Workers of all countries, unite!

International Literature

12

1939

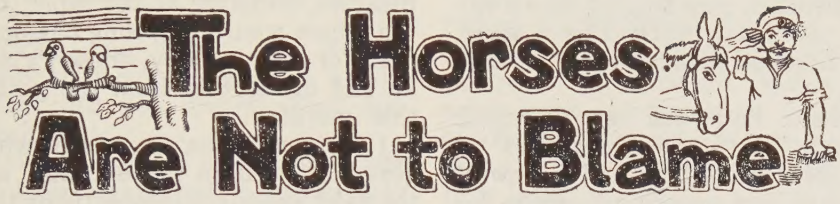
THE STATE LITERARY PUBLISHING HOUSE
MOSCOW—U.S.S.R.

CONTENTS

No. 12 December 1939

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

MIKHAIL KOTSYUBINSKY



"Savka, what have you done with my eau de cologne?"

Arkadi Petrovich Malina leaned out of the window and addressed his query in a stern voice to the back of his valet who was helping to unharness the steaming horses from the phaeton.

He stood there perspiring, in his unbuttoned shirt, and watched impatiently as Savka ran through the yard in his blue, silver-braided livery.

The eau de cologne stood in its place on the dressing table but Arkadi Petrovich had not noticed it.

"You are always putting things in the wrong place!" he grumbled pettishly as Savka handed him the bottle. Then he removed his shirt and commenced to lave his white age-discolored body with the eau de cologne.

"F-f-f. . . . How refreshing!" With his palm he rubbed his chest where fine silver hairs grew thick, dabbed his armpits and poured the cool liquid over his bald head and his long, withered hands with their bony fingers.

Then he took a clean shirt out of the wardrobe.

As a matter of fact he was in the best of humors, as was always the case after a talk with the village folk. It gave him pleasure to think that he, an old general, whom his neighbors considered a "red" and politically unreliable, had always had the courage of his convictions. Even in these troublesome times he continued to uphold the view that the land should belong to those who tilled it.

"'Tis time we gave up this life of luxury," thought Arkadi Petrovich, fastening his left cuff and, as he busied himself with his right cuff, he suddenly recalled the joyful hum that had arisen from the peasants when he had explained to them at the meeting the people's right to the land.

The recollection never failed to stir him and such talks with the villagers invariably made him feel young and vigorous and gave him an appetite.

He was just stuffing his shirt into his trousers when there was a scratching at the door and in rushed Myshka, his favorite dog, a thoroughbred foxterrier.

"Where have you been, you rascal?" Arkadi Petrovich bent down to fondle the animal. "What have you been doing, eh?" Lovingly he scratched her neck and ears, to which she responded by wrinkling her little nose, wagging her stump of a tail and trying vainly to lick

his face. "Where have you been roaming, you good-for-nothing?"

The midday sun streamed through the windows from which you could see the corn fields, still green, stretching like a heaving sea into the distance, now sloping into a valley, now rising again like a wave, nine hundred *dessiatines*[1] of his own land.

Arkadi Petrovich ran the comb through his thin hair, brushed his mustache which was still yellow at the ends and paused to admire his high forehead and his noble lineaments reflected in the limpid blue of the mirror.

Grey eyes somewhat cold and already dimmed swam in the whites among tiny red veins and this worried him: "I shall have to apply a compress again." Noticing a pimple on one side of his nose he took some cold cream out of the drawer, rubbed a little on and dusted it over with powder.

To eat, that was what he wanted.

He felt as ready for food as any stripling, and this pleased him immensely. What a bustle there would be raised in the house when they heard he was hungry. How kind old Sonya, his wife, would fuss. Savka would dart about and everyone would watch him anxiously as he ate. For, alas, seldom did he have an appetite. . . .

But why on earth did not Savka come to announce dinner?

Arkadi Petrovich pulled open a drawer in the bureau and took out a neatly folded blouse, made of homespun grey cloth *à la Tolstoy*.

As he pulled the shirt over his head, feeling a pleasant shiver pass over his refreshed body, he felt that he was indeed a democrat, a friend of the people, who had nothing to fear. Ever since he had left the ministry and settled in the village the *muzhiks* had grown fond of him. And well they might! Did he not marry them, christen their children, give them advice, forgive their misdemeanors; no wonder they called him *tatko* (little father). . . .

He dwelt upon these things with pleasure, thinking at the same time that there would be young champignons for dinner today, those Palashka had brought in from the garden this morning.

Just then Savka's hands in white gloves showed in the doorway and the valet announced respectfully that dinner was served.

Round as a bell in his wide blouse Arkadi Petrovich descended to the dining room.

As he entered there was a scraping of chairs, for everyone rose to bow to him, his hands were kissed on one side by Antosha, his son, who was already growing bald, and on the other side by his daughter, Lida, a blonde twenty-five year old widow. They had not yet seen one another today. Antosha had just come back from a tour of the estate and Lida had been in bed until noon.

Sofya Petrovna—Sonya—clad in a summer peignoir, had the silver ladle poised ready over the *borshch* that steamed in front of her. The table was set for nine.

Arkadi Petrovich dropped into a wide armchair at the head of the table and patted the chair beside him.

"Myshka! Come here!"

The foxterrier looked at his master, jumped onto the chair and sat down on its rump.

"Where's Jean? Call Jean. . . ." said Arkadi Petrovich addressing no one in particular.

But just then the door opened and Jean, Sofya Petrovna's blind brother, a retired admiral, entered the room, arm in arm with the "dreadnought" as he called his valet.

As tall and strong as a mast,

[1] A *dessiatine* equals 2.7 acres.

poorly shaven, Jean, frozen and inflexible in his blindness, felt the floor with his heavy cane and moved almost without bending his knees.

For quite a while they were seating him comfortably at the table, the "dreadnought" standing behind his chair.

"Good day, Jean," said Arkadi Petrovich from his seat of honor. "What did you dream about last night?"

Everyone smiled at this daily jest but Jean, unabashed, began eagerly to talk, fixing his sightless orbs somewhere in the direction of the opposite wall.

"I dreamed of a city. But not those tasteless boxlike contraptions we call houses. Not a pile of filth and debris, not the dens of human want . . . in a word, what I saw was not what you call city." He frowned as he said this. "I saw a city of magnificent unearthly beauty. All that men have achieved in architecture, all the masterpieces of the past, present and future, beauty and comfort, temples fit for men to live in. . . . Only your descendants . . ."

"Jean, your *borshch* is getting cold. . . ."

"Forgive me, Sonya. . . . Come along, dreadnought No. 17, where's that napkin. . . ."

"Here, sir," bustled dreadnought No. 17 (rotation number of the valets whom Jean was constantly changing). He had been holding the napkin in readiness for quite a time.

"I think, that . . ." Lida began sympathetically, bending her blonde madonna-like head to one side.

"Have they started to cart the hay in yet, Antosha?" Arkadi Petrovich inquired.

But Antosha did not hear. He was busy piling bones onto the plate of his hunter, Neptune, seated on the chair beside him, so that only the back of his head, thinly covered with hair, was visible.

Sofya Petrovna, who disliked the slovenly manner in which Jean ate, with bits of beetroot hanging on his mustache, turned to her son.

"Antosha, father is asking you about the hay."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. . . ." Antosha turned his sunburned face and lisped: "They're bringing in ten cartloads instead of twelve. Artem did a few turns and then gave up. Says his Ksenka has hurt her foot on a rake and he had to go for a doctor. . . He's lying, of course. . . . And Bondarishan borrowed money last winter and hasn't returned it. . . ."

Antosha's face was moist and red from the *borshch* and worries of the estate. Perspiration spread thickly, dew-like, over his white forehead and his eyes were bleared.

He knew all the village doings. He had no less than a dozen bastards by village wenches and had matched his strength more than once with the strongest fellows, notwithstanding his officer's rank.

"They're all the same!" Sofya Petrovna emitted an angry sigh and leaned over to pat her dachshund seated beside her on an armchair with his brown chest thrust forward as though clad in a vest.

"You are unfair, my dear," replied Arkadi Petrovich magnanimously, finishing his *borshch*. "The *muzhik* has his troubles and his needs just as we sinful people do."

He was in splendid humor after today's meeting.

"Certainly, I feel that father. . . ."

Lida again bent her madonna head in sympathy and stretched her wide pale lips into a sour smile.

But Antosha was annoyed. That Lida again, with her stupid remarks. She had picked up a few phrases from those liberal students and now she repeated them like a gramaphone record. . . .

"A *muzhik* is always a *muzhik*, no matter what you say. . . . You give him honey and he. . . ."

The retired admiral ("Battleship" as he called himself) sensed that a dangerous topic had been broached.

And while Savka gathered up the plates from the masters and their dogs, his hands in their cotton gloves moving swiftly and surely, Jean began to speak about another dream of his.

He had dreamed that he was at a concert, listening to the music of another generation. A wondrous combination of sounds, something that made Bach, Haydn and Beethoven seem like pygmies.

Antosha was bored. He had heard his uncle's dreams many a time and preferred to fuss with Neptune.

He cut off a piece of bread and placed it on the dog's nose.

"Tubo!"

Neptune sat motionless, his eyes narrowed with displeasure.

For a moment there was complete silence in the dining room.

"Go!"

Only Lida swayed her long bare throat in sympathy toward her uncle.

But her Miltonchik, a clipped poodle with a naked behind and with a bow around its neck, laid its paw on her hand begging for food.

She turned toward it, smoothed out the bow around the dog's neck, pale-blue to match her own dress, and gave Milton a slice of bread and butter.

Sofya Petrovna sat waiting for the second course.

"Nowadays reality is more remarkable than dreams," she said, shrugging her shoulders and raising her eyes toward the ceiling.

"What's true is true," added Antosha. "I don't know what things are coming to. They say the *muzhiks* plowed up Baron Kleinberg's land yesterday. The whole village came out with plows and drove the baron's workers away."

"What, they've taken his land already?"

"Phew," whistled Antosha. "He has no estate any more. As a matter of fact he has fled. . . . It is terrible what is happening these days, and you still harp on your liberalism, papa."

"Ach, ach," sighed the mistress of the house.

"Never mind, we shan't have to run away," laughed Arkadi Petrovich. "They won't touch us. What do you say, Myshka? You and I will be all right, won't we, old boy?" He tickled the dog's muzzle and she opened her pink mouth, caught his finger lightly between her teeth and wagged her stump. "I have no reason to conceal my thoughts." He withdrew his finger. "The *muzhiks* have the full right to the land. They till the soil, not we. And that is that. I have been saying that for years. . . ."

"Arkadi. . . . *Laissez donc. . . . Le domestique ecoute!*"

Sofya Petrovna's voice was hoarse with horror.

But this had no effect whatever.

"Because you, my dear, would like to be a lady all your life. Enough! We have had our day. It is time to make way for others. Don't be afraid, they won't take all the land away, they'll leave us four or five *dessiatines*. I will be a gardener in my old age. I'll put on a big hat, let my beard grow down to my waist. I shall plant and grow vegetables, and Antoshka will take the produce to market. . . . Ha, Ha!"

"How can you jest!"

Sofya Petrovna cast her eyes in annoyance over the whole family and the four dogs gathered round the table, but only Antosha sympathized with her.

As a mark of protest he poured himself a glass of *vodka* and leaning back in his chair gulped it down, and dug his hands into the pockets of his uniform. Jean sat

chewing calmly under the protection of the "dreadnought." Savka tried to look as though he were not in the room at all, and Lida stretched her mouth and leaned over toward her father.

"I was certain that . . ."

But Antosha would not let her finish.

"It is all right to joke in one's family circle but why on earth must papa go preaching to the *muzhiks*? They are in such a mood now that anything might happen any minute."

"I am not joking. It is time to cast off prejudices. If you want to eat you must work, my son."

He was positively jolly; he elaborated his plan and with increased appetite he piled his plate up with lettuce, not noticing that poor neglected Myshka was following his every movement with her eyes, licking her chops and wagging her tail.

"Lida in her lovely frock which is so becoming to her will lift up her hem and milk the cows every morning. . . . Ha, Ha!"

"As for me, I . . ."

"Well, good for you . . ."

Dessert was being served. Savka rattled the spoons and manipulated with his whitegloved hands between the elbows of the masters and the muzzles of their dogs. Jean had dropped some cream on his admiral's tunic and the "dreadnought" was carefully rubbing it with a damp napkin. Sofya Petrovna's dachshund was licking its plate, and Miltonchik, forgetting his manners, was whining softly to attract his mistress' attention.

"Arkadi! Some more pudding?"

"Go ahead, my dear, I'm hungry today."

Indeed he really felt quite vigorous after today's meeting where he had firmly upheld the people's rights to the land.

"Blessed is he who is kind to cattle," remarked the silent Jean in answer to his own thoughts and his face with its bristly beard lighted up for a moment. "Dreadnought, a cigarette!"

"Right you are, sir."

"Bravo, Jean, bravo. . ." laughed Arkadi Petrovich. "People or cattle, it's all the same. . . ."

"Now for some holy texts. . . ."

Antosha could not bear them. He flung a knotted handkerchief into a corner of the room and Neptune leapt after it and brought it back. It was amusing to see how the dog's ears flopped as he ran with the white ball under his black, cool nose.

"Neptune! *Ici!*"

Carefully he extracted the handkerchief wet with saliva from the dog's mouth.

But Neptune suddenly grew rigid. He raised his head and barked twice, gruffly. The other dogs stirred as well and Myshka rushed to the door, her brief tail upraised, and emitted a volley of yelps.

"Who's there? Have a look, Savka."

Savka returned to report that some *muzhiks* had arrived.

"The *muzhiks*? . . . Show them in."

"Arkadi! Finish your dinner first, they can wait."

But Arkadi Petrovich would not hear of it. . . . He had finished his dinner.

The *muzhiks* shuffled in and stood by the threshold, huddled together. Among them was Bondarishan who had borrowed money and had failed to bring in the squire's hay.

"Well, good folks, what have you to say?"

The men stood silent, awkward, looking like white sheep in their linen clothes. Their eyes traveled over the elegantly served table around which the gentry and the dogs were seated.

"What can I do for you?"

Red-headed Panas winked at old Marko who in turn nudged Ivan with his elbow. Ivan felt that friend

Bondarishan would be the best spokesman, but he did not dare to step forth, so he nodded to the gracious *pan* from where he stood.

"We have come to the *pan* to speak about the land."

"I am very glad to hear that. What land do you mean?"

Bondarishan fell silent and glanced at Ivan, who came to his assistance:

"About your grace's land, excusing the liberty. . . ."

"What we mean to say is, the time has come . . ." added Marko.

"Yes, and your grace has said himself . . ." Panas blurted out.

And Bondarishan completed his thought:

"So the village has decided . . . to take the *pan's* land. . . ."

"What?"

The cry burst from Arkadi Petrovich in spite of himself.

He rose from his chair and came toward the men, napkin in hand.

But the men were as calm as though they had come to speak of the most trivial business matters.

Old Marko also bowed low and muttered humbly:

"We don't mean any harm, *pan*... we want it all to be peaceful and christian-like. . . ."

"Shut up, let Bondarishan speak," an old *muzhik* waved red-headed Panas aside.

By now the whole family, Sofya Petrovna, Antosha, and Lida, had left their seats and were standing behind the master of the house.

Only blind Jean remained seated, his sightless eyes turned toward the dogs who were licking the plates. . . .

Bondarishan continued with the same timidity and apparent indifference:

"God forbid . . . we'll leave the *pan* a little land as well . . . to plant onions for the soup . . . and a bit for croquette."

"Akh, akh," Sofya Petrovna felt faint and, while Lida was giving her water, Antosha dug his hands into his officer's breeches and drawled through clenched teeth: "The swine!"

"That's because the *pan* has been so good to us, thanks be to the gracious *pan*," said Bondarishan bowing.

"That's right! You said it . . . the folk all call him 'father' . . ." the others chorused after him.

"Very well," Arkadi Petrovich said, smarting at the injury. "I do not go back on my words. . . . If this is what the village has decided. . . ."

But his voice was icy.

"Arkadi! What are you saying?. . . How dare you! . . ." cried Sofya Petrovna to the *muzhiks*.

Antosha wanted to say something and the effort of self-control made the blue veins bulge out on his white forehead.

"Well, then, *pan*. . . . In two days there is a holiday and then the peasants will divide up the land. And in the meantime let the *pan* think it over and decide where he would like us to leave him his vegetable plots . . . near his house or in the field. . . ."

"Near the house it is best and most handy," Panas the redhead eagerly ventured the advice.

"In two days the *pan* will decide himself. . . . We don't want to hurry you . . . because you have been good to us and we are grateful to the gracious *pan* and his lady. You have never forgotten us. . . ."

"Uhhum," agreed the others, "our *pan* always had a powder or some ointment for us . . . well, peace be with you."

The family stood as though paralyzed while the *muzhiks* made their way to the door. Only Arkadi Petrovich crushed the napkin in his hand.

"Arkadi! You have lost your senses! How dare you give the land

away! You must think of the children!"

"This is ridiculous. We shall have to take measures, of course," Antosha exclaimed heatedly, and gave Neptune such a push that the dog yelped at his feet.

Lida alone murmured something in sympathy toward her father and spread her broad, pale mouth into a wan smile.

"Akh, leave me in peace!" Arkadi Petrovich shouted irritably. "Can't you see that I could not have done otherwise. . . ."

He crushed the napkin, threw it on the table and rushed out of the room.

Amid the bustle and commotion that followed the master's hasty exit Jean's bass voice was suddenly heard to say:

"Well now, dreadnought, trim your sails. It's time we set out on a long voyage. . . ."

"Yes, sir!" the dreadnought started to attention.

But the voyage did not take place.

It was resolved to hold a family council and Jean was invited.

And so that the servants might not hear they took him by the arm and led him out of the dining room, the dogs following at their heels.

Only Myshka had disappeared somewhere.

Myshka found her master in his study. He stood at the glass door that led to the terrace, watching a fly beat itself angrily against the window pane. Myshka sniffed at his boot but he did not notice her.

Then she jumped up at the door, snapped at the fly but missed it, and, exhausted, lay down on a pillow in the corner.

Through the glass one could see the white columns of the terrace and the flower-bed beyond. The poppies were in bloom and further on the gillyflowers were opening up. Arkadi Petrovich saw this flower-bed every day but it had never interested him as much as today. He opened the door and let the sun beat down on his bald head. Then he walked heavily down the steps and crouched before the flowers.

But they no longer held his attention. There was a heavy feeling in his breast and he knew, though he would not admit it to himself, that it was a sense of hurt that was weighing upon him. Naturally they had the right to the land. He had always been of that opinion and had always expressed it, but to think that *his* land would be. . . . This was what good, "neighborly" relations were worth after all! He recalled all the advice he had given, the babies he had christened, the village weddings at which he had given away the bride. Why, hadn't he christened one of Bondarishan's brats? And now all was forgotten.

"A plot of onions and a corner for croquette. . . . Ha-ha!"

The sun was beating down on his pate. It shone unrelenting and unceasing on the flowerbeds and on the fields which ran on from hillock to hillock to the very horizon.

He returned to the house, put on his cap and, instead of lying down on the couch for his usual after-dinner nap, he went outdoors. The wide courtyard was carpeted with green. The coachman was busy with the phaeton. Savka was beside him. No doubt they were discussing the news. Arkadi Petrovich thought of ordering a horse to be saddled, but for some reason he could not bring himself to do so; it was as though he were a stranger in his own household. He walked by the two servants in silence and passing through the gates emerged onto the green fields. The rye was flowering. The yellow blossoms swayed on their slender stalks beside the ears of grain, and a light dust shone golden in the sunlight; cornflowers

peeped out of the thick rye like baby-blue eyes. Myshka suddenly rustled her way through the field and ran ahead of her master. The fields of grain now sloped gently downward to the valley, now rose again on the hillock as though the earth was stretching its spine in delicious languor, and Arkadi Petrovich, abandoning himself to the will of the green waves, tried to keep his mind a blank and merely gazed into the mysterious depths of the rye thickets, feeling only the softness of the soil under his feet. True, voices were rising from the field, voices seemed to be saying something to him but he did not want to listen. He wanted peace and solitude. But the further he walked the clearer came the voice that rose from the earth, a soft, treacherous voice. And for the first time he felt with all his being that his earth was calling to him, that he had grown so much a part of it, that it meant just as much to him as his wife, his son, or his daughter; that here where his foot was treading, the feet of his father and grandfather had trod before him, and it was their voice, the voice of the Malina family, now rising over the fields; that all he took pride in, all he valued in himself, his mind, his taste and his culture, even his ideas, all had been nourished and fed by these fields.

But Arkadi Petrovich laughed at himself:

"Ha-ha! Your landowner blood is speaking up. . . ."

By an effort of will he dismissed these thoughts and continued along his way.

To the left, beside a moist valley, the rye ended and the meadows began. Here the cows and colts were grazing. Fedka the shepherd removed his shabby cap at the sight of the *pan* and stood, bare-foot, with his sack over his shoulder.

"Put on your cap," shouted Arkadi Petrovich.

The shepherd did not hear and ran toward him.

"Your cap . . . put on your cap!"

The cows browsing on the meadow were as fat and juicy as the luscious grasses. The colts raised their heads at their master's approach and waited, their veins tensed on their strong necks, ready to jump aside and gallop off over the meadow on their slender legs.

He walked over to Vaska, his favorite, and began to scratch his neck and Vaska put his head on his master's shoulder, his frightened eyes softening into a brooding look. And thus they stood for a long time in a sort of animal communion, both feeling a sensuous pleasure, the man scratching and the horse being scratched.

"They'll take this away, too . . ." Arkadi Petrovich thought bitterly as he moved on.

He walked through the fresh grass, moist with moss, and the sun made green flames of the sorrel and the boles of the trees.

There was a peculiarly magnetic quality about his land today, like the face of a dead woman one has lived with a life-time and now must part with for ever. He was aware of flowers and plants he had never noticed before, of the soft caressing contours of the land, the scent of the grasses and the earth, and the gentle familiar landscape.

Tall willows sighed above the ravines, and the sky between them shone like polished enamel. He jumped over a ditch thick with origanum and wormwood and emerged once more onto the pathway. On one side of him was the rye billowing and surging, and on the other a clay cliff with a tuft of red poppies. How lovely it all was! He seemed to be seeing it all for the first time. Perhaps he had wandered by mis-

take onto another's land? No, this was his own. Surprising how little he knew his own estate. Flies buzzed among the flowers. Myshka nosed around in the clay, sniffing at a hole. The path rose gently, disappearing now and again from sight amid thick burdocks. Now the field opened its arms wider, spread its skirts farther and farther, and when he ascended the hillock, before him, in all their beauty, lay the cornfields, the green patch of the low meadow, and the dark strip of forest beyond. And here, standing in the heart of his land he felt that he would never give it up.

"I shall shoot if they come. . . ."

He blurted out the words so suddenly that the sound of his own voice startled him and he glanced about.

Had he really spoken?

But no reply came from the cornfields, rich and undulating.

He felt ashamed of himself. What a swine he was! He removed his cap and wiped the sweat from his brow. Surely he would never resort to that? Of course not. How could he go against himself, against all he believed in, against the convictions he had never attempted to conceal. There was but a handful of men like himself and what did they amount to after all in the tremendous onward march of life? A few dried leaves in the green festival of spring. Naturally it would not be possible to live off a plot of onions; he would have to go into the service in his old age. Two tiny rooms in the suburbs. His old lady would do the cooking herself. He would go to market with a basket on his arm. Put on the *samovar*, Arkadi. . . . But did he really know how to do it? That was one of the things he would have to learn. Antosha and Lida could earn their own living, they were young. . . . And you, Myshka, will have to forget about such things as puddings and meaty bones. . . .

Silly little Myshka seemed actually to rejoice in the prospect. She jumped up at him and soiled his trousers. But what did that matter now! It even gave him a certain satisfaction to imagine himself poor, downtrodden, swept away by the tremendous current of life. He was a martyr and would bear his cross with humility. . . . He felt his body absorb the warm sunshine, he breathed deeply and easily and his self-pity was actually arousing his appetite. Such a young, healthy appetite, it was really remarkable. He wondered whether they would have sense enough to fry the young champignons for supper the way he liked them done: soaked well in sour cream with a little green onion to pep them up. . . . He should have told Motrya. . . . The devil take it! All these worries invariably made his blood boil, forcing his hand. . . . But was there really anything to worry about? Was it not merely some fantastic boast, some foolish, empty threat that would disappear the moment he had talked things over with the villagers? Everything would be as before, calm and serene, because no one could possibly dare take his land away from him. . . . *His* land, forsooth! Ha-ha!

"Myshka, *avanti*!"

But there was no sign of supper when he reached home.

Sofya Petrovna met him on the porch and launched her attack before he had time to remove his cap.

"Arkadi, you have children."

There were dark rings beneath her eyes.

"I am quite aware of the fact, my dear."

"This is no time for jesting. You must go to the Governor. . . ."

Arkadi Petrovich shrugged his shoulders and turned away.

"You must ask him to send the Cossacks."

"Forgive me, Sonya, but you are talking nonsense."

"Then must we stand aside and let the *muzhiks* take the land?"

"Let them take it. It is theirs by right."

"You have lost your senses with those liberal ideas of yours. If you are obstinate, I shall call them myself."

"I shall not tolerate Cossacks on my estate."

"You won't be able to do without them."

"I shall make a scandal . . . I . . . I . . . don't know what I'll do . . . I'll go to jail. . . . I'll go to Siberia. . . ."

"Arkadi, dear, please . . ."

"I shall go into exile, but I will never permit Cossacks to be sent for."

"Arkadi, can't you understand."

But he did not want to understand. He hissed and spluttered like a *samovar* that is just about to boil over. Red and perspiring he shouted, stamped his feet and gesticulated wildly as though the hated Cossacks stood before him instead of his wife.

The net result of the interview was the ruin of his appetite. What's more, they had forgotten to fry the mushrooms.

"Where's Antosha?" he inquired. His son did not appear at supper.

From the lame explanation tendered by Sofya Petrovna, from the way Lida pursed her lips, he guessed they were hiding something from him.

But he said nothing.

The following day Arkadi Petrovich awoke in a foul humor. He felt disrespect in the very manner with which Savka carried in his hot water and set it down noisily on the washstand, and when he left the room, he banged the door behind him.

"He knows, the scoundrel, that the *muzhiks* will take the land away tomorrow, so why stand on ceremony with paupers. . . ."

He ate his breakfast without appetite and went out for a walk over the estate. He made the rounds of the garden, passed the granaries which were now locked, watched Motrya feed the geese, her skirt raised, looked in at the open doors of the barns and felt the acrid smell that came from their black cavernous mouths.

The coachman was cleaning the phaeton in the yard.

Arkadi Petrovich glanced in at the stable. The horses were stamping in the stalls and munching oats and outside the door lay a large heap of stale manure. Beside it stood a barrel of water, its bottom dug firmly into the ground.

"Ferapont, take that manure away from here at once! What is it doing in front of the door as if on display!"

The coachman straightened his back and stood with the wet rag in his red hands.

"Yes, sir."

"But what's the use, after all," thought Arkadi Petrovich.

Bondarishan passed by the gates at that moment and nodded a greeting to the *pan*.

"He barely raised his hat," thought Arkadi Petrovich fuming inwardly. "But what do they care about me now? I am no use to them any more. . . ."

"Swine!" he hissed at Bondarishan's retreating figure.

Down the steps came the admiral piloted by the "dreadnought" setting out on their daily voyage. They passed Arkadi Petrovich without acknowledging his presence.

"Even this one behaves differently today," thought Arkadi Petrovich of the "dreadnought." "The beast is probably glad to think that there won't be any more gentry to serve. . . ."

Arkadi Petrovich wandered off aimlessly toward the fields. A raincloud was approaching. "And they're bringing in the hay!" he remembered with a start. Large drops of rain were already falling on his cap, his hands and face. The scent of the rye filled the air. He ought to go back, he thought, yet he lingered. And all at once warm, heavenly waters rained heavily down on the cornfields in the shadow of the grey cloud; but the sun was shining somewhere nearby and a rainbow appeared, and presently the rain stopped. Large drops clung tremulously to the swaying wheat ears and a light mist rose over the fields. Arkadi Petrovich felt the warmth through his damp clothes. But he no longer rejoiced in the sunshine. He wanted clouds and rain rather than sun. What the devil did it matter now if the hay was spoiled. . .

With these thoughts he returned to the courtyard. The coachman was still busy with the phaeton. The heap of manure, now black and steaming from the rain, still clung to the stable wall.

Arkadi Petrovich literally shook with rage.

"Ferapont, didn't you hear what I said? How many times do you have to be told? Get that manure out of here this minute!"

He even raised his stick and shook it in the direction of the stable as the surprised coachmen went off lazily for the pitchfork.

"He did it on purpose . . ." thought Arkadi Petrovich. "Whatever may happen tomorrow, today I am still the master here."

His anger ebbed when he reached his study. He threw off his coat and lay down on the couch.

"It is foolish of me to lose my temper. What does it matter, after all, where the manure lies!"

He was rather ashamed of his outburst.

He lay quiet with closed eyes.

"And now what?"

He opened his eyes and gazed at the ceiling.

But he did not find the answer there.

The sun poured in through the Venetian window, tiny motes of dust whirled and eddied in the velvety shafts of light; the clatter of dishes came from the dining room. The table was being set. Arkadi Petrovich listened involuntarily to the clicking of someone's heels, the moving of chairs, and the ringing of tea glasses. These were familiar sounds, life was proceeding in its usual leisurely fashion and it was absurd to imagine that any change was imminent. However, it simply had to happen. And this thought injected a duality into his mood. Again he recalled sundry trifling incidents—Savka's insolent demeanor, Ferapont's stubbornness, the disrespectful attitude of the peasants he had met on his walk—and he wanted this unknown "tomorrow" to dawn quickly so that the dangerous, exciting game might begin. How was he to behave tomorrow? Would he shoot and defend his property or hand it calmly over to the *muzhiks*? He did not know. And the fact that with all his theories he did not really know what he would do lent a flavor of excitement to the inevitable tomorrow.

He glanced at his watch.

"In another ten or twelve hours it will happen," he said aloud. "That means less than one day."

Tomorrow. . . . All at once he had a clear vision of that tomorrow. . . . The whole community would pour noisily into his grounds, he heard the raucous voices of the women squabbling over the land . . . the village children would peep in at his windows and climb onto his porch as though it were their own. . . .

He consulted his watch again.

Four minutes had passed.

How disgusting!

Then he rose heavily from the

couch, stood up on his old, infirm legs and went over to the window.

Far away, reaching the very horizon, the fields were tossing in the wind, utterly indifferent as to their ownership, accustomed for long years only to the hand of the *muzhik*.

Antosha did not appear at dinner.

Again Arkadi Petrovich took refuge in his study. Again his "noble blood," his mind, his conscience spoke within him, each in its own voice, and beneath all burned that curiosity: what would take place and how would it happen? He filled the room with cigar smoke, patterned the floor with the zigzagged design of his pacing, glutted the air with his thoughts and still the morrow weighed within him like a bullet which, having lodged itself in the flesh, cannot be extracted.

Anton, covered with dust, rode into the courtyard on a perspiring horse. Arkadi Petrovich heard him going straight to Sofya Petrovna's room while dinner was being served for him in the dining room.

"Not much longer to wait. . . . The night and a few more hours," Arkadi Petrovich thought, glancing again at his watch.

The shadows lengthened as the sun gradually sank behind the stable. The shepherd was driving the cattle home from the fields. The cows carried their pink naked udders and pointed horns with solid dignity. Over the grassy courtyard the colts came trotting.

"Is it possible that tomorrow this will no longer be mine?" Arkadi Petrovich thought sadly and started at the sound of Lida's voice behind him.

"Don't be alarmed papa, but. . ."

He swung around sharply. "What is it?"

Lida stood in the doorway with her pale madonna face and her large mouth twisted into a grimace of sorrow.

"Pray do not excite yourself. . . . The Cossacks have come."

"What . . . Cossacks?"

"The Governor sent them. . . . They are waiting outside."

Arkadi Petrovich staggered. Blood suddenly rushed to his face, burning his bald spot and through the fiery red his mustache bristled yellow and his grey eyes glinted with anger.

"What the devil! I did not ask for them. . . . Ah, now I understand, there is a plot against me. . . . Confound it all, I shall not permit it. . . Call Antosha. . . ."

He even raised his hand—his dry, white gentleman's hand, as though ready to strike.

"I think that . . ." ventured the frightened Lida. She wanted to say something to calm her father but he was rushing about like an excited rooster which flays itself with its wings and stretches its neck before the bloody fray.

"Send Antosha in this minute!"

Antosha, covered with dust and sweat, stood in the doorway, his legs still aching from the saddle. Behind him hovered his alarmed mother.

"Was it you who brought in the Cossacks?"

"Whether it was I or not is scarcely important," lisped Antosha, setting apart his legs in their officers' breeches.

"Aha! Not important, is it. . . . All right, I'll show you. . . . I shall drive them out in a jiffy. . . . Let me go!" he roared at them all although no one was holding him back, and ran up and down the room as though he had lost his mind.

"Arkadi . . . Arkadi. . . . Calm yourself!" implored Sofya Petrovna in distress. "Don't you see, it is night, these people have walked far, they are tired and hungry, the *muzhiks* won't house them. . . . How can you be so heartless. . . ."

"What do I care for these

people. . . . Fine people they are, to be sure. . . . Cossacks . . . in my house! Let me go, let me go . . ."

"But papa, surely, it seems to me . . ." Lida intervened.

"It is not difficult to send them away," Antosha cut her short. "Only, what is the use? You can't get hay in the village, and the *muzhiks* won't give any voluntarily . . . unless the men steal it. . . . However, send them away if you wish. . . ."

"Ah, the poor horses," sighed Lida, "surely they are not to blame! . . ."

"We could put them under the roof near the stable for the night," Antosha said.

"And we could give them some fodder . . . it wouldn't ruin us, I'm sure. . . ." added Sofya Petrovna.

"Kindly reserve your advice. I do not need it." Arkadi Petrovich was tearing around the room, clutching at his head.

"I myself know that the horses are not to blame," he came to a halt beside his daughter. "You are right, Lida. The horses have nothing to do with this business. . . . Well, what of it?"

But he was no longer sure of himself, he seemed suddenly to have drooped and gone limp. The blood had retreated, his mustache again merged normally with the rest of his face, his eyes lost their cold, icy look and there was something of humility and apology in them as he looked up at Antosha.

He hesitated for a moment and then he said unexpectedly:

"Do you think we will have enough fodder?"

"I dare say we can manage. . . . Then there's the fresh hay besides."

Without more ado Antosha disappeared down the hallway.

"To have brought in the Cossacks." Arkadi Petrovich shrugged his shoulders and resumed his nervous pacing.

"I and Cossacks! Who would have believed it?"

His movements were no longer as sharp and purposeful as before. His wrath had subsided like a wave which once having burst into green fury, collapses and crawls foamily over the sands.

Through the open door came the neighing of hungry horses entering the yard and the clanking of Cossacks' swords.

The "terrible" day did not begin so terribly after all. Sparrows twittered and chattered under the eaves, the sun rose merrily, smiling into all windows, on the walls and even on the bed where Arkadi Petrovich lay. Without dressing he ran over to the window. The warm air caressed his bare chest as his eyes came to rest on the long row of shining croups. Stocky muscular Cossacks in colored undershirts were rubbing down the horses and the sun played on their arms, which were bare to the elbows, on their sunburned necks and on the pools of water all around.

He looked at the sun, at the cornfields, at the mass of legs, equine and human, stamping lustily in the yard, took in the chattering of the birds, the snorting of the horses, the rude wrangling of the soldiers and suddenly he realized that he was hungry.

"Savka!" he roared so that his voice echoed over the whole house. "Bring me some coffee!" And he dived back into his bed to indulge his ageing body just a little more.

And when Savka brought in the tray he sniffed at the steaming fragrant beverage, looked with interest at the fresh warm rolls and scolded Savka because the cream was not thick enough.

Myshka slept blissfully on the bed curled up in a ball at his feet.

VASIL STEFANIK

A Child's Cares

"Vasilko, take Nastya with you and go to your uncle's, along that path, you know the one I mean, through the wood. Keep hold of her hand, but don't you drag her along, because she's only little. And don't try to carry her, you haven't the strength."

She sat down. Pain. Then she lay down.

"How can I take her anywhere now, at night? We'll stay by you while you're dying, and then early in the morning we'll go.

"Now you see, Nastya, the bullet came—ping!—and killed Mamma, and it's all your fault. Why did you have to go and yell when the Polish soldier wanted to put his arms round Mamma? . . . Now you won't have Mamma any more, you'll have to work as a servant. . . .

"She doesn't talk any more, so she must be dead already. Now I can beat you if I want to . . . only I won't, because you're an orphan now. And what a stupid little girl you are, to be sure! Why, when Ivanikha died, her girls screamed all over the place: 'Oh, Mamma, Mamma, where've you gone, why've you gone and left us all alone!' And you cannot yet do that, and I'm a boy—it's not the proper thing for boys to scream.

"See, the soldiers are turning on the big lights over yonder on that side, the light comes streaming like water through a sieve, and in a minute they'll see the Poles and the bullets'll go pop-bang into them and they'll flop down like Mamma did. Go and lie down beside her quick now, before the bullets come flying in. Oho! Did you hear them ping that time?

"Look there; the Poles on the other side of the Dniester are letting off fire-bullets. They fly ever so high and burn and burn and then go out. It's a kind of a game they're playing . . . see what a lot of them there are! . . .

"Listen, that's a cannon. Boom—boom—boom. But it doesn't shoot at people, only at churches, or houses or perhaps a school.

"You needn't ever be frightened of cannon. It has bullets as big as I am, and wheels like those in the mill. But you—you can't understand anything, you've only just learnt to walk, while I can even kick like a horse. . . .

"Hide, hide behind Mamma, quick—they're turning on the light again, oh, look, it is white as white can be. They'll turn it on us in a minute. . . . look, we're all white now. The bullets are beginning to whistle. Again. If a bullet hits me, I'll lie down by Mamma and die . . . and then you'll never find your way to Uncle's by yourself. No, it would be better if the bullet hit you and I'll find my way to Uncle and tell him all about it and he'll bury you both. . . .

"What are you crying for? Do you think the bullet would hurt you? It only goes—ping!—and then a little hole comes in your breast, and your

soul comes out of your body through it. It's only when you get sick and Mamma rubs you with *vodka* that it hurts. . . .

"Now, there you go again—'I am hungry!' Where am I to get you anything, now that Mamma's gone? You better ask Mamma, ask her, go on! Well, what did Mamma say to you? That's right, pull her by the hand, pull—there, the hand fell down. Aha, what did I tell you? You silly little girl. Mamma's soul has gone out of her—and it's the soul that talks, and gives you bread and . . . and beats you, as well. . . .

"Oh, Nastka, I'll hit you in a moment, I will for certain. What can I give you to eat, I'd like to know? You'd do better to watch the fight . . . see how pretty it is. . . . And in the morning, very early, I'll take you to Uncle's and they'll give us cabbage soup. . . . Wait, though, maybe Mamma has a bit of bread inside her dress. Shut up, now, shut up . . . yes, Mamma has a bit of bread, here, eat it! Such a greedy little thing you are!

"Look, they're turning on the light again—this one's as white as snow. It's coming, it's coming right on us! Oh, Nastya, what's the matter? Your mouth and hands are all in blood! Did a bullet hit you, then? . . . Oh, you little nuisance. What shall I do now? . . . Lie down, Nastenka, by Mamma . . . .

"Why, it isn't a bullet, it's Mamma's bread that was covered with her blood. There's a naughty girl for you, eats just like a little pig. And she's gone and smeared her face and hands with blood. . . . Now, how can I take you to the village, looking like that? Well, never mind, we'll be passing by the river and I'll wash you, and the water'll be cold and you'll yell your life away, I'll have to beat you, into the bargain, too. . . .

"Well, had enough to eat? Now lie down by Mamma, and I'll lie down beside you, like this, you in the middle, so's the big wolf can't come and eat you. Go to sleep, now I'm going to watch them fighting a while yet, you keep close to me and get warm. . . .

"Maybe Daddy's been killed by a bullet in the war, and maybe by morning a bullet'll kill me and Nastya . . . and then there won't be anybody left. . . ."

He fell asleep. Until the very morning the coverlet of white light quivered above them, now soaring aloft, now sinking beyond the Dniester.

News

The news went round the village: Gritz Letyuchi had drowned one of his little girls in the river. He had wanted to drown the other too, but she had begged so hard for her life that he let her go.

He had had a hard time of it ever since his wife had died. He could not manage the two children all by himself. No one wanted to marry him; if it were only the children that would not have mattered so much, but there was hunger and want as well.

He had plodded along somehow for two long years. No one, not even his nearest neighbors, knew how he lived and what he did. People said

that he had not heated the house all winter and that he slept on the stove with the two children.

And now the whole village was talking about him. It appeared that he had come home in the evening and found the little girls on the stove as usual.

"We want something to eat, Daddy," Gandzunya, the elder, had said.

"Where shall I get food for you? I can't make it out of myself, can I? Here's some bread, take it and eat it."

He tossed them a crust of bread and they flung themselves upon it like puppies on a gnawed bone.

"She brought you into the world and then left you a burden on my shoulders. May she turn in her grave! If only the plague take you! But even the plague shuns this house."

The children were not listening to him. They heard the same kind of talk from their father day in, day out, so they were well used to it. They sat on the stove, eating their bread, and it was frightful, pitiful, to look at them. How the souls remained in their bodies was more than he could understand. There was nothing to them but two pair of black eyes, eyes that seemed as heavy as lead. Were it not for the eyes one would think the first breath of wind could blow the frail bodies to dust. The dry bread crunched under their teeth, and it sounded like the crunching of their bones.

Gritz set on the bench, staring at them. "They look just like dead children," he thought, and the thought frightened him so that sweat broke out on his forehead. He felt a crushing weight, as if a heavy stone had fallen on his chest. The children went on munching their bread. He dropped on his knees and prayed, but something kept drawing his eyes back toward them, and he kept thinking: "They look just like dead children."

For several days following Gritz was afraid to stay alone in the house. He went about to the neighbors, who afterwards said that he had not been himself. His face was dark and hollow, his eyes had sunk into their sockets and seemed as if they were not looking out at the world but only at the stone that kept pressing at his heart.

One evening he came home, boiled and salted some potatoes for the children and told them to eat.

When they had finished he said:

"Come down off the stove, we're going visiting."

The little girls scrambled down. Gritz put on their frocks, took the younger, Dotzka, in his arms and Gandzunya by the hand, and left the house. They trudged along like that for a long time until they climbed a little hill, and here they stopped. The moon was shining, and down in the valley the river gleamed like liquid silver. Gritz gave a start; his blood froze at the sight of the river, and the weight in his breast grew heavier. He was panting now and he could hardly carry little Dotzka.

They went on down the valley towards the river. Gritz's teeth were chattering so loudly that they might have been heard all over the meadow. His breast was on fire, and the fire was eating into his heart and head. When he reached the river, he could no longer walk slowly; he ran, leaving Gandzunya behind. She ran after him. Gritz hastily swung Dotzka high in the air and flung her with all his might into the water.

He felt easier then and began to talk to himself, rapidly, in an undertone.

"I'll just tell the *pans* that there was no other way out; there was nothing to eat, nothing to heat the stove with, no way of washing anything or washing the children's heads. Let them punish me, I know I'm guilty."

Gandzunya was standing beside

him, talking just as quickly as he was.

"Daddy, don't throw me, will you? Daddy, you won't, will you, you won't drown me, will you?"

"Well, I won't if you don't want me to, only it would really be better for you, and it's all the same for me—I might as well answer for two as for one. You'll be left to the mercy of strangers and you'll have no end of hardship to stand. But, just as you like."

"Don't drown me, don't drown me!"

"All right, then, I won't, only you'll have a hard time of it, worse than Dotzka. Go on back to the village now, and I will go and give myself up. Take the path leading straight up the hill, and the first house you come to, go in and say: 'It's like this; Daddy wanted to drown me, but I begged him not to. Let me in, let me stay overnight here, and tomorrow, maybe, you'll be able to get me a job minding children somewhere?' — Say that. And now go, because it's late already."

Gandzunya started toward the village.

"Gandzyu, Gandzyu! Here, take this stick with you. A dog might set on you and tear you to bits. You'll feel better if you have a stick with you."

Gandzunya took the stick and set off through the meadow.

Gritz rolled up the legs of his trousers to ford the river. He went up to his ankles in water and suddenly turned to stone. Then he turned back and walked along the riverbank to the town.

EGNATE NINOSHVILI

Gogia Uishvili

Egnate Ninoshvili is an outstanding Georgian writer who at the end of the last century wrote several striking books depicting the life of the Georgian workers. The son of a poor peasant, himself a longshoreman and an organizer of workers' circles, Ninoshvili knew and felt the bitter lot of the people, and gave a stirring account of it. *Gogia Uishvili* is one of Ninoshvili's best works. It describes the hard life of the Gurian peasants.

In his youth Comrade Stalin liked to read Egnate Ninoshvili's works. P. Kapanadze wrote in his memoirs, published in the newspaper *Zaria Vostoka (The Dawn of the East)* of Aug. 12, 1936, that "during his school years, Comrade Stalin read every book available in the library of his native Gori: the works of Egnate Ninoshvili, of Ilya Chavchavadze, Akaki Tseretelli and others. He would advise us, his comrades, to read the best among the books and would frequently relate to us the contents of some of them. I recall the profound impression made on him by Ninoshvili's story *Gogia Uishvili*, describing the oppression and tyranny under which the peasants lived. 'We have to keep on learning in order to be able to help the peasants,' Stalin would say!"

The above passage reveals the stirring power of Ninoshvili's story, the first English rendition of which we are now presenting.

1

"Do you know what, Gogia? The Cossacks are to be stationed here again. The headman of the village has been round to all the houses today, and has ordered every house to pay a *tuman*[1] towards the upkeep of the Cossacks. And besides that, they want us to give them wood and hay and maize!" There was despair in Mariné's voice as she told her husband the bad news on his return from work in the evening.

"You must be crazy! If they're quartered here again, we'll have to go begging," cried Gogia, turning pale.

"What have I to do with it? What are you abusing me for?" Mariné turned on him.

"Always harping on the same string. I'm not abusing you at all. But it's beyond bearing. You should have told that fiend about it yourself. There's the land to be paid for, and then the collection for the church and for the post, and then the roads we must work on—all this we have to shoulder. And even this is not enough for them. Now they pretend there are some rowdy folks among us. Already last year the quartering of the Cossacks ruined the village. And now it's coming again. They might as well finish us off at once and make an end of it."

He sat down by the fire and gave himself up to his bitter thoughts.

[1] *Tuman*—old Persian coin, worth about $ 5 formerly in use in the Caucasus.

Gogia Uishvili was about forty years of age. His dark, haggard, rather unhandsome face always wore a frown. His untidy black beard grew in tufts and now showed a good deal of grey. His heavy brows meeting over the bridge of the nose gave his face a harsh, almost ferocious look.

Serfdom had not yet been done away with in his father's time, and the old man, after spending the whole of his life and strength in labor for his master's profit, had only been able to leave his three sons a meager patrimony—the old wooden house, a barn where maize was kept, a shed, and an allotment of about five *dessiatines* of land. A third of this property fell to Gogia's share. The house went to him as the eldest, but all the rest went to his brothers. Naturally, it was by no means easy to make a living. Nevertheless, they were young and strong, both Gogia and Mariné, and went about the task in a cheerful, friendly way. "Never mind," they told each other, "we may be hard put to it at first, but we'll work and do the best we can, and surely good times will come for us too."

In the beginning no misfortunes could dishearten them. "Well, we must just bear it, and if not today, then surely tomorrow our real life will begin." So the young couple thought, and went on bravely in the face of all difficulties. Gogia even contrived to collect some timber against the time when he would build a new house. But the years rolled on and the "good times" never came. On the contrary, the burden of life grew heavier every day. They had very little land and what they had was not their own; the rent rose steadily. They had children, and it was by no means easy to feed five little ones.

"This is a cursed life," Gogia complained. "You sweat day and night—so there is no time for your shirt to dry on you—and still things don't get any better."

More years passed over their heads. And now threads of grey showed in his beard. And his complaints about the bitterness of his lot gave place to despair.

"Is this life? It would be better to die," he cried in his misery.

"It's a sin for you to talk so. Why, even now while we're alive and working with all our might, the children have hardly enough to eat. What would happen to them if we died?" was Mariné's reply to her husband's railings against fate. "It looks as if this was the lot marked out for us—to work without rest every day of our life and never to get any joy out of it. But we're not the only ones who are moaning over our fate. Look at others—do they live any better than we do? We're not the only people in this world god has willed such a life to."

But sometimes Mariné herself complained of their hard life.

"That's fine consolation, isn't it?" was Gogia's angry rejoinder. "And what am I saying? It isn't fair, that's all I'm saying."

It was indeed hard to find anything consoling to say to him. All his unceasing labor could guarantee his family neither decent nourishment nor clothing. He possessed no land besides the allotment. The taxes were growing. It was becoming more and more difficult to live. The district superintendent, the priest, the landowner, and the headman of the village, they all preyed upon him. The timber he had prepared for his new house had to be sold. The dowry Mariné had brought with her—the carpet, the copper cooking-pot, and even the muslin dress Gogia had given her for a wedding-present—all went to pay

off their debts. The children fell sick because they had no warm clothing. One exceptionally difficult summer the whole family fell ill. One of the children died, another lost the power of speech. At last Gogia began to hate life and hope for death. He cursed everything on earth and in the sky. And sometimes he uttered things that made his hearers say:

"If this should come to the ears of someone who ought not to hear it, he'd be in for it. He'd land in Siberia, there's no doubt about it."

Once at church Gogia got into an argument and said so much that the priest was intending to report him to the authorities, only the peasants intervened and dissuaded him.

"Don't pay any heed to Gogia," they said, "he's only a poor, ignorant, silly fellow who doesn't know what he's talking about."

The same thing occurred at the village court, and this time his father-in-law had to spend practically all he had on a gift for the authorities.

Such was the life of the poor peasant.

"Does he want us to pay the *tuman* before the New Year?" Gogia asked his wife after a long silence.

"He says he'll make mincemeat out of anyone who doesn't fetch it in three days' time," Mariné replied.

"We'll see about that! I am not a factory owner, am I? Where am I supposed to get this money? He won't refuse it if I bring it after the New Year, I expect. A *tuman*, indeed! It's easy enough to say, isn't it? I may work the whole winter and not be able to lay hands on a *tuman*. 'The thief ran away,' he said. It's not my fault, is it? He didn't run away on my legs, did he? The headman and the clerk are a nice pair, too. They squeeze the last penny out of the village folks and half of it goes into their own pockets. What do you think? They purposely let robbers free, those hangmen, and then they pretend robbers broke loose themselves. . . . And they're supposed to guard us from evil. Why, no robber ever caused us so much trouble as these people. . . . Ugh . . . I'm worn out paying all these taxes. They might as well finish us off at once," Gogia growled as he puffed at his short pipe.

"There's nothing to be done about it. Those are the orders he gave—may his tongue drop out!" Mariné said in a hopeless tone.

"And what of it? Who cares for his orders? And he actually wants it before the New Year? Well, wait till the New Year's over. . . . And then what, I wonder? Will I be able to collect a *tuman* even then?" he said in a dejected tone. After pondering the matter for some time, he calmed down a little. Only three or four days remained until the New Year. They would hardly bother him before that, and afterwards he might somehow get the money for them.

2

It was New Year's Eve. Snow had been falling all the night before. But towards morning the sky cleared, the feeble winter sun crept slowly up into the transparent blue, and its diffident rays touched the snow-laden branches.

Gogia Uishvili had forgotten all his woes for the moment and was sitting, looking more cheerful than he had for some time, in the midst of his family. . . . He was pleased that everything in the house was ready for the holiday. Mariné, who rarely saw her husband smile nowadays, felt happy again, as she had been at sixteen, and set cheerfully

about baking the New Year cheese-cakes.

They were intending to kill the hens and the pig they had been fattening.

The children were chirruping as merrily as swallows; it was holiday-time and mother was making cakes. Tebro, who was only two and a half, was particularly excited and delighted with the holiday preparations. She ran from her father to her mother every minute, asking questions.

"Mamma, will it be a very big loaf? Will it soon be baked? Papa, tomorrow's a holiday, I'm not going to sleep tonight."

"Yes, little one, tomorrow's a holiday. St. Vasili will come and bring us bread, and chickens and *chichalaki*.[1] Thank goodness, we have everything for the holiday, and tomorrow morning I'll fire a shot from my gun to greet the New Year," Gogia explained as he fondled the little girl.

So there was a bright holiday atmosphere in the tiny, smoke-darkened room, though there was little else in it. The only furniture consisted of a broken-down wooden couch covered with coarse matting, an old mattress, a tattered blanket and a pillow. Instead of the usual embroidered bolster, a big log was placed at the head of the couch. In a heap in the corner of the room lay one large and one small iron pot, the round flat stone maize bread was baked on, and two broken-lipped jugs. A shelf in the same corner held wooden bowls and a mortar. In another corner stood the axe, the pick, an ordinary basket and one made of bark. And now among all these the *chichalaki* stood glimmering like some long grey beard in the dim corner. Above it hung a gun. Gogia had borrowed it from his father-in-law in order to carry out the custom of greeting the New Year with a gunshot. Gogia fondled his children a while and chatted to Mariné. Then he said gaily:

"Well, Mariné, boil the water, and meanwhile I'll start work on the pig and the hens."

"Why are you in such a hurry? Wait a little, the cake will be ready soon. You'll have a bit of it first and then go and kill the pig," said Mariné, considerately, as she turned the cake on the stone. Gogia agreed that there was really no great hurry and that he could wait until the cake had browned. A few minutes later he went out to look at the pig and the hens.

"Those are grand hens of ours, they're ready to burst with fat," he boasted. "But they haven't long to live now, poor things. It's a pity a man has to kill so many live things for his own needs."

"Why, where's the pity of it? That's the natural way of things, so nobody's to blame for it," said Mariné.

"Still, it would have been better if god could have managed it differently. Just think of all the trouble it'll be to kill that sow; she wants to live, too.

"It looks as though we're going to have a splendid New Year," he went on thoughtfully. "Other years were much worse. If St. Vasili is kind to us now, our hopes will come true and we'll see happy days at last. What if everything should take a turn for the better, beginning with this holiday?"

His eyes lit up with hope.

"If god so wills it, we'll see good times yet," Mariné said confidently.

"Oh, it's true what people say—that there's little a peasant needs. Just because we've managed to get a *pood* of Crimean flour, it seems

[1] *Chichalaki*—an improvised New Year tree, in the form of a bare pole upon which sweets are hung.

to us as if we'd won the whole world," he said with a wistful smile.

The cheese-cake was ready now. Mariné was just preparing to give some of it to her husband and children, when their faithful old Tsavia set up a loud barking in the yard. The barking ended suddenly in a plaintive yelp.

"Someone's killed our dog!" cried Mariné.

"Gogia, Gogia!" someone was calling in the yard.

"Oh, woe is me! It's the headman!" Mariné whispered.

"What does he want of us? The holiday's already begun." Gogia was no less scared than his wife. His head drooped dejectedly as he went to open the door.

Six Cossacks and the headman of the village were standing outside. The dog Tsavia lay at the gate, panting and twitching in his death-agony.

"What's this, Gogia? I have to run about the village after you like a dog, have I? I warned you to pay the money and to bring the wood in time. And here you make me come twice after you. Of course, I'm one of the villagers myself, but what answer can you give these Russians? They never have enough—even a cow would be too little for them," the headman said reproachfully.

"What are you talking about, Ivané? Where am I to get a *tuman*? I won't collect a heap of money like that in three months, much less in three days."

He was about to say more when the headman interrupted him:

"You won't collect it, indeed? That won't do for the Russians. There's no use going against them—the odds are too strong. You'll have to get it somewhere if they make you. Better give up the money without arguing. If you set them against you, it'll be worse."

"May I kill my own children, Ivané, if I've a brass coin to my name at the present moment. Do me a kindness and wait a little while for the money. When the holidays are over I'll get some work somewhere and pay you every penny," Gogia pleaded.

"Oh now, don't start any of your whining and begging off! What sort of work will you get, what are you talking about? They've turned everything upside down and inside out here—there's nothing but weeping and moaning to be heard all over the village. If you haven't got money, then give up your pig and your fowls—anything you've got . . . ."

"Where am I to get them? I had a pig I was fattening, and in the summer the wolves ate it; I had chickens, but as you know very well, the plague came—and what is there left of them now. . . . Surely you don't expect me to give up what Mariné's preparing for the New Year?"

The headman laughed.

"I'm telling you the whole village is weeping and wailing over this business, and you come with your holiday preparations. Now then look alive and fetch out all you've got, or you'll see, this is going to be anything but a holiday for you."

Gogia stood there dumbstruck.

"What are you standing there for? You've been told, haven't you? Come on and get it over. There are plenty here like you, and we've got to come around to all of them after dinner," the headman repeated.

The Cossacks were growing impatient of this long conversation; they broke in upon it angrily.

"That's enough talking and arguing there! If he won't give of his own free will, we'll take what we want by force." With that they moved towards the door.

"You've fallen upon us in the broad daylight and killed our dog, and now you want to break into my house. I'll show you!" Gogia

shouted, striking the Cossack nearest to him in the chest.

The Cossack fell. "I'll slip in for my gun and face them in my own way," flashed through Gogia's mind. But the Cossacks gave him no time for that. Drawing their sabers, they dealt him blow after blow with the hilts.

"Oh, woe is me!" burst from Gogia's lips. With a heartrending cry he dropped to the ground, blood covering his black hair.

Mariné had been standing behind the door, listening, while the conversation was going on, but when she saw what had happened to her husband, she rushed out into the yard, screaming:

"They've killed him! Help! Help!"

She seized the headman and tried to scratch his face, but the Cossacks dragged her away from him. One of them, who was tipsy, noticed that she had a pretty, youngish face. He threw his arms around her and started to kiss her. She struggled and screamed and struck him; she called on all the powers of heaven and earth to come to her aid, but no aid was forthcoming from anywhere.

The frightened children cried and huddled together in the corners. The neighbors heard the noise and screams, and came running. But what was the use of that? Everyone was thinking of his own safety.

Before half-an-hour had passed, the headman and the Cossacks had bound Gogia and dragged him to the authorities. Behind them trailed a few of the peasants carrying the killed pig and the hens that Gogia had been saving for the New Year celebrations. Mariné followed, weeping, at a distance.

The headman was reluctant to arrest Gogia. After all, in payment of the tax, the man's fowls and pig had been taken from him, and the Cossacks had given him a terrible beating into the bargain. But the headman's soft-heartedness met with no sympathy.

"He didn't obey the order and he started fighting; he ought to be made an example of," the Cossacks declared. They struck Gogia with their riding-whips as they led him away.

One of his neighbors, an elderly man, attempted to intervene and persuade the Cossacks to release Gogia, but they threatened him with their whips and he said no more.

3

There was a big timber house roofed with shingles, standing out in an open field without any fence around it. Here the local law court was housed. The peasants simply called it the "office." The district chief, some police officials and the Cossacks had arrived on a visit a few days before the New Year. The occasion for the visit was what the local authorities called the unresponsive attitude of the village in the matter of catching "robbers."

The alarming news spread throughout the village like wildfire. Well did the peasants recall the quartering of the Cossacks the previous year; it had completely ruined the village.

The head of the Cossacks had billeted some of his men on people suspected of sheltering the "robbers," or of being related to these "evildoers." Along with the remaining Cossacks he had taken up his quarters temporarily in the "office." He intended, however, to return to the town very shortly, leaving his guard to find billets for themselves among the peasants and live there until the "robbers" were caught.

Ever since the first day the chief had arrived, the "office" had been crowded with people from morning till evening. Some brought provisions, some fuel, others hay and

maize for the horses. Among them were villagers who came to contribute money toward the upkeep of the Cossacks in the village.

"Be so good as to give us a receipt," they begged the clerk and the headman, "or else who knows but we may be asked to pay a second time."

The district chief frequently rode out with his Cossacks to try and catch the "robbers." But he never caught anyone and so he was always in a bad humor. At the suggestion of the headman and the clerk he had summoned the peasants who were regarded as "suspects" or who had "come under notice." Some he sent to prison, others he ordered to be flogged. What particularly enraged him was that during his sojourn in the village two young fellows had gone to join the robbers.

"They're trying to start a rebellion, that's certain, it's nothing less than a rebellion they want to start here. I'll take the hide off the rascals and then they'll sing a different tune," shouted the chief, beside himself with fury.

It was midday when the headman and the Cossacks, leading Gogia, his hands tied behind him, arrived at the "office."

"They fell upon me and ruined and maimed me. . . . Save me, protect me, if you have any conscience left at all," Gogia appealed to the headman as they entered the "office," "or else I'll kill myself right before your eyes. . . ."

But the Cossacks and the headman accused Gogia of resisting and insulting authority.

"Hush, hush, don't let the chief hear you," the peasants whispered, trying to calm Gogia.

"But that's just what I want—let him hear. They've ruined me, and wronged me . . . surely in all fairness the chief will protect me," Gogia went on complaining.

The headman had no time to give any orders about the prisoner before the chief himself came in.

"Who is this?" he asked.

"He resists orders, your honor, and doesn't want to pay up," one of the Cossacks replied.

"Give me some protection against them, sir. They've ruined me, taken everything I had, they wouldn't even leave me enough to meet the New Year with. And they've beaten me, an honest peasant. What harm have I done that they should break my head?" Gogia complained, throwing back his hood and showing his bleeding head.

"He started to fight us, your honor, he raised his hand against us, he wanted to shoot at us, too," the Cossacks reported to the chief. "Here's the headman . . . he was with us and saw."

The headman looked confused, but out of fright he gave evidence against Gogia.

"Bring him nearer," the chief said.

They led their prisoner closer to him.

"Who taught you to disobey orders and resist the military authorities?" the chief demanded in a threatening tone.

"I haven't done them any harm, sir, it's they who have robbed me, and beaten me," replied Gogia in a trembling voice. He was about to add something else when the lash of a whip stopped him short.

"Aha, you son of a bitch! So you started to rebel, did you? We know all about you scoundrels. I'll have the hide off your backs before I am finished with you!" the chief roared, striding up and down the veranda.

Gogia stood a long time, as if turned to stone. Only his breast heaved. At length the chief went into the room. Then Gogia gave a start, and shouted in a voice that did not sound like his own:

"There's no truth on earth! No

truth! I've been robbed and ruined and ill-treated. I came to the court to seek justice and here things are worse than elsewhere. So that's what justice is like, is it? And god is no better. There is no justice."

"Hold your tongue," the peasants whispered to him, "you'd better say no more."

But he would not hold his tongue.

At first, Mariné was thunderstruck and could not utter a word. Then she joined in her husband's denunciations.

"There is no truth or justice on earth for us! This is no chief, but some Tatar."

The chief, more incensed than before, appeared on the veranda again.

"Take away this fellow with the muzzle of a dog and give him a good dose of thirty stripes and then send them both off to prison. Quick march!"

"Flogging?" A dead silence fell. There was horror on all the faces.

Gogia stood there terrified and pitiful in the midst of the horror-stricken crowd.

Mariné had not understood what the chief had said, but she sensed that some great catastrophe had befallen them, and she was waiting in terror of what the next minute would bring.

"Quick!" the chief repeated with an impatient stamp of his foot.

The headman began to carry out the order. Gogia attempted to resist, but several burly Cossacks seized him and flung him on the floor of the veranda. The peasants crowded round, trying to control their indignation.

When the prisoner's heartrending cries and moans rang out, Mariné fell down unconscious on the floor.

4

Evening set in. The sky was a deep blue, the ground was white with snow; the vast expanses of blue and white gave a calm grandeur to the scene. The air was cold; it had begun to freeze.

Profound depression reigned in the village. But finally ancient custom gained the upper hand. When work was over and the provisions for the Cossacks and the chief had been delivered, the peasants hurried home to prepare for the New Year. That was the way of things. It could not be helped! Habit is second nature, as the proverb has it. When you really come to think of it, neither the present nor the future held consoling prospects for the peasants.

Gogia Uishvili trudged home in gloomy silence behind Mariné, whose eyes were swollen with crying.

Before leaving for the town, where he intended to spend the New Year with his family, the chief had decided to be magnanimous.

"Because of the New Year holiday let the prisoner free," he said to the headman.

Darkness had fallen by the time Gogia and Mariné reached home. The children, dismayed by what had happened in the morning and left alone all day, now rushed delightedly to greet their parents. Tebro toddled up to her father and combed his beard with fingers reddened from the cold.

"Where's the cheese-cake, Papa?" she asked. "Tell Mamma to bring it here quick."

But his child's caresses would not soften Gogia now. He pushed her away angrily towards the half-burnt faggots.

Tebro cried bitterly. Mariné glanced at her husband in alarm and bewilderment; she had never seen him treat a child like that before.

He sat down by the fire, leaned

his head against his hands, and became engrossed in his bitter thoughts. Mariné began to tidy up the room. She baked some maize cakes, and when they were ready, divided them among the children and offered her husband some.

"Try and eat something," she said. "It's not worth while worrying yourself about it, you won't make things any better that way. Other people have worse to stand. Remember the old saying—stand firm like a stone wall when trouble comes. Here, eat this, and take a drop of wine. You haven't touched anything all day—who ever heard of such a thing?"

Mariné handed her husband a cake of maize bread, and some cheese, and poured him out a glass of wine.

"Go to the devil!" Gogia shouted, flinging it all into the fire.

"Oh, this bitter, bitter life of mine!" cried Mariné, breaking out into loud lamentations. "He's not thinking of eating—he's not like a human being any more. If only he doesn't lose his mind! The way he's been treated today—the things they've done to him! And to me, too. . . . Thrown to the dogs. . . . I don't know how I live. May god punish the cursed people who persecute us—they've brought more troubles on us than we can count. . . ."

Still, she hoped that after a rest and a good night's sleep, Gogia would come round and she decided to prepare what she could for the holiday. But what was left? The Cossacks had taken the pig, caught the hens; they had not even left her the cheese-cake. She got out what remained of the flour, mixed some dough and made up the fire. Then she went out and tried to catch the hens that were left. But they had already flown up the trees for the night. Mariné called the children and they all set to work to catch the hens, but it seemed hopeless. Little Tebro kept getting in her mother's way. Since her father had been unkind to her, she clung to her mother and would not leave her.

"Leave me alone, child, or else I'll be sticking the knife into you instead of the hens," Mariné cried angrily. She led the little one into the house several times, but Tebro would not stay alone with her father, and clung tightly to the mother's skirt. It was late in the evening when at last Mariné succeeded in catching two hens. She asked her son to kill them for her.

"I'm worn out chasing them. As if I wasn't knocked about enough today without them. The trees and the earth are all going round before my eyes," she grumbled. But she again set to work, and plucked the fowls, baked a new cheese-cake, put the candles ready, poured out a jug of Odessa wine. It was close on midnight when she finished all her preparations.

Gogia was still sitting, staring gloomily into the glowing coals. Even the pipe that never left his mouth was now forgotten. Little Tebro cast sulky glances at him from time to time; she had not forgotten her grievance yet.

The other children were afraid to go near him or speak to him; his looks were so gloomy.

"Go to bed. I'll bring you some warm water and you can wash your feet and then we'll go to bed, because it's near midnight," Mariné said to him.

But he did not seem to hear her. She spoke to him once again. He did not answer. She sighed heavily. She was very tired, so she lay down to sleep with the children, hoping that he would calm down sooner or later. Then, worn out, she fell asleep.

Silence fell in the little house. The only sound that broke the stillness was the quiet breathing of the sleeping mother and children or an occasional drowsy murmur. The fire went down and the deathly quiet of a darkness that numbed the heart

crept up the smoky, sooty walls. Only the barrel of the gun glinted in the corner. Gogia never stirred. He did not want to sleep. From time to time he looked at the gun as if the glint of it brought him some relief.

Thus the night passed. Daybreak was nigh. The cocks began to crow. And Gogia's cock flapped his wings and wished his master a happy New Year in hearty, ringing tones. At the sound of the crowing Gogia started and shook his head violently as if renouncing something. Then he got up and looked intently at his wife and children. They were all fast asleep. For about two minutes he watched them as if he wanted to make quite sure that they were all asleep. Then he crept stealthily to the corner where the gun was hanging, took it and turned towards the door. There he paused again, holding his breath, and again looked at his wife and children. They were still breathing quietly; an occasional snore came from one of them. Gogia stepped cautiously over the threshold, and, trying not to make the slightest sound, closed the door behind him. He stood still in front of the house.

The full moon was just going down and illumined the yard from the west. The sky was clear. The moonlit trees cast sharply outlined shadows on the snow. The crowing of the cocks carried far in the still, frosty air. Involuntarily, Gogia's eyes turned towards the spot where the body of the dead dog was visible in the moonlight. "Poor Tsavia, what a yelp he gave! It must be hard to die," Gogia thought to himself. Then turning to face the house, he said in a hoarse whisper:

"I'm going away from you, my dears. Children, wife—I'm leaving you all. I'm deserting you, I'm going to be free, but I'm leaving you to trouble and torment. . . . Forgive me. . . . I've no more strength left. . . . I've betrayed you, Mariné. . . . I'm going, leaving the burden of the children on your shoulders. . . . You are stronger than I am. Do you remember—we used to hope that we'd have a good life some day? Who could have thought that it would all end like this? Forgive me, Mariné. . . . Forgive me, children. . . . There's never been any joy in my life. I've seen nothing but hardship. . . . And yesterday they flogged me. . . . I've no more strength left to live."

He ceased speaking, thought for a moment, and then went on:

"I've got to make an end of it. Farewell, then, wife and children. I am going, I don't know where. Forgive me. Tebro, I was unkind to you. Mariné, I tormented you with my silence. Forgive me, all of you, forgive the traitor Gogia! But dying's not so easy, either."

As he uttered the last words he placed the muzzle of the rifle against his heart and pressed the trigger. A shot rang out.

"They're to blame! Punish them!" he murmured. Then his eyes closed in everlasting sleep.

The crack of the rifle woke Mariné.

"Gogia, wake up! It's daylight already. They've started to let off the New Year guns!" she called to her husband who, she was sure, had dozed off by the fire.

"He's sleeping sound. Well, let him. I'd better get up. I'll light the fire and then wake him. He certainly had a day of it yesterday," she said, recalling the events of the day before.

She got the fire going, and by the light of it saw that Gogia was not in the room. Where could he have gone? She opened the door and went out into the yard. She smelt gunpowder and singed rags as soon as she opened the door.

"It must be from the neighbors' yard," she decided.

"Gogia! Gogia!" she called again. There was no response.

"He must have gone to wash himself," she thought, going down to the brook that ran just outside the yard. Then she stumbled and fell over something soft: the dead body of her husband lay in the shadow cast by the house.

5

Day came. The frozen air sparkled like glass. The air was heavy with frost that made it hard to breathe. One after another shots rang out—the village was saluting the advent of the New Year.

"Why are they screaming and howling like that in Gogia's yard, as if a mad wolf had broken in?" one of the neighbors remarked. He set off for the Uishvilis' house. Others followed him. When they reached the fence they witnessed a frightful scene—Mariné, with a knife in her hand, was chasing the children, who, wild with fear, were shrieking piercingly, and rushing hither and thither, seeking some refuge in the yard. But Mariné would creep up on them stealthily, like a cat stalking a bird, and the children would flee to a new hiding-place. Time after time she would come within reach of them and prepare to strike the mortal blow, but each time the children would scream so pitifully that her hand dropped to her side. . . . And next moment the dreadful hunt would begin all over again.

Gogia lay dead in front of his house. The frozen face with its twisted mouth struck horror into all. The matted beard and long grizzled locks were saturated with blood oozing out of his wound. The fingers of one hand dug into the earth, the other still clutched the strand of hair he had torn out in his agony. His feet were deep in the snow. He had died hard—that was evident. Inside the room little Tebro lay on the bed with her throat cut; the body still quivered and twitched—life was reluctant to leave it.

"What a terrible thing! How did it all happen?" the neighbors asked one another.

"Hush, hush, don't wake them. St. Vasili has paid us a visit," Mariné explained hoarsely. Coming close to one of her neighbors, she whispered in her ear:

"Yesterday St. Vasili came down from heaven to see us, and he told us he would have to destroy the world."

Then suddenly, in a fit, she shrieked:

"Woe! Woe! They've come for me!"

The neighbors surrounded her and held her hands. She would not reply to their questions and only wailed as if her heart would break.

"They fell upon us, they killed him! Help! Help! They've taken away everything we had!" she shrieked, growing wilder. She had gone out of her mind.

The neighbors bound her and then began to look for the frightened children, who had taken shelter wherever they could. They had seen what their mother had done to Tebro. The youngest boy had hidden under the bed and had to be dragged out of his hiding-place by force. They were all taken to a neighbor's house.

The headman was sent for. He only came the next day. He made a list of Gogia's possessions and told the neighbors to appoint a guardian for the children.

Several years passed by.

For a long time a poor, ragged woman wandered about the village, crying: "Yesterday St. Vasili came

down from heaven. He wants to destroy the whole world." Until at last death relieved her from the intolerable burden of her life.

Gogia's homestead gradually became a desert. The house, the barn and the other buildings rotted and tumbled down. The roof fell in. Only the four walls were left, exposed to the weather.

A few years more and no trace of it would remain, it seemed. And then—a painstaking hand repaired the roof, and once again smoke arose from the deserted hearth.

Gogia's eldest son had returned to his parents' home, and brought his young wife with him. His brothers are working as farm-laborers to this day.

Let us wish them a better fate than that of their father; may they never have to endure the sufferings that brought him his tragic end.

1899.

VYACHESLAV MOLOTOV

Stalin as the Continuer of the Cause of Lenin

Comrade Stalin is the recognized and worthy continuer of the cause of the great Lenin. That is what Comrade Stalin is in the eyes not only of our Communist Party and of the peoples of the U.S.S.R., but also in the eyes of the fighters in the ranks of the entire international Communist movement and of the toilers throughout the world. This expresses what is most essential about Comrade Stalin as the leader of the C.P.S.U.(B.) and of the Soviet Union.

Now, sixteen years after Lenin's death, it is not difficult to understand why the notorious pretenders to the role of leaders of our Party have failed so ignominiously, and how dangerous their claims were for the working people of our country. In their time, however, all of them—these Trotskys, Zinovyevs, Bukharins—who advertised themselves as "comrades-in-arms" of Lenin, although at decisive moments they always came out against Lenin and the Leninist policy, brought matters, as is known, to a point causing great difficulties in the Party and in the country, raised the threat of a split in the Bolshevik Party, of disturbances in the Soviet State, of a campaign of capitalist States against the U.S.S.R. To give a due rebuff, to expose the nature of their policy inimical to the Party and to the interests of the working people, to smash completely all these small groupings and fractions of disguised enemies of Socialism, and to wipe out, along with them, the espionage and wrecking organizations which they subsequently formed and which carried out the anti-Soviet orders of foreign secret services—all this our Party was able to accomplish with complete success under the leadership of Comrade Stalin, the organizer and ideological leader of the Bolshevik Party. In this struggle against those who manifested no little cunning in disguising their criminal, anti-Soviet activity under the false flag of pseudo-Leninism, our Party, far from disorganizing its ranks, has consolidated them still further, grown in numbers and rallied its forces, increased its Bolshevik fighting capacity, extended the scope of its work and prestige among the masses of the working people. Owing to this, the Bolshevik Party, which directs all Socialist construction

Painting by Isaac Brodsky

in our State, has secured tremendous success in the building up of the Socialist society in the Soviet Union and has raised high the prestige of the U.S.S.R. in international affairs of our times.

In all this the principal, the decisive role belongs to Comrade Stalin, the continuer of the cause of Lenin, the leader of the C.P.S.U.(B.) and of the Soviet Union.

I. STALIN AS THE LEADER OF THE PARTY OF BOLSHEVIKS

At the very inception of Bolshevism, Comrade Stalin was a comrade-in-arms of Lenin in building the Party, and later his principal comrade-in-arms in the leadership of the Party.

Prior to the Revolution Comrade Stalin was known more as a Bolshevik *practical worker*, as a Bolshevik *organizer*. This does not mean that he did not occupy himself with questions of Marxist theory at the time. On the contrary, even in his early journalistic work in Transcaucasia he displayed thorough knowledge of Marxism and a profound understanding of the ideas of Lenin, new at that time, regarding the organization of a Marxist Party of a new, militant type, and the struggle against opportunism, Menshevism, as well as regarding the revolutionary tactics of Russian Marxists and the nature of the Russian Revolution in the light of these Leninist ideas. Subsequently it became evident that Comrade Stalin was a great *theoretician* of Marxism-Leninism; what is of utmost importance, however, is precisely the fact that Comrade Stalin always stood in the center of intense practical revolutionary work. Both before and after the October Revolution, Comrade Stalin combined in himself "theoretical might with the practical organizational experience of the proletarian movement," to use his own expression in characterizing Lenin as leader of the Proletarian Revolution and of the proletarian Party, as organizer and leader of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union.

It is the combination of tremendous revolutionary experience and a profound understanding of Marxism that explains why Comrade Stalin understood, deeper than anybody else, the far-reaching Leninist ideas on the question of a Marxist party of a new type which, as events have shown, was destined to be transformed from an underground organization of professional revolutionaries into the Bolshevik Party that victoriously accomplished the Socialist Revolution in our country. This was already clear from Comrade Stalin's article *Something Concerning Party Differences*, published as far back as 1905.

In his famous book *Foundations of Leninism* Comrade Stalin fully developed this question. Here he gave a devastating and fit characterization of the "Socialist" parties of the Second International, showing that "the parties of the Second International are unfit for the revolutionary struggle of the proletariat, that they are not militant parties of the proletariat

leading the workers to power, but an election machine adapted for parliamentary elections and parliamentary struggle." These parties are in practice "an appendage and a service element" of the parliamentary fractions. Such parties evolved "in the period of more or less peaceful development" and under their leadership "there could be no question of preparing the proletariat for revolution."

When the new period came, namely, the present period, "the period of open clashes between classes, the period of revolutionary action of the proletariat, the period of proletarian revolution, the period of the direct preparation of forces for the overthrow of imperialism, for the seizure of power by the proletariat," the question of the working-class party arose in a new light. Then the working class inevitably had to face the question of "a new party, a militant party, a revolutionary party, sufficiently courageous to lead the struggle for power, sufficiently experienced to find its bearings in the complex conditions of a revolutionary situation and sufficiently flexible to steer clear of all reefs on the way to the goal. Without such a party it is futile to think of overthrowing imperialism, of achieving the dictatorship of the proletariat. This new party is the Party of Leninism."

These views on the modern party of the working class, as a party of a new, militant type, the model of which the Party of Bolsheviks has become, reveal the essence of the problem, insofar as the organization of the preparation and the realization of the Socialist Revolution is concerned. Lenin created and schooled such a party. This party was built for decades, together with Lenin, by Stalin, who not only profoundly understood the importance of such an organizing force for the victory over capitalism and for building up Communism after the Socialist Revolution, but who always, it may be said, has put his soul into the work of building up and strengthening the Bolshevik Party, into the work of purging it of all the filth of opportunism, and into the militant tempering of the Party in revolutionary battles against all and sundry enemies of Bolshevism.

The *History of the C.P.S.U.(B.)* presents, as is known, the entire path of the development of the Bolshevik Party, the study of which should serve to educate not only Communists of all countries but also all toilers who are striving for emancipation from the oppression of capitalism, for the victory of Communism. For this, it is absolutely necessary to understand the significance of the great organizing force—the Party of Leninism. This Comrade Stalin teaches us, to this he devotes so much energy and his exceptional organizational genius, or, more correctly, organizational art.

Let us call to mind Lenin's words to the effect that from the standpoint of Communism the *organizational* role of the proletariat "is its *principal* role," considering that the working class, as the leading force in the building of a Socialist society, must possess not only a revolutionary nu-

cleus forged into a monolithic whole—a party firmly welded by discipline—but must also possess exceptionally strong, vital and close ties with the entire mass of toilers in order to accomplish the decisive task—to remake, to reeducate the entire mass of toilers, including the huge non-proletarian mass as well, "by very long, slow, careful organizational work."

By carrying out the collectivization of the many millions of peasant households, our Party has fully shown not merely an understanding of these Leninist theses, but also the ability to carry them into effect in practice. All know the great service of Comrade Stalin in this work. All know Comrade Stalin as the best organizer of the Party and of the Soviet State, including the organization of the Red Army as well, as the continuer of the cause of Lenin in all our growing Party and State upbuilding, as the leader, the builder, who bases himself upon his tremendous and all-round practical experience, who knows well our cadres and the conditions of life of the peoples of the U.S.S.R.

Always close to practical activity—in the hard years when the Bolshevik Party was underground, in the militant days of the organization of the October uprising, on the principal fronts of the Civil War, in numerous battles against the opportunists and capitulators in the Party, in the work of building up the Soviet State in all its decisive spheres, including all questions of the country's defense—Comrade Stalin always responds to the masses, to the sentiments of the workers, peasants and the intelligentsia, and is always active, consistent and bold in making momentous decisions, being guided by only one compass, the compass of Marxism-Leninism. To Comrade Stalin belong the words: "practice gropes in the dark if its path is not illumined by revolutionary theory." And, indeed, in all his tremendous and many-sided practical work, Comrade Stalin appears as a consistent Marxist, as an uncompromising Leninist.

Comrade Stalin more than once said that there is Marxism and "Marxism." There is the true Marxism, creative, Bolshevik and revolutionary Marxism, such as Leninism is in our times. And there is Marxism of another type—"Marxism" in quotation marks, dogmatic, Menshevik, anti-revolutionary Marxism, which only in its external form is related to Marxism, but in essence is alien to the revolutionary Communist teaching of Marx-Lenin.

Comrade Stalin is the most eminent representative of creative Marxism. More than that, Comrade Stalin is the brilliant continuer of Lenin who further develops the ideas of Marxism, which in our time—in the epoch of imperialism and proletarian revolution—is Leninism.

Just as in its time the bourgeoisie and its ideological choristers from all opportunist and anti-revolutionary groups in the working class strove—and even in our days are exerting efforts—to adapt Marxism to their own ways, removing its revolutionary Communist kernel by pseudo-scientific methods, and thereby making it safe for capitalism, so in our time the

Trotskyites, Bukharinites and all other falsifiers have made and are making attempts to strip modern Marxism of the essence of its all-conquering, revolutionary creative ideas—the ideas of Leninism. In our Party, the entire period after Lenin's death is filled with the struggle against opportunist and capitulatory distortions of Leninism. Under the leadership of Comrade Stalin the Party has victoriously defended Leninism from these attempts.

This very struggle for the ideas of Leninism reflected the new questions, the new tasks that had arisen before our Revolution and, hence, before our Party. It was impossible to give a due ideological rebuff to all these "Left" and Right vacillations—in the final analysis equally anti-Bolshevik and anti-revolutionary—without giving a clear Marxist-Leninist answer to the new questions raised by the advance of the Socialist Revolution in the U.S.S.R.

The Party gave these answers in the articles and speeches of Comrade Stalin. The answers of Comrade Stalin meant the ideological defeat of the enemies of Leninism. At the same time, these answers developed further the ideas of Leninism.

Here I shall confine myself to only a few remarks on what is most essential.

The question of the possibility of the victory of Socialism in one country, in an encirclement of capitalist countries, naturally became the fundamental question of our times. Lenin laid the foundations for a positive answer to this question, basing scientifically his famous thesis about the possibility of the victory of Socialism in one country first of all on the uneven development of capitalist countries in the epoch of imperialism, *i.e.*, in the conditions when the highest stage in the development of capitalism has already been attained.

In view of the numerous opportunist and capitulatory attempts to distort this Leninist thesis, Comrade Stalin fully developed the Leninist teaching on the possibility of the victory of Socialism in one country taken singly and, at the same time, the possibility of building a complete Socialist society in the U.S.S.R. Comrade Stalin showed what a big step forward in the development of Marxism, as applied to the modern period of capitalism, this Leninist teaching is, and he armed our Party with a clear perspective in the struggle for Communism, without which there can be no victorious struggle for building the Socialist society in the U.S.S.R. It was Comrade Stalin who comprehensively proved and developed these ideas of Leninism, which have with an unfading beacon illuminated the entire historical path of the struggle of Communism for complete victory over capitalism.

I shall not dwell upon other questions of the theoretical development of Leninism in the works of Comrade Stalin. I shall mention only that these include such paramount problems as: the industrialization of the

Joseph Stalin and Vyacheslav Molotov

U.S.S.R. as the basis for the victory of Socialism; collectivization of the many millions of peasant households, in the first stage, on the basis of cooperatives; raising of the cultural and technical level of the working class to that of engineers and technicians as the prerequisite for the elimination under Communism of the distinction between mental and manual labor; utmost strengthening of the Socialist State, which finds itself in an encirclement of capitalist countries, for ensuring the final victory of Communism over capitalism; securing the leadership of the Communist Party in the Soviet State by establishing the appropriate forms in their mutual relations. There is no need to repeat that Comrade Stalin not only understood better than anybody else, but also developed the Leninist idea that our time demands the creation of a revolutionary party of a new type, the type of the Bolshevik Party, for the successful struggle of the working class for Communism.

Created under the guidance of Comrade Stalin, the well-known *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks)* is not simply a history of important events and the glorious deeds of our Party; it is a theoretical generalization of a most important historic period and a most valuable contribution to the science of Marxism-Leninism, without the mastery of which it is impossible to really arm ourselves ideologically for the further struggle for Communism in the U.S.S.R., for the cause of Communism as a whole.

Besides, the history of the Bolshevik Party shows that only such a party could have produced and forged such great leaders as V. I. Lenin, as J. V. Stalin.

II. STALIN AS THE LEADER OF THE U.S.S.R.

As the leader of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks), Comrade Stalin is at the same time also the leader of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. This is quite natural, for to our Party belongs the leading role in the Soviet State, which is realizing the dictatorship of the working class on the basis of an alliance with the working peasantry.

The role of Comrade Stalin as the leader of the U.S.S.R. deserves special attention. This is particularly so because, as distinct from the Party, which is a voluntary organization of the vanguard of the working people and hence, as Lenin expressed it, "the Party is the highest form of class association of the proletarians," the State of the dictatorship of the working class is an organization that embraces the entire population with the class distinctions that still exist in it, and with the obligatory subordination of all the citizens of the country to the will of State authority which, with the working class at the helm of power, represents the interests and will of the majority of the people. This shows, firstly, how important and

decisive is the guidance of the State organization by the Party and, secondly, the need for special forms of this guidance in conformity with the period and the very nature of the different spheres of State activity. By administering a crushing theoretical rebuff to the Trotskyite-Zinovyevite-Bukharinite falsification of Leninism, according to which the dictatorship of the working class was vulgarly identified with the "dictatorship of the Party," Comrade Stalin gave a classically Marxist elaboration of the question of the Party and the working class in the system of the dictatorship of the proletariat. At this point it is necessary to make special mention of the famous article, *Problems of Leninism*.

Nevertheless, even everything written by Comrade Stalin is only a small part of what he has done for the Party and for the working people in talks, meetings and conferences for the ideological elucidation of the fundamental question of the Revolution, the question of the tasks of the Socialist State. To this must be added that his participation in all State affairs—not always outwardly visible but actually most active—is to be felt in everything and at each step.

The exceptional role of Comrade Stalin in the very formation of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is well known.

Comrade Stalin worked more than anybody else on the transformation of the insufficiently united Soviet republics into the Soviet Union, which is strong in its political unity, and worked on the drafting of its first Constitution. In this way was laid the foundation of the mighty Soviet State, based upon the great friendship of the Soviet peoples.

The present Constitution of the U.S.S.R. has been given the name of the "Stalinist Constitution" by the people. This not only signifies the name of the author of its draft, but also emphasizes the banner under which the Soviet Union has come to those great victories which are recorded in our Constitution. This Constitution has secured the broad democratic rights of the nationalities forming part of the multi-national Soviet Union and, at the same time, consolidated the U.S.S.R. as a single Socialist State that is the prototype of the fraternal collaboration of the peoples of the whole world.

It was also no accident that Comrade Stalin became People's Commissar of Nationalities after the victory of the October Revolution. It was no easy matter to establish collaboration and, consequently, trust between the peoples, among whom the Russians had formed the dominant nation for centuries, while all other nationalities had been in a state of oppression or simply in the position of colonies. Comrade Stalin brilliantly coped with his task; he coped with it by unswerving struggle against the survivals of imperialist chauvinism and by persistent work among the representatives of the nationalities that had been oppressed in old Russia, for fostering confidence and friendly relations among all the peoples of the U.S.S.R.

This became possible because Comrade Stalin proceeded along the Leninist path also in this matter, the solution of the national question. Long before the Revolution he had theoretically worked out, side by side with Lenin, the fundamental principles of the national question from the point of view of Marxism. His pamphlet, *Marxism and the National Question* (1913), rightly belongs to the basic works on Marxist theory. It may be seen from this work that its author had already at that time developed into a most outstanding theoretician of Marxism. It is clear, therefore, why our policy on the national question has long been known as the "Leninist-Stalinist national policy."

After this it is clear why not only the Party, but also the peoples of our entire country, see in Comrade Stalin their leader, the leader of the U.S.S.R.

Under the guidance of Lenin, Comrade Stalin was the chief organizer of the October uprising, which laid the foundation for the power of the Soviets. After the victory of the October Revolution, Comrade Stalin was the main builder of the Red Army, which, under his direct leadership, defended on the main fronts of the Civil War the existence of the Soviet State against the intervention of the imperialist powers. During all these years, he has been the man who has inspired the entire work of strengthening the might of the Red Army as the decisive guarantee of the State independence of the U.S.S.R. Thanks to this, our State has been completely consolidated and no encroachments from without can daunt it.

Under the leadership of Comrade Stalin, the Party has already built in the main the Socialist society, which Lenin, the founder of the U.S.S.R., was not as yet able to realize. A steadily growing industry, equipped with a wealth of up-to-date technique, has been created; cadres of people that have mastered technique have grown, people of whom there were so few in the past and who now, in the person of the Stakhanovites and the followers of the Stakhanov movement, constitute a tremendous force and display ever new marvels of conscious Socialist labor. The village with its former ocean of petty farms has been reconstructed along new lines—the collective farm system has been created with its tremendous possibilities and the path has been laid for a mighty advance of all branches of agriculture. The material and cultural conditions of the life of the workers, the peasants and broad sections of the intelligentsia have been radically improved. The culture of the peoples, science, literature and art, freed from material fetters and disgusting subservience to the rich, have for the first time in the world history received the possibility to devote their creative efforts to the service of the people in full measure, to the service of the flourishing of their free, happy life.

Who does not know what an inspiring and organizing role has been played in all this by the "Stalinist five-year plans" and by the personal initiative of Comrade Stalin both in the greatest affairs of economic and

cultural development, as well as in the "current" everyday matters and cares of improving the work of our organizations, right down to the very smallest. Bound up with the initiative and most active participation of Comrade Stalin is everything more or less essential that has been or is being built during these years by the Party and the Government in the U.S.S.R., in the first Land of Socialism.

Comrade Stalin has done exceptionally much in the work of establishing and developing the U.S.S.R. as a multi-national State with its flourishing national cultures, a State strong by virtue of the fraternal collaboration and friendship of the peoples. The mere fact of the existence of such a State as the Soviet Union, which is steadily growing economically, culturally and politically—this mere fact predetermines the fleeting destiny of the capitalist world with its policy of fanning national enmity and unbearable colonial oppression for many peoples, with its criminal imperialist wars, which rack the peoples for the sake of the self-seeking interests of the ruling circles of the bourgeoisie.

Under the leadership of Comrade Stalin, we have victoriously routed the enemies of the people, we have purged and will continue to purge the State apparatus from inimical, spying and wrecking elements. It is known that this kind of measures greatly improve the work of our organs, pave the way for promoting fresh, honest and conscious cadres of workers, strengthen our State. Bolshevik vigilance with regard to the enemies, pursued not in words but in deeds, is considered by us as the best index of the fighting capacity and maturity of our forces, of our Party and State.

Bound up with the initiative and guiding participation of Comrade Stalin are also all our decisions in the sphere of home and foreign policy, which have guaranteed the peoples of the Soviet Union tranquillity, lasting peace and the international prestige of the U.S.S.R.

A remarkable bond has been established in the Soviet Union between the Communists and the "non-Party Bolsheviks," whose number is growing rapidly both among the workers and the peasants as well as among the intelligentsia. This is one of the greatest successes of our Party in recent years.

A great rapprochement has also taken place among the peoples of the U.S.S.R. Notwithstanding all the difference in their historical development and in their customs of life, the victory of Socialism and the establishment in the U.S.S.R. of the foundations of Socialist society, which is liberated from the age-old exploitation of man by man and gives a proper combination of the interests of the peoples in the matter of their common economic and cultural development, ensures fraternal accord between the Soviet peoples, an accord that is growing before the eyes of all, and ensures unlimited possibilities for further successes of the U.S.S.R.

The moral and political unity of our society, in which each people is free to mold its own life and all the peoples are helping one another in

the steadfast advance to a happy life of the peoples of the U.S.S.R.—such is the glorious result of the growth and transformation of our country under the leadership of the Party of Lenin-Stalin. The leader and banner of this unity of the peoples, the leader of the peoples of the U.S.S.R., as is known by the toiling people throughout the world, is the great continuer of the cause of Lenin, our Stalin, around whom our Party, the Soviet peopes, and all that is best in the world movement for emancipation are rallied.

* * *

The workers of all countries naturally see in the leader of Bolshevism, in the leader of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. also the leader of world Communism. In this, too, Comrade Stalin is a worthy successor of Lenin.

The Soviet Union has embodied the teaching of Communism in life. The U.S.S.R., by the very fact of its existence, by the successes of its struggle for the complete victory of the new society, has done infinitely much for the cause of Communism. Comrade Stalin, who does not know any fatigue when it is a question of securing ever new successes of the U.S.S.R., understands this better than anybody else.

Communists not infrequently have to surmount great obstacles in order to find a solution for this or that new turn in current events and to explain it to the masses, since capitalist society has enrolled all and everything in its service to conceal or, at least, distort the meaning of the developing events that are "unpleasant" for it. With great labor, despite countless difficulties, the teaching of Communism is paving its onward way, the way to complete victory.

This is how it was until our people drove an outlet into a new life and until they, as the advanced detachment among modern peoples, accomplished the October Revolution and built the Socialist society to the glory and joy of the working people and of the oppressed of the entire world. Since then, the position has changed fundamentally. The reliable base of the entire cause of Communism has been growing rapidly since that time, and the chief thing is that the faith that victory is near is steadily growing in the working class and among the entire mass of toilers and of those oppressed by capital.

By the whole of its development, by the growth of its forces and by its unlimited possibilities for building a bright life for the working people, the Soviet Union shows wherein lies the power of Communism, wherein lies the road to complete victory for the working people. The Soviet Union clearly demonstrates all the great significance of the organizing force of the Bolshevik Party in Socialist society, and the significance of the creative work of its great leaders, V. I. Lenin and J. V. Stalin.

Lenin was the leader of the Bolshevik Party, of the Socialist Revolution, of the Soviet Union. Comrade Stalin is a worthy continuer of the great deeds of V. I. Lenin. That is why Comrade Stalin enjoys such trust and love of the working people.

ALEXEI TOLSTOY

Path to Victory

(Excerpt from the play)

Lenin's office in the Kremlin. Night, a high wind blowing. Rain is beating on the window panes. LENIN is speaking over the telephone at the table.

LENIN: . . . I can't hear you. . . . Where did you say Kutepov's patrols had been found? Near Mtsensk? How are things in headquarters? What? I can't hear you. . . . We are still retreating? The 9th and 12th armies are also retreating? Can you hear me, Sergo? Tomorrow we shall make a decision. . . . Goodbye. . . . (*Hangs up the receiver. Reads a manuscript. Telephone rings. Lenin lifts the receiver.*) Yes, Oryol has been evacuated. Yes, the enemy is moving on Tula. . . . Not catastrophic, but grave. . . . Archives? I don't understand—what archives? The Government's. . . . Even if fighting were raging in the suburbs of Moscow—I would still consider our victory assured. . . . The very idea of evacuation is cowardly and criminal. . . .

Hangs up the receiver. Resumes reading. Light knock on the door. Lenin rises and opens it. Enter STALIN carrying a rolled map, a newspaper and a letter.

LENIN: Have you read it?

STALIN: Have you? I've brought a five-verst scale map. . . .

LENIN: Fine. Let's have a look at it. . . . (*Spreads the map out on the table.*) Sergo just telephoned.

STALIN: He sent a note by messenger. Evidently he phoned about the same business. . . . (*Hands letter to Lenin.*)

LENIN: According to the latest bulletin, Kutepov's patrols are already in the neighborhood of Mtsensk. . . .

STALIN: That is sheer panic on the part of the headquarters at the front—Kutepov isn't there. . . . But here is something very curious. . . . Take a look at this, Vladimir Ilyich. . . . (*Points to the newspaper.*)

LENIN: What's that, the *Times* . . . Denikin's portrait.

STALIN: Title: Tsar Anton . . . A new dynasty. . . .

LENIN: Tsar Anton. . . . Have the English crowned him already?

STALIN: As a matter of fact, they'll let Tsar Anton have Moscovy within the limits of the seventeenth century. . . . The only sea thrown

in is the White Sea because of its freezing ports.

LENIN: The clever English! Why, they are lost in history, like sheep in the dark, bumping their heads against each others' . . . they fear dialectics more than death. . . .

STALIN: The article is directed mainly against Japan which claims Siberia all the way to the Urals. The English are so sure of our defeat that they are already scrambling over the spoils.

LENIN: What candor! How typically British! Why indeed, do the Russian people need so much land? They can move up a trifle; the Russian people cannot wait long enough to accompany Tsar Anton to Mass on Trinity Day.

STALIN: Actually this sows the seeds of a future world war.

LENIN: Yes, since the war the bourgeoisie has become stupid, simply stupid. The Bolsheviks have scared those people out of their wits. . . . They are losing their temper, getting rattled, attempting to force events. . . . This is where we are going to beat them with foresight, according to plan. . . . After this bloodthirsty article neither Finland, Esthonia nor Latvia will move against us, as a matter of course. Thank you, milords! England has lost her diplomatic skill out of blind rage and fear. It's a fact. Too bad our armies are retreating. They might have not retreated now. . . . The reason is clear—you are quite right (*scanning the papers*). You are quite right, Comrade Stalin.

STALIN: Take the news about Kutepov, for instance. . . . He encountered serious passive resistance at Oryol. The peasants refused to deliver bread to him. . . .

LENIN: So this is true?

STALIN: Yes. . . . Kutepov even began to talk about kerosene and salt. . . . Spoke sweet words to the tradeswomen on the market place. . . . Kutepov and Denikin himself have been holding out only because Trotsky and his staff military leadership considers the Red Army as a means only. . . . And regards the peasantry simply as cannon fodder. Vladimir Ilyich, the Red Army wants to fight. It is all only a matter of leadership. . . . Vladimir Ilyich, read Sergo's letter. . . .

LENIN (*leaning over to the light, reads*): "I visited all the army headquarters along the front and saw something unbelievable. Something akin to treason, a frivolous attitude to the cause, a downright lack of understanding of the gravity of the moment. Front headquarters—it is a travesty!"

STALIN: Sergo was reluctant to use stronger language when writing to you. . . .

LENIN: ". . . Our troops have been led to believe that the Soviet power is championing a lost cause, and that nothing can be done about it anyway." . . . Where is that order and discipline of Trotsky's, where is his regular army? . . . How could he have allowed things to come to such a breakdown? (*A gust of wind, and something soft and heavy strikes the window pane.*) That's the wind blowing the Moscow ravens toward the light. . . . (*Paces up and down the room with Stalin.*) A complete breakdown . . . the devil knows what all this means. . . .

STALIN: It is a matter of days, or even hours. . . .

LENIN: And is it true that the fur jackets and boots actually fell into Kutepov's hands?

STALIN: For reasons unknown the train was routed to Oryol. One of Kornilov's regiments has been outfitted in our jackets. . . . They even thanked us by phone. . . .

LENIN: That applies to the munitions as well. . . .

STALIN: Also for the same "reasons unknown". . . .

LENIN: Tomorrow I shall submit to you the plan of the Central Committee. Evidently. . . . I am sure . . . (*thumbing the papers*) Trotsky's strategic plan is to avoid clashes near Moscow, executing a deep raid behind Denikin's line, diverting Denikin's forces from Moscow.

STALIN: It's a poor joke, not a strategic plan. Trotsky's plan would inevitably hand Moscow over to Denikin. If we press Denikin behind his lines he will merely throw all his troops against Moscow. . . . Press one end of a swinging board and the other end will jump up, and the harder the pressure, the harder the knock.

LENIN: So you propose to form a shock detachment and start by routing Kutepov at Oryol? . . .

STALIN: A sweeping change has to be effected immediately on the main front. We must take the offensive against Denikin's main forces advancing on Moscow, destroy his best shock troops, and strike out frontally. When the soldier of the Revolution advances he understands what he is doing: he is blazing a trail to a happy life; he carries it on the point of his bayonet. To him Socialism is as palpable as the next year's crop.

LENIN (*pauses in his pacing*): . . . Quite right. . . . You put it very well.

STALIN: When the soldier of the Revolution is made to retreat without being told whither or why, for a reason and in a direction he does not understand, without having an intelligent political commissar at his side, when he is abandoned to the whims of a poorly functioning headquarters, the fighter then understands one thing only: the Revolution is being betrayed. . . . The only slogan the Red Army understands is—Forward! It does not want to hear of retreat. . . .

LENIN: Then it is all the more criminal, all the more monstrous!

STALIN: We are not going to attack along abstract geographical lines, but along the road of class strategy. We shall advance all along the Denikin wedge crossing the Donets coal basin in the direction of Rostov. According to this plan, our army will advance through a country inhabited by the Donets proletariat. They will give us reserves and every assistance. We shall gain an important railway system and the main artery which now feeds Denikin. We shall cleave Denikin's army in two: half of the White army, the volunteers, will be left to the mercy of Makhno and the guerilla fighters, and the Cossacks will be threatened with attack from the rear. We might be able to drive a wedge between the Cossacks and Denikin. We'll have the Donets coal and Denikin will be left without any coal altogether.

LENIN: Comrade Stalin, what are your conditions?

STALIN: Should my plan be adopted, you mean?

LENIN: Yes, if your plan is accepted. . . .

STALIN: That's good. . . . I confess, Vladimir Ilyich, I was somewhat worried. . . . I shall leave for the front provided Trotsky does not interfere. . . . Trotsky must not cross the front line. . . . This is my first condition. . . . All the people whom I consider unfit must be removed from the front and replaced by new people whom I consider capable of carrying out the task. This is my second condition. . . .

LENIN: The shock group for the routing of Kutepov will be formed from the 14th army units. . . . And what about political leadership?

STALIN: Sergo Orjonikidze. . . .

LENIN: Fine. . . . We shall call a session of the Central Committee. (*Looks at his watch.*) Within three or four hours. . . . You know, no one is sleeping tonight. . . . More and more workers must join the

Red Army ranks, and more and more workers must be made commissars. . . . This is how Socialism is realized in the everyday life of the fighter. . . . (*Stops Stalin, who is reaching for a box of matches.*) Careful. Let me light it for you. (*Strikes a match.*) I have learned how to do it. . . . These matches are unusually dangerous. . . . The head is liable to fly off and strike you in the eye. . . .

STALIN: Thanks.

LENIN: Now. . . . When do you start for Serpukhov headquarters?

STALIN: At once. . . . I should like to leave sometime tonight. Vladimir Ilyich, you really ought to get some sleep before morning. . . .

LENIN: You are not looking so well yourself. And "State property" must be handled with care. . . . Let's go to the kitchen and have a bite. Take the map with you. . . . Well, so we shall be plowing this spring over the entire length and breadth of our country.

STALIN: Vladimir Ilyich, permit me to shake your hand. The force of optimism in the people is astounding. . . . And in you, too . . .

LENIN: I assure you we shall accomplish everything in ten or fifteen years. No miracles. . . . The creative forces the people have been accumulating for thousands of years, anticipating this hour. . . .

STALIN: Time passes so slowly . . . I wish we could push the pendulum. . . . (*Telephone rings and Stalin lifts up the receiver.*) Serpukhov . . . Sergo again. . . . This is Stalin speaking. . . . Speak louder, Sergo. . . . Partisan uprisings? Behind Kutepov's lines? (*Turning to Lenin.*) Partisan uprisings behind Kutepov's lines. . . .

LENIN hurries to the table and picks up another receiver. Both listen in silence.

Lenin and Stalin at the telegraph ticker *Drawing by P. Vasilyev*

VLADIMIR MAYAKOVSKY

HOME!

Proletarians
reached up to Communism
from below;
Up from mine shafts,
from sickles,
and pitchforks.
I
from lyric sky
leaped upon it.
Why?
Because for me
loveless was life
without it.
It's all one
whether I went
willing,
Or at necessity's
boot-tip.
My steel words rust;
The brass of my tuba blackens.
Why,
under foreign rains
do I rot
and rust?
Here,
in tourist sloth
I lie.
Scarcely a gear
of my engines
turning.
I,
who am a Soviet mill
producing happiness.
A holiday flower
men may pick
after work? —
Not I!
I demand
that Gosplan
sweat in debate,
assigning
my year's output.
I await
orders from
the Commissar of Time;
Let them be
tacked
on my mind!
I want
my specialist's wages
paid to my heart
in love.
My day's work's done,
I want
my lips locked;
And the factory committee
on hand
to see them locked.
I want pens
listed with bayonets;
the output of poems
listed
with iron and steel.
Let there be items
on the labor
of poems
In Stalin's
reports
to the Politburo.
And graphs
to show how
From the depths
our workers reach the summit!
In the Union
of Republics,
deeper
The understanding of poetry
than ever before!

Translated by Isidor Schneider

PAVEL ANTOKOLSKY

Oath

Pensive on the platform, before him
All roads ran together, all needs settled
On the one duty, to renew the oath,
Renew the oath like those who enter battle.

He lived again the days in Tammerfors
When first he shook his friend's hand.
The touch retraced itself upon his palm,
The old current ran in it again.

Recalled how in his Siberian exile
He first had read the letter from his friend,
Feeling beside him the shapes of history,
Feeling beside him the whole epoch stand.

He remembered the canny, the vigorous,
The gay and glinting look from under eyelids—
The dear, unforgettable, living man
Swelled full in the eager memory.

Now on the platform, straightening up to speak,
He, staunchest of the Bolsheviks
Knew—felt it bodily—the matter of his speech,
Which should ring in the archives of centuries.

He began, and through the windows saw the storm
Still raging and men still swarming in the snow;
From the east and the west, from the north and south,
Men arriving for the funeral.

And every plank of the platform
And every lamp lighting the frost
Dim in the nimbus of icy tears—
Each thing acknowledged the same duty,
Each thing vibrated with the same pulse.

"We swear!" shoulder to shoulder they stood,
Crowded, in the dark night together,
Miners from the Ruhr, coolies from Shanghai,
Sailors from Valencia, weavers from Lodz.

To oncoming generations, new ages,
To the immortal people went the word,
The living, unconquerable word, "Lenin!"
Flashing with a world's tears.

We swear that Lenin lives indestructible.
We swear to keep safe Labor's dictatorship.
We swear from end to end of the universe
Never to break our oath.

"We swear!" and as if torn by wind
And by the same wind reassembled,
"We swear!" rolled the reply of the millions.
So earth's children heard the oath of Stalin.

Translated by Isidor Schneider

JAMBOUL

—Our-Sunlit-Land—

I am ninety-three years old. Old as the hills are high.
No bard in city, steppe can equal me in age.
My old heart hears: there where the people sang
Sad songs of woe, in my own fatherland,

Now hymns triumphant ring. The land, the people sing.
All tongues, united, flow as a river flows to sea.
All tongues sing glory to the Stalin law, to our sunlit land,
To happy toil, to freedom and the bliss of man.

The people sing. Their voices rise and rumble softly in the sky
As thunder in the distance on a day in spring.
Live on, my Soviet land—a rock amid fierce waves.
Live on, beloved Stalin who brought us happiness!

Translated by Robert Magidoff

VSEVOLOD IVANOV

Parkhomenko

(Excerpts)

Stalin entered. Heaps of newspapers were piled on the platform of the railway car, crowding the narrow passageway and overflowing onto the tables. The newspapers had been unloaded from a Moscow train, in the early morning. The faces of the conductors were haggard, green-grey from hunger; the crews of workmen wore clothes several sizes too large as though with the deliberate intent of giving them room for growth. Their stern searching glances revealed their dogged determination to return to Moscow with a train, no matter how long and heavy, provided it were loaded with grain, grain, grain. . . . The bundles of papers had flopped heavily to the ground. . . . They were *Pravda*, *Izvestia*, *Derevenskaya Bednota*, posters, poems, even music, everything that could convey the breath and the spirit of the Revolution, its intensity, its persistence, all that represented the life and the impact of the great city.

Edging through the banked up newspapers, careful not to touch them with his dusty boots, Stalin made his way to the washroom. Warm, brackish water flowed from the tap, washing off the smoke of the factory, the traces of oil and tiny fragments of coal. The conductor poked his head in the doorway, proffering a sliver of soap from behind the wall of newspapers. Stalin raised his eyebrows resembling the outstretched wings of a bird, and pushed his long black hair behind his ears.

The conductor said in a hoarse voice:

"Queer visitors nowadays—refuse to accept food but use up soap as fast as you give it to 'em. And wash as though they had never seen any soap or water."

Stalin, swaying slightly like a vessel steaming full speed, thoroughly dried his hands and his taut, thinnish face.

"Reading?" he asked, nodding in Parkhomenko's direction.

"That visitor? Oh, that one has been reading since morning," replied the conductor. "I tried to lure him away with soap but he didn't bite."

Parkhomenko was sitting with his back to Stalin. You could see the back of his head, broad and sunburned, his powerful neck with its tensed muscles, part of his carefully shaven cheek and the tip of his black mustache which hung down reaching the edge of his linen shirt. At his elbow lay a chunk of black bread, some salt on a bit of paper and the brief stalks of a young green onion. On the wall opposite him hung a map, the terrible map of 1918!

Stalin, glancing every now and then at telegrams he procured from

the pocket of his tunic, moved back the tiny, red slips of paper pinned to the map. The color of the slips had faded somewhat from the sun which fell full on the wall where the map was hung.

"Our entire front stretches over more than six thousand kilometers now," Stalin said calmly, as though trying to test Parkhomenko's courage by the brutal imperturbability of his tone. "The seas are gone. We have practically no salt water now."

He pointed to Leningrad.

"Here, you think? There is no salt water here. Only a blockade."

The whimsical hand of history, drawing the boundary line of the fronts, had outlined a profile of an emaciated female head. The haggard face was turned toward the Ukraine, the knot of hair toward Siberia. The arch of the brow began at Petrograd, the face lay along the German frontier in the Ukraine, the chin rested on Voronezh. From Saratov to Astrakhan ran the line of the throat, and since the Volga on the map was indicated by a thick blue line, it created an illusion of being the vein supplying the larynx with blood, with strength, with life. Tsaritsyn was next to the jowl, so close that it seemed—one stab of the Cossack knife well sharpened by the Germans—and death!

Stalin ran his finger across the map. At Tsaritsyn he dropped his hand and reached for his pipe.

"Frightening, eh?" he remarked, narrowing his eyes slightly.

"You can't fish for gudgeons without getting into deep water," replied Parkhomenko. "We're not children, we know what nut we are trying to crack."

He sat on the stool, his legs spread firmly and his elbows resting on the newspapers.

"Are you worried about your children? Where are they, by the way?"

"Sent them to Samara."

"The Czechs are in Samara," said Stalin, so that Parkhomenko should know that nothing was being kept from him. In general, Stalin's manner of stressing the bitter truth was apt to shock one at first, but after a while it had the effect of inspiring one with courage and hope. Stalin has always seen the world in its varied details, the way many people frequently do, but he has also seen it in its entirety. He fears nothing, and not only is he himself unafraid, but he never gives anyone else a chance to escape reality in the fruitless play of imagination, in some unfeasible hope; yet he can always find something real and immediate in the imagination and the hopes of others which begets fearlessness and victory. There were campaigns, battles, partings—all this perhaps for indefinite periods; he himself was always prepared for action in those days, dressed in a leather jacket, breeches stuffed into high boots, and since in all this bustle and hurry, cigarettes were liable to get crushed or lost, there was his pipe. Thus equipped, he was ready for the road, for sleep, for a talk, ready to watch a battle or to seize his rifle, plunge into attack and drive out the enemy. Thus lived and acted hosts of working people in those days, people accustomed to hard, exhausting toil, to a dry crust of bread, to the truth, the severe, fascinating truth of life. And that was the way Parkhomenko understood Stalin's sternness, and he was pleased and happy that he understood it just that way.

Stalin spoke quietly and unhurriedly, knowing that life is not clay but stone and that in this life there were many obstacles to the realization of one's plans and that all one's actions must be well thought out. As soon as Parkhomenko had appeared, ready to make his exhaustive report, Stalin had said:

"Sit down and read, please. Here, this is for you," and he pushed the food toward Parkhomenko, the bread, onion and salt. Then he had gone off to do his own work. In this way he seemed to infer that Parkhomenko must try to grasp the most important factors in the situation, and to do this he must know something of the life of the whole world, the whole country, he must know what our teacher Lenin thought about it all. Stalin dropped into the car several times while Parkhomenko was reading. He talked to some comrades, argued, trying to prove his point, and through it all he managed to follow Parkhomenko's reading. From time to time he would place some particularly important newspaper or article in front of him. And he did it calmly, without any fuss, swiftly and surely. He and the whole of the long blue railway car which had brought him from Moscow seemed to preserve the simplicity, the swiftness and the boldness concentrated in that city. Soldiers' uniforms hung outside the entrance; there was a typewriter and blue glass inkwells with funnels that you could tip over without spilling the ink; wooden penholders, a host of pamphlets and magazines whose contents were as powerful as explosives. Everyone on leaving the car was given a bundle of pamphlets. All the cars of the train were covered with posters, except this blue car beside which a workman in a tunic and with a rifle slung over his shoulder always stood on duty. Approaching this car, men at once assumed a tense expression like the men on the posters, and left it with a look on their faces the posters could never express, a look that only a great artist might catch.

As the sun traveled westward, the blue car was gradually covered by the shadow of the warehouse. All day long, the doors of the warehouse stood gaping wide. Along the road leading to it trundled carts drawn by oxen and horses, lorries drove up emitting dense clouds of stinking black smoke that made the oxen and horses shy away in distaste. The carters hauled wheat, fish, cotton and salt into the warehouse, yet they could never quite fill it for the sacks and bales were immediately flung across the platform onto the waiting freight cars. At times the guards, stacking their rifles, would help the loaders, and sometimes, in order to clear the lines quicker, Red Army men and office workers would lend a hand as well. At such times Stalin would look out of the window of his car and one could see he would have liked to get hold of a heavy, sweet-smelling sack, throw it with ease onto his shoulder and carry it into the cool interior of the freight car, which was now made cosy by the sacks of grain. But people would come in with questions to be answered, and Stalin would then leave the window at once to attend to them.

And how difficult it was to keep these warehouses stocked. Besides articles in the newspapers, Stalin showed Parkhomenko reports from district representatives. In one village the Communist who had come to collect grain had been hung by the *kulaks* on the wings of a windmill; in another, a worker had been bound and thrust head first into a cornbin and held there until he suffocated.

"He was a worker from Petrograd," said Stalin, "Gushchin was his name. Left a family of three children, the youngest one already knows all the rules of arithmetic."

Now and again a locomotive whistle would be heard. Then the car would be enveloped in a cloud of steam. Platforms of freight cars painted red would file past the warehouse, casting long silhouetted shadows of workmen carrying rifles. The worker on duty outside the

Stalin and Parkhomenko
Drawing by Z. Tolkachev

blue car would every now and then recognize a friend on the passing train and wave his cap, raising his rifle slightly, and then he would resume his pacing back and forth, the scrunching of his footsteps mingling with the sound of the shining bits of coal and slag loosened from the ground as he walked. The buffers would clank loudly, and suddenly the air would be filled with lusty singing—the loaders, probably, on their way to dinner.

"They're singing," remarked Parkhomenko, without looking up from his papers.

Stalin too appeared pleased by the singing.

"Nowadays they swear more often than they sing," he said. "But a time will come when we'll be saying: now they sing more than they swear."

Then he added, pointing to the map on the wall:

"The capitalists are drawing new frontiers. They think their pencil marks will never rub out. But our children will sing: 'The capitalists have no pencils any more to mark up frontiers with!'"

"Have you finished reading everything?"

"Everything, Comrade People's Commissar."

"Carefully?"

And he indicated Lenin's letter to the Petrograd workers about the famine. His fingers pointed sternly and boldly to the narrow newspaper column:

" 'We are faced by disaster,'" he read softly as though afraid that Parkhomenko might not dare to read these words. "'It has drawn terribly near. An intolerably severe May will be followed by a still more severe June, July and August.' That is what our teacher Lenin writes."

And somehow these words brought home to Parkhomenko the import and significance of what he had read in the newspapers, in the articles, orders and bulletins: the Party's decision to have all Communists take up military training; the decison to disarm at once the bourgeoisie in the village and city, and to arm the poor; the fact that there was martial law in Moscow and Petrograd; that the workers there received one sixteenth of a pound of bread a day, and full of husks at that; the fact that the trains swarmed with profiteers; and that the enemies were worming their way into the Red Army, and that while the Party demanded a vigilant selection of specialists, Trotsky was on his knees to them.

Stalin broke off a tiny piece of bread and placed it on the newspaper.

"That's one-sixteenth," he said. "And there are no husks in this bread. And have you read this?"

He pointed to a Volga newspaper.

There, in an article entitled "Down with Footwear" and subheaded "Open Letter to the Youth," the newspaper said: "Some people think it is difficult to walk barefoot, particularly in the city, if one is not accustomed to do so. That is true enough, yet it is not difficult to get accustomed to it; it suffices to walk barefoot for two or three days to be able to do without shoes at all on the fourth day."

"And this?"

Another newspaper suggested "exempting all handicraft bast-shoe makers from military service in order to ensure an uninterrupted supply of bast shoes for the Red Army."

"I have read all of it," said Parkhomenko.

"I shall tell them to select as many papers for you as you wish," said Stalin. "Will you be able to take a hundred copies of each?"

"That will be all right," replied Parkhomenko.

"And the Tsaritsyn papers as well?"

"Yes."

Stalin looked at him closely.

"You are not afraid?" And he pointed to his heart. "Everything all right in that quarter?"

He sat astride a chair opposite Parkhomenko.

"Will you have the courage to distribute the papers which tell the truth to the Ukrainian fighters? The men expect to get boots, and the papers are offering them bast shoes."

"We are marching barefoot."

"They have been inquiring from the center about these Ukrainians. On May 1 Petrenko's Ukrainian bands began to rob the banks in Tsaritsyn."

He showed Parkhomenko a telegram.

"The center has ordered all the Ukrainian 'bands' disarmed."

"Why is Trotsky permitted to issue such orders?" Parkhomenko reddened with anger and banged his fist on the table. "We have sent to Tsaritsyn nearly all the members of our local government of Donets and Krivoy Rog. Why do they keep quiet?"

"They have said everything they were capable of understanding."

Parkhomenko leapt to his feet.

"There isn't enough room here to run about," Stalin said slowly, putting a match to his pipe and obviously admiring Parkhomenko's agile movements. "Why lose your temper?" he added.

"How can I help it?" Parkhomenko wanted to say, but he realized at once that there was indeed nothing to be angry about, and that if the center was against admitting the Ukrainian army into Tsaritsyn, it was essential to understand why they disobeyed the order. And he remembered the story he had heard recently about a detachment of "Siberian-Ukrainian anarchists" who had turned up recently in Tsaritsyn from the upper ranges of the Volga. The commander, the story went, came to Stalin and demanded a full set of the *Russkaya Mysl* and *Stolitsa i Usadba*.[1] "What for?" Stalin asked. To which the commander replied: "Fruit is eaten from the pulp, and life must be learned from Russian thought and from the country's capital and from the life on estates." "Hand over your rifle and bullets, please," Stalin ordered. "That's not pulp. You may go." And turning to one of his men, he said: "Find a nipple for this citizen." A dozen nipples were actually handed out and the detachment was disarmed. Ukrainians, they called themselves! . . .

And Parkhomenko, slightly

---

[1] Russian magazines *Russian Thought* and *The Capital and Estate*, published before the Revolution.

ashamed of his anger, sat down on the stool and said softly:

"But we have Voroshilov, after all, an old Bolshevik, a Donets worker. . . ."

Stalin made a slight gesture with his hand as though to wave aside Parkhomenko's attempt to hide behind Voroshilov's prestige.

"They have sent *you*, Comrade Parkhomenko," he said, "and that means you know the masses who are with you, am I right? And knowing the people you say that you will show them all these newspapers. In other words, you will show them the whole truth?"

"I will."

"This means the Ukrainians have faith in the Bolsheviks, does it? It means they are not afraid of hardships, they won't run away or surrender to the Germans and the White Cossacks?"

"Certainly not."

Stalin tilted himself backward a little and laughed a soft throaty laugh.

"Very well. A city conference of the Party is to be convened in Tsaritsyn. I presume we shall be able to introduce representatives of your army to the conference and to the city Party committee as well. Comrade Voroshilov, in the first place. How many Party members have you?"

Parkhomenko told him.

And unexpectedly Stalin inquired about a large number of Donets workers, calling them by their names and asking what appointment each one had been given and nodding his head approvingly when he learned that all these comrades were working well and fighting excellently.

"Come back soon," he said. "It seems to me that Tsaritsyn wants you."

Parkhomenko laughed.

"But the headquarters of the North Caucasian Military District has protested against our coming?"

"And we will march with fixed bayonets right through the North Caucasian Military District . . ." said Stalin, still smiling, and making a sharp movement with his palm as though cutting the headquarters in two.

He looked Parkhomenko squarely in the eyes and added:

"One of our comrades will soon try to get into Samara. Write a letter to your family, Comrade Parkhomenko, and we'll try to deliver it."

The year nineteen hundred and twenty-four.

The wrecked station buildings seared by fires and explosions were already restored. Sturdy roofs were laid and new framework put in, and the fierce wind and driving rain sought in vain to penetrate. Near by rose the chimneys of the new depot from which noisy locomotives emerged, with gleaming copper aud steel, carelessly dropping large pools of oil onto the lines as though to show that oil was plentiful these days. The engines steamed over rivers across new grey bridges whose reflections in the water beneath resembled some monster fish. The wheat in the fields was growing toward the sun.

Somewhere around midsummer 1924 a timid lad dressed in a long, shabby leather jacket, which had obviously belonged to someone older than himself, entered the large building on the Vozdvizhenka Street that housed the Central Committee of the Russian Communist Party. It was Vanya, Parkhomenko's eldest son. He had come to Moscow to take a study course in preparation for enrollment in some institute. He had no room, no stipend, no friends. So he had written a letter to Stalin and was now calling for an answer.

In the large anteroom several secretaries were busy taking down the names of those who wished to see

Stalin. Through the wide open windows came in the smell of the city, the smell of oil, mingled with freshly baked bread, gasoline and tar. One could hear the clanging of tramcars, rattling by noisily, intent on their business. There were about forty impressive-looking callers in the room with the brown wallpaper and tiled Dutch stoves. "Looks like a long wait," thought the lad.

At that moment a secretary appeared in the doorway, came over to the lad and said to him:

"Vanya Parkhomenko! Comrade Stalin will see you now."

Stalin was standing by an armchair behind the table, holding a white envelope in his hand. His face wore that thoughtful expression born of remembrance. He bade the lad be seated and commenced to question him about Parkhomenko's family, about Kharitina Grigoryevna and about Vanya's younger brother.

"Do you know where the Kremlin is, Vanya?" he asked in his low voice. "Take this letter to the All-Russian Central Executive Committee and I think your life will be arranged. You must continue your studies at all costs."

Stalin escorted Vanya to the anteroom, and with the same grave expression weighted with memories, he turned to the secretary and asked:

"Have you a pass to the Kremlin for this young man?"

While the secretary was writing out the pass Stalin scanned Vanya's features as though searching for some resemblance to the father.

"Your father," he said at last, "was a remarkable person and a splendid revolutionary. No doubt the country will remember him."

Vanya took the pass. Putting his arm on the boy's shoulder, Stalin explained in detail how to get to the Kremlin, how he must turn to the right as he left the house, and when the Kutafya tower came into view he should pass over the bridge through the Kremlin gates. Step by step Stalin directed the lad to the building of the Central Executive Committee and, as it were, leaving him outside the wide open doors, he took his hand off Vanya's shoulder and said gently:

"Study, Vanya. Study as if your father were alive. He knew that when a father perishes in the struggle, the people act as father to his children. The people are immortal, the people will conquer. Right, Comrade Parkhomenko?!"

Stalin and Voroshilov at the Front
Sculpture by a young Soviet worker, G. A. Petin

ERICH WEINERT
German Poet

The Genius of Freedom

Never do folk songs sing a betrayer;
Never do folk songs vaunt empty glory.
Only the man who lifts arm 'gainst oppressor,
Only he is raised high in folk song and story.

Never were folk-saints the demigod killers;
In folk songs the bloody never were glorious.
At other fires did the people warm them
They knew in whose victories they were victorious.

Forgot on their clods, what sang there the people?
No vainglory epics, no paeans to power;
No pastrycook lyrics to set before kingships.
The people sang secrets and waited their hour.

Never can whips drive the people to worship
Those whom they cannot, in their hearts, call their own;
Who, the earthborn, eternal statutes of freedom
Never defended with muscle and bone.

Only the liberators are the peoples' heroes.
Immortal, like Liberty's self they dwell
In the heart of the sire and then of the son—
Spartacus and Geyer and William Tell.

He whom they see as Freedom's defender,
Who sets Freedom's dwelling place in their land,
He is the one whom they hold in their songs,
To whom as their leader rise their strong hands.

Here does the people hold high in its song
And wave like a banner a beloved name,
Name that means brother of people, comrade, friend,
To whom in frank counsel all peoples came.

I see the people burnishing their strength
With the unclouded shining of that name.
In the hundred languages of the land
A hundred peoples sing it and acclaim.

This multi-nation in creative work
Found its old words wanting,—thin, worn through.
Then with this name refreshed them, gave them life,
Revived strength, honor, love; and they shone new.

I read, I hear the songs of the liberated;
The stride of the unshackled future rings.
In my own tongue I return the songs to you;
To each a portion of my own heart clings.

Translated by Isidor Schneider

EMI SIAO
Chinese Poet

Great Man

Night deep over earth; dreams still have their hours.
Putting on my robe I hear a distant chime.
I pluck the curtain folds and see the faint moon
And the snow below, many new layers deep.

Snowflakes sleep on the slim bridge railing.
Soon in the black houses dawn will put out the lights.
Only above Red Square will five ruby stars
Hold light over the Northern city.

Across the river the Kremlin palace stands in unpathed snow.
I hear an auto roar. The moon still hangs in the sky.
Does he sleep, yet, the great man there; after
His day's care of us, does he sleep? Or is he still awake?

Translated by Isidor Schneider

SANCHO PEREZ

Spanish Peasant

Children howled, donkeys brayed,
Peasants were poor.
There was a man who smoked a pipe,
His name was Stalin.
He lived far away
Where snow falls in summer.
No donkey could get you there.
He said: "Olives grow for all,
"Why should any man be insulted?"
He wanted that there be wine for all,
That all children be able to laugh.
Today I cleaned my rifle.
To my mother I said: "Stalin!"
My mother is old and ignorant.
I said the one word, "Stalin!"
It is the same as saying, "Mother!"
It is the same as saying, "Comrade!"
If an enemy's bullet get me,
Let my younger brother take my gun.
He too must know how to die.
Stalin thinks of Moscow;
I think of my village;
But we see by the same light.
We have our grief in common;
And we will share the victory!
Never grew such a power of wheat
Out of the land we till.
Never did the village folk
Work with such a will.

Translated by Isidor Schneider

HENRI BARBUSSE

STALIN

(Excerpts)

The Red Square, center of Moscow and of vast European and Asiatic Russia. The Mausoleum, center of the Red Square. On top of the Mausoleum, in the depths of which Lenin sleeps as though alive, stand five or six people in a row, looking, at a few yards' distance, almost exactly alike.

All around, a great multitude sways to and fro. A ceremony is taking place, kaleidoscopically, through the length and breadth of the square; an interminable fluttering procession of red canvas and red silk covered with letters and phrases—of clamoring fabric, as it were. Or else a gigantic sports parade which, as it advances, keeps on forming different patterns. Or, again, the swarming of the most powerful army in the world, the men of the Red Army, grouped into huge rectangles.

Here and there details of the ceremony can be seen at close quarters: a glittering palisade of bayonets filing by, or a line of young men and women, or just their faces close together, proud and happy, full of laughter and brightness.

These parades which last for hours, and the enthusiasm which is reflected by the crowd massed tier upon tier in the stands erected before the red, crenellated wall of the Kremlin, form a vortex of muttering and roaring, centered around a single point. The clamor assumes a human form: "Stalin!" "Long live Comrade Stalin!" One of the men standing on Lenin's monument raises his hand to the peak of his cap or waves his hand at the end of his arm bent into a right angle at the elbow. He wears a long military cloak, but this does not distinguish him in any way from the people with him.

That man is the center, the heart of everything that radiates from Moscow on the surrounding world. His portrait, either in the form of sculpture, as a drawing or as a photograph, is to be found everywhere throughout the Soviet continent, like that of Lenin and beside that of Lenin. There is hardly a corner of any factory, military barracks, office or shop window in which it does not appear on a red background, between a list of striking Socialist statistics (a sort of anti-religious ikon) and the emblem of the crossed hammer and sickle. Latterly, a poster of enormous dimensions has been put up on the walls, all over Russia and the Soviet Republics, representing the super-imposed profiles of two dead men and one living: Karl Marx, Lenin and Stalin. And we may multiply these

a thousandfold; for there are not many rooms, whether occupied by working men or by intellectuals, in which Stalin does not figure.

Whether you love or hate this new people who occupy one-sixth of the world's surface, that is the man who is at the head of them.

Some hours later comes the luncheon hour. (This is variable in Russia; among the large number of the "responsible people" everything is subservient to the work in hand.) On this day, let us say, it is two o'clock.

The Kremlin is a brightly colored, fortified enclosure, a sumptuous little city, which rises out of the center of Moscow in one solid block. Inside the high wall, with its barbarian towers, painted red and green, stands a whole city composed of ancient churches with gilded domes and of old palaces (and even one large palace built in the nineteenth century by a rich landowner of the Romanov family, which looks like a huge modern hotel.)

In this Kremlin, which makes one think of an exhibition of churches and palaces, at the foot of one of the latter, stands a little three-storeyed house. This insignificant edifice, which would probably escape your notice if it were not pointed out to you, was formerly part of the outbuildings of one of the palaces, and was inhabited by some servant of the tsar.

One goes up to the first floor, where white linen curtains hang over three of the windows. These three windows are Stalin's home. In the tiny hall a long military cloak hangs on a peg beneath a cap. In addition to this hall there are three bedrooms and a dining-room. The bedrooms are as simply furnished as those of a respectable second-class hotel. The dining-room is oval in shape; the meal is being delivered from a Kremlin kitchen. In a capitalist country a junior office clerk would turn up his nose at the bedrooms and would complain about the fare. A little boy is playing about the place. The eldest son, Yasha, sleeps at night in the dining-room, on a divan which is converted into a bed, the younger sleeps in a tiny recess, a sort of alcove opening out of it.

The man has finished his meal and is smoking his pipe by the window, sitting in an arm-chair. He is always dressed in exactly the same way. In uniform? That would be saying too much. It is more a suggestion of a uniform, the outfit of a private soldier still further simplified: top-boots, khaki trousers and a high-necked khaki tunic. No one can ever remember him being dressed in any other way, except, in summer, in white linen. Each month he earns the few hundred rubles which constitute the meagre maximum salary of officials of the Communist Party (amounting to between £ 20 and £ 25 in English money).

Perhaps it is the exotic, slightly Asiatic eyes of the man smoking the

pipe which give his rather rough workman's face an ironic expression. Something in his features and in his look make him seem to be perpetually smiling. Or, rather, as though he were just about to laugh. Lenin used to look like that, too. It is not so much that his expression is a little jeering as that there seems to be a perpetual twinkle in his eye. It is not so much the wrinkling of the lion's face (although there is something of that too), as the shrewdness and cunning of the peasant. Actually he does smile and laugh very readily. He does not talk much, although he can discourse to you for three hours on some casual question you may put to him, without leaving a single side of it unexamined. He laughs, often uproariously, much more easily than he talks.

He is the most important of all our contemporaries. He is the leader of one hundred and seventy million human beings distributed over nearly twenty-one million square kilometers. He has a large number of associates who are in close touch with him. But these men love him and believe in him, and they form a group which supports him and throws him into relief. He rises high above both Europe and Asia, both now and in the future. He is the most conspicuous man in the world, and yet he is one of those whom people know least.

The biography of Stalin, says Kalinin, is an extremely important part of the Russian worker's revolutionary movement.

It is an integral part of it. And all those who know anything about it, wherever they may be, will tell you the same thing in the same terms.

It is a very serious undertaking to try to give a clear idea of a man mixed up to such an extent with a work of a world wide importance; of a political fighter through whom one can see whole worlds and epochs. In following him one sets one's foot into the realm of history, one strides along untrodden paths, and one encounters new situations in the sacred annals of humanity. Documents crowd in upon one another and accumulate. There are too many of them, because of all that is contained in this resurrected land. One has to hew one's way, stroke by stroke, through this impassioned, still living and appealing encyclopaedia of events.

And this brings us to the heart of what is not only the burning question of the hour, but is also the burning question of all time, namely, what is to be the future of the human race, so martyred hitherto by history, and what is the amount of comfort and the amount of earthly justice to which it may aspire? To sum up, to what have 2,000,000,000 human beings to look forward?

This question has come from the lowest strata of humanity and has been lifted out, adjusted and presented to the world by a few contemporary regenerators, who claim that everything can be altered here below by upheavals. And the man with whom we are dealing is their representative.

His history is a series of victories over a series of tremendous difficulties. Since 1917, not a single year of his life has passed without his having done something which would have made any other man famous. He is a man of iron. The name by which he is known describes it: the word Stalin means "steel" in Russian. He is as strong and yet as flexible as steel. His power lies in his formidable intelligence, the breadth of his knowledge, the amazing orderliness of his mind, his passion for precision, his inexorable spirit of progress, the rapidity, sureness and intensity of his decisions, and his

Stalin Among Children *Painting by V. Odintsov*

constant care to choose the right men.

The dead do not survive except upon earth. Wherever there are revolutionaries, there is Lenin. But one may also say that it is in Stalin more than anyone else that the thoughts and words of Lenin are to be found. He is the Lenin of today.

In many ways he is extraordinarily like Vladimir Ilyich: he has the same knowledge of theory, the same practical common sense, the same firmness. In what way do they differ? Here are two opinions of Soviet workers: "Lenin was the leader: Stalin is the master." And also: "Lenin is a greater man, Stalin is a stronger. . . ." We will not, however, pursue these parallels too much as they might lead us to form a wrong idea of these two exceptionally great men, one of whom formed the other.

Let us say, if you like, that Lenin, especially because of circumstances, was more of an agitator. In the vast directing system which is now much better organized and more developed, Stalin must necessarily act far more through the medium of the Party, by the intermediary of organization, as it were. Stalin is not, nowadays, the man of great tempestuous meetings. However, he has never made use of that tumultuous force of eloquence which is the great asset of upstart tyrants and the only one, very often, of successful apostles: this is a point which should be considered carefully by historians who attempt to gauge him. It is by other paths that he came into and remains in contact with the working,

peasant, and intellectual population of the U.S.S.R., and with the revolutionaries of the world, who carry their spiritual country in their hearts—namely, many more than two hundred million people. . . .

Stalin has written a great number of important books. Many of them have a classic value in Marxist literature. But when one asked him what he is, he replied: "I am only a disciple of Lenin, and my whole ambition is to be a faithful disciple." It is curious to observe how, in many of the accounts of work accomplished under his direction, Stalin systematically gives credit for all the progress made to Lenin, whereas the credit has been in very large measure his own, because, in any case, no one can carry out the principles of Leninism without himself being a creator. In our own countries, the word "disciple" is one of praise—but these men only use it to belittle the particular part played by themselves and to put themselves back into the ranks of their fellows. This does not mean subjection, it merely means fraternization. One is reminded of the fine, clear-cut phrase of the philosopher Seneca: *"Deo non pareo sed assentior"*—"I do not obey God: I agree with him." . . .

We know well that, according to Stalin's own words: "The times have passed when great men were the chief makers of history." But, if one must deny the exclusive part played in great events by the "hero," as laid down by Carlyle, one cannot dispute the relative part that he plays. The great man is the man who, foreseeing the course that things are taking, gets ahead of them instead of following them, and acts for or against them in advance. The hero does not create an unexplored country, but he discovers it. He knows how to evoke the broad movement of the masses—and yet it is spontaneous—because he knows so well what causes it. Dialectics, properly applied, can get the best out of a man—and out of circumstances too. In all great circumstances a great man is needed, as a sort of organizing power. Lenin and Stalin did not invent history, but they organized it. They brought the future nearer.

We are created to bring the greatest possible amount of progress to the human mind, for we are certainly more the trustees of the human mind than of anything else in this world. The duty which we have loyally to carry out in our passage through the world is to avoid undertaking the impossible, but to go as far as our strength permits us to go in practical achievement. We must not try to make men believe that we can prevent them from dying. We must try to make them live a life of fullness and dignity. It is useless to fling ourselves heart and soul upon incurable evils, which are part of human nature; we should rather devote ourselves to curable evils which are part of the social order. We can only rise above the earth by earthly methods.

When one passes at night through the Red Square, through that vast scene which seems to be divided into two parts—that of today, that is to say of the nation of a large number of the earth's inhabitants, and that which dates from before 1917 (which is antediluvian)—it seems as though the man who lies in the tomb, in the center of that nocturnal, deserted square, is the only person in the world who is not asleep, and who watches over everything around him, in the towns and in the fields. He is the real leader—the one of whom the workers used to say with a joyful smile that he was comrade and teacher at the same time; he is the paternal brother who is really watching over everyone. Although you do not knowhim, he knows

you and is thinking of you. Whoever you may be, you have need of this friend. Whoever you may be, the finest part of your destiny is in the hands of that other man, who also watches over you, and who works for you—the man with a scholar's mind a workman's face, and the dress of a private soldier.

January, 1935

Lenin and Stalin *Painting by A. Moravov*

Stalin in Folklore

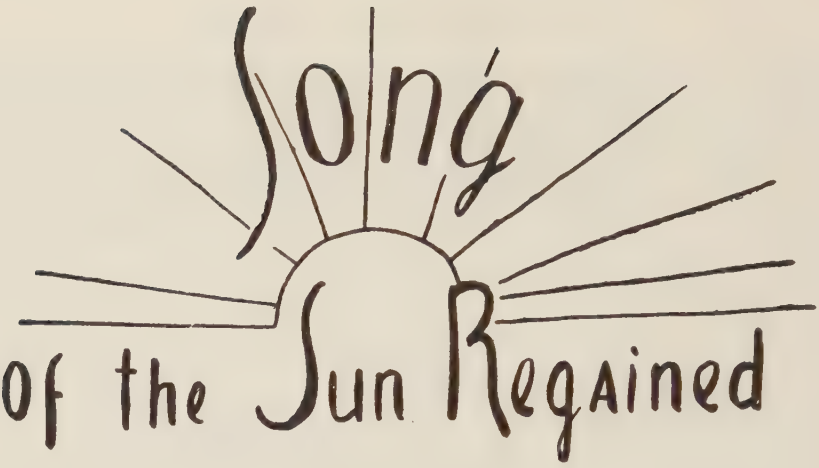
Rivers are drawn by OCEANS...

DAGHESTAN FOLK SONG

Rivers are drawn by oceans,
Iron is drawn by magnet,
Sunward are drawn the grasses,
Southward drawn the birds.
But men are drawn toward freedom,
Men are drawn toward justice,
Men are drawn toward friendship,
Men are drawn toward you.
I would that I were a swallow
Of slender and lithesome body
So that, fast as a whirlwind,
I might get to the Kremlin wall,
So that I might for a second
See the smile of our Stalin
Listening to the happy
Men remolded by him.

Leaves are a-flutter in forests,
Stars are a-flutter in heavens,
Waves are a-flutter in waters
When dawn reddens the east.
So the hands of the people
Flutter and beat applauding
Whenever at meeting or council
They hear your beloved name.
I was as poor as a beggar,
I, an apprentice only,
Knew only the fist of the master,
Only the door to the shop.
Stalin, you gave us sunshine,
Sunshine and strength and freedom,
Sunshine and truth and wisdom,
Sunshine and happiness.

Translated by Robert Magidoff



SAAME LEGEND

Out to sea the night departed
With the floating ice of springtime,
Stormy gales dispelled the sorrow.

But regardless of the sorrow
Of the vicious winds at Sunset,
For the sun again came to us,
Lit the life of the Saame,
Dried their tears in summer breezes.
To the ice-clad Arctic moorlands,
Came the man who brought the sunlight,
Came the man—the son of Lenin,
Who returned the sun and sunshine
To the Arctic fen of Lapland.
He is just the same as Lenin,
Great of mind and brave in battle.

As though in a boat, he sailed on
'Cross the sea upon an iceberg.
Higher than the Khibin mountains
Was the iceberg, like an island
Floating to the Lapland seashore.
He stood upright, firm as granite,
Like a mountain peak in Norway.
He came sailing to our tent-camps,
To the gloomy shores of Murmansk.
In his mighty hand—the golden
Sun he brought to the Saame.

On the Kola shore he landed,
Placed the sun above the hill-tops,
Set it moving and commanded:
"Shine upon the Arctic moorlands,
Make life flourish in the tundra,
Make the tundra people happy."

He is great and wise as Lenin,
He is like a cliff of granite.
He is just the same as Lenin,
Just as Lenin, kind and friendly.
All Saame and the Nentsi,
All the pure and all the noble,
Those with love for honest labor,
Does he name among his nearest.
He's plain-spoken, wise as Lenin.
Far and wide throughout the tundra,
Old and young, Saame, Nentsi,
Know his name—wise, noble Stalin.

He is great and wise as Lenin.
He fulfills the will of Lenin,
Our beloved leader Stalin.
He declared to the Saame:
"May your life be as a poem!
May the tundra glow as sunshine!
Live in happiness and plenty,
Work and face the future bravely!"
To the moorlands, with the sunlight
Stalin, our great leader, brought us
Faith in our own strength and labor.
He is plain and wise as Lenin.
He drove out the greedy traders,
Money-changers and the "shamans,"
And the last of tribal chieftains,
Crushed them as one does mosquitoes.

"All your lives you've longed for sunlight,"
Stalin said to the Saame.
"Take this sun, I give it to you.
Henceforth may it cross the tundra
Once a day to bring you sunshine,

Warm your camps, your tents of deer-skin.
Guard and cherish it, for Lenin
Left it for the tundra nomads.
Lenin left the sun, I brought it
To the land of the Saame."

Then he started back to Moscow,
Crossed the tundra and the mountains.
Where he trod he left his foot-prints;
Every foot-print a new city,
Here a bridge and there a railway.
On the spot of lonely, wooded
Khibinsk mountains in the tundra
There is now a wonder city.

Thus he crossed the Soviet country,
Friend and leader of all peoples.
Everywhere he left his foot-prints.
Cities rose with cliff-like buildings,
More impregnable than granite.

To our friend and leader, Stalin,
We, the herdsmen in collectives,
Sing our song of joy and labor,
Sing the new sun in the tundra.
Stalin reaches every people
Just as willed our teacher Lenin.
Stalin brings to every people
Happiness and liberation.

Translated by Andrew Steiger

Differently Shines the Sun

RUSSIAN FOLK SONG

Never have the meadows yet
Been so fresh and green.
Never our village have
We so happy seen.

Never life has been as now
Wonderful and bright.
Never in the fields as now
Flowered has the rye.

Differently from the skies
Looks the sun at us
In the Kremlin, like enough,
Stalin seen she has.

There are many girls around,
There are many boys,
Who have in the Kremlin heard
Comrade Stalin's voice.

Not as many in the sky
Twinkling stars there shine,
As there thoughts of wisdom full
Are in Stalin's mind.

As the wind, when blowing stiff,
Fills with pow'r the sails,
So does Stalin lend to us
Energy and health.

As the mill dam in the spring
Keeps at bay the tide,
So shall as a bulwark stand
We by Stalin's side.

Translated by Helen Kagan

The Eagle and the Chuvash Andri

CHUVASH FOLK TALE

Once upon a time there lived a peasant family in a Chuvash village. An old man, his wife and their three sons. They all lived in dire need.

The old father saw his family would soon perish of hunger, and he wondered what he could do.

He recalled a wonderful fairy tale he had heard long ago, a tale about happiness. When the world was just born, and happiness was distributed to men, each one of them received his share of happiness—except the first Chuvash of the Chuvash race. He arrived after all the shares had been given away, for it took him too long to put on his bast shoes.

The old man thought of sending his three sons along three highways to seek happiness.

The name of the youngest son was Andri. He set out and walked along the highway he had chosen, until he came to a fork on the road. There stood a sign-post on which the following words were inscribed:

"If you go to the right, a bear will get you. To the left—meet an eagle."

Andri thought for a long while until he finally took the road to the left. He thus walked for two days, and on the second day he reached the outskirts of the forest, and there he saw an eagle basking in the sun.

"Where are you bound for, Andri?" asked the eagle.

"I am seeking happiness. We cannot endure hunger and misery any longer."

The eagle bid Andri come closer and said:

"Happiness is not a thing to be found in the dust by the roadside. One must know where to search for it. Take this club and return to the village. You'll meet a bear on your way. Kill him with your club and rip open his belly. A little golden box will fall out of it. If you manage to open the box, happiness will be yours."

Andri did as the eagle told him. He killed the bear, found the golden box, opened it, and lo—out of the box jumped a hog and a sheep.

Andri returned home rejoicing, for he at last had found happiness.

He again settled in his native village, but soon he realized that although life was better, happiness was—O, so far away.

Once more he left his home in search of happiness, and he met the eagle once more.

"Where are you bound for this time, friend Andri?"

Andri told him all about the life in the village.

"Well," said the eagle, "here is another club for you. On the way back this time you will meet a wolf. Kill him, rip open his belly, and a little box will drop to your feet. Open it, and you will then find happiness."

Andri did as the eagle bid him. He opened the box, and out jumped a horse and a cow.

"Here at last is my happiness!" thought Andri.

Again he returned to the village,

Rug woven by the Uzbek rug-weaver Mashon Alimbekova

and lived there for awhile, and life was much better, yet happiness was miles away. Once more he went in search of it.

He met the eagle for the third time and complained that life was still hard in the village.

"Well," said the eagle, "go back again. This time you will meet a fox. Finish him and on the spot you'll surely find happiness."

Andri went and did as the eagle bid him. At the very edge of his village he spied the fox and killed

it. Then he looked up, but could not recognize his own village. A new one stood in its place, resplendent with fine buildings, granaries full of grain, stables and cowsheds filled with cattle.

Topping the main building of the new village was blazoned the word "Kolkhoz."[1]

Thus the poor Chuvash Andri found happiness at last, for he did away with the bear-tsar, the wolf-landowner, and the fox-kulak.

And the name of the eagle who showed the poor Chuvash his way was Stalin!

The Eagle

GEORGIAN FOLK SONG

Bred to be brave, when death is near
And sabers gleam like lightning flashing,
The echo of your laughter vied
With echoes of the thunder crashing.

Your voice rang out among the hills,
More ominous than cannons roaring,
As, darkening your airy path,
Emissaries of death were soaring.

Steel you have tempered in the fray,
Will smite the foe and set him quailing,
Oh, Eagle destined but to soar,
Above the highest summit sailing.

Eagle, through you it is we see
The joyful colors of the morning
And let the foes but dare to strike—
We'll lay them low without a warning!

They'll scamper cowardly away,
Forgetting that they meant to gore us.
Like dust, like rubbish on the road
We'll sweep all enemies before us.

A singer sings among the hills,
Where eagles from their nests are winging.
Song after song he sings. Of you
Great Stalin, our singer is singing.

Translated by Padraic Breslin

[1] Kolkhoz — collective farm.

The Portrayal of Stalin in Soviet Literature

An interesting event in Moscow last summer was the joint conference of playwrights, producers and actors, held to discuss the portrayal of Lenin in art. The introductory address was made by Alexei Tolstoy, the eminent Soviet writer.

"The characters of Lenin and Stalin," he said, "pervade the whole content of our Socialist art. . . . Soviet art treats a great variety of themes, from the defense of the country to the vicissitudes of love; yet it rests on one foundation: the philosophical ideas of Lenin and Stalin, the creators of our classless society—the ideas that direct our classless society along the path of progress, to victory, to the conquest of Nature in all her variety from the human intellect to the bowels of earth, to the state of happiness which is the due and birthright of man on earth. For it is for human happiness that we are building Communism; for it we have arrayed the frontiers of our State with mighty engines of defense. It is for happiness based on justice that Lenin lived, thought and fought, and it is this universal happiness that Stalin lives for in every thought and deed.

"All our social values, great and small alike, are based on the lofty principles of Lenin and Stalin. Hence the characters of Lenin and Stalin deeply imbue the content of our art. Art in our country is not a product of the individual mind with the inevitable limitations which we find even in the best of bourgeois art. Soviet art is the creative activity of a people building Communism, it is rooted in the heroic soil of our country. The matter and spirit of it is heroic; ours is the art of the people—realistic and national. . . .

"The mind of our people is shaped by the consciousness of the victories it has achieved, engendering a mood of profound, irrepressible optimism. In art this is a precarious path. Optimism is easy to imitate. But readers and audiences are not to be deceived by substitutes. The roots of this optimism run deep, to the philosophy of Lenin and Stalin. If we grow our art on these roots, it will always be optimistic.

"We, of the artistic professions," said Tolstoy, in conclusion, "must always keep the images of Lenin and Stalin before our mind's eye that we may render our due service to the people of our great country; that our art may increase their knowledge of life, raise them to higher things and give them joy; that we may translate the decisions of the Eighteenth Congress of the Bolshevik Party into terms of Soviet art, the art of our great and immortal people, with due depth and variety, intelligently, enthusiastically and realistically."

Such are the great tasks which confront Soviet writers in general and those particularly who aspire to portray Lenin and Stalin in their works.

Can it be said that Soviet literature has solved the vast and intricate problems involved here? Critical opinion says not. Nevertheless something has already been achieved. Perhaps Alexei Tolstoy himself has come nearest to a solution in his novel *Bread* and the play *Path to Victory*, where he shows Lenin and Stalin in the heroic days of the Civil War.

Tolstoy shows Stalin as the organizer of the historic victories which made possible the preservation of the Soviet State and its subsequent progress.

"*Bread* is written in a crisp, simple and manly style," says A. Leitess, reviewing it in the periodical *Tridsat Dnei* (*Thirty Days*). "The author has shown Lenin and Stalin in unity with the people, relying upon the masses, drawing from them their indomitable optimism and their iron confidence in the victory of the Revolution. Without pompous phrases, without exclamation marks, Alexei Tolstoy reveals the main traits of Lenin and Stalin: their iron determination, revolutionary singleness of purpose, inexhaustible optimism, firmness and confidence in difficult historical moments."

Tolstoy, it is agreed by Soviet critics, displays great talent and a true artistic tact in describing the intimate friendship between these two giants of the Revolution and their collaboration.

To quote the Leningrad *Literaturny Sovremenik* (*Literary Contemporary*): "It is indeed the main purpose of the writer to give a picture of Lenin and Stalin as comrades-in-arms and fellow-workers in the revolutionary cause, their sublime friendship. 'Each seemed to read the other's thoughts,' as it says in the book. The two characters are inspired with one idea, with a single revolutionary fervor.

"Alexei Tolstoy outlines their portraits with a masterly hand and gives a vivid characterization of their individual traits. The artist chooses his colors with scrupulous care and never repeats himself. He depicts Stalin in even but strong tones, revealing the inner fervor and conviction, the power of his mind and will—a character not without austerity, yet with a disarming geniality which lights up his features, lurks in the wrinkles in the corners of his eyes, now humorous, now mocking, now angry. . . ."

Tolstoy shows Stalin in movement, in action, beset with incredible difficulties, at a time when the enemies of the Soviet Republic had surrounded it with an iron ring of blockade, had cut off the supplies of grain to famish it, and were now advancing on Moscow, the very nerve center of the country.

"From special commissar of supplies," we read in the same article, "Comrade Stalin became the virtual commander-in-chief of all the military forces on the Tsaritsyn front (then the most important, the crucial sector). Comrade Stalin's railway car became the collecting and distributing center for the revolutionary energy of the masses. By that time, due to changes in the general situation on the fronts, the defense of Tsaritsyn, seemingly a local issue hitherto, had assumed prime importance for there the fate of the Soviet Republic was being decided at the time. And the thousands of people who passed through Stalin's railway car, we read in the novel, 'were imbued with this consciousness.' Stalin made the defense of Tsaritsyn the common cause of the whole people.

"The novel shows us Stalin in many aspects: Stalin dreaming of the future, Stalin—perspicacious, all-seeing and vigilant—striking terror to the hearts of masked enemies; Stalin concerned for the destinies of the whole Revolution, thinking not only of victory at Tsaritsyn but following developments on other fronts, faraway, keeping in touch with Lenin. From the pages of Tolstoy's story rises the majestic figure of a man never to be shaken or deterred in his convictions and aims.

"The novel ends with a picture of the mighty counterblow of the Red troops that began the defeat of the counter-revolution."

Tolstoy shows the reader how, through the storm and stress of the Civil War, Stalin could see the sunshine of the years to come.

Pertsov, reviewing the book in *Literaturnaya Gazeta (Literary Gazette)* quotes the following passage from the novel:

"Stalin watched one of the kites, which flew quite near, so that the whistle of its wings was audible; he watched it swoop to the ground within a hairsbreadth of a marmot which stood erect outside its burrow on a low *kurgan*—the ancient sepulchre of some Hun horseman. The marmot, hardly too soon, dived underground with a flip of his bobtail and the kite, with lordly dignity, as though totally indifferent to the taste of marmot meat, shot upwards in a warm gust of air.

"Stalin burst out laughing and thwacked the leg of his boot with his cane.

"'Some day we'll learn to build airplanes like that,' he said. 'Perfect flying, perfect control. Men could fly better if their faculties were freed. . . . We will fly better . . .' "

Pertsov makes the comment:

"This detail shows truly how ideas are born in a great mind, it gives a true portrait of a scientific revolutionary, for whom every 'thing of chance' is an impulse to 'read' the future, to look boldly ahead."

Stalin as the organizer of the Tsaritsyn victory is shown in the work of another outstanding Soviet writer, Vsevolod Ivanov.[1] In his book dedicated to Parkhomenko, one of the heroes of the Civil War, the author shows us Stalin's knowledge of men. "Stalin, with his ready insight into the true nature of men, immediately appreciated the willful and forceful character of Parkhomenko. At Tsaritsyn, while resolutely and ruthlessly repressing the enemies of the people, restoring order and discipline in the city and at the front, Stalin found an active assistant in Parkhomenko. That is why Stalin fixed his choice on this man when someone was needed to shatter the wall of ice-bound indifference

[1] The opinion of Soviet critics on V. Ivanov's *Parkhomenko* and Tolstoy's play *Path to Victory* has been given previously in our *Book-Shelf*. See *International Literature*, No 11.

Stalin and Gorky *Painting by A. Gerasimov*

in the commissaries. And Parkhomenko fulfilled Stalin's commission with honor." (*Novy Mir* [*New World*].)

Stalin has been portrayed—with varying success—in several plays and films. Thus he has been portrayed in the films *Lenin in October* and *Lenin in 1918* (Kapler's scenarios); the stage play and screen play by Nikolai Pogodin, *The Man With the Gun*; *The Great Dawning* by Chiaureli and Tsarageli, all of which have been an enormous success in the Soviet Union and abroad.

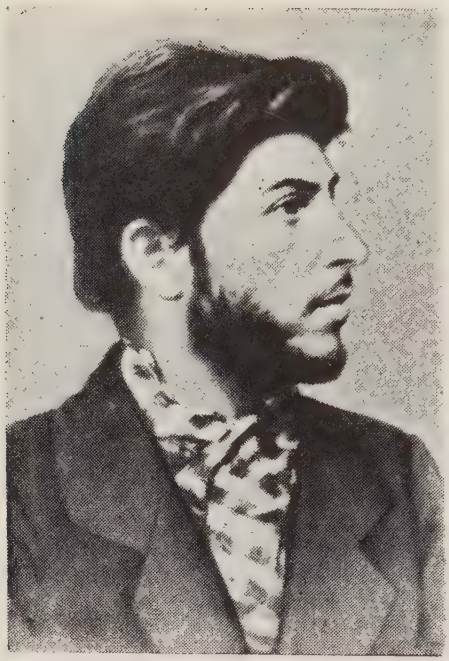
"Alongside the figure of Lenin, as shown in our films," says *Novy Mir*, "there naturally rises the remarkable figure of another great man—Stalin, Lenin's pupil and friend. What has been achieved in this direction is little enough; but we already get a glimpse of the main trait of the character: an immense concentration of will power and intellectual power. The greater the difficulties and dangers of a situation, the greater the strength, wisdom and genius of Stalin. Such is the man we see in *The Great Dawning* which, so far, is the nearest to a complete portrayal. We see a man of the people, endowed with the deep humor of the people. Notably good is the scene at the Sixth Party Congress where Stalin, crushing the Trotskyites, gives the Party a firm line towards armed uprising against the bourgeoisie and the bourgeois Provisional Government. We find him the same in Kapler's scenario *Lenin in 1918*—the remarkable military strategist, the organizer of victories in the Civil War.

The lyrics and epics of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. reflect profound love and devotion to their leader, their teacher and friend. This is very vividly and revealingly expressed in the works of Suleiman Stalsky, whom Gorky referred to on one occasion as "the twentieth-century Homer," and of the patriarch of Soviet folk poetry, Jamboul, the nonagenarian bard of Kazakhstan.

Says *Znamya* (*The Banner*): "Stalin is ever-present in the songs of Jamboul. Jamboul exerts all his talent, spends all the riches of his palette to find words worthy of Stalin.

"Your tent-dwelling bard of simple lore
Has no such gems in all his store."

"Jamboul, the people's bard, would liken Stalin to a prophet, the North Star, the sun, but all comparisons fail: the



Stalin in 1900

prophet can lie, the North Star is motionless, and the sun itself sometimes grows dim. . . .

"In the songs of the bard, the image of Stalin is organically connected with patriotic themes, the theme of happiness, the Red Army, the fraternity of the peoples, with modern times and the historic past. Jamboul addresses Stalin as his oldest friend, comrade and teacher; he feels a spiritual affinity with the greatest man of our time.

"In his songs of Stalin, words like these come natural to Jamboul: 'Warmer than the ray which comforts the soul.' Stalin is a 'father, the best among fathers,' his care 'has warmed the hearts of millions,' he 'dwells in the soul' of the old bard, to him the bard repeatedly expresses the 'gratitude, admiration and greetings' of the Kazakh people.

"Thus, in song, Jamboul portrays the leader and the man close and dear to the working people—Joseph Stalin."

Stalin is shown from an original angle in Pavlenko's novel *Red Planes Fly East*, an imaginary account of war in the Far East against a foreign aggressor. In the words of *Literaturnaya Uchoba (Literary Study)*, "the writer has been able to convey in vivid colors and stirring tones the rising fervor of the masses, the white-hot fury kindled by the insolent trespasser, their indomitable fighting spirit and confidence in victory. The general intensity of feeling reaches a climax when Stalin speaks in Moscow. His words entered the battle on the frontier, mingling with the fire and thunder of the shells, awaking the collective farms in the north, making the *dekhkans* in the oases of Amu-Darya weep with the joy of valor.

" 'Stalin's voice could be heard in the very inferno of the battle. The loudspeaker near the shell-shattered ruin of Vasily Luza's cottage was long defiant, though riddled with bullets. Stalin talked with the men in the underground casemates and the airmen in the clouds. Wounded men in the dressing stations recovered consciousness to the sound of this quiet and earnest voice. This was the voice of our country, simple and clear, honesty and goodwill in every accent, the fatherly, unhurried voice of Stalin.' "

There are touches of Stalin's winning personality in books recently produced by Heroes of the Soviet Union, principally aviators, whose feats have won them world fame. They were inspired in their feats by Stalin, and they speak of the unforgettable occasions when they met him, in connection with flights as well as at celebrations. One example is a little book entitled *Meeting Comrade Stalin*, written by George Baidukov, of the first Moscow-America transpolar flight, and issued by the Children's Literature Publishing House. L. Kvitko, the well-known Soviet children's author, says in a review of this book in the *Literaturnaya Gazeta*:

"The third chapter, 'Stalin our Host,' tells how Chkalov, Baidukov and Belyakov resting in the Caucasus after their Moscow-Far East flight were invited to dinner by Comrade Stalin. Baidukov gives the story of their meeting in transparent details, feelingly, but without superfluous words. He strikes a telling note when he shows Stalin bringing a blanket for Chkalov who has fallen asleep. There is also literary merit in his retelling of episodes from the past life of our beloved leader. They breathe such a spirit of humanity, modesty, heroism and genius to the reader that his great country, its people, its cause and its leader Comrade Stalin grow even dearer to him."

Reminiscences of meetings with Stalin are related in another interesting book, *Notes of a Navigator*, by Hero of the Soviet Union Marina Raskova, one of the three women aviators who made up the crew of the *Rodina* on its record flight from Moscow to the Far East in 1938.

"Stalin is described only in the last four or five pages," writes Galina Ko-

lesnikova in *Novy Mir*, "but his presence is felt right from the beginning. The reader is conscious throughout the book that the comradely attention paid to Raskova while she was at the Air-Force Academy, the foresight and care displayed in the organization of the flight and the perseverance shown in the search operations when the 'plane was reported missing were all a result of Comrade Stalin's care. Even when there is not a word about him, the reader feels that it is due to his attention and helpfulness that our country is producing such fine people.

"It was this sense of assurance that 'none of us can perish, while we live in one country with him, Stalin,' that helped Marina to find the 'plane on the eleventh day of her wanderings in the bush. It was this assurance that enabled Papanin and his comrades to fulfill their difficult scientific mission at the North Pole. It was the same assurance that saved the members of the Chelyuskin Expedition and enabled the intrepid Soviet aviators to fly to America over the North Pole.

"In all books which have been written by Heroes of the Soviet Union we feel the great presence of Stalin, the father of his people.

"Marina Raskova shows Comrade Stalin in a very intimate, almost a family circle when the women fliers were received at the Kremlin with their near relatives and children.

"Marina speaks of Stalin with such sincerity and feeling and reports the conversation between this great wise man and Raskova's inquisitive little daughter Tanya so naturally that the reader himself seems to be one of the company, listening and looking on."

But the most vivid, polished and complete picture of Stalin in all his greatness is given in the famous book by Henri Barbusse, the brilliant French writer and militant revolutionary, who, in his own words, saw the new world through one man, the greatest man of the new world—Stalin.

"As a piece of literature, as a work of art," writes Academician Ivan Luppol, reviewing the book in *Bolshevistskaya Pechat* (*Bolshevik Press*), "Barbusse's *Stalin* occupies a special place, a niche of its own. This is not a story in the usual sense of the word, still less a novel. Nor is it a specimen of the 'literary' biography, now in vogue in the West, or a journalistic 'portrait,' but an example of *publicist writing raised to a fine art*, in which there is not an iota of invention. *It is all true*, not a trace of literary mannerism or purple patches—*it is simple throughout*; not an atom of hero-worship or sickly sentiment—*it is all objective*. The book is imbued throughout with lofty inspiration and broad generalization, sounding like a call to arms."

At the same time Luppol makes the important point that we have no right to expect from Barbusse, as the author of *Stalin*, what we expect from a scientific textbook: "From this point of view a number of formulations given by Barbusse are very much open to criticism."

Speaking of the contents of the book and dwelling particularly on its portrayal of Stalin as a man, the reviewer writes:

"The role of Stalin prior to October 1917, his role during the Revolution and the period of Brest is brought out very vividly and artistically. It conjures up a living picture of these days out of which grows the image of Stalin as the closest comrade, friend and adviser of Lenin. . . . Framed with the art of Barbusse we meet again the remarkable documents of 1918. On January 15, 1918, Lenin sends a wire to Brest-Litovsk: 'Reply to Trotsky. I should like to consult Stalin first before I answer your question,'—and then on January 18, 1918: 'Stalin is here now, will discuss it together and send you a joint reply at once.'

The author's great powers of description are exerted with resounding effect in the

The Bailov Prison in Baku where Stalin was confined in 1908 (central window, second floor)

chapter on the Civil War period (*The Iron Hand*).

The role of Comrade Stalin as an organizer of the Red Army, as the inspirer and organizer of victories on all fronts of the Civil War is shown with great and impressive mastery. . . .

A separate chapter, with the striking title *The National Constellation*, is devoted to questions of the Lenin and Stalin national policy and its triumph. . . .

"The history of the struggle against the opposition, and how the Party defeated it under Stalin's leadership—unquestionably difficult material for a foreign author—is related in the chapter headed *The War with Parasitic Opposition*. In this chapter Barbusse addresses himself particularly to the foreign reader. Calmly, and simply, in the language of plain common sense he explains to all foreign liberals of the Manilov type the harm which the opposition had caused to the Party, the working class and the whole country, he shows the soundness of Lenin's general line and the great service rendered by Stalin in smashing the opposition."

Luppol enumerates many other features of this rich work which "inspires the reader with revolutionary enthusiasm, and Socialist humanism, and arouses a feeling of gratitude to the author for his artistic presentation of Comrade Stalin."

The concluding lines of the book "cannot be read without emotion." From them the reader becomes "keenly sensible of the love which Barbusse, the revolutionary, bears to Lenin and Stalin and, at the same time, takes them as the last behest of an author who is no longer with us."

Stalin among the students of the Gori Religious Seminary (center, upper row)

MARK MITIN

The Power of Stalin's Foresight

I

One of the principal functions of science is to forecast the future on the basis of a study of the past and the present. Forecasts of this kind are essential to the task of actively changing the world. And in this sense the theory of Marxism-Leninism, with its all-powerful method of materialist dialectics, represents the very peak of the scientific achievements of mankind.

"Miraculous prophecy is a fairy tale, but scientific prophecy is a fact," Lenin once wrote in reference to a specific case of scientific prevision. This was Engels' description of the future World War and its probable consequences, written as early as 1887.

The Marxist-Leninist theory is invincible, for it enables us to penetrate to the very depths of historical processes and to gain a thorough knowledge of its laws.

"Brilliant insight, the ability to grasp and divine the inner meaning of impending events, was that quality in Lenin which enabled him to lay down the correct strategy and a clear line of conduct at crucial moments of the revolutionary movement." (*Stalin.*)

Stalin emphasized that this quality of Lenin's was displayed most strikingly at crucial moments of the revolutionary movement. "In the days of revolutionary uprisings he blossomed out, as it were, became a prophet, forsaw the movement of classes and the probable zigzags of the revolution, saw them like the lines on the palm of his hand . . .

Hence the 'astonishing' clarity of Lenin's tactical slogans, and the 'breathless' audacity of his revolutionary designs."

These words may be equally applied to Stalin.

Stalin studies historical events from all aspects, in all their correlations and manifestations, and probes down to their very causes. He invariably studies phenomena in their development, is able to perceive their inception and the method and direction of their unfolding. He himself said that to be able to lead, one must know how to foresee. The most complex tangle of historical events and social phenomena becomes vividly clear when Stalin brings his analytical powers to bear on it.

If the Marxist-Leninist Party is to be the vanguard of the working class, if it is to head the proletarian struggle, it must be able to penetrate into the future and foresee "how and in what direction classes are developing at present . . . and how and in what direction they are bound to develop in the immediate future." *(Stalin.)*

Scientific leadership of the struggle for Communism is impossible without a clear perspective, without a precise goal and a knowledge of the conditions of the struggle and the conditions for victory. Especially does Stalin condemn the Communists who have neither sail nor rudder manifesting a desire or a tendency to drift with the current. He points to the dangers of such an aimless manner of progression: the dangers of becoming mildewed, deteriorating, sinking to the level of the philistine, and in the end becoming a tool of the enemy.

In order to foresee scientifically, Stalin says, one must know how to benefit by the experience of the masses, to weigh their experience scientifically. "And it is not always easy to foresee, comrades. It is one thing when only a dozen or so leading comrades are on guard and discern the defects in our work, while the mass of the workers are unwilling or unable to watch for defects or discern them. But it is a different thing when, instead of a dozen or so leading comrades, you have hundreds of thousands and millions of workers watching for and discerning the defects in our work, uncovering our mistakes, joining the common work of construction, and suggesting ways of improving the work." (*Stalin.*)

II

Fifteen years ago, on November 7, 1924, Comrade Stalin wrote the following entry in the visitors' book of the Dynamo Works:

"*My wish* for the Dynamo workers, as well as for the workers of all Russia, is that industry should progress, that the number of proletarians in Russia should increase in the immediate future to twenty or thirty million, that collective farming should flourish and bring private farming under its sway, that a highly-developed industry and collective farming should finally weld the proletarians in the factories and the toilers on the land into a single Socialist army."

To understand the full depth of this brilliant forecast, one must recall the historical situation in 1924.

The period of restoration was coming to an end. With the help of the New Economic Policy, the Communist Party had accomplished important achievements in every branch of economic life. Socialist industry was developing. The working class had grown numerically. Agriculture was progressing, even if slowly.

Although Soviet industry was developing along Socialist lines, it presented a rather unenviable picture. This was particularly true of heavy industry. The proportion of the Socialist sector of industry at that time represented 80 per cent of the whole, whereas the capitalist sector still controlled no less than 20 per cent.

In its social structure, agriculture resembled a boundless ocean of individual peasant farms, with their backward and primitive technical equipment, in the midst of which were dotted collective and State farms, like isolated, scarcely perceptible islands.

The landlord class had been already eliminated, but the rural capitalist class—the *kulak* class—was still rather strong. The Socialist sector controlled some 50 or 60 per cent of the trade of the country; the rest was in the hands of private traders and profiteers.

Such was the historical situatior at the time Comrade Stalin wrote his fiery, inspired greeting to the Dynamo workers.

Every word of this remarkable forecast was pregnant with meaning. It in fact outlined Stalin's plan for the industrialization of our country and for the collectivization of agriculture. This astonishing scientific forecast breathed the spirit of Lenin's

Stalin at the Lenin Memorial Meeting of 1936 (Pencil sketches by P. Vasiliev)

consistency and purposefulness. It was truly a glimpse into the future based on an analysis of the present.

The industrialization of our country is one of the greatest events in the history of mankind. It was precisely on the path of Socialist industrialization that our country discarded its medieval backwardness and entered the ranks of the technically and economically most advanced countries in the world.

The former ruling classes of Russia—the landlords and capitalists—were unable to pull the country up from the slough of medieval backwardness; moreover, they were incapable even of tackling this task seriously. Only the workers and peasants were equal to this task after the victory of the Socialist Revolution.

The Socialist industrialization of the Soviet Union is an epoch-making event also because it demonstrates what an emancipated people can accomplish—and in a very brief period at that—under the guidance of the Marxist-Leninist Party. Only a party armed with clearly defined aims and perspectives, with a profound understanding of correlation of historical events, could have aroused such enthusiasm for labor among the masses, and set about the destruction of the enemies of Socialism and of the Soviet people with such consistency as was displayed by our Party under the leadership of Comrade Stalin. Only a party which consistently and thoroughly addressed itself to applying in practice Lenin's theory of Socialist revolution, and which was armed with Lenin's immortal doctrine of the possibility of the victory of Socialism in our country, could have outlined with such force and precision the prospects of our forward movement as was manifested in Stalin's brief message to the Dynamo workers.

Freedom is the knowledge of necessity, Marx and Engels said. Comrade Stalin's message is impressed with the knowledge of the necessity for the victory of Socialism in our country in all its concreteness.

The wish that the number of industrial workers in our country might increase to twenty or thirty million was in 1924 nothing but a wish. But in 1939 (at the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union), Comrade Stalin was able to proclaim that the number of workers and employees in the Soviet Union had reached twenty-eight million!

Another vivid instance of scientific prevision is the *Stalinist Five-Year Plans*—those brilliantly conceived projects of great works which have now thoroughly transformed the face of our country.

The gigantic growth of Socialist industry and the flourishing progress of collective farming have thoroughly welded together the workers and peasants into one solid Soviet family, into a single Socialist army of labor. The moral and political unity of the Soviet people now constitutes a splendid stronghold of Socialism. It required only a brief period, a matter of fifteen years, for Stalin's forecast to become a reality.

III

Ten years ago, on November 7, 1929, the twelfth anniversary of the Great October Socialist Revolution, Comrade Stalin wrote an article entitled *A Year of Great Change.* This article came at a turning point in the history of the Soviet Union.

"The past year," Stalin wrote, "witnessed a great change on all fronts of Socialist construction. The change expressed itself and is still expressing itself, in a determined *offensive* of Socialism against the capitalist elements in town and country."

The "great change" did not come about by itself. It was a result of the general line of the Party, the line of industrializing the country and collectivizing agriculture, the purpose of which was to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat and the alliance between the working class and the peasantry. The "great change" was one expression of the policy of Lenin and Stalin of working for the victory of Socialism in our country. It was made possible by the fact that the Party had shattered the treacherous bourgeois "theory" that the victory of Socialism was impossible in our country.

Breaking down the resistance of that contemptible breed, the Trotskyites and Bukharinites—the enemies of Bolshevism and of the proletarian dictatorship—who were trying by every means in their power to thwart the building of Socialism in our country, the Party had by 1929 achieved accomplishments of decisive importance.

Stalin in this article describes the achievements of this remarkable and significant year, in three principal spheres: 1) the sphere of productivity of labor, 2) the sphere of industrial construction, and 3) the sphere of agricultural construction.

The decisive change in the sphere of productivity of labor was attained by the development of creative initiative and magnificent labor enthusiasm of the working class. This was a testimony to the power of Socialism. It showed that, as regards the most fundamental, important and essential factor in the victory of the new social order—productivity of labor—Socialism had already proved its superiority over capitalism.

By the end of 1929 the problem of accumulating funds for capital investment in heavy industry had in the main been solved, the rate of development of the branches producing means of production had been accelerated and the conditions

required for the conversion of our country into a country of metal had been created.

The problem of accumulation was one of the most difficult our country had to face, as it set out on its course of Socialist industrialization. The means and methods of accumulating resources which the capitalist countries had adopted in the process of industrialization were closed to us. The huge funds required for the creation of a large-scale Socialist industry—fuel, metal, machine-building, chemical, power, etc.—had to be found within the country, in the mighty creative forces of the workers and peasants, guided and directed by the Communist Party.

And these funds were found. The optimal variant of the Five-Year Plan, which the soi-disant scientists of capitalism and all its lackeys had regarded as "fantastic" and "utopian," was exceeded in the very first year, and, as Stalin said, became the minimal variant.

The third factor noted by Stalin in his article was the fundamental change in agriculture. The Party of Lenin and Stalin succeeded during that momentous year in inducing the greater part of the peasantry to turn from the capitalist path of development to the new, the Socialist path.

"The new and decisive feature of the present collective-farm movement," Stalin wrote, "is that the peasants are joining the collective farms not in separate groups, as was formerly the case, but in whole villages, whole *volosts*, whole districts and even whole areas. And what does that mean? It means that the *middle peasant has joined the collective farm movement*. This is the basis of that radical change in the development of agriculture which represents the most important achievement of the Soviet Government during the past year."

Stalin very clearly established the superiority of large-scale Socialist farming under the dictatorship of the proletariat compared with the status and development of farming under capitalism.

"In capitalist countries," he said, "large grain factories cannot be organized, for there private ownership of land exists, and the organization of such grain factories would entail the purchase of quite a number of plots of land or the payment of absolute ground rent, which could not but impose a heavy burden on production. In our country neither absolute ground rent, nor the sale and purchase of land exists, for in our country there is no private ownership of land, and this cannot but create favorable conditions for the development of large grain farms. In capitalist countries the purpose of large-scale farming is to extract the maximum of profit, or, at all events, to extract a profit equal to the so called average rate of profit, without which, in fact, there would be no incentive to sink capital in large-scale grain production. In our country, on the contrary, the large grain farms, which are stable enterprises, need neither a maximum of profit, nor the average rate of profit for their development; they can limit themselves to a minimum of profit, and sometimes even forego profits altogether, which again creates favorable conditions for the development of large grain farms."

And Stalin said that "our young large-scale Socialist agriculture (the collective farms and State farms) has a great future before it and will display miracles of growth."

In the ten years that have since elapsed this forecast of the development of collective and State farming has been fully confirmed. The collective farm system has indeed displayed miracles of growth in this period.

Stalin further said:

"And if the development of the

collective farms and State farms is accelerated, there is not the slightest ground to doubt that in about three years' time our country will be one of the largest grain countries in the world, if not *the* largest grain country in the world."

And Stalin's remarkable forecast has been fully and completely confirmed. Our country is today the largest grain country in the world.

We now produce 31 per cent of the world's grain, 56 per cent of its rye, 24 per cent of its barley, 31 per cent of its oats and 80 per cent of its peas and lentils. As regards crop yield per acre, the U.S.S.R. has already outstripped the U.S.A. and Canada. What is more, whereas in these latter countries there is a tendency for the yield per acre to decline, in our country it is steadily rising. The U.S.S.R. now holds first place in the world not only as regards absolute volume of food crops, but also as regards the amount of food grown per head of population.

IV

The decisions of the Eighteenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union constitute a model of Bolshevik leadership and scientific prevision. In the report delivered by Stalin at this Congress in March 1939, the new phase which the U.S.S.R. has now entered was described with exceptional profundity and insight.

Two tasks were laid down by the Congress as being of cardinal importance for the whole historical phase of the transition from Socialism to Communism: the task of competing with capitalism in economic development, and the task of educating the masses in the spirit of Communism.

The first task is dictated by the contradiction that exists between the level of development of productive forces we have attained, and the task of transition from Socialism to Communism. One essential requisite for the realization of the Communist principle of distribution—"from each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs"—is the utmost development of the productive forces of our country, and the accomplishment of the fundamental economic aim of the U.S.S.R., namely, to overtake and surpass the most developed capitalist countries economically as well, that is, as regards the volume of industrial output per head of population. The effect of this will be to create an abundance of products, which will make it possible to put the Communist principle of distribution into practice.

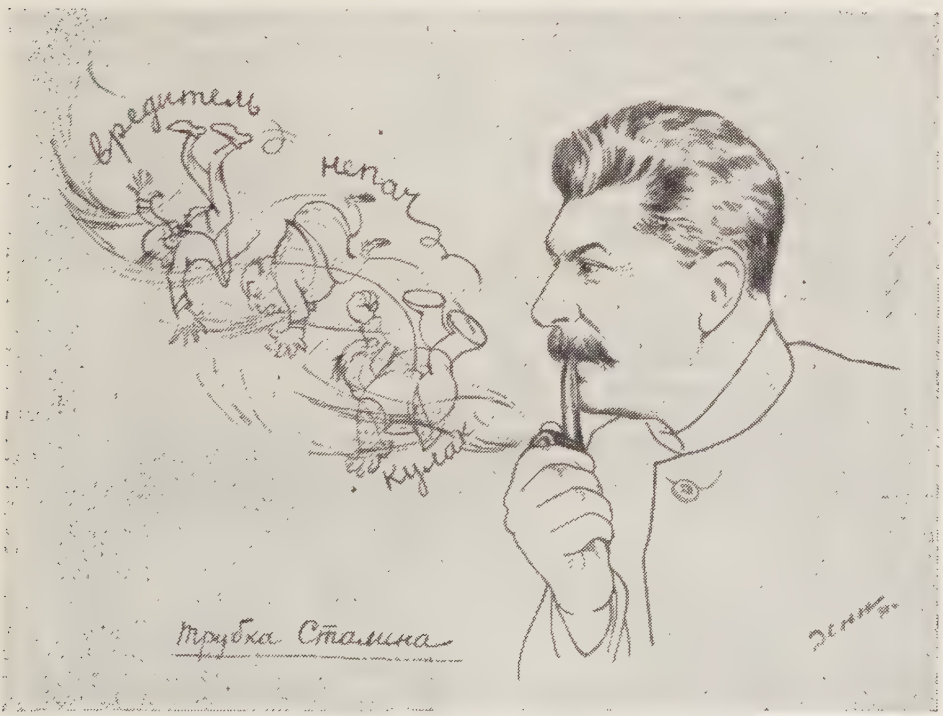
The second task—the Communist education of the masses—is dictated by the fact that the level of social enlightenment of many of our working people still does not live up to their status in society. The program of changes, outlined by the decisions of the Congress, and the time assigned for their realization (ten to fifteen years) reveal the sober realism, the scientific judgment and the brilliant foresight with which the Eighteenth Party Congress defined the two tasks. There can be no doubt that our development will actually follow the lines laid down by the Eighteenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.). That does not mean, of course, that the development will proceed of its own accord. Quite the contrary. Tremendous labor will be required, an immense expenditure of effort and resources, and a new great rise of labor enthusiasm among workers, peasants and Soviet intellectuals, in order to accomplish the program of measures essential for the building of a Communist society.

In the stormy days of the Great October Socialist Revolution, our Bolshevik Party roused millions to

battle and to victory by arming them with a clear and definite knowledge of what they were fighting for. In the war for the fatherland, the war against foreign invaders, Whiteguards, landlords and capitalists, our people fought under the glorious banner of Bolshevism, and won. During the Stalinist Five-Year Plans, our Soviet men and women, in the face of incredible difficulties, erected gigantic heavy engineering plants, displaying true examples of the Communist attitude towards labor.

We have now entered the phase of completion of the building of a classless, Socialist society and of gradual transition from Socialism to Communism. Our future, our road to Communism, is brightly illuminated by the great ideas of Stalin. The pulse of the mighty Socialist State beats evenly and confidently. The emancipated peoples of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia have lived to see the great day of their acceptance into the family of nations of the U.S.S.R. The stars of the Kremlin gleam like a beacon for the entire human race.

At the head of the mighty and invincible army of the Bolsheviks, at the head of the great peoples of the Soviet Union, stands the man who is so near and dear to us all, the endlessly cherished man whose power of prevision has paved the road to Communism. His name is the symbol of emancipated labor, of the brotherhood of nations, and of the joy and hopes of all oppressed mankind. That name is—Stalin.



"STALIN'S PIPE"
Smoking Out the Enemies of the People

Drawing by Deny

STALIN AND CULTURE

In the works of Stalin, as in the works of his great predecessors and teachers Marx, Engels and Lenin, there is no special, separate, finished work on questions of literature, art and esthetics. Yet, in studying the works of the founders of Marxism, we come upon many observations concerning general problems of literature and art. It suffices to point out that the book which has been published in the U.S.S.R. under the title of *Marx and Engels on Art* is a substantial volume of 676 pages, containing a careful compilation of what they had written on problems of art, literature and esthetics.

In his foreword to the first edition of *Marx and Engels on Art*, A. Lunacharsky stated that he had done a great deal in the systematization of everything contained in Lenin's works on the same subject. "The time will surely come," Lunacharsky added, "when similar work will be done with regard to Comrade Stalin. Though his observations dealing specifically with art and literature are comparatively few, careful research will yield important results here, too."

We know that Stalin attaches great importance to matters of art and literature. Stalin is creatively developing Marxism, preparing in theory and practice the full victory of Communism, of that society under which, according to his statement to the first American workers' delegation, "science and art will enjoy conditions sufficiently favorable to reach the fullest development."

Below we publish a summary of Stalin's utterances on questions of culture, which is the first attempt made in this direction. In this summary we have used only the main works of Stalin, only some of the recollections of people who put down the words of the great continuer of the cause of Marx-Engels-Lenin, bearing on various problems of art. We understand very well that our selection is incomplete. It is enough to say that it does not contain a number of talks Stalin had had with writers and artists, talks in which he had given the famous formula of Socialist Realism, and the statement about writers being engineers of human souls. Yet, with all the incompleteness of this compilation, we believe that we are justified in publishing it. The development of Soviet art, carefully nourished by Stalin, is known to the entire world. Culture and the art of every nationality has been developing in our land of victorious Socialism. The excerpts from Stalin's writings which we publish herewith, his utterances on questions of culture, and the records and notes by certain artists of their talks with Stalin, explain to us the underlying reasons for the unusual growth of the artistic activity, as well as for the general rise in the level of culture in the U.S.S.R.

Creatively developing Marxism, Stalin has also contributed to the Marxist conception of the national problem, including national culture. Stalin's instructions in various branches of culture have always resulted in new outstanding achievements of Soviet art. Thus, the world was witness to the fact that after Stalin's directions on the occasion of the 15th anniversary of Soviet cinematographic art, the Soviet cinema created such masterpieces as *Lenin in October*, *Lenin in 1918*, *A Deputy of the Baltic*, the three films on Maxim and others. Unusual achievements in various fields of art have been demonstrated by the national republics of the U.S.S.R. at the art festivals held in Moscow during the last two years. In every sphere of artistic activity in our country, new talents emerge contributing to the rise of art to ever higher levels.

All this is the result of Stalin's constant interest in art and artists, a result of his creative development of the major doctrines of Marx-Engels-Lenin in matters of culture.

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

CREATIVE MARXISM

There is dogmatic Marxism and creative Marxism. I stand by the latter.

Speeches at Sixth Congress of R.S.D.L.P. (Bolsheviks) (August 16 [3], 1917)

We have forgotten Lenin's highly important injunction about the theoretical duties of Russian Marxists, that it is their mission to further develop the Marxist theory. This is what Lenin said in this connection:

"We do not regard Marxist theory as something completed and inviolable; on the contrary, we are convinced that it has only laid the cornerstone of the science which Socialists *must* further advance in all directions if they wish to keep pace with life. We think that an *independent* elaboration of the Marxist theory is especially essential for Russian Socialists, for this theory provides only general *guiding* principles, which, *in particular*, are applied in England differently from France, in France differently from Germany, and in Germany differently from Russia." (Lenin, *Collected Works*, Russ. ed., Vol. II, p. 492.)

...We have no right to expect of the classical Marxist writers, separated as they were from our day by a period of forty-five or fifty-five years, that they should have foreseen each and every zigzag of history in the distant future in every separate country. It would be ridiculous to expect that the classical Marxist writers should have elaborated for our benefit ready-made solutions for each and every theoretical problem that might arise in any particular country fifty or one hundred years afterwards, so that we, the descendants of the classical Marxist writers, might calmly doze at the fireside and munch ready-made solutions. (*General laughter.*) But we can and should expect of the Marxists-Leninists of our day that they do not confine themselves to learning by rote a few general tenets of Marxism; that they delve deeply into the essence of Marxism; that they learn to take account of the experience gained in the twenty years of existence of the Socialist State in our country; that, lastly, they learn, with the use of this experience and with knowledge of the essence of Marxism, to apply the various general theses of Marxism concretely, to lend them greater precision and improve them.

Report on the Work of the Central Committee to the Eighteenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (March 10, 1939)

THEORY, ITS GENERAL ROLE AND SIGNIFICANCE

Theory is the experience of the working class movement in all countries taken in its general aspect. Of course, theory becomes aimless if it is not connected with revolutionary practice, just as practice gropes in the dark if its path is not illumined by revolutionary theory. But theory can become a tremendous force in the working class movement if it is built up in indissoluble connection with revolutionary practice; for it, and it alone, can give the movement confidence, the power of orientation, and an understanding of the inherent connection between surrounding events; for it, and it alone, can help practice to discern not only how and in which direction classes are moving at the present time, but also how and in which direction they will move in the near future.

The Foundations of Leninism (April, 1924)

Leninism is the generalization of the experience of the revolutionary movement of the workers of all countries. This experience is the guiding star which lights up the path of all practical workers in their daily activities and gives them their direction. Practical workers can neither be sure of their work nor can they be certain that they are doing their work properly if they have not mastered this experience, if only to a small degree. Groping blindly in the dark—such is the lot of the practical workers if they do not study Leninism, if they do not strive to master Leninism, if they have no desire to combine their practical work with the necessary theoretical training.

The Tasks of the Young Communist League (October 29, 1925)

. . . theoretical work must not only keep pace with practical work, but must keep ahead of it and equip our practical workers for their fight for the victory of Socialism.

. . . You know that theory, if it is genuine theory, gives practical workers the power of orientation, clarity of perspective, confidence in their work, faith in the victory of our cause.

Problems of Agrarian Policy in the U.S.S.R. (December 27, 1929)

. . .Hence, in order not to err in policy, in order not to find itself in the position of idle dreamers, the Party of the proletariat must not base its activities on abstract "principles of human reason," but on the concrete conditions of the material life of society, as the determining force of social development; not on the good wishes of "great men," but on the real needs of development of the material life of society. . . .

. . . There are different kinds of social ideas and theories. There are old ideas and theories which have outlived their day and which serve the interests of the moribund forces of society. Their significance lies in the fact that they hamper the development, the progress of society. Then there are new and advanced ideas and theories which serve the interests of the advanced forces of society. Their significance lies in the fact that they facilitate the development, the progress of society; and their significance is the greater the more accurately they reflect the needs of development of the material life of society. . . .

. . . The strength and vitality of Marxism-Leninism is derived from the fact that it relies upon an advanced theory which correctly reflects the needs of development of the material life of society, that it elevates theory to a proper level, and that it deems it its duty to utilize every ounce of the mobilizing, organizing and transforming power of this theory.

Dialectical and Historical Materialism (September, 1938)

THE PROBLEM OF FORM AND CONTENT

Consciousness and being, idea and matter, are two different forms of one and the same phenomenon, which, speaking generally, is called nature. Therefore, they do not negate one another, and at the same time do not represent one and the same phenomenon. . . .

This in no way contradicts the idea that there is a conflict between form and content. The point is that the conflict exists not between content and form in general, but between an old form and a new content which is seeking a new form and striving towards it.

Anarchism or Socialism (December, 1906). Quoted in *On the History of the Bolshevik Organizations in Transcaucasia* by L. Beria.

Content is impossible without form, but the point is that because a particular form lags behind its content, it never *fully* corresponds to this content, and thus the new content is often "compelled" to be temporarily clothed in the old form, which evokes a conflict between them.

Ibid.

ABOUT THE PRESS

The press is the only instrument by means of which the Party speaks to the working class every day and every hour in a language which is its own and indispensable. There are no other means for extending the threads of spiritual intimacy between the Party and the class, there is no other apparatus in existence as flexible as the press. That is why the Party must pay particular attention to this field of work. . . .

. . The press must grow, not by the day but by the hour. It is the sharpest and most powerful weapon of our Party.

Speech in Reply to the Discussion on the Organizational Report of the Central Committee to the Twelfth Congress of the Party (April, 1923)

QUESTIONS OF THE CULTURAL REVOLUTION IN THE U.S.S.R.

The phalanx of public school teachers represents one of the most indispensable sections of the great army of working people of our country who are building a new life on the principles of Socialism.

Greetings to the All-Russian Teachers' Congress (January 6, 1925)

The Young Communist League has acquired special significance since the consolidation of the dictatorship of the proletariat, in the period of extensive cultural and educational work carried on by the proletariat.

On the Problems of Leninism (January 25, 1926)

Lenin's Slogan of a Cultural Revolution. The surest weapon against bureaucracy is to raise the cultural level of the workers and peasants. We may deprecate and denounce bureaucracy in the apparatus of the State, we may stigmatize and pillory bureaucracy in our practice, but, unless we attain a definite standard of culture among the large masses of the working class—a standard of culture such as will make it possible, and will stimulate the desire for and the ability of, controlling the apparatus of the State from below, by the forces of the working class masses themselves—bureaucracy will persist in spite of all we do. Therefore the main lever for improving the State apparatus, as well as any other apparatus, is the cultural development of the working class and of the laboring masses of the peasantry, not only as regards the development of literacy—although

literacy is the foundation of all culture—but primarily as regards the acquisition of the skill and ability needed in order to tackle the business of governing the country. That is the meaning and significance of Lenin's slogan of a cultural revolution.

Political Report of the Central Committee to the Fifteenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (December 2-19, 1927)

The question of the cultural forces of the working class is one of decisive importance. Why? Because, of all the ruling classes that have ever existed, the working class, as a ruling class, is historically in a somewhat peculiar and not quite favorable position. All the classes that have ruled hitherto—slave-owners, landlords, capitalists — were rich classes. They had the opportunity of teaching their sons the knowledge and the skill that are needed for government. The working class differs from those classes, among other things, by the fact that it is not a rich class; that formerly it had no opportunity of teaching its sons the knowledge and skill needed for government, and that it has obtained this opportunity only now, after its advent to power. This is one reason why the question of the cultural revolution in our country is such an urgent one. True, during the ten years of its rule the working class of the U.S.S.R. has made more progress along these lines than the landlords and capitalists in tens and hundreds of years. But in view of the international and internal situation the results achieved are not enough by far. That is why every means for raising the level of development of the cultural forces of the working class, every means that can facilitate the task of imparting to the working class the skill and competence necessary for governing the country—every such means must be utilized by us to the utmost.

Report on the Work of the Enlarged Plenum of the Central Committee and Central Control Commission (April 13, 1928)

. . . there are people among us who are ready to extol our lack of culture. If you are illiterate, or write badly and boast of your backwardness, then you are a worker "at the bench," and glory and respect are yours. If you have risen from your state of backwardness, if you have learned to read and write and have mastered science, you are an alien element, you have become "divorced" from the masses, you have ceased being a worker. I think that we shall not advance a single step unless we weed out this barbarism and savagery. The working class will not be able to become the real master of the country unless it creates its own intelligentsia, unless it masters science and learns to administer the economy on scientific principles. . . .

In order to build we must possess knowledge, we must master science—and in order to possess knowledge we must study. We must study persistently and patiently. We must learn from all—from foes as well as from friends, and even particularly from foes. We must study with grim determination and not fear that the enemies will laugh at us, at our ignorance, at our backwardness. We are confronted with a fortress. That fortress is called science, with all its numerous ramifications of knowledge. And we must capture this fortress no matter what happens. This fortress must be captured by our youth, if they want to be builders of the new life, if they really want to be worthy of stepping into the shoes of the old guard.

Speech at the Eighth All-Union Congress of the Young Communist League (May 16, 1928)

The main thing now is to introduce compulsory elementary education. I say "main" because such a change would mean a decisive step in the cultural revolution.

Political Report of the Central Committee to the Sixteenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (June 27, 1930)

. . .The worker today, our Soviet worker, wants to live so as to have all his material and cultural needs satisfied: in respect of food, housing conditions, cultural and all other requirements. He has a right to this, and it is our duty to secure these conditions for him. True, our worker does not suffer from unemployment; he is free from the yoke of capitalism; he is no longer a slave, but the master of his job. But this is not enough. He demands that all his material and cultural requirements be ensured, and it is our duty to meet his demand.

New Conditions—New Tasks in Economic Construction (June 23, 1931)

. . . The elimination of the parasitic classes has led to the disappearance of the exploitation of man by man. The labor of the worker and the peasant is freed from exploitation. The incomes which the exploiters used to squeeze out of the labor of the people now remain in the hands of the working people and are used partly for the expansion of production and the enlistment of new detachments of working people in production, and partly for the purpose of directly increasing the incomes of the workers and peasants.

Unemployment, that scourge of the working class, has disappeared. In the bourgeois countries millions of unemployed suffer want and privation owing to lack of work; but in our country there are no longer any workers who have no work and no earnings.

With the disappearance of *kulak* bondage, poverty in the countryside has disappeared. Every peasant, whether a collective farmer or an individual farmer, now has the opportunity of enjoying a human existence, if only he wants to work conscientiously and not be an idler, a tramp, and a despoiler of collective farm property.

The abolition of exploitation, the abolition of unemployment in the towns, and the abolition of poverty in the countryside are such historic achievements in the material standard of the working people as are beyond even the dreams of the workers and peasants in bourgeois countries, even in the most "democratic" ones.

The very appearance of our large towns and industrial centers has changed. An inevitable feature of the big towns in bourgeois countries are the slums, the so-called working class districts on the outskirts of the towns—a heap of dark, damp and dilapidated dwellings, mostly of the basement type, where usually the poor live in filth and curse their fate. The Revolution in the U.S.S.R. has swept the slums out of our towns. They have been replaced by blocks of bright and well-built workers' houses; in many cases the working class districts of our towns present a better appearance than the central districts.

The appearance of our rural districts has changed even more. The old type of village, with the church in the most prominent place, with the best houses—those of the police officer, the priest, and the *kulaks*—in the foreground, and the dilapidated huts of the peasants in the background

is beginning to disappear. Its place is being taken by the new type of village, with its public buildings, clubs, radio, cinemas, schools, libraries, and crèches; with its tractors, harvester combines, threshing machines, and automobiles. The former important personages of the village, the *kulak*-exploiter, the blood-sucking usurer, the profiteering merchant, the "little father" police officer, have disappeared. Now, the prominent personages in the village are the leading workers in the collective farms and State farms, in the schools and clubs; the chief tractor and combine drivers, the team leaders in field work and livestock raising, and the best men and women shock workers on the collective farm fields.

The contrast between town and country is disappearing. The peasants are ceasing to regard the town as the center of their exploitation. The economic and cultural bond between town and country is becoming stronger. The country now receives assistance from the town and from urban industry in the shape of tractors, agricultural machinery, automobiles, workers and funds. And the rural districts, too, now have their own industry, in the shape of the machine and tractor stations, repair shops, all sorts of industrial undertakings in the collective farms, small electric power plants, etc. The cultural gulf between town and country is being bridged.

Such are the main achievements of the working people in the sphere of improving their material conditions, their everyday life, and their cultural standard.

Report on the Work of the Central Committee to the Seventeenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (January 26, 1934)

. . . We must note as a pleasing fact and as an indication of the progress of culture in the rural districts, the increased activity of the women collective farmers in social and organizational work. We know, for example, that about 6,000 women collective farmers are chairmen of collective farms, more than 60,000 are members of management boards of collective farms, 28,000 are team leaders, 100,000 are link organizers, 9,000 are managers of collective farm dairies, and 7,000 are tractor drivers. Needless to say, these figures are incomplete; but even these figures are sufficient to indicate the great progress of culture in the rural districts. This fact, comrades, is of tremendous significance. It is of tremendous significance because women represent half the population of our country; they represent a huge army of workers; and they are called upon to bring up our children, our future generation, that is to say, our future. That is why we must not permit this huge army of working people to linger in darkness and ignorance! That is why we must welcome the growing social activity of the working women and their promotion to leading posts as an indubitable indication of the growth of our culture.

Ibid.

. . . education is a weapon whose effect depends on who wields it and against whom it is intended. Of course, the proletariat, Socialism, needs highly educated people. It is obvious that it is not numbskulls who can help the proletariat to fight for Socialism and to build up a new society. I do not belittle the role of the intelligentsia; on the contrary, I stress its role. It all depends, however, on what kind of intelligentsia we have in mind, for there are various kinds of intellectuals.

Interview with H. G. Wells (July 23, 1934)

It is a distinctive feature of our Revolution that it brought the people not only freedom, but also material benefits and the possibility of a prosperous and cultured life. That is why life has become joyous in our country, and that is the soil from which the Stakhanov movement sprang.

Speech at the First All-Union Conference of Stakhanovites
(November 17, 1935)

Some people think that Socialism can be consolidated by a certain equalization of people's material conditions, based on a poor standard of living. That is not true. That is a petty-bourgeois conception of Socialism. In point of fact, Socialism can succeed only on the basis of high productivity of labor, higher than under capitalism, on the basis of an abundance of products and of articles of consumption of all kinds, on the basis of a prosperous and cultured life for all members of society. But if Socialism is to achieve this aim and make our Soviet society the most prosperous of all societies, our country must have a productivity of labor which surpasses that of the foremost capitalist countries. Without this we cannot even think of securing an abundance of products and of articles of consumption of all kinds. The significance of the Stakhanov movement lies in the fact that it is a movement which is smashing the old technical standards because they are inadequate, which in a number of cases is surpassing the productivity of labor of the foremost capitalist countries, and is thus creating the practical possibility of further consolidating Socialism in our country, the possibility of converting our country into the most prosperous of all countries.

But the significance of the Stakhanov movement does not end there. Its significance lies also in the fact that it is preparing the conditions for the transition from Socialism to Communism.

The principle of Socialism is that in a Socialist society each works according to his ability and receives articles of consumption, not according to his needs, but according to the work he performs for society. This means that the cultural and technical level of the working class is as yet not a high one, that the distinction between mental and manual labor still exists, that the productivity of labor is still not high enough to ensure an abundance of articles of consumption, and, as a result, society is obliged to distribute articles of consumption not in accordance with the needs of its members, but in accordance with the work they perform for society.

Communism represents a higher stage of development. The principle of Communism is that in a Communist society each works according to his abilities and receives articles of consumption, not according to the work he performs, but according to his needs as a culturally developed individual. This means that the cultural and technical level of the working class has become high enough to undermine the basis of the distinction between mental labor and manual labor, that the distinction between mental labor and manual labor has already disappeared, and that productivity of labor has already reached such a high level that it can provide an absolute abundance of articles of consumption, and as a result society is able to distribute these articles in accordance with the needs of its members.

Some people think that the elimination of the distinction between mental labor and manual labor can be achieved by means of a certain cultural and technical equalization of mental and manual workers by lowering the cultural and technical level of engineers and technicians, of mental workers, to the level of average skilled workers. That is absolutely

incorrect. Only petty bourgeois windbags can conceive Communism in this way. In reality the elimination of the distinction between mental labor and manual labor can be brought about only by raising the cultural and technical level of the working class to the level of engineers and technical workers. It would be absurd to think that this is unfeasible. It is entirely feasible under the Soviet system, where the productive forces of the country have been freed from the fetters of capitalism, where labor has been freed from the yoke of exploitation, where the working class is in power, and where the younger generation of the working class has every opportunity of obtaining an adequate technical education. There is no reason to doubt that only such a rise in the cultural and technical level of the working class can undermine the basis of the distinction between mental labor and manual labor, that only this can ensure the high level of productivity of labor and the abundance of articles of consumption which are necessary in order to begin the transition from Socialism to Communism.

In this connection, the Stakhanov movement is significant for the fact that it contains the first beginnings—still feeble, it is true, but nevertheless the beginnings—of precisely such a rise in the cultural and technical level of the working class of our country.

Ibid.

. . . The flourishing national culture of the peoples of the U.S.S.R., culture which is national in form and Socialist in content—all these and similar factors have brought about a radical change in the aspect of the peoples of the U.S.S.R.; their feeling of mutual distrust has disappeared, a feeling of mutual friendship has developed among them, and thus real fraternal cooperation among the peoples has been established within the system of a single federated State.

On the Draft Constitution of the U.S.S.R. (November 25, 1936)

The steady progress of industry and agriculture could not but lead, and has actually led, to a new rise in the material and cultural standard of the people. . . .

From the standpoint of the cultural development of the people, the period under review has been marked by a veritable cultural revolution. The introduction of universal compulsory elementary education in the languages of the various nations of the U.S.S.R., an increasing number of schools and scholars of all grades, an increasing number of college-trained experts, and the creation and growth of a new intelligentsia, a Soviet intelligentsia—such is the general picture of the cultural advancement of our people. . . .

As a result of this immense cultural work a numerous new, Soviet intelligentsia has arisen in our country, an intelligentsia which has emerged from the ranks of the working class, peasantry and Soviet employees, which is of the flesh and blood of our people, which has never known the yoke of exploitation, which hates exploiters, and which is ready to serve the peoples of the U.S.S.R. faithfully and devotedly.

I think that the rise of this new, Socialist intelligentsia of the people is one of the most important results of the cultural revolution in our country.

Report on the Work of the Central Committee to the Eighteenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (March 10, 1939)

. . . Now the main task of our State inside the country is the work of peaceful economic organization and cultural education. . . .

. . . It is therefore all the more astonishing and strange that after all these fundamental changes in the status of the intelligentsia people should be found within our Party who attempt to apply the old theory, which was directed against the bourgeois intelligentsia, to our new, Soviet intelligentsia, which is basically a Socialist intelligentsia. These people, it appears, assert that workers and peasants who until recently were working in Stakhanov fashion in the factories and collective farms and who were then sent to the universities to be educated, thereby ceased to be real people and became second-rate people. So we are to conclude that education is a pernicious and dangerous thing. (*Laughter.*) We want all our workers and peasants to be cultured and educated, and we shall achieve this in time. But in the opinion of these queer comrades, this purpose harbors a grave danger; for after the workers and peasants become cultured and educated they may face the danger of being classified as second-rate people. (*Loud laughter.*) The possibility is not precluded that these queer comrades may in time sink to the position of extolling backwardness, ignorance, benightedness and obscurantism. It would be quite in the nature of things. Theoretical vagaries have never led, and never can lead, to any good.

Ibid.

PROBLEMS OF NATIONAL CULTURE

. . . capitalism also began to develop in the Eastern states. Trade and means of communication were developing. Large towns were springing up. The nations were becoming economically consolidated. Capitalism, erupting into the tranquil life of the ousted nationalities, was arousing them and stirring them into action. The development of the press and the theater, the activity of the Reichsrat (Austria) and of the Duma (Russia) were helping to strengthen "national sentiments."

Marxism and the National Question (January, 1913)

. . . all that is required to consolidate the alliance between the border regions and the center. In order to consolidate this alliance it is first of all necessary to put an end to the estrangement and isolation of the border regions, to their patriarchal manner of life and lack of culture and to the mistrustful attitude towards the center which still persists in the border regions as a heritage of the brutal policy of tsarism. Tsarism deliberately cultivated patriarchal-feudal oppression in the border regions in order to keep the masses in a state of slavery and ignorance. Tsarism deliberately settled the best areas in the border regions with colonizers in order to force the natives into the worst areas and to intensify national enmity. Tsarism restricted, and at times simply suppressed, the native schools, theaters, and educational institutions in order to keep the masses in intellectual darkness. . . . If the alliance between Central Russia and the border regions is to be consolidated, this mistrust must be removed and an atmosphere of mutual understanding and fraternal confidence created. . . .

. . . Communists in the border regions must put universal education into effect if they want to end the ignorance of the people and if they want to create closer spiritual ties between the center of Russia and the border

regions. But in order to do so we must develop local national schools, national theaters and national educational institutions and must raise the cultural level of the peoples of the border regions. For it need hardly be shown that ignorance and unenlightenment are the most dangerous enemies of Soviet government.

The Policy of the Soviet Government on the National Question in Russia (1920)

The Soviet Government knows that ignorance is the worst enemy of the people. That is why we must have more schools and Government organs in the languages spoken in the various localities.

Statement at the Opening of the Congress of the Peoples of Daghestan (November 13, 1920)

Now that the landlords and bourgeoisie have been overthrown and a Soviet Government has been proclaimed by the masses of the people in these countries also, the task of the Party is to help the toiling masses of the non-Great-Russian peoples to catch up with Central Russia, which is ahead of them, and to help them a) to develop and consolidate their own Soviet State system in forms consistent with the national character of these peoples; b) to organize their own courts, administrative bodies, economic organs and government organs functioning in the native language and recruited from among local people acquainted with the customs and psychology of the local population, and c) to develop a press, schools, theaters, clubs and cultural and educational institutions generally, functioning in the native language.

Theses on the Immediate Tasks of the Party in Connection with the National Problem (February, 1921)

. . . That is why it is essential that the triumphant proletariat of the advanced countries should render aid, real and prolonged aid, to the toiling masses of the backward nationalities in their cultural and economic development; that it should help them to rise to a higher stage of development and to catch up with the more advanced nationalities.

The National Question Presented (May, 1921)

And in order that the Soviet Government should become dear also to the peasantry of other nationalities, that it should be comprehensible to this peasantry, it must function in their own language, the schools and Government bodies must be recruited from among the local people acquainted with the language, manners, customs and traditions.

Report on National Factors in Party and State Development (April 23, 1923)

. . . But what is national culture? How is it to be made compatible with proletarian culture? Did not Lenin, even before the war, say that there are two cultures—bourgeois culture and Socialist culture—and that the demand for national culture is a reactionary demand of the bourgeoisie, which strives to infect the minds of the workers with the virus of nationalism? How are we to render the development of national culture, the development of schools and courses in the native languages, and the training of Communist cadres from among local people, compatible with the building of Socialism, with the building of a proletarian culture? Is this not an irreconcilable contradiction? Of course not! We are building a prole-

tarian culture. That is absolutely true. But it is also true that proletarian culture, which is Socialist in content, assumes different forms and methods of expression among the various peoples that have been drawn into the work of Socialist construction, depending on differences of language, customs, and so forth. Proletarian in content and national in form—such is the universal human culture towards which Socialism is marching. Proletarian culture does not cancel national culture, but lends it content. National culture, on the other hand, does not cancel proletarian culture, but lends it form. The demand for national culture was a bourgeois demand as long as the bourgeoisie was in power and the consolidation of nations proceeded under the aegis of the bourgeois system. The demand for national culture became a proletarian demand when the proletariat came into power and the consolidation of nations began to proceed under the aegis of Soviet government. Whoever has not grasped the fundamental difference between these two situations will never understand either Leninism or the essence of the national question from the standpoint of Leninism.

Certain persons (Kautsky, for instance) talk of the creation of a single universal language in the period of Socialism and the dying away of all other languages. I have little faith in this theory of a single, all-embracing language. Experience, at any rate, speaks against rather than for such a theory. Until now the situation has been that the Socialist Revolution has not diminished but rather increased the number of languages; for, by stirring up the profound depths of humanity and by pushing them into the political arena, it awakens to new life a number of hitherto unknown or little known nationalities. Who could have imagined that old, tsarist Russia consisted of no less than fifty nationalities and ethnic groups? However, by breaking the old chains and bringing a number of forgotten peoples and nationalities on the scene, the October Revolution gave them new life and a new development. Nowadays, India is spoken of as a single whole. Yet there can be hardly any doubt that in the case of a revolutionary upheaval in India many hitherto unknown nationalities, each with its own language and its own distinctive culture, will emerge on the scene. And if it is a question of the participation of various nationalities in the proletarian culture, there can be hardly any doubt that such participation will assume forms corresponding to the languages and the customs of these nationalities.

Not long ago I received a letter from some Buryat comrades asking me to explain the serious and difficult questions concerning the relation between universal culture and national culture. Here it is:

"We earnestly request you to explain the following, for us very serious and difficult, questions. The ultimate aim of the Communist Party is to achieve a single universal culture. How is the transition to the single universal culture through the national cultures, which are developing in our various autonomous republics, conceived? How is the assimilation of the peculiarities of the various national cultures (language and so forth) to take place?"

I think that what has just been said might serve as an answer to the question that is agitating these Buryat comrades.

The Buryat comrades raise the question of the assimilation of individual nationalities in the process of formation of a universal proletarian culture. Undoubtedly, certain nationalities may, and even certainly will, undergo a process of assimilation. Such processes have occurred before But the point is that the process of assimilation of certain nationalitie

does not preclude, but rather presupposes, the opposite process of reinforcement and development of a number of powerful nationalities, for the partial process of assimilation is a result of the general process of development of nationalities. It is because of this that the possible assimilation of individual nationalities does not weaken, but, on the contrary, confirms the proposition, an absolutely correct proposition, that universal proletarian culture does not preclude, but rather presupposes and fosters national culture, just as national culture does not nullify, but rather supplements and enriches universal proletarian culture.

The Political Tasks of the University of the Peoples of the East (May 18, 1925)

In the era of the domination of the bourgeoisie we considered the slogan of national culture a bourgeois slogan. Why? Because in the period when the bourgeoisie holds sway the slogan of national culture signifies the spiritual submission of the laboring masses of the nationalities to the guidance of the bourgeoisie, to its domination, to its dictatorship. After the proletariat seized power we proclaimed the slogan of developing the national culture of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. *on the basis of the Soviets.* What does this mean? It means that we adapt the development of national culture among the peoples of the U.S.S.R. to the interests and requirements of Socialism, to the interests and requirements of the dictatorship of the proletariat, to the interests and requirements of the working people of the nationalities of the U.S.S.R. Does this mean that we are now against national culture in general? No, it does not mean that. All it means is that we are now in favor of the development of the national culture of the peoples of the U.S.S.R., of the national languages, schools, the press, etc., *on the basis of the Soviets.* And what do we mean by the reservation: "on the basis of the Soviets"? We mean that, *in its content*, the culture of the peoples of the U.S.S.R., which is being developed by the Soviet power, must be a culture that is common to all the working people—Socialist culture; whereas in *form* it is and will remain a culture which is not the same for all the peoples of the U.S.S.R.—national culture, culture which is different in the case of the various peoples of the U.S.S.R. as regards language and national characteristics. . . . This is the spirit in which our Party has acted all the time, encouraging the development of *national* Soviet schools, of *national* Soviet newspapers and other cultural institutions, the adaptation of the Party apparatus and of the Soviet State apparatus to the *national* requirements, etc., etc.

Speech at the Enlarged Plenum of the Central Committee and Central Control Commission of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (August 9, 1927)

The essence of the deviation towards Great-Russian chauvinism is an endeavor to ignore national differences of language, culture and mode of life; an endeavor to prepare the way for the liquidation of the national republics and regions; an endeavor to undermine the principle of national equality and bring into disrepute the Party policy of naturalizing the administrative apparatus, and of naturalizing the press, schools and other State and public organizations.

The deviators of this type proceed from the argument that since with the victory of Socialism nations must become fused into a single whole, and their national languages must become converted into a single, com-

mon language, the time has come to put an end to national differences and to renounce the policy of fostering the development of the national culture of formerly oppressed peoples. In this connection they usually refer to Lenin, misquoting him, and sometimes directly distorting and slandering him. . . .

There can be no doubt that this deviation in the national question, which, moreover, is decked by a mask of internationalism and the name of Lenin, is the most subtle and therefore the most dangerous form of Great-Russian nationalism.

. . . We have established a unity of economic and political interests of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. But does this mean that we have thereby abolished national differences: national languages, culture, customs, and so on? Obviously, it does not mean that. But if national differences, language, culture, customs, and so on, remain, is it not obvious that the demand for the abolition of the national republics and regions in the present period of history is a reactionary demand, directed against the interests of the proletarian dictatorship? Do our deviators realize that to abolish the national republics and regions now would mean to deprive the vast masses of the peoples of the U.S.S.R. of the opportunity of receiving education in their *native* language, to deprive them of the opportunity of having their schools, courts, administration, public and other organizations and institutions operating in their *native* language, and to deprive them of the possibility of partaking in Socialist construction? Is it not obvious that in the chase after a sham internationalism our deviators have fallen into the clutches of the reactionary Great-Russian chauvinists and have forgotten, completely forgotten, the watchword of cultural revolution in the period of proletarian dictatorship, which applies equally to *all* the peoples of the U.S.S.R., both to the Great-Russians and to the non-Great-Russians? . . .

. . . Lenin was always in favor of *helping* the peoples of the U.S.S.R. to develop their national culture . . .

Lenin, it is true, described the watchword of national culture *under the supremacy of the bourgeoisie* as a reactionary watchword. But could it have been otherwise? What is national culture under the supremacy of the national bourgeoisie? A culture *bourgeois* in content and national in form, the aim of which is to infect the masses with the virus of nationalism and to consolidate the supremacy of the bourgeoisie. What is national culture under the dictatorship of the proletariat? A culture *Socialist* in content and national in form, the aim of which is to educate the masses in the spirit of internationalism and to consolidate the dictatorship of the proletariat. How can these two fundamentally different things be confused, unless one renounces Marxism? Is it not obvious that in fighting the watchword of national culture under the bourgeois system Lenin was striking at the bourgeois *content* of national culture, and not at its national form? It would be foolish to imagine that Lenin considered Socialist culture to be a *non-national* culture, which did not possess a definite national form. . . .

The deviators towards Great-Russian chauvinism are profoundly mistaken if they think that the period of the building of Socialism in the U.S.S.R. is a period of decay and liquidation for national cultures. Quite the opposite is the case. As a matter of fact, the period of the dictatorship of the proletariat and the building of Socialism in the U.S.S.R. is a period in which national culture, Socialist in content and national in form,

blossoms. Apparently, they do not realize that the development of national cultures is bound to proceed *with a new impetus* when universal compulsory elementary education in the respective native languages has been introduced and has taken root. They fail to realize that only if the national cultures develop will it be possible to secure the real participation of the backward nationalities in the work of Socialist construction. They do not realize that this is the very basis of the Leninist policy of *assisting* and *supporting* the development of the national cultures of the peoples of the U.S.S.R.

It may seem strange that we, who are in favor of the *fusion* of national cultures in the future into one common culture (both in form and in content), with a single, common language, are at the same time in favor of the *blossoming* of national cultures at the present time, in the period of the dictatorship of the proletariat. But there is nothing strange in this. The national cultures must be permitted to develop and expand and to reveal all their potential qualities, in order to create the conditions necessary for their fusion into a single, common culture with a single, common language. The blossoming of cultures national in form and Socialist in content under a proletarian dictatorship in one country, *with the object of* their fusion into a single, common, Socialist (both in form and content) culture, with a single, common language, when the proletariat is victorious throughout the world and Socialism becomes an everyday matter—such is the dialectical nature of the Leninist presentation of the question of national culture.

It may be said that, presented in this way, the question is "self-contradictory." But is there not the same sort of "self-contradiction" in our treatment of the question of the State? We are in favor of the withering away of the State, yet we are at the same time in favor of strengthening the dictatorship of the proletariat, which represents the most powerful and mighty of all forms of State power that have hitherto existed. The supreme development of the power of the State, with the object of preparing the way *for* the withering away of State power—such is the Marxist formula. Is that "self-contradictory"? Yes, it is "self-contradictory." But this contradiction is a living thing, and it is a complete reflection of Marxian dialectics. . . .

The same must be said of the formula of national culture: the blossoming of national cultures (and languages) in the period of the dictatorship of the proletariat in one country, with the object of preparing the way for their dying away and fusion into a single, common, Socialist culture (and a single, common language), in the period of the victory of Socialism all over the world.

Whoever has failed to understand this peculiarity and this "self-contradictory" nature of our transitional times, whoever has failed to understand this dialectical character of historical processes, is lost to Marxism. . .

What is the essence of the deviation towards local nationalism?

The essence of the deviation towards local nationalism consists in the attempt to isolate oneself and shut oneself up within one's own national shell, in the attempt to hush up class differences within one's own nation, in the attempt to resist Great-Russian chauvinism by turning aside from the general current of Socialist construction, in the attempt to shut one's eyes to that which brings together and unites the toiling masses of the nationalities of the U.S.S.R. and to see only that which tends to estrange them.

The deviation towards local nationalism reflects the dissatisfaction of the moribund classes of the formerly oppressed nations with the regime of the proletarian dictatorship, their endeavor to separate themselves off into their national State and there to establish their own class supremacy.

The danger of this deviation lies in the fact that it cultivates bourgeois nationalism, weakens the unity of the toiling peoples of the U.S.S.R. and plays into the hands of the interventionists.

Deviations on the National Question (June 27, 1930)

. . . the theory of the fusion of all the nations of, say, the U.S.S.R. into a single, common *Great-Russian* nation with a single, common *Great-Russian* language is a national-chauvinist, anti-Leninist theory, which is contrary to the cardinal principle of Leninism that national differences cannot disappear in the near future, and that they are bound to remain for a long time, even after the victory of the proletarian revolution *on a world scale*. As to the remoter prospects of national cultures and national languages, I have always maintained, and continue to maintain, the Leninist view that in the period of the victory of Socialism *on a world scale* when Socialism has been consolidated and has become a matter of everyday life, the national languages will inevitably fuse into a single, common language, which, of course, will be neither Great-Russian nor German, but something new.

Ibid.

PEOPLES AS BUILDERS OF SOCIALIST CULTURE

. . . The general and Communist Party institutions of higher learning, workers' faculties and technical colleges are all schools for training the commanding staff in economy and culture. Medical students and economists, cooperators and teachers, mining experts and statisticians, technicians and chemical students, agricultural and transport experts, veterinarians and forestry experts, electricians and mechanics—all these are the future commanders in charge of the building of the new society, of the building of the Socialist economy and Socialist culture. . . .

. . . It is a prime task of the Party to see to it that the proletarian students become conscious builders of the Socialist economy and of Socialist culture. . . .

Letter to the First All-Union Conference of Proletarian Students (April 15, 1925)

The times have passed when leaders were regarded as the only creators of history, while the workers and peasants were not taken into account. The destinies of nations and of States are now determined, not only by leaders, but primarily and mainly by the working millions. The workers and the peasants, who work without fuss and noise, who build factories and mills, sink mines, lay railroads, build collective farms and State farms, those who create all the good things of life, who feed and clothe the whole world—they are the real heroes and the creators of the new life.

Speech Delivered at the First All-Union Congress of Collective Farm Shock Workers (February 19, 1933)

. . . We must cherish and foster every capable and alert worker. We must solicitously and carefully foster people, just as a gardener fosters a favorite fruit tree. People must be trained, helped to develop, given prospects, and promoted in time; and if one happens to fail to cope with his

job, he must be transferred to other work in time, without waiting until he becomes an utter failure. . . .

A Conversation with Workers in the Iron and Steel Industries (December, 1934)

. . . If we want successfully to get over the dearth of people and to provide our country with sufficient cadres capable of advancing technique and setting it going, we must first of all learn to value people, to value cadres, to value every worker capable of benefiting our common cause. It is time to realize that of all the valuable capital the world possesses, the most valuable and most decisive is people, cadres. It must be realized that, under our present conditions, "cadres decide everything."

Address to the Graduates from the Red Army Academies (May 4, 1935)

LITERARY IMAGES IN STALIN'S WORKS

. . . It is the so-called "dead souls"[1] that are leaving the collective farms. It is not so much a withdrawal, as the exposure of a vacuum. Do we need dead souls? Of course not. In my opinion the North Caucasians and the Ukrainians are acting quite properly in dissolving the collective farms which consist of dead souls and in organizing really live and really stable collective farms. The collective farm movement will only benefit thereby.

Reply to Collective Farm Comrades (April 3, 1930)

. . . One cannot help recalling, in this connection, the "wench" Pelageya in Gogol's *Dead Souls*. Gogol relates that Pelageya offered to act as guide to Chichikov's coachman, Seliphan; but not knowing the right side of the road from the left, she lost her way and got into an embarrassing situation. It must be admitted that, notwithstanding all their pretensions, the intelligence of our critics on the Polish newspapers is not much above that of the "wench" Pelageya in *Dead Souls*. (*Applause.*) If you remember, the coachman Seliphan thought fit to chide Pelageya for confusing right with left and said to her: "Oh, you, dirty-legs . . . you don't know which is right and which is left." It seems to me that our luckless critics should be chided in the same way: "Oh, you, sorry critics . . . you don't know which is right and which is left." (*Prolonged applause.*)

On the Draft Constitution of the U.S.S.R. (November 25, 1936)

. . .There are all sorts of people in the world, there are all sorts of public figures in the world. There are people of whom you cannot say what they are, whether they are good or bad, courageous or timid, for the people heart and soul or for the enemies of the people. There are such people and there are such public figures. They are also to be found among us, the Bolsheviks. You know yourselves, comrades—there are black sheep in every family. *(Laughter and applause.)* Of people of this indefinite type, people

[1] A term taken from Gogol's novel *Dead Souls*. In the present case it means fictitious members, persons who were registered as members of collective farms, but had not actually joined.—*Ed.*

who resemble political philistines rather than political figures, people of this vague, amorphous type, the great Russian writer, Gogol, rather aptly said: "Vague sort of people, says he, neither one thing nor the other, you can't make head or tail of them, they are neither Bogdan in town nor Seliphan in the country." *(Laughter and applause.)* There are also some rather apt popular sayings about such indefinite people and public figures: "A middling sort of man—neither fish nor flesh" *(general laughter and applause)*, — "neither a candle for god nor a poker for the devil." *(General laughter and applause.)*

Speech Delivered at a Meeting of Voters of the Stalin Electoral Area (December 11, 1937)

There are many people among us who think that to direct means to sign papers. This is sad, but true. At times one cannot help recalling Shchedrin's Pompadours.[1] Do you remember how Lady Pompadour taught the young Pompadour: "Don't break your head over science, don't go into details, let others do this, it is not your business—your business is to direct, to sign papers." It must be admitted to our shame that even among us Bolsheviks there are not a few who direct by signing papers. But as for going into the details of the business, learning technique, becoming master of the business—why, by no manner of means.

The Tasks of Business Executives (February 4, 1931)

There are certain near-Party philistines who contend that our production program is unfeasible, that it cannot be fulfilled. They are somewhat like Shchedrin's "sapient gudgeons"[2] who are always ready to spread "a void of inanities" around themselves.

New Conditions—New Tasks in Economic Construction (June 23, 1931)

To slacken the tempo would mean falling behind. And those who fall behind get beaten. But we do not want to be beaten. No, we refuse to be beaten! One feature of the history of old Russia was the continual beatings she suffered for falling behind, for her backwardness. She was beaten by the Mongol khans. She was beaten by the Turkish beys. She was beaten by the Swedish feudal lords. She was beaten by the Polish and Lithuanian gentry. She was beaten by the British and French capitalists. She was beaten by the Japanese barons. All beat her—for her backwardness: for military backwardness, for cultural backwardness, for political backwardness, for industrial backwardness, for agricultural backwardness. She was beaten because to do so was profitable and could be done with impunity. Do you remember the words of the pre-revolutionary poet: "You are poor and abundant, mighty and impotent, Mother Russia."[3] These words of the old poet were

---

[1] Pompadour, an administrator who regardless of law or common sense works out everything in his head. *Pompadoursha* or "mistress of Pompadour"—this Russian adaptation of the Marquise de Pompadour is a creation of Saltykov-Shchedrin.—*Ed.*

[2] "Sapient Gudgeon," from the well-known tale of Saltykov-Shchedrin, *The Sophisticated Gudgeon*, printed in our magazine, No. 6, 1939.—*Ed.*

[3] *You are poor and abundant . . .* an immensely popular line from the poem *To Whom is Life Good in Russia*, by Nekrasov.—*Ed.*

well learned by those gentlemen. They beat her, saying: "You are abundant," so one can enrich oneself at your expense. They beat her, saying: "You are poor and impotent," so you can be beaten and plundered with impunity. Such is the law of the exploiters—to beat the backward and the weak. It is the jungle law of capitalism. You are backward, you are weak—therefore you are wrong; hence, you can be beaten and enslaved. You are mighty—therefore you are right; hence, we must be wary of you.

The Tasks of Business Executives (February 4, 1931)

The semi-feudal, semi-bourgeois bureaucracy of the dominant nation intervenes in the struggle with its own methods of "arresting and preventing."[1]

Marxism and the National Question (January, 1913)

Capitalism may become partly stabilized, it may rationalize production, turn over the administration of the country to fascism, temporarily hold down the working class; but it will never recover the "tranquillity," the "assurance," the "equilibrium" and the "stability" that it flaunted before; for the crisis of world capitalism has reached the stage of development where the flames of revolution must inevitably break out, now in the centers of imperialism, now in the periphery, reducing to naught the capitalist patchwork and daily bringing nearer the fall of capitalism. Exactly as in the celebrated story about the crane: "When it pulled its tail out, its beak stuck in the mud; when it pulled its beak out, its tail stuck in."

The International Character of the October Revolution (November 7, 1927)

I see that Rosit has sworn to do Bukharin a good turn. But his service is really like that of the bear in the fable; for in his eagerness to save Bukharin he is hugging him to death. It is not for nothing that the proverb says, "An obliging bear is more dangerous than the enemy.[2]"

The Right Deviation in the C.P.S.U.(B.) (April, 1929)

We know that in a number of districts in Turkestan attempts have already been made to "overtake and outstrip" the advanced districts of the U.S.S.R. by the method of threatening to resort to military force, by the method of threatening to deprive the peasants who do not as yet want to join the collective farms of irrigation water and of manufactured goods.

What is there in common between this Sergeant Prishibeyev[3] "policy" and the Party's policy which rests on the voluntary principle and allows for local peculiarities in collective farm construction? Obviously, they have not, nor can they have, anything in common.

Dizzy with Success (March 2, 1930)

---

[1] A rather free translation of the satirical description of the functions of the police by the Russian writer Gleb Uspensky.—*Ed.*

[2] *An obliging bear is more dangerous than the enemy*, proverb immortalized in one of the fables of I. Krylov. — *Ed.*

[3] "Sergeant Prishibeyev" a character from A. Chehkov's story of the same name. —*Ed.*

. . .the former leaders of the Right opposition do not understand our Bolshevik rates of progress. . . . They are suffering from the same disease as afflicted that well-known hero of Chekhov, Belikov, the teacher of Greek, the man in the leather case. Do you remember Chekhov's story: *The Man in the Leather Case*?[1] That hero, you may remember, always went about in galoshes and a wadded coat, with an umbrella, both in hot and cold weather. "Why do you need galoshes and a wadded coat in July, in such hot weather?" Belikov used to be asked. "You never know," Belikov replied, "what if something happens? There might be a sudden frost; what should I do then?" (*General laughter and applause.*) He feared everything new, everything that went beyond the bounds of the daily rut of humdrum of life, as he would the plague. A new restaurant was opened, and Belikov was already in alarm: "It might, of course, be a good thing to have a restaurant, but take care, see that nothing happens!" A dramatic circle was organized and a reading room opened and Belikov was again in panic: "A dramatic circle, a new reading room—what for? Take care, see that nothing happens!" (*General laughter.*)

. . . And it is this fear of something new, this incapacity to approach a new question in a new way, this alarm that "something may happen," these features of the man in the leather case that prevent the former leaders of the Right opposition from amalgamating properly with the Party.

Political Report of the Central Committee to the Sixteenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (June 27, 1930)

As for the fact that, as it appears, you, Comrade Ivanov, have been "removed from propaganda work and the question has been raised of your fitness to remain in the Young Communist League," you have nothing to fear. If the people in the Regional Committee of the Young Communist League really want to imitate Chekhov's Sergeant Prishibeyev, you can be quite sure that they will lose on this game. Prishibeyevs are not liked in our country.

Letter of Comrade Ivanov and Comrade Stalin's Answer (February 12, 1938)

The Russian revolutionary sweep is an antidote to inertness, routine, conservatism, mental stagnation and slavish submission to ancestral traditions. The Russian revolutionary sweep is the life-giving force which stimulates thought, impels things forward, breaks the past and opens up perspectives. Without it no progress is possible. But there is every chance of it degenerating in practice into empty "revolutionary" Manilovism[2] if it is not combined with American efficiency in work. Examples of this degeneration are only too numerous. Who does not know the disease of "revolutionary" improvisation and "revolutionary" plan concocting, which springs from the belief in the power of decrees to arrange everything and reform

---

[1] Published in our magazine, No. 8-9, 1939.—*Ed.*

[2] *Manilovism*, a word originating from Manilov, typical dreamer and sentimentalist, a character in *Dead Souls* by Gogol. — *Ed.*

everything? A Russian writer, I. Ehrenburg,[1] in his story *The Percomman (The Perfect Communist Man)*, has portrayed the type of "Bolshevik" afflicted with this "disease," who set himself the task of finding a formula for the ideally perfect man and . . . became "submerged" in this "work." Some gross exaggerations are spun into this story, but it certainly gives a correct likeness of the disease. But no one, I think, has so ruthlessly and bitterly ridiculed those afflicted with this disease as Lenin has done. Lenin stigmatized this morbid belief in improvisation and in concocting decrees as "Communist vanity.". . .

American efficiency, on the other hand, is an antidote to "revolutionary" Manilovism and fantastic improvisations.

The Foundations of Leninism (April, 1924)

There can be no doubt that the universal theory of a simultaneous victory of the revolution in the principal countries of Europe, the theory that the victory of Socialism in one country is impossible, has proved to be an artificial and untenable theory . . . it cultivates among the proletarians of the different countries not the spirit of revolutionary determination, but the mood of Hamlet-like doubt over the question as to "what if the others fail to back us up?"

The October Revolution and the Tactics of the Russian Communists (December 17, 1924)

Menenius Agrippa, the famous Roman senator of ancient history, is not the only one who can lay claim to the old "theory" that the exploited cannot do without the exploiters any more than the head and other parts of the body can do without a stomach. This "theory" is now the cornerstone of the political "philosophy" of Social-Democracy in general, and of the Social-Democratic policy of *coalition* with the imperialist bourgeoisie, in particular. This "theory," which has acquired the character of a prejudice, is now one of the most serious obstacles in the path of the revolutionization of the proletariat in the capitalist countries. One of the most important results of the October Revolution is that it dealt this false "theory" a mortal blow.

The International Character of the October Revolution (November 7, 1927)

It is somewhat funny of course when this tiny group of Don Quixotes, which managed with difficulty to get a little over a thousand votes in the course of four months—when this tiny group threatens the Party, with its million members: "I am going to sweep you out."

Speech at the Joint Plenum of the Central Committee and Central Control Commission of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (August 1, 1927)

Is it *any kind* of offensive we want, and not an offensive against a definite class in alliance with a definite class? Don Quixote also imagined that he was attacking enemies when he attacked windmills. But we know that he only got a bruised head from this apology for an offensive.

---

[1] Ehrenburg, a contemporary Soviet writer. — *Ed.*

Evidently, our "Left" distortionists are envious of the laurels of Don Quixote.

Reply to Collective Farm Comrades (April 3, 1930)

. . . Each new generation is confronted by definite conditions already existing in finished form at the time the generation in question comes into being. And great men are worth anything only insofar as they are able to correctly understand these conditions, to understand how to change them. If they do not understand these conditions and want to change them to suit their own fancy, then these people land into the situation of Don Quixote.

Interview Given to the German Writer Emil Ludwig (December 13, 1931)

. . . Don Quixotes are called Don Quixotes precisely because they lack the most elementary sense of reality.

Report on the Work of the Central Committee to the Seventeenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (January 26, 1934)

Question 10. What is your attitude to the opposition and to the Fischer-Maslow tendency in Germany?

Answer: My attitude to the opposition and its German agency is similar to the attitude of the famous French novelist, Alphonse Daudet, to his *Tartarin de Tarascon. (Laughter.)* You have probably read this well-known novel. Tartarin, the hero of the book, was just an ordinary "good-natured" petty bourgeois. But he had such an extravagant imagination and such a capacity for "good-natured lying" that, eventually, he fell victim to these unusual abilities. Tartarin boastingly assured everybody that he had killed an innumerable number of lions and tigers on the Atlas mountains. His credulous friends called him the greatest lion-hunter in the world. And yet Alphonse Daudet knew perfectly well, just as Tartarin knew perfectly well, that he had never in his life seen either lions or tigers. Tartarin boasted of having climbed to the peak of Mont Blanc. His credulous friends therefore called him the greatest mountain-climber in the world. But Alphonse Daudet surely knew that Tartarin never even saw the peak of Mont Blanc, because he was only at the foot of it. Tartarin boasted that he had founded a great colony in a country a long distance from France. His credulous friends, therefore, called him the greatest colonizer in the world. But Alphonse Daudet surely knew, as Tartarin himself had to admit, that nothing but disgrace could result from Tartarin's fantastic imagination.

You know what scandal and disgrace Tartarin's fantastic boastings caused the Tartarinites.

I think that the noisy boastfulness of the leaders of the opposition and the clamor they raised in Moscow and Berlin will end in similar scandal and disgrace for the opposition. (*Laughter.*)

Interview with the Foreign Workers' Delegation (November 5, 1927)

Unfortunately there are some people in our Party who call themselves Bolsheviks, but who really have nothing in common with Leninism. I think that Vuyovich is one of these people. It is easy to see what may happen when such people presume to teach the C.P.S.U. Leninism. I think that Vuyovich's criticism does not deserve an answer. It reminds me of

a story concerning the German poet Heine. Permit me to tell you this story. Among the various critics who attacked Heine in the press there was a certain Auffenberg, a luckless and rather stupid literary critic. The main distinguishing feature of that writer was that he never wearied of "criticizing" Heine and was unscrupulous in his attacks on the poet. Heine apparently did not consider it necessary to take note of this "criticism" and persistently ignored it. Heine's friends were astonished at this attitude and they wrote to Heine to the following effect: How is it that the writer Auffenberg has written so many critical articles against Heine, and yet Heine does not answer a word? Heine felt constrained to reply to this inquiry. Well, what did he say in reply? Just a few words: "I do not know a *writer* by the name of Auffenberg. I suppose he is a sort of Darlencourt, whom I don't know either." Brief and to the point! Paraphrasing Heine's words, the Russian Bolsheviks might say of Vuyovich's exercises in criticism: "We do not know a *Bolshevik* by the name of Vuyovich. We suppose that he is a sort of Sholem, whom we don't know either."

Speech at the Joint Session of the Executive Committee of the Communist International and the International Control Commission (September 27, 1927)

The Conference at Locarno is giving legal embodiment to this order, in the sense that the new frontiers of Germany are to be preserved in favor of Poland, that they are to be preserved in favor of France, that Germany gives up her colonies and, at the same time, tied and placed in a Procrustes bed, she must do everything to squeeze out of the country 130,000,000,000 gold marks. To think that Germany, growing and marching forward, will reconcile herself to this position is to hope for a miracle.

Political Report of the Central Committee to the Fourteenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (December 18, 1925)

What sort of "solution" of the problem is it that mechanically squeezes nations into the Procrustes' bed of an integral State?

Marxism and the National Question (January, 1913)

In the mythology of the ancient Greeks there was a celebrated hero, Antæus, who, so the legend goes, was the son of Poseidon, god of the seas, and Gæa, goddess of the earth. Antæus was very much attached to the mother who had given birth to him, suckled him and reared him. There was not a hero whom this Antæus did not vanquish. He was regarded as an invincible hero. Wherein lay his strength? It lay in the fact that every time he was hard pressed in a fight with an adversary he would touch the earth, the mother who had given birth to him and suckled him, and that gave him new strength. Yet he had a vulnerable spot—the danger of being detached from the earth in some way or other. His enemies were aware of this weakness and watched for him. One day an enemy appeared who took advantage of this vulnerable spot and vanquished Antæus. This was Hercules. How did Hercules vanquish Antæus? He lifted him from the earth, kept him suspended in the air, prevented him from touching the earth, and throttled him.

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

Defects in Party Work (March 5, 1937)

ON BOOKS AND WRITERS

This is more powerful than Goethe's *Faust*. (Love conquers death.)

On Gorky's tale: "Death and the Maiden," (October 11, 1931)

Dear Alexei Maximovich.

I greet you from my innermost heart and shake your hand warmly. I wish you many years of life and work to the joy of all the working people and to the dismay of the enemies of the working class.

J. Stalin

A Letter to Gorky on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, published in "Pravda" (September 25, 1932)

We join you in our feelings of grief at the affliction which has so suddenly and senselessly befallen us all. We are confident that your indomitable Gorky spirit and great willpower will overcome this severe trial.

J. Stalin, V. Molotov, K. Voroshilov, S. Orjonikidze, M. Kalinin, V. Kuibyshev, A. Mikoyan, A. Zhdanov.

A message of condolence to Gorky, on the death of his son, published in "Pravda" (May 12, 1934)

Mayakovsky was and remains the best and most talented poet of our Soviet epoch. Indifference to his memory and to his works is a crime.

Pravda (December 5, 1935)

Wells. I sometimes wander through the world and, as a plain person, I observe what is going on around me.

Stalin. Important public men like you are not "plain persons." Of course, only history will show the extent of the real significance of this or that important public man. But in any event, you are not observing the world like "a plain person."

Interview with H. G. Wells (July 23, 1934)

It also seems wrong to us that so little place is devoted in the synopsis to the colonial problem. While a great deal of attention is devoted to the George Sands, Spenglers, Kiplings, etc., very little attention is paid to the colonial problem or to the position, say, of a country like China.

J. Stalin, S. Kirov, A. Zhdanov

Notes on the Synopsis of a Textbook for the Study of Modern History (August 9, 1934)

Humanité, Paris.

Copy: *Pravda*, Moscow.

Together with you I grieve at the decease of our friend, the friend of the working class of France, a worthy son of the French people, friend of

the working people of all countries, and herald of the united front of the working people against imperialist war and fascism—Comrade Henri Barbusse.

May his life, his struggle, his aspirations and vision serve as an example for the young generation of the working people of all countries in their struggle for the emancipation of humanity from the slavery of capitalism.

Pravda (September 3, 1935)

ABOUT THE CINEMA

Greetings and best wishes to the workers in the field of Soviet cinematography on the occasion of its glorious fifteenth anniversary.

In the hands of the Soviet power the cinema is a tremendous and invaluable force.

Possessing as it does exceptional opportunities for exerting a spiritual influence upon the masses, the cinema helps the working class and its party to educate the working people in the spirit of Socialism, to organize the masses for the struggle for Socialism, to raise their cultural standard and strengthen their political fighting spirit.

The Soviet power expects of you new successes—new films which, like *Chapayev*, will glorify the greatness of the historic deeds that attended the struggle for power of the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union, pictures that will mobilize the people to carry out the new tasks and that will remind people of both the achievements and the difficulties of Socialist construction.

The Soviet power expects that the masters in the field of the cinema will penetrate into new spheres of "the most important" (Lenin) and the most popular of all the arts—the cinema.

Pravda, (January 11, 1935)

The cinema is the greatest means of mass agitation. Our task is to take this business in hand.

Speech at the Thirteenth Congress of the R.C.P.(B.) (May, 1924)

I think that we might begin gradually to wind up the vodka business and introduce such items of income as radio and the cinema to take the place of vodka. Why, indeed, should we not take in hand these extremely important means and put in charge of them good workers, real Bolsheviks, who could successfully develop this business and give us, finally, an opportunity to wind up the vodka business?

Report at the Fifteenth Congress of the C.P.S.U.(B.) (December 2, 1928)

IN CONVERSATIONS WITH CONTEMPORARIES

I had the good fortune to speak to J. V. Stalin about the various problems of the Soviet cinema and, particularly, about Ukrainan cinematography. Comrade Stalin pointed out to me the necessity of utilizing in the cinema the noble material provided by the life of the Ukrainian people, its folklore, its songs and dances, and, particularly, the fine Ukrainian humor. The history of the Revolution and of the civil war in the Ukraine, which is so rich in events, still waits for its representation in art. What

interesting material it offers for the creation of a great and significant work of art, what heroic figures!

A. DOVZHENKO, Cinema producer
"Let us Create a Ukrainian Chapayev,"
Literaturnaya Gazeta, (March 20, 1935)

It is apparently in the nature of things for an ordinary person, even if one is bold and resolute and imbued with the consciousness of one's sincerity and the justice of one's ideas, to experience a feeling of profound agitation when on the way, for the first time, to meet a great and remarkable man. This is the feeling I experienced when I was about to meet Comrade Stalin—the greatest man in the world, and the man most near and dear to the best, progressive part of humanity.

I was prompted to appeal directly to Comrade Stalin by a number of circumstances which confronted me before I had started work on the production of the film *Aerograd*. I was passing through a difficult period and I thought: Once, during a difficult moment I wrote to Comrade Stalin and he saved my life as an artist and made it possible for me to continue my creative activity; he will unquestionably help me now too. Nor was I mistaken. Comrade Stalin received me exactly twenty-two hours after I had mailed my letter.

Comrade Stalin's manner, when he introduced me to Comrades Molotov, Voroshilov and Kirov, was so warm and fatherly that it seemed as if he had known me well for a long time. I immediately felt at ease.

Comrades Stalin, Voroshilov, Molotov and Kirov listened attentively to the scenario of *Aerograd*. Comrade Stalin made a number of observations and suggestions. I saw that he was interested not only in the subject of the scenario, but also in the professional, technical aspect of our work. Comrade Stalin questioned me about the Far East and asked whether I could point out on the map the place where I would build the city if I were not a film producer but a builder. I said that I could. Then he asked me to follow him into his small study where the walls were covered with maps. I pointed out the place and explained why I thought that was where the city should be built. The idea had come to me as a result of my study of the Far East, of its economic life and of its prospects as I saw them. I still experience a feeling of pleasure when I think of the fact that Comrade Stalin asked me about that. I saw in it his respect for the new role of the Soviet artist.

When I left Comrade Stalin I was in high spirits, my head was clear and his wishes for success and promise of assistance still rang in my ears.

I want to speak more in detail about my second visit to Comrade Stalin. I want my comrades in art to rejoice and be proud, and our enemies and the "neutrals" to reflect upon this. This time I came on Comrade Stalin's invitation. It was at the height of my work on the production of *Aerograd*, when I was literally snowed under by a multitude of newspaper articles referring to Comrade Stalin's suggestion to me to produce a film about Shchors. There must have been a meeting going on in Comrade Stalin's room. I entered the room apparently during an intermission, because Comrade Stalin was out at the moment. He returned in a few minutes and immediately asked me whether I had been introduced to all the comrades present. When I answered in the affirmative he began to question me about my work on *Aerograd*, about my spirits, and whether I was getting sufficient help from the Air Force in filming the picture. I felt that I coul

count on any help I might need to complete the film. But I wondered: was it only for that I was summoned?

"And now I'll tell why I asked you to come," said Comrade Stalin. "When I spoke to you that time about Shchors, it was only by way of a suggestion. I was simply thinking of what you might do in the Ukraine. But neither anything I said, nor the articles in the newspapers, impose any obligation upon you. You are free to do what you like. If you care to produce *Shchors*, do it; but if you have other plans you can work on something else. You need not do anything you don't feel like doing. I have asked you to come for the purpose of making this known to you."

Comrade Stalin spoke softly, without a smile, but with a kind of special attention and concern. Although constantly busy with State affairs of tremendous importance, Comrade Stalin found time to think of an artist, to show concern for his frame of mind, to dispel any impression, even if only an imaginary one, he might have had of not being free to do what he liked, and to give him complete freedom of choice.

I told Comrade Stalin that I was myself bent on doing *Shchors*. I thanked him for the idea. In fact I had often reproached myself in thought, because as a Ukrainian artist I should have arrived at the idea myself.

Comrade Stalin spoke to me a great deal about Shchors. His lucid explanations revealed to me the difference between Shchors and Chapayev, the difference in the conditions under which each of the two heroes fought, and, consequently, the special artistic problems that had to be solved in producing a film dealing with Shchors.

"I visualize a film about Shchors," said Comrade Stalin, "as, really, a film dealing with the Ukrainian people in insurrection, with their triumphant struggle against the Ukrainian counter-revolution and against the German and Polish forces of occupation for their national and social liberation. In showing Shchors and his heroic comrades in arms, one must show the Ukrainian people, their peculiar national character, their humor, their fine songs and dances."

Joseph Vissarionovich spoke with great affection of the Ukrainian folk-songs. He loves our songs and has a profound feeling for them. I know that the Ukrainian songs which Comrade Stalin likes are really our best songs. And we are indebted to Comrade Stalin for the fact that songs are now being collected and written down in the Ukraine, that choirs are being organized, notes are being published, and phonograph records of these songs are being produced—in a word for the entire process of the development of the art of the people and the art that appeals to the people.

Comrade Stalin liked *Aerograd*. "Only the old partisan in the picture," he said, "speaks a too complicated language. The *taiga* people speak a plainer language."

Comrade Stalin suggested that I join him in watching a new release of *Chapayev*. Doubtless he had seen his favorite film more than once. Yet the completeness and warmth of his emotions were such as if he were seeing it for the first time. He made some remarks aloud, and I thought that he did it for my benefit. It was as if he were trying to show me how to see the picture his way, as if he were revealing to me the process of his perception of the film. That showing of the film gave me much that is valuable and dear to me in my creative plans.

"Have you seen Chiaureli's *The Last Masquerade?*" he asked.

"No," I answered.

At that time I had not yet seen this production of my friend Chiaureli.

"That's a pity," Comrade Stalin observed. "You ought to see it. It's a good picture. It is really worth seeing more than once."

And turning to Comrade Voroshilov, he added: "In my opinion, good films should always be seen more than once. It is difficult to grasp in one showing all that the producer thought and intended to represent on the screen."

At the end of my first visit to Comrade Stalin I asked his permission to explain the idea of a certain project I had been thinking of for quite some time. The essence of the idea was that an international contest be announced for the building in Moscow of an international Lenin university with instruction given in many languages for young people from all over the world. I felt that I had taken too much of Comrade Stalin's time and I spoke hurriedly and quite badly on the whole. Comrade Stalin smiled and interrupted me:

"I see your idea. It is not a new one. Several scientists, both in our country and abroad, have written to me along the same lines. But we are already essentially realizing this idea, albeit in a differentiated form, so to speak. We have already begun work on building a Palace of Polytechnics and the All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine. We attach very great importance to this Institute. It is called upon to solve very great problems of world-wide interest, including the problem of lengthening man's span of life. . . ."

Comrade Stalin became thoughtful.

"Including the problem of lengthening man's life, Dovzhenko," he repeated with a soft and pensive smile.

I wanted to shout: "I am certain!" But I left quietly, and when I reached the door I again nodded to him, to Voroshilov, to Molotov, and to Kirov. It was sunny on the Kremlin grounds, and Moscow hummed around the Kremlin hill, and visibility was amazingly clear on all four sides of the world.

A. DOVZHENKO
Izvestia, November 5, 1936

I remember the famous evening spent at Gorky's, the lively argument about literature, the cross-fire of questions and answers, jokes, laughter and then—profound calm. And during this calm the friendly conversation went on regarding the position and the significance of literature for the Revolution; and the remarkable words of Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin, who called writers—"the engineers of human souls."

I remember the thoughtful, precise definitions of Bernard Shaw, and of Emil Ludwig, of whom Stalin said that he had made a specialty of writing about those who are called great; and I seem to see again Stalin's faint, ironic smile as he uttered the words: "the so-called great."

I recall his keen and instant perception of the slightest suggestion of affectation and artificiality in the comments and rejoinders of the writers who were discussing literature and with what hearty goodwill, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, he encouraged those whose judgments were honest and correct.

I seem to see him again at the door leading to the library; he is holding his pipe, that same pipe Emil Ludwig did not fail to inquire about when he observed that Joseph Vissarionovich was not smoking it.

He stood there, as I have said, leaning against the lintel of the doorway occasionally making a step or half a step in the direction of the dining-

room, to make some remark, and join in the conversation. It went on all night. Gorky was sitting at the table; by an unwritten law he was the only person allowed to smoke in the room, the other smokers went into the library, out of consideration for his weak lungs. And Stalin stood in the doorway, too, on the threshold of the library; he went out to smoke with the rest, but never ceased meanwhile to follow the argument on literature. If a speaker said anything stupid or made a mistake, however insignificant, an unexpected rejoinder from the doorway would pull him up short.

The whole great life of the man is given up to the service of an idea, all his thoughts and feelings, all that untiring energy, the full force of that unbending will—is devoted to the idea of Communism: hence the passionate protest of the whole constitution of the man, this vigorous reaction to what would seem a mere theoretical mistake, or perhaps a thought badly expressed and capable of being interpreted in different ways. And along with this unusually highly-developed capacity for recognizing and exposing the false—we observed a stupendous breadth of outlook, daring flights of thought, a great regard for those who proved themselves sincere and good; a humor that helped him to work, to think and struggle.

Such was Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin, as we saw him that unforgettable evening at Gorky's.

LEV NIKULIN
The Road to the South, 1938-39

The presence of Comrades Stalin and Molotov at the performance of *And Quiet Flows the Don* and their favorable opinion of the opera will undoubtedly serve as a stimulus for the tempestuous development of the Soviet opera.

The first question which Comrade Stalin asked me when we met was whether I liked my opera. I frankly admitted that I did.

When he asked me whether I saw any shortcomings in it, I told him of the defects which I had detected in the opera when I saw it on the stage.

When he found out that I was only twenty-six years old, and that *And Quiet Flows the Don* is my first opera, Comrade Stalin said smiling that he expected me to produce many other good operas.

I. DZERZHINSKY, Composer
Pravda, January 21, 1936

In speaking of the music of *And Quiet Flows the Don,* Comrade Stalin pointed out that it is marvelous and profoundly stirring in places, but that in places it is not sufficiently strong. Comrade Dzerzhinsky, the author of the opera, ought to study, he said, so as to fully master all the musical resources that would enable him to give an adequate musical interpretation to the ideas and passions that move Soviet heroes.

I asked whether the road which the theater had taken was the right one. For our road had not been so smooth and we had had to wage quite a fight before we could produce a Soviet operatic performance. There had been a time when we had been subject to many attacks for our stand on this question. Comrade Stalin asked: "And who were those who attacked you?" And he went on jestingly: "The old people, no doubt." Then he said that we need, of course, the classic opera, but the time had arrived when we ought to have our own Soviet classic operas. He praised the playing of the actors and said that the theater was pursuing the proper line in working on Soviet operas. Comrades Stalin and Molotov wished us further success

in our work on Soviet operas and asked me to convey their regards to the entire company of the Little Opera Theater. . . .

Comrade Stalin gave us very valuable advice on the staging of the performance. The scenery, he said, must help to bring out the idea of the performance. It must not confuse the spectator or encumber his perception. After we return to Leningrad our theater will endeavor to have plain and effective scenery for all our productions, and in the first place for *And Quiet Flows the Don.*

S. SAMOSUD, Musical Director
Pravda, January 21, 1926

. . . I had never even dared dream that I would meet Comrade Stalin personally and that he would speak to me. This is how it happened.

A concert of the prize winners in the first All-Union contest of young musicians was taking place in the Large Hall of the Conservatory. When I was playing I noticed Comrade Stalin sitting in a box. He was listening attentively.

After I was through I sat down in the hall to listen to my comrades playing. Then a man came over to me and asked me to follow him. He took me to the box where Comrade Stalin was sitting.

I was introduced to Comrade Stalin who greeted me with a friendly smile, shook hands with me and asked me to sit down. The concert was still going on, but I hardly listened, because I was busy looking at Comrade Stalin who was sitting so close to me.

When Comrade Stalin noticed it he smiled and asked his companions:

"Why does Bussya stare at me like that?"

Then Comrade Stalin turned to me and praised my performance, saying that I played better than the violinist who had appeared before me.

"But I couldn't play better, Comrade Stalin," I said. "That violinist has so much more experience than I. He is older and more skilled than I."

Comrade Stalin said again that I played better and explained why. I don't remember everything he said, because I was very excited at the time.

Could I think then that I would again see Comrade Stalin the next day?

The players who took part in the concert were invited to the Kremlin. When we arrived there we saw Comrades Stalin and Kaganovich taking a walk. They came over to our car and greeted us. Then we were taken to Comrade Molotov's office. Soon Comrade Stalin came there too. He listened together with us as Comrade Molotov read the decision of the Government about the prizes for the players who participated in the contest.

Then we were given little envelopes with orders for the receipt of the prize money. Comrade Stalin said to me:

"Well, Bussya, have you got an order in your envelope?"

I automatically raised the envelope against the light and said:

"Yes, Comrade Stalin, it's there."

Comrade Stalin laughed and said:

"Now you are a capitalist. If I come to visit you, you won't recognize me, perhaps."

I told Comrade Stalin that that could never happen. And I thought to myself: How could I entertain a dear guest like Comrade Stalin in a little room like the one in which we lived at that time?

Subsequently, thanks to Comrade Stalin, we got a spacious apartment. Now I have a separate room in which I can work and study undisturbed.

BUSSYA GOLDSTEIN
Izvestia, November 5, 1936.

What a joy to work for one's people in close contact with them! This feeling is the result of an education given to us by the Communist Party headed by our dear, beloved Joseph Vissarionovich. He approaches all problems of life simply and sincerely and he solves them correctly and rightly. Comrade Stalin is a true, care-taking friend of everything that is alive and progressive; always foreseeing and forewarning. He did a world of good for us, actors! We thank him for all this!

KONSTANTIN STANISLAVSKY

Pravda, November 7, 1937

In Stalin I see an all-embracing power, supremely harmonious, as if all that which in the flow of centuries was mutilated in man, has now again come into its own—triumphant and complete.

The art of war, history, economics, technics, architecture—there is hardly any branch of social life which has not been mastered and brought into a harmonious relation to politics by this universal mind. Numerous instances are witness to the all-embracing depth and power of penetration, to the depth and organized thought with which Comrade Stalin approaches every branch of knowledge and how priceless his advice is in the most difficult situation. In contrast to the capitalist countries where science and art are vegetating under the policeman's knout, and are subjected to falsification which has become law, in the U.S.S.R. art and science are afforded all possibilities to blossom forth for the benefit of the Socialist society. A splendid symbol of this is the friendship between Maxim Gorky and Stalin. This friendship also represents the contact which makes a great poet the constant companion of a great political figure at the highest stages of development of the human society.

The idea of this friendship is the more impressive to us, men of letters of the old West, because in our world, in Western Europe, the crisis in political principles has had a harmful effect on literature. A despotic or indifferent attitude of leading men in the political world toward literature, and a supercilious disdainful attitude of men of letters toward everything dealing with social life, are also symptoms of an abysmal social crisis. There was a time when poets were dreaming of the coming of a golden age when statesmen, like Pericles, would reverently bow their heads before art regarded by them as a noble recreation of life. But the days of these golden dreams are gone, and are replaced by tears and sighs and the gnashing of teeth. Thus it was until the dawn of Socialism gave new life to these hopes.

The friendship of Lenin and Gorky, as well as the friendship of Stalin and Gorky cemented the alliance of art and political life, and has been helping artists to rise to the heights of demands set forth by our epoch. This friendship has directed literature toward the path of a highly artistic depiction of man on the basis of classical works, and has secured for it a place as a politically important art, a place which rightfully belongs to it.

We all remember the intimate friendship between Stalin and Henri Barbusse, that unwavering fighter for peace; Barbusse who during the first imperialist war lit his *Fire* in order to bring light to the darkened minds on both sides of the trenches, came to Stalin as to the only man whose cause it is to safeguard a lasting peace.

Stalin's influence on literature is immense. This influence oversteps national and racial frontiers because all that is best in man is embodied in Stalin with miraculous power. He who is in step with the immense army

led by the greatest strategist in world history, can boldly face the future. Having become convinced that in our days the most daring dreams are becoming living life, we are realizing that which only yesterday seemed unattainable.

Cast in the steel of indomitable firmness, steadfastness and power, the image of the leader demands of each of us unwavering firmness, energy and steadfastness. Unseen, his image accompanies us wherever we are fulfilling our tasks. When we stop for a moment to take in and evaluate the things we have accomplished, we feel also his attentive sharp eye, as if he were evaluating the results of our labor along with us: we imbue, as it where, a particle of the experience and knowledge of our great teacher. He inspires us with the bold flight of his thought toward the conquest of time and space for he himself is a symbol of eternity, a surge toward immortality.

JOHANNES R. BECHER, noted German poet
Literaturnaya Gazeta, December 21, 1939

My first meeting with Comrade Stalin took place in 1929, on a day—one of the happiest in my life—when the play *The Tsar Fyodor Yoannovich* was performed at the Art Theater in Moscow.

At the end of the first act Comrades Stalin and Voroshilov left their box and came into Stanislavsky's room where the entire theater management was already assembled, awaiting them. Having been asked how he liked the performance of a certain actor, Comrade Stalin replied:

"It is not very clear to me what this actor is doing. He 'rips and rushes' about too much and the substance of what he is saying does not get across."

Comrade Stalin's criticism hit the mark. The actor's temperament superseded the underlying idea of his role, obliterated it. Comrade Stalin warmly commented on the portrayal of the leading role in the evening's performance by I. M. Moskvin. To each criticism Comrade Stalin made of the actor's performance, he invariably added that he, however, was only an onlooker—his opinion no more, nor less, than that of a representative of the theatergoing public.

Incidentally, Joseph Vissarionovich knows the theater "from A to Z." He is a "theater fan." He has seen nearly every play in our repertoire over and over again, and is especially fond of *The Days of the Turbines*, *Lubov Yarovaya*, *An Ardent Heart*. It has always amazed me that this great man, burdened as he is with monumental State tasks, knows not only the names of all the leading actors of the theater, but the names of their understudies as well.

Comrade Stalin loves actors. He respects the theater worker, and is genuinely concerned with the interest of the masters of theatrical art. With what keen sympathy he questioned me on the health of Konstantin Sergeyevich Stanislavsky who at the time was sojourning in Europe, trying to build up his health. When I briefly told of Konstantin Sergeyevich's condition, Comrade Stalin replied: "Yes, yes. That is evidently correct. The foreign papers contain similar information on Konstantin Sergeyevich's health."

Joseph Vissarionovich then asked what new production the Moscow Art Theater had in the offing, and when I told him we were working on *Dead Souls*, his interest sharpened and he heartily approved of our desire to dramatize and stage this masterpiece of Gogol's. He remarked preoccupiedly, as if in answer to his own thoughts:

"For we have with us today our own Manilovs, Nozdrevs and Sobakeviches."

It is astounding how natural and at ease one feels in Stalin's presence. Every iota of self-consciousness dissolves before Stalin's unforgettable smile and his humor, giving way to inspiration and courage. Every word uttered by this quiet, self-composed man, whatever the occasion, is the essence of definiteness, exactness and clarity. Comrade Stalin likes to illustrate his words with examples drawn from political events. Not infrequently, through these sharp, vivid and memorable illustrations, he has shown us the utterly inseparable contact between art and politics.

The living truth upon which the method of our theater is founded, the realistic interpretation of human characters has always met the hearty approval of Comrade Stalin. Once "ultra-extremists" censored the showing of *The Days of the Turbines*. At a certain performance the theater administration asked him: "Must we really not show this production of *The Days of the Turbines?*"

"Why not perform this play?" asked Comrade Stalin. "I see nothing detrimental in your showing it. This play portrays a clever, formidable enemy. That is the way it should be. We must show our enemies to be exactly what they are in reality."

The ban on *The Days of the Turbines* was lifted.

Then came the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of our theater. On the very day of our festivities it so happened that the heroic crew of the Soviet plane *Rodina*, Ossipenko, Grizodubova and Raskova, returned to Moscow. We were almost sure that because of this fact, Comrade Stalin, Party and Government executives would be unable to attend our jubilee.

Imagine, then, if you can, the height of our joy and amazement, when at eight sharp Comrade Stalin and members of the Political Bureau stepped into the Government box. It was my own good fortune to be selected to read our greetings to Comrade Stalin. And as my speech was addressed to the great leader who was there in person, every syllable of every word inspired every listener witnessing that historic occasion.

During the intermission V. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko, I. M. Moskvin, V. I. Kachalov and I went in a body to thank Comrade Stalin and the Party and Government executives for the great attention they had shown to our theater. We were met in the Government box with simple and sincere welcome; the trend of conversation touched only the problems, tasks and development of our theater.

LEONID LEONIDOV, one of the oldest artists of the Moscow Art Theater
Sovietskoye Iskusstvo, December 21, 1939

Regisseur Comrade Alexandrov and I were fortunate to be among the first cinema workers who had the honor of speaking to Comrade Stalin.

It happened in the early spring of 1929. In connection with the release of the film *The Old and the New* we met Comrade Stalin several times.

I would like to tell of these remarkable meetings not in a newspaper article. Everything in them was interesting, significant and instructive. I was greatly impressed by the leader's appearance, his manner and the character of his speech. Stalin's eyes are unforgettable. Somewhere in the wrinkles around his eyes there is humor and irony, there is a peculiar, characteristic warmth in them.

And the things he said were remarkable. He made some fine points on

the artist's right to exaggeration, and he referred to some examples from Gogol. He pointed out definitely that only a study of reality can give the artist that force without which art is unthinkable. In reply to an opinion uttered by someone among us he said that it was necessary to reveal and tell all the truth, not being afraid that it sometimes may not be pretty, may not be such as some would like to see it.

And many, many more things he told us.

All this I would like to carefully restore in my memory, to the smallest detail, to transmit it in the form in which it was said, to ponder over it again and again, to generalize it. It is a great task, serious and responsible.

Now I want to tell of another meeting, one of those when one does not meet a person face to face, but feels the living proximity, a deep understanding, human sympathy, care and attention.

All cinema workers will recall the failure of my film *Bezhin Lug*. The wreckers who penetrated into the cinema surrounded with meanness and vileness the tragic errors committed by the artist against his own will. The worst thing was that the honesty and sincerity of the artist's intentions were cunningly questioned.

This was that moment in the life of an artist when he needs a helping hand more than ever, not only enabling him to work, but lending him strength to regain faith in himself. With this new strength, having overcome his doubts and errors, the artist may once more live for creative art and for his country.

During this darkest period of my life, during the difficult days which followed the failure of *Bezhin Lug*, a helping hand was stretched out to me. Our great friend and teacher, Comrade Stalin, had faith in the most important thing, he believed the sincerity and honesty of a Soviet artist who got into trouble.

Comrade Stalin's directions showed me the road to new, concrete creative work. Pondering deeply over the material of the new film, I understood the depth and wisdom of these directions, in the same way as all of us, day by day, again and again, feel the depth of wisdom with which our great Stalin leads us from victory to victory along the glorious road to Communism.

SERGEI EISENSTEIN, cinema producer
Kino, December 21, 1939

Some of the editions of Stalin works in the languages of the Peoples of the U.S.S.R.

An Eminent Ukrainian Writer

About thirty years ago an Ukrainian writer was wandering in the solitude of the Carpathian mountain passes and ravines. He was not old, but illness had made his step prematurely feeble and halting. The doctors would have forbidden him this stroll up mountain slopes, but a powerful force drew him to these remote, inaccessible places.

From ancient times this had been the home of the Hutsuli, a small branch of the Ukrainian people, lost in the mountains. In the course of many centuries attempts had been made to Germanize, Magyarize, Polonize them. But they had stubbornly remained Ukrainians, and when the Ukrainian writer—he had grown up in the region of Podolye and had come to them out of Russia—when he passed the evenings by the campfires of the Hutsuli, his eyes were greeted by scenes that brought back the old, historic Ukraine and the glorious days of Zaporozhye, the Cossack settlements below the Dnieper rapids. His conviction grew that a people who had suffered so many trials and survived unbroken would undoubtedly win their freedom.

It was thus that M. M. Kotsyubinsky's tale, *Shades of Forgotten Forefathers*, was conceived—one of his last works. The story is written in Kotsyubinsky's usual style, with his soft word-hues and his masterful landscape descriptions. As you read you seem literally to gaze on the steep mountain slopes, the night sky, the stern faces in the light of the flaming campfire, the guileless smiles. You feel the profound filial love of the writer for his people who at that time were severely persecuted everywhere—both in tsarist Russia, where bureaucratic officials harried those who used the Ukrainian language, and in Austria, where the Polish gentry were contemptuous and condescending to what they termed the language of the "churls."

Kotsyubinsky was a dreamer—a trait noticeable in his works and his very character. As he wandered over Eastern Galicia, over the Beskid mountains, he was dreaming of the day when the Ukrainian people, cruelly torn apart by history, would free themselves and unite. He dreamed of a free Ukrainian people and a free Russian people: the one was linked with the other in Kotsyubinsky's world outlook. And now, as both Russians and Ukrainians in the Soviet Union have been paying tribute to Kotsyubinsky's memory, this dream of his has come true. The Western Ukraine has been liberated from the yoke of the Polish *pans*. The Russian people have extended a fraternal, helping hand to the oppressed peoples of what was formerly Poland, and the Ukrainians have at last come together. . . . A great and unforgettable moment in the history of the peoples!

Kotsyubinsky is a writer whom both the Soviet Ukraine and the Western Ukraine look upon as their own. And the Russian people, too, look upon him as their own.

Maxim Gorky at one time lived with Kotsyubinsky on the island of Capri in Italy, where they became friends. Gorky used to relate:

"He cherished a particularly tender love for his native Ukraine and often detected the scent of the *chebretz*[1] where there was none.

"And once when he saw pale pink hollyhocks by the white wall of a fisherman's cottage, he beamed all over and smilingly doffed his hat, saying to the flowers, *'Zdorovenki buli! Yak shivetsya na chuzbini?'*"[2]

All Kotsyubinsky's stories seem to be pervaded by this scent of *chebretz*. He had particularly caressing words for the Ukraine and drew word pictures of the Ukrainian landscape with the same mastery and love that characterize Turgenev's descriptions of the Russian scene. His soft and musical Ukrainian language earned Kotsyubinsky fame of an outstanding artist of the word, a splendid stylist.

On Capri Kotsyubinsky spent long hours in intimate conversation with Gorky. He often spoke of his native land, of the Ukraine, of his people, but there was no narrow nationalism in this love of his.

---

[1] Willow-grass.

[2] "How do you do? How's life away from home?"

M. M. Kotsyubinsky's grave in Chernigov

Kotsyubinsky was a convinced internationalist in political views and personal sympathies. He loved the plain and modest toilers, no matter in what land they lived nor what language they spoke, and wrote warmly of Rumanian peasants, Crimean Tatars, Jews and Gipsies. Like Gorky he became attached to the Italian fishermen. His love for the Ukraine, by the way, was reflected in the fact that he found features in the life of other peoples similar to the daily life of the Ukrainian peasantry.

"Do you know, there on the way to the Arca Naturale stands a cottage just like the ones we have!" he told Gorky. "And the people in it are ours: the same kind of wise old grandfather sitting on the threshold with his pipe, and the same kind of woman, and even a girl with hazel eyes—a perfect illusion. Only here are the mountains, the stones, the sea. Otherwise, everything, even the sun, is like ours."

Mikhail Kotsyubinsky was born in 1864 and died from heart disease in 1913. His was a short life and his talent was in full flower when illness cut short his career. He lived a considerable part of his days in the Chernigov region, where he was employed and where he wrote. In 1909 his physicians advised him to go abroad, and he lived several years on Capri, a close neighbor and intimate friend of Gorky's. Their intimacy was not accidental. Gorky came to like him as a kindred soul and great artist.

Kotsyubinsky is one of those writers who are remembered in the history of their people not only for the high merit of their artistic works, but for their very lives. He was a splendid person, with a heart aflame with love for those who toil and create; he was filled with dreams of the future when man, liberated from capitalism and national oppression, would develop all his powers and talents.

Literary renown did not come easily to the writer. He was persecuted by the tsarist censorship and material want forced him to kill time in dull, oppressive work. Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists in Russia and Eastern Galicia were hostile to him; they accounted as faults his intimacy with Russian literature and his broad internationalism.

These bourgeois nationalists tried hard to influence Kotsyubinsky to follow them on the path of idealizing the life of the exploiting, rich peasantry on their big farms, to follow them into the narrow, cramped, little world of philistine, nationalist complacency. But the writer had little difficulty in overcoming the influence of this narrow, petty-bourgeois Ukrainian environment. True, in his early works, written in his pre-Marxist period, Kotsyubinsky contributed his share to Ukrainian Populism. He was connected with Ukrainophile educational circles, who were trying to divert public attention from broad political problems, from the revolution, and direct it toward a niggardly cultural uplift.

Ukrainian Populism was subjected to severe criticism by Kotsyubinsky in his

stories, *Tsipovyaz* and *The Little Doll*. In the last-named, Raisa, a schoolteacher, begins her career as a sentimental lover of the people, but ends as a militant reactionary, the pharisaical helper of a priest. This was the logical course of development for Ukrainian nationalist Populism, and this was the path traversed by the *kulak* intelligentsia of the Ukraine during the Revolution. Kotsyubinsky forecast it strikingly and truthfully.

The Ukrainian village in Kotsyubinsky's depiction is far from idyllic. He resolutely broke away from the Populist traditions of sugar-coating the life of the peasantry and showed the class struggle in the countryside, the sufferings and sorrow of the poor. He spiked the poetic fairy tales of "little cherry orchards," and showed how much misery, how much bitter want was concealed by the white walls of the little Ukrainian cottages and the green of the orchards. Kotsyubinsky entered into the feelings of the poor peasants, and this lent bitterness and anger to the pen of a writer who was mild by nature, most inclined to lyricism, subtle psychological analysis and wonder at the beauty of the world.

Kotsyubinsky's best work is *Fata Morgana*, a grim and starkly realistic story of the bitter class war in the Ukrainian countryside. The author here does not play the role of observer but of a participant in the struggle. The "scent of the *chebretz*" is noticeable in this work, too, with its marvelous landscape descriptions, delicately colored, and charming. But the book is imbued with the passion of revolutionary struggle; it has the same mingling of tenderness and severity that so strongly marks Shevchenko's works and has become traditional for the best of Ukrainian literature: tenderness toward the people, toward the peasantry suffering under the oppression of the nobility, and grim hatred of these oppressors.

The story of the revolt of the peasants against the *pans* is the center, as it were, around which other stories are grouped. They all tell of sufferings, the bitter lot of the poor peasant woman, of the peasant children perishing in want. Kotsyubinsky was terribly pained by man's degradation and portrayed such scenes with great power; the acuteness of his perception of human sorrow reminds one of Garshin. [1]

Up till 1905 Kotsyubinsky's stories were characterized not so much by anger and indignation as by sadness. The revolutionary upsurge of 1905 with its peasant risings made a decided change in the author's creative work. He literally found himself. The poor peasantry, who in his early tales did nothing but bear the weight of suffering and oppression, now appear as an insurgent force, grim and elemental.

Kotsyubinsky does not exaggerate the political maturity of the poor peasant; with artistic faithfulness to truth he shows how people are transformed in time of revolution, how from peaceful poor peasants and farm laborers they grow into revolutionaries. Wonderful portrayals are given in *Fata Morgana* of Andrei, Malanka, Prokop and the *kulak* Pidpara.

Today in the Soviet Union, Kotsyubinsky's story reads like a page out of history, but in the Western Ukraine it only yesterday ceased to be living reality.

So profoundly true are his characterizations of people that in the marvelous girl, Gafiyka, you recognize today's champion sugar beet grower, and in Mark Gushcha you see the Bolshevik chairman of a collective farm. Kotsyubinsky was able to perceive the talented people among the Ukrainian poor peasantry—people who were to become the organizers of Socialist agriculture.

Kotsyubinsky called his story *Fata Morgana*, or "mirage." It tells how the peasants of a Ukrainian village succeeded for a few days in living without the *pans*: they wrecked the landlord's mansion, and divided up the land and the implements. But without the victory of the working class throughout the country, without a Socialist revolution, the "just life" of the peasantry is only a mirage, a Fata Morgana, a deceptive illusion in the steppe. After a few days of phantom "just life," came the bloody reality of pacification by a punitive expedition. The village seemed to sink back into its former gloom. But Malanka and Gafiyka were no longer the same as they had been; and Mark Gushcha went off to the city to join the ranks of the working class, to continue the struggle. The peasants left in the village are already bent on revolution. This is an optimistic ending, and history has justified Kotsyubinsky's faith in the triumph of the revolution and of Socialism.

Together with this faith, Kotsyubinsky contributed his striking, rich and musical language to Ukrainian literature. He was distinguished for his knowledge of the Ukrainian popular speech and his love for it; from it he derived the subtlest of intonations for literary work, and his prose reads like poetry. It was no accident that he used the musical term *Intermezzo* as the title of one of his tales; it is, indeed, a poetic song in prose.

Ukrainian bourgeois criticism attribut-

[1] An outstanding Russian writer of the last century.

ed estheticism to Kotsyubinsky as his most outstanding trait. It is true that the poet loved and admired the beauty of the world. Gorky correctly defined Kotsyubinsky's estheticism: "He has a finely developed esthetic sensitivity to the good, he loves good with the love of an artist and believes in its conquering strength, and within him live the sentiments of a citizen who has a profound and many-sided understanding of the cultural significance, the historical worth of good."

It was just this esthetics of the good that enabled Kotsyubinsky to write such a story as *Fata Morgana* and, indeed, other works where with tremendous force he depicts the class struggle in the countryside in the years of the first revolution, and into his portrayal of the Ukrainian peasants, good and simple people, he puts his great hatred of the oppressors, the *kulaks*, the landlords. In his story *Ho!* he gives a satiric exposure of the Ukrainian bourgeois intellectuals, who mask their rottenness with estheticism.

Shevchenko was Kotsyubinsky's first and most important teacher in Ukrainian literature. From the earlier writer he learned his musical language, ardent love of his native people, a broad attitude of internationalism to men of other peoples and other tongues, and an intimacy with Russian democracy. Ukrainian bourgeois nationalists could not deny Kotsyubinsky a place of high honor among writers and poets, but they were irritated by his ties with Russian literature and Russian writers.

Ukrainian and Russian literary, political and cultural sources of material are interwoven in Kotsyubinsky's art. He learned from Shevchenko and other classic writers of the Ukraine; but turn to the marvelous picture of the steppe in *On the Wings of Song*, and you clearly feel the literary school of Turgenev, and a kinship with Chekhov. The fraternal love that linked Gorky and Kotsyubinsky was not a matter of chance. Literary intimacy grew out of political kinship. Both writers, however different their ways in life, had been educated by the revolution, by the mighty movement of the working class.

What Gorky valued in Kotsyubinsky was his humanism, imbued with revolutionary passion. He said that Kotsyubinsky had a "red Ukrainian heart," and Kotsyubinsky in turn grew strongly attached to the writer with the great Russian heart. Their friendship reflected the fraternity of the peoples, and they bequeathed brotherly love as a legacy to their countrymen.

This love was strikingly and movingly expressed when the peasants of the Western Ukraine, with tears of joy in their eyes, tenderly embraced the Red Army men who had come to liberate them and bring happiness to the cottages of their brothers.

DAVID ZASLAVSKY

Last editions of M. M. Kotsyubinsky's works translated into Russian, Jewish and Polish languages

VYACHESLAV MOLOTOV

Radio Speech

November 29, 1939

Men and women citizens of the Soviet Union!

The hostile policy pursued by the present Government of Finland toward our country compels us to take immediate measures to insure the external security of our State.

You know that in the course of the past two months, the Soviet Government has patiently conducted negotiations with the Government of Finland concerning proposals which, in the present alarming international situation, it regarded as the minimum essential for ensuring the security of the country and particularly the security of Leningrad. In these negotiations the Government of Finland adopted an attitude of irreconcilable hostility towards our country. Instead of finding ground for agreement in a friendly manner, the present rulers of Finland, to please foreign imperialists who kindle hostility towards the Soviet Union, took a different course. Despite all the concessions we made, the negotiations ended without yielding any result.

The consequences of this are now known.

In the past few days outrageous provocations by the military of Finland began on the Soviet-Finnish frontier, including even artillery firing on our troops near Leningrad, which caused grave losses in Red Army units. The attempt of our Government to forestall a repetition of these provocations by means of practical proposals addressed to the Government of Finland, far from finding any support, again met with the hostile policy of the ruling circles of Finland. As you know from yesterday's Note of the Soviet Government, they replied to our proposals by a hostile refusal and brazen denial of facts, by a derisive attitude toward the victims we have lost, by undisguised striving to continue to keep Leningrad under the direct threat of their troops.

All this has definitely shown that the present Government of Finland, which became entangled in its anti-Soviet ties with the imperialists, does

not wish to maintain normal relations with the Soviet Union. It continues in its hostile attitude towards our country and does not wish to pay any regard to the provisions of the non-aggression pact concluded between our countries, desiring to keep our glorious Leningrad under military threat. From such a government and from its harebrained military, we can now expect only fresh insolent provocations.

The Soviet Government was, therefore, compelled yesterday to declare that henceforth it considered itself free from the obligations undertaken under the non-aggression pact concluded between the U.S.S.R. and Finland and violated in an irresponsible manner by the Government of Finland.

In view of fresh attacks of the Finnish military units on Soviet troops at the Soviet-Finnish frontier, the Government has now been compelled to adopt new decisions.

The Government can no longer tolerate the present situation, responsibility for which fully rests on the Government of Finland.

The Government of the U.S.S.R. arrived at the conclusion that it can no longer maintain normal relations with the Government of Finland and therefore found it necessary immediately to recall its political and economic representatives from Finland.

Together with this, the Government gave orders to the Chief Command of the Red Army and Navy to be ready for any surprises and immediately to cut short possible fresh sallies on the part of the military of Finland.

The hostile foreign press asserts that the measures being taken by us are aimed at the seizure of Finnish territory or its annexation to the U.S.S.R. This is malicious slander. The Soviet Government has not had and does not have such intentions. Moreover, if Finland *herself* had pursued a friendly policy towards the Soviet Union, the Soviet Government, which always strove for friendly relations with Finland, would be ready to meet her halfway in regard to territorial concessions on the part of the U.S.S.R. Under this condition the Soviet Government would be ready favorably to consider even such a question as the question of reuniting the Karelian people inhabiting the main districts of present Soviet Karelia with the kindred Finnish people in a single and independent Finnish State. For this, however, it is necessary that the Government of Finland should maintain not a hostile but a friendly attitude toward the U.S.S.R., which would correspond to the vital interests of both States.

Others assert that the measures carried out by us are aimed against Finland's independence or at interference in her internal and external affairs. This is equally malicious slander. Irrespective of the regime existing in Finland, we consider her an independent and sovereign State in her external and internal policies. We firmly hold that the people of Finland should itself decide its internal and external affairs in the manner it itself deems necessary. At the proper time the peoples of the Soviet Union did what was necessary for the creation of an independent Finland. The peoples of

our country are ready to render the people of Finland assistance in the future also, in ensuring its free and independent development.

The Soviet Union has equally no intention to prejudice to any extent the interests of other States in Finland. Questions of the relations between Finland and other States form a matter of exclusive concern of Finland herself, and the Soviet Union does not consider itself entitled to interfere in this matter.

The only purpose of our measures is to insure the security of the Soviet Union and particularly of Leningrad with its population of three and a half million. In the present international atmosphere heated by war, we cannot make the solution of this vital and urgent State problem dependent on the ill will of the present rulers of Finland. This problem will have to be solved by the efforts of the Soviet Union itself in friendly cooperation with the people of Finland.

We have no doubt that the favorable solution of the problem of ensuring the security of Leningrad will provide the foundation for indestructible friendship between the U.S.S.R. and Finland.

False Report of Havas Agency

The editor of *Pravda* submitted the following question to Comrade Stalin: What is Comrade Stalin's attitude toward the report of the Havas Agency on "Stalin's speech" which he allegedly made "on August 19 in the Political Bureau" and in which he allegedly expounded the idea that "war must last as long as possible so as to exhaust the belligerents."

Comrade Stalin sent the following reply:

"This report of the Havas Agency, like many other of its reports, is a lie. I am, certainly, not in a position to know in which particular cafe-chantant this lie was fabricated. But, however much the gentlemen of the Havas Agency may lie, they cannot deny that:

"a) it was not Germany that attacked France and England but France and England that attacked Germany, assuming responsibility for the present war;

"b) after the outbreak of hostilities, Germany addressed peace proposals to France and England, while the Soviet Union openly supported Germany's peace proposals because it believed and continues to believe that the earliest termination of the war would fundamentally alleviate the position of all countries and nations;

"c) the ruling circles of England and France rudely declined Germany's peace proposals as well as the attempts of the Soviet Union to attain the earliest termination of the war.

"Such are the facts.

"What can cafe-chantant politicians of the Havas Agency counterpose at these facts?"

"Flaming Years"

It was by a curious coincidence, that during those very days when the people of the Soviet Union came to the aid of their brothers in Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia, *Flaming Years* was shown for the first time in the Moscow cinemas. It is seldom that one hears of a film so timely, treating a subject so closely akin to the leading topic of the day—to the events to which the attention of millions has been riveted. *Flaming Years* was produced at the Soviet Byelorussian Studio by Korsh-Sablin, who has been awarded the title of Honored Art Worker for his well-known series of pictures dealing with the life and struggle of the Byelorussian people. This latest production of his depicts the events of 1920, when the Byelorussian people stood out for their national independence against the arrogant intervention of the Polish gentry. It was a difficult time for the young Soviet republic: the regular Red Army units had only just been formed, munitions were scanty, treachery often lurked at the rear and sometimes even in the more responsible positions of the army. Yet, in spite of all, the people got the better of the gentry and drove them out of the cultural and industrial centers of Byelorussia. The picture is a convincing exposition of the causes of the Polish defeat in 1920—the same causes, in the main, that have been responsible for the rapid disintegration of the rag-tag Polish State. We are shown the blustering, overbearing Polish command on the one hand, and the Byelorussian people rising in defense of their country, on the other. The gentry were certain of victory: had not their troops been supplied with equipment that was the very latest achievement of military technique imported from France?

The Polish landowner sent out tanks and airplanes against the poorly equipped Red Army, sent agents provocateurs to the rear. But the provocateurs were exposed and liquidated, and military technique proved futile when faced with the revolutionary enthusiasm of a people determined to win its independence at whatever cost. There are many breath-taking battle scenes in the film; the strongest is the battle in the air.

After a series of unsuccessful infantry attacks, the Poles decided to bomb from the air the trenches occupied by Soviet troops, in the hope of breaking through the Red front. Two Polish airplanes started to bomb the trenches from a comparatively low altitude, taking advantage of the fact that our troops had no anti-aircraft guns. The situation looked threatening; then a Soviet machine, assembled by an enthusiastic pilot out of parts of old planes, took off to face the two Polish airplanes. The unequal battle began. One of the Polish machines was shot down, but the Red pilot's supply of bullets had given out. What was he to do? The courageous pilot rammed the enemy plane and, at the price of his own life, preserved the lives of thousands, preserved the indomitable front lines of the Red troops.

The lights in the auditorium have gone up long since. Making your way out into

The Peasant and Palash played by Peltzer and Skorobogatov (a still from "Flaming Years")

the street, your imagination continues to dwell on this striking example of courage displayed by the best sons of the people. The picture contains many such memorable episodes, but unfortunately on the whole they are not sufficiently well connected with each other. *Flaming Years* shows clearly that cinema productions can be satisfactory only when the most important of their component parts are all on the same high level. This applies to the art both of the producer and of the scenario writer.

A few years ago a certain section of the Soviet cinema advanced a "theory" according to which the role of the scenario writer was limited to providing the producer with raw material. This "theory" proved in its day extremely harmful to the rapidly developing Soviet cinema art and hindered the growth of many young scenario writers. Now, thanks to guidance of the Communist Party and the Government, the work of writers for the cinema receives a great deal of attention. Special competitions have been organized, lecture and consultation work has been conducted on a large scale, treatises on method are available. This has already yielded excellent results, but in certain cases—particularly in the cinemas of the national republics, we frequently encounter films based on artistically inferior scenarios. *Flaming Years* belongs to this category. And this is regrettable, because the subject is a timely and interesting one, and with a better scenario the producer could have given his art much wider scope.

Yet with all these defects, the film *Flaming Years* has met the approval of Soviet audiences. What our people value in art is not only perfection of form but also the greatness of the ideas which are contained in the plot. Therefore they understand and forgive the artist when his mastery over new form frequently does not keep pace with the new ideological content.

Korsh-Sablin is a producer who knows how to make the cinema yield the best results. In this picture there are several instances of the producer's resourcefulness that deserve to be noted. Take, for example, the scene of the parting between the mother and the son who is going to fight the Poles with the young volunteers. He is already on the threshold when suddenly, as a result of treachery, the Polish agents in the town open the attack. Bullets break through the window and the mother is stricken down before her son's eyes. As he bends over her, a piece of broken glass crashes to the floor. The effect produced on the audience by the death of the mother is heightened by this fine touch.

On the whole the film bears evidence that the trend of Byelorussian cinematography is correct, leading it steadily toward those heights in cinema craftsmanship already reached by prominent Soviet motion picture artists.

V. TAROV.

Zoya Fedorova as Red Army Political Commissar Anna (a still from "Flaming Years")

CORRESPONDENCE

The Theater in Australia

A group of convicts organized the first dramatic performance seen in Australia. They produced a play during 1789, in the days when the Colony of New South Wales was a penal settlement. Convicts, and the soldiers sent to guard them, took part in other dramatic performances which followed.

The first theater, built several years later, charged for admission, not only in money but also in values of flour, meat or spirits. People would beg, borrow, or steal to obtain their means of admission, it was said. Governor Hunter used that as a pretext for closing the theater and ordering it to be demolished.

As settlement progressed, Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth grew to the status of capital cities; other theaters were built. The first theatrical companies visiting Australia in the 'forties and 'fifties, the days of pioneering prosperity and gold rushes, were met by wildly excited crowds. After a performance, an enthusiastic audience would sometimes unharness the horses of a popular actor or actress, and pull the carriage to the hotel where they were staying.

Many of the most distinguished actors and actresses on the English stage paid visits to Australia during this period, among them the Keenes, Edwin Booth, G. V. Brooke, Henry Irving, Dion Boucicault, and also European artists like Sarah Bernhardt and Ristori. There were several theaters in each of the chief cities: theaters for opera, drama, comedy and music hall diversions. Companies toured the thousands of miles between Perth and Brisbane with repertoires which included Shakespearean plays and the best work of contemporary dramatists.

Development of a powerful theatrical trust, however, squeezed all the smaller companies out of action, with the result that in Australia, today, the commercial theater—the theater which produces drama with professional actors and actresses—is almost extinct.

These facts were discussed at some length by John Baker, in a pamphlet entitled *Towards an Australian Theater*, published with a view to organizing a collective of theater workers, in Adelaide, for the development of an Australian theater.

Decay of the theater in Australia is due not to any dearth of material for production, or to lack of interest on the part of the people in vital drama, but to the stranglehold which this theatrical trust acquired on our dramatic fare.

For many years it presented only English and American comedies of the most meretricious kind, or an occasional crime drama. Prices for admission, except to wooden benches in the gallery, or at the back of the pit, were beyond the means of the majority of the working class. When the cinemas arrived, with cheap seats in comfortable surroundings, crowds flocked to them, leaving the theaters, great empty barns, most of which have been converted recently into "movie palaces."

Nowadays, one of the old theaters survives in each capital. Perhaps once or twice a year, the musical comedies of Gilbert and Sullivan may be heard in them, a visiting company, composed mostly of English or American dancers using Russian names, will present a season of "Russian" ballet, or some English and American players appear in a revue or crude farce.

The commercial theater never produces Shakespeare, Molière, Gorky, any of the masterpieces of classical drama, or the serious work of any modern playwright. It never produces an Australian play.

At the time when the smaller companies were fighting the trust, about twenty years ago, an attempt was made by an Australian manager and players to produce Australian plays; but the bill of fare they provided consisted of stock melodrama in an Australian setting and slapstick farce. Later a dramatic version

of *On Our Selection* by Steele Rudd gave some satisfaction to people starving for an Australian flavor in the theater, but contributed nothing of permanent value to the literature of the drama. The same may be said of a dramatization of *The Sentimental Bloke* by C. J. Dennis. In their original form Steele Rudd's sketches of the struggle of a poor family to develop a farm in drought-stricken country were extraordinarily popular. Dad and Dave—the old farmer and his son—have been so caricatured in the play and in a radio serial, that they have become figures of fun, known to everybody. Their social significance is not realized, or the grim realities which lie behind their futilities and failures. In the same way *The Sentimental Bloke* creates a type of the larrikin, or unskilled city worker, holds him up to good-humored ridicule, without any concern about the conditions that make him what he is. The popularity of these characterizations, definitely Australian, despite their limitations, indicates the natural desire of the people for plays about their own country and its types.

When the theater began to demonstrate itself as a purely commercial enterprise, without any concern about the presentation of works of dramatic importance, Repertory Clubs, financed by middle class intellectuals, sprang up in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, Hobart, and many of the smaller cities. These clubs, with limited means and amateur players, sponsored the plays of Chekhov, Shaw, Galsworthy, and contemporary English and American writers. A mushroom crop of Little Theater groups followed, whose expressed purpose was to preserve dramatic traditions and to foster appreciation of drama of intrinsic worth. Their audiences were more or less circumscribed and their choice of plays designed not to offend the susceptibilities of bourgeois patrons and members.

An organization with the intention of producing Australian plays of dramatic and literary merit was formed in 1909 by William Moore. Later the Pioneer Players presented a season of Australian plays by Louis Esson, Vance Palmer, Furnelry Maurice, Frank Brown, Ernest O'Ferral. This was the first occasion on which a series of plays, folk drama, comedy and tragedy, drawn from the experiences of the Australian people, were presented regularly for any length of time. They revealed the ability of Australian playwrights and the sympathetic response of the people to dramatic representations of their own problems.

Public interest in Australian plays was awakened. Betty Roland's *Touch of Silk* became a favorite with the Repertory Clubs. Arthur Adams wrote *Mrs. Pretty and the Premier* which also had a successful production in London. Louis Esson became recognized as a dramatist whose work could be compared with the best work of contemporary English and American dramatists. A play of his was included among the hundred best one-act plays. His three-act play *The Southern Cross* remains the best dramatic exposition of the historic struggle of the Eureka Stockade, when the gold miners of Ballarat resisted the demands of a reactionary Government and secured the basis of democratic representation in Australia.

Thirty years ago, it used to be said that every other Australian wrote poetry; nowadays, it seems that every other second person you meet is either writing plays, or taking part in their production. Numerous prizes have been offered within the last few years for one-act and full length plays dealing with some phase of life in Australia.

Mrs. Henrietta Drake-Brockman won the Commonwealth Centenary Celebrations prize with *Men Without Wives*—not a play from the Left point of view but one which depicts the hardships of men and women living on isolated cattle stations in the north-west. *Are You Ready, Comrade?* by Betty Roland won the West Australian Drama Festival competition and was produced by the Workers' Art Guild. *I am Angry* by Phyllis Harnett won first place in the section for one-act plays. Both these were plays of social protest, as well as being Australian in setting and idiom.

The tendency of the Repertory Clubs and Little Theater groups to produce plays of an innocuous and more or less esthetic character resulted in stagnation of their activities after a while. The dynamic which relates drama to the life of the people was lacking in most of the plays they produced.

With the establishment of the New Theater movement came new life and energy to the amateur theater movement in Australia. The ability of the New Theater League to achieve large and enthusiastic audiences has so impressed the other dramatic clubs that most of them have widened the scope of their selections and are now looking for and producing Left plays.

The League began with groups of workers organized to produce plays of particular interest to the working class: plays dealing with the struggle against poverty and war, for the betterment of living conditions and the understanding of Socialism. These groups called themselves, at first, Workers' Art Clubs or Workers' Art Guilds; but after the advent of the New Theater

League in America, they affiliated with it and benefited greatly by its experience and methods.

Some of the leading writers in Australia are associated with the New Theater League, and each branch has members who have had professional stage experience. These members usually train the casts, act or produce for the League, so that League productions have acquired a reputation for modern technique and artistry. The stimulating quality of the plays produced, however, appears to be the chief reason why the New Theater League is making such progress.

The New Theater League in Australia made its first successes with the plays by the new school of young American dramatists, notably Odets, Maltz and Irwin Shaw.

In Sydney and Melbourne there was an attempt to ban *Till the Day I Die*, but the New Theater League successfully fought the censorship and presented the play. In Perth, where *Till the Day I Die* was produced before this conflict arose, the play created such a sensation that no move was made to suppress it.

The New Theater League has presented within the last year or so plays by Australian dramatists as well as plays by Toller, Ramon Sender, Clifford Odets and other American and European writers.

Branches of the New Theater League have been set up in each of the capital cities, as well as in several of the larger towns: among others, in the coal mining centers of Lithgow and Newcastle.

Bury the Dead, produced by the Melbourne branch a few months ago, made history. After several successful performances, it was sponsored for an extended season by a magnate of the commercial theater in his chief theater. The branch has been drawing good audiences to the small theater on its own premises; but these have been closed lately by the health authorities on a flimsy pretext. It is rumored that a theater is being built for the branch by a friendly supporter.

Meanwhile the Melbourne branch is working through a Mobile Unit and Propaganda Group which are presenting agit-prop sketches on food prices, and opposition to the national register, at street corners. A tour of the country districts is contemplated. *Thirteen Dead* is the title of a play written cooperatively by the Melbourne branch after a disastrous accident on the Wonthaggi coal mines.

Among Australian plays produced by the New Theater League should be mentioned *Eureka* by Diana Reeve, *The Rustling of Voices* by Lloyd Ross, *The Sword Sung* by Catherine Duncan, and *Lyons Bungles*, a political review written cooperatively and produced at the Trades Hall, Perth, during the last Federal elections. Had it been produced all over Australia, Lyons would not have been returned, so effectively did this excellent piece of satire expose the treachery of a renegade labor leader, then Prime Minister and spokesman of a reactionary Government guilty of anti-working class legislation, in the Transport Workers' Act and Amendments to the Crimes' Act.

Members of the Workers' Art Guild of Western Australia also wrote, and presented agit-prop plays from lorries in the street during the recent State elections. These were so well received by the workers that a crowd followed the lorry from one street to another, while candidates speaking indoors often addressed a mere handful of people.

The Workers' Art Guild was chiefly responsible for the effective May Day procession held in Perth this year. The procession is held under the auspices of the Australian Labor Party, but only members of the A.L.P. are permitted to walk in the procession. Communists are refused admission to the A.L.P. and so had to stand in the street and watch the procession pass, although every one of them knew it was their procession. Their influence on the militant trade unionists, their influence on young and vigorous workers in the Guild forced old and conservative laborites to accept the scheme submitted by the Guild for the dramatic presentation of working class interests and slogans. The procession was voted the best ever seen in Perth, due largely to the planning and energy of the Workers' Art Guild.

In Sydney, the New Theater League also took a prominent part in the May Day procession. Owing to a different political situation, Communists walked in their own detachment, and under the banners of the Communist Party of Australia, with life-sized portraits of Lenin and Stalin, Thaelmann, Diaz, Thorez, and other leaders of the international working class.

During the election campaigns, in Sydney also, the New Theater League organized dramatic performances from lorries in the street and in public squares to guide the workers in defense of their interests. It produced an agit-prop play in support of the Port Kembla waterside workers when they refused to load scrap iron to aid Japanese militarists in their invasion of China. The national register and opposition to conscription have been the subject of other dramatic sketches. Sometimes the police have interfered and arrests have been threatened, but the work of these mobile dramatic groups continues.

This phase of New Theater League activity is of the greatest importance because it brings the theater to the masses of the people, gives them new conceptions of drama. For so many years, they had been doped with the puerile and vulgar productions of the commercial theater that many have come to regard the theater as merely a place for laughter and forgetfulness of the crimes which deprive them of the right to enjoy the finest expressions of human thought and emotion in music and the drama.

General tendencies in the theater in Australia are marked by a growing respect for the drama of reality: the drama which deals with the struggles of men and women in their everyday fight for food and shelter, against oppressive legislation, and all that interferes with the beauty and joy which ought to be found in living.

There is, as well, a wider interest in what Australians have to say about this, in their own surroundings, on farms, in the suburbs, and in the big industries where the battle is being waged between those who are fighting for progress and culture and those who would force the people to accept oppression and poverty in a land which holds the possibilities of a good life for all: splendid orchards, vast wheat fields, fertile pastures for cattle, diary farms and vegetable gardens, forests, gold mines, and tremendous resources of coal and iron. Yet according to medical statistics a majority of the children of school age in urban districts are suffering from malnutrition and a very great number of women die in childbirth, due to the privations and hardships they have endured.

Both in literature and the drama, writers are beginning to be aware of the tragedy of this situation. *Fouvaux*, a recent novel by Kylie Tennant, describes the degeneration of a once flourishing suburb of Sydney to a slum. Not quite with the Marxian dialectics which sifts evidence to a logical conclusion and does not allow personalities to interfere with principles—her Communists are depicted as weak and ineffectual people—but nevertheless, with broad sympathies which sweep to the Left.

There is no doubt that the New Theater League has been the most potent factor in reviving dramatic production in Australia. Its stimulus has come, of course, from the working class theater movement everywhere. Particularly have achievements of the Soviet workers, in the theater and in the drama of the class struggle, stirred our people to create a theater which will really voice their experiences and aspirations, their suffering and contempt for the capitalist system.

If there is criticism to offer on the work of the New Theater League in Australia, it may be that it has concentrated too much in its major productions on English and American plays, which are in the nature of stunt productions. These plays have disturbed the placid waters of bourgeois complacency, but they have not filled the need of the Australian workers for an interpretation of their own struggles and problems.

The language of the English and American plays is not the language of the Australian workers. For example, Australian workers do not use the word "buddy": they say "mate" in the same connection, and the whole tradition of Australian trade unionism is bound up with the idea of mateship. "A man can't go back on his mates!" That is, he can't be a scab or blackleg.

Industrial conditions too are different. *Waiting for Lefty* deals with company unionism. There are no company unions in Australia. The Australian workers are organized on the basis of industrial and craft interests. Therefore they are not greatly moved by a play dealing with union conditions they have successfully opposed.

A fair percentage of plays from other countries should be used by the New Theater League in Australia in order to foster a spirit of internationalism, that is necessary, of course. It was advisable and sound policy for the League to attract attention at first with strong plays, having a record of successful production behind them; but it seems important now to demand plays with a direct appeal to the Australian working class. Plays in their own language, plays which will stir them to defense of their own interests; which will inspire them with courage and confidence for the heroic task which lies before them in defense of their democratic rights and living standards threatened by reactionary legislation.

KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

NEWS AND VIEWS

THE GORKY PRIZE

The Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R. have founded an All-Union prize of 25,000 rubles to be awarded annually for the best dramatic work. Interviewed by a representative of *Literaturnaya Gazeta* in connection with this decision, the Vice-Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R., A. Y. Vyshinsky, said the following:

"It will be no mistake to say that along with the cinema the theater has a stronger effect on its audience than any other art. The Soviet Government is well aware of the needs of the theater and is following the development of modern dramaturgy with the closest attention.

"Soviet dramaturgy has achieved no mean progress in recent years. Still, many dramatic works are marred by serious and all too conspicuous defects, not the least of which, I would say, is the "formalism of a chronicler," in which the playwright confines his creative efforts to a registration of historical facts.

"As a result, a number of plays, even by our leading dramatists, do not permit our theaters to meet the extremely high standards now demanded by our audiences.

"Another serious defect of modern dramaturgy is the total neglect of the comic genre. The ideological content of many plays is on a very low level. A drastic improvement is needed.

"The awarding of the Gorky Prize will be preceded by an All-Union Contest. One of the purposes of this contest is to enrich Soviet art with fine dramatic works, which would truly reflect the greatness of our age, and the great vital tasks which the people of the Soviet Union are striving to fulfill, heroically inspired by the genius of the Lenin-Stalin Party to labor, to conquer, to perform heroic deeds.

"I should like to draw the attention of our playwrights to the importance of style and form in dramatic works. It should not be forgotten that Soviet audiences acquire at the theater a profounder knowledge of language, learn to appreciate its beauty and power, learn to think in images. Hence particularly high standards must be set for the literary style and form of dramatic works. The Gorky Prize should and will undoubtedly ensure accomplishments also in this field."

ELOQUENT FIGURES

On the first anniversary of the publication of the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks)*, the following figures were published in the press.

The *History* has appeared in 41 languages, totaling 15,020,900 copies. The Russian edition came out in 12,000,000 copies, and the Ukrainian in 1,215,100 copies. One hundred and seventy-five thousand were published in Georgian; 200,000 in Azerbaijanian; 162,000 in Armenian; 75,000 in Turkmenian; and 300,000 in Uzbekistan. In addition, the *History* was printed in a number of periodicals with a total circulation exceeding 2,000,000, and in newspapers with a circulation three and a half times that number. Not a copy was left unsold. There is no corner of the U.S.S.R. where the *History* cannot be found. The book has wide circulation in the Red Army and the Red Fleet.

It would be interesting to compare the sales in separate regions. In Moscow and the Moscow Region 2,000,000 were sold; in remote Yakutia 17,400; in the Far East 278,000; in the Gorky Region 222.600. Even in the northern stations of the Arctic Sea Route Administration the sales reached 11,000. Despite all this, the demand for the book has not yet been satisfied and large orders are still pouring in.

The *History* has had a wide circulation outside the Soviet Union, where it has already been published in seventeen languages. Editions in fourteen more foreign languages are scheduled to appear soon. Two hundred thousand copies have been published in English; 182,000 in French; 117,000 in German; 30,000 in Spanish and 46,000 in Chinese. Among the other languages into which the book has been translated, are Italian, Polish, Dutch, Swedish, etc.

EXHIBITION OF PROJECTS FOR A GOGOL MONUMENT

This exhibition is being held in Moscow, where a monument to Gogol is to be erected on the square outside the Kiev railway station. The entries include a monument in the colonnade style, with sculptured figures in the niches representing characters created by Gogol (E. Vilensky), an impressive monolith by Manizer in black granite and effective details by A. Tenet.

"Unfortunately," says *Izvestia*, "the main thing, the interpretation of Gogol's personality, has been executed very poorly. A considerable number of the entries show Gogol at work, with pen in hand. The idea is good but its fulfillment presents infinite difficulties.

"Gogol at work! What restrained, internal force there should be in such a figure, what power in his features.

" ' . . . My toil is immense, my feat is redeeming. I no longer exist for anything which is petty.'

A project for a monument to Gogol, submitted by the sculptor Manuilov

" 'Great depth of soul is required to illumine a scene from humble life and transmute it into a pearl of creation.' (Gogol.)

"Some entrants, however, thought that Gogol at work could be shown adequately by depicting him in the bliss of inspiration with a faraway look in his eyes. So we see them one after another, figures of some poet in a lyrical trance. The only thing missing is a lyre or, for that matter, a guitar.

"Can this be the fiery Gogol, one of the fiercest of Russian writers?"

The three most successful entries, though in the opinion of the press, far from perfect, are those by Motovilov, Manuilov-Ginsberg and Vilensky. Gogol usually wrote standing and the sculptor Motovilov has shown him standing on a pedestal, a pen in his hands, as through struck with a new idea. The best thing in Manuilov's entry is the group of Gogol characters joining hands round the monument. There is something of Gogol's humor in these figures. They are magnificently done, but the statue itself is inexpressive and theatrical, with a most un-Gogol-like pose. The best terrace is Vilensky's.

AN UNKNOWN TRANSCRIPT OF LERMONTOV'S "DAEMON"

Literaturnaya Gazeta in Moscow has printed an unknown transcript of Lermontov's *Daemon*, dated "Moscow, February 25, 1842." This is a very early copy of the poem over which Lermontov worked all his life, and it includes lines and even entire passages which were hitherto unknown.

Daemon was not published in Lermontov's lifetime. For years the poem was prescribed. The periodical *Otechestvenniye Zapiski* (*Homeland Notes*) had planned to publish the poem in 1842, but "for reasons beyond the editor's control" nothing ever came out of it. The first edition of *Daemon* was published abroad, at Karlsruhe, in 1856, and only as late as 1860 was it finally published in Russia. However, all editions of *Daemon* at home and abroad followed different versions, which made the question of a standard text extremely difficult. During the last several decades so many contradicting opinions on the subject have been expressed that the problem of a standard text has not yet been solved. There are a large number of transcripts extant in archives, libraries and private collections. These for the most part are random compilations from various versions of which only a few approach to some degree the original manuscripts.

The transcript published by *Literatur-*

naya Gazeta does not coincide with any single known version. This transcript presents a new intermediate link in the history of Lermontov's labors over *Daemon.*

The hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of Lermontov's birth (October 15) was widely celebrated by the Soviet public and the press. In Moscow alone about four hundred lectures, at factories, in clubs and reading rooms, were given on his life and work. Leading publishing houses issued collections of Lermontov's works, volumes of new biographical data and commentaries. Poets of the fraternal Union Republics translated many of his poems into the vernacular, and his plays were performed in many theaters. Professor B. Asafyev of Leningrad has composed a cycle of songs to words by Lermontov, and a new ballet *Ashik Kerib.* Other lyric by the poet were newly set to music by Golubev, Vasilenko and Birukov. The Stanislavsky Studio is producing a new opera *Princess Mary* by the young composer V. Degtyarev.

The event was celebrated in other cultural centers of the Soviet Union. Performances of *Masquerade* were given in a number of cities (Dniepropetrovsk, Omsk, Erevan, Kazan and many others). In Cheboksari *A Song About Tsar Ivan Yasilyevich, His Young Bodyguard, and the Valiant Merchant Kalashnikov* was published in the Chuvash language. One-volume editions of Lermontov were published in the Kazakh and Kalmyk languages at Alma-Ata and Elista. Works by Lermontov are being issued in Ukrainian, Armenian, Mari, Tatar and other languages. A special anniversary film is being made at Pyatigorsk in the Caucasus, where Lermontov met his death.

A big Lermontov exhibition, organized by the Academy of Sciences, the Saltykov-Shchedrin Library and the Russian Museum, was opened in Leningrad.

At a Moscow meeting celebrating the memory of Mikhail Lermontov, the poet Nikolai Aseyev speaking in the name of the Union of Soviet Writers stated: "If Pushkin could be called the sun of Russian poetry, under whose bright, life-giving rays the entire subsequent Russian literature blossomed forth and matured, then the appearance of Lermontov could be compared to a flash of lightning across the horizon, splitting the heavy clouds which had covered the sun. It was Lermontov who charged our pre-revolutionary poetry with the thunderstorm, with a protest against wrong, injustice, and the lack of freedom, to resist which was the best tradition of our literature. The very briefness of Lermontov's creative life was in its poetic intensity like a blinding flash of lightning. But an undying impression has been left by that phosphorescent glare, by that discharge of unusual power which lit up the low skies of tsarist Russia of those days; which created a deep hatred for the despised descendants of "the fathers whose meanness made them famous,"[1] which sounded like the manifold echo of the Caucasian mountains, and which left forever a trace in the minds and hearts of generations honoring him reverently."

A brief speech was made by Alexei Tolstoy who said: "In marking the 125th anniversary of the birth of Mikhail Yuryevich Lermontov, we also mark the beginning of a revision of the work of the great Russian poet so that it may finally be accorded the place which befits it in Russian literature.

"The Russian pre-revolutionary critics were of the firm opinion that Lermontov's creative work was of an imitative character, an echo of the great literature of Western Europe. Characters from French and English literature were dug up carefully and presented as the prototypes of the characters created by Lermontov. Lermontov's heroes were treated like some pale copies of the heroes in the great works of Western European literature.

"Such an attitude toward Lermontov was the result of a deeply rooted scornful and haughty attitude by Russian bourgeois critics toward the singular culture of the Russian people, toward that national culture which—to the indignation of all our enemies and to the amazement of all those who have the soul of a lackey—turned out to be a splendidly fertile soil on which a Socialist society has grown in twenty years and which has lifted our country into the first place in the world. Our culture must be the foremost, leading source of great ideas and of new moral values, an example of heroism, generosity and upsurge, of that creative upsurge with which our people carried out the revolution."

MAYAKOVSKY EXHIBITION IN SOCHI

An exhibition devoted to the great Soviet poet, Vladimir Mayakovsky, has been opened in Sochi, in the Caucasus. It gives a fairly adequate picture of the life and creative work of the poet. The exhibits include photographs, police protocols, documents from the archives of the Moscow Department of the tsarist secret service, referring to Mayakovsky, copies of militant Bolshevik leaflets and posters which Mayakovsky helped to

[1] A line from Lermontov's famous poem.

draw up and distribute in the days before the Revolution. The visitor is given an insight into the arduous youth of the poet, his activities in the underground Bolshevik organization, which started when he was only fourteen, the three arrests of the young Mayakovsky.

Then the period of his friendship with Maxim Gorky. One small glass case contains a dog-eared book, yellow with age. This is Gorky's *Childhood* autographed by the author: "From my heart, without words, to Vlad[imir] Vlad[imirovich] Mayakovsky—M. Gorky." Near it is a postcard which Gorky sent to Mayakovsky, inviting him to breakfast at his country house. In this section much attention has been attracted by a little-known article of Gorky's *On the Futurists*, printed in 1915, in the *Journal of Journals*.

The exhibition shows the career of a revolutionary poet who from the very outbreak of the October Revolution placed his talents at the service of the working class, the personality of the bard who in poetic form created an immortal monument to Lenin.

One of the most interesting objects at the exhibition is an exquisite model of Mayakovsky's study in Moscow, executed by the artist V. Senkov.

RELICS OF LEO TOLSTOY COLLECTED

By decision of the Council of People's Commissars, a State museum devoted to Tolstoy is to be organized in Moscow. Thus, in addition to the Pushkin Museum, the Gorky Museum, and the museum which is now being built for Mayakovsky, there will be a unified institution where research into the literary works of Leo Tolstoy will be conducted, and a scientific, artistically executed presentation of the lifework of the great Russian author will be organized. The Tolstoy Museum will function under the guidance of the World Literature Department of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. Branches of the museum will be established at Tolstoy's house in Moscow, his manor house at Yasnaya Polyana and the Tolstoy room at "Leo Tolstoy" railway station, where he died.

Hitherto the manuscripts, documents and other effects of Tolstoy have been scattered over several institutions, thus making it difficult to conduct research into his life and work, as well as prepare scientifically a complete edition of his works. In future all material appertaining to Tolstoy's life and writing (manuscripts, letters, records, documents, pictures, drawings and sculptures of the writer, his personal effects and rare books, etc.), will be collected at the Tolstoy State Museum.

OLD RUSSIAN MANUSCRIPTS

The Gorky Institute of World Literature has acquired six hundred and forty old Russian manuscripts of great historical value, showing the development of Russian literature from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century and including, besides tales, church literature, apocryphas, satires and ballads, works of a scientific, historical and medical character. This collection is very rich in translations, original stories and albums of verses hitherto unpublished and uncommentated. Almost two hundred and fifty years ago, an unknown predecessor of Russian novelists wrote a highly original and interesting story entitled *The Golden Yoke of Wedlock*. This specimen of the Russian narrative form of the seventeenth century, extremely moral and didactic in character, has never been published and has remained unknown to students of Russian literature.

Other items of considerable historical interest are transcripts of ethical and political works such as *A Symposium of Words and Moral Teachings, Political Exhortations and Principles* (written during the reign of Peter the First), a *Chronograph* of West-Russian origin, containing an account of the Battle of Mamayev, written at the end of the sixteenth century, with numerous insertions of the eighteenth century, doggerel in Ukrainian cursive, one of them dedicated to Hetman Mazeppa. Another curious transcript, a peculiar Russified version of Arabian fairy tales is the *Thousand and One Nights of Arabian Histories Written by French Students on the Twenty-Fifth Day of March, 1735*.

The library of the Ukrainian Academy of Sciences at Kiev contains a valuable collection of old editions published by Galician and Volhynian printing houses in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. The collection includes over ninety titles, published at Lvov and Ostrog. Among them is *The Apostle* printed in 1574 at Lvov, by the first Russian printer, Ivan Fedorov.

LITERARY PAGES IN PROVINCIAL PRESS

We have frequently commented on the tremendous popularity of West European and American literature in the Soviet Union. Readers of our magazine already know that classics of world literature, translated into the languages of the Soviet Union, are being published in huge editions running into millions of copies. Anniversaries of the greatest representatives of world literature are

being suitably celebrated by the great majority of our newspapers and magazines.

Some papers feature a special Literary Calendar. In August the *Adygei Pravda* (published in Mykop, Adygei Autonomous Region) printed articles on Eugene Sue, Walter Scott, Beranger and Goethe. During the same month, the *Molodi Leninetz* (Voroshilovsk) printed articles on Diderot, Bret Harte, and Goethe; the *Kurskaya Pravda* (Kursk) featured Sir Thomas Moore, Henri Barbusse and Goethe; the *Vyksunsky Rabochi* (Vyksa City near Gorky) commemorated Dante and Goethe. Much space in the Soviet press was devoted to the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the death of James Fenimore Cooper.

NEW BOOKS

Iskusstvo Publishing House is issuing a Shakespeare Symposium compiled by the Institute for Theatrical and Musical Research. Among the contributors are Verkhovsky, writing on *Shakespeare in European Literature*; Soleitinsky, *Shakespeare in World Music* (the influence of Shakespeare on great composers); S. Radlov, *Shakespeare on the Stage;* Derzhavin, *Shakespeare the Thinker;* Smirnov, *Translations of Shakespeare* (analysis and appreciation of Russian translations of Shakespeare in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries).

A number of new books by Soviet authors based on the history of the western world are being published in the Historical Novel Series. *A Caravan at the City Gates* by Ostrover deals with Germany of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. One of the leading characters in the book is Erasmus of Rotterdam. Other titles are *The Travels of Jonathan Swift* by Mikhail Levidov, *A Story of the Paris Commune* by E. Yakhina and M. Aleinikov; *Robin Hood* by M. Gerschenson and *Under the Banner of the Clouted Shoon* by A. Altayev, dealing witht he PeasantWars in Germany.

A biography of Mark Twain, based on English and American sources, is to appear in the Lives of Celebrities, a series published by *Molodaya Gvardia.*

The author is M. Mendelsohn, who is the first Russian writer to attempt a detailed account of the life and work of the great American author. He pays particular attention to the last period of Mark Twain's creative work. Among the works analyzed are *Joan of Arc* (hitherto totally neglected by Russian critics), *The Mysterious Stranger*, which was published posthumously in 1916, the essay *What is a Man?* issued in America in two hundred and fifty copies, and also a number of anti-imperialist articles.

The State Literary Publishing House is issuing a large collection of stories by American authors of the nineteenth century. Washington Irving, Edward Allan Poe, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Frank Norris, Steven Crane, and George Cable are included, among others. The introduction written by A. Startsev, is entitled *The American Short Story and the Development of American Literature in the Nineteenth Century.* The collection is copiously illustrated with portraits and woodcuts by Brodaty.

Iskusstvo Publishing House is printing two volumes of Marx and Engels on questions of literature and art. The first volume covers the materialistic interpretation of the history of culture and art in class society, Communism and art. The second volume shows the attitude of Marx and Engels to various poets; it consists of quotations from their early works and correspondence.

The Theater in Western Europe by the prominent critic, Professor A. Gvozdev, has just appeared. Professor Gvozdev died earlier this year. The book analyzes the main events in West European theatrical life on the threshold of the twentieth century, in France, Scandinavia, Germany and England. The concluding essay is devoted to Romain Rolland and problems of the popular theater.

IN MEMORY OF PAVLOV

Scientists in Moscow, Leningrad, and other cities recently celebrated the ninetieth anniversary of the birth of Ivan Pavlov, the great Russian physiologist. The Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. is preparing a complete edition of Pavlov's works, which will include all his newspaper articles, lectures, speeches and notes published in Russian and in foreign languages. This edition, supplemented with a biography, will be published in six volumes. The first three will deal with the circulation of blood, the nervous system, the digestive system and the liver. The fourth and fifth volumes will contain his lectures on the functions of the pancreas and the hemispheres of the brain. The sixth volume will deal with Pavlov's objective studies of the cerebration of animals and the results established by long years of experimentation in this sphere.

Professor P. Anokhin, one of Pavlov's leading pupils, writes the following on the further development of Pavlov's theories. "It is impossible to enumerate all the achievements which were submitted at the last Pavlov session. (These sessions are organized annually by the Academy of Sciences jointly with the All-Union

Institute of Experimental Medicine, to review the progress made by Soviet physiologists in the development of Pavlov's theories.) They convince us that Pavlov's contributions are being advanced still further, that a whole legion of young scientists are continuing with enthusiasm the fine traditions of the Pavlov laboratories. . . . The Biological Station (at Koltushi, now Pavlovo) which, during the lifetime of the scientist, concentrated on the hereditary properties of the nervous system of the animals subjected to experiments, has now extended its research to wider fields. . . . The introduction of new methods has yielded new scientific results which have given us a wider knowledge of the laws discovered by Pavlov in the work of the central system. We have made further studies of the mechanism of conditioned reflex. Interesting data has been obtained concerning the embryonal reactions of the nervous system. . . . Pavlov's discoveries in the digestive system and in the circulation of blood which won him a Nobel Prize are also being developed extensively by Soviet physiologists. . . ."

In conclusion Anokhin notes the ideal conditions enjoyed by scientists in the Soviet Union where there is nothing to obstruct scientific research, where the scientists have every opportunity to maintain the lead in the development of Pavlov's contributions to science.

LITERARY LIFE IN GEORGIA

The Soviet writers of Georgia last September held their second congress in Tbilisi, the capital of the republic. The congress was attended by leading Georgian writers, delegates from the writers' associations of Abkhazia, Ajaria, South Ossetia and Kutaisi, and a delegation from the Writers' Union of the U.S.S.R., consisting of A. Fadeyev, Olga Forsch, P. Antokolsky and others.

"The seven years which have passed since our first congress have been years of achievement in Georgian literature," said Alio Mashashvili, secretary of the Georgian Soviet Writers' Union. "There has been a constant striving to portray in artistic terms the great changes which have taken place in our economic life and the psychology of the Soviet people." Mashashvili enumerated a number of interesting works which have been produced by the Soviet writers of Georgia, including *Ismeriti*, by Konstantin Lordkipanidze, *Abduction of the Moon* by Konstantin Hamsakhurdia and *Gvadi Bigva* by Leo Kiacheli. These are books depicting the modern Socialist countryside. They show the birth and development of collective farming, the shaping of a new psychology, the re-education of the old generation in the Socialist countryside. Collective farming against the colorful background of Georgian landscape has also been portrayed in the poetry of S. Chikovani, G. Tabidze, J. Mosashvili and others.

Little has been written about the life and struggle of the working class. What novels have been written on the builders of Socialist industry (*Etages* by P. Chikvadze and *Waterfall* by J. Lisashvili) are weak from the literary point of view.

Georgian authors have written a large number of works on the past history of Georgia, the Civil War, the gloomy days when the country was ruled by the counter-revolutionary Menshevism which was heroically resisted by the workers and peasants under the leadership of the Georgian Bolsheviks. Other favorite themes in Georgian literature are Soviet patriotism, the triumph of the Stalinist Constitution, and the heroism of the best sons of the Soviet Union.

In the life of Stalin and his struggle for Socialism G. Leonidze has found inspiration for an epic poem which has been acclaimed as one of the most significant works in modern Georgian literature. Georgian authors and poets have compiled an anthology devoted to the town of Gori—Stalin's birthplace.

A striking example of the friendship which Stalin has fostered among the peoples of the Soviet Union is the fact that Georgian writers have translated into their native tongue the classics of the fraternal nations. Georgian poets have translated selections of Pushkin and Taras Shevchenko, the Russian epic *The Tale of Igor's Regiment* and the immortal epic of the Armenian people, *David of Sasun*.

The congress also heard a report by Shalva Dadiani on "The Portrayal of Stalin in Georgian Literature" and another by the poet Simon Chikovani who spoke on the present stage of Georgian literary criticism.

"UKRAINIAN SUITE"

This spectacle was performed at the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition in Moscow (authors—S. Golovanivsky and L. Pervomaisky, producer—N. Ekk).

The first part of the play depicts an episode from Ukrainian country life at the beginning of the nineteenth century. By order of the whimsical local squire, who wants to take a sleigh ride in summertime like Louis XIV, his serfs cover the road with salt. The second episode shows the same village in the spring of

1918, when it is freed from foreign invaders by Shchors, the celebrated Bolshevik commander, one of the most heroic figures in Ukrainian history. The third scene shows the peasantry fighting the *kulaks*, and the last brings the action up to the present day.

Sovietskoye Iskusstvo makes the following criticism:

"Nothing has been omitted to make this a lavish spectacle. There are red banners and fanfares galore and a full symphony orchestra. The leading performers are Honored Artists of the Ukrainian S.S.R. But the characters are so sketchy that the artists have practically nothing to do. The characters are dwarfed by the ambitiousness of the scheme, and unity is lost. . . .

"The numerous battles between the peasants and the hirelings of their oppressors are fought and won with such unbelievable ease that one wonders why the peasants hesitated to rise against such helpless enemies. It need scarcely be added that the exercises of the combatants remind one more of penny-show battles, the comic-opera antics performed by second-rate supers than the real thing.

"The actors did everything in their power and are not to blame if their labor was lost. It is just as impossible to create a flesh and blood character in a poor play as it is to make a statue of cardboard. . . .

"Genuine folk-lore played little part in this spectacle. Only at the end performances were given by ensembles of collective farmers, workers and the Red Army, and they stole the show. . . . The best vocal numbers were rendered by a *bandore* ensemble and the audience were treated to some magnificent Ukrainian folk dancing, superbly directed by ballet-master P. Virsky.

". . . Even in the exhilaration of this spectacle one could not overcome a feeling of vexation at having to sit through a dull evening before it . . . and hear so few of the wonderful folk songs which abound in the Ukraine. . . ."

NEW BYELORUSSIAN PLAYS

The State Opera House in Minsk, the capital of the Byelorussian S.S.R., is working on the first Byelorussian ballet *The Nightingale* (music by Kroshner). This ballet portrays the struggle of the Byelorussian people against their Polish oppressors. It is being produced by young talent who have come forward since the Revolution. The theater is also rehearsing a new opera *Flowers of Happiness*, by the Byelorussian composer Turenkov, who is a member of the Supreme Soviet of the Byelorussian S.S.R.

Members of the Ukrainian State Chorus at the All-Union Agricultural Exhibition

The repertory theater at Vitebsk has staged a new play by the poet Glebko *Above the River Banks* which deals with the Polish occupation of Byelorussia. One of the heroes is Sergo Orjonikidze.

A new comedy has been completed by Kondrat Krapiva, *He Who Laughs Last*, exposing enemies of the people and calumniators. It has been included in the repertory of Byelorussian theaters.

AN ANTHOLOGY OF AZERBAIJAN POETRY

The State Literary Publishing House have published an *Anthology of Azerbaijan Poetry* compiled by Azerbaijan poets in collaboration with literary critics and Russian translators. The *Anthology* illustrates the development of poetry in Azerbaijan from *Kitab-Dedeh-Korkud* (eleventh century) to modern Soviet poetry. Selections from Azerbaijan's major poets such as Hagani, Fizuli, Vagif and Vidadi have been translated into Russian for the first time.

The reader is introduced to the revolutionary traditions of a literature created many centuries ago by poets who were devoted to their people and wrote in the language of the people. All the major poets of Azerbaijan were advanced men of their time and champions of progress.

As all great poets they lived in the very vortex of social events, for, to quote the modern Azerbaijan poet, Vurgoon:

No poet he who dwells recluse,
His songs will die like shallow sounds.

Practically all the poets represented in the *Anthology* were mentors of the people and fighters for justice.

Professor Ivan Rozanov wrote an article in *Izvestia*, welcoming the appearance of the *Anthology*.

"Knowledge of the poetry of Azerbaijan, as of other fraternal Eastern peoples, will have a beneficial effect on the further development of Russian poetry. It is particularly to the poets of Azerbaijan that we must look for affinity with national folk-lore."

REMBRANDT IN THE SOVIET UNION

Soviet museums own about forty canvases, over two hundred etchings and over a hundred artistic reproductions of Rembrandt's best works. His major works were shown at exhibitions held recently in Moscow and Leningrad in connection with the three hundred and thirtieth anniversary of his birth.

The Soviet collection of Rembrandts illustrates all stages in his career from his first attempts to the latest period. One of the treasures of the Leningrad Hermitage is the famous "Danaya," a work of monumental dimensions. Soviet collections include the "Portrait of Rembrandt's Sister-in-Law" (1654), one of his most inspired portraits; "The Disgrace of Aman" (1665) and the "Return of the Prodigal Son," the highest achievement of his late period, one of the greatest art treasures of the world.

The excellently preserved collection of etchings gives a comprehensive idea of his great work in this field. Among them are works of priceless beauty such as "Blind Tovius," "Girl with Loose Hair," "Spanish Gypsy," "Jan Six," and "Faust."

STEPAN RAZIN

A new historical film, *Stepan Razin*, is now being shown in Moscow (regisseurs O.Preobrazhensky and M. Pravovaya). The plot of the film is based on the peasant uprising of the seventeenth century, headed by Stepan Razin. In the course of centuries this great people's hero stood out in the heart and mind of the Russians. Pushkin enthusiastically wrote of Razin as "the only poetic figure in Russian history." On several occasions Lenin and Stalin explained the nature and significance of that uprising.

The new film has been received differently by different critics. Thus, in the newspaper *Pravda*, E. Weissman stated that the film has many shortcomings. "The program and tactics of the uprising are not revealed by the actions of the heroes of the film. It gives a poor explanation of the reasons for which the peasants went into battle against the tsarist troops and died on the battlefields or on the gallows. . . . The film fails to show the fundamental reason for the defeat of the uprising, which lay in the lack of organization, in its spontaneity. . . . Many episodes are connected with the main plot only mechanically. The plot of the film is loose, without any dramatic action."

Yet in the same *Pravda*, the well-known regisseur V. Pudovkin points out many positive sides of the new film and shows that Weissman was wrong. "The artist A. Abrikosov," Pudovkin writes, "has created a stirring image of a people's hero. His Razin is impetuous, strong and noble. He fears no obstacles, he stops at nothing when sure of his right, he is trusting like a child when dealing with people whom he considers his friends, and he is merciless with his enemies."

Pudovkin goes on to point out the fine acting of V. Gardin, and M. Zharov. "The latter introduced fine humor in a deeply dramatic plot, and raised the quality of the film by it." A. Varlamov, the composer, wrote good music for the film. "The film," Pudovkin concludes, "allows us to cast a glance into the past of our country. It helps us to see and sense the justice of the people's wrath."

NEW FILMS

The second part of the recently completed film *The Great Citizen* has been unanimously praised by the press. The plot is based on true facts in the history of the struggle of the Communist Party against enemies of the people. It shows how the remnants of the exploiting classes are historically doomed by the growth of the Soviet State and the growing enlightenment of its citizens. In an article in the *Pravda*, the producers of this remarkable film, F. Ermler, M. Bolshintsov and M. Bleiman, indicated the problems involved:

"Our task was to translate political formulas into art, and bring out their psychological undertones. We had to show not only the actions of the characters, but their thoughts, the origin and development of their ideas. We had to show not only the intellect of our hero, but his thinking processes. He had not only to do the right thing but think how to do it. We strove to endow the leading character, Peter Shakhov, with the traits of Kirov—

noble character, supreme devotion to the Party's cause, fine mind, strong will and warm-heartedness. In this character we tried to convey the Bolshevik singleness of purpose for which Kirov was noted."

The Ashkhabad studio is producing a new film *The Price of Life*, scenario by V. Scripitsin. Action takes place in a meteorological observatory far out in the desert of Kara-Kum. The two-year-old son of the meteorologist is dying for lack of medical attention. The news reaches Ashkhabad, the capital of Turkmenia, and arouses general public concern. In unfavorable weather conditions a doctor is taken to the locality by airplane, piloted by a young Turcoman, Araz Bergenov. The landing field, however, has been demolished by the storm. The doctor, in spite of his years, descends by parachute, for the first time in his life, and saves the child.

The Leningrad Studios are launching the work on a new film, *The Defense of Petrograd*, scenario by N. Brykin and V. Nedoborov. A great battle scene with three thousand participants will show the defeat General Yudenich suffered in autumn 1919, at the hands of the Red Army and the workingmen's battalions. One of the episodes is the sending of a delegation of Petrograd workingmen to Lenin. Another scene shows Lenin and Stalin drawing up detailed plans for the defense of Petrograd, as a result of which the whiteguards were completely routed. The cast includes the well-known actors, N. Simonov, V. Gardin and K. Skorobogatov.

NOTES

An expedition from the Hermitage has made excavations on the site of the ancient city of Nymphœum, on the Black Sea coast not far from Kerch. The archeologists have cleared an area of eight hundred square meters, discovering a stone rampart and a large house, believed to have been built in the second or third century A.D. A large quantity of terracotta statuettes have been discovered among the ruins of houses, with bronze signet rings and various coin of the Bosporian realm. The pottery which has been unearthed shows that Nymphœum had much commerce with Athens. On the basis of the unearthed objects, archeologists have concluded that Nymphœum flourished from the sixth century B. C. to the third century A.D.

The Soviet Government has decided to reestablish the Academy of Architecture of the U.S.S.R. The membership will consist of acting members (academicians), honorary members and corresponding members. The architects and scientists who have distinguished themselves in the field of architecture, the building industry or in scientific research promoting Socialist construction in the U.S.S.R. will be eligible for election as acting members of the academy.

The Central Library of Foreign Literature in Moscow has arranged literary evenings devoted to European and American writers. Lectures have been given on the writers of Spain, the work of Edgar Allan Poe (in commemoration of the ninetieth anniversary of his death), Anatole France, Fielding, Shakespeare, Schiller, and Milton. Racine evenings were held on the occasion of his tercentenary and a special lecture was given on Chaucer, who was born six hundred years ago.

A fresco by the celebrated Russian painter Andrei Rublev has been discovered at the Tower of Zagorsk, an interesting example of fifteenth century architecture. The fresco is on the north side of the Trinity Cathedral. Rublev's works are not only priceless specimens of old Russian art, but masterpieces of world art.

Another recent discovery is a manuscript of a concerto for clarinet with military band, composed by N. Rimsky-Korsakov, which had been found in the library of the Leningrad Philharmony. It was written in 1878 and was thought to have been lost.

The Composer Clement Korchmarev has completed the arrangement of a cycle of Chinese patriotic songs of today. These are songs of the Chinese people, the Chinese army and partisans. The cycle includes *March of the Partisans*, *Legend of the Great Wall of China*, the march *Big Swords*, lyrical songs and ditties. The Russian texts for these songs, fifteen in all, have been written by the poets A. Zharov, L. Oshanin, and D. Altausen. Now gramophone records of the cycle are being made.

On the Lighter side

Courtesy of *Crocodile*

BUILDING THE MOSCOW SUBWAY

The rendez-vous is near! *Drawing by N. Lis*

ELECTION CAMPAIGN

Things looked bad for the Chairman of the City Soviet

on the construction of the school, *at the city transport;* *but it will be still worse for him on election day*

Drawing by L. Gench

THE SAME OLD PROFESSION

"I am still at it, my dear—cooking. But formerly there was borshch in my kettle, and now—steel"

Drawing by B. Prorokov

UNEXPECTED RESULTS

"I took to horse-back riding, trying to lose weight"
"Losing much?"
"Not I—the horse is!"

Drawing by K. Rotov

About Our Contributors

VASIL STEFANIK. (1871-1935). One of the most important writers of Western Ukraine. In December, Soviet Ukraine commemorated the fourth year since his death. Stefanik began his literary activity as a member of a group of writers *decadents,* but he soon understood that this bourgeois decadent literary current has no foundation, and there is no living truth in it. Stefanik settled down in his village and devoted all his creative knowledge to the cause of liberating his own people from the oppression of the Polish *pans.* With unusual strength and vividness, Stefanik revealed in his short stories the tragedy of the people of Western Ukraine subjected to the double yoke of capitalist and national oppression. Stefanik was tireless in his efforts to strengthen by every means the ties between Western Ukraine and U.S.S.R., to achieve the unification of the Ukrainian people. The citizens of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic where Stefanik's stories have appeared in several editions, have known and appreciated the creative work of Western Ukrainian writer.

PAVEL ANTOKOLSKY. The well-known Soviet poet, author of several notable epics on the French Revolution of 1789. *Robespierre and the Gorgon* is one of the most appreciated.

JAMBOUL. The renowned bard of Kazakhstan. (See *International Literature* No. 6, 1938).

MARK MITIN. A member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.; Director of the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute of the Central Committee of the C.P.S.U.(B.); an authority on dialectical materialism. Noted writer on social questions.

DAVID ZASLAVSKY. Well-known critic and journalist, a regular contributor to *Pravda.*

KATHARINE S. PRICHARD. Well-known Australian writer.

Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV