Workers of all countries, unite!

International Literature

11

1939

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

CONTENTS

No. 11 NOVEMBER 1939

Address: "International Literature," P. O. Box 527, Moscow
Cable address: Interlit, Moscow

VYACHESLAV MOLOTOV

FOREIGN POLICY OF THE SOVIET UNION

REPORT BY THE CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL OF PEOPLE'S COMMISSARS OF THE U.S.S.R. AND PEOPLE'S COMMISSAR OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS AT THE EXTRAORDINARY FIFTH SESSION OF THE SUPREME SOVIET OF THE U.S.S.R.

October 31, 1939

Comrades Deputies. During the past two months there have been important changes in international affairs. This applies above all to Europe, but also to countries far beyond the confines of Europe. In this connection mention should be made of three principal circumstances which are of decisive importance.

Firstly, mention should be made of the changes that have taken place in the relations between the Soviet Union and Germany. With the conclusion of the Soviet-German non-aggression pact on August 23, an end was put to the abnormal relations that had existed between the Soviet Union and Germany for a number of years. Instead of enmity, which had been fostered in every way by certain European Powers, we now had a rapprochement and the establishment of friendly relations between the U.S.S.R. and Germany. A further improvement of these new good relations found expression in the German-Soviet Amity and Frontier Treaty signed in Moscow on September 28. This radical change in the relations between the Soviet Union and Germany, the two biggest States in Europe, was bound to have its effect on the whole international situation. And events have entirely confirmed the appraisal of the political significance of the Soviet-German rapproachement given at the last session of the Supreme Soviet.

Secondly, mention should be made of such a fact as the defeat of Poland in the war and the collapse of the Polish State. The ruling circles of Poland used to boast quite a lot about the "stability" of their State and the "might" of their army. However, it needed only one swift blow to Poland, first by the German army and then by the Red Army, and nothing remained of this ugly offspring of the Versailles Treaty, which had existed by oppressing non-Polish nationalities. The "traditional policy" of unprincipled manoeuvering between Germany and the U.S.S.R. and playing off one against the other has proved unsound and has suffered complete bankruptcy.

Thirdly, it must be admitted that the big war that has flared up in Europe has caused radical changes in the entire international situation. This war began as a war between Germany and Poland and turned into a war between Germany, on the one hand, and Britain and France, on the other. The war between Germany and Poland ended quickly, owing to the utter bankruptcy of the Polish leaders. As we know, neither the British

nor the French guarantee was of any help to Poland. To this day, in fact, nobody knows what these "guarantees" were. *(Loud laughter.)* The war between Germany and the Anglo-French bloc is only in its first stage and has not yet really developed. It is nevertheless clear that a war like this was bound to cause radical changes in the situation in Europe, and not in Europe only.

In connection with these important changes in international affairs, some of the old formulas, formulas which we employed until very recently—and to which many people are so accustomed—are now obviously out of date and inapplicable. We must be quite clear on this point, so as to avoid making gross errors in judging the new political situation that has arisen in Europe.

We know, for example, that in the past few months such concepts as "aggression" and "aggressor" have acquired a new concrete connotation, a new meaning. It will be easily understood that we can no longer employ these concepts in the same sense as, say, three or four months ago. Today, as far as the European Great Powers are concerned, Germany is in the position of a State which is striving for the earliest termination of the war and for peace, whereas Great Britain and France, which but yesterday were declaiming against aggression, are in favor of continuing the war and are opposed to the conclusion of peace. Roles, as you see, are changing.

The efforts of the British and French Governments to justify their new position on the grounds of their undertakings to Poland are, of course, obviously unsound. Everybody realizes that there can be no question of restoring the old Poland. It is therefore absurd to continue the present war under the flag of restoring the former Polish State. Although the British and French Governments understand this, they do not want the war stopped and peace restored and are seeking new excuses for continuing the war with Germany.

The ruling circles of Britain and France have been lately attempting to depict themselves as champions of the democratic rights of nations against Hitlerism, and the British Government has announced that its aim in the war with Germany is nothing more or less than the "destruction of Hitlerism." It amounts to this, that the British, and with them the French supporters of the war have declared what is in the nature of an "ideological" war on Germany, reminiscent of the religious wars of olden times. In fact, religious wars against hereties and religious dissenters were once the fashion. As we know, they led to the direct consequences for the masses, to the economic ruin and cultural deterioration of nations. These wars could have no other outcome. But these were wars of the Middle Ages. Is it back to the Middle Ages, to the days of religious wars, of superstition and cultural deterioration, that the ruling classes of Britain and France want to drag us? In any case, under an "ideological" flag there has now been started a war of even greater dimensions and fraught with even greater danger for the peoples of Europe and the whole world. But there is absolutely no justification for such a war. As with any other ideological system, one may accept or reject the ideology of Hitlerism—that is a matter of political views. But everybody will understand that an ideology cannot be destroyed by force, that it cannot be eliminated by war. It is therefore not only senseless, but criminal to wage such a war—a war for the "destruction of Hitlerism," camouflaged as a fight for "democracy." And, indeed, such actions as the banning of the Communist Party in France or the arrests of Communist deputies to the French parliament, the curtail-

ing of political liberties in England, unremitting national oppression in India, and the like cannot be called a fight for democracy.

Is it not clear that the aim of the present war in Europe is not what it is proclaimed to be in the official statements retailed for the benefit of the general public in France and England, that is, not a fight for democracy, but something else, of which these gentlemen do not speak openly?

The real cause of the Anglo-French war with Germany is not that Britain and France have vowed to restore the old Poland, and not, of course, that they have decided to undertake a fight for democracy. Naturally, the ruling circles of Britain and France have other and more actual motives for going to war with Germany. These motives lie not in the sphere of ideology, but in the sphere of their purely material interests as mighty colonial powers.

Great Britain, with a population of 47,000,000, possesses colonies with a population of 480,000,000. The colonial empire of France, whose population does not exceed 42,000,000, embraces a population of 70,000,000 in the French colonies. The possession of these colonies, which makes possible the exploitation of hundreds of millions of people, is the foundation of the world supremacy of Great Britain and France. It is fear of Germany's claims to these colonial possessions that is at the bottom of the present war of England and France with Germany, who has grown substantially stronger of late as a result of the collapse of the Versailles Treaty. It is the fear of losing their world supremacy that dictates to the ruling circles of Great Britain and France the policy of fomenting war with Germany.

Thus the imperialist character of this war is obvious to anyone who wants to face realities and does not close his eyes to the facts.

And from all this we can see who it is that needs this war that is being waged for world supremacy. Not the working class, of course. This war promises nothing to the working class but bloody sacrifice and hardship.

Now judge for yourselves whether the meaning of such concepts as "aggression" and "aggressor" has recently changed or not. It is easy to see that the use of these words in their old meaning, that is, the meaning attached to them before the recent decisive turn in political relations between the Soviet Union and Germany, and before the outbreak of the big imperialist war in Europe, can only create confusion in people's minds, and must inevitably lead to erroneous conclusions. To avoid this we must not allow an uncritical attitude towards the old concepts, which are no longer applicable in the new international situation.

Such has been the course of international affairs in the recent period.

I shall now pass to the changes that have taken place in the international affairs of the Soviet Union itself. Here the changes have been no mean ones; but if we confine ourselves to essentials, the following must be admitted, namely, that thanks to the consistent peaceful foreign policy we have pursued, we have succeeded in considerably strengthening our position and enhancing the international weight of the Soviet Union. *(Prolonged applause.)*

As I have said, our relations with Germany have radically improved. Here developments have been along the line of strengthening our friendly relations, extending our practical cooperation, and rendering Germany political support in her efforts for peace. The non-aggression pact concluded between the Soviet Union and Germany bound us to maintain neutrality in the case of Germany being involved in war. We have consistently pursued this course, which was in no wise contradicted by the entry of our

troops into the territory of former Poland which began on September 17. It will be sufficient to recall that on that same day, September 17, the Soviet Government sent a special note to all the States with which it maintains diplomatic relations declaring that the U.S.S.R. would continue its policy of neutrality in regard to them. As you know, our troops entered the territory of Poland only after the Polish State had collapsed and had actually ceased to exist. Naturally, we could not remain neutral towards these facts, since as a result of these events we were confronted with urgent problems affecting the security of our State. Furthermore, the Soviet Government could not but reckon with the exceptional situation created for our brothers in Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia, who had been abandoned to their fate as a result of the collapse of Poland.

Subsequent events fully confirmed that the new Soviet-German relations are based on a firm foundation of mutual interests. After the Red Army units entered the territory of the former Polish State serious questions arose relating to the delimitation of the State interests of the U.S.S.R. and Germany. These questions were promptly settled by mutual agreement. The Amity and Frontier Treaty concluded between the U.S.S.R. and Germany at the end of September has consolidated our relations with the German State.

The relations between Germany and other West-European bourgeois States have in the past two decades been determined primarily by Germany's efforts to break the fetters of the Versailles Treaty, whose authors were Great Britain and France, with the active participation of the U.S.A. This it was that in the long run led to the present war in Europe.

The relations between the Soviet Union and Germany have been based on a different foundation, one having no interest whatever in perpetuating the post-war Versailles system. We have always been of the opinion that a strong Germany is an indispensable condition for durable peace in Europe. It would be ridiculous to think that Germany could be "simply put out of commission" and struck off the books. The powers which cherish this foolish and dangerous dream ignore the deplorable experience of Versailles, do not realize Germany's increased might, and fail to see that any attempt at a repetition of Versailles in the present state of international affairs, which radically differs from that of 1914, may end in disaster for them.

We have consistently striven to improve our relations with Germany and have wholeheartedly welcomed similar strivings in Germany herself. Today our relations with the German State are based on friendly relations, on our readiness to support Germany's efforts for peace, and, at the same time, on the desire to contribute in every way to the development of Soviet-German economic relations to the mutual benefit of both States. It should be mentioned especially that the change that has taken place in Soviet-German political relations has created favorable conditions for the development of Soviet-German economic relations. Recent economic negotiations carried on by a German delegation in Moscow and the negotiations being carried on at present by a Soviet economic delegation in Germany are preparing a broad basis for the development of trade between the Soviet Union and Germany.

Permit me now to dwell on the events directly connected with the entry of our troops into the territory of the former Polish State. There is no need for me to describe the course of these events. They have been reported in

detail in our press, and you, comrades, are well acquainted with the facts. I shall dwell only on actual essentials.

There is no need to show that at a moment when the Polish State was in a state of utter collapse our Government was obliged to extend a helping hand to our brother Ukrainians and Byelorussians inhabiting Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia. And that is what it did. (*Loud and prolonged applause. The deputies rise and cheer.*) When the Red Army marched into these regions it was greeted with universal sympathy by the Ukrainian and Byelorussian population, who welcomed our troops as their liberators from the yoke of the gentry, from the yoke of the Polish landlords and capitalists.

As the Red Army advanced through these districts there were serious encounters in places between our troops and the Polish troops, and, consequently, there were casualties. These casualties were as follows. On the Byelorussian front, counting both commanders and men, the Red Army had 246 killed and 503 wounded, or a total of 749. On the Ukrainian front, 491 commanders and men were killed and 1,359 wounded, or a total of 1,850. Thus the total casualties of the Red Army in Western Byelorussia and Western Ukraine were: 737 killed and 1,862 wounded, or a total of 2 599. As for our trophies in Poland, they consisted of over 900 guns, over 10,000 machine guns, over 300,000 rifles, over 150,000,000 rifle cartridges, over 1,000,000 artillery shells, about 300 airplanes, etc.

The territory which has passed to the U.S.S.R. is equal in area to a large European State. The area of Western Byelorussia is 108,000 square kilometers, and its population 4,800,000. The area of Western Ukraine is 88,000 square kilometers, and its population 8,000,000. Hence, taken together, the territory of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia which has passed to us has an area of 196,000 square kilometers and a population of about 13,000,000, of whom over 7,000,000 are Ukrainians, over 3,000,000 Byelorussians, a little over 1,000,000 Poles, and a little over 1,000,000 Jews.

The political significance of these events can scarcely be overrated. All the reports from Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia show that the population greeted their liberation from the yoke of the Polish gentry with indescribable enthusiasm and hailed this great new victory of the Soviet system with rapture. (*Prolonged applause.*) The recent elections to the People's Assemblies of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia, where for the first time in the history of those territories elections were held on the basis of universal, direct, and equal suffrage and secret ballot, have shown that at least nine-tenths of the population of these regions have long been ready to rejoin the Soviet Union. The decision of the People's Assemblies in Lvov and Byelostok with which we are all now familiar testify to the complete unanimity of the people's representatives on all political questions.

I shall now pass to our relations with the Baltic countries. As you know, important changes have taken place in this sphere as well.

The relations of the Soviet Union with Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania are based on the respective peace treaties concluded with these countries in 1920. By these treaties, Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania became independent States, and ever since then the Soviet Union has invariably pursued a friendly policy towards these newly-created small States. This was a reflection of the radical difference between the policy of the Soviet Government and the policy of tsarist Russia, which had brutally oppressed small nations and denied them every opportunity of independent national and

political development and which had left among them the most painful memories. It must be admitted that the development of friendly Soviet-Esthonian, Soviet-Latvian and Soviet-Lithuanian relations during the past two decades has created favorable conditions for the further consolidation of political and all other relations between the U.S.S.R. and her Baltic neighbors. This has been shown, too, by the recent diplomatic negotiations with the representatives of Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, and by the treaties which have been concluded in Moscow as a result of these negotiations.

As you know, the Soviet Union has concluded pacts of mutual assistance with Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania which are of major political importance. The principles underlying all these pacts are identical. They are based on mutual assistance between the Soviet Union, on the one hand, and Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, on the other, including military assistance in case of any of these countries being attacked. In view of the peculiar geographical position of these countries, which are in a manner of speaking approaches to the U.S.S.R., particularly from the Baltic, these pacts allow the Soviet Union to maintain naval bases and airdromes in specified parts of Esthonia and Latvia, and in respect to Lithuania provide for the defense of the Lithuanian borders jointly with the Soviet Union. The creation of these Soviet naval bases and airdromes on the territory of Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, and the stationing of a certain number of Red Army units for the protection of these bases and airdromes ensure a reliable defense base not only for the Soviet Union, but also for the Baltic States themselves, and thereby contribute to the preservation of peace, which is to the interest of our peoples.

Our recent diplomatic negotiations with Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania have shown that we have sufficient confidence in each other and a proper understanding of the need for these measures of military defense in the interests both of the Soviet Union and of these States themselves. The negotiations have fully revealed the anxiety of the parties concerned to preserve peace and to safeguard the security of our peoples, who are engaged in peaceful labor. All this ensureda successful issue to the negotiations and the conclusion of pacts of mutual assistance which are of great historical importance.

The special character of these mutual assistance pacts in no way implies any interference on the part of the Soviet Union in the affairs of Esthonia, Latvia or Lithuania, as some foreign newspapers are trying to make out. On the contrary, all these pacts of mutual assistance strictly stipulate the inviolability of the sovereignty of the signatory States and the principle of non-interference in each other's affairs. These pacts are based on mutual respect for the political, social and economic structure of the contracting parties, and are designed to strengthen the basis for peaceful and neighborly cooperation between our peoples. We stand for the scrupulous and punctilious observance of the pacts on the basis of complete reciprocity, and we declare that all the nonsensical talk about the Sovietization of the Baltic countries is only to the interest of our common enemies and of all anti-Soviet provocateurs.

In view of the improvement in our political relations with Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania, the Soviet Union has gone a long way to meet the economic requirements of these States and has concluded trade agreements with them for this purpose. Thanks to these economic agreements, trade with the Baltic countries will increase several-fold, and there are favo-

able prospects for its further growth. At a time when all the European countries, including the neutral States, are experiencing tremendous trade difficulties, these economic agreements concluded by the U.S.S.R. with Esthonia, Latvia and Lithuania are of great and positive importance to them.

Thus the rapprochement between the U.S.S.R., on the one hand, and Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, on the other, will conduce to the more rapid progress of the agriculture, industry, transport, and the national well-being generally of our Baltic neighbors.

The principles of Soviet policy in relation to small countries have been demonstrated very forcibly by the treaty providing for the transfer of the city of Vilna and the Vilna region to the Lithuanian Republic. Thereby the Lithuanian State, with its population of two and a half million, secures a considerable extension of territory, an additional population of 550,000, and the city of Vilna, whose population is almost double that of the present Lithuanian capital. It was not because Vilna has a predominantly Lithuanian population that the Soviet Union agreed to transfer this city to the Lithuanian Republic. No, the majority of the inhabitants of Vilna are non-Lithuanians. But the Soviet Government was mindful of the fact that the city of Vilna had been forcibly wrested from Lithuania by Poland and ought to belong to Lithuania as a city with which are associated, on the one hand, the historical past of the Lithuanian State, and, on the other, the national aspirations of the Lithuanian people. It has been pointed out in the foreign press that there has never been another case in world history of a big country handing over so large a city to a small State of its own free will. All the more strikingly, therefore, does this act demonstrate the good will of the Soviet State.

Our relations with Finland are of a special character. This is chiefly to be explained by the fact that in Finland there is a greater amount of outside influence on the part of third powers. Any impartial person must admit, however, that the same problems pertaining to the security of the Soviet Union, and particularly of Leningrad, which figured in the negotiations with Esthonia also figure in the negotiations with Finland. In a certain sense it might be said that the problem of the security of the Soviet Union is even more acute in this case, inasmuch as Leningrad, which after Moscow is the most important city of the Soviet Union, is situated only thirty-two kilometers from the Finnish border. That means that the distance of Leningrad from the borders of a foreign State is such that it could easily be shelled by modern long-range guns. On the other hand, the approaches to Leningrad from the sea also largely depend on whether Finland, who owns the entire northern shore of the Gulf of Finland and all the islands in the central part of the Gulf of Finland, is hostile or friendly towards the Soviet Union.

In view of this, as well as of the present situation in Europe, it may be expected that Finland will display the necessary understanding.

What has been the basis of the relations between the Soviet Union and Finland during all these years? As you know, the basis of these relations has been the peace treaty of 1920, which was on the pattern of our treaties with our other Baltic neighbors. Of its own free will, the Soviet Union ensured the separate and independent existence of Finland. There can be no doubt that only the Soviet Government, which recognizes the principle of the free development of nationalities, could take such a step. It must be said that in Russia none but a Soviet Government could tolerate the exist-

ence of an independent Finland at the very gates of Leningrad. This is eloquently testified to by Finland's experience with the "democratic" government of Kerensky and Tseretelli, not to mention the government of Prince Lvov and Milyukov, let alone the tsarist government. This important circumstance might undoubtedly serve as a sound premise for an improvement in Soviet-Finnish relations, in which, evidently, Finland is no less interested than the Soviet Union.

Soviet-Finnish negotiations were begun recently on our initiative. What is the subject of these negotiations? It is easy to see that in the present state of international affairs, when in the center of Europe war is developing among some of the biggest States, a war fraught with great surprises and dangers for all European countries, the Soviet Union is not only entitled but obliged to adopt serious measures to strengthen her security. And it is but natural that the Soviet Government should display particular concern with regard to the Gulf of Finland, which is the approach to Leningrad from the sea, and also with regard to that land frontier which hangs over Leningrad some thirty kilometers off. Let me remind you that the population of Leningrad has grown to three and a half million, almost equal to the entire population of Finland, which is 3,650,000. (*Amusement.*)

There is scarcely any need to dwell on the fables spread by the foreign press about the Soviet Union's proposals in the negotiations with Finland. Some assert that the U.S.S.R. "demands" the city of Vipuri (Viborg) and the northern part of Lake Ladoga. Let us say, for our part, that this is a sheer fabrication and a lie. Others assert that the U.S.S.R. "demands" the cession of the Aaland Islands. That, too, is a fabrication and a lie. There is also nonsensical talk about claims the Soviet Union is supposed to have with regard to Sweden and Norway. But these puerile lies are not even worth refuting. (*Loud laughter.*) Actually, our proposals in the negotiations with Finland are modest in the extreme, and are confined to that minimum without which it is impossible to safeguard the security of the U.S.S.R. and to put friendly relations with Finland on a firm footing.

We began negotiations with Finland—for which purpose the Finnish Government sent its representatives, Messrs. Paasikivi and Tanner, to Moscow—by proposing the conclusion of a Soviet-Finnish pact of mutual assistance approximately on the lines of our pacts of mutual assistance with the other Baltic States. But inasmuch as the Finnish Government declared that the conclusion of such a pact would be in contradiction to its position of absolute neutrality, we did not insist on our proposal. We then proposed that we proceed to discuss the concrete questions we are interested in from the standpoint of safeguarding the security of the U.S.S.R., and especially the security of Leningrad, both from the sea—in the Gulf of Finland—and from land, in view of the extreme proximity of the border to Leningrad. We have proposed that agreement be reached to shift the Soviet-Finnish border on the Isthmus of Karelia some tens of kilometers further to the north of Leningrad. In exchange for this, we have proposed to transfer to Finland a part of Soviet Karelia twice as large as the territory which Finland is to transfer to the Soviet Union. We have further proposed that agreement be reached for Finland to lease to us for a definite term a small section of her territory near the entrance to the Gulf of Finland so that we may establish a naval base there. With a Soviet naval base at the southern entrance to the Gulf of Finland, namely, at Baltiski Port, as provided for by the Soviet-Esthonian pact of mutual asisistance, the establishment of a naval base at the northern entrance to the Gulf of Fin-

land would fully safeguard the Gulf of Finland against hostile attempts on the part of other States. We have no doubt that the establishment of such a base would not only further the interests of the Soviet Union, but also the security of Finland herself. Our other proposals, in particular for the exchange of certain islands in the Gulf of Finland, as well as parts of the Rybachi and Sredni Peninsulas, for territory of twice the area in Soviet Karelia, evidently do not meet with objection on the part of the Finnish Government. Differences with regard to certain of our proposals have not yet been overcome, and the concessions made by Finland in this respect, as, for instance, the cession of part of the territory of the Isthmus of Karelia, obviously do not meet the purpose.

We have further made a number of new steps to meet Finland half way. We declared that if our main proposals are accepted, we shall be prepared to drop our objections to the fortification of the Aaland Islands, on which the Finnish Government has been insisting for a long time. We only made one stipulation: we said that we would drop our objection to the fortification of the Aaland Islands on condition that the fortification was done by Finland's own national forces, without the participation of any third country, inasmuch as the U.S.S.R. would also be taking no part in it. We have also proposed to Finland to dismantle the fortified zones along the entire Soviet-Finnish border on the Isthmus of Karelia, which should fully accord with the interests of Finland. We have further expressed our desire to reinforce the Soviet-Finnish pact of non-aggression with supplementary mutual guarantees. Lastly, the consolidation of Soviet-Finnish political relations would undoubtedly form a splendid basis for the rapid development of economic relations between the two countries.

Thus we are ready to meet Finland in matters in which she is particularly interested.

In view of all this, we do not think that Finland will seek for a pretext to frustrate the proposed agreement. This would not be in line with the policy of friendly Soviet-Finnish relations and would, of course, work to the serious detriment of Finland.

We are certain that Finnish leading circles will properly understand the importance of consolidating amicable Soviet-Finnish relations, and that Finnish public men will not yield to anti-Soviet pressure or instigation from any quarter.

I must inform you, however, that even the President of the United States of America has thought fit to intervene in these matters, which one finds it hard to reconcile with America's policy of neutrality. In a message to Comrade Kalinin, President of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet, dated October 12, Mr. Roosevelt expressed the hope that friendly and peaceful relations between the U.S.S.R. and Finland would be preserved and developed. One might think matters were in better shape between the United States and, let us say, the Philippines or Cuba, who have long been demanding freedom and independence from the United States and cannot get them, than between the Soviet Union and Finland, who has long ago received both freedom and political independence from the Soviet Union.

Comrade Kalinin replied to Mr. Roosevelt's message as follows:

"I consider it proper to remind you, Mr. President, that the political independence of the Republic of Finland was recognized by the Soviet Government of its own free will on December 31, 1917, and that the sovereignty of Finland was secured to her by the Treaty of Peace between the

R.S.F.S.R. and Finland of October 14, 1920. These acts of the Soviet Government defined the fundamental principles governing the relations between the Soviet Union and Finland. It is in conformity with these principles that the present negotiations between the Soviet Government and the Government of Finland are being conducted. Contrary to the tendentious versions spread by circles who are evidently not interested in European peace, the sole object of these negotiations is to consolidate relations between the Soviet Union and Finland and to strengthen the friendly cooperation of the two countries in the matter of safeguarding the security of the Soviet Union and Finland."

After this plain reply by the President of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., it should be quite clear that, granted good will on its part, the Finnish Government will meet our proposals, which are minimal ones, and which—far from militating against the national and State interests of Finland—will enhance her security and form a broad basis for a further extensive development of political and economic relations between our countries.

A few words about the negotiations with Turkey.

All kinds of tales are being spread abroad as to the substance of these negotiations. Some allege that the U.S.S.R. demanded the cession of the districts of Ardagan and Kars. Let us say, for our part, that this is sheer fabrication and a lie. Others allege that the U.S.S.R. demanded changes in the international convention concluded at Montreux and a privileged position as regards the Dardanelles. That is also a fabrication and a lie. As a matter of fact, the subject at issue was the conclusion of a bilateral pact of mutual assistance limited to the regions of the Black Sea and the Dardanelles. The U.S.S.R. considered, firstly, that the conclusion of such a pact could not move her to actions which might draw her into armed conflict with Germany, and, secondly, that the U.S.S.R. should have a guarantee that, in view of the war danger, Turkey would not allow warships of non-Black Sea Powers to pass through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea. Turkey rejected both these stipulations of the U.S.S.R. and thereby made the conclusion of the pact impossible.

The Soviet-Turkish negotiations did not lead to the conclusion of a pact, but they did help to clear up, or at least to explore, a number of political questions that interest us. In the present international situation, it is particularly important to know the true face and policy of States with whom relations are of major importance. Many things pertaining to the policy of Turkey have now become much clearer to us, both as a result of the Moscow negotiations and as a result of recent acts of the Turkish Government in the sphere of foreign policy.

As you know, the Government of Turkey has preferred to tie up its destinies with a definite group of European Powers, belligerents in the present war. It has concluded a pact of mutual assistance with Great Britain and France, who for the past two months have been waging war on Germany. Turkey has thereby definitely discarded the cautious policy of neutrality and entered the orbit of the developing European war. That is highly pleasing both to Great Britain and to France, who are bent on drawing as many neutral countries as possible into their sphere of war. Whether Turkey will not come to regret this—we shall not try to guess. (*Animation.*) It is only incumbent upon us to take note of these new factors in the foreign policy of our neighbor and to keep a watchful eye on the development of events.

If Turkey has now to a certain extent tied her hands and has taken the hazardous line of supporting one of the belligerent groups, the Turkish Government evidently realizes the responsibility it has thereby incurred. But that is not the foreign policy which the Soviet Union is pursuing and thanks to which she has secured not a few successes in the sphere of foreign affairs. The Soviet Union prefers to keep her hands free in the future as well, to go on consistently pursuing her policy of neutrality, and not only not to help the spread of war, but to help strengthen whatever strivings there may be for the restoration of peace. We are confident that the policy of peace which the U.S.S.R. has been consistently pursuing holds out the best prospects for the future as well. This policy we will pursue in the region of the Black Sea, too, confident that we shall fully ensure its proper application as demanded by the interests of the Soviet Union and of the States friendly to the Soviet Union. (*Applause.*)

Now as regards our relations with Japan.

There has lately been a certain improvement in Soviet-Japanese relations. Symptoms of this improvement have been observable since the recent conclusion of the Moscow agreement, as a result of which the well-known conflict on the Mongolian-Manchurian border was liquidated.

For several months, or, to be more precise, in May, June, July, August, and up to the middle of September, hostilities between Japanese-Manchurian and Soviet-Mongolian troops were in progress in the Nomankhan district on the Mongolian-Manchurian border. During this period, all arms, including airplanes and heavy artillery, were engaged in action, and the battles were sometimes of a very sanguinary character. This absolutely unnecessary conflict exacted not a few casualties on our side, but casualties on the Japanese-Manchurian side were several times heavier. Finally Japan made proposals to terminate the conflict, and we willingly met the Japanese Government's wishes.

As you know, the conflict arose owing to Japan's endeavor to appropriate part of the territory of the Mongolian People's Republic and thus forcibly change the Mongolian-Manchurian border in her own favor. Such a one-sided method of action had to meet with a resolute rebuff, and it has once again demonstrated its utter futility when applied to the Soviet Union or her allies. While the example of luckless Poland has recently demonstrated how little pacts of mutual assistance signed by certain European Great Powers are sometimes worth (*laughter*), what happened on the Mongolian-Manchurian border has demonstrated something quite different. It has demonstrated the value of pacts of mutual assistance to which is appended the signature of the Soviet Union. (*Loud and prolonged applause.*)

As for the conflict in question, it was liquidated by the Soviet-Japanese agreement concluded in Moscow on September 15, and peace has been fully restored on the Mongolian-Manchurian border. Thus the first step was made towards an improvement in Soviet-Japanese relations.

The next step is the formation of a joint frontier commission consisting of representatives of the Soviet-Mongolian and Japanese-Manchurian sides. This commission will have to examine certain disputed questions of frontier. There is no doubt that if good will is displayed not only on our side, the method of businesslike examination of frontier questions will yield good results.

In addition, the possibility has been established of starting Soviet-

Japanese trade negotiations. It must be admitted that the development of Soviet-Japanese trade is in the interests of both countries.

Thus we have reason to speak of the beginnings of an improvement in our relations with Japan. It is difficult as yet to judge how far we may count on the rapid development of this tendency. We have not yet been able to ascertain how far the ground for it has been prepared among Japanese circles. For our part, I must say that we look with favor on Japanese overtures of this kind, approaching them from the standpoint of our basic political position and our concern for the interests of peace.

Finally, a few words about war contraband and the export of arms from neutral countries to belligerent countries.

A few days ago the Soviet Government's note in reply to Great Britain's notes of September 6 and 11 was published. Our note explains the views of the U.S.S.R. on the subject of war contraband and states that the Soviet Government cannot regard as war contraband foodstuffs, fuel for the non-combatant population, and clothing, and that to prohibit the import of articles of mass consumption is to condemn children, women, old people and the sick to suffering and starvation. The Soviet Government declares in this note that such questions cannot be settled by unilateral decisions, as Great Britain has done, but must be settled by the common consent of the Powers. We expect that the neutral countries, as well as public opinion in Great Britain and France will recognize the justice of our position and will take measures to prevent the war between the armies of the belligerent countries from being turned into a war against children, women, old people and the sick. In any event, our country, as a neutral country which is not interested in the spread of war, will take every measure to render the war less devastating, to weaken it, and to hasten its termination in the interests of peace.

From this standpoint, the decision of the American Government to lift the embargo on the export of arms to belligerent countries arouses justified misgivings. It can scarcely be doubted that the effect of this decision will not be to weaken the war and hasten its termination, but, on the contrary, to intensify, aggravate and protract it. Of course, this decision may ensure big profits for the American war industries. But, one asks, can this serve as a justification for lifting the embargo on the export of arms from America? Clearly it cannot.

Such is the state of international affairs at the present moment.

Such are the principles of the foreign policy of the Soviet Union. (*Loud and prolonged applause and cheers. All rise.*)

WRITERS ON THE TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Extraordinary Fifth Session of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. in Moscow lasted three days. On October 31, V. M. Molotov, Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars and People's Commissar of Foreign Affairs, presented to the session a report on the foreign policy of the U.S.S.R. which we publish above. The following two days were devoted to a discussion of the declarations made by the Plenipotentiary Committees elected by the People's Assemblies of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia. The committees, representing the two regions which have been liberated from the yoke of the Polish gentry, have come to the capital of the Soviet Union to report to the supreme organ of power in the U.S.S.R. on the firm, unanimous desire of the workers, the peasants and the working intelligentsia of the liberated regions to join the brotherly family of peoples, the great Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

The historical wish of the masses of the people of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia which have been freed by the Red Army, have found their expression in the declarations adopted by the People's Assemblies held in Lvov and Belostok, which decided the fate of these peoples. Elections on the basis of a universal, direct, equal and secret ballot were held in Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia for the first time. The deputies to the People's Assemblies, having thus been elected, complied with the will of their voters and decided unanimously to request the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. to accept Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia as a part of the Soviet Union.

The request of the peoples of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia has been granted: Western Ukraine merged with Soviet Ukraine and Western Byelorussia with Soviet Byelorussia. This puts an end forever to the grave historical injustice, namely, an artificial, unnatural breaking up of a homogeneous people, as a result of which millions of our brothers suffered under the oppression of the Polish gentry.

The historical decisions of this session were received with joy and triumph by the masses of the people in the liberated land. These feelings were well expressed by the writer Yaroslav Purkhovsky, a native of Lvov, who said:

"The great, long awaited day has come at last. The Extraordinary Fifth Session of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. resolved to include Western Ukraine in the Soviet Union and to merge it with the Ukrainian S.S.R. The dream of our people has come true at last. My heart is full of happiness and joy. At last I found my fatherland! . . ."

Below we publish two speeches made at this historical session: A speech by the Western Byelorussian poet F. Pestrak, a member of the Plenipotentiary Commission of the People's Assembly of Western Byelorussia, and a speech by the prominent Soviet-Ukrainian writer and dramatist A. Korneichuk. We also publish an article by the well-known Polish woman writer Wanda Wasilewska. In flight from the horrors of war into which the ill-starred government of Poland had pushed its peoples, Wanda Wasilewska covered on foot 600 kilometers until she reached the territory which the Red Army had taken under its protection. At present she resides in Lvov where she takes an active part in organizing the cultural life of the city and in the creation of writers' organizations.

Speech By A. E. Korneichuk

Comrades! On September 17, 1939, the Red Army crossed the frontier to liberate the Western Ukrainian people from the threat of death and ruin.

As a Ukrainian writer I could not fail to be there. Together with the Red Army units I crossed the border and arrived in Western Ukraine.

Having read books I knew how our brothers and sisters lived under the yoke of the Polish gentry, but reality was more horrible than what I ever read in books.

The imagination of no writer can depict the fearful, terrible oppression under which the peasants, the workers and the intelligentsia of Western Ukraine lived.

That is why the toilers of Western Ukraine met the Red Army as their liberator.

If you recall what you have read in books dealing with past wars, with the way capitalist armies occupied towns, you will always find there similar descriptions: "The troops entered, the city appeared dead, the inhabitants shut their doors and hid, and only two days later did they begin to appear on the streets." And so it was indeed.

But what was Lvov like on the day our troops arrived?

Here is what I entered in my notebook: "The troops marched in, the houses looked dead, the people were on the streets. Children, old men and women welcomed the Red Army; upon their own initiative they carried away stones, taking apart the barricades which the Polish troops had built, and brought to us abandoned arms and munitions. Workers, employees and intellectuals worked in a pouring rain, putting the city in order."

I was in a Red Army uniform and had forgotten all about it when I decided to inspect the city, our beautiful old Lvov. I had hardly passed half a block when something happened to me that I shall never forget in my life, that shall forever remain a stirring memory to me.

A crowd of Lvov citizens surrounded me in a narrow street, the crowd grew, and soon it was impossible to pass through the street. Questions about our great fatherland were showered at me, but those who stood farther away could not hear my answers. A citizen climbed up a lamp post and pointing to me he cried: "Comrades, let us take the Red Army man to the cinema and ask him to tell us there about Soviet Ukraine . . ."

The crowd stirred and everyone shouted: "To the cinema, to the cinema!" I was lifted up in the air, I heard the crash of the doors of the cinema, and I do not remember how I found myself on a stage. The hall was overcrowded. A tall, lean old man held my hand. Tears were streaming down his hollow cheeks and he shouted: "Comrades! In the name of the workers, of the unemployed, in the name of those whose children died of hunger, whom the

---

Translated from Ukrainian.

Alexander Korneichuk addressing a meeting of intellectuals who came to acclaim the liberation of the Western Ukraine from the Polish pans

gendarmes beat in the streets of Lvov, we say: glory to the Red Army which liberated us, glory to Stalin!" And the whole audience shouted: "glory, glory!" It seemed that the walls would crumble, unable to withstand the force of the shouts in honor of our Party and of the great Comrade Stalin. *(All rise. Ovation in honor of Comrade Stalin. Stormy lasting applause.)*

Only in the evening, my voice hoarse with speaking, did I return to my hotel.

Comrades, I watched the tanks pass through villages. They were stopped by girls, by peasant women who strung garlands of flowers across the street, compelling the tank divers to stop. Women removed their necklaces, put them on the tank drivers and kissed our fighters.

For nearly six hundred years the Ukrainian people lived in terrible bondage. They had been subjected to inhuman torture by the Polish gentry, even in distant bygone days.

Prior to the uprising of Bogdan Khmelnitzki, when the peasants revolted against their oppressors, the then ruling Polish *hetman* Potozki ordered pointed poles to be dug in the ground from Nezhin to Kiev and to impale the peasants. A road of death stretched from Nezhin to Kiev. Thousands of peasants died on the pales in horrible agony, but the Polish feudal nobility was unable to break the liberty-loving spirit of the Ukrainian people. The people rose under the leadership of Bogdan Khmelnitzki. After a terrible, cruel struggle Eastern Ukraine tore itself loose from the yoke of the Polish gentry and united with Russia. Western Ukraine remained under the Polish yoke.

Centuries went by. The Polish nobility changed its pompous medieval costumes for cutaways, dinner jackets and silk hats. For twenty years it shouted about liberty and democracy, but the same medieval brutality, the heart of a mad dog remained under the full dress suit worn by the Polish gentry.

I have seen many villages, and I saw the result of the "culture" introduced by the Polish democrats. As you enter a village you see naked, smoky chimneys instead of houses, the coal still glimmering and smoke rising aloft. People, nay, shadows of people, wander around the site of the fire. A middle-aged peasant stands near a burned house, and in front of him lies his wife, her mouth wide open. Her tongue has been cut out, her

mouth is swollen, she breathes with difficulty, she is dying. A barefooted girl stands nearby in the mud, muttering in a low voice, "*mamo, mamo. . . .*" An autumnal rain drizzles, it is cold and the peasants gather around. They remove their caps as they approach the dying woman. To my questions they answer briefly, and my blood freezes in my veins. . . .

In the villages, peasants and Ukrainian teachers were bound together with barbed wire and a wrapper wound around them with the inscription in tar reading: "Here is free Ukrainia for you." Then they were buried alive. This was done by representatives of the army and the gendarmes of the Polish Government. This was done by beasts who carried in their pockets cards of the National Democratic Party and of other bourgeois parties. This was done by those who used to shout that they formed the barrier in the West against Soviet barbarity, and who received money for this from French and British banks.

What unheard of cynicism and mockery ring in the call of the French and British politicians to fight for the restoration of the Polish clique which had covered itself with indelible shame through the ages by its cruel, despotic rule, barbarity and inhuman mockery over the helpless population of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia! A dying woman with her tongue cut out—such was all of Western Ukraine, such was my people. It was deprived of its native tongue, its intelligentsia was destroyed, it was not admitted to universities, it was kept in darkness, called moron and boor, and its human and national dignity was offended at each step.

I spoke at a meeting held in the Polish university which had five thousand students, but which admitted no more than five Ukrainians and a very small percentage of Jews. There were vacant seats in the auditorium, but some students stood along the walls, for they were not allowed to sit next to the Polish students. Those were Ukrainian and Jewish students. The sons of the Polish landed proprietors and the national social-democratic youth terrorized and even killed them.

The scientists of the Ukrainian people, Professor Studinski, Voznyak, Kolessa and others, were jobless and persecuted by the Polish police, by the Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists, by the Petlyurovites and the faithful lackeys of the Polish gendarmes.

Of the economic situation of the Ukrainian intelligentsia I shall tell you one fact only. At a meeting of Ukrainian writers held in Lvov, an outstanding writer, Comrade Melnik, said in his speech: "Throughout the fifty years I have lived I have hated people who could afford a three-course dinner." You can imagine, comrades, how the Ukrainian writers lived.

The great son of the Ukrainian people, the writer and revolutionary Ivan Franko, wrote in 1896 that there is no national liberty without social freedom; he loved the doctrine of Marx and Engels, he translated it into his own language, and he appealed to the people to fight the Ukrainian and Polish landed proprietors; he wrote immortal revolutionary poetry and prose for the Ukrainian people, and he died of hunger; his children were jobless in gentry-ridden Poland, and when the Ukrainian youth used to come to his grave the police would chase them away with clubs. Today, Ivan Franko's son is with us at the Session, as a member of the Plenipotentiary Com-

mission of the liberated people. (*Applause.*)

A day or two after its entrance into Lvov, the Red Army and the writers of the Soviet Ukraine and Russia placed wreaths on the grave of the great Ukrainian revolutionary writer Franko and on the monument to the great Polish writer Adam Mitzkevitch. Commanders and Red Army men spoke at the grave of Franko and at the monument to Mitzkevitch. Their profoundly stirring speeches were full of deep respect and love for the great progressive men of the Ukrainian and Polish peoples.

Glory to our Red Army which brings humanism and culture and which deeply appreciates the great writers of the Ukrainian and Polish peoples!

The People's Assembly of Western Ukraine lasted three days. For three days in succession peasants, workers and intellectuals mounted the rostrum and every speech was an indictment of the former Poland of the gentry.

If it were possible to collect all the blood and tears spilled by the Ukrainian people under the oppression of the Polish nobility, a thousandth part of it would suffice to drown in it all the landlords, the gendarmes and the satraps of the Polish government.

The last day of the Assembly, a Polish woman writer, Gurskaya, told me excitedly: "I am listening to the speeches of the deputies, I hear of cruelty, of the sufferings of the people, and my nerves cannot stand it: this is history's judgment of Poland, isn't it?" And she was right. The People's Assembly was a great court held by the people over the Polish feudals, over the Polish bourgeoisie which cruelly oppressed the Ukrainian and Byelorussian peoples and the Polish toilers.

Dear comrades deputies! I hope and believe that you will admit tortured, suffering brothers, the Ukrainians, into the great family of the Soviet peoples.

The people of Soviet Ukraine, together with their liberated blood-brothers, address you with deep gratitude, dear Joseph Vissarionovich, you—the best friend of the Ukrainian people, who inspired and liberated our brothers from age-old oppression. (*Thunderous, lasting applause, turning into an ovation.*)

In the name of the people of Soviet Ukraine I bring the warmest feelings of gratitude to our Soviet Government and to its head, Comrade Molotov. (*Stormy, lasting applause, ovation.*)

Long live the great Leninist-Stalinist Party! (*Stormy applause.*)

Long live the heroic Red Army and our beloved marshal Klimen Efremovich Voroshilov! (*Stormy, lasting applause; ovation in honor of Comrade Voroshilov.*)

Long live Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia, marching under the invincible banners of Lenin and Stalin! (*Loud applause.*)

Long live our great teacher and leader, our heart, Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin! (*Thunderous, lasting applause; ovation in honor of Comrade Stalin! All rise. Shouts of "hurrah."*)

Speech by F. S. Pestrak

Our country, Western Byelorussia, has always been poor, a land of bast shoes where the people suffered want and where bread was scarce. At the same time it was a land of luxury for the magnates, a land where the toil of others was liked though unrewarded, a land of capitalist robbery. It is a land of marvelous natural beauty, but despite this the people created endlessly melancholy songs. It is a land of contrasts brought about by the sad history of the people. Western Byelorussia was a semi-colony of the Polish bourgeoisie in which persisted feudal-landlord traditions. It was a land of social and national oppression. People have often pointed to India or China as examples of terrible exploitation, but they did not have to go far; a worker in Western Byelorussia was earning half of the wages of a worker in central Poland. This was the beginning of all the other discriminations against the toilers of Western Byelorussia. The poison of Polish chauvinism and national strife was instilled in the working class of Western Byelorussia by such agents of the bourgeoisie as the

Translated from Byelorussian.

A mass-meeting of various nationalities in Lvov, at

Polish Socialist Party. The fact of the very existence of Western Byelorussia as a country was denied to the working class. "There is no Western Byelorussia, there is only Eastern Kressy" (outlying Poland)—this was the phrase so typically expressing the national oppression and colonial exploitation in former Poland.

And what about the Byelorussian peasant? Peasants account for 80 per cent of the population of Western Byelorussia. A scarcity of grain and a yearning for land was characteristic of the main mass of the Byelorussian peasantry. Their own, beloved, wonderful soil which nursed us all! Yet the people were its orphans.

The cruel, accursed Polish nobility which robbed the people had turned the soil into a stepmother for its sons. The talents which lay dormant in the people perished in misery, and whenever they did come to the surface, they were choked by the hand of the all-mighty noblemen, and would perish before they had a chance to blossom forth, they would wither like flowers cut in mowing. For generations until only yesterday, the people of Western Byelorussia used to send forth masses of paupers who, so typical of our country, would walk the roads, hung with bags, strumming a lyre and begging. The country was poverty-stricken and full of people's sorrow.

The toiling Byelorussian intellectual was a real pauper without a roof over his head, losing his talent which he could not devote to the people, for the doors to work were closed to him. Teachers dragged on a miserable existence, and in an agricultural country like ours agronomists were jobless. The Polish

of Ivan Franko, the noted Ukrainian writer

Government handed over our children to Polish teachers who were given chauvinistic instructions to belittle our people in the minds of its children and to eradicate from their soul whatever their own mothers had taught them.

Such conditions could result in nothing but in a dying-out process for our people.

And now, dear comrades, you will understand the great joy of our people when, on the order of the Soviet Government on September 17, the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army crossed the border and freed the people from the yoke of the Polish gentry forever. (*Stormy applause.*)

Twenty hard years under the boot of the Polish gentry, twenty years of violent struggle waged by the toilers of Western Byelorussia for their freedom, did not pass in vain. Not in vain did the best sons of the people fill the jails and walk up the gallows. The land which the people always yearned for was given over to those who tilled it, to the peasants. Factories, shops and banks now belong to the people. An oppressed people became a victorious people.

The People's Assembly of Western Byelorussia authorized us to tell you, the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., their will, the will of the people. Having voted for the introduction of Soviet power in their country, the Byelorussian people want to join the family of peoples of the great Soviet Union. Following the example of the Soviet Socialist Republics and under the wise leadership of Comrade Stalin they want to take their road, the road of Socialist construction leading to the summits of Communism. Together with all the peoples of the Soviet Union, they want to live and struggle for the flourishing and glory of the liberated country. Together they want to strengthen the might of the great Soviet Union under the sun of the Stalinist Constitution. (*Applause*). Through its elected deputies, the people of Western Byelorussia asks the Supreme Soviet to pay heed to its wish and to include Western Byelorussia in the Byelorussian Soviet Socialist Republic and with it in the great Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.

We brought you the deep gratitude of our people for having saved us from the knouts of the Polish gentry, from their savage terror and mockery. In gratitude for all this we brought to the entire Soviet people (*stormy applause*), to its invincible Red Army (*storm of applause*), to its commander, first Marshal, Comrade Voroshilov, (*stormy applause, everybody rises*), to the Soviet Government and to its head, Comrade Molotov (*thunderous applause, all rise*), to the Communist Bolshevik Party and to our beloved father and wise leader, Comrade Stalin (*stormy, lasting applause growing into an ovation. The audience rises in a body*), our sincere, warm, people's greetings!

Long live the peoples of the Soviet Union, united by the firm Leninist-Stalinist friendship! (*Loud applause.*)

Long live the indivisible Soviet Byelorussia which is now united forever!

Long live the head of the Soviet Government, Comrade Molotov!

Long live the invincible, glorious Workers' and Peasants' Red Army!

Long live the First Marshal, Comrade Voroshilov!

Long live the Communist Bolshevik Party!

Long live the leader and friend of all the toilers, the great, wise Comrade Stalin! (*Stormy, lasting applause. The audience rises.*)

WANDA WASILEWSKA

Three Days

For three days the People's Assembly was in session in Lvov. Western Ukraine was deciding its fate. Fifteen hundred deputies crowded the red hall of the Bolshoi Theater. Never before was there such an audience at the Lvov Theater. There were women wearing kerchiefs, women workers in bright costumes, peasants in sheepskin coats, and beside them sat professors and teachers. For the first time peasant bast shoes and boots trod the runners of the broad staircases.

I knew these people in their worst days, in the days of oppression and war.

Here is a group of young girls whose fate it was to bend their backs working on the land belonging to the Polish gentry, cleaning the master's woods for fifty kopeks a day which lasted from dawn to sunset.

Here are women who once wept over their children dying in the absence of medical help. Here are men who saw prison doors swing wide open to admit them, men who knew the entrance to the concentration camp at Bereze Kartuzka.

Whether it be Kovel, Lutzk, Drogobytch or Lvov, gloomy memories arise everywhere: the pacification of the Volyn villages, the ruined peasant huts, the burned-down grain. In the Lvov and Lutzk districts the first of May demonstrations were greeted by death-

Translated from Polish.

Soviet writers Lev Nikulin, Yakub Kolas, Yanka Kupala and others among the Belostok teachers nominated as candidates to the People's Assembly of Western Byelorussia.

dealing machine-gun fire a few years ago.

Lvov. Here blood ran down the pavement, and here the police used to greet with salvos the funeral of workers killed in a strike.

The reel of horrible memories unwinds more and more.

Here is that village over the Styr where people used sawdust and the bark of trees for food, and where people were for years unable to find work. It was a stubborn, unequal struggle. Peasants and workers marched barehanded against bullets, bayonets and laws which put chains of slavery on the working people. This was the land of tears and blood, the land of the most terrible injustice and oppression. And then came the war. . . . Thousands of refugees from Poland passed through villages and towns. The peasants always found a piece of bread for the refugees and some straw to sleep on. Blessed be the peasants' huts which gave them shelter and did not allow masses of people deprived of a roof, of family and fatherland, to perish of hunger.

Blessed be the toil-hardened hands of the Ukrainian peasant woman who gave a glass of water and a cup of milk to the thirsty refugees!

Looking at the hall of the Bolshoi Theater, I saw three phases of the history of Western Ukraine: the land under the yoke of capitalist slavery, the land in the grip of a most terrible war, and, finally, the free land which discarded its chains of slavery.

All these people were saved from extermination. They realized it fully, for all of them saw the September days. The Red Army saved Western Ukraine from destruction. That is why the hall resounded with a thunder of applause each time the Red Army was mentioned.

I looked at the deputies, the girls, the women and the men. None of them had a say in any affairs concerning their lives, they even had no right to life.

Now they are free people. They came from everywhere: from the sharp bend of the Bug down to the Zbruch, from the marshy tributaries of the Pripyat to the Carpathian mountains. They voted for the first time. Now *they*, and no one else, are to decide their own fate. For the first time things will go the way *they* want, and not according to the wish of others living on injustice and oppression.

For three days Western Ukraine was discussing its future. The deputies took up four fundamental questions. And they decided them according to the will and wish of the voters.

Soviet power for Western Ukraine!

The hall rocked with thunderous applause and shouts of joy. After so many years of torture, years of fascist oppression—Soviet power!

Merging of Western Ukraine with Soviet Ukraine!

Again the hall rocked with thunderous applause, and shouts of joy. After so many years of clandestine crossings of the Zbruch, after many years of surreptitious listenings to the news coming from the other side—the border has been annulled!

The landed proprietors have been deprived of their land, the church estates have been confiscated along with the land of the high officials.

And again the applause and the cries of joy. Justice had come at last for the peasants. No more will their cattle starve for lack of grazing land, while the grass of the landlords's meadow is waist high. No more will the peasant and his children take a rowboat out to the lake to pluck reeds which might deceive the hungry stomach for a short while. Now the land belongs to those who till it.

Peasants of the village Kolodno, Belostok region, going to vote for candidates to the People's Assembly of Western Byelorussia

Once more the thunderous applause, and the shouts of joy. No more unemployment, no more strikes and lockouts during which the workers' blood would stream down the city pavement. No more will the parasites wax rich.

Four problems were discussed by the People's Assembly. The people were given the vote for the first time. And they decided rightly, revealing deep wisdom. Leaders and orators sprung up from the midst of the people.

Here is a representative of the peasants in the forsaken mountain villages. His face is bold and handsome, the face of an eagle. He expresses the grievances of the mountain people, and their protest. He is the very voice of his people who had been forsaken, condemned to poverty and to assimilation by force.

Here is a peasant woman from the Tarnopol district, telling in plain words about life in the village, about the peasant's fate. Her speech had the quality of finest folk poetry, of great creative talent. Talent hidden in the people, of which nobody knew, and to which nobody cared to give a helping hand!

A young woman teacher with fiery eyes, told of the mistreatment of the peasant children, of the schools where the native tongue was taboo and of the thousands of illiterates living in village and town.

Young, powerful voices complained bitterly of injustice suffered at the hands of the Poles. Ukrainians spoke of the hard lot of Polish workers, Poles spoke of the exploitation of Ukrainian and Jewish workers. Great was the expression in this hall of the profound feeling of brotherhood between Ukrainians, Poles and Jews!

During those days everyone found and understood everyone else. There is room in this land for those who

want to work. There is no room only for enemies whether evident or concealed. Grim were the words sounding warning that the enemy would be recognized under any mask and destroyed mercilessly.

Western Ukraine will not give up what it has acquired after years of oppression and sorrow. It will never allow anyone to interfere with the great work of Socialist construction. Peasants, workers and the toiling intelligentsia have united and fraternized. This was the dawn of a new day.

Western Ukraine has launched a new, happy and free life. The red flag flutters over Lvov.

Polish Pan (in a hurry): "October, it seems, is not the only terrible month for us. Now we also have a September."

MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO

Dawn of the New Day

I. AN EVENING OF REMINISCENCES

An evening of reminiscences was organized at a Leningrad factory during the anniversary of the October Revolution.

Anyone who wanted to, spoke about bygone fighting days, about his or her participation in the Revolution, heroic deeds and encounters with famous revolutionaries.

Reminiscences were exchanged, not with pomp and circumstance, not in a hall with a platform and a tribune. The guests simply gave their talks over a friendly cup of tea. This gave them a lively and natural turn. And that evening my notebook was all scribbled over horizontally and vertically with interesting notes and subjects for stories.

Among others a certain Leonidov, the factory barber, entertained many of his listeners. He related very amusingly his experiences before the Revolution when he worked in a fashionable barber's shop on Morskaya Street, clipping and shaving all sorts of generals and grand-dukes. And exact and insolent customers they were, not allowing him to lay a finger on their precicus skin while he was shaving them. There was general laughter when Leonidov recounted all sorts of amusing incidents from his past. But of that later....

When Leonidov had finished, an elderly locksmith, Korotkov by name, wounded in the February Revolution, gave a short speech. He spoke about street encounters with the police, during one of which he got his wound.

Last of all spoke Comrade Anna Kasyanova, a member of the Factory Committee, awarded the Order of the Red Banner some time ago.

2. COMRADE KASYANOVA'S SPEECH

Kasyanova's speech was extraordinarily interesting and absorbing, the reminiscences of a long life, of revolution, of civil war, of the famous battle of Perekop and of the flight of the Russian upper classes abroad.

It was the story of one who had gone through the furnace of revolutionary events.

The moment she began I realized that this was no ordinary woman, with a simple, everyday

biography. And as she went on, her story impressed us with a sort of special, inward significance.

Everyone was fascinated by her words and one and a half hours slipped by unnoticed.

During the intermission I approached Comrade Kasyanova and asked her to allow me to write a novel about her life.

"Not if it just turns out entertaining," said Anna Kasyanova. "I wouldn't like people to be making fun of my story. But if it will help the cause of revolution, then I will agree to let you write it.

"But all that I've just told you," she added, "is ancient history. We are interested now in other matters—construction and the development of our country. And this old story about my life might not be as useful in literature just now as other, more modern subjects."

"It's just this 'old story' which is so very interesting to us," I said, "because but for such stories perhaps everything we now have wouldn't exist."

In the end we arranged that when I had finished the novel, we would meet so that she could correct any mistakes or deviations from fact that she might find in it.

As it happened she did not find any serious mistakes in my work, and Comrade Anna Kasyanova gave her consent to the publication of the story of her life. I must emphasize the fact that throughout my work I have endeavored to preserve all the idiosyncrasies of the principal character, her very intonations, words and manner.[1]

Before starting on my story, however, I will say a few words as to Kasyanova's outward appearance.

She is of middle height, with a tendency to corpulency. She is now about forty. She has blue eyes, chestnut hair and rather a broad face. In her youth she was probably exceedingly handsome with that marvelous healthy Russian beauty, fraught with strength, self-confidence and a sort of wonderful calm.

This is what Kasyanova told us.

3. CHILDHOOD

I was born in a working class family. My father, Lavrenti Kasyanov, did not work on the land. He was a factory-hand. He worked at a sugar refinery. And we lived forty kilometers from Kiev.

But he was arrested during the Japanese war for taking part in a strike at the works, and sent away somewhere. And he never came back to us.

And after this; if I may put it in this fashion, a bomb seemed to have burst in our family. My father did not come back, my eldest brother, a boy of seventeen, went to Persia and stayed there. One of my sisters got kidney disease. And after that she died. And my mother, owing to all this, began to sink like a flickering flame, and soon she too died.

And so, at the age of seven, I was left a complete orphan. My only relation was an aunt in Kiev. So this aunt was asked to come and see what was to be done. And my aunt was astonished to see me all by myself, and she sent me to a nearby village as a nursegirl to a *kulak* friend of hers.

And this *kulak* had a big family: his relations; he himself; two sons, Mishka and Antoshka; and a little baby, Fenya, the one I had to look after.

And I was only seven. You can fancy what sort of nurse I made at that age! Or how interesting it was then for me to look after the baby girl!

[1] Which are not always possible to convey in translation. — *Ed.*

I shall remember the family of this kulak my whole life. He was a very, very rich peasant, a regular slave driver, Maxim Deyev.

He kept a few day-laborers to work his land and look after his stock.

4. AT THE WORKS

This *kulak* Deyev, seeing what sort of a nurse I was, decided to send me to a factory.

And he sent me to the sugar refinery where my father used to work.

And I began to work at the refinery. And I worked twelve hours a day there.

And when I got home, there was no rest for me at home either. I went on working at home. I carried wood. I cleared up the shed. I drove the cows to pasture. I fed the poultry. And I nursed Fenya. And the next morning at five o'clock I went to the works again.

I wanted to play with dolls or run about with the other children, but instead of this, that's what I got.

At the refinery children worked at odd jobs. Children picked up the beets there. Every child had to have a sort of iron crook. And with these crooks we went backwards and forwards picking up the beets, because they used to fall down when they were put into the crates.

And when I was nine years old I was transferred from this lighter work to the benches where the sugar beet was cut up. There were sort of special boxes there where the sugar beet had to be thrown. And we children, we had to pick up the pieces and throw them into these boxes.

But when my twelfth birthday came round I was set to a bench myself. And there I had to cut up the sugar beet. And I worked at this till I was fifteen.

And for this *kulak* Deyev paid me one ruble a month. But he himself got three rubles for me at first, and later eight.

And he kept getting eight rubles a month for me for six years.

But I still only got one ruble from him. And on this money I had to keep myself in boots and clothes.

And for every miserable ruble I received from him he made me thank him as if for a favor. And I did thank him from my heart, because I did not understand that things could be otherwise. I did not know that this was a disgraceful act from the point of view of the Revolution. I did not understand anything. I, a lass of fifteen, lived as if in a dense forest.

And only when the Revolution came did I begin to understand a few things.

But during the Revolution I wasn't working for Deyev any more, but was in service as a cook, in Kiev. Just the same I remembered that exploitation. I then suddenly recalled how he had paid me one ruble and kept the rest for himself. And how, besides that, he had made me work at home so that I never slept more than five hours out of twenty-four.

And when I remembered all this I simply couldn't control myself. I trembled with rage, I even made up my mind to go to the village for the purpose of having a talk with Deyev.

This was soon after the February Revolution.

5. THE JOURNEY TO THE VILLAGE

And at that time I was about nineteen. And then, as I said, I was living in Kiev. And I was a servant, a cook.

And it was an extraordinary upheaval in my soul for me suddenly to remember this exploita-

tion and to make up my mind to go to the village.

I persuaded myself that I had to go to the village, but really I had absolutely nothing to do there.

And yet in May I did go to the village. And I went to Deyev's homestead. He was sitting in the porch and basking in the spring sunshine.

I had not had the pleasure of seeing him for three years, but I did not bow to him. And he did not bow to me.

"What are you doing, trespassing into other people's yards?" he said roughly. "What are people coming to?"

Then I said to him, hardly containing my indignation:

"Why did you pay me one ruble, you filthy old rake, when you got eight rubles for me yourself? D'you know what that's called from the point of view of the Revolution?"

But Deyev laughed at this and made his sons Mishka and Antoshka drive me out of his yard.

And then I was astonished that the Revolution had not relieved the sufferings of my soul. I only found out afterwards that it was a bourgeois revolution, and that it had nothing in common with us. And we had to wait six months more for the other, the people's Revolution, which put everything in its right place.

However that may be, Deyev laughed at my words. And he laughed so hard that he could hardly shout for Mishka and Antoshka.

And when they came running up I was astonished how they had grown in these three years I had been in Kiev.

They were just like healthy colts.

Deyev said to them: "Come on, you chase away this tow-haired bitch, who's come to us with her nonsense from Kiev."

The *kulak's* oldest son, Mishka, wouldn't chase me away. "Don't do that!" he said. But the other son, Antoshka, plunged at me like a wild bull.

He started kicking me. And then he dragged me out of the yard. And there we were in the street together. And there we suddenly stopped, facing each other.

And he laughed and said: "I chased you out of the yard, Anyutka, because Papinka told me to. But if you want to get work with us, you can stay and catch my fleas."

And his jeering words made everything go dark in front of me. I was beside myself because of his idiotic, insolent words.

And I suddenly caught up a wooden yoke standing at the well, and struck Antoshka, the *kulak's* son, with it. I struck him twice, and again. And then I believe I started hammering him with that yoke.

And suddenly he got frightened when he saw my rage—he didn't think there could be such rage in a woman.

And he shouted in his fear: "Help! Look what she's doing to me!"

But then he suddenly ran home, bleeding at the nose.

And I came back to my senses and went away. And I didn't even turn round to see if anyone was running after me. I remember that at that moment I felt perfectly indifferent.

I only found out afterwards that old man Deyev himself wanted to fire his shotgun at me, but was afraid to, because they told him I was a member of the town Soviet.

But at that time I didn't know what he was about to do, and went on fearlessly, meaning never to go back.

But I did go back in twelve years' time. Twelve years later I was in the district. And went back to the village on purpose.

But this was in 1930.

And so I went back to the village. And I went to Deyev's homestead.

But I discovered that old man Deyev had long ago left for the next world. And his sons Mishka and Antoshka had been sent away from the district. And I couldn't find any of their relatives there.

And their hut was used as a library hut.

I went into the hut.

And when I went into this library hut I suddenly laughed, thinking how it had all happened. I never was cruel, other people's sufferings always touched my heart. But when I entered the library hut I did laugh. And when the manager of the library hut asked me: "What are you laughing at?" I answered her with the sincere simplicity and naivete which I then had. I said to her:

"I laugh because a people's Revolution has come which has fulfilled my hopes."

And then the manager, not understanding what it was all about, said:

"Perhaps you want to take a book to read, to raise your cultural level?" I don't quite remember now, but I think I did take some book or other. But I didn't read it in those days, because my heart was then overflowing, even without books.

6. IN KIEV

As far as pre-revolutionary times are concerned, I stayed with that *kulak* Deyev till I was almost sixteen.

And when I was sixteen a friend of mine who used to work at the sugar refinery came to the village from Kiev.

He liked me.

He said to me: "Annushka, shake off your *kulak* Deyev and let's go to Kiev! I'll get you some work there. I myself work in a paint store in Kiev. And if you like we'll meet there on Sundays."

And so I did shake off my *kulak* and I did go to Kiev.

And soon I got work in a lady's house, as cook.

She wasn't a real lady, if you know what I mean. Her husband was an army supplies man. And he was away all the time.

And his wife had a small hat-shop, but she never went into it herself, on account of her always being ill. She just kept someone to work there while she pocketed the profits. At that time it was quite the rule for one to work and another to take the profits of his work. No one thought it peculiar. It was an everyday matter then, this kind of exploitation.

And this lady had a daughter named Olyenka. And I always think of Olyenka very kindly. She taught me to read and write. She herself was in the graduating class in the high school. And she was ever so jolly and very well-educated for her years. All the men were after her. There was even an officer who tried to shoot himself for love of her.

But still she found time to work with me. She taught me geography, reading, arithmetic and botany.

Altogether I am very grateful to her for what she taught me, because by the time of the Revolution I had some sort of education, and I was no longer so terribly ignorant.

This Olyenka afterwards married and went away from Kiev. And I don't know where she is now.

I worked for them about two years. And I hardly went anywhere. And my friend with whom I went to Kiev was taken to the front. He was mobilized.

I saw him off at the station. And what happened to him, after, I don't know. He was probably killed in the war. Or else just disappeared. I only know I could nev-

er find out anything about him.

And he suffered greatly at having to leave me. And we kissed one another solemnly at the station, like bride and bridegroom.

But I was used to losing those near to me. And this loss did not cause me particular suffering.

After this I began to work still harder, so as not to be lonesome.

I even went to culinary classes to raise my professional skill.

And my mistress let me do this. She herself was terribly anxious that I make a better cook for her. And she let me go to the classes of an evening.

But, alas, unfortunately she gained no advantage from this, because I very soon left her for a better place, at a general's house.

7. MRS. GENERAL DUBASOVA

Next to the house where I lived there was a separate mansion. And in it lived Mrs. General Nina Victorovna Dubasova, born Baroness Nedler.

She was fairly young, and fairly good-looking. She was about thirty.

And General Dubasov himself, he was forever away at the front. He was an active general. And she lived like in a fairy-tale.

They were very rich, these Dubasovs. They had several estates in the Ukraine. And the peasants were always bringing them all sorts of food and produce. And the peasants brought them money as well. And on top of it all, they bowed low to them and kissed their hands. And they worked all year round. And Madame Dubasova did their resting for them. And she enjoyed everything the world had to give. It's simply incredible now to think how it all used to be.

In a word the general's lady lived in luxury and never knew what it was to want for anything.

She had, by the way, three orderlies. And when the general came home from the front he brought with him two more orderlies. So that it was funny to see what a big private staff they had.

Besides, they had two coachmen, two yardmen, a housemaid, a stoker and a cook. And as the general himself was almost always away at the front, the Baroness Nina Victorovna had all this service to herself, and she was simply going off her head from idleness.

She had seen me several times from her balcony and sent to tell me to leave my mistress and go to her, because for some reason she liked the look of me.

And she offered to pay me twice as much. I had been getting six rubles and she offered me twelve. At that time this was quite a lot of money.

And so I went to work for her. And very soon I discovered that she was simply mad. She was touchy and hysterical to a degree.

Her servants couldn't bear her. And she was always dismissing one or another. And then she had a way of not paying. She would get angry with, say, the yardman, chuck his passport at him and tell him to go that moment. And you couldn't go to law against her.

She had three orderlies. And she used to beat them every day. Now, of course, it's hard even to imagine that anyone could strike a person working for him. But then the question didn't even arise. Then it was a perfectly legitimate thing to do. And she would beat them for the merest trifles.

She used to strike them on the face. And she wasn't even angry, it was just a habit with her.

And they, being soldiers, couldn't say anything when she beat them. They didn't even dare to flinch. They stood at attention while she struck them.

Only one orderly, his name was Borovsky, lifted his hand to defend himself.

He put up his hand to shield his face from the blows. He said to her: "Nina Victorovna, I'm all on fire! One more blow," he said. "and I won't answer for myself!"

And he gave her the tiniest push. He pushed her away so as not to be tempted to excess. And she fell down on the floor on purpose. And she raised such an outcry, and she screamed so hysterically that people came running from miles around to see what was up.

And then Borovsky was arrested and sent to prison.

8. THE NEW COOK

But the interesting thing is that after this event she did not behave a bit more quietly, but went on striking her orderlies.

Of course she was careful not to strike non-military servants, but still she would frequently raise her hand as if about to strike.

Once she even tried it on me, lifting her hand to strike me.

But I said to her quietly and simply: "Remember, Nina Victorovna, if you lay a finger on me I don't answer for myself."

And in those days I was very strong and healthy. I was very blooming. For instance I had a locket. And when I put it round my neck it didn't just hang the way lockets generally do. It stuck out horizontally. And I could even see it without bending my head. It stuck out even more than horizontally. And I don't even rightly understand how it could have been.

However that was, I was a very, very healthy girl. And if I had wanted to, I could have hurled that same Nina Victorovna from one room to another. Especially as she was so little and frail. She was a good-looking but skinny little brunette. And when visitors came to us they looked at me more than they did at her. And this infuriated and upset her.

Of course I'm not saying that I was so specially beautiful at that time. But lots of people liked me. And my health attracted attention. I was simply bursting with health then.

But if we are to speak of defects, I will mention that my hands brought me misfortune. And when later I was detained by the Whites in the Crimea, my hands gave me away at once. The Whites understood at once who I was. I had ordinary toil-worn hands. I had big man's hands which were then, from constant work at the kitchen stove, as red as fire. And from the aristocratic point of view this was an enormous defect. At those times some ladies even put leeches on their hands to make them white and still more helpless, and put on kid gloves before going to bed. For in that society work was considered a great disgrace. And you mustn't have anything that would remind people you belonged to the working class.

Of course, generally speaking, a slender hand is beautiful. And I wouldn't mind having such hands. But it wasn't that which made me suffer then. It was simply that my life had become very tempestuous, and I lived among people who looked very contemptuously at my hands. And that worried me.

I'm no longer engaged in manual labor and my hands have become normal, but then they really were extraordinary. And I often used to be annoyed that, to gain my ends, I didn't have white, ladylike hands with blue veins, so as to lead my foes astray.

9. MRS. GENERAL'S VISITORS

And so I went as cook to Mrs. General Nina Victorovna Dubasova.

And she was very pleased, because at that time I was good-looking and that suited her game. She was one of those fine ladies who like everything round them to be beautiful and of the best quality. And she managed to get servants who were remarkable for their good looks.

She was pleased when her visitors were astonished at the prettiness of the servant who opened the door to them. This satisfied her lady's vanity and her foolish pride.

But because I was the cook I oughtn't to have appeared before the visitors. In the day time the orderlies, and in the evening the housemaid, opened the door.

But the baroness was determined that I too should open the door.

And so in the evenings I also began to answer the bell. The general's lady didn't like to have her own maid Katya let people in, because in figure and blackness of eyes she was rather like her mistress. And this embarrassed her and, probably, lowered her in the eyes of her friends.

However it was, in the evenings I let in visitors.

But that didn't last long, because, silly that she was, she began to be blindly jealous of me with an officer who was her lover.

Every day a certain young officer used to go to see her, his name was Yuri Bunakov. He was as dainty as a doll.

I had never seen anyone like him. He was just like a cherub. He had a beauty spot on his cheek, and he colored his lips with red paint. And he always carried a little box with him. And there was powder in it. And every now and then he powdered himself, because he liked his skin to be smooth.

At first I thought his doll-like appearance funny. I hadn't even known that such dainty men existed. I laughed like mad when I first saw him. Besides he behaved just like a child. He was sometimes peevish and whimpering and when his head ached he would throw himself on to the sofa.

But Nina Victorovna was madly in love with him. She worshipped him. She was mad about him. She could spend days on end just looking at him. And she considered him the most marvelous and extraordinary beauty in the world.

She literally cosseted him.

And when the general was at the front Yuri Bunakov came to see her every day.

He used to play songs at the piano. And hummed them. And all the songs he knew were sad ones. Oftenest of all he sang: "Oh, 'twas but a dream!" and "'Neath the charm of thy caresses."

Besides all this he had a habit of constantly quoting verse (I remembered some of it because I used to write it down). One poem said that, though all knew there was no happiness, and constantly took up their pistols to make an end of themselves, still they went on living, between laughter and tears, though the problem had been decided for them, because just the same everyone died. And he used to toss up his brand new Browning, with which he never separated.

10. HAPPY DAYS

But of course it was all nonsense her being jealous of me. He simply meant nothing to me. But the way he kept on seemed so funny to me. But he, well, sometimes he wouldn't take his eyes off me, really.

Once he said to me in the hallway: "It's extremely sad, Anyuta,"

he said, "that there aren't any girls like you in our high social circles. They're most of them just withered mummies in our society. I myself would probably," he said, "be quite cured of my melancholy if I could live with a woman like you."

But I laughed in his face and told him he wasn't to say such things.

But my baroness didn't like him talking to me. She said to me:

"I consider it below my dignity, Anyuta," she said, "to be jealous of you, who are on a lower rung of the social ladder, but just the same I'm not going to have you opening the door any more."

Of course I wasn't going to worry myself about that, because after all, to be frank, I was sick of them both.

Along with this young officer, whom we called Yurochka in the kitchen, his best friend, Captain Gleb Tsvetayev, often came to our house. He was quite different. He also was distinguished by delicate beauty. But compared with Yurochka he was jollier and more energetic, and then he was healthy. He wasn't so sickly as his friend. But otherwise he was the same sort. He powdered and rouged and had a beauty spot on his cheek, too, and he had a thin black mustache, just like the French film actor Adolph Menjou.

Besides all this, he smoked the thinnest ladies' cigarettes, fell in love with men, and scented himself so that flies were afraid of going near him.

Nina Victorovna thought him very beautiful, second only to Yuri Bunakov. She said rosebuds might be induced to open by the charm of his smile. And so he kept on smiling. But I couldn't see anything special in his smile. It was a false, forced smile, which disappeared the moment he turned aside.

It is interesting to note that afterwards I encountered this officer in the Crimea. He was then chief of the counter-revolutionary intelligence service in Yalta. There, too, he was smiling as he looked at my tortured face. But of that later.

Tsvetayev often came with another friend, Count Shidlovsky. That one had some cheek! He was always after me with some nonsense or other.

But I hated him with his smooth, fat face and grand ways.

But he of course couldn't imagine anyone disliking him, even though I was trembling with disgust if he so much as touched me.

All these officers came to us almost every day. They used to drink and dance and play cards and so on.

Sometimes they would drink all through the night and there would be furious roisterirg. But what else went on among them I could not say. The servants were not allowed to go in without being called for.

And as for Nina Victorovna, she literally couldn't pass a day without these parties, after which she would go about yellow as saffron, and had to take Hoffman drops all day long to keep herself up.

Sometimes we would have famous people among our guests—the actress Vera Kholodnaya, the film actor Runich and others. Once the famous singer Vertinsky came from Moscow. He sang his famous songs. And these songs went straight to Yuri Bunakov's heart, and he burst out sobbing and begged they be sung to him for ever.

These songs also affected Gleb Tsvetayev strongly, and once he cried and said he felt as if the whole world was pressing down on him and there was no escape.

That's how time was passed in our house through the winter, right up to the February Revolution.

11. THE FEBRUARY REVOLUTION

I didn't exactly know what revolution meant. I had hardly ever heard the word.

I very seldom encountered people who could have enlightened me on this point. True they had talked about it at the works, but I was too young then and didn't understand anything. And I couldn't have heard anything about it at the *kulak* Deyev's house.

I lived as if in a dense forest.

And then one day I set out for the market. I saw students going about the streets disarming the police. My heart began to beat violently. I thought to myself: something important has happened!

So I went on and then I saw that there were student sentries at every corner and there were no more police.

So I asked one student what had happened. And he said to me: "It's the Revolution!"

But at that time I didn't know how such things were done and I decided to go and look.

And so I went on further with my basket and suddenly I saw a huge crowd coming towards me. Some of them had rifles, and some were holding red flags, and some were just walking.

And lots of them were shouting: "To the Fodder Market to liberate the prisoners! Come with us! Everyone of you!"

And there was a huge prison next to the Fodder Market in Kiev, with lots of political prisoners in it.

And so I went along with them. And suddenly we all began singing a revolutionary song in unison (though I didn't know the words) and went to the Fodder Market singing this song, till we came in sight of the prison.

And then the people rushed up to the building shouting and demanding the liberation of all the prisoners.

And I and a few other young women climbed the wall and sat on the top, to see what was going to happen. And I still had my marketing basket with me, because I had to buy a few things so as to be able to start cooking dinner by twelve o'clock.

And so there I sat on the top of the wall. And I heard terrible cries. That was the people demanding that the prison gates be opened. And suddenly all the doors and gates really did open and the prisoners could be seen crowding to the windows. And we could see they were startled and did not understand what was happening. And they thought—mightn't it be provocation?

We could see that the doors and gates were open and there were no sentries, but none of the prisoners would leave the prison.

And then impatient cries came from the crowd: "Come on out! You can trust us!"

And then the first group of prisoners appeared. They came out of the gate and all at once understood what it meant. One of them fell down unconscious. And another clambered up the wall at once and began making a speech. He was a Bolshevik. He spoke a long time and I sat there with my basket, listening.

He said the first thing the Revolution needed was organization.

"Unite in the trade unions!" he said to the crowd, "and then you'll be able to fight your chief enemy—the bourgeoisie—so that they can't exploit you any more."

And all the people clapped him, though many of them didn't understand what he was talking about.

And in the meantime all the prisoners were coming through the gates. Some were pale, and swayed

as they walked. But others ran into the crowd with cries of joy. And there they embraced their relatives and kissed their friends.

Then came a group of criminals. But there was nothing impudent in their manner. They behaved quietly and with dignity, but kept asking everyone for cigarettes.

12. AN UNEXPECTED MEETING

And suddenly, sitting on the prison wall, I saw coming out of the prison our orderly Borovsky. He had been six months in prison for defending himself against the blows of the general's lady.

And then I saw that he had simply been re-born during that time. He, always so silent and reserved, climbed up on to a cart on his own initiative and gave a speech. And lots of people clapped him too.

And then I made my way to him and said: "How d'you do, Pasha Borovsky!" And he was very glad to see a friend. And we decided to stick together.

Just then a cry arose from the people: "Let us all go to the City *Duma!* Very important things are going on there!"

And so Borovsky and I went to the *Duma.* And we stood quite close to the tribune.

Many fiery speeches were made. And Borovsky made another speech. He told about himself and the general's lady and adjured the people not to trust the bourgeoisie and nobility.

Then I looked at the clock and saw it was already four. That is to say, the hour when the general's lady had dinner. With regard to meals she was an extremely regular person. And she couldn't bear a delay of even five minutes.

Then I remembered I hadn't even bought anything for dinner.

But Borovsky said to me:

"It's no use buying anything now! Just go home! And if you're afraid of any unpleasantness I can go with you. And we'll see what Nina Victorovna says to you in my presence. I'd like to see her try!"

At first I was nervous and when Borovsky went with me I was overcome with fear. But after a bit it even seemed rather amusing to me.

And Borovsky and I went home. And our orderlies were struck all of a heap when they saw us together.

They said: "Look here, that's a bit too much!"

But we told them about everything. And a hot discussion arose among them. And all of us servants sat in the kitchen talking.

And suddenly the door opens and Nina Victorovna appears on the threshold, furious as we had seldom seen her.

And she said, choking with rage: "I don't care about any revolutionary happenings! My rights as the mistress remain in force. And those rights cannot be infringed by anyone. And," she said, "I'll send you all to the devil, quick march, if anything of this sort happens again!"

And while she was speaking she suddenly caught sight of Borovsky, sitting on a chair. Then she went as white as a sheet, seized the handle of the door and whispered: "Merciful god!"

She probably then realized what had happened. She realized that something extraordinary had come into her life.

And then Pasha Borovsky suddenly got up from his chair and we saw that he was very nervous. He seemed to be very excited.

He got up from his chair, pushed it quietly aside and this is what he said to Nina Victorovna: "*Amba.*"[1]

If he had said anything else she would not have been so fright-

---

[1]Enough.

ened. But his saying "*Amba*" and making a sign of dissent with his hand—that terrified her to the last degree.

She gave a cry, trembled, swayed and, white as a sheet, ran out of the kitchen.

And then all the orderlies laughed and said: "That's what revolution means, gentlemen!"

13. ON THE THRESHOLD

Then Captain Gleb Tsvetayev came suddenly into the kitchen. He said, with that smile of his, to Borovsky:

"The fact that the Revolution has liberated you, my friend, by no means signifies that you, an arrested criminal and State offender, can live in the baroness' house. I request you, my friend, to be off this minute, or the results will be extremely sad."

Borovsky said: "I'll go, because I do not wish to subject my comrades to danger. Because if you and I, Mr. Officer, come to blows, they would defend me. And I don't know what their fate might be in that event. That is the reason, and the only reason, why I am going. But you and I, Mr. Officer, will meet again. And then I will show you something that will make you regret your insolent words!"

We thought something terrible would happen after these words. But Captain Tsvetayev only turned on his heel and went away, banging the door so hard that a coffee-pot fell off the shelf.

And then Borovsky, taking leave of us, also went. And he made me promise that that same evening I would go to the meeting at the university, which had been arranged for nine o'clock.

Then I quickly made dinner with whatever I could lay my hands on and Katya, the housemaid, served it. And they gobbled it up without saying a word.

And then I dressed and went to the university to the meeting, not saying a word to Nina Victorovna, which in those days was considered a great crime for a servant.

And then I got to the university. And it was already crammed with people. Most of the speakers were students, girls and young men.

Borovsky came up to me. He said: "Now, Anyutka, don't fail us! You've got to speak today. You must speak on behalf of domestic servants. It'll be a sensation! You must say something strong about the exploitation of servants."

I shook all over when he said this because I had never made a speech, and didn't know how it was done.

But Borovsky would not listen to my objections. He took me up to the tribune and introduced me to all the prominent revolutionaries who were there.

And one of them (Rosenblum, his name was) said to me, as if I was an accomplished speaker: "Say something about the trade union movement, Comrade Kasyanova!"

Here I have to admit frankly that I was quite taken aback, because I had never heard about such a movement till that day and had no idea that there was anything special to be said about it.

But just then they led me on to the tribune and introduced me to the audience.

I don't remember what I began about. I only remember that I shook like a leaf on that tribune. But then I pulled myself together and made a speech that caused a marvelous silence in the hall. Everyone listened to me and said: "What she's saying is something remarkable!"

I described to them the exploitation of my childhood and told them about the things I had to

undergo in my present life in Nina Victorovna's house.

And then I said that among us was her victim, the orderly Borovsky struck by her and thrown into prison. And then everyone wanted to see this Borovsky.

And then Borovsky got up on to the tribune and said: "What she has told you is true!"

And then they all shouted with one voice: "Give us her address, and we'll give her a drubbing, your baroness!"

But I told them what I had heard that morning. I said, from my tribune: "Never mind her address! The Revolution must be carried out in an organized manner, a trade union movement must be created, and then the struggle with the bourgeois gentry must be systematically planned."

And here such a clapping broke out that I thought the hall would be split in two. I left the tribune as if in a mist.

Then everyone rushed up to me. Borovsky said: "It's remarkable how well you spoke!"

Rosenblum said to me: "Anyuta Kasyanova, you must become a trade union organizer! Come to the *Duma* tomorrow, to the Organizational Bureau, to be nominated."

I went home as if intoxicated. And on the way I thought of speeches I would deliver some other time.

14. THE NEW LIFE

The next morning my mistress, Nina Victorovna, summoned me to her.

She said to me: "If you want to go on serving me, stop this disgraceful behavior! I'm not going to have you hanging round all sorts of meetings, where god knows what is said!"

But I told her that in that case I would give her notice. She began begging me not to do that. She said she would give me three times as much wages and a few dresses if only there could be peace and quiet in our house.

I answered her: "You are from the educated class and yet you speak such extraordinary nonsense! Your words are vain and useless in my ears! Can't you see what's happening to the people? It is not up to me to prevent all this."

Just then there was a ring at the door and Lieutenant Yuri Bunakov came into the dining-room. And with him Captain Gleb Tsvetayev.

Bunakov, pale as death and terribly upset, threw himself on to the sofa. And the Lieutenant said:

"The mind cannot grasp what is going on in the streets. There's such a set of cads about that one can hardly move! How terrible," he said, "to think that the fate of Russia will be in the hands of such barbarians! And that's what's coming, for we are literally a handful against them! Just you go out, and you'll see I'm right!"

Then he caught sight of me and gave a little cough.

Nina Victorovna said: "I've been arguing with this representative of the people a whole hour. But she sticks to her own like a sheep. You see she prefers the scum of the streets to a regular life in the highest social circles! And, worst of all, she dares to contradict me and enter into discussion with me, as if we were on the same social level!"

Then Captain Tsvetayev uttered a phrase which I only understood ten years later. He said:

"Now the hour of retribution has struck. The people have brought it about! Our fathers have eaten sour grapes and the teeth of the children are set on edge!"

Yuri Bunakov jumped up from his sofa and I was amazed to see the rage which boiled in him. He said:

"But we're not going to give up our rights without a struggle, are we?"

But the captain said:

"We will fight to the last drop of blood! There can be no compromise here, for two worlds have come to loggerheads! And what is now happening is a mere trifle compared to what is to come!"

Nina Victorovna said to me: "Anushka, go away. We have other things to think of besides you!"

And that day too, after making the dinner, I hurried off to the Organizational Bureau.

In the Organizational Bureau everyone had already heard about me. They told me there: "You, Kasyanova, will be one of our agitators. You will go among the masses and make propaganda for the trade unions. You have understood the Revolution properly."

And then I asked, in my simple way: "And may I leave the baroness?"

And they all laughed and said: "You may, and you must."

And so I ran home, packed up my things and said: "I'm leaving."

It would be impossible to describe what happened then! But I weathered the storm. And then the baroness, without coming into the kitchen, flung my passport at me. But my wages for nearly a month she would not pay me.

I was just going to argue with her about it, when at that very moment who should come back from the front but General Dubasov himself. I had imagined him a stout, bearded general, a sort of bulldog. But he turned out to be a skinny little fellow, and he kept muttering and grumbling something in the room.

He was angry and expressed his views about Yurochka Bunakov. He was jealous of him. But Nina Victorovna behaved with extraordinary cheek. The orderlies told me that she wouldn't for anything forbid the house to Yurochka. And the general, who adored Nina Victorovna, had to put up with it. Then the officers showed up and began discussing the Revolution, and hot political discussions arose among them.

Well, so I thought, I wouldn't bother any more about my money. I simply went to the Organizational Bureau and got my appointment. They gave me a little money and assigned me a room. And we arranged about my work. And I started on this work with enthusiasm. Everything about it was interesting and absorbing to me. A new world began to open before me. And only then I realized how I had been living, and how the people had been living! And how we had all been like slaves and, in our blindness, had not noticed this!

And then it was, as I have already said, that, urged by hatred, I went to the village to have a talk with the *kulak* Deyev. And this journey opened my eyes to many things. It showed me that in addition to this Revolution, there might be another, a people's Revolution, directed against the bourgeoisie and the nobility.

And when I got back I began to work for the Revolution with still greater energy.

As an agitator I went about to houses and arranged in them general meetings of domestic servants, midwives, nurses and hospital sisters.

I made fiery speeches to them and persuaded them to join the trade union for the systematic struggle against all sorts of exploitation which caused the toilers to sweat blood for a few coins.

And I was received well almost everywhere, although there were some places where they even tried to beat me up for being too radical.

And when elections went on in the working class districts, I was elected as representative of domestic servants to the town Soviet.

And at that time there were generals and Bolsheviks and Mensheviks, all mixed up together in the town Soviet.

And when I went there they said: "Join some party or other! What are you?"

And some of the fellows in the trade union said: "From what we know of you, Annushka, the Bolshevik Party ought to suit you best—join that wing!"

And so that's what I did.

15. OCTOBER DAYS

And so in the autumn elections to the congress, to be held in Petrograd, began in our town, in Kiev.

And I, as an active worker, was elected to this congress. And I went to Leningrad in the Kiev delegation.

I was very proud of this. And would hear of nothing but this congress.

Before I left Kiev, Borovsky proposed to me but I refused him. He wanted me to be his wife, he was in love with me.

But I had other things to think of. And besides I didn't like him specially. And so I went to Leningrad with a clear conscience. And what happened to him I don't know. And I never came across him again.

And in Leningrad our delegation was lodged in the building of the Officers' School.

We arrived at Leningrad just in the most decisive days. It was two days before our congress.

These were hot, fiery days, during which the fate of the Revolution was decided. They were solemn and militant days for the people. It was in these days that I heard Lenin and saw many remarkable revolutionaries at close quarters. And this was a great joy for me. It was a festival in which I was taking part.

It seems strange to me to be speaking about it. But in those days, if I may so express myself, I had no real conception of what was going on.

I was boiling in the melting pot of the Revolution, but I did not fully realize the significance of those events. And this is what was wrong with me.

I couldn't reconcile myself to it. I was always envious of those who took part in the struggle in full realization of what they were doing. For me these were great people. As for myself, I have to admit that I lived then as in a mist. And such a great revolution as the October Revolution I met with warmth and even with fiery enthusiasm, but I still hadn't realized how great an event it was in the life of the toiling people.

I'm even ashamed to admit that I was strolling about the town with a girl friend just when the last struggle against the bourgeoisie was beginning.

She and I were walking about Sadovaya Street. And suddenly we heard shots. The two of us were then plain country girls, simpletons, who had never smelled a bullet on the front.

"Let's go and see the shooting!" we said.

We came to Nevsky Prospect and saw a demonstration going from the *Duma* to the Winter Palace. It was the Mensheviks. They were carrying slogans: "All Power to the Provisional Government!"

But our slogan was: "All Power to the Soviets!" That we understood

well enough. And so we did not join the Mensheviks, but tried to squeeze our way through to the Winter Palace where, we were told, the Bolshevik ranks were.

Just then we saw people running up and shouting to the Menshevik demonstration:

"No further, gentlemen. The Bolsheviks might meet you with fire, and there would be unnecessary bloodshed!"

And the whole demonstration stopped in confusion, wondering what to do. Just then shots were again heard on the square.

And then a few people from the Mensheviks went to find out what they were to do.

My friend and I could not get to our people, and so we tried to approach the square from the other side, where the trams were still running as if nothing had happened.

And we got right to the square which was, to our astonishment, almost empty.

And all our comrades were drawn up in Millionaya Street and under the arch of General Headquarters.

And we were determined to get to them. We felt that something important was going to happen. But just then such loud firing broke out that the crowd in which we were rushed back.

Here, to make matters still worse, my friend fell down and sprained her ankle. And I had to give her my arm and take her home.

All the way home we heard the firing getting louder and louder.

That same evening we went to the congress and heard that the Winter Palace had been taken.

16. KIEV AGAIN

The next day Rosenblum, who was in our delegation, came to our lodgings. He was greatly excited. He said we must go back to Kiev at once, as events were expected there, and the seizure of power by the Bolsheviks. And that it was our duty to be there now.

And that same day we left Petrograd.

Already at the station at Kiev we heard that fighting was going on in the town, and the Bolsheviks had occupied a few districts and were advancing on the Podol part of the city.

Rosenblum said to us:

"Though my wife and son are waiting for me at home and my heart yearns towards them as I never imagined it would, nevertheless it is our duty, without going home, to join the ranks of the fighters! Let all who want to fight for Bolshevism and against the Provisional Government come with me!"

And leaving our things in the station we went to the Podol district.

And sure enough furious fighting was going on there. The junkers, officers and part of the civil population had met the Kiev proletariat with desperate firing.

This battle, as is well known, settled things in favor of the Ukrainian Rada against the Provisional Government. The Kiev proletariat occupied the whole town, but the Soviet power was confirmed in Kiev only in January, and then not for long, because Kiev was afterwards occupied by German troops.

And so we entered the battle straight from the station. I didn't take part in the shooting then, because I had never had a rifle in my hands.

But I helped the attackers. I held the cartridges and bandaged the wounded.

And when the battle was over and the whole town was in our hands, Rosenblum said to me: "You have now passed such a

severe test that you must join the ranks of the Party."

And, right then and there he wrote a note and sent me to the Party committee.

There a woman was sitting at a table, registering new Party members.

And there was a very long line of workers, sailors and soldiers returning from the front. They all wanted to join the Party.

I took my place in the line and soon got a little red booklet.

And ever since I've been a Party member.

And then began very hard times for Kiev.

The German troops, Hetman Skoropadsky, Petlura and Denikin entered Kiev in turn, and established their power.

And we Bolsheviks couldn't just fold our hands and wait.

I had a comparatively quiet life only about two or three months before the arrival of the Germans, taking no part in advances and battles. And then came a period in my life when I started living with a certain man, and we got married.

17. IN THE ADVANCE

It was like this: I got to know a revolutionary student there. His name was Arkadi Tomilin. He was the son of a government official, but he was altogether on the side of the proletariat when we were fighting for Kiev. I felt enormous respect for him. And he too was in love with me. And, in a word, a great feeling for one another arose in us.

He wasn't a Party member but he was all on fire when it was a matter of the interests of the people. He loathed the nobility and merchantry. And he said that every honest person ought to fight only for the toilers. He said that the moment had come when the people could at last throw all the exploiters off their shoulders, so as to work in future for themselves and not for a handful of parasites. And what that would afterwards be called—Communism or something else—he didn't yet care. Later on it would all be worked out and everything would be done so as to be of use to the toiling people. And now it was our duty to fight for this immediate aim, even if it cost us our lives.

He was a very fiery and honest man. He was a student in the polytechnicum. But he did not graduate. And we entered the partisan ranks together, when Kiev was in the hands of the Germans and Skoropadsky. And when the Germans withdrew from Kiev (after the revolution in Germany) we joined the ranks of the Red Guard together. And we were together in the Plastunov division on the Chernigovsk front.

I was there as a scout and he was in the machine gun section.

But he was killed by a white-guard bullet in the battle of Chernigov, when we seized the town.

I was used to losing those dear to me, and all my life I have had great losses, but I can never describe how this overcame me. I was shaken and overwhelmed, and I cried as I had never cried before, and probably never will again.

I was simply drowned in grief, I loved him so.

And my comrades said to me: "Pledge over his dead body, Anna Kasyanova, to avenge his death and to do what you have set out to do! And then you'll feel ever so much better!"

And that is what I did.

And I did feel ever so much better, really. I gave myself a solemn promise not to lay down my rifle till our hopes had been fulfilled.

And then my promise seemed to make me mad. I was in the front ranks of battle all the time. I went straight ahead anywhere. I went to the enemy's rear and did a great deal of damage. To go to the rear and throw a bomb on one of their headquarters was nothing to me then. I was extraordinarily daring and resolute. There were no limits for me then.

During that time I was twice rewarded by army headquarters. The first time I was given a Browning with my name on it, the second time a gold watch. The military Order of the Red Banner I got later on.

But you could write a separate book about the episodes of fighting life—such remarkable things happened in those two years!

The fighting deeds of those days are bound to be written down in the history of the civil war.

There were victories and defeats. But there were also very difficult moments when almost the whole of the Ukraine was in the hands of the Whites, and Yudenich advanced on Petrograd.

Then, sometimes, when you went to headquarters to glance at the bulletins your heart would sink with misery. But to make up for this we chased the White army as far as the Crimea in one month.

And when we were pursuing this tool of the Russian nobility right to Perekop, I remembered the words of Captain Tsvetayev. How he had then, I remembered, said, that the hour of reckoning would come, the hour of retribution for all that had occurred. And this turned out true.

That time I did not know where Captain Gleb Tsvetayev was, and where his friend Yurochka Bunakov and our Baroness Nina Victorovna and her general were.

I only found out about them later when I met them in the Crimea, at Yalta. It was just before their flight abroad.

And it was an unforgettable moment.

18. THE JOURNEY TO ZHITOMIR

Well, when we had taken Zhitomir and had begun to advance energetically, pressing the White army down to Crimea, something happened which unexpectedly put me out of action for several months. And I nearly died of it.

This is how it happened. The chief of our division had ordered me to convey trainloads of sick men. He appointed me commander of the convoy. This was done to get me a little rest from fighting. All my comrades had seen that I was simply on fire at the front and that I never thought of danger. And besides I had still not got over the loss of my husband.

And so it was decided to try and distract me.

The chief of the division said to me: "Just now there is a dangerous situation with regard to transport. At all costs five trainloads of sick and wounded must be taken further back. We charge you, Anna Kasyanova, to take them to Zhitomir, and we appoint you chief commander of the convoy. And you are to bear in mind that the convoying of the wounded is a matter of great responsibility and honor."

In three trains there really were wounded, but in two of them were cases of spotted typhus. And the chief of the division himself had no idea what I was fated to undergo because of these trainloads.

In a few days I had thoroughly realized all the difficulties of my task.

I was deeply impressed by these difficulties. All the nurses were as sick as hell. Not to mention the cleaners! Even the brake mecha-

nics were all down with spotted typhus, and the wounded had to apply the brakes themselves. This made the journey extremely difficult. And, most important of all, there was practically no care for the wounded. And I had to carry the wounded on my own back and drag the dead out of the box-cars.

Moreover, in order to move, engines and permits had to be obtained at each station.

Now I realized that I had been ever so much happier in the fighting line than here. It was here I got a nervous affection of the heart and even began to suffer from insomnia.

And once I almost shot a station master.

I went into his office and he refused to give me an engine.

And we had been standing there all day. And my sick were dying like anything. And I felt I must get on.

I showed him my special mandate but he tossed it aside indifferently.

Then I thought I would stir him up a bit and I pulled out my revolver. I said: "Now then—am I going to get an engine?"

But he, not a bit upset, said coolly: "Look at that! She has the impudence to threaten me! Come on, now, put up your pistol, or else I and my mate will throw you out of the window! If every hussy," he said, "begins to stick her pistol into my mug, where shall we be? Just for that I'll give you a lesson and you won't get your engine!"

Then I flew into such a terrible rage that I shot almost straight at the station master. And the bullet went into the wall literally two centimeters from his head.

And he jumped up and without a word, without a single cry, ran out of the office.

I shouted: "I'll shoot you all down like pigs!"

They all began running and fussing.

The station master's assistant said: "Keep calm! I'll get you an engine at any cost!"

And in twenty minutes they really did get me an engine.

And the station master came out too to see to the coupling. But he didn't look in my direction. And this made me doubly ashamed that I had lost my temper so.

So just before the train left I had sent up to him half a big loaf of bread. And he, after pretending he didn't want it, took this bread with gratitude and even waved his hand to me.

As I said, I would rather have been at the front than shoving a train ahead. But I had to fulfil the task assigned to me.

And this task I fulfilled honorably.

On the way, it is true, twenty-five per cent of the people in it died, but it might have been still worse.

Somehow I got the convoy to Zhitomir.

At Zhitomir I went to the bath house. I had a wash. I came out. And in the street I fainted. And then I began to rave terribly.

They took me to the hospital. And it turned out that I had spotted typhus in an extremely dangerous form. I would throw myself off the bed, would break all the glass to hell and so on.

I was ill nearly six weeks. But then I recovered. That is to say I recovered sufficiently to creep two steps and fall.

And seventy kilometers from Zhitomir lived the uncle of Lelya, one of my Kiev friends whom I came across unexpectedly in the hospital.

And she invited me to go to the village with her to this uncle for a rest. And that's what I did.

They gave me leave from headquarters, and a little money, and

Lelya and I went to the village, to her uncle, who received us quite kindly.

And there in less than three weeks I recovered very quickly, got back my strength, was blooming again, and decided to get back to the struggle, for the civil war was not yet over.

19. A DANGEROUS APPOINTMENT

I then went to Zhitomir again but they told me at headquarters there that there had been inquiries about me from Ekaterinoslav. And that I must go there at once, according to the telephonogram received.

I went to Ekaterinoslav and appeared before the Party organization.

One of the workers on the provincial committee, who had the same name as mine, Piotr Kasyanov, received me with great respect. He told me that they had a serious job for me. He introduced me to two military men who had come from the front near Perekop. And he said that this was a historical moment in the fate of the proletarian movement. He said that Soviet Russia was now almost clear of the troops of the nobility and bourgeoisie. The whole country was in the hands of the people, and the country would blossom out in the near future. But the Crimea was still in the hands of the enemy, in the hands of General Wrangel, in the hands of the officers, the nobility and the landowners. And so long as this was true we could by no means allow ourselves to lay down our arms.

"This front," said one of the military men, "must be liquidated before winter at all costs. The Crimea is a blot on our escutcheon now. We have chased the powers of genteel Russia from all fronts. And it's not to be tolerated that we should be held up here. It's high time to push the White army from this peninsula straight into the sea."

Then Kasyanov added:

"And in connection with this we have a very responsible job for you. We know all about your glorious past and we are well aware of your courage and will and devotion to the people's Revolution. General Kutepov has brutally broken up the workers' organizations in Simferopol and hung many of the members on the lamp-posts. And for the moment we have lost touch with our underground organizations in Simferopol and Yalta. Someone must get there somehow. Money must be got to the comrades and instructions for the future given to them.... Can you do this? We have appointed you and none other because the only way to the Crimea now is through the front. And you could if necessary pretend to be an officer's wife or something of the sort. In a word a man won't do for this job, and a woman will..."

And he looked at me and added approvingly:

"With an appearance like yours! And with the courage that we all know you have!"

For me it was not a question of agreeing or not agreeing. I said at once: "All right! I'll go to the Whites and do all that is required!"

He said: "But we don't know how they would treat you if they caught you. They probably..."

Here he cast another glance at me, and I suddenly noticed that he was trembling. He seemed to have noticed me only just then. And I saw he was looking at me with anything but indifference and with such profound emotion that I was embarrassed.

And then I saw, as a woman can see, that he had taken a strong liking to me, such as seldom hap-

pens. And I saw his heart had caught fire in one moment. He put his burning hand on my arm and then felt so ashamed that he did not know what to say. And then everyone could see that there was something up. And they cleared their throats. And he cleared his throat too, and got up and began to walk up and down the room.

And we all waited for him to go on. And I thought: "If only he doesn't pull anything silly!"

But he said: "If, Comrade Anna Kasyanova, your health is not equal to it you must not go by any means! In that case we'll find someone else for this work."

I said: "My health is now perfectly all right. And I will fulfil orders with the greatest willingness and delight."

One of the military men said: "Let's arrange like this: we'll take you to the most advanced position tomorrow, think out a plan of action with you, and then you can go on."

Kasyanov saw me to the stairs and then he said to me: "When you get back from the Crimea I would like to see you if you will allow me... I," he said, "I don't know how to tell you, but you see before you a man who, it seems, has fallen in love with you at first sight. I'm astonished at it myself! But you are the very woman who answers my dreams! And," he said, "it would be a great and irreparable loss in my life, if I lost sight of you."

To be frank I was moved by his words. I can't say that this forty-year-old man attracted me then, but all the same, I myself don't know why, I agreed to meet him after I came back. Although this was against my principles. If I can't bear a man it's not in my nature to promise him anything.

Anyhow we said goodbye to each other and promised not to forget that day.

20. A NIGHT JOURNEY

That same evening I was given a belt with money in it, which I was to hand over to the underground Simferopol organization. Then I was given precise instructions and told to learn two addresses by heart—one in Yalta and one in Simferopol. I was to go to these addresses and give instructions with regard to strikes which might break out in the Crimea.

Then I told them to give me the most expensive silk underclothes, a good dress and everything belonging to the very best outfit. I wanted to be equipped to the last detail. And, in case of arrest, I decided to pretend to be a woman running away from Soviet Russia. I decided to say I was an officer's wife or something of the sort.

Among confiscated property they selected such glorious things for me as I had seen only in the house of Baroness Nina Victorovna.

In addition to this, for special *chic* they gave me a ring with a red jewel in it and a bracelet.

But when I put these ornaments on my hands, all rough from kitchen work, I understood that the idea of the officer's wife would have to be given up.

But I had not then decided who I was to pretend to be. Somehow I felt sure everything would go off all right. I felt sure that with my experience of scouting I would get on to White territory without being held up.

I learned the two addresses by heart. I put on my money belt in a way that would make it easy to throw it off at a moment's notice. I was determined to wear a lorgnette on a chain like the highest

aristocrats, but they couldn't find me one, and gave me, instead, lovely little mother-of-pearl opera glasses, exquisitely made.

The next day they took me to the position right up to the Perekop Isthmus.

At first I had intended to cross in the district near the railway bridge, but the commander of the division, Comrade Gryaznov, advised me not to do this. He said that a special watch was kept all round the railway tracks and that other ways of getting on to White territory must be found, because there wasn't the faintest chance of getting across here unobserved.

And so, after studying the plan of the whole front, we decided the best thing would be to choose another place, not far from the fortifications, which were called, if I haven't forgotten or confused them with something else, the Yustchunsk fortifications.

This place was extraordinarily exposed. It was simply a wide open space like a steppe. And so you might have thought it would be specially difficult to get across. But there was a marsh. And in places it was even invisible. And I, as a scout, immediately realized the advantage of this. Here, apparently, there were fewer guards than anywhere else, and it might be possible to get across. Anyhow all other places were much worse.

It is interesting to note that fourteen years later, in 1935, the remains of a Red Army man were found in this marsh. He was buried with high honors. This in itself shows that, despite the flatness of the land, there were places here to a certain extent sheltered from view.

Another possibility would have been to follow the bank of the Sivash Stagnant Lake. But this suited me less, because it would have been necessary to paddle about two kilometers through salt water.

And so I calmly decided to stick to the idea of the bog. I studied the plan of the enemy positions for two days. My task consisted in endeavoring, under cover of night, to slip unnoticed through the enemy's line of fortifications. For this I would have to cut barbed wire entanglements and pass to that marshy area which was the most carelessly guarded. And when I got there I would have to start my story about fleeing from the Soviet regime. But that would be a bad beginning, for who would be fool enough to believe that I would have been able to go through the Red positions for that purpose. But there was no other way of getting through to the Whites.

Once I had managed to get to their rear unnoticed it would be plain sailing, for I had documents in my belt to make Baron Wrangel himself open his mouth.

My costume also gave me a lot of trouble. I kept on trying one after another. I wanted to be as natural as possible. But I couldn't manage to make it very natural. So I decided on an ordinary partly-worn dress. But I wore silk underclothes. This made me more like a lovelorn woman fleeing from the Soviet regime.

And at last everything was ready and on the night of the twenty-eighth of September I left our trenches.

Our patrol conducted me two hundred paces and left me in the open with one scout who knew the country to perfection.

It was awfully dark. There was no moon. Every now and then the field was lit up by enemy rockets. My heart began to beat more rapidly. But there was no fear. On the contrary there was a sudden rush of energy and a desire to do everything as quickly and well as possible.

My scout touched me on the am and we advanced slowly and cautiously.

At last we came up against the barbed wire entanglement. The scout and I cut the wire with clippers and went on. Shots were heard. And again rockets zigzagged to the sky.

At last, after another hundred paces, my scout gave me instructions how to go on, and, taking leave of me, disappeared.

I was alone. All round me was marsh. I walked very slowly and with such difficulty that it seemed I was losing my strength.

I followed the direction of the stars as the scout had shown me.

In one place I lay down on some tussocks of grass for twenty minutes. I was so tired and exhausted that I suddenly wanted to sleep where I was. And I drove off this sleepy mood with difficulty and went on. But I soon saw that the rockets were zigzagging up into the sky behind me. This meant I had already passed the enemy's frontal positions. Incredible as it was, it was a fact and the credit for it was due to our experienced scout.

21. ARREST!

I now advanced over a level field. I had gone a little more than a *versta* when I found myself confronted by a wooden sentrybox.

This was so unexpected that I almost cried out.

I jumped aside. But just then a voice exclaimed:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

I knew it was no use keeping silence. I said: "I am trying to get to the Whites!"

Then I heard rapid steps and two men ran up to me.

To my astonishment they were officers. I was ready for arrest but had imagined that soldiers would arrest me. It would have been easier for me to talk to them. But these were officers with gold braid and swords. This was an unpleasant surprise.

Just then the moon came out and it became fairly light.

One of the officers seized me by the shoulder and began shaking me. You could see he had been alarmed and enraged by fear. He called out:

"Who are you? How did you get here?"

The other said: "You can see it's a Red trollop! Who else would be nosing round here?"

I replied calmly: "Take me to the staff, gentlemen! I'll tell everything there."

I wanted to gain time. I don't know myself what I hoped for.

I said to the officers: "I'm trying to get to Simferopol, for personal reasons. I've run away from the Reds."

They laughed and said: "Not likely! But come on to division headquarters!"

But they were a little more polite.

And we all went to staff headquarters.

All my tiredness seemed to have disappeared. I thought out my plan of action feverishly. There was no chance of escape. The officers walked shoulder to shoulder with their revolvers out.

The first thing for me to do was to get rid of my belt.

The belt was under my dress, and fixed so as to be easily detachable. I passed my hand unnoticed over my stomach. The belt slipped over my silk underwear and down my legs and felt softly on to the grass. The officers did not notice.

Suddenly I felt so sharply the loss of the money and documents that I almost cried. But it could not be helped. I had to save my neck for future work.

Then I thought to myself that I must remember the place where the belt had fallen in case of something turning up. But how the hell was I to do that?

I began counting my steps. I wanted to count my steps till I got to some place easy to remember.

I got to seven hundred and fifty just as we came to the railway track. I began counting again. And I counted a hundred steps up to a post bearing the number seventy-six.

After this I thought about the story I was going to make up.

Suddenly I remembered an interesting fact from my recent war experience.

We had captured a White officer, a certain Colonel Kalugin, at the front near Chernigov. He was young, about thirty. And his behavior astonished us.

He behaved very boldly and simply when he was taken to the staff.

He was asked what he had come for. We expected to hear all sorts of lies from him, but he said: "Yes, I am a White officer by conviction. I will not conceal from you that I have no sympathy for the Revolution. But I would ask you to believe my word of honor—I have come to you for no military or political purpose. I am in love with a woman who remained in Oryol after the retreat. And my feelings for her are so strong that I decided to go and see her. If you let me go back with her I will be extremely grateful to you as a human being and will not fight against you any more. If not, I will stay here with her. That is to say, of course, if you have mercy and don't shoot me. I knew what I was doing when I came here."

These words astonished us all and we didn't know what to think.

This Colonel Kalugin of the Mingrel Regiment answered all the questions of the court-martial with dignity, but stuck to his story of love.

The court, however, saw no reason for mercy and condemned the colonel to the highest penalty. The judge said to him:

"We would like, colonel, to respect your last request. And if you wish it we will send the woman you love anything you like—a photograph, your things and last greeting. To love as you do does you honor. But you are our enemy and we have no right to act otherwise."

At this the colonel laughed and said: "Do you mean to say you could believe that in such a moment, when the fate of Russia is at stake, a Russian officer could hang round a woman's skirts? There is no woman! It was my own invention to throw dust in your eyes! It didn't come off—too bad! I'm ready to die!"

This astonished us all so that we were quite taken aback. And then we understood that the defeat of the Whites at Chernigov must not make us take them too lightly. The enemy, despite their rottenness, had strong and very courageous men in their ranks. And it would be politically erroneous to think they were a mere heap of rubbish.

And so when the officers led me to the staff I remembered this case. And it seemed to me it would be a good idea to relate some sort of love story at the staff. Since we had believed it, they might.

And after I had made up my mind to invent some love adventure for the benefit of the staff I suddenly felt easier in my mind, and no longer doubted my success.

Just then one of the officers took me roughly by the shoulder and told me to stay where I was. We were in front of a little house. Probably this was staff headquarters.

It was still dark but the sky was getting a little paler. It was probably about five o'clock.

22. THE FIRST CROSS-EXAMINATION

For some reason I was not questioned here. I was only searched in a most coarse and indelicate

manner. But they found nothing on me.

After the search I sat half an hour on the step, one of the officers standing in front of me, a revolver in his hand, and staring hard at me. The other had gone somewhere.

At last he came back and said: "The general orders her to be taken to Jankoy. One of us must go. If you wish to go, lieutenant, do so."

This lieutenant and I went several kilometers on foot and at last got on to a freight train which took us to Jankoy.

To be frank I was so exhausted by the night's perturbations that I slept like a log on the floor of the boxcar the moment I got on to it. And when I waked up we were already in Jankoy.

Well, ten minutes later I was under cross-examination. I was questioned by a Colonel Piramidov, before whom the officer who had accompanied me stood at attention.

This colonel was apparently the head of their intelligence service or something of that sort.

After hearing the details from the officer he let him go and, alone in the room with me, began talking to me very politely. But his politeness did not comfort me. I saw that he did not even look at me with particular attention. And somehow this frightened me. It was like playing without any trumps in your hand. I must have looked awful after the night's adventures. I felt I was as dirty and unkempt as a witch.

The colonel asked me this and that and I answered everything as seemed best to me.

I was preparing to tell him something plausible and appropriate to the moment. I wanted to say I was looking for an officer whom I loved more than life itself, and that was why I had come here. But at the last moment I lost my head and did not say what I had meant to. I said I was the wife of an officer who was in the Crimea.

"What's his name?" he asked. And I replied: "He bears the name of Bunakov, Yuri Anatolyevich."

"What division?" asked the colonel. "I seem to know the name."

I said: "He is a lieutenant in the leib-guard of the horse artillery."

Colonel Piramidov, laughing, said: "You've got that off well. But, pardon me, you can't be his wife!"

And he looked at my roughened hands.

I said: "Well, I'm his mistress. He threw me over. But I love him so, I'm determined to find him. I lived with him two years. And now I long for him so that I don't know what to do with myself."

I could see that Colonel Piramidov was not inclined to believe me. He began joking with me, putting comic questions and asking about my past.

Then he said roughly: "I'll put you in the cellar. And you better make up your mind about what you've come to say! And if you keep on with your lies, you lousy wench, believe me I'll send you to heaven! I'm sick of your insolent lying! You ought to get a good thrashing if only for calling yourself the wife of an officer of the guards!"

He called an orderly. And the orderly took me to the next house and flung me into the cellar.

And while I was being taken to the cellar a light-haired officer looked at me very inquisitively. And I saw that he even wanted to come up to me, but the convoy wouldn't let him. I had other things to think about then, and I didn't notice him specially.

There was a tiny window, scarcely big enough to admit a cat, in the cellar into which I had been flung.

I was upset and overcome. I

understood that things looked very black for me and that, most probably, the end would be shooting. I was furious with myself for my irresolute and idiotic replies, and because I had not been able to invent a more likely love story. But I had to get myself out of the mess. I decided not to confess to anything, for then my ruin would be inevitable. I made up my mind to stick to the love story.

I sat in the cellar on a heap of rubbish and stones, trying to work out a plan of behavior, and what to say at the next cross-examination.

Suddenly I heard music. Someone was playing the harmonica.

I went to the window and saw Colonel Piramidov himself walking up and down the yard. He seemed to be very thoughtful and somehow sad.

He was followed by a soldier, playing the harmonica as he walked.

The soldier played ever so well. He was playing Russian folk songs.

Then he played a song which made me cry, quite unexpectedly. I don't know what song it was. I had never heard it before. It began with the words:

My brain is withering in my head
My heart is seething in my blood...

And so on, something like that.

It wasn't like me to cry. But my nerves were so shaken after the cross-examination that this song made me sob. It was a very, very special sort of song.... And the soldier sang with such a tender voice that my very heart seemed to turn over.

But after crying a bit I pulled myself together. And this moment of weakness of mine was even useful. I vowed I would not give way to despair under any circumstances whatsoever. What was the good of crying and fretting? Better save my strength for the coming struggle! Better fight to the last! And I made up my mind to sell my life dear and to some purpose, for it was not mine, it belonged to the Revolution.

These thoughts calmed me. Again I felt light and easy.

Late in the evening a young officer came for me. He was nauseatingly polite. He said: "Madam, Colonel Piramidov invites you to him. Come with me!"

23. THE SECOND CROSS-EXAMINATION

Colonel Piramidov began to speak to me very civilly. He invited me to sit down and ordered a cup of tea for me.

And I began to drink the tea and to listen to what the colonel was saying. He spoke to me of the terribly serious moment for the fate of the whole of Russia, and said that if they had to leave the Crimea the country would be torn to pieces by other States.

I wanted to contradict him, but refrained. That would have given me away.

When I had finished my tea, Colonel Piramidov banged on the table with his fist. He cried out: "You're a liar and a bitch! Now I see clearly that you've been sent to us. I shall certainly shoot you today!"

I said: "You've made up your mind without thinking, Colonel!"

"I gave you tea," shouted the colonel, "to test you! It's a lie that you were two years the mistress of an officer of the guards! You drink tea like a peasant! I made them give you ground sugar instead of lumps. And you ate it from the spoon instead of putting it into the tea. You've never sat down to table with a decent person! I can't even believe that Lieutenant Buna-

kov lived two months with you. Stop your shameless lying and tell me the truth! Why did you cross our lines?"

I was shaken to the core, because the colonel's inferences were absolutely false. If I didn't put the sugar into the tea it wasn't because I didn't know society ways. I had seen enough of them, living at the baroness'. I had not put it into the tea, because I had got used to economizing sugar. There was a famine then, and nobody put sugar in their tea any more. I took sugar from a spoon and drank the tea through it! And somehow I was offended at the colonel's basing his conclusions on such nonsense. And I was so overwhelmed that I literally could find nothing to say.

And my silence almost proved to be my undoing.

Colonel Piramidov shouted: "I ask you, you bitch, why did you cross our lines!"

But, though I was overcome, I answered firmly: "I crossed the lines so as to see one whom I love more than my life."

The colonel shouted in an awful voice:

"You're lying, you bitch! Your peasant hands give you away! You are preparing to throttle us with those dirty hands! The world has never before seen such unbaptized scum as you! And my suspicions are confirmed by your allowing me to speak to you like this. You're a Bolshevichka! I bet you haven't even got a cross on!"

And he grabbed at my dress so fiercely that he tore it down to the waist. And he was so terrible that I thought he was going to kill me.

But I myself somehow got enraged when he called me unbaptized scum, although of course I didn't really care a bit, and it was really idiotic to be offended. But I needed something to vent my rage on.

I shouted: "I've been christened, and I can see you were pupped on a garbage heap."

He grabbed at my shoulder and with his other hand struck me a blow in the face with full force. The blood rushed out of my nostrils and mouth. And I spat out two teeth.

"My god!" cried the colonel.

He fell back into his armchair and seized his head in his hands.

"My god!" he cried, "if anyone had dared to tell me five years ago that I would strike a woman I'd have shot him down like a dog.... Listen, you! You've driven me to madness with your impudent stubbornness! I ought not to have hit you the way I usually hit a man! And for that I will never forgive you!"

I said nothing.

He took off his ring and threw it furiously into the corner.

"Bitch!" he said. "I bore a device on that ring forbidding me to use physical force against a woman. I graduated from the Pavlov military school, and you have made me infringe its device! And now I'm determined to have you shot!"

Just then someone knocked at the door.

"You can't come in!" shouted the colonel in a savage voice.

"Listen, Piramidov," said a voice from outside. "Just one minute! I have something extremely important to tell you!"

The door opened. And into the room came an officer. And I saw that this officer was Captain Gleb Tsvetayev.

He looked just the same as he always used to. Handsome, marvelously dressed, his black moustache setting off his face. He frowned when he saw me. But he did not recognize me. My face was battered and bleeding, my dress was torn and I was all dirty and soiled like a devil.

He said, smiling: "Oh, colonel! How can you? What methods are these?"

He took a lawn handkerchief out of his pocket and threw it to me for me to wipe my face. But I didn't. I was afraid he would recognize me. And then the whole fabrication about Bunakov would be finally exposed. I sat on the bench, covering my face with my hands.

The colonel said; "She's a Red! I'm quite convinced of that.... Our situation is so tense and dangerous that I lost my head a little!"

Tsvetayev said: "You know I've been appointed head of the intelligence service in Yalta. I'm leaving immediately.... And as to our situation, it's worse than you think. ... I've just come from Kutepov. He's simply raving, he's in an awful state! How terrible it all is, Piramidov! What a ghastly moment of history! We, a tiny handful of civilized people, retreating before the advance of peasant hordes.... So far we maintain ourselves on a little peninsula, but how long can it go on?"

The colonel said: "I also believe we are doomed. Yes, we are the last of the Romans. We are the last bulwark of civilization. Beyond us are gloom and the dark ages. What a time, devil take it!"

"It seems, the hour of retribution has struck," said Captain Tsvetayev.

And he again repeated the phrase which I had heard from him: "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the teeth of the children are set on edge."

I was itching to tell these rotters off. I wanted to tell them about the wonderful new civilization borne aloft by the toilers of the world. I wanted to say: "Yes, gentlemen, vengeance has come, the hour of reckoning for all the misery, all the disasters which the people have suffered from their exploiters, their bosses and landlords, has come!"

And though I myself was then not too strong on those questions, I wanted to tell them that they were mistaken in their views.

But of course I did not dare make my position worse. My life was not my own. And so I kept silence. Though the words tore at me, I forced myself to keep silent.

Colonel Piramidov called an orderly. Then some other officer to whom Piramidov whispered a long order, came in.

This officer said to me: "Follow me."

And we left the building.

24. AN UNEXPECTED RESPITE

Half an hour later they acted an ugly comedy with me. They staged a mock scene of shooting. They wanted to get out of me what I was concealing from them. They thought that confronted by the barrel of a rifle I would be certain to fall into despair and then confess everything.

They took me to some garden and put me against a door. And gave the command: "Fire!"

But just before this they told me they would let me off if I would confess. And they beat me with a whip and a ramrod to make me tell them everything. They beat me over the shoulders and on the back. And I bore these blows in silence.

I reckoned that if I confessed now it would certainly be the end of me. And so when they questioned me I insisted on my story, though towards the end I was losing my strength and consciousness. I could hardly stand for pain, rage, and fear of death.

Aiming their guns at me they said: "Come on now, out with your last words! It's the end for you, anyhow!"

I answered them: "I've already told you my last words. And if in

spite of this you are determined to shoot me, you are scoundrels! And these are the very last words pronounced by me in this world!"

They were awfully astonished at my stubbornness. I saw them shrug their shoulders and look startled and I don't know what they thought. They shot at me over my head. And I fell down. I thought I was killed or wounded. But it appeared I was neither the one nor the other. And they took me back and flung me into the cellar again.

The first two days, I will frankly admit, I lay motionless. I didn't even touch my food and only drank water.

But then I got better. I tidied myself up as best I could. And then I experienced such a rush of energy that I wanted to escape.

I tried loosening a stone by the cellar window. It did not yield to my efforts. But I did not lose hope.

Suddenly I saw that someone had put a bunch of grapes on the window-sill. This astonished me. And I thought—can it be that there is a kind soul among these tigers?

Anyhow I ate up those grapes. And again I began to think of escape.

But one day one of the officers came to the cellar and said to me:

"Come up, I must talk to you. And if you are too weak to get up I'll help you."

These words amused me. And, forgetting all about my supposed position, I said: "*Merci*, I don't need anybody's help. Your officers' ladies can't do without support, but I," I said, "still feel quite all right."

But I was too sure of my strength. And when I got out of the cellar and found myself in the garden, my head went round so dizzily that I almost fell. But I didn't want to show my weakness in front of an enemy. That's not like me. And I bent down and plucked two little flowers to conceal my dizziness.

The officer said: "It's a pleasure to look at you—such a healthy, energetic and powerful woman! Anyone else would be completely broken by all you've gone through! And you come out of the cellar and begin picking flowers as if nothing had happened! This vitality inspires me with the greatest admiration!"

I said: "I'm surprised that you choose such a moment, Mr. Officer, to pay me compliments—I've got other things," I told him, "to think of."

The officer said, laughing: "And I like your harsh words, they too find an echo in my heart. They also show your great moral force."

Then I looked at him in astonishment.

I saw before me an officer about thirty years old. It was that same officer who had tried to come up to me when I was being taken to the cellar. He was flaxen-haired and homely. He had small pigs' eyes and his face was puffy and unhealthy, with a scar on one cheek.

He said: "To be frank I have been watching you all these days! I won't conceal from you that you pleased me from the very first! You reminded me of my wife who left me in Kiev.... She was like you, just as strong and unbending! And strength and health are the only things in life I respect! Nothing else affects me! I'm a peasant's son myself, a son of the fields and of nature... but whom do you now see before you? I cannot get through a single day without the help of cocaine. And without this I'm just a bundle of nerves, you would be surprised if you saw me.... Yes, somewhere or other I lost my strength, but I can still admire it when I see it in others."

At first I thought he must be some kind of a *provocateur* and

that he had probably been sent to try me. But as he kept speaking I saw he was a kind of a maniac. There was nothing abnormal about him, he was simply in the power of the illusions given by cocaine and blinded by his idea.

He said: "Don't be astonished, *Mademoiselle*, by my words! Colonel Piramidov has promised to release you if you...."

Breaking off in confusion he added: "If you... in a word, he will release you if one of the officers lives with you.... He suspects you... and he wants to keep you under supervision. And if you agree to live with me everything will turn out all right for everybody."

I was so astonished at this proposition that at first I didn't even realize what he was talking about.

He repeated his words, adding that he did not desire any compulsion. He could, of course, have acted otherwise, but he wanted true feeling and not force.

Perhaps in my position I ought to have agreed, but I could not. My woman's heart swelled with indignation and horror. And I rejected the strange proposal to become his mistress.

He said: "I don't know who you are and I don't want to know. I myself am not a fighting officer. Owing to a wound I take charge of army supplies. I'm a lieutenant and have been one for the last four years without the slightest desire to b come a general."

I asked him: "Did you yourself go to the colonel, or did he offer me to you?"

The lieutenant said: "I feel that I have lowered myself in your eyes, but if you want to know the truth I asked him for you. And he said: 'You can take her, only don't let her be up to mischief. You will answer for her.' "

"And you agreed?"

"Yes, I agreed."

I said: "Well, I don't agree! I'm not to be bought, like the women you officers are used to buying on the street! Tell your colonel he's a cad! And tell him to look for amusement for his subordinates elsewhere."

The officer was extremely embarrassed. He said: "All right! I'll tell the colonel that we have come to terms, and you can go where you like."

This seemed to me false chivalry. But I said: "And if I take you at your word?"

"Go on! Do! Only please remember where you can find me if you don't find your lover in Simferopol! Allow me to introduce myself—Vasili Komarov, head of the supply department in Simferopol. You'll easily find me there... and probably you'll be forced to. You are without money or passport or lodgings.... And so I let you go, in the conviction that our paths will cross again. I believe in destiny and I know you have been sent to me in the place of my wife who deserted me for some bounder. She understood neither me nor my heart. Well, you're free! Off with you!"

And Komarov made a dramatic gesture of the hand.

I didn't know what to think. Again I began wondering if all this was not a provocation. But whatever it was, I was thankful for the chance, even though I could not believe in its happy outcome.

I said: "You mean I am to understand from your words that I am free?"

He said: "Yes, you are free. Only if anyone asks you, mind you say you have come to terms with me."

From the delight and happiness of being free I leaped to my feet and felt such a rush of energy as one feels on a day of great joy.

25. AT SIMFEROPOL

I quickly tidied myself up, washed and set in order my torn dress. But when I looked at myself in the glass I was terribly upset. My face was swollen and bruised. My blue eyes shone as before, but everything else was changed. I would have needed two weeks to get everything back to its usual appearance.

But still I decided to go to Simferopol.

I bade farewell to Lieutenant Komarov. I looked at him in astonishment, wondering why he had let me go to an unknown destination.

I told him this. He, laughing, replied that he was very glad I appreciated his chivalry. He said not all women were so sensitive and that not all women could understand the heart of a man.

"Besides," he added. "I shall find you wherever you go. I'm certain you won't be able to go beyond Simferopol without my aid.... And if you do, it means it's not my destiny and that you are not destined to take the place of my lost wife."

Here I saw that the chances for me were much greater if he could practically speak of marriage. But just the same I hurried to Simferopol. There was work waiting for me there. And it wouldn't suit me to marry an enemy, a flaxen lieutenant, from the White army, raving about lofty feelings, and looking for them between the four walls of a counter-revolutionary secret service establishment.

I got to Simferopol the next day.

Simferopol was like a besieged city. From a station lamp-post hung a body. Troops were everywhere carrying guns about. I had known that my situation would be melancholy if I were unable to find any of the people I was to get in touch with. At the same time I felt that it would be practically impossible to find anyone here.

And when I got to the house I wanted I saw cavalry horses in front of it. And in the garden was a military tent.

Of course I would not risk entering it. That would have been a fine thing—to be seized in the act of reporting to a underground organization!

Everything seemed to show that the conspiratorial center here had been broken up. Still this had to be verified.

I stood in the street not far from this house, when I suddenly saw a woman coming towards me, driving a cow before her. I had a talk with her and the upshot of it was that this woman suggested that I should go and live with her to help her with the work.

My situation was terrible. Without money or anything, I might simply perish. Besides this, my mutilated face prevented me from going on with our plan. I consented. And I went with her.

It turned out that she lived one house away from the house I was interested in.

And so I began living with her I stayed there over ten days.

And during that time my face became normal again and I was once more my former self. And I thought to myself that if Komarov had seen me as I now was he would hardly have let me go so lightly!

Besides this, in those ten days I discovered all the details. I learned that General Kutepov had by his actions inspired an absolute terror in all the inhabitants of Simferopol. Until only recently corpses had been swinging from lamp-posts by the dozen. And as for the center I had been sent to, there was a tale of shooting there, with many arrested and shot.

In short, a situation had arisen which made my stay in Simferopol useless. I now had to get to

Yalta. But how to do this was the question!

It was not easy to get there and in my situation simply impossible, as I had no status, not even the most wretched little identity certificate. At the same time I felt that I must act. I had to get to Yalta and establish contacts. I had not been sent to recover my health at a seaside resort, but to do my job. And yet three weeks had elapsed since the day of my crossing the enemy lines, and I had done nothing. And to crown it all, I had lost the belt with Party money in it. All this plunged me into profound melancholy. I literally did not know what to begin with.

There was even a moment when I thought of appealing to Lieutenant Komarov. I thought I might do something through him. But every time this thought arose I put it away. It would have been very hard for me to have anything to do with this lieutenant. He irritated me with his demonstrative, false chivalry and drunken raving.

I decided to do without his aid.

26. HAND AND HEART

And so I was once going from the station to the house where I lived in a state of indecision. And suddenly and unexpectedly I found myself face to face with Komarov!

I cried out in astonishment. And I tried to get away quickly. But he caught me up and seized my arm. And I saw that he was in a state of delirium after cocaine.

He said: "Loneliness has made me again take to cocaine. And I have a heart disease and this is fatal for me. . . . And I know that only you, a strong and healthy woman, are capable of saving me from terrible ruin. . . . And if I lose you I am lost myself, because there are no women here who are in the least like you. All here are in need of help themselves. But you are so strong that just standing next to you makes me feel easy and happy. And I have not felt anything like it since my wife and I separated. . . . Don't desert me, for without you I am lost!"

It was on the tip of my tongue to say: "All right! Be lost! What the hell is it to me?"

But of course I didn't. I asked him for time to make up my mind.

I said: "I'll come to you in two days and tell you what I think. But I can't say anything just now. There is still some love left in my heart for the man I'm looking for. If I don't find him in the next two days I'll come to some sort of agreement with you."

He couldn't bear to let me go. But I insisted. I only consented to sit beside him in a café for a short time. There we ate fruit, and he chattered a lot of nonsense about the love for me which had arisen in his heart.

But I found him so offensive that I could hardly restrain myself from saying something insulting to him.

At last I got up and went away and would not let him accompany me.

On taking leave of him I told him I would go myself to him at the Supply Department.

But two days passed and another two, and still I had not gone. I made up my mind to get to Yalta without his help, in the guise of a prostitute.

I had already made myself a very piquant dress and obtained a red pencil for the lips from a girl I met. I did my hair very effectively. And then I was really just like a nymph of the pavements, and by no means a bad-looking one.

I told my landlady that I had to go to Yalta for a few days. And she let me go. She appreciated me highly, for I could do anything for her, even her laundry.

And now, all dressed up, I twist-

ed about in front of a tiny mirror and thought out my behavior in Yalta. Just at that moment who should enter the house but Komarov himself.

It appeared that he had followed me and found out where I was living. And now, tired of waiting for me, he had come to me himself.

He was in an exceedingly depressed and nervous state. But he was so doped that he did not notice my get-up. He even, in his muzzy condition, thought that I was now just like an English lady.

Suddenly he fell on his knees before me and began to beg me to respond to his feelings.

And in a flash I summed up the situation. I thought to myself that in his present softened state I would be able to wind him round my little finger, and that I might be able to get a lot done through him.

I only wasn't sure if it was right to live with him for the attainment of my purpose. This question had been worrying me for a long time. And the worst of it was I had no one to ask if it was permissible to live with an enemy and through him attain my end.

Generally speaking he was not quite a conscious enemy. He was not a clever man. And apparently he was the victim of circumstances and had turned up in the ranks of the White army quite by chance.

However this may be, a plan of action matured itself in a flash in my brain. After all, I thought, why was it all right to masquerade as a prostitute and not right to live with him, especially as I could avoid actual connection and just try and fool him? And this idea pleased me more than pretending to be a prostitute, to whom anything might happen, especially with drunks.

And when Lieutenant Komarov again repeated his words, saying that without me he felt an aching void and without me he would go on sniffing cocaine and be utterly ruined, I said: "What do you want of me?"

He seized me by the shoulders and embraced me with unrestrained emotion.

He said: "I offer you my hand and my heart! And if you like we'll get married tomorrow!"

Again we went to a café and ate fruit.

He melted under my glances and kissed my hands every minute. And I was astonished that he was so blinded as not to see what roughened peasant hands he was kissing.

Well, I saw at once that I had done right. I would be able to do anything I liked with him. The thought even flashed through my mind that I might go and look for the belt. But now for Yalta.

I said to him: "Only on condition that I go to Yalta! And after that I want to have a little rest and travel about the Crimea."

And he agreed at once. He said he could be transferred to Yalta at a moment's notice; he had so many connections and acquaintances that there was no question about it. After this we could travel along the whole Crimean shore so long as it was in "our" hands.

He said that we would definitely go to Yalta in two days.

My heart sank when he called me his wife. It seemed terrible to me that I had agreed to his suggestion. I now felt that I wouldn't be able to spend two days with him.

But the die had been cast and there was no going back.

27. HONEYMOON

In my opinion he was a terrific adventurer, this Vasili Komarov. He undoubtedly had great connections and a circle of acquaintances.

And in addition he was incredibly wealthy. No doubt he stole money all round. Money was never any object with him.

In no time he provided me with three dresses and a hat. And gave me a bracelet and a watch. And told me he would create a fairy-like existence for me.

He introduced me to his boon companions, who worked on his transport. These were invalid officers. They were great drunkards and obviously out for themselves. Two of them were his intimate friends.

Komarov solemnly introduced me to them. He told them I was the woman who henceforth would take the place of his heartless wife. The officers, true to their aristocratic manners, came up to us and, with jingling spurs, congratulated us heartily on our new life.

Then we all four went home and very soon all but I were drunk.

And they sang a song which made them cry. In this song there were lines saying that the last moment had come, that the foe with his rifle was at hand and that they would all be shot. Some of the lines were marvelous:

The sun no more is bright.
The mist is dark and drear,
For we wait the bullet's flight,
For the Communard is near.

And when they got drunk, these officers sang that song not less than ten times running. And each time they burst into sobs. And they said that the end of the Crimean epoch was indeed near. That the Whites would not be able to hold the Crimea, though the Isthmus of Perekop was in itself quite inaccessible.

Naturally I did not discuss these questions with them. I put Komarov to bed. And he slept like the dead from wine and cocaine, which he had been sniffing all day to keep his spirits up.

The next day he rose green and sick. And he had to dope himself with cocaine again to get back to his normal condition.

I looked at him with astonishment. And I simply couldn't understand how a peasant's son, by nature a healthy, strong man, could in such a short time have reduced himself to such a nervous wreck. But he soon admitted to me that he, "a son of the fields and of nature," was in addition to this a son of a village deacon, a confirmed toper and not quite a normal man, who had ended by hanging himself in the church.

This son of the fields was extremely polite and courteous with me. But he almost used physical force to make me put on a hat when we went out. He said this was absolutely essential. That etiquette demanded it. I didn't like wearing a hat. I wasn't used to it and I was terribly confused at walking about like a lady.

But he told me that he was prepared to accompany me in this get-up to the Academy of Science itself, that I looked so nice and ladylike, and exactly what the highest society circles demanded.

It's true that I was very sunburnt just then. My hands looked the same as the rest of my skin and were no longer red. And my face was burned as dark as an African's. And so, really, in my new rig-out I might have been taken for some refugee von-baroness.

And lots of people would turn to follow me with their eyes, as Komarov and I walked about the streets of Simferopol. I wore, I remember, a light, checked dress which was simply lovely and a plush hat with an aigrette and all sorts of trimmings. And though it was already October it was very

warm there. Everyone went about without a coat.

And my Komarov was simply mad with love. It gave him so much pleasure to see everyone staring at me, so well-dressed and pretty, that he was ready to walk about the streets with me all day.

But this society life did not blind me to my real interests. I never forgot my purpose, and thought of nothing else.

And I told Komarov to arrange for us to go to Yalta as quickly as possible.

And two days later we drove there in a car.

And we had so much luggage, piled on two carts, that I laughed to think what a lot of things he had stolen. He had fur coats, pictures, china, furniture and so on.

We ourselves went on ahead in the car. And soon we were in Yalta.

23. IN YALTA

Yalta made an extraordinary impression on me. What I liked there was the blue sea, the charming houses and the promenade.

At that time the sea was very rough and the waves were so high that they washed right over the pavement.

Komarov and I stayed at the Hotel France. At first he wanted, with the means at his disposal, to put up at the Russia, the best hotel, but it was full of the very tip-top people and all the rooms were occupied.

The very first day of our arrival I managed to get my spouse a little drunk and he flung himself down in a deep sleep. And then and there I went off to the address given me. I was all on fire as I went. It seemed to me that if here too I suffered a defeat it would mean I was worthless and had not justified the hopes placed in me.

As I went along the promenade I was astonished to see the crowds around me. I was constantly met by persons of a sort whose very existence I had forgotten. Life that was seething here was altogether different from our life.

Here were all sorts of fine ladies whose lace parasols and incredible affectations irritated me: stout, hereditary landowners and generals; a regular crowd of officers, young ladies and cocottes. They were all strolling along the promenade, basking in the glorious sunshine. Nobody seemed to be thinking of war, or that the Red Army was at their door.

I skirted the market and entered the old part of the town. And there I easily found what I wanted.

For a long time they wouldn't believe me, leading me from door to door, but at last we came to an understanding. Tears came into the eyes of some of the comrades when they learned that I had been sent to them. They questioned me eagerly, everything interested them. I gave them all the messages I had for them, and told them what had happened with the money. And I promised them I would find the belt.

They advised me not to risk my life for it, but I had already inwardly decided that I would.

They told me of their difficult situation and about Kutepov who had broken up all the workers' organizations in Simferopol. We came to the conclusion that there was not much longer to wait. They told me the White army was in a state of panic and no longer hoped for success.

This astonished and cheered me, and, carried away by enthusiasm, I resolved to make the attempt to look for my moneybelt. Although this task appeared fruitless and doomed to failure.

With these thoughts I returned to the hotel.

My Komarov had woken up and was awaiting me anxiously. But the moment he saw me he forgot all his anxiety and was so happy that he again began presenting me with all sorts of treasures which he dragged out of his traveling case by degrees. And I of course pretended to be delighted with these presents.

We went out to walk along the promenade. And I told him I would perhaps be going the next day to Simferopol to see my former landlady. He offered to go with me, for he was free so far, not having been given any appointment as yet. But I refused and he looked at me suspiciously.

But I just squeezed his hand and he melted like a fool from this trifling caress. He began embracing me in front of everyone and even wanted to kiss me, but I dodged him.

We were now going along the promenade. It was a glorious day drawing towards evening. Komarov and I were walking arm in arm talking quietly.

Suddenly I trembled and went pale. Komarov said: "What's the matter? You look ghastly."

But I could not speak. Towards us Nina Victorovna was coming, and beside her, with his usual affected gait, was Yuri Bunakov. Behind them trotted General Dubasov, and with him an elderly woman.

I simply didn't know what to do. I hesitated, trying to turn aside, but Komarov held me back. Just then we came up to one another, and the whole lot passed us. They had not recognized me. My Lieutenant Komarov saluted the general and we went on.

But I turned to look back. At that moment they also came to a stop at the railings and stood looking at the dolphins gambolling in the waves.

And I looked at Bunakov, I wanted to see what he was like now. But he was just as he had always been. A little darker perhaps, from the southern sunshine.

I remembered his song about "everyone." And it seemed as if he caught my thoughts. Suddenly he said:

"Everyone knows there is no joy. . . ."

And when he said those words I laughed so loudly that it was simply awkward from the point of view of their rules of behavior. Everybody stared at me, but I turned aside. And still they didn't recognize me.

And my fool Vasili Komarov suddenly felt extremely jealous of the man I had been looking at. He thought that I had fallen in love at first sight with the pretty, doll-like officer.

He tugged at my arm roughly and we went on. But I no longer wanted to stroll and so we went to the café-chantant Odeon, which was situated in a basement. And there we listened to the songs of the *chansonnettes*. And we watched them dancing to the tune: "Misery dances, misery jumps, misery sings a merry song!"

29. A FIND

The next day, late in the evening, I suggested a grand supper for the two of us, in our room. I wanted my Komarov to be so drunk that the next day he would be up very late.

He was extremely vain and it gave me no trouble to rouse him. I asked him to show me how to take cocaine and he sniffed up a whole powder in front of me. Then, in the night we drank up enormous quantities of wine. I didn't take much, but he drank like a fish. He was possessed by maniacal ideas. He was in love with me as it was, but after a little, liquor would

make him lose hold of himself and he would look at me with amazement and adoration.

Well, we went on drinking till the morning. And just before daylight he fell down unconscious. And I took his papers, dressed for a journey, and got myself driven to Jankoy by a chauffeur with whom I had already made arrangements.

I was several times held up on the way by patrols, but I showed them my paper and said: "I'm going to join my husband." And they let me pass at once, for my "husband's" paper bore the signature "Wrangel."

The chauffeur took me to Simferopol and there I changed to a steam-engine and was carried to the seventy-sixth *versta*. On leaving the engine I went on foot, and counted the necessary number of steps, but the belt, strange to say, I could not find. I counted my steps several times, but to no purpose. This made me furious because I was a scout and such a thing was unpardonable.

But evening was falling and I had to put off the search, which was moreover not without danger as regards arrest.

But just when I was thinking of going home I stumbled on my belt in the grass. I touched it with my foot. I believe I even cried out with joy.

I took the money (it was white-guard money) out of the belt and put it in my pocket. The belt I threw away.

Then, with immense difficulty, I got back to Jankoy. And there, for a great sum of money, I hired a cart.

The cart got me to Yalta only on the morning of the next day.

Full of anxiety I went to our room. Komarov was asleep. Probably he had been drinking all the time while he was waiting for me to come back. The room was full of bottles and confusion. I hid my money and went to bed.

A few hours later, after a violent scene, we made up.

Komarov still had some suspicions that I was involved in either a political or romantic affair. But very trifling caresses on my part quickly disarmed him.

But now he began to be cautious and tried never to let me go out alone. And it was with the greatest difficulty that I managed to escape to the town and deliver the money. And after that I sighed with relief. At last my mission was fulfilled. At last—after what adventures!—I had fulfilled my task absolutely.

That evening I was so cheerful that my Komarov was quite astonished, and again began to suspect me of underground activities.

Again this man began to irritate me unbearably with his idiotic vanity and self-complacency. And again I could hardly bear to be in his company.

But I had to wait for a favorable moment to leave him.

30. EVACUATION

In the meantime things were growing more and more tense in Yalta.

People in the street were openly saying that the White army could not hold the Crimea.

My Komarov, going out to his office one day, came back pale and shaken. He said that the town was to be evacuated, and that some departments had to leave Yalta unobserved that very day.

He did not as yet know what had happened at the front, but it looked as if a catastrophe was near.

And suddenly a few steamers really did come up to Yalta and began taking on passengers.

It would not be true to say that

there was much panic. Many had long been prepared for this. And many had already left, but still the atmosphere in the town had become tense. Everywhere were seen frightened and anxious faces. People were bustling up and down.

A great crowd assembled at the steamer ticket office in the port. But no one yet knew exactly what had happened, whether Perekop had fallen or the Whites were still holding on. But there were rumors that the Reds had made a terrible attack and there had been a break through. But how serious it was no one knew.

The next day some more steamers arrived at Yalta.

And again the bourgeoisie and officers hurried to the port with their trunks and traveling cases.

Carts carried the property of various departments and all sorts of gentry, breathing hard from fear and anxiety, went by on foot.

There was incredible confusion at the pier. The picture of confusion and flight was crowned by great heaps of hay and rubbish.

I watched this departure with the greatest emotion.

I went to see every steamer and watch the nobility and merchantry of Russia hastening to abandon the shores of their former native land.

The wrath of the insulted people was seething in me. I saw everywhere anxious and weeping countenances. I saw fear and consternation. But my heart was filled, not with pity, but with triumph. Because I was seeing with my own eyes the hour of reckoning, because I could watch the departure of the old life which had wounded the people in their best feelings.

It was an incredible spectacle.

It was a historical moment—the flight of the gentry of Russia, the flight of the oppressors of the people! They had reached that moment in their flight when there was nowhere to flee! And they boarded the steamers and fled to Turkey.

And this sight filled me with such triumph that I stood smiling all day, so that people began to notice me. But I just waved my handkerchief and murmured: "Goodbye, dear friends, goodbye!"

Meanwhile all sorts of tragicomic scenes were being enacted on the shore. Some were not admitted to the steamers because of their heavy luggage. They raved, shouted, referred to the loftiest names, but all this was now not worth two pins. And the generals and von-barons meekly submitted to regulations and, once on board, sighed with relief.

Some wept, and some said: "We'll be back in a fortnight!" And one general shouted: "They'll have to call us back! They have no one left among them but *muzhiks!*"

I was longing to get at this beast, but of course I restrained myself. By the way I was absolutely determined to see the departure of my former mistress, Baroness Nina Victorovna, but somehow I missed this wonderful moment. I only saw them when the steamer had got under way, standing on its deck. The baroness seemed to have faded and was standing leaning on the general's arm, pale as a corpse. Bunakov was thoughtfully gazing into the distance. I waved my handkerchief to them mockingly. And it seemed to me that they recognized me. Yurochka pointed to me and they began looking at me through opera glasses.

But the steamer had already left. And I went back to the hotel. Suddenly White troops appeared in Yalta. These, we were told, were from the Izyum regiment, in retreat from Perekop. Some of the soldiers were without rifles. And all looked draggled. And then we

all understood what had happened at the front.

Feeling reached its climax. The shops were shut and all the strollers disappeared in a moment from the promenade.

To make matters worse the regiment, not finding supplies in Yalta, broke into two shops in the town and plundered them.

A few more steamers came to the port. It could be felt that the flight was being organized somewhere.

31. FAMILY DRAMA

In the meantime my Lieutenant Komarov warned me that we were leaving on the *Theodosia*. That this was apparently the last of the steamers and that our departure could no longer be postponed.

I asked: "Where are we going to?"

He said: "We're going to Constantinople. Don't worry about the future! I have thought out our fate."

And he felt his pockets which were crammed with all sorts of things.

The moment had come to loosen the knot. But I saw there was no point in having a "family scene," and so I didn't tell him I wasn't going.

I said to him: "You go to the port, Komarov, and I'll be there in a minute. I must just say goodbye to someone."

And he like a fool did so.

And I ran off in the opposite direction. I ran up to an abandoned house, which had its door ajar, and went in and sat at a window. And I looked out at the sea. And I was glad that I had done this, because I wanted to avoid explanations. They would have been no good. This man was quite a stranger to me. He was my enemy, whom I had made use of for my own purposes. Let him go to hell or Constantinople without any explanations from me.

I sat in that room over half an hour. At last I heard two whistles from the steamer. This meant everything was all right. My Komarov, after looking everywhere for me, had no doubt calmed down and gone off with his valuables.

But suddenly I heard a cry. And looking out of the window I noticed to my horror Komarov running up to my house, which some woman was pointing out to him.

I will frankly admit that I was so overcome with surprise that for a moment I could not move.

Komarov rushed into the house and stood on the threshold. He was terrible in his wild anxiety. He was breathing heavily.

When he caught sight of me he raised his revolver, and, swearing horribly, he fired at me. But in a flash I had realized his intention and ducked down on the floor, and his bullet went high over my head.

He was going to fire again, but I said to him:

"Vasya, why are you firing at me?"

He said: "I'm firing at you, you bitch, not as a class foe, which I suspect you to be, but as a woman who treacherously wants to desert me! I am a peasant's son—"

"You're a priest's son!" I shouted and suddenly, in the same instant, I rushed up to him and took away his revolver.

And he gave it up with almost no resistance.

Now I stood against the wall with the revolver in my hand and he looked at me, his eyes rolling.

But I couldn't shoot him, he was so wretched and confused.

"Listen, you dog!" I shouted. "Is your miserable brain capable of understanding who's before you?"

"My god!" he exclaimed. "Now I see who you are! And probably

everyone of you is as strong and healthy! And that's why our army loses battles!"

And suddenly he fell on his knees before me and said:

"I'm not afraid of you shooting me! I'm afraid of you deserting me, that you've already deserted me, and that there's not the slightest chance of getting you back!"

"You're so feeble and demoralized," I said, "that it would be disgusting even to shoot you."

And in anger I threw the revolver on the floor. And the fall made it suddenly go off.

Komarov said: "I'm not so feeble as you think, but I've let myself go, and you've got to help me."

"No, my friend," I said. "My life is not intended for saving men like you. My life belongs to the people. And I have been sent to fulfil a mission far removed from the salvation of souls. You can stay here if you like but I won't live with you. That's as true as that you shot at me today, you hound!"

My words suddenly infuriated him, and my calling him a hound, and in his unbalanced state he immediately went from tranquillity to rage.

"You're a lousy Bolshevichka," he shouted. "You're still in my power! I'll send for soldiers to strap you! I've cosseted you enough! I'll have you flogged with whips!"

And he flung himself furiously at the revolver still lying on the floor.

But at the same instant I kicked at his hand as if it was a football. And he fell down yelling.

And then I quietly picked up the revolver and aimed it at the lieutenant.

I said to him: "Now, then, off to the port with you this moment, and go with the devil to Constantinople! Or I'll send you there now, by heavenly route!"

Komarov understood that I was not joking. He got up and said childishly: "But the steamer's gone, Annushka! Where am I to go?"

I said: "Go to the port and have a look—perhaps there'll be something or other there. And if so, take it for god's sake!"

He said: "All right, I'll go and see. But if there isn't anything I'll come back and stay with you. And if there is, I'll go. Let fate decide for me!"

And he ran like a madman to the port and I sat there, much upset by what had happened.

I don't know exactly what happened in the port. I was only told afterwards that Komarov had swayed as he was going up the gangway of a fishing schooner and fallen into the water. And that he had struck his head against a rock in falling. And they had taken him on to the steamer severely wounded and taken him to Theodosia or somewhere.

But what happened to him later I never found out. Perhaps they sent him to Constantinople, if by any chance he hadn't died.

I did not pity this man because he was my enemy and anyhow, apart from me, he was a ruined man. And it was not my job to set him back on the right path.

32. EPILOGUE

We expected the Red Army in Yalta that same day. But it did not come. And it was three days before the first Red Army men appeared in the town. It was a solemn and a joyous moment. It was a festival of the people liberated from slavery.

True, this day was darkened for me by someone giving information that I had been the wife of a white-guard and was a spy and in the pay of the counter-revolutionary intelligence service. This was of

course almost immediately disproved and everything cleared up. But I was disgusted at being two whole hours under arrest.

I was taken to the house of a Bokhara emir where prisoners were being cross-examined, and one of the comrades bellowed at me in his zeal and even wanted to shoot me down as a foe. And there was a moment when I was terribly afraid I should perish from one of our own bullets. But afterwards one of our Yalta comrades came in and everything was cleared up at once.

And then everyone, when they heard about me, came to congratulate me, pressed my hands and, overcome with tenderness, kissed me and congratulated me on our great victory. . . .

As for my further life I may briefly sum it up as follows: that same year I married that Comrade Kasyanov, bearing the same name as myself, with whom I had become acquainted in Ekaterinoslav. And we were very happy and lived in spiritual accord to the day of his death.

I was very sorry to lose this splendid man, who had the true spirit of a comrade. And I mourned him just as violently as then, when I lost my first husband at the front.

Yes, I have certainly lost many splendid people in my life during the Revolution. But to make up for this I have found that which constitutes my daily joy and pride.

How hard and wretched to imagine a life different from that which we are building up! How hard to imagine people different from our people, different, bourgeois relations between them, such as existed before the Revolution! How intolerable it would be to suddenly see merchants, fine ladies, grand dukes, landowners and a wretched, impoverished people, their dignity insulted!

And I am often seized with enthusiasm that my people have been able to accomplish a great, people's Revolution and have been able to create a new life which will get better and better with every year.

This is what I have found to take the place of my losses.

And what a far-back and forgotten chapter my past life now seems! For instance, four years ago I happened to hear from a friend who had been abroad for a long time, certain details about the refugee Baroness Nina Victorovna. It seems she opened an *Atelier Modes* in Paris, and got very rich, becoming a sort of fashionable dressmaker. She has divorced her general. And he, for all his senility, is *maitre d'hotel* in some cabaret abroad.

Yuri Bunakov shot himself while they were still in Yugo-Slavia. He was feeble and unfitted for life, like a hot-house flower, which was for some unknown reason cultivated in the gardens of bourgeois life.

As for Captain Gleb Tsvetayev, he was chauffeur in Paris for a long time, but then he married a rich American, seventy years old.

Thus bringing her story to an end, A. Kasyanova said:

"That Russia of the gentry and merchantry has long sunk into eternity. And I was a witness of that page of history. That is why I have ventured to take longer than you perhaps thought I would, in telling you of my life."

* *
*

In England 1939

When you see the old soldier begging in the street,
sitting on the kerb with a battered gramophone:
"A penny for one of the Old Contemptibles,
No Pension," and you toss a penny down,
ashamed to give and ashamed not to give,
and hurry past, and think of the millions slain
to save the profits of the battening few,
"The war was madness," you say, "and fought in vain."

Yes, it was madness; the bursting of that horror
which accumulates, with profits, in the brain,
and clots with murder when the greed-wheels jam
and force leaps naked. But, ah, it was not in vain;
with starclang from chaos the Soviet sprang, and here
the house of greed cracks steadily under the strain.

London, August 1939

MODERN TURKISH STORY

Below we publish a few stories by the Turkish writers—Omer Seifeddin, Sabahattin Ali and Sadri Ertem.

Omer Seifeddin, who died young, is considered the father of the modern Turkish short story and one of the founders of the new Turkish literary language. The work of Omer Seifeddin is extremely varied: some of his stories are real miniature tragedies. He also wrote essays and tales on social themes, as well as fine humorous pieces like *The Bribe*, published below.

Sabahattin Ali is a writer of the young generation who reached maturity in the new Turkey. He made his debut as a poet and then turned to prose, but his stories, like *The Mill*, given below, are extremely poetical and full of genuine lyricism.

Sadri Ertem is an eminent contemporary writer and public man. In his novels he gives bold realistic pictures of the life of the peasants and workers of his country. He is well known as a short story writer and journalist.

SADRI ERTEM

A murky grey morning looked in through the window of the tiny, stuffy room. A thin threadbare blanket could not hide the contours of a sleeping figure on a mattress on the floor. The little head on the pillow was bound in a brightly colored Arabian kerchief.

Suddenly a voice broke the silence:

"Ei, Mekhmet, get up or you'll be late for school!"

There was a vague stir on the mattress, two blue eyes gleamed for a moment above the blanket, and closed tightly again at once, as the boy turned over on his side and curled himself up into a ball.

"Get up, now, get up," insisted his grandmother, stirring the coals in the tin brazier.

The boy turned over on the other side. He stretched himself sleepily, his eyes still tightly closed as he clung to the last sweet vestiges of sleep that lingered in his eyelids. The old woman lost her patience.

"I'll be at you with the tongs in a minute, you lazy good-for-nothing," she cried.

"Leave me alone, grandma," whined the boy. "I'll be out of bed in a minute. . . . Why, the sun isn't up yet. . . . And I'm hungry already and it'll get worse when I get up."

The sternness vanished from the old woman's face which softened so that anyone could now see what a kindly sweet-faced old soul she really was.

"Well, now get up and wash," she said gently, "and I'll toast some bread for you."

"Ah," exclaimed the boy, smacking his lips. "Hot toasted bread spread with *kaimak*, why, that'll be tastier even than *kadaif!*" Whereupon he sprang out of bed at a bound.

When he had washed he came over to the brazier and saw that his grandmother was toasting some ancient crusts of bread on a pan. He carefully extracted one and crunched on it.

"It isn't so tasty when it's dry, grandma," he said. "A bit of cheese would be fine!"

"I'm not a groceryman, my boy," objected the old woman. "When you grow up and earn your own living you can eat what you like."

"Grandma, grandma," cried the boy suddenly, "a bit of crust is sticking in my throat!"

"Drink some water."

"I did but it doesn't help."

The old woman jumped up and ran into the kitchen. "Now see what I'm bringing you," she called out and came back carrying on the tip of a knife a morsel of something that looked for all the world like a piece of clay.

"Spread this on your crusts. It is the fat from the cutlets mixed with the best cocoanut butter."

The boy spread the delicacy on his crusts without more ado. "Now wash your hands and run off to school," said his grandmother, "I've made you some cutlets for your dinner."

She wedged two cutlets between two slices of bread and wrapped them in a piece of newspaper.

At the sight of the cutlets the boy brightened up. He broke the tiniest morsel off the end of one of the cutlets and tasted it.

"Oh, grandma," he exclaimed, enraptured. "How delicious. If only you would always make cutlets!"

"Stop nibbling at them. When I get my pension for the next three months I'll make you some more. . . . Ah, me," she sighed, "it must be your fate. . . . If only your father were alive. . . . But what can I do on three lira a month."

The boy dashed out of the house.

Today during the lunch interval Mekhmet would go to the school dining room along with the other children who brought their lunches with them and would eat his cutlets. It seemed to him that no cook could ever prepare such tasty cutlets as his grandmother.

Just to look at them gave him exquisite pleasure. When he went out to the playground after the second lesson Mekhmet took his package along with him just to be sure it was safe. The thought of losing his dinner was too awful to contemplate. It was still a long time before the lunch hour. At the intervals between lessons he'd go off quietly into a corner and would break bits off the cutlets and pop them into his mouth, not chewing them but sucking them to make them last longer. His mouth watered as he looked at the large portions that still remained.

Running out into the playground after the third lesson his playmates called out to him:

"Mekhmet, we've found some good clay by the well today and we're going to make cutlets. Don't forget to come along."

"I have my own dinner today!" the boy replied proudly. "I'm going to the dining-room."

This conversation might well sound strange but permit me to explain. Among the school children of Istambul there are several thousand who do not eat during the dinner hour.

So that these children may not be envious of their more fortunate

playmates, the teachers shepherd them off to a far corner of the school gardens and divert their attention by all sorts of games. They play with them at war, at shops, they build houses, act and do gymnastics, sing and dance.

But the most interesting games could never wholly engage the attention of a hungry child. And the children would not play games, dance and sing on an empty stomach.

Even the ball game did not interest them. Mekhmet particularly disliked all these attempts to make him forget the gnawing at his vitals. The teacher insisted the children build batteries, act plays, draw butterflies and flowers, but for Mekhmet and his chums nothing was more pleasant than to putter around with the clay out of which they made little stoves, houses or shops. And every day they made little clay cutlets which they solemnly placed on a make-believe frying pan and pretended to fry.

The teacher had caught them at this "vulgar" occupation more than once.

"Idlers! Build houses and learn to be architects," he lectured them. "Learn to draw and develop a taste for beauty." But the children paid no heed.

The teacher ordered the well closed but this, too, brought no results. Each day more and more children gathered around the well during the dinner hour. Happily they squeezed and patted the clay into fat little cutlets and their mouths watered as they looked at their handiwork.

The news that Mekhmet had brought real cutlets for lunch quickly spread among his mates.

"Did you hear about Mekhmet's cutlets?" they buzzed to one another during intervals.

"Real ones, I saw them myself."

"Don't you believe it. They must be clay. He makes them from clay so you couldn't tell the difference. . . ."

No one believed that Mekhmet had brought real meat for his lunch. One by one Mekhmet allowed the incredulous ones to take a peep at his package of delicacies as it lay inside his desk. The fat had oozed out onto the paper, leaving the meat dry so that it actually did have a clay-like appearance. But everyone could see they were real cutlets. One of the rich boys offered Mekhmet half an egg in exchange for a cutlet but Mekhmet refused. During the next lesson the boy raised his price to a whole egg, and Mekhmet was just about to lift the lid of his desk and clinch the deal when he was caught by the teacher. He narrowly escaped punishment. And on second thoughts he decided against the exchange.

Only ten minutes were left before the dinner interval. Mekhmet was terribly hungry.

"Now I warn you all that anyone caught playing with clay during the dinner hour will be punished," the teacher threatened.

But Mekhmet's patience was at an end. He was shaking all over with excitement. The voice of the teacher came to him as if from a great distance like the buzzing of a fly in his ears. Mekhmet's hand would never have reached out for the package at that moment had the pangs of hunger not been too much for him. He unwrapped the sandwiches, hid his head under the lid of his desk, cast a longing look at the cutlets, nipped off a bit and threw it into his mouth. As he looked up he saw the teacher towering wrathfully over him.

"I just told you not to dare

play with that clay!" he roared and seizing Mekhmet's precious cutlets which indeed looked as if made of clay, he throw them out of the window. The school stood on the sea shore and the package fell into the water. Not for a moment did the teacher imagine that a child who spent every dinner hour suppressing his hunger by patting make-believe cutlets out of clay, had brought real meat for his lunch on that particular day.

During lunch Mekhmet did not go to the well. He stood on the seashore, waiting for something, gazing with sad tear-filled eyes at the azure horizon.

SABAHATTIN ALI

Have you ever been inside a mill, my friend? Ah, it is worth seeing. The dusty walls, the tiny window under the very ceiling, the heavy beams and the blackened roof. A whole herd of wheels, the vast mill-stones, the pillars and the dusty belts revolving in uneven motion. In a corner, piled up one on top of the other, stand sacks of rye, wheat and corn. . . . In the opposite corner are the sacks of flour.

Above the grindstones the tiny warm motes of dust rise like smoke. And should you open the hatch, a fine cold spray would rise from below.

And what do you say, my friend, of the sounds that echo inside a mill, those sounds that are finely shaded out, which strike the ear drums simultaneously like a huge wave? The water flowing along the wooden troughs drones like the winter wind in the poplars. The grindstones give forth now high-pitched, now low sounds which mingle with the hard smack of the driving belts. And through it all comes the creaking of the wooden wheels. . . .

It is many years since I visited a mill but I shall never go there again.

Do you know, my friend, what love is? Have you ever loved?

Many times, you say?

Was she beautiful, your beloved? Perhaps she returned your love? At any rate you met her every evening, embraced her and kissed her? It is very pleasant to kiss a woman, particularly when you are young.

And what if your love were not reciprocated? What did you do then? Weep during the night? Wait for her by the roadside so that she might see your pale, haggard face, and write her long, heartrending letters?

And yet it was not so very difficult for you to fall in love with another. At first a man feels ashamed of himself. But, you know, one of the most characteristic human traits is the ability to justify one's own actions. What we call pangs of conscience last exactly one week. After that even the most guilty criminal will rationalize his deed.

And then you loved a third, and a fourth and life took its course.

All well and good, but is that

love? To kiss a woman, to desire her, is that love?

What can you give your first sweetheart? Your heart? Very well. And the second? Your heart again? And the third and the fourth? Do not lie, my friend! How many hearts have you? And after all, you know, these are mere words: your heart always remains in its place no matter how many times you might have given it away to your sweethearts. Now, were you to tear open your breast and throw your heart at the feet of your beloved, then you might say that you had given her your heart.

You, city and country dwellers, you do not know how to love. You who submit to the will of certain people and impose your own will upon others, you who fear some and intimidate others, you cannot know the meaning of true love. Only we gipsies, free as the wind, know how to love.

Let me tell you the story of the love of a gipsy.

When the snow began to melt, our caravan—about thirty men, women and children, four horses and twice as many donkeys—set out in the direction of Edremita.

After a dreary and unkind winter the warm sunshine and the fresh green of the fields revived us. The children ran about in their short little shirts laughing and frolicking in glee. Young men took up their fiddles and clarinets and made music as they walked. The maidens sang songs as melodious and translucent as a mountain stream. And I cast my eyes over the countryside in search of some village or hamlet beside which we might camp.

Presently I beheld a cluster of light plane trees and poplars on an eminence above dark olive groves. Beyond, half hidden in a hollow, stood an old mill. Beside it rushed a river overhung with willows. The water, caught in a narrow stone channel, flowed along four wooden troughs, whence it rushed down in a torrent, its roar drowning the gentle rustle of the trees. Beyond, foamy and roaring, it swept on between two rows of poplars and then was lost in a thicket of bulrushes.

The spot seemed ideal for a camp. And judging by the heavily loaded donkeys that were being driven by the peasants to and from the mill, it must have been working.

The tents were not yet pitched when Atmadja took up his clarinet and, walking toward the mill, began to play. The peasants crowded around to listen. Among them was the miller himself, who stood aside stroking his grey beard and looking on with an air of indifference.

You know, my friend, although the peasants complain that we gipsies steal their chickens and goats, they love us just the same. . . . They collected about a kilo of wheat among themselves and handed it to Atmadja, and the miller added two jugs of sour milk.

This hospitality cheered us up tremendously and we pitched our tents not far from the mill, under the olive trees.

Things went well with us. The women had no difficulty in selling the baskets they wove from willow twigs. Our musicians were called in to play at weddings even in villages half a day's walk from the camp. Atmadja was always the first to be invited.

I doubt whether you have ever met anyone like Atmadja. His very appearance was impressive. He was dark-skinned, with blue-black hair which hung in disorder over his brow and his dark, burning eyes. His long sharp nose was slightly hooked. That was why we called

him "Atmadja," which means "hawk." He carried his head proudly like an Arab steed, and no Arab steed was more agile than he. He was famed among all the gipsies for his courage, his beauty and his music.

He did not play like other gipsies. He could read music. And he had a passionate nature. When he played his clarinet his melodies seemed to come not from the throat but from the depths of his heart. In the evenings he would sit under a tree and play, and we would gather quietly around him, throw ourselves full length on the ground, and listen.

He had no sweetheart. Neither the red-cheeked beauties of the Turkmenian villages, nor the gipsy maidens with their fine lips could attract his glance for more than a moment. But when he played we saw his large black eyes grow moist as though to hide the sparks that flashed in them. His cheeks would glisten with tears that never fell for they would dry up in an instant as though from contact with some inner fire.

He spoke little. But when he did he never opened up. What emotions stirred his soul, what were his thoughts? What bound him to this world? None knew. Perhaps it was because he loved someone, or perhaps because he could not love that he played with such depth, such passion.

Sometimes he would be missing for many weeks and it was said that he wandered among other gipsy camps, visiting towns and playing music for the rich.

Nearly every evening we made merry on the field in front of the mill. The miller was pleased with us, for we took nothing from him. Throwing down a mat under a spreading plane tree he would sit down cross-legged beside his daughter, and listen to our musicians and singers.

The miller's daughter was a real village beauty. She had a round face and full lips. Her fine braids hung down below her waist. But she was always pale, her face apathetic as though she remained utterly indifferent to everything around her, and the smile that sometimes flitted over her features seemed sad.

That girl, my friend, was a cripple! As a small child her right arm had been cut off by the mill wheel. And now an empty sleeve hung in its place.

Can you imagine what it is for a beautiful girl to lose an arm? She never joined the other girls when they splashed about merrily in the river. She was ever conscious of her affliction and strove always to hide it. She did not go to the parties which the maidens frequently attended, because she could not beat a tambourine or make merry with the others.

Her childhood was buried in sadness. Leaning against a wall she would watch with longing eyes the boys climbing like squirrels up the olive trees, or wrestling with one another, or at the girls of her own age bathing in the river.

By now she seemed to have gotten used to her affliction. She knew that much was beyond her reach and she was reconciled to it. For hours she would sit on the stone bench outside the mill, watching the chickens peck at the earth for worms or the trembling leaves of the plane trees. But to look at her brought tears to your eyes. In the evenings she would come out with her father to watch us.

I shall be brief, my friend!

Our proud, stern Atmadja fell in love with the girl from the mill. The bird of prey who would not condescend to glance at peacocks

and pheasants fell victim to a snipe with a broken wing.

Alas! I did not realize what had happened until it was too late. And when at last I saw light, the flames had already enveloped the roof; otherwise I would have broken camp long before and moved to another place.

Atmadja spoke to no one, went to no weddings and in the evenings sat under a tree, gazing at the girl and sighing, sighing. . . . And we gipsies wanted to throw ourselves down on the ground and weep.

And when he played, his melodies now echoed the cries of fire worshippers dancing round a fire or the groans of the waves lashing at a sinking ship. . . .

The wings of our falcon drooped, my friend! Watching him during those days when the miller would come to the village and Atmadja would remain with his daughter sitting on the stone bench, I realized that this state of affairs could not be endured much longer.

One evening I called on him. We walked to the river's edge together and sat down in silence under a poplar. Everything about us was serene. Only the water gurgled over the stones and frogs croaked. Atmadja gazed straight in front of him and did not ask me the purpose of my call.

I put my hand on his shoulder and he turned toward me.

"You love her," I said.

"Yes," he replied.

"What are you going to do?"

He raised his eyes to the starlit sky as though he expected to find the answer there. And at last he spoke.

"You are the eldest among us. You have seen a great deal in your life, life has made you wise and you know more than the other gipsies. I shall confide in you."

Still looking at the sky, as though he were telling his story to the stars, Atmadja continued.

"Yes, I love her. But what I shall do about it I cannot say. You can understand what this love will be like. I have paid no heed to the *khans* who own mansions and who sent their servants to me. Wealthy men who owned seven villages would come and implore me: 'My daughter is ill for love of thee. I shall forget that thou art a gipsy and shall take thee to my bosom like my own child, only come! Come and save my daughter's life!' But I would not even reply, and would go on along my way. And now I have fallen in love with a one-armed girl.

"We cannot be together," he continued. "I could not persuade her to elope with me, although she loves me too. She confessed last night she loved me, and there were tears in her eyes. 'Let us flee,' I said. But she smiled bitterly. 'My loved one!' she exclaimed. 'I am a cripple and you are giving me alms.' Then I told her how much I loved her. 'Instead of your arm you will give me your heart,' I said. 'Is your heart worth less than your arm?'

"Again her eyes filled with tears. 'No,' she said. 'Just think, every time I am with you I shall be ashamed. Do you wish to humiliate me? Leave me: I know my lot. I shall live with my father. And you must not come any more to our parts. You have made me forget my affliction and have put insane thoughts into my head and I shall remember you all my life. But do not try to persuade me that such dreams might come true. If you really love me you must leave me at once.'"

Here Atmadja sighed and dropped his head.

"I believe that if we married our life would indeed be a tor-

ture to both of us. If she cannot open her heart to me, if she cannot be happy with me, if she cannot abandon herself to my embrace, if her glance will always say: 'Why have you ruined your young life? Do you not regret your lost youth?'—what shall I do? Every word I utter, every movement I make will hurt her. If I be angry or merely pensive she will be hurt; if I caress her she will think I am pitying her; if I embrace her she will experience a sharp pain in her right shoulder. . . . And thus . . . all our life.

"Do not ask me what I shall do and whither all this will bring us. I have no more strength, my reason is silent, love alone fills my being, a love which weighs me down earthwards like a bullet. Now your falcon no longer flaps his wings."

He fell silent. As he spoke his last words an expression of such intense suffering spread over his features that I dared not question him or even attempt to console him any longer. Taking him by the arm I led him gently to our camp.

You see how complicated all this was, my friend. Atmadja's state frightened me but I could do nothing to help him, and let fate decide. . . . All night I dreamed of Atmadja. I dreamed that with open arms he waited for the girl under a plane tree, and how she, smiling happily, her pale cheeks flushed, ran to him. But at the very moment when they should have fallen into each other's arms, something strange, some indefinable shape rose between them, turned round and round like a wheel, grew in size and finally separated them.

The days fled by like white clouds chased by the wind. We all felt the approach of a storm. We knew that something terrible was about to happen. The whole camp was dazed with the tension.

Old gipsy women uttered imprecations and summoned all the good and evil spirits to Atmadja's aid. Whenever he happened to pass, his cheeks sunk and his gaze fixed, young men would lower their heads and girls would follow him with their eyes, and their faces would turn pale and their lips would tremble.

One day Atmadja came over to me.

"This evening we shall make merry at the mill, I have spoken to the old man," he said.

A fine rain was falling and a storm was gathering. I pointed this out to him.

"I shall play inside the mill," he said.

"Amid all that noise? The mill works in the evenings."

He smiled strangely.

"Don't worry," he said. "You will hear the clarinet above that noise. My lungs are still strong enough."

By evening the rain grew heavier. Lightning flashed incessantly over the oak forest. Heavy drops of rain fell on the tender leaves of olive trees which whispered sadly in response.

We all trooped into the mill. Two kerosene lamps hanging under the very ceiling shed a dim light. The wheels, grindstones and beltings revolved ceaselessly. The noise they made mingled with the sound of the rain which beat a tattoo on the lower roof. Steady peals of thunder blended with this infernal music.

The miller and his daughter were seated on a bench against the wall. The hanging lamps swung to and fro, throwing strange shadows over the young girl's face.

All at once the clarinet was heard, drowning out all the other sounds. Atmadja, seated in a far,

dark corner of the mill had begun to play.

To my dying hour I shall not forget all I saw and heard that evening.

The storm waxed furious outside the window and the wind lashed the rain against the brick walls. The water came down in a rapid stream filling the troughs to overflowing. And the millstones creaked in irritation, the belts revolved with insane rapidity and the teeth of the wooden wheels gnashed. And, rising above all these sounds, the passionate voice of the clarinet now pleaded, now rose in fury, now fell to a plaintive note that filled the listeners with overwhelming sadness.

Atmadja's shining black eyes were riveted to the terrified eyes of the girl.

Words cannot but fail to describe the way he played that night. At times the sounds were like the morning sun, warm and tender. But suddenly they would change to a sandstorm, burning, blinding, whirling. . . . At times they could be compared to a knife struck right into the heart. . . .

The last note came like a groan from an aching breast. Atmadja leapt to his feet, took a few rapid steps forward and threw his instrument into the corner. Everyone rose and gazed at him in alarm. He brushed his black locks off his forehead, cast his eyes over us all and turned again to the miller's daughter.

I shall not forget that moment as long as I live, my friend! Outside the storm howled, the walls shook, the tiles fell off the roof and the mill groaned and whirled like a maddened monster. In the dim light of the lamp Atmadja seemed enormous. His eyes were fixed on the girl. Unutterable anguish had distorted his features. One moment the blood rushed to his face inflaming his very eyes, the next moment he was as pale as death, even his lips were white. They trembled, those lips of his, as though they wished to say something; their corners drooped as if he were about to weep.

That glance lasted but a moment. Then Atmadja's eyelids drooped slowly, he staggered and nearly fell but at once he straightened up and looked around once more. It seemed to us as though he were seeking assistance, hoping someone would soothe the pain that was tearing his heart. He groaned and threw himself in that corner of the mill where the wheels and belting were turning in a mad fury of speed. For an instant we grew numb with horror, then with wild cries we rushed to his side. . . .

Alas, my friend. It was too late. Atmadja came toward us and his glance seemed to say: "The deed is done!"

His right arm was gone. The blood gushed from his shoulder. He staggered forward and fell at our feet.

That is the story of a gipsy's love, my friend.

How good it is to sit on the shore of a river when the flowers are in bloom, and embrace a loved one who is as fragrant as a rose, and kiss her, kiss to distraction. . . .

To wander all night long under the moon, outside the door of a cruel mistress who shrugs her shoulders when she sees you, to relieve your soul with tears and confide in your friends, that too is good.

But only he to whom it is unbearable to possess that which a loved being has not, and for her sake to deprive himself of it, only such a man knows what real love is, my friend!

The Bribe

The great plane trees rustled their leaves, casting long shadows over the market place. A strong wind was blowing.

Fearing the wind might blow away his papers, Hadji Namyk Efendi, the lawyer, closed the window of his arbor-like office. Through the open door he saw the short squat figure of a village *mullah* approaching with a saddle bag slung over his shoulders, and a bridle in his hands.

"Welcome, Ali Hodja," the lawyer greeted him. "What business brings you here today? Market day is two days off. . . ."

Narrowing his small eyes that looked like two black pin points the *mullah* shook his head.

"*Aleikum selyam*. Efendi!" he replied, "I am in trouble and have come to you for advice."

"Come in, come in and unburden yourself."

"Ah, indeed, to whom could I unburden myself if not to you."

Tying the bridle to the back of the bench outside the door the *mullah* entered the lawyer's office, seated himself on the low couch covered with matting that stood to the right of the walnut desk, and placed his saddle bag beside him.

Namyk Efendi rolled himself a cigarette and offered the tobacco to his visitor who commenced to explain his mission. The *mullah* was filing a suit against Mukhtara Insafsyz Ogly on whose land Ali Hodja had once built a house and who was, now, much to the latter's disgust, trying to obtain possession of that house.

"Surely he who owns the house must also own the land," exclaimed Ali Hodja indignantly as he concluded his story.

Namyk Efendi stroked his greying beard and peered at his visitor over the rims of his spectacles.

"You are not right, Ali Hodja!"

"Not right?"

"No."

"But I am right. Why did Mukhtara not say a thing when I built the house?"

"What if he didn't?"

"Nay, I am in the right, Namyk Efendi. I shall not withdraw my suit."

"Then you will lose. . . ."

"Let it be so, but I shall not withdraw the suit."

Namyk Efendi seldom defended unrighteous causes and he would fain have refused Ali Hodja. But the inhabitants of Bozouyuk village had been his steady clients for thirty years. The road to his office was as familiar to them as the path to their fields, and they came to him with all their troubles. In the winter time they kept him supplied with village products. Because of all these considerations the lawyer finally said:

"So be it, I shall defend your case but do not blame me if I lose it."

"I shall not blame you, but why indeed should we lose?"

"Because you are not right."

"And what if I send a sheep to the judge?"

"What? A sheep?"

"Should I not win then?"

"No, then you would lose for certain."

"Why?"

"Our new judge is not the one to accept bribes. . . ."

Ali Hodja gaped in astonishment as the lawyer delivered a eulogy on the virtues of the new judge, who was reputed to be violently against bribes and gifts. Even if a plaintiff who was clearly in the right should attempt to bribe the judge his case would be lost.

"Allah, Allah!" exclaimed Ali Hodja, piously clasping his hands. "May this earth abound in such godly men!"

"Amen, amen," added Namyk Efendi devoutly.

For the next hour they went over details of the case. The lawyer had little hope of success but he had accepted the case out of respect for the *mullah*.

Two weeks later at about the same hour Ali Hodja appeared outside the lawyer's office as Namyk Efendi was writing a petition.

"Welcome, welcome!" he cried. "So you won your suit after all! I am still at a loss as to why the judge decided in your favor. The case is clearly against you. . . ."

"We won because I sent a sheep to the judge," said Ali Hodja coolly.

"What? You sent a sheep to the judge?"

"Yes."

"You dared after all?"

"Yes. Did you not tell me that the judge is an enemy of bribery and that he who bribed him would lose the case?"

"I did indeed!"

"Well," continued the *mullah* calmly, "I sent him a sheep and instructed the messenger to say it was from Mukhtara, my enemy!"

The clatter of the pen dropped by the astonished lawyer broke the silence. The mighty plane trees rustled their leaves, casting long shadows over the market-place.

MARGARITA ALIGER

THE OLD MAN

I

Then seaward came the naphtha spoor.
On hind feet, poised like beasts from caves
Dark waters lunged from Ilyich Bay
In dense inflammable waves.

Those days were hard on our needy republic.
Famished for coal, iron, bread,
While oil bubbled useless at our feet,
Heaved useless up from the seabed.

And Bibi-Ibat had for land
Its old spit of sand.

An old rumor began to blow:
"There's oil below.
Some old folks say
Fill up the bay;
Let derricks rise,
And oil from the sea
Will spout to the skies."

Who would believe it?
We scoffed, we laughed.
"From an empty head, a draft."
The skeptics had their say—
But it was not joked away.

II

How near in my mind is Kirov's image—
Gait, clear words and simple ways.
Smile that gleamed through those stern days.
He, the far-seeing, perceived.
He believed.
We heard Kirov say:
"We need more than sand to fill the bay;
Aye, lads, more than sand—
We need the men who understand."

That was the day,
We named names and marked away,
Making a count of engineers.
This one "disappears,"
That one gone, an "emigré,"
The third, useless, "sick."
"Pototsky?"

That was thick!
From Kirov's question
We looked askance.
To that old man's stick
No one would dance!
That old man knotted to his stick
Who spat on hearing "Bolshevik,"
He had no love for us,
Nor we for him.

But Kirov insisted and one fine day
The old man's stick scraped in the areaway.
Kirov met him and led him in.
The old one began his tale to spin.

"Such was my dream—
It gave me light
To beat the night.

And I dreamed it by day—
To fill the bay
At Bibi-Ibat.
Where the sea floor is a
Big oil pot.
I don't have to tell you
How the oil seams go,
How easy it is
To tap and flow.
But the experts wagged
Their silly heads,
Stuck in their habits
Like feather beds.
Oh, it took long
To prod them out,
To drag them from
Their soft, safe doubt.

But when it was done
And my work begun,
The eighteenth came,
Brought new owners,
And new names.
Who holds the power?
The masters can change
In one short hour.
The new ones talk bold,
But at Bibi-Ibat
Are as scared as the old.

For you and me
There's better reason
To part than to join.
There's no value left
In this rubbed old coin.
Why burden yourself
With a sour old man?
Besides, I'll be frank.
I don't care for your kind.
I'm a man of a different mind.
I'm not the one to fit in your plan.
You know I'm not a union man.
Thanks for the honor,
But I don't sing your song
And I'm not so sure
That you'll be the boss
Of the works, here, long."

Kirov rose and shut the door
And we heard nothing more.
But when they parted we understood
The stiff old man had begun to bend.
No longer a foe, though not yet a friend.

There was more than one such interview.
Rumors about them swept Baku.
Kirov had won
But his winnings were
A stiff old man
Who barked like a cur.

Old Pototsky came on the job
Came to work, to work with us,
With his old man sneer, with his old man fuss.
Only when Kirov came did he show
That a smile on his face could go.
Whatever Pototsky asked, he got.
Machinery? Kirov gave him the lot.
Workers? Kirov obliged again
And sent him men.

But to us Pototsky stayed a hound,
Barked all day and all around.
"You're loafers, every one.
The job'll never get done,"—
The same in his bossy ways
As in the old dark days
Before we kicked the bosses out.
It went against us now
To have him order us about.

It was nothing he heard
For we never said a word,
But Kirov knew
And found the time to talk it through,
Over a comradely smoke
And a comradely joke.

"Comrades, before it's too late,
Let's get this straight.
Who is Pototsky?
Not this and that—
Just this one thing—the man
Who found Bibi-Ibat;
Who has a plan;
He's found the richest field,
His plan can make it yield.

"He knows the Bay
And how to fill it
Like a farmer knows soil
And how to till it.
This thing is his dream
And he aches to fulfill it.

"It was his dream long ago.
The bosses were slow,

Wouldn't risk their rubles.
When disappointment lasts
Your whole life long
You don't turn sweet,
You don't sing a song.
We have no engineers of our own.
When there's no pillow, use a stone.
Bear with the poor old chap.
Work will change him, too, perhaps."

We didn't say yes, we didn't say no.
The fact is we couldn't show
Warmth we didn't feel
For that sour old man.
We'd believe anything strange
But not that he could change.
He was too old. The best
That he could do was rest.
Too many oldsters whom we'd tried to please
Had proved to be our enemies.

And the work went on
And again and again
The angry waters
Struck back at the men.
Night alarms rang us
Out of our beds.
"Now's the time, men,
Use hands and heads,
The Caspian's running
Wherever it likes
Over our roads
And over our dykes."
We met the sea,
We pushed it back—
And always in the thick
Was old Pototsky
And his stick!

We had to admit it,
Kirov knew!
What Kirov had told us
All was true.
Feeding his hungry dream,
How old Pototsky's face would gleam!

We'd watch him after a blast—
His tall body stooped,
His near-sighted eyes
Painfully poring
Through still rising dust,
At the upheaved rocks—
And we watched with new feelings.

There was sympathy now
When we saw him go,
Thumping and slow,
On inspection tours.
No longer trusting
His failing eyes,
He touched each rod, each brick
With his probing stick
That seemed in his hand
To feel, to live,
Grown sensitive,
Like an insect's feeler.

Through double shifts
Through all night spells,
The old man answered
All the bells.
We no longer felt
What had divided us.
As Kirov had thought,
Work united us.
Now we knew
When his temper flew,
It was at those who shirked
Not those who worked;
And our own reproaches
Echoed his.
We had caught the fever
Of his dream—
No doubt our faces
Reflected his gleam.
We no longer minded
His striving thus;
For what drove him
Was driving us.

The old man worked
With a gasping pace
As if in a race
With oncoming death;
To get his work done
Before his last breath.

Every day
You could notice it,
His failing sight
Grew dimmer yet.
That day we sought him
And could not find,
We feared what proved true,
That he'd gone blind.

Yet blindness couldn't keep him away.
The next morning he was back
With his feeler stick
Probing beam and brick.
And the work went on
As the old man willed
—And the bay was filled.

There was a festal opening,
Speeches and music and everything.
A medal lay in Pototsky's hand,
Sealing, in metal, the thanks of the land.
He tenderly fingered it, and how
His sightless eyes bent toward
The Government's award!

Now that he took his rest—
That he came to the works as a guest—
We missed him.
And when we heard that he died,
Men cried.

I noticed the pale high forehead.
I remember it gleaming above the sheet
As we stood over the bier
In the little house on Olginsky Street.
We heaved up the brown coffin.

It was May,
Bright day.
Before the door gleamed the blue water.
Our people covered the sand,
All the Bay workers took a hand
Carrying his body.
And we all
Joined in the International—
The old days were dim;
We knew that at last
It was the song for him.

We dug his grave
In the earth he gave.
We heard the nervous trumpets
And the quivering oration.
There was the fresh soil
Odorous with oil
The goal of his life—
He now touched it forever.

The water will never take back
This land he had won.
Its muscular currents will slack
And sideways run.
It will not reach
Its resting conqueror.
For four weeks, like a wood,
Our honor watch stood.

Sands, shells and flowers remain
And the rich oil stain.
Should the striding derricks come
To the last, their guide,
He will not turn aside.
Will not take offense
If the drills bore through the coffin.

Thanks, Kirov, for the comrade
You won for us from the enemy.

Translated by ISIDOR SCHEIDER

Kirov Museum in Leningrad

A GREAT CITIZEN'S MEMORIAL

A long black stream of people was moving ceaselessly through the vast hall of the Uritsky Palace. Silently the people of Leningrad were taking leave of their comrade and leader, the man whom they had been wont to address and call affectionately Mironich. Tens of thousands of the people passing through the hall had known Kirov personally; hundreds of thousands had often seen him alive and buoyant. For Kirov was indefatigable in travels; he took a personal interest in all important questions of industrial construction, municipal economy, science and art. He was plain and accessible, like the true people's leader and Bolshevik that he was.

Two large symphony orchestras, playing alternately, filled the hall with the mournful and solemn strains of funeral marches. One orchestra was conducted by Albert Coates, the talented English conductor, who was visiting Leningrad at the time. And this fact was symbolic in a way, for it was not only the Soviet Union, but all advanced and progressive people throughout the world that mourned the great man who lay dead on his bier, murdered by counter-revolutionaries, monsters of hate, treachery and perfidy.

The magnitude of the man and of the events associated with his life and death demand a monument of a special kind. Not merely bronze statues on squares, they have already been raised; not only books, articles and reminiscences—many have already been written. The people want to see Kirov's life, the life of an ardent revolutionary, political organizer, remarkable orator—the life of a leader. The immortality of Kirov must be made to be visible, material, tangible.

Thus the Kirov Museum came into being in Leningrad, the city in which Sergei Mironovich lived, worked and died.

The Kirov Museum is not a collection of relics; it has been conceived from a much broader, deeper scientific and artistic aspect. Using a variety of media, the museum gives a connected picture of the epoch in which S. M. Kirov lived and worked. The events of his life are interwoven with the economic and political life of the country. His personal biography is represented not as a succession of isolated

Photos from the Kirov Museum in Leningrad.

incidents but in its intimate relation to the events of his epoch. In other words, it is at once a historical and a biographical museum. It enriches one's knowledge, stirs one's emotions and produces an artistic effect.

The Museum is constantly being expanded and carries on extensive scientific research work. The Museum's expeditions visit all the places associated with the life of Kirov, and bring back to Leningrad a wealth of new material.

It is certainly no easy matter to create a museum of such proportions and such scope. In one respect, however, the task was rather simple; for in the Soviet Union there is no need to appeal for funds to ambitious philanthropists or tight-fisted municipalities. The Soviet Government does not stint funds for the construction and maintenance of centers of education and science.

The building which houses the Kirov Museum has a history of its own. At the beginning of this century a handsome mansion with wide, plate glass windows, a terrace and garden was built in a fashionable quarter of the city not far from the Neva embankment. This was a "gift from the tsar" to M. F. Kshesinskaya, star of the St. Petersburg ballet, and mistress of Nicholas II.

Then came the grim year of 1917. Kshesinskaya fled abroad along with the rest of the royalty and near-royalty. The mansion was occupied by the Central Committee of the Bolshevik Party. Here, under the leadership of Lenin and Stalin, many meetings of the Central Committee were held; from the balcony of this house Lenin frequently addressed huge crowds of workers, soldiers and sailors, urging them to take power in their own hands.

In later years the mansion housed various societies and district organizations, and in November 1938, after capital repairs and alterations, it was placed at the disposal of the Kirov Museum.

Let us enter the building and mingle with the crowd of visitors who are inspecting its fourteen halls. Young scientists act as guides.

First Hall. Pictures, drawings and photographs show us the remote little town of Urzhum in the former Vyatka Province, now Kirov Region. Forests and desolate snow-covered tracts of land dominate the scene. Under the tsars Urzhum was used as a place of exile for political "offenders." Here is a model of the small log house where Sergei Kostrikov (subsequently Kirov) was born on March 15, 1886. He was born into a poverty-stricken family, poverty-stricken in the most direct and hopeless sense of the word.

When Kirov was four years old, Miron Kostrikov, his father, went to the Urals in search of a livelihood and was never heard of again. Ekaterina Kuzminichna, his mother, lived only three years after her husband's disappearance. Dying slowly of consumption, toiling with the last ounce of her strength, she slaved for merchants in an effort to keep her three children, Sergei and his two sisters, from starvation. After her death the orphans were taken in by their grandmother who, however, was unable to provide for them. Before long the old woman had to beg for help from the local rich. After humiliating petitions the boy was placed in an orphanage, an institution strongly resembling those described by Charles Dickens half a century before.

The principal traits in human character are formed in childhood. An irrepressible, militant optimism, nobility of character, courage, hatred of oppression, an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, unusual diligence and a passion for books were the qualities that distinguished little Sergei who was a general favorite among his comrades.

While he lived in the orphanage Kirov attended first an ecclesiastical school and later an elementary city school. The Museum has succeeded in unearthing his school drawings, sketches of geographical maps and his school marks. Kirov was an outstanding student, and when he graduated the city school he was sent to a technical school in Kazan. The munificent sum of five rubles a month, paid out irregularly, was allotted to him as a stipend. This sum was just enough to keep the young man from utter starvation. But hardships could not break Kirov's spirit. Hungry, sleeping on a trunk in a corridor, studying by night in the kitchen, he was nevertheless the best student in the technical school. It was during these years in Kazan that young Kirov's mind was preoccupied with the search for an explanation of social inequality.

"Why should some live on the fat of the land without lifting a finger, while others, who have never had a minute of leisure, live in such terrible need? Why, do you think, is it so?" the boy asked in one of the letters exhibited in the Museum.

Very soon, from the age of fifteen, Kirov's indignant questions changed to practical revolutionary deeds. The people—the millions of the poor—must be prepared to fight against the rich oppressors. For this, as Sergei had been told by political exiles, it is necessary to conduct revolutionary propaganda among the masses. One of the best methods was to distribute leaflets with clear and concise texts that would be easily understood by everyone.

And so Kirov and some other youngsters contrived a hectograph, printed leaflets during vacations and scattered them all over the market place in Urzhum. This turning point—the beginning of Kirov's revolutionary activity—is depicted in a sculptural group by V. Ellonen, standing in the center of the hall.

This was the period of growing revolutionary ferment in Russia, of rising discontent brought about by the war with Japan started by the tsarist government in 1904. The stormy years of the first Russian revolution found Kirov in the large Siberian city of Tomsk. Here he joined the Bolshevik group of the Social-Democratic Party, organized a secret printing press, led workers' demonstrations and fought the police. Here he made his first acquaintance with tsarist prisons.

The Museum relates all these events in the language of photographs and archive documents, as well as in the paintings by well-known Soviet artists who have recorded on canvas the most outstanding moments in Kirov's life as related by eye-witnesses.

We pass into the next hall which deals with the second period of Kirov's life, from 1907 to 1917. The beginning of this period was spent in the Tomsk prison. While in prison he applied himself with his characteristic energy to the business of educating himself; he read a great deal, and broadened his world outlook in discussions with his cell mates. Finally on July 16, 1908, he came out of prison "in magnificent spirits," as he wrote to his sisters while en route to Irkutsk. But at this point an incident occurred that was both tragic and comic.

In 1906 the police, while aware of the existence of the secret revolutionary printshop in which Kirov had worked, had been unable to find it. It so happened that some police officers had taken up quarters in the house in whose cellar the printshop was located, while Kirov had been tried and sentenced on a different charge. Now in 1909 when he had served his term and everything appeared to be in order, the ill-starred house caved in, revealing the printshop in the cellar. Thus another police case began, this time all the evidence being against Kirov. On learning the news Kirov journeyed to the Caucasus, many thousands of miles away, settling in the town of Vladikavkaz which today bears the name of Orjonikidze, another famous Bolshevik.

Under the name of Mironov, Kirov began to work in the local newspaper *Terek*, simultaneously continuing his revolutionary activities underground.

The hounse in Urzhum, where S. M. Kirov was born, is now a Kirov Museum

A drawing by Sergei Kostrikov (S. Kirov) in his school-days

The Tersk Cossack Region, of which Vladikavkaz was the capital, constituted quite a motley conglomeration of various nationalities. Apart from the Tersk Cossacks and Russian peasants the region was and still is inhabited by numerous mountain tribes. It seemed that the ancient hostility between Cossacks and Chechens, Ingushetians and Osetians, Mohammedans and Orthodox Christians precluded all possibility of any united action. But Kirov, a man of unusual personal charm, won the love and respect of the semi-wild mountaineers by his courage, his simplicity, sincerity and wisdom. They listened to him—a Russian!—and he was able to reconcile their bloody feuds. Paintings in Hall III of the Museum show Kirov's meetings with the mountaineers and Russian workers. A modest book-shelf from Kirov's apartment in Vladikavkaz stands out among the other exhibits. There came a time when this great book-lover had a collection of thousands of volumes, but always these first books were to remain his best and most intimate friends.

Very soon Kirov's comparatively peaceful life was interrupted by another arrest, the fourth, still on the old charge of the underground printshop. Kirov spent two months in the Vladikavkaz prison before he was sent for trial to Tomsk. The window of his cell looked out onto the courtyard where the executions took place. Here is what he wrote to Maria Markus in January 1912:

"The scaffold is ready. The hangman is nonchalantly putting the finishing touch to his work and, lighting a cigarette, leans against the post awaiting his victim. Not far from the deadly structure just in front of my cell window stand: a priest, a doctor, the prosecutor, the prison authorities and sundry others. Snatches of animated conversation and laughter reach my ears. . . . But now the harsh clanking of chains resounds through the courtyard. The doomed man is being led to the scaffold. . . . The eyes of the unfortunate man, who has only minutes left to live, are blinking, rapidly and strangely, as if he were making an effort to free them from some enveloping haze.

"'. . . Do you wish the priest to take your confession?' the police officer in charge of the execution asks the condemned man. . . .

"'Yes,' the victim of military justice replies in a lifeless voice. . . .

"'Perhaps you would like to say something about your case?' asks the chief of police.

"'No, nothing,' the condemned man replies in the same tone. 'I have only one request: six rubles of mine were left in N. prison and I should like to have them sent home, otherwise they'll be lost.'

"'Very well, the money will be sent. Remove the chains.'

"The sharp blows of the hammer freeing the unhappy creature from the chains as if to make it easier for him to climb the scaffold, ring out in the nocturnal stillness.

"What is this?! Does spiritual death

S. M. Kirov in 1905, then a member of Tomsk Committee of the Russian Social-Democratic Workers' Party

come before physical death? Then why was his memory still alive? Why is it that while breathing his last, the unfortunate man remembered those six rubles? You, psychologists of the world of learning! Can you solve this frightful riddle?!"

Maria Markus, to whom he wrote from prison, was his wife and helpmate to the end of his life. She lives in Leningrad today.

In the Great Socialist October Revolution Kirov came to the fore as a statesman and military strategist of great magnitude. He fought for the establishment of the Soviet power in the North Caucasus which in the next two years was destined to become a sort of Russian Vandée. One of the pictures in the Museum (artist N. Yassievich) depicts Kirov effecting a reconciliation between Osetians and Ingushetians who had been engaged in internecine warfare. Kirov came to act as mediator. The comrade who accompanied him was shot down beside him, notwithstanding the white flag of truce. But Kirov succeeded nevertheless in making the hostile camp listen to him. This period in Kirov's life is excellently portrayed in the film *Friends* in which Kirov is represented in the character of Alexei.

The flames of the Civil War cast a lurid glare over the boundless spaces of Russia. Kirov directed the defense of Astrakhan, the important Volga and Caspian port, against the Whites. This heroic period of his life is depicted in Prut's play *1919*, which has been produced by many Soviet theaters. There is also a film of the same name. The Museum has many interesting documents relating to this period. In golden letters against scarlet velvet glow the words uttered by Kirov at the Party Conference on August 3, 1919:

"So long as there is a single Communist alive in Astrakhan region the mouth of the Volga River was, is and will be Soviet."

An interesting episode from the defense of Astrakhan is shown in a picture by M. Grigoryev. At Kirov's orders, the pilot Shchekin flying an old Newport plane engages in battle three British airplanes. He brings down one of them and puts the other two to flight. Doubtless few are aware of this fact in Britain where most people do not even suspect that they were at war with the Soviet Union in 1919. . . .

The year 1920. The Soviet power has achieved victory on almost all fronts. For a short time Kirov becomes a diplomat—he is the representative of the U.S.S.R. in Menshevik Georgia, and heads the Soviet delegation which concludes the peace treaty with Poland. For a time he puts aside his high boots, semi-

S. M. Kirov in 1910

S. M. Kirov in the North Caucasus *Painting by R. Franz*

military tunic and cap, and dons a dark blue suit, which is exhibited in one of the showcases of the Museum.

Before long the Georgian people rose up in arms against the Menshevik traitors, and Kirov led Red Army troops on their winter march over the Mamisson mountain pass to the aid of the workers and peasants of Georgia. The history of military art knows few such unusually arduous mountain marches.

The Caucasus became Soviet. Henceforth until he died Kirov's part is that of builder of the new Socialist society, creator and inspirer of great exploits of peaceful labor. The appearance of the Museum halls alters accordingly. Side by side with paintings and documents we now see models of machines, vessels, and complicated instruments.

Between 1921 and 1925 Kirov was leader of the Party organization in Baku and Azerbaijan. His will and knowledge contributed to the rapid restoration and extension of the oil industry which now supplies liquid fuel not only for the U.S.S.R. but also for a number of other countries.

A fine sculptural piece by the young sculptors Ingal and Bogolyubov, standing in the center of Hall VI, shows Kirov pointing out to his friend Orjonikidze the panorama of the Baku oilfields. As though to supplement the sculpture come Kirov's words inscribed on the wall:

"Here, in Baku, at the great crossing of roads leading to all corners of the earth we have managed in practice, in actuality, to realize one of the most important points in our program—the brotherhood of peoples and nations."

The inhabitants of Baku have not forgotten their Kirov. A lovely park has been opened in his honor on the hillside. A huge statue of Kirov, hailing the distant vessels putting into harbor, will shortly be erected in this park.

In 1925 a new and still more significant chapter opened in Kirov's life—Leningrad. Five halls, presenting the image of Kirov the builder, are devoted to the Leningrad period in his life.

But before embarking upon the work of building it was necessary to put an end to the base "opposition" of Zinovyev and his henchmen who at the Fourteenth Congress of the Communist Party (December 1925) launched a ferocious attack against Lenin's plan for the building of Socialism in the U.S.S.R. Zinovyev headed the anti-Party upper group of the Leningrad organization. Leningrad was the center of his conspiracy.

Kirov, elected member of the Central

J. V. Stalin, S. M. Kirov and K. E. Voroshilov at the White-Sea–Baltic Canal

Painting by V. Kuznetsov

Committee of the Party at the Fourteenth Party Congress, arrived in Leningrad on January 5, 1926, along with a group of other Central Committee members and applied himself at once with great energy to propaganda work at Party meetings in the leading plants. Within one month he made fifteen long inspired speeches. The workers listened to him, they believed him, because they felt that he was not merely trying to win them over; they felt that he was telling them the truth, something in which he himself believed profoundly.

Kirov's simple and powerful speeches, sprinkled with humor and witty remarks, went straight to the hearts of his hearers. People in the Soviet Union have no love for flowery oratory, for studied gestures and phrases, in a word, for professional speakers of whom there are so many in the legal and parliamentary circles of the West. Kirov was not a speaker of that category. His eloquence was the eloquence of the true revolutionary. "The fiery tribune of the revolution"—this description will forever be associated with Kirov's name. It is thus that the artist Zverev has painted him for the Museum: the whole figure, straining forward, suggests dynamic energy.

His propaganda activities continued unabated throughout the first two years of his stay in Leningrad. In this time Kirov delivered many reports and speeches in the city and in the province. He castigated the enemies of the people and inspired the millions of working people to struggle for Socialism. A year after his arrival in Leningrad Kirov was able to announce at the province Party Conference: "The gates of Leningrad are closed to the Opposition and closed for good."

Is it to be wondered at that the Trotskyites and Zinovyevites concentrated their bestial hatred for the Communist Party and their vengeance against Kirov?

These events are the subject of the exhibits in Hall VII of the Museum.

Numerous photographs illustrate the close friendship between Stalin and Kirov. On April 13, 1926, at a meeting of active Party members in Leningrad, J. V. Stalin made a report "On the Economic Situation of the Soviet Union." In line with the directions of his brilliant teacher and friend, Kirov roused the working class of Leningrad to fight for industrialization. Great things began to happen. Here Kirov displayed the full extent of his abilities. It was as though he were three or four men instead of one. It was difficult to

understand, although we ourselves witnessed it, how one person could encompass such a host of problems, be in so many places, personally inspire and direct so many people! Kirov's office in the Smolny became a sort of laboratory: tables were piled with samples of manufactured articles, drawers were filled with chemical powders, samples of ore and notebooks covered with names and figures.

We may recall, for example, Kirov's role in the development of the North. A vast region, until recently utterly neglected, stretches for hundreds of miles from Leningrad to the shores of the Arctic Ocean (Karelia and the Kola Peninsula). It is a land of virgin forests and lakes, sparsely populated but with untold wealth of useful minerals. Kirov organized careful geological prospecting of this region, and it was found that the bowels of the earth in the North were even richer than had been expected. Inexhaustible deposits of apatite, chemical fertilizer, were discovered. In the Museum we find the model of a small house, at one time the only building in the future city of Kirovsk. In this house on the night of January 1, 1930, a meeting was held with Kirov in the chair to discuss the question of developing the North. Pictures and diagrams show how in the bitter cold and darkness of the Polar regions the Bolsheviks built houses and plants and sank mines amid the vast tundra. A model of the fishing trawler *Kirov* reminds us that at the initiative of Sergei Mironovich a powerful fishing fleet was organized in Murmansk in a short space of time. Both Murmansk and Kirovsk are flourishing cities today. Bright electric light shines in the tundra: the power is generated at the Niva and Tuloma hydroelectric stations, the northernmost stations in the world. Nickel, copper, iron, aluminum, fish and timber are all supplied to the country from the Murmansk Region and Karelia.

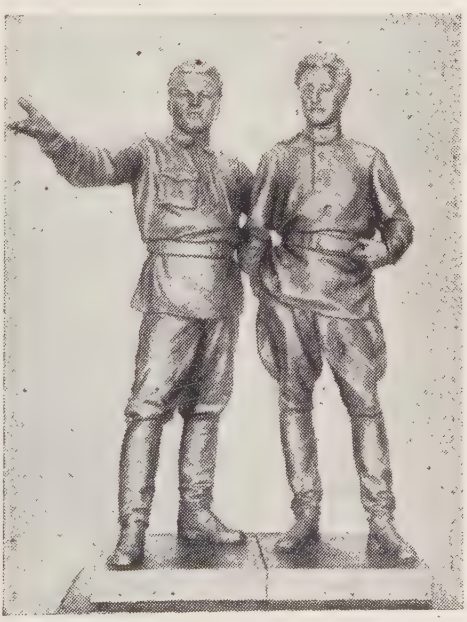
Kirov really loved life in all its manifestations. He loved it with the healthy love of a healthy, strong man. He was not a gloomy ascetic. The Museum exhibits incidentally tell us something about his love for hunting, his favorite form of relaxation—true, one in which he seldom had a chance to indulge.

Whenever he could spare the time Kirov would take his dog and his gun and set out for the forest. Broad-shouldered, strong and indefatigable he tired out any one who accompanied him and then laughed goodhumoredly at his companion's fatigue. Here is a curious feature: alongside the showcase in which Kirov's hunting equipment is exhibited are his mathematical calculations of the speed of the flight of a duck and the speed of gun-shot. Kirov brought his natural love of method and technical precision even into his pastimes.

Another passion of this versatile man was the theater and music. From his early youth Sergei Kostrikov, who was endowed with a good tenor voice, was fond of singing. In his mature years, when he was burdened with his duties as a statesman, Kirov made a point of never missing any important premiere or interesting concert. With his assistance and under his supervision Leningrad was enriched with theatrical buildings of a new type: the houses of culture in workers' districts. Each of these houses of culture has a hall seating from one to three thousand, a concert hall, numerous auditoriums and rooms for study, for music and for games.

Kirov devoted special attention to the building of the new Socialist life and to the improvement of the city. He wanted the workers to enjoy the advantages of the new social system as quickly and as fully as possible. He wanted them to taste the joy of culture. Here are a few lines from the reminiscences of Alexeyev, a gardener.

"In those days we were busy planting trees and shrubs along Lesnoy Prospect on Vyborg Side. A car stopped and Mi-



S. Kirov and G. Orjonikidze
Sculpture by V. Bogolubov and V. Ingal

S. M. Kirov *Drawing by I. Brodsky*

ronich stepped out. He looked around and began to walk down the road slowly. He looked at the bushes. Then he stopped, touched the leaves and walked on again. And he was smiling all over. I stopped beside the workers and Mironich came over to where we stood. He looked very pleased. He greeted us and asked:

" 'This is the public at work, eh?'

" 'That's it.'

"Then he turned to me: 'Who are you?' he asked.

" 'Head of the brigade, member of the Soviet,' I replied.

"He looked at us, at the bushes, at the street and laughed. I thought about it for a long time: Why was Mironich so glad? Was it because the public was doing good work or because the dirty, uneven, cobbled street had now become smooth and clear as a mirror? Or because of the large newly built houses? Or perhaps he looked at the green bushes we had just planted and saw them already full-grown?

"The street certainly has changed! The street and the people as well. I looked after Mironich's retreating figure. And I felt happy, I wanted to work harder than I had ever worked before."

In 1934 the successes of Socialism had already become quite apparent and tangible. The Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party which summarized the results came to be known as the Congress of Victors. A picture in the Museum shows Kirov on the platform of the Congress speaking with inspired joy:

"Our successes are indeed huge. The devil take it, to say the truth one wants to live on forever. Indeed, just look around at what is happening. It's a fact!"

These successes were a source of happiness to the proletariat all over the world, but they poisoned the lives of the gang of thrice-accursed bandits, political swindlers and adventurers that had been cast off the Soviet vessel: Trotsky, Zinovyev, Pyatakov, Bukharin and their ilk. They gave the signal for the terror to begin. . . .

As was later divulged, the assassination of Comrade Kirov was the work of the united gang of Trotskyites and Bukharinites. On December 1, 1934, at 4:30 p.m., when Kirov was about to leave the Smolny for the Uritsky Palace to attend a Party meeting, he was shot from behind by a cowardly assassin. . . . No object in the whole Museum is as moving as that modest Soviet cap with the bullet hole and the blackened clots of blood still visible.

The cap lies under glass in the hall of mourning and not one of the many thousand visitors can pass by it without a pang and a feeling of burning hatred for the assassins.

In another case lies Kirov's Party card.

The date of his joining the Party—1904—reminds us that he gave thirty years of his life to the cause of Communism. In the center of the hall on a tall pedestal is the death mask. Behind it is a large canvas showing Joseph Stalin at Kirov's bier. Stalin's face expresses great sorrow and deep thought.

There are wreaths everywhere. On the walls are marble slabs with excerpts from the statements of the Executive Committee of the Communist International and of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union on the villainous murder.

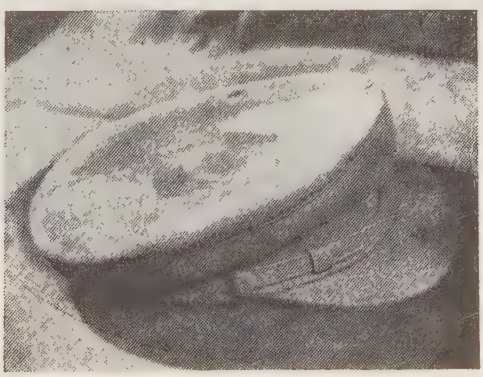
Deeply stirred, the visitor silently leaves the Museum. He remembers the events of the last five-year period: how the Party and the Government have purged the land of the political bandits who murdered Kirov, Menzhinsky, Kuibyshev, Maxim Gorky. The murderers who plotted a counter-revolutionary coup and worked for a military defeat of the Soviet Union have been wiped off the face of the earth. Like a mighty rock the U.S.S.R. rises amidst the tottering capitalist world.

The thoughts of Soviet people about Kirov are well expressed in the splendid film *Great Citizen* produced by Friedrich Ermler, the second part of which has just been completed. In this film Kirov is portrayed in the character of Shakhov, the secretary of a Party committee. And one of his friends says over Shakhov's bier:

"Peter Mikhailovich Shakhov is dead. He was like one of ourselves—only slightly above us. . . . He had the same eyes as we have, only slightly sharper. . . . He thought about the same things we think of, but much deeper. . . . He was a citizen. . . . Just such a citizen as we are—but greater. He was *a great citizen!* He was possessed of a great love, a great faith and a great hatred. And he has bequeathed to us this great hatred for the enemy, his great faith in our victory and his great love for the people, for the Party, for Stalin."

EVGUENI KANTOROVICH

J. V. Stalin and S. M. Kirov in Smolny in 1926



Kirov's cap with the bullet hole and the blackened clots of blood still visible

Mikhail Lermontov

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE 125th ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH

Auto-portrait (1837)

We drink life's cup with thirsty lips,
Our eyes shut fast to fears;
About the golden rim there drips
Our staining blood, our tears.

But when the last swift hour comes on,
The light long hid is lit;
From startled eyes the band is gone,
We suffer and submit.

It is not our part to possess
The cup that golden gleamed.
We see its shallow emptiness:
We did not drink—we dreamed.

1831

A far sail shimmers, white and lonely,
Through the blue haze above the foam.
What does it seek in foreign harbors?
What has it left behind at home?

The billows romp, and the wind whistles.
The rigging swings, the tall mast creaks.
Alas, it is not joy he flees from,
Nor is it happiness he seeks.

Below, the seas like blue light flowing,
Above, the sun's gold streams increase,
But it is storm the rebel asks for,
As though in storms were peace.

1832

When the yellow rye-fields billow in the breezes
And the fresh woods tremble to the wind's low drum,
And deep in the orchard, hiding in the shadow
Of a cool green leaf there hangs the little purpling plum;

When, at rosy dusk or in the first gold hours,
Sprinkled with fresh fallen, sweetly smelling dews,
From beneath the bushes, with a silver nodding
Lily-of-the-valley greets me with her news;

When a cold brook ripples romping through the valley
And my thoughts are plunged, as his saga flows,
Into dim imaginings of the peaceful country,
Land whereof his song is, land where he arose—

Then my troubled spirit is fulfilled with quiet,
Then no more with wrinkled brow I mope and plod,
And I can conceive of happiness on earth here,
And I can believe that in heaven I see God.

1837

The Daemon

On the sightless seas of ether,
Rudderless, without a sail,
Choirs of stars uplift their voices,
Where the mist waves rise and fail.

Through the hemless fields of heaven
Wander wide and tracelessly
Clouds, unshepherded, unnumbered,
Pale, ephemeral and free.

Hour of parting, hour of meeting,
Neither gladden them nor fret;
Theirs no yearning towards the future,
Theirs no haunting of regret,

On the grim day of disaster
These remember, world away:
Be beyond earth's reach as they are,
And indifferent as they.

1829—40

Gratitude

For all I thank Thee, I, the meek remitter,
For passion's secret torments without end,
The kiss of venom, and the tears too bitter,
The vengeful enemy, the slanderous friend,

The spirit's ardor on the desert squandered,
For every lash of life's deceiving thong;
I thank Thee for the wastes where I have wandered:
But heed Thou, that I need not thank Thee long.

1840

Silent I sit by the prison's high window,
Where through the bars the untamed blue is breaking.
Flecks in the azure, the free birds are playing;
Watching them fly there, my shamed heart is aching.

But on my sinful lips never a prayer,
Never a song in the praise of my charmer;
All I recall are far fights and old battles,
My heavy sword ana my old iron armor.

Now in stone armor I hopelessly languish,
And a stone helmet my hot head encases,
This shield is proof against arrows and sword-play,
And without whip, without spur, my horse races.

Time is my horse, the swift-galloping charger,
I've for a visor this bleak prison grating,
My prison walls are my heavy stone armor;
Shielded by cast-iron doors, I am waiting.

Hurry, O fast-flying Time, go more quickly!
In my new armor I suffocate, reeling.
I shall alight, with Death holding my stirrup,
And raise this visor, my cold face revealing.

1841

A SONG

About Tsar Ivan Vasilyevich, His Young Bodyguard, and the Valiant Merchant Kalashnikov

Hail to thee, Tsar Ivan Vasilyevich!
Of thee we have devised our song,
Of thy beloved bodyguard,
And of the merchant, bold Kalàsh nikov,
In fashion old devising it,
To sing it to the dulcimer.
We've crooned and have lamented
And all the folk, all true believers, have been comforted,
And the boyard, Matvèy Romodanovsky,
Brought us frothing mead;
While on a silver tray,
His snow-white lady brought
A new white towel all knit with silk.
They feasted us three days—three nights—
Intently listening, craving more.

I

No great red sun rode in the sky,
No small blue clouds were basking there.
But feasting in the banquet-hall,
Resplendent in his golden crown,
Sat Tsar Ivan Vasilyevich, the terrible,
His bondsmen at his back,
Boyards and princes facing him,
At either side his bodyguard.
To God's glory feasted he;
Full pleased and merry, he.

The Tsar smiled and commanded then
That wine sweet from across the seas
Be poured into his gilded shell
And borne before the bodyguard.
All drank, all praised the Tsar.

Of all the guard but one alone,
A laddie bold that none could curb,
Wet not his lips within the gilded, scoop;
But on the ground let rest his deep dark eyes,
Upon his breast he hung his head
And in that breast was heaviness.

The Tsar knit his black brows
And turned his fiery eyes on the brave lad—
As from heaven's heights a hawk
May sight a young and blue-winged dove—
The brave lad did not lift his eyes.

The Tsar then fiercely struck the ground,
Driving the ferrule of the stick deep into the oak floor,
And still the brave lad did not flinch.
The Tsar then spake an angry word; and suddenly
The brave lad roused himself.

"Ho thou, our servant true, Kiribèyevich,
Hast thou been hiding an ungodly thought?
Dost envy thou our regal glory?
Art weary of thy henchman-fealty?
At rising of the moon the stars rejoice

That light should now be shed upon their way,
But mark—that star which loses itself in the clouds
Must straightway fall.
And it does not become thee, Kiribeyevich,
To scorn our royal merriment;
For kin art thou to the Skurátovs,
And fostered in the Maliùtin clan!"

Bowing, then answered Kiribeyevich:
"O thou our Lord, Ivàn Vasìlyevich!
Reproach not thine unworthy slave:
A heart of fire will not be quenched with wine,
Dark thoughts yield not to feasting!
I have angered thee—O lordly will!
Prescribe thou punishmeat; cut off my head:
My stalwart shoulders feel its weight;
Toward the damp earth it droops."

Then spake Tsar Ivàn Vasìlyevich:
"Why should a brave lad be thus sorrowful?
Is thy brocaded mantle old?
Has thy fine cap of sable lost its shape?
Or has thy treasure slipped away?
Or is thy tempered sabre notched?
Or has thy horse, ill-shod, begun to limp?
Has someone in a fisticuff
Surprised thy guard and knocked thee down,
There by the river, the Moskvá—
Perchance a merchant's son?"

Then answered Kiribèyevich—
Tossing his curling locks:
"There's not been born that wizard arm,
In boyard or merchant race;
My fleet horse of the steppe is in his stride;
My sabre gleams like glass;
And holidays, by thy grace,
I'll be decked out not worse than any one.

"I mount, and gallop off on my swift horse
Beyond the river, the Moskvà,
Tightening my silken girdle round and
Pulling my velvet cap awry
With its sable edge so dark and fine about,
At the wooden gates a cluster
Of maidens young and sweet,
See all and whisper in delight;
But there is one who does not glance
Nor does she show delight.
She draws a flowery veil across her face. . . .

"In holy Russia—mother dear—
Is not found one so fair;
She floats along—a little swan,
Glancing sweetly like a dove;
She speaks; one hears the nightingale;
Her cheeks aflame are like the sunrise in God's sky.
Her braids of hair are shining gold
With ribbons bright twined in the plaits
That on her shoulders, twining, crossing,
Kiss her bosom that is white.
She is of the merchant race,
Is called Alëna Dmitrevna.

"When I see her I am not I:
My arms fall slack,
My keen eyes blur;
O orthodox Tsar, he is in misery,
Who must live, pining, in this world alone.
I have grown weary of swift steeds,
Of fine brocade attire,
Am not in want of hoarded gold,
Who have not one with whom my gold to share,
Whom I may dazzle with my fearlessness,
Whom I might dazzle with my fine attire.

"Let me depart to the wide steppes,
To a free life, a Cossack's life.
Where I may bow my restless head—
Upon a heathen spear.
Let cursed Tartars share the spoil,
The keen-edged sword, the gallant horse,

And warrior's saddle, the Circàssian.
Let ravens pick my tearful eyes,
Rains scour my orphan bones, —
And let the winds disperse my wretched dust. . . .''

Then laughing, said Ivàn Vasìlyevich:
''My servant true,
Thy woe shall have my aid.
Take this my sapphire ring,
And my pearl necklace take.
First to a match-maker make thou thy bow,
Then send these precious gifts
To thy Alëna Dmitrevna:
If she be pleased then call a wedding-feast,
If not, be reconciled to fate.''

O thou my Lord, O Tsar Ivan Vasìlyevich!
Thou art deceived by this thy wily slave,
He has not told thee all the truth,
He has not said that the fair maid
Has wedded been
Is wedded to a merchant's son
And by the church's Christian law. . . .

Hey, my children, sing—make the dulcimer ring!
Hey! my children, drink—don't take time to think!
Give cheer to our good boyard
And to the boyard's lady,
The snow-white one!

II

Behind the counter the young merchant sat,
The sturdy lad, Stepàn Paramònovich,
Surnamed Kalàshnikov;
Silken goods he spread to show,
With gracious words alluring guests,
Gold and silver reckoned up.
But no luck befell that day:
Heedlessly the lords walked by,
Never glancing toward the shop.

In holy church the vespers had been rung;
Behind the Kremlin sunset blazed
And in the sky the gathered clouds
Drove with the wind and snow along;
Deserted now the market place
As Stepàn Paramònovich
Draws to the oaken door
And springs the lock of German steel
And chains the growling, white-fanged dog
And hastens home, all lost in thought,
Across the river, the Moskvà.

But when he walked into his steep-roofed house
Astonished was Stepàn Paramònovich
No wife to greet him there.
On the oak no white table-cloth,
The image-candle dimly flickering.
He then besought the aged servitor:
''Tell me, tell me, Eremèyevna,
Where is she gone or hid?
The hour is late. My little ones—
Are they still at their games? Asleep?''

''O master mine, Stepàn Paramònovich!
I tell a marvel marvelous:
To vespers went Alëna Dmitrevna;
The priest came by, the priest's young wife also—
Returned both from the parish church;
They lit a taper and sat down to dine,
But she not yet, thy sweet young wife.
Thy little ones are not asleep,
They're not at play,
They weep and weep,
And they will not be comforted.''

Perturbed, absorbed in troubled thought,
The merchant young, Kalàshnikov,
Stood by the window looking down the street.
The night was dark; the white snow fell

In spreading flakes, obscuring every human trace.

A sound—he heard the outer door;
Quick steps.
There in the name of Christ!
His young wife stood,
Head bare of covering,
The two braids of her hair untwined,
And all with snow and frost bedecked,
Glazed her two eyes, bereft of reason,
Her lips muttering speeches out of season.

"Where—tell me—wife, where hast thou been?
Strayed in what yard, what market place?
Thy hair unkempt, thy dress so torn,
Hast thou been revelling,
A guest perchance of the young sons, the boyarian? . . .
Was it for this that thou and I
Before the holy ikons were betrothed,
Exchanging rings of gold?
I'll turn iron locks on thee,
Behind oak doors ironbound,
That God's own light thou shalt not see,
That thou shalt not dishonour me. . ."

Thereat the damsel sweet, Alëna Dmitrevna,
Shook violently and trembled like an aspen-leaf,
And there most bitterly poured out her grief
And weeping at his feet,
Begged of her husband his reprieve.

"My lord, my lovely one,
Kill me, or let me speak!
Thy words pierce like a sword
And cut my very heart.
I fear not death,
Nor neighbours' tongues;
I fear but thy inclemency.

"Returning home from vespers I,
Down the deserted street,
Heard suddenly a crunching sound
And turned to see—a man sped to catch up with me.
My poor knees shook,
I drew my silken veil across my face.
But clutching fiercely both my hands,
He whispered low these words to me:
'Why art thou frightened, lovely one?
I am not thief nor highwayman;
The Tsar I serve, the terrible Tsar;
My name is Kiribèyevich,
Of noble blood, of the Maliùtin clan . . .'

"These words but frightened me the more;
My poor head swam;
And then he kissed, and tried to comfort me,
And went on whispering as he kissed:
'What dost thou lack?
But tell me, lovely one. Gold? Pearls?
Gems, bright brocades?
Thou shalt be decked out like a queen
And all shall envy thee.
Then let me not die cruelly,
Grant me thy love, thy dear embrace
But once, and then farewell!'

"Devouring, like a living flame,
His kisses covered me;
My cheeks burn yet,
His kisses, cursed be they.
The neighbours' wives at wicket gates
Laughed, and derided us.
I tore myself from his embrace
And straightway ran for home;
But captive in the robber's hands
Stayed my flowered kerchief, thine own gift,
And my Buchàrian veil.
I am dishonoured, shamed! Alas!
The chaste, the faithful one!
What thing will spiteful tongues invent,
How can I show myself?

"Preserve me, save me, thy true wife,
From scandalmongers' evil tongues.
Of whom else shall I ask for help?
In whom else put my trust?
I am an orphan in this world of winter white—
My father dead, in the cold ground.
And at his side my mother dear.
My eldest brother lost, as thou dost know.

In a far land, my youngest brother
but a child,
A babe—a child—as yet without a
thought. . . .''

So spake with bitter tears Alëna
Dmitrevna.
Then summoned Stepàn Paramònovich
His younger brothers twain.
The two came straightway, bowed
to him,
And in such wise they spoke:
''O elder brother, tell us pray,
What has befallen thee, what woeful
thing—
That on so cold and dark a night
thou hast thus sent for us?''
''My brothers dear, declare I now
What woe has come to me:
The Tsar's guard, Kiribèyevich,
Dishonours us and our fair name;
My soul brooks not the shame;
No valiant heart could suffer it.
Tomorrow then we fight, we two,
Before the Tsar, beside the river,
the Moskvà,
I fight his bodyguard—
Fight to the death, the bitter end.
And if he smite me, come ye then
And stand for holy mother-truth.
Faint not, O brothers dear to me—
Of fresher strength and younger years
than I,
Less touched by sin—
The Lord shall smile on you!''

This answer then his brothers made:
''The wind blows thither in the sky
And thither the clouds drift;
In the vale of blood, the battle-
ground,
The dark blue eagle sets his feast,
Cries, 'Gather up the dead,'
And the young eaglets congregate.
Thou art a father to us twain;
Do as thou wilt; make trial of us.
Be confident; our kinsman we shall
not betray.''

Hey, my children, sing—make the
dulcimer ring!
Hey, my children, drink—don't take
time to think!
Give cheer to our good boyard.
And to the boyard's lady,
The snow-white one.

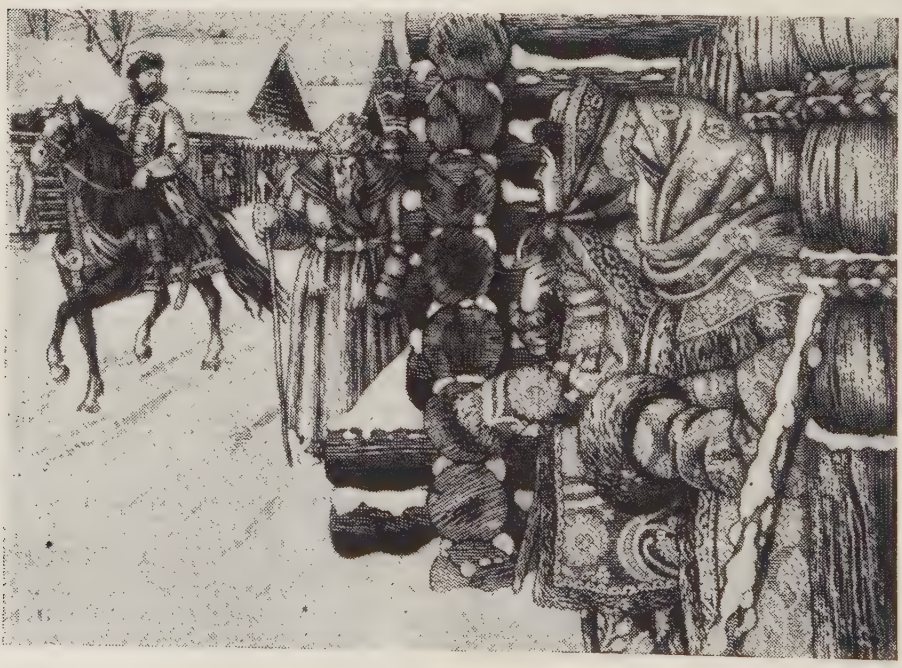


Illustration by I. Bilibin

III

Upon Moskvá the great, the golden-crowned,
And Kremlin, white-stone-walled,
From further than the far woods, the blue hills,
Playing on wooden roofs,
Dispersing the small grey clouds,
Flamed the sunrise, ruby-red;
Spreading its golden locks,
Immersed in the sand-like snow;
As though a fair maid in the mirror glanced,
It looked into the sky and smiled.
To what end didst thou wake, O sunrise ruby-red?
For what joy didst prepare thy spreading rays?
Now come, now flock to the Moskvà,
The lads; the bold Muscovian fighters gather,
To see the fight, to be amused,
And in warlike array,
The Tsar also, with boyards and with bodyguard.
He bade them stretch the silver chain
Of welded links, held up by other links, of gold.
A square of sixty yards' extent
They marked off the best matched pair,
The combat of the challengers.
Commanded then the Tsar, Ivàn Vasìlyevich:
"Shout in a mighty voice,
'Ho, dauntless ones, come forth;
Diversion for the Tsar, for little father.
Come. Step into the broad ring;
Who wins, the Tsar's reward he shall receive;
Who loses, him God will forgive!'"

Then boldly stepped forth Kiribèyevich,
In silence bowed low to the Tsar,
And there, with velvet coat thrown off,
His right hand resting at his side,
His left disposing his red cap,
He waited for a challenger.
Thrice rang the mighty shout—
No fighter stirred,
The company stood dubious.

Complacently the bodyguard
Strolled to and fro,
Inclined to mock the fighting lads:
"Subdued and pensive ones, fear not,
The feast-day prescribes punishment not death,
Diversion merely for the Tsar, for little father."

Then suddenly dividing into two, the crowd gave way,
And Stepàn Paramònovich strode forth,
A merchant young, a fighter strong,
Surnamed Kalàshnikov.

To the terrible Tsar he first made reverence,
Then to white Kremlin and the holy fanes,
Then to the Russian people, bowed.
His eyes were fire—a falcon's eyes;
Upon the bodyguard they fixed themselves.
He stopped there, facing him
And sheathed his hands against the fight
And squared his back
And stroked his noble beard.

To him Kiribèyevich then said:
"Tell me, my gallant fellow,
Thy breed and family?
By what name art thou known?
'Tis just to know for whom mass shall be said,
That after victory,
The victor may in boasting name his luckless foe."

Stepàn Paramonòvich replied:
"I am by name Stepàn Kalàshnikov,
An honest father mine;
According to God's law I've lived:
I have dishonoured no man's wife,
I've robbed none under cover of the night,
I have not hid from broad daylight...

Thou prophesiest God's own truth.
For one of us mass shall be read
Not later than tomorrow noon;
And one shall boast
And one shall celebrate with friends. . . .
I jest no jest, I reck not of diversion for the folk.
I come to meet thee, son of Turks,
To mortal combat I have come: to mine or thy last fight."
At these words Kiribèyevich
Grew pale in face like autumn snow;
His bold eyes quailed,
A chill coursed through his mighty frame,
And on his lips apart to speak,
The half-formed words congealed. . . .
Then silently they drew back, each,
And the heroic fight began.

Swinging his arm then Kiribèyevich
Struck first Kalàshnikov,
Struck in the middle of the breast,
Resoundingly, and Stepàn Paramònovich reeled, staggering,
His cross of brass, his reliquary
From Kièv bent in and cut the breast;
Like drops of dew the blood broke out.
"As it is fated, so the end shall be,"
Said Stepàn Paramònovich within himself.
"For honour's sake I shall stand valiantly."
He then drew back, and braced himself
And gathered all his strength
And struck his hated foe
On the left temple, a full-shouldered blow.

The young man softly groaned,
Reeled, fell,
And dying rolled upon the snow—
Struck down like a young pine—
A sapling of the virgin wood
Cut where the sap flows, at the root.

Then Tsar Ivàn Vasìlyevich
With anger glowed
And struck his foot upon the earth
And frowning terribly,
Commanded that the merchant bold be caught
And straightway in his presence brought.

"Tell me in truth, upon thy soul,"
Enquired the mighty Tsar,
"Hast thou thus killed my servant true,
Of free will, or unwillingly—
My champion, Kiribèyevich?"

"O Tsar, I killed with full free will,
For why I will not tell;
My reason God alone shall know.
Command my punishment; send to the block
My guilty head;
This only I implore—aid for my little ones
And for my sweet young wife—
And for my brothers two;
Vouchsafe them of thy bounty, Tsar. . . ."

"'Tis well for thee, my child,
O merchant's son, O fighter bold,
That thou hast spoken true.
Thy children, also thy young wife,
Shall have of me a subsidy;
Thy brothers twain shall from this day
Trade with no tax to pay
From end to end of mighty Russia.
But thou, thou must ascend the scaffold high
And on the block lay down thy restless head.
But they shall sharpen well the axe,
The headsman's dress be gay;
I shall command that the great bell be rung,
That all Muscovians may know
That thou too of my bounty hast not been forgot."

To the square flocked all the folk;
Drone-moaned the bell,
Tolling the evil news.
While carelessly the headsman, to and fro,
Traversed the scaffold-place on high,
In scarlet blouse with sparkling belt-buckle,

And great axe with new-whetted edge;
Smoothing his hands until
The fighter strong, the merchant young,
Had bade his brothers two farewell.

"Ho ye, my brothers, friends by blood,
In this our last kiss and embrace,
I charge you greet for me,
Alëna Dmitrevna and bid her not to mourn,
And not to let my little ones be kept in mind of me.
And greet for me my father's house,
Greet our companions dear.
I charge you both, in God's own church,
Pray for my soul, my sinful soul!"

Stepán Kaláshnikov, alas,
Then suffered death, a shameful death;
And his unhappy head
Rolled on the block in blood.
Beyond the river, the Moskvá,
They made his grave then,
In an open field between three roads—
The Tul, the Ryazan, the Vladimir;
And they heaped up a little mound
And placed a maple cross on it.
Winds howl and sweep
Across his nameless grave.
Good men pass by:
An old man pauses in his walk, to cross himself,
A young man walks by, solemn and downcast,

Illustration by I. Bilibin

A maiden walks by sorrowful,
The dulcimer-players walk by, singing a little song.
Hey ye, happy lads,
Dulcimer-players young.
With voices strong!

Ye've well begun—ye must end well;
Render to all truth and honour.
To the generous boyard, glory!
To the boyard's lady, glory!
To all the Russian people, glory!

Mikhail Lermontov

In the year of Pushkin's death (1837) Russia learned that she had another great poet. In the words of Herzen "the pistol shot which killed Pushkin waked the soul of Lermontov." A hitherto quite unknown youth of twenty-two, who had been secretly writing poetry since his childhood, suddenly came into prominence with a powerful poem exposing the murderers of the great genius. This poem, *The Death of a Poet*, could not be printed owing to the tsarist censorship, but it was distributed in thousands of manuscript copies, and spread the fame of Lermontov throughout the country.

Three years later Lermontov attracted the attention of literary circles in Western Europe. This was in 1840, and in 1841 the great successor of Pushkin, then living in exile in the Caucasus, died tragically in a duel, as a result of a perfidious plot hatched by tsarist henchmen.

Lermontov's life was cut off in its flower and who knows to what extent Russian literature might have been enriched by this great talent! Even the works he produced in his short life have ensured immortal fame for him.

During Lermontov's lifetime, in 1840, the famous Russian critic Belinsky prophesied: ". . . the time is not far off when his name in literature will become a household word, and the harmonious sounds of his poetry will be heard in the everyday talk of the crowd in its discussions of daily cares. . . ." Belinsky's prophecy has been fulfilled. Lermontov is an acknowledged *national* poet.

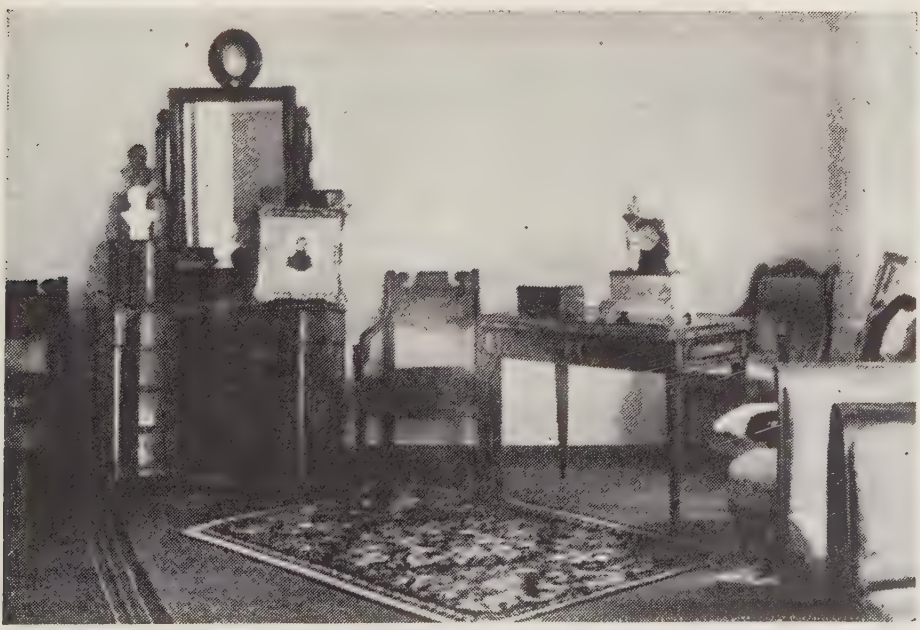
While he was a true exponent of the thoughts and feelings of the Russian people, Lermontov at the same time expressed in his work the feelings and thoughts of the people of other countries as well. And this was natural. "The great poet, while speaking of himself, of his own individuality, speaks of the general—of humanity; for his nature contains all by which humanity lives." Belinsky justly attributed this proof of poetic greatness to Lermontov. For this reason the Russian critic, analysing the novel *A Hero of Our Days*, ventured to assert that the characters portrayed by Lermontov in this novel would be no less comprehensible to an Englishman, a German or a Frenchman than to a Russian.

Belinsky was right. Western European criticism confirmed his judgment. Lermontov's genius transcended his Russian national form. His appeal was universal. The national character only served to heighten the resonance of his works. Even what would seem to be so specifically Russian a work as *A Song About Tsar Ivan Vasilyevich, His Young Bodyguard and the Valiant Merchant Kalashnikov* (printed on page 76 of this issue of our magazine) found a ready response and was appreciated among Western European society. The German poet Bodenstedt, who translated this poem, remarked that it was received with enthusiasm by German readers to whom it was comprehensible without any commentary.

All the more mature works of Lermontov, such as *Mtsiri, The Daemon, A Song About Tsar Ivan Vasilyevich, His Young Bodyguard, and the Valiant Merchant Kalashnikov* and the prose novel *A Hero of Our Days*, found a lively response abroad. *The Daemon* appeared in thirteen French transla-

Lermontovo Village (Penza District). In the foreground the morgue where the poet was buried

tions, nine German, six Czech and three English. It is of interest to note that the first English translation (by A. C. Stephen) which appeared in London in 1875, drew an approval from the famous Russian writer Turgenev, already widely known and loved in England. Turgenev wrote: "The young English writer A. Ste-



A room with the poet's furniture and personal effects, in the Lermontov Museum (Lermontovo Village). The Museum is housed in the home of the poet's grandmother.

phen . . . enchanted by Lermontov's muse, has translated *The Daemon* into verse. This is no small feat, especially if the beautiful compactness and energy of Lermontov's verse is taken into consideration. . . . It must be admitted that Mr. Stephen has, on the whole, solved his problem successfully, though he has been compelled in some parts of his rendering to spread himself somewhat, having recourse to the rhetorical phraseology sanctioned by the Byron tradition. . . ."

Turgenev ends his review by pointing out that *The Daemon* had had a flattering success among the English public. This comment of Turgenev as well as the above-mentioned remark of Bodenstedt testify to the universal appeal of the work of the Russian poet. Lermontov's prose met abroad with no less, but rather with still more, acclaim. *A Hero of Our Days* came out in ten German, ten French, and six English translations. The novel was praised very highly by the critics. The critics especially noted the author's realism, both in description and character drawing.

Western European critics considered realism to be the most characteristic feature of Lermontov's poetry as well as his prose. They noted with astonishment that even in what would appear to be such a thoroughly fantastic poem as *The Daemon* Lermontov remains essentially a true realist. This is why the well-known English critic Maurice Baring made the paradoxical assertion that even Lermontov, the most romantic of the Russian poets, had more in common with Thackeray than with Byron or Shelley. "All Russian poets," writes Baring in another place, "have this gift of reality of conception and simplicity of treatment in a greater or a lesser degree; perhaps none has it in such supreme degree as Lermontov."

It was precisely this gift of realism which has enabled the Russian poets, as the English critic asserts, to occupy a unique position in world literature: for the Russian poets have known how to extract poetry from daily life and to express it in verse of inimitable beauty.

And herein lies the universal significance of Lermontov.

VLADIMIR NEUSTADT

A water color by Lermontov

A FESTIVAL OF COLLECTIVE FARM THEATERS

FOLK ART AT THE AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION

The All-Union Agricultural Exhibition, which opened in Moscow on August 1, represents not only a demonstration of the successes achieved by the Soviet Union in the sphere of farming and economic development in general; it also reflects the growth of artistic activity in the Soviet countryside, the unfolding of the people's creative powers, the interest of Soviet collective farmers in art.

The art of the people is well represented in the beautiful architecture of the Exhibition and in the decoration of its magnificent pavilions.

In the pavilion of the Far East the hall of the Chita Region is decorated with the work of the famous Russian wood carver Vasily Vornoskov, who heads a whole dynasty of expert wood carvers. Seven sons, as well as daughters-in-law and sons-in-law, help old Vasily in his work. The ceiling and the stands are covered with their splendid carving. The motifs of their delicate designs are: patterns of thickly-needled cedar and fir branches, interlacing stems and ears of oats, wheat and barley, and fur-bearing animals: raccoons, sables and deer.

In the pavilion of the Ukraine there is an enormous carpet woven on the design of Parasya Vlasenko, a famous carpet weaver and master of folk craft. Another excellent carpet with a portrait of Stalin was woven by the Karanfelyan family, well known in Armenia. The ornamentation of the portal of the Azerbaijan pavilion was done by Baku craftsmen under the leadership of Aliev. The decorative effects of the pavilion of the Tatar Republic are all in the spirit of the folk art of the Tatar people. A stenciled Tatar shawl brightens the ceiling; the walls are covered with woven towels and silk tablecloths embroidered with gold and silver. The pavilion of the Ukraine gleams with the gay bright green of the expertly wrought ceramics—the work of village potters, among whom one of the most renowned bears the hereditary name of Ivan Gonchar ("the Potter") as a tribute to the skill of his family. The pavilions of the Central Asian republics are indebted for the genuine national effect of their beautiful decorations to a brigade of artists and wood carvers, headed by Shamsudin Gafurov, specially invited to come to Moscow for this purpose. It was they, the custodians of the age-old artistic traditions of their people and creators of new, contemporary ornamental motifs in the spirit of their national art, who so admirably executed all those open-work walls, fine as filigree and white as cotton; those inwrought doors and delicately worked chandeliers—all that wealth of fine taste and creative fantasy that lends such extraordinary charm to these graceful pavilions at the Agricultural Exhibition.

But it is not only in the sphere of the plastic arts that the cultural growth of the collective farm countryside has been manifested at the Exhibition. Excellent theatrical, musical and dance performances have been given by large groups of amateurs representing the various republics of the U.S.S.R., taking turns each evening on the stage of the Moscow Theater of People's Art and on the squares of the Exhibition grounds.

Lately Moscow has listened with delight to the lyrical songs of the Ukraine and the lively ditties of the Byelorussian peasants, has admired the warlike dances of the lithe mountaineers of the Caucasus, the colorful costumes and picturesque art of dancers who have come from the farthest villages and *auls* of Central Asia, the skill of virtuoso performers on national instruments. These large groups of amateurs, who have come to Moscow for the opening of the Agricultural Exhibition count amongst their number highly gifted youth who are certain to become in the future

real masters in the art of singing and dancing.

Timed to coincide with the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition, the All-Union Festival of Collective Farm Theaters has been opened recently in the Moscow Central Artists' Club.

SEVENTEEN MILLION SPECTATORS

The collective farm theaters are one of the greatest cultural achievements of the new Socialist countryside.

In a time-yellowed pre-revolutionary file of *Pravda* of 1913, I happened recently to come across a characteristic note under the heading *Theater in Villages.*

"For three or four years now experiments have been made in presenting theatrical performances in villages. The results have been good, and the cooperatives have become interested in this venture. Some *zemstvos* [1] recognize its usefulness and look upon it as a means of combating hooliganism. In the village of Alpatyevo, Ryazan Province, performances are given in the tea house, with the assistance of the schoolteachers. Although the admission prices are high, from twenty-five kopeks to one ruble, peasants gather to see the show from all the surrounding villages within ten *versts* and more. The Vetluga Zemstvo decided to build a permanent theater in the village of Odoyevsk, and assigned three hundred rubles for the purpose. At the same time they asked the Ministry of Education for a subsidy of the same amount for the support of the theater. The Ministry refused."

In the Soviet Union the number of theaters performing for country audiences has been growing from year to year. Five years ago, in 1934, there were only 89 collective farm theaters in the U.S.S.R. By January 1, 1936, their number had risen to 149, and by January 1, 1937, to 208. Now there are about 300 collective farm theaters in the Soviet Union, with more than 6,000 qualified professionals acting in them. In 1938 the collective farm theaters gave 54,000 performances, attended by a total audience of 17,000,000 rural spectators.

Preparatory to holding the Collective Farm Theater Festival the work of the rural theaters in their home villages passed in review during the whole of last season. The best performances were then put on in the capitals of the republics. Here the winning troupes were selected to be sent to the capital of the U.S.S.R., to take part in the festival dedicated to the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition. Thus, alongside the best collective farmers, the opportunity to demonstrate their achievements was given also to the best of the collective farm theaters whose mission is to satisfy the growing cultural requirements of the collective farmers, and which already play an important part in the rise of the cultural standards and in the ideological and artistic education of the collective farm peasantry.

On the day of the opening of the festival the Central Artists' Club of the capital was transformed. Unusual visitors thronged the foyer; the house was gay with the bright sarafans of Byelorussian milkmaids, the bright-colored cloaks of Uzbek cotton growers, the colorfully embroidered blouses of Ukrainian women beet growers. They were the distinguished guests of the capital, foremost workers in agriculture, who had come to the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition either as participants or as guests.

THE REPERTORY OF THE RURAL THEATER

Until quite recently theater critics were rather skeptical of the collective farm theaters and in reviewing their work considered it necessary to make certain "allowances" in consideration of the villages' lack of creative talent and the novelty of the thing, or even for the simple tastes of the collective farm spectators. In writing about the collective farm theaters they invariably stressed the exotic and picturesque. Reviews were accompanied by stories of kerosene lamps refusing to burn owing to the lack of air in the overcrowded hall of the frame clubhouse, or about a wattle fence collapsing suddenly under the weight of the spectators who have clambered onto it, and that at the most thrilling moment of the play, which is performed in the open owing to the lack of suitable indoor accommodation in the village. Such tales are quite out of date now.

The great majority of collective farm theater companies today consist of qualified actors and actresses.

The very repertory of the collective farm theaters nowadays should give many skeptics pause. In remote villages, that used to be regarded as "god-forsaken holes," collective farm theaters are producing, alongside Russian or national classics and the works of contemporary Soviet playwrights, such plays as Lessing's *Emilie Galotti*, Goldoni's *The Landlady of the Inn* and *Serving Two Masters*, Schiller's *Robbers*, and plays by Molière, Lope de Vega and Shakespeare.

[1] *Zemstvos*: rural government bodies in pre-revolutionary Russia.

Actor D. Pavlov, as Ferdinand in Schiller's "Love and Intrigue" produced by a Collective Farm Theater (Moscow district)

I. Pavlova as Emilie Galotti on the stage of the Mayakovsky Kolkhoz Theater (Moscow district)

A scene from "The Knavery of Scapin" produced by a collective farm theater (Moscow district)

A scene from Gadjibekov's "Meshadi Ibad" produced by the Shamsharsky regional kolkhoz theater, Azerbaijan

The provincial theaters of the Soviet Union, among them the theaters of some large cities have until quite recently been guilty of a certain timidity and lack of artistic initiative: they put on these plays which had been already tried out by the theaters of Moscow and Leningrad and their producers blindly copied the stagings seen in these cities. The productions at the present Festival show that the provincial theaters are becoming more and more independent, both in their interpretation of plays and in the choice of their repertory. It is noteworthy that the collective farm theaters at the Festival have presented quite a number of new plays, as well as old, forgotten ones, which cannot be seen on any other stage.

Thus, the First Collective Farm Art Theater of Moscow Region put on an undeservedly forgotten play by A. Pisemsky. It is called *A Bitter Fate*; and one may say that the play's own fate had been a bitter one. It had been dropped from the repertory of the Russian theaters in spite of the tremendous success which attended its performance in 1863 in the Alexandrinsky Theater in St. Petersburg, in spite of its having been awarded the Uvarov literary prize, and in spite of the fact that one of the finest of Russian actresses, Strepetova, created quite a furore in the theatrical world of the day playing the chief role of Elisabeth.

The collective farm theater has now brought *A Bitter Fate* back to life and to the stage; and the actors of the First Collective Farm Art Theater of Moscow Region play in such a way as to give still greater significance and depth to its title: they bring out the bitter fate of a Russian woman in the epoch of serfdom.

Another participant in the Festival, the Kharkov Russian Collective Farm Theater, produced no less of a sensation by presenting *Counterfeit Money*, a play by Maxim Gorky, which had never been staged before. The theater not only managed successfully the difficult and responsible job of giving the first dramatic interpretation of Gorky's play, but put on a performance that would have done credit to a theater of the capital. There is a great deal of ingenuity in the production, a subtle sense of dramatic effect, and a careful regard for detail which has enabled the theater to give a penetrating and profound interpretation of the complex characters of Gorky's play.

The excellent team work, the players' sense of cooperation with their partners, is particularly valuable when it is remembered that the company of this theater, like that of most collective farm theaters, consists mainly of young people.

ONE OF THREE HUNDRED

Another novelty which scored a great success at the Festival was the gay con-

The last scene of V. Gusev's "Glory," produced by the First Kolkhoz Art Theater

A scene from "Gardens in Bloom," by Mass and Kulichenko, produced by the Fourth Kolkhoz Theater of Gorky district

temporary comedy *Gardens in Bloom*, staged by the Fourth Collective Farm Theater of the Gorky Region. The authors of this play are V. Mass, the stage manager and art director of the theater, and N. Kulichenko, one of its actors and founders. *Gardens in Bloom* is constructed on the plan of the classical comedy of situations. It is about two old men, a scientific horticulturist and the watchman of the gardens, who are old friends. They dream of getting their children—the scientist's son and the watchman's niece—to marry. When the young pair return from the town, where they study in college, to the blossoming gardens of their home village, the old men carefully set about the preparations for realizing their dreams, never suspecting that Tanya and Peter are already married. A series of comic episodes bring about an incredible tangle and each of the young people becomes convinced that the old men are trying to marry each one of them to someone else. Tragi-comic situations follow one another in rapid succession, and just before the curtain falls everything becomes clear, to the general satisfaction, and the old men joyfully congratulate the young people, seizing the opportunity to give their blessing also to another happy young couple.

The comedy is written in good literary style, and the characters of the two old men, real Soviet men of work, are drawn with great sympathy and warmth, while a whole gallery of types of contemporary youth is vividly depicted. There is every reason for this play to be added to the repertory of other Soviet theaters.

The collective farm theater which created and staged this comedy has a long and interesting history. It was started not by professional actors but by amateurs. It came into being during the early days of the construction of the Molotov Automobile Works in Gorky as a factory theater of young Komsomol workers, who resorted to the weapon of art in the struggle for the success of the construction job. They formed a harmonious, closely knit group from whom there subsequently evolved the regional collective farm theater. It is at present celebrating its fifth anniversary.

The theater has won the warm love of the collective farm spectators. Here is a typical letter—one of the many received by this theater—from A. Yeksin, an old collective farmer of the village of Chufarov: "I am fifty-seven now. I live well; I have a pretty good house. I have earned a good deal of grain and other foodstuffs in the

A scene from "Soil Upturned," a play based on the well-known novel by Mikhail Sholokhov, and produced by the Fourth Kolkhoz Theater of Gorky Region

collective farm, enough to last me for the whole year; there was even a surplus, which I sold just lately to the State. But there's one thing I ask: I want to see good plays on our collective farm stage, I want to hear good concerts. Your plays, the ones we have seen, are good. I thank you a thousand times for them. What a pity that you are leaving Sergach for other parts. I hope you'll be with us again soon."

The actors and producers of the Moscow Vakhtangov Theater some years ago took the talented young people of this theater under their wing and have succeeded in training some splendid actors, among them Nikolai Kulichenko, the co-author of the play produced at the Festival.

Another talented actor of this theater is the twenty-five year old M. Kuznetsov, who amazes the spectator by his extraordinary capacity to impersonate types seemingly so remote from him physically as old man Luka in Gorky's *The Lower Depths*, or the infirm old watchman Saveli in the comedy *Gardens in Bloom*. These characters as he plays them are wonderfully lifelike and convincing.

During the Festival this talented young man was approached by representatives of the world-famous Moscow Art Theater with a proposal that he should join their company. Kuznetsov was very moved and flattered by this offer. But on thinking it over he answered modestly: "Certainly your proposal is a great compliment to me, but, you see, for five years we Young Communists, a handful of us, have been putting our heart and soul into building up our theater. And how could I leave our theater now, just when our group has received public recognition, and we have won our first successes! Today, I'd leave and then perhaps some other of the comrades—and what would become of our theater? Perhaps all our five years' friendly collective work would come to naught! No, I won't leave our theater even to join the Art Theater, which will always be for us an inspiration and a lofty example to follow."

ACTORS AND AUDIENCES

The triumph of the collective farm theaters to which the Festival bears witness has been the result of great and enthusiastic work. Any actor of the collective farm theaters can call to mind many trying moments, many material inconveniences he has had to bear and difficulties he has had to overcome in his daily work.

The actors of the Oirot Collective Farm Theater, for example, in order to reach certain villages, have to cover great distances on foot, in heat and in frost, across the high passes of the Altai Mountains.

Once, in a remote village called Abramovo, a performance to be given by another collective farm theater almost failed to come off, owing to the traditional fisticuffs—"wall against wall"—being held in celebration of a "parish saint" festival. The actors had to go out into the fields to the participants in the forthcoming bloody fray, resort to cunning, and start up a jolly dance on the spot, singing at the tops of their voices to attract attention. The threatening "walls" broke up, the warriors hesitatingly moved towards the actors, who singing and dancing drew their audience along with them towards the theater. The performance took place and was an enormous success. The savage tradition of the fisticuffs was thus broken.

But neither everyday hardships connected with the constant wanderings of the collective farm theaters, nor the specific technical difficulties of staging, could damp the ardent love for their work and joyous satisfaction in it that the overwhelming majority of artists of collective farm theaters express unanimously.

"You mount the stage," said Vera Sergeyeva, an actress of the First Collective Farm Art Theater of Moscow Region, "and you find that off stage to one side stands an overheated stove. It's so hot you feel as though you will be baked like a potato. To the other side hang huge icicles; you might imagine yourself in a cave of stalactites. And often one has to act in summer dresses. But is it possible to put off the performance when so many people are waiting for it with such impatience!

"I worked for eleven years in Moscow theaters and did not feel such pleasure in my work as I do in the collective farm theater. One must love one's audience and understand them, and then all the hardships and difficulties that fall to one's lot are easy to face."

A. Kochetkova, actress of the Pugachev Theater in the Saratov Region, expresses a similar opinion. "What specially characterizes the collective farm theater," she says, "is the close bond between the actors and the audience. Every trip to a collective farm gives me real joy, for the audiences show us such great affection. And with what astonishing sincerity and warmth do they respond to every performance, every role, every word of the actors!"

These sentiments are characteristic not only of the younger generation of collective farm actors who have grown up under the Soviet power. Recently in Leningrad the fortieth anniversary of the artistic activity of Honored Artist of the Republic Pavel Gaideburov, who for a number of years has been at the head of one of the

A scene from Sholom Aleichem's "Tevye the Milkman," produced by a Jewish Kolkhoz Theater in Crimea

Stakhanovites of agriculture on their way to a guest performance by the Maly Theater at Zametchino, a factory region near Moscow

best collective farm theaters of the U.S.S.R., the Theater of the Leningrad Soviet, was celebrated. Gaideburov and his theater took part in the Festival of the best collective farm theaters.

Gaibedurov is one of the oldest workers in the field of the popular theater and one of its most ardent enthusiasts. Thirty-six years ago, in 1903, Pavel Gaideburov organized the Popular Theater in a working class district in tsarist St. Petersburg, beyond Obvodny Canal. A few years later this theater came to be called the Traveling Theater. In the winter the troupe of this theater, which has won for itself a place in the history of the Russian stage, used to give performances which were not beyond the pockets of the working people in St. Petersburg and nearby towns. In spring and summer it traveled all over Russia, returning to St. Petersburg only in late autumn. This democratic theater was systematically subjected to annoyances and persecution on the part of the tsarist authorities.

Alongside plays by Russian classics Gaideburov produced Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Ibsen's *Ghosts*, Byron's *Sardanapalus*, Bjornson's *Beyond Human Power*, etc.

With a short interruption in the war years this theater, under the leadership of Gaideburov, existed in Leningrad up to 1928. Ever since he entered his dramatic career Gaideburov has remained a staunch adherent of the idea of a democratic theater and of the principles of realistic art. Pavel Gaideburov hailed with enthusiasm the appearance of the new and promising manifestation of popular art embodied in the collective farm theater, and soon became the head and leader of one of them.

In the five years of its existence under Gaideburov, the Collective Farm Theater of the Leningrad Soviet gave performances in many villages, having traveled about six thousand miles by rail, two thousand miles by automobile and two thousand miles on carts, one thousand miles on sleighs, hundreds of miles by motor boat and sail boat, thirteen thousand miles on steamboats and over the Mariinski system and about two hundred miles on foot.

In an article on the occasion of the Collective Farm Theater Festival P. Gaideburov writes: "What, in my opinion, is the most attractive feature of the work in the collective farm theater? The appeal which the art of the collective farm theater has for me lies in the fact that it is breaking down the former distinction between the country and city theaters; this evolution in art reflects the historic process of the abolition of the former contrast between town and country. Nowhere is the pulsation of the new life felt so keenly, nowhere is it so attractively vivid as in the collective farm development and, consequently, also in the creative work of the collective farm theater. Here everything seems full of life and movement: unprecedented changes in the economic order are accompanied by transformations in human outlook and character such as the world has never seen before. The unprecedented striving for culture and the striking changes in the demands of the country spectator are both expressive of a great creative movement that is stirring the countryside. Vakhtangov, one of the finest masters of the Soviet stage, once wrote: 'We must love the new people.' Since this was said, the wisdom of Stalin has armed the new Soviet people with strong cadres of a real people's intelligentsia, who cannot help loving their people and who are themselves dearly loved by the people. The Soviet theater also belongs to the people. It lives their life. And the Soviet actor is a living part of the great nation of builders. In the close contact with the people in the sphere of art he finds an ever fresh source of inspiration and a stimulus for the lusty growth of his creative powers." Soviet actors find a life-giving source of inspiration in their work on the collective farm stage.

DMITRI KALM

Suvorov on the Soviet Stage

The Moscow Central Theater of the Red Army opened its season with Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, and ended its year of fruitful and highly appreciated work with a first performance of *Field Marshal Suvorov*, a historical-documental play. During the past season alone the theater gave a series of performances of the most varied character and themes. The work of the theater will have a still wider range in the future, when it will have at its disposal premises specially designed for itself, which will be one of the biggest theaters in the world. The production of *The Taming of the Shrew* was greeted variously by the critics, some of whom reproached the management, not without justification, for a somewhat arbitrary treatment of the text. The last production—*Field Marshal Suvorov*—drew unanimous enthusiastic verdicts from critics and audiences alike. To create on the stage the great Russian field marshal is an important and grateful, if extraordinarily difficult, task. Suvorov lived in an interesting age. His military career lasted almost forty years, from his participation in the taking of Berlin during the Seven Years' War, to the Swiss campaign, the legendary audacity of which was the marvel of Europe. Suvorov dwelt more than once on the summits of glory, falling again and again into disgrace with the slow-witted, unappreciative Russian tsars.

The times in which Suvorov was able, in the eyes of the whole world, to maintain the banner of the Russian army at a hitherto unprecedented height were times of extraordinary complexity and specific difficulty.

It was the time

"When homicide and harlotry made great."

as Byron aptly characterized the epoch of Suvorov in the 7th canto of *Don Juan*. Byron was, perhaps, the only European poet capable of comprehending and appreciating at his true worth a personality with such exceptional qualities as Suvorov. Byron set Suvorov against the figure of Potemkin, who attained glory and wealth by means of "homicide and harlotry."

Suvorov himself is quite differently represented in *Don Juan*:

But on the thirteenth, when already part
Of the troops were embark'd, the siege to raise,
A courier on the spur inspired new heart
Into all panters for newspaper praise,
As well as dilettanti in war's art,
By his despatches couch'd in pithy phrase;
Announcing the appointment of that lover of
Battles to the command, Field-Marshal Suvorov.

and again:

Suvorov chiefly was on the alert,
Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting, pondering;
For the man was, we safely may assert,
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering;
Hero, buffoon, half-demon, and half-dirt,
Praying, instructing, desolating; plundering:
Now Mars, now Momus; and when bent to storm
A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

The young playwrights, I. Bakhterev and A. Razumovsky, have coped successfully with the complex task before them. They follow their hero through all the principal stages of his life. The play begins with a prologue relating to Suvorov's first military feats, from the moment of the breaking up of Friedrich II's army, and the taking of Berlin. The spectator can descry, in the twenty-eight year old Suvorov, those features to which he will later owe his world fame. These are, first and foremost, a passionate patriotism, love of his people, his army, care and guardianship of the soldiers, the great field marshal himself having been a private for many years. Even in the prologue we see the young Suvorov setting his face against intrigue and court diplomacy, a passionate patriot and an officer, first and foremost, looking after the needs of the soldiers under his control.

The authors skip over thirty years and, in the first scene, immediately following the prologue, we see the hero already haloed in the glory of his innumerable military feats. The playwrights have briefly but eloquently shown the events connected with the siege of the Turkish fortress of Ismail: the intrigues of the courtier-generals, the cunning machinations of Suvorov's enemies, the vacillations of Potemkin himself. Despite all obstacles Suvorov managed to issue the order for the storming of Ismail, and devoted

B. Nechayev as Suvorov

all his energy in the short space of time before the assault to the raising and strengthening of the spirit of the army.

But, certes, matters took a different face;
There was enthusiasm and much applause,
The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,
And all presaged good fortune to their cause.
. . . . . .
The whole camp rung with joy; you would have thought
That they were going to a marriage-feast
(This metaphor, I think, holds good as aught,
Since there is discord after both, at least):
There was not now a luggage boy but sought
Danger and spoil with ardeur much increased;
And why? because a little—odd—old man,
Stript to his shirt, was come to lead tha van.

The whole scene of the night before the storming of Ismail is like a detailed commentary on these lines of Byron. We see Suvorov inspecting the ranks of his troops, exchanging pungent witticisms with the soldiers, strengthening their faith in victory with an apt word. The storm was planned to coincide with cock-crow. Only a few hours remained for sleep. Suddenly comes an unexpected order from Potemkin, once more postponing the storm of the fortress. Suvorov is in despair, he paces the stage, which represents part of the camp of the army before Ismail. Suddenly he finds a way out. With the words: "Here's a letter which could make a man crow like a cock with despair!" Suvorov leaps to the redoute and does in fact crow like a cock, thus giving the signal for the joint attack on the fortress. The assault begins and is very soon crowned with success.

The eccentricities of the great Russian field marshal are well known, he himself having explained their meaning in the following words: "Appearing before the court like an Aesop, I told the truth in fables. For my country's sake I played the clown and crowed like a cock to awake the drowsy. . . ."

The next scene, in which we see Suvorov before Pavel I, who had ascended the throne not long before and was known to be an admirer of Friedrich II and the old-fashioned Prussian methods, makes an unforgettable impression. Pavel tries to fool Suvorov, promising him all sorts of rewards, in the secret hope that Suvorov will lend his prestige to the new military measures sponsored by the tsar in the Russian army. But Suvorov refuses royal favor, rejecting Pavel's project for the adoption of Prussian methods with the proud words:

"The Russians have always beaten the Prussians, why should we adopt their methods . . . ? I am better than Friedrich II, by the mercy of god I have never lost a battle."

And when Pavel attacks the field marshal furiously for his words, and, still more, for the cut of his uniform, which does not correspond to that ordained by the tsar in imitation of the Prussian model, Suvorov, raising his head proudly, replies:

"Face powder is not gunpowder, curled locks are not cannon, pigtails are not ramrods, I'm not a German, I'm a true Russian."

This retort by the favorite of the Russian people was drowned by the vociferous applause of the audience.

Suvorov is out of favor. The tsar expels him from the capital. A "Russified" German general conveys to Suvorov the supreme will—that he leave St. Petersburg within twenty-four hours and remain in exile in his native place in the village of Konchanskoye, under observation of the German general.

"A soldier does not need twenty-four hours, I will go at once," replies Suvorov, evoking from the confused general a request for time to prepare for the fourney.

Once again the lines by Byron come to mind:

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew
In sight two horsemen, who were deem'd Cossacques
For some time, till they came in nearer view;
They had but little baggage at their backs,
For there were but three *shirts between the two;*
But on they rode upon two Ukraine hacks,
Till, in approaching, were at length descried,
In this plain pair, Suvorov and his guide.

Suvorov, former favorite of the tsar, settled down in a remote place under the vigilant surveillance of volunteer spies, keeping the tsar's gendarmerie informed of every step of the fallen field marshal.

But in a short time Pavel, alarmed by the brilliant victories of revolutionary France, needed Suvorov again. Suvorov was called back to the capital and entrusted with the Italian campaign. The aged field marshal felt his strength returning to him. In his remote village he had followed attentively European affairs, and the rapid rise of Napoleon's star.

"You're going too fast, my lad," he said to himself. And Suvorov felt a passionate desire to measure swords with Napoleon.

The authors transfer us to sultry Italy, over whose fields now wave the victorious banners of the Russian army. We see Suvorov in the village at the Devil's Bridge in a hopeless situation, betrayed to the enemy by the "allied" Austrian generals and the spies who have wriggled their way into his staff. Suvorov, as usual, rapidly grasps the situation and takes his decision. First and foremost, an end must be put to treachery in his own camp and, though the traitor, Baron von Vogel, was a friend of people whom Suvorov implicitly trusted, the field marshal was stern and implacable. "For here is no room for mercy."

The traitor must be severely punished. The field marshal's sharp order falls like the blade of the guillotine:

"Bury his body, and don't mark his grave." And immediately follow the plans for further action, as a result of which the inaccessible Devil's Bridge falls under the pressure of Suvorov's armies.

The theater rang with applause when Suvorov, just before the storming of the bridge, flings his courageous, passionate words in the teeth of the hesitators:

"Where the deer can pass, there can the Russian soldier go through, and even where the deer cannot pass, the Russian soldier can go through."

The episode at the Devil's Bridge makes an especially deep impression, thanks to the masterly work of the artists responsible for the scenery—Fedotov and Shifrin. At the raising of the curtain nothing is seen but the simple hut in which Suvorov's staff is housed. When during the attack on the bridge the French blow it up, in the hope of holding up the Russian army, Suvorov keeps his head and gives the order to tear down the hut and make a temporary shelter of its boards. The soldiers reduce the hut to a mass of logs in a minute, and the audience is unexpectedly faced by a glorious panorama of Swiss mountains.

Breaking through the enemy front, Suvorov leads his army out of Switzerland. He returns to Russia surrounded by the aureole of a field marshal who has never known defeat throughout his long military existence.

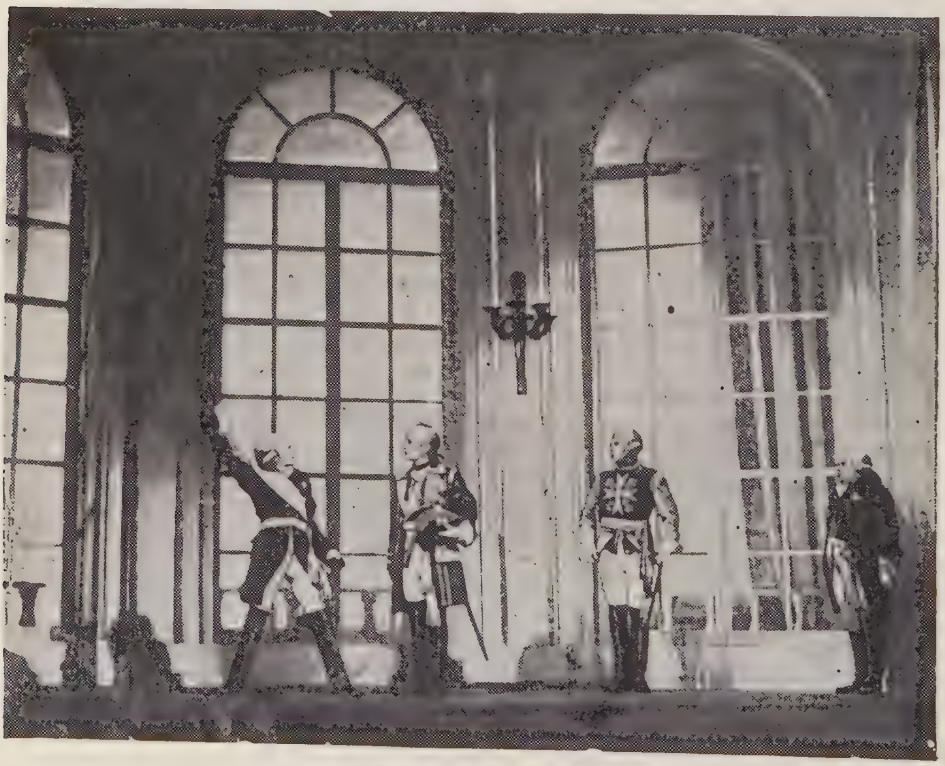
Pavel is alarmed by the love of the people for Suvorov. The crowds assembling to do honor to their field marshal are dispersed, Suvorov himself ordered to proceed to Petersburg by night. Here a new and final blow awaits the great old man. Pavel refuses him an audience, sending Count Kutaisov to ask him how he dared during a campaign to keep near his person, in opposition to the supreme will, a general who had been nominated for other duty. Gathering the remains of his strength, Suvorov drives out the tsar's messenger, bidding him tell Pavel that Suvorov is dead. When Kutaisov has already left the house Suvorov, getting to the window with difficulty, opens it and then supplements his last message to the tsar with the words: "No . . . Suvorov is alive and will live in every Russian soldier . . . and will never die."

This effort and his extreme agitation exhaust the last forces of the field marshal and he falls dead in the arms of his orderly and his daughter, who come running up to him.

We have purposely dwelt in detail on the contents of this play, so truthfully conveying the career of a remarkable Russian and an outstanding warrior. During Suvorov's own life his image was in every way distorted by his enemies, the tsarist placemen and official historians.

It is to the credit of the playwrights that they have by no means idealized history, or depicted Suvorov as a man

Suvorov relates to his daughter episodes of the Swiss campaign. (III act.)



Suvorov meets Paul I, an episode from the play. Enraged by the Field-Marshall's refusal to support his reactionary plans to reorganize the Russian army along Prussian lines, Paul I threatens Suvorov

of advanced social views. Truthfully and according to history they have shown the field marshal as a representative of his class, loyal to monarchy and ready at the command of the tsar to devote all his strength, knowledge and great military ability to the fulfillment of his duty. But at the same time we have every ground to assert that there existed in Suvorov a profound love for his people, and belief in their creative potentialities, their glorious future.

The authors of the play have conveyed naturally, truthfully and convincingly the contradiction, which history has shown to be by no means rare. (An example of this is Balzac, in whose soul were united boundless adoration of Napoleon, and the legitimist convictions of a loyal subject.)

The performance in the Red Army theater was greatly enhanced by the acting of Nechayev as Suvorov. The actor's brilliant make-up created an extraordinary portrait likeness of the great field marshal. The actor penetrated deep into the character of his part, skillfully displaying the many-sided personality of the hero. His Suvorov is profoundly "folk" and simple, wise and far-seeing, shrewd and cautious, and, when necessary, is capable of a breathtaking audacity and determination. His is one of those almost legendary characters typical of the greatest figures in history.

Nechayev was perhaps at his best in the national scenes, in which Suvorov appears surrounded by soldiers, peasants, in a word by the masses who were so loyal to him and loved him so passionately. The only reproach that can be cast at Nechayev is that he was a bit fussy in the scene of the taking of the Devil's Bridge. Any fussiness runs counter to the image of the field marshal, always calm at the critical moment. It runs counter also to the very appearance, even the physical condition of Suvorov, who was over seventy at the time of the Swiss campaign.

In a letter to Lassalle about his play *Franz von Zieking*, Engels wrote of the importance for historical drama of a broad national background—a Falstaffian background—against which the whole action should take place. The authors of *Field Marshal Suvorov* have been successful especially in the mass scenes and the images of individual soldiers and peasants will remain long in the memory of the spectator.

Even merely incidental figures such as, for example, the bell-ringer in the belfry remain in the memory of the spectator. The authors have endowed the common people with striking contour and color, differentiating the various personages who compose a lively mass of the people, with a single stroke. A successful folk play. The characters of Suvorov's orderly and his wife, Markitanka, both imbued with devotion to the darling of the whole Russian army, are excellent, and rendered still more notable owing to the art of the actors. Their enthusiasm and delight when the field marshal goes straight from exile to a new campaign are at once convincing and comprehensible.

Here the authors have successfully presented one of the most characteristic features of the Russian people, recently alluded to in his speech at the last May day parade by Marshal K. Voroshilov, Commissar of Defense—"not only can they fight, they like fighting."

Some of the other characters are not so good. Bakhterev and Razumovsky had not paid sufficient attention to the portrayal of such important characters as Potemkin, Kutuzov and Bagration, who are very superficially sketched. The hasty sketchiness of the characters of Suvorov's two last disciples, the heroes of the war of 1812, indeed the conquerors of Napoleon I, is an important and vexatious blemish. Stage-managers and actors together endeavored to make up for these omissions but the playwrights did not provide them with enough material.

On the whole the play covered truthfully and precisely the most important elements of Suvorov's life, abandoning historical facts only in secondary details. The death of Suvorov is somewhat freely treated. It is not true, as the play has it, that Suvorov fought Napoleon's army in Switzerland, for that army was in Egypt at the time. The playwrights, who make no claim to be historians, need not be reproached for such details as the last-mentioned; but there was absolutely no necessity to substitute Napoleon's army for Massena's. Here the authors committed an error, feeling probably that the logic of the composition required that the spectator should see Suvorov's dream of measuring his strength against the army of Napoleon himself realized to a certain extent at least. It must, nevertheless, be emphasized that the historical picture as a whole has been so drawn by the playwrights as to show on the stage a living epoch. Individual lapses may be left to the consciences of the authors.

Notwithstanding the various unimportant defects of the play it was received warmly by Soviet audiences, which appreciated the work of the playwrights and producers who carried out, under the able management of A. Popov, the stagings of the first Soviet play about one of the most famous field marshals in the world.

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

A GREAT SOVIET ACTOR

People's Artist of the U.S.S.R., Boris Shchukin, brilliant Russian actor and remarkable regisseur and pedagogue, died suddenly on October 7. He was in his forty-fifth year.

From the first day of the foundation of the Vakhtangov Theater in Moscow, to the last day of his life, Shchukin worked with amazing energy and with a truly miraculous insight into the great secrets of the art of acting. He created a glorious gallery of unforgettable personages during the twenty years of his association with the theater. The history of the Soviet theater and cinema is closely interwoven with the name of Shchukin. One of the most outstanding representatives of genuine Socialist realism, he was responsible for some of its greatest achievements.

Boris Shchukin was the first actor who, on stage and screen, appeared in the role of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. Two years of his life Shchukin spent in creating the role of Lenin, and during the celebrations of the twentieth anniversary of the great October Revolution, the results of this gigantic labor were seen on stage and screen. The films *Lenin in October* and *Lenin in 1918* with Shchukin in the title role, have been shown in almost every country in the world, arousing the most profound admiration of the audiences.

In the Soviet press there appeared numerous appraisals by writers, actors and artists, of Shchukin's art and the roles he created on stage and screen. Vladimir Nemirovich-Danchenko wrote in *Pravda:*

"From the soft humor of *Princess Turandot* with its bewitching simplicity, its charmingly intimate contact with the audience; through the profound study of

the social and psychological content of the image of Maxim Gorky's Yegor Bulychev—a study imbued with the manly nobility of art, devoid of any sentimentality or frigid rationalism; restrained and simultaneously vivid, theatrical, unforgettable; to the remarkable, true, all-absorbing presentation of Lenin—this is the brief but brilliant creative path of Shchukin.

"How sad that his life was cut short so early!"

A. Kapler and M. Romm, the authors of the scenario of *Lenin in October*, wrote the following in *Pravda*:

"On the morning of October 7 he was found dead. He was lying in his bed and his face was calm. An open book

was in his hand, eyeglasses on the blanket. The light was on. He must have read during the night.

"The book in his hand was Denis Diderot's *Paradoxe sur le Comédien*. The book was open on page eight. On this page Diderot wrote about Clairon, the famous French actress of the eighteenth century:

" 'If you were with her at the time she worked on a new part, how many times you would tell her: "There at last you have it." And just as many times she would say in reply: "You are mistaken!" One of the friends of Duquesnoy (a prominent French sculptor of the seventeenth century) once seized him by the arm and exclaimed: "Hold! That which is improved is the enemy of the good, you will spoil it all in a moment!" "You now see only the thing I created," said the artist to the surprised connoisseur, stopping for a moment, "but you do not discern that which lives in my imagination, that which I am striving to create." '

"These words of Diderot remarkably characterize the creative essence of Shchukin himself, they are the sum total of his splendid life. What is very striking is that these very lines which can best serve as his own motto were the last thing he read before his untimely death. Severe in his demands toward himself, restless, always dissatisfied with his own achievements, he never tired of striving toward perfection in his art.

"He is the first actor in the world who so remarkably created the role of V. I. Lenin.

"Our country, the whole of mankind applauded Shchukin. Our Government awarded him the Order of Lenin. He was showered with letters, congratulations, gratitude. Workers constantly invited him to their factories, collective farmers to their villages.

"Yet Boris Vasilyevich remained dissatisfied with his work.

"He was a genuine artist!"

Thousands of Muscovites paid last tribute to Shchukin, as he lay in state at the Vakhtangov Theater. A. J. Vyshinsky, the Vice-Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, spoke at the last funeral meeting on behalf of the Soviet Government. Evaluating the enormous contribution of Shchukin to the treasure-house of Socialist art, Vyshinsky said:

"He was a man of great and unusual talent. Only an enormously gifted actor could undertake the creation of the role of the great leader of the October Revolution, Lenin; only a genuine artist, a man pure and truthful, boundlessly devoted to the cause of Lenin-Stalin, a great patriot of the land of victorious and all-conquering Socialism.

"Shchukin undertook a huge task and fulfilled it brilliantly. The Soviet people will never forget this. His memory will live forever!"

THE CHINESE WOODCUT AND

The Chinese people have taken up arms in defense of their independence, of their native land against the Japanese imperialists. In the storms of war a new art is being born. In all times and ages the Chinese people have produced wonderful works of art. From rare cloisonne vases created thousands of years ago, to the popular posters that decorate the clubs and staff headquarters of China's revolutionary army, all is on a high artistic level. Even the make-up and illustrations of the wall newspapers, put out on odds and ends of paper, bear witness to the continued growth of the graphic arts and culture in China today.

A group of young Chinese artists in Yan-Ale (center of the Eighth People's Revolutionary Army in Shansi Province) recently organized a course in the art of woodcuts. The course is named after the famous Chinese revolutionary writer, Lu Hsun, the "Gorky of China," who died three years ago. In spite of the war raging in their land, the young Chinese artists are learning the difficult technique of making woodcuts, their themes for the most part being episodes of the war.

The young artists have sent an album of their productions to the Museum of the Revolution in Moscow. It contains more than a score of works by some of the young men at the Lu Hsun woodcut course. In their letter and postscript to the album they write:

"We want our young artists to travel over the whole country, to come into contact with all strata of the population and turn their art into rifles and bayonets in the war against Japanese aggression. We want the artists in no lesser degree than the fighters, to help achieve the final victory over the enemy and foster the establishment of an independent, happy China."

Below we print several woodcuts from the album.

Civilians giving aid to wounded fighters — *Woodcut by Sya Fen*

HE WAR OF LIBERATION

War trophy *Woodcut by Tsian Huan*

An episode from the battle at Ping-Sin-Guan *Woodcut by Tsian Huan*

Chinese Air Force *Woodcut by Hu I-chuan*

LITERATURE IN IRELAND

To write about literature in Ireland is a complex job. At present, and for some time past, Irish literature has been the core of several controversies. What is and what is not Irish literature is dividing the country into two clever camps. There are those, few in number, but loud-voiced and a little bitter, who claim that only that is of value in Irish prose and poetry which is written in the Gaelic language, the national tongue of the Irish people; that all the works, written in English, be they ever so great or so beautiful, fail, by any true test, to form part of Ireland's literary heritage. There is a good deal to be said for those who hold this view, that Irish literature can only be Irish when it is written out of the heart and mind of the Irish, that is, the Gaelic language. The weak point is that the English language is still the tongue of the vast majority of the people. The Irish language was, of course, the language of the people for many centuries, and, even today, the idiom of that language is heard and felt in the English at present spoken by the people. For many centuries the Irish language was the tongue in which the people said their say, sighed their sorrows, bought and sold in the market place, sang their songs, prayed to their gods, blessed their friends, and cursed their enemies. In this language were expressed all the sorrows and most of the glories of the older ages in Ireland; and the language in the works of the poets and scribes was thrusting itself forward to a fuller strength and higher beauty, when the first English invasion interfered, and started the long-drawn-out bloody conquest of the people. As soon as the English had the power, they began to put an untidy end to Gaelic scholarship and to hunt the poets from their high places, hanging them, if they couldn't tame them; to dragoon the people, having first, of course, robbed them of their patrimony. From the day this alien power settled itself to rule Ireland from Dublin Castle, every effort was made to destroy the language, customs, and characteristics of the people, but it was only about one hundred and fifty years ago that the language ceased to be the language of the majority of the people, and it was never entirely lost.

In the days of long ago, pre-christian times, when Ireland was probably the center of a Celtic civilization stretching from her own shores to the shores of the Black Sea (Dr. Dwyer Joyce, in his *Irish Names of Places*, mentions the close connection between the Irish and the Georgians), many things were written, but because of the destructive invasions of the English and the Danes, all or mostly all were lost though it is thought, many lie scattered about in the world unhonored and unknown.

The present Irish Government are doing something, in compilation and translation, to bring before us, through the mass of manuscripts left, the light of other days, for Ireland never gave way before the denationalizing influences of the Roman Empire; and, even when Christianity came, Ireland for many years was too far from Rome to be dominated by her, the national language remained practically untouched, and it flourished in the literature that then arose. It is, indeed, thought that it was the Irish influence in Northumberland, England, that taught and encouraged the Anglian scribes to preserve and cultivate the national literature.

The Danes, in their various forays, set fire to anything that would burn, and thousands of manuscripts perished in the

---

In this essay, written last summer at the request of the editors of *International Literature*, Sean O'Casey treats only certain phenomena in Irish literature and literary history; much has been left out by the author, and a great deal has remained scarcely touched. We do not agree with everything the author has to say. His interpretation of Yeats, for instance, is interestingly written but seems much too idealizing; his evaluation of James Joyce suffers because of the complete absence of a critical approach. Despite all this, Sean O'Casey's observations on the literature of his people are doubtless of great significance and interest to our readers.—*Ed.*

flames. So terrible was the fear of the Irish before these invaders, due, I think, to the softening of the martial fiber of the Irish by their new Christian practice of prayer and fasting, that a poet, thinking of the terror, wrote:

Bitter is the wind tonight,
It tosses the ocean's white hair;
Tonight I fear not the fierce warriors of Norway
Coursing on the Irish Sea.
Far better the spirit of
Ye people of great Murrough,
Against which neither forest nor wild moor prevails,
Ye that before your Norse battle-standards of sun-bright satin
Have routed the heathen hordes as far as the Boyne!
Blood breaks like snowflakes from their noses
As they flee across Aughty in the late evening.

When the invasions broke all patience down, the whole country united and finally defeated the Danes in a great battle on the outskirts of Dublin.

It is often thought that we Irish are a dreamy people (we, of course, have our dreams), and that the fairy atmosphere, as set down in so many stories and sayings about us, and the forawhile cult what was called The Celtic Twilight, is redolent of the whimsical, mystical nature of the Irish. But many of the things written by the Celt show that he was a practical thinker as well as one who had a vivid imagination. For instance, the Triads, typical of one form of Irish thought, show how wise and practical the Gael or Celt could be. Here are a few:

Three slender things that best support the world: The slender stream of milk from the cow's dug into the pail;
The slender blade of green corn upon the ground;
The slender thread over the hand of a skilled woman.
Three glories of a gathering: A beautiful wife; a good horse; a swift hound.
Three laughing-stocks of the world: An angry man; a jealous man; a niggard.
Three things that constitute a physician: a complete cure; leaving no blemish behind; a painless examination.
Three candles that illumine every darkness: Truth, nature, knowledge.
Three coffers whose depth is not known: The coffers of a chieftain; of the church; of a privileged poet. (Today we have the capitalist, the church—as ever—and the venal best-seller. S. O.)

But, on the whole, apart from some fierce songs by some fierce poet, and many lovely love songs, Irish literature, after the conquest of Christianity, became a thing of patience, penance, and prayer, and weakened the Irish terribly in the fight to regain their own again. As, for instance, in this song called *Eve's Lament*, showing Christianity's strange unnatural dread of woman:

I am Eve, great Adam's wife,
'Tis I that outraged Jesus, of old;
'Tis I that robbed my children of heaven,
By rights, 'tis I should have gone upon the cross.
There would be no ice in any place,
There would be no glistening windy winter,
There would be no hell, there would be no sorrow,
There would be no fear, if it were not for me.

And many more of this kind of ringing of church bells, so mocked by Oisin the great Fenian poet in his argument with St. Patrick.

After the defeat of the Confederation of Killkenny, the flight of the Earls, owing to party ambitions, personal greed, and religious nonsense, Ireland's fetters were set firmer on her feet. Then Cromwell came blasting away through the country; and, after him, the flying Stuarts whose cause the Irish stood by, the common foolishly following a royal name and a royal coward, Sheamus a chaca—Sheamus the shit as he was afterwards called by the people who suffered in his cause. The fate of the people grew worse, and anyone who had anything had to conform to the law and established religion, or lose all or the little they had. The literature is now full of hopes for the restoration of the Jacobite line; visions of a beautiful girl, symbolical of Ireland, telling her woes, often ending in the wish fulfillment form of the overthrow of Ireland's foes, and her own rise to wealth, comfort, security, and jubilation. We have the lovely lyrical strains of Eoghain O'Ruaidh O'Suilleabhain, the vigorous chants of Aodhagain O'Rathaille, and the not so vigorous, but more gentle (though he could be fierce enough at times) verse of Sean Clarac O'Domhnaill. In *Ata an Speur'sa Cuallacht*, the vasty sky's in sore affliction and a windswept downpour's falling ceaselessly, O'Domhnaill paints a vision in which he sees despair, misery, and want change to glory, with wine and corn and dancing in plenty for all in Ireland. So it went on in most of what was written down by the impoverished and hunted poets, a never-ending hope for the future, and an endless curse on the foreigner holding down their country. But the English tongue kept getting a

firmer grip on the people pushed hard out of the fair places in the land to the parts where the land gave little, and the life was stern. There had ceased to be any law for them; they were outcasts and beggars, living on less than husks in their own land; but the clergy still preached patience and the love of god.

We come to later times when the English find the language they forced on the people getting used against themselves in the writings and ballads of the men of "'48," a stream of song that dried up only when the present President of Ireland, Eamonn De Valera, gave the signal that ended the civil war. Although many of the old Gaelic poets had written fierce satires about individual clerics, they were narrow and isolated. Now began a stiff challenge to the commonplace and tear-appealing cry for patience sent up by the crowd following fast on the heels of the clergy, all of them looking sturdy and each of them feeling faint.

On this scene of processional patience, burst the patriotic ballads of Thomas Davis and the fiery denunciations of John Mitchel in a paper called *The Nation* read by all who could read, and listened to by all who could not. In the midst of famine and disease, took place the scene described by Mitchel: "a 'model' communal kitchen was turned into a gala, one of the ghastliest galas ever exhibited under the sun. There in the Esplanade, before the Royal barracks, was erected the national model soup kitchen, gaily bedizened, laurelled, and bannered, and fair to see; and in and out all around, sauntered parties of our supercilious second hand 'better classes' of the Castle offices—fed on superior rations at the people's expense—and bevies of fair dames and military officers, braided with public braid and padded with public padding; and there, too, were the pale and piteous ranks of model paupers, broken tradesmen, ruined farmers, destitute seamstresses, ranged at a respectful distance, till the genteel persons had duly inspected the arrangements, and then marched by the police to the places alloted them, where they were to feed on the meager diet with *chained spoons*—to show the gentry how the pauper spirit could be broken, and the pauper appetite could gulp down its bitter bread, and bitterer shame and wrath together." Mitchel's voice rang out from one end of the land to the other in *The Nation*, but the people were too soaked with the advice to submit and be patient to hear the cry that "the railways were better dispensed with for a while than allowed to become a means of transport for invading troops. Troops transported by rail might be conveniently met with in many places. Not even Hpfer and his Tyrolese could have desired a deadlier ambush than a good deep railway cutting. A few hundred men could lie in wait with masses of rocks and trunks of trees ready to roll down; and a train or two advancing with a regiment of infantry, and the engine panting nearer and nearer till its polished name may nearly be read: Now, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! . . . Now!"

This sort of literature didn't go down with the clergy or the authorities, and Mitchel was hurried away in chains to serve a long sentence, writing his fine *Jail Journal* in the convict hulks.

Here, at this time, too, wrote Fintan Lalor, the most advanced thinker of his period declaring in *The Rights of Ireland*, "The principle I state and mean to stand upon is this, that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the center, is vested in right of the people of Ireland; that they, and none but they, are the landowners and lawmakers of this island; that all laws are null and void, not made by them, and all titles of land invalid, not conferred or confirmed by them. In other, if not plainer words, I hold and maintain that the entire soil of a country belongs of right to the entire people of that country, and is the rightful property, not of any one class, but of the nation at large."

But these declarations, unfortunately, were not seized on by the other leaders, and never reached the host of people who would have acclaimed them, and as surely fought for them; and it was not till another generation that these things were made plainer by Michael Davitt, and plainer still, later on, by Jim Larkin and Jim Connolly.

Then came the wide, energetic, and tremendous struggle for security of tenure under Parnell and Davitt; Parnell's betrayal by the debauched members of his party; and literature sank down into the wearisome platitudes preached by the leaders of the party after Parnell's death. Then, suddenly, a great Renaissance of literary and dramatic activity sprang into being in the midst of the pseudo-political life of the people. The Gaelic League, a society for the revival of Ireland's language, songs, dances, and customs, became strong and prominent; and the Abbey Theater was founded in Dublin by W. B. Yeats, George Moore, and Lady Augusta Gregory. From these two fine and pulsing movements, have sprung all the literary and dramatic activities that stir up Ireland today. The greatest of these big figures was undoubtedly Yeats, the strange, dreamy,

faraway poet who could, all in a moment, be so practical in the affairs of the theater. He was the great poet of the period, and so far, possibly (to me, certainly) in his day the greatest poet writing in the English language. At the first go-off, and, indeed, for some time, Yeats built all, or almost all, his poetry on the legends and romances that sparkle in the literature of the Gaelic past, though, to no little extent, he fled too far away from the common people, turning the poet into a cold aristocrat who turned his head up to the heavens, looking at no one below the altitude of a star; failing to see that many, especially among the workers, were themselves, in their own way, seeking a vision, more roughly, perhaps, but no less deep than his own.

In London, Yeats mixed with Lionel Johnston, Dowson, John Davidson, T. W. Rolleston, John Todhunter, and others. "There," says Horace Reynolds, in a preface to *Letters to the New Island*, "Yeats could talk poetry to his peers." But these weren't his peers, not by a long chalk, and they surely did him some harm by interesting Yeats too much in the tiny importance of the talk of cliques (much less majestic than the scorned roar of the mob) who loved, before all else, their own imagined importance, and thought that what they wrote down would be printed in the book of books. This literary giant spent far too much of his time blathering to poetical pygmies. Again, he sought too much the weblike fellowship of theosophy and the Hermetic Students (whatever they may be) as they sat pensively on the Cabala (whatever that is), trying to make a cat jump, by imagining a mouse under her nose. All these things were a waste of time to Yeats, and gave a slant to a good deal of his work, which, but for the great poetry in the man, would have turned him completely away from the life that lived so abundantly around him. When he stood upon the Lia Fail, Ireland's Stone of Destiny, he was great; when he perched on the Cabala, he was foolish; when he sang of love, he was beautiful, for Yeats has written the loveliest love lyrics in the English language, such as,

Had I the heaven's embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with gold and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,

I would spread the cloths under your feet;
For I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

In spite of his dreaming, his holidaying after the symbolic, Yeats knew in his deep heart that there were many things wrong with the world, and longed that it should be brighter for all men:

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
The cry of the child by the roadside, the creak of a lumbering cart,
The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry mould,
Are wronging the image that blossoms a rose in the deeps of my heart.

Yeats, in the beginning, challenged what he called "the Davisization of poetry," saying, trenchantly, that poetry and literature must be freed from politics; and the then Irish Literary Movement swung towards what was called a pure art expression; but deep in his fine heart was a deep doubt, for he wrote a political play called *Kathleen Ni Houlihan* (symbolic name for Ireland) that became a trumpet-call to the Irish Republicans in the struggle for national independence. This terror of immersion in the things that belonged to the people was, I think, due to the pure and precious literary groups with whom Yeats mixed and talked; little themselves, they wanted to make Yeats a little less than he was, and while they plucked away at their one-stringed instrument, Yeats couldn't help sometimes pouring out strains on the literary and national warharp of the nation.

There was a lot to be said for opposition to the Davisization of Irish poetry, for Davis, though a fine singer, was not a poet, and he was followed by a stream of poor and infantile imitators. But Davis wrote many fine rousing national songs, one of which I partly give here:

Oh, for a steed, a rushing steed! on the Curragh of Kildare,
And Irish squadrons trained to do what they are willing to dare;
A hundred yards, and the English guards, drawn up to engage me there!

Oh, for a steed, a rushing steed, in any good cause at all!
Or else, if you will, a field on foot, or guarding a leagured wall,
For freedom's right, in flushing fight, to conquer, if then to fall!

Yeats, too, was a fine and fearless fighter, raising himself against the intimidation, the stupid intolerance, the ignorant opposition of the religious societies, anxious to make sure that nothing outside of their own seedy, senseless, and lackalight lumber should be said or sung in the land.

In the last years of his life, Yeats became much more human, drew nearer

to the world's needs, and, as he told me himself, became intensely interested in the new voice of the resurgent working class speaking in its own way, and demanding the earth and the fullness thereof. He is gone now, and Ireland will miss him sorely, for he was Ireland's greatest poet, and a great warrior to boot.

Following him, and often trying to move a little in front of him, came George Russell, writing under the title of "AE," who, for many a long year, was looked upon as a great poet, a great painter, and a greater seer. Possessing many good qualities, he was far from being a great poet; looking at painting from a serious point of view, he was a wretched painter; and his quality as a seer was, I think, largely built on the qualities of others. But we remember one thing: in the great strike of 1913, when the workers of Ireland were battling for their rights under the leadership of Larkin and Connolly, George Russell and Yeats wrote splendid letters defending the workers, and this was done when there were very few who dared to stand out openly and say a fair word for the workers.

Over all this cloud of poetry and mysticism, shone out the piercing sun of G. B. Shaw's wisdom in preface and play, dissolving a thousand and one shams that went with the gold-guarded respectability of religion and life; and through him, eyes became keener to see, ears became keener to hear the shaded lies that pretended to harmonize the smell of the workers' sweat with the perfumes of the well-to-do.

In an article, it is not possible to go into the things written by these men.

So now we reach the day we stand in, and look round to see what we can see: Around the Abbey Theater, a group of playwrights, old and young, going round the building continually, and sometimes finding the door open; the best of them, Paul Carroll, with his *The White Steed* and *Shadow and Substance;* with Synge and Lady Gregory still holding their own; and all the new ones, I think, commenting on the life of Ireland that was and that is today.

Next door to these are some young poets, Austin Clarke, F. R. Higgins and Seumas O'Sullivan who have written well; a newcomer, Patrick Kavanagh who, in his *Songs of a Ploughman*, and *The Green Fool*, bids fair to become a name in Ireland. There was, some time ago, a brilliant young promising poet, Lyle O'Donaghy, but I haven't heard of him for ages. Then there is a group of novelists, mostly young, Sean O'Faolain, Frank O'Connor, Francis Stuart, Francis MacManus and P. O'Donnell and that, I think, about ends the list of novelists worth considering.

Most of these are to be found in the land of realism, mainly critical or commenting or simply describing the moods, manners, and methods of their own people; and this is not, on the whole, liked by a large section who like to think that the life of the Irish people is altogether fair and fruitful, especially those whose poor minds reflect the trend and altitude of thought mirrored in the common and cheaper sections of the press that is called Catholic and, of course, by those who know that their way of livelihood depends altogether or to any great extent on the approving smile of the clergy.

This element is, in Ireland, growing in main strength and ignorance, and has formed an official censorship in the country, and, at the moment, hundreds of books have been banned. If it continues much longer, nothing will be tolerated above the understanding of the cheap and tawdry piety of the average member of the confraternities and Young Men's Catholic Associations busy daubing the face of Ireland with their own ignorance. Those writers who have already gained an extra-national public, don't, and needn't care about it; but the writers, as yet unknown outside of Ireland, will wilt before it, will have to cry a halt to their thoughts, will have to say everything in the name of the Archishop of Armagh, and in the name of the Archbishop of Dublin, and in the name of the Archbishop of Tuam, amen.

Many things have been written round the war between the English forces and the Irish Republican Army, the best of them being, I think, *On Another Man's Wound*, by Ernie O'Malley, and the Left wing of the Labor Movement in Ireland has undoubtedly produced a fine writer in Peadar O'Donnell, a member of the Communist Party in Ireland.

For her size, Ireland has done more than well in the world of literature, and the daddy of all those who write, a genius standing alone on a high and lonely peak is undoubtedly he who is called James Joyce with his *Dubliners*, *Ulysses*, and now *Finnegans Wake* lying at his feet; the last, a judgment on the world's life as it was and is; a Sinai spouting flames of scorn, with the thunder changed to peals of laughter.

Ireland's life has been a life of rich literature; and she moves on; but, if she is to go farther, she will have to strike down the thick and clumsy hands that are trying to quench the three candles of truth, nature, and knowledge.

SEAN O'CASEY

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DAWN IS IN THE EAST

The American magazine *Common Sense* asked Theodore Dreiser whether in his opinion "the present war in Europe is likely to end civilization as we know it at this time in America, Europe and elsewhere."

In view of the great public interest of Dreiser's answer, we publish below the statement which the author himself was kind enough to send to us directly.

No, I do not believe that because of the present storm in Europe (if it still is storming when this arrives) is going to wind up "civilization" on this earth. I should like to say here that the word "civilization" also has a dubious ring to me,—somewhat like that of a counterfeit fifty cent piece. It is so freely used by so many people of such varying degrees of mentality, experience, environment and what not. The mildest religionist, asserting the most fantastic dogmas as to our origins, government and hereafter, will threateningly assert that his assertions represent true civilization. At the same time profoundest students of chemistry and physics will announce that the universe is running down—*i.e.* that its future is in danger, when no one thus far has ever been able to guess its past. Oh, yes, someone (I won't swear it was either Jeans or Edington) guessed that it might have been a giant star or whole thing that blew up and its fragments are now speeding pell-mell into space-chaos, some unworthy end of some kind I suppose. But I can't help thinking that we are a part of that sad finish and have been (man, anyhow) say for two or three hundred thousand years. And the funny part of it is that during all that time we are supposed to have been evolving and improving! — building this thing called *civilization*. And before that arrived, as I read, there was the original and evolution of species—certainly a seemingly mental and technically progressive sort of process leading up to (they say—not *me* but *they*) us. Well anyhow, here we are and now we're going to decay—or pass.

Of course, personally, I doubt that. I know there were the dark ages running from the fifth to the thirteenth centuries, but only in Western Europe. Don't forget that. For in China during all that time as the records show there was a quite satisfactory and, as many seem to think, a beautiful *civilization* (Confucius, Lao Tze, The Golden Rule) which endured until only yesterday with (to my way of thinking) the lovliest art and architecture and which hold me in respectful and more loving awe to this day.

And before China and Japan (the latter a derivative of China) was India with the lovliest of all speculations and conclusions as to the origins of life here on this earth—Brahma, Buddha,—speculations so profound and humane as to have powerfully influenced all modern European philosophy—Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Goethe, Nietzsche and our own Emerson ("If the Red Slayer Think He Slays") and now promises to reconcile itself or be reconciled with all modern chemistry and physics and so bring us to know that intuition and research are, after all, not so remote from each other in their sources as the

earlier chemists and physicists of our time would have had us imagine.

But either before or parallel with India was Egypt with Amen Ra and Isis and Osiris and its movingly soothing and kind Book of The Dead seeking to console man for this "strange interlude" here. And after Egypt, Greece. And after Greece, Rome. And only then the dark ages (Dogmatic, not true, Christianity—remember). But immediately thereafter the Renaissance in Italy. New life in England, France, Germany, the Netherlands and then America; the arrival of the machine of the scientific age, and with it, modern Europe, the French Revolution, the American Revolution, our own Civil War to free the slaves, and more recently, the great Russian Revolution which in my judgment may yet repay the world for all the horrors it endured between 1914-1918.

Wild?

A radical?

A Red?

As you please.

Just now, however, our western world seems inclined, as in the dark ages, to live only on propaganda. No one reads the Russian papers. It is a crime. No American paper will publish a truthful line concerning the enormous work being done there—the new world being made; the work and modern living conditions and palatial working conditions being provided there for all. Nothing as to the universal schooling from Bering Strait to China, from Archangel to Persia (Iran) and Afganistan. No mention of the railroads, bus lines, airplane routes, telegraph, telephone, radio—the new and completely modernized agricultural system, the dozens of universities, research laboratories, giant manufactories, industrial cities and towns that have sprung up over Russia. Only now—and *only* now—you hear *at last*, and grudgingly—but even from Mr. Winston Churchill, first Lord of the English Navy that Russia is today the first military power in the world. Only no one tells you *how come*. If all was chaos and brutality and fear, up to yesterday, how—from where—the means to feed, clothe, equip, drill twelve million men—and with a few of them fighting battles from which the today so much respected Japanese withdraw in disorder and seek peace.

Why? Because long haired Bolshevik savages or lunatics are in charge?

If so why are England and France sending delegations to Moscow to seek aid? Because they are brainless incompetents?!

It was Winston Churchill who in 1928 told me when I came out of Russia that the idea was all wrong—that it would not work and that *seven* years would see the end. Well, it is eleven years, and now, to *Mr Winston Churchill himself*, it is the first military power in the world. Why? Is Mr. Stalin doing it single handed? Or has he? Or, is it possible that there is a rejuvenated and encouraged and maybe—even—an inspired Russian mass —175,000,000 strong—who believe that the horrors of social inequity such as I saw in England last summer (August) and before that in 1928, and before that in 1926, and before that in 1912, labor getting as little as 12, 15, 18 shillings a week (a cocktail costs 2 shillings in London) to say nothing of what I saw last summer in France (labor getting as little as 60 cents a day) and before that right here in America—in St. Louis, Kansas City, the deep South, in West Virginia, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Fall River, the mining towns of Utah and where not else—labor getting as little as fifteen dollars a week and less—should end. (If you will go back to the start of the sentence you will find

that this *should end* refers to what the Russian millions might be thinking. It got lost on the way.)

Anyway when you ask me whether this thing called civilization is about to collapse I want to know what you mean by civilization?—the economic and social brutalities I have been seeing all my life in Europe and America, to say nothing of Egypt, Africa, India, China, the South Seas, South America, Mexico and where not else? Or the so-called brutal barbarism now extent in Russia? If the former, my answer is that most likely it will—this so-called civilization in Western Europe plus the greedy capitalistic system in the United States which works so closely with capitalism the world over.

As for Germany and Herr Hitler I am convinced that once she is satisfied as to her particular position in the sun—neither entirely dominant nor yet second to any, she will think of a more humane and creative program in regard to the Jews. For we cannot always have Herr Hitler with us. He, too, must die. And there can be no question that, since the sinking of the Spanish Armada, England has been determined not only to rule the seas but to see to it that no power capable of rivaling her shall endure on the European continent. Hence the wars and rumors of wars—the Napoleonic Austro-German, French-German, and finally the great World War from which England did not emerge as a lone victor although she wished to think so. And there is plenty to the German contention that she was entitled to a place in the sun. Also that after Versailles she could get no justice from the League of Nations because of British-French domination. And certain it is that a nation that could, in the face of England and America, build up the pre-war Germany of 1914 and since 1918 the present post-war Germany is not one of dunces and lunatics. It is seeking a place in the sun—its intellectual place, and like England it has felt that it must fight for it.

Well, all wars come to an end. The old world that England and America knew before 1914 has gone. Submarines and airplanes make battleships expensive targets. No one country is likely to be able to rule the seas or the world for some time. Such being the case, an agreement should be reached and will be—a friendly agreement to exchange products and ideas—without harm—one to the other,—that or an armed neutrality—each one ready, gun in hand.

Ordinarily it is the former that comes about. People get tired of war. But also, apparently, after a time they get tired of peace, because peace after a time means to breed stagnation, or silly vanities and notions such as only war can blow away. At present the British-French position is that a world in which Germany seeks an equal place in the sun with Britain and France is intolerable because the Germans (and Russians) are not fit for it. The German and Russian positions are that they are, and will.

A shift from either or both the assumed intellectual and financial aristocracies and so superiorities of some of our western powers—England, France and America even, will do everybody good. Hence, as I see it, the dawn is in the East. Civilization will not pass: It will proceed in a new form.

THEODORE DREISER

ON THE LIBERATED LAND

THE PEOPLES OF WESTERN UKRAINE AND WESTERN BYELORUSSIA EMBRACE SOVIET CULTURE

The historical task of bringing Soviet culture to the freed peoples of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia is pushed vigorously and enthusiastically by the intelligentsia of the Soviet Union. The population of the liberated regions manifests an enormous desire to become acquainted with the life in the Soviet Union, with its culture, art and science. There is a deep interest in Soviet literature and films.

The poet S. Kirsanov, who recently returned from the Western Byelorussian front, stated in a newspaper article: "Today our freed brothers are partaking of Soviet culture. Their national culture is returning to them in the shape of libraries, theaters, science and poetry. With the arrival of the Red Army, the people of Western Byelorussia have raised their head. You should have seen the poverty and downtroddenness of the poor peasants whom the Polish colonizers robbed not only of their land and grain but of their culture as well. You would then understand why the toilers of Western Byelorussia consider it a miracle that they are now able to partake of the poetry and prose and opera and songs in their native Byelorussian tongue, brought to them by the Soviet people."

Soviet writers, artists, actors flood their respective organizations with requests to send them to the freed regions to entertain the population and acquaint them with the achievements of Soviet art and culture. Many groups of outstanding artists of the stage, drama, opera and ballet have been formed in Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Minsk and other large cities, to be sent to the West. A group of the most famous artists of the Moscow Bolshoi Opera Theater, including M. Reizen, I. Kozlovsky, Victorina Krieger, Messerer, the laureates of All-Union and international competitions, M. Fichtenholtz, Rosa Tamarkina and others, have left for Western Ukraine. So have ten Leningrad groups, which include writers and artists like Yuri Hermann, the actors Cherkasov, Babushkin and others. Members of the Ukraine Opera, the Kiev Philharmony, of the famous Ukrainian choir, the "Dumka," and ensembles of song and dance of the Ukraine have been performing in the freed regions. The Zhitomir Ukrainian Dramatic Theater is producing there the famous Ukrainian plays *Natalka Poltavka*, *The Cossack Beyond the Danube* and *Give Your Heart Free Reign and You'll Lose Your Freedom*. Lvov will soon be the host to the Kiev State Dramatic Theater, named after Ivan Franko, the great Ukrainian writer, who lived and died in Lvov where the Polish authorities banned his plays and prohibited his works from being read in the Ukrainian language. This theater will perform *Stolen Happiness*, a play by Franko. The following have left Minsk for Western Byelorussia: the Ensemble of Song and Dance of Soviet Byelorussia, the State Philharmony, artists of the Minsk Opera and Ballet, of the Minsk Conservatoire of Music and of the Dramatic Theater.

A Jewish choir named after Sholom Aleichem, and a group of the Vinnitza Opera left from the Soviet Ukrainian city of Vinnitza.

It is impossible to enumerate all the groups, individual artists, composers, opera singers and musicians who are performing in the freed regions. Each performance usually becomes a celebration of audiences overcrowding the theaters. Oxana Petryusenko, Honored Actress of the Ukrainian S.S.R., wrote as follows in the newspaper *Soviet Art*: "We perform for the local population which always rewards us with an ovation. It is interesting to watch the hall before the performance begins. The people besiege the artists asking them thousands of questions pertaining to the achievements of Soviet science, culture and art. . . . When we tell them of the

care with which our children are surrounded, of our kindergartens, sanatoriums, mountain camps, children's olympiads and free tuition, these people who have only recently been released from persecution and oppression look at us with deep gratitude."

A curious thing happened to this Ukrainian actress. On December 15, 1937, the Polish newspaper in Lvov, *Nash Prapor*, published the sensational "news" that "for her contribution to the development of Ukrainian national art the actress Petryusenko was brutally killed by the Bolsheviks." And now the same Petryusenko makes her appearance before the inhabitants of Lvov. She was met with a stormy ovation and the announcer explained: "You will notice that a 'slight error' was committed by the Polish bourgeois journalists. Petryusenko is safe and sound, and the Soviet Government awarded her an Order for her contribution to the development of Ukrainian art which is national in form and Socialist in content."

A group of Kharkov artists, headed by Academician Samokish and Honored Artists Petritzki, Burachek and others, appealed to the Soviet artists "to send a large exhibition as a gift to the toilers of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia." Numerous paintings, engravings, portraits and lithographs have already been received for the exhibition. The Byelorussian painters Geinin, Monosson and Pashkevich, and the sculptor Azgur have visited Western Byelorussia. There, in Belostok, they met the painters of Byelorussian, Polish and Jewish nationalities who on that occasion got together for the first time. Only now these people, who have lived and worked in the same city, became acquainted with each other. This was the beginning of the organization of the Union of Workers of Fine Arts.

Moscow composers compiled an anthology of about a hundred new songs dedicated to the liberation of the peoples of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia, and sent it to them as a gift. Posters, picture cards and etchings were printed in large numbers by the *Iskusstvo* Publishing House. The State Museum of Literature sent twenty-five traveling exhibitions dealing with the life and work of the Ukrainian poet Taras Shevchenko and the Jewish writer Sholom Aleichem.

A feeling of certainty prevails in the most backward villages of the freed land that "now, with the help of our brothers from the Soviet Union, an end will be put forever to poverty and cultural backwardness." In this connection it might be well worth while to mention a speech made at an evening arranged by the Belostok intelligentsia, at which more than a thousand people were present, among them poets and writers of Soviet Byelorussia who were warmly received by the audience. Prityts'ky, a Byelorussian peasant who had been released from a Polish prison by the Red Army, spoke as follows: "I am not a writer, poet or artist. Not because I did not want to be one, but because I was not allowed even to have anything to do with culture. Schools and universities were open to the sons of landlords and capitalists only. We, Byelorussians, and our children had not a single Byelorussian school. I wanted to study, as many others did, and that is why they put me in prison."

There were 3662 Ukrainian schools in Western Ukraine in 1919 but by 1939 their number had dwindled to a mere 200. In Volhynia not a single school remained out of a total of 1050. That is why the opening of schools and the organization of studies in the native tongue was one of the first things undertaken by the liberated people. As soon as the Red Army arrived, all schools and school buildings were checked, all the children who had never gone to school were registered, and measures were taken to enlist the aid of teachers. The village schools have been transferred from their crowded, dark premises to the homes on the estates of owners who have fled the country. Teachers try to start school as soon as possible. Applications have been pouring in daily from hundreds of Byelorussian and Ukrainian teachers who were unable to teach under the Polish gentry and who now wish to teach in the new schools. All the professors of the Lvov University remained on their jobs and resumed their lectures as soon as the war was over. The teachers have manifested an enormous interest in Soviet books and textbooks. A teachers' conference was held in Baranovichi which discussed the plan for the new school year, and which resolved to enlarge the number of high schools. A short course for the re-training of teachers was launched. Similar courses have started in all the districts of Western Byelorussia.

A correspondent of the *Pravda* wrote as follows:

"The houses are crowded these days at Grigorivtzy, for all the children are home.

"And when will you go to school?" we asked.

"Now we are not going to school at all"—the reply contained an undertone of unconcealed triumph.

"Why don't you?'

"Because we don't want to study in Polish.'

"Their teacher, a Polish woman, had left

the village, but the authorities ordered all teachers to return to their former posts and to continue with their work. The Polish teacher returned, opened her school, but nobody came.

"Of the 58,000 children in the Belsk district, only 20,000 went to school. All the schools were Polish,not a single one was Russian or Byelorussian. The schools were the chief instrument of polonization, and the use of the Russian language was strictly forbidden. In the several villages which we visited the population was unanimous in demanding the introduction of teaching in the Byelorussian language; they banished the reactionary teachers and demanded the return of the teachers whom the Polish authorities had not permitted to teach. There is an enormous gravitation toward Soviet culture and the language of the great Russian people.

"In the village of Voishki 89 peasants signed a petition for the appointment of Vera Yasuk-Maximuk, the Byelorussian woman teacher.

"The following resolution was adopted by the Gainovka provisional administration: 'To introduce the Russian language as a subject of study at the rate of four to five hours weekly in every class of the high school and the carpenter and artisan technicums. The remaining subjects will temporarily be taught in Polish.'

"And here is the resolution adopted by the peasant committee of the Zabolotchino village: 'This is a request for the permission to teach in the local schools, in our native Byelorussian and Russian languages. The national Byelorussian population hereby declares that it uncompromisingly objects to having its Byelorussian children taught in Polish as it was twenty years ago!'

"The district board of education wants the schools to resume teaching. It has been explained that it is first necessary to find Byelorussian and Russian teachers and to get books and literature, but in the meantime no time ought to be lost and the studies are to be continued. Alas, these reasonable arguments have been of little avail so far. The violent, spontaneous boycott of the remnants of the hated regime continues."

The peoples of the Soviet Union consider it their sacred duty to help the freed peoples to organize their cultural life. Hundreds of workers in the field of education and health protection went to Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia. There they joined the local authorities and have been assisting them with their rich experience in building a new life. In one day, October 7, the People's Commissariat of Education of the Ukrainian S.S.R. received 170 letters from teachers who wish to teach in Western Ukrainian schools. Similar letters continue to be received daily. Textbooks for elementary schools and for schools for the abolition of illiteracy among adults are printed in Soviet Ukraine. It is interesting to note that in this and in other cultural undertakings the initiative is taken by the Soviet intelligentsia, by teachers and students. The following announcement appeared in an Ukrainian paper: "The teachers and students of the Ershtmai school are collecting a library for one of the newly-opened schools in Western Ukraine. We appeal to all teachers and students to follow our example." This call has found a response, and today books and textbooks for the school children of Western Ukraine are being collected in every district of the Ukraine.

Clubs, libraries and reading rooms are organized everywhere. Courses have been started to train 300 workers for pre-school institutions and soon we shall witness the opening of kindergartens, children's playgrounds, etc. The libraries receive books in Russian, Byelorussian, Jewish and Ukrainian. The Lvov library of the Shevchenko Scientific Society, famous all over the Ukraine, has been reopened. This library is the pride of the peoples of Western Ukraine; it exists since 1880 and it owns more than 200,000 volumes. It contains most valuable collections of Ukrainian literature, books on Ukrainian art, history, as well as manuscripts and books printed as early as the sixteenth century. Yet the library was in a miserable state. The Polish gentry did everything to destroy this source of Ukrainian culture, and a special section of the library contained books which were not to be given out to readers, as these were, "books forbidden in Poland."

Theaters and cinemas are functioning smoothly. Soviet films, like *Lenin in 1918*, *Lenin in October*, *Chapayev*, *The Youth of Maxim*, *Great Citizen*, and others enjoy wide popularity. New theatrical groups are being formed. The Polish authorities did not permit performances by Ukrainian artists. Special permission from the ministry in Warsaw had to be obtained for the formation of a Ukrainian or Byelorussian theatrical group. But even with such permission the local authorities of any town or village could prevent performances by this or that group or demand the removal of certain plays from the repertory. Several Ukrainian theatrical circles were dissolved in Luboml on the eve of the arrival of Soviet troops, and twenty-eight of their membership were arrested. At present the provisional administration of the city of Lvov has organized

The international meeting in Lvov, in front of the Monument to the great Polish poet Adam Mitzkevich

the First Ukrainian Theater and it bears the name of Shevchenko. It has 105 actors, including such famous Western Ukrainian actors as Joseph Stadnik, Vladimir Blavatzki, Ivan Rubchak, Kravitzki and others. Funds have also been assigned to cover the expenses connected with the organization of a Jewish theater.

On October 15, meetings were held in Lvov at the grave of the great Ukrainian writer Ivan Franko and of the Polish poet Adam Mitzkevitch. At these graves Ukrainian, Polish and Jewish writers of Western Ukraine met with writers from the Soviet Union for the first time. The writers' meeting turned into a great political demonstration.

"By 12 o'clock," reported the Soviet writer P. Pavlenko in *Pravda*, "the cemetery was crowded. A modest monument to the great Ukrainian writer stands among tall chestnut trees. The energetic figure of a stone mason swinging his pick, on a gray block of granite. This symbolizes Ivan Franko's rebellious spirit and his dream of smashing the rock of violence and opening a road to a free life for all the peoples.

"And now the meeting begins. The playwright Korneichuk addresses the following soul-stirring words to those present as he turns towards the monument: 'The path leading to your grave will never overrun with grass. Let our great filial love in our hearts be a living wreath to Ivan Franko.'

"Then P. Pavlenko addressed the meeting in the name of the Union of Soviet writers. He was followed by the poet Lebedev-Kumach. Comrade Golovchenko, an army political commissar, spoke in the name of the Red Army. Professor Studinsky spoke

for the scientific workers of Lvov, the writer Melnik spoke for the Ukrainian writers of Western Ukraine, the writer Polevka spoke in the name of the Polish writers of Western Ukraine, the first wreath placed on Franko's grave was from the Government of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic. . . .

"A. Korneichuk then moved to proceed to Maryatzk Square, to Adam Mitzkevitch's monument, to pay homage to the memory of the great Polish poet. . . . Again the streets teemed with humanity as the demonstration marched to the center of the city, with music and songs. More and more groups of youth joined it along the way.

"The Ukrainian poet, M. Bazhan, opened the meeting. He spoke of the great brotherhood of peoples. Comrade Bazhan's words that the creative work of Adam Mitzkevitch belongs to the toiling people who are the sole rightful inheritors of all the achievements of world culture, were met with warm sympathy. He was followed by Soviet, Ukrainian, Polish poets and writers. Yavorovski, chairman of the Union of Ukrainian writers of Western Ukraine, declared in a fervid speech that now, on the rejuvenated land of Western Ukraine an end has come to the strife among the various nationalities of his country. These words were greeted with the unanimous approval of all those present."

Representatives of the local intelligentsia, teachers, doctors, writers and scientists, took an active part in the campaign which preceded the election of representatives to the People's Assembly of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia. They talked about the elections to the population, they explained the Soviet Constitution and the principles of the Soviet national policy, and helped to organize and hold pre-election meetings. In many places the population nominated representatives of the local intelligentsia. A peasant meeting at Kostopol nominated the local teacher Alexeichuk. At a meeting held by students, professors and teachers of the Lvov University Professor Kiril Studinsky, one of the most popular public men of Western Ukraine, was nominated. The professor replied with a stirring speech:

"Comrades, I am deeply moved. I am eighty-two and I had no hope of living to see this great day of joy. The Soviet Union showed us what a true, ideal attitude toward culture and science can be, it has realized humanity's loftiest ideals."

A general meeting of the intelligentsia of the city of Grodno unanimously nominated Philipp Pestrak, the talented poet of Western Byelorussia, their candidate as deputy to the People's Assembly. His passionate poetry, full of love for the people and calling for a struggle against the yoke of the landlords and capitalists, earned him the merciless hatred of the Polish gentry. He was persecuted, imprisoned, beaten and tortured. While in prison he was deprived of paper and pencil, so that he could not write poetry, but he would continue making up poems and reciting them before his fellow-prisoners. The Red Army opened the doors of his jail and he resumed his creative work as soon as he left the prison. No one in Grodno doubts that the bard of the people's sorrows and happiness will be able to express before the People's Assembly the thoughts and the aspirations of the freed people toward a new, creative and happy life. . . .

THE WEST LOOKS AT THE ALL-UNION AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION

PETRAS ZVIRKA

There is no doubt of it, nowhere and never has there been or could there be such an Exhibition. One cannot speak of it without a feeling of exaltation. No matter what pavilion you enter, you are uncertain what to admire most—the splendid designs on the ceiling, the matched parquet floor with its rugs which your feet tread, the artistic frescoes, panels and sculptures, the fine woodcarving or the still more splendid produce, fruits and vegetables—golden gifts from the orchards, gardens and fields of collective farms. The striking display stands, diagrams, models, the prize exhibits, testify to the extraordinary material and cultural progress of the Soviet countryside. All the republics and autonomous regions, from the frigid north to the subtropics, from the western to the eastern frontiers, have joined together in a fraternal demonstration of the victories won on collective farm fields. This tremendous spectacle gladdens the hearts of friends of the Soviet Union and it must give the country's enemies a feeling of envy and dismay.

But the Exhibition is more than a demonstration of the victories of collectivization, of the high yields from collective farm soil, of the talent and sweep of those who are building up the farms. This Exhibition is destined to play a great educational role in preparing new cadres of workers for Socialist agriculture, horticulture and animal husbandry.

I have seen how the eyes of thousands of men and women collective farmers, who had come to the Exhibition from the farthest corners of the Soviet Union, shone when they inspected the marvelous Michurin fruits, or stood for hours before the thoroughbred animals in the livestock pavilions and carefully wrote down in their notebooks the explanations of the guides.

The Exhibition will be a splendid school for them. When they return home, they will not only tell what they saw, but will be able to impart to others the experience they have gained here.

The All-Union Agricultural Exhibition is too modest a name! This is a magic Sheherezade of victorious Socialism.

GUSTAV WANGENHEIM

I have seen many exhibitions of all kinds in capitalist countries, and the difference between them and this Exhibition struck me at once. As a playwright, accustomed to think in images and contrasts, I wish to express my impression in the form of a comparison: those were fairs, this is a university. The most joyful university you can possibly imagine.

As I walked around the Exhibition I experienced great satisfaction from the fact that the marvelous productions of the soil and human labor were on display not as wares for sale, but in their pure, natural aspect. And the people who had helped to create them stood close by and admired them. At capitalist "fairs," your eyes are dazzled by the multitude of exhibits, but you feel yourself a pauper from the oppressive realization that most of these objects are unattainable for you, they are wares you cannot afford to buy. But here, on the contrary, the feeling of wealth never leaves you. This is all ours! We have created all these riches together! And if in some corner of the country the lack of something is still felt, if a smaller harvest is gathered there than elsewhere, why, it is just for this reason that so many people have come here, to learn how to do things so that in the near future no one will feel the lack of anything at all.

At exhibitions abroad you can find in nearly every pavilion representatives of the firms who have sent samples of their products to the fair. They stand near their exhibits, notebook in hand, waiting for customers. You can find people with notebooks at the Exhibition in Moscow, too, but it was quite different motives that brought them here. The significance of the Exhibition is revealed in all its depth

as you meet the groups of visitors who have come from every corner of this great country for a single purpose—to learn!

The Exhibition was prepared by the entire country. Every republic strove jealously to have its achievements worthily reflected. This is why a visit to the Exhibition gives a better conception of Socialist realism than do many poems. The whole country took part in creating this joyful hymn to human happiness!

BELA BALAZS

I understand very little about agriculture, and what most interested me at this Exhibition was the people who had created the riches here assembled.

The Exhibition made a profound impression on me precisely because—even though it displays all sorts of produce and plants, livestock and fowls, as well as types of agricultural machinery—it is above all a piece of the living history of Socialist society.

The things here displayed are not isolated from life. Near the exhibits hang placards telling the name of the gardener who has reared some new and useful plant, or that of the collective farm woman who has brought up a calf. Everywhere you see the portraits of advanced people who have achieved record results in various fields of agriculture. The Exhibition shows the heroism of labor in Socialist society!

In one pavilion I met a group of collective farmers who were looking at photographs of a stud farm. One of the pictures showed a race, with jockeys urging on their steeds; the other, a detachment of Red Army cavalry on their fine thoroughbreds.

"Those are our horses. See what has become of them," said an elderly farmer, his wrinkled face alight with a happy smile.

The foreign visitor to the Exhibition is surprised by a phenomenon which at first glance seems paradoxical.

The ancient Asiatic styles of architecture used for many pavilions are here combined with the very latest ideas in mechanization. This contrast becomes even more pronounced when beside these modern machines you see real flesh-and-blood "Asiatics" in their national costumes and huge fur hats, holding a businesslike discussion of the advantages of a new type of harvester combine.

The fact that this contradiction is only an apparent one, while in reality we have here an organic fusion, the fact that in the Soviet Union the rapid, super-American development of technique has not led to a loss of national characteristics, is one of the greatest victories of Socialism!

An Amateur Song and Dance Ensemble of Byelorussian collective farmers performing at the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition

MARTIN ANDERSEN NEXÖ

Before us is an exhibition whose fifty-two pavilions remind one of a city from the *Arabian Nights*. Everywhere the vegetation is in full flower. We see the Michurin plantations with their many varieties of fruit trees and shrubs. Each of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. has its definite place at the Exhibition; the resulting picture, although it embraces only the peoples of the Soviet Union, gives a more profound conception of humanity than any world exhibitions I have yet seen.

At the World's Fair in Paris, every pavilion reflected the individual taste of the architect rather than the life and culture of the people. There the true culture of a country was nowhere to be seen. Denmark, for example, exhibited its chinaware at the Paris exposition in a pavilion having nothing in common with Danish style.

Here in Moscow the fifty-two pavilions show you the whole culture of the Soviet peoples in time and space. We see how Georgia, which for centuries vegetated in conditions of clan life and blood feuds, has leaped a thousand years ahead in the space of two decades. We find ourselves in a pavilion overflowing with splendid fruit, metal wares and objects of art, as beautiful as any country could produce. The Ukrainian Pavilion is the incarnation, as it were, of fertility. Here are the most varied kinds of maize, rice and grapes, quite unknown in Denmark. We see quite a number of varieties of spring rye, which needs only a short time to mature, of potatoes which can be grown much farther north than before.

Here is the pavilion of the Bashkirian Republic, the architecture of which has preserved the form of a Bashkirian nomad tent. The pavilion is adorned with striking works of art and reflects the culture of the people.

This "local" exhibition, whose aim is to depict only the Soviet Union, shows a country that stretches from the Arctic—which has its own pavilion—to Colchis in the south, which was sung by the ancient Greeks in the myth of the Argonauts. But in this formerly swampy region, orange and lemon trees are growing now. Colchis has been transformed into an earthly paradise. The gold of Colchis is the thousands of fruit trees growing in Georgia. The Soviet Union is a rich country, a real continent!

Jalil Kurbanov, a Tajik farmer storyteller, participating in a concert at the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition

"CONQUERORS OF NATURE"

from "Regard"

Three weeks have passed since the opening of the Moscow Agricultural Exhibition. The so-called "big press" have given little space to this tremendous undertaking, in which all the peoples of the Soviet Union have had a part. But newspaper articles, indeed, can convey only a very feeble impression of its real significance, of the place this event occupies in the history of the Soviet Union, and, one may say, in the history of the whole world.

It is interesting to compare the two exhibitions which have taken place in 1939—the New York fair and the one in Moscow. The World's Fair in New York is an international exposition. Its aim is to sum up the achievements of modern technique. It also shows in what direction technical development may proceed. All countries, or nearly all, are taking part in it. "What has technique achieved?" is the question asked in New York. "How can it be applied to the needs of the individual and the collective? What are the requirements of the collective and the individual man?" are the questions asked

in Moscow. The New York fair is an exposition of the New World. The Moscow fair is an exposition of a new society.

And the panorama of Soviet agriculture unrolls before us as one of the most absorbing pictures of that new society. It is symbolic that this Exhibition, created by the free peoples of the Soviet Union, is built on the territory of one of the largest pre-war estates near Moscow. It belonged to Count Sheremetyev, a big landowner who kept two hundred hectares of land in a state of neglect. Today the two hundred structures of the Exhibition rise here—fifty pavilions, palaces of steel and glass surrounded with gardens and tree-lined walks; a whole new city has sprung up on what was formerly an empty field.

Twenty-two years of hard and persistent labor have helped the Soviet Union to overcome thousands of difficulties and obstacles placed in its way by external as well as internal enemies. And the success achieved, of which this Exhibition affords convincing proof, stands out in all its significance if one recalls the state of agriculture and the peasantry in Russia before the Revolution.

The Agricultural Exhibition in Moscow stresses this amazing contrast. Old Russia was a land which preserved the most primitive forms of labor, its technique was but medjeval. Till 1917 the plow was used in Russia to perform fifteen different kinds of agricultural work, and there was but one wooden plow for three peasant households. Until 1917 agriculture remained just as it had been at the time of the notorious "freeing of the serfs," an epoch of which the great Russian writers have left such gloomy records. Vast, poorly cultivated plains, the three-field system of crop rotation, primitive agricultural implements, and a scarcity even of these! Bad organization, or rather no organization of labor, poor harvests, epidemics.

At the end of the Civil War the Bolshevik Party was faced with a colossal task. Without waiting for military operations to end, the Party began to take urgent measures for building up the country. The task was to build a country of Socialism, and to educate the illiterate peasant to become a citizen and free man. It was urgent and important to change the structure of peasant life completely, to introduce new methods, to demonstrate that the interests of the mass of the peasantry coincide with the interests of the whole people. This was a heroic period, the period of the tractor, the first years of construction in the Soviet Union! Years in which the Soviet people accomplished the greatest job in history. The mistrust of the peasantry melted away at sight of the results achieved by the Bolsheviks. The peasants realized that these people, in spite of the rumors spread about them, were bringing them ever increasing well-being. The enthusiasm with which the peasantry greeted the new Constitution of the foremost democracy in the world is the best proof of its popularity. Is it necessary to quote figures, resort to statistics? No. A visit to the Exhibition is sufficient. It is only necessary to look and listen.

There are almost no individual peasant households left in the Soviet Union. The country's economy is built on a new foundation, on the basis of collectivization. In the collective farms the peasants cultivate land given to them by the State. The Soviet State has given them this land for use free and in perpetuity. Consequently, they enjoy all the benefits of collective land tenure. Schools, clubs, stadiums, nurseries, kindergartens—all sorts of cultural institutions—flourish in the collective farm villages. The Russian peasant now enjoys freely all the cultural benefits of which he was so long deprived. And he himself is fostering the growth of culture.

But the collective farm is not the only form of agricultural enterprise in the U.S.S.R. Besides the collective farms, there are State farms which raise grain, cotton and livestock. Thanks to the collective farms and State farms the U.S.S.R. has greatly increased its agricultural output. In no other country has rationalization afforded opportunity to achieve such results. The 495,000 tractors, 100,000 combine harvesters and modern agricultural implements ensure profitable cultivation of the collective farm lands. The wooden plow which peasants used right up to the Revolution has become a museum piece in these days.

But let us go to the Exhibition where you will see a striking picture of these achievements. Every day thousands of visitors inspect this new city, whose gates will be thrown open again next year. Every day 30,000 workers and peasants from industrial centers and 35,000 men and women members of collective farms from all the republics of the Union visit this Moscow Exhibition, which represents the Soviet Union in miniature.

It has been truly said that the Exhibition reflects the whole Soviet Union. What has been constructed here is a great map of the Union—a map of marble, strewn with rubies and precious stones; a map of the kind which attracted attention in Paris in 1937 and delights spectators now in New York. But instead of rubies and mosaics of marble, it is pavilions and

palaces that have been built here. The whole map of a sixth part of the world has been laid out here in a space of two hundred hectares. And as if the better to remind us of the Soviet pavilion which throngs of Parisians viewed in 1937, the great sculptural group that adorned the Soviet palace then now meets us at the entrance. And rising above the monumental gates of the Exhibition, there is the statue of a worker and collective farm girl holding a sheaf of grain in triumph above their heads. The Soviet Union is the ideal country of agriculture. It is a country of "grain culture."

As soon as you cross the threshold of the Exhibition you realize its extraordinary significance.

Fifty thousand collective farms, two hundred and seventy machine and tractor stations and thousands of scientific institutions and model farms are represented here.

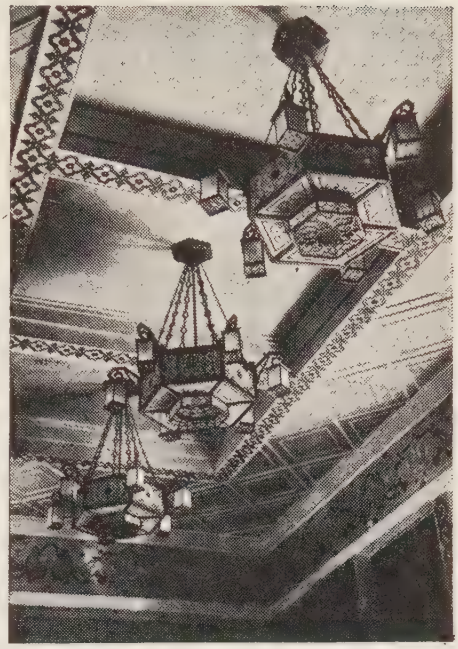
Here are gathered models of all the machines now used in Soviet agriculture. People inspect them, test them. Groups of foreign delegates acquaint themselves with these machines. An avenue of tractors passes by numerous pavilions and hothouses and leads to the very heart of the new city—a square with fifteen fountains, surrounded by the most striking pavilions of the Exhibition, above which towers the Main Pavilion with its 60-meter tower.

Thus even before inspecting the pavilions (a detailed acquaintance with which would require many days) the peasant who has come thousand of miles from Siberia or the Far East gets an impression of the variety of styles and the rich local color of the art of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. who are represented at the Exhibition. The pavilion of Uzbekistan with its mosaic decorations, the colorful tiles of Tajikistan—land of cotton, barley and rice—are admirable for the lightness and originality of their construction.

But there are still more amazing things to see inside the pavilions. Here are gathered all the riches of the Soviet Union; every republic has sent to Moscow samples of its culture, of its agricultural produce.

You marvel at the grandeur of the whole, every detail of which has cost much effort. Without doubt, such achievements are only possible in a country where the efforts of all are directed toward securing the good of every individual. Nowhere in the world are such large sums assigned to maintain agricultural laboratories, whose experiments have disproved the traditional axioms of agronomy and exceeded all records for productivity in agriculture attained in other countries.

In this field the U.S.S.R. is really taking first place. The Academy of Agri-



Ceiling and lustre in the Hall of Rest and Culture of Tajik Pavilion

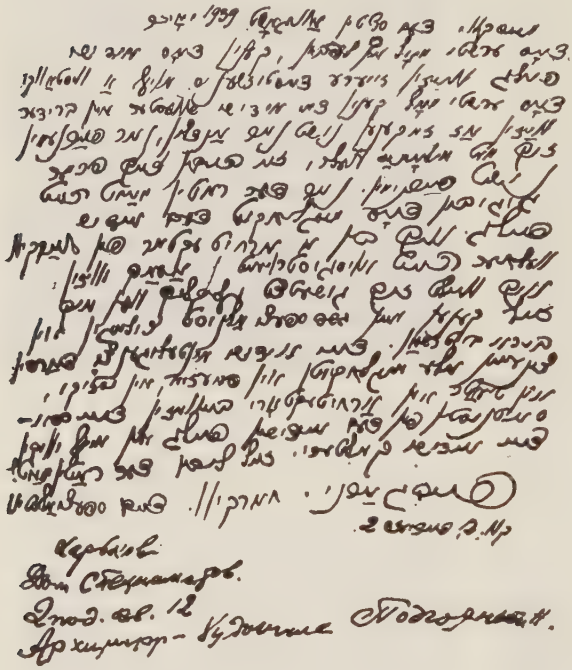
cultural Sciences in Moscow and its numerous branches have attained results arousing frank astonishment at international congresses. New varieties have been developed that are hardier and readily adapt themselves to new climates, new soil. Chemistry and biology have aided in changing the characteristics of certain crops. You see how agricultural science, which has been amazingly developed in all the republics of the Union, works miracles.

Grain crops grow at an altitude of four thousand meters. Trees from warm climes are acclimatized in cold regions. The lilac is forced to bloom in August, apricots grow in the North, fields of white cotton loom up in the desert sands.

Here is the Siberian Pavilion like a great silo, symbol of the inexhaustible Soviet granary; here is the Ukrainian Pavilion, its facade decorated with golden stalks of grain and stars, while the surrounding gardens are full of cherry trees and white acacias. A magnificent pageant of the Union passes before our eyes in all its unending variety: Georgia, where we see the house in which Stalin was born; Colchis, where lemons and oranges will blossom tomorrow; a land where grapes, tobacco and roses flourish; pavilions devoted to silk, honey, flax, cotton and garden crops. And here is the North,

the land of ice floes, the school of Soviet heroism. There are other riches, the inexhaustible mineral wealth of the Soviet Union—gold, copper, silver, rock crystal. An illuminated map shows 1,600 deposits being worked today.

At this wonderful Exhibition you meet people from all corners of the U.S.S.R. Numerous conferences, public demonstrations and scientific sessions are held every day. Thus the experience of the most highly qualified experts in the realm of agriculture is transmitted to the whole great country and helps to increase the sources of income, fosters the successes of peaceful construction.



Moscow, August 30, 1939

For the first time in history the Jewish people may demonstrate their achievements at an exhibition. For the first time our brothers and sisters have the possibility to prove that they are able not only to trade, but also to carry on constructive work which was forbidden before. It was the Soviet power that gave this possibility to the Jews. I am a Kharkov architect, I have built many buildings, but I would be happy to apply my knowledge in Birobijan. The Jewish intellectuals ought to do their best to demonstrate the abilities of the Jewish people in the fields of poetry, music, theater and architecture, and thus to raise the Jewish culture to a higher level;

Long live the power of the Soviets!

I. Podgorny, Architect and artist
(From the "Book of Impressions" at the Far Eastern Pavilion)

A SURVEY OF SOVIET LITERATURE FOR 1938-1939

The limits of a magazine article hardly allow even a cursory sketch of the rich Soviet literature. Every selection is necessarily arbitrary and conditional. Below we but attempt to present, in the light of Soviet criticism, some of the most interesting literary works of 1938-39.

The heroic epoch of the Civil War in the U.S.S.R., from 1918 to 1920, continues to inspire Soviet writers. Alexei Tolstoy, following his historical novel *Bread*, dealing with the defense of Tsaritsyn, has published a new play, *The Path to Victory*. The action takes place in 1919, and depicts the rout of General Denikin.

"Just as in *Bread*," writes Johann Altman in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* (*Literary Gazette*), "so in *The Path to Victory* the theme is considerably broader than a mere description of military operations against Denikin: it embraces the struggle for the Soviet fatherland against whiteguards and interventionists, the rallying of the people around the Communist Party and its leaders, Lenin and Stalin. The problem of the moulding of the new man who grows up in the battles for Socialism is comprehensively treated by A. Tolstoy. The idea of a people's war is the basic theme of the play, *The Path to Victory*."

Another important task which Tolstoy sets out to accomplish in the play is to give an artistic depiction of Lenin and Stalin. What success has he met with in this very difficult task? On this point critical opinion is divided. According to Altman whom we have already quoted, "the presentation of the leaders and their characters are not drawn with sufficient profundity. In the play we fail to see the richness, the many facets of the characters of Lenin and Stalin, who most completely represent the new destiny of the people. . . . Though Lenin in the play pronounces words which have convinced and are convincing the great masses, nevertheless these words, isolated from the context of corresponding speeches and articles by Lenin, do not attain sufficient emotional power on the stage."

The play is differently appraised by A. Dymshitz in the magazine *Kniga i Proletarskaya Revolyutsiya (Book and Proletarian Revolution)*:

"The very fact that in Tolstoy's play Lenin does not express himself in quotations from his articles, speeches and letters, the fact that in essence the lines express Lenin's characteristic thoughts as recorded in his own works—this, indeed, is Tolstoy's chief victory as an artist in depicting Lenin.

"Another achievement of the playwright rests in the fact that he is one of the first of our writers who has attempted to depict Lenin in everyday life. . . . A deplorable shortcoming of many writers who have vainly tried to picture Lenin in everyday life, has been their failure to understand that Lenin the man and Lenin the political leader are inseparably fused in one great character, that every act of Lenin in everyday life reflected Lenin the political leader, just as every political step he made, always expressed his wonderful individuality as a human being as well. . . . In Tolstoy's play, whatever Lenin speaks about, whatever questions he touches upon, he always raises them to the level of great problems of the Revolution.

"Great mastery is evident in the depiction of Comrade Stalin—great scientist and revolutionary, brilliant strategist of the Revolution and profound Socialist theoretician, who perceived Socialism as a reality already in the battles of the Civil War.

"In the presentation of Stalin, who has defeated Trotsky's plans for wrecking, and exposed saboteurs and traitors, there is a striking embodiment of the idea of revolutionary vigilance which Stalin has always taught the Communists, himself serving as a great example."

Lenin and Stalin are depicted also in

Parkhomenko, a new novel by another outstanding Soviet man of letters, Vsevolod Ivanov. The story tells of the heroic life and deeds of the gifted proletarian military leader, Alexander Parkhomenko. He was a Lugansk worker and revolutionary, the comrade-in-arms of Stalin and Voroshilov. Of this fearless hero of the Civil War, Voroshilov once said: "His life was like a splendid legend, a symbol of the greatness of the proletarian spirit."

"What is most important in Vsevolod Ivanov's novel," writes M. Serebryansky in the magazine *Literaturnoye Obozreniye (Literary Review)*, "is that in the character of Alexander Parkhomenko, Soviet readers will see a hero of our time, a man whose entire life was devoted to the struggle for the people's happiness. Parkhomenko's career, from his first steps in the revolutionary movement, with underground work during the years of reaction and the slaughter of the imperialist war, until his tragic death at the front during the Civil War, is described in the pages of the novel, captivating the reader by the rare courage of this legendary popular hero, by the crystal purity, the integrity of this knight of the proletarian revolution."

Among the best features of the novel are not only this presentation of Parkhomenko's life and personality, but the warm and affectionate character sketches of Lenin, Stalin and Voroshilov. Lively descriptions are given of episodes in the fight for Tsaritsyn, the victorious outcome of which was due precisely to the fact that Stalin was in charge of this difficult military-political operation.

In the magazine *Novy Mir (New World)*, A. Volozhenin speaks of the novel's significance:

"The tremendous impression made by *Parkhomenko* is due to the fact that its author has discovered and given a truthful presentation of the basic historical meaning of the Civil War in Russia as a genuine war of the people, a war in defense of their country, which emancipated millions of men and women forever from age-old slavery and oppression."

Critic Hoffenschefer mentions the same feature in his review of Ivanov's novel in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*. "One of the greatest merits of *Parkhomenko* is that it depicts all the complexity and difficulties of the struggle of the revolutionary people against counter-revolution and intervention, all the sorrow and suffering which one of the people's best representatives had to undergo. Very important are the pages of the novel which tell how Voroshilov and Parkhomenko, under the fire of German artillery, begin to learn and to teach others. In these difficult circumstances the life-long friendship of the two Lugansk Bolsheviks, the teacher and the pupil, became still more strongly welded."

The Civil War period is portrayed with tremendous power in the last parts of Mikhail Sholokhov's four-volume novel, *And Quiet Flows the Don*—one of the most important works of fiction in all Soviet literature—and particularly in the fourth and last volume. "With the same gradual growth that marks the development of action and character in his novels, the artistry of the writer himself has continued to mount and strengthen," writes Hoffenschefer in *Literaturny Kritik (Literary Critic)*. "He does not rest on his laurels. The four volumes of *And Quiet Flows the Don*, together with *Soil Upturned*, represent ten or twelve years of persistent work on language, of unremitting effort to give a profound and true picture of reality, of human emotions, of thoughts, of events."

Throughout his four-volume novel Sholokhov, with the mastery of a true artist and realist, pictures the everyday life of the Cossacks during the World War and the Revolution.

In *Literaturnaya Ucheba (Literary Study)*, critic Nikolai Ardens writes:

"Depicting Grigori Melekhov, hero of the novel, Sholokhov has revealed the profound inner struggle, in all its intensity, of a man who from childhood has been fed upon lingering caste prejudices, and in the process of the class war that develops about him, comprehends his true place on the field of battle.

"A passionate desire to solve life's knotty problems in the spirit of peace, brotherhood and labor—this is the profound meaning of all Melekhov's searchings and self-analysis. He is not frightened by disappointments if they help him understand the error of the path he has chosen. He craves truth."

And further: ". . . Sholokhov affirms the greatness of man. He conquers himself and nature and old conceptions, and all this under the terrific pressure of life, its problems and its struggles. . . . The will and the affairs of man prevail over nature. Admiring nature's resources and drawing upon them, man nevertheless owes his victory and his triumph to his own resourcefulness, strength, thought and rights. He confirms his own *greatness* in nature. He builds, re-orders and perfects his life. In struggle, hardship and searching he finds his happiness and dignity. . . . The passion of an entire epoch, tremendous and crucial, and the will of man inspired by that epoch, fill this work to the brim."

Among books about Soviet youth and their participation in Socialist construc-

tion, a notable place is occupied by *Courage*, a novel by the young woman writer Vera Ketlinskaya, with which our readers are already familiar from an excerpt published in our *World's Fair Issue* earlier in the year. Most critics, though not closing their eyes to certain of its defects, some of which are quite serious, agree that *Courage* is an outstanding literary work. Mark Serebryansky writes in *Literaturnoye Obozreniye*:

"In the events presented by the author, the personal and social are so closely interwoven—and this is a characteristic peculiarity of Soviet life in general—that it is difficult to say where one ends and the other begins. But, indeed, it cannot be otherwise, for the founding of the new Socialist society is actually the *personal* affair of every toiler. . . . New relationships grew up almost simultaneously with the new city, in a difficult and grim struggle against nature, against the snares of enemies, against survivals of the past among the youth themselves."

"In *Courage* Vera Ketlinskaya has achieved a rare success," writes critic Yelena Usiyevich in *Literaturny Kritik*. "She has portrayed a living hero of our day without stereotype or gloss, without invented virtues, but she has made him more attractive, nobler, simpler than anyone could have invented him."

The Soviet press speaks of the profoundly emotional tone pervading the novel. "The book is notable for the ardent tone struck by the author," writes Raisa Messer in the Leningrad magazine *Zvezda (Star)*. "There is no character to whom the author is indifferent. Her feeling for them is sharply distinguished: some she dearly loves, others she passionately hates. . . . It is this ardent tone and this truthfulness that win the reader of Vera Ketlinskaya's book, which charms him also by the breadth of its conception and the many threads of its plot. . . ."

All this impels critics to term this realistic novel "romantic," because "truthful types and events of the present day are here portrayed not in everyday tones; they are imbued with the noble spirit, the lofty strivings characteristic of the epoch of Socialism." *(Kniga i Proletarskaya Revolyutsiya.)* "The book breathes the poetry of a region springing to life, the poetry of rational and inspired labor," says the writer S. Hecht in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*.

Discussion has sprung up about a new novel by Alexander Mitrofanov, *Irina Godunova*, which appeared at the beginning of this year. While certain critics shower all sorts of praise upon it, others think that its shortcomings considerably outweigh its virtues, which, by the way, even they do not deny.

Engineer Ordynets, who had looked upon Irina as his betrothed, introduced her to Godunov, a talented engineer; Irina and Godunov fell in love with each other. Ordynets is a man who is alien and hostile to the Soviet people. He met and became connected with a crafty enemy, Valechka, director of a factory. Urged on by Valechka, as well as by his own hatred, Ordynets killed Godunov and left documents on the spot, which are to compromise the murdered man. There is also a note which he had found earlier and kept for possible use. Written by Godunov himself at a difficult moment in his life—when Godunov had learned from a doctor that an old Civil War wound threatened him with insanity and paralysis, he had contemplated suicide—the note asked that no one be blamed for his death.

The murderer left a revolver of foreign make by the dead body. According to the enemies' plan, all this was to convince the organs of investigation that Godunov had compromised himself and committed suicide. But Irina, Godunov's widow, exposed Ordynets.

This outline of the plot, however, gives but a slight conception of the contents of the book which abounds in lyrical and topical digressions.

As viewed by A. Ragozin in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*, Mitrofanov's work lacks clarity and precision. "In *Irina Godunova* the characters are not typical, just as the conditions are not typical. . . . From the first page the reader is immersed in an unhealthy atmosphere, which surrounds the negative as well as positive personages of the tale. . . . The chief events develop in an atmosphere of insincere conversations, delirious dreams and maniacal deeds."

Concerning the numerous topical digressions and the author's inclusion of autobiographical episodes into the fabric of the story, for all their poetic and profoundly lyrical quality, they prove, the critic thinks, "that the writer was unable to completely express his thoughts and feelings in the language of artistic imagery."

The novel is also unfavorably reviewed by P. Altinskaya in the magazine *Oktyabr (October)*, in an article headed *A Novel in Code*. "Mitrofanov's characters," she writes, "have no individuality or personal fate. They are empty and abstract. . . . Both positive and negative types are allegorical. The wrecker Ordynets who murders Godunov, embodies all the vices of the capitalist system. Godunov,

an honest engineer of a chemical plant and an ordinary person of our day, is magnified in the imagination of Ordynets into a symbol of the whole new Socialist world . . . Unfortunately the author shares this illusion of Ordynets'; and Godunov walks through the pages of the story, crowned with a halo of holiness and greatness. . . . This too-respectful attitude of Mitrofanov's to all the actions of his heroes is what creates the atmosphere of cryptic symbolism and mystery in the story, so that a code is needed."

Almost exactly the opposite opinion is held by F. Chelovekov writing in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*. He attempts to show that the power and beauty of the work lie precisely in Mitrofanov's original style. "Mitrofanov's prose is tense, compact, and in order to master it the reader, too, has to make a certain effort. If one reads superficially, reads without desire to exert oneself in order to understand the writer, the meaning and poetry of Mitrofanov's story may remain uncomprehended."

Chelovekov further speaks of the political significance of the work and sees its chief merit in the fact that the author "has been able to express in the language of poetry the organic, emotional, natural disgust of the people with Trotskyism."

F. Levin steers somewhat of a middle course in his estimate of the story, asserting that "what is strongest in the piece is the straightforward, direct and very poetic expression of the author's sentiments and thoughts in the topical and lyrical digressions; the fictional imagery, the real portrayal of people are weaker. . . . Nevertheless," he adds, "the weak points of the story are sufficiently grave to compel the book as a whole to leave a feeling of dissatisfaction. Clearly, Mitrofanov's potentialities are much greater and more significant than he has shown in this book."

Far to the north of the Soviet Union dwell the Nentsi, one of many nationalities which under tsarism were doomed to extinction and have now entered the path of cultural, political and economic progress. Ivan Menshikov, a young Soviet writer who is intimately acquainted with the daily life of the Nentsi, has published a small volume of stories about them.

"The eagerness for knowledge which is made evident throughout Menshikov's book, constitutes one of the most charming traits of his personages," writes B. Galanter who reviews the book in the newspaper *Pravda*. "Teneko finishes a Communist training school and becomes an agitator; the girl Nyarvei goes off to the Red City to a wonderful Russian schoolteacher; even sixty year old Yavtysy does not want to die until he has learned to read books and find out the truth about the life around him. It is not by chance that the title of one of the stories, *Man Does Not Wish to Die*, has been used for the whole book as well. How, indeed, can old Ilko Laptander think of dying now, when there are so many fish in the lakes and the collective has bought two motor boats and will really get rich by winter? And the fishing collective takes steps to save the sick old man. An airplane takes Ilko to the hospital with a touching note from his neighbors: 'Our collective will be boundlessly grateful if you heal Comrade Laptander quickly and well.'"

Menshikov's stories reveal a whole people to the reader, says *Pravda*, a people awakened by the Soviet power and now striving toward enlightenment, toward knowledge. Herein lies the great informative value of these tales.

Among young Soviet writers who have made their debut in the past year with important works is A. V. Kozachinsky, whose story *The Green Van*, published in the almanac *The Twenty-Second Year*, has been favorably reviewed by the Soviet press. Though quite simple, the plot is original. The author shows his heroes during two periods of their life. At first the action takes place in Odessa in 1920; the Civil War has just come to an end, and in Odessa and nearby villages a motley crew has settled, in which are mingled remnants of the routed White armies and bands, political and criminal cut-throats, smugglers, bandits and every kind of adventurer and fly-by-night. A struggle had to be waged against speculation, banditry and hunger; life had to be built up anew. Volodya Patrikeyev, an eighteen year old youth, carries on such a struggle in his capacity as chief of a district department of the criminal investigation service in a provincial town. Along with other people, this eighteen-year old Sherlock Holmes arrests Krasavchik, a horse thief. We meet Volodya and Krasavchik again in the epilogue ten years afterward; close friendship now links the two former enemies; the former has become a writer and the latter a doctor.

"Although Kozachinsky's tale is not particularly original, as you see, it is interesting and, what is more, pleasant to read," writes A. Ragozin in *Literaturnoye Obozreniye*. "It does not matter that the author proves nothing. He knows how to show things. And it is the lyricism with which he shows them, the creative method of the writer which contains that which is peculiarly his own, and make his story attractive".

Yuri Herman, the writer, in *Litera-*

turnaya Gazeta also praises *The Green Van* very highly. "Every page, every paragraph of the story breathes freshness, keen observation and accuracy. . . . Everything that he (Kozachinsky) relates could happen only thus and not otherwise."

In the field of literary biography, a number of important works have appeared. Among them, the first to be mentioned are three books by the noted Soviet writer, Konstantin Paustovsky; namely, biographies of two outstanding Russian artists—Orest Kiprensky (1763-1836) and Isaac Levitan (1861-1900)—and a biography of the great Ukrainian poet and artist, Taras Shevchenko, the 125th anniversary of whose birth has been celebrated this year throughout the Soviet Union. The first two books were written for children and put out by the Children's Publishing House, but they are of no less interest to adults.

The biographies of Kiprensky and Levitan are reviewed by G. Bandalin in an article in *Literaturnoye Obozreniye*:

"All the chief facts of Kiprensky's life are contained in Paustovsky's story. Unfortunately the author pays very little attention to Kiprensky's work on his portrait of Pushkin (here it must be emphasized that the best known portrait of Pushkin is from Kiprensky's brush—*Ed.*) and, in general, to the 'Pushkin element' in the painter's art. This is perhaps the writer's greatest error. . . . The writer might also be reproached for the fact that in a certain sense he has laid his colors on too thickly in speaking of the decline of the painter. Even when his powers were failing, forsooth, Kiprensky painted some wonderful portraits."

In the opinion of the same reviewer, the biography of Levitan is written with less care than the first, as regards composition and the form of exposition. But the critic believes the chief shortcoming of the book to be Paustovsky's uncritical acceptance of the long-current opinion of Levitan as a gloomy painter, imbued with a pessimistic attitude toward life.

Paustovsky writes: "Levitan was a painter of sad landscapes. The landscape is always sad when man is sad. For centuries Russian literature and painting had told of the wearisome sky, the lean fields, the tumble-down huts. . . . Thus the stubborn poison of dejection was brewed."

To this the reviewer comments, " . . . Levitan's greatness lay precisely in the fact that he surmounted such a conception of the landscape. Surmounted it, of course, not in the sense that he closed his eyes to the poverty and oppression about him. On the contrary, he saw and experienced them more poignantly than many others did, but like a truly great national artist, he was able by the force of his art to catch the strength and triumph hovering over the Russian landscape."

A jacket for an anthology "Poetry of Soviet Ukraine"

In conclusion Bandalin writes that both books, in spite of certain shortcomings, "deserve a very favorable estimate. To say that books from Paustovsky's pen are well written, means but to repeat something generally known."

The Shevchenko biography came out somewhat later. Vladimir Rossels, who reviewed it in *Kniga i Proletarskaya Revolyutsiya*, speaks of the book's considerable artistic merits. "Paustovsky's book begins with an excellent introduction. The author introduces his reader to the state of affairs in the period of Nicholas I's reign, exposes the wretched life of the peasantry and soldiers of those times and in a lively autobiographical narrative describes the localities where Taras Shevchenko lived in exile. Paustovsky shows great artistry in describing the landscape of those terrible regions . . . This method of revealing the psychology of the poet by juxtaposition with his environment is followed throughout the book, and permits the author to give a profound portrayal of Shevchenko, which will remain long in the reader's memory. This is the great value of Paustovsky's

work, and herein is reflected his outstanding talent."

Rather in a class by itself is a historico-biographical novel, *The Travels of Johathan Swift*, by Mikhail Levidov, writer and critic. The author has set out to absolve the great satirist of the incrustations born of lack of understanding, lack of knowledge or crude partisanship, which have distorted our conception of Swift. Levidov devotes hundreds of pages of his book to disputing the thesis of those commentators of Swift who assert that his "misanthropy" is altogether explained by his disagreeable character. In opposition to this theory Levidov presents his own conception which may be summed up thus: all Swift's activities and writings were directed to "perfecting the human race," and the so-called "misanthropy" of the satirist can be explained by the fact that he was the sole "normal person, cast into a world of insanity and blunders" in the first period of accumulation of capital.

"Has Levidov succeeded in refuting his opponents and proving the justice of his own conception?" asks the critic Jacob Rykachev in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*. "Undoubtedly he has. True, admiration for Swift as a writer whose 'misanthropy' sprang from tremendous love of man, is to be found in quite a number of bourgeois writers, and even in some of his contemporaries. . . . Nevertheless to Levidov belongs the honor of being the first to put the question so directly—by way of critical revision of the cultural heritage. This is no mean accomplishment and no small honor."

Another reviewer, I. Wertsman, in *Literaturnoye Obozreniye*, also emphasizes that Levidov has attacked the "riddle" of Swift from a new angle: "Levidov has understood what is most important in Swift: the profound humanity of his 'absolute,' if one may put it so. . . . Levidov portrays Swift as a person molded, as it were, all of one piece, but imbued with grim, tragic, searing discontent. . . . Swift's pamphlets have something in common with the utopian, radical political writing of the middle of the past century. It is here that Levidov looks for the roots of Swift's irreconcilability, and quarrelsomeness, the roots of many of his political fancies and illusions, as well as the reason for his failure to exhibit the 'domestic' reflex, the instinct for family comfort. . . . What is most interesting in Levidov's book is his account of Swift's political career, of which, indeed, very little is generally known. Levidov divines Swift's concealed efforts to form his own party, with a program differing from the program of both Whigs and Tories, and draws the conclusion that here lay the cause both of Swift's vacillations and his connection with the Tory reactionaries whose movement may have impressed him by the angle of opposition to capitalism and the bourgeoisie. . . . What Swift actually wanted was a 'people's party.' His entire activity in England and Scotland, the fact that, not to speak of personal interests, he displayed no class interests or prejudices—whether landlord or bourgeois—and the plebeian courage of his exposures—all this leads to such a conclusion. . . ."

Calling attention to the interesting features of Levidov's novel, Soviet critics point out, moreover, its superiority over a number of similar historical and biographical works that have been widely popular. "Levidov did not wish to rake dirt out of piquant 'sex problems' in order to make his hero 'livelier,' and in this he was quite right; leave that to such biographers as André Maurois, who has already exercised his gifts in this fashion on Byron and Voltaire," Wertsman writes.

Criticism, however, by no means overlooked a number of serious faults which it finds in the book. Levidov is reproached for excessive admiration of Swift, which results in distorting his presentation. The genre he has chosen is also questioned: Jacob Rykachev, already quoted above, calls it a "fictional-topical hybrid, with an overwhelming predominance of topical characteristics." The biographer is accused, moreover, of oversimplifying the personality of the great writer, of reducing Swift to the level of "an ordinary humanist" and advocate of "enlightenment." The critic asserts that Levidov has failed to show how Swift, who was a humanist in the most profound sense of that word, "dealt with the tremendous spiritual values within himself, what gigantic creative work went on in the gloom of his personality." All critics, nevertheless, acknowledge the book's importance as a literary event.

Mikhail Prishvin, with his remarkable knowledge of nature, is a writer whom Maxim Gorky compared to the greatest figures in Russian literature, holding him up as a model for young writers. He advised them to study Prishvin's chaste, pure Russian, his consummate ability "to give almost physical tangibility to all that you wish to picture by supple combinations of simple words."

The Grey Owl, Prishvin's new book published in the magazine *Molodaya Gvardiya (Young Guard)*, is a brilliant adaptation of a book by the Indian hunter Vesh Konnezin, which was recently issued in America. The book is a poem about the beaver kingdom—those astoundingly

clever little creatures who have been so mercilessly destroyed by civilized peoples. *The Grey Owl*, himself, is a hunter who gives up his pursuit of game and devotes himself to protecting nature from the barbarous interference of men. He founds a whole beaver city in Canada where, with his wife, Anachareo, he rears the little animals with extreme care. In his reservation, the beasts and birds do not fear men, they answer to the human voice and eat from the hand.

"Prishvin's new book, like his preceding ones," writes A. Evguenyev in *Literaturnoye Obozreniye*, "is steeped in the lovely romance of nature, is full of genuine and inspired romanticism. Everywhere in the realm of nature, the writer knows how to discover not only that which is characteristic for him, Prishvin, but also the most distinguishing features of that particular corner of the earth. Here, too, in the wild surroundings of North American lakes and forests, he has found something of his own and of someone else, and has combined it all into a splendid and fascinating tale, generously adorned—with great taste and knowledge—with the finest colors from his artistic palette."

Critics are almost unanimous in acclaiming as the most important poetical work in recent Soviet literature the yet unfinished *Mayakovsky Emerges* by Nikolai Aseyev, separate chapters of which have been appearing in the Soviet press and a chapter of which was published in the *World's Fair Issue* of our magazine. Speaking of the most recently published chapters of this long work, A. Evguenyev writes in *Literaturnaya Gazeta:*

"This is a great boon for readers. Here is true poetry, poetry of lofty inspiration that carries with it unalterable conviction. Here is the poetry of a mighty voice, of great passion. . . . *Mayakovsky Emerges* is a poem about the author's closest friend. Mayakovsky appears not only as the hero of the work: he conducts the poem, imparting to it his own passion, his strength, the very timbre of his powerful voice.

"The new chapter . . . resurrects Mayakovsky, a man in love with life, fiery in temperament, boundlessly generous, splendid in creative daring. Aseyev has painted a striking, living portrait of our Mayakovsky.

"*Mayakovsky Emerges* is the work of a poet-innovator, a man who does not perceive our time narrowly and one-sidedly, but with all his reason, all his heart, all the intensity of his feeling.

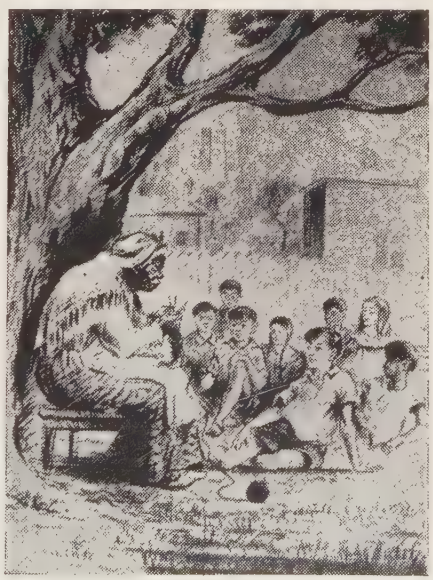
"These are precisely the qualities that distinguish a poet of our times."

Another important publication in the field of poetry is *Travel Diary* by the noted poetess Vera Inber, written under the impression of her journeys in Soviet Georgia and Svanetia. *Literaturnoye Obozreniye* characterizes the work as "a literary, philosophical poem. . . ."

"There is no place here for stylistic experiments, half statements, evasions and 'deceit between the lines.' Filled with confidence in the reader, the poet reveals her whole self, with all her waverings, emotions and sentiments. This is sincere talk, talk about what is most important—life, creative work, art. . . .

"*Travel Diary* occupies a special and most important place in Vera Inber's artistic career. Actually this is her first extended lyric poem, in which many themes from her work of former years have found logical and more finished consummation."

A number of recently-published books which have been enthusiastically received by the Soviet reader, have not come from the pen of professional men of letters, but of some of those distinguished representatives of the Soviet people who have been honored with the title of Hero of the Soviet Union. Among them are Papanin, chief of the famous North Pole drifting station; the flyer Vodopyanov, author of a play on the conquest of the Pole and other literary works; Kokkinaki, who recently flew to North America; Baidukov,



An illustration by N. Zhukov to "Black Sally" by N. Kalma

who has written a book about that great pilot, the late Valeri Chkalov; Belyakov, who accompanied Chkalov and Baidukov on the historic flight over the North Pole from Moscow to the United States; Molokov and Kamanin, who took part in the expedition that rescued the Chelyuskin survivors drifting on an ice floe in the Arctic Ocean: and other heroes whose names are known far beyond the borders of the Land of Soviets. Modestly, simply, but often with outstanding literary talent, these Heroes of the Soviet Union tell of their lives and their feats of genuine heroism.

From the standpoint of literary excellence, Baidukov's book ranks as one of the best. The writer Yuri Olesha speaks of it as follows in *Literaturnaya Gazeta:*

"G. Baidukov's book, *Notes of a Pilot*, is a brilliant work of literature. He is a real writer, and his description of the flight from Moscow to the United States is admirable. The reader's attention is attracted, moreover, to the literary merits of this description, in spite of the fact that the unusual material is so all-absorbing. Place is found for lyrical passages and the description is pervaded with human warmth and humor. A first-class flyer has written a very good book. . . . Strength, endurance and courage are combined in the man with subtlety, imagination and love for words. There is nothing comparable to the impression left by these two books of Baidukov's, *Notes of a Pilot* and *About Chkalov*. The word 'wealth' is the one that comes closest to characterizing their contents. . . . This 'wealth' consists of reminiscences of the dangers overcome, of the meetings with a foreign nation, of America, new landscapes, people of the wide world. This wealth includes friendship with Chkalov and a meeting with Stalin. In these two books there is so much strength, vision, love for everything that is truly beautiful; so much danger, discovery, risk and victory, that they seem to be a description of the life, not of one man, but of a whole generation."

To this category of books belongs *Notes of a Navigator* by Marina Raskova, who along with her comrades, Valentina Grizodubova and the late Paulina Osipenko, made the famous flight from Moscow to the Far East. In a review of the book in *Pravda*, the writer Valeria Gerasimova contrasts the tragic lot of Russian women in the past with the new life open to them in the Soviet Union today.

"Generation after generation," she writes, "Russian women perished, their 'wings clipped' by the foul and inhuman property system. The concluding lines of Yelizaveta Dyakonova's *Diary of a Russian Woman* which was widely read in its day, are like a cry of despair. In an effort to be independent and increase her knowledge, this unusual Russian girl was one of the few—literally to be counted on one's fingers—who tried to get a higher education. The young student was at every step met with puzzled looks and still more often with open hostility. Lonely and neglected, Yelizaveta Dyakonova lived her short life."

What a gulf between the fate of this girl and that of Marina Raskova!

The woman flyer's book has been very well received by critics. "Raskova's book is a story of lofty human emotions, a story of friendship, of love for the fatherland and for Stalin," writes Galina Kolesnikova in *Novy Mir*.

"This is a book, above all, about people and the Land of Soviets, about the joy of knowledge, struggle and achievement," says M. Charny in *Oktyabr*. "The people Raskova describes are not altogether satisfactory from the artistic point of view, but a number of her skillfully told details serve to throw into new relief some of these very interesting people. . . .

"In spite of certain defects, stylistic roughness and newspaper lingo and banal phrases, here and there," Charny continues, "the merit of Raskova's book is that it furnishes valuable material which shows how in our country new people are springing up and growing, truly well-rounded people with a well-developed mind, heart, body and spirit."

One cannot in all justice overlook so broad a field as children's literature which is represented in the U.S.S.R. by such outstanding authors as Chukovsky, Marshak, Mikhalkov, Paustovsky and many others. The most noteworthy event in the realm of children's literature during the past year, in the unanimous opinion of Soviet critics, is the appearance of the beautifully published *What I Saw* by the late Boris Zhitkov, a Leningrad writer who has produced more than sixty children's books in different genres.

What I Saw is in the nature of an illustrated novel for small children from five years up. The narrative is told in the name of a small boy, nicknamed Question-Box because of his curiosity. Question-Box tells of his travels in Moscow, Kiev and other places, his journeys by train and steamship and all that he sees along the way, in the city and in the countryside. This original story is somewhat of a fictionalized encyclopedia for little children. Zhitkov has displayed great artistry in accomplishing the very difficult task he set himself. Like many other works of his, the book is "a true work of art

educating its reader above all through undoubted esthetic excellence. It is not an 'extra-curricular textbook' but a work of art," maintains Cesar Volpe in *Literaturnoye Obozreniye*.

The merits of this latest book by Boris Zhitkov are characteristic of the writer's creative style as a whole. In *Literaturny Kritik*, A. Ivich gives the following estimate of Zhitkov's literary powers:

"Zhitkov's approach to people is tender, careful and very kind. But this is the kindness of courage. . . . That man is appreciated who thinks of others as much as of himself, who feels a strong tie with his comrades, his friends and the society of which he is a member—a tie so strong that he does not fear to risk his own life if thereby he can save the life of another. That man is precious who loves his work, devotes all his life and strength to it, knows his job and does not spare himself to assure its success. This is the most important lesson taught by the heroes of Zhitkov's stories."

Another children's story which has attracted the attention of critics is *Black Sally* by the woman writer N. Kalma, designed for children of ten to thirteen. The action takes place in a proletarian suburb of New York, among the workers and unemployed of various nationalities—Negroes, Poles, Jews and Italians. As soon as the children of these people appear on the sidewalks of Broadway or approach the cold and hostile world of luxurious homes and sky-scrapers, they clash with the harsh and insulting laws of racial oppression. The central figure in the story is Black Sally, whose memory runs back to the life under slavery and episodes of the fight for liberty. Her account of what she saw and experienced links the past with the present in the story. The epic of John Brown, fighter for the emancipation of the Negroes, who was taken prisoner, condemned and executed, occupies a central place in her reminiscences.

In its review of the story, *Pravda* states: "N. Kalma has picked a grateful theme and her book is assured of a warm welcome among children. The author has succeeded in creating a number of memorable, skillfully molded and colorful personages. . . . Kalma makes clever use of the narrative form of Anglo-American children's literature. Some pages of her book, imbued with gentle humor, show traces of the influence of Mark Twain. The peculiar local color of the book comes largely from the samples of Negro folklore scattered throughout, the meditative and mournful 'spirituals,' the merry dance tunes."

Among the story's defects, the reviewer mentions excessive simplification in the treatment of certain problems. Readers of the book might get the impression, for instance, that all working people in America without exception are free from racial and national prejudices; indeed, that they were freed from them already eighty years ago.

Still another peculiar variety of literature must not go unmentioned—the art of those marvelously poetic tellers of folk tales in Russia. Recognition of their contribution has led to the inclusion of a number of these men and women among outstanding representatives of the literature of the Soviet peoples whom the Government has decorated with Orders. Perhaps the most notable among them is sixty-five year old Marfa Kryukova, an inhabitant of the Far North, who is the author of many folk tales published in the press and in separate editions (particularly the collection of folk tales issued by the State Literary Museum).

Besides folk tales of the distant past, the *Bylinas* of Kiev Russia and Novgorod Russia about Ilya Muromets, Vaska Buslayev and the like, Marfa Kryukova has composed quite a few original tales of her own about our days, which she herself sings; she calls them "new tales."

"Brought up in the lofty traditions of the heroic epic, in the traditions of the heroic folk-tale genre," writes A. Dymshitz in *Zvezda*, "Marfa Semyonovna Kryukova has chosen as the central theme of her art the heroic subject matter of the Soviet Union of today. Her 'new tales' are devoted to the glorious and heroic deeds of the great leaders of the Soviet people—Lenin, Stalin, Voroshilov—to the people's heroic warriors like Chapayev, to their heroic scientists like Otto Schmidt and the Chelyuskin crew, Papanin and his three comrades. . . .

"In all her creative work Marfa Kryukova has shown herself to be a true people's artist, one who has attained great ideological profundity, a poet and thinker able to form a sensible and sober estimate of the historical past of the great Russian people, comprehend the world-wide historic significance of the Great October Socialist Revolution, and correctly perceive the tremendous prospects for the development of her native country and its people."

Our review has touched upon but a comparatively few literary works of different genres and, as already stated at the beginning, can in no way pretend to completeness. Perhaps the works of many other Soviet writers and poets might have been included with quite as much justice. Leonid Leonov, for instance, has published

almost simultaneously two plays, *Polovchansk Gardens* and *The Wolf*, which have aroused a most vigorous polemical discussion in the Soviet press. *Fairy Tale*, a play by the poet Mikhail Svetlov, has enjoyed great success among both juvenile and adult audiences. Tvardovsky has published a new book of verse, *Village Chronicle*. Yevgeni Lann has appeared with a novel dealing with the history of the Irish movement for national liberation, *MacCumhail's Guard;* many others might be mentioned.

Attention must be called further to a broad current of literary activity in outlying cities throughout the country, where a great number of magazines and annuals are published. Among them is the Far Eastern journal *Na Rubezhe (On the Frontier)*, the first issue of which for this year included several pieces which were favorably reviewed by *Pravda*. Another interesting literary almanac is the *Literaturny Saratov (Literary Saratov,)* and there are many more. Literary activity is growing in the Red Army and Navy. A literary contest recently sponsored by the newspaper *Krasny Baltisky Flot (Red Baltic Fleet)* brought more than three hundred entries of the most varied genres by sailors of the fleet. A considerable part of the material was adjudged worth printing and published in the newspaper.

We have altogether failed to mention such important sectors of Soviet literature—important both in quantity and quality—as the literature of the peoples of the U.S.S.R.—Ukrainians, Byelorussians, Georgians, Armenians, Uzbeks and dozens of others. Many of these peoples have a highly developed and striking literature, and among their writers are such men as the Ukrainians Korneichuk, Tychina, Rylsky, Bazhan and Yanovsky; the Byelorussians Kolas and Kupala; the Kazakh poet Jamboul, and so on almost without end—men whose names are known and honored by millions of Soviet readers.

NEWS AND VIEWS

THE DEATH OF BRODSKY

Isaac Brodsky, noted Soviet painter, died at the age of 55 in Leningrad after a prolonged illness.

It was only after the Great Socialist Revolution that Brodsky, a pupil of Ivan Repin, the great Russian master, obtained the opportunity of developing his manifold talent to the full. The author of many large canvases on Soviet themes, he was also a recognized master of portraiture. Reproductions of his paintings are to be found everywhere: in workers' apartments, in collective farmers' cottages, in clubs, in village reading rooms and in palaces of culture.

Brodsky produced a number of pictures dealing with Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. His canvases, "V. I. Lenin in the Smolny," "V. I. Lenin at the Putilov Works" and "Lenin Seeing Off Red Army Units" are among the most outstanding masterpieces of Soviet art. Also worthy of special mention is "People's Commissar of Defense K. E. Voroshilov Skiing," one of the best of the artist's later compositions, which was acclaimed at the art show held in honor of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Red Army and Navy.

A famous educator as well as painter, Brodsky rendered noteworthy services in training the rising generation of Soviet artists. He was head of the All-Russian Academy of Arts from 1934, and to the last days of his life carried on his pedagogical activity.

Many of his pupils among the young painters of Leningrad are now famous

Winter — *Painting by I. Brodsky*

Klimenti Efremovich Voroshilov
Painting by I. Brodsky

Their artistic development was demonstrated to advantage by their canvases shown at the recent exhibition in honor of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Young Communist League of the Soviet Union.

Isaac Brodsky died at the height of his career. He worked to the end. His canvases of recent years include several sea scenes painted during a trip to the Crimea, flower paintings and portraits of Heroes of the Soviet Union.

The Soviet Government valued Brodsky's work highly, and conferred on him the title of Honored Art Worker in 1932. In 1934 he was decorated with the Order of Lenin.

CULTURAL ADVANCE IN SOVIET UNION

We publish below several facts and figures taken from *Socialist Construction in the U.S.S.R. (1933-1938)*, a new statistical handbook on the achievements of the peoples of the Soviet Union.

During the Second Five-Year Plan period (1933-37) the number of pupils in the country's elementary and secondary schools increased from 21,300,000 to 29,400,000. In 1938 the number of pupils attending elementary and secondary schools reached 31,500,000.

During the period of the Second Five-Year Plan 4,254 schools were built in the cities of the U.S.S.R. and 16,353 schools in the rural districts. At the end of last year there were 708 universities and other institutions of higher learning with an enrollment of 602,940, and 3,732 technical training schools with 951,884 students. Twice as many women students are enrolled in the higher educational establishments of the U.S.S.R. as in all the other European countries combined. More than 90 per cent of the college and university students and more than 85 per cent of the students of the technical training schools receive State stipends.

Between 1933 and 1938 the number of clubs in the Soviet Union rose to 96,000; of theaters, to 787 (in pre-revolutionary Russia there were 153), and of moving picture houses, to 30,900 (33 per cent more than in England, Germany, France, and Italy combined). Last year 950 million copies of books and magazines were published; and there are 8,500 newspapers with an annual circulation of more than 7,000,000,000 copies.

The cultural progress of the national republics has been particularly remarkable. As compared with the pre-revolutionary period the number of elementary and secondary school pupils in the Ukrainian S.S.R. has more than trebled; it has increased more than fourfold in the Byelorussian republic and in Georgia; more than eight times in Armenia; 30 times in Turkmenia; 64 times in Uzbekistan; almost 43 times in Kirghizia; almost 11 times in Kazakhstan and 630 times in Tajikistan. During the last eleven years the percentage of girls in the schools of Tajikistan increased from 9 to 41; and in Kazakhstan, from 31 to 45.

There were only 3 theaters in Georgia in 1914, while last year there were 48; the figures for Uzbekistan are 1 and 36, respectively; and for Kazakhstan, 2 and 26.

THE TEACHING OF MARXISM-LENINISM IN INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING

Problems relating to the Communist education of Soviet students, a sphere of training to which exceptional significance is attached, were discussed at a conference of heads of departments of Marxism-Leninism in higher educational establishments, which met in Moscow at the end of this summer.

Joseph Stalin, speaking in his report to the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks) on the question of the Marxist-Leninist training of cadres, said:

"There is no reason why a man who specializes in medicine should at the same time specialize in physics or botany or vice versa. But there is one branch of science which Bolsheviks in all branches of science are in duty bound to know, and that is the Marxist-Leninist science

of society, of the laws of social development, of the laws of development of the proletarian Revolution, of the laws of development of Socialist construction, and of the victory of Communism. For a man who calls himself a Leninist cannot be considered a real Leninist if he shuts himself up in his specialty, in mathematics, botany or chemistry, let us say, and sees nothing beyond that specialty. A Leninist cannot be just a specialist in his favorite science; he must also be a political and social worker, keenly interested in the destinies of his country, acquainted with the laws of social development, capable of applying these laws, and striving to be an active participant in the political guidance of the country."

After summarizing the experience gained in the teaching of Marxism-Leninism during the past year, the Moscow conference outlined measures that are to bring about improved methods of teaching this subject during the current year. Although there is a large and competent staff of instructors in Marxism-Leninism in the colleges and universities, it was pointed out that in certain places the quality of the teaching does not meet the requirements; the subject is sometimes not treated in the light of contemporary events, and instructors do not draw sufficiently on the experience and activities of the Soviet people and the Bolshevik Party.

Speakers pointed to the works of Lenin and Stalin in which theoretical profundity is combined with popular and vivid language and numerous references to mythological characters, and characters from the works of Shakespeare, Cervantes, Pushkin, Saltykov-Shchedrin and other masters of world literature.

The conference also reviewed the research work conducted by the departments of Marxism-Leninism. It was reported that while many university instructors had written theoretical works and defended theses, most of the latter dealt primarily with the history of philosphy and the history of political economy. The conference recommended that more attention be paid to problems of dialectical and historical materialism, of the political economy of Socialism, of Socialist construction in the U.S.S.R. and kindred topics.

YOUNG POETS AND PROSE WRITERS

In an article recently published in *Pravda*, attention is drawn to a group of young poets who have come to the fore in Leningrad during the last few years. The *Pravda* article mentions Pavel Shubin, Vladimir Lifshitz, Alexei Lebedev, Vadim Shefner, Boris Schmidt, and a number of others whose works frequently appear in literary magazines, almanacs and newspapers.

"Each of these young poets," writes *Pravda*, "has his own shortcomings, frequently of a very typical nature. We often find in the verses of the young poets a shallow 'optimism,' wordiness, monotony in the expression of feeling, inability to portray character and develop the subject—all defects from which our poetry has not yet entirely rid itself. One cannot, however, fail to discern in the works of these young poets—irrespective of the difference in talent and degree of poetic independence—an active tendency to find fresh, ponderable, really poetical means for expressing the feelings evoked in man by all the manifestations of life in our country."

Pavel Shubin's verses, the article points out, often display a fine poetic power of observation and perception of reality. Shubin has learned a great deal from the poets of the older generation, but he successfully avoids imitating them and repeating their motifs. His verses—sometimes buoyantly enthusiastic, and sometimes pervaded with lyrical meditation—testify to the continuous growth of this young poet.

Vladimir Lifshitz' first book of poetry *(The Valley)* shows that he has an easy command of verse and a sure sense of language and imagery. He is original, resourceful, and shuns the commonplaces of poetic expression.

Alexei Lebedev is a sailor in the Red Navy. His poetry is of the sea, of the Red Navy, of his sailor comrades. In quite a number of the poems in his book, *Kronstadt*, the reader comes across clumsy turns of speech, far-fetched associations and inaccuracies. Nevertheless, the article in *Pravda* states, Lebedev's book is a distinct contribution to our young poetry. "His poems reflect a healthy and manly love of life; and he often succeeds in rising to real heights of poetic expression in his description of ordinary, everyday objects and events. Lebedev's better poems are characterized by a restrained lyricism, unobtrusive and unaffected, and for that reason convincing and impressive."

In another article, dealing with young prose writers, *Pravda* notes the fact that "in recent years it was mostly the works of young authors, sometimes of authors who had just appeared in print for the first time, that evoked the warmest response of the readers."

To the young talented writers, Socialist life "with all its specific characteristics is the only possible life. All their interests, personal and social, are bound up with this life. That is why they are less 'demure

about reality' and are better equipped to distinguish the genuinely new and genuinely Socialist aspects of life from the more or less decomposed survivals of the past. Things which comparatively easily escape detection by the casual observer cannot remain concealed from the view of the actual participant in the struggle for Socialism. It is this sense of the new, the ability to distinguish and grasp it, that has enabled a number of young authors to produce works answering to the main aim of Soviet literature: the portrayal of genuine Socialist characters, embodying the vast moral force of Socialism. This is what makes them true innovators in literature. It is this feature that establishes an intimate bond between the work of the writer and the masses of the people."

The author of the article in *Pravda* dwells also on Y. Krymov's *Tanker Derbent*,[1] "whose significance does not at all consist in the fact that—as has been pointed out in a number of critical reviews of the book—the author here deals with a 'subject matter' that has never before been treated in literature. . . . The value of Krymov's book consists in the fact that in portraying a specific person he has brought out the features that are characteristic of the most valuable men and women in Socialist industry."

The article in *Pravda* goes on to say that among the young writers, "there are people of the most varied trends and aspirations. There are some writers who are distinguished for their rather poor taste and wrong tendency. One need only mention Gleb Alekhin's *The Ignoramus*. Nor is he an exceptional case. Alekhin has only expressed in a concentrated form the many vulgar ideas of life that are to be found in the books of other 'smart' writers. But there is an increasing number of works of young authors, which possess the qualities we have stressed: an organic interest in Socialist life, a practical knowledge of Socialist reality, and, hence, a new understanding of the man of Socialist society and the ability to portray him."

The *Pravda* article praises Vera Ketlinskaya's *Courage*, excerpts from which were published in *International Literature* No. 4-5, and concludes as follows: "A. Nozdrin, L. Zharikov, I. Menshikov and other young authors are carrying on their searches in the right direction. They testify to the fact that Soviet literature can boast many fresh and gifted representatives of the youth."

---

[1] Published in *International Literature*, No. 10—11 and 12, 1938.

NEW LITERARY DOCUMENTS

The decision of an assembly of nobles depriving F. M. Dostoyevsky of his status as nobleman, has been found in the Moscow Regional Archives. Dostoyevsky was tried in 1849 for being connected with Petrashevsky's political circle and was exiled to Siberia. It was this that furnished the nobles with an excuse for getting rid of the "rebel."

Another find in the same Archives is a request sent to the Ministry of Home Affairs of the tsarist government by the Moscow city council to be allowed to erect a monument to Leo Tolstoy. The Ministry turned down the request, saying that Tolstoy's name, after his excommunication and the church's refusal to bury him, excited unrest, particularly among the youth.

The State Literary Museum is busy putting into shape a great number of documents dealing with Chekhov. The Museum's collection includes 110 Chekhov manuscripts, galley proofs of his works with his own corrections, more than 300 letters and many other documents. The major share of these letters, among them letters to Chekhov's friends, to his fellow writers and to publishers have never been published. The Museum is preparing a special collection for publication.

A number of unpublished letters of Konstantin Stanislavsky to Leo Tolstoy have been found in the manuscript section of the Lenin Library. These letters were written when Stanislavsky was directing the work of the Art and Literature Society long before the founding of the Art Theater. The society was preparing to stage Tolstoy's new play *The Fruits of Enlightenment* which had been rehearsed for quite some time.

"All of the performers," V. V. Luzhsky, one of the actors in the play and later one of the leading actors of the Art Theater, recalled many years later, "played their roles splendidly under Stanislavsky's direction." The performance was of great importance for Stanislavsky, for it was his first public production.

Not long before this Stanislavsky had met Tolstoy for the first time, by chance, and on January 21, 1891, wrote to him:

"Dear Sir:

"Having your verbal permission to stage *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, the members of the Art and Literature Society, expressing their gratitude to you, consider it a pleasant duty to bring to your attention that three charity performances will take place on the 8th, 11th and 15th of February of this year in the German Club.

Your play, *The Fruits of Enlightenment*, will be performed by the members of the Art and Literature Society.

"The organizers and actors would consider your presence at the above-mentioned performances a great honor, and we make bold to hope that in the event of your coming to Moscow, you will not fail to attend one of our performances."

Tolstoy, however, was not present at any of these performances; nor did he witness other plays of the Society, in spite of Stanislavsky's insistent invitations, as can be seen from other letters recently found. They met only after several years, following the production of *The Power of Darkness*, at Tolstoy's home in Moscow, Tolstoy himself having asked Stanislavsky to come to see him.

The attitude of the directors of the Art Theater toward Tolstoy later on can be seen from the message of greeting sent to the writer on February 21, 1906:

"At the last meeting of the actors of the Popular Art Theater, at the close of the season, we could not but recall those evenings when the theater was made happy by the presence of the great, world-famous writer. On behalf of all the actors we send you heartfelt greetings. *Alexeyev; Nemirovich-Danchenko* [1]."

CHILDREN'S LITERARY CONTEST

Volodya U., a schoolboy, sent a story about an Arctic wintering station to the Central House of Artistic Education for Children in Moscow. The young author did not cope with his theme, however. He was told this, and the reason why: Volodya lives in Georgia and does not know anything about life in the Far North.

The House for the Artistic Education of Children carries on much work with children who show literary talent. Last year the House received 18,000 letters from children, and 8,000 letters in the first six months of this year. In 1937 more than 3,000 children sent in their poems, sketches and stories.

At regular intervals the House conducts contests, the theme for the one this year being *Our Country*. The children could write about everyday life of the Soviet people, about nature in the U.S.S.R., about the country's natural resources, about the happy life of Soviet children, and similar topics.

Three months prior to the close of the contest the House had already received more than 800 letters from children. A great share of these letters came from collective farm children.

Youngsters from all parts of the Soviet Union submitted manuscripts. From the Tajik republic thirteen year old Volodya Shtolvin sent in a poem, *Our Leader*. The poem, *I Heard Over the Radio*, by Nina Domracheva, came from Ioshkar-Ola, and fiteen year old Jacob Jansyv, who lives in Mangush Village, Stalin Region, even sent in a whole collection of verse. A fantasy entitled *Golden Hills* was received from Andrei Kosov of the Stalingrad Region. Mitya Simakov, a student from Novosibirsk Region, submitted a story entitled *Hunting*.

COMPLETE WORKS OF SHOLOM ALEICHEM TO BE PUBLISHED

The complete works of Sholom Aleichem in 32 volumes are now being published in the Jewish language by the *Der Emes* Publishing House. It will include all of Sholom Aleichem's literary, critical and journalistic writings, and his letters. A biography of Sholom Aleichem and a special volume of research studies will form part of the edition.

NEW BOOKS ON ART

Iskusstvo Publishing House is bringing out a series of new books, among them one dealing with *Francisco de Goya y Lucientes*, by Valentine Brodsky. The book includes an essay on the life and work of the great Spanish artist, Goya's commentaries to his *Caprichos* and a short bibliography of works about the artist in Russian and foreign languages.

Several volumes of *Material on the History of the Russian Ballet* will also appear in the near future. The first two volumes, compiled by M. Borisoglebsky, deal with the oldest Russian theatrical school, the present Leningrad State School of Choreography. These large-sized books are beautifully illustrated.

The same house has just published S. Ignatov's *The Spanish Theater in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*. The author outlines the development of Spanish dramatic art and of the Spanish theater at their peak. A special essay is devoted to Lope de Vega's works.

Puppet Theater is a new book which includes plays produced by the Moscow Puppet Theater headed by S. Obraztsov; *Pupper City* by E. Schwartz; *Puss in Boots* by G. Vladychina and E. Tarakhovskaya's *At the Pike's Bidding*, and others. A preface by Obraztsov tells about the work of the theater and the history of the plays included in the book.

[1] Alexeyev was Stanislavsky's real name.

Zukhra Karayev and Khumor Basarov, wives of Uzbek shepherds, students of a school for adults

IN THE NATIONAL REPUBLICS

500th ANNIVERSARY OF "JANGAR"

The five-hundredth anniversary of the famous Kalmyk folk epic *Jangar* will be celebrated in May 1940.

The history of the Kalmyk people reaches back into antiquity. At one time the founders of a mighty State, they left the Altai mountains three hundred years ago and in 1632 appeared along the lower reaches of the Volga. This migration of a whole nation into a different part of the world was caused by the oppression suffered at the hands of the Chinese emperors, tribal conflicts, and dreadful poverty, all of which jeopardized the free national development of the Kalmyk people.

Their life in Russia was also very hard, however. They were exploited both by the Russian capitalists and by the native princes.

The Kalmyk people, however, always hoped that some day the rule of official merchants and landlords would end, and their thoughts, hopes and aspirations found expression in *Jangar*. The land of Bumba—the home of the hero of the epic—is the embodiment of the age-old dreams of the people of a happy life to come. It is a land of eternal youth and immortality, ease and abundance.

The Kalmyk people kept this beautiful legend alive and sang it in their poverty-stricken tents. The dream embodied in this legend has now come true under the Soviet Government.

For five hundred years *Jangar* has been passed on from folk singer to folk singer. "This song," say the old people, "is so long that if it were written down it would require ninety-nine strong white camels to carry it. You may ask why the camels must be strong? Because ordinary two-humped camels could not lift it. And should you ask why the camels must be white, then we tell you: the song is so pure that it can be carried only by white animals."

In Elista, capital of the Kalmyk autonomous republic, a committee has been formed to take charge of the celebrations, and active preparations for marking this anniversary are going on in all the Kalmyk settlements and towns. An illustrated edition of the epic is being prepared for publication.

The jubilee will be an important event in Kalmyk literature. The Council of Peoples Commissars of the republic and the Kalmyk Union of Soviet Writers have announced a contest for the best prose and dramatic works and some Kalmyk writers are already working on plays based on *Jangar*.

A NEW BYELORUSSIAN OPERA

Drigva, an opera by A. Bogatyrev, a young Byelorussian composer, is the latest

production of the Byelorussian State Opera and Ballet Theater in Minsk. The libretto is by E. Romanovich and is based on a tale of the same name by Yakub Kolas, famous Byelorussian poet.

The word *drigva* means swamp. The plot of the opera unfolds in the forests and swamps of the Poless region at the time of the Polish occupation in 1919. The opera shows the suffering of the Byelorussian people at the hands of the Polish nobles and militarists, depicts the actions of the partisan divisions that helped the Red Army and portrays the characters of heroic partisans and Bolsheviks, fighters for the liberation of the people. Lyricism is here intertwined with tense moments of action. All the arias, duets, and choruses are distinguished for their tuneful melodies, giving wide scope for the singers to display their powers.

With unflagging interest the spectator follows the development of the plot, which reaches its tensest moments in the scenes showing the punitive expedition of the interventionists against the partisans who have hidden in the forests and swamps—in the *drigva*. One watches with mounting excitement the heroic deeds of the young peasant, Andrei, who holds back the enemy's attack but dies in the unequal fight.

The work of the director, I. Shlepyanov, is uniformly praised by the critics, who note particularly his successful handling of the mass scenes. A number of the actors have created memorable characters. At the same time, an article in *Izvestia* points out that "the theater must strive to eliminate a certain naivete in the presentation of some of the situations and the sketchiness of the portrayal of certain characters."

KONSTANTIN KHETAGUROV—POET OF THE OSETIAN PEOPLE

The eightieth anniversary of the birth of Konstantin Khetagurov—poet, journalist and painter—was recently celebrated by the Osetian people. The anniversary was also marked in Georgia, the Ukraine, the R.S.F.S.R. and other republics of the Soviet Union.

As a boy Khetagurov, who was a native of Northern Osetia, used to attend gatherings of the people and listen to the conversations of the old men, to their stories of old times. He remembered the folk legends, songs and maxims he had heard, and later all these youthful impressions were embodied in his poetry.

Khetagurov's artistic tendencies showed themselves early. Passionately fond of painting, he left school to enter the St. Petersburg Academy of Art. Although he did not graduate from the Academy, his three-year contact with first-class Russian artists was not wasted for him. He painted a number of canvases which show great talent.

Upon his return to his native land he became the leader of a progressive educational movement. He saw the sufferings of his people, their lack of rights, their poverty and ignorance, and threw himself heart and soul into the work of bringing enlightenment to Osetia and defending the poor people against the arbitrary tsarist administration.

He devoted all his energy and great activities to the cause of the people.

He wrote many articles for both the local papers and the St. Petersburg press, in which he exposed the revolting cynicism of the tsarist colonial policy. Khetagurov was a revolutionary and a democrat in his personal life, as well as in his journalistic work and in his poetry. He was a fighter against tsarism and the Osetian aristocracy. He suffered long exile and persecution, which undermined his health, and he died in exile in 1906, at the age of forty-seven.

Khetagurov left behind two volumes of lyrics, a dramatic fantasy in four acts entitled *Dunya*, a satirical poem, *Who Lives Happily*, a long tale in verse called *Fatima* and a number of long poems. The most valuable of Khetagurov's works is his poetry, and particularly the verses written in the Osetian language. They are collected in *Iron Fandir*, a book which is very popular among the Osetian people.

Khetagurov was the first Osetian poet of note. He had no predecessors, and naturally turned to the Russian classics—to Pushkin, Lermontov and Nekrasov—as his models in the art of poetry. He was also well versed in the folklore of his land. His political poetry was wonderfully interwoven with a most delicate lyricism; his lofty patriotic themes were inspired by the everyday life of his people.

FIRST TAJIK OPERA

Critics and musicians gathered recently in the office of the newspaper *Sovietskoye Iskusstvo (Soviet Art)* to listen to the score of the first Tajik opera *The Revolt of Vosse*, with its author, the composer S. Balasanyan, at the piano. The libretto was written by the two Tajik poets Tursun Zoda and Dekhoty.

The action of the opera is laid at the end of the 1880's, and pictures the heroic revolt of the Tajik people against the Emir of Bukhara, who was the tool of the tsarist government. Vosse, a peasant, was the leader of the uprising.

In his score Balasanyan gives a vivid musical portrayal of the leading characters: Vosse; his daughter, Gulizor; her

bridegroom, Nazir, Vosse's closest comrade; and the traitor Kabir, who in the end betrays Vosse into the hands of the Emir's hangmen. The composer was most successful with the lyrical parts of the opera, particularly Gulozor's many arias and songs. The final scene, the execution of Vosse, is truly dramatic.

At the present time the instrumentation of the score is being completed. The premiere will be held this winter in Stalinabad.

ACTORS PLAY FOR BUILDERS OF THE FERGHANA CANAL

In Ferghana Valley, Central Asia, an army of 160,000 collective farmers were busy for 45 days digging a canal approximately 175 miles long. When this issue of *International Literature* is in the hands of the reader, water will be flowing over the sun-baked earth, bringing life and fertility with it.

Among the representatives of the Soviet intelligentsia who took part in the building of the canal in various capacities were 360 members of the Uzbek Opera and Ballet Theater in Tashkent. The company spent twelve days at the site of the construction of the Kuigan-Yarskaya dam. It presented the operas *Buran*, *Gulsara*, excerpts from the opera *Farkhad and Shirin*, and gave a large concert.

After this the troupe divided into three concert groups and went out to the various sections of the construction. Some fifty concerts were given in twenty-five days. A large concert was held at the Stalin District section of the canal in honor of Fatima Rakhmatova, a brigade leader who did a month's work in ten days. The group then left for the Kassan-Saisk District section. With them went an Uzbek women's dance and song ensemble, actors of the Samarkand theater, an ensemble of singers and comedians of the popular Margelan City Theater.

When this group of some 500 people arrived at the construction site they divided into two units, one under the direction of People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. Khalima Nasirova and the other directed by People's Artist of the Uzbek Republic Mukarama Turgunbayeva. For three days the actors remained on the construction site. The number of collective farmers working on the canal did not increase, but instead of 2,500 cu. meters of earth daily the collective farmers dug 4,071 cu. meters.

TEN-DAY FESTIVAL OF SOVIET MUSIC

The Committee on Art under the Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R., in collaboration with local philharmonic orchestras, will hold the annual ten-day festival of Soviet music in November. New works by Soviet composers have already been heard and chosen.

An amateur sculptor A. U. Dzantiev at work on a bust of Kosta Khetagurov

Uzbek actors performing before the builders of Ferghana Canal

Special concerts will be given in thirty of the larger cities of the Soviet Union. In Moscow alone more than two hundred concerts will be given.

A new symphony by Myaskovsky, a cantata by Prokofieff, fragments from Hodge Ainatov's opera and other compositions will be played in Leningrad. Among the pieces to be heard in Moscow are new symphonies by Shostakovich and Kobalevsky, A. Krein's suite *Laurentia*, excerpts from operas by Khrennikov, Katz, and Shaporin, and piano concertos by Prokofieff, Shostakovich and Kobalevsky.

The State Symphony Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. will play Veprik's symphony, a concerto for violin and the seventeenth symphony of Myaskovsky, Aro Stepanyan's symphony poem *Twenty-Six*, the suite *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin* by Gokieli, and other pieces.

NEW FILMS

COURAGE

One of the recent films popular with Soviet movie-goers is *Courage*, a Leningrad Film Studios production.

The action of the film is set in Central Asia, with Alexei Tomilin, pilot, as the main character. Obliged to make a forced landing in a mountainous region because of engine trouble, Tomilin is surrounded by a band of diversionists and, threatened with death if he refuses, is compelled to take Mustapha Hadji, leader of the band, on board his plane and fly him to the border.

Tomilin consents, but no sooner is the plane in the air again than he takes a direct course for his flying field. Noticing this, the bandit pulls out his revolver and threatens to shoot him. A thrilling struggle takes place in the air. Tomilin begins to perform intricate stunts while flying over the jagged mountain tops at a mad speed. His efforts are successful, for the bandit becomes so frightened that he can put up no effectual resistance.

The spectator is held in breathless suspense at the daring stunt flying of Captain I. Ivanov, filmed by cameraman N. Vikhirev. And what makes all these loop-the-loops, barrel-rolls, side-slips, nose dives and zooms all the more effective is the fact that they are performed at tremendous altitudes with grim mountain ranges below. These shots were filmed in the Caucasus.

The film was directed by M. Kalatozov and the scenario written by G. Kubansky.

THE SINKING OF "THE EAGLE"

A new adventure film for children, *The Sinking of "The Eagle"* is now being produced by Vasili Zhuravlev, a young director. The action takes place on board the rescue vessel, Kambala, which is manned by members of the Young Communist League. A favorite pastime of the

crew is to read the *The Secret of "The Eagle,"* a novel about the mysterious disappearance of the steamer *The Eagle* and its entire crew.

The Eagle was last heard of in 1921, when it had been seized by fleeing white-guards in the Black Sea port of Novorossiisk. Chistyakov, captain of the vessel, had been forced to take a group of Denikin's officers on board and put out to sea.

Gruzdev, boatswain of *The Eagle*, who was on leave when the ship disappeared, and Fedya Chistyakov, son of the captain, try to clear up the mystery. At the time the film opens Gruzdev is captain of the *Kambala*, but he still cherishes the hope of learning about his former vessel.

Finally a clue to *The Eagle's* disappearance is indicated by the finding of one of its life preservers. When the *Kambala* is about to head for the region of Theodosia, where it is believed the boat went to the bottom, Fedya Chistyakov, now a famous deep sea diver, arrives by plane to join in the search.

After many false leads and many adventures, the crew of the *Kambala* discovers *The Eagle*. Searching about in the vessel, Fedya finds his father's diary, which relates the heroic feat of the crew that preferred to send the ship to the bottom and die rather than aid the enemies of the Revolution. The crew of the *Kambala* raises the vessel and it is turned into a floating palace for Young Pioneers.

The film contains excellent underwater scenes, shot with special apparatus.

MOSCOW

All the achievements of modern movie technique are being utilized to full effect by director V. Morgenstern in his new film entitled *Moscow*, which traces the history and tells of the future of the capital of the Soviet Union.

Opening with the year 1156, when the first wooden palisade around the town that became Moscow was built, Morgenstern leads us up to the eighteenth century, when, in the words of the great Russian critic Belinsky, Moscow was "a playground for retired lords and fallen nobles." The residences of large landowners in the narrow lanes of the Arbat and Prechistenka districts are flashed on the screen.

Then comes the French invasion and the great Moscow fire. Napoleon, "ruler of the world," receives his first and decisive defeat at the hands of the Russian people defending their land. And his hasty retreat from Russia is speeded by the guerrilla activities of the Russian peasants.

With the growth of industry the upper merchant class begins to dominate in the city. Even today there are some survivals of those days on the banks of the Yauza in the shape of squalid little factories half built of mud.

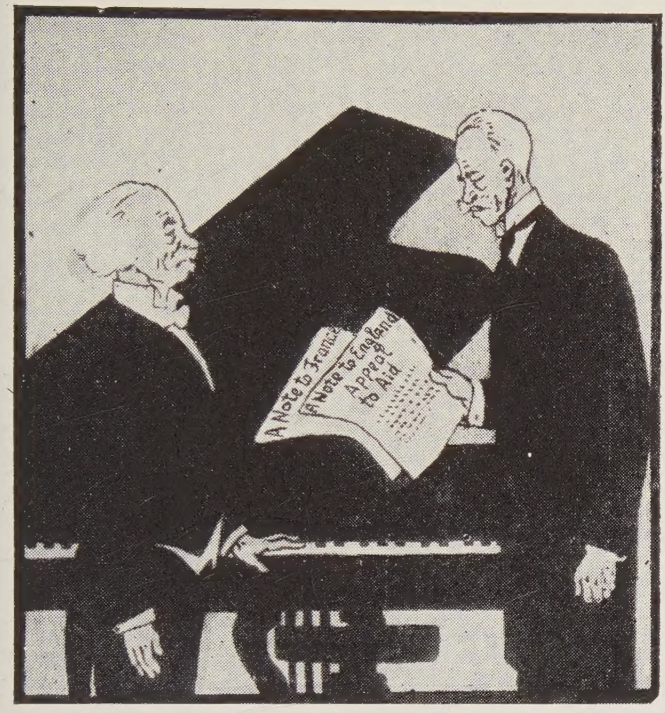
The camera takes us on further, through the workers' districts of old, with their poverty-stricken, dim alleys and tumble-down houses, to the events of 1905 and the street battles of the first Russian Revolution.

Then we see the historic days of the Great Socialist Revolution, the taking of the Kremlin by the Bolsheviks. With the establishment of the Soviet Government change becomes rapid. Workers move into large new apartment houses built with all conveniences; children play merrily in the halls of a palace that has been turned into a nursery.

Coming closer to the present day, the film shows how Moscow is being reconstructed, how the Chinese Wall, the Simonov Monastery and other cumbrous structures were razed to make way for broad streets and new buildings.

We see the streets of Moscow today and then are carried into the future city, the most beautiful in the world, on which the eyes of the working people throughout the globe are turned.

INTERNATIONAL POLITICS IN SOVIET CARICATURES



AMONG THE MUSICIANS. (The ex-President of Poland Mostsitsky offered the Presidential post to Paderewski, a pianist.)
MOSTSITSKY: Now you try these notes!

Drawing by M. Khrapkovsky

HONEST CONFESSION — You know, I can fire the cannon as well as they do, but to go for two hours by the apple-trees and not pick a single apple — this is beyond even my power!

Drawing by L. Ganch

Courtesy of "Crocodile"

About Our Contributors

MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO. Outstanding contemporary Soviet humorist, very popular in this country and abroad.

MARGARITA ALIGER. A well-known Soviet poetess of the younger generation.

EVGUENI KANTOROVICH. Soviet journalist and art critic.

DMITRI KALM. Soviet journalist and art critic.

SEAN O'CASEY. An eminent Irish playwright, novelist and publicist.

PETRAS ZVIRKA. An outstanding Lithuanian novelist, author of the well-known novel "Earth—the Step-Mother."

GUSTAV WANGENHEIM. German novelist and playwright.

BELA BALAZS. Hungarian art critic, best known for his articles on the cinema.

MARTIN ANDERSEN NËXO. The great Danish novelist, a veteran of the international working class literature.

Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV