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BELLES-LETTRES

Maxim Gorky

How They Caught SEMAGA

Semaga was sitting by himself at a table in the pub. Before him stood half a bottle of vodka and a fifteen-kopek mixed fry.

In the smoke-blackened cellar, lit by two lamps suspended from the vaulted stone ceiling and a third behind the bar, the atmosphere was thick with tobacco smoke. In the wreathing clouds vague, dark, tattered figures swam—swearing, talking, singing, and, conscious of perfect security, doing all this in the loudest and liveliest manner.

Outside, the late autumn blizzard was howling, driving big flakes of moist snow before it, but in the pub were warmth and noise and familiar smells.

Through the veil of smoke, Semaga kept a sharp look-out on the door, particularly whenever it opened and someone came in from the street. Then his strong, lithe body even bent forward a little. Occasionally he would shield his eyes with his hand and from under it make a long, penetrating survey of the newcomer's countenance; for this he had excellent reasons.

After treating the newcomer to a thorough scrutiny and arriving, apparently, at the necessary conclusion, Semaga poured himself another glass of vodka, tossed it off, speared half-a-dozen lumps of potato and meat on his fork and sent them after the vodka. He chewed slowly, champing juicily and frequently passing his tongue over his bristly soldier's mustache.

His big tousled head cast a queer, disheveled shadow on the damp grey wall, and when he munched, it quivered, as if it were nodding vigorously at someone who failed to respond.

Semaga's face was broad and beardless, with prominent cheek bones. His eyes were large and grey and they narrowed when they looked attentively at anything. Shaggy dark brows overhung them and a curly lock of hair of an indefinite drab hue hung down over the left eye, almost touching it.

On the whole, Semaga's countenance did not inspire confidence: in fact, it aroused a slight feeling of embarrassment by its resolute expression, intense and unsuitable even to the circumstances and company in which Semaga found himself now.

He wore a ragged coat of heavy cloth, belted with rope; beside him lay his cap and mittens; his stick, a cudgel of no mean size with a knob of roots at one end, leaned against the back of his chair.

There he sat, taking his ease; having finished his vodka, he was about to call for more, when the door opened with a screech and a jar and into the room burst a ragged something that resembled a big bunch of tousled tow; a ringing childish voice shouted excitedly:

"Look alive there! Stir your stumps, uncles!"

The uncles thus addressed broke off their conversation abruptly, and began to fidget nervously; then one of them demanded in thick and slightly disconcerted tones:

"You're not lying, are you?"

"Hell, no, they're both sides of us. Mounted and infantry. Two sergeants, two constables—a whole bunch of them!"

"Who are they after, d'you know? Did you happen to hear?"

"It must be Semaga . . . they were asking Nikiforich about him. . . ." the childish voice continued, while the ball-like form of its owner bustled about among the men's feet, and got nearer and nearer to the bar.

"What, has Nikiforich been copped?" Semaga asked, cramming on his cap and getting up unhurriedly from the bench.

"Yes, he's in for it. . . . They got him."

"Where?"

"At Stenka's."

"You just come from there?"

"Uh-huh. I hopped it round by the gardens an' I'm off to Barzha's now; likely there'll be someone there as well."

"Hop it, then, quick!"

The boy was out of the pub in a moment, followed by the loud reproaches of Jonah Petrovich, the old, grey-haired barman. This was a decent looking, god-fearing fellow in large spectacles and a high black velvet cap.

"That's a downright young scamp! A regular son of Judas. Oh, the accursed seed of Ham! What do you think of that? Cleared the whole plate!"

"What of?" Semaga asked as he was going towards the door.

"Liver! Clean gone! How did he manage to do it, the infernal serpent, in that time? One, two and cleared the lot!"

"It won't break you!" Semaga growled as he closed the door behind him.

With a muffled, hollow moaning the heavy, wet storm whirled over and down the street, the moist flakes filling the air so thickly that it looked like seething, foaming porridge.

Semaga stood listening for a minute, but there was nothing to be heard save the heavy sighing of the wind and the swishing of the snow against the walls and roofs of the houses.

Then he set off; after ten paces or so, he climbed a fence into a yard.

A dog barked and as if in response a horse snorted and stamped somewhere. Semaga turned resolutely back to the street again and strode down it at a brisker pace towards the center of the town.

A few minutes later, hearing a muffled sound somewhere ahead of him, he climbed a fence again, and passed safely through a yard. He reached an open gate, which led into a garden and soon, after climbing several fences and crossing several yards without mishap, reached a street that ran parallel to the one in which Jonah Petrovich's pub was situated.

As he went along, Semaga was wondering where to go, but he could not hit on a suitable place.

All the reliable spots would be unreliable on a night like this, when the devil himself seemed to have sent the police on a round of them. And to spend the night in the street in a blizzard and run the risk of falling into the hands of the police or the night-watchman did not appeal to Semaga.

He walked slowly, staring ahead of him with his eyes screwed up into the turbid whiteness of the wild night; out of it, towards him crept silent houses, curbstones, lamp

posts, trees; and to all of them clung soft clots of snow.

A curious sound pierced the howling of the storm; it was like the low whimpering of a child, and came from somewhere ahead. As Semaga stood still, listening with neck craned, he resembled some beast of prey, scenting danger and alert.

The sounds died down.

Semaga shook his head and trudged on again, pulling his cap well down and hunching his shoulders up to his ears to keep the snow from getting inside his collar.

There was a whimper, right at his feet this time. He gave a start, stood still, and, bending down, groped about on the ground. When he straightened up again, he had a bundle in his hand and was brushing the snow off it.

"Well, I'll be. . . ! It's a brat. . . . What do you say to that!" he whispered in bewilderment, lifting his find nearer to his nose.

The thing he had stumbled on stirred; it was warm but wet with melting snow. Its face, which was a good deal smaller than Semaga's fist, was red and crumpled, the eyes were closed and the tiny mouth kept opening and shutting with a smacking sound. Water trickled from the wet rags, over the face and into the little toothless mouth.

Stupefied as he was with astonishment, Semaga had still sense enough to see that to save the infant from the unpleasant necessity of swallowing the water he ought to rearrange its rags, so he turned it upside down.

This the little creature evidently found inconvenient, for it uttered a piteous wail.

"Shut up!" Semaga commanded sternly. "Hold your noise, I'm telling you, else I'll give you what for! What am I to do with you? Eh? What do I want with you? And now you start yelling, you little fool!"

But this speech had no effect whatsoever on the bundle: it kept on wailing, so pitifully, so feebly, that Semaga felt ill at ease.

"Well, just as you like, old chap! I can understand, of course, that you're wet and cold. . . and that you're only a little thing, after all. But still, what am I to do with you?"

The infant did not cease its crying.

"I've nowhere at all I could put you," Semaga said in a decided tone. He wrapped the child more closely in its rags, then stooped and laid it down in the snow.

"So there you are. Else—what can I do with you? You see, I'm sort of like a foundling myself in this life. . . . So it's goodbye and no more about it. . . ."

With a gesture of dismissal, Semaga went on his way, muttering:

"If it weren't for the police making their rounds tonight, I might have stowed you away somewhere. But there, you see, they're making a raid. What can I do? I can't do anything, my lad. Don't hold it against me, please. An innocent soul, you are, to be sure, but your mother's a dirty slut. If I only knew who she was, I'd break every rib in her body and kick the liver out of her. Yes. You she-devil, blast your soul, may you never know rest nor peace, may the earth never open for you when you die, you cursed daughter of sin. May you eat your heart out till you rot! Had a baby, eh, and left it under a fence? How would you like me to drag you round by the hair? I'll learn you, you pig, you! You ought to know you can't chuck brats out in the street on a wet night, in a snowstorm like this. Why? Because they're puny little things. Soon as the snow gets into their mouths, they choke. Fool! Pick a

dry night if you want to get rid of your brat. On a dry night it'll live longer, and, what's more, folks'll find it. But who'd go walking about the streets a night like this?"

Exactly when and at what stage in his speech Semaga returned to his find and picked it up, he did not notice, for he was engrossed in his abuse of the unknown mother. He hid the foundling in his bosom and, without ceasing to call down curses on the mother's head, trudged onward in a state of strange perturbation, touched by a yearning and a pity for the baby, a pity which made him as pitiful as a child himself.

The foundling stirred feebly and uttered a muffled wail; it was almost crushed by the heavy cloth coat and Semaga's powerful hand. There was nothing but a torn shirt under Semaga's coat, and very soon he could feel the living warmth of the child's tiny body.

"Hey there, you're all alive-oh!" Semaga muttered, as he tramped straight on through the blowing snow.

"Things look pretty bad for you, my boy! Where can I put you? That's the point! And as for your mother . . . now then, stop your fidgeting there! Lie still, else you'll fall out."

But the baby kept on fumbling and groping and now Semaga could feel, through the rent in his shirt, a little warm face rubbing against his breast.

Suddenly Semaga stood stock still, struck by a sudden thought.

"Why, it's looking for the breast!" he exclaimed in a loud whisper. "Its mother's breast. . . . Christ! Its mother's breast!"

Perhaps it was a kind of shame or perhaps it was fear that set Semaga trembling; at all events, it was a strange, strong feeling that made his heart contract painfully.

"I'd give that mother of yours something if I had her here! Now what's the use of you fumbling about there? What can you do with me? I'm only a soldier—a thief, if the truth were told."

The wind set up a muffled and mournful wailing.

"You ought to drop off to sleep. That's what you ought to do. Bye-bye! Shut your eyes! No, laddie, no use sucking at my breast. Go to sleep. And I'll sing you a little song. Same as a mother would sing. Now, then, go to sleep, baby, go to sleep, baby, oh-oh-oh, hush-a-bye-bye. I'm no woman! Go to sleep."

And, bending his head closer to the child, Semaga sang in a low voice, as tenderly and caressingly as he could:

"You're a slut and a fool, Matanka,
No great shakes you ain't, Matanka!"

This he sang to the tune of a lullaby.

The thickly falling snow in the street whirled and seethed as Semaga trudged on with the child in his bosom. It wailed unceasingly and the thief sang his song softly over it.

"Next time I come to see you,
I'll break every bone in your body."

Moisture trickled out of his eyes and down his face; it must have been melted snow. Every now and again a tremor ran through him, there was a tickling in his throat and his heart contracted; so sad and dreary was it tramping the deserted, storm-swept streets with a crying child in his bosom, that the thief himself could have cried.

Still he kept doggedly on. From somewhere behind him came the muffled beat of horses' hooves and out of the thick snowstorm emerged the silhouettes of riders. Now they were level with him.

"Who goes there?"

"Who are you?"

Two men hailed him simultaneously.

Semaga started and came to a halt.

"What have you got there?" one of the riders demanded, coming close to the pavement.

"What have I got here? A baby."

"Who are you?"

"Semaga, from Akhturka."

"Oh, you are! Then you're just the fellow we've been looking for! Now then, this way, at the horse's head."

"No, we've got to keep a bit further off. More shelter, like, along by the houses. The middle of the road won't do for us. We find it hard enough as it is. . . ."

The police hardly understood him, but they permitted him to walk at a little distance and rode alongside, never taking their eyes off him.

So he went on till they reached the police station.

"Aha! We've caught you at last, my bird! Well, that's fine!" was the greeting of the sergeant on duty.

"But what about the child? What shall I do with it?" Semaga asked, with a shake of his head.

"What? What child?"

"The one I found. Here it is." Semaga pulled his find out of his bosom. It hung limply in his arms.

"Why, it's dead!" the sergeant exclaimed.

"Dead?" Semaga repeated as, after a look at the infant, he laid it on the desk.

"Look at that, now!" he said to himself. Then, with a sigh, he added: "I ought to have taken it with me from the first. Maybe it wouldn't have . . . And I didn't take it the first time. I only picked it up and put it down again."

"What are you mumbling about?" the sergeant asked curiously.

Semaga looked about him mournfully.

With the death of the child much of what he had felt as he tramped the streets had died also.

Everything around him was strictly official; prison and trial awaited him. He felt hurt. He looked reproachfully at the little corpse and sighed.

"Ay, you did it! So it was all for nothing I got copped along of you! I thought—straight I did . . . and you went and died on me. Nice sort of thing to do!"

And Semaga began to scratch his neck furiously.

"Take him away," the sergeant said to the constable, with a nod in Semaga's direction.

And Semaga was led away under arrest.

That is all.

This story was published for the first time in the *Samara Gazette*, in 1895, a year of extraordinary fruitfulness in the writer's life. Gorky's writings for 1895 attain the enormous figure of over one hundred and sixty feuilletons, stories and articles.

In the opening years of the century Gorky edited several stories for republication, but they were not included in his collected works. Among them was *How They Caught Semaga*.

The manuscript is preserved in the archives of the Gorky Institute of Literature.

Maxim Gorky

The Clock

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

Alone, in the stillness of the night it is terrifying to listen to the impartial eloquence of the pendulum; the sounds are monotonous and mathematically exact, recording unvaryingly one and the same thing—the unceasing movement of life. Darkness and sleep envelop the earth, all is silent, only the clock loudly, coldly, marks the passing of the seconds. . . . The pendulum ticks, and with every tick life is shorter by a second, a tiny fraction of the time granted to each of us, a second that will never return to us. Whence do they come, these seconds, and whither do they vanish? No one can answer this question. . . . And there are many more questions to which no reply is vouchsafed, there are other, more important questions, on the answer to which our happiness depends. How shall we live so as to feel ourselves necessary to life, how shall we live without losing our faith and our desires, how shall we live so that not a single second passes without affecting our souls and minds? Will the answers to all these questions ever be given by the clock that moves steadily onward without a pause? What will the clock have to say to all this?

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

There is nothing in the world more unimpassioned than a clock: it goes on ticking with equal regularity at the moments of your birth and when you are eagerly gathering the flowers of your youthful daydreams. From the day of his birth, man draws daily nearer to his death. When you are groaning in your death-agony its seconds will be counted quietly, drily, by the clock. In this dispassionate counting—listen to it attentively—there is something that suggests the clock knows everything, knows and is weary of the knowledge. Nothing ever agitates it, nothing is dear to it. It is indifferent, and we—if we want to live—should create for ourselves another clock, full of sensations and thoughts, full of activity, to take the place of this dull, monotonous, soul-destroying clock with its cold accusing ticking.

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

In the unceasing motion of the clock there is no single point of stability: what then do we call the present? One second after another, each dragging its predecessor into the abyss of the unknown. . . .

Tick-tock! You are happy! Tick-tock! And now your heart is filled with the scalding poison of woe, which may remain with you all your life, all the hours of the span allotted you, if you do not strive to fill every second with something new and vital. Suffering tempts; it is a dangerous privilege: possessing it, we usually seek no other, no higher right to the status of

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The Clock was first published in 1896.

human being. But there is so much of it, of this suffering, that it has grown cheap and has almost ceased to attract attention. Therefore it is hardly worth while to set a high value on suffering—better to fill oneself with something more original, more valuable—is it not so? Suffering is depreciated stock. And it is better not to complain of life to anyone; words of consolation seldom contain what is sought in them. Life is fuller and more interesting when one is struggling with what hinders one from living. In the struggle the tedious, melancholy clock hastens on its way unnoticed.

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

Human life is ridiculously brief. How, then, shall one live? Some persist in shunning life, others devote themselves to it heart and soul. The former, towards the close of their lives, will be paupers in spirit and memories, the second will be rich in both. And both the first and the second will die, and nothing will remain of either unless they give heart and mind disinterestedly to life. . . . When you die, the clock will tick out impartially the seconds of your death-agony—tick-tock! In those seconds new people will be born, several to a second, but you will be no more. Nothing will remain of you save your body, which will give off a bad odor! Can it be that your pride does not rise in revolt against the automatic creation that flung you into life, then tore you from it and—nothing more? Strengthen, then, the memory of yourself in life, if you are proud and affronted by your subjection to the secret problems of time. Think of your role in life: a brick was made, and it lay immobile in a building, then crumbled and vanished. . . . It is dull and trivial to be a brick, is it not? Do not try to resemble a brick, then, if you have a mind and a soul, and if you want to experience good, tempestuous hours filled with emotions and thoughts.

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

If you ever ponder on what you mean at present in the endless motion of the clock, you will be crushed by the realization of your insignificance. May that realization insult you! May it rouse your pride, may you feel a violent resentment towards a life that has humiliated you, and may you declare war on it. In the name of what? When nature deprived man of his ability to walk on all fours, she gave him a species of staff—the ideal. And from that time on he has, unconsciously and instinctively, striven for better things—for the highest. Make it a conscious striving, teach people to understand that only in the conscious striving towards the highest lies true happiness. Do not complain of helplessness, do not complain of anything. All that your complaining will gain for you will be pity, the alms of the poor in spirit. All people are equally unfortunate, but most unfortunate of all is he who wears his misfortunes as an ornament. These are the people who thirst more than all others for attention and who are least of all worthy of it. To strive—that is the purpose of life. Let life be nothing but striving—and it will contain the highest and most beautiful hours.

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

"Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom god hath hedged in?"

Thus did old Job enquire of god. Nowadays there are no such bold spirits, who, remembering that they are the children of god, created in his image and likeness, would address him as Job did. Generally speaking, people hold themselves cheap nowadays. They love life very

little, and even themselves in a blundering, stupid way. At the same time they fear death, although, as everyone is aware, none can avoid it. What is inevitable is right. From the time men first appeared on earth they have kept on dying and it is time they were accustomed to the idea. The consciousness of a task well done can destroy the fear of death, and if you travel honestly along life's road it will lead you at last to a quiet end. Tick-tock . . . and all that remains of a man are his deeds. For him the hours end together with his desires, and other hours begin—grim hours, the hours when his life will be reckoned up.

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

Essentially, things are fairly simple even in this world, entangled as it is in contradictions, living in lies and malice. And they would be still simpler if people would only look more closely at each other and if each had a friend to stand by him.

One man alone, no matter how great, is still very small. It is essential that we understand one another: for, after all, we speak more obscurely, and much less satisfactorily, than we think. Man lacks many words that would aid him to open his heart to others, and therefore many great thoughts, important to life, are lost, leaving no trace, simply because no suitable form of expression was found for them at the time. An idea is born, a sincere desire exists to embody it in words, in clear, steady words . . . and words there are none.

More attention should be paid to ideas. Help to bring them to life, and they will always repay your efforts. Everywhere, in everything, there is a thought—even in the cracks in a stone you may read it if you wish. If people so desire, they may achieve anything; if they so desire they will be the lords of life and not its slaves as they are now. Only let the desire to live, the proud consciousness of power, appear—and then the whole of life will be a succession of wonderful hours, crowded with proofs of the power of the spirit, hours that will be astonishing by the nobility of the exploits performed in them, splendid hours.

Tick-tock, tick-tock!

Long life to the brave and the strong in spirit, to those who serve truth, justice and beauty! We do not know them, because they are proud and do not demand rewards. We do not see how joyously they set their hearts on fire. Illuminating life with a brilliant light, they force even the blind to see. It is essential that the blind, of whom there are so many, should see; it is essential that all the people should open their eyes in horror and disgust at the grossness, injustice and ugliness of their lives. Long life to him who is lord of his desires! All the world is in his heart, all the world's pain, all the people's suffering are in his soul. The evil and the filth of life, its lies and cruelty, are his foes; generously he spends his hours in struggle, and his life is full of passionate delight, beautiful anger, proud obstinacy. . . . Do not spare yourself—that is the proudest, the most beautiful wisdom on earth. Long life to him who knows not how to spare himself! There are only two ways of living: to rot out and to burn out. The cowardly and greedy choose the first, the brave and generous the second; to everyone who loves beauty it will be clear wherein grandeur lies.

The hours of our life are dull, empty hours. Let us fill them with splendid exploits, never sparing ourselves; then we shall live through beautiful hours that throb with joy, hours of glowing pride. Long life to him who cannot spare himself!

Vasily Grossman

Four Days

The conditions of the chess match were recorded in green pencil on a sheet of paper pinned to the wall:

"1. The first to win five games shall be considered the winner.

"2. *Piece touche.*

"3. The winner wins the title of world champion."

The first game began, and both participants in the tournament bent over the tabouret in identical poses: they sat jacknife-fashion, their unshaven cheeks cupped in their palms, and stared at the chess board. They differed from each other only by the fact that Faktarovich scratched his head and twined the end of a black lock of hair around his finger, while Moskvin did not touch his head, but with the long-nailed toe of one bare foot scratched the other, sticking out below his blue army breeches.

The red-headed old man, Verkhotursky, sat at the window reading a book. The spring sunlight shone brightly, and the straw plaits into which onions were twined hung down the walls of the room like the tresses of unknown blondes.

Verkhotursky made the impression of something heavy, iron. His broad brow, his hands, his mouth, his deep breathing—all were big and heavy. As he read he frowned perplexedly, shrugged his shoulders and made a sour face. Suddenly he slammed the book shut and, walking to the wall, read the announcement of the tournament. He was very stout and, as he read, his corpulent belly pressed against the wall.

"Look here, sons of Mars," he said, "military commissars should know better than to write 'winner wins.'"

The chess players did not reply.

"Listen, young idiots," Verkhotursky said, "you started your tournament too soon."

Again the players did not reply, only Moskvin, staring at the chess board, began to sing: "Idiots, idiots, young idiots. . . ."

Moskvin won the game.

"Check—and mate!" he laughed, rapidly moving the figures about.

Faktarovich yawned and shrugged his shoulders.

Choking with laughter, Moskvin drew a tremendous green zero on the score.

"This bleating donkey Moskvin is beginning to get on my nerves," complained Faktarovich.

"Donkeys don't bleat, comrade commissar," said Verkhotursky, raising his head from the book.

"I'm starved," said Moskvin, admiring the score on the wall.

"We don't know whether we'll still be alive by lunch time," replied Faktarovich.

They began to talk about what had happened.

Two of them, commissars pale from loss of blood, had come from the front to remove the Polish bullets which had landed in them. The third, Verkhotursky, had been detained in the city through an accident, a damaged automobile. The doctor, at whose home the three commissars lived (while they waited for the town's power plant to be fixed so it would be possible to turn on the pear-shaped Roentgen tube), led Verkhotursky into the dining room and said:

"Meet my old schoolmate, now Supreme Commissar in charge of . . ."

"Nonsense," said the red-headed man, and, glancing about at the divan covered in dark velvet, at the shelf filled with Chinese ashtrays of rose-colored marble, stone monkeys and chinaware lions and elephants, at the sideboard, as ornamented as the Cologne cathedral, he said: "Ye-es, you did well by yourself, you live well."

"Don't be silly," said the doctor. "You can buy all this now for a sack of lump sugar and two sacks of flour."

"Nonsense, nonsense," smiled the red-headed one.

He proffered the military commissars his big, fleshy hand and mumbled: "Verkhotursky"; and both the commissars coughed at the same time, simultaneously their chairs scraped on the floor, and they looked at each other.

Just then kind Maria Andreyevna entered the dining room and, learning that Verkhotursky was an old schoolmate of her husband, she screamed as if some one had pinched her and stated that not until Verkhotursky had eaten and had slept on a soft bed would she allow him to leave. He slept in the room with the boys, as Maria Andreyevna called the commissars.

In the morning the doctor came to them. He was in a yellow long-naped bathrobe. Drops of water shone on his grey beard, which was like the stem of a turnip, and his cheeks, covered with violet and red veins, twitched.

"The town has been occupied by Polish troops," he announced. The Polish cavalry, advance guard of the Polish forces, had burst into the town that night. The only Red troops in the town—one battalion—fled, and the town was surrendered without the whine of machine guns or the explosion of grenades.

Verkhotursky looked at the doctor and laughed.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"You know very well what I'm talking about," said the doctor.

"I understand, I understand."

"Do you think you could disguise yourself and leave, perhaps that would be best of all, through the back way, eh?"

"Well, no," said Verkhotursky. "If we leave today, we'll be caught at the first step. We shall not leave, today nor tomorrow either, in all probability."

"Yes, yes, maybe you're right," said the doctor, "but you understand. . ."

"I understand, I understand," Verkhotursky said gaily. "I understand everything, friend."

They stood silent for a few seconds and looked at one another, two old men who had once studied side by side. At that moment Maria Andreyevna entered. The doctor winked to Verkhotursky and put his finger to his lips.

"Has the doctor already told you that you are quite safe with us?" she asked.

"We were just talking about that," said Verkhotursky, laughing heartily.

"I swear, you didn't under-

stand me," said the doctor. "I thought. . ."

"I understood, I understood," interrupted Verkhotursky and, continuing to laugh, he waved his hand.

So they remained in the room filled with sacks of sugar, grain and flour. Bunches of onions hung on the walls, long ropes of dry brown mushrooms. Under Verkhotursky's bed was a trough filled with golden millet, and the commissars, approaching their folding beds, trod carefully in order not to damage the huge earthenware pots of jam and pickled pears, the glass jars with cherry and raspberry jelly. Such was the storeroom in which they slept, and although the room was very large there was no space to turn about, for Maria Andreyevna was famous as a housewife, and the doctor had a large practice in the neighboring villages.

"The situation is terrible," said Faktarovich.

"Yes, terrible," agreed Moskvin.

Faktarovich went up to the window. The square was empty.

"What a lot of paving stones!" he muttered in surprise and asked: "What shall we do?"

"How do I know?" replied Moskvin.

"Continue the chess tournament," suggested Verkhotursky.

"It seems funny to you," said Faktarovich, as if Verkhotursky's situation was better than his or Moskvin's.

"Please come to lunch," Maria Andreyevna cried from the corridor.

They went into the dining room. Moskvin glanced at the table: white bread, butter, honey, jam, and a large jar of sour cream. A mountain of noodles with cream cheese towered out of a cloud of steam, and there were pickles, horse radish and sauerkraut.

"We'll manage somehow," said Moskvin as he sat down at the table.

He was first to finish his plate of noodles, and Maria Andreyevna asked: "May I offer you some more?"

"Thanks very much," he said, and his feet under the table jerked like those of a frightened hare.

"Thanks—yes, or thanks—no?" laughed Maria Andreyevna, and gave him a second helping.

"If I may, I would also like another helping," said Faktarovich. Moskvin was swallowing loudly and was highly embarrassed.

A tall, long-faced lad in eyeglasses, about fourteen or fifteen years old, entered the dining room. Pressed to his breast he held a thick book in a shiny yellow binding.

"Ah, Kolya," said Faktarovich and Moskvin simultaneously.

"Hello," the boy mumbled.

He stumbled as he sat down and made so much noise with his chair that Maria Andreyevna cried out.

The boy ate, his eyes glued to the pages of the book. Not once did he look at his plate.

"Aren't you afraid, young man, of sticking your fork into your eye?" asked Verkhotursky.

The boy shook his head.

"What a misfortune!" said Maria Andreyevna, referring to the lad's habit of reading at table. "It always used to frighten me until I got used to it."

"Doctor, doctor," she cried. "Lunch is getting cold!" and, addressing Verkhotursky, she said: "Would you believe that for thirty years he hasn't once come to the table on time? One always has to warm meals over and carry dishes from the kitchen to the dining room ten times. The servant hates him for it."

The doctor appeared in the doorway.

"I'm coming, I'm coming, I'm coming . . . I'll wash my hands and sit down at the table right away."

Moskvin and Faktarovich broke into laughter.

"Yes," said Moskvin, "we've been here for four days, and at each meal the doctor says: 'I'll wash my hands and sit down to eat,' and then leaves for an hour."

But this time the doctor came in time. He entered at a precipitate stride, kicked down a curling corner of the carpet runner, tore off a page from the calendar, brushed aside a bit of eggshell with a fillip of his hand, and picked up from the floor a piece of paper. Sitting down, he pinched the boy's cheek and asked:

"Well, how are things, young Lavoisier?"

Kolya, continuing to look into the book, said:

"Stupid."

"So, so," said the doctor, rubbing his hands in premonition of the pleasure of tasty food and conversation. "So, so—I have news for you."

Here in the dining room he looked at his uninvited guests with cordiality and love, for more than anything else he enjoyed talking during meals.

He was highly offended when his wife, interrupting him, cried:

"Eat, eat, you'll torture me to death with these stories of long ago."

Now, glad to have an audience, he betook himself to relating: there was Polish cavalry in the town, patrols were riding through the streets, four machine guns were set up near the town hall, the Poles had colossal artillery and tanks, their main forces would come into the town toward evening. It was said that the second army consisted mostly of Germans, discipline just iron-like, officers all Germans, well, and to fight them was impossible. Attitude toward the population of captured towns ideal: town taken in the afternoon; by evening military bands play on the squares to entertain the strollers. . . .

Then the doctor reported, from the words of a patient, that it was planned to introduce democratic rule in the occupied districts, and that the peasants were pleased with the new power.

"That's not true," interrupted Maria Andreyevna. "When the Bolsheviks occupied our town the milk women came with the advance guard, but today Polya could not get a quart of milk anywhere in town."

The doctor waved his hand and began to relate, from the words of a second patient, that Japan had begun an attack, together with America, on Siberia, and her plan of offensive was coordinated with that of the Poles down to the finest details. He would have related much more, and at great length, because his listeners did not interrupt him, but Maria Andreyevna suddenly flew into a rage and cried out:

"Please eat, your lunch has already been warmed over twice," and when the doctor began to get angry, she said in the supplicating tones which he specially feared:

"Aren't you ashamed to tell people living in your own home things that are hard for them to hear? How can't you understand. . . ?"

Verkhotursky raised his head, looked at Maria Andreyevna, and Kolya cried out:

"You ought to be ashamed," and, grabbing up his book, he dashed out of the dining room.

The doctor put his hands to his temples, and, addressing Verkhotursky, said: "Look, right in my own home! . . ."

After lunch the doctor put on a Red Cross armband and prepared to make his rounds.

"I can't sit still for a minute," he said. "I visit my patients in the worst bombardments, but it seems as if the devil won't have me."

In the corridor he spent a long time instructing Polya to keep the door chain on, only to open the door a little way when speaking to

patients, and to call Maria Andreyevna before permitting anyone to enter.

"Say 'I can't let any one in without the mistress,' do you understand?"

"I understand, I understand, my god, am I so dumb?" answered Polya.

"No one says you're dumb, I'm just explaining, so you'll understand it perfectly: no matter who asks to be allowed in, no matter what he says, you answer: 'I can't let anyone in without the mistress.' And go for Maria Andreyevna right off, do you understand?"

Polya was silent and the doctor asked angrily:

"Why don't you answer, don't you understand?"

All of them sitting in the dining room heard this conversation in silence, but when the doctor began again to explain about the door chain, Maria Andreyevna cried in a desperate voice:

"Leave off pestering the unfortunate girl, you'll drive me mad!"

"What a family!" the doctor cried from the corridor and slammed the door.

Maria Andreyevna immediately calmed down and began telling Moskvin that he ought to put on the doctor's trousers, for suspicion might be attracted by his army breeches.

"But in general you need not worry," she said proudly. "The doctor is so highly respected that no one dares make a search of our apartment."

She left to bustle about her housework, and Verkhotursky and the military commissars remained in the dining room.

"Let's wash the dishes. I'm dying of boredom," said Moskvin, and, feeling his stomach, he shook his head.

Faktarovich hiccupped and began in a tearful voice:

"Comrades, I'll go crazy here. I'm suffocating in this atmosphere. I lived in such a family myself, at my father's, I know it all by heart."

"Drop it," said Moskvin. "Atmosphere—huh! You should have seen my father when he came home on paydays."

"I'm going to lie down on this luxurious divan," said Verkhotursky, and, putting a cushion under his head, lay down.

He took one cushion in his hand and began to examine it. On the black velvet a bright butterfly was embroidered in beads. Hundreds of varicolored beads played in the light in a complex and fine design.

Verkhotursky picked at the embroidery with his finger, rubbed the butterfly's button eyes with his palm, and said thoughtfully:

"Well, well, I must say . . ."

Then he placed the cushion on his tummy and sighed with satisfaction.

"Let's go to to the storeroom and play chess," suggested Faktarovich.

"Only no tournaments," replied Moskvin.

"Coward!"

"I'm afraid to finish you off in one day, you know, your wound will open from chagrin."

"Don't worry about my wound, comrade."

As soon as they began talking about chess a childish, quarrelsome tone crept into their voices. This quarrelsomeness had begun in the field hospital, when the nurse, looking at their paperlike faces and listening to their weak voices, hardly audible above the roar of artillery, became frightened by their squabbles—she thought the wounded commissars had gone crazy.

Suddenly noises and shouts resounded from the street. Jostling one another, they ran to the window.

A fat, baldheaded man was rushing across the square and behind him ran a tall, skinny soldier, sword in hand. The baldheaded man ran

silently, butting the air with his round head as if he were breaking his way through it, and the grey-blue soldier ran rhythmically and as unwillingly as if he were a camel driven with a stick.

"Stop, stop, dog's blood!" cried the soldier.

But Dog's Blood did not even think of stopping. For the last time he turned his neck, bucked an invisible obstacle and disappeared behind an iron gate. Right behind him into the yard ran the skinny lazy camel.

The square was empty again and the three standing at the window were silent for a long time.

"He'll catch him, the bastard," whispered Moskvin.

"What a lot of paving stones!" said Faktarovich, as if he were trying to understand something.

Verkhotursky was silent, patting the cushion which he had mechanically seized when he jumped up from the divan.

The soldier came out from the gate carrying a pair of tan shoes by the strings. He glanced about and then crossed the square. But as the soldier walked forward, swinging the shoes, the bald stout man ran out onto the square.

"*Pan, Pan*, my shoes!" he cried, throwing up his hands and dancing about the soldier. His feet, in their light-colored socks, touched the earth, and it was as if the man were dancing some merry, mirthful dance. The soldier went faster, but the stout man did not fall behind.

"*Pan*, my shoes!" he yelled, and tried to snatch the shoes, but the soldier, shouting angrily, kicked him square in the backside. Then he walked on with a rapid stride, skinny, unshaven, raising the shoes above his head, while the stout little man in the bright socks jumped around him and yelled shrilly.

He no longer feared the revolver or the cavalry saber, he was filled with a great desire to recover his tan shoes. Thus they went as far as the middle of the square, when the soldier began to glance about, not knowing in what direction to go.

"*Pan*, my shoes!" howled the stout man with renewed vigor. The cavalryman suddenly swung about and kicked him in the stomach. The stout one fell on his back heavily. The cavalryman must have felt embarrassed. He swept the square with a thief's shifty glance, glared at the windows of the houses to see if anyone had seen the fallen man's soft, fat head strike the paving stones. And the soldier saw that dozens of eyes were looking at him, he saw faces filled with hatred and horror, at windows blocked with flower pots. The soldier saw the repulsion on the faces of these people, who began, as soon as he glanced up, to draw their lace curtains. Raising the shoes on high, he flung them at the fat man lying on the ground. Then he walked off without looking back, a skinny, unshaven soldier in a wrinkled old uniform, and disappeared in the alley.

The stout man leaned on his elbow, raised himself, looked in the direction in which the robber had gone, then suddenly sat up and began to put on the shoes. People ran out of the houses, surrounding him, all talking and waving their hands at once. Then the stout man went to one of the houses, triumphantly kicking at the door with the conquered shoes, and people followed him, slapping him on the back and laughing, full of pride that the little man had proved stronger than the soldier.

"Yes, they're all Germans," said Moskvin.

Verkhotursky poked him in the stomach and spoke up:

"Look here, comrade," and for some reason or other he glanced at the door as he went on: "We'll

drive out the Poles in a month or two, I haven't the slightest doubt, but we'll have to fight with that individual, oh how long!"

And the military commissars looked up at him like children look at an adult reading aloud to them.

There was a family squabble before dinner. When he returned from his round of professional visits the doctor took it into his head to occupy himself with household matters. It was always like that when there were no patients in the reception room. The doctor could not bear to remain unoccupied—it was always a source of almost physical suffering; now he walked through the rooms, straightening a picture hanging crooked, trying to fix the faucet in the bathroom and finally deciding to move the sideboard. Made wise by experience, Kolya refused to help him.

Then the doctor moved the mahogany table from the corridor to the dining room, muttering:

"The devil knows what. . . . Things that are literally priceless for some reason or other rot in the corridor."

Moskvin wandered into the dining room, and he helped the doctor to tackle the task of moving the sideboard. His wound hindered him—he could not raise the sideboard, or shove it with his chest. However, he strove so diligently to push the sideboard with his backside that the chinaware and crystalware jarred frightfully.

"What are you doing? That's crystalware!" cried the doctor, and rushed to open the sideboard. One wine glass was broken. And, as it happened, just as the doctor was for some reason trying to fix the long stem of the wine glass to the bowl, who should enter the dining room but Maria Andreyevna. She threw up her hands and cried out so loudly that Faktarovich came running from the store room and Polya from the kitchen.

It was not the wine glass Maria Andreyevna was sorry about; she never cried over spilt milk. In fact, the doctor always complained that she was ruining him, that she fed scores of beggars, that she gave them handouts of perfectly new things, he grumbled that even Rothschild's capital would not be enough to pay the cost of her over-generous hospitality. Right now he had recognized his perfectly new trousers on Moskvin, English cheviot bought for twenty rubles from a smuggler from Lodz. But Maria Andreyevna had a character of steel, the doctor knew there was no power on earth which could change her and he bore in silence the beggars dining in the kitchen and the packages she sent her numerous nephews and nieces, he reconciled himself to the commissars, too, who, coming to be X-rayed, had unexpectedly settled down with full board and lodging in the storeroom.

Maria Andreyevna did not like her husband to interfere in household affairs. Once, twelve years ago, when the doctor had entered the kitchen and ordered a change in the dinner menu, she had thrown a soup plate at him. And now, in domestic disagreements, she warned her husband:

"Don't drive me to repeat what once happened"—and he immediately yielded.

Now Maria Andreyevna cried:

"Take this junk out of the dining room right now!" and she kicked the table legs.

The doctor dragged the table into the corridor, and since Maria Andreyevna yelled after him, "It doesn't belong in the corridor, either, it ought to be put in the attic," the doctor pulled the table into his office—the only room where he felt himself the boss. When he returned the sideboard already stood in its

former place, and Maria Andreyevna was saying to Faktarovich:

"These changes of power are simply ruining me. Patients are afraid to go to a doctor—it's really funny to go to a doctor to cure bronchitis or an intestinal ailment when you risk being killed or raped at every street corner. And idleness drives him crazy. I'm quite desperate. It was the same when the Bolsheviks came, he decided to paper the bedroom with some horrible wallpaper, and when the Denikin forces bombarded us four days and we stayed in the cellar he began to move the cabbage from one closet to another and bustled about until the firewood fell down on us and we were all nearly killed."

She glanced at her husband and, stretching out her hands in despair, she said:

"Now the Poles have come, and you're moving the sideboard already."

Then she went up to him and began to brush a spider web from his sleeve. The doctor rose on tiptoe and kissed her neck several times.

They finally became reconciled at dinner, that great mysterious rite which Maria Andreyevna carried out with pomp and ceremony. She was agitated before each dish was brought in, she was chagrined when Verkhotursky exhibited no appetite, and she was glad when Moskvin, joking, finished off his third helping. She was constantly afraid that the diners were not pleased with the food, that the chicken was burnt and tough.

"Tell me quite frankly," she said to Verkhotursky, "why aren't you eating? Don't you like cabbage soup?" and her face expressed vexation.

They dined peacefully. The doctor did not talk of politics, only narrated an incident from his practice, about how he was called out at night to the estate of a dying landowner, twenty miles out of town, and how the drunken coachman ran head on at full speed into a gap in the ice and the doctor had saved himself by a miracle, jumping out of the sleigh at the last minute.

The story was very long and from the fact that Maria Andreyevna prompted her husband, while Kolya made faces and covered his ears with his hands when no one was looking, Verkhotursky gathered that the tale of the drunken coachman and the hole in the ice was being told for the hundredth time. He felt as bored as if he had lived in this home many long years and had been forced to listen every day to the tale about the drunken coachman and the story of how a certain doctor, now a professor in Kharkov and *persona grata*, had cut off a patient's good finger by mistake, and instead of an abscess had cut out the urinary bladder of another patient who up and died without even coming out from under the narcosis.

"How odd," said Verkhotursky. "We hadn't seen each other about forty years and when we met we began to address each other as 'thou.' I wonder why."

"Youth, youth," said the doctor, "*gaudeamus igitur*."

"The devil take *igitur*," said Verkhotursky vexedly. "I look at you and at myself and it seems to me we have been getting further and further away from each other for forty years."

"Of course, we are different," said the doctor. "You engaged in politics and I in medicine. One's profession leaves a tremendous mark."

"I wasn't thinking of that," said Verkhotursky, and struck the edge of the table with a chicken bone.

"The point is that you are a bourgeois and a philistine," Kolya told his father in professorial tones, and blushed to his ears.

"See," said the doctor good-

naturedly, "a domestic Robespierre in one's own family!"

"Of course you're a bourgeois," confirmed Maria Andreyevna. "An unplucked bourgeois."

"He's no bourgeois," said Moskvin. "Doctors are hardworking men." And Moskvin began to relate how on the eastern front, where he had been confined to a bed in a field hospital, a squadron of Kolchak's men had made its way into the village and had been held off by the fire of the doctor together with the hospital orderly and the less seriously wounded until a battalion of Red infantry came up.

"And how the son-of-a-bitch fired that Austrian carbine, you know, those short-barreled ones!" he told the doctor with animation.

"You're a lousy Menshevik," cried Faktarovich, and his huge eyes burned with a black light of hardness and fanaticism. "Doctors, lawyers, bookkeepers, engineers, professors—they're all traitors. They're enemies of the Revolution. The lot of them I'd—" he shouted, and his thin lips were distorted and twitched; his gaunt face was like a threatening white knife.

"Please eat your compote," said Maria Andreyevna, "please eat and don't get excited."

He ate the compote and cast sidelong glances at Verkhotursky, who sat swaying from side to side, his eyes half-closed, apparently thinking of something sad—his face expressed weariness and boredom.

After the discussion as to whether the doctor was a bourgeois they all ate their dessert in silence, their spoons clinking. "Did you hear anything?" asked Kolya as if addressing the samovar.

"No," answered Moskvin. Then Kolya went to the window and opened it. They all heard a horrible distant scream.

"A-a-a-ah," screamed the town.

The blue sky was majestic and calm, and it seemed absurd that the air was so transparent and light, that the spring sun shone so gaily and softly, and that the sparrows were conversing so indifferently among themselves while this frightful human wail full of mortal despair and fear rose over the town.

"A-a-a-ah," screamed hundreds of people.

"You see," explained the doctor, "when they come to the house and begin to knock on the door the self-defense watch runs from apartment to apartment and warns the dwellers. Everybody gathers at the windows and shouts. Those in neighboring houses also begin to scream and soon whole blocks are screaming. Sometimes it helps."

"Monstrously simple," said Verkhotursky, and, quickly rising, he began to pace the room.

"Oh, it's nothing," said the doctor soothingly. "They don't allow themselves to run amuck in the center of the town. We even keep our front door open."

He glanced at his wife and said vexedly: "Kolya, close the window immediately, you stupid boy! Don't you know that it upsets mama?"

Maria Andreyevna had her head in her hands, she was crying.

"My god, my god," she moaned, "when will these horrors end?"

She raised her head and shouted, "Polya, Polya, clear the table!" And, again hiding her face, she went on crying.

She said that she could no longer bear the suffering of people around her. Sobbing, she related how horribly the poor Jews lived, how old men and women perished from hunger, how the charity orphan home had been closed and hundreds of children begged bread at every door, related how old pensioners, kind, good people who had worked all their lives, now stood with outstretched hands, related

how frightful had been the death of the old general in the neighboring house. She related all this while Polya cleared the table of dishes, knives, forks, the wicker bread-tray, salt-cellars and the blue dish which had held the compote.

"Wash the oilcloth with hot water," said Maria Andreyevna, and rubbed the table, showing Polya the dull mark left by her fingers. While Polya washed the oilcloth Maria Andreyevna told them that the help she extended to people was quite insignificant and there was no force that could dry up the ocean of tears and suffering.

She shook her beautiful graying head. They all sat silent and through the window pane together with the soft light of the setting sun a distant cry entered the room: "A-a-a-a-a-ah."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I want to know only one thing: why is it that the first to suffer are children, the aged, the helpless and the innocent, eh? Please explain."

But they were all silent and no one explained anything to the doctor.

At the unexpected ring of the bell they all shuddered and silently glanced at each other.

"I'll open the door," said Kolya.

"You've gone crazy," rasped Maria Andreyevna, and seized him by the arm.

"Polya," called the doctor affectionately, "Polya, go to the door."

The bell rang, yelled, screeched, someone's crazy hand was tearing at it.

"Don't send the girl," said Moskvin, "I'll go myself."

"Keep the chain on, keep the chain on the door," the doctor shouted after him.

Moskvin went up to the door, whistling to keep up his courage, and asked in innocent tones:

"Who's there?"

A woman's voice replied immediately:

"Open the door, for god's sake, I must see the doctor, the doctor, for god's sake open the door!"

Moskvin removed the chain and turned the top lock, but the door did not open.

"Right away, right away," he said, and turned the lower key, but the door again would not open.

"Damn! What's this?" he muttered, and saw that the door had three bolts and a large iron bar across it.

"I'll get it open in a minute," he said, and pushed back the bolts. "Doctor, doctor," cried an old woman in a kerchief and ran into the dining room.

"Please come to my son, doctor. I beg you, as fast as you can!" she said and fluttered her kerchief like the wing of a black bird.

She was mad with fear and it seemed that her desperation was sufficient to infect not only living people but even the stones along which she had run here.

But the doctor, who had seen terrible death in quiet rooms and light hospital wards more often than war sees it on the field of battle, remained calm.

"Stop shrieking," he said, waving his hand. "If every patient began to ring like you did, there wouldn't be enough bells for you. And why did you run into the dining room?"

The woman stared at him with bulging eyes—the thought that the doctor had gone crazy paralyzed her. Only an insane man could speak of bells and dining rooms when such a terrible misfortune had occurred. All calm people were crazy. They should be shrieking and wailing, for her son was perishing.

"Doctor, come, doctor, come!" she said in a frenzy, pulling him by his sleeve.

"I'll go with you," said Moskvin, noting the doctor's hesitation.

"Fine. It will be more pleasant on the way back, going together," said the doctor. "You will accompany me in the capacity of a *Feldscher*."

Maria Andreyevna gave Moskvin the doctor's jacket with the wide Red Cross arm band.

The doctor made his preparations for leaving with the utmost deliberation and in the corridor he suddenly stopped and began to grumble.

"Bear in mind that in this town there is only one doctor crazy enough to go out on visits in such days. If you pour gold on Svedler to cross the street today or give Dukelsky a thousand rubles to come to you in Svechnoi Pereulok, they wouldn't do it. Dukelsky is four years younger than I, and here I am risking my life."

The empty streets seemed particularly wide and the houses, with shutters closed and doors boarded over, stood like a gray file of people awaiting execution.

"A-a-a-a-a-a-ah," came the long-drawn out cry from the district near the railway station.

"Doctor, doctor, quicker," said the old woman, sobbing and pulling him by the sleeve.

"I can't run like a goat, with my myocardia," he said angrily. "If you want to go faster you'll have to hire a *droshky*."

When they came up to the woman's home the doctor said: "Wait a minute," and going around the corner he stepped behind a fence.

"My god, my god," mumbled the woman, glancing around the corner and wringing her hands.

The doctor stood around the corner so long that Moskvin went to see if he had not fallen asleep with his head against the fence.

"What a capacity!" he marveled, and suddenly heard someone whispering on the other side of the fence:

"That's the doctor, the doctor, I know him."

It must have been the self-defense guard watching them through a crack in the boards. Finally they went up to the gate. Moskvin halted in the yard while the doctor and the woman went up the dark iron stairs of the back entrance.

The doctor did not remain long in the house. He soon came down and Moskvin asked him:

"Well, what's the matter with the boy?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and spat. "Only a total idiot with doddering chicken brains would bother a doctor in a case like that," he said wrathfully as they walked out of the yard.

"What is it, something insignificant?" Moskvin asked cheerfully.

"What do you mean, insignificant?" said the doctor in surprise. "What can I do to help a young man whose skull has been smashed in by the butt of a gun and who died at least forty minutes ago? Eh? Is it worth bothering the doctor in a case like that?"

They walked down the street. From above came a sharp penetrating shriek in which there was nothing living or human; it was the shriek of iron when it is being drilled through.

The doctor said softly:

"Not to mention the fact that I took this walk without any remuneration. Somehow it's awkward to accept a fee in such cases."

All the way back, the doctor told Moskvin when and by whom the buildings they passed had been built. He had a splendid memory, he remembered and knew everything: how much the buildings had cost, whether they were profitable; he even knew what marks the proprietors' children received in school and where the proprietors' married daughters lived.

They did not meet a single per-

son. Their footsteps were loud as in the silence of night.

There was vegetable oil in the saucer and cotton batting served for a wick—the whole was called a *kaganets* and it served instead of an electric light. The *kaganets* crackled; there was probably water in the oil. The yellow finger of flame bent and straightened; to read by this light was almost impossible.

They sat on their beds and watched the shadows of the sacks, boxes and cans flickering on the walls, silently meeting and again separating.

Faktarovich was feverish. After supper he had taken his temperature—it was more than 38° C. His face with its gaunt cheeks was quite blue. Moskvin persuaded him to lie down in bed and helped him remove his tight boots. Moskvin turned his back to Faktarovich, who stuck his boot out between Moskvin's spread legs. Moskvin seized the counter of the boot while Faktarovich kicked him in the backside with his other foot. Somehow the boot came off in this manner. It hurt both of them and they both groaned. Moskvin said with an angry grimace:

"Why do you kick so hard, you son of a gun, and right at the back of the spine, too?"

"The best thing is to wear shoes," said Verkhotursky.

"Shoes!" sneered Faktarovich.

"Now the second," said Moskvin, and Verkhotursky sniffed suspiciously and asked:

"Is it also a bourgeois prejudice to wash one's feet, Comrade Fakir?"

"To wash one's feet?" repeated Faktarovich, and again there was scorn in his voice.

"Yes," said Verkhotursky wrathfully and loudly. "Tomorrow morning the military commissar of the Plastonsky regiment will wash his feet, take my word for it."

He sniffed again and added:

"Otherwise the aforementioned military commissar will not sleep in the same room as I."

"If the majority of the comrades insist . . ." said Faktarovich in the voice in which the chairman at a meeting introduces a point on the order of the day which he considers unnecessary. He despised his weak hairy body. He was not sorry for it and he did not love it. Without hesitating a second he would have walked to the stake or bared his thin chest before the rifle muzzles. From childhood his body had only brought him one unpleasantness after the other. Whooping cough, adenoids and colds, constipation, alternated with sudden storms of colitis and bloody disentory; influenza, heartburn. . . . He had learned to work with a high fever, to read Marx, his hand pressed to a cheek swollen with gumboil; to deliver speeches while he felt a sharp pain in his bowels. Soft hands had never caressed him.

Perhaps for the first time in his life Faktarovich was silent at a time when he felt it necessary to expose a bourgeois—he respected Verkhotursky too deeply, Verkhotursky, whose name was pronounced with respect alike in the Revolutionary Military Council of the Army and in the district committee of the Young Communist League. He was thinking that life in philistine Switzerland had left its mark on Verkhotursky's habits.

"Plekhanov was also a gentleman," he wanted to say, and hung upon the back of the chair the puttees he wore inside his boots in lieu of socks.

"Put that foul thing away," commanded Verkhotursky.

"Probably that's why Plekhanov drifted into Menshevism," Faktaro-

vich decided irritatedly, and stuffed his puttees into the boot.

But when Moskvin, climbing on the bandwagon, said: "Yes, it wouldn't hurt to wash your feet," Faktarovich could not restrain himself and he shouted: "Congratulations, I suppose you soon will begin to use eau-de-cologne and wear ties!"

And thoughtfully, addressing no one in particular, he went on:

"How terrible the force of bourgeois infection is—here is Comrade Moskvin, commissar of an artillery division, a son of the proletariat, a worker, a Communist, and after four days in a bourgeois household . . ."

"Lie down, lie down," interrupted Moskvin. "Remember what the doctor said; until the shrapnel has been cut out you must lie still as a log."

"That bastard," said Faktarovich, pointing to Moskvin, "that bastard poured millet into my bed."

Watching Faktarovich pick up the grains of millet, Moskvin jerked his feet and howled: "Damn it! Lice, lice, lice everywhere. . . ."

"My god," said Verkhotursky, "the way you yelled I thought somebody was dying."

Soon Faktarovich lay down again and said:

"Comrade Verkhotursky, isn't it surprising that this fellow spends two hours, with the insistence of a cretin, arguing me into lying down in bed, at a time when the Poles have broken through the front and we are cut off?. . . Instead of exerting his brain for the struggle, he, a Communist, amuses himself with such trifles."

Moskvin, helpless with laughter, waved his hand and said:

"Don't talk to me, I'm a Menshevik, I'm a man lost to the working class," and he added menacingly, "don't try to educate me, Faktarovich, I lost more blood from wounds than you did."

They began to quarrel in earnest, reproaching one another and recalling trifles. Then they fell asleep. Moskvin snored and Faktarovich ground his teeth in his sleep. It reminded Verkhotursky of four months he had spent in the Lukyanov jail with a comrade who ground his teeth at night.

Now the sound of Faktarovich's teeth irritated him, and would not let him fall asleep. He had a severe attack of heartburn, most likely because he had eaten too much, and almost until morning he lay with open eyes, angrily blinking in the dark and thinking about things that had been in his mind a full forty years. His thoughts were not confused, but ran lightly and swiftly. The fact that he was in a town occupied by the Poles did not excite or disturb him. He knew that he would find a way out as he had done scores of times before.

It was only when he recalled the huge emptiness of the present day, recalled the house, full of expensive and silly things, the talk at the table, supper, dinner, breakfast, tea, that he became restless, that he began to think how horrible it would be to fall sick and to lie there for several weeks.

Outside his window there was complete silence. The city slept the sleep of the dead, like a patient who, worn out after a day of suffering in the operating room, finally loses consciousness.

In the morning the city sprang into noise all at once, windows in houses were raised and front doors were opened wide. The square was thronged with people, surprised and overjoyed at seeing each other.

"Well, what's new in the city?" they asked.

"They say that the army head-

quarters will remain here permanently." And, looking at the soldiers now peacefully walking about near them, people did not believe that yesterday, at the sight of these greyish-blue overcoats, they had left their windows and had anxiously waited for the noise of footsteps to stop suddenly at their house, for the conqueror to knock on the door with the butt of his rifle.

Order No. 1 was pasted on the walls and everyone learned that the commandant of the city was Colonel Padralski. Colonel Padralski informed the population that he desired order and that inhabitants could go about their business without fear of requisitions. The colonel ordered everyone to surrender all firearms and other weapons. The last point in the order announced in bold type that if anyone fired at the troops from windows he, Colonel Padralski, would order the house from which the shots had come to be burned and "all the male population of the house from fifteen to sixty years of age to be shot."

The passersby, in accordance with the colonel's orders, went about their business: they opened their stores, their glove and hat workshops, their boot and tailoring establishments, their confectionery shops and bakeries.

The red-cheeked jeweler told his customers how he had recovered his shoes from the skinny unshaved robber.

The skinny soldier rode afield, his mount's legs smoking with the dust. The soldier's face was gray after the night's riding, and he attentively inspected the shaven white back of the head of the lad leading the squad along the roads of this strange country about which his comrades whispered so many remarkable and strange tales.

Yes, the city's peaceful life awoke. Perhaps this peaceful life was the most terrible thing in the years of the Civil War, worse than the bloody night battles, worse than the Red Terror defending the Revolution, worse than starvation and fires.

But the bystanders were not oppressed by this terrible life, they did not understand the significance of the struggle going on, and few hearts sank with anguish at the thought that the order promised by Colonel Padralski might be established for a long time.

That day was the doctor's fifty-eighth birthday. A "special" dinner was prepared. The house shook with noise from early morning. Maria Andreyevna, in a bright blue bathrobe, a colorful Ukrainian kerchief about her head, cleaned the rooms. She cleared away a spiderweb and dusted the top of the white Dutch stove, so high up that she had to climb on a chair placed on top of the table and, gasping with fear, she stretched up to the top tiles. This difficult and dangerous undertaking resembled the ascent of a mountain climber to the snow-white summit of an inaccessible peak.

The doctor fluttered around the complex structure on which his wife stood and shouted: "You're crazy! At your age, and with your heart . . . ."

But Maria Andreyevna paid no attention to him. She loved difficult and dangerous work. She skillfully waxed the floor, cleaned the flue with an experienced hand, and did not disdain to clean the thick iron toilet-bowl. She did all this so quickly and efficiently that the janitor said in admiration: "There's a lady for you, a real lady!"

The kitchen was unbelievably hot from the huge stove, which had been going from early morning. It seemed as if the flies swarming about the open window, unable to bear the heat, flew out on the street for a breath of fresh air and then,

refreshed and with renewed energy, returned to their kitchen labors.

Moskvin, squatting before the stove, stirred the burning coals with a poker, and a hot drift of sparks fell through the grating. He added dry birch logs to the fire so assiduously that the stove actually roared as the white and yellow tongues of flame flared up.

Polya opened the oven and said: "This oven is so hot we could even bake a sponge cake."

She spat on the bottom of the oven and her spittle bubbled and sizzled.

Polya was happy. An orphan who had gone to work in the city, she had been employed six years as a housemaid. She had learned to prepare fancy dishes. She had gone through the whole cunning school of the housemaid and cook who can do a thousand things so that the masters of the house may live well-fed, warm, clean lives.

At night, lying on her plank bed, only half alive after fourteen hours of work, she dreamed of how she would marry and live her own and not a stranger's life. And now it seemed to her that the kitchen belonged to her, that she was the wife of this gay young man who chopped wood so skillfully with his left hand and asked her with such friendliness about the life in the village, who in a whisper taught her disobedience to the doctor's wife, who was sorry for her youth lost at the stove.

And, strange to say, Moskvin also felt a longing to visit the kitchen. The simple soldier's plan which had immediately sprung into his head on his arrival, when he saw the funny girl bringing the samovar into the dining room, now seemed to him base and uncalled-for.

He was angry when Maria Andreyevna said at lunch one day that one could build a three-story house on the sums stolen from her by housemaids and cooks. He was amazed at the tremendous work that fell to Polya—samovars, lunch, dinner, washing the floors, washing the dishes, hewing wood, hauling water, answering the door, scores of errands; and late at night, when everybody had already gone to sleep and turned off the light, there came Maria Andreyevna's languid voice from the bedroom: "Polya, Polya, please give me a glass of tea, I'm fairly dying of thirst." A minute later there would be heard the patter of bare feet in the hallway.

Evenings he sat in the kitchen at the open window and talked to Polya. He taught her the strategy of class war, advised her how to fix a trap for her mistress to force her to pay eight hundred million rubles for overtime work. Then he told Polya how good life would be under Socialism. He comforted her with the declaration that there was not long to wait—eight or nine months; and in the daytime, since it was nauseating to him, a working man, to see his idleness and her hard labors, he chopped wood, heated the stove and skillfully peeled potatoes, peeled them so well that Polya, glancing at him, laughed and said: "Goodness gracious, as clean a job as a woman could do."

True, now, flushed by the glowing heat of the stove, Moskvin kept glancing at Polya's bare feet and when she approached the stove he kept grabbing at her, and they began to scuffle and giggle.

A ragged old Jewess sat in the kitchen waiting for the fuss of Maria Andreyevna's housework to die down and Maria Andreyevna to call her into the dining room; the old woman would then tell about her daughter coughing blood, about her son-in-law trying to feed eight people by sewing underwear, and losing his eyesight because, economizing on kerosene, he worked in the dark; about her

starveling grandson, born without finger nails; about her granddaughter sitting at home a full half year now, because it was embarrassing for a grown girl to go out on the street in nothing but a slip. The old woman knew that, after her recital, Maria Andreyevna would cover her face with her hands and softly moan "my god, my god," and afterward would bring forth for her so many bags of grain, flour and beans that for three weeks her whole family would not fear starvation. She even knew that the doctor's wife would disappear into another room and return with a child's dress. Then Tsyna would cry and the doctor's wife would cry, because they were both old women and could not forget children who had died twenty years ago. The old woman quietly swaying from side to side breathed in the sweet fat smells of the baking pies. Moskvin and Polya paid no attention to her. It seemed to them that the old woman saw nothing and understood nothing; while she, casting sidelong glances at them, mumbled: "Well, well, you have to be pretty stupid to want a girl like that. . . ."

This quiet day was very long. Faktarovich lay in bed feverish and giddy. He did not want to read. There wasn't a single book in the house on philosophy or political economy and with disdain he refused Merejkowsky, which Maria Andreyevna brought him. Lying with eyes closed, Faktarovich sank into idle reflection. This well-fed, calm, affectionate household reminded him of childhood. Maria Andreyevna's character was very like one of his aunts'—his father's elder sister. He recalled how two years ago, then a good Cheka investigator, he had come at night to arrest her husband—Uncle Zoma, a merry stout man, a Kiev attorney-at-law. Uncle had been condemned to confinement in a concentration camp until the conclusion of the war. But he had caught typhus and died. Faktarovich recalled how his aunt had come to him at the Cheka and he had informed her of the death of her husband. She had hidden her face in her hands and muttered, "my god, my god," just like Maria Andreyevna.

From that time on he had seen neither his father nor his mother nor his sister. Today he recalled them—perhaps they had all died already.

He dozed off and had very stupid dreams.

"I don't want any more soup!" he was crying in a tearful voice and he stamped his feet, while his father laid down the dictum: "He who eats no soup shall receive no compote."

Then he opened his eyes. Verkhotursky stood over him and said: "I woke you. You were crying and yelling like wild."

Yes, Faktarovich felt rotten throughout this annoying and oppressive day. Several times he raised his head and looked at Verkhotursky in surprise. The latter sat on the sacks alongside Kolya, engaged in animated conversation.

Probably in order not to disturb Faktarovich they spoke in low tones and it was impossible to make out their words.

Verkhotursky laughed, gesticulating. Apparently he was relating something funny. Kolya, listening, craned his neck forward and roared frequently. The conversation intrigued Faktarovich. Of what could they be talking so animatedly, this participant in three congresses of the Party abroad, and this young boy?

But he again dozed off and when he opened his eyes Verkhotursky and Kolya were no longer there. Maria Andreyevna was knocking. She had come to pour dry cereal and millet into the long sacks.

which looked like stockings. The grain poured into the sacks, rustling, and Maria Andreyevna sighed deeply. Then she said imperiously: "I forbid you to leave your bed today. Your dinner will be brought here."

"Eating in bed—I won't have anything to do with such gentility," Faktarovich answered peevishly.

"I am responsible to your mother for your health," she said and left, after packing down the grain in the sacks. Boredom seized him. This senseless existence was horrible—more then a month since he had been evacuated from the front; wandering from one hospital to another, carrying on tedious conversations with doctors; and the days spent in this syrupy house were the last straw. He would have to talk things over with Verkhotursky and Moskvin. Something drastic had to be done. Why did this virtuous lady torture him with her solicitude?

Before dinner there was a loud, alarming ring at the bell. Faktarovich thought that it must be someone come to call the doctor to the bedside of a patient, but after several seconds he heard a man's loud voice, the slamming of doors, the stamp of boots.

"What! . . . Dog's blood!" suddenly rang out in Polish at his very door and into the room, stamping his boots, came a Polish officer in a cloak and helmet. His face was pale and black moustaches curled over his upper lip. Faktarovich's heart stopped; thoughts unclear as the shadows of fleeting sparrows flashed through his mind. He felt himself crimsoning, he felt his cheeks burning, but in reality his face was deathly grey.

"Please show your personal documents," barked the officer.

"Caught!" thought Faktarovich and, raising himself in bed, he stammered, "May I ask what right you have to break into private apartments and check personal documents?"

A Petlurovite whom he had arrested a year ago had asked him such a question.

"What do you mean, right?" roared the Pole, and Faktarovich thought: They can hide in the cellar.

He decided to act like a bird cunningly leading the hunter away from the nest. And as Faktarovich thought of the necessity of saving Verkhotursky and Moskvin he grew calm. He stared the Pole straight in the face. Then he saw that the officer's face was powdered with flour and the curling black mustaches were drawn with charcoal.

"You sh. . . !" he screamed hysterically, and flung his pillow at the officer's face.

"Did you wet your pants?" asked the Pole, dancing around the bed.

This time they quarreled in earnest. Faktarovich even wanted to smack Moskvin in the jaw and Moskvin realized that he had gone too far—Faktarovich had become so agitated that he could not eat.

"You've gone mad," Verkhotursky told them. "Tonight we'll begin a series of lectures on historical materialism, obligatory for all Communists, three hours every day."

There were many guests at the birthday dinner. Verkhotursky was introduced to them as an Odessa lawyer who had been detained in the town as a result of the change in power. And Moskvin passed for a land surveyor come to town for medical treatment. Since everyone knew that the doctor always had in his house as guests all sorts of relatives and acquaintances as well as relatives of acquaintances and acquaintances of relatives, everyone believed in the lawyer and the surveyor.

At dinner they discussed what a terrible day yesterday had been. They named the murdered, listed in detail who had been robbed and of how much, drank to the health of the best physician in town and the most splendid and good-natured woman; and the owner of the pharmacy, a very deaf old man, proposed a toast for "peace, again peace and once more peace and in general, for *quantum satis* of peace for all peaceful citizens and their families."

This toast pleased all so much that everybody began to laugh and applaud and young Doctor Rybak even shouted hurrah. But since no one supported him Rybak gave a funny squeak, blushed and immediately began to blow his nose, although there was no necessity for it.

Toward the end of the dinner everybody grew merry and it turned out that even yesterday, that terrible and horrible day, a funny incident had occurred.

Several rich merchants dressed in their best had set out together with their wives to meet the Poles. On an empty lot near the railway station two cavalry men caught up with them and stripped them naked. The bewhiskered surgeon, relating this incident, nearly died of laughter.

"If only you had seen Madame Samborskaya, if only you had seen her!" he said, shaking his head. "They went right past my windows. Vera Pavlovna thought I would have a stroke. I swear to god I never laughed so much in my whole life."

"What are they, babies?" asked the doctor, and shrugged his shoulders. "Everybody knows that as long as the advance scouts are in town one should sit at home and not venture out anywhere. And they foolishly dressed up!"

"It's not your turn to talk," said the bewhiskered surgeon. "You are the only doctor who engaged in his practice yesterday."

"But that is the duty of a doctor," said Maria Andreyevna in surprise.

The bewhiskered doctor winked and nudged his neighbor, the rosy, big-nosed gynecologist: "Mark Lvovich, what do you think? Mark Lvovich, do you think it was because of his duty as a doctor that our host risked his life?"

"Yes, of course," the gynecologist nodded, and, bending over the surgeon, he went on: "A few days ago I heard of a remarkable case. A peasant came to him to have his lungs X-rayed. He demanded twenty gold rubles and the muzhik began to swear to god he had only one five-ruble piece. You know what he did? He X-rayed him in his clothes, and counted six five-ruble pieces in the peasant's pocket. And the peasant had to pay. . . ."

"Oh, he's a shrewd one!" said the surgeon, and laughed in admiration.

Doctor Sokol, a native of Odessa, conversed with Verkhotursky. The fate of the Odessa opera theater worried Sokol. Verkhotursky, who had addressed a conference of commissars of the Fourteenth Army in that theater a month and a half before, calmed his fears.

"Good lord," said Sokol, "they burned the Winter Palace, they left the Kremlin in Moscow in ruins, the only thing lacking was for them to destroy the Odessa Opera."

The first class took place after lunch. Verkhotursky began by questioning his pupils. Kolya turned out to be the most learned. Since the day before he had not left Verkhotursky's side, he talked to him all evening, he brought him the thick notebooks in which he had recorded abstracts of books read, and in the morning, before lunch, he entered the room, sat down on

a sack of sugar and silently stared at Verkhotursky.

The lad had in his fifteen years read so many books that he could compare in erudition with a man of university education.

He had read Euchenwald's and Kosonogov's courses in physics; he had read *Origin of Species*, *Journey of the Beagle*, *Principles of Chemistry;* he had studied Orenville's *Elements of Differential Calculus*, he had read scores of books on geology, paleontology and astronomy. Now he was writing an abstract of the first volume of *Das Kapital*, copying into his notebook whole pages which he understood but poorly. He was deeply concerned with the question of whether to devote himself to science and present humanity with a new theory of the structure of matter or enter the ranks of the fighters for Communism.

The majestic path of Faraday and Liebeck and the great road of Chernyshevsky and Karl Liebknecht seemed alike splendid to him. What should he be? A Newton or a Marx? This was no laughing matter for him, and Kolya, despite his erudition, could not settle it.

The worst of it was that there was no one to advise him. The physicians of his father's acquaintance were hopeless idiots. He saw that neither the hurricane of artillery fire, nor the cavalry attacks, nor the explosion of trainloads of munitions, stunning the whole town, had any effect on these people. Under the roar of artillery and the explosions of grenades they stubbornly continued to talk of requisitioned rooms, the value of Kerensky notes, of gold five-ruble pieces and the harmfulness of saccharine. They cursed the Bolsheviks as madmen, fanatics and boors; the Petlurovites as highway robbers and pogrom makers; blamed the Denikinites for corruption, and dreamed of a German occupation which would make it possible to journey to Baden Baden.

Kolya met no other people. His father was a backward person, he did not know of the existence of the class war, or that atoms consisted of electrons. When Kolya told his mother that he was thinking of leaving to join the Red Army, his mother called him a young dreamer, recognized in him her restless soul, yet threatened to hide his trousers and shoes and lock him in the storeroom.

And suddenly Kolya had met a man, an old man with quite a large tummy, who was amazingly unlike the people around him. An eagle among hens! This was a man out of the pages of a book, the man of his dreams.

Yesterday he had said: "Do you know, young man, once I wanted to commit suicide at sixty, like Lafargue, afraid of the ossification of old age, but looking at your papa I see that I still have enough powder in me to last another thirty years." He was not like Faktarovich, either—not once had he pronounced an important-sounding, pompous phrase such as made Kolya ashamed and embarrassed. What he said was always simple, so clear it would be absurd not to understand. He possessed a definite talent for sarcasm. And there was something else in him which Kolya, despite his erudition, could not understand. At night, in bed, recalling his conversation with Verkhotursky, he suddenly burst into tears, so strong was the wave of emotion which seized him.

Now this man sat, telling off, like beads, a string of wrinkled brown dried mushrooms, and, laughing, he said:

"Moskvin is plainly quite innocent of theory. The Fakir monstrously defends the Kuhn heresy, not because of depravity but because of his

innocence of theory. The only one who could explain production relations turned out to be the young student, so we shall begin from the beginning."

Kolya had never been so proud and happy as at that moment.

The lesson lasted about two hours. Moskvin, red as if he were still sitting before the hot stove, listened to Verkhotursky; now he frowned, now suddenly began to smile and nod. Kolya, his tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth, wrote rapidly in a notebook on whose cover was inscribed in blue pencil: "Absolute Truth Is More Beautiful Than Anything Else." Faktarovich watched Verkhotursky attentively and at times, making a grimace, he muttered:

"I knew all that long ago."

"I'll copy it from you later," Moskvin told Kolya.

After the lecture a discussion sprang up and, no doubt for the first time in the doctor's apartment, people discussed with animation, with emotion, interrupting each other, subjects which bore no relation to their personal affairs, their successes or failures.

Before dinner Moskvin and Faktarovich settled down to the third match of their chess tourney. They exchanged a constant stream of stinging remarks, and at the end of the game Faktarovich moved his king and then wanted to take his move back.

"Oh, no, comrade!" said Moskvin, and grabbed the king.

"I haven't moved yet," cried Faktarovich. "I only reached for it."

"Don't reach, you're grown up already," said Moskvin.

It ended in another quarrel. Faktarovich swept the pieces aside and said:

"You can consider that you won," and added: "You're a rotten player and a cheat."

Moskvin asserted that he would sooner agree to be confined in a concentration camp than play chess with a man of unsettled mind and that he, Moskvin, liked an interesting and fair game, but it was nauseating to play with Faktarovich, who sought only to win.

At dinner, Maria Andreyevna said vexedly:

"Polya, you must be in love, the soup is pure salt, it's impossible to touch it."

And Faktarovich, knowing Moskvin's shyness, remarked in an innocent tone:

"It's a good thing Moskvin didn't prepare the dessert, or it would be salty too."

The effect was immediate: Polya fled, and Moskvin choked on his food.

Faktarovich continued his malicious remarks and Moskvin was so embarrassed he could not raise his head. He sat there, crimson, tears in his eyes, and chewed earnestly, seriously, as if he were eating not a jelly but tough meat.

The arrival of the doctor, as usual late to dinner, saved him. The doctor could not bear to have the conversation go on without his participation. And now, sitting down, he rubbed his hands, looked restlessly at Faktarovich, and said:

"Permit me, permit me, just a moment, I have something rather interesting to relate."

And he began to speak. Everyone had long finished dinner, Polya had cleared the table, and the doctor continued to relate one bit of news after another. Today a Polish officer had come to him as a patient. From him the doctor had learned the details of the break in the front. The front had already moved eighty miles from the city. He seemed overjoyed and when he added: "Yes, it seems likely that this time the end has come for the Bolsheviks," he was suddenly fright-

ened by the countenances of Faktarovich and Moskvin, who gazed at him fiercely.

"Don't you feel well?" the doctor asked Faktarovich. "I have cheering news for you. The town engineer visited me today and promised to start the power plant in two days. Army headquarters are giving him eight carloads of coal."

Only Verkhotursky smiled and laughed, and the doctor, addressing him, continued:

"Yes, everywhere we feel an entirely new spirit. When the Bolsheviks brought a wounded division commander from the front they brought him to me of course, and it was necessary to X-ray his fractured thigh, because Stepan Karneyevich would not operate without an X-ray. So the military commissar ordered a luxurious garden chopped down to heat the boilers with fruit trees in order to provide electricity. Cultured! Sensible! Bah! The owner of the garden, Mark, is an honest man, a German, and the whole town respects him."

"Yes, terrible," said Maria Andreyevna. "When Mark told me about it he cried bitterly, and I cried with him."

"What marvelous pears he had!" interrupted the doctor. "Every year he sent us a big box of them on my wife's birthday. I attended the whole family, the two daughters, the aunt . . ."

At this moment someone knocked timidly at the door and asked: "Doctor, will you come soon?" It was apparently one of the patients waiting in the reception room. The doctor dashed out without completing his story about the pears.

After dinner Moskvin and Faktarovich sat down on their beds. Despondency possessed them. Swaying and yawning, they looked at each other. . . .

"This fat food will turn us into cretins," said Faktarovich emphatically.

"Yes," said Moskvin. "Let's talk it over with Verkhotursky. We have to make our getaway from here."

"There's probably an underground committee here, but how can we get in touch with them?"

At that moment Verkhotursky entered. He took in the melancholy figures of his comrades at a glance, sat down alongside Moskvin, embraced his shoulders and said:

"My children, maybe you ought to go on living here and cure yourselves, but it's high time I, personally, stopped torturing butter and chickens. The trumpet calls."

"We won't stay!" Moskvin and Faktarovich cried out in unison.

Verkhotursky outlined his plan.

"I spoke to the doctor. 'Hospitality is hospitality,' I told him, 'but if we are caught here, it won't go well with you.' You know how he burns with a desire to help us leave. Well, the doctor today visited a professional smuggler. The smuggler ought to return here in two days and on his next trip we'll go with him. That's all."

"How will he take us?" questioned Moskvin skeptically. "What if they suddenly begin checking documents?"

Verkhotursky broke into laughter.

"Well, old man, you don't know those bearded rogues. They would take a dreadnought through on a cart, let alone three men."

He laughed again. "I remember how I carried a pile of illegal literature across the Danube, over the old frontier. The only thing my guide feared was that the rowboat might tip over from our heavy cargo."

"I don't know," said Faktarovich. "I think we ought to make contact with the underground committee. I don't trust those rascals."

"Well, Fakir, go ahead and

search," replied Verkhotursky. "I'm not against it."

"I'll search," Faktarovich said stubbornly. "I don't believe in those scum."

He left the room and in the hall he bumped into Kolya.

"Is Verkhotursky here, too?" asked Kolya. "I want to ask if I didn't make a mistake when I wrote down . . ."

"He's asleep," interrupted Faktarovich, and led Kolya to the hat-rack. . . .

"Let me come, too," begged Kolya in a whisper, and grasped Faktarovich's hand. Then he brought an armful of his clothing into the bathroom and Faktarovich put on one of Kolya's grey jackets and threw his own jacket into the basket for dirty linen. Kolya's jacket fitted him like a glove—he was narrow-shouldered and short.

Hand in hand, they left by the back way.

At supper it was discovered that neither Faktarovich nor Kolya were at home. Polya said she had seen them—they had gone out together. It was already quite dark outdoors. Maria Andreyevna looked at the clock, then at the dark windows, and pressed her hand to her bosom. She had a heart attack. They put her on the divan, and the doctor, standing over her, whispered loudly, counting out the drops of valerian. Suddenly she shuddered and stretched forth her hand. In the doorway stood Kolya. His face was dirty, his shirt torn.

"Here, drink this, drink it," cried Maria Andreyevna, crying with joy, and she held out to her son the glass of valerian drops prepared for her.

"Leave me alone, drink it yourself," Kolya said angrily, and quickly added: "Has he come?"

"No," answered Moskvin, and immediately everyone understood.

It was clear—Faktarovich had been caught. Yes, Kolya confirmed it. They had gone out on the street and on the corner they had seen fleeing people. "Back, back!" cried the people. Before they could escape, soldiers surrounded them and drove them to the main street. There they were added to a crowd detained by the soldiers.

A cavalry officer rode up and down the column and pointed to several people, ordering them to come forth. Among them he pointed to Faktarovich.

"He smelled a rat, the bastard," said Moskvin.

"And they were led off under convoy," declared Kolya. "We were driven to the freight yards to load sacks into freight cars."

"What was in the sacks?" asked the doctor.

"Wheat and sugar," replied Kolya, sobbing. "There must have been a hundred carloads."

"That's in exchange for the coal," said Verkhotursky.

"Yes, in exchange," confirmed Kolya. "And then one drunken one, in a short uniform, pulled out his sword and began to cut off an old Jew's beard and blood came from the Jew's face and he began to scream, and the man in the uniform began to kick him. Everybody began to yell and cry so the fellow would let him go, and then they began to slash at everybody with sabers, not to kill them, but with the flat of the blade, on their faces and heads. A panic began, and there were women there, too, they began to scream and cry terribly. Then I jumped under a freight car and ran away. Yes, and when they began slashing at everybody there was an old Jew near me, and he suddenly screamed: '*Oi*, people, I've lived long enough!' And he hit the one in the short uniform in the face, and I saw how they cut him down."

"My god!" cried Maria Andreyev-

na, suddenly realizing everything. "The boy was a hairsbreadth from death!"

She seized Kolya by the shoulders and, pressing him to herself, began to kiss him. He pulled himself free of her embrace and said sternly:

"Stop these silly caresses."

"What made you go out in the street?" asked the doctor.

"We simply went for a walk."

In the evening Kolya told Verkhotursky and Moskvin the secret details.

"Tell me, where did he want to go?" asked Verkhotursky.

"To the engineering works, in the workers' district."

Verkhotursky slapped his thighs with both hands.

"What a baby! What did he expect to do—stand on a street corner in the workers' quarter and stop passersby: 'Excuse me, aren't you by chance a member of the underground committee?' Didn't he tell you what he planned to do in the workers' district?"

"I'm going to look for him," said Moskvin, determination in his voice.

"What?!!" exclaimed Verkhotursky. "Isn't it enough that one of us has been caught so foolishly? I won't have any of this pasteboard heroism! It's senseless."

"Maybe it's senseless," said Moskvin, "but I won't leave things as they are."

"Oh, lord!" sighed Verkhotursky, and took to convincing Moskvin.

Almost till morning Polya's bare feet kept running up and down the hallway—agitated Maria Andreyevna was taking medicines and drinking tea. But Moskvin did not go out into the hallway. He sat on his bed, head in his hands, and softly murmured:

"Faktarovich, pal, what's all this?"

Verkhotursky lay silent and no one knew if he were sleeping or thinking in the dark.

It was a distressing day. In the morning the doctor quarreled with his wife. Their angry voices were heard from the bedroom.

"You've turned our house into a conspirator's apartment," said the doctor. "Now this man will be put through a questioning and he will tell them he hid at our place, then they'll find those two. Do you realize what it all means?"

"That's none of your business," replied Maria Andreyevna. "I'll answer for everything, not you."

"You'll be the ruin of us, you're mad!"

"Don't you set up to teach me," cried Maria Andreyevna. "No one shall ever dare say I refused anyone help, do you hear?"

Moskvin, sitting in the dining room, heard the conversation. He went into the kitchen.

"*Ekh*, you fool, you don't know Faktarovich," he muttered, and cursed the doctor.

It was a distressing day in the kitchen, too—wash day. Polya, standing in the midst of a mountain of crumpled dirty linen, rubbed a heavy wet tablecloth across a wavy washboard. A grey column of steam rose to the very ceiling, the air in the kitchen was heavy, like dirty wet cotton batting. Polya's sweaty face seemed quite aged, her eyes swollen and angry. She had been washing from five in the morning, but the heap of dirty linen which roused her fury and nausea did not seem to grow smaller. On wash days everybody feared Polya, even Maria Andreyevna preferred not to enter the kitchen and, ordering dinner, said timidly: "Cook whatever you like, something easy to prepare."

On wash days the cat sat in the hallway, licking her side, her shoulder blade twitching nervously; the dog went out to the bottom landing of the rear entrance, and looked dejectedly at the billet of wood

flung at him by the usually affectionate creature who reigned among the sweet bones and marvelous odors of the kitchen.

But Moskvin did not know this and therefore he could not really appreciate the tender smile with which Polya greeted him. Nodding to her gloomily, he went to the stove and picked up the poker. Only a few times did he steal a glance out of the corner of his eye at Polya's breasts shaking under her blouse, and ask:

"Why do the scoundrels torture you like this?"

Polya, straightening up, shaking off the crackling soapy suds from her arms, wiped the perspiration from her forehead. The lather from her arms fell into the gray-blue water, which somehow looked cold.

"May they all die, the damned bourgeois!" she said, and smiled at Moskvin with a weary, tender expression. Then she again bent over the wash.

It was a distressing day. The wind raised a cloud of dust, which whirled over the street, danced in reddish clouds on the square, blinded passersby, stuck in one's ears and nose and scraped on one's teeth unpleasantly. And this cold wind, extinguishing the heat of the spring sun, this dust dancing drunkenly over the square, inspired alarm in the hearts of bystanders.

Shutters pulled free by the wind slammed and passersby shuddered, imagining that shells were again exploding over the town. The rustling of branches frightened them, the rattle of sheet iron on roofs, the wrathful eyes of the Red Army man on the poster they had neglected to tear off: "Slacker, go to the front!" Everyone spoke of the illusory nature of the peace promised by Colonel Padralski.

When a light artillery battery rumbled hastily down the main street and the cavalrymen with their white-and-red flags clattered past, a rumor spread that the Bolsheviks had again taken the offensive, that divisions transferred from the southern front, had defeated the Poles.

It was a distressing day. Verkhotursky paced the room, his hands folded behind his back. He stumbled over the corner of a tightly filled sack and kicked it in such a frenzy that a cloud of flour rose and settled on the floor in a white stain.

Verkhotursky walked to the wall, ripped off the announcement of the tournament and, crumpling it up, he dashed it to the floor.

"Fakir!" he said. "Such escapades ought to be punished by expulsion from the Party." And he stamped on the announcement of the tourney.

It was obvious that calm waiting did not come easily to him. Only when Kolya entered did Verkhotursky cease pacing the room. Somehow the presence of this thin, ungainly youth calmed him.

"Comrade Verkhotursky," said Kolya eagerly, "take me with you!"

"What!! Where?" laughed Verkhotursky.

"Kolya," he said, and was himself surprised at his voice, "Kolyushka, you aren't fifteen yet. It would be *à la* Mayne Reid, at whom you yourself laugh."

Kolya's chin dropped, the corners of his mouth drooped, his face seemed to grow longer, and Verkhotursky, looking at him, said:

"You know what a marvelous life lies ahead of you."

He closed his eyes and his head swayed from side to side.

"What a life, ah, what a life! Science, music, this same medicine which you and I made fun of, sitting here. There'll be no comparison between the garden the commissar chopped down and our future gardens! What doctors and

scientists and writers we'll have! And you'll be one of them, Kolya."

But Kolya's countenance did not become any the merrier, although he listened attentively.

"Do you know what?" said Verkhotursky. "Come to see me in Moscow as soon as traffic opens up on the railway. Write me and come. Agreed?"

He embraced Kolya about the shoulders and suddenly kissed his forehead.

Then he grew angry and said:

"Bring Moskvin in from the kitchen and we'll go on with our class."

During dinner the doctor reported that yesterday's Polish patient, the personal adjutant of the artillery commander, who was a very important general, close to Pilsudsky himself, had come to him in the morning. The adjutant had promised to visit the doctor in the evening when he passed by on his way from headquarters.

"I told him I counted on this visit, not only as a doctor, you understand, and invited him in your and my name."

"What have you done?" Maria Andreyevna was upset. "How can I accept him today, and, almost out of spite, there's the wash today, and Polya is absolutely impossible."

But her fears were unfounded. The doctor, entering the dining room and surveying the table laid for dinner, laughed and said admiringly:

"You're a real diplomat, a minister, a Lloyd George!"

"I'll ask him to interfere for Faktarovich," Maria Andreyevna said firmly.

"You're a real idiot!" cried the doctor in horror, and pulled at his hair.

Maria Andreyevna quarreled with her husband all day long and was correspondingly attentive to Moskvin and Verkhotursky.

She tried to persuade them to come to supper, but they flatly refused.

"Well, then you'll have a bath," she said to Verkhotursky. "Today there's hot water laid on."

Maria Andreyevna explained in detail that the bath should not be too hot, that in no case must he step barefoot on the tiled floor, that right after the bath he ought to lie down and cover himself well, and supper would be brought to him in bed.

She patted his shoulder and said:

"When I think of you I want to cry. You're several years older than the doctor, yet you don't have a family or a home. Eternal wanderer!"

"It's nothing, nothing," Verkhotursky comforted her. "I'm used to it."

He entered the bathroom and Moskvin went up to the attic with Polya to hang out the wash.

After his bath Verkhotursky, entering the room, glanced at Faktarovich's empty bed and said:

"*Ekh*, Fakir, Fakir. . ."

He sat down on the bed. From the dining room came the sound of the piano. Maria Andreyevna was playing Chopin's Polonnaise for her guests.

"She didn't play the prelude for me when I asked her to," Verkhotursky thought angrily.

His body hurt after the bath, he felt giddy, and the music was so sad and gay, so delicate and capricious. It made his heart hurt and it seemed as if nothing could be sweeter and more unwanted than this pain. Perhaps his heart was beating fast because he had not obeyed Maria Andreyevna and had taken a very hot bath.

Verkhotursky opened his eyes. The doctor stood before him.

"I just came in for a minute," he said, "I wanted to let you know—I have some bad news. I was just called out to visit a patient—the smuggler with whom you were supposed to leave. He broke his leg, you understand—he fell down a staircase carrying a pile of goods."

"Damn it! How stupid!" said Verkhotursky and, looking at the doctor, he added: "Don't let it upset you, in two days we'll be gone."

"Oh, not at all. Stay as long as you please—two years if you like!" replied the doctor.

He left, and Verkhotursky closed his eyes and listened to the music. It seemed to him that he had never felt so sad as that evening.

Maria Andreyevna was playing the things Verkhotursky wanted to hear.

Then the music ceased, and he lay down in bed. His heart beat heavily, he felt a stinging pain in his chest, at moments his heart suddenly dropped somewhere deep down and he grasped the back of the bed; he felt as if he were flying.

Yes, Verkhotursky had taken a hot bath and now his heart was playing tricks on him. . . .

Moskvin came from the attic when the guests had gone.

As he entered he noticed Faktarovich's bed and a cold fear seized him. The whole day he had been anxious, he had not ceased to think about his comrade, and in the evening he had completely forgotten about him. Maybe they had led Faktarovich before a firing squad while he, Moskvin, had been hanging the wash in the attic?

They awoke simultaneously; Polya woke them. A man was standing at the kitchen door, asking for them. The clock in the dining room struck three. It was dark. Moskvin ran across the kitchen barefooted.

After a few minutes he returned. Verkhotursky called out in the dark:

"What is it?"

"Come on, we're going," Moskvin whispered excitedly. "They're waiting for us. Horses, documents—everything's ready . . . Faktarovich, the bastard, escaped with that fellow from the committee. He's waiting for us in the village."

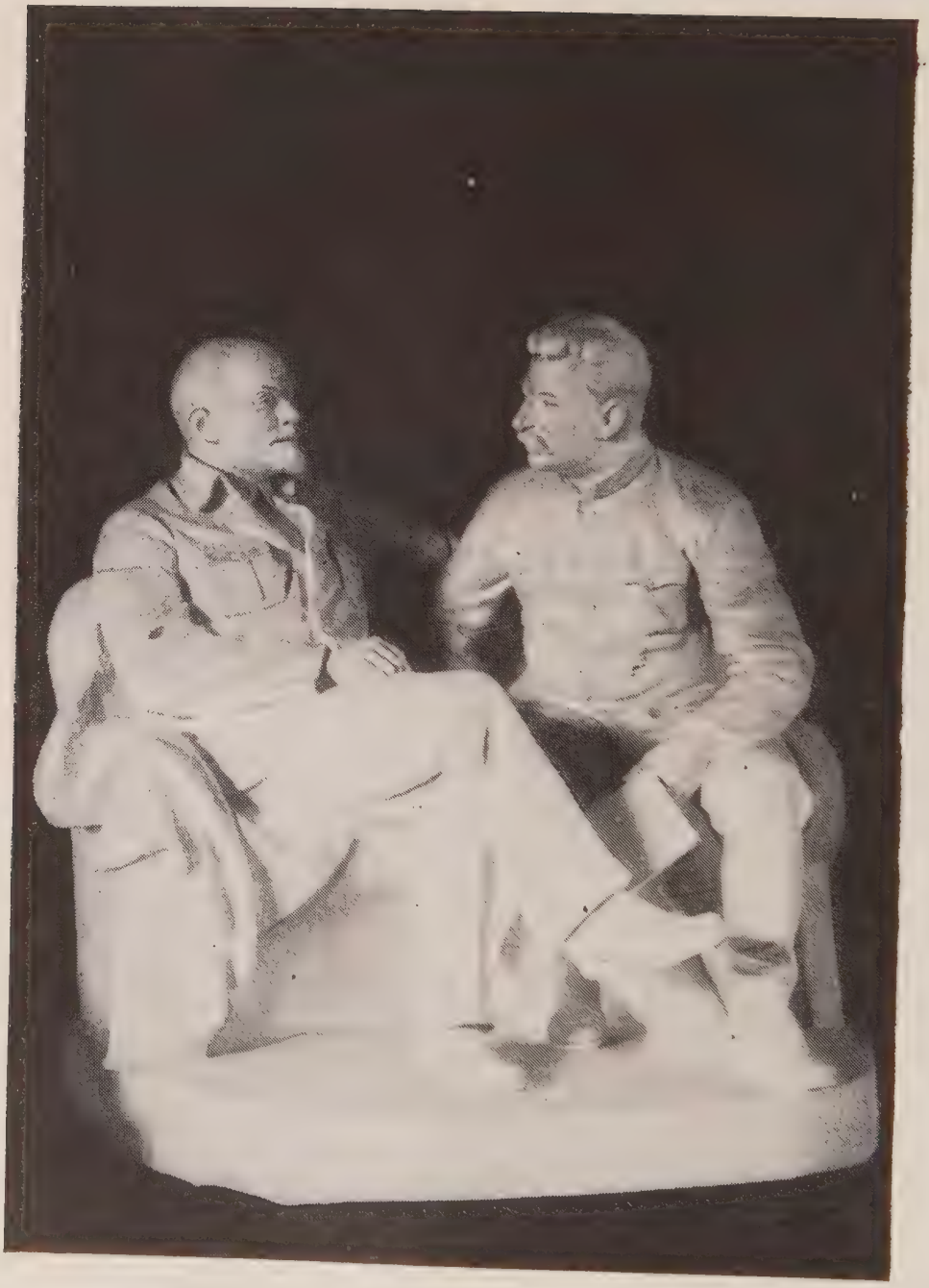
Suddenly he laughed. "Polya won't let the man in, he's waiting on the staircase."

They dressed in the dark, excited and hurriedly, like sailors awakened by a night alarm calling them to their vessels

And it was with the same feeling as sailors, not once looking back at the peaceful lights ashore, that Verkhotursky and Moskvin left the warm home of the doctor forever.

VLADIMIR ILYICH LENIN

Commemorating the 15th Anniversary of His Death



Lenin and Stalin—by the Ukrainian sculptors Y. Belostotsky, G. Pivovarov and E. Friedman

Vladimir Mayakovsky

VLADIMIR ILYICH LENIN

(excerpts)

A Bolshevik
in tears?
Should a museum
put him
on display,
what a house
he'd draw!
Who ever saw
a Bolshevik
in tears!
Mamontov's riders
sewed us
in sacks,
with branding irons
fissured
our backs.
The Japanese
"pacifying"
for the yen
fueled
their locomotives
with our men.
To make sure
we were sealed
as dead
They served us
drinks of
boiling lead.
"Curse Communism!"
these gentlemen
yelled
while the lead pot
heated.

Two words
our last gasp
formed,
two words
our dying lips
repeated,
"Live Communism!"

On January twenty-second
this same
human steel,
this fire forged
man iron
met;
in patient rows
sat down,
the great
soviet.
They finished off
some routine
bother,
then sat there
looking
at each other.
Chairlegs scrape,
dig holes
in the floor.
It's time!
It's time!
What are they waiting for?
Why
are their eyes
raw red
like meat?
Why
can't Kalinin
stand straight
on his feet?
Is he ill?
What's up?
Tell me!
Tell me!
That?

No.
It cannot
be!
A sudden
night
blackens
the ceiling;
The bell's
long
unnecessary
sound
chokes on its
pealing.
The lamps
lose their
light,
and our faces
their
life.
And lusters
are shadows.
Self mastered
at last
Kalinin
stands straight.
but his streaked face,
wet mustache,
limp beard
and still weeping look
betrayed
a Bolshevik
in tears.
Grief grips
his lean hands,
Grief clots
his breast,
drives in his
veins,—
"Last night
ten minutes
to seven
Comrade
Lenin
died!"

II

The stuff of centuries
has crammed
this year.
This black bordered day
will see many
centennials.
We heard iron
cry;
we saw grief
strike sobs
from the iron
Bolsheviks.
The steadfast,
the strong,
with hearts
iron hooped,
who'd faced
death
erect
met
this death,
stooped.
In its black drapes
the Bolshoi
Theater
tossed
on the square,
like a mammoth
hearse.
Joy was a snail,
but misfortune
a horse;
galloping misfortune
rode us
down.
The sun is blank;
ice cannot
glow
Sieved through black news
this winter

sheds
black snow.
In the brain
of the man
at the bench,
the news
rips
like a
bullet;
and [his] stare
spills slowly
like tears
on glass.
A peasant never moved
by the faces
and gestures
of death,
tonight wiped his face
and startled his wife
with the mud
his hand
left on his cheek.
The stone stolid,
the grim,
the impassive,
tonight
cracked their shells
bit their lips
wrung their hands.
Tonight
children were like sober
old men,
and sober
old men
wept like children.
Like a steppe wind
over our lives
howls
our bereavement;
the stunned land
cannot believe,
cannot yet
believe

that Moscow
is a mortuary,
that there lies
the coffin
of the revolution's
son and father!

III

One thought welds worker,
peasant,
Red Army man.
Lenin is gone.
And hard now
's the road
of the republic
without him!
But panting
on mattresses
never
will smooth it.
Whom
shall we set in his place
and how
find him?
"A note,
Comrade Secretary:
Register tonight
the collective enrollment
of our whole plant
in the Communist
cell."
The bourgeoisie
stares;
the bourgeoisie
shivers.
Straight from
their benches,
four hundred thousand
themselves
bequeath;
four hundred thousand

marching,
twining
Lenin's
first Party wreath!
"Listen,
Comrade Secretary,
enter this in the book . . .
We will replace . . .
We must
replace . . .
If I'm too old
here's my grandson
for the Komsomol!"
So Ilyich
even in death
remained
our best
organizer.
A million arms,
a sudden forest;
the forest
waves.
Red Square becomes
a living
red flag.
The line of march
is its living staff.
From the immense
living folds
once more
Lenin
living
speaks:
"Draw up
proletarians
for the final clash;
slaves stiffen
your backs,
straighten
your knees!"

Translated by Isidor Schneider

Joseph Stalin

LENIN AS ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE RUSSIAN COMMUNIST PARTY

There are two groups of Marxists. Both of them conduct their activities under the flag of Marxism, both consider themselves "genuinely" Marxist. And yet for all that, they are far from being identical. Nay, even more—a veritable gulf divides them, for the methods with which they conduct their activities are diametrically opposed.

The first group usually confines itself to the formal avowal of Marxism, to solemnly proclaiming it. Unable or unwilling to fathom the essence of Marxism, unable or unwilling to apply it in practical life, it transforms the living, revolutionary propositions of Marxism into lifeless, meaningless formulas. It bases its activities not on experience, not on an estimate of practical work, but on quotations from Marx. It takes its guiding line and directives not from an analysis of living reality, but from analogies and historical parallels. Divergence between word and deed—such is the basic malady from which this group suffers. Hence its disappointments and its eternal discontent with its fate, which generally misleads it and leaves it in a foolish plight. The name of this group is Mensheviks (in Russia), opportunists (in Europe). At the London Congress [1] Comrade Tyszko (Yogiches) [2] rather aptly characterized this group by saying that it does not stand, but *lies* on the Marxian point of view.

The second group, on the contrary, transfers the center of gravity of the question from the formal avowal of Marxism to its realization, to its application in practical life. Determining the ways and means of realizing Marxism according to the situation, changing the ways and means when the situation changes—this is upon what this group chiefly concentrates its attention. It takes its directives and guiding lines not from historical analogies and parallels, but from the study of surrounding conditions. In its activities it bases itself not on quotations and hackneyed phrases, but on practial experience, checking up by experience every step it takes, learning from

Written on Lenin's fiftieth birthday (*Pravda*, No. 86, April 23, 1920).

[1] The Fifth Congress of the Russian Social-Democratic Party, May 13-July 1, 1907.

[2] One of the founders of Polish Social-Democracy.

its mistakes and teaching others to build a new life. This, properly speaking, explains why in the activities of this group there is no divergence between word and deed, and why the teachings of Marx fully preserve their living, revolutionary force. To this group can be fully applied the words of Marx to the effect that Marxists cannot stop at explaining the world, they must go further in order to change it. The name of this group is Bolsheviks, Communists.

The organizer and leader of this group is V. I. Lenin.

1. Lenin as Organizer of the Russian Communist Party

The formation of the proletarian party in Russia proceeded in special conditions, which differed from those prevailing in the West at the time of the organization of a workers' party there. While in the West, in France, in Germany, the workers' party emerged from the trade unions, in conditions in which the trade unions and the parties existed legally, in the conditions that prevailed after the bourgeois revolution, with a bourgeois parliament in existence, when the bourgeoisie, having attained power, stood face to face with the proletariat—in Russia, on the contrary, the formation of the proletarian party proceeded under conditions of the most brutal absolutism, pending the bourgeois-democratic revolution; when, on the one hand, the Party organizations were filled to overflowing with bourgeois "legal Marxist" elements who were thirsting to utilize the working class for the bourgeois revolution, and when, on the other hand, the best Party workers were being snatched from the ranks of the Party by the tsarist gendarmerie, at a time when the growing spontaneous revolutionary movement called for the existence of a steadfast, compact and sufficiently secret central fighting body of revolutionaries, that would be able to direct the movement toward the overthrow of absolutism.

The task was to separate the sheep from the goats, to disassociate oneself from the alien elements, to organize cadres of experienced revolutionaries in localities, to give them a clear program and firm tactics, and, finally, to muster these cadres into a single, militant organization of professional revolutionaries sufficiently secret to be able to carry on in spite of the raids of the gendarmes but at the same time sufficiently linked up with the masses to be able to lead them into the struggle at the required moment.

The Mensheviks, *i.e.*, those very Mensheviks who "lie" on the Marxian point of view, solved this problem very simply: since in the West the workers' party had emerged from non-party trade unions which fight for the improvement of the economic conditions of the working class, therefore, as far as possible, the same thing should be done in Russia, *i.e.*, for the time being to keep strictly to the "economic struggle of the workers against the employers and the government" in localities without creating an all-Russian militant organization and then . . . well, then, if trade unions do not appear by that time, to convene a non-party workers' congress and declare that to be the party.

The fact that this "Marxist" "plan" of the Mensheviks, utopian as it was in Russian conditions, nevertheless presupposed extensive agitational work aimed at degrading the idea of Party principle, at destroying the Party cadres, at leaving

the proletariat without a Party of its own and delivering the working class to the tender mercies of the liberals—why, the Mensheviks, and for that matter even many among the Bolsheviks, hardly realized this at that time.

The greatest service Lenin rendered to the Russian proletariat and its Party was that he completely revealed the full danger of the Menshevik organizational "plan" at the very time when this "plan" was as yet scarcely conceived, when even the authors of this "plan" were only with difficulty able to perceive its outlines clearly, and having revealed this danger, he began a furious attack against the organizational looseness of the Mensheviks, concentrating the whole attention of the practical workers on this question. For this was a question of the very existence of the Party, the life or death of the Party.

To establish an all-Russian political newspaper which was to serve as the center for rallying the Party forces, to organize steadfast Party cadres in the localities as "regular troops" of the Party, to muster these cadres into a single whole through the medium of the newspaper, and to unite them into an all-Russian militant party with strictly marked lines of demarcation, with a clear program, firm tactics and a single will—such was the plan that Lenin developed in his celebrated pamphlets *What is to Be Done?* and *One Step Forward, Two Steps Back*. The merit of this plan lay in the fact that it fully answered the requirements of Russian reality, and that, in a masterful manner, it summed up the organizational experience of the best practical workers. In the struggle for this plan, the majority of the Russian practical workers resolutely followed Lenin, not even halting at a split. The victory of this plan laid the foundation for that compact and steel-hardened Communist Party, the like of which is unknown to the world.

Very often, our comrades (not only the Mensheviks!) accused Lenin of excessive inclination toward polemics, toward a split, accused him of carrying on an irreconcilable struggle against conciliators, etc. Undoubtedly, both the one and the other was the case at one time. It is not difficult to understand, however, that our Party could not have rid itself of internal weakness and diffusiveness, it could not have reached the power and strength inherent in it had it not expelled the non-proletarian opportunist elements from its midst. In the epoch of bourgeois rule, a proletarian party can grow and become strong only to the extent that it wages a struggle against the opportunist, anti-revolutionary and anti-Party elements in its own midst and in the ranks of the working class. Lassalle was right when he said: "A party strengthens itself by purging itself." The accusers usually referred to the German party, in which "unity" flourished at that time. But in the first place, not all unity is a sign of strength, and secondly, it is sufficient to glance at the former German party, which is now rent into three parties,[1] in order to understand all the deceit and sham of the "unity" between Scheidemann-Noske[2] on the one hand and Liebknecht-Luxemburg on the other. Who knows, perhaps it would have been better for the German proletariat had the revolutionary elements of the German party split from its anti-revolutionary ele-

[1] At the time of writing, instead of a united German party of the working class, there were three parties: the Social-Democratic Party, the "Independent Socialists," and the Communist Party.

[2] Leaders of the German Social-Democratic Party, extreme opportunists and betrayers of the workers' movement. They organized the murder of Liebknecht and Luxemburg.

ments in time.... No, Lenin was a thousand times right in leading the Party along the path of irreconcilable struggle against the anti-Party and anti-revolutionary elements. For it was only as a result of such an organizational policy that our Party was able to create within its ranks that internal unity and remarkable compactness, due to which it painlessly weathered the July crisis,[1] in the Kerensky period, carried through on its own shoulders the October uprising, passed unscathed through the crisis of the Brest period,[2] organized the victory over the Entente and finally acquired that unparalleled flexibility thanks to which it is able at any moment to reform its ranks and concentrate hundreds of thousands of its members on any great work without causing confusion in its midst.

II. Lenin as the Leader of the Russian Communist Party

But the organizational merits of the Russian Communist Party represent only one aspect of the matter. The Party could not have grown and become strong so quickly had not the political content of its work, and its program and tactics, corresponded to Russian reality, had not its slogans aroused the masses of the workers and enhanced the revolutionary movement. We will now pass to this aspect of the matter.

The Russian bourgeois-democratic revolution (1905) proceeded under conditions that differed from those prevailing in the West during revolutionary upheavals, for example, in France and Germany. Whereas the revolution in the West took place in the conditions of the period of manufacture and of undeveloped class struggle, when the proletariat was weak and numerically small and did not have its own party able to formulate its demands, while the bourgeoisie was sufficiently revolutionary to be able to fill the workers and peasants with confidence in it and to bring them out for struggle against the aristocracy—in Russia, on the contrary, the revolution (1905) began in the conditions of the machine period and of developed class struggle, when the Russian proletariat, relatively numerous and rendered compact by capitalism, had already waged a number of battles against the bourgeoisie, had its own party, which was more compact than the bourgeois party, had its own class demands, while the Russian bourgeoisie, which, in addition, was thriving on the contracts it received from the government, was sufficiently scared by the revolutionary temper of the proletariat into seeking alliance with the government and the landlords against the workers and peasants. The fact that the Russian Revolution (of 1905) flared up as a result of the military defeats suffered on the fields of Manchuria merely accelerated events, without, however, making any difference in the substance of the matter.

The situation demanded that the proletariat should take the lead of the revolution, rally around itself

[1] A drive against the working class, against the Bolsheviks, carried out by the bourgeoisie under Kerensky's Provisional Government with the aid of the Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries (1917).

[2] "The crisis of the Brest period" refers to the struggle within the Party when the Trotskyites and Bukharinites, seeking to break up the Leninist-Stalinist plan of the victory of Socialism in our country, tried to undermine the dictatorship of the proletariat by a split in the Party in connection with the Brest Peace. Firmly rallied around the leadership of Lenin and Stalin, the Party routed the Trotskyites and Bukharinites and sustained a brilliant victory.

the revolutionary peasants and conduct a determined fight simultaneously against tsarism and the bourgeoisie, with the view to the complete democratization of the country and the securing of its own class interests.

The Mensheviks, however, those very Mensheviks who "lie" on the Marxian point of view, solved the problem in their own way: since the Russian revolution is a bourgeois revolution, and since in bourgeois revolutions the representatives of the bourgeoisie take the lead (*cf.* the "history" of the French and the German Revolutions), the proletariat must not be the hegemon in the Russian revolution; leadership must be left to the Russian bourgeoisie (the very bourgeoisie which betrays the revolution). The peasantry also should be left to the care of the bourgeoisie, while the proletariat should remain in the position of an extreme Left opposition.

And these vulgar echoings of wretched liberals were presented by the Mensheviks as the latest word in "genuine" Marxism!

The greatest service Lenin rendered to the Russian revolution was that he utterly exposed the hollowness of the historical parallels which the Mensheviks drew, and all the danger of the Menshevik "scheme of the revolution" which surrendered the working class to the tender mercies of the bourgeoisie. The revolutionary-democratic dictatorship of the proletariat and of the peasantry, instead of the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie; boycott of the Bulygin Duma [1] and armed uprising, instead of participating in the Duma and carrying on organic work in it; the idea of forming a "Left bloc" when the Duma was after all convened, and the utilization of the Duma tribune for the purpose of carrying on the struggle outside of the Duma, instead of a Cadet Ministry and the reactionary "preservation" of the Duma, the fight against the Cadet Party as a counter-revolutionary force, instead of entering into a bloc with it—such was the tactical plan that Lenin developed in his celebrated pamphlets: *Two Tactics* and *The Victory of the Cadets*.

The merit of this plan was that by unequivocally and resolutely formulating the class demands of the proletariat in the epoch of the *bourgeois-democratic revolution* in Russia it facilitated the transition to the Socialist Revolution, and bore within itself the embryo of the idea of the *dictatorship of the proletariat*. In the struggle for this tactical plan the majority of the Russian practical workers resolutely and irrevocably followed Lenin. The victory of this plan laid the foundation for the revolutionary tactics by which our Party is now shaking the foundations of world imperialism.

The further development of events, the four years of imperialist war and the dislocation of economic life, the February Revolution and the celebrated dual government, the Provisional Government as the hotbed of bourgeois counter-revolution, and the St. Petersburg Soviet as the form of the incipient proletarian dictatorship, the October Revolution and the dispersion of the Constituent Assembly, the abolition of bourgeois parliamentarism and the proclamation of the Republic of Soviets, the transformation of the imperialist war into civil war and the attack of world imperialism, in conjunction with the "Marxists"-in-words, against the proletarian revolution, and finally, the wretched position of the Mensheviks, who clung to the

[1] The Duma (parliament) planned by Bulygin, reactionary tsarist Minister of Home Affairs. It was to have only advisory powers. Frightened by the growth of the revolutionary movement, the tsarist government was forced to abandon this plan and announce the convocation of a Duma with some legislative powers.

Constituent Assembly, and who were thrown overboard by the proletariat and washed by the waves of the revolution to the shores of capitalism—all this merely confirmed the correctness of the basic principles of the revolutionary tactics formulated by Lenin in his *Two Tactics*. The Party which possessed such a heritage could boldly sail forth without fearing submerged rocks.

In our time of proletarian revolution, when every Party slogan and every phrase uttered by a leader is tested in practice, the proletariat puts special demands to its leaders. History knows proletarian leaders, leaders in stormy times, practical leaders, leaders who are self-sacrificing and bold, but who are weak in theory. The masses do not soon forget the names of such leaders. Such, for example, are Lassalle in Germany, Blanqui in France. But the movement as a whole cannot live merely on reminiscences: it must have a clear goal (program), a firm line (tactics).

There is also another type of leader: peace time leaders who are strong in theory, but weak in organizational matters and in practical work. Such leaders are popular only among the upper stratum of the proletariat, and then only for a certain time; when the revolutionary epoch begins, when practical slogans of a revolutionary character are demanded from leaders, the theoreticians leave the stage and give way to new men. Such, for example, were Plekhanov in Russia, and Kautsky in Germany.

In order to retain the post of leader of a proletarian revolution and of a proletarian party, one must combine theoretical power with practical organizational experience of the proletarian movement. P. Axelrod, when he was a Marxist, wrote about Lenin that he "happily combined within himself the experience of a good practical worker, a theoretical education and a broad political outlook." (*Cf.* P. Axelrod's preface to Lenin's pamphlet: *The Tasks of the Russian Social-Democrats.*) What Mr. Axelrod, the ideologist of "cultured" capitalism, would now say about Lenin is not difficult to guess. But for us who know Lenin intimately, and who are able to look at the matter objectively, there can be no doubt that Lenin has retained those old qualities fully. Incidentally, it is in this that one must seek the explanation for the fact that it is Lenin, and precisely Lenin, who is today the leader of the most powerful and most steel-hardened proletarian party in the world.

Jamboul

SONG ABOUT LENIN

We hear your voice, the whirl of a mountain stream,
a waterfall smashing the rocks with its foaming flail.
North and south, and east and west, go the roar and the gleam,
a deep mighty torrent that bursts through each barrier dam:
We hear the voice of you, Batir [1] of Man — L e n i n, h a i l!

Beams of the sun of our life, we behold your eyes:
they warm our battle-hearts till they cannot fail,
their glow is stark on the rich, who panicked arise,
and stark on the hangmen and stranglers, who shudder with cries,
for we are attacking, obeying your word — L e n i n, h a i l!

Your genius lifts us alive: that ocean unbounded,
if swings in fierce storms, with crests that proudly assail;
the shackled peoples are stirred where its tides have pounded,
the slaves are rising up free, the oppressors astounded
shrink as they read on the banner there—L e n i n, h a i l!

Your flame runs all over the earth. In the brave hearts of Spain;
in men that storm black fascism; amid China's wail
in the soldiers going to death you live yet again,
in the people's fighters enduring in prisons of pain.
Your flame, arousing, runs all over the earth—L e n i n, h a i l!

Immortal your image: men marching, millions grown free,
fired by your glorious efforts, follow your trail.
You rear us up heroes, in farm and factory.
Orders they wear, and on their gold Orders we see
your image, beloved and indelibly graved — L e n i n, h a i l!

Immortal your image! You live where the struggle expands,
in electric light, in the shining cleanness of steel,
in the songs of the folk, in the future born blithe from our hands,
and in him whose genius alone with yours equally stands,
whom father and leader we joyously call — S t a l i n, h a i l!

Translated by Jack Lindsay

[1] Batir — champion, hero in Kazakh.

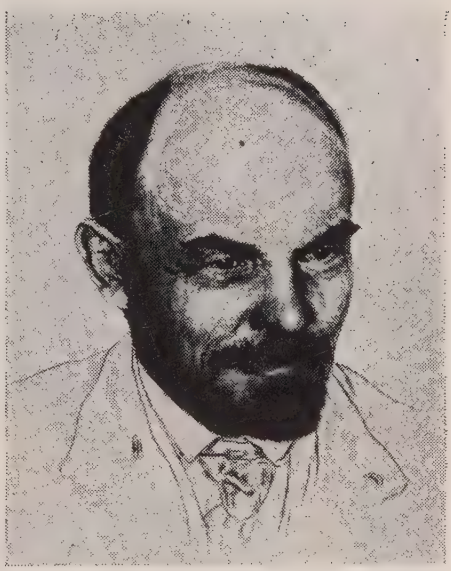
Maxim Gorky

V. I. LENIN

. . . It would be a difficult task to paint his portrait. Lenin's words were as much a part of his appearance as scales are that of a fish. He was as simple and straightforward as everything he said. His heroism is surrounded by no glittering halo. His was that heroism which Russia knows well, the unassuming austere life of self-sacrifice of the honest Russian revolutionary intellectual who, in his unshakable belief in the possibility of social justice on earth, renounces all the pleasures of life in order to toil for the happiness of mankind. . . .

He always saw a long way ahead, and in discussing people in the years between 1919 and 1921 he often gave an accurate forecast of what they would become in the course of several years. These forecasts were not always flattering and one did not always want to believe in them, but unfortunately in many cases his skeptical remarks have been justified. My former reminiscences had many bad gaps and inconsistencies. I ought to have begun with the London Congress, when the figure of Vladimir Ilyich stood out in strong relief against a background of doubt and mistrust, of open hostility and even of hate.

I can still see vividly before me the bare walls of a church on the outskirts of London, absurdly unattractive; the lancet windows of a small, narrow hall which might have been a class room in a poor school.



Portrait by Troitsky

Any resemblance to a church stopped at the outside of the building. Inside there was no trace of anything ecclesiastical, and even the low pulpit, instead of standing at the far end of the hall, was placed at the entrance, midway between the two doors.

I had never met Lenin before this, nor read as much of him as I ought to have done. But what I had managed to read, and above all the enthusiastic accounts of

From a brochure written in June, 1930.

those who knew him personally, had attracted me strongly toward him. When we were introduced, he shook me heartily by the hand, and, scrutinizing me with his keen eyes and speaking in the tone of an old acquaintance, he said jocularly: "I'm glad you've come. I believe you're fond of a scrap? There's going to be a fine old scuffle here."

I did not expect Lenin to be like that. Something was lacking in him. He rolled his "r"s gutturally, and had a jaunty way of standing with his hands somehow poked up under his armpits. He was somehow too ordinary, did not give the impression of being a leader. As a literary man, I am obliged to take note of such little details, and this necessity has become a habit, sometimes even an irritating habit. When I was introduced to G. V. Plekhanov, he stood with folded arms, looking at me with the severe, slightly bored expression with which an overworked teacher regards an additional pupil. Nothing that he said has remained in my memory beyond the extremely trite remark: "I am an admirer of your work"; and neither of us, during the whole time of the Congress, felt any desire to have a heart-to-heart talk with the other.

Before me now stood a bald-headed, stocky, sturdy person, speaking with a guttural roll of his "r's" and holding my hand in one of his, while with the other he wiped a forehead which might have belonged to Socrates; and he beamed affectionately at me with his strangely bright eyes. He began at once to speak about the defects of my book *Mother*—he had read it in the manuscript which was in the possession of I.P. Ladizhnikov. I was hurrying to finish the book, I said,—but did not have time to say why before Lenin with a nod of assent himself gave the explanation—Yes, I should hurry up with it, such a book is needed, for many of the workers who take part in the revolutionary movement do so unconsciously, and chaotically, and it would be very useful for them to read *Mother*. "The very book for the moment." That was the only compliment he paid me, but it was a most precious one to me.

Then he went on to ask in a business-like way if it was being translated, whether it had been much mangled by the Russian and American censorship? When I told him that the author was to be prosecuted, at first he frowned, then threw back his head, closed his eyes and burst into an unusual laugh; this laugh attracted the workers [delegates—*ed.*] and F. Uralsky, I think it was, came up, and three other people.

I was in festive mood. I was in the midst of three hundred outstanding Party members, who, I learned, had been sent to the congress by one hundred and fifty thousand organized workers. Before my eyes were all the Party leaders, old revolutionaries, Plekhanov, Axelrod, Deutsch....

But my festive mood lasted only until the first session, when they began wrangling about the "order of the day." The fury of these disputes at once chilled my enthusiasm, not so much because I felt how sharply the Party was divided into reformers and revolutionaries—I had realized that in 1903—but because of the hostile attitude of the reformers towards Lenin. It oozed and spouted out of their speeches like water under high pressure out of an old hose.

It is not always *what* is said that is important, but *how* it is said. When Plekhanov, in a frock-coat, closely buttoned up, like a Protestant pastor, opened the Congress, he spoke like a preacher, confident that his ideas are incontrovertible—every word and every pause

V. I. Lenin—a photo taken in 1922

of great value. High up over the heads of the delegates he skillfully weighed out his beautifully rounded phrases, and whenever anyone on the Bolshevik benches uttered a sound or whispered to a comrade, the venerable orator made a slight pause and sent his glance into him like a needle. One of the buttons on his frock-coat was a great favorite with Plekhanov; he kept caressing it, and when he paused, pressed it like an electric button—it seemed to be this pressure which broke up the flowing current of his speech. At one of the sessions Plekhanov, rising to answer someone, folded his arms and gave a loud and contemptuous "Ha!" This evoked a laugh among the Bolshevik workers. G. V. raised his eyebrows and his cheek grew pale. I say—his cheek, for I was sitting at the side of the pulpit and saw the orator's face in profile.

While Plekhanov was speaking at the first session, the person who did the most fidgeting on the Bolshevik benches was Lenin. At one time he hunched himself up as though he were cold, then he sprawled as if he felt hot. He poked his fingers in his armpits, rubbed his chin, shook his head. . . . When Plekhanov declared that there were no "revisionists" in the Party, Lenin bent down, the bald spot on his head grew red, and his shoulders shook with silent laughter. The workers next to him and behind him also smiled, and from the back of the hall a voice called out loudly and morosely: "And what about the people sitting on the other side?". . .

Rosa Luxemburg spoke eloquently, passionately and trenchantly, using irony with great effect. But

now Vladimir Ilyich hurried to the pulpit, and said "Comrades!" in his guttural way. He seemed to me to speak badly, but after a minute I and everybody else was absorbed in his speech. It was the first time I had heard complicated political questions treated so simply. There was no striving after eloquent phrases, but every thought was expressed distinctly, and its meaning was marvelously plain. It is very difficult to convey the unusual impression he made.

His arm was extended with the hand slightly raised, and he seemed to weigh every word with it, to sift out the remarks of his opponents, substituting them by momentous arguments for the right and duty of the working class to go its own way, and not along with the liberal bourgeoisie or trailing along behind it. All this was unusual, and Lenin seemed to say it not of his own will, but by the will of history. The unity, completeness, directness and strength of his speech, his whole appearance in the pulpit—it was a very work of classic art: everything was there, and yet there was nothing superfluous, and if there were any embellishments, they were not noticed as such, but were as natural and inevitable as two eyes in a face or five fingers on a hand. He gave a shorter speech than the orators who spoke before him, but he made a much greater impression. I was not alone in feeling this. Behind me was an enthusiastic whispering: "This man has something to say." It really was so. His conclusions were not reached artificially, but developed by themselves, inevitably. The Mensheviks made no attempt to hide their displeasure at the speech and more than displeasure at Lenin himself. The more convincingly he showed the necessity for the Party to attain the heights of revolutionary theory so that the practice might be thoroughly surveyed in the light of it the more exasperatedly did they interrupt him.

"A congress isn't the place for philosophy!" "Don't act the teacher with us, we're not schoolboys!"

One tall, bearded individual who looked like a shopkeeper was especially aggressive. He jumped up from his seat and stuttered "Little p-plots—p-playing at little p-plots! Blanquists!"

A malevolent, burning wave of spleen, irony and hatred swept over the hall. The eyes which reflected Lenin showed a hundred different expressions. The hostile thrusts had no noticeable effect on him. He spoke on with impassioned conviction but deliberately and surely. A few days later I learned what this external calm had cost him. It was strange and sad to see that such hostility could be roused against him by such a natural thought as that "only from the heights of theory would the Party be able to see the causes of the dissension in its midst." The impression formed in my mind that each day of the Congress added greater power to Vladimir Ilyich, and made him more energetic and more confident. With each day his speeches sounded firmer and the Bolshevist element in the Congress grew more and more uncompromising and inflexible. . . .

His free minutes or hours he spent among the workers, asking them about the most petty details of their lives.

"What about your wives? Up to the neck in housework? But do they manage to learn anything, to read anything?"

Once in Hyde Park a group of workers who had seen Lenin for the first time were discussing his conduct at the Congress. One of them made a striking remark.

"For all I know there may be

others in Europe as clever as he on the side of the workers,—Bebel or somebody else. But I don't believe you'll find anyone who attracts you so much right from the start."

Another added with a smile: "He's one of us all right."

"Plekhanov's one of us, too," someone replied.

The answer I heard just hit the mark—"You feel that Plekhanov's always teaching you, lording it over you, but Lenin's a real leader and comrade." One young fellow said jokingly: "Plekhanov's frock-coat is too tight for him."

On one occasion we were on our way to a restaurant, when a worker, a Menshevik, stopped Lenin to ask him a question. Ilyich dropped behind us while the party went on. Five minutes later he entered the restaurant frowning, and said: "Curious that such a simpleton should have got into the Party Congress. He asked me, what was after all the real reason of the dissension? 'This is what it is,' I said to him. 'Your friends want to get into parliament, while we believe that the working class has got to prepare for a struggle.' I think he understood. . . ."

Several of us always had our meals together in the same cheap little restaurant. I noticed that Vladimir Ilyich ate very little—two or three fried eggs, a small piece of ham, and a mug of thick, dark beer. He obviously took very little care of himself and his amazing care for the workers struck one all the more.

M. F. Andreyeva was looking after the canteen, and he would ask her: "What do you think, are the workers getting enough to eat? No? H'm, h'm. Perhaps we can get more sandwiches?" Once when he came to the inn where I was staying, I noticed him feeling the bedding with a preoccupied air. "What are you doing?" I asked. "I'm just looking to see if the sheets are well aired." At first I didn't understand. Why should he want to know what the sheets were like in London? Then, noticing my perplexity, he explained: "You must take care of yourself."

In the autumn of 1918 I asked a worker from Sormovo, Dmitry Pavlov, what he thought was Lenin's most striking feature. He answered: "Simplicity. He is as simple as truth itself." He said this as though it had been thought and decided long ago. It is well known that one's severest critics are those who work under one. Lenin's chauffeur Gil, a man of great experience, said: "Lenin is quite unique. There are no others like him. Once I was driving him along Myasnitskaya Street when the traffic was very heavy. I hardly moved forward. I was afraid of the car getting smashed and was sounding the horn, feeling very worried. He opened the door, reached me by standing on the running board, meanwhile running the risk of falling off, and urged me to go forward. 'Don't get worried, Gil, go on like everyone else.' I am an old chauffeur. I know that nobody else would do that."

It would be difficult to convey how easily and naturally all his impressions flowed in the same channel. With the invariability of a compass needle, his thoughts turned in the direction of the class interests of the working people. On one of our free evenings in London a small company of us went to a music hall.

Vladimir Ilyich laughed gaily and infectiously at the clowns and comedians and looked indifferently at the rest. He paid especial attention to a scene depicting timber-felling in British Columbia. The small stage showed a forest camp and in the foreground two young fellows hewed through the trunk of a tree about a meter in thickness in a minute. "That's for the public, of

course," said Ilyich. "They couldn't work as quickly as that in reality. But apparently they use axes there also, and cut up a lot of wood into useless chips. There's English civilization for you!"

He began to speak about the anarchy in production under capitalism, the great percentage of raw material wasted, and ended by regretting that no one had as yet thought of writing a book on the subject. The idea wasn't quite clear to me but I didn't manage to question Vladimir Ilyich. He was already making some interesting remarks about the pantomime as a special form of the art of the theater. "It is the expression of a certain satirical attitude towards generally accepted ideas, an attempt to turn them inside out, distort them, to show the arbitrariness of the usual. It is a little involved but interesting!". . .

When he said goodbye to me in London he promised to come to Capri for a rest. But before he had a chance to come, I saw him in Paris in a two-roomed student's flat (it was a student's flat in size, but not in the cleanliness and order that reigned there). Nadezhda Konstantinovna had gone out after giving us tea, and we remained alone together. *Znanye*[1] had just gone to pieces, and I had come to discuss with Vladimir Ilyich the organizing of a new publishing house that would embrace as far as possible all our literary people. I proposed for editorial representatives abroad Vladimir Ilyich, Vaçlav Vorovsky and someone else.

I thought that a series of books should be published on the history of the literatures of the West and on Russian literature, books on the history of civilization which would provide the workers with a mine of information for purposes of self-education and propaganda.

But Vladimir Ilyich quashed the plan by pointing to the censorship and the difficulties of organization. The majority of the comrades were occupied with practical Party work—they had no time for writing. But his chief, and for me, most conclusive argument was approximately as follows: there is no time for writing long books, a long book would be read only by the intellectuals, who are quite evidently giving up Socialism for liberalism and it is not for us to turn them from the path they have chosen. Newspapers and pamphlets are what we need. It would be a good thing to renew the *Znanye* series, but it would be impossible in Russia because of the censorship, and abroad because of transport—we have to get tens, hundreds of thousands of pamphlets to the masses, it would be impossible to ship such a quantity illegally. Let us wait for a publishing house till better times.

With his invariably striking vividness and clarity, he began to talk about the Duma and the Cadets who, he said, are "ashamed to be Octobrists,"[1] and "have only one way open to them, the road to the right." Then he brought forward a number of proofs of the imminence of war and "probably not of one, but of a whole series of wars"; a prophecy that was speedily fulfilled in the Balkans.

He got up and, with a characteristic gesture, putting his thumbs in his armpits, paced slowly up and down the little room, screwing up his bright eyes: "War is coming. It is inevitable. The capitalist world has reached the stage of putrescent

[1] Publishing house in which Gorky cooperated.

[1] *Octobrists*—an organization embracing the big merchants, industrial bourgeoisie and landowners, formed in October, 1905, to defend the bourgeois-monarchist regime against the rising tide of revolution.

fermentation. People are already beginning to poison themselves with the drugs of chauvinism and nationalism. I think we shall yet see a general European war. The proletariat? The proletariat will hardly be able to find in itself the strength to avert the carnage. How could it be done? A general strike of workers all over Europe? They are not yet sufficiently organized or class-conscious for that. Such a strike would be the signal for a civil war but we as realists in politics cannot count on that." He paused, scraping the sole of his shoe on the floor, then said gloomily: "The proletariat of course will suffer terribly. Such must be its fate for some time yet. But its enemies will weaken each other, that also is inevitable." Coming up to me he said forcefully but not loudly, as if in amazement: "No, but think of it! Why should people who are well-fed force hungry ones to fight against each other? Could you name a more idiotic or more revolting crime? The workers will pay a dreadfully heavy price for this, but in the end they will win. It is the will of history." He often spoke of history but I never felt in what he said any fetishistic worship of its will or power.

He became agitated as he spoke. He sat down and, wiping the sweat from his forehead, drank a little cold tea and asked unexpectedly: "What was that affair of yours in America? I know from the newspapers what it was about, but how did it end?" I briefly related my adventures. I have never met a man who could laugh so infectiously as Lenin. It was strange to see such a stern realist, a man who saw so well and felt so deeply the inevitability of great social catastrophes, irreconcilable, relentless in his hatred towards capitalism, laughing like a child, till the tears came, till he choked with laughter. To laugh like that one must have the soundest and healthiest of minds. "Oh, you are a humorist!" he said through his laughter. "I would never have thought that anything could be so funny." Wiping his eyes, he was at once serious, and said with his kind, soft smile: "It's a good thing that you can meet failure with humor. Humor is a splendid, healthy quality. I understand humor very well, but I don't have any myself. And really life is as funny as it is sad, just as much."

We agreed that I should visit him in a day's time, but the weather was bad and I began spitting a good deal of blood in the evening, and left the next day.

The next time we met was in Capri. I had a very strange impression that time—as though Vladimir Ilyich were twice in Capri and in two sharply different moods. The Ilyich whom I met at the wharf immediately declared to me resolutely: "I know, Alexei Maximovich, that you are always hoping that it will be possible to reconcile me with the Machists although I warned you of the futility of it in a letter. So don't make any attempts." I tried to explain to him on the way to my lodgings, and afterwards, that he was not quite right. I never have had, nor have I now, any intention of reconciling opposite philosophies which, by the way, I do not understand very well. In addition I have been mistrustful of all philosophies from my youth. The cause of this mistrust had always been the contradiction between philosophy and my personal "subjective" experience. For me the world had only just begun, it was in the process of becoming, but philosophy gave it a slap on the head and put to it the entirely misplaced and irrelevant question: "Whither are you going? Wherefore are you going? Why do you think?" Some philosophers gave the

simple, stern command "Stop"! In addition, I was aware that philosophy, like a woman, can be very plain, even hideous, but dressed up so skillfully and convincingly that she can be taken for a beauty. This made Vladimir Ilyich laugh. "Well, that's making a joke of it," he said. "That the world is only beginning, is in process of becoming—well, think it over seriously. You will come from that point to the place where you ought to have come long ago."

Then I told him that in my eyes A. A. Bogdanov, A. Lunacharsky and V. A. Bazarov were important, highly educated people who had no equals in the Party. "Well, assuming that, what follows?" "I consider them to be people aiming finally at the same thing, and if profoundly understood and realized, the unity of their aim should wipe out and annihilate philosophical contradictions." "That means that the hope of reconciliation is still alive after all? It is quite useless," he said, "put it out of your head, as completely as possible, I advise you as a friend. Plekhanov, according to you, has the same aim as well, and I, between ourselves, consider that he has quite another aim, although he is a materialist and not a metaphysician."

Our conversation ended there. There is no need, I think, to mention that I have not reproduced it in exactly the original words. But I am quite sure of the accuracy of the ideas.

So Vladimir Ilyich Lenin stood before me, more firm, more inflexible than at the London Congress even. But then he was agitated, then there were times when the Party split clearly made him live through some painful moments. Now he was in a calm, rather cold and satirical mood, putting sternly aside all philosophical themes, and continually on the alert. A. A. Bogdanov, who was an extremely attractive person, of a very mild character, and very fond of Lenin, though rather self-conscious, had to listen to these biting and painful words: "Schopenhauer said that clear thinking means clear speaking, and I think he never said a truer word. You don't explain yourself clearly, Comrade Bogdanov. Explain to me in a few words what your 'substitution' will give to the working class, and why Machism is more revolutionary than Marxism?" Bogdanov tried to explain but he really did speak in a confused and wordy fashion. "Drop it," advised Vladimir Ilyich. "Somebody or other, Jaurés, I think, said: 'It is better to speak the truth than to be a minister'—or a Machist, I would add."

Then he plunged into a game of chess with Bogdanov, and when he lost, grew angry and even despondent like a child. It is worthy of remark that even this childish despondency, like his astonishing laugh, did not impair the completeness and unity of his character.

There was in Capri another Lenin—a splendid comrade, a lighthearted person with a lively, inexhaustible interest in everything under the sun, and strikingly gentle toward people. Late one evening when everyone had gone out for a walk, he said to me and M. F. Andreyeva sadly and with deep regret: "Such clever and talented people, who have done a great deal for the Party and could do ten times more—and they will not go with us! They cannot. And scores, hundreds of such people are ruined and mutilated by this criminal system."

Another time he said: "Lunacharsky will return to the Party. He is less of an individualist than the other two. He has a highly gifted nature such as is rarely to

be met with. I have a weakness for him, devil take it. I am really very fond of him, you know. He is a splendid comrade! There is something of the French brilliancy about him. His levity is also French—his levity is the result of his estheticism."

He asked in detail about the life of the Capri fishermen, their earnings, the influence of the priests, their schools. I could not but be surprised at the range of his interests. When a priest was pointed out to him, the son of a poor peasant, he immediately asked for information as to how often the peasants send their children to the seminaries, and whether the children returned to their own village as priests.

"You see, if this isn't an isolated case, it means that it is the policy of the Vatican—an artful policy!"

I cannot imagine another man who, so far surpassing other people, could yet remain unaffected by ambitious cravings, and retain a lively interest in simple folk.

There was a certain magnetic quality in him which drew the hearts and sympathies of the working people to him. He didn't speak Italian, but the Capri fishermen, who had seen many outstanding Russians, by a sort of instinct put Lenin in a special place at once. His laugh was so enchanting—the hearty laugh of a man who, so well acquainted with the clumsy stupidity of human beings and the acrobatic trickery of the quickwitted, could find pleasure in the childlike artlessness of the "simple in heart." One old fisherman, Giovanni Spadaro, said of him: "Only an honest man could laugh like that."

We would go rowing sometimes, on water blue and transparent as the sky, and Lenin learned how to catch fish "with his finger"—using the line alone, without the rod. The fishermen explained to him that the fish must be hooked when t he finger feels the vibration of the line. "*Cosi: drin, drin. Capisce?*"

A second later he hooked a fish, drew it in and cried out with childlike joy and a hunter's excitement; "*Drin, drin.*" The fishermen roared with laughter, gay as children, and nicknamed the stranger "Signor Drin-Drin." After he had gone away, they continued to ask: "How is Drin-Drin getting on? The tsar hasn't caught him yet?". . .

Life plays such malicious tricks on us, that those who are incapable of real hatred are incapable of real love also. This fact alone, distorting human nature at the root, this unavoidable duality of the soul, the inevitability of love through hatred, condemns the modern conditions of life to destruction.

I have never met in Russia, the country where the inevitability of suffering is preached as the general road to salvation, nor do I know of, any man who hated, loathed and despised so deeply and strongly as Lenin, all unhappiness, grief and suffering. In my eyes, these feelings, this hatred of the dramas and tragedies of life, exalted Lenin more than anything, belonging as he did to a country where the greatest masterpieces have been gospels written in praise of sanctification of suffering, and where youth begins its life under the influence of books which are in essence descriptions of petty, trivial dramas monotonously unvarying. The literature of Russia is the most pessimistic in Europe. All our books are written on one and the same theme—how we suffer in youth and middle age from our own foolishness, from the oppressive weight of autocracy, on account of women, from love of one's neighbor, from the unsuccessful structure of the universe, how we suffer in old age from the consciousness of the mistakes we have made in our lives, from lack of teeth, from indigestion and the imminence of

death. Every Russian who has passed a month in prison for some political offense, and a year in exile, considers it his duty to present Russia with a book of reminiscences of his sufferings. But a happy life no one has ever thought of putting into the form of memoirs. As Russians are in the habit of thinking out what their lives shall be, but cannot make them very well, maybe such a book would teach them how to devise a happy life.

Lenin was exceptionally great in my opinion precisely because of this feeling in him of irreconcilable, unquenchable hostility towards the sufferings of humanity, his burning faith that suffering is not an essential and unavoidable part of life, but an abomination which people ought to be able to sweep away. I would call this basic feature of his character the militant optimism of a materialist, and this was not a Russian feature in him. It was precisely this which attracted me to this man—Man, with a capital M. . . .

He was venturesome by nature, but his was not the mercenary daring of the gambler; in Lenin it was the manifestation of that exceptional moral courage which could only belong to a man with an unshakable belief in his calling, to a man with a profound and complete perception of his connection with the world, and perfect comprehension of his role in the chaos of the world, the role of enemy of that chaos. With equal enthusiasm he would play chess, look through *A History of Dress*, dispute for hours with comrades, fish, go for walks along the stony paths of Capri, scorching in the southern sun, feast his eyes on the golden color of the gorse, and on the swarthy-faced children of the fishermen. In the evening, listening to stories about Russia and the country, he would sigh enviously and say: "I know very little of Russia—Simbirsk, Kazan, Petersburg, exile in Siberia, and that is nearly all."

He loved fun, and when he laughed it was with his whole body, he was quite deluged in laughter and would laugh sometimes until tears came. He could give to his short characteristic exclamation, "H'm, h'm," an infinite number of modifications, from biting sarcasm to non-committal doubt; and often in this "H'm, h'm," one caught the sound of the keen humor which a sharp-sighted man experiences who sees clearly through the stupidities of life.

Stocky and thick-set, with his Socratic head and quick eyes—he would often adopt a strange and rather comical posture—he would throw his head back, inclining it somehow onto his shoulder, thrust his fingers under his armpits, in his waistcoat armholes. There was something deliciously funny in this pose, something of a triumphant fighting cock; and at such a moment he beamed all over with joy, a grown-up child in this accursed world, a splendid human being, who had to give himself as a sacrifice to hostility and hatred, so that love might be at last realized.

I did not meet Lenin in Russia, or even see him from afar, until 1918, when the base attempt was made on his life. I came to him when he had hardly regained the use of his hand and could scarcely move his neck, which had been shot through. When I expressed my indignation, he replied, as though dismissing something of which he was tired: "A brawl. Nothing to be done. Everyone acts according to his lights."

We met on very friendly terms, but of course there was evident pity in dear Ilyich's sharp and penetrating glance, for I was one who had gone astray.

After several minutes he said

forcefully: "He who is not with us is against us. People independent of the march of events—that is a fantasy. Even if we grant that such people may have existed once, at present they do not and cannot exist. They would be no good to anyone. All down to the last are thrown into the whirl of an actuality which is more complicated than ever before. You say that I simplify life too much? That this simplification threatens culture with ruin, eh?" Then the ironical, characteristic "H'm, h'm. . . ."

His keen glance sharpened and he continued in a lower tone: "Well, and millions of peasants with rifles in their hands are not a threat to culture according to you, eh? You think the Constituent Assembly could have coped with that anarchy? You who make such a fuss about the anarchy of the countryside should be able to understand our tasks better than others. We have got to put before the Russian masses something simple, something they can grasp. The Soviets and Communism are simple. A union of the workers and intellectuals, eh? Well, that isn't bad. Tell the intellectuals. Let them come to us. According to you they are true servants of justice. What is the hindrance then? Certainly, let them come to us. It is we who have undertaken the colossal job of putting the people on its feet, of telling the whole world the truth about life—it is we who are pointing out to the people the straight path to a human life, the path which leads out of slavery, beggary, degradation." He laughed and said without any trace of resentment, "That is why I received a bullet from the intelligentsia." When the temperature of the conversation was more or less normal, he said with vexation and sadness, "Do you think I quarrel with the idea that the intellectuals are necessary to us? But you see how hostile their attitude is, how little they understand the need of the moment. And they don't see how impotent they are without us, how incapable of reaching the masses. They will be to blame if we break too many heads."

We almost always discussed this subject when we met; and although in what he said his attitude to the intellectuals remained one of mistrust and hostility, in actuality he always correctly estimated the importance of intellectual energy in the revolutionary process, and seemed to agree that in essence revolution was the bursting forth of that energy, unable to develop regularly in confining conditions which it has outgrown.

I remember one occasion when I called on him with three members of the Academy of Sciences. The conversation was about the necessity of reorganizing one of the greatest scientific institutions in Petersburg. When he had seen them off Lenin said contentedly: "Now that's all right. Those are clever men. With them everything is simple, everything is strictly formulated. You see at once that these people know exactly what they want. It is simply a pleasure to work with such people. I especially liked"—he named one of the great names in Russian science, and a day later even asked me by telephone: "Ask S. whether he will come and work with us." And when S. accepted the proposal, he was sincerely glad, rubbing his hands together and saying jokingly: "One after another we shall win over all the Russian and European Archimedes, and then the world will have to turn over whether it wants to or not!". . .

A man of astounding strength of will, Lenin possessed in the highest degree the best qualities and properties of the revolutionary intellec-

tuals—self-discipline often amounting to self-torture and self-mutilation, like Rakhmetov's "bed of nails,"[1] to a renunciation of art, to the logic of one of the heroes of Leonid Andreyev, "Other people are living hard lives, and therefore I must live a hard life."

In the severe famine of 1919 Lenin was ashamed to eat the food sent to him by comrades, soldiers and peasants from the provinces. When the parcels came to his bleak flat he would frown, grow embarrassed, and hasten to give the flour, butter and sugar to the sick comrades or those weak through lack of food. Once, when he was inviting me to dine with him, he said: "I shall give you some smoked fish—it was sent to me from Astrakhan;" and with a frown on his Socratic forehead, and glancing away, he added: "They send things to me as though I were a lord! How can I prevent them doing it? If you refuse and don't accept it, they are hurt. And everyone round me is hungry."

Unassuming, a stranger to tobacco and wine, occupied from morning to night with complex and difficult work, he did not look after himself, but kept a vigilant eye on the well-being of comrades. He would sit at his desk in his study, talking quickly and writing without taking pen from paper: "Good morning. How are you? I am just finishing. There is a comrade in the village feeling lonely—evidently tired. He must be cheered up. State of mind is not the least important thing!"

Once I came to him in Moscow. He asked: "Have you dined?" "Yes." "You are not prevaricating?" "There are witnesses—I dined in the Kremlin dining room."

"I heard that the dinners are not good there." "Not bad, but could be better." He immediately asked for details: "Why not good? In what way could they be improved?" and began to mutter angrily: "Why can't they get an expert cook there? People working literally until they drop, they must be fed with good food so that they will eat more. I know there is very little food to be got, and that bad—they must get a good cook there." Then he quoted the opinion of some physician about the part played by seasoning in the processes of eating and digestion. I asked: "How do you find time to think about such things?" He retorted with another question: "About rational diet?" and by the tone of his voice I understood that my question was out of place.

An old acquaintance of mine, P. A. Skorokhodov, another Sormovo worker, a tender-hearted man, complained of the strain of working in the Cheka. I said to him: "I think that is not the right work for you. It isn't congenial to you." He agreed sadly, "Absolutely uncongenial." But after thinking a little, he said: "But you know Ilyich, too, has to stifle his emotions, and I am ashamed to be so weak."

I knew and still know many workers who had to, and have to, grit their teeth hard, and stifle their emotions, to overcome their organic "social idealism," for the sake of the cause they serve. Did Lenin, too, have to stifle his emotions? He paid too little attention to himself to talk about himself to others; he, more than anyone, could keep silent the secret agitation of his soul. Once however at Gorki,[1] when he was caressing some children, he said: "These will have happier lives than we. They will not experience much that we did. There will not be so much cruelty in their lives." Then

[1] Rakhmetov—hero of Chernyshevsky's *What Is To Be Done?*

[1] Where Lenin spent his last days; not to be confused with the city of Gorky (formerly Nizhni-Novgorod).

looking into the distance, to the hills where the village nestled, he added pensively: "And yet I don't envy them. Our generation achieved something of amazing significance for history. The cruelty which the conditions of our life made necessary will be understood and vindicated. Everything will be understood, everything." He caressed the children gently, with a soft and tender touch.

Once I came to him and saw *War and Peace* lying on the table. "Yes, Tolstoy. I wanted to read over the scene of the hunt, then remembered that I had to write to a comrade. Absolutely no time for reading. Only last night I managed to read your article on Tolstoy." Smiling, his eyes wrinkled at the corners, he stretched himself deliciously in his armchair, and, lowering his voice, added quickly: "What a colossus, eh? What a man! There's an artist for you. . . . And do you know something still more amazing? You couldn't find a genuine muzhik in literature until this count came on the scene." Then, screwing up his eyes and looking at me, he asked: "Can you place anyone in Europe beside him?" and replied himself, "No one." And, rubbing his hands, he laughed contentedly.

I more than once noticed in him this trait—this pride in Russian art. Sometimes this feature appeared to me strangely foreign to Lenin's nature, appeared even naive, but I learned to hear in it the echo of his deep-seated, joyful love for the working people.

In Capri, watching the fishermen carefully disentangle their nets, torn and entangled by the sharks, he observed: "Our men work more skillfully." When I cast some doubt on this remark, he said with a touch of vexation: "H'm, h'm. Don't you think you are forgetting Russia, living on this bump?"

V. A. Dyesnitsky-Stroyev told me that he was once traveling through Sweden with Lenin in a train, and looking at a German monograph on Dürer. Some Germans, sitting in the same carriage, asked him what the book was. It appeared that they had never heard of their great artist. This amused Lenin, and twice he said to Dyesnitsky proudly: "They don't know their own artists, but we do."

One evening in Moscow in E. P. Pyeshkova's flat, Lenin was listening to a Beethoven sonata being played by Isaiah Dobrowein, and said: "I know nothing greater than the Appassionata, I could listen to it every day. It is marvelous, superhuman music. I always think with pride—perhaps it is naive of me—what marvelous things human beings can do!" Then, screwing up his eyes and smiling, he added rather sadly: "But I can't listen to music too often. It affects your nerves, makes you want to say stupid, nice things, and stroke the heads of people that could create such beauty living in this foul hell; and now you mustn't stroke anyone's head—you might get your hand bitten. You have to hit them on the head, without any mercy, although our ideal is not to use force against anyone. H'm, h'm, our duty is infernally hard.". . .

I have already described his quite exceptional attitude to comrades, his attention to them, which penetrated down to even the smallest details of their lives. But in this feature of his I never caught the note of that self-interested care which a clever master sometimes exhibits towards an honest and expert workman. This was not the case with Lenin. His was the heartfelt interest of a sincere comrade, the love which exists between equals. I know that it is impossible to consider as Lenin's equals even the great-

est people in his Party, but he himself didn't seem to realize this, or, more probably, did not want to realize it. He was sometimes sharp with people when arguing with them, pitilessly ridiculed them, even laughed at them in a venomous fashion. All this he did. But how many times, when judging people, whom yesterday he had criticized and rebuked, there was clearly evident the note of genuine wonder at their talents and moral steadfastness; at their unflagging labor in the bitter conditions of 1918-21, work amid spies of all countries and parties, amid the plots which swelled like festering sores on the body of the war-exhausted country. They worked without rest, they ate little and badly, they lived amid ceaseless alarms. . . .

But Lenin himself did not seem to feel the hardness of these conditions, or the difficulties of a life shaken to the very foundations by the bloody storms of civil strife. Only once did anything like a complaint escape him, and that was when he was talking to M. F. Andreyeva, in his room. "What else can we do, dear M. F.? We have no alternative but to fight. Do we find it hard? Of course we do. You think it is not hard for me sometimes? It is, and very hard too. But look at Dzerzhinsky. He is beginning to look like nothing on earth. There is nothing to be done about it. It is better to suffer than to fail." The only regret he ever expressed in my presence was "I am sorry, deeply sorry that Martov is not with us. What a splendid comrade he was, what an absolutely sincere man!" I remember how long and heartily he laughed at reading Martov's remark somewhere, "There are only two Communists in Russia, Lenin and Kollontai." He laughed and then sighed, "What a clever man he is!"

It was with genuine respect and wonder that he remarked after conducting one comrade, an administrator, out of his study, "Have you known him for long? He would be at the head of the cabinet in any country in Europe." Rubbing his hands together and smiling, he added: "Europe is poorer than we in talent."

Once I proposed that we should go together to the Chief Artillery Department to see an apparatus which had been invented by a Bolshevik, an old artillery man, to adjust anti-aircraft fire. "What do I know about that?" he asked, but went with me.

In a dark room, round a table on which stood the apparatus, were gathered seven generals with scowling faces, grey, bewhiskered old men, all experts. Among them the modest civilian figure of Lenin was lost, dropped into insignificance. The inventor began to explain the apparatus. Lenin listened to him for two or three minutes, then said approvingly, "H'm, h'm" and began to question the man with as much ease as if he were examining him on some political question. "How do you manage to get the machine to perform a dual operation when it is adjusting the range? Would it be impossible to automatically change the gun's range by an attachment to the indicator of the mechanism?"

He asked how large a field the shells could sweep, and something else. The inventor and the generals gave eager explanations, and next day the former said to me, "I had told my generals that you were coming with a comrade, but I didn't say who the comrade was. They didn't recognize Ilyich and probably would never have imagined that he would appear without a great deal of ceremony, or a bodyguard. They asked me: 'Is he a technical engineer or a professor? What? Lenin?' . . .

They were amazed. How does he know so much about our work? He asked those questions like a specialist. It seems impossible."

Apparently they didn't really believe that it was Lenin. On the way from the C. A. D. Lenin kept chuckling, and talking about the inventor. "See how easily you can be mistaken in a man! I knew that he was an honest old comrade, but *qui n'a pas inventé la poudre!* But he proved to be the real article. Good fellow! Didn't the generals go for me when I expressed my doubts as to the practical value of the apparatus? I did it on purpose, I wanted to know what they thought of the ingenious contrivance." He shook with laughter, then asked: "Tell me, has E—any more inventions? Well, he oughtn't to work at anything else. Ah, if only we could give all these engineers ideal conditions for their work! In twenty-five years Russia would be the foremost country of the world!" . . .

He was a Russian who lived for a long time away from his native land, and had examined it attentively—from afar it appears brighter and more beautiful. He estimated accurately its potential forces, and the exceptional talents of its people, which, feebly expressed as yet, unawakened by a history monotonous and oppressive, yet gleamed everywhere like golden stars against the somber background of the fantastic life of Russia.

Vladimir Lenin, a great man, is dead. His death is a grievous blow to those who knew him, grievous indeed.

But the darkness of death only emphasizes the more strongly to the world his great importance—his importance as the leader of the working class of the world.

And if the dark cloud of hatred, of lies and calumny, were even denser than it is, it would matter not at all. There is no force which can put out the torch which Lenin raised aloft in the stifling darkness of a mad world.

No other man has so well deserved to be eternally remembered.

Vladimir Lenin is dead. But the inheritors of his thought and will are alive. They live and carry on their work more triumphantly than anyone in the history of mankind.

Engraving by Suvorov

Men of Letters on Lenin

About the Ordinary and the Extraordinary

A small street in the workers' district of Paris, near the Faubourg Orleans. Photographers mill about in front of an ordinary Parisian house, a sad, dove-colored, box-like house. The little old *concierge* runs out into the street astounded. She does not know what it is all about. Ah, yes, yes! That's true. She begins to remember. Such-and-such lived here. He paid his quarters' rent. And what's more, people from the *prefecture* often asked about him. And, what's more, some of those Russians used to visit him, and they dirtied the staircase.

Standing next to the *concierge* was a worker. No, better to call him, as of old, a *blouse bleue*. This conveys more fully the daredevil, the cap tilted to one side, the ardent heart of the Parisian worker. No doubt his grandfather had died fighting in one of the forts of the Commune. The *blouse bleue* had gray mustaches, but young and

The lines before the House of the Unions, where Lenin's body lay in state

mischievous eyes. He mocked at the cackling of the *concierge*: What? He lived here and she had not known that he was a great man? What? To her he had been nothing but an inconvenient lodger? Perhaps the *concierge* is blind? The old woman becomes angry. Blind? No, in spite of her years she sees very well. But he had been ordinary, the most ordinary of all possible men. How could one have thought. . . !

The old *concierge* is not at fault. The old woman was not the only one who did not know it. Nobody, it seems, knew it. He alone knew it. What we thought a hallucination turned out to be superhuman farsightedness.

He knew. We did not know. We did not know that the Revolution in Russia would usher in a new era for mankind. He knew it. He knew it, sitting in Geneva. He knew it, working long nights in a little room by the light of a kerosene lamp.

He knew a great deal. He accomplished much. He died. Crowds at the House of the Unions on a freezing night . . . I would like to bring the little old *concierge* here. I would show her the dead snow, the icy glitter of the street lamps, the savage arctic cold of the January night, the crowds in peasants' winter overcoats and army coats, waiting for hours in silence for that one minute when they might once again look at the face of this "ordinary lodger." I even know that her breath would come quicker at the sight of this unbearable pathos. I would take her inside . . . helmets of Red Army men, the guard of honor, black crepe, flowers. . . . She would see a simple jacket, just like the one he used to wear then, when he lived on the street near the Faubourg Orleans. She would not understand. Or no, she would understand then that this man was really extraordinary, that beneath that jacket there had beaten the chronometer, beyond her comprehension, of a new era.

ILYA EHRENBURG

1924

Lenin's Image

Not long ago my little son, a Young Pioneer, drew a portrait of Vladimir Ilyich. The likeness was amazing: distinctly and saliently the characteristic features of his face, with its large bald semi-circle high over the brow, were traced on the paper, the fleeting smile of a man thinking constantly and deeply, the slightly stooped body, as if a heavy weight lay on its shoulders and the man was carrying it like Atlas, and smiling with a concentrated, thoughtful expression. This portrait was one of scores of portraits of Lenin which my little son drew and continues to draw. He stubbornly hangs them on the wall and solicitously and earnestly decorates them with red vignettes and military sketches—all Red Army men, workers with hammers and rifles, and peasants with sickles and also with rifles.

Looking at this abundance of portraits, I asked my Young Pioneer:

"Why do you draw so many portraits of Lenin?"

He looked at me with surprise and, without stopping to think, he replied:

"I want to draw him as he should be."

And my younger son, seven years old, hastened to explain:

"That's a titan. The titans are like that now."

I never saw Vladimir Ilyich, I never heard his voice and I cannot picture his living figure. I consider that a great misfortune. But my children's words attain, without

their realizing it, tremendous significance. A man who can never be portrayed on paper. A man whom many centuries will seek to portray, searching endlessly for ever newer, striking characteristics of his features, simple to the utmost, beloved to the utmost. A titan who even in his lifetime became the subject of legends, folk tales and songs. The portrait which we see in innumerable photographs is not the portrait it should be; it is a portrait we still cannot paint. Lenin is the embodiment of the greatest epoch of social transformations. Lenin is the great predestination of the working class in the creation of the new, Communist society, a predestination having its source in the immemorial past. Lenin is the iron necessity of merciless class struggle, Lenin is the sunny future of Communism, of humanity, of remarkable creations and culture.

Lenin is a man of boundless integrity and harmony.

Lenin is our epoch and the epoch of the infinite future.

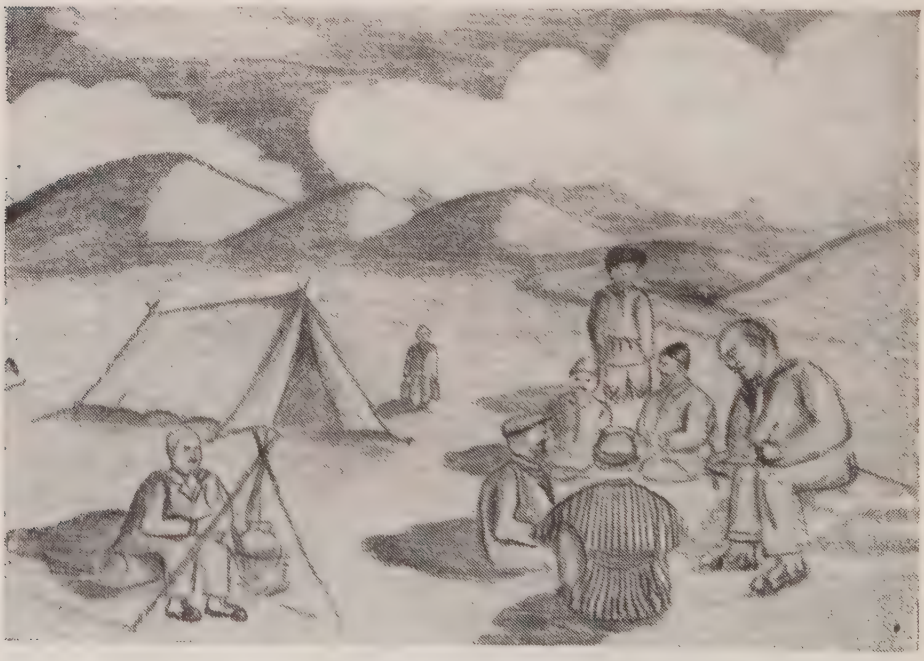
Lenin is all, he is eternity.

That is what Vladimir Ilyich Lenin represents for us, the participants in great achievements, for all who have the happiness of living in his epoch.

FYODOR GLADKOV

1924

These two tributes to Lenin appeared in a special literary supplement to *Izvestia* on Lenin's death



Lenin and the peoples of the Caucasus—a drawing on an imaginative theme, by Radim Zade Ali Usein, fourteen years old

A Great Master of Action

. . . History has known masters of action, leaders of peoples, who divided their own life into two parts: one they devoted to struggle, the other to the play of thought; and the latter was the world to which they escaped from action. One of the men of action in this category, perhaps the most prominent of them, was Julius Caesar. The point is that the conqueror of Rome and the Gauls was essentially a dilettante. For him, action itself was a game, a great game worthy of a real man, a real Roman, but still a game; that is to say, essentially still an illusion.

For Lenin illusions did not exist. For him there was no escaping into the world of illusions. His sense of actuality was strong, constant, unintermittent. People who, lacking this sense, fled from actuality, provoked his laughter, that soundless laughter in which one could feel irony, derision, good-natured compassion and faint contempt. This was the attitude of a strong character to adults who retained a puerile mind.

Lenin loved art; he was very far from being indifferent to it. He knew the classics thoroughly and loved them. He read Tolstoy over and over, he enjoyed him and was proud of him. Although Lenin did not regard himself as competent to discuss questions of the new poetry, he sensed an ally in Mayakovsky and applauded his slashing political satires. And how moved he was by music! With what absorption could he listen to it! Who can forget his glowing words about Beethoven's Apassionata? So deeply did he love it, so strongly did he feel it, that he was obliged to resist its influence. Of course, he understood the dream of art. But while carrying on the struggle he wished that the dream of art should be, like his own dream, a power and a support in this struggle, for with him action was always associated with struggle. And it is true that art is always bound up with the struggle of its epoch, even when it asserts that it stands aloof from struggle, and adorns itself with the childish label, "art for art's sake." This is a false label. Those who retire from the battle and wash their hands of the social injustice they witness resemble, consciously or unconsciously, Pontius Pilate: for they are yielding to the exploiters and being unprotesting witnesses of the oppression of the exploited. . . .

In his reminiscences of Lenin, Stalin has illumined better than anyone else a trait that distinguishes Lenin from the majority of the theoreticians and leaders of other revolutionary parties: his constant association with the masses. He never ceased to maintain close contact with them, and nothing could turn him from his firm faith in their creative powers. Stalin quotes a remarkable sentence uttered by Lenin in the course of a

conversation. When one of the comrades observed that after the Revolution "normal order" would be restored, Lenin retorted sarcastically: "It is a calamity if people who want to be revolutionaries forget that revolutionary order is the most normal history has ever known."

To which Stalin adds:

"Belief in the creative power of the masses—this was the distinguishing characteristic in Lenin's activities that enabled him to understand the spontaneous movement and direct it into the channel of the proletarian revolution."

This is the greatest gift that the man of action can possess. In this lies the goal of the man of science: to penetrate to the very essence of phenomena, to their motive force, to their laws—for the purpose of directing them.

May this, too, be the highest law of art. Although it is beyond the strength of most artists, the great masters have always obeyed it instinctively. One of the greatest artists of all time, Leonardo da Vinci, took this for his motto: "Merge thyself with the forces of nature. Transform thy spirit."

Great artists like Leonardo and Tolstoy sought unity with the living forces of nature. Great masters of action, like Lenin, penetrate to the very essence of social laws and merge with the creative force of life to which mankind owes its rise and development.

ROMAIN ROLLAND

1936

He Towers Above All

Lenin was a human being, but a human being who towered above his contemporaries, not only in Russia, but throughout the world, where he remained practically unknown for a long time.

You must not think that Lenin belongs to the past because he is now dead. Lenin's significance is such that should his attempt to introduce Socialism fail, then our present civilization will go under.

We know from history that many civilizations have existed before our own, and that, after having reached a certain point in their development, which the present Western capitalist civilization has already reached, they declined and decayed.

On more then one occasion the best representatives of the human race tried to get round this stumbling block, but they were always unsuccessful. Lenin used a new method and he succeeded in avoiding this stumbling block.

If others follow Lenin's methods, then a new era will open for us. We shall no longer be constantly threatened by catastrophe; a new epoch will begin which we can hardly imagine. If the future is with Lenin then we can all be happy, but if the world goes on in the old way then I shall leave it a very sad man.

BERNARD SHAW

1931

Jack Lindsay

LENIN

(From "Salute the Soviet Union," a mass declamation performed at the English celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the U.S.S.R.)

Wherever the white-maned mares of the wind went neighing,
north, south, east and west,
wherever the beams of summer slanted through the pine-boughs of solitude,
or drums of warning beat in the crowded street,
louder than all war's rumble,
north, south, east and west,
the rumor ran, the gathering Soviet voice.

Where men think as one man, single in their purpose,
whole in their love,
loyal in their union,
shoulder to shoulder,
speaking as one man, they find a man their leader
whose voice is theirs and leads them, being theirs.
In Lenin all the voices were concentrated,
returning in action, returning in clarity.

We acclaim in Lenin
a brain crystalline with integrity,
a heart warm as the south of vineyards,
the brain and heart in perfect harmony.
We acclaim in Lenin
the eager patience, the sharp ears listening
for the root-movements of history underground;
waiting, waiting with hand that never trembled,
yet when the moment came, instantly moving,
instantly standing at the core of things,
giving out action, giving out clarity.

Lenin As We Knew Him

Peasants visiting Lenin *Painting by M. Sokolov*

Lenin Speaks

It was night time when we arrived in Moscow. We roamed for some time about the brightly lit streets, which were decorated for the first anniversary of the October Revolution. We found someone who led us to the Second House of the Soviets. On the gate there was a broad poster: "A hearty welcome to the delegates to the Sixth Congress!" We liked that. There was a crowd of delegates in the hostel; it hummed like a hive, and there was no end to the arguments.

Next morning we went to the Bolshoi Theater and got into the second tier of boxes. Village lad as I was, the theater dazzled me. The light played on the gilded boxes and they sparkled, and it suddenly occurred to me: "So this is where the bourgeoisie used to sit."

Suddenly a little bell tinkled and a voice as sharp and clear as a rifle shot announced all in a breath:

"...and declare the Sixth Extraordinary Congress of Soviets open!"

The word "open" rang out like a steel lid slammed down on smooth iron.

"It's Sverdlov!" whispered my neighbor, nudging me.

"You don't say so?" I leaned right over the ledge and fixed an unwinking stare on Sverdlov.

The presidium was elected. Then the even, metallic voice that never rose a single note announced:

"Comrade Lenin will now speak on the international situation and the anniversary of the proletarian Revolution."

My pencil is powerless, and my words too pale and feeble, to describe

the storm of applause that burst from thousands of throats in a mighty roar. Tears started to my eyes, but through them I could discern the man they called Lenin, who, somewhere down below on the stage, was standing with one hand resting on the corner of the table.

At first he stood stock still, his head a little on one side, and seemed dissatisfied, as if he would have liked to have said, in the midst of all the shouting and the still swelling applause:

"Now what's all this, comrades! Comrades, that's enough."

I saw, as if through a mist, how he began impatiently to turn over his papers at the corner of the table and he would take a step forward, then a step back.

He wanted to speak, but he had only to turn his head and glance at that vociferous audience for the storm to rise again and again. So he bent his head and waited a little longer.

Then he began. And hardly had he uttered the word "Comrades" when it seemed as though an electric current passed through the vast theater. Everyone stood up and a mighty cheer rang out from hundreds of throats and shook the walls of the Bolshoi Theater and the gilded tiers of crimson velvet seats.

He began to speak. His voice was a little husky (I had expected it to be loud as thunder) and he spoke with a suggestion of a lisp. He was scarcely audible to us up above. His short stocky figure (I had imagined him to be tall and stout) was slightly bent to the left.

I felt a queer sort of disappointment that Lenin should be so ordinary, so like many another in his appearance. I had seen the insurance agent who came to our village sometimes: he had looked far more imposing than Lenin.

Here was a leader, yet there was nothing particular about him; he was even a little below medium height!

The words he used were so simple that it seemed to me he even uttered them reluctantly. This, too, I thought, was out of place in a leader.

"Comrades!" he began. "We are celebrating the anniversary of our Revolution at a moment when events of the utmost importance are taking place in the international working class movement, and when it has become obvious to even the most skeptical. . ."

At this point my neighbor prodded me in the ribs.

"Listen, just listen!"

I pushed him away and growled angrily:

"Don't interrupt; I'm taking notes."

Upon this he grabbed my notebook, stowed it away in his pocket and said:

"It'll be all in *Pravda* tomorrow. Better take these opera glasses and get a good look at him."

I leaned over the ledge of my box, focused my glasses on Lenin and never took my eyes off him till the end of the speech. I felt someone first touch me on the shoulder, then poke me in the back, a hand reached for the glasses—someone else wanted to look at him.

But my fingers seemed to have turned to wood. The binoculars were glued to my eyes and the bridge of my nose, and no power on earth could get them away from me. I do not remember what I thought at the time, very likely I did not think at all, but I had a strange feeling and was worked up to a state of fever.

"We know that the wild beasts of imperialism are still stronger than we are. They can still inflict wholesale outrage, brutalities and atrocities upon our country. But they cannot defeat the world Revolution. They are filled with savage hatred. And we therefore say: come

what may, every Russian worker and peasant will do his duty and will face death if the interests of the Revolution demand it. We say: come what may, no matter what miseries the imperialists may still inflict upon us, it will not save them. Imperialism will perish, and the world Socialist Revolution will triumph in spite of all!"

I was so strung up, I still could not believe . . . could not believe that it was he who stood before me, Lenin, that same Lenin whose very name makes the oppressed and wronged rejoice and our enemies grind their teeth.

I. ZAMOIKOV

November 6, 1918

Lenin at the Sokolniki Forest School [1]

Once, during the winter of 1919, a doctor who used to attend Nadezhda Konstantinovna Krupskaya rang me up to say that Comrade Lenin intended to visit the school, and, if it would be convenient, Nadezhda Konstantinovna would like to stay there a while.

Well, of course, you can imagine how excited we were. We made all sorts of preparations for the promised visit, put everything in order and polished things up to show ourselves to the best advantage.

At last Vladimir Ilyich arrived with the doctor, but without Nadezhda Konstantinovna.

We were in a state of terrible anxiety and excitement, and then he came in and greeted us all very pleasantly. I had a dog called Bobka. As soon as Comrade Lenin arrived, Bobka started to bark at him.

"Let's be friends," he said immediately. "What do they call you?"

"Bobka!" the children called out.

"Ah, so this is Comrade Bobchinsky?" [2] and he took hold of Bobka's paw. Then he noticed Muska, the cat, and started to set Bobka at her.

We all felt at ease at once, and found that our anxiety and nervous preparations for this important meeting had been unnecessary.

We got to talking, asked the visitors to have some tea to warm themselves after being out in the forest, and then showed them the school. We suggested that Nadezhda Konstantinovna should occupy the big bedroom with the balcony, but Vladimir Ilyich would not agree to this. He asked us to give her the very smallest, so as not to deprive the children of their rooms. We settled that she was to have a little room with a separate entrance.

"We have no furniture," I said.

"We'll bring everything with us," he said.

They brought a simple bed and an armchair. When Nadezhda Konstantinovna went away, she left the chair here.

He arranged all the details himself.

When we were showing him the school the children wanted to show Vladimir Ilyich the things they had prepared—dolls and toys and the like—to decorate the annual fir tree. He paid a great deal of attention to the children. After spending only a few minutes with them he put one of the youngest on his shoulders; the children liked this immensely; they felt drawn to him.

He came again with Nadezhda Konstantinovna, and after looking

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[1] "Forest schools" are outdoor schools for children poor in health, who live, work and study outdoors. The institution may be compared to a children's sanatorium with a course of studies.

[2] A character in Gogol's play *The Inspector-General*.

over the school and the room, she said she liked it and that she wished to remain a while, if it would not cause any inconvenience to the children.

So she remained.

Vladimir Ilyich came to see her thrice a week. Whenever he arrived, all covered with snow, he would take off his galoshes before going upstairs. He was never careless about that sort of thing.

Little things like this interested us immensely. I was always tongue-tied in his presence, but he was quite unpretentious and pleasant to everyone. They always invited us to have tea with them, but we did not like to take up their time. When he came for the second visit, the first thing he asked was:

"Where are Bobchinsky and Muska?"

Then he played with the cat and the dog for some time and set Bobka at Muska until she had to jump clean over the green lampshade to get away from Bobka.

Another little thing: as the power station did not work so well, the light often went out and we had to keep oil lamps in reserve. Sometimes it so happened that the light went out when we least expected it, and when the oil lamps were not filled.

When Nadezhda Konstantinovna was going away and I was helping her to pack, I noticed a candle in the drawer of her bedside table.

"Why, what is this candle doing here?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "I don't know whether I should tell you or not. Vladimir Ilyich brought it. Sometimes the electric light goes out and the lamps are not always ready."

I was astounded. To think that, instead of ringing and asking for a light, he preferred to bring a candle with him! So they used to put up with candlelight rather than ring the bell and give any trouble.

One evening at about nine o'clock (it was 20° C. below zero), I heard a knock at the door. There stood Vladimir Ilyich.

"Where is Gil? Where's Stepanich?"

"Don't talk so loud," he said. "There's no one with me. I walked here. I don't sleep well, somehow. There was no meeting of the Council of People's Commissars and I thought I'd like a walk; it's an old habit of mine. Don't tell Nadezhda Konstantinovna I didn't come in a car."

He went up to see her. We were dreadfully worried, thinking how he would get back to town at ten o'clock at night. We tried to persuade him to stay the night but he would not. He asked us not to say anything about it to Nadezhda Konstantinovna. He sat with us for a while and then set out to walk back. When I went out on the veranda to see him off, I said to him:

"Aren't you afraid?"

"No," he said.

As I was saying goodbye I could not help adding:

"I'm frightened for you!"

"Don't be silly," he said. "Don't you believe all that nonsense. I shall sleep better after this."

He shook his head and went out alone into the dark night.

I begged him to ring me up as soon as he got home and he did so.

Then there was another thing. When Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht were killed, Nadezhda Konstantinovna grieved terribly and it had a very bad effect on her health: she would eat nothing. Vladimir Ilyich inquired after her health constantly, in spite of the fact that there were demonstrations in Moscow and he had to make a great many speeches. I told him over the telephone that Nadezhda Konstantinovna was extremely unwell, and in the interval between

two speeches he came to see her. There were dark shadows under his eyes and he had a weary, exhausted look. But he drove over, stayed twenty minutes, and then went back in time for his next speech.

Now I will tell you how we waited for him to come to our fir-tree party.

The children had decorated the tree and got up a little play called *The Sledges That Went by Themselves.* We invited Vladimir Ilyich and he asked for some sweets to be sent to the children from Moscow. V. D. Bonch-Bruyevich brought them. We had got everything ready and were all waiting, together with Nadezhda Konstantinovna, for Vladimir Ilyich. Everything was complete, everybody was present. The children were all dressed as hares. We waited. He did not come. We rang him up. He had started out already, we were told. We were all nervous. I kept going out onto the veranda to watch for him. At last we made up our minds that Vladimir Ilyich was not coming; something must have happened to delay him. So the party began without him. The play was just over when in came Vladimir Ilyich with Maria Ilyinichna, his sister.

The children insisted that he should see their play, so it was given for a second time.

That evening Vladimir Ilyich was in high spirits; he laughed and joked with the children and ate sweets with them.

It was January 19, and we keep that day ever since as a holiday.

E. KHALEVSKAYA

Comrade Lenin at the Subotnik [1]

It was a critical moment in our Soviet life. The enemy was pressing us hard from every side. To many of us, it looked as though we would never be able to scramble out of the mess we were in. Only the Communist Party and its great leader, Lenin, kept up our faith in the great cause of freeing mankind from the yoke of capital. The Party sent out detachments of Communists to every spot where urgent help was needed. All the time new means of striking home at the enemy were being discovered. Transport was in a very sick state, the death pangs were already upon it and it was only being kept alive by heroic efforts. The workers on the Kursk railway declared a "*subotnik*"; the word went round, and all over our country the idea was put into practice. Comrade Lenin called it "a great beginning." Things began to straighten out.

On May 1, 1920, the Central Committee of the Communist Party organized an all-Russian *subotnik*. There was not a corner to be found where people did not turn out for *subotniks* that day.

I went out with the military students—it was at the Kremlin—that day, to clear up the Kremlin courtyard. One part of this was blocked up with all sorts of rubbish and building materials, so that it was difficult to hold military exercises properly. It was our job to clear all this up. As the commissar of the military training course, I was on the right flank. At that moment the commandant of the Kremlin came up to me and said:

"Comrade Lenin has come to take part in the *subotnik*."

Then I saw Ilyich, dressed in a worn, shabby suit and old boots.

[1] Labor voluntarily donated to the state in free time.

Lenin at the "subotnik" *Drawing by P. Vasilyev*

He was standing a little way off, awaiting orders.

I suggested to him that he should take his place among us to the right of me, which he promptly did.

"Show me exactly what to do," he said to me quickly as he went to his place.

Then the leader of the *subotnik* gave the order: "Fall in!"—and we advanced on our new job. We had to work in couples, and I was paired off with Vladimir Ilyich to carry away some long beams. He kept trying to take them by the thick end instead of the thin and I wanted him to have the lighter end, and so we got to arguing about it.

"You have to bear a heavier load than I," he said.

But I pointed out to him that it was I who was in the right, "because," I said, "you are fifty and I am twenty-eight."

He was a grand worker. He did not walk, he ran, outstripping the others, hurrying all the time, as if to emphasize that speed was necessary. I got tired and so did the others and we sat down for a rest. Comrade Lenin sat down, too, with the military students. Clouds of tobacco smoke as thick as if they rose from campfires floated above the groups of men. The sun shone brightly, music played and livened us up. At that moment it seemed to everyone that there could be no greater pleasure in life than manual labor. Someone offered Lenin a smoke.

"No, thanks," he said. "I don't smoke. I remember once when I was at school I smoked so much that I was sick, and from that day to this I've never smoked."

After we had rested we found there were some very heavy blocks of oak to be cleared away. It took six of us to carry one on poles, and we had to rest twice before we got it to its destination. No more than six men at a time could carry one, because they were short blocks.

I suggested to Comrade Lenin that he should be photographed at work, but he protested angrily:

"What nonsense! I came here to work, not to have my picture taken."

However, I made up my mind

to have him photographed, without his knowledge. The photographer focused his camera on him without being noticed, and at a certain spot, which we had agreed upon, we slowed down work a little as if we were just pausing for breath. Unfortunately the picture did not come out clearly, and the two photos I possessed were presented to the delegates of the Second Congress of the Communist International. One of them found its way to Austria.

When the timber had all been cleared out of the way, we set to work shoveling away rubble. Here we had to use picks first. Lenin could not get the knack of using a pick, so he asked me to give him some other job, like carrying logs, but there did not happen to be any work of that kind. Then he asked to be shown the best way of breaking up the heaps of rubble with his pick. He did not make rapid progress with this work and he began to get worried.

"You're not using me properly, Comrade Borisov, at this work; I don't want to turn out so little."

Work-time was coming to an end and I did not think it worth while to look for a new task; I suggested that we should just carry on at this with our picks. The perspiration was pouring off him just as it was off all of us. He told me he had to speak at a meeting at three o'clock and asked to be allowed to go a few minutes before that time. His request was granted.

Those three hours I spent with Comrade Lenin on hard manual labor have remained in my memory. And to all those who took part in that May Day *subotnik*, it remains a vivid page in the history of our struggle against economic ruin.

A week later I met Vladimir Ilyich again. My arms and legs still ached. I was worried about him, reproaching myself for having given him too much to do. So, naturally, my first question was:

"How do you feel?"

"Quite well," he replied, smiling.

"Don't your arms hurt?"

"No."

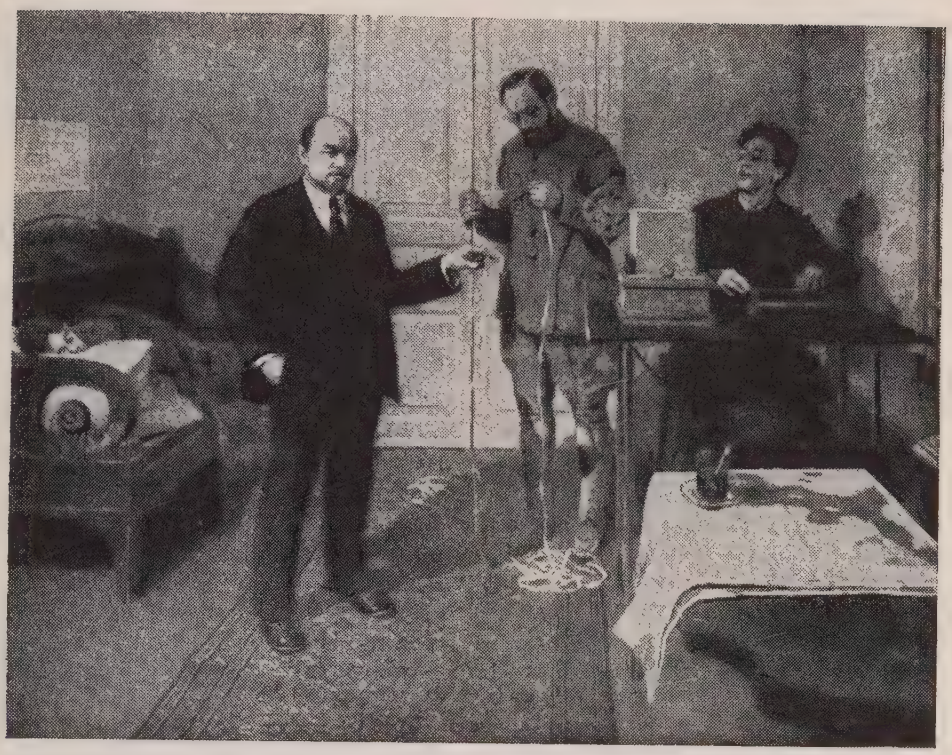
He must have sensed the anxiety in my enquiries, for he said in a friendly, consoling tone:

"If I felt unwell, I would say so. Don't worry, Comrade Borisov."

That day he reviewed the parade of Red Commanders just graduated from the training course, and after the parade we were all photographed together with Comrade Lenin.

ILYA BORISOV

Illustration by Davydov to a collection of stories about Lenin



V. I. Lenin at the telegraph ticker *Painting by I. Grabar*

Recollections of Ilyich

I was for a time chief of Vladimir Ilyich's bodyguard. There remains in my mind a number of vivid recollections of him.

Once when we went hunting near Tver, ninety-six kilometers from Moscow, we spent the night in a peasant's dwelling. The host, wishing to please Vladimir Ilyich, put his own bed at Ilyich's disposal, but Ilyich requested the peasant to bring some straw to make a bed for all of us. We finally managed to persuade Ilyich to spend the night on a little couch.

I recollect another incident. It was in 1920. Ilyich went to Gorki for two days to rest. During his absence his rooms had to be renovated. His apartment in the Kremlin consisted of four rooms: besides his room there was a small dining room about two yards wide; Nadezhda Konstantinovna (his wife) and Maria Ilyinichna (his sister) together occupied a third room, while the fourth was occupied by the housemaid. Vladimir Ilyich was urged to exchange his appartment for a larger one, next to his, but he would not agree. During the repairs, in order to please Ilyich new furniture was put in his apartment: a new wardrobe, a new cabinet clock and a new sofa, and the rooms were put in order. It was simply a joy to look at them. But as soon as Ilyich saw the new furniture, he requested that it be taken away.

I never met such a modest man as Ilyich.

He liked to go to Gorki, he loved to walk, he loved nature, he liked to be outdoors, he went swimming

almost every day. He often went to the river unaccompanied, and rowed across the river, to a better spot for swimming. He was a good swimmer.

He loved to walk through the fields and pick wild flowers.

Ilyich's great simplicity and sincerity inspired every one with a singular respect. The impression he made upon those who met him stayed with them.

R. G.

The Button

Lenin came to visit us at the works. Someone called to me:

"Here, Natorova, won't you take his coat?"

It was hot in the club. Lenin started to speak and threw his coat over the back of the chair. I picked it up and took it to the cloak room. Then I noticed there was a button missing on the left side. I pulled a button off my own jacket and sewed it on Lenin's coat with very strong thread so it wouldn't come off in a hurry. He went away and never noticed it. Now that button was a little bit different from the others. I felt so flattered, somehow, about it, but I never mentioned it to a soul.

Time went by and then, one day, as I was going down the Liteiny, an enlargement of Lenin in the window of the Phoenix photography shop caught my eye. He had on the very same coat. I took a better look at it and there was that very button—my button.

He died that winter. I bought a copy of the precious picture at the photographer's.

It's framed and stands by the looking glass.

Every day I go up to it and look at it and cry.

And my button is sewn on to that coat. . . .

M. NATOROVA

Archangel, 1927

At the Second Congress of Soviets of the U.S.S.R.

Comrades, it is no easy task to give a description of the splendid personality that was Comrade Lenin. I should say it is well-nigh impossible to do this as we workers would want it done. I think, in fact I am sure, that no artist's brush could catch the traits so dear to us in that face, traits that left a deep and lasting impression on the soul of every one of us, of every worker. There is no portrait that could express the colossal figure that was our own dear Ilyich; there is no frame that could contain it.

Comrades, there is not a single corner inhabited by the proletarian masses where those beloved features, where a dear memory, where affectionate thoughts, where some precious fragment of his never-to-be-forgotten teaching, are not preserved in the hearts of the oppressed. No, and not a race of men that does not know and respect him as the dearest and closest friend in the world—one whose sensitive, responsive soul could understand the needs of these oppressed by world capitalism. There is not a remote spot in our countryside where the peasant does not know and revere our leader. One must have lived through it all, experienced it all, have seen and understood him; only then can one realize fully the grandeur of the irreplaceable personality that is lost to us.

I think each of us is aware of how, when the ship is overtaken by a storm during the night, he searches the gloom for the warning gleam of the lighthouse. A lighthouse in the

"Higher the Banner of Lenin—It Brings Us Victory" reads the slogan on this poster

stormy seas, shining like a star through the darkness—this was our great leader Lenin. But is the light extinguished? No, comrades, the light is not extinguished. The rays of the light still gleam brightly through the darkness of the night, illuminating the great path.

Remember, comrades, a favorite expression of our dear leader. He compared our revolutionary movement to a locomotive rushing along at incredible speed. Yes, comrades, this is a very apt, a very true comparison. . . . This locomotive had a driver who, never for a moment releasing the lever, cleverly, cautiously, thoughtfully guided the locomotive along the most dangerous curves. The strain of this titanic task, however, told on the health of the driver, and he was forced to stop the engine for, perhaps, a second's space, but with the boilers working at full pressure. And into his place stepped another driver—our collective thought—the heritage of our leader, left us by his untimely death. And once again our locomotive—the engine of the world revolution—rushes onward at full speed.

Woe betide any who try to impede us, comrades, as we hasten on our way, along the rails laid by Ilyich. Woe, woe to them, I repeat. We have sworn a class vow: Ilyich—proletarian—peasant! This vow was kept in 1917 and it will be kept to the end of the road marked out for us.

And now, comrades, while we grieve for our irreplaceable loss, the working class of the whole world declares: Though Ilyich died, his conception lives. He has left a rich inheritance and worthy successors in the Russian Communist Party, which is imbued with the spirit of Leninism.

Long live the Leninist Communist Party!

Speech made by A. SERGEYEV, a worker of the Red Putilovets Plant, Leningrad

January 26, 1924

Clara Zetkin

REMINISCENCES OF LENIN

"...The awakening of new forces, their work to build up new culture and art in Soviet Russia," he said, "is a good thing, a very good thing. Their swift development is natural, it is to be welcomed. We have to make up for the centuries that have passed us by, and we want to do it. Chaotic tossings, a feverish seeking for new slogans, cries of Hosanna today for certain trends of art and thought, and tomorrow a call to 'crucify them,'—all this is inevitable.

"The Revolution unleashes all the forces that previously were bound and impels them from the depths to the surface of life. Here is an example, one of many. Think of the influence that was exerted on the development of our painting, sculpture and architecture by the fashions and caprices of the tsar's court, as well as by the fads and whims of the aristocrats and the bourgeoisie. In a society based on private property the artist produces for the market, he needs customers. Our Revolution has freed the artists from the oppression of these all too prosaic conditions. It has made the Soviet State their protector and customer. Every artist, whoever considers himself such, has a right to work in freedom, following his ideal and regardless of anything else.

"But of course, we are Communists. We must not stand with folded arms and let chaos develop as it will. We must guide this process, following a quite definite plan, and mold its results. We are still far from that, very far indeed. I think that we too have our Doctor Karlstadts.[1] We go in too much for 'dethroning in painting.' We must keep what is beautiful, take it as a model, follow it, even if it is 'old.' Why do we have to turn away from what is genuinely beautiful, reject it as the starting point for further development, just because it is 'old'? Why do we have to worship whatever is new as a god that we must obey just because 'it is new'? Nonsense, utter nonsense! A lot of this is hypocrisy and, of course, unconscious reverence for the fashions that prevail in Western art. We are good revolutionaries, but for some reason we feel obliged to prove that we too have attained 'the pinnacles of modern culture.' I, for one, am bold enough to proclaim myself a 'barbarian.' I am incapable of regarding the works of expressionism, futurism, cubism and all the other 'isms' as the highest expression of artistic genius. I don't understand them. I get no pleasure out of them!"

I could not help confessing that, like him, I was too limited in my perception to understand why a

[1] Karlstadt (1483-1541), a prominent leader of the Reformation and enemy of the Catholic church, was known for his hostility to higher education, science and art.—*Ed.*

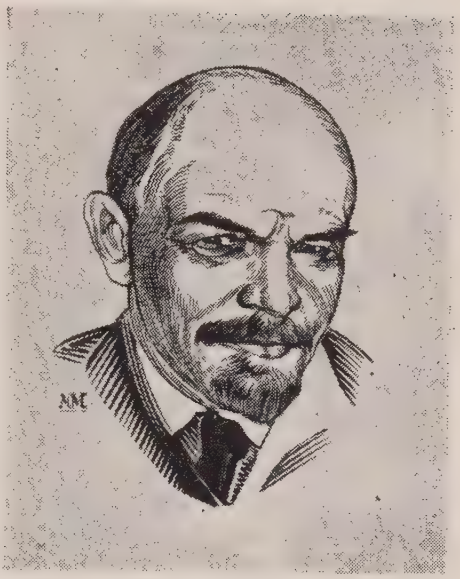
soul filled with inspiration should find its artistic expression in putting a triangle where a nose should be, and why the revolutionary striving for action should turn the human body, whose organs are knitted in a complex whole, into a soft, amorphous sack on two stilts with a five-pronged fork on either side.

Lenin burst out laughing.

"Yes, my dear Clara, it can't be helped, we are both old. We'll have to be content with the fact that in the Revolution, at least, we are still young and are marching in the front ranks. We can't keep pace with the new art, we will have to lag behind.

"But," he continued, "it is not our opinion of art that matters, nor the feeling art arouses in several hundred or even thousand among a population of millions. Art belongs to the people. Its deepest roots must lie among the very thick of the working masses. It must be such that these masses will understand and love it. It must voice the feelings, thoughts and will of these masses, must uplift them. It must awaken the artists in the masses, and serve to develop them. Are we to serve sweet biscuit to a paltry minority while the masses of workers and peasants go in need of black bread? Of course, I mean this not only literally, but figuratively as well: we should always have the workers and peasants in our mind's eye. For their sake we must learn to run things. And this applies to art and culture as well.

"In order to bring art closer to the people, and the people to art, we must first raise the general level of education and culture. How are we getting on in this respect? You are in raptures over our enormous cultural progress since we came into power. Of course, we can say without boasting that we have done a great deal, a very great deal, in this respect. We not only 'chopped



Portrait by Motorin

off heads,' as the Mensheviks of all countries accuse us of having done, including Kautsky in the country you came from; we have also enlightened them; we have brought enlightenment into many heads. But it is "many" only compared with the past, compared with the sins of the classes and cliques dominant in the past. The workers' and peasants' thirst for learning and culture, which we have aroused and are stimulating, is boundless—not only in Petrograd and Moscow, in the industrial centers, but far beyond them, even in the smallest villages. And we are beggars, absolute beggars. Of course we are waging a regular, persistent war on illiteracy. We are setting up libraries and reading rooms in the towns and villages, large and small. We are organizing all kinds of study courses. We are arranging good shows and concerts, sending traveling exhibitions and 'educational expeditions' all over the country. But, I repeat, what can this give the millions of people who have not the most rudimentary knowledge,

the most primitive culture? While in Moscow, let us say, 10,000 people today and another 10,000 tomorrow will go into raptures over a brilliant performance in the theater, millions of people are eager to learn to count and sign their names painfully, letter by letter, are eager to assimilate culture, which will teach them that the earth is round, and not flat, and that the world is ruled by the laws of nature, and not by witches and wizards in company with the 'father of heaven.' "

I remarked: "Comrade Lenin, you should not complain so bitterly about illiteracy. In a certain respect it made the Revolution easier. It kept the heads of the worker and the peasant from being stuffed with bourgeois views and ideas, and deteriorating. Your propaganda and agitation is sowing virgin soil and it is easier to sow and reap where you don't have to uproot a whole primeval forest first."

"Yes, that's so," Lenin agreed. "However, it is true only within certain limits, or, rather, only for a definite period of our struggle. Illiteracy could be tolerated when we were fighting for power, when the old state apparatus had to be destroyed. But are we destroying simply for the sake of destroying? We are destroying in order to create something better. Illiteracy fits in very badly, it does not fit in at all with the work of restoring the country. The latter, Marx said, must be the work of the workers and, I will add, the peasants themselves, if they want to achieve freedom. Our Soviet system makes this task easier. Owing to it, thousands of working people are now learning in the various Soviets and Soviet bodies to perform the work of restoration. They are men and women 'in their prime,' as they say in your country. Most of them grew up under the old regime and consequently received no education or culture, but now they are possessed with a real thirst for learning. We are determined, it is our aim to draw ever new sections of men and women into Soviet work and provide them with a certain practical and theoretical education. However, in spite of all this, we still cannot satisfy all our requirements as regards leading forces. We are compelled to use bureaucrats of the old mould and as a result we have bureaucracy. I detest it from the bottom of my soul. Of course, it is not individual bureaucrats that I mean—they may be very efficient people. But I detest the system itself. It paralyzes life and leads to corruption, above and below. The decisive factor in overcoming and eradicating bureaucracy is education and enlightenment of the people on the widest possible scale.

"What are our prospects for the future? We have set up splendid institutions and taken some measures that are really good, to enable the proletarian and peasant young people to learn, to study and assimilate culture. But here, too, we are faced with the same distressing question: what is all this for such a big population as ours? And, what's worse, the number of our kindergartens and elementary schools is still far from sufficient. Millions of children are growing up without proper training and education. They are remaining just as ignorant and uncultured as their fathers and grandfathers. How much talent perishes in this way, how much striving for light is repressed! It is a dreadful crime if you think of the happiness of the growing generation, a crime equivalent to pilfering the wealth of the Soviet State, which we want to turn into Communist society. It harbors a grave danger."

Lenin's voice, generally so even, shook with restrained indignation.

How close this question must

touch him, I thought, for him to be making an agitational speech before the three of us. One of us—I forget who it was—started talking about some things that particularly hit one in the eye in the field of art and culture, adding that they were due to "the conditions of the moment." Lenin retorted:

"I know all that! Lots of people are sincerely convinced that the difficulties and dangers of the present period can be overcome *panem et circenses*. With bread, of course they can! As for circuses,—well, I don't object. But they should not forget that circuses are not real art, great art, but a more or less pleasing entertainment. Moreover, we should not forget that our workers and peasants bear no resemblance to the lumpenproletariat of Rome. They are not maintained at the expense of the state, but themselves maintain the state by their labor. They "made" the Revolution and defended its cause, shedding rivers of blood and making innumerable sacrifices. Surely our workers and peasants deserve something more than circuses. They have gained the right to true great art. For that reason we are first of all introducing the broadest popular education and training. It will lay the basis for culture—of course, on condition that the question of bread be solved. 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*."

A. V. Lunacharsky

LENIN ON PROPAGANDA THROUGH MONUMENTS

A decision of the Council of Peoples Commissars, signed by V. I. Lenin, chairman, which appeared in *Izvestia* August 2, 1918, declared that, "having considered the list drawn up by the Peoples Commissariat of Education of monuments to great people who have been active in the advancement of Socialism, revolution, etc.," the Council had decided "to give first place to the erection of monuments to the greatest of those active in the advancement of revolution, namely, Marx and Engels," and "to include in the list of writers and poets the greatest of foreigners, such as Heine."

The list as approved included, among outstanding revolutionaries, writers, poets, philosophers, savants, artists, composers and actors, the following: Spartacus, Liberius Gracchus, Brutus, Babeuf, Bebel, Lassalle, Jaurés, Lafargue, Marat, Robespierre, Danton, Garibaldi, Stepan Razin, Hertzen, Plekhanov, Fourier, Saint Simon, Robert Owen, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky, Lermontov, Pushkin, Gogol, Belinsky, Chernyshevsky, Nekrasov, Shevchenko, Lomonosov, Mendeleyev, Kiprensky, Wrubel, Moussorgsky, Scriabin, Chopin, Mochalov and Komissarjevskaya.

Not many of Lenin's statements, either direct or indirect, on the role to be played by art in the work of Socialist cultural construction and on the practical measures that might be taken in this field, have come down to us.

That is why I should like to call to mind the wonderful initiative shown by Lenin in the winter—if I am not mistaken—of 1918-19, initiative that produced fairly widespread results at the time, but was, unfortunately, afterwards neglected.

I take the greater pleasure in doing this since we are approaching times and conditions when the idea given us by Lenin then may be carried out with much greater success and on a far larger scale than during those first years of cold and famine—the years of the Civil War. I cannot recall now on exactly what day it was (but this, no doubt, can be ascertained from the records) that Vladimir Ilyich sent for me. I shall endeavor to give the gist of our conversation in dialogue, though, of course, I cannot guarantee the accuracy of every word—there can be no question of this now—but I can answer for the general line of the conversation and the sense of it.

"Anatoli Vassilyevich," said Lenin, "we have probably a fair number of artists who are able to produce something and who are, no doubt, in extremely poor circumstances."

"Of course," I agreed, "both in Moscow and in Leningrad there is no lack of artists of that kind."

"I am talking of sculptors," Vladimir Ilyich went on, "and to a certain extent, perhaps, of poets and writers. The idea I am about to explain to you has been in my mind for some time. You remember that Campanella says in his *City of the Sun* that the frescoes which decorate the walls of his imaginary Socialist city serve as an object lesson to youth in natural science and history, rouse their sense of citizenship and, in short, play a part in educating and bringing up

the younger generation. It seems to me that this notion is far from naive and might, with certain modifications, be adopted by us and put into practice now."

To tell the truth, these introductory remarks of Vladimir Ilyich's appealed to me immensely. In the first place, the question of Socialist commissions for artists was one in which I took an acute interest. Funds there were none, and my arguments to convince the artists of the gain to them if they were to cease working for a private market and work for the State naturally remained to be proved.

And the idea of directing and using art for such a lofty purpose as the propaganda of our great ideas struck me at once as extraordinarily tempting.

"This, that I am thinking of," Vladimir Ilyich continued, "I would call propaganda through monuments. For this you would have to come to an agreement first of all with the Moscow and Leningrad Soviets, and at the same time organize your artists and select suitable sites in the public squares. Our climate will hardly permit us the frescoes of which Campanella dreamed. That is why I speak, for the most part, of sculptors and poets. On suitable sites, on walls that lend themselves to the purpose, or buildings specially designed for it, we might have brief but telling inscriptions expressing the root principles and slogans of Marxism, and also, perhaps, well-knit formulae, summing up great historical events. But please do not think that I have in mind just now marble, granite and gilt lettering. At present we must do things in a modest way. Let us have concrete slabs with the clearest possible inscriptions on them. I am not thinking yet of eternity, or even of any great length of time. Let it all be temporary.

"I regard monuments as still more important than inscriptions: we might have busts, figures, and, perhaps, bas-reliefs and groups.

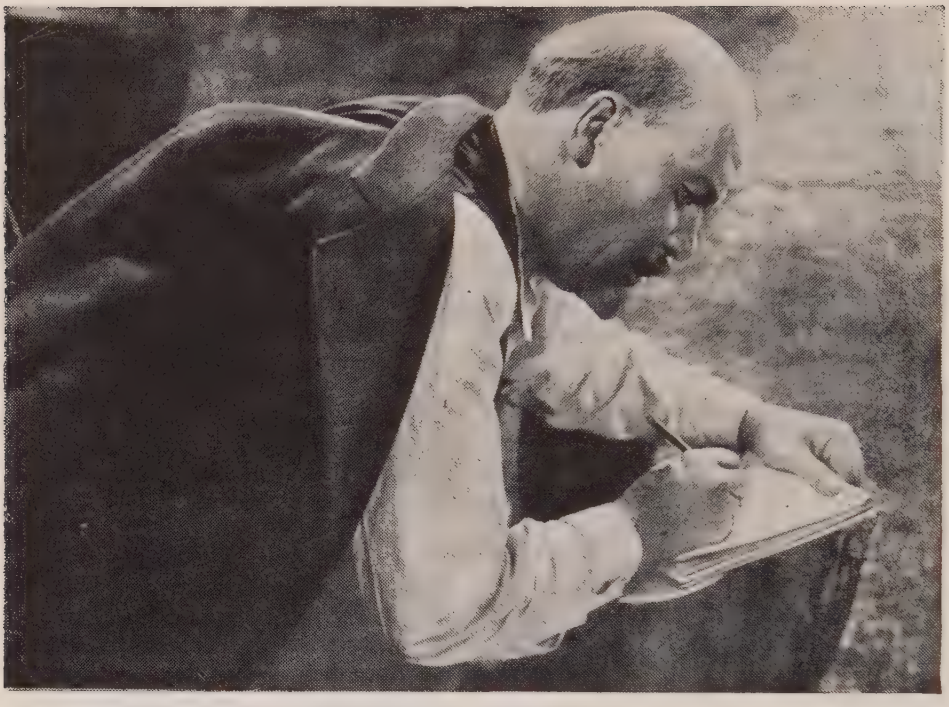
"Lists should be drawn up of those forerunners of Socialism, or of those theoreticians of Socialism and those who struggled for it, and also of those lights of philosophic thought, science, art and so on, who, though they may have had no direct bearing on Socialism itself, were, nevertheless, genuine heroes of culture.

"Take a list like this and commission the sculptor to make temporary monuments—of plaster, even, or of concrete. The important thing is that they be understandable to the masses, that they catch the eye. It is important, too, that they be durable enough to stand our climate, that they should not be liable to be spoiled by frost and rain. Of course, there should be short inscriptions on the pedestals explaining who and what is represented.

"Particular attention should be paid to the unveiling of these monuments. This is where we might come in—and other comrades and, perhaps, important specialists—to make speeches. Let every unveiling be a piece of propaganda, a small holiday, and, afterwards, at jubilees, there might be a repetition, a reminder of the great person in question; always, of course, showing clearly the connection between him and our Revolution and its tasks."

This project appealed to me immensely. We got to work at once upon carrying it into practice.

(From *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, January 29, 1933.)



Lenin at Razliv—from the film "Great Dawning"

LENIN ON THE SCREEN

Film goers have seen the figure of Lenin in several Soviet motion pictures. One of the first attempts to portray Lenin on the screen was made by Sergei Eisenstein. It was not a success. Instead of seeking in the treasure store of the great man's ideas those things which characterized him as leader and as man, Eisenstein strove primarily to attain a maximum outward resemblance to Lenin. He found for the role an actor of striking superficial resemblance to Lenin, and contented himself with that. The failure of this attempt was taken into account by other Soviet regisseurs in their portrayals of Lenin.

Dziga Vertov, director of *Three Songs About Lenin*, approached the task differently. He based that film on the songs and folk tales of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. about their leader. Folk art gave the film warmth, life and conviction. The figure of Lenin arose on the screen as the people saw him. This image was rounded out by the happy inspiration of mounting into the picture newsreels in which Lenin had been screened in his lifetime. With great skill Vertov joined a silent newsreel of Lenin and a recording of one of Lenin's speeches, and the audience was able to see the real Lenin and hear his voice.

The Soviet audience, however, demanded films which really reveal a full-fledged portrait of the great leader and relate episodes of his life. Only now are we beginning to see such films. These are no mere mountings of newsreels or depictions of Lenin through the medium of folklore, but works of art in which Lenin appears as a living historical figure.

One of these films, *Lenin in October*, was discussed in *International Literature* No. 4, 1938. Now, when

the peoples of the U.S.S.R. are marking the fifteenth anniversary of Lenin's death, two films devoted to Lenin have appeared: *The Man With the Gun* and *Great Dawning*.

Readers of our magazine are acquainted with the plot of *The Man With the Gun* (film version by S. Yutkevich) from the play of that name by N. Pogodin, published in No. 7 of *International Literature* for 1938. Pogodin remade the play into the scenario of the film.

The film handles the theme more broadly than the play, utilizing the greater possibilities of the screen: more mass scenes and additional episodes have been introduced. One of these added scenes takes place at the Putilov Works in Petrograd. (The workers of this great plant have a long tradition of glorious revolutionary struggle.) This episode pictures Lenin and Stalin among workers and Red Guards. An animated discussion is going on. The guests and their hosts are eating potatoes. Lenin's simplicity, modesty and unassuming character are well conveyed in this scene.

Lenin is played by Honored Artist M. Straukh, who had taken this role on the stage. This experience, as well as acquaintance with the shortcomings of Shchukin's acting in *Lenin in October*, which the Soviet press had pointed out, helped Straukh to create a figure captivating in its naturalness and liveliness. Straukh mastered all Lenin's characteristic gestures, skillfully conveyed Lenin's warmth and humanity

M. Straukh as Lenin and M. Gelovani as Stalin in the film version of "The Man With the Gun"

in his relations with people, his firmness and steadfastness in matters of principle. Although Straukh bears less outward likeness to Lenin than Shchukin, his characterization is more convincing.

Incidentally, Straukh also played Lenin splendidly in the third film of the screen trilogy about the worker Maxim, although Lenin appears in that film only in several episodic scenes (*The Vyborg Side*, directed by G. Kozintsev and L. Trauberg.) Lenin the statesman, the acknowledged leader of the masses, and Lenin the man, thoughtful and considerate comrade and friend, are organically united in Straukh's performance. *Vyborg Side* is a significant phenomenon in Soviet cinema annals, and we hope to return to it separately.

Successful and interesting, the film *The Man With the Gun* nevertheless does not come up to the Vakhtangov Theater production in artistic mastery. The play brings out more vividly the basic line of the plot; more attention is paid to characters of secondary importance, and there are more lyric scenes. The film *The Man With the Gun* must be acknowledged a less significant production than *Great Dawning*, the work of the Georgian regisseur Chiaurelli and the scenario writer Tsagareli.

Great Dawning is also devoted to events of 1917. The film opens in Georgia soon after the overthrow of tsarism. Here we make the acquaintance of the major heroes of the film. Together with them we live through the memorable struggle against the perfidious Provisional Government. June 18, 1917. The Provisional Government, to gratify the imperialists, begins an offensive against the German army with regiments of Russians, Georgians and Ukrainians. The film well reveals the process of transformation of the imperialist war into a civil war, shows how in the fire of class battles splendid people, talented organizers develop from the masses.

From Georgia the action moves to Petrograd, where the heroes meet Lenin and Stalin. Under the leadership of Lenin and Stalin the workers and soldiers are conducting the struggle against Kerensky. The action is climaxed by the October upheaval. The gloomy Petrograd autumn sky lightens with the flash of shots from the cruiser *Aurora*. This is the last night of Russian capitalism. Glancing at the sky, one of the heroes of the film says: "What a dawning!" "A great dawning, it will illuminate the whole world," remarks Stalin. The film closes with these prophetic words.

In this film, as in the others above mentioned, historical characters and imaginary appear side by side. This is quite logical in any work of art on a historical theme.

Aristotle pointed out the advantages of poetry over history, in which, as is evident, there is no place for imaginary people or events. The historian and the poet, Aristotle wrote, differ in that the one records what happened and the other what might have happened. Therefore poetry is deeper and more significant than history.

These wise reflections must be borne in mind when one discusses works of art on historic themes.

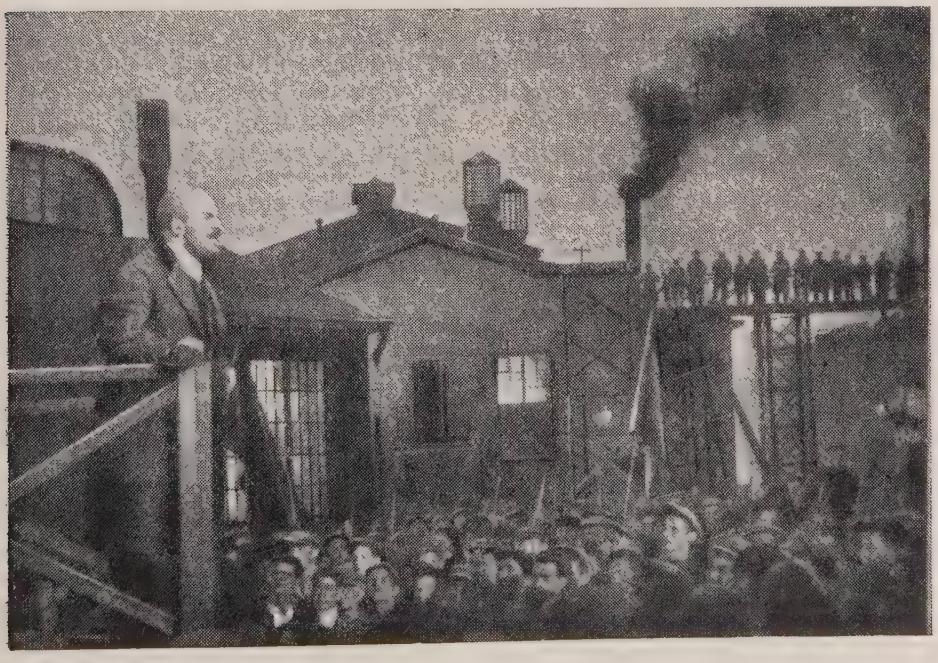
In *Great Dawning* one finds certain departures from history; the sequence of events is not exact, and the remarks of individual historical personages were not always made at the moments when we hear them in the film. But that is not the essential thing. A genuine work of art lives its own organic life. Its conviction arises from the artistic truthfulness of its images. It did not happen, but it might have. And if this "it might have" is natural, organic for the given character, the image is more convincing and life-like than

if the portrayal of the character's deed were motivated by entire volumes of historical research. There may not have been in Lenin's life such an episode as is depicted in the film, when Comrade Lenin, in the interests of secrecy, is passed off for a doctor. But such an incident might well have occurred, and if it had Lenin would have acted just as he is shown in this episode.

Lenin is played by Mufke, played freshly and convincingly. Mufke succeeds in copying Lenin's outward appearance, his bearing and his characteristic habits. Certain scenes remain in one's memory; for instance, the scene at the hut in Razliv, near Petrograd, where, as is known, Lenin hid from Kerensky's detectives. There is a photograph showing Lenin at the Second Congress of the Communist International; Lenin is seated on the steps of the orator's tribune, hunched over as he writes. Mufke succeeded in reproducing this pose with almost photographic accuracy, but of course it is not by superficial likeness, not by copying Lenin's habitual gestures, that the actor captivates his audience. Mufke's acting carries conviction by conveying the chief things which always set Lenin apart, his assurance, his deep faith in the victory of Socialism, his endless love for men of labor, his ability to combine the great and the small.

Mufke is good in the mass scenes, too, when exultant crowds of soldiers and workers surround Lenin, or where Lenin is shown in the circle of his closest friends. Mufke conveys Lenin's sly humor, his good-humored smile and the Leninist ability to win over men and to lead them.

Soviet cinematography has advanced many talented actors who play the role of Lenin well. It was in this creative competition that such outstanding masters as Shchukin and such young ones as Mufke came to the fore in this role.



Lenin speaking at the Putilov Works—a still from the film "The Man With the Gun"

A still from "Great Dawning"

This competition will continue. And one can rest assured that the Soviet cinema will give the world a still more finished image of the great leader of the Socialist Revolution.

In all the films in which Lenin figures, Stalin is invariably by his side. In this is expressed the friendship uniting these great men, their long joint struggle, and, finally, what was aptly expressed in Barbusse's words, voicing the deep thought of the people, "Stalin is the Lenin of today."

Great Dawning shows Stalin, Lenin's closest comrade-in-arms, in the work of organizing the victory of the October Revolution. We see Stalin, the leader of the Sixth Congress of the Party, a congress convened at a time when Lenin was forced to go into hiding. And another series of thrilling episodes: Stalin, the editor of the *Pravda*, greets delegates from the front; Stalin looks through Lenin's article for the *Pravda*, carefully keeps guard over every word of Lenin's. We see Stalin the thoughtful comrade and Stalin the farsighted strategist.

Gelovani succeeded splendidly in creating a full-blooded image of Stalin. This role is a great success for the young actor.

The people's innermost dreams play a great part in the plot of *Great Dawning*. Before the audience stands a simple soldier, harassed by three years of the imperialist war. He dreams of peace, of happiness, of freedom. He meets an unusual girl, Svetlana, who brings him to Lenin to Stalin—to those who will give to the soldier, to the workers, to all of toiling humanity, peace and freedom and happiness. His dreams come true. The folklore motifs lend to the film a special charm and warmth.

The sequel to *Lenin in October* (scenario by A. and T. Kapler) is scheduled to appear on the fifteenth anniversary of the death of the great leader. Here the audience will see Lenin in the first years of the construction of the young Soviet state. This sets the Kaplers' work apart from all the above-mentioned films, in which Lenin is shown only in the first days of the October Revolution.

There is no question but that Soviet art will more than once recreate the image of him who is, in the eyes of the Soviet people, in the eyes of oppressed and exploited humanity, the great Prometheus of our times, the man who opened up for mankind the path to happiness and lighted it with the flame of his invincible theory.

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

LENIN IN FOLKLORE

Songs and tales about Lenin have occupied a prominent place in the folklore of the Soviet Union ever since the outbreak of the October Revolution.

The people have always seen in Lenin a man who devoted his entire life and the force of his genius to the struggle for man's happiness. Recreating the image of Lenin, epic poetry itself was recreated. The language of folklore began to ring with a faith and truth heretofore unseen. And naturally so, for the October Revolution is the incarnation in reality of "the hopes and yearnings" which, according to Lenin, have always been present in folklore.

Singing of Lenin, folk singers and poets, "the Homers of the twentieth century," as Gorky called one of them, sang of the man who realized an age-long dream of the people:

Many crimes have caused the earth to shudder.
Hence of many men the world has heard.
But few are those whose deeds are noble.
The greatest and noblest deed has been achieved by Lenin,
The redeemer of mankind, the vessel of virtues.
Even though a time may come
When the peaks of the Pamirs are leveled with the ground,
And the ocean rolls its waves over them;
When new mountains, ten times the size of the Pamirs,
Rise in their stead;
When many centuries have passed,
And men have forgotten
The name of the lands of their ancestors,
And will have forgotten their language—
Even then the name of Lenin will be remembered by all.

This song is popular among the peoples of Central Asia, but similar songs are current also among Ukrainians and Byelorussians in the West of the U.S.S.R., among the Eskimos and Yakuts in the North, the Georgians and Ossetians in the South, the Mongolians in the East.

Interesting and characteristic is the process of "adopting" Lenin, a process widespread in the folklore of the peoples of the Soviet Union. The fundamental facts about Lenin are the same in all folklore: he is the protector of the oppressed, the liberator of the enslaved, a wise and fearless leader, a great man. But each nation represents him according to its own image, as it were. Even in portraits woven on rugs or painted on canvas, Lenin, although easily recognizable, is depicted as a man who belongs to the nation which has produced the portrait.

Thus, Lenin is endowed with the features of a Turkmenian on a Turkmenian rug, of an Uzbek on

an Uzbek rug, of a Ukranian on a Ukranian towel.

This desire on the part of a people to "adopt" Lenin, is even more outspoken in songs and tales in which the people go further than *national* ties. They add class ties and ideological solidarity. Thus, the folklore of the Central Asian peoples represents Lenin as a poor *dekhan*, a tiller of the soil. Northern epics sing of him as a mighty hunter. Mikhail Sholokhov, in the fourth part of his *Quiet Flows the Don*, quotes a Cossack legend about Lenin, according to which he is a Don Cossack who took part in the World War.

At the same time Lenin has been endowed with the noble characteristics of popular epic heroes immortalized in folklore as fighters for the freedom and happiness of their fellow-men.

Another significant and characteristic feature of folk poetry about Lenin is that he is generously endowed with many of the attributes of the fairy-tale world. He is frequently a sorcerer, a magician possessing miraculous power, a man created by supernatural forces.

An Uzbek tradition describes Lenin as the son of the moon and the stars, and a legend of the mountain Jews insists he was conceived by the sun and the stars. A Kirghiz fairy tale narrates the fierce struggle between Lenin and Satan, in which Lenin conquers with the aid of a magic ring. A Byelorussian folk tale describes how Lenin, himself a poor wanderer, saves a widow and her children from starvation.

Lenin frequently has to perform heroic deeds or solve riddles in order to achieve his final goal, the liberation of mankind from misery and oppression.

A popular Uzbek legend tells of a stone which Lenin must roll before his dream of liberation comes true. The stone was so heavy that no one budged it, although so many people had tried that "ten grooves were formed by fingers clutching at the stone." How did Lenin accomplish the task? "He brought two beams, shoved one under the stone, set the second beam crosswise under the first, heaved, and turned the stone with ease." He then saw that the powerful poisonous snake *ok-ilen* had been holding on to the stone. "And no man," says the legend, "can lift sixty poods of the weight of stone and a hundred poods of the weight of an *ok-ilen*."

After this feat Lenin had to solve three riddles to which no one had ever given the proper answers:

"Who is strongest?

"Who is happiest?

"Who is weakest and most miserable in this world?"

Lenin's answer was as simple and wise as his actions:

"The strongest—the wisest, he who enjoys universal love.

"The happiest—the most honorable, he who brings happiness to many.

"The most miserable—he whom no one loves."

The same goodness of heart and greatness of mind is depicted also in Lenin's attitude toward nature which, in its turn, is ready to shield Lenin from danger at any cost. There is a magnificent Tajik tale which illustrates this point.

The sorcerer Kuchuk-Adam is hired by the rich to slay Lenin on his way to the "great city in the North" where the enslaved will be the first to rise. Kuchuk-Adam uses every force of black magic, but all nature protects Lenin. "Mountains shaded him from heat, and the sun checked its blaze and sought not to burn the stones lest they sting his feet. When he was thirsty, the skies let rain fall. When he was hungry, badgers brought him food and antelopes gave him of their milk."

When Lenin entered the forest,

"thorny bushes removed their branches from his path in order that the serene face might not be harmed. At night fire-flies lit the way for him, and trees made him a bed of their branches."

When Lenin was crossing marshes, Kuchuk-Adam flew over them with a swarm of demons, and "lit false fires, trying to lure Lenin into a swamp, but a woodcock flew in front of Lenin, leading him along the right road. And hard were the marshes under Lenin's feet."

The creators of Soviet folklore are fond of comparing Lenin with other heroes in the history of the world. Lenin never suffers by the comparison; he rises above them "like the Pamirs above the peaks of other mountains," because of his wisdom and great unselfish love for the downtrodden.

...Lenin brought light to the land
cast in darkness by Nikolai.
He replanted orchards made fruitless
by Tamerlane,
Rebuilt cities destroyed by Gengis
Khan.
Tamerlane, Genghis Khan, Iskander
and Nikolai were warriors.
Wherever they saw light, they made
darkness.
Wherever they saw orchards, they
made deserts.
Wherever they saw life, they made
death.
Lenin! Out of darkness he brought
forth light.
Out of deserts he made orchards.
Out of death—life!
He was mightier than all these
warriors together,
For he alone built in six years
What they had destroyed in a
thousand.
Many more years will pass,
And men, seeing no deserts, and
fearless of death,
Will forget wars.
But the earth, shuddering in memories
of blood,
Will never forget wars nor the man
who destroyed them—
Lenin!

The folklore about Lenin sprang up among the people very soon after the outbreak of the October Revolution. During the first period, the backward strata of the country's population was still under the influence of its old *Weltanschauung*, very limited, imbued with religious superstitions and conservative conceptions.

Enemies of the young Soviet republic repeatedly attempted to twist to their own ends the people's love for Lenin, and created pseudo-folklorist tales and songs in which they distorted the image of Lenin and those who surrounded him.

One of the most characteristic illustrations of this type of "folklore" is a Russian tale which in obvious contradiction to historical truth speaks of Lenin as of the son of a "fabulously rich" family, opposed to his ideas. After he is exiled his mother and sister visit him in faraway Siberia and his mother addresses him as follows:

" 'My son,' she says, 'we have come to see you here in order to ask you to give up your ways and convictions. Renounce,' she says, 'all you ever preached, forget your views and for this,' she says, 'we shall build you a railroad all the way from here to Moscow, with our own money we shall build it, and take you away from here.' "

It is curious that even in this absurd tale, which bears all the earmarks of kulak-merchant ideology, the nameless author—an enemy of Lenin and his ideas—had to succumb before the greatness of the man, for the "family" does not succeed in its attempt.

Such pseudo-folk tales, however, are few and, as we have seen, ineffectual for their authors' aims.

In later years, especially in the

folklore about Stalin, these backward conceptions disappear from the consciousness of the people. If during early periods the leader was represented as some fairyland hero in whom at times even the religious beliefs of backward strata of the population were reflected, in later years the nameless authors of epic poetry depict their leader as a realistic figure, a Socialist hero. Such is Comrade Stalin as represented by Soviet folklore.

But overwhelmingly the greater part of Lenin folklore, even in the earlier stage, correctly reflected the essence of his life and work, even if individual tales simultaneously reflect the religious beliefs of their creators.

Following is a characteristic example of an attempt at recreating the true image of the leader, while the religious background of the singer is still strong:

And Allah took Lenin into his palaces
And kept him there for nearly fifty days and fifty nights,
Bestowed upon him part of his wisdom
And sent him back to earth.

And Lenin came to earth in the splendor of his wisdom...

And instantly ended all bloodshed,
And made men happy.
And his name will live as long as the word "happiness."

The best of Soviet folklore about Lenin depicts him as the leader of a collective, a leader of the masses in their struggle for justice and freedom, rather than an individual. And frequently at his side is his great friend and comrade-in-arms, Stalin.

An Armenian tale describes Lenin fighting against the tsar and the rich:

First Lenin mounted a steed, galloped forth.
Shaumyan mounted his steed, galloped forth.
Mikoyan mounted his steed, galloped forth.
Stalin himself mounted his steed, galloped forth.

The friendship of the two great leaders is the theme of many a splendid song and tale. A Russian epic poem states in part:

According to your teachings, Lenin, and your will,
Our Stalin is leading us toward happiness.
Watch, Lenin, eagles teach the eaglets fly.
Watch our falcons soar at mighty heights.
One ocean and another are like brothers two.
So are Lenin, Stalin, loving brothers, too.
Our Stalin is leading us as you, Lenin, did.
And we speak to him as we did to you.

One of the foremost Russian folklorists, Professor M. Azadovsky, once wrote that Lenin folklore "bears witness to the penetration of Lenin's name and deeds into the consciousness of the toiling masses... bears witness to the triumph of the new ideals created by mankind, with the existence side by side with them of old gods and heroes." Singing of Lenin, the people sing of the victory of these ideals in the daily life of the land of Socialism.

A Russian woman, a poet of the people, sings of what she would say to Lenin if she met him:

I would tell him: Lenin, our mighty sun,
See our life and happiness,

See how changed is the world we live in,
Behold the kolkhoz orchards blossoming,
Behold the fields and gardens blossoming,
Our children learning to read and write,
Our fliers falcons soaring in the blue,
Our girls behind the tractor wheels.

Our love for you is like a flaming star,
Our love for you and your herbic deeds.

An Uzbek singer wrote of Lenin:

Lenin's face expressed goodness,
Expressed wisdom, courage, honesty.
He would speak to a woman offended by the man she loved,
To an orphan, to a homeless waif.
They all would leave him with a smile of gratitude,
Warmed by his caressing words.
This is why we peasants loved him so,
And our tears were bitter when he died.

The working people all over the world grieved for the dead leader. The loss was great, and enormous was the pain. The Soviet bards gave expression to the grief of the people:

The sun burns up the grass in the steppe,
But it cannot consume our grief.
Our grief is more fiery than the sun,
Vaster than the steppe.

That is a Kirghizian lament. In Uzbekistan they sang:

The mountains wept with us,
And the steppes wept and the rivers,
The sky and the stars wept,
And men shed tears, but found no solace in them.

The Soviet bards tell of the strength and will of the people, who overcame their great grief and continued their victorious march, led by Lenin's best friend and pupil along the road paved by the dead leader.

Even if a fragrant flower wither
Its aroma remains on earth.
Even if Comrade Lenin has died,
His name will live forever.
Even if Comrade Lenin has died,
His great teachings remain on earth.
To lead us toward further victories
Stalin, Lenin's true comrade, remains on earth.

"Stalin is the Lenin of today," said Henri Barbusse. This idea, an idea of profound historic significance, has found expression in folk poetry of our day, in the remarkable songs and tales created in every part of the vast Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Typical are the following lines of Jamboul, the ninety-year old bard of Kazakhstan, who sings, addressing himself to Lenin:

In Stalin we see your features,
Goals of immeasurable heights,
Thoughts of unheard-of wisdom,
Speech of noble simplicity.
You have come to life again, in Stalin!

ROBERT MAGIDOFF

Jacques Duclos

THE RIGHTS OF THE INTELLECTUALS

We know that there are men whose opinions on Communism and on the Communists are too often based on preconceptions, not to say on prejudices.

We also know that they sometimes ascribe to us intentions which we do not have and we also know that well meaning people regard us with a measure of distrust because they attribute to us plans that never occurred to us.

According to some people we reject the past, we reject individual values. According to others, we are fanatics, devoid of human feeling. According to still others we are utopians who take no cognizance of reality, or else realists without an ideal.

We are none of these things and I am glad of the opportunity to speak in the name of my Party to a gathering whose critical spirit is not the least of its virtues.

I know that some people regard it as the mark of a critical attitude to mistrust Communists *a priori*. For you who represent the intellectual world, the critical spirit primarily consists in freeing oneself from ready-made ideas.

It should be emphasized that we are a Party which knows how to distinguish between what is possible and what is incapable of realization at the particular moment. Beyond the limited political objectives that correspond to a given situation we travel toward a great aim that may be summarized as follows: We wish to free man from all that hampers his physical and intellectual development.

We want man's energy to be directed not against man himself but to be used for subjugating the forces of nature.

We now return to one of the oldest dreams of mankind, but we return to it in the knowledge that in our time it is capable of fulfillment because of the extent of man's scientific and technical conquests.

We can also say that Communism is the modern expression of all the human aspirations for happiness, for truth and brotherhood, aspirations which have possessed the human mind ever since the earliest civilizations and under the most varied forms.

In reviving these ancient human dreams we are by no means utopians; we are consistent realists. The human desire to subjugate the forces of nature is as old as the oldest civilizations, but never even in his dreams did the man of the past venture to hope for what has now been achieved. Science, the child of man, has made possible the subjugation of nature; tomorrow it will make the subjugation more thorough-going than ever.

Abridged from a speech delivered at a conference of writers, scientists, artists, physicians, professors, engineers and lawyers at the Maison de la Chimie, Paris, June 1, 1938.

While it is true, in the famous words of Bacon, that "man rules nature by obeying it," it is also true that one cannot rule history without obeying it, and this requires a knowledge of the development of human society.

Duclos goes on to quote the passage in Engels' *Socialism, Utopian and Scientific* where are set forth the conditions for the transition to Socialist society, and continues:

We advocate a doctrine based on the scientific knowledge of human society and because of this we are rational men. We are the most consistent rationalists because we carry the consequences of reason to their logical conclusion.

We are the heirs of all those who throughout history, at the cost of much suffering, struggled to establish the rule of reason and to demolish the bulwarks of dogma and prejudice.

We defend the heritage of Descartes, of whom the greatest of our Utopian Socialists, Saint-Simon, said: "It was Descartes who organized the scientific revolt. It was he who drew the line of demarcation between the ancient and modern sciences. It was he who hoisted the flag around which the physicists rallied to attack the theologians, he snatched the image of the world from the realm of imagination and placed it in the realm of reason. He advanced the famous principle: man should only believe in things affirmed by reason and confirmed by experience; a principle which destroyed superstition and altered the moral aspect of our planet."

We are the heirs of the eighteenth century philosophers who dealt such ruthless blows to obscurantism and who defended the cause of man against a society doomed by history.

We are, in a word, the heirs of all the humanists, of all those who advocated the respect of man, of all who fought to defend man. We want the completest development of man, we want him to realize his full possibilities.

The false "respect of the individual," which some profess, merely tends to subject the individual to a competition in which he may perish.

To this false individualism, which conceals the reality of social constraint and injustice beneath the cloak of a spurious liberty, we contrapose the true concept of respect for the individual, based on the opportunity of each to realize himself to the full.

But we are aware that this objective encounters the economic, political and social reality of capitalism, which places private interests in opposition to human interests and which stifles the individual under the weight of society.

We are not satisfied with merely affirming this. We fight against everything which serves private interests as opposed to collective human interests, and because of this those who benefit from social injustice slander and attack us.

But you, who realize that nothing is done in the realm of science or thought or art without a sharp and persistent struggle, will appreciate that, likewise, nothing in the realm of social progress may be accomplished without a struggle against the same prejudices and the same interests which the pioneers of human culture encounter on their path.

We Communists, who are fighters, realize that the intellectuals are also fighters, since science is the noblest and perhaps the sharpest of struggles.

One could name many scientists whose life was a struggle and whose discoveries came into conflict with the irreconcilable official verities.

The speaker cites as examples the lives of Galileo and Pasteur.

In the realms of thought and art, as well as science, those who do creative work, those who wish to abandon the beaten path, the seekers, those who want to forge ahead, cannot progress save by fighting. At each stage of their struggle they can measure the tremendous resistance raised by selfish interests against the free development of thought, science and culture.

As for us Communists, we can only conceive of the development of culture under the conditions of the completest freedom.

Freedom for the scientist to search and to discover without fear of seeing his discoveries unused if they come into conflict with certain private interests.

Freedom for the thinker, for the writer, to express human aspirations without fear of boycott by the money powers.

Freedom for the artist to express the joy, the sorrow, the anger, the love and hope of man without having to take account of private interests.

Freedom for the intellectual to speak up unrestrained, without submitting to the demands of those who, because they control the purse-strings, are inclined to treat intellect as a commodity.

This is what we want, this is the great goal of mankind's spiritual emancipation towards which we are striving, we men of the people, with the certainty that through the people the reign of intelligence will be established and humanity will be free.

To liberate the spirit from the power of money and the forces of oppression, to make possible the free development of human values, such is our ambition, and we can conceive of no limits to freedom other than the necessity for defending man against the forces of reaction.

To allow freedom of action to those who reject human progress, who make violence their religion, who demand that men know how to wield the sword better than the pen, who scorn "heads full of learning," who want to wipe out all human knowledge that does not serve their mania for destruction, those for whom might is more important than right—to allow freedom of action to the foes of liberty is not to respect individual freedom. It is to deliver man to the obscurantist forces of barbarism; to encourage the dark forces of barbarism, to encourage the mortal enemies of freedom.

There can be no freedom for the murderers of freedom, as Saint-Just declared, any more than the criminal can be free to murder his neighbor.

Freedom to forge ahead along the road of progress, and the vital defense of society from those who want to carry us backwards—this is what the interest of the human collective requires.

The modern barbarians proclaim their scorn for human civilization. They declare that everything dates from them, as though nothing had existed before them.

For them neither the builders of the cathedrals which marked one stage in human civilization nor the nameless monks who in the night of the Dark Ages kept the flame of culture and learning from being extinguished, are of any account.

They have no respect for the pioneers of free thinking, such as John Huss, Savonarola and Etienne Dolet, who sacrificed their lives for their ideas, nor for the philosophers, nor for the thinkers who opened new horizons to the human mind.

As against these who deny the past, the Communists are aware that they are the continuators of all those men who across the centuries contributed to the human

advance along the difficult road of civilization.

We cannot be true to ourselves nd we cannot hope to carry through to a successful conclusion the great and noble task of human emancipation except as a result of the centuries of efforts of which we are the heirs and beneficiaries.

The mission of the intellectuals is to be the heralds proclaiming the future, who precede the mass of humanity along the road of progress.

The French Revolution, which marked a stage in human progress, was preceded and heralded by Diderot and his companions in struggle, men whose philosophical materialism was later used by Marx and Engels to forge the splendid instrument of analysis and understanding which is dialectical materialism.

Because the light of Marxism enables us to comprehend human history and to grasp the concatenation of facts and the sequence of struggles which since earliest times made society what it is, and because we realize that we are continuing the civilizing work of the past, we assume the role of guardians of the cultural heritage.

The people are with us in the front ranks of the defenders of culture, the benefits of which have not been shared with them with sufficient generosity, but in defending treasures of culture the people defend not only the present but the future as well.

Together with the people we defend the spiritual values trampled underfoot by the barbarians, and we go even farther in this work of protecting the heritage of the past.

We are atheists and for us the problem of freedom of religious belief does not loom as important as it does for a believer, since we have passed beyond this stage in human thought. But we defend freedom of conscience against fascist barbarism, because we do not want humanity to be turned back several centuries.

No doubt our materialist outlook sometimes gives rise to distorted interpretations, but you know how to regard certain gross misinterpretations of materialism, which is sometimes presented as the doctrine of the satisfaction of the basest instincts.

Thousands upon thousands of Communists in all countries, by dying as true apostles of the cause of Communism and of human progress, have demonstrated the loftiness of the ideal that inspires us and we can say that there are no bigger idealists than such materialists as we are.

Here is what R. P. Ducatillon said in this connection: "The truth is that, far from wishing to destroy human greatness, Communist materialism claims on the contrary to place it on its true and real foundation, to save it from the fiction and illusion and lies of idealism. This materialism is man's knowledge of himself in the fullness of his reality, before the great realities of the world and of life."

We believe that life, in order to be worth living, must be inspired by a great ideal. This is why we wish at all cost to spare humanity from the shame and horror of modern barbarism, whose credo is the glorification of brutishness, the deification of obscurantism, race hatred and violation of contract, the cult of brutality and contempt for men.

It is to save our country from such a cruel fate that we have become the ardent defenders of the unity of the people of France.

We have united with men who do not go so far as we do as regards the future state of human society, we have united with men who, though they are limited by a cer-

tain social conservatism, do not desire a return to the past. The highest aim of this unity is to keep our country from coming under the domination of the Huns of the twentieth century.

Our conviction as to the necessity of this unity has caused us uncompromising atheists to extend our hand in brotherhood to the Catholics, whose struggle in defense of their faith at the present time is inseparable from resistance to the enemies of human progress.

We have been accused of advocating ideological intolerance. We have even been accused of wanting war.

There are indeed people in Europe who are conducting an ideological crusade. The man who rules the Italian people has said without hesitation that "Europe will be fascist tomorrow," while his overlord in Berlin threatens our country with annihilation. Nor can we fail to mention the unhappy land of Cervantes, which has become the victim of a foreign aggression which even causes the Spaniards on Franco's side to blush with shame and indignation.

We are heart and soul with the Spanish Republicans, who by defending their country's independence are also defending the security of our hearths and homes.

Many tears and much grief might have been avoided if at the outset of the bloody events in Spain the government of the Spanish republic had not been denied the right freely to acquire the means of victory.

Rome and Berlin want a Franco victory and they want it as a blow against France. What are we to think of the attitude of certain Frenchmen who also praise Franco? Do these people ignore the attitude towards our country in Franco's camp? Are they unaware of the fact that they call our country "the country of abnormalities" whose "last hour is approaching"?

Or, knowing this, do they still descend to such a degradation of their national feeling?

In truth the defense of our country cannot be separated from the defense of peace, and one cannot hope to save either, except by taking a firm stand and by causing those to reflect who owe their successes to too many hesitancies and unfortunate weaknesses on the part of others.

Recent international events prove that the predatory nations can be forced to reflect, not by surrender, but by calm and determined resistance.

This is why we do not hold with those who in a sort of ecstasy of cowardice declare, "better slavery than death."

We do not want slavery which would mean the denial of our convictions, the denial of intellect, the destruction of human values and the renunciation of all ideals, especially since this slavery would in the end mean death.

But we do not want death, either, and for this reason we will defend peace vigorously against all capitulation and against all attempts to enslave our country.

We want our France to live free and independent, happy and respected, but we know that one of the chief obstacles to the realization of this great hope is the misdeeds of the all-powerful economic combinations speculating on the stock exchange, carrying on their intrigues in legislative bodies and influencing the action of governments.

The representatives of the money international, whose sentiments and interests have little in common with those of the nation, are fierce in their attacks on the Communists; they present the workers

peasants, "small men" and intellectuals who constitute our Party as a band of traitors, men without a country who have sold themselves to Moscow.

It is always the lot of the defenders of the people to be attacked and slandered. Jean Jaurés paid with his life for the hateful campaigns directed against him by men who to this very day pursue him with their slanders.

Consequently we no longer attach unnecessary importance to slander which seeks to discredit us and the working people, without whom the greatness and prosperity of France would be inconceivable.

We proclaim our admiration for the great social and human experiment which is being victoriously carried out in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and we are not the only ones to realize that this experiment is one of the essential elements of the defense of peace.

We take pride in the thought that the lessons drawn from the revolutionary history of France have played a considerable role in Lenin's revolutionary work.

As friends of all peoples and ardent internationalists, we echo the words of Jean Jaurés: "A little internationalism alienates one from one's country, a lot of internationalism leads one back."

And we repeat the splendid formulation by Vaillant-Couturier of the mission of French Communists: "We perpetuate France."

Yes, we perpetuate France in a spirit of respect for her past, with a full understanding of the needs of the present and a clear vision of the future which we are preparing. But we know that nothing great and enduring can be accomplished without the participation of the intellectuals, whose virtues are doubtless acknowledged, but whose rights have still to be proclaimed. The problem confronting us is to determine what place science and the scientists should occupy in society.

Do the scientists and investigators, the men whose efforts should command the respect and attention of everyone, dispose of sufficient means for research? Can they give free rein to their creative genius?

Are the laboratories what they should be in a civilized society?

Obviously not, and when from time to time the newspapers render homage to this or that American billionaire who has just subsidized some scientific undertaking, they thereby emphasize the great poverty of scientific institutions in France.

But who could accept without humiliation a state of affairs which subordinates science to money and which too frequently substitutes private initiative for that of the state?

We do not agree that the activity of the scientists should be dependent on philanthropy.

Nor do we agree that the funds placed at the disposal of scientists should be regulated by the whim of private generosity, which is not in fact always disinterested; that it should be contingent on the fluctuations of the economic situation or the amount of surplus value accumulated by some big capitalist who plays the philanthropist.

Such a state of affairs sheds light on the subordination of science to blind economic forces in a society ruled by chance.

One may add that the policy of deflation has had disastrous consequences for science. As an example I can recall that dozens of chairs at the Sorbonne and in the provincial universities have been done away with.

One may further add that the

successive devaluations have reduced the real worth of the appropriations for science. This is why scientific works sometimes wait years before being published.

The real amount of appropriations for science is finally determined by the tax evaders, by the exporters of capital, by the speculators, by those for whom the poverty of the state provides an opportunity for profitable investments and for effective political pressure.

This is the subordination of mind to matter which is so humiliating to man and to the dignity of the intellectuals.

One must also point out what a burden to the scientists the cruel law of profit is.

All of us know that there exist powerful trusts, virtual monopolies, which control production, manage the market and fix prices.

Do you believe that these trusts remain inactive when the work of an inventor threatens them with loss of their monopoly?

Woe to the inventor who in serving science falls foul of powerful interests!

A discovery, an invention which confirms the victory of man over matter can in the end lead to a defeat of the human mind by the coalitions of interests.

Is it not true that if certain financial interests were not opposed, the problem of the mass production of synthetic petroleum would have been solved long ago?

Is it not also true that the existence of hostile capitalist interests retards the development of television?

In all fields of creative endeavor we see science come into conflict with interests which are an obstacle to human progress.

This is the subordination of mind to matter, a subordination which we Communists undertake to end in the interests of humanity and in the interests of our country.

We feel humiliated when we see how many ideas of French scientists are exploited abroad, while at home not enough is done to derive the benefits of the work of French genius.

In the period of its flourishing, which marked a stage in human progress, capitalism promoted science, which was required for the development of efficient technique. Today capitalism is hampered by its powerful technique, which has outgrown the antiquated framework of private property.

This is why we now see men who claim to be civilized and who yet advocate the destruction of machines.

They also try to convince people that science is the root of evil. They try to erect a barrier to the development of the human mind....

But there is one field, alas, where nothing succeeds in retarding the perfection of technology—the field of the industry of death.

No one is opposed to finding new explosives and more efficient means for killing people. This branch of production is the only one organized more or less rationally. But the private interests which run this outworn society are opposed to finding new means of production capable of improving human life.

In some quarters they even interpret the bombardment of defenseless towns as a scientific method of race selection.

An officer of the Reichswehr published an article in the magazine *Archiv für Biologie und Rassengesellschaft*, in which he stated:

"The most densely populated districts will suffer the most. These districts are inhabited by poor people who have not succeeded in life, by the disinherited portion of the community which will thus be rid of them....

"In addition the explosion of large missiles, which weigh a ton or more, besides the death it causes, inevitably results in numerous cases of insanity. People whose nervous systems are weak cannot stand the shock. Thus bombardment will help us to discover the neurasthenics and weed them from social life. Once these ailing people have been discovered all we need do is sterilize their offspring. This will assure race selection." This is the subordination of mind to matter in its most inhuman and barbarous aspect!

It is not astonishing that under such conditions a revival of obscurantism has taken place. At the present time even what seemed definitely established is being disputed. This could be seen when the Maison de la Culture undertook to organize a debate on Darwinism under the chairmanship of Professor Lapicque, between Professor Prenant and Professor Lemoine, who opposes the theory of the origin of species.

While in the field of biology efforts are thus made to lead us backwards, in the field of philosophy a struggle is being waged against rationalism.

It is no accident that Descartes is attacked. It is because he makes a principle of confidence in reason. Reason shows the infinite character of progress.

Duclos goes on to recall the historic role of the French educators in the eighteenth century and their struggle against obscurantism.

Later, the great French Revolution was to exalt science and art in terms worth recalling.

On December 18, 1793, one of the people's representatives in the Convention, Citizen Mathieu, could remark when he spoke against the plans for destroying the libraries which he believed could have only been formulated by the agents of Pitt:

"Today it is up to the National Convention to do for the arts and sciences, for progress and philosophy, what the arts, sciences and philosophy did to usher in the reign of liberty; they, too, are the creators of the revolution and the revolution must be everything for them. Ignorance means slavery."

Here is an added confirmation of the fact that the people's struggle for emancipation is inseparable from the defense of the spiritual values of humanity.

And, as though echoing the solicitude for culture which motivated the men of the French Revolution, Stalin, General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, in a recent address to scientists and professors, expressed the deep solicitude of Soviet democracy for science and its pioneers.

Stalin praised the development of science, "that science, the people of which, while understanding the power and significance of established traditions in science and while skillfully utilizing them in the interests of science, nevertheless do not want to be slaves of these traditions; who have the daring and determination to break away from old traditions, standards and policies when they become antiquated, when they become a brake on progress, and which is capable of creating new traditions, new standards, new lines."

And he added:

"Science, in its development, knows not a few courageous people who are capable of breaking the old and creating the new, regardless of any obstacles, despite everything. Such men of science as Galileo, Darwin and many others are universally known. I should like to dwell upon one of such coryphaei of science who is at the same time the greatest man of modern

times. I have in view Lenin, our teacher, our educator."[1]

Lenin never lost an opportunity to emphasize the contribution of French thought to the cause of human civilization and he particularly insisted upon the close ties that exist between the philosophical materialism of the eighteenth century Encyclopaedists and the dialectical materialism of the founders of scientific Sccialism.

In the Soviet Union the Encyclopaedists, especially Diderot, are not only honored but are also studied even more than in France, which testifies to the tremendous role played by these men in human history.

We are convinced that this glorious tradition of the militant French intellectuals of scientific thought can and must flourish again.

Because we realize the greatness of the mission which French science is called to perform, we protest against the meagerness of the means placed at the disposal of French scientists.

My friend Georges Cogniot, the speaker on the budget for public education, makes every effort to make the appropriations for science correspond to the needs of the moment, but here, as elsewhere, he encounters the peremptory argument about the poverty of the state, which we know is the result of the malevolent egoism of the monopoly interests, toward which he has doubtless exhibited too much weakness.

When we know that newly-equipped laboratories lack the necessary funds for their normal work and scientists have to earn a living on the side, when we think of the shocking shortage of scholarship funds, we are right in saying that a change is urgent and indispensable.

In fact the funds destined for science should be determined by the requirements of scientific research and should not be left to the whim of budgetary combinations.

Although it is painful to admit, we are faced with the alarming problem of inadequate salaries and pensions.

We believe that measures must be taken to free scientists from material cares, that they may be able to give themselves fully to their work.

It is a painful reality, but a reality nevertheless, that a speculator can win (for this is the term that is used) sums greater than those provided by the Nobel prize. The defense of science and scientists is part of every man's duty to civilization. Such is the belief and rule of action of the Communists.

Now allow me to tell you the attitude of the Communist Party to the problems of literature and the position of the writers.

Too frequently a conception of literature is ascribed to us which is not our own.

In the first place we do not confuse literature and political propaganda and we hold that a man cannot be regarded as a great author merely because of his political opinions.

It is common knowledge that Marx had a very great admiration for Honoré de Balzac, a writer who was far from sharing his political opinions but regarding whom it may be said that he drew a faithful and splendid picture of society in the first half of the nineteenth century.

"We do not write history after the fashion of those people whom Diderot described as using scissors to delete from the past everything which upset their calculations and who are incapable of grasping historic evolution in its full complexity.

[1] From the Speech at the Kremlin Reception on May 17, 1938.

We see each epoch as the product of a preceding epoch and as leading toward a new epoch.

The history of French literature is indissolubly linked with the history of France itself.

Everything proves that an enduring literature can only be the expression or reflection of human history in the making.

It is precisely because we see history in movement that we understand the past with all that distinguishes it from the present and comprehend the present with all that links it to the past.

Thus we regard the mission of the author as a mission of sincerity not only towards himself, but towards history.

As an example of obvious insincerity on the part of one writer, Duclos cites the case of the publicist Jacques Bardoux, who by means of a crude forgery attempted to spread misinformation regarding the decisions of the Seventh Congress of the Communist International.

But the writer's sincerity cannot be limited to the accuracy of the material presented.

The writer lives in a real society and while it is true that he does not have to be active in politics he will not be a writer worthy of the name if he does not remain independent of the forces that seek to perpetuate the exploitation of man by man.

No great literature can be produced by men who distort history and arbitrarily seek to mold it to the requirements of a policy which runs counter to history itself. People who stoop to this reveal their partiality and the amorality of their judgments, condemned as they are to rabid reaction and sterile repetition.

After all that I have said there is no need to dwell at length on our views concerning literature, which we like to see wholesome, living and truthful.

Some people claim that pornographic literature and literature which revels in moral corruption are advanced phenomena.

Not at all, pornography never was and never will be revolutionary, any more than amorality. On the contrary, we, like our Socialist teachers, regard it as the expression of capitalist relations.

Just as we believe in progress in the various realms of human activity, so we believe in moral progress, and we regard the future of moral progress not as the disintegration of what exists but as the rise of human relationships to a higher plane.

It is thought in some quarters that in order to be judged good by Communists, literature must idealize the proletariat.

The working class has no need for flatterers. It has a great mission to perform, a human mission, since it cannot free itself except by freeing the whole of humanity.

And then we do not forget that the French writers are the guardians of our splendid language, which was formed in the centuries of our country's history.

I have spoken of the poverty of scientists; what I have said concerning them is equally true of the writers, whose rights are not guaranteed as they should be.

The draft of the law on the reform of author's rights should have been voted upon and adopted long ago, but perhaps here, too, there are interests at work which have nothing in common with the interests of the intellectuals.

But even if this law were enacted, the writers' position would by no means be adjusted. The only real solution is to elevate the people to culture, to create libraries whose existence will necessitate a large literary production.

When we realize that in the Soviet Union 2,651,000 copies of

eighty-four. French classics and 2,000,000 copies of eighty-eight works by modern French authors were published between 1933 and 1937, and when we compare the comparative meagerness of our editions to these impressive figures, we realize how much needs to be done to alter this state of affairs in our country.

We can if we wish find material means for pursuing a bold policy of cultural development of the country.

The Communist Party regards the education of the masses of the people as one of its major tasks.

We know capitalism is interested in keeping an important part of the population in ignorance and this naturally restricts the book market.

In working for the elimination of this situation, we realize that we serve the interests both of the people, who must acquire the taste for reading and the possibility to do so, and of the writers, for whom new readers must be provided.

I scarcely need say that the considerations of a general nature which I dwelt on in the case of the scientists, the thinkers and the writers, also apply in the main to art.

We believe it necessary to educate the people to enable them to appreciate the joys of art and render them susceptible to the loftiest expressions of artistic beauty.

Last year, this solicitude for the people's education prompted the Political Bureau of our Party to visit the historical exhibit of French art, in order to set an example of the close unity of art and of the people.

We admired vivid reflections of different historical periods provided in the pictures of Fouquet, Clouet, the Le Nain brothers, Chadrin, Delacroix, Courbet and other great painters, whose work was splendidly perpetuated by the masters of modern French painting, Manet, Cezanne, Monet and Renois.

These great works cannot leave people indifferent; they do not leave the Communist Party indifferent, one of whose faithful friends, Paul Signac, was among the greatest representatives of the new technique in painting.

But while French painting occupies a prominent place in the history of world art and its glory shines everywhere, this does not prevent the situation of painters all too frequently from being a difficult one, to say the least.

Too often the work of a painter becomes an object of speculation and all too frequently the artist is the victim of the speculators.

Not enough is done for beauty in France, not enough is done for painting or for sculpture, which has produced such names as Puget, Rude and Rodin, to mention only the greatest masters.

Duclos protests against the action of the Paris Municipal Council, which removed statues by Rodin from Paris squares. He recalls how two years ago, with the authorization of the Communist Party, he demanded that Rodin's statue of Balzac be placed in a Paris square.

What is being done to open new horizons to the artist, to make it possible for him to devote himself solely to his art?

This brings us to the problem of the inadequate funds assigned to the fine arts. These funds must promptly be increased if our country wishes to remain true to its artistic tradition, if it wishes to add to its cultural heritage.

I would now like to say a few words about music and the musicians.

Too frequently our country is portrayed as a country without music, as though France were not the land of song, the land of Lulli, Rameau, Berlioz and Debussy.

French music has won an important place among the music of all countries.

One should not forget that Gounod and Bizet have won applause for French music throughout the world, and our modern music, with Chabrier, Albert Roussel, who was President of the People's Music Federation, and Ravel, splendidly perpetuates French musical traditions.

As for us Communists, we can recall that such a musician as Erik Satie, the teacher and friend of composers who are now the pride of French music, was a member of our Party.

The problems raised in the sphere of music are, on the one hand, the development of musical education for the people, and on the other hand the adoption of measures that will make it possible to produce great musical compositions.

There has been much talk of creating a French Salzburg since the country of Mozart has lost its freedom and fallen under the domination of the swastika.

We believe that this idea can and must become a reality. Yes, we must establish a French musical center, and our national interest requires that it be done soon, lest this idea, which originated on French soil, be taken up and carried out abroad.

I shall now pass to an examination of the condition of the French theater, which occupies such an important place in the world history of the stage.

The French theater, which was raised to such heights by Molière and developed so magnificently during the past century, produced great actors.

The names of Talma, Frederic Lemaître, Rachel, Sarah Bernhardt and Rejane are inseparably linked with the history of the stage in France.

Similarly, the names of the great producers Gemier and Antoine are inseparable from the history of the modern theater, which claims such brilliant men as Jouvet, who revived Molière; as Dullin, Baty and Pittoef. But the theater, genuine, splendid theater, is remote from the people for lack of appropriate halls and because theatrical tours are not organized systematically.

Would it not be a useful undertaking to organize theatrical tours which would acquaint the provinces with the classics and the plays of modern authors at one and the same time?

As for the French cinema, one may say that for quality it ranks high....

The French motion picture industry, although it has great actors, is the target of certain designs worthy of mention.

Certain German firms are much interested in the production of French films in Germany, with the participation of French actors who are supposed to give a French flavor to films censored by Dr. Goebbels.

This is an outrage from which we must protect the French motion picture industry. At present we do not even possess a school for film directors, and our masters of the screen secure their training as best they can.

Film production is in the hands of trusts. It would be in the interests of the French cinema to establish a government cinema department that would enable the directors and actors to work without the control of all-powerful trusts, which regard the cinema merely from the standpoint of profits and not of the cultural interests of France.

In concluding my remarks on the cinema I should like to mention the fact that a well-known American

animated cartoon film was shown in France a few months after the French inventors of the animated cartoon, Cohl and Melies, died in poverty; their invention was not utilized in our country.

In the following sections of his speech Duclos speaks of the difficult conditions of educational workers in France and sets forth proposals for reforming public education.

Duclos then goes on to discuss the position of doctors, architects, engineers, etc. Comparing the position of the intellectuals in the Soviet Union with their position in France, Duclos draws the conclusion that only by radically changing the economic structure and creating a planned economy, freeing technology from "the power of selfish interests opposed to the interests of society," and abolishing competition, will it be possible for the intellectuals "to employ their creative abilities."

I have just sketched the general outlines of the human society which will tomorrow become a universal reality.

No, man will not always be divided against himself.

No, man will not always be forced to squander his energy in the class struggle and in war.

No, man will not always be a wolf to man.

Nothing that is said, nothing that is done can stop the march of history.

Nothing in the end will prevent the establishment of a society of harmony, labor, and progress, the offspring of human science.

We have confidence in the future of the cause to which we have given ourselves. We know that men who do not agree with us today will be with us tomorrow, because they will follow the road which, in the words of Victor Hugo, leads from the shadow to the light.

Two mortal dangers threaten everything accomplished by human civilization—fascism, which kills liberty, and war, which kills men.

Humanity is threatened with being plunged into a new Dark Ages, darker than the first, for this time scientific destruction will be added to obscurantism.

When you realize that an airplane bomb would be enough to destroy Notre Dame, and when you read the words of the leader of the Nazi youth—"when I hear the word 'culture' I reach for my revolver," then you grasp the horror of the triumph of the unleashed forces of barbarism.

Whatever your opinion regarding our ideas I am sure that all of us agree on the necessity of safeguarding civilization, of which you are the representatives, and the people the guardians.

We agree that everything must be done that France may live.

We agree that France must become a great center of education.

The union of sciences and labor, of the intellectuals and the people, is, we believe, the key to the future.

The idea of the unity of the intellectuals is already expressed in the manifesto of the thirteen, signed by men who differ widely but all prompted by the same desire to unite the spiritual forces of our country against the common danger.

We also know that some representatives of the intellectuals have conceived the possibility of calling a national assembly of French intellectuals to proclaim the rights of culture and of science, which we know cannot be separated from the nation's interests.

It is certain that if such an idea is carried out the workers will welcome it with joy, for they know that their destiny is linked with that of the intellectuals.

As for us Communists we wish that the force, greatness and unity of the champions of science and culture shall triumph in the interest of human progress.

Just as we have confidence in the destiny of humanity, just as we have confidence in the French intellectuals, who inherit a splendid past of creation and struggle, so we have confidence in the destiny of France.

If we all desire this, and we cannot fail to desire it, the country of Descartes will remain the country of victorious reason.

The hall gives the speaker a prolonged and unanimous ovation.

Ivan Luppol

Intellectuals and the Revolution

The history of the intelligentsia of Russia undoubtedly includes many splendid pages, glorious names and heroic figures; but it also numbers many shameful pages, contemptible names and repulsive figures.

This is natural, for the intellectuals are not an independent class; their being and consciousness has as a general rule been determined by the economically and politically dominant classes.

Though they thought themselves "the salt of the earth" the intellectuals of tsarist Russia were for the most part servants of the feudal autocratic system, and later of the bourgeois landlord system and Russian capitalism.

This is quite plain as regards the landlord and noble intelligentsia of tsarist satraps and bureaucrats. No less clear is it with regard to the old bourgeois intellectuals, including the professionals, despite their ideological pretensions and high-flown sentiments.

"It is impossible, while living in society, to be free of society," wrote V. I. Lenin. "The freedom of the bourgeois writer, artist or actress is nothing but dependence on the money bag, on bribes, on their keep, masked or hypocritically concealed." [1]

The bourgeois intellectuals of tsarist Russia laid claim to absolute freedom for their creative spirit and imagined themselves "children of the sun"; but actually they were nothing but "suburbanites" [1] staging amateur shows for themselves. Maxim Gorky, who knew the bourgeois intellectual inside out, put the following characterization of him into the mouth of one of the characters of *Suburbanites*: "They rig themselves out in other people's clothes and start saying . . . various things, whatever they find most gratifying . . . they fuss and bustle as if they were doing something . . . as if they were angry. They just make fools of each other. One will make himself out to be very honest—another, very brainy, or perhaps very unhappy . . . each picks what he thinks best."

This is not a lampoon, though its satire is annihilating; it is the truth, recorded in classical Russian literature.

No wonder that, as capitalism and its dominant classes degenerated, so did the bourgeois intellectuals.

In the years just before the October Revolution this degeneration in some cases took the form of outright faithful-dog service to tsarism, and in others it became barely concealed bootlicking, while still in others, under the guise of "liberty" for the independent

[1] V. I. Lenin, *Collected Works*, Vol. VIII, p. 389, Russ. ed.

[1] Titles of two of Gorky's plays.

individual it boiled down to ideological dissoluteness.

The efflorescence of this decadence was the trappings of symbolism, god-seeking miasmas, the cult of the strong, primarily in sexual relations—and certainly idealism, combined in the sphere of politics with anti-revolutionary aspirations (to describe them mildly). And no wonder: the Revolution of 1905 had put such a fright into the bourgeois intellectuals that by the time of the mass revolutionary action of 1917 they had lost all the radical aspirations and ideas they had accumulated since the 'sixties and, in their anxiety to be saved, clutched at reactionary ideas. When the trappings were removed from the various "isms," the bourgeois intellectual was often revealed as an opportunist, and at times nothing more than a plain philistine.

Under such conditions, the most honest members of the old Russian intelligentsia, those whose souls were not withered, either plunged into abstract idealism or were compelled to admit their spiritual confusion.

Speaking of this time, V. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko, replying to congratulations at the jubilee celebration of the Moscow Art Theater, recalled: "On the eve of the great October Socialist Revolution we were in a state of the greatest confusion. This confusion was felt in our repertoire. . . . Chekhov was dead. Maxim Gorky's . . . plays we could not produce on account of the censorship, and the other dramatists whose plays we often had to stage gave us no feeling of joy. . . . Our art had begun to shrivel up. It had long not been so fiery and passionate as it had been when we started our theater. . . . We began to lose faith in ourselves and our art. . . ."

Nor could it be otherwise in the years that preceded the Revolution.

Of course, it does not follow that the splendid, heroic pages in the history of the Russian intelligentsia should be deleted. The revolutionary intellectuals who sprang from the nobility at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries—Radishchev and the insurgents of December 25, 1825, who laid down their lives in fighting the system of autocracy and feudalism—are worthy of the utmost respect and veneration. The work of the commoner-intellectuals, the revolutionary democrats of the 'sixties, who bore the brunt of the struggle against feudalism and its tenacious survivals, and the names of Dobrolyubov, Chernyshevsky and Nekrasov have gone down in the heritage of Socialism.

The history of Russian literature, of which Maxim Gorky said that it expressed all of Russian philosophy and set down the great urges of the people, for it was the people that inspired Russia's finest writers—this history reveals that under the unparalleled oppression of the autocratic and feudal system, the literature of the Russian nobility preached democracy, while under the bourgeois and landlord system, Russian democratic literature, "by necessity," as Gorky put it, preached Socialism.

The finest members of the intelligentsia—firstly the intellectuals of the nobility, and later the commoner intellectuals—guided by critical realism, in their ideas and their creative art outstripped their time and looked far ahead. For this they were ruthlessly persecuted by the rulers, and the history of progressive Russian public thought and literature, the history of the progressive Russian intelligentsia, is from beginning to end a chronicle of persecution. All the Russian

radical writers of the nineteenth century, all their most popular characters, "did not fit in." Strange but true—the finest people in bourgeois society were beyond the pale.

Beginning with the 'nineties, the Russian movement for emancipation entered its third, proletarian period of development. The working class became its leader. From this time on those of the intellectuals who were not under the banner of the revolutionary working class movement doomed themselves to non-resistance to the bourgeoisie, to more or less apparent dependence on it, to degenerating socially and disintegrating ideologically.

The Great October Socialist Revolution cut a deep rift among the old intellectuals. Part of the intellectuals immediately joined the other side of the barricades—the camp of the whiteguards and later white emigres. The garbage heap of history is the only lot they deserve. Part of the old intelligentsia did not realize the emancipation that the October Revolution was bringing, did not realize that it was the mission of this Revolution to accomplish the dreams of the finest minds among the human race. For these intellectuals it was no easy thing to abandon their old masters and the result was what we may ironically term a historical misunderstanding—the sabotage by some of the intellectuals in the early months of the October Revolution.

It should, however, be said that the greater part of the old intelligentsia soon came to see the Revolution as a life-giving spring and took its baptism for revolution. Marching honestly side by side with the workers and peasants, these intellectuals were strong enough to curse the traitors that had been their kin—the wreckers—and rally even more closely around the Bolshevik Party, together with the revolutionary workers and peasants.

These people, genuinely honest and permeated with the finest traditions of the old Russian intelligentsia, far from "not fitting in," are eagerly welcomed in every field of production and culture in the land of Socialism; they enjoy the solicitude and respect of the Soviet Government and the whole of the Soviet public. It is only in the land of Soviets that they have found the conditions for an unbounded development of their creative energies, the opportunity for training worthy successors, for those successors spring from the heart of the Soviet people, from the workers and the peasants.

In the same speech V. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko continued: "We all now realize perfectly well that if there had been no Great October Socialist Revolution, our art would have been lost and overgrown with moss. Therefore in reply to the question to what and to whom we are obliged for our celebration today, I answer decisively and outright: 'We are obliged for this to the October Socialist Revolution and those geniuses, our revolutionary leaders.'"

During the years of the Stalin Five-Year Plans the old intelligentsia merged with the young post-revolutionary intelligentsia and proved itself a Soviet intelligentsia too.

"The intelligentsia in the U.S.S.R.," states *The History of the C.P.S.U.*, "has also changed. It has for the most part become an entirely new intelligentsia. Most of its members came from the ranks of the workers and peasants. It no longer serves capitalism, as the old intelligentsia did; it serves Socialism. The intelligentsia has become an equal member of the Socialist society. Together with the

workers and peasants it is building a new Socialist society. This is a new type of intelligentsia which serves the people and is emancipated from exploitation. It is an intelligentsia the like of which the history of mankind has never known." [1]

And indeed, world history has never known the like of the Soviet intelligentsia. Its existence was rendered possible only because the exploiting classes have been destroyed in the fire of the October Socialist Revolution.

Capitalism is gone, never to return, on one-sixth of the globe. The intelligentsia is no longer a servant of the nobles or the bourgeoisie; for the first time in history, it is an intelligentsia of the people.

Moreover, "the old class divisions among the working people of the U.S.S.R. are being obliterated, the old class exclusiveness is disappearing. The economic and political contradictions between the workers, the peasants and the intellectuals are . . . becoming obliterated. The foundation for the moral and political unity of society has been created." [1]

The intelligentsia appeared in history wherever and whenever there arose the distinction between mental labor and manual labor. But before our very eyes the Stakhanov movement is blazing the path by which alone, as Comrade Stalin said, can be achieved those high indices of productivity of labor which are essential for the transition from Socialism to Communism and for the elimination of the distinction between mental labor and manual labor.

But if classes change, so do the people of which they are composed. The great influence of the Socialist Revolution lies, among other things, in that it changes, refashions people, changes and refashions the psychology of the intellectuals. The Soviet intellectual's psychology is the diametrical opposite of the psychology of the old intellectual.

The genuinely Soviet intellectual is not marked by the specific features that distinguished the old, pre-revolutionary intellectuals and were justly stigmatized or ridiculed in the progressive literature of Russia.

What were these typical features of the psychology of the pre-revolutionary intellectual? Its two main features were individualism and duality.

The old intellectual was invariably an individualist. Talk as he might of society and the people, however fine his phrases, he put himself apart from the people as a "thinking" or "critically thinking" individual. The typical literature of the intellectuals whether bourgeois or petty bourgeois, including also Narodnik [1] literature, cultivated this individualism, and it was this individualism, only turned inside out, that was the main feature of the "repentant noble" and the "back-to-the-land" gentlemen; this individualism, despite the finest subjective aspirations, kept the intellectual at such a distance from the people as to preclude all mutual understanding.

The Soviet intellectual is least of all an individualist. He is flesh of the flesh and bone of the bone of the working people and is strong in his organic bonds with them. A locomotive engineer yesterday, he is today chief of the railway; a miner yesterday, he is today director of a big plant; a collective farmer but a short time ago, he is today a young scientist; and he draws his energy, his inspi-

[1] *The History of the C.P.S.U.*, Russ. ed. pp. 328-29.

[1] The Narodniks based themselves on the peasantry, denying the role of the proletariat.

ration, his examples, the objects of his Socialist competition from the collective body that surrounds him in his old position or the new. Enriched with knowledge, armed with experience, having made a discovery or invention, he remains, to employ an image used by Comrade Stalin, an Antaeus, strong in his bond with his people.

The old intellectual could never get rid of the paralysis of duality. He was double, there were always two of him, and if "one" did try to do something, the "other" would stand beside him, discussing, criticizing, doubting his actions and paralyzing them. In the end this led either to idle contemplation, though his imagination might be very fertile, or to disparity between ideas and actions, which rendered the latter absurd and fantastic.

The Soviet intellectual is least of all subject to duality. His outstanding feature is unity of thought and action. His ideas are ideas for action, and even if sometimes they may at first sight appear fantastic, when put into effect they lead to truly heroic deeds.

The individualism and duality of the old intellectual brought him no further than beautiful dreams. The individual talent and purposeful action of the Soviet intellectual lead to splendid and heroic deeds.

The old intellectual was largely a critic and skeptic. He was aware of the evils in his surroundings, but had no firm positive convictions or else could find no way out of the life that oppressed him. He evaded forming a positive program and was afraid of action.

The Soviet intellectual is an optimist. He has convictions, the convictions of a Party or non-Party Bolshevik, he knows the direction he should follow, for he is following the road mapped out by Bolshevism. If he sees defects in his surroundings he boldly subjects them to the fire of self-criticism.

The old intellectual certainly had an abstract feeling of human dignity, but this feeling was powerless and was often trampled on by the jackboot of the feudal lord or the capitalist. The Soviet intellectual, the citizen of the U.S.S.R. every day finds a practical outlet for his feeling of human dignity in serving society, the people, serving Socialism, and that is what distinguishes the Soviet Socialist system from every other system and forms the source font of Soviet heroism.

On the basis of the moral and political unity of the Soviet people we have deeds of heroism performed en masse and—a thing history had never known—the foremost intellectuals are heroes.

Isolated deeds of heroism by individuals are possible anywhere at any time, but in the Soviet Union heroism has become a mass phenomenon, heroism has become a part of everyday life.

This was aptly pointed out by L. M. Kaganovich, Peoples Commissar of Railways and Heavy Industry, who said on the arrival in Moscow of the heroic crew of the *Rodina* plane:

"... Heroism is flesh of the flesh of our great Party, of our great people. All the great and heroic deeds performed by our great Party and, under its leadership, by our people, in the course of decades, in the years of struggle against the oppression of tsarism, against slavery and poverty, in the years of struggle for emancipation when the chains of slavery were thrown off and capitalism was overthrown, when we won the Civil War, and now, when we are building a happy, prosperous and cultured life—all this is one chain

Not very long ago twenty writers collectively wrote a book entitled *North China in the Fire of War*. This work was printed serially in the Canton newspaper *Salvation From Ruin*. Soon after, it appeared between covers.

Another book, *Gei-Yu-Che (Self Sacrifice)*, was the result of the collective effort of five writers. The story runs as follows:

At the beginning of 1932, when the Japanese imperialists attacked Shanghai, Huang Pei-yan, a chauffeur, was working in the army. His work as a chauffeur dissatisfied him: he wanted to become a soldier, wanted to fight against the Japanese rifle in hand. But a sense of discipline and of the importance of his work made him stay at his post. However, Huang some time later joined the army and went with his detachment to the province of Fukien. We see him as a soldier, then as a vagabond unjustly discharged from the army. At last he is again in the army; he is now commander of a detachment. It is the year 1937, the year marking new aggression by Japan. Huang is with his detachment in Chapei. He fights heroically against the Japanese plunderers.

He is wounded, but hurries back to the front. He is promoted to regimental commander. In one of the battles in the streets of Hong Kio he attacks a Japanese detachment occupying the house where his family lived. In the house, half in ruins, he finds his daughter, whom he had not seen for six years, mortally wounded. She dies. Huang leaves with the soldiers; now he has neither family nor home. Only one thing remains—hatred for the Japanese usurpers, and a firm determination to fight to the end, to victory.

The novel gives a truthful picture of the Chinese soldier, courageous fighter, ardent patriot, son of his country. Defects in the book are "Europeanization," and lengthiness. But on the whole it is a striking book, true to life.

Many volumes of plays about the struggle of the Chinese people were published in China in the past year. One of the best is *A Volume of Plays for the Crossroads*. It contains ten short plays calling upon the Chinese people to unite in the fight against the Japanese plunderers. One of the plays, *The People's Wrath*, by Su Fan, tells how a young man, learning that his sweetheart's father has proven a traitor, kills him without faltering. Of the other plays in the volume, notable are Yu Kin's *Banish the Whip*, and Ma Isiang's *Eight Hundred Brave Men*, a dramatic tale about the heroic defenders of Shanghai.

Chinese and foreign writers and journalists have recently written a considerable number of books on the Special District of the Chinese Republic. *The Lively City of Yan-an*, by Jen Tian-ma, is one of the best. The book describes the life of Yan-an, capital of the district. Chinese critics praise the literary merits of the book, stating that the author was able to portray life in the Special District of the Chinese Republic more keenly than Edgar Snow.

Mother of a Partisan, a book by Yu Sin-dei, appeared in the middle of 1938. The book deals with the mother of the student and partisan Chao Tung, commander of a detachment. The mother helped her son organize the guerilla detachment and procure arms and supplies, and herself is eager to participate, gun in hand, in the struggle against China's enemies.

Contemporary Chinese literature is marked by a development of the sketch. Publishers are putting out many books of reportage and character sketches from the front.

Lu Sin's *Collected Works* in twenty volumes and the late Tsü Tsiubo's *Selected Works* have been published. Tsü Tsiubo was a prominent writer and a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of China. Among his work are verse, songs, short stories and critical articles on literature and art.

Great interest has been aroused in China by a book of the Japanese writer Isikawa, *The Soldier Who Did Not Die*, which describes the bestiality of the Japanese militarists. The author was thrown into prison by the Japanese authorities, and an issue of an outstanding Japanese magazine that published this work was confiscated. But a copy of the magazine was received in Canton, and the writer Sia Yan translated the book into Chinese. It was published in Canton with illustrations by the Chinese artist Yu Fun. The significance of the publication of this book cannot be overestimated.

EMI SIAO

The Russian Edition of "International Literature"

Indicative of the interest displayed in world literature in the U.S.S.R. is the Russian edition of *International Literature*—an illustrated monthly of some two hundred and fifty pages devoted exclusively to introducing to the Soviet reader the best of the world's *belles lettres*. (*International Literature* is published in four editions—Russian, German, French and English—and the contents of each edition differ.)

The selection of material by the Russian edition gives a glimpse of the Soviet reader's interests. Spain, for instance, is most heavily represented numerically this year, with works by Ramon Sender, Frederico Garcia Lorca, Antonio Machado, Rafael Alberti, Pla-y-Beltran and others. André Malraux's *Hope*, Georges Bernanos' *Great Cemeteries in the Moonlight*, a critical article on modern Spanish poets and other works by non-Spanish authors also dealt with Spain.

First in the amount of space devoted to them come American and English literature. In the first nine issues of this year the magazine published Ernest Hemingway's *To Have and Have Not*, Richard Aldington's *Very Heaven*, Upton Sinclair's *The Flivver King*, J. B. Priestley's play *Dangerous Turning*, Leonard Ehrlich's *John Brown*, stories by Richard Wright, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Lean Zugsmith and John Sommerfield; poetry by W. H. Auden, Cecil Day Lewis, John Cornford; articles and correspondence by Isidor Schneider, John Lehmann, Granville Hicks, Anna Louise Strong, Jack Lindsay and others; photos and text from Erskine Caldwell's and Margaret Bourke-White's *You Have Seen Their Faces*, and parts from Ralph Fox's *The Novel and the People*, T. A. Jackson's *Dickens and Democracy* and Robert Gessner's *Massacre*.

China was represented by Tyan Tsun's *Village in August* and other works; Czechoslovakia by Karel Capek's *War Against the Salamanders*; France by works of Romain Rolland, Paul Vaillant-Couturier and Andre Philippe; Germany by Lion Feuchtwanger *(Exile)*, Heinrich Mann and Johannes R. Becher; Belgium by Franc Helens, Poland by Wanda Wasilewskaya.

The function of the magazine does not end with presenting the reader with the work of such writers. Each writer is

introduced with a critical article. The section devoted to criticism is one of the largest and most important in the magazine. Here one may find such varied critical articles as a study of H. G. Wells' development and a discussion of songs of the period of the peasant wars in Germany. Of critical articles devoted to America and England this year, outstanding examples have been a study of American Literature and the Old World and a contribution to the discussion by Soviet critics of O. Henry's significance.

The magazine does not confine itself to contemporary literature, but frequently presents material out of history's pages, such as Edward Everett Hale's *The Man Without a Country* (with thoroughgoing notes and commentary), Victor Hugo's speech on the centenary of Voltaire's death, the diary of the brothers de Goncourt, Gorky on world literature, Voltaire's letters on Corneille and Racine.

The magazine acquaints Soviet publishers and critics with foreign literature before its appearance in book form. When *Pravda* reviewed Richard Wright's *Uncle Tom's Children*, for instance, that book had not yet been issued between covers; the review was based on Wright's work published in *International Literature*. In such ways the magazine provides a valuable tie between foreign writers and the Soviet world of letters.

Almost as valuable to the foreign writer as to the Soviet reader are the magazine's book reviews, which present the Soviet viewpoint on modern foreign literature. Among the English and American works reviewed in the first nine issues of 1938 are Fanny Hurst's *Great Laughter*, the Russian edition of Josephine Johnson's *Now in November*, Stephen Leacock's selection of *The Greatest Pages of American Humor*, Lean Zugsmith's *Home Is Where You Hang Your Childhood*, No. 4 and No. 5 of *New Writing*, Edward O'Brien's selection of *The Best Short Stories of 1937*, Jerome Bahr's *All Good Americans*; *Starting Point* and *The Friendly Tree* by C. Day Lewis, Joseph Vogel's *Man's Courage*, Jeffery Marston's *No Middle Way*, Leo Huberman's *The Labor Spy Racket*, Jack Lindsay's *1649: The Chronicle of a Year*, Benjamin Appel's *Runaround*, and the Russian edition of Josephine Herbst's *The Executioner Waits*.

Correspondence from America, England, Spain, China, France, Austria, and elsewhere ranges from an account of the 1937-38 Broadway theater season to articles by Anna Louise Strong on China. The magazine pays particular attention to films and theater abroad.

LEO GRULIOW

CHRONICLE

THEATER

Fresh from the gala celebration of its fortieth anniversary, the Moscow Art Theater contributed two premieres to a month featured besides by the Maly Theater's new production of *Wit Works Woe*, Griboyedov's immortal comedy; *The Taming of the Shrew* at the Central Theater of the Red Army; and *Turbulent Old Age* at the Moscow State Jewish Theater.

Griboyedov's acid picture of Russian society in the twenties of the last century served the Art Theater also as the vehicle for one of its new productions, and Maxim Gorky's *Dostigayev and Others* was the second jubilee presentation.

Reviews of *Dostigayev* stress the importance of Gorky's plays in helping the Art Theater to find the new creative path of Socialist realism after the Great Proletarian Revolution. "The Revolution deepened our understanding of art, made it more courageous and stronger," according to V. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko, who together with the late Konstantin Stanislavsky founded the Art Theater. "The Moscow Art Theater has always believed that the only true art is that imbued with great ideas—now it is permeating its productions with lofty social and political conceptions."

Gorky's play, with its depiction of the fright and impotence of the Russian bourgeoisie before the impending October Revolution in 1917, presents great difficulties of interpretation and staging and poses the actors the task of bringing out fine shades of psychological nuance. In the opinion of Soviet critics, the cast made up of "third generation" members of the Art Theater troupe has coped well with these problems.

Praise is not so unqualified for *Wit Works Woe* on the Art Theater stage. Reviewers give due credit to the historical fidelity with which the production reproduces the stuffy atmosphere of Moscow high society in the early years of the nineteenth century; but the *Izvestia* critic, for one, finds that the presentation lacks some of the sparkle and flash of Griboyedov's satire.

The outstanding cast includes V. I. Kachalov as Chatsky and I. M. Moskvin as Zagoretsky, the parts they played when the piece was first put on by the Art Theater in 1906. Olga Knipper-Chekhova has won acclaim as Countess Khlestova.

Comparisons were perhaps inevitable when the oldest of Russian theaters, the Maly, put on the same play in the middle of the month and at least a section of critical opinion finds that the spirit of Griboyedov's comedy is better preserved in the Maly Theater production, directed by Prov Sadovsky, I. Y. Sudakov and S. P. Alexeyev.

Though pointing to shortcomings in the acting of individual roles, critic I. Bachelis terms the production as a whole "the greatest triumph of the theater in the last few decades" and says that it has brought the "real Griboyedov" back to the stage.

Wit Works Woe at the Maly Theater was also in its way a jubilee production, for the premiere was timed for the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Mikhail Shchepkin, father of the Russian realistic school of acting, who starred for many years in this theater.

Born a serf, Shchepkin made his way to the top of his profession against the tremendous odds which tsarist Russia put in the way of such talented sons of the people. A collection taken to buy him out of servitude gave him his freedom in 1821 and in 1823 he joined the Maly troupe.

Among his friends, Shchepkin counted the leading writers of his age—Pushkin, Hertzen, Belinsky, Shevchenko, Gogol, Turgenev.

His creed in acting remains to us: "Strive with all your power to force yourself to think and feel as the person thinks

GRIBOYEDOV'S "WIT WORKS WOE"

AT THE MOSCOW ART THEATER

A scene from act I

A scene from act III

IN TWO NEW STAGINGS

AT THE MALY THEATER

The ballrom scene from Act III

A scene from act II

Shchepkin, the great actor of the last century (in center), as Famusov in "Wit Works Woe," at the Maly, the oldest Russian theater.

and feels whom you are to act; try, as it were, to chew up and swallow your role so that it gets into your flesh and blood. Then the true tone of voice and the right gestures will of themselves be born in you, but without this, no matter what tricks you try, what springs you press, the whole thing will be rubbish. You can't fool the public; they will see at once that you are swindling them and absolutely don't feel what you say."

It was no other than Stanislavsky who affirmed that the Moscow Art Theater grew out of the best traditions of the Shchepkin school of realism.

Famusov in *Wit Works Woe* was one of Shchepkin's most famous roles; he is said to have played no less than sixty-eight parts within a two-year period, appearing in one hundred and ninety-three performances.

A thought-provoking presentation was added to the considerable list of Shakespearian productions now current in the Soviet Union when the Central Theater of the Red Army staged its premiere of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Comment in general is highly favorable but considerable difference of opinion is voiced in the Soviet press as to the legitimacy of the interpretation of Shakespeare's text by regisseur A. D. Popov (who, by the way, staged the *Romeo and Juliet* which has been in the repertoire of the Theater of the Revolution for some years).

At the Red Army Theater, the prologue of the play is dropped. Emphasis is laid on the psychological duel of Katharina and Petruchio and on the real love which springs up between these two forceful characters. Popov finds in the Shakespearian text a story of relations between husband and wife in which happiness is founded on the mutual respect of two strong persons, rather than the half-farcical "taming" of a shrew.

Some critics claim that this does violence to Shakespeare, that Katharina and Petruchio are less full-blooded, many-sided and contradictory than Shakespeare made them, and assert that Popov has arbitrarily "taken one line of development from the many which Shakespeare gives." Others, on the contrary, congratulate regisseur and cast for having found the real essence of the comedy.

There is general agreement that the

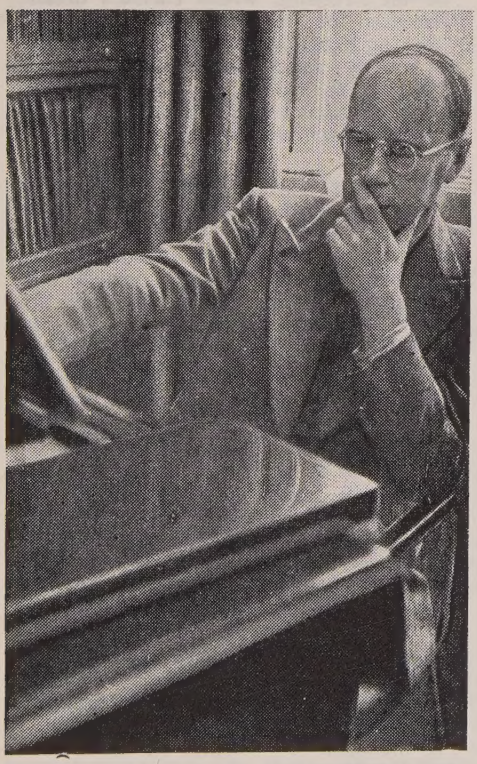
production is gay, charming, well-acted and well-staged.

Turbulent Old Age at the Moscow State Jewish Theater is an adaptation for the stage by L. Rakhmanov of the well-known Soviet film *Deputy of the Baltic*. The production marks a turn by the Jewish theater toward the widening of its repertoire by the inclusion of Russian dramatic works.

MUSIC

With a program ranging from symphonies and string quartets to the latest jazz songs, the festival of Soviet music which was in progress for the whole latter half of November in Moscow, Leningrad and many other cities large and small throughout the country, constituted an impressive review of the considerable number of recent works by Soviet composers in all genres and the tremendous public interest in, and love for, music.

Capacity audiences have been flocking to conservatories, halls and factory auditoriums, not only in the larger centers but in such places as the mining town of Shakhty near Rostov. Kiev, Minsk, Baku, Ashkhabad, Stalinabad, Odessa, Kharkov, Voronezh, Kalinin, Gorky and Rostov were among the cities which reported programs of considerable extent.



Composer Serge Prokofiev at work

Most of the works presented are recent compositions. The list of composers includes not only such well-known names as those of Myaskovsky, Gliere, Prokofiev, Shostakovich and Knipper but also many a younger musician, including at least two who have not yet finished their studies—Zhukovsky, student of the Kiev Conservatory, whose piano concerto was heard, and Finkelstein of the Leningrad Conservatory, represented by a violin concerto.

Works of the composers of national republics likewise occupied a prominent place on the programs, including compositions by Khachaturyan, Muradeli, Gurov, Revustky and others.

Winners of prizes in the recent orchestra conductors' contest, leading soloists and singers took part in the programs. Unusual features were the appearance of the Red Army Song and Dance Ensemble, which was given a rousing reception at the Moscow Conservatory; and the first performance by the State Jazz Orchestra, with a program consisting entirely of new music by Soviet composers.

Among new works presented on the festival programs in Moscow, attention was attracted by extensive excerpts from D. Kabalevsky's opera, *The Master From Clamsy*, the libretto for which is based on Romain Rolland's *Colas Breugnon*; Shostakovich's string quartet; Zhukovsky's piano concerto, written in honor of the recent twentieth anniversary of the Young Communist League, and Zhelobinsky's *Mother*, based on Gorky's famous novel.

Of *The Master From Clamsy* the *Pravda* critic says: "The theme of Kabalevsky's music is a life-affirming optimism, based on a realistic attitude . . . and an invincible belief in man's powers."

Shostakovich's new quartet attracted comment by its departure from the established tradition of philosophically profound and inwardly dramatic chamber music, as typified in Beethoven's later work. "Instead of profound dramatic content, it brings us touchingly simple, naive imagery, which seems to have penetrated into quartet music from a child's world." But the critic, M. Pekelis, hastens to point out that this means neither over-simplification nor grotesque writing; the composition has the charm of a child's fairy tale.

The composer has announced in a recent newspaper article that he is working on a new symphony dedicated to Lenin's memory, which will include passages for chorus and solo singers. Later he plans an opera based on the theme of Lermontov's *Masquerade*.

BOOKS AND WRITERS

Heroic exploits of Soviet explorers and flyers in the Arctic form the subject of three new books which stand out among recent publications: *Life on the Ice Floe* by I. D. Papanin, *Twice at the Pole* by M. V. Vodopyanov and *How I Became a Flyer* by P. G. Golovin. The authors all bear the title of Hero of the Soviet Union.

Papanin's book, which in the true Soviet tradition has been published in an edition of 100,000, is made from the diary he kept as chief of North Pole Station. It gives such intimate glimpses as the following, of the spirit which animated the four heroic explorers in their long drift from the Pole to the shores of Greenland:

"We are trying to send the results of our work to Moscow by radio," the leader of the expedition recorded in his diary, "for our scientific observations belong not to us but to the whole Soviet people. If something happens to us and we perish, the scientific data for which we have worked will remain. Indeed, all our observations here are new for mankind."

Daily jottings of the simple, homely details of life and work on the ice carry the reader of this striking book into the very atmosphere of the famous North Pole Station and bring home the quiet heroism of the four men who made scientific history.

Vodopyanov's book is a good complement to the Papanin diary. It tells how the famous aviator dreamed for years of landing a scientific expedition by air at the North Pole, how he put his dreams into the form of a play and how his project was approved by Stalin.

It is rarely that an author enacts in real life the fancies he puts in his book; but Vodopyanov did just this when he piloted the flagship of the Soviet air expedition to the Pole. His second flight to the heart of the Arctic was in the fall of 1937, when an expedition went in search of Levanevsky's lost plane.

The man who acted as scout for the North Pole expedition, the famous Arctic flyer P. G. Golovin, tells how he became an aviator in an absorbing book that goes back to his boyhood. He and a group of chums built a glider that flew but he was still a long way from being a pilot. Years of hard schooling were to come. In the early years when Golovin entered it, the civil air fleet school for pilots was housed in a tent and the students were given an old plane and told, "Repair it. Then you can use it for a training ship." In spite of all difficulties, however, they did learn to fly and Golovin entered on that profession in which he was destined to make a name.

Its poetry distilled from the age-long struggle of the Armenian people to keep their land free of foreign conquerors, the epic *Dıv d of Sasun* is recited to this day in many variants in the cities and villages of the Armenian republic, much as it has been for the past thousand years.

By a decision of the republic's government, May this year has been selected for celebration of the poem's thousandth anniversary.

David, who gives the epic its name, led the fight of his people against the Arab conqueror Misramulik; in the mountainous region of Sasun, the struggle of the Armenians against the invader was stubborn and successful.

Soviet Armenia, where David's dream of freedom for his people has come true, is making extensive preparations to mark the coming anniversary. Some seventy variants of the poem have been collected and a definitive text of ten thousand verses has been worked out.

At a time when fascist Germany was outraging world public opinion with pogroms against the Jews, a striking contrast to Nazi atrocities was afforded by the spectacle of Soviet Jewish writers meeting in Moscow to lay plans for the country-wide celebration this spring of the eightieth anniversary of the birth of Sholom Aleichem, great Jewish writer.

This was the second time that Jewish writers of Moscow, the Ukraine and Beylorussia had met in recent months to discuss common problems and means of working in closer contact. David Bergelson and Perets Markish greeted the guests from the brother republics of the U. S. S. R. in speeches which emphasized the common tasks of all Soviet literature in the service of the Socialist fatherland.

Europe and the World War, a new work by Academician E. V. Tarle, is scheduled to appear by the twenty-fifth anniversary of the 1914 outbreak. . . . *Th Moscow Art Theater in Illustrations and Do um nts* is the title of a de-luxe album issued for the recent fortieth anniversary of the theater.

NOTES

An exhibit in the State Literary Museum is devoted to the great Russian epic, *Tale of Igor's Regiment*, the seven hundred and fiftieth anniversary of which was marked last summer. On view are many objects illustrating the life of Kiev Russia in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when the poem was composed, as well as various editions and translations of the work itself. A section of the exhibit is devoted to the Bolshoi Theater production of Borodin's opera, *Prince Igor*, which is based on the epic.

Recent acquisitions of the Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow, have been on view in a special exhibit, including paintings by Kramskoy, Surikov and Serov, as well as paintings and sculpture by a number of modern Soviet artists.

The State Library of Foreign Literature is completing the collection of fine editions of Soviet books in the fields of fiction, criticism and the arts, philosophy and socio-economics, as a gift to the Spanish people. The library last spring received a collection of Spansh classic works as a gift of republican Spain to the Soviet people.

Moscow is host to Alberto Sanchez, gifted young Spanish artist. He is combining sketching here with teaching in Moscow schools for Spanish children.

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.

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VASILY GROSSMAN. Several years ago a young Soviet mining engineer, Vasily Grossman made his literary debut with a series of short stories. Today he is well known for his novels and stories.

JAMBOUL JABAYEV. Kazakh folk bard who, at 92, sings of his youthful spirit. His verses are known throughout the U.S.S.R. and he was recently awarded the Order of Lenin. An article about him was published in *International Literature* No. 6, 1938.

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