these murders on record. Seven months are two hundred and ten days, which makes an average of fifteen executions a day. I allow myself to remind you that this little island can easily be crossed from end to end in two hours. In other words: an inquisitive automobilist, at the price of a little expenditure of energy, could easily see fifteen corpses a day. These figures are not unknown to Mgr. the Bishop of Palma.

I realize that it is difficult to read such lines. It is hard for me to put them down, too. But it was still harder to have to see and hear. . . . We were staunch, my wife and I, not at all out of bravado, not even in the hope of being useful—after all we could do so little!—but out of a feeling of deep solidarity with these good folk whose number increased with each day—people who had known the same hopes, the same illusions as we, who resisted the plain facts to the last, and finally came to share our horror. We were free, and they not. I mean the young Phalangists and Requetes, the old priests—one of them had to swallow a liter of caster oil at the point of a gun for having pronounced some indiscreet words. If I had been in close touch with people of the Left, perhaps the manner of their protest would have provoked in me the reflex of a partisan, over which I am not always master. But the disillusion, the grief, the pity, the shame, bound us closer together than revolt. You wake up in the morning exhausted, you are going to leave, and in the street, at a cafe table, on the threshold of a church, you meet So-and-so, whom you had supposed to be on the side of the murderers, and he suddenly tells you with tear-filled eyes: "This is too much: I can no longer stand it! Look at what they have done now. . . ." I think of the mayor of a little town: his wife arranged a hiding place for him in a well. At every alarm the unfortunate coiled up in a little niche in the well, just above the water line. They dragged him out of there, his teeth chattering in fever—it was in the middle of December. They led him to the cemetery and pumped a bullet into his stomach. And, since he seemed in no haste to die, the executioners, who were drinking not far off, came back with a bottle of spirits. They forced the last drops from the bottle into the dying man's mouth, and then smashed the empty bottle over his head. I repeat, these facts are public knowledge. I fear no denials.

You cannot imagine what the atmosphere of the terror is like. At first the impression is of an enormous misunderstanding in which everything is horribly confused. You think: Have I seen aright? Have I understood properly? You are assured it will come to an end, that it is over. You breathe freely again—until the next massacre, which takes you by surprise. Time passes . . . passes . . . and what more? What more can I say? . . . It is hard to see what you love wiped in the dust.

. . . . . .

It would be an error to assume that the transition to cleansing the prisons involved cessation of the murderers' activity in the homes of the inhabitants of Majorca; that activity only went on at a slower rate. The more remote villages breathed more freely; the center of the "work" was shifted to the

districts nearer to Palma. But this did not achieve the aim of the military authorities—the indignation over the reign of terror did not slacken.

Previously relatives of the executed had only to take several steps to claim their dead. Now it became necessary to undertake an expensive journey and to carry out many formalities which became frightful if one bears in mind how great was the number of the executed. The jail records did not tally with the gravediggers' accounts, which created tormenting confusion. The common graves did not yield their secrets, and relatives of the murdered men had to fall back on the final expedient: some official would allow them, at his own risk, to rummage in a heap of rags and seek among them the shirt or trousers of the victim.

I try to describe this calmly. I add nothing to the facts—though there are those who are ready to suspect me of proclaiming facts without sufficient basis or only on the basis of gossip. What I am exposing here is no figment of the imagination. These facts are common knowledge. Many approve them, some condemn, but no one can cast doubt on their truth.

I shall mention here an interview granted to a journalist by nuns of Porto Cristo. This interview appeared in full in all the newspapers of the city of Palma—in *El Dia, El Almudaina* ("A Catholic newspaper," as its masthead proclaims), and *Ultima Hora*. Catalonian forces landed in the tiny town of Porto Cristo in August, 1936. (Incidentally, they advanced no further, and went back after six weeks.)

The nuns ran a *pension*, which was almost empty those summer days. The mother superior described the frightened girls' first encounter with the Barcelona fighters, who sternly ordered them to prepare beds for wounded. Suddenly, in the midst of the confusion, a giant appeared—he turned out to be a South American—with a revolver in his hand. "Dear sisters," he said, "I am a Catholic and a Communist. If anyone does not exhibit the proper respect for you I will bash in his head."

For two days he worked himself to the bone, securing food for the nurses, bandaging wounds together with them, and in his rare moments of leisure conducting side-splitting arguments with the mother superior, arguments which she described to this journalist with touching humor. Finally the third day dawned.... The nun concluded her account thus: "We heard rapid firing. The wounded men became alarmed. We dropped to our knees, praying for our liberators' victory. Cries of *'Viva Espana, Arribe Espana!'* were heard, the door shook, and the brave soldiers poured in—they settled scores with our wounded right on the spot. Our giant from South America was killed last."

The military authorities, alarmed by the growing hatred of them, took recourse to a third, more secret, method of cleansing. The prisoners accused of being Reds one fine morning received the news that their alibis had been confirmed and they were to be set free. They signed out in the prison journal, signed receipts for objects which had been taken from their persons when entering prison, in a word, fulfilled all the formalities which remove responsibility from the prison administration. At two o'clock in the morning they were released by twos. When they stepped out of the jail they found themselves in a deserted alley, facing a truck and a crowd of men armed with revolvers. "Shh! We'll take you home!" They were taken to the cemetery.

The person whom only politeness forces me to entitle the Bishop of Majorca placed his signature on a collective letter of the Spanish episcopate. I hope that this time, at least, the pen shook in his wrinkled old hand. He knew all about these murders: I can affirm that to his face, whenever and wherever he pleases. I can cite to him another piece of evidence:

One of the canons of his cathedral, whom he knows well, a well-known preacher, a doctor of theology, seemed to always approve unreservedly of the actions of the military authorities. This preacher's apparent confirmed conviction worried the conscience of one of his parishioners, who had never dared to question him. When she became acquainted with the facts reported above, she seized an opportunity to break her silence. The wretched priest listened to her without showing the least surprise. "But of course. you don't really approve...." "I neither approve nor condemn," answered the priest. "You unfortunately have no idea of the difficulties we face on this island. At the last conference of the priests, under the chairmanship of the Bishop, we ascertained that only fourteen per cent of the citizens of Majorca attended all the Easter services. Such a serious situation justifies exceptional measures."

I can also cite the case of the former mayor of Palma, an old, well-known physician. A priest came of his own free will to speak in his favor. The man's wife was noted for her piety. The only accusation against him could have been membership in the Radical Party. Nevertheless, he was sentenced to death and shot one morning last spring, tied to a chair; they had taken him from a hospital bed, tied in the chair, to the place of execution. All the night before the execution a nurse had kept his failing heart going by repeated injections. When I expressed my surprise that they had made him wait more than six months for the inevitable death, I was told: "It wasn't our fault. We tried to keep him alive until the formalities of confiscating his property were completed." For the unfortunate in this instance had been rich.

For months the crews of murderers on Majorca rushed from village to village in trucks requisitioned for this purpose, cold-bloodedly killed thousands of suspects against whom even courts martial would have been obliged to deny the least legal pretext. Monsignor the Bishop of Palma was as well aware of this fact as anybody. Nevertheless, at every convenient opportunity he supported the executioners, several of whom were guilty of the murder of dozens.

I do not know what the crusaders did or did not do on the peninsula: I know only that the crusaders of Majorca in one night executed all the prisoners taken in all the Catalonian trenches. They led them ashore like cattle and shot them in cold blood, animal after animal. But no, your excellencies, I do not accuse the most honorable Bishop of Palma. He was represented at the ceremony as usual by a number of priests who, under the surveillance of the military, offered their services to the victims. You can picture the scene yourself: "Well, padre, is this one ready?" "Just a moment, M. le capitaine, I will turn him over to you immediately." Their excellencies affirm that in these circumstances they obtained satisfactory results. No doubt, if they had more time, if they had placed their flock in boiling water they would have obtained still better results. They might even

have made them sing vespers. After all, why not? . . .Their business done, the crusaders heaped up the cattle in piles, the absolved and the unabsolved together, and poured gasolene over them. Perhaps this purification by fire, in view of the priests' presence, took on a liturgical significance. Unfortunately, two days later, I saw the corpses, black and shiny, twisted by the flames, some into obscene poses that would have pained the ladies of Palma and their delicate confessors. A stinking resin-like liquid oozed from the pile in trickles and the heap smoked in the August sun. It just came to my mind that M. Bailby,[1] editor of *Jour*, has something to do with the journalists' union. Then I can inform him, by the way, that Baron Guy de Traversay, general secretary of *L'Intransigeant*, was among these corpses.

. . . . . .

He vainly tried to plead that he was a French journalist. I fear no denial when stating that after a short debate between two Spanish officers he was executed because a wretched little typewritten note was found on him, signed by Republican officials, recommending him to Captain Bayo. I will be told that if the Republicans had found on my person a letter signed by the authorities of Palma I would have shared a similar fate. Nevertheless I have my doubts about this, for to the best of my knowledge the people of Valencia have never shot a French journalist.

I know—very intimately—a young Frenchman who at the opening of the Spanish crusade took part in a punitive expedition. He came back half-crazed. He ripped up his blue shirt, repeating, in a voice interrupted by suppressed sobs, in the voice of a child: "The rats! They killed two poor individuals, two old peasants, so old.... They were at least fifty...." which, between us, is not so flattering to his father, who was himself not far from this "border of senility."

A partisan of "realistic politics" would have answered him: "My friend, the fact that they were old and poor should calm your scruples if you knew how to control the blind reflexes of your susceptibility, for an old man is less valuable than a young one. And because the poor have little joy in life, it is no great misfortune for them to be deprived of the blessing of life, from which they benefit little."

. . . . . .

You yourselves do not realize how funny you are. When Briand directed the League of Nations, at the height of the agitation for disarmament, you attacked the French workers who cried: "Down with war!" Now, when the totalitarian states spit on France every day, you burn with pacifism, you consider it very subtle tactics. You insist that we must be calm about the fate of Spain, insomuch as you piously bring from Burgos, like a dog carrying the basket of his master, the declarations of General Franco, which are not worth a farthing.... The movement for solidarity between the French workers and their Spanish brothers in the misfortune which has overtaken Spain is motivated by noble feelings, and you stupidly sneer at it. The people will never forgive you this stupidity.

[1] A reactionary journalist.

Vasily Lebedev-Kumach

TRACTOR DRIVERS' SONG

Ah, horses, steel horses,
In steel harness arching;
Ah, tractors, my buddies,
It's time we were marching.

CHORUS
How swift on this horse
Our vast fields we course
Sowing and planting and reaping;
As swift will we rear
On every frontier,
From the fatherland enemies sweeping.

Ripe harvest, rich harvest,
Oh wheat walls upspringing,
And sweet in the sheaves there
Our girls sweetly singing.

Our power, vast power,
It breathes in young voices,
The wheat joins the chorus,
The tall rye rejoices.

Roll, wheat dust, gold wheat dust,
The blue heavens gilding;
And you my beloved
What dreams are you building?

Ah, horses, strong horses,
Ah, steel flanked, strong horses,
Seek peace,—aye, if need be,
O'er beaten foe forces.

And you, foe, beware, foe,
No tricks on our borders,
Or, millions, we'll ride
At our country's stern orders.

CHORUS
How swift on this horse
Our vast fields we course,
Sowing and planting and reaping;
As swift will we rear
On every frontier,
From the fatherland enemies sweeping.

Translated by Isidor Schneider

Deputies of the People

The play has ended. Stage hands are already bustling about behind the scenes ready to strike the set of the last act. All the actors save one have long since left the stage and are wiping off the makeup in their dressing rooms, but he, a Peoples' Artist of the U.S.S.R., is still taking curtain call after curtain call.

At last he, too, is free. Cleaning the makeup from his face, he changes into street clothes and hurries to the exit. There is more work waiting for him at home, work that is still more difficult, complicated and responsible.

He smiles, remembering the pile of letters he laid aside that morning. They have to be opened, read even though the handwriting sometimes be straggling and illegible, their requests and proposals carefully considered, no matter how insignificant or impracticable they may seem. For every letter has been written by a person of flesh and blood, a person who speaks with the voice of the people. And the people have entrusted to their elected deputy the defense of their interests on the floor of the Socialist parliament.

So at night, after the play is over, the famous actor carefully goes through the letters of constituents, makes note of their requests, advice and suggestions, and answers every one. Next day between two rehearsals he will telephone to various offices, insisting that the letter-writers' suggestions be put into effect or the needs they write of be met.

Often the telephone call is but the beginning. It must be followed by personal interviews with the heads of the organizations concerned, participation in conferences, more calls and meetings with the constituents. This all takes time, time which must be snatched from an already busy day. And in the evening, again the theater, the rejuvenating fire of one's beloved art, the emotion on the faces of the spectators in the half-darkened auditorium. Though invisible, the tie that stretches from him to them is strong, from the veteran actor to the people who applaud him on the stage and come to him in his capacity as a statesman, a deputy of the people, with their concern for the welfare of their fatherland.

So runs a day in the life of Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. Ivan Mikhailovich Moskvin—who is also Peoples' Artist of the U.S.S.R.

Peoples Artist Moskvin at his work as a deputy

A year has passed since the day when elections were held to the country's supreme legislative body.

V. A. Komarov, president of the Academy of Sciences; Professor Burdenko, the famous surgeon, or Alexei Tolstoy, the writer, are no less busy, surely, than Peoples' Artist Moskvin. Tolstoy has his daily literary stint on a whole series of works which must be finished, worked over and polished—among them a novel, a play and a screen scenario—his far-reaching plans for new creative work, his connections with the literary world, the help he gives to young writers just launching their careers. Professor Burdenko's profession makes many demands on him: there are lectures and lessons to give, research work to be furthered, patients to receive and delicate operations to perform. Academician Komarov, one of the country's greatest scientists, head of its leading scientific institution, a man who decides scientific problems of world importance, finds his working day filled to the limit.

Nevertheless, every one of these men finds the time to meet his obligations as a deputy, to give his attention to solving even the pettiest problems that his constituents bring to his notice. Academician Komarov in his capacity as deputy receives twenty letters a day. Professor Burdenko got more than two thousand letters from voters in a half year. Hardly a day passes that Alexei Tolstoy does not receive constituents from Staraya Russa, the district he represents in his country's parliament.

Every request must be heard, a reply given to every proposal, thought and attention accorded to every bit of advice proffered the deputy. Among those who come may be an engineer discharged without just cause, an inventor determined to see his invention put to use, a worker criticizing the state of municipal services in his district, a housewife dissatisfied with the work of the nurseries for small children in an industrial settlement.

"It would be difficult to enumerate all the questions about which

the voters apply to their deputy," Tolstoy says. "They are problems which embrace nearly every phase of the varied life of our Soviet cities and villages. Groups and individuals write to warn of shortcomings, indicate how they may be remedied, and unburden themselves of both sorrow and joy."

"I prize the letters of my constituents highly," declares Professor Burdenko. "They are the most striking testimony of the voters' confidence in their deputy. Where, in what other country of the world except our Soviet Union, could there be such a close relationship between the voters and their deputy? These letters broaden my outlook and strengthen my ties with the life of the people. The Soviet deputy, if he wishes to be a public figure of the Leninist-Stalinist type, a servant of the people, if he wishes, not in words but in deeds, to justify the confidence of his voters, should be in close touch with them. And such ties are a source of strength for us who are deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R."

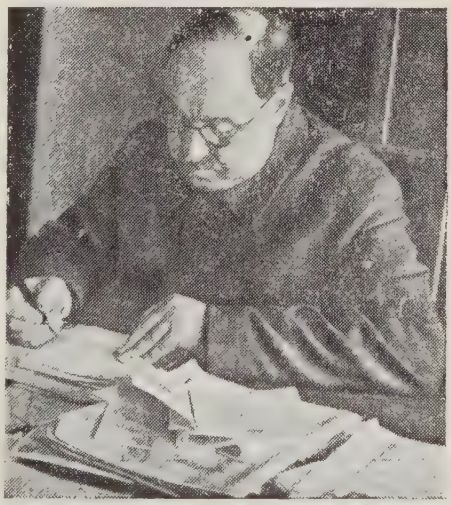
In what other country, Professor Burdenko asks, could a deputy feel so warm and close a friendship with his voters?

What answer can the capitalist countries of Europe and America give to this question?

In the fascist countries, there are neither deputies nor voters. Elections in fascist Germany have been turned into a farce, a base mockery of the suffrage. Deputies are appointed. An "amendment" to the constitution (which is itself now nothing but a scrap of paper), dated July 4, 1934, provides: "A deputy to the Reichstag loses his mandate if he has left the National-Socialist Party or been excluded from it. His successor is named by the head of the National-Socialist fraction of the Reichstag."

The absurd "chamber of deputies" in fascist Italy was a no less cynical caricature of the parliamentary system. Not long ago the "fascist grand council" approved the draft of a law to abolish even this miserable scrap of the parliamentarism which fascism has destroyed.

Fascism does away with all democracy, seeking to erase the whole history of the people's struggle for political freedom, for democratic forms of government, for a republic. Before the so-called "Munich agreement," Czechoslovakia was one of the most advanced capitalist states and the principles of bourgeois democracy were quite strong there. Now, after Czechoslovakia has been made into a vassal of fascist Germany, we see how its system of government is being altered to suit German demands. The suppression of the Communist Party of Czechoslovakia and the drafting of a new constitution



A. A. Dubyansky, professor of geology at the Voronezh Agricultural Institute and deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R., reading mail from constituents

restricting the democratic rights of citizens are the beginning of a gradual destruction of democracy, in which parliament will become a fiction, an obedient instrument of German fascism for tricking the people.

For centuries the peoples have struggled for democracy, for representative government. But even in the advanced western democracies the participation of the people in the election of legislative bodies is sharply limited and not to be compared to the tremendous scope on which the people participate in the governing of the land of the Soviets. A characteristic example is the recent elections to the French Senate, to a considerable degree predetermined by the results of the municipal elections which had taken place throughout the country several years earlier, before the formation of the People's Front. The elections to the Senate, carried out by a numerically insignificant body of electors, consisting primarily of municipal councillors, by no means reflected the mood of the people of France today.

The parliamentary system in many countries sometimes reduces itself to ugly distortion of the principles of democracy. Mark Twain and Dickens, Maupassant and Shaw have bitterly mocked these grotesqueries of bourgeois parliamentarism. No one can say that the practices of even the most democratic bourgeois parliaments have noticeably improved since then. The influence exerted behind the scenes by such institutions as the Steel Trust in the United States needs no commentary.

The struggles conducted in the interests of their constituents by honest, progressive representatives always meet a firm rebuff from the reactionary parliamentary clique, which is completely indifferent to the people and its needs.

The English writer A. J. Cronin in his novel *The Stars Look Down* has given us a striking picture of an unhappy struggle of this kind. His hero, David, is a gifted young miner. Succeeding in getting elected to parliament on the Labor ticket, he is filled with a sincere desire to protect the people's interests. But his passionate enthusiasm meets with no sympathy from his party colleagues. Practical politicians regard him simply as a stupid and amusing idealist, without sense enough to reap the material benefits of his post as M.P. The novel is not even satirical in its treatment of David's fruitless struggle for the interests of his constituents, but a well-documented record of British parliamentary life as it really is.

This is an example from literature, but the American congressional session of 1938 provides a no less striking instance from life. In January the Senate took up the anti-lynching bill which had been passed by the House as long ago as April, 1937. The bill was supported by a group of the most progressive senators, who in this instance represented the will of the overwhelming majority of the American people. Nevertheless the measure failed of passage.

Utilizing the many technicalities and delays of American Congressional procedure, reactionary senators from the southern states resorted to tactics of obstruction, to the so-called "filibuster." It was kept up for many days. The orators who relieved one another read newspaper articles and excerpts from the bible, made speeches on the international situation, on the morals of the inhabitants of Polynesia, the advantages of Miami over Palm Beach, the latest shows on Broadway, all with the one aim

of blocking action and forcing the Senate to table the bill.The leader of the filibustering bloc spoke for six days on end until he won his point and the bill was shelved. The Senate could find no way to stop this disgusting farce.

Expressing the will of Wall Street, the reactionary elements in Congress are ready to similarly resist any bill advanced in the interests of the American people. It was just such resistance which caused the failure of many progressive measures, proposed in Congress by the Roosevelt forces, which found support among the American people.

The way out from this situation, in which parliaments become talkshops, and their decisions scraps of paper, lies, as Lenin declared, "of course, not in the destruction of representative institutions and suffrage, but in transforming representative institutions from talkshops into institutions which 'work.'"[1]

The Socialist parliament—the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.—is just such an institution expressing the will of the whole Soviet people, a people forged in bitter battle against the enemies of Socialism, a people triumphant over these enemies and building a new social system.

The deputies are statesmen of a new type, who have come from the people and are inseparably linked with them, who have no other aims in life than the happiness and prosperity of their fatherland. These workers and collective farmers, Red Army men, leaders of Soviet and Party organizations, physicians and teachers, Soviet intellectuals, are the best people of their country.

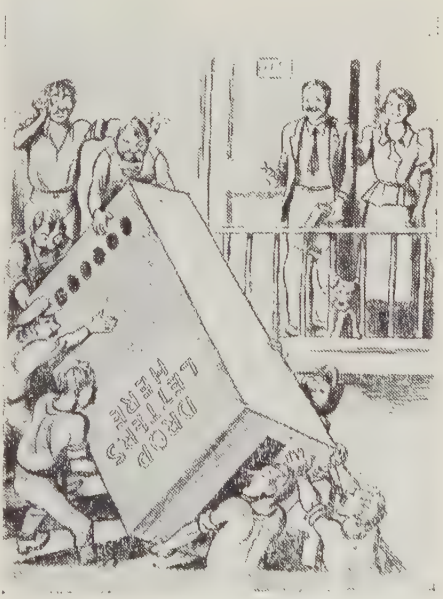
Not one of them has given up his trade or profession, not one separated himself from the masses, from the heart of which he came to take his place on the parliamentary tribune. They have established still firmer and more intimate ties with their constituents, daily contact with whom has become a splendid school of life for the deputies themselves.

Deputy Olga Fyodorovna Leonova, a teacher in one of Moscow's secondary schools, writes:

"Soon after the elections to the Supreme Soviet, one of my pupils with chagrin asked me, 'Now you won't be our teacher any longer, will you, Olga Fyodorovna?'

"He was frankly surprised and pleased to find that I had no intention at all of giving up the school, that our mutual daily work and friendship would continue unchanged.

"Indeed, could it be otherwise? Does a Soviet teacher who has become a member of the Government cease to be a teacher? The



The deputy gets a new letter box
N. Radlov in "Krokodil"

[1] V. I. Lenin, *Collected Works*, Russian ed., Vol. XXI, p. 401.

These old collective farmers of Rostov Province are young enough to be "Voroshilov Horsemen." With them is L. I. Ishenko, deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R.

people show great confidence in him when they intrust him with the care of what is most precious and valuable to them, their children. They showed him an honor of the highest when they elected him one of their deputies.

"Clearly, this does not release one from the duties of his basic profession: it is but another lofty responsibility, which requires that my pedagogical work, too, shall be even better.

"I have assumed this responsibility gladly. And here is the first practical conclusion, which I drew at once: although none of my pupils have poor marks, I pledge that by the end of the school year all the children shall finish with grades of good or excellent.

"I have undertaken that pledge, but shall I make it good? I am convinced that I shall, and that not without cause. When you love the work to which you have given twenty-five years of your life, when you love and know children, nothing seems impossible."

Engineer Malyshev, who a few short years ago was a student working toward his diploma, and is now director of the Kolomna Machinery Works, entered into the very thick of the people's life in his election district even during the campaign. His friendly ties with the electors grew still stronger after he was sent as deputy to the Supreme Soviet. Whereas before he shared the interests of the thousands of workers in his factory, now the circle of his activities has spread to embrace a great territory.

"When I have occasion to help someone," he says, "when I get a simple and sincere letter of thanks from him, I realize once more that I'm not living in vain. If

the people come to their deputy, you understand, it means that they need him. And do you know what strikes one in literally every letter? That they are not thanking you personally, but are thanking the Soviet power you represent to them.

"Sometimes a letter comes from some person or other from one of yesterday's provincial backwaters, a man who is hardly literate, but somehow within him he feels the essence of our social system; he understands that the deputy, no matter how benevolent a person he may be, is not simply just by nature, but above all it is the cause of Lenin and Stalin, the cause of the whole people, the trust of the people, which make him just. This is what they thank you for.

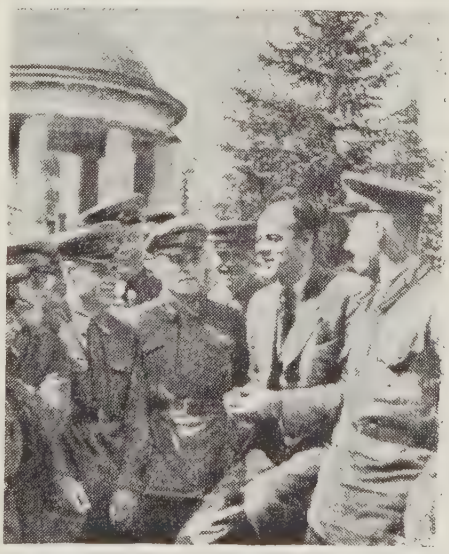
"There is still another noteworthy feature of these letters—confidence. Unlimited confidence. They write as to an intimate friend. An old man makes his appearance and says that he has not been out of his house for a year, but he has found his way to you, his deputy.

"And if people complain of mistreatment, injustice, irregularities, it is because, as they themselves say, they see something hostile to the Soviet power in every ugly shortcoming, something not of its nature, alien, accidental. And their own misfortune likewise appears to them as something accidental, a misunderstanding."

Malyshev's experiences as a deputy are similar to those of every other member of the Socialist parliament. Deputy Molokov, the famous flyer, Hero of the Soviet Union, has been in correspondence with thousands of voters from his district.

"Collective farmers request help in getting an automobile for their hospital," he relates. "A woman worker complains that she cannot get her sick son sent to a health resort. The head of the Perovo radio center invites me to come and make a speech before the microphone, promising that it will be relayed through every radio center in Ukhtomsky District. A man who has served a sentence finds himself everywhere refused work under all sorts of plausible pretexts, and asks for help. A village soviet asks me to cooperate in getting their theater and park wired for electric light. A man pensioned for disability sends 'a worker's thanks' for the care shown him. 'My pension,' he says, 'shows me the application of the Stalinist Constitution in my own life.'

"Letters from voters always bring me joy. For the people who write, indeed, are confident of their rights. They very well understand that in the Land of the Soviets everything is arranged to ensure a happy and joyful life for all the working people. They know that if their rights are violated, this happens through the thoughtlessness of a



Honored Actor of the Republic Cherkasov ("Deputy of the Baltic," Alexei in "Peter I," "Alexander Nevsky") chatting with some of his electors — Red Army men

bad worker, or the ill will of a bureaucrat, an enemy.

"Almost every completed 'case' consists of two letters from the constituent. In the first, injury, indignation; the second letter, written by the same person a short time later, is full of good spirits, happiness, pride in his country. When I read a letter in which the writer expresses his feeling of gratitude, I understand very well that this is gratitude to the Soviet Government, to the Bolshevik Party, which have made possible a happy life for all the people. The Party of Bolsheviks teaches us to observe as sacred the Stalinist Constitution, basic law of the Land of Socialism. Thanks to the Party's leadership, a system of government has been established in which the word of a people's deputy carries tremendous weight."

Forge-shop worker Busygin, one of the initiators of the Stakhanov movement, who was decorated by the Government for his services, makes frequent trips through his election district. He establishes enduring and friendly contacts with his constituents, studies their needs, fights against shortcomings and bureaucratic defects reminiscent of the old order, helps to see that the work continues to improve.

Busygin himself learned his letters only ten years ago. Now he works to help the local schools, to find good teachers for them and improve instruction in foreign languages; he takes a hand in hospital administration, seeking necessary repairs for district hospitals and better living conditions for their staffs. Whatever he takes up, he follows through.

It is not only on questions of a personal nature that voters approach their deputies. "There have been many cases in my experience," says one of the youngest deputies in the Supreme Soviet, Tatyana Fyodorova, former worker on the building of Moscow's Metro and now student at the Industrial Academy, "when the questions brought to me were fundamental, of significance to the state.

"For instance, two inventors, the Korenkov brothers, were proposing a new method of working coal deposits. They asked me, as deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., to help them in seeing that their proposal was put to use.

"I referred the question directly to Peoples Commissar of Heavy Industry L. M. Kaganovich, who personally considered their suggestion. Soon I received word from Comrade Kaganovich that the Korenkovs' proposal had proved very valuable and had been accepted by the commissariat."

Deputy Tkachov, a professor of the Voronezh Medical Institute, writes that: "While they respect the demands of my work to the utmost, my constituents, nevertheless, have succeeded in bringing their practical interests to my notice. These interests were much broader than my program at first included. They demanded attention, study, practical measures.

"I have learned how spare parts are gotten for tractors, what the situation is with fuel, how one must get lumber for building jobs. I have seen with what enthusiasm collective farmers go into the fields for their spring sowing and how their cultural standards have risen. I have learned to know the life, happiness, needs, grievances and demands of my election district.

"I must admit that never in my life have I experienced anything more stirring than this opportunity and duty of mine, as deputy, to share the life of a great territory and thousands of Soviet citizens, to overcome difficulties together

with them, and with them progress from achievement to achievement."

Every deputy of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. works with this same many-sided interest, this same keenness and care, whether he be rank-and-file worker, collective farmer, Red Army man, world famous scientist or writer.

In what other country will you find a well-known actor or writer seated in parliament? France, England, America have their splendid writers, beloved of the people. But we do not see Romain Rolland, Bernard Shaw or Ernest Hemingway elected to membership in the legislative bodies of their countries.

There are seven writers among the deputies to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., not only such men as Alexei Tolstoy and Mikhail Sholokhov, who are known all over the Soviet Union and abroad as well, but writers who represent the literature of various peoples of the country such as Shalva Dadiani (Georgian), and Mirza Ibragimov (Uzbek).

They have put at the disposal of their constituents not only their energy, enthusiasm and desire to work for the benefit of the fatherland, but their literary talents as well. And the people, who have elected them, consider them as representatives not only in the Socialist parliament but also in the realm of literature.

The poet, V. Lebedev-Kumach, who is a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R., received the following characteristic letter of instructions from the voters of a military school:

"Electing you as our deputy, we at the same time are sending you as our ambassador to literature. 'Song helps us to build and to live' as your popular air goes—so consider your work in the field of song and poetry to be your primary duty as a deputy.

"Literature should be close to and understood by the people, should express their thoughts, feelings and hopes, should enlist their energy for the struggle against enemies, inculcate in them the great ideals of Communism. This is the kind of literature, simple and wise, imbued with great feeling and lofty ideas, for which as our deputy you should fight.

"We know that in literature, as in other fields, rotten roots planted by hostile hands still remain. Destroy them relentlessly by word and deed....

"Struggle against hack writers and shallow thinkers, who are capable of vulgarizing and discrediting the loftiest feelings and thoughts. Struggle against literary parasites, drones and idlers, who for years have not written a line and busy themselves with literary gossip and intrigue.

"Struggle for the growth and flourishing of Soviet literature, that it may be the best in the world. And if you need support, come to us, and we, your constituents, as one will give you friendly backing."

In what other country are such relations conceivable between a deputy and his voters? Where, in what other country, can one conceive of such warm, friendly, organic, close-knit ties between the deputy and the people?

A year has passed since elections to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. and those ties have become still closer, still stronger, still more unbreakable. Does not the postman bring the deputy living proof of these ties every morning? Dozens of letters from as many different places and people, letters in which one hears the mighty voice of the country, the heartbeat of a happy people.

ALEXANDER ABRAMOV

The Soviet Union and the Fascist Menace to the World

International Literature asked some of the leading writers of the world to express their views on the international situation today in connection with the growth of fascist aggression, threatening all of human culture and civilization. Below we publish some of the replies.

Need I confirm once more my unshakeable loyalty to the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics?

The more Western democracy declines, shamefully capitulating before the menace of fascism, the higher rises the bulwark of social justice and human progress—the U.S.S.R. The U.S.S.R. is the greatest hope of all humanity.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

Since November 11, 1918, the European governments, one after another and in various forms, have done nothing but manifest, in their foreign policy, disdain for justice and a desire to protect their own and only their own direct material interests, hypocritically masking this under humanitarian slogans.

Only the U.S.S.R. has stood apart from the sewer which international politics has been these twenty years. Even its worst enemies cannot deny—of course if they do not proceed on the basis of fascist conceptions—that in the events in Abyssinia, in the Rhine province, in Spain, in Czechoslovakia,—the U.S.S.R. always supported the just cause.

Those who believe in the imminent downfall of fascism cannot but see what a great role the U.S.S.R. will play in it.

JULIEN BENDA

During the "crisis" capped by the Munich agreement, which will remain for England and even more for France one of the most shameful capitulations in all their history, the U.S.S.R. set a splendid example of energy, straightforwardness and at the same time reserve, for the democratic countries of Europe which betrayed their promises and their mission.

In the days when there arose the menace to Czechoslovakia's freedom and her very existence, the U.S.S.R. let it be known to the government at Prague and likewise to Paris and London, that she was ready to fulfill her obligations and to fight side by side with them in defense of the little republic and, what is most important, in defense

of genuine peace, based on justice and right.

The fact that the interference of the U.S.S.R. bore an externally reserved character is explained by considerations which can rouse only admiration: the U.S.S.R. did not want to give the fascist dictators a pretext for perorations over "Bolshevism's bellicose plans," a pretext for a "crusade" against Communism.

How the U.S.S.R. was rewarded for this is well known. That great power, the Soviet Union, France's faithful ally, permanently represented in Geneva, where she always came forward with splendid magnanimity in favor of oppressed peoples, was excluded from all the negotiations with the predatory countries, which had left Geneva and are preparing to cut Europe to pieces and crush her under the oppression of a regime of violence and tyranny.

One more shameful act of the French government, which turned its back upon its ally and is prepared to betray her.

Like the British government, which is at least openly conservative, the French government revealed all too clearly its secret designs, and showed that it prefers fascism to the forces of freedom and justice personified in the mighty Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

But the government and the people are not one and the same. After the outburst of blind joy over the news of the insecure and temporary peace, whose full infamy and full danger they have not yet had a chance to realize, the peoples began to understand and to recover their senses. They feel the need of uniting around the ideals of civilization, democracy, genuine peace. They feel that if an international conference is not convoked to set up a *modus vivendi* for Europe and to organize controlled disarmament, then Europe and civilization have come to their end.

It is to the Soviet Union and the United States of America that the right belongs to take upon themselves the initiative in calling such a conference; to the Soviet Union—a state unblemished by any compromises, a state which has disavowed nothing and betrayed no one, the Soviet Union—the only country retaining the respect and gratefulness of Czechoslovakia and all other peoples; and on the Soviet Union they rest all their hopes during the present terrible catastrophe.

ANDRÉE VIOLLIS

Quite recently, in the columns of a powerful French newspaper I expressed the opinion that if Czechoslovakia had chosen to fight, this would have brought about Hitler's downfall without the slightest efforts on the part of Czechoslovakia's Western allies.

That is all I said, but you of course understand me.

I consider the U.S.S.R. a great peaceful power. But if the hour of a conflict with fascism comes, I am convinced the U.S.S.R. will appear as the greatest military power.

HEINRICH MANN

After the heavy defeat which the Western democracies have suffered in the struggle against fascist aggression, the intellectuals of the whole world see their salvation in the Soviet Union. Conscious of its power and solidarity, the Soviet Union can fling in the face of the German fascists, who are attacking our culture, the words Horace hurled at the German barbarians in Rome's golden age, under Augustus: "We fear not your fierce spawn, Germania."

LION FEUCHTWANGER

It appears that more and more the hopes of civilization rest upon the Soviet Union. The fascists have won in Britain. They have won by posing as pacifists, a very strange role for them. The British have paid a heavy price and how long they will continue to pay is a problem. Meanwhile the world will go on arming and preparing for an inevitable smash-up. The workers of the Soviet Union must know there are millions of progressive minded persons who contemplate all forms of fascism with horror and whose hearts are with you in your determined stand against the new barbarism.

UPTON SINCLAIR

I do not believe that in the end fascism can win, because once the pressure outside becomes great the fascist regimes will not stand the strain. I also believe that the U.S.S.R. and the democracies should agree to forget all differences and form a united front against fascism.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The world has lost a golden opportunity of assuring peace to a frightened world; peace, not for an hour or two, but peace long enough to allow us all to move certainly, to plan sensibly, and to learn that war solves no problem. How was the golden opportunity lost? England, France and the U.S.S.R. should have combined (as G. B. Shaw showed years ago) in a declared policy of political and military union against the use of force. But England failed through fear. No; not England, really, but a little group in England whose personal interests curtain them off from the mighty interests of their own people. It is, to me, as plain as a pikestaff that the interests of England and those of Nazi Germany and fascist Italy cannot grow harmoniously together. Sooner or later, Germany and Italy will strike at England, and (even though England had France before or behind her), if the U.S.S.R. is not there to help, Germany will bite England's heart out. To England today, the power of the U.S.S.R. is even more important than the power of the U.S.A. Then the thing for England to do (even for her own selfish sake) is to bring to power in England a party that, so far from being afraid of the U.S.S.R., will seek in every possible way to gain her support. Of all the powers in the world, the U.S.S.R. is, to me, the only power that is impregnable. What the U.S.S.R. did in 1917 with her half-starved, untrained and tattered army shows what she can do with her mighty power today.

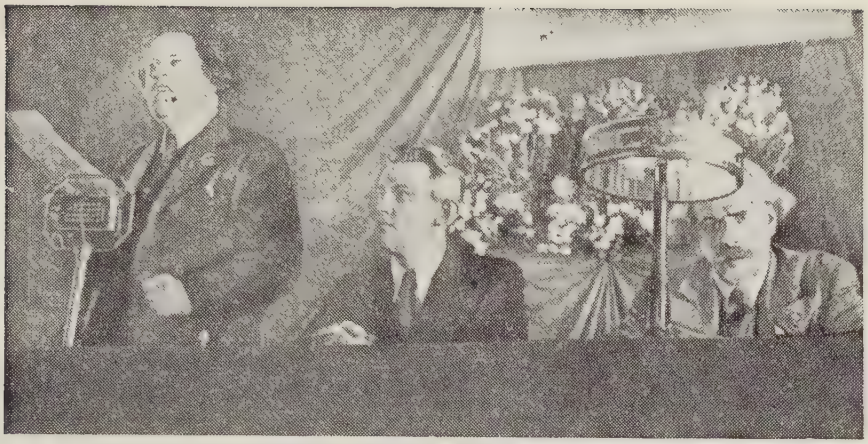
A union with her brings the certainty of peace; and in peace alone can the arts and sciences blossom. In the U.S.S.R. alone can mighty experiments be made and these mighty experiments are a vital necessity, if life is to march forward. Any policy that excludes the U.S.S.R. is a policy, not of a fine mind gone weak, but of a mind that never had any strength at all.

SEAN O'CASEY

We Spanish writers, meeting this anniversary of the October Revolution in the midst of war, cannot but admire the friendly aid which the Soviet Union extends to our heroic people.

The Soviet Union, as at home, so abroad, places in the correct light the significance and aims of our struggle, and that is why our friendship grows day by day.

RAMON J. SENDER



Alexei Tolstoy addressing the Moscow meeting of protest against the fascist pogroms

Soviet Intellectuals Condemn Fascist Pogroms

Two thousand of Moscow's outstanding architects, sculptors, artists, composers, musicians, writers and theater and film workers attended a meeting held November 27 in connection with the pogroms in fascist Germany. The meeting was held under the joint auspices of the Union of Soviet Writers of the U.S.S.R. and the Union of Soviet Architects.

Among those present were the writers Alexei Tolstoy, Alexander Fadeyev and Vsevolod Ivanov; the playwright Alexander Korneichuk, Peoples' Artists of the U.S.S.R. N. P. Khmelyov of the Moscow Art Theater and A. V. Alexandrov of the Red Army Song and Dance Ensemble, and the composers Shaporin and Pokrass.

The speakers, all of whom condemned the pogrom-makers in biting terms, included the writers Tolstoy, Korneichuk and L. S. Sobolev; A. V. Vesnin, president of the All-Union Academy of Architecture, and Peoples' Artist of the R.S.F.S.R. S. M. Mikhoels of the State Jewish Theater.

A resolution, introduced by the writer Valentin Katayev, was adopted unanimously. It reads:

"We, representatives of the intelligentsia of the city of Moscow, art workers—writers, artists, architects, composers, musicians, actors, sculptors and cinema workers—assembled at a city-wide meeting, raise our voice of anger and indignation, together with all civilized humanity, against the inhuman fascist atrocities and violence perpetrated against the defenseless Jewish population of Germany.

"The fascists are mercilessly beating, maiming, violating, murdering and burning alive in broad daylight persons who are guilty of nothing but belonging to the Jewish people. Scores of thousands of Jews have been evicted from their homes, robbed and maimed. Those who have not perished are subjected to dastardly tortures, after which they are driven from the cities, deprived of home and hearth and the right to purchase food for themselves and their children. Thousands of people are hiding in forests and ravines, awaiting there the death that would put an end to their sufferings.

"The news of this has deeply stirred the conscience of the whole world. We, the intelligentsia of the Socialist country, know that the fascists are capable of committing any abomination and villainy, that the present fascist butchery of Jews is one of the links in the sanguinary chain of crimes of the fascist obscurantists.

"There was a time when in our country tsarism also sought salvation from the wrath of the people by kindling national enmity, by inciting one nationality against another. But neither the Armenian massacres, nor the Jewish pogroms, nor the beating up of the intelligentsia saved Russian tsarism; they merely hastened its destruction. And the peoples of the former tsarist Russia were the first in the world to build a Socialist state, in which there is not and cannot be national discord.

"We, representatives of the Soviet intelligentsia, are happy to live in a country based upon the fraternal association of peoples, united in a single family under the great banner of Lenin-Stalin.

"To the voice of all mankind we join our voice of sympathy with the victims of the Jewish pogroms in Germany.

"We know that the German people, the creators of a magnificent culture, a people that have advanced great thinkers, writers and scientists, are not a party to the brutalities of the fascist maniacs. Together with the German people, we believe that the darkest of nights in which fascism has now enthralled Germany and in which it strives to immerse all mankind will be dispelled."

Similar meetings of Soviet intellectuals were held in Leningrad, Kiev, Tbilisi and other cities.

What "The History of the Party" Means to Us

I consider the appearance of *The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union* the most outstanding political and cultural event of the past few years.

We live in wonderful times. We have seen and are seeing worlds crumble, a social order, the product of centuries, destroyed, and out of the ruins a new social order being born in battle. We workers of letters and the arts are all involved in these great events. The cardinal truth that in this struggle lies the essence of our epoch and this struggle must thus be the essence of our art is becoming more and more evident to all.

If he wants to understand his art, to see how it links into the basic ideas of the times, if he wants to recreate life in art, the artist must know the nature of the forces which are transforming the world. He must know what the great advance-guard of the proletariat—the Communist Party of the Soviet Union—represents.

My ambition is to produce films simple, laconic, void of any artificial effects. Perhaps I will not succeed in creating such masterpieces, but whoever the artist, such works can only be the result of close contact with the processes which are transforming the world today.

The nineteenth century has been called the age of steam and electricity, the twentieth century the age of aviation and automobiles.

But now we see that the twentieth century will take its place in the history of mankind as the age of the world's transformation, the age that will begin a new era in the history of human society. The Communist Party is the force which is unerringly leading humanity to the new life. The artist must feel with every fiber of his being that he is helping in the great and intricate task of transforming the world. Consequently, the task of the Party must be his task as well and its history deeply engraved in his mind.

The History of the Party, written with such genius, is of the more significance to me since I have for the past few years been working on material from the Party's history. I consider the chapters on historical and dialectical materialism most profound and valuable. These chapters cannot but play a great role in forming our outlook on life.

MIKHAIL ROMM, director of "Lenin in October" and other films

The Marxist-Leninist theory forms the foundation of a proletarian artist's outlook on life.

The writer who is ignorant of the laws of social development, the heroic past of our Party or the driving forces of the Revolution is incapable of creating figures characteristic of the new Socialist society born of the Revolution.

The revolutionary theory is a mighty weapon in the hands of the artist, and the history of the Bolshevik Party teaches him how to wield it. That is why *The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union* is indispensable to every creative worker in our country, especially the writer. It broadens his political outlook and widens his field of vision.

The History of the Party relates events of which many of us were witnesses or participants. It reveals their full significance and thus renders them more vivid. Each line convinces the reader that, armed with the Marxist-Leninist theory and invincible in its close contact with the masses, the Communist Party will always be triumphant.

The book ends with the words of Comrade Stalin about the Greek hero Antaeus:

"I think that the Bolsheviks remind us of the hero of Greek mythology, Antaeus. They, like Antaeus, are strong because they maintain connection with their mother, the masses, who gave birth to them, suckled them and reared them. And as long as they maintain connection with their mother, with the people, they have every chance of remaining invincible."[1]

What a profound philosophical thought these words contain! They apply just as well to every creative worker in the country.

It becomes ever more apparent as one delves deeper into the history of the Party that the real artist is only he who in his creative life is one with the people.

VALENTIN KATAYEV,
author of "A Lone Sail Gleams White," "I, Son of the Working People"

In traveling through Europe I have met many intellectuals who, while considering themselves representatives of the twentieth century, were naively and comically prejudiced against the revolutionary theory of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin. Despite the fact that the entire development of society confirms the scientific significance of this theory these intellectuals readily count anyone but a Marxist a scientist. (Bergson, for instance, is included in this category, the mystical vapor evidently quite successfully bestowing the necessary effect of depth to his "ideas.") They condemn the theory of Marx and Lenin as having nothing to do with science, without even giving themselves the trouble of finding out what the theory is all about.

It is unnecessary to add that they are quite mistaken in their high estimate of themselves as the leading minds of the time.

Every genuinely scientific theory really worthy of the name, no matter what field of life, nature or society it deals with, is necessarily revolutionary in that it upsets the prevailing ideas. Among these the theory of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin is the most revolutionary of all since, being based on the objective laws of the development of human society, it brings the people knowledge of how to change the

[1] J. V. Stalin. Speech in Reply to Debate at the Plenum of the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U., March 3-5, 1937.

existing social order to one more just and sensible.

It is quite natural for those who are interested in maintaining an unjust society, as well as for those whose minds are blunted by such a society, to be loth to acknowledge Marxism-Leninism a science. Nobody is willing to resign his place before the footlights of history—and scientific reasons hardly make it more pleasant.

The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is the history of the struggle for a just social order, the victory of this struggle and the building of a new society on one-sixth of the world's surface. This victory of Socialism in the U.S.S.R., as *The History of the Party* points out, was possible only as the result of the victory of the revolutionary theory which guided the Bolsheviks in their struggle.

Everyone who reads this wonderful creation of Marxist-Leninist thought will find in it an inexhaustible source of confidence and strength to support him in the fight for a rightful order of human life.

ALEXANDER FADEYEV,
author of "The Nineteen," etc.

The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is a long-awaited document for which I personally have always felt the need. It is by no means a mere listing of the events in the history of our Party, but a philosophy of the growth and maturity of the entire working class, a brilliant, simple and truthful picture of the flourishing of Marxism and its victories over all the forces of counter-revolution. *The History of the Party* should interest democratic intellectuals abroad, since it is a mirror of the events which are shaking the world today. For the person who sincerely wishes to understand Bolshevism and the contradictions of capitalist life, no teacher can be as effective as this book, which shows why Bolshevism was and will always be victorious.

The publication of *The History of the Party* has forced me to look at much that I have written from a new angle. At present I am working on a Party theme—the life of Y. M. Sverdlov—and *The History of the Party* is a source of constant inspiration for me.

PYOTR PAVLENKO,
author of "Red Planes Fly East"

The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union sets forth in all its irrefutable strength the great truth of history, the heroic movement of millions of people struggling for freedom and for the construction of a new Socialist society.

The book brings out the indisputable logic of the historico-philosophic understanding of historical processes which is contained in the teachings of Lenin and Stalin.

This understanding is indissolubly bound up with the political practice of the working class, it is truth in the very highest meaning of the word. That is why *The History of the Party* is significant for every cultured, thinking person, for every artist.

In portraying history—past or present-day—we turn to *The History of the Party*, giving us the deep and full estimation of our great epoch which can be found only in the Marxist-Leninist theory.

Study of *The History of the Party* enables us to portray characters that have clarity, truthfulness and strength.

YEFIM DZIGAN, director of the film "We of Kronstadt"

The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union gives the artist great, moving subject-matter which can be portrayed with deep conviction because it is profound in content and lends itself to plastic expression.

We artists of the older generation who witnessed and took part in the heroic struggle to create the first Socialist state of workers and peasants with their own intelligentsia, regard the last chapters, dealing with the period of the Soviet state, as of special significance and value.

I plan to create works of art reflecting Chapter X—*The Party of the Bolsheviks in the Struggle for Socialist Industrialization of the Country* and Chapter XI—*The Struggle of the Bolshevik Party for Completion of Socialist Society, and Putting the New Constitution Into Effect.* I want to find art images adequately reflecting the force of these notable pages in *The History of the Party.*

ALEXEI KRAVCHENKO, artist

With the publication of *The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union* the treasure store of Marxism-Leninism has been greatly enriched. The Soviet intelligentsia has received a new scientific work, study of which will give us still more "confidence, power of orientation and understanding of what lies behind the events around us." (Stalin.)

The great achievements of our Party, its struggle and its victories, are related with clarity and depth in the pages of this history. And from these pages there arise images of people ready to give their last drop of blood for the Great Socialist Revolution.

Every Soviet artist is happy to portray in his own medium these heroes whose brave and noble deeds moved history forward. The study of *The History of the Party* is of great practical value to us artists in this noble work.

We are now engaged on a new scenario, to be called *A Member of the Government.* The film is laid on a collective farm. The heroine of the picture is a poor peasant woman who enters the collective farm during the years of collectivization, the period which marked a "deep revolutionary upheaval, the consequences of which were no less important than those of the revolution of October, 1917," as *The History of the Party* points out. This woman struggles for the cause of collective farming against traitors and the enemies of collectivization. Collectivization triumphs, and in recognition of her struggle for the good of the people, this woman is elected a deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R.

The story of this woman's life is a reflection of the Party's struggle for collectivization, for Socialist labor, for a new psychology, for the fullest blossoming of the individual.

A. ZARKHI and J. HEIFITZ, co-directors of the film "Deputy of the Baltic"

The History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union is significant for every intellectual. It is indeed both complete and laconic to a rarity, an encyclopedia of three revolutions in Russia, and of our Socialist society. To read the *History* with pencil in hand enriches one's understanding of political life and brings system into the facts acquired through impression and observation. This book is a school for the writer who desires his works to be political contributions to reality and wants to in-

terpret truly the events of this epoch when the fate of mankind is being decided.

SEMYON KIRSANOV,
poet

Exceptionally favorable circumstances have been created in the Soviet land for the development of science. The Soviet Government does not grudge funds to provide scientists of our country the opportunity to work without hindrance. Palace institutes with splendidly equipped laboratories have been and are being built. The best libraries, rare collections of books, all are provided the people of Soviet science.

But one can make good use of these remarkable conditions only when one has armed oneself with Bolshevism. Ideological and theoretical improvement gives us confidence and the power of orientation in the internal and international situation, gives us the ability to solve in Bolshevik fashion the serious problems placed by Comrade Stalin before the whole people and in particular before the army of workers of science.

The History of the Party has aroused great interest in all strata of Soviet society without exception. Naturally the Soviet intellectuals, too, the scholars of our country, greeted this work as an important addition to the treasure store of science. The Soviet scholar strives to utilize this work widely in his day-by-day practical work. No deep analysis of scientific work is conceivable without study of the history of the Bolshevik Party, without a mastery of the Marxist-Leninist theory. We need the method of mastering advanced science of which Comrade Stalin spoke at the reception for higher school personnel on May 17, 1938. *The History of the Party* arms us with this method. Study of this work will help us strengthen the bond between science and the practice of Socialist construction.

V. L. KOMAROV,
President of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.

MIKHAIL GOUS

The Russians in Berlin

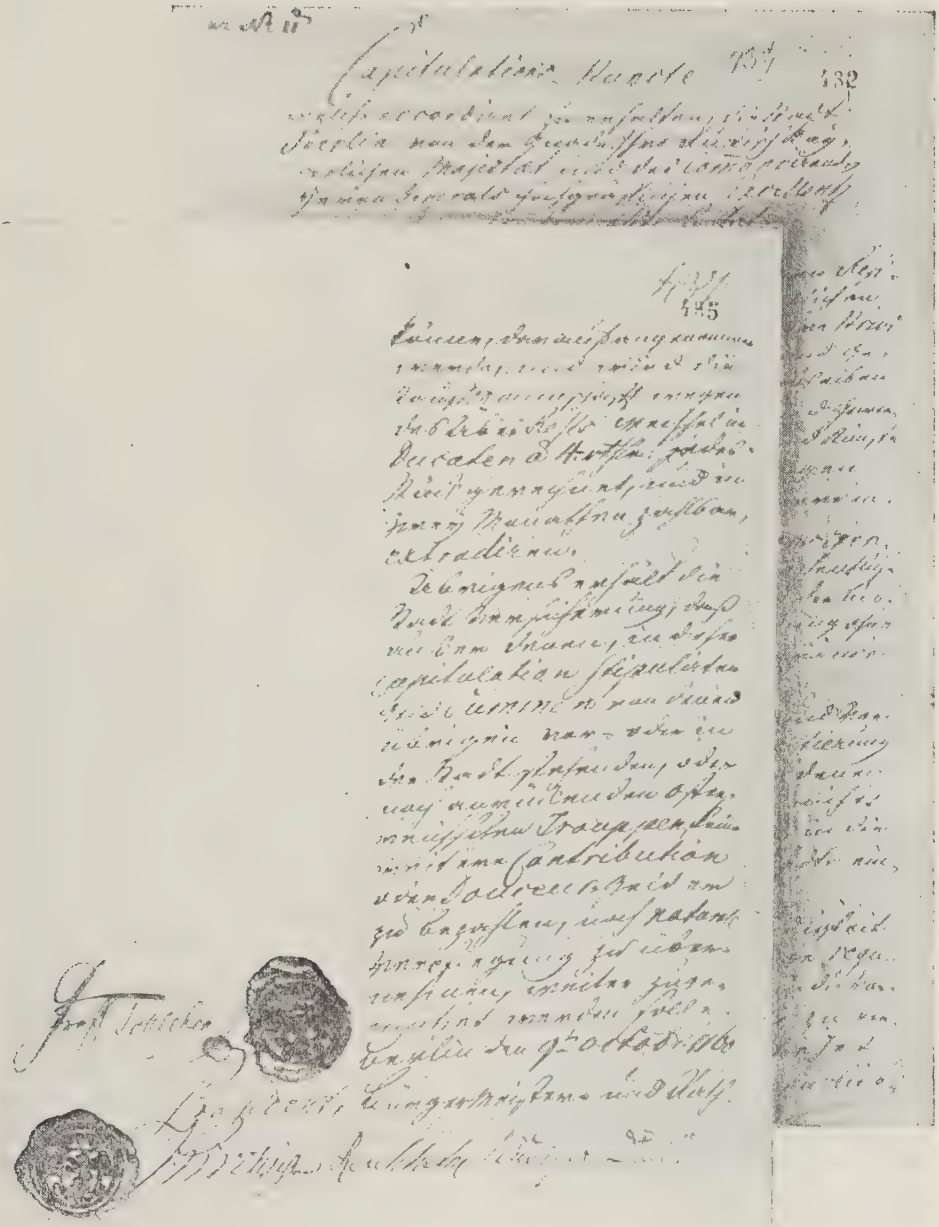
AN EPISODE OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR

It was October 9, 1760. The first rays of the sun had not yet appeared over the horizon when two Prussian officers, accompanied by a bugler, rode out from the Cottbuss Gates of Berlin; on one of their bayonets a white flag fluttered in the early morning breeze. Descending the embankment in front of the gates, the horsemen set off at a trot across the wide meadow towards the heights of Rixdorf, whence for five days the Russian batteries had been hurling cannonballs and mortar bombs over the city walls of Berlin.

The horsemen were Major Weger and Captain of Cavalry Wangenheimer. They were bearing word from General Von Rochow, the city commandant, to the Russian general Tottleben, of the city's readiness to surrender.

On October 4 the Russian hussars and Cossacks had appeared before the walls of Frederick II's capital and the first shells were sent hissing and shrieking into the streets of Berlin, reaching Unter den Linden and even the palace on the banks of the Spree. The weak Berlin garrison, inspired by Field Marshal Lehwald, who was recovering from his wounds, and by Seidlitz, the great Prussian cavalry general, had repulsed the attack of the Russian horse, which, unsupported by the infantry, was unable to storm the city. In the meantime, the troops of Generals Kleist and Hulsen had come to the aid of Berlin. Chernyshev's Russian corps was approaching, however. The Russian troops seized the little town of Coepenick, situated on an island in the River Spree twelve kilometers from the city walls. (It was in the castle of this town that the heir-apparent Prince Frederick, a quarter of a century before, had been tried by court martial for insubordination to his father, King Frederick William.) From this point Chernyshev and Tottleben made a fresh onslaught on Hulsen's forces, which had sallied out through the Silesian Gates on the bank of the Spree.

After driving Hulsen back the Russians opened artillery fire on the Halle and Cottbuss Gates from a convenient eminence nearby; at the same time they drove back Kleist's troops, which had come to the relief of Berlin from Potsdam. Fires were breaking out all over the city. The Prussian generals were afraid to take shelter behind the walls of Berlin, for the city could not withstand a siege. So Hulsen's regiments, which had suffered heavily in their encounters with the



Text of capitulation of Berlin in 1760

Russians, were withdrawn to Spandau, leaving Berlin to negotiate the terms of surrender with the victors.

That is why the two Prussian officers rode out through the Cottbuss Gates on October 9. They returned with the Russian Brigadier General Bachman. The horsemen clattered through streets crowded with frightened inhabitants, and turned down the broad Unter den Linden toward the arsenal, where the aged Von Rochow proposed to Bachman that he sign the terms for the town's surrender.

"Only my general has the right to do that," replied Bachman.

Then Von Rochow and deputies from the magistracy escorted Bachman to the Cottbuss Gates, where Tottleben awaited them with his Hussars and Cossacks. Without entering into detailed negotiations, Tottleben demanded that the Russian troops be immediately allowed to enter the city and occupy all the gates and sentry posts; and he himself at the head of a regiment of mounted grenadiers, followed by the infantry, rode through the straight broad streets to the king's palace.

Chernyshev did not reach Berlin in time for the signing of the capitulation; it was Tottleben who settled the terms—not so much with the commandant as with the magistracy, or rather, with his old acquaintance, the powerful Berlin banker Gotzkowsky, who acted in the name of the magistracy. The Russian general demanded four million thalers indemnity and in addition half a million thalers so-called *dusergeld* for the troops, to secure the citizens against the enterprise of the soldiers. Gotzkowsky bargained avariciously and stubbornly with his friend Tottleben, who had spent several years in Berlin, and finally the banker succeeded in inducing the general to make some concessions. Tottleben reduced the indemnity to one and a half million. What arguments Gotzkowsky used besides references to their old acquaintance only came to light almost a year later.

Chernyshev was obliged to ratify the terms of surrender already signed by Tottleben, although he considered them extremely lenient.

The Russians destroyed the foundry, the gunpowder works and the royal arsenals. From the arsenals Chernyshev took what artillery and arms would be useful and ordered the rest to be smashed and dumped into the river. He confiscated all the state funds in the treasury. But Gotzkowsky claimed exemption for large mills supplying cloth to the whole Prussian army, convincing Tottleben that they belonged not to the state but to some merchants, and fulfilled no military orders.

Under Chernyshev's strict orders the Russian soldiers in Berlin conducted themselves in disciplined fashion. The slightest attempt at plundering or molesting the inhabitants was summarily dealt with by martial law. The Austrians behaved otherwise. Frederick's private estates at Potsdam and Charlottenburg, which they occupied, were pillaged; they smashed and destroyed everything they could lay their hands on, including many valuable objects of art and antiques.

Frederick William I, moreover, more mindful of military order than of beauty, had turned the Berliners' beloved Lustgarten into a drill ground for his soldiers so that he could observe them at their military exercises from a window in the castle opposite.

It was on this drill ground that Chernyshev ordered the editors and journalists of all the Berlin papers to be assembled, at their head those of the old *Vossische Zeitung*. A Russian officer announced that for the lies and base slanders

with which they had defiled Russia and the Russian army during the war they deserved to run the gauntlet. Across the whole length of the drill ground stretched two files of Russian soldiers. When the word of command was pronounced, Russian corporals quickly divested the knights of the pen of their tunics, explaining with quite unmistakeable gestures what further articles of clothing the writers and editors were required to remove themselves.

But at this point the commanding officer announced in German that the Empress Elizabeth in her ineffable kindness had pardoned the mendacious scribblers, but recommended them not to tell such barefaced lies about Russia and the Russians—"for Russia is considerably nearer to Berlin than Berlin to Russia."

The officer turned and left; behind him, singing, jeering and whistling, followed the soldiers. The journalists remained with their readers in a guise in which the good Berliners had never seen them before.

The town had been cleared of military equipment, the indemnity collected. The purpose of the raid fulfilled, Chernyshev vacated Berlin, ordering Tottleben to leave the next day.

On October 13 the last Russian patrols departed through the Berlin gates.

The Russians took with them the keys of the city.

The capture of Berlin in 1760 was a striking episode in Russia's military successes in the Seven Years' War, which Austria, France, Russia and Sweden waged from 1756 to 1763 against Prussia and England.

Frederick II, a talented soldier and an adroit politican, started the war by a sudden attack on neutral Saxony, and for seven years was able to hold out against the more powerful coalition by skillfully turning Prussia's central position in Europe to his advantage, by reason of the absence of complete agreement and unity of action among his opponents, and by employing espionage and diversion in the enemy rear. But the keys to the city of Berlin nonetheless fell into the hands of the Russians, and they hang for all time in the Kazan Cathedral in Leningrad. . . !

The occupation of Berlin by the Russian troops, however brief it was, made a deep impression on Frederick and on the whole of Europe.

The enemy had penetrated into Brandenburg—the very heart of the Prussian kingdom. Cossack horses had drunk the waters of the Spree. The Russians had become familiar with the road to Berlin.

Mehring, speaking of the part played by Russia in the Seven Years War, says: "The Russian army . . . took the whole of Eastern Prussia into its hands . . . almost invariably inflicting crushing defeats on the Prussian army, for even the battle of Zorndorf was not so much a triumph for Frederick as an engagement whose issue remained undecided, and which brought the Prussian state to the verge of catastrophe." *(The Lessing Legend.)*

The Russian arms clashed with the Prussian in the war of 1756-63 for the first time since the wars against the Teutonic knights, which had ended with the rout of the Germans at Lake Peipus. Five hundred years had elapsed since that event. Now the best military strategist in Europe, who had led his well-trained army against the troops and generals of the foremost countries of the West, measured his strength against the Russians, who had only really begun to Europeanize their state a half century before.

Before the Seven Years' War Frederick had no high opinion of

Russia, the Russian people and the Russian army.

"The temper of the people is a mixture of distrust and cunning; lazy but avaricious, they ape others very cleverly, but have no inventive genius of their own. The people are dull, given to drunkennes, full of superstition, and unhappy." So wrote Frederick in 1740, not long after Elizabeth's accession to the throne.

When he began the war, he looked upon the Russians as negligible opponents and told James Keith, the British general who had first served Russia and had then gone over to the side of Prussia: "The Muscovites are savage hordes, they can in nowise resist well-ordered troops." Although the Englishman had betrayed Russia for a higher salary, he knew the Russian army well and his reply was calm but venomous: "Your Highness will probably have occasion to make the acquaintance of these savages at closer range."

So blind was Frederick in this respect that his campaign instructions in 1757 to Lehwald, commander of the troops in East Prussia, were based on the absolute certainty that Lehwald would quickly rout the Russian "hordes" and dictate the terms of peace on the spot. "I expect that we shall soon rid ourselves of them (the Russians), and cheaply; they are wretched soldiers," he wrote. Frederick's dreams and fantasies vanished like smoke. At the very first engagement with the Russians, on August 30, 1757, near Jaegerndorf in East Prussia, Lehwald was utterly routed. The Russians occupied Königsberg, Memel and the whole of East Prussia. Even Frederick himself did not get the better of them at the battle of Zorndorf (August 25, 1758), and they dealt a shattering defeat to the entire Prussian army under Frederick's command at Kunersdorf (August 12, 1759), after having routed Wedell, one of Frederick's most capable generals, at Palzig (July 23).

Having made the personal acquaintance of the Russian army at Zorndorf, Frederick came to the following conclusion: "The Russians are slow to shift position but hold their ground well, whereas my good-for-nothing riff-raff failed me on the left flank, taking to their heels like old women." And after the rout at Kunersdorf in 1759 Frederick was for some days convinced that all was over for him, and he even entertained thoughts of suicide.

When Berlin was taken in 1760 Frederick was shaken to the core—he understood that this first Russian campaign against his capital might be merely a reconnoitering expedition, to be followed by an invasion involving the full force of the Russian army. Then, again taking Berlin and Brandenburg,—and this time obtaining a lasting hold—Russia would dictate the terms of peace to Prussia. To forestall this, Frederick used all his pertinacity to bring to bear his trusty "golden weapon": he tried to bribe Elizabeth's favorite, I. I. Shuvalov, to the tune of two million thalers, to withhold the Russian army from active operations in 1761. Shuvalov indignantly rejected Frederick's proposal. The 1761 campaign brought Prussia to the verge of ruin. Frederick was saved by the death of Elizabeth and the accession to the throne of Peter III, a blind and submissive admirer of the Prussian king.

The most talented soldier of the Europe of his day, a man who had defied the Austrians, the French and the English, had been beaten by the Russian army, despite the fact that this army was led by Elizabeth's generals, incapable and lacking in military experience, used only to court life and intrigue. Some

of them Frederick succeeded in bribing.

Before the war broke out, and during the first few months of fighting, Frederick hatched a plot against the Russian government through the agency of his right hand man, the British ambassador in Petersburg, Charles Hanbury Williams. Frederick's aim was to prevent Russia from interfering in Prussia's war with Austria. When in spite of all his intrigues Russia entered the war, Frederick and his agent Williams tried to hinder the Russian army's operations.

Frederick utilized the ambitions of Catherine, a German princess who had married the heir to the Russian throne, Peter, Duke of Holstein-Gottorp. He promised to aid her in disposing of her husband and acquiring the throne upon the death of the Empress Elizabeth. The conspiracy and the bribing of both Catherine and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Bestuzhev, were financed by Frederick and his ally, King George of England.

Through Catherine, Williams succeeded in bringing over to Frederick's side General Apraxin, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian army from 1756 to 1757. Apraxin sabotaged the preparations for the winter campaign of 1756-57 and started the spring campaign of 1757 late. Instead of following up his victory over the Prussian troops in the battle of Jaegerndorf, he suddenly retreated over the Russian border.

For this treachery Apraxin was removed from his post and placed on trial.

Other conspirators were also exposed. Minister Bestuzhev was convicted and exiled. Catherine managed to escape punishment, but she was forced to renounce all political activity.

The exposure of the first conspiracy did not deter Frederick from attempts to build up a new group of adherents and supporters. In 1758 he turned his attention to Peter, Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, whom a year before he had been ready to sacrifice to Catherine's ambition.

This German prince, uncouth and ignorant, brought up abroad, alien to Russia and hating all things Russian, idolized Frederick. He spoke of Frederick as "the king, my master," and it was no difficult matter to turn him into an ally and spy of Prussia. Like Williams before him (Williams had been forced to leave St. Petersburg after the exposure of his plot) the new English ambassador, Keith (not to be confused with James Keith, the general), organized an espionage center for Frederick. Frederick obtained Russian military plans from Peter and Keith before the Russian High Command itself received them from St. Petersburg. A leading role in the band grouped around Peter was played by Graf Hordt, one of Frederick's adjutants. Hordt was taken prisoner by the Russians in 1759, and judging by the reports of Field Marshall Saltykov, the circumstances of his capture indicate that he deliberately allowed himself to be seized. Certain it is that no sooner had Hordt been brought to Russia than Peter required his presence at court, and thereafter treated him as his *confidente* and right hand man. Another of Frederick's adjutants, Holz, was also among Peter's retinue, as was the chief of the Berlin police, Grumenau.

Frederick employed bribery widely to recruit spies and subversionists from among the German emigrants who were still numerous in the Russian army.

Moreover, the reason why Tottle-

ben let Berlin off so lightly in 1760 was that Gotzkowsky had found a way to the general's heart through his pocket. Tottleben's treachery came to light by accident. In the summer of 1761, when the new Commander-in-Chief, A. B. Buturlin, arrived at headquarters, he sent Lieutenent-Colonel Ash, one of his adjutants, to Tottleben. A few days after his arrival in Tottleben's corps, Ash detained a certain Sabatka whom he suspected. In Sabatka's boot there were found, translated into German, secret military orders concerning the plan of operations, the route to be followed by the army, a personal letter from Tottleben to Frederick, partly in code, and a pass for Sabatka giving him the right to move about freely in the region occupied by the Russians. Tottleben managed to destroy some incriminating documents before his arrest, but a letter adressed to Gotzkowsky was found in his possession.

Frederick made a practice of continually sending spies to the Russian army and into Russian territory. The rear of the army swarmed with spies, a net of spies surrounded the Russian staffs, spies literally followed in the footsteps of the Russian troops in their victorious advance through Eastern Prussia.

In his *History of the Seven Years War*, Frederick does not hide the fact that he made wide use of bribery to recruit spies from among unstable elements in the Russian army and that he employed great numbers of professional spies. He openly admits that he was regularly informed of the plans and intentions of the enemy.

All the more astonishing is it that the Russian troops fought so valiantly and defeated Frederick, enmeshed as they were in a net of espionage, sold by traitors at headquarters and at the court. All the more glorious the feats of the Russian army, performed under the leadership of generals who, when they were not traitors, were more often than not distinguished by lack of military talent. The army laughed openly at Saltykov, a kind helpless old man, and Buturlin, a well-known drunkard. There were young, capable generals—Zakhar Chernyshev, for instance, and Peter Rumyantsev. Suvorov was beginning his remarkable career. But of the men at the top the only thing that can be said is that the Russian army defeated Frederick not with their aid but in spite of them.

On August 29 Apraxin found himself close to the enemy, but he did not know exactly where the Prussians were nor could he ascertain their plans. A false alarm caused him to abandon his unassailable position and to lead the army into the field. For almost thirty-six hours he kept the soldiers in battle formation. Then, since no Prussians appeared, he decided that after a short rest his troops should advance at dawn. But it was necessary to pass through a very narrow defile. The army was encumbered with a huge file of transport carts, which were ordered to go first through this defile.

In the night information was received that the Prussians were preparing to attack in the morning. Apraxin began to waver: would it not be better to stay where they were and fight in the position they had occupied the previous evening? Fermor, however, persuaded him not to reverse his order, claiming that the information was false.

At dawn the army began to advance, sending the cumbersome transports on ahead with two regiments to protect them. Almost instantly the narrow defile, the only exit onto the Jaegerndorf

plain, became blocked up. The transport carts and artillery got stuck, the infantry had to climb over the carts and the regiments broke formation.

At this point the sound of Prussian firing broke out. The enemy had caught the Russian army at a terrible disadvantage. The confusion in the narrow defile grew worse; it threatened to turn into panic. Apraxin lost his head, he and his generals rushed wildly to and fro without the least idea what to do. Meanwhile the troops were forced to fight under conditions that made defeat certain.

With flying colors, under cover of artillery fire, Lehwald's army advanced on the Russians. The Prussian force was only half the size of Apraxin's army; but, as though on purpose, half the Russian troops had remained behind a wood and were unable to reach the battlefield, for there were only narrow little tracks through the forest, along which it was difficult for the men to make their way. So this half of the army, with the exception of two regiments brought up by Rumyantsev at the most critical moment, did not take part in the battle.

The contending forces were thus about even, though Lehwald held the advantage of having taken his opponent unawares, unable to maneuver, bottled up and subjected to the withering fire of the famous Prussian volleys: six shots a minute on the run and the seventh ready loaded.

Lehwald threw the mounted troops against the Russian cavalry, which recoiled, trampling its own infantry. This he followed up with an infantry attack. But he miscalculated; he thought to throw his men against the Russians' left wing—a favorite tactic of Frederick's, leading, if successful, to fighting through to the rear of the enemy and surrounding it. Lehwald, however, came up against the Russian center, and stubborn and bloody fighting ensued. The Russian regiments reformed their ranks under heavy fire, deploying along the outskirts of the forest. The soldiers and younger officers themselves had to decide all the tactical problems of the battle. In the most important sector of the battlefield the Prussian forces outnumbered the Russian: "They had a whole line in the field and we scarce eleven regiments stretched out to face them. Of artillery we had none, except a small number of regimental cannon and Shuvalov howitzers. . . . What could we do with them, when the greater part of the ammunition transports were beyond the wood and it was nigh impossible to bring them through? Nowhere could we look for succor or fresh reinforcements. At first our gallant regiments stood firm and unyielding as a wall; they held out to the utmost of their powers and for two hours beat back the attack. But in the end what could they do, when the greater part of them were killed and wounded? . . . They had lost almost all their officers and, worse still, their powder finally ran out. Finding themselves in such dire extremes they moved nearer to the forest—but so only made matters worse. The enemy, thinking they were retreating, rushed at them with still greater fury . . . and broke up the whole of our line, in some places even reaching the transports." (From the *Reminiscences* of A. T. Bolotov, a young Russian officer who took part in the battle.)

Apraxin and his staff forgot all about the second half of their army and made not the slightest attempt to bring the soldiers through the wood. But the young Rumyantsev, hearing the noise of the firing and guessing what was going

on at the other side of the wood, took two regiments, without cannon or ammunition, forced his way through the wood and appeared just where the fighting was at its most critical point. "Our regiments, broken and sore pressed, were already fighting hand to hand, determined not to yield.... One man who had lost his right hand wielded his sword with the left, defending himself against the slashing blades of his attackers.... Another, bleeding from several wounds, one leg almost gone, had his back to a tree and still held the enemy at bay....A third, roaring like a lion, cleared himself a path with his sword.... A fourth wrested the weapons from those who had disarmed him and were dragging him off against his will, and fought them with their own weapons. A fifth, forgetful that he was alone, charged madly at his enemies, bayonet a-tilt, a sixth tore at the ammunition pouches of his slain foes for some 'cursed lead'!" (Bolotov, *Reminiscences.*)

The appearance of the reinforcements abruptly turned the tide. "Scarce a quarter of an hour had passed before the Prussians began to give way all along the line, and then took to their heels helter-skelter like a herd of cattle." *(Ibid.)*

Bolotov drew the correct conclusion that "this victory was won not due to the skill of our leaders of which there could be no talk but thanks to the exceeding valor of our troops."

In 1758 Frederick became personally convinced of the qualities of the Russian army and of the superiority of the Russian soldier to the Prussian.

Crossing the Oder before the very eyes of General Fermor, he forced the Russians to raise the siege of Cüstrin and retreat to a new position at Zorndorf. Here, however, the Russians found themselves in an advantageous condition. When Fermor had strengthened this position and stationed his powerful artillery, Frederick, by a second skillful maneuver, forced Fermor to about-face and turn his rear into his front line. This rearrangement was carried out under enemy fire. Frederick now executed his favourite maneuver, against the Russians' right flank, with the aim of surrounding the Russians, pushing them back to the river and overwhelming them there. The maneuver was successful; the Prussian cavalry cut its way into the Russian infantry, which wavered. Thinking himself victorious, Frederick despatched a communiqué to this effect to Berlin. Then wishing to make his victory complete, he attacked the Russian left wing also. But a surprise was in store for him. This time the Prussians came up against seasoned units, not raw regiments like those on the right flank. "So not only were they unable to break the Russian lines, but they themselves were overthrown and put to flight. They ran under the very eyes of their king like cattle, and our men chased them and cut them down unmercifully; chased them into a swamp and there seized their batteries.... The king himself was in such danger that his very orderlies were struck down at his side and one of his adjutants was taken captive; and he despaired of winning the victory." *(Ibid.)* Seidlitz' Prussian cavalry stopped the Russian charge, the infantry took heart and a bloody engagement ensued.

Both sides claimed the victory, each on the ground that at night he still held the field of battle, not having yielded an inch to the enemy. But the real victors were the Russian soldiers. "The exceeding valor of the splendid Prussian troops and all their skillful maneu-

vers could not triumph over the Russians, who staunchly held the field of battle, fought with astounding coolness wherever the enemy showed himself, and preferred death to shameful flight." (Retzov, *New Historical Studies of the Seven Years War.*)

The next year Frederick firmly resolved to take revenge both for Jaegerndorf and for Zorndorf. He sent Wedell to meet the Russian army with orders to fall on the Russians as soon as he could come up with them. At four o'clock in the afternoon of July 23, 1759, he attacked the Russian army on the march to the villages Kay and Palzig—and suffered a crushing defeat. After losing six thousand men and many banners and pieces of artillery, he beat a hurried retreat. In the battle the Russian soldiers showed that they had learned much in the matter of tactics.

Now Berlin was endangered. Frederick rushed to the rescue by forced marches. On August 10 he joined forces with the remainder of Wedell's army, and, wiser by the experience of former years, wrote to his brother Henry: "We are beggars, and only honor remains to us: I will do all within my power to save it."

And for this it was necessary to gain a decisive victory over Saltykov's army. On the night of August 11 Frederick crossed the Oder and found himself in immediate proximity to Saltykov's army and Loudohn's Austrian corps. Saltykov's troops occupied the fortified heights at Kunersdorf, a village close to Frankfort. Loudohn, who up to this point had not wished to join forces with Saltykov, now made all haste to cross the Oder and took up a position to the right of the Russians. A swamp separating the two camps was covered with a hastily constructed earthwork.

August 12 Frederick, having surveyed the Russian position, resolved to repeat his former maneuver—to flank the enemy and strike at the rear. He succeeded in approaching Saltykov unnoticed. Nevertheless his calculations went astray, for the Russian army had improved since the previous year. Although Frederick did not succeed in causing a panic, nonetheless he managed by his sudden onslaught on the left flank to throw back two Russian regiments, occupy their position and seize their cannon. Frederick quickly brought up his forces and formed his line to deal a blow in the rear. A bloody encounter began between the Prussian infantry and the Russian lines. "Each line defended themselves until there remained not one man alive or whole; and this held the Prussians in check and gave the generals time to gather their wits." (Bolotov, *Reminiscences.*)

The village of Kunersdorf, in the centre of the field, was taken by the Prussians. Frederick considered himself the victor, and sent a report express to Berlin.

Then he gave the order for the Russian right wing to be attacked. But all the attacks, even the most violent and stubborn, were time and again repulsed. Toward five o'clock in the evening the famous Prussian cavalry was disabled and Seidlitz, its commander, wounded; the infantry no longer obeyed orders even from Frederick himself. And the Russians stood firm as a rock. The king himself had a very close shave—a bullet was deflected by the gold snuff-box in his pocket. The Prussians were completely demoralized and began to retreat. At this moment Loudohn appeared with fresh forces and attacked the cavalry, whereupon the Prussians fled before the combined charge of the Russian infantry and the Austrian cavalry.

The king almost fell into the hands of the Russians—his hussars rescued him with great difficulty. It was a crushing defeat such as Frederick had never before experienced. Twenty thousand men were lost, and the rest scattered through the woods trying to escape from the Cossacks.

Frederick passed the night in the little village of Etscher, in a hut which had been pillaged by the Cossacks, without windows or doors. With him were two adjutants and a grenadier. In the morning he wrote to Graf von Finckenstein in Berlin: "Of an army of forty-eight thousand, I have, at this moment while I write, not more than three thousand altogether; and am no longer master of my forces. In Berlin you will do well to think of your own safety. It is a great calamity; and I will not survive it: the consequenses of this battle will be worse than the battle itself. I have no resources more; and, to confess the truth, I hold all for lost. I will not survive the destruction of my country. Farewell forever *(Adieu pour jamais).—F.*"

Brooding over the idea of suicide he handed the command over to General Fink, giving him no instructions beyond stating that the Russians and Austrians were evidently about to march on Berlin and there was no way to prevent them. "The state of affairs is considered practically hopeless," wrote one of the king's secretaries to Berlin.

But Saltykov made not the slightest attempt to follow up his victory. He did not relish the idea of risking another battle with Frederick; he considered two victories enough for him—let the Austrians do something now! Daun, however, would not hear of marches and battles; he wanted the chestnuts, but Saltykov must be the one to pull them out of the fire for him. A bitter and stubborn wrangle began between the two commanders, of which we can form an idea from Saltykov's letters to Shuvalov. With a certain caustic humor, in pungent and forceful language, Saltykov stigmatized Daun and his desire to fight "to the last Russian soldier." He rightly pointed out that the Austrians were trying to lure the Russian army into Bohemia for the winter and this was the reason for refusing to join forces with the Russian army.

And then there happened what Frederick described as "the miracle of the House of Brandenburg." Hopelessly defeated, left without an army, surrounded by his enemies, unable to defend his capital or the most important part of his kingdom, Brandenburg, he yet came off unscathed: Saltykov withdrew peacefully to winter quarters in Poland. No small part in bringing about this result of the 1759 campaign was played by the unwillingness of the Russian government to conquer Silesia for Austria with the bayonets of Russian soldiers. During the whole period of the war Austria and France had tried to make Russia bear the brunt of the fighting.

In 1760 Berlin was taken by the Russians. In 1761 the victories of the Russians, Austrians and French, and the complete exhaustion of all his resources led Frederick to the conclusion that he was at the end of his tether.

Yet no more than a few days after he had succumbed to these despairing thoughts an event happened that he had been waiting for during the whole war, the one thing on which he could count to retrieve his fortunes. On January 5, 1762, Elizabeth died, to be succeeded by Peter III, who worship-

ped Frederick to the point of falling on his knees before his portrait. Peter immediately put a stop to military operations, made peace, returned East Prussia to Frederick and ordered Chernyshev to leave the Austrians and put himself under Frederick's command.

The Hubertsburg Peace in February, 1763, concluded a war in which Frederick, though he had won several splendid victories over the Austrians and French, had suffered a terrible defeat at the hands of the Russian troops at Kunersdorf, had not won a single battle against them worth mention and had been brought by them to the verge of disaster.

Frederick had thought to deal with Russia swiftly and easily. By means of bribery and intrigue he was able to do much with traitors and with small German princes whom chance alone had turned into the arbiters of the fate of Russia. But he could not conquer the Russian army by force of arms.

Frederick came out of the war without having acquired anything beyond renown as a shrewd and skillful strategist. Prussia, however, had paid very dearly for her monarch's military fame. In the *History of the Seven Years War* he himself reckoned up the losses: almost two hundred thousand casualties on the field of battle, the expenditure of one hundred and thirty-five million gold thalers and the devastation of his kingdom.

In the words of the historian Schmoller, "at the end of the war the Prussian provinces were in a terrible condition; the country had borne enormous losses in men, cattle and capital . . . thousands of houses and huts had been burnt down; following on the war a crisis of great severity developed, lasting several years."

But indeed the most ironic outcome of the war was the fact that Frederick had won renown as a strategist at the cost of losing the very army which was to have maintained his reputation of invincibility.

Fascist Germany, incomparably more reactionary than the Germany of the Bismarck-Hohenzollern period, has absorbed along with the rest of the "ideological heritage" of old Prussianism the worship of Frederick II as a national hero, the embodiment of the "Prussian spirit."

The fascist gentlemen zealously laud as a splendid quality Frederick's perfidy in politics ("all-round perfidy" as Marx called it). It would be well for Goebbels and his adherents to pause and reflect on the fact that their idol paid a very heavy price for his political crimes. The lessons of the Seven Years War are deserving of careful study by the fascist staffs.

"But to see in Frederick the incarnation of every evil is only the opposite pole of the same stupidity which sees in him the incarnation of every virtue." (Mehring.) Frederick had certain virtues which the fascist rulers will never have: he really was a skillful strategist, he possessed the power of maneuvering cleverly both on the field of battle and in diplomatic negotiations.

Incapable but passionately desirous of resembling Frederick, the Hitlerites resort to a very simple expedient: they paint Frederick such as they are themselves. Reducing Frederick to their own level, they consider that they are continuing Frederick's policy when they practice open aggression and warmongering, and do all in their power to disorganize the camp of the defenders of peace and collective security.

But let them not forget that

the Russian troops inflicted defeat after defeat on him, that Berlin saw the conquerors within her walls; and that Frederick escaped complete disaster chiefly due to the fact that in the Russia of that time the governing classes could find no better candidates for the throne than a prince of Holstein and a German princess.

When, at Etscher, in a half demolished hut, defended by one grenadier, fearful of a Cossack raid, Frederick looked through the broken panes at the thick-strewn stars of the August sky, he thought no doubt of the inevitable doom of the cause to which he had devoted his life. And he understood how mistaken he had been in his judgment of Russia and the Russian people. He understood the courage, staunchness and tenacity of the Russian soldier. The Russian soldiers had upset all his calculations; it was they who were mainly responsible for the fact that his dreams were never realized.

The Socialist people of the U.S.S.R. and its armed forces are incomparably superior to the former Russian army. And "miracles" like the accession of Peter III to the throne just at the moment most critical for Frederick —miracles of that sort do not happen nowadays.

The aggressor who is now planning to attack the country of Socialism need not count upon an accident to save him! The hopes that he placed in the Trotskyite-Bukharinite and bourgeois-nationalist carrion have already come to grief.

To everyone who has not lost the power of sober thought the night at Etscher should make clear one fact, as simple as it is obvious: what Frederick could not accomplish when he had only the Russia of the eighteenth century to deal with, no one will accomplish when they find themselves face to face with the powerful Soviet Union.

And if the aggressors are capable of learning anything at all from the lessons of history it is still not too late for them to realize that any attempt to attack the U.S.S.R. will meet such a rebuff at the hands of the Soviet people that the insolent enemy will be crushed and destroyed before he sets foot on Soviet ground.

GEORG LUKACS

Walter Scott and the Historical Novel

The idea is widely entertained that, since an epic presents a more extensive picture than drama, extensiveness is the type characteristic of epic art. However, this is not the case even in Homer. Examine the structure of the *Iliad*. It begins with a highly dramatic situation—the quarrel between Achilles and Agamemnon. Continuing, only those events which are the consequences of this quarrel are included in the narrative. Even in the esthetics of antiquity this intensification was recognized as a principle of structure. When the modern novel appeared, the need for such intensification became even more urgent; at the same time the relations between the psychology of people and the economic and socio-moral conditions of their lives had become so complicated as to make plastic and convincing historical characterization impossible without drawing a picture of these conditions and relations.

It was not by chance that the heightened historical consciousness of his time influenced Walter Scott to recreate the past; to achieve this he had to present a broad picture of historical relations between people and the world in which they lived. The introduction of the dramatic element into the novel, the concentration of events, the significance of dialogue (*i.e.*, the direct self-revelation of the contending forces in the speech of the characters)—all this was closely connected with Scott's striving to depict history truthfully and to make it accessible to the modern reader. Scott never neglected historical color—he actually introduced such an abundance of historical detail that superficial critics regarded it as a distinguishing feature of his writing—but for Scott they were secondary. He was more concerned with revealing the intertwining of a serious social crisis with the crisis in the lives of a chosen group of individuals. That is why, in his novels, historic events do not assume an abstract form: the splitting of the nation into contending parties is manifested in human relationships. Kinship and friendship are split by the contention, bringing tragedy in its wake.

But such tragedies are experienced only by people closely connected and it is not one decisive catastrophe, but a whole chain of

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For the first installment of this article, which we publish in abridged form, see No. 4, 1938 of *International Literature*.

catastrophes that passes before our eyes, and in each the individual decisions taken give rise to new conflicts. Thus, the profound effect of the historical factor upon the fate of people leads to a dramatic concentration of the epical structure.

The dramatic concentration in Walter Scott's novels was no unprecedented novelty. It was in a manner a summing up and a further development of the principles which had been worked out in a preceding period. But since Walter Scott developed the principles at a period of a great historic mutation and in full accord with the real requirements of his time, the qualities of his writing, though not entirely new, signified none the less a turning point in the history of the novel.

It is clear that the further removed from us an historical period and the conditions under which the characters lived, the greater the need for concentrating the plot on an explicit and plastic depiction of the period. Unless this is done, the peculiar psychology and ethics born out of definite social conditions may appear only as an antiquarian curiosity, and, of course, will not be perceived as an interesting, stirring and important stage in the development of mankind.

It is the task of the historical novel, not to recount important historic events, but to create images of participants, to show us what social and personal motives prompted people to think, feel and act as they did in a certain period. For an artistic embodiment of the social and psychological causes motivating people, for creating their plastic image, the great monumental dramas of world history are less adaptable than events outwardly less conspicuous, or relations between little known or even entirely unknown people. This is one of the laws of art. Balzac (in his essay on Stendhal's *Chartreuse de Parme)* praises the author particularly for choosing a petty Italian principality for his depiction of court life. In the smallscale political and personal struggle at the court of Parme we see practically all that was contained in the great struggle around Richelieu and Mazarini; but, says Balzac, Stendhal took the right course in selecting Parme, and not Paris, as the scene of the action. The artistic depiction only gains by it since the political content of the Parme intrigues can be easily handled both in their details and in their entirety; it can directly, without detailed and long explanations, become the plot of a novel and it can be directly expressed in the psychical life of people. In contrast to the events at the court of Parme, the court intrigues of Richelieu and Mazarini, if one should undertake to portray their social essence, would involve an enormous weight of detail and explanation.

Balzac follows the same line in his criticism of Eugene Sue's novel dealing with the Cevennes uprising in the reign of Louis XIV. Sue describes this military episode with extensive superficial detail. Balzac says:

"Military events cannot be portrayed in literature outside definite limits. To give a live picture of the mountains of Cevennes, of the valleys between them, of the Languedoc plain, place troops everywhere and make them go through military evolutions, and explain the progress of the battle—that is a task which Walter Scott and Cooper considered beyond their powers. They never described a whole battle; they were satisfied with showing the spirit of the two battling masses by describing small skirmishes. And even

those small skirmishes which they did venture to describe required long preparation on their part."[1]

Balzac gives here a characteristic not only of the singular intensity of Cooper's and Scott's artistic manner but also a characteristic of the later development of the historical novel in the works of its classical representatives.

For instance, it would be a mistake to assume from the broadness of the canvas of *War and Peace* that Tolstoy described Napoleon's Russian campaign in an extensive manner. He gives only isolated episodes illustrative of and important for the development of the principal characters. And his genius consists in his ability so to select and treat these episodes as to turn them into an expression of the sentiments of the Russian troops, and, through them, of the sentiments of the entire Russian people. When Tolstoy in portraying Napoleon goes into an analysis of political and strategic questions, his narrative loses concreteness and turns into a kind of historical and philosophical indictment. This happens not only because Tolstoy wrongly evaluates Napoleon's historical significance, but for purely literary reasons. Tolstoy was too great an artist to offer the reader a literary substitute. When the material at hand did not lend itself to artistic treatment, he rejected artistic means and turned to the philosophical publicist's form. Tolstoy's writings furnish a proof of the correctness of Balzac's idea.

Thus, the object of the historical novel is to *prove* by *artistic* means that definite historic circumstances and people actually existed as the writer describes them. What is superficially defined as the "verity of local color" serves in Walter Scott's novels as artistic proof of historic reality. It is contained in the depiction of the social soil which gives rise to the historic events with their interrelations and diverse connections with the characters in the novel. The difference between the "world-historical individual" and the "sustaining individual" *(Erhaltende Individuen)* is vividly expressed when all the events are depicted in living connection with the fundamentals of human existence. Some people experience social disturbances only as personal crises; others grasp the essential features of an event and find in it motives for social action. The more ordinary the "sustaining individual," the less fit to head an historic movement, the more palpably are the disturbances occurring in the social foundation of his existence reflected in his psyche and judgments. True, his ideas about events may be one-sided or wrong; but the art of construction in an historical novel consists in showing how diverse in degree as well as quality are the psychic reactions to social disturbances, how complex the interaction between people of different, but gradually merging, levels; in revealing the *connection* between the direct reaction of the masses and the maximal historical consciousness sometimes met in persons heading a movement.

The genuinely great popular leader may be divined by the amazing sensitiveness with which he perceives and interprets the immediate reactions of the masses. The ability to perceive and generalize is, essentially, the very thing we call "learning from the masses." In his pamphlet *Can the Bolsheviks Retain State Power?* Lenin cites the following instructive incident:

"After the July days I was obliged, as a result of the extremely solicitous attention with which I

[1] Balzac, *Oeuvres*, ed. Levy, Vol. XXIII.

was honored by the Kerensky government, to go underground. Of course, it is the workers who shelter people like us. In an outlying working class suburb of Petrograd, in a small working class house, dinner is being served. The hostess places bread on the table. 'Look,' says the host, 'what fine bread. They dare not give us bad bread now. And we had almost forgotten that good bread could be had in Petrograd.'

"I was amazed at this class evaluation of the July days. My mind had been revolving around the political significance of the event, weighing its importance in relation to the general course of events, analyzing the situation that had given rise to this zigzag of history and the situation it would create, and debating how we must alter our slogans and Party apparatus in order to adapt them to the changed situation. As for bread, I, who had never experienced want, never gave it a thought. Bread to me seemed a matter of course, a by-product, as it were, of the work of a writer. Fundamentally, the mind approaches the class struggle for bread by a political analysis and an extraordinarily complicated and involved path.

"But this representative of the oppressed class, although one of the better-paid and well-educated workers, took the bull by the horns with that astonishing simplicity and bluntness, with that firm resolution and amazingly clear insight, which is as remote from your intellectual as the stars in the sky. The whole world is divided into two camps: 'we,' the toilers, and 'they' the exploiters. Not the slightest embarrassment over what had happened — for him it was just one of the battles in the long struggle of labor against capital. . . ."[1]

[1] Lenin, *Selected Works*, Eng. ed., Vol. VI, pp. 280-81.

The bond between the genuine leader and the people is here represented with extraordinary clarity. A Petrograd worker expresses his unaffected reaction to an event. With his keen sensitiveness Lenin discerns the profound meaning in these words and draws from them an immediate lesson for the propaganda of the Party.

Of course, if this kind of interaction were depicted in an historical novel dealing with the Middle Ages or with the seventeenth or eighteenth century, it would be an untruth. Actually, this was beyond the range of vision of the classical founders of the historical novel. We give this quotation from Lenin as a graphic instance of what we mean when we refer to the connection between the thought of a leader of a historic movement and the direct reactions of the people.

Throughout history there has always been a difference between the aptitude for generalization in the man who need not and the man who must earn his own living. The author of an historical novel is obliged to depict the relation between these two types of mentality and their reciprocal action as fully as possible and in accordance with the conditions of the given time. The ability to do this was one of the strongest sides of Walter Scott's talent.

Scott's heroes are not only "representatives" of historic currents, ideas, etc. It is Walter Scott's achievement that the purely personal traits of character of an historic figure are intricately and at the same time naturally combined with the period in which he lived and the social movement which he represented and which he strove to carry to victory. Scott depicts the historic necessity of precisely this particular individuality and this role. The connection thus established determines not only the

outcome of the conflict—victory or defeat—but also the character of the victory or the defeat, its historical significance, its class tinge.

One of the greatest achievements of world literature is his characterization of Mary Stuart, in which all those traits are concentrated which foredoomed her. The darker aspects of Mary Stuart's fine qualities are felt long before she herself is introduced to the reader; he divines them in the choice of her courtiers who are preparing for the unsuccessful *coup d'état*, and in their actions. This feeling is further enhanced by the behavior and mentality of Mary Stuart herself. Her defeat is only the consummation of what we had long expected. With equal skill, but with different technical means, Scott depicts the mental superiority of the French king, Louis XI, and the effectiveness of his diplomacy. At first we are shown small encounters which reveal only the social and personal antagonism between the king and the members of his suite, most of whom cling to the traditions of feudal knighthood. The king vanishes from the stage after cunningly imposing a dangerous and virtually impossible task upon the chivalrously scrupulous Quentin Durward. Only at the close does the king reappear, apparently in a hopeless position as prisoner of the Duke of Burgundy, a feudal knight and an adventurer, but a political fool. However, by his intelligence and cunning, the king obtains such an advantage over his adversaries that, although the novel does not end with his victory, the reader has no doubt of the eventual historic triumph of the principles which Louis XI represented.

By introducing such revealing interaction between the representatives of different classes and parties, between the upper and lower classes of society, Walter Scott succeeds in creating an atmosphere of historical authenticity which brings a historical period to life—not only its social and historical content, but the human sentiments of the epoch, its very aroma and tone.

This tangibility of the historical atmosphere springs from the popular roots of Walter Scott's art, a fact more and more ignored by critics in the decline of bourgeois culture.

The truth was known both to Walter Scott's contemporaries and to his foremost followers. Georges Sand said: "He is a writer of peasants, soldiers, the outlawed and the toilers."

Scott depicts great historic changes as changes in the life of the people. His starting point is always a portrayal of the way important social changes affect the everyday life of the people who may be unaware of causes but whose reactions are immediate and direct. With this as a basis Scott depicts the complex ideological, political and moral trends which inevitably spring from historical change.

To become a writer of the people does not call for his exclusively limiting himself to the life of the oppressed and the exploited. Like every great national writer, Walter Scott seeks to portray the life of the whole nation and the complicated intertwining of the struggle between its upper and lower strata. His soundness as a people's writer consists in the fact that it is in the "lower ranks of life" that he sees both the material basis of the events and the source to which the writer must turn for their explanation.

This, for instance, is how Scott depicts the central problem of medieval England—the struggle between the Saxons and the Normans—in *Ivanhoe*. He makes clear that the antagonism between them is primarily that of the Saxon serfs to the

Norman feudal lords. But, true to history, Walter Scott does not confine himself to the contrast between the Saxons and the Normans. He knew that a section of the Saxon nobility, although stripped of political power and part of their property, still retained some of their privileges. He also knew that it was precisely this section of the nobility that represented the ideological center of the rebellion against the Normans. But, like the great writer that he was, Scott did not transform this nobility into genuine representatives of the people. He shows one section of the Saxon nobility as apathetic while another section was eager for a compromise with the moderates among the Norman nobility represented by Richard Cœur de Lion.

Belinsky, great Russian critic of the nineteenth century, correctly points out that the hero of the novel, Ivanhoe (who favors a compromise between the Norman and Saxon nobility), is overshadowed by some of the secondary characters. This presentation is quite obviously in accord with the historical and political national content. One of the characters overshadowing Ivanhoe is his father, the courageous and ascetic Saxon noble, Cedric. But this could be said with even more reason of his serfs Gurth and Wamba and, especially, of the leader of the armed rebellion against Norman rule, the legendary people's hero, Robin Hood. In the novel the historical tendencies find their most explicit and generalized expression "on the top" but genuine heroism in the struggle is to be found almost exclusively among the lower classes. That is the way the relationship between the upper and lower classes which together make up the sum total of the entire life of the nation is here represented.

It is in such figures that we find the democratic character of Scott's works and their historical truth most clearly manifested. For Walter Scott historical truth meant faithful reconstruction of the peculiar forms of the spiritual life characteristic of the age and resulting from its conditions. It is this that is really the important feature of Walter Scott's historical truth, and not at all the "local color" of his descriptions to which reference is constantly made. This "local color" is only one of the many auxiliary artistic means, but by itself it would be insufficient to serve the main purpose of reconstructing the genuine spirit of the past.

The artistic object which Walter Scott pursues is to show the *human greatness* which, in times of upheavals, is awakened in the best representatives of the people. There is no doubt but that, consciously or unconsciously, this is the product of the influence of the French revolution.

We see the same tendency in isolated literary phenomena even during the period immediately preceding the revolution; Klaerchen in Goethe's *Egmont* is an example. But the revolution in the Netherlands is only the external force rousing Klaerchen's heroism; essentially her heroism is motivated by her love for Egmont. After the French revolution, Goethe found an even more pure and human expression of this kind of heroism in the figure of Dorothea. Her modesty and strength, her resolution and heroism are drawn forth by the French revolution and its effects on the destinies of people who are near to her. Goethe's talent for epical writing may be seen from the fact that he depicts Dorothea's heroism as consistent with her modest and plain nature, as a latent possibility aroused to life by events. At the same time, neither Dorothea's life, nor her

psychology undergo any radical change: when the objective need for her heroic acts has passed, Dorothea returns to her usual life.

To what extent Walter Scott was acquainted with these works, and his attitude toward them, are of no importance; at any rate he inherited and continued these tendencies of Goethe.

His novels are full of similar cases of a plain, externally ordinary, man or woman of the people rising to lofty and at the same time unpretentious heroism. Compared with Goethe's, we see in Walter Scott's works a further development of this tendency; the specific historic nature of the revealed human greatness is much more explicit. But Klaerchen's heroism (in *Egmont*) has no definite historical coloring, nor has the characterization of Dorothea (in *Hermann and Dorothea*). The specific social and historic character of the epoch is used only as a frame in which to confine the extent and singularity of Dorothea's and Klaerchen's heroism, but it does not lend their characters a specific coloring.

Walter Scott's approach is different, and is best seen in the novel *Heart of Midlothian*, in which Scott created his best figure of an heroic woman, the Puritan peasant girl Jeanie Deans. Events confront this girl, the daughter of a radically inclined old soldier of Cromwell's army, with a terrible dilemma. Her sister is accused of child murder. According to the inhuman laws of that time, proof that a woman concealed her pregnancy was sufficient ground for the death sentence. The accused had been helpless, but that could not save her. Jeanie could have got her sister off by perjuring herself; but she could not override her Puritan conscience and she tells the truth. The sister is sentenced to death. It is then that the poor, uneducated girl who knows nothing of life travels on foot to London to prevail with the Queen-Consort to pardon her sister. The story of her inner struggle and her struggle for the life of her sister reveals the human content and the heroic and modest traits of a strong and extraordinary character. Her Puritan narrow-mindedness is not glossed over, but these traits serve to reveal all the more the naive and great heroism of this girl of the people.

Having achieved her purpose Jeanie returns to her everyday life. Walter Scott tells the story of this later stage of her life in rather superfluous, even philistine, detail. Goethe, who was more concerned with the beauty and finish of his lines, was content just to indicate that Dorothea's heroic period was over and that she went back to her former routine life.

In both instances we see the workings of the laws of the epical form in literature, and these formal laws serve also to express profound human and historical truth. Both great artists show in their figures the heroic potentialities which are always latent in the people and which come to the surface "suddenly" and with unexpected force as soon as there is a sufficiently serious occasion, particularly in cases of profound disturbance in the life of society or even in the life of intimate friends. These forces are always and everywhere latent in the people, waiting only for an occasion to release them. And it is this that lies at the root of the greatness of critical epochs in history.

Scott pictures history as a series of great crises. His historical narratives, primarily his novels dealing with England and Scotland, contain an uninterrupted chain of such revolutionary crises. Thus, while Scott's main tendency is to depict and defend progress, progress

itself is represented as a process full of contradictions, a process which has its motive power and material basis in the contradictions between social forces, in the contradictions between classes and nations.

Scott accepts this progress. He is a patriot, he is proud of the history of his people, and that brings the conditions for genuine historical fiction, for writing a genuine historical novel which brings the past close to the contemporary reader.

Hegel says: "The historical becomes our own only . . . if we are in general able to regard the present as an effect of those events, in the chain of which the depicted characters or action constitute an essential link. . . . For art exists not only for the closed circle of the few who have the advantage of an education, but for the nation as a whole. But what is true of art in general is also true of the outward aspect of depicted historical reality. And it must be clear and obvious to us who belong to our time and our people, even if we are without wide learning, so that we might feel ourselves at home and are not compelled to stand before it as before a strange and inscrutable world." [1]

Walter Scott's patriotism was his prerequisite for this living communion with the past. But only the vulgarized sociology school could see in this patriotism admiration for the merchant exploiters. Goethe knew better. In one of his conversations with Eckermann he spoke of *Rob Roy*.

It is worth noting in general, and it is particularly indicative of Walter Scott's "social equivalent" that in this novel the central figure is a Scotch popular hero, a singular combination of rebel, horse-thief and smuggler. Goethe said: "Everything in this novel—the material, content, character, presentation—is significant. . . . We see what English history is and what can be made of it when a gifted poet has command of this heritage."[1] Goethe was perfectly aware of exactly what it was in the history of England that Scott was proud of. On the one hand, it was, of course, the gradual growth of England's national power and greatness, which Scott endeavors to represent graphically in his "middle road" and its continuity. But, on the other hand, and closely connected with this gradual growth, there were the crises of growth, the extremes and the struggle between them which resolve themselves in the "middle road"; these cannot be eliminated from the portraiture of the national character, without thereby depriving it of all its richness and worth.

Scott perceives an endless field strewn with the corpses of human beings who perished in the struggle and the ruins of social formations, etc., and he knows that their destruction was a prerequisite for the "ultimate result." But he sees the significance of these vanished historic forms not only as an historian; he himself has an affection for them.

Unquestionably there is a certain contradiction here between Scott's political views and the world presented in his books. Like other great writers Scott's realism developed in spite of his own social and political convictions; in this case we may note that "victory of realism" over personal views, which Engels noted in Balzac. Sir Walter Scott bluntly welcomes the sober rationality of contemporary development. But the artist Walter Scott shares the sentiments of the Roman artist Lucanus: "*Victori*

[1] Hegel, *Aesthetik*, Vol. I.

[1] Eckermann, *Talks With Goethe*.

causa diis placunt, sed victa Catoni." ("The gods liked the victors, but Cato liked the vanquished.")

However, it would be wrong to regard this as a critical contradiction, and to ignore intermediary factors. It would be wrong to view Walter Scott's sober-minded acceptance of English reality and its "middle road" as altogether negative, an encumbrance of his talent. It should be borne in mind that it is precisely in the reciprocal action, in the dialectical interpenetration and struggle of the two aspects of his personality, that Walter Scott's art takes its origin; and because of it, he did not become a romanticist eulogizing or bewailing times past; because of it he could be objective in picturing the destruction of old social forms, despite his sympathy for them and his artistic capacity for perceiving what was beautiful in the past and sympathizing with the spiritual greatness and heroism which he found in that past. Such objectivity does not depoeticize antiquity, but rather intensifies its poetry.

We have seen that in Scott's novels there are comparatively few positive types among the ruling class characters. On the contrary, Scott often exposes, sometimes in a humorous, sometimes in a satirical or tragic vein, their weaknesses and moral depravity. The Pretender in *Waverley*, Mary Stuart in *The Abbot*, even the heir apparent in *The Fair Maid of Perth* are endowed with some attractive traits; but the author's chief intent is quite obviously to show the incapacity of these people to fulfill their historic mission. The fine objectivity of this presentation lies in the totality of the work, in the whole objectively reconstructed atmosphere of the historic period.

In most cases, wherever a noble plays a relatively or absolutely positive part, he owes this to his ties with the people. True, these ties are based, almost as a rule, on surviving patriarchal relations (for instance the Duke of Argyle in *Heart of Midlothian*). Only isolated figures of great representatives of historic progress (for instance, Louis XI) attain, in Scott's novels, historical monumentality.

It is almost always among the people that Walter Scott finds the real and throbbing life of the past. As a typical English gentleman, by tradition and mode of life closely connected with the gentry and the bourgeoisie, Scott has a deep sympathy for the independent and self-respecting medieval English and Scotch burghers and for the independent and free peasants. Henry Gow (*The Fair Maid of Perth*) personifies the courage and independence of the medieval burgher; Henry Gow as a warrior is not inferior in bravery to any knight, but he proudly rejects Count Douglas' offer to knight him; he prefers to live and die a free citizen.

We find in Walter Scott's works many remarkable people and striking scenes depicting the life of serfs and freemen, or outcasts, smugglers, outlaws, professional soldiers, deserters, etc.

But the poetry of his writings is to be found primarily in the depiction of the survivals of clan society. Here material and subjects come so close to the "heroic age" of humanity that Scott's greatest successes resemble an ancient heroic epic.

The greatest historians and philosophers of that time, Thierry and Hegel, for instance, aspired to a similar grasp of history. In general theory and historiography, however, only historical materialism was able to lay bare the meaning of the "childhood of humanity." But in the best of Wal-

ter Scott's novels we already find that poetry alive, which Morgan, Marx and Engels revealed in their historical and theoretical works. Heine was emphatic in pointing to these aspects of Walter Scott's democratic character.

"Strange are the caprices of the people! They want to get their history from the hands of the poet, and not from the hands of the historian. They want, not the reliable evidence of naked facts, but facts again dissolved in the original poetry whence they sprang."[1]

We repeat: this life objectively and inherently contains in itself the inevitability of its doom, and Walter Scott, who possessed a profound, true and differentiated sense of historical necessity such as no earlier writer had possessed, could not help seeing it. In his historical novels necessity is inexorably at work. But it is not fate, which lies beyond human understanding, but a complex interwining of historic circumstances in the process of change, the interaction of an existing objective situation, tendencies and individuals. Thus, in Walter Scott's works, historical necessity is always a result, not something predestined.

The atmosphere of historical necessity is conveyed in Scott's novels primarily by depicting the dialectics of that power and impotence contained in historic conditions, correctly understood. The *Legend of Montrose* deals with a Scottish episode in the English Revolution. Both Parliament and the royalists seek to enlist the warlike Scottish clans on their side. They work through their chiefs, Argyle and Montrose. In this situation we meet with the chieftain of a small clan who realizes that an alliance with either side will, in the end, lead to the clan's destruction. But clannish loyalty renders this realization useless and impotent. War breaks out between Argyle and Montrose. The inherent necessity which favored Montrose's plans confines them within narrow bounds. Montrose defeats Argyle and is ready to fall upon the English enemies of the king. If this new force had appeared in England it might have brought the overthrow of Parliament. But objectively this is impossible. No amount of persuasion would shake the conviction of Montrose's supporters that the enemy is not Parliament but Argyle. Even the prestige of their leader cannot move them to think otherwise. Montrose enjoys unlimited prestige only as long as he submits to the clan ideology.

This contradiction, however, is not confined to the external struggle,—and in this we see one of the finest and most profound features of Scott's character drawing. Montrose is an aristocrat, a confirmed royalist, a gifted military leader, and a man of great political ambition. But, with all this, he remains at heart a clan chieftain. The mentality that sways his followers is also his mentality. Therefore, submitting to external necessity and inherent inevitability, Montrose gives up his great plans and dissipates his energy in a petty clan feud with Argyle.

The *historical truth* of Walter Scott's works lies in the fact that he portrays the historical necessity which governs the moves of individuals, often contrary to their psychology, and that this necessity is shaped by social and economic conditions. Compared with this the correctness or incorrectness of details is of no significance. But Scott is revealing and accurate even in details; in this however he does not in the least resemble some later writers who accumulated whole museums of antiquarian

[1] Heine, *A Journey From Munich to Genoa.*

or exotic detail. For Scott, details are a means to complete his portrayals. Scott's historical truth lies in psychological truth, the genuine "*hic et nunc*" ("here and now"), of inner motives and behavior.

If we take any set of contradictory, or even antagonistic, reactions to definite events, we find, in Scott's better novels, that they are consistent with the objective dialectics of a definite historic crisis. He does not deal with eccentrics, characters who are psychologically outside the atmosphere of the epoch. This fact deserves a detailed analysis, but we shall confine ourselves here to citing only the example of Effie, Jeannie Deans' sister. Psychologically she presents a perfect contrast to her father and sister. But Scott lets us see how this contrast originated in a protest against the Puritan-peasant character of the family, how circumstances attending her upbringing contributed to her developing along these variant lines. Scott also shows how Effie retained psychical traits which kept her a daughter of her social environment and of her times even in the moments of her tragical crisis and her later social elevation.

In contradistinction to the bourgeois historical novelists of the period after 1848, he *never modernizes* the psychology of his characters.

Psychological modernization was not an entirely new "achievement" of the historical novel of the second half of the nineteenth century. On the contrary, this was a part of the literary heritage which Walter Scott overcame. The relationship between historical truth and psychological modernization was a paramount problem of the historical novel in his time. But while the historical novel of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was a naive combination of the past and the present, we find another more dangerous tendency in the novels of Chateaubriand and the German romanticists. The latter attached great significance to historical correctness of details; they discovered the picturesque in the Middle Ages and presented it with pedantic scrupulousness. But the people set against this backdrop have the discordant psychology of romanticists or, what is even worse, the psychology of newly-converted apologists of the Holy Alliance.

Goethe and Hegel definitely rejected this decorative caricature of history. Scott's historical novels were a living contrast to this pseudo-historical tendency which brings in its wake an anti-artistic modernization of the past. Does a correct presentation of history require a chronicle-like, naturalistic reconstruction of the ancient language, habits of thought and feeling? Of course not, and Scott's great German contemporaries—Hegel and Goethe—understood that.

In his discussion of *Adelchi*, a tragedy by Manzoni, Goethe writes:

"In his excuse we shall state what may seem a paradox: all poetry is full of anachronisms. The entire past which we summon up in order to present it to our contemporaries must admit of greater perfection than it possessed in antiquity.... The *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, all the tragedies, and everything that was handed down to us of genuine poetry lives and breathes only in anachronisms. Newness must be lent to all of it, in order to make it apparent or, at least, acceptable."[1]

In generalizing this problem from the point of view of esthetics, Hegel speaks of necessary *anachronism* in art. But Hegel goes much further than Goethe in his concretization of the problem, in his grasp of its historical dialectics, and

[1] Goethe, "*Adelchi*" *von Manzoni*.

he formulates those principles which define Walter Scott's literary practice as well. He says:

"The inner substance of what is depicted remains what it was in the past, but a developed portrayal and revealment of this substance makes a certain amount of transformation necessary for its expression and image *(Ausdruck und Gestalt)*."[1]

Scott's "necessary anachronism" consists in endowing his figures out of history with a clearer expression of feeling and thought than they could have possessed in reality. But the content of these feelings and thoughts and their relation to their actual objects are always socially and historically true. Scott's art is revealed in the fact that on the one hand his accentuations are limited to what is necessary for the reader to understand the essence of the characters and on the other hand in the fact that he lends each expression of thought or feeling the timbre, local color and nuances of the age and the class.

In this study of Scott we have shown that the form of Scott's historical novels has become recognized as classic. It does not follow that his novels are criterions of formal virtuosity; in this respect he was surpassed by many lesser writers who came after him. Scott's greatness lies in the fact that he saw history—the great stages of progress, the joys and sorrows of the people—more clearly, felt it more deeply, conveyed it more directly and was more thorough in its treatment and portrayal than later writers. And, since he is genuinely historical, his portrayal of history held and holds significance and value for our times: the past as pictured by him is truly the father of the present.

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[1] Hegel, *Aesthetik*, Vol. I.

Pavlov

He was left-handed. In his youth the boys used to tease him.

"Hey, Pavlov! Swing your right!"

"Wait! Wait! What hand are you throwing with? Let's see how you hit...."

And they would laugh at their embarrassed playmate.

So it was at the ecclesiastical school, and at the seminary. There strength was highly valued. And in the yard in front of the house of Parson Pavlov, gymnastics apparatus made their appearance: parallel bars and rings. The persistent fellow achieved his end: the injustices of nature, which had given all preferences to the left, were rectified. Only one thing he couldn't manage—to establish peace within himself, for the left constantly craved superiority.

The students laughed at the lefty, laughed and taunted him cruelly. They took revenge on him for his stormy character, his plebeian manners. In the laboratories of the famous Ludwig and Heidenhain in Leipzig they turned away from him. The aristocratic youth of Petersburg, sons of merchants and nobles, openly scorned their countryman from Ryazan.

"Look at his suit," they snorted after him. "Where did he dig it up?"

The suit, his only foreign purchase, was really not very good, it was old-fashioned and its color was quite questionable. His brother conducted all his affairs for him, otherwise their fate would have been sad. His manners and his language were most of all affected by his character, though the seminary had had a bad effect, too.

For the students there was not enough room in Leipzig with him there. Ludwig, the famous master, himself, could not ward him off. The Ryazan lad not only did not address him by the title of professor, but, without waiting for Ludwig to offer his hand, thrust forth his own. He would run ahead of Heidenhain to open the door and greet him as he came in. The master would shrug his shoulders in surprise, but, as though nothing had happened, the young lad would gesticulate and shower the scientist with questions.

And not everyone liked the manner in which he argued. He would flare up, interrupt, wave his hands frantically.

"What are you trying to say?" He would poke his finger at his interlocutor. "Well, speak up!"

His friends knew his weaknesses. But they also knew something else: that only their eccentric friend had completed the course at the Military Medical Academy with a gold medal, had directed all the experimental work in famous Botkin's clinic. Every dissertation clearly bore the mark of his assistance. Not

long before, he had come forth with an original work on the centrifugal cardiac nerves. He boldly announced that Ludwig's current theory of the heart's activity was incomplete. In addition to the two already known motor nerves that retard and hasten the activity of that organ, two other nerves influence the activity of the cardiac muscle. One of the nerves strengthens the heart beat, increases the excitability of the muscle. The other, on the contrary, weakens the beat and lowers the excitability. In this manner the heart finds itself not under double, but under triple control: motor nerves that activate it, vascular nerves that direct the flow of blood, and trophic nerves that determine, in the interest of the entire organism, the exact amount of nourishment required by the heart. The work of the famous Ludwig was, in this way, completed.

That was a time of great events. Koch had just discovered the cause of cholera; his assistant Loeffler isolated the diphtheria bacillus; the typhus bacillus was discovered. For the first time in the history of mankind Pasteur laid the scientific basis for vaccines. Mechnikov discovered the protective nature of white blood corpuscles. The word "immunity" was being pronounced. In the victorious advance of triumphant science, the modest theory of the strengthening nerve of the heart attracted little attention. No one sensed in it the happy beginning of important discoveries.

They soon became known, but before we speak of them we permit ourselves to look back into the past when our scientist was a sixteen-year-old youth unknown beyond the confines of two or three streets of his father's poor parish.

In that period the boy became enamored of something that was to possess him for seventy years. It came from the pages of a book that fascinated him: Lewis' *Physiology of Everyday Life*. The book told of familiar things, of the commonplace: intestines, the stomach, the blood circulation system, the heart and brain. But how it struck right at the very heart of the young reader! A world unknown, but right within him, took entire possession of him.

The book held ever new surprises. It told of people unable to swallow a cup of coffee without vomiting terribly; of others seized with delirium tremens upon eating gooseberries. One could not eat eggs. Still another could not digest pies baked in butter. The tea which we drink would cause palpitation of the heart and a nervous attack, even paralysis. Water increases thirst when taken in the form of snow. Ice slakes thirst despite the fact that it melts more slowly than snow.

At twenty the young man read the book of another author—Sechenov's *Reflexes of the Brain*—and his love for his future work grew stronger. Though rumor had it that the book was immoral, that it had been suppressed—it was of no avail. *Reflexes* remained with him throughout his life, it guided his thoughts and feelings. As though he were called into science to make Sechenov's ideas clear, no matter what he undertook he always saw in his thoughts the path laid out by his teacher. And when he was fifty, and when he was seventy, he loved to quote from memory: "All the numerous and varied external manifestations of the activity of the brain are reduced to one thing—to muscular activity. Whether a child laughs when it sees a toy, or Garibaldi smiles when he is exiled for his love of his fatherland, or a girl trembles at the first thought of love, or Newton establishes the

laws of physics and puts them on paper—everywhere the final factor is muscular activity."

Everywhere and in everything is the influence of the brain—intimately and secretly, inexplicably and miraculously—everything has its explanation in the central nervous system, its mechanism in the reflexes of the brain.

It was decided! He would become a physiologist!

At twenty-one he entered the natural sciences department of the university and five years later completed the courses and was given the post of assistant in the Medical-Surgical Academy. His education soon proved insufficient and he entered the Military Medical Academy. Medicine did not create in him a happy feeling of enthusiasm, he did not like the clinic, but he finished the course with the gold medal.

It is easy to imagine the despair of the young man when, together with his diploma, he was given notice that he was being sent into the provinces to practice medicine. Farewell physiology, dreams and plans that were summed up by Lewis, Sechenov and Heidenhain!

His worries turned out to be premature. He won a competition for the right to continue his studies in Petersburg. In Botkin's tiny laboratory Pavlov spent five years. He was head and shoulders in work. First—accustoming his right hand to work. What kind of a physiologist would a left-handed man make? Second—fighting against the craving for physical work. The sole release was a game of *gorodki*[1] on Sundays. Sitting for hours near an animal that was being experimented upon, he learned to be patient and observant. Finally, his new passion, which his friends called "nervism," cost him much time and labor. Since the time that he spent in the laboratory of Ludwig, that master of research in the field of nervous regulation of the cardiac-vascular system, in the laboratory of famous Heidenhain, that expert on the nervous influence of the digestive tract, he constantly thought of nervous mechanism. He sought for nerves where no one had ever seen them, for nerves as yet unknown, nerves with special functions.

At thirty-four his "nervism" bore its first fruits. His dissertation for the degree of doctor of medicine, *On the Centrifugal Cardiac Nerves*, was highly praised and a year later he was made a *privatdocent* in the medical academy.

Observing animals on the operation table, Pavlov noticed that any painful excitation, no matter from what source, arrests the activity of the pancreas. The experimenter, upon reaching the organ to be studied, finds it half dead. Such sensitivity made study of the pancreas impossible. Another method was necessary, and Pavlov again traveled to Germany. His seven years in Petrograd had not passed in vain. Now he had a plan, a broad task. At Heidenhain's he perfected himself in the technique of capping the fistules on the ducts of the digestive glands, he mastered and changed the method of isolating a part of the stomach.

Heidenhain found that the salivary gland has two kinds of nerves. One helps in salivary secretion, the others lead to the accumulation of matter in the saliva. The first are secretory, the others, trophic. At Ludwig's, Pavlov became interested in the work of the intestines and in the process of food assimilation. Some things he definitely did not like there. He saw cats choking on their own blood under apparatus that kept accurate record of their spasms and convulsions; dogs, mutilated, tortured,

[1] Russian game resembling skittles.

squirming under the knives of vivisectors; he saw many doomed animals and he thought that in the methods of his teachers there were mistakes, grave misunderstandings. A mutilated creature with severed nerves, clamps on his veins, tortured by the knife, cannot be considered normal. It is unable to react normally and a study of it cannot serve the cause of normal physiology. A mutilated, suffering dog dies, its life calculated for just one experiment. Would it not be possible to use the animal for constant experiment, able to answer each new question that the experimenter puts to nature? Before studying any organ wouldn't it be possible to find an easy way to it, avoiding mutilation? The animal can be healthy; it is only necessary to cut a little "window" in his organism, a hardly visible crevice.

What remarkable hands Heidenhain had, what skill and brilliance in this operation! The stomach is divided into two unequal parts, so that the larger can serve the dog and the smaller, science. The operation does not impair the circulatory system and the activity of the stomach is similar in both parts. In one part, normal digestion proceeds; in the other, only the secretion of gastric juices. The little stomach reflects all the processes of the big. It is possible to see how from its fistula—an opening with a tube leading out of it—pure gastric juices pour into a bottle. The only shortcoming is—nerves. Heidenhain doesn't spare them. And what is an organ without a nervous system, without ties with the entire organism? This, however, can be rectified; a little patience and everything will be all right—both circulatory system and nerves. And you need not worry about the animal, it will be a healthy walking experiment.

Upon his return to Russia he occupied himself with surgery, with real human surgery, with anesthetics, with all the fine points of therapy, in order to apply them all to dogs.

But the scientist was not equally successful with everything. His scientific progress did not influence his character. Passionate, quick-tempered as of old, he often turned his friends and colleagues against him. Among them was the head of the Military Medical Academy, the famous scientist Pashutin.

The head of the academy had little basis to respect the disobedient professor. To begin with, he looked a mess. On all sides, important scientists in well-fitting uniforms, some with swords and spurs, others with high insignias, and alongside them Pavlov in an unbuttoned regimental coat hastily thrown over his vest, and in trousers of a civilian cut. What a shame for the military department, what a mockery!

A foreigner, a young physiologist, comes into Professor Pavlov's laboratory. He is very interested and respectful to the professor, whose name is known to him; he is all courtesy.

"Thank you, your excellency, you are so kind. Will you permit me, your excellency, to ask . . . or rather, your excellency. . ."

The sentence remains unfinished, an angry shout cuts it short:

"Drop the fancy title! Your incessant 'your excellency,' 'your excellency'! I have a name!"

The embarrassed foreigner hastens to apologize and leaves.

Was it possible for Pashutin to respect Professor Pavlov?

He was not given the title of professor in ordinary, even when he received the chair in physiology. They discriminated against his students.

Life took its course. Pavlov

married and his brother's duties passed to his wife. Seeing the scientist wear a new garment his collaborators would, with slyness, hasten to ask:

"What are you wearing, Ivan Petrovich? Not really something new?"

Embarrassed, he would look at it and guiltily answer:

"Yes. They made me buy it."

As in the past, he craved physical work. This passion especially made itself felt in the spring and summer. The game of *gorodki*, bicycle riding and swimming did not help—his hands itched for a pick and shovel. He cleaned the garden paths, dug the flower beds, worked so that at night he couldn't sleep from fatigue. "The pleasure I derive from physical work I cannot compare with mental labor although my life is spent in it," he had to confess at last. "Evidently it is because my great grandfather plowed the land...."

Such were his weaknesses and passions; they never gave in to him. And nothing came of his efforts to employ the right hand. Throughout his life he operated with his left; and when playing *gorodki* he threw the clubs with his left.

While a new method of isolating the stomach was being introduced into the laboratory and young people were preparing fistulas, Pavlov—the commander of a little army of assistants—battled with an exciting problem. "Nervism," his recent passion, was the basis of it. He sought for the following answer. "If the heart is supplied with nerves which regulate its nourishment, then the stomach and glands, the entire intestinal tract, must be supplied with the same kind of nerves. How, otherwise, can one explain the ability of the functioning gland to restore its supply? What regulates its chemical processes? And if a trophic regulator does exist for the entire gastric and intestinal tract, then the study of its mechanism will bare the mysteries of a most important biological process—digestion...."

The idea of nerves seized the entire laboratory. Intensive work began. All the foreign fistulas were improved, they must be better, must work uninterruptedly and precisely. One group was assigned to work on the stomach, another on the pancreas, a third on the intestinal tract. Each worker had his little "window," his own task, difficult, new, unknown to anyone. Drops of gastric juices were counted, their chemical composition, the frequency of their secretion and what they are like at different times, studied. The same kind of questions, with the same persistence, were addressed to the glands, bile and intestines.

"Nervism" brought great successes. The normal activity of the gastro-intestinal tract was clarified. Pavlov, worthy student of his famous teachers, supplemented Ludwig with his study on the centrifugal cardiac nerves and Heidenhain with his study on the digestive glands.

Twenty years later, enriched with new experience, the scientist again returned to the old theme. Now it was no longer "nervism" but a strict theory of the trophic functions of nerves, of their important and complicated activity in the living organism. Despite the fact that neither pathology nor physiology wanted to hear about it, he maintained that every one of our organs is under triple nervous control, as was proved in connection with the heart. He insisted that the question must be the subject of careful research and made the basis of our modern conception of the role of the nervous system in the organism. Pavlov's work brought him the recognition of world science.

The German Monk expressed the opinion of the entire scientific world

when he wrote: "Since the time of Heidenhain there has been no one researcher who, in the course of a few years, has made so many discoveries in physiology as are described in Pavlov's book. . . ."

Pavlov was honored with an award which prior to him had not been granted to any physiologist. He was the only Russian scientist to win the Nobel Prize. His name became known to the entire world. Medicine began to re-examine its views on diseases and methods of treating gastro-intestinal illnesses. From all parts of the country the sick came to Pavlov for help. Again they wanted to make a doctor of him and, frightened by such prospects, he hastened to publish a statement in the press that he was not a physician, that he did not practice treatment and could not help anyone. The clinic still held no attraction for him.

Every scientist has his own way, his own peculiarities. One from childhood dreams of becoming a chemist. He begins with the study of tartar, cures silkworms of unknown diseases, discovers laws of fermentation, vanquishes fowl cholera and finishes with the discovery of a vaccine against rabies.

Such was Pasteur.

Another, in the quiet of his office, creates one theory after another . . . out of ten, one hits the mark. Zoologist and veterinarian, anthropologist and microbiologist, he studies the development of aphides and scorpions, and genetics of the Kalmuks, seeks means against cholera, tuberculosis, syphilis and, accidently, discovers the phagocyte. He rushes abroad, hunts for patrons, gets involved in disputes with great people.

Such was Mechnikov.

There is still another category of scientists. Once they are seized with a certain idea, let it be in their early youth or later, throughout their lives they never give it up, pursuing it until their last breath. Out of all life's paths, happy and unhappy, they know only one—unchangeable and severe, their ardent minds are obsessed with one idea. Their entire being, down to the minutest nerve, is pregnant with belief, strength and persistency. Their passion knows no barriers. True to themselves, they can see only one purpose, serve one purpose. Without any preconceived calculation they follow facts and march with firm tread toward success.

Early given to their favorite cause, they have no time to learn of life, to fall in love with its joys, to evaluate beauty and grace. Great toilers, enriching the entire world, they create beauty without satisfying their own appreciation of beauty.

Such was Pavlov.

He didn't go to the theater, he didn't like the cinema, or it would be more correct to say that he had no time to like either the one or the other. In all his life he saw but one film. He listened to music not without pleasure, but how rare was that pleasure. Writing was difficult for him. He would sooner relate; it was easier and simpler. He appreciated painting, but he himself couldn't draw the outline of a dog—its resemblance to a lion would spoil the drawing. The great Pasteur was more successful. Famous artists said of his drawings: "It is good that this chemist did not become a painter or we would have in him a dangerous rival."

Pavlov, true to Sechenov's principles, approached the idea of the study of the higher nervous activity step by step, from fact to generalization. Most of all he loved facts. He could speak on them for any amount of time, write treatises on them, read sermons on them.

"Don't miss anything," he insisted. "Even accidental phenomena which sometimes have no direct

relation to the matter. This is a guarantee of new discoveries and successes. Facts are unshakeable and firm truth. There is no language more convincing than facts."

He divided facts into the "simple" and the "handy"—the most desirable ones—which could be easily reproduced at the will of the experimenter. After many months of hard work he wouldn't hesitate to announce to his assistants suddenly:

"We must quit. Nothing will come out of this. The facts don't fit."

"What do you mean, don't fit?"

"Very simple. They just don't fit. We must either extend our limits or drop the facts."

It was clear that there was no way out. He had offered a choice only for the sake of appearances, but he, himself, would make it.

And that is what happened that time.

While the laboratory was busy with matters of digestion and glands everything went well, simply and clearly. There were no arbitrary assumptions, guesses or doubts—everything was experimentation and facts. But now the scientist addressed his colleagues. He had certain difficulties and was curious to hear their opinions.

Everyone recalled his former insistence that excitation of the gastric glands was connected with the mind. Fearing a mistake on the question of the salivary gland, he asked their attention and advice.

It is known that this gland is stimulated not only by the contact of food with the mucous membrane, but from a distance. The appearance or odor of food calls forth a flow of saliva. Experiments with dogs proved that. How can it be explained?

His colleagues exchanged glances; such a question could be answered by any of them.

"The dog wants to eat. He likes the food. He anticipates the pleasure of eating."

"All right," the scientist said, rubbing his hands. "I place before the dog a piece of dry bread, not a very appetizing morsel. You will notice that he has hardly turned his head toward the food and saliva is already flowing freely. Let's show him some meat. What a change, the poor fellow is no longer himself, he tries to break loose from his harness, he snaps, but there is hardly any flow of saliva. Will you recognize your mistake?

"Well," he continues, "let's advance slowly. What is our saliva rich in? Mucin, you say. Correct. Without a lubricant the food will not slip down the alimentary canal. But notice, we pour hydrochloric acid into the dog's mouth and the saliva just flows into the bottle. Would you say that he likes it? Or that he is anticipating pleasure? Hydrochloric acid is not pleasant for anyone to take, and therefore there is very little mucin in the saliva, only water. It is clear. In order to wash down the awful stuff you need more water. A good manager, this gland!

"And so, dry food calls forth a lot of saliva, moist food, little, acid, one sort of saliva, meat powder another. And the mechanics seems to be simple: the animal's psychic reaction stimulates the activity of the glands. All well and good. On the one hand we have the psychic, on the other, the gland. The gland we can manage, we can remove it, or cut it up and in some manner make it reveal its working. But what can we do with the psychic thing? How analyze it? How can we study it? How can we ever learn how this food can produce an effect from a distance?"

The scientist stood before his workers, his arms widespread, an expression of deep perplexity on his face.

"One thing interests me." He was thinking aloud. "The dog reacts with a flow of saliva upon hearing the footsteps of the person bringing him his food. Human footsteps as a stimulus to appetite. This presents the possibility of investigating that which is accepted as psychology....

"The footsteps themselves are absolutely nothing to the dog. They acquire the power of calling forth saliva only in connection with food. This connection is temporary, unstable, the animal will react in the same manner if food is given to him while a bell rings."

Metronomes, reed organs, colored lamps made their appearance in the laboratory. Elegant furbishings that are not for dogs soon felt at home there. They ticked, rang, made musical sounds and glowed with red and green light the moment that food appeared. It seemed that the dogs were completely indifferent to this dinner accompaniment, what concerned them was whether there would be an abundance of food with more meat and less bread. But once when the metronome, reed organs and lamps announced themselves and no food was served, streams of saliva poured into bottles. It was thus proved that those elegant undogly furbishings had managed to do their work—to create in the dog's brain a temporary association with food.

This reaction of the organism to certain definite stimulii from without, created by the repeated coincidence of preliminary excitation followed by the presentation of food, was called conditioned reflex.

The persistence of the scientist was rewarded. Each day brought new proof of the correctness of the path he had chosen. The limits of possibility were far extended, the scientist was learning to perform miracles. If you wished, he could make the dog have an epileptic fit or suddenly behave as though it were poisoned with morphine. The method is simple: an electric current is sent through the leg of the animal and this is followed by the ticking of a metronome. The painful excitation leads to the fit. After several experiments the dog is brought into the laboratory and the metronome is started. The innocent ticking of the pendulum makes the dog react as though subject to a strong electric shock: the dog squirms in a painful fit.

Thus physiology penetrated deeper and deeper into psychology. The mysterious fields of the subconscious, association, emotion, passion became everyday experimental matters, and the saliva that flowed into bottles became the barometer of psychic reaction of animal organisms.

Temporary association was already known to English psychologists. Instinct or natural reaction had been discovered by Darwin. Spencer developed this study and called instinct complex reflexes. Sechenov established the fact that the brain is able to restrain, to inhibit certain complex reflexes. Sherrington studied organisms deprived of the brain and proved that the organism, even without the hemispheres, preserves the ability to make a number of motions. Holtz removed the entire cortex of the brain, leaving intact the inner centers, and found that the dog could run, but forgot how to provide himself with food; he could die from hunger and thirst though surrounded by food and water. The dog didn't know his surroundings, didn't recognize his master and even tried to bite him. An unusual sound, which in a healthy dog would have called forth an orientation reflex, frightened him.

Holtz announced that in the cortex of the hemispheres there is that which is known as "mind." Without the upper story of the brain a grown-

up dog becomes a helpless, stupid puppy.

The physiologist Monk removed the occipital and temporal lobes of the large hemispheres of the dog and found that the animal did not lose his vision, but though he was able to see an object he was not able to understand it. The dog did not recognize people and though he could see, could not understand. Monk called this condition "psychic blindness."

That was the heritage. It ended in two blind alleys: the "mind" and "psychic blindness." It was necessary either to agree with Holz and Monk that "mind" was something that could not be dissected and studied physiologically, or to refute both of them.

First of all, check their experiments.

The surgeons began to work and the smell of ether pervaded the operating room. The cortex of the dog's brain was removed and they were soon convinced that he behaved like Holtz' animal. He defended himself from every danger, secreted saliva at the sight of food, but didn't gain any experience from it all.

Monk's conclusions turned out to be just as correct.

The experiment was modified, each tried in his own way, but the facts remained the same.

"There must be a way out," Pavlov insisted. "'Mind' is not the limit. It develops in the brain, in something material, and it, itself, must be material."

Days and months passed. No hope, no light. Mind remained a "thing in itself."

The explanation came unexpectedly. The door of the office once burst open suddenly and the scientist appeared before his colleagues.

"Get busy. Bring in the dogs. Right away, immediately!

"You know who gave me the hint? Guess. As though he had whispered to me: Do this! You don't know? Well, all right I'll tell you. Ivan Mikhailovich Sechenov. I remembered his words."

True to his "temporary associations," Pavlov led off from them. He put his apparatus to work and began to fill his dog's head with a wide assortment of habits. Food and fear were closely linked to the light of electric lamps, the sound of pipe organs, the ring of a bell, the touch of blunt and sharp objects.

Then came the second part of the experiment. The scientist removed the cortex of the animal's brain and found that the temporary associations so artfully created in him prior to the operation had disappeared. In vain they tried to reestablish them, but they could no longer be called forth.

In this simple manner the difficulties were solved. The cortex of the large hemispheres turned out to be the home of conditioned reflexes. And the portion of the brain below the cortex the home of the unconditioned reflexes. "Mind" received a physiological explanation.

That happened which is usual when a great idea is born which reconstructs that which for centuries was believed to be eternal. Both physiologists and psychologists turned away from the study of conditioned reflexes and severely censured Pavlov.

The sentence was unanimous. The physiologist Lesgaft openly declared that in conditioned reflexes he saw only the bare substitution of physiological terms for psychological. "This is scholasticism," the scientist sincerely lamented. "It has nothing in common with science. And such a tendency has appeared in one of the most respected schools of science in Russia, in the school of Professor Pavlov!"

The "luminaries" of science were joined in their chorus by the third-rate professors in the universities:

"What kind of science is this? Every dog-keeper who has trained a hound knows more."

Pavlov heard the reproaches and advice, read the insulting articles and rushed to his laboratory to give vent to his wrath.

"Lies and deceit! They're afraid of the truth. 'Every dog-keeper knows more!' Knows what, my lords? We have found the basis of psychology, its material expression. And you?"

He had at his disposal the most impartial judge, not a man with his doubtful ability to see and hear objectively, but—the brain of an animal.

A difficult, hard-working life. He worked a lot and thought even more.

He was nearly sixty. Time was passing and work demands strength, requires many years. Dozens of them. Where was he to get them? He divided his year into ten months of stubborn work and two months of recreation with a pick and shovel in his hands. He introduced a rigid schedule of days and hours, a rigid economy of strength and health.

He always appeared at his lectures right on the second, amazing his students with his punctuality. In ten years at the Military Medical Academy he missed but one lecture, and that was through illness.

He did not admit the existence of "unforeseen circumstances," he did not believe that there is any power able to prevent one from coming to work on time.

That year was rich in events. First of all he was invited to England, where he was triumphantly received, garbed in the traditional gown of the scientist, and had a doctorate conferred upon him by Cambridge University.

Another event of that same year: The so-called "Society of Russian Physicians" refused the honor of having him as their president. Pavlov had already announced that he had intended to give up that title. The physicians didn't respect him, many were hostile to him—let them elect another president!

Meanwhile his army of collaborators continued the study of conditioned reflexes. Pavlov's students were as eager for knowledge as their teacher and were as persistent as he. Some were taken up with the problem: can a dog remember the song *Kamarinskaya*, are dogs musical-minded? Others, with equal zeal, tried to find out what colors a dog sees, to what odors he is most sensitive. Still others pondered the problem of the dog's ability to distinguish differences between various forms. Others implanted temporary associations in fish and turtles. People had the key to the mysteries of nature; the miraculous power of questioning her—and receiving an answer. How could they not be daring?

"What, in your opinion," the scientist asked his assistant, "is sleep?"

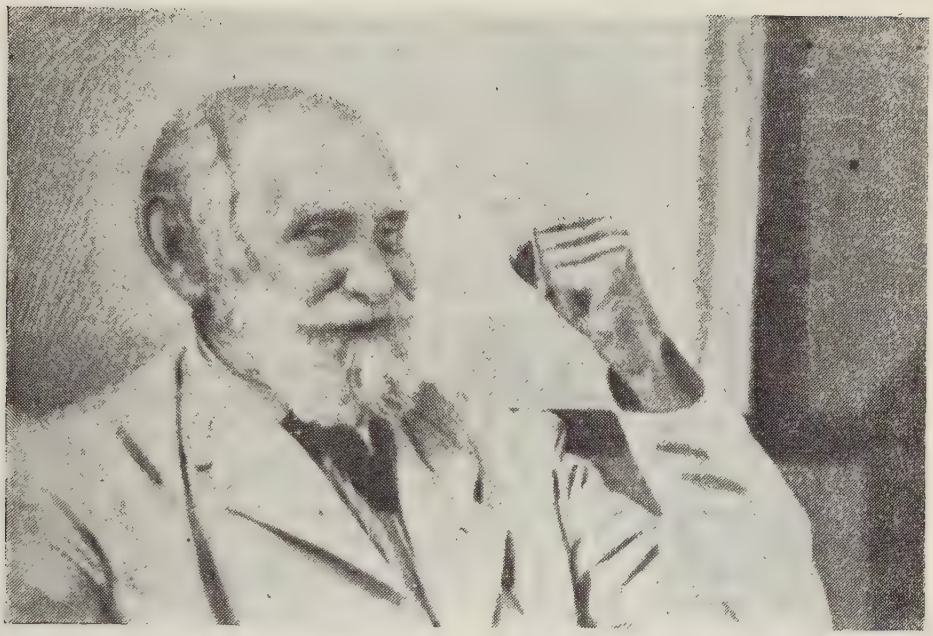
He didn't hear an answer, and he didn't expect one. No one but he would ever answer this question.

"It is necessary to start from the beginning," decided Pavlov.

Professor Strumpel, a famous German clinicist, had under his care a patient suffering from a seriously deranged nervous system. Of all the human senses there remained in him but two, sight and partial hearing. The olfactory sense, touch and taste had disappeared. As soon as they covered his eyes and ear—his only contact with the outer world—he fell into a deep sleep.

"A remarkable experiment conducted by life," Pavlov explained to his collaborators. "If we could only see the patient with our own eyes! Of what value is someone else's observations? It is necessary to see for yourself."

That day, and the following, for the first time in many years, the scientist was unable to give his



Academician I. P. Pavlov in 1935

wonted time to breakfast, dinner and supper, he didn't play Patience, didn't examine his paintings. Thoughts of Strumpel's patient gave him no rest.

"What if I should look for one in Petersburg? Maybe I'll find such a case here! It's a large city . . . and if not in the capital, then in the provinces."

Pavlov found his patient. The unfortunate one had fallen from a tram and had injured his brain. Bouyant and energetic before the accident, the man became sluggish in speech and movement, was slow in his reply to questions. One eye and an ear were his sole contacts with the outer world. It was sufficient to cover them and he would lose consciousness, fall into a coma.

"Perfect! Wonderful!" the scientist murmured as he paced his office. "The excitatory activity of the brain leads to a waking state, and the restraining, or inhibitory activity, to sleep. But what is sleep? Is it possible that inhibition is sleep?"

For twenty years the scientist posed this question before himself. At times everything seemed clear to him, there were no doubts. He created the food association in the dog with the music note "do." With this sound food would be brought in, and with twenty others, nothing. Thus, twenty times the dog had to inhibit himself and only once did his energy receive a natural outlet. Repeating the fruitless, inhibitory sounds many times, Pavlov would see the dog falling asleep. The brain, over-taxed by restraining reactions, would fall asleep. Wherever the scientist saw inhibition, he witnessed sleep. Everything pointed to the fact that they were one and the same.

"What do you think," Pavlov asks his assistants. "Does the entire cortex fall asleep? Wait, I'll be more precise. Doesn't at least one point remain awake?"

It was difficult to answer. The

brain, like the heart, rests while sleeping. Maybe at night there is still something glowing in the cortex, but it shows no such indication in life.

"Imagine an inn," Pavlov commences, settling down in a deep armchair. "At one of the tables a tired waiter is asleep. His arms rest on the table, his head hangs down, his face isn't visible but it is easy to guess that the poor fellow is dead tired. All around him there is a hubbub: talk, laughter, noise, shouts. And he, oblivious to all, snores on. The innkeeper calls him: 'Hey Vaska, where are you? Vaska Petrov! Vasilly! Vaska!' His boss shouts at the top of his voice, but the waiter sleeps on.

"Suddenly someone from a far-off table calls: 'Waiter!' And he jumps up and, still in his sleep, asks: 'What will you have, sir?'

"Well, who will solve this riddle?"

They are all silent. There is a long pause and then the scientist speaks:

"Between us and the outer world there are sometimes important associations. In the cortex of the brain there appears a vigilant point which is always on duty. A tiny flame in the midst of a boundless night. The brain does not know total darkness, day and night sentry lights are burning in it. . . ."

It is easy to guess what happened further. Once again they fell back on the salivary gland, and the remarkable instrument passed its examination with flying colors. In the dog the food association was created by the note "do," and inhibitory reaction by twenty sounds from the reed organ. Twenty inhibitory sounds, and one excitatory. The "fruitless" sounds quickly put the animal to sleep, but as soon as he heard the excitatory "do"—the sound associated with food—the dog would awaken and there would be an abundant flow of saliva.

The scientist's riddle became clear. The "unearthly" had an earthly mechanism.

Everything for the sake of science. He even learned to utilize misfortune for his purpose.

Early in 1917 he was confined to bed with a fractured hip. He was approaching seventy. He had been ill very seldom during his life; he could have permitted himself to rest. But Pavlov was of different stuff. Confined to bed he began to write his *Lectures on the Work of the Large Hemispheres.*

At seventy-eight he was again confined to bed after a serious operation. His advanced age and the seriousness of the operation led to heart troubles. How could he pass it by, how not experiment! And he began an experiment upon himself which bore the modest title *"Post-operation Neurosis of the Heart, Analyzed by the Patient I. P. P."*

The hardships of the first years of the Revolution, the death of valuable animals through starvation, did not discourage him. He shared his rations with the dogs. No electricity, he used a burning faggot. The trolley cars didn't run; but his ailing legs still served him on his bicycle. Food difficulties; he started truck gardening with the determination to insure himself vegetables for the winter.

During the height of the Civil War, Maxim Gorky, a member of the Commission to Aid Pavlov, came to the scientist to find out what he needed.

"Dogs are needed, dogs!" He started with his most important requirements. "The situation is such that I'll have to catch them myself. I greatly suspect that that is exactly what some of my collaborators are doing, dog-catching. A good supply of hay is needed," he continued in one breath. "Oats wouldn't be bad.

And give us about three horses. They can be lame or injured, it doesn't matter, just so they are horses. We need serum."

Pavlov was sitting in his unheated office. He was dressed in a heavy overcoat, felt boots for warmth, and a hat.

"I see you have no fuel," observed the writer.

"That's right, there's no wood," the scientist remembered. "Give us some wood, if possible."

"We wanted to double your ration."

"No, no," the scientist said, waving his hands. "Give me the same that everybody receives, no more."

The animals' starvation was also used by the scientist for study. He made an important discovery: temporary associations disappear with hunger, inhibitions are weakened. The same happens with people.

Observation and precision were his mottos. On the main building of his biological station at Koltushi he had inscribed his unshakeable motto: "Observation, observation and observation!"

Pavlov's name was heralded in Europe and America. He spoke at international congresses in Madrid, Paris, London, Berne, Helsingfors and in the United States. He set forth ideas, stunning in their greatness and daring. He insisted upon them and made science accept them.

"One hardly has to prove," the great materialist declared, "that the general basis of the higher nervous activity of higher animals is the same as in man. Man's conditioned reflexes have the same mechanism as the dog's."

The Soviet people paid high tribute to Pavlov. On September 27, 1929, the Soviet Government decreed in connection with the scientist's eightieth birthday, that the most favorable conditions must be provided for the further scientific research of the physiological laboratory headed by Academician I. P. Pavlov of the State University of Experimental Medicine.

Pavlov began to study types of dogs, to divide them by temperaments, to analyze their abilities. He began to speculate on the weak and the strong, the brave and the cowardly, the melancholic, choleric, sanguine and phlegmatic. On this subject the scientist could speak without end.

"Look, Ivan Petrovich," his assistants said. "A weak dog, a cowardly one, and yet he can stand more than the strong. Subject him to severe irritation, such as another couldn't stand, and he takes it calmly."

"I have two strong ones," they said, giving him another example. "Both of them collapse, are very upset. And a cowardly one frequently can withstand anything."

It was necessary to re-examine the division into the brave and the cowardly. But from what starting point, what clue could he lay hold of? Pavlov began with a purpose. He divided a litter into two. One half, from its very appearance in the world, received its freedom. The other was kept in a cage for a long time. The scientist wanted to study the nature of cowardliness, its characteristics, whether it is always connected with weakness of the nervous system. Whoever has seen newly-born puppies cannot help but notice the feeling of panic in their movements. Before touching something with his paw a new-born puppy suffers thousands of fears, millions of indecisions.

The puppies raised in complete freedom were like a wild gang of bad boys. Nothing was left of the panicky reflexes. Their brothers from the cage were like country bumpkins. Freedom gave rise to bravery; confinement, to cowardice.

The first experiment was made by Pavlov's closest assistant, Petrova. She selected two dogs, one of weak, the other of strong type, gave them the most difficult tasks, strained their nervous systems and obtained two entirely different neuroses. The melancholic lost every bit of liveliness and fell into a state of coma. The dog didn't move, refused to eat. The excitable one, on the contrary, lost all ability to control himself. At the slightest stimulation he became excited, gasped for breath as though suffering from asthma. And both dogs, like nervous people, could not take hold of themselves. In one you could observe what is known as depressed neurosis, and in the other the reverse form, excitatory neurosis. A third dog, subjected to the same experiment, fell into a strange state. His mood was extremely changeable, he would snap his chain and run all the way up to the fifth floor, then stop as though stunned. It looked like hysteria; the orderlies said he was mad.

The most complex phenomena of the higher nervous activity became available for study. Just as some time ago fistulas made it possible to understand the secrets of digestion, new methods were now making it possible to study the mechanism of neurosis. Physiology had made another advance, entered the realms of pathology. It stood right at the door of psychiatry.

It happened on September 23, 1924. The autumn was windy and rainy. A strong wind blew from the sea and the water was rising. Artillery volleys warned the population of the coming danger. Rivers and canals overflowed their banks, a hurricane swept the city.

The dog cages were flooded with water. The cages were low, with their doors at floor level; in order to remove the swimming animals it was necessary to duck their heads under the water, to bring them down to the level of the door. This involved a fierce struggle.

The dogs were saved but soon it was found that some of the animals had lost the temporary associations that had been established in them before the flood. They were able to re-establish the conditioned reflexes in the dogs, but the reflexes became weak, liable to disappear at the harmless sound of a bell. When it would ring the dog would become alarmed, look about him fearfully, whimper and try to run away.

True to his rule to derive the utmost from every phenomenon, Pavlov formed a hypothesis: the ring of an electric bell was a sufficiently strong conditioned stimulus to recreate in the animal a picture of the recent past. This can be verified: in a room in which there is a dog which has been in one of the flooded cages, Pavlov squirts a jet of water under the door. The dog's behavior will tell him how deeply the animal's brain has been affected.

The small, sparkling pool on the floor has a tremendous effect. The dog becomes frantic, whimpers and shivers with fright. The jet of water has lashed the injured nerves, has made the animal seriously ill. Thus, in the same manner, the blast of a locomotive whistle haunts the entire life of one who has been in a train disaster.

The dog became sick with what is clinically known as reactive neurosis.

Life has its own unshakeable paths, and takes us along them without considering our desires. No matter how the scientist waved medicine aside, facts—his friends and assistants—tied physiology to the clinic. At seventy-five he became a frequenter of the clinic, a patient student of clinicists.

The physiologist insisted on the importance of experiment, on the

study of the essence of the nervous process, of its strong and weak points. Psychiatrists refuted him: the neurosis of a dog is one thing; of a man, something else.

"There is no difference," he insisted on his point. "The mechanics of the brain are the same everywhere."

He organized two clinics, neurosis and psychiatric, and invited specialists. And with fresh strength commenced his new work. A year later, at the Berne congress, he delivered a thorough report on experimental neurosis.

Once while testing the inhibitory faculties of a dog, Petrova, Pavlov's assistant, came across an interesting phenomenon which surprised her. The animal, subjected to a very severe test, whimpered painfully in the harness, stretched out its paws as though asking for mercy. His tongue became white, and pain and alarm crept into his eyes. Unable to stand it any longer, he fell unconscious.

The assistant took the sick animal away. For more than four years the dog had been taken after each experiment and tied to the railing of a spiral staircase, from which point the orderly later used to escort it further. This time something strange occurred. The dog stopped at the edge of the landing and backed away as though from the edge of a precipice. Though greedy by nature, he refused food which was lying at the railing. Frightened, he hugged the wall. Attempts to bring him to his accustomed place were futile. When Petrova shielded the railing with her person the dog took the food at the edge of the landing, but as soon as the depths of the stair shaft were visible, he became frightened and jumped back.

"Help me, Ivan Petrovich," she called to Pavlov. "What has happened to John? I can't understand him any more."

"I knew that kind of patient," the scientist said after some thought "He was afraid of bridges. Up to the river he was healthy, certain. Beyond, and fear would kill him. It was because of that that he remained on Vasilyev Island for three years. Do your experiment with another dog and try to cure John."

A week of quiet cured the dog. He would come to the stair shaft as though it had never frightened him. The test was repeated again. The nervous system was subjected to great strain and the fear of depths came back with the same force. The dog backed away from the landing, whimpered, hugged the wall and for a long time stood immobile in the corner.

The mysterious sickness of the human mind, over which neuropathologists, among them Freud, had pondered, was created in the dog by experiment.

One more idea—the last one—still remained unsolved. He must occupy himself with the study of alcoholism—man suffers too much from it.

The story of how the dog, who suffered so much for science, became an alcoholic, is very short. At first he shrank from the smell of vodka, refused milk in which he could smell alcohol. The sober animal resisted. But the evil entered the dog stealthily. He learned the habit slowly; but in the end he became steeped in the sin. From the experimenting table, hardly able to wait until released, he would jump under the table to the plate of vodka and chokingly lap up twenty cubic centimeters of pure alcohol.

It soon told on the "drunkard." Former ulcers soon reappeared. Now a cure of quiet did not bring results so quickly. Vodka managed to injure his health greatly.

The sleep cure brought relief to the dog. The evil was rectified but the dog's health sharply declined.

The scientist was dying. Eager to live and work, he lived not for a hundred years, as he wanted, but for eighty-six years and five months.

Pavlov was not ambitious. He gladly shared his fame with his army of collaborators and with his teacher Ivan Mikhailovich Sechenov, long deceased. He didn't know the value of money, and hardly understood its significance. When a People's Commissar on behalf of the government offered him to select any site in the U.S.S.R. for a villa, the scientist shock his head in firm refusal:

"I thank the government and you for your solicitude but I have my own 'Riviera,' which I wouldn't exchange for anything."

By "Riviera" he meant Koltushi—the site of the Institute of Experimental Genetics of the Higher Nervous Activity. How could he part from the laboratories—even for a day? There he worked, and there he rested. He never saw the Caucasian Riviera, and he visited the Crimea only once, and that by chance.

Unlike Pasteur, Pavlov did not know deprivation. By Lenin's order, the scientist was surrounded with solicitude. Millions of rubles were allotted for his institute.

The scientist lived and worked for the sake of science and his fatherland. He loved his country, he shared its joys and sorrows. At the first congress of physiologists he greeted the victory of the Revolution.

When in Paris the correspondent of a whiteguard newspaper asked him for an interview about the Soviet Union, Pavlov indignantly refused and said that in the columns of a dirty rag he would not speak of his great fatherland.

In answer to a comment of one present, that science cannot have a fatherland, Pavlov flared up:

"Science does not have a fatherland, but scientists must."

Passionately in love with science, living for it alone, he, not long before his death, addressed a letter to youth:

"Remember," he wrote, "that science requires of a man his entire life, and if you had two lives they wouldn't be sufficient. Science requires great persistence and passion. Be passionate in your work and your searchings. Study, gather and compile facts. Facts are air for a scientist, without them you will never be able to progress, without them your 'theories' are fruitless efforts. Don't let pride sway you. If you do, you will insist when you should agree, refuse useful advice and friendly help, lose your measure of objectivity. . . ."

His entire life is an example of the truthfulness of the ideas which he expressed in his letter to the youth.

ALEXANDER POPOVSKY

The Story of a Flight

September 24. Moscow. The central telegraph office. On the fourth floor was a room fitted out with intricate machines and telephones to the number of a dozen; a long black table was completely covered with telegraph apparatus.

Here were located the headquarters of the flight that was in progress.

Valentina Grizodubova strained her eyes toward the far end of the airdrome. Feeding gas to the motors, she started the plane and pushed the stick away from her. The plane got under way, gathered speed. Valentina kept it down to the ground for a long distance and at last took off. The flight had begun.

In the forward cabin Marina Raskova, earphones clapped over her flyer's helmet, "planted" herself in her seat, noted the time of the take-off in her journal and got ready to raise the radio antenna.

Paulina Osipenko could hardly see the ground; ahead the fuselage and the motors cut off the view and at the sides the wings hid the ground; it was only by looking to the left and back that she could see how, like a wedge between the wings and the tail, a little wood on the edge of Moscow, touched with autumn gold, was dropping away from under the plane. Paulina settled herself more comfortably, closed the trap door of the cabin and turned to her instruments; the altimeter showed three hundred and the speed was rising.

At headquarters two men with earphones tuned their sets to the wave-length of the plane's radio and waited for Raskova's first communication from the *Rodina*.

"Here it is!" said one and began to receive. At the same moment a signal lamp lighted up; the message was also being received at a large radio station on the outskirts of Moscow.

"Latitude 50 longitude 40 altitude 3,500 Raskova stop how do you hear me question hear splendidly stop."

Navigator Khoretsky quickly drew his ruler over the map and reported: "At 9:07 they were at Vladimir." The headquarters began its tense, difficult work of following the course of the flight.

"10:50 a.m. altitude 4,000 flying course 71 cross wind stratified cumulus clouds lower boundary of clouds unkrown Raskova."

"Altovsky," called out Antonov, chief of the staff, "give us the weather chart."

Altovsky, a man known throughout the Soviet Union as a specialist in meteorology and famed among flyers as the "weather god," bent over a map spotted with meteorological symbols, drew a couple of bold lines with a green pencil and said:

The only sufferer
by Briskin and Fomichov
in "Komsomolskaya Pravda"

"They'll pass through soon. It's a small storm field and they know of it."

The three women were separated by the partitions of the plane's cabin. Marina in the forward, glassed-in compartment, under the feeble illumination of a small blue lamp, tuned in the receiving set with her left hand and caught a radiogram in which Moscow broadcast the plane's position. With her right hand she noted down disjointed words, figures in her journal. As she shut off the light the cabin was plunged into gloom; at once to the right and the left far back towards the tail of the plane streaks of blue fire appeared from the exhaust of the motors. The engines roared with their accustomed note. Although the women were separated by the partitions, they could communicate by telephone and speaking tube.

"Where are we?" Grizodubova asked.

"I caught only one radio beam. We must hold this course to the north end of Lake Baikal."

"Osipenko, take over the stick. Hold the course for Baikal."

Osipenko cast a glance at the compass and other instruments and, flying blind, set the plane on a due east track. The moisture of the clouds befogged the cabin windows. The motors, spitting out long tongues of flame, roared unbearably. The ship rocked, dropped sickeningly, rose again and tore ahead toward the east. The stick was in Osipenko's firm hands—she does not like the plane to "cut up."

Tandym, a fisherman from the settlement of Kedrovka on the Vitim River, is famous in a small way in his own district; the local newspaper, the *Bodaibo Worker*, has more than once written of his outstanding Stakhanov work. On the night of September 24, Tandym was fishing in the little Muya, a tributary of the Vitim.

Slowly drawing in his nets, he stood wet to the waist, extricated the fat Siberian graylings from the meshes and threw them into his boat. He was totally absorbed in his work. But Tandym was of the Evenki and had the sensitive ear of the nativeborn son of the wilds; the foreign sound in the sky above him could not escape his hearing. He raised his head and saw a green light flying high in the sky. The noise of a plane gave Tandym no surprise, for aircraft were not a novelty here; an aerial survey was in progress in the locality.

"They've begun to fly at night," mused the fisherman. "But why at night, when there's nothing to be seen?" He folded his nets and rowed quietly to Kedrovka.

"Well, how's the catch?" asked the chairman of the fishing collective.

"Not bad."

"That's fine, then," the chairman commented. "The flyers who are making the aerial survey were asking for fish, you know."

The steward of the flight detachment came for the fish; when

Tandym asked curiously for the third time, "Why have they begun to fly at night? They can't see anything," the steward answered brusquely: "Go on. None of our people fly at night. You just dreamed that."

Tandym took a couple more fish and went to his own little cabin. His white dog ran out to meet him and jumped after the fish. Tandym kept thinking of the green light which he had seen in the sky that night.

Beginning on the evening of September 25, headquarters sent out enquiries to all regions over which the plane might have flown, asking whether anyone had seen a twin-engined, silver colored plane in the air with the name *Rodina* on it, or whether anyone had heard the noise of motors at a great height. Telegrams began to pour into headquarters from many localities. At the moment six fat folders of wires are lying before me. It took titanic efforts to determine what out of those thousands of words really bore a relation to the *Rodina's* journey.

"We saw a plane which sent up rockets near Minusinsk."

"A propeller was brought to the bakery. Does it belong to the *Rodina?*"

And one "eye-witness" actually saw a plane with the inscription *Nasha Rodina* (Our Fatherland).

Headquarters sifted the heap of telegrams and swept one after another aside. The crew could not have sent up rockets near Minusinsk. A propeller weighs 325 pounds and nobody could have "brought it to the bakery."...

Flight experts were brought to headquarters. They took possession of a room, put up a sign, "Absolutely no admittance," and began to cut and paste an endless number of large-scale maps; toward morning all the maps were a motley of symbols. The experts smoked innumerable cigarettes, argued, bandied incomprehensible phrases about laxodromy, orthodromy, projections, about some sort of radio rings and "impenetrability" and declared that the search for the plane should be directed to the northeast of its planned course, in the region of the Amga River or near Komsomolsk.

At 10 a.m. by Moscow time a veil of twilight covered the taiga, the virgin forest of this region near the Amur River. At a height of four thousand meters above it flew the silver-colored airplane and the three women talked to each other by the ship's phone.

"Our benzine can last only forty minutes," Grizodubova announced. "We'll have to land. Raskova must get ready to jump—her place in the forward cabin is dangerous if the nose of the plane smashes up." And then, "Paulina, I'll land on that marsh over there. We'll land without lowering the chassis. Strap yourself in tighter and take your feet off the pedals."

Osipenko obeyed. Raskova threw off the earphones, put two bars of chocolate into her pouch and felt on her hip for her revolver—it was in place.

"Marina, jump!"

The trap opened and Raskova's face burned in the current of cold air. Falling, she jerked the ring of her parachute, which flapped open above her. The straps cut hard into her legs and then, swaying slowly, the silken umbrella began lightly to descend. Marina did not see where the plane landed, off behind the trees.

With its motors cut off and its chassis still retracted, the *Rodina* plopped into the marsh. Black muck splashed out on either side. One of the propellors, plowing through the moss, caught on some kind of root. Osipenko was jerked for-

ward by the shock and then, quickly unfastening herself, jumped up on her seat and called to Grizodubova: "I didn't strike against anything. Everything's in order."

Then the two women climbed out on the wing and took a look around. Their craft lay on its wings in the moss. All around was a greenish brown level place gradually passing into forest at the horizon. Raskova was nowhere to be seen.

Every day dozens of planes took off from Rukhlov, Komsomolsk and Khabarovsk and set out for the quadratic sections assigned them to "comb" the taiga. From search headquarters the order went out:

"Comrade flyers, you will hold your course to the north at a distance of five hundred meters from each other, fly two hours and at my signal by radio return again. Look for an airplane, the smoke of a campfire or a red rocket."

Pilots Burlakov and Sakharov were flying in search of the *Rodina* in seaplanes from Komsomolsk. Burlakov was going down the left side of the river toward Kerby and Sakharov on the right, their eyes glued to every smallest bit of swampy clearing in the taiga. It was their second hour of flight. Suddenly the two men saw something like a white dot on a level swampy place.

"A plane! Sure enough, a plane!"

"The *Rodina* is found!" The words flashed through the ether and the days began to be crowded with colorful and memorable events. Food, flowers, letters, signal flags, coffee in thermos bottles were taken to the *Rodina*'s landing place and dropped; and among the supplies were even strips of felt.

Headquarters asked: "Why did you drop felt?"

"No mattresses handy," answered Komsomolsk.

Night visit (The aviators found a lynx in their cabin and ejected it summarily) by Briskin and Fomichov in "Komsomolskaya Pravda"

Raskova, left alone in the taiga that evening, remembered that when she threw herself out of the plane, the swamp was ahead and the sun on the left. But Grizodubova and Osipenko had fired several shots to guide her to the plane, and their echoes misled her. It was extremely difficult to walk through the taiga in the failing light. After she had fallen once or twice in climbing over the prone trunks of trees, Marina camped near a large pine, made a fire and counted her cartridges. There were eighteen.

She nibbled at the chocolate, but had little appetite for food; only a tremendous thirst. She dug the heel of her boot several times into the soughy mud, widened the hole with her hands and, putting her handkerchief into the depression, began to dip handfuls of the water that collected. It was anything but palatable, tasted of the swamp and pitch.

Meanwhile thermos bottles, with cocoa in them now, were still being dropped to the *Rodina*. Flowers were brought from Khabarovsk and finally the silk cupolas of eight parachutes opened above the plane. Before leaving on the flight, the parachute jumpers said as one: "We'll carry them out on our shoulders if necessary. . . ."

It took Raskova four days to make her way to the plane, so difficult is the going in the Amur taiga. She lived on berries, drank swamp water, ate three little squares of chocolate a day and kept going. . .

A morning dawned which was to prove eventful. First someone appeared from the direction of the Amgun River.

"Raskova!" shouted those near the plane. "Where are the field glasses? It's Raskova . . . no, it's not she!"

The man came quite near and, as he approached, unexpectedly said the most usual thing in the world: "Good morning, everybody. Well, how are all of you here?"

"Where did you come from, comrade?" Paulina asked.

"I'm from Duki," was the answer. "I'm a post and telegraph service employee. Well, I went off duty and thought I'd find my way to the plane over the marsh, and so here I am. Well, can it fly?" he asked and pointed to the plane.

"It can fly as soon as the swamp freezes," Osipenko answered.

"Well, what about going? I'll show you the way. Or are you waiting for someone?"

"Our friend still hasn't been found. We'll wait for her."

Toward evening another person appeared from the opposite direction, approaching the plane very, very slowly indeed. It was Raskova.

A red flag was run up on the airplane.

At 3 : 30 p.m. on October 7 a group of people stood around the telegraph apparatus at headquarters. A cutter with the heroic crew of the *Rodina* was approaching Kerby; the chief of the telegraph office had gone to the boat landing. Only one telegrapher remained on duty at the Morse key and he reported to Moscow:

"They're near . . . coming in against the current . . . tying up at the landing! Now everybody is cheering."

"Can you see them?"

"I can see everything from the window, but I can't leave. Do you know how many people have come to meet them?"

"How many?" Moscow asked.

"A thousand!"

"How's that, a thousand," Moscow objected, "when your population is only seven hundred altogether?"

"That's right, seven hundred, but everybody's come to meet them,

even the infants in arms," Kerby answered. And suddenly the telegraph ribbon jumped, the dots and dashes stuttered; Kerby, evidently, was excited.

"They're coming!" Kerby reported and the signs began to crawl rapidly along the tape, spelling out: "Flight headquarters, please take a message from Grizodubova. Moscow, the Kremlin, to Comrade Stalin...."

MAVRIKI SLEPNEV,
Hero of the Soviet Union

The eyewitness account

by Briskin and Fomichov in "Komsomolskaya Pravda"

New Talents to the Fore

The pages of the music score rustled at the jury table. With some surprise conductors, composers and professors, the most notable figures in the country's musical world, looked at the young man at the conductor's stand before the orchestra. A former regimental bugler in the Red Army had caused the stir among the grey-haired musicians.

The muffled organ-like notes of the opening of Chaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet* were long drawn-out, rising too slowly. The young conductor was offering an unusual interpretation. What could he be striving for? Not only were the noted musicians surprised; they listened with concern for the young conductor, as they endeavored to grasp his interpretation. Did he not understand the theme? Was it a desire to astonish or a serious artistic conception? The jury had to return an answer to these questions.

Meanwhile the young man at the conductor's stand continued to lead the orchestra with confidence and precision, at times halting, correcting and repeating bars, then going on. The fanciful contours of musical images arose out of the chaos of sound at the rehearsal, and with every bar the logic and poetic force of the whole stood out more clearly. It was no longer mere sound which the former bugler's clearcut and vivid gestures were drawing from the scores of instruments; the orchestra was pouring forth inspired passion, alarm, struggle, love.

I glanced about. The hall was transfixed as if the auditors feared to break the spell. The jury members ignored the score. There followed the last melancholy notes, and the conductor lowered his baton.

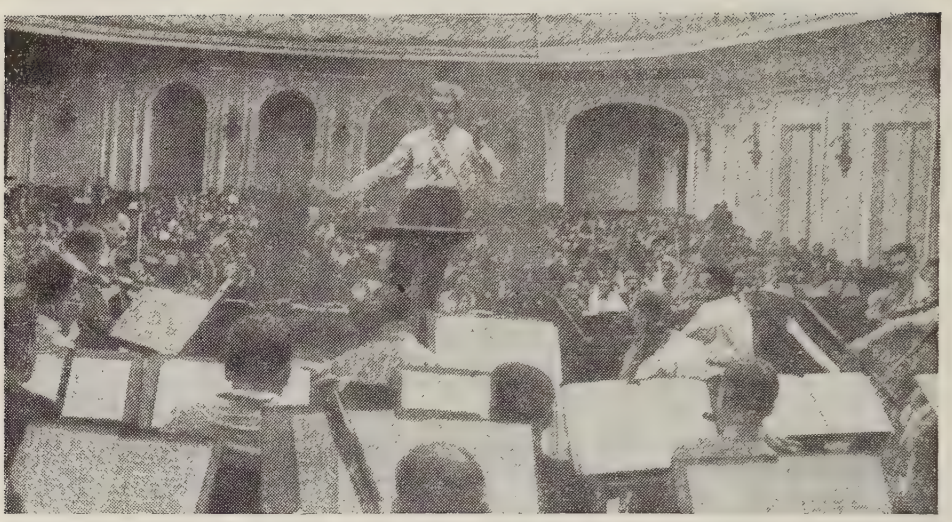
With eyes shining, celebrated Oscar Fried rose, leaned on the ledge of the box and cried "Bravo!" It was not the appraisal of a cold-blooded judge but the gratitude of an artist for a deep artistic emotional experience.

Many moments like this, comparable to the triumph of a scientific discovery or the birth of a creative idea, marked the All-Union Competition of Orchestra Conductors held in Moscow—the first in the history of music, and, indeed, designed for discovery, discovery of talents.

Here, in the strict setting of an examination fraught with numerous conditions and requirements, it was essential to grasp the moment when the gift of the artist flashed in the sweep of the conductor's baton.

Forty-seven young musicians took part in the contest. Only the mature and competent master could have hoped to meet the requirements of the final round. Yet, despite the exacting demands, it was found necessary to increase the number of awards from three to five. And at that three honorary diplomas had to be added to the five prizes!

Not even the most optimistic had expected such a successful showing. Had not orchestras been few in Russia before



E. A. Mravinsky conducts

the Revolution? Had not conducting been a more or less neglected art? Had not the custom of inviting guest conductors from abroad held for a long time even after the Revolution? Had the training of orchestra leaders been such as to inspire deep regard for the coming generation of conductors?

The fears were exaggerated. These were mature musicians. They had come from the midst of a people musically inclined. They drew their roots from Soviet culture, from the universal Soviet love for art, from the atmosphere of free creative thought.

Among those who took part in the competition were some who had risen from homeless waifs. Such a one is Konstantin Ivanov, who won third prize. He was adopted by a Red Army unit. As the fosterling of a regimental band he spent his childhood at Civil War fronts. It was in the Red Army that he took his first music lesson. There he learned to play the clarinet and other wind instruments, and it was from there that he was sent to continue his musical education in a conservatory, from which he graduated just a year ago. Ivanov was the conductor to whom Fried shouted "Bravo!"

Nathan Rakhlin, another prize winner, also took his first music lessons in the Red Army.

Such persons have a regard for art that is pure and exacting, an approach to art such as can appear only when art is viewed as something essential and important both for the people and for one's self.

This attitude makes art, woven into the very warp of life, a matter of creative conscience. That is why Soviet musicians are sterling artists. Music for them is poetry and never a trade. The winners of this competition are, above all, poets, each with some fresh conception and individuality of style and expression.

Eugene Mravinsky of Leningrad, winner of the first prize, is a musician of marked originality. Endowed with great natural gifts, he has intensified them by deep study of theory and by broad culture. He is a match for the best expert in analysis of the score and comprehension of the composer's ideas. His precise feeling for the temper and mood of a composition is compounded with profundity of interpretation and a lack of scholastic dryness. It was the complete absence of artificial emphasis and exaggeration, the ability to convey the true values of the music, which made Mra-

vinsky stand out as foremost among the entrants. Under Mravinsky's baton such varied works as Mozart's *Impressario*, Liszt's *Preludes*, Chaikovsky's *Francesca da Rimini* and Shostakovich's *Fifth Symphony* were performed with freshness and brilliance.

Mravinsky rose from ballet school pianist at the Marinsky Opera Theater, Leningrad, to conductor of that theater's orchestra.

Alexander Melik-Pashayev and Nathan Rakhlin divided the honor of second prize. Melik-Pashayev, a conductor of the Bolshoi Opera Theater, Moscow, had devoted little attention to symphonic programs of late and his work at the opera theater did not allow him much time to prepare for the competition. However, his performance was marked by evidence of mature experience, an excellence of technique and rare lightness and spontaneity.

Rakhlin is a musician of sparkling temperament. His hand is so eloquent that one literally *sees* the music before it is played. His animated, seemingly meditating hand conveys the slightest shades of the dynamics and nuances of sound. An orchestra player of experience, able to play on many instruments, he attains perfect harmonic periods. Under his impetuous baton the orchestra merges into one profound, monolithic organism: it builds up climaxes of unutterable force, compactness and power. He lacks, perhaps, the even temper and restraint that come with years.

Though it was clear that in Konstantin Ivanov the jury was meeting a person of brilliant, primitive, elemental gifts, consideration of his want of development—he has been out of the conservatory only one year, as I have already pointed out—led them to award him third place.

This former Red Army man is endowed with music enough for three persons. It seems that should he touch a log or rain pipe these, too, would sing for him. He is a poet *par excellence*. Despite a certain arbitrariness of interpretation, he captivates and charms the auditors no matter what he conducts, everything is imbued with such inspired lyricism. Ivanov is all in the future; and the future promises much for him.

No fourth prize was awarded. Mark Paverman, who took fifth place, as well as the three winners of diplomas—K. Eliasberg, M. Zhukov and twenty-four-year old K. Kondrashin—are representatives of the young generation of Soviet musicians. And although they are less brilliant and gifted than the other winners, they are nonetheless musicians who meet the most critical professional standards. Despite their youth they are mature masters, they possess a sound technique and, what is more, independence of artistic thought. Their soundness, which in large part makes up for want of brilliance, is by no means academic or imitative.

The competition brought to the fore a large number of capable and promising conductors who but need to develop themselves to the full. It revealed the Soviet conductors as a school not inferior to the world-famed Soviet schools of young pianists and violinists. It showed the genuine artistry and individuality of their talent.

ILYA BACHELIS

Soviet Children's Books

An exhibition of children's books, held in honor of the twentieth anniversary of the Young Communist League of the U.S.S.R., recently opened in Moscow. Among the hundreds of books on exhibit are works of Pushkin, Gogol, Lermontov, Nekrasov, Tolstoy, Gorky, Chekhov, Hugo, Kipling and Mark Twain. Folk epics and folklore occupy a prominent place in the exhibition. Andersen and Grimm are among the children's favorites displayed. Circulations range from ten thousand to a million.

The exhibition is enjoying as much popularity among adults as among children.

The following illustrations are taken from among those hung at this exhibition.

Illustration by Pakhomov to Marshak's "Classmates"

Illustration by Kukryniksy to Gogol's "Dead Souls"

Illustration by Domogadsky to Andersen's "The Ugly Ducking"

Illustration by Klementyeva for a Kazakh tale

CHRONICLE

SPAIN

Reflejos is the name of an "oral newspaper" of Brigade 104 of the Spanish Republican Army. *Reflejos* appears daily. The reading of each issue lasts about an hour and a half and is accompanied by a demonstration of lantern-slide drawings and cartoons. The paper also has an "amusements page" to which musicians and amateur actors from the ranks of the fighters contribute.

Among new books published in Republican Spain is *Heroes of the Spanish Pyrenees*, a volume of sketches by the well known journalist Clemente Simorra. The book deals with the feats of the special Republican division which was located in the rear of the fascists in the Pyrenees this Spring.

We, Too, Are Fighting is published by the Society for Foreign Medical Aid in Madrid. In 96 pages, Spanish, German, American, Austrian, and Czech women tell simply and sincerely of their work in the rear and at the front.

Those of Yesterday, a novel by Rafael Vidiella, noted leader of the United Socialist Party of Catalonia, describes the struggle of the people of Barcelona.

Six Months and Six Days in the Spain of General Franco, a book by the Catalonian priest, Ignatio Aberrigoyen, recently published in Paris, is a new document exposing the Spanish insurgents and their masters, the German-Italian fascists. The author escaped from a fascist prison. His book is a truthful and straightforward tale of the horrors which the author and his comrades witnessed and endured in the fascist prison.

FRANCE

Delegates to a recent congress of the *Foyers de la Jeunesse*, a progressive French youth organization whose aim is to encourage hiking, unanimously condemned the position of the writer Jean Giono, who appealed to them to "withdraw to the outdoors" and to abandon political activity.

A frank revelation of Giono's stand is his answer to a questionnaire conducted by *Les Cahiers de Jeunesse*.

In answer to these questions: does he consider himself a member of the French nation? does he support it? does he believe that France should show Europe and the world the way to human progress? the writer replied with laconic cynicism: "No."

Statements by the Catholic writers, François Mauriac and Jacques Maritain, containing an indignant protest against the cruelty of the fascists in Spain, have evoked furious resentment in the Franco camp. Serrano Cunier, "minister" of the Burgos "government," reviled Mauriac and Maritain in a speech over the radio. This speech is one more bit of evidence of the anger aroused in the fascist camp by the courageous anti-fascist position taken by honest Catholic writers.

The dictator of San Domingo, Trujillo, has brought suit against the magazine *Regards* and against the writer Jacques Romain for the latter's article describing the murder of several thousand Haitians on the territory of San Domingo. Writing of this suit, the magazine declares that "nothing will force it to swerve from activity in the service of the people."

How Emile Zola wrote his novel *La Terre* is the subject of a new book by Maurice le Blon.

Éditions Gallimard has published *Spanish Tales*, a volume of stories by modern Spanish writers, translated by J. Cassou and Hélène Pomier.

A volume of selected works of the French Utopian Socialist Pierre Leroux (1797-1871), has been published by Editions Sociales Internationales. Close to the followers of Saint Simon, Leroux greatly influenced the work of Georges Sand, with whom he founded the *Indé-*

pendent Review in 1841. In 1848 Paris workers elected Leroux to the Constituent Assembly and later to the Legislative Assembly.

The sojourn of the French poet Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891) in Abyssinia, and his participation in the Italo-Abyssinian war of 1886-1888, are described in *Rimbaud in Abyssinia*, by Enid Starkie.

Selected articles of Maxim Gorky, written between 1932 and 1936, have been published by Editions Sociales Internationales under the title, *Culture and the People*.

GERMANY

Free Science, a collection of articles on the persecution of science in Hitlerite Germany, appeared in Prague not long before the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia by German fascism. Some of the greatest German and Austrian scholars, driven from their native country by the fascists, contributed to this publication.

The Journal of Free German Scientific Thought is a magazine started by the German university of Paris. The aim of the magazine is to unite scientists who have emigrated from fascist Germany and Austria.

A series of lectures by outstanding anti-fascist writers and scholars was organized recently by the German writers' union in Paris.

The noted French psychologist Henri Vallon, professor at the College de France, has contributed an article to be broadcast by the illegal radio station of the German Peoples Front. In his article Vallon speaks of the historic role of Germany in the development of culture, and of its cultural degeneration under fascism.

The number of books on war themes increased by 13 per cent in fascist Germany in 1936. War themes predominate in belles lettres and in books for children. At the end of 1937 two collections of war stories were published. In almost all these short stories (which number about 100), war is treated in idyllic tones and painted as an agreeable pastime. The authors approach the theme of death and destruction with gross humor. The following quotation from one of the "writers" represented in the collections hardly needs commentary: "Never did men laugh anywhere so much as they did at war."

CHINA

Twenty-five famous dramatists of China have founded the Anti-Japanese War Union of Dramatists, which has staged a number of plays summoning the people to the war for defense against Japanese aggression.

ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL VAILLANT-COUTURIER. Prominent French writer and anti-fascist leader.

RUVIM FRYERMAN. Author of several books for Soviet children.

ALEXANDER ABRAMOV. Soviet journalist.

MIKHAIL GOUS. Soviet writer and publicist.

ALEXANDER POPOVSKY. Soviet journalist and author of *Temporary Associations*, a popular account of the lives and discoveries of I. P. Pavlov and two of his pupils. *Pavlov*, in this issue, has been abridged from the first part of this book.

MAVRIKI SLEPNEV. Flyer, Hero of the Soviet Union.

ILYA BACHELIS. Art critic.

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.

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, U.S.S.R.

ERRATUM

In the article *The Artist and the Socialist Revolution*, in No. 10—11, the quotation from Clara Zetkin's recollections on page 9, col. I, should read:

"... On this basis a truly new, great, Communist art should grow up which will create a form corresponding to its content. In this sphere our 'intellectuals' will have to solve lofty problems of the first magnitude. By understanding and fulfilling those tasks they would pay their debt to the proletarian revolution for opening wide to them, too, the door that leads to the wide expanses from the mean conditions of life so incomparably characterized in the *Communist Manifesto*."

Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV