

THE CENTRAL ORGAN
OF THE INTERNATIONAL
UNION
OF REVOLUTIONARY
WRITERS

W O R K E R S O F T H E W O R L D U N I T E

1931

JUNE. NO. 1

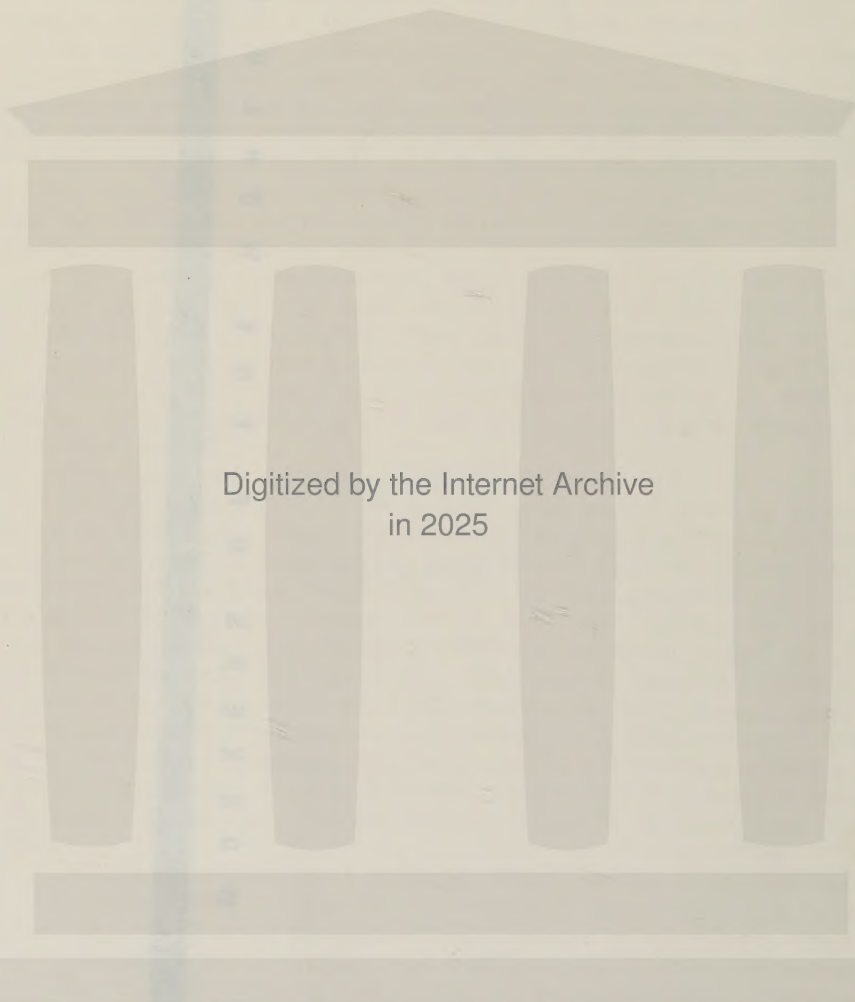
L I T E R A T U R E
of the
W O R L D R E V O L U T I O N

THE STATE
PUBLISHING HOUSE
M O S C O W

1931

JUNE NO. 1

THE CENTRAL BOARD
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LITERATURE

OF THE

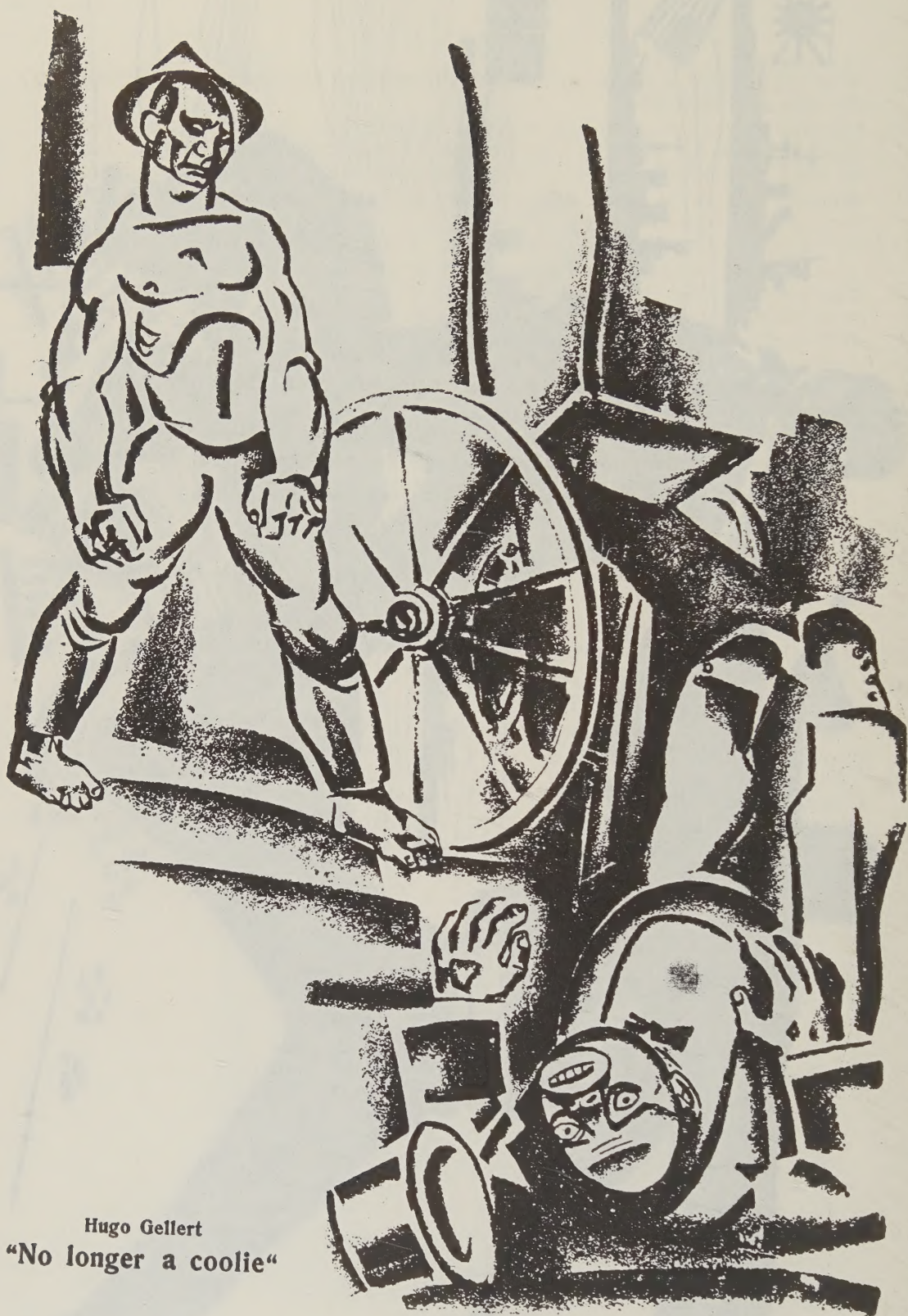
WORLD REVOLUTION

THE STATE
OF THE
REVOLUTION



China's fight against Imperialism

Drawing Deyneka



Hugo Gellert
"No longer a coolie"

ON LITERATURE

...Literature must become party literature. As a counterpart to the bourgeois customs, bourgeois commercial and commercialised press, a counterpart to bourgeois literary self-seeking and individualism, "aristocratic anarchism" and money hunting — the socialist proletariat must put forward the principle of **PARTY LITERATURE**, must develop this principle and carry it out in its fullest, completest form.

What does this principle of party literature consist of? Not only in that for the socialist proletariat literature cannot be a means of gain for individual persons or groups; but that it cannot in general be an individual concern, independent of the general cause of the proletariat. Down with non-party publicists! Down with literary supermen! Literature must become **PART** of the general proletarian cause...

...We wish to create and we shall create a free press, free not only in the sense of police interference but in the sense of being free from capital, free from self-seeking tendencies — more than that, free also from bourgeois individualism.

These last words may appear a paradox or a mockery at the readers. What! will probably exclaim some intellectual, an ardent supporter of freedom. What! You want to subject to collective control such a delicate individual work as that of literary creation. You wish that workers by a majority of votes should decide questions of science, philosophy, esthetics! You deny the absolute freedom of the absolutely individual ideological creation!

Gentlemen of the bourgeois individualists! We must tell you that your speeches about absolute freedom are sheer hypocrisy. In a society based on the power of the money bag, in a society where the masses of the toilers are destitute and a handful of the rich are idling, there can be no real, no genuine "freedom".

Are you, sir, being an author, free from your bourgeois publisher? Are you free from your bourgeois public, which demands that you should supply it with lewd pictures, with prostitution as a "supplement" to your "sacred" scenic art? Surely this absolute freedom is only a bourgeois or anarchist phrase (for anarchism, as a world conception, is the bourgeois ideology turned inside out). You cannot live in society and yet be free from society. The freedom of a bourgeois author, artist or actress is only a masked (or hypocritically camouflaged) dependence on the money bag, on bribes, on being provided for. And we, socialists, are exposing this hypocrisy, we tear down the false sign boards — not in order to obtain a non-class literature and art (this will only be possible in a socialist classless society) but in order to contrast literature hypocritically free but in fact tied to the bourgeoisie, with another literature, free in reality and openly bound up with the proletariat.

This will be a free literature, for it is only the idea of socialism and sympathy for the toilers, not greed and self-seeking, that will enlist more and more forces to its ranks. This will be a free literature, for it will not serve either a blasé heroine or the "upper ten" thousand suffering from boredom and corpulence, but will serve millions and tens of millions of toilers, who constitute the flower of the land, its energy, its future. This will be a free literature, fertilizing the last word in the revolutionary thought of mankind by the experience and live work of the socialist proletariat, and producing a constant interaction between the experience of the past (scientific socialism, which has consummated the development of socialism from its primitive utopian forms) and the experience of the present (the present-day struggle of the comrade workers).

"Novaia Zhisn". No. 12, November 26-th, 1905.

THE FIRST CAVALRY ARMY

1

THE WAR WITH GERMANY

"NICHT SCHIESSEN"

Reader. — Russia wages war... The Vistula! Mazurian Lakes, Galicia, the Carpathians. The forest of Augustovo. Russia wages war... Fifteen million men torn from their work, from their families. Russia wages war...

The year 1916. Trenches near Stohod...

A deep-cut trench, deeper than a man's height. Barbed wire entanglements are visible. Above the trench a peak or wooden shelter covered with a layer of earth. In the loopholes are rifles. A storming ladder. A field periscope. A group of soldiers at the dug-out entrance. They are smoking. They wear spurs and swords (dismounted life-dragoons). An observer sits at the periscope. Near him a steel screen with a notch in it. A soldier is singing: "he writes, he writes the German Tzar, he writes now to the Russian Tzar..."

Stretcher-bearers go through carrying a dead life-dragoon on an army coat. The corpse's arms dangle. A man with a spade follows after the stretcher-bearers. The soldiers fall silent, and make the sign of the cross.

Arhipov. — The Preobrazhenski Regiment attacked just before us... A lot of them got knocked off too. A healthy outfit, strapping fellows, strong as oxen! Them fellers looked like His Majesty's first regiment. All right, all right. Three pounds of bread a day for grub... Well, the Preobrazhenski blokes went over the top before it was light. What sort of preparation did the artillery make? You know all right — it popped away for a little, and that was all. Elevation five, swivel five, and again on our own men. The German barbed wire wasn't even touched. Four ins...

First voice (*bitterly*). — Strong chaps, the Russians, they'll tear through with their hands.

Second voice. — And that's just what they made the Preobrazhenski chaps do. They tore through...

Arhipov. — Yes... Well, the Preobrazhenskis went over in the early morning dusk... They were silent... They weren't ordered to shout "Hurrah"... They go along — they keep "hand by hand". They come up to the barbed wire. Then they began and cut it... And the Germans cop'em. What's that? Great hulks out there!.. They got scared, they think, it's the cavalry... And true enough those Preobrazhenski blokes are a fine lot of bruisers!

Third voice. — Fight on a bit, they'll grow smaller, by gad...

A pause.

First voice. — 'Smorning a hare run down between the trenches. Did we laugh, I'll say!

Second voice. — Did it get shot?

V. Vishnevski
The First
cavalry army

First voice. — They got him, he gave a wriggle and dropped...
You just try and get it. You see if the Germans don't get it, buddy!

Third voice. — Hares don't taste very good...

Second voice. — You mean you wouldn't eat it. I'll say, you would!

A wounded man goes by, with his arm done up — the bandage is turning red.

First voice. — What squadron?

Wounded man. — Second.

First voice. — How are things with you blokes!

Wounded man. — They're pounding at us with their heavy artillery — we can't stand up under it.

They'll blow us all up. They're turning the earthworks upside down. They're fighting with their bloody mortars (He goes off).

Second voice. — We'll be the next.

Third voice. — Don't go queering our luck! Don't wriggle when no one's punching you.

A bullet hits the iron screen with a thud. The observer jumps.

First voice. — Gee, how they knock 'em off. They've rifles with sighting glasses. When yer look through it, yer can see everything as clear as anything. Fire away and try your luck.

From behind the twist in the trench — officer X. and the corporal. The soldiers stand up, but do not salute, as they have already seen the officer several times since morning.

Officer. — We'll have to have him stand with his sword as a punishment. I can't, it's intolerable. If we courtmartial him it'll be worse for him. (*Irritated*).. At any rate, he's a bad lot.

Corporal. — Where's he to be put, Sir?

Officer (*nodding in the direction of the breastworks*). — There, up on top.

Corporal (*stunned*). — What, up on top, Sir?

Officer. — Why, yes...

Both go off behind the second turning, the transverse trench.

First voice. — That's Vanka Sysoyev.

Second voice. — What's 'e gone and done?

Third voice. — Went and gave the platoon commander one in the mug he did. That guy's doing him in, he's the death of him, I'll say...

Second voice. — Well, he'll stand a bit, he wont rot...

First voice. — But then, they're putting him up there.

Third voice. — (*incredulous*). Nonsense, you're talking through your hat.

Corporal and Sysoyev come in.

Corporal (*in an official manner*). — Sysoyev, stand at sword! Only an hour!

Soyoyev (*saluting*).. — Yes, corporal.

Corporal (*with trembling voice*). — Stand. That's th' order. Either that, or it'd mean courtmartial. Then t'would be all up with yer. And here yer may go scot-free. Climb up, old boy, up top... With a prayer...

The soldiers don't believe their own ears and stand as if numb. Sysoyev stands regular as a Russian life-dragoon is supposed to stand. A pause.

Corporal. — Climb up, old boy, I'm responsible for you. We'll both cash in, if you don't... Climb... (*He pokes him with his finger in fright*).

Get a move on... Stand there just a bit. I'll go right away and tell'em you stood your time... (*He backs away and mutters.*) Climb, Sysoyev, climb... (*He disappears behind the turning.*) 7

Evening is coming on. It grows dark. Sysoyev looks at the storming ladder. Two bullets strike the steel screen with a thud. The observer jumps. Sysoyev straightens his cap and by habit puts up a finger to feel if his badge is in the middle.

S y s o e v. — Farewell, fellow-countrymen. God sees us — it is unjust...

The soldiers are silent. Sysoyev climbs up the ladder on to the breastwork. A bullet strikes the screen; the observer jumps. The soldiers, as if involuntarily, leap to the loopholes. The gunlocks click. Sysoyev is already on the breastwork. He is outlined in strong relief against the sunset sky toward the German side. Standing up, as it becomes a soldier of the Russian Imperial Guardsmen to stand, he pulls out his sword with a jerk of his arm. A bullet hits the screen. Sysoyev stoops, straightens up, and stands like a statue, holding his sword at his shoulder.

Two more bullets — "Puck, tuck, puck, tuck"...

F i r s t s o l d i e r (*to his own men*). — Don't shoot, buddies, that'll only make it worse...

S e c o n d s o l d i e r. — They'll kill Vanka... The bloody Germans'll hail at'im.

Another dead man is carried by on an army coat. The stretcher-bearers do not notice Sysoyev.

T h i r d s o l d i e r. Oh Lord... Pater noster...

A bullet — "puck-tuck". Sysoyev pulls his head in.

O b s e r v e r. Hey a German's waving! Look...

The soldiers press against the loopholes. It grows darker. From far off, from the German side, a voice is heard, difficult to make out.

V o i c e. — Ru-u-sse, Kamerad... wir wollen nicht schiessen... No shoot now... No can...

D r a g o o n s (*they listen, they get upon tiptoes and bawl out*). — Kamerad!. Soldier, Kamerad! Soldier, one of our own!.. Don't shoot him... Oh, the searchlight!

A searchlight pours its white light over the stiff form of the Imperial Guardsman Sysoyev and the dragoons, lifting up their great good arms and beginning to grasp something... A far-away voice from the German side:

V o i c e. — Genossen, Kameraden, Russe...

A whisper of the dragoons. They shout Kamerad... They aren't shooting... They see what's up. The Corporal appears.

C o r p o r a l (*nervously*). — Sysoyev, alive? Sysoyev, put up your sword! There, old boy!

Sysoyev puts away his sword with precision, but stands still. He waits for a second command. The searchlight again floods Sysoyev with a white glare. The corporal, realising that Sysoyev is waiting, gives the command "About face! Into the trench, double time march!" Sysoyev turns about and jumps down into the trench. The stretcher-bearers go by carrying another dead man on an armycoat.

F i r s t v o i c e. — What squadron?

S e c o n d v o i c e. — Still the second... It's awful...

The corporal pats Sysoyev on the shoulder.

S y s o y e v (*in a low tone, as if to someone absent, tossing his head about*) Kamerad, ah?

V. Vishnevski
The First
cavalry army

THE REVOLUTION RUSSIA, PLEASE, ATTACK

Reader. — It was March, nineteen seventeen. They've squared accounts with the Tzar. Freedom. Spring. Life beats noisily.

Marseillaise.

And the encouraged hearts of the soldiers were waiting for the good news. They were waiting fearfully for the just decision about the war... The soldiers waited till it came!

COURT

Dim light. A table with green cloth. Behind the table three officers. In the middle the president of the court, Officer X. On his breast a St. Vladimir cross, with swords. In front of the table a soldier. On his breast a St. George cross.

President. — Name?

Soldier. — Ivan.

President. — Last name

Soldier. — Flegontov Kostrov.

President. — What troop?

Soldier. — Front-line 458-th Sujanski infantry regiment.

President. — You took the oath of allegiance to the Provisional Government?

Soldier. — They made me sign some sort of paper...

President. — Prisoner Kostrov, you are accused of refusing to take part in the attack and of inciting others to the above mentioned action. You may indicate by your choice counsel for your defence.

Soldier (*in a low, somewhat surprised tone*). — Who's going to defend me here? It's not necessary...

President. — Prisoner, what can you prove in your defence?

Soldier (*in a low tone*). — I was in the trenches since the war began. That is, for three years. Now freedom has come... We need the land... But what's the land to me, if I'm not on it when I'll be killed in the attack!... And who are we fighting for?... Who are our commanders? The colonel shouted out at the meeting: "You bastards, I've flogged you and I'll flog you yet, and give you fifty strokes". "Today", he says "you have the red flag but, don't you go believing in freedom, tomorrow it'll be the black-and-green..." The committee was asked to remove him, I mean, the colonel, but who is on the committee? It's full of internal enemies. There's no truth...

President. — Keep to the point, prisoner...

Soldier. — I'm only telling what I know...

President. — What have you to add, prisoner?

Soldier (*in a low tone*). — We've had enough of such rights as we had under the old law... But if we go out to attack, we'll only get beaten. I'm a scout myself, I crawled, I crawled out there, I saw what a lot of barbed-wire the Germans have. We'll go out to attack, they'll beat us. But who'll have the land?... I see what the commanders are aiming at, the... old ones are still on the job...

President. — Be seated, prisoner. Everyone is bound to respect the laws of the Russian State and the decrees of the Provisional Government. The court will proceed to vote. Judgement is decided by majority of votes. It's your turn, Captain.

Captain. — The affair is plain enough. A coward.

The soldier involuntarily looks at his St. George's cross and touches it.

Captain. — A deserter. Guilty. Sentence of death.

President. — Lieutenant.

Lieutenant (*agitated*). — The misfortune of our fatherland is that the people are ruined by propaganda... They are spoiling the moral atmosphere among the troops. But I believe in the Russian soldier, I know... I was in Galicia in 1914...

President. — Briefer, lieutenant.

Lieutenant (*agitated and upset*). — All that is taking place is of course awful... In face of the enemy dissension must not be brought into the army... Moreover, political disturbances... I vote for the necessary measure...

President. — Namely?

Lieutenant. — I would take into account... I would lighten... But of course, if necessary... No, No, I cannot.

President. — I understand, lieutenant... On principle you are opposed to the death penalty. One votes for it, one refrains... I will give my vote...

Pause.

Defendant, stand! Your case has been examined. The field courtmartial of the 14th army corps, by a majority of two to one, sentences Kostrov, Ivan Flegontovich, corporal of the 458th Sujanksi regiment (*pause*) to death...

Roll of drums. It grows dark.

Reader (*from the auditorium*). — Such was the freedom of the Provisional Government... Those who carried out the sentence of the soldier who was guilty of not wanting to fight for a cause not his own, — the executors of the sentences were not soldiers. The soldiers did not lift a rifle against their brother. The soldier was shot by the officers, by Kornilov's shock-brigade men... The soldier did not have time to say farewell to anyone... He didn't have time to look his executioners in the face... Comrades, you who are alive! Learn the officers' face by heart! A time is coming when they will stand opposite us, recognize them then, aim for their foreheads!..

ON THE TROOP-TRAIN

Reader. — October thundered out. The unforgettable year. Nineteen eighteen began. From the German front the great exodus of the trench-folk commenced. Enough of war! They knocked off. The land calls them!..

A troop-train from the German front. A box-car. Five soldiers. In Caucasian fur caps, with birch-bark knapsacks. The door is shut. Knocking at the door:

— What's there?

— Let me in, brothers. I'm frozen stiff.

— Full already. (*To each other.*). Don't let anyone in. Let'em go to hell. It'll get packed with all kinds of bastards.

Again knocking.

— Brothers, I'm freezing!

Phlegmatic. — Go to the devil's mother!

The accordion wheezes away. The stove casts its reflection. Knocking continues from the man who is freezing to death.

The knocking grows weak. Accordion. Fresh knocking. Violent.

A new voice from without. Hey, open there! Where do you think you're skulking, you cockroaches! Open up!

V. Vishnevski
The First
cavalry army

Phlegmatic. — Go to the devil's mother!
Voice from without — Wait only, I'll show you whether
I go there. Open, do you hear!

A violent knock. An answering shout from within the car:

"Clear out... He's blown up the noisy bum! I'll scald you with boiling water, get out".

From without. — Hey, look out, or I'll pull my machine gun! I'll be looking for someone's liver and bones. Well?

It is suddenly quiet within the car.

One (*rudely and conciliatorily*). — Who're you, with a machine-gun?

From without. I got clear of my column.

From within the car. — What column?

From without. — The Guards Dragoons regiment.

From within the car (*to each other*). — Let him crawl in, or he might go off his head and really shoot us up. So he's a guardsman... (*At the door.*) Well, crawl in!

The door opens with a scrape. Ivan Sysoyev plumps in, bewhiskered. He has a rifle, a sword, a knapsack and a hand machine-gun.

One (*gaily*). — Well, well, so you wanted to stitch us up — quite nice little sewing-machine you have there! (*They laugh.*)

Sysoyev. Say, lend a hand. A chap has frozen down there, under the car, an infantryman. He couldn't make you hear... You sit there like millionaires.

The soldiers clamber out, pick up the man half-dead, drag him in, rub him over, he groans.

One (*angrily*). — Shut the door. See! You let in the cold, damn you!

The door is shut with a scrape. The accordion wheezes away. Again a knock at the door.

From without. — Hey there, open the door!

Sysoyev. — Cram full here. No room...

From without. — I ask you as a fellow being — open the door!

One (*mockingly*). — Yes, and what else?

From without (*mimicking him in a threatening tone*). — What else? Do you want to get a hand-grenade? I'll blow you open!

Sysoyev. — Let him climb in. He's like me. He means business too. (*Into the crack.*) climb aboard!]

The door opens with a scraping sound. A soldier clambers in, wearing an army coat, a birch-bark-knapsack, a Caucasian fur cap, with a Novitski hand-grenade, called "searchlight", on his belt.

One (*merrily*). — Hail, "grenadier"! They've made a lot of you with grenades like that!

Answer. — Hail.

The new soldier stretches out towards the stove. The accordion wheezes away. Sysoyev smokes, glancing at the "grenadier". Someone snores. Again a knock.

From without. — Hey, listen, do you hear?

One. — Hump off.

Phlegmatic. — Go to the devil's mother!

From without. — Let me in, buddy, I'm frozen...

Grenadier. — Send him to the devil. All sort of stiffs climbing in around here!

From within the car. — Go with peace.
 From without (*almost weeping*). — Buddies, ow... but, I'm wounded... Let's in buddies... Aren't you human beings?
 Phlegmatic. — Go to the devil's mother!
 Another. — No room here! Get along, you!

A groan. It is quiet. Someone sings nasily:
 "Three hamlets, two villages,
 Eight lasses and I alone..."

The screen.

The hastening letters flash and the sound of the telegraph apparatus is audible:

"Rostov-on-Don, Yuzovka, Bakhmut, Lugansk, Taganrog, Gorlovka, Debaltsevo. Extra rush, military. Comrades, the enemy is very close and already threatening the Don Basin. Without delay despatch forces against the counter-revolution... The conquests of the workers' and peasants' revolution are in danger. Outlaw bands of Cossacks and Germans are invading the heart of Russia and the Ukraine, they are threatening Petrograd, Odessa, Kharkov. Every man for the defence of our rights"

Reader. — On the heels of the troop-trains the Cossacks go into the Ukraine, a wall of steel helmets of Austro-German divisions. On they go, and sparks fly like hail from under their iron-shod boots :

Roll of drums.

Oh, ruin is coming! Stay, comrades, don't run away home!

In the box-car, sound of dancing and whistling.

No, they don't listen. Home, home!..

THE GRENADIER

The same car. The same soldiers. Reflection of the stove. A distant whistle.

First voice. — Are we going to stand here long?

Second voice. — Until we bash the station master. Only then. Pure sabotage!

Third voice. — They need to be shot, the rats! They're holding up the troop-train.

A bearded soldier at the stove. Another soldier, the young committee member, waking up, goes and sits down by him.

Soldier. — What front are you from, friend?

Committee member. — German. (*Jokingly.*) One little year there.

Soldier. — Through fighting?

Committee member. — Not quite.

Soldier. — Now it's all over. Who's against us now! Tumble along to the Janes! Oh, I'm going back to my village. (*Grunting.*) The old woman won't get out alive from under me... I've kept the fast pretty long...

Sysoyev suddenly approaches the two men talking.

Sysoyev. — Look, friend, see where two of my teeth were knocked out?

First voice. — Well, we see.

Sysoyev. — D'ye know, who knocked them out? A first-lieutenant, our officer. Back in '13. "You aren't fit for the devil", says he. That was... during the exercise. "No sort of appearance. You do the jerks rotten... And

V. Vishnevski
 The First
 cavalry army

once! Bash in the teeth. Twice — and he knocked them out. And then he stood me on the breastworks at sword. Shoot, German!.. There!.. With the revolution he skulked off from the regiment...

First voice. — That used to happen... Among us too in the Jaegers' regiment...

Sysoyev (*impatiently*). — Stop! Do you know where this officer is?

First voice. — Well?

Sysoyev (*quietly*). — There he is, the "grenadier", sitting there. The "grenadier" starts, seizes his hand-grenade; the soldiers go for him.

Officer. — Back! Take care!

They all press together. The officer, holding the hand-grenade aloft, opens the door with his shoulder, jumps down on to the roadbed, hooks the door shut, and slips away. Voices:

— Got away!

— Fine! Fine!

— Devil!

— Where would you look for him at night on the roads?!

Sysoyev. — If I get my hands on him, anywhere, I'll eat him alive! And don't you forget!...

Phlegmatic (*in pursuit of the officer*). — Go to the devil's mother!

Committee member (*to his neighbor with the beard*). — So you say, uncle, who's against us now? No one, what? But you saw that one? (*A gesture in the direction taken by the fugitive.*) Didn't you notice? Where are they running to? To Kornilov!

The soldiers, greatly disturbed, are listening.

Committee member. — We must go and lick them now before they have gathered together. If they get organized, then it'll be tough.

Voices. — Right enough.

— Then there'll be a to-do.

— They'll twist our tails. They'll twist our tails.

Committee member. — We must join the troops.

Voice (*mockingly*). — You mean, the Red guard?

Committee member. — Yes.

First Voice (*mockingly*). — Red?

Second voice. — Well, you can, but we're going home.

Third voice. — He hasn't had enough of the fighting? Ugh!

Fourth voice. — Well, wait till they'll make an officer of you as god made the tortoise...

Accordion Player. — You know the hell of a lot, don't you? You're a clever guy! A Bolshevik?

Committee member. — Yes.

First voice. — Well go and fight, who's stopping you... Tumble into chains yourself alone! Ha-ha-ha. Don't mind him, chaps!

Accordion-player strikes up a jolly tune. One begins to stamp. They whistle.

The screen.

"The conquests of the revolution are threatened. Comrades, organize troops. Keep off the foe..."

First voice. — Say, bolshevik, what are you standing there for? Go and give us a dance!

Second voice. — Quit your kidding!

Third voice (*choking with laughter*). — He's afraid to stamp his feet! He's got to go on fighting! He, he!

Committee member. — Yes, friends. We got to hold on fast
And you want to ride in a coach and four.

First voice (*angrily, to the committee-member*). — Shut your
trap, there!..

Stamping on feet, whistling, dancing.

Reader. — Home, homeward!.. The folk from the trenches see
nothing around them. But the officers are going to the Don... And Wilhelm's
army is moving toward the Ukraine...

THREE DETACHMENTS

The same box-car. Snoring. The committee member, through the crack of the door just a bit
opened, looks out into the dawn.

Reader. — But after all does no one see that hostile detachments
are growing up all around? Who sees it? There they are. They are marching.
Sailors' Red Guards.

Past the troop-train, the measured tread of men.

Committee member. — What section, comrades?

Voice. — The First Socialist Guerilla Troop from Lugansk.

Committee member. — Who's at the head?

Voice. — Voroshilov.

Committee member. — Who is he?

Voice. — A Lugansk workingman.

Reader. — Another troop is marching by.

Measured tread.

Committee member. — What troop! comrade?

Voice. — Guerilla fighters, of the Red Army — miners.

Committee member. — Who's at the head?

Voice. — Shchadenko.

Committee member. — Who is he?

Voice. — A tailor from the Don district.

Reader. — Another troop is marching. Old army coats, tough-looking.
picked fighters, sturdy and rugged.

Committee member. — What troop, comrade?

Voice. — Cavalry. Guerillas.

Committee member. — Who's at the head?

Voice. — Budionny.

Committee member. — Who's he?

Voice. — An old soldier, dragoon. A poor peasant.

Committee member. — I'm with you.

Voice. — Fall in!

The committee member jumps down. In the box-car snoring. Someone awakes. He growls hoarsely:

"Damn it, someone let in the cold again. Riff-raff".

THE Foe ATTACKS

Reader. — German and Austro-German divisions moved like a wall upon
the Ukraine and the Don. The iron shod boots beat the step with the sparks.

Roll of drums

Beside them marched the troops of Russian White officers, Drozdovski's
merciless regiment. From the Rumanian front. Against Rostov. To take the
"boors" at the bayonet.

Roll of drums.

V. Vishnevski
The First
cavalry army

The Ataman general is already on the Don. He sent the colonels and the Cossack Captains — Gnirytybov, Popov, Chernetsov, Semiletov, Grekov... He sent them to stop the seizure of the Land. They went on the hunt against the peasants, as if against wild animals... Kornilov too began to move...

THE VILLAGE OF LEZHANKA

Reader. — The peasants' freedom was brief — that of the peasant returning from the German front. Its days were numbered. Kaledin's men went along from way-station to way-station, through the villages and Cossack farmsteads... They went to free the people from the yoke of the Commissars. They march, they liberate them. They take by storm the village of Lezhanka, in the government of Stavropol.

A peasant hut. Group of White officers, in winter field-uniform.

First officer. — Gentlemen... Do you know the story of the bolshevik prisoners? Lieutenant-colonel Nezhinzev, commander of the Kornilov regiment, gave the order. "Volunteers for the executions step forward." Fifteen of us step out. We look, and see nothing but commissars' mugs, the boors. And then, of course: "Fire!"

Second officer. (X.). — Waste cartridges on such skunks? There she is, my little mother, there he is, my little father (*he raises his rifle, pats the butt and the bayonet.*)

Third officer. — But tell us how they flogged them, captain? I wasn't there...

Fourth officer. — Well, where were you? Hiding in the reserve? First we had a bite to eat... a sort of little "déjeuner." They had caught some pullets... We searched them, of course. After lunch. We caught a lot of them, local people, former soldiers... "Give them fifty strokes of the lash each." On the square before the church, in file. "Take off your trousers!" They took them off. "Lie down!" They lay down. We flog them. The Cossack captain comes up: "Is that all you can do? Do you call that flogging? Here's the way to do it!" He took the lash and drew blood at once... Very nice..."

Second officer. — Captain, show your whip.

Captain (*raising his whip*). — Nice and red.

Third officer (*rather stupidly*). — From blood?

Captain. — No, from cranberries...

The officers laugh and look the whip over.

Reader. — On the street were to be seen the inhabitants timidly venturing out, women and children. The men who had been executed lay in various poses on the square. The wind began to stir, tossed their hair, rustled their clothes, but they lay there as if wooden. One woman came out, went to them and began to search down the line. Those who lay beneath she lifted a bit and again put them down carefully, as if afraid of hurting them. She went through them all. Beside one of them she fell, first on her knees, then on the breast of the dead man and wept pitifully, loudly "My darling, oh god, oh god!" Weeping, she put the corpse of her breadwinner on her wagon...

Officer. — Gentlemen, say! Here's a gramophone. Would you like a waltz? Valse générale! Engagez vos dames! (*He starts the gramophone.*) Waltz!..

Reader. — General Kornilov's detachments lift 507 corpses in the village of Lezhanka, in the government of Stavropol. The same happened in other villages, Cossack-villages, in the Kuban, Manych, Sal, Don... Thus the dashing officers marched against their fatherland.

3

CIVIL WAR

HOW ARE THINGS WITH OUR CAVALRY?

Reader. — Spring of 1918. Tsaritsyn. A hand's throw from the Don. The Guerilla fighters came to Tsaritsyn. They stayed in Tsaritsyn...

The headquarters of the military detachment. At the table, an elderly commander. He is talking with someone over the telephone.

Commander (*in a tired, level voice*). — Yes, yes... The prisoners show... Quite, we must hold out. Good-bye. Yes, yes.. At any price. (*He hangs up the receiver. Goes up to the map of Russia.*) Manufacturing center... Railway junction. Tsaritsyn... Strike the Cossack army from the flank as soon as it shoves toward Moscow. (He reckons the direction.). Are we strong enough?...

Two commanders come in. In rough shorts. The younger is the former committee member from the troop-train. They join the first one, greet each other. One, the elder of the two who entered, holds out a paper to the commander, reports its contents by memory.

Older commander. — Well now: "Defend Tsaritsyn at any price. There can be no retreat. The Revolutionary Military Council of the Tenth Army; Stalin. Voroshilov..."

First commander. — Let's check over the reconnoissances we have.

Second commander. — Opposite is the army of the Don...

First commander. — Old acquaintances!

Second commander. — Take into account the Imperial Brigade; the life-guards, the Ataman's life-guards and the Cossacks life-guards... (*To the younger.*) Have you any more data?

Younger commander. — The Cossacks' left flank is protected: German corps, three of them — General von Knerser — are standing from Azov to the edge of the Don army. The front line Cossack divisions have been replenished by mobilizations. In the rear, in the Rostov, a "standing army" of young Cossacks is being trained. There is a prospect of Denikin's fresh troops of officers from the Caucasus being thrown in against us...

First commander. — So... Three thousand... six and three make nine, and six, fifteen, three and three make six, and fifteen make twenty one. Three more divisions... six and six, eighteen. So there are as many as forty thousand against us... Guns, according to the summary, ninety three.

Second commander. — Hm. Yes.

Younger commander. — Well, they're welcome.

Second commander. — The enemy has a lot of cavalry.

Younger commander. — How do things stand with our cavalry?

A Cossack and Sysoyev enter. Going right to the commander, the Cossack gives a little cough. Seriously and shyly he inquires: May we come in?

First commander. — What's the matter, comrades?

Sysoyev. — We want to enroll as volunteers.

Cossack (*hastily*). — Only in the cavalry... Will you take us?

First commander. — But why do you come to us?

Sysoyev (*severely but courteously*). — Not to you, but to ourselves, to our own men.

First commander. — Yes, you are right, I didn't mean to say that...

Cossack. — So you'll take us? In the cavalry?

First commander (*pointing to the younger*). — This comrade here will write you down.

The younger commander, Cossack and Sysoyev go to one side.

Younger commander — You will serve without a definite limit, you know, this is war time.

Younger commander. — You'll have to stick it to the end.

Both. — We know that.

Cossack. — For the sake of the people.

Younger commander. — You will sleep on the ground, with only the shelter of your coat.

Both. — Yes, we know it.

Younger commander. — You will not twist your conscience: Red Army and no other.

Sysoyev. — As by allegiance.

Cossack. — May my eyes drop out of my head...

Younger commander. — Well, then you are with us. We will enroll you in the First Workers' and Peasants' punitive socialist cavalry regiment. Slip along to the brigade commander, to comrade... (*recalling*) Budionny.

Both. — Good bye.

Straightening up, feeling themselves again in service, they go out "in proper fashion". A worker, entering, meets them. He wears a Finnish cap and a black topcoat. Silently he puts out his hand to the middle aged commander. The latter shakes it. The worker hands him a paper. The second commander and the younger soldier look at the worker.

First commander. — Party-member? Volunteer?

Worker (*nods, as if to say; "Are you asking me that?"*).

First commander. — From Petersburg?

Worker (*nods his head*).

First commander (*striking the resolution*). — Going to the commissars' staff?

Worker (*nods and goes out*).

First commander. — We are getting organized. You see. They are coming.

Younger commander. — Anyway, we must keep hoping.

Reader. — The threat hung over Tsaritsyn. The regular Cossack army slowly moved against the guerilla troops of yesterday, which now formed the Tenth Army. The defenders of Tsaritsyn stood by their posts solemnly, sternly... To meet the enemy... with a resolute and, for many thousands, the last struggle.

"WHOM ARE YOU TRYING TO TAKE BY FRIGHT?"

Reader. — Till spring of 'nineteen, a whole year, the fighters of Tsaritsyn battled on amid unprecedented carnage. The lava-like streams of Cossacks flowed up to the very city, numberless. No, they won't take Tsaritsyn!

Miraculous fighters, those who rose in nineteen-eighteen! Like a peasant whirlwind of rebellion they roared across the steppes of the Don, Kuban and Stavropol, they fought with incredible boldness... But it also happened that, inflamed, intoxicated with the struggle, with daring, they could not reconcile themselves to the niceties of order, of discipline.

INTO THE DISTRICT OF KASTORNAYA

Reader. — Budenii's corps is ordered to take Voronezh and the Kastornaya region and cut off the principal forces of Denikin's army.

Command. — Into the fight!

Signal.

— Swords up!

Reader. — On it went, on went Budenii's cavalry.

The Budenii motif "From the afternoon sky"...

Hold tight! Once! Take that, White Cavalrymen! Take that! Twice! So! Ugh!.. Everything became black for Shkuro and Mamontov. The White front was crumpled.

Our motif grows stronger.

Come along, Budenii's cavalrymen, into the rear of the Whites! Into the Kastornaya!

And the corps came down to the railroadline!

Suddenly all is quiet.

On the stage, telegraph-room of a railway-station on the way to Kastornaya. By the apparatus a cavalryman in a short fur coat and a Caucasian hat. He has a hooked nose and a moustache — all the Soviet Union knows his profile. With him is a second man, somewhat younger. A telegraph-operator is at the key of the Morse apparatus.

On the stage, right, a second telegraph-room of a railway station on the way to Kastornaya. Two officers are at the apparatus: a colonel and a lieutenant. A telegraph-operator is at the key.

In the middle of the stage the misty blue distance of a winter night. Telegraph poles leading into the distance.

Man with the moustache (*to the terrified telegraphist, speaking gently but firmly*). — Don't be afraid, don't be afraid... We won't harm you.

Operator. — Yes sir, yes sir.

Man with moustache. — We are Reds.

Operator. — Quite so, quite so...

Man with moustache. — Is the line intact?

Operator. — Quite so, quite so...

Man with moustache. — Calm down, dear comrade (*He puts his hand on the operator's shoulder. A pause. The latter calms down a little.*)

Man with moustache (*jots a few words on a sheet of paper. Shows it to his adjutant.*)

Colonel (*on the right, to the operator.*) — Call the next station.

Operator begins to work the key. The tape stirs on the Red's side. At the apparatus on the left, when the tape began to run, everyone becomes quiet.

Man with moustache. — Aha! (*To the operator.*) Read the tape, comrade. And no mistakes!

Operator. — You may check it, if you please.

Officer (*on the right, dictates*). — "Communicate situation..."

The tape winds on the Red's side. Operator reads to the man with the moustache: "Communicate situation".

Man with moustache (*dictates*). — "Budenni pressing us. Send armored train".

V. Vishnevski
The First
cavalry army

Operator. — I'll transmit it (*he gives this message*).

The tape now reels off on the Whites' side.

Officer (*reads*). — "Budenni pressing, send armored train."

Officer (*dictates in answer*). — "Wire who gives order."

The key works. The tape moves at left. Operator reads to man with moustache: "Wire who gives order?"

Man with moustache reflects for a second and dictates: "Division commander Major-General Rumyantsev."

The key works. The tape moves on right and the second operator reads to the officers: "Division commander Major-General Rumyantsev."

Officer (*dictates*) — For accuracy wire name and patronymic.

The key works, the tape moves on the left. Operator reads to man with moustache: "Wire name and patronymic." A pause.

Man with moustache. — Oh, I say!.. That's what you call checking up! What is the name and patronymic of the White general we captured?

Young one (*takes a quick look into his note-book and informs him*) Mikhail Konstantinovich.

Man with moustache (*to operator*). — Well, then, give them: "Mikhail Konstantinovich."

The operator taps it out. The tape moves at right. The second operator reads to the officers: "Mikhail Konstantinovich."

Colonel. — Everything is in order (*to the lieutenant*) Lieutenant, the armored train "Officer" must be sent off. It is on track four (*to operator*). "Sending armored train 'Officer'. Fit it out with ammunition — we have used up nearly everything."

The tape moves on the left. Operator reads to the man with moustache: "Sending armored train 'Officer'. Fit it out with ammunition — we have used up everything."

Man with moustache (*nods, dictates*). — "Ammunition will be supplied".

The operator taps it off. On the right the tape moves: "Ammunition will be supplied."

A cavalryman in a coat of untanned leather stumbles into the telegraph-room on the left.

Cavalryman (*to the man with the moustache, reporting*). — Comrade Budenni (*the operator jumps up like a crack and stares at the man with the moustache*), the 36 th regiment is out, there just now. The Whites came down in the dark, well, they fired a salvo. Everything as it ought to be. (*Gesture*). Officers, a regiment of theirs, it seems. Well, we made mince-meat of them. (*Gesture*). Neat work. The officers are steaming.

Budenni. — All right. Right now we must give a welcome to the White's armored train.

Budenni shakes hands with the telegraph-operators. On the right and left everything dims into darkness. Along the railway line the armored train, moving toward the left, throws sparks.

THE CAPTURE OF THE OFFICER

The station. It is dark. The commander of the cavalry regiment, the former committee-member of the troop-train scene (in a rough leather coat or burka) carrying an electric flash-light. Little strips of light fall. A chain of fighters lies on the ground.

Commander. — Just don't lose your heads, comrades!.. While it is coming up close, just hold steady. We'll take it right and dandy.

Voices. — Fine. Right, comrade commander!

Commander. — Try for a chance to use your hand-grenades, if you have to. Poke them through the apertures. Look for the holes in the armor-

plate. Corporal Sysoyev, take three men, blow up the track lively, when the train comes up... **19**

Sysoyev. — All right... Well, let's go. Arhipov! Kaliberda! Akhrimenko!.. Come on, shake a leg... I've got the fuse...

They go off.

Commander (*to the ring of men*). — So look out for the holes in the armor-plate; feel for them.

From the ring (*with a double meaning*). — Fine. We'll feel for them, we know how to do that all right.

Commander. — Don't shoot your own men. In the dark the main thing is to keep everything plain... Get me?

One fighter (*seriously*). — Well, sure, it's natural that everything should be clear in the dark.

Commander. — That's that. They're not supposed to have cartridges or munitions. They expect to receive them from us. But in case they fire, — get down lower, crouch, crawl; their angle of fire won't be low enough. Well, is everything clear?

Voices. — Yes! Crawl low down.

— Clear enough.

— Right to the dot.

A fighter (*inquiringly*). — Well, can't we pick up a little watch or a pair of boots?

First voice. — You, watchmaker!

Second voice. — Do you shoot for their pockets, you junk-dealer?

Commander. — So, comrades, only at the signal. One whistle, crawl up, put the sleepers under the wheels, stick in all you've got stored up. Two, and on to them (*with an official-like tone*). A'shun! You may smoke.

It is quiet and dark. In the darkness comes the armored car, casting a feeble light through the gaps of its loopholes and embrasures. Clank of metal, hissing. The armored car has come up. The side-door of the car-platform opens and an officer's silhouette is visible.

Officer. — Who is there from the division headquarters?

Commander. — Please, this way, over here.

Officer (*going toward the light at the flash-light and talking*). — We must put the ammunition on board at once... With whom have I the honor?

The light strikes the officer.

Commander (*hissing tone*). — Commander of the Budenni cavalry regiment.

Officer. — What do you mean, Budenni's?

Commander. — Sure.

The flash-light goes out. A blow from a sword, a falling body, a faint scream. A sharp toot from the campaign whistles. Shadows stir. They are crawling up. The sound of blows. The door of the armored car bangs shut. A shout from the armored car. "Who's there? Wait a minute!" Sysoyev runs up to the commander of the regiment in the darkness.

Sysoyev. — Comrade commander. The track's done for.

Commander. — On this side or that? Be careful, Sysoyev.

Sysoyev. — On both sides, a clean job.

Commander. — Listen, hey, you on the "Officer"! You are cut off. You can't leave the spot — there are sleepers and rails put under the wheels and in the wheels. The Budenni men are here. Surrender!

The armored car moves heavily, quivers, and then everything becomes quiet. The armored car cannot budge.

V. Vishnevski

The First
cavalry army

Commander. — Surrender!

Third voice from the ring. — Maybe, give them a bomb.

Second voice. — Lie low!

The armored car suddenly gives a machine-gun volley.

Commander. — Lie do-ow-wn!.. Who ran up there? I'll give you ran you, son of a... Damn your mother!

Second volley. Everything becomes quiet.

Reader. — The armored car resisted. It fired its last machine-gun belts. The rest of its ammunition. The armored car stood motionless... like a prison.

Voice from the ring (*pleadingly*). — Maybe, paste them with bombs, comrade Commander?

Commander. — Lie still. Keep both eyes open there. We'll take it intact. (*In the direction of the armored car*). Surrender!

The grating of the side-door is audible. The silhouette of an officer is to be seen.]

First Voice of a fighter from the ring. — What the hell are you up to, you fool?

The door slams shut.

Second voice from the ring (*beseechingly*). Maybe, give them a bomb?

Sysoyev. — Lie still. I'd like to let them have it myself. Maybe I'll find some officer there I know. I'll eat him alive. Don't you touch him boys, if he's there. Give him to me. He's got a nose with a crook to it and a hair-wart.

Commander. — Quiet!

Some prankish chap from the ranks (in a high, ringing voice). — Hey, you Whites, koo-koo!

A giggle.

Commander (*Repeats*). — Lie still! (*in the direction of the train.*) For the last time — surrender! We shall put the hand-grenades to work at once.

As last an answer from the armored car is to be heard... muffled, through the aperture.

Voice from the armored car. — You've won. Just one minute and you may clear accounts with us. With all. Messieurs officers all, without exception? Clear accounts?

Voices inside the armored car. — Yes, yes, quite so...

Voice from the armored car. — Hey, listen — everyone without exception. In order of your numbers, gentlemen. One!

Inside the armored car — sound of a revolver. Then, another a third, fourth... In all, ten shots...
Sound of falling bodies.

First voice from the ring (*mockingly*). — Well, well. And they organized, eh!

Second voice. — Rest... with the pigs.

Third voice. Collect the presents!

Fourth voice. — The "Officer" was, now it is done for.

Sysoyev. — Well, I'll take a look, see whether...

The shadows move towards the armored train.



"The First Cavalry Army" Scene from Act 1 Moscow Theatre of the Revolution



"The First Cavalry Army". Scene from Act 1 Moscow Theatre of the Revolution



"The First Cavalry Army" in the Theatre of the Revolution

The Speaker

The sweep of the steppes. A burying-ground is within sight. The railroad to Debaltsevo, in the Don Basin. A raw December day. In the foreground stands the armored car of the Cavalry Army (a platform with two three-inch guns with turrets and eight machine-guns on one side). The door in the side is open; heads of sailors can be seen in it. On the road-bed a bunch of sailors in capes, leather jackets, and visorless caps. In the midst of them the commander. He is distinguishable only by his cap with a visor.

Commander. — Well, here we are. Put on the samovar, old woman. I said, "Everything is in order?" (*Making fun of them*). "Quite so, in order" Oh, you go and eat coke!

First sailor. — Yeah, but who'd have thought?

Commander. — But you must think, once you have been entrusted to do a job.

Second sailor (*biting his fist, in despair*). — Gee, gee, now we're in it! At dead anchor!

Third sailor (*bitterly*). — Our beauty and pride.

Fourth sailor (*mockingly*). — Oh, well, let's talk about it, work with your tongue at least.

Second sailor. — Sea-dogs!

A pause.

Commander. — Say, you on the locomotive, can you stretch it till Debaltsevo?

First sailor. — It can't be done... The steam has settled, completely.

Commander (*bitterly*). — Fighting gobs of the Workers' and Peasants' Red Fleet, sent to join the Cavalry Army, huh! The fighting gobs forgot to load up with coal, huh! The steam has settled, huh! Run up the rescue signal? But the cavalry is waiting for us?!

All are depressed. One gives a short whistle.

One Sailor. — Aw, commander, quit bawling them out. We won't sink... it's not deep here. Cursing them out doesn't do any good, no how. Eat hay, but don't lose your swagger; go out on to the street, pick your teeth and people will think you had meat to eat.

Commander. — Hey, you on the engine, can we stretch it out so far as Debaltsevo?..

Second sailor. — No, it can't be done.

Fourth sailor. — Look, the cavalry's coming.

Commander (*looks through his field glasses*). — Eleventh Cavalry Division. In army capes and lightning-conductors, well, those new hats (*gesture toward the top of his head*). Fourth and Sixth those in capes, winter-jackets and burkas.

Second sailor (*chewing his fist*). — Oy, oy, now we're in for it!

Three cavalymen come up in long capes and in helmets of the 1919 Budenni model.

The cavalryman. — Hello, gobs!

Sailors. — Good morning to you.

First cavalryman. — Why are you stopped?

Commander (*thinking for a moment*). — A mere trifle... we're moving on right now. We found something wrong on the left shaft, that is on the wheel-transmission.

Second cavalryman. — That means, you'll pull along right away?

Fourth sailor. — In five minutes. A jiffy and it'll be ready.
Third cavalryman. — Well, let's go, brothers. The division has already pushed on. Grind away for Rostov.
Sailors. — Tear along, tear along. For Rostov.

The cavalrymen go off. The sailors stand still and look at each other silently.

Commander (*in a whisper, frenzied*). — Say, boys!..

A pause. The singing of the cavalrymen is audible. The fourth sailor steps forward, throws his cap on the ground in a passion, quickly takes off his jacket, and flannel shirt, throws them on the ground, and leaves only his striped shirt. He rolls up his sleeve. The tatooing is to be seen. They all look at him. He is strangely transformed, burning with wild ardor and strength. He slips his revolver out of his jacket, holds it a minute, turns the cartridge-drum and slips the revolver into his belt.

Fourth sailor. — Well, strip, all you chaps!

Heads protrude from the door.

Second sailor. — Why!

Commander. — What's up with you? Half-witted?

Third sailor. — He's gone crazy?

Fourth sailor. — Strip, get move on there! There's work to be done. We're going to load up. Better than at the coal-wharf in Kronstadt. Get a move on chaps!

Second sailor. — Has he gone raving?

Fourth sailor (*in a strong tone*). — Well, are you going to pray, or what? (*He whines through his nose*). "A corner in thy mansion give, oh Lord." (*Nervously, intensely*). Brothers, d'you see that cemetery? Well? Plain?

Commander. — Well, what?

Fourth sailor. — Well, are you all made of wood?

Second sailor. — Who's made of wood... we? Look out. We'll give you one in the mug!

Fourth sailor. — Wooden crosses!

A low astonished cry from all of them. A single enthusiastic exclamation: "Damn my bloody." The commander enthusiastically seizes the hand of the fourth sailor and squeezes it vigorously, shouting: "That's a bit of sense from an old sailor".

Fourth sailor. — Well! plain now? We'll pull up the crosses... and into the furnace. There's your steam.

They are all on fire. Leather jackets and coats fly, exposing healthy chests under striped shirts.

Commander. — To the cemetery! In line. Get down, everyone!.. Gunners and machine-gunners!

Three men jump like a flash on to the platform. The chain forms on the side away from the track. Down the line to the accompaniment of shouts of "Toss it along. Lively there", the greying, eight-pointed crosses of the cemetery are passed along.

Commander (*gaily*). — All aboard the locomotive! Just a minute and we'll lift anchor!

From the locomotive (*in one voice*). — Damn right.

Commander (*looking at his watch*). — We'll be there to the dot. Course southward, for Rostov... Full load!

Reader. — The operating assignment was fulfilled by the sailors exactly in the time allotted.

Reader. — Headquarters of a brigade of the Cavalry Division. Summer 1920. The Polish front...

Two tables. A bench. The commissar, a former worker. A banner on the wall... "Beat the nobles".
The commissar's Cossack sword hangs from a nail.

Commissar (*through the door*). — Comrade Semenenko, have the prisoners eaten?

A voice from the passage-way. They've taken their grub.

Commissar. — Let them come to me.

He goes to the window, pours tea into a cup from a tin tea-pot, drinks. Five Polish soldiers come in, husky chaps, with military carriage. They stand straight, clicking their heels. The commissar makes a gesture for them to sit down, — swallowing the tea and crunching the sugar between his teeth.

Commissar. — Sit down, comrades!

The soldiers remain standing, hands at sides.

Commissar. — Sit down, comrades. Well? Let's talk... Do we understand each other? You understand a little Russian, and I a little Polish. So?

The soldiers sit down gingerly on the bench.

Commissar. — Where are you from?

First soldier. — From Warsaw.

Commissar. — And you, friend?

Second soldier. — From Liublin.

Commissar (*to the rest*). — And you?

Third soldier. — From Cracow.

Fourth soldier. — Also from Cracow.

Fifth soldier. — From Byeli.

Semenenko comes in, with rubbers on his bare feet. He wears a short jacket, a sweat-shirt, and sword.

Semenenko (*to the commissar*). — Comrade commissar, they are waiting for you out there... There's one more prisoner in there (*nudges him and points to the passage-way*).

Commissar. — All right. I'm coming. Let him come here.

Goes out of the hut with Semenenko. The prisoners look at each other.

They look at the sword. A pause. The sixth prisoner comes in. The soldiers, catching sight of him, jump up to "Attention".

Third soldier (*surprised*). — Lieutenant!

Sixth soldier. — Sh-sh. Keep still.

He looks about himself. The soldiers sit down. The commissar comes in with a package and a bundle of papers.

Commissar (*to the Sixth*). — Friend, do you understand me? Where are you from?

Sixth soldier. — From Lodz.

Commissar (*quickly*). — A worker? A workingman?

Sixth soldier (*joining in with him*). — Yes, yes, quite so.

On the street the sounds of machine-gun firing are suddenly to be heard, shouts, an explosion. They all jump. The commissar leaps to the window. The Polish officer is undecided for a second, then he exclaims: "come on, it's our folk." He makes a commanding gesture to the soldiers and rushes for the sword which hangs on the wall. A few seconds later, one of the Polish soldiers rushes for him from

behind. The officer and this soldier roll on the floor. The officer seizes and draws the sword. The rest remain motionless the whole time, dumbfounded by the soldier's "crime", terrified. The officer lies on the ground, the soldier pushes on him from behind.]

Semenenko (*runs in*). — The damn snakes, they threw a bomb. It killed two men by the hut. Our men covered it with machine-guns. Gee it sure flew high!

The commissar, overcoming his emotion, sheaths the sword and pours tea into the cup from the teapot, swallows it. The soldier gets up, the officer also.

Commissar (*to them quietly*). — Well?

Soldier. — Mister Commissar... (*a gesture in the direction of the officer*). He is an officer, a lieutenant. He wanted to kill you, mister commissar... He hid himself, he lied, said he was a worker. No, no, I am a worker, we are workers (*he points to one and another of his neighbors with his hand*). I suffered a great deal because of them... I sat in prison.. The police beat me...

Commissar (*to the officer*). — Do you understand? Is it plain? Semenenko! Friend, escort this (*a nod in the officer's direction*) to brigade-headquarters. (*Remembering something*).— Without any swappings. And don't take off boots or anything. Get me?

Semenenko (*glancing at his rubbers, then at the sturdy boots of the officer*). — Well, if I haven't any boots yet, I'll get along a little longer without... (*to the officer*) Let's go, mister!..

He goes out, letting the officer go ahead, and holding his sword in his left hand.

Commissar. — Sit down, comrades! You act as though you are before a general.

The prisoners sit down.

BUDENNI'S MAN, A PRISONER, UNDER EXAMINATION

A room, fairly comfortable. Polish officers. A colonel, four officers, all in equally glittering uniforms: lacquer and gold on their caps, embroidered collars, buttons, decorations, lacquered boots and so forth.

Reader. — The Cavalry Army made the dash. It escaped from the circle and again thunders. But one chap has been taken prisoner.

Colonel. — Order the prisoner brought in.

The adjutant salutes and goes out. He returns quickly. The prisoner comes in, wearing a Budenni helmet and a shirt, without a belt. Behind him, the sentinel, a precise-looking soldier of the commandant's platoon, in cleaned boots and well-fitting puttees.

The prisoner pulls at his shirt. He stands with his legs just a bit apart. Strong tall, broad-shouldered.

He looks the officers over.

One officer whispers to him, "Take off your cap." Then he snatches at the Budenni cap. The fighting-man puts up his hand in protection, turns away the officer's hand and himself removes the cap.

And he continues to stand as before.

Colonel. — Good morning.

Soldier (*courteously*). — Good morning.

Colonel. — What regiment, what division?

Soldier (*proudly, seriously*). — Soldier of our Cavalry regiment.

Colonel. — Number?

Soldier. — I am illiterate.

Colonel (*reflecting*). — Are there many of you Reds?

Soldier. — A great many.

Colonel. — Exactly. How many?

24 Soldier (*sternly*). — In Russia there are a hundred and fifty mil-
lions.

Colonel. — Speak out, don't talk nonsense, where are Red divisions located?

Soldier (*in a convinced tone*). — All over the world. (*He lifts his Budenni cap carefully and indicates with his finger*). That's where: in Europe first (*one point of the star*), in Asia, two (*another point*), in Africa (*third in America four (fourth direction)*), and five... (*the finger wavers*). Well, I've forgotten that. The commissar knows.

The officers are astonished and look at the colonel.

Colonel. — What's wrong with you? Are you making fun of us?

Soldier (*sternly*). — As if under oath, honor bright. What's the joke in that! I'm not dawdling with girls!

Colonel. (*boiling with anger*). — Go on!

Soldier (*sternly, condescendingly*). — Right, I'll talk. Well, there, I've explained where we are. And true too. (*Seriously*). We came from our fighting, from Tsaritsyn, the people piled into our squadrons... others came along... everywhere. Volunteer soldiers. So that's how it comes that they are everywhere. They came joining us like a great wave.

A pause. The officers are cold and silent.

Colonel (*roars*). — You scamp, do you think you are carrying on agitation here?

The officers look grim.

Soldier. — Why? I open people's eyes to truth.

Colonel. — Who would listen to you anyway? (*A gesture toward the officers and the sentinel*).

Soldier. — They 'll listen, honestly, they can hear it (*a sweeping gesture about him, beginning with the auditorium*).

A strong shout from the chorus in the auditorium. — We hear you, buddy, we hear you!

The officers fall back before the wave of sound.

THE MEMBERS OF THE SHOCK-BRIGADE

Reader. — Never standing still, the revolution goes forward, changing beyond recognition the appearance of people, villages, cities, countries. Stalingrad, for which Budenni's men fought.

A room, poorly furnished, a table, three chairs, an old sword on the wall. A window. A tin teapot on the window-sill. The former commissar, now secretary of the factory cell, is sitting there. He is the same as in 1918, unchanged. One of the workers is with him.

Former commissar (*dictates*). — "The members of the shock-brigade take upon themselves the obligation to work without shirking any days, without hold-ups in the work and without coming late to work."

Worker (*adding*). — To carry out rush work first in order...

Former commissar. — Without overtime pay...

Worker. — To lower piece-work rates.

Former commissar. — How much?

Worker. — By five percent.

Former commissar. — Why so little?

Worker. — The boys will make a fuss...

Former commissar. — Why, they'll earn even more, it will more than make up for the lower rate...

Worker. — Well we'll see.

Former commissar. — Go on writing (*dictates*). "The members of the shock brigades give their promise to sweep the rest of the laboring masses along with them by challenging them to competition"...

Worker. — And so stand at the head of the political campaigns which are to be carried out.

Former commissar. — Right enough. Write. "To take an active part in social work."

Worker. — But the main thing is to have tools,

Knocking at the door.

Former commissar. — Come in.

Third shock-brigade member comes in.

— Good evening.

— Good evening.

Third shock-brigade member sits down. The fourth and fifth shock-brigade members come in.

Fourth shock-brigade member. — Good evening.

Fifth shock-brigade member. — Evening, secretary.

They sit down.

Former commissar. — Well, let's begin.

They all sit down at the table.

Former commissar. — Speak plainly. Rule the procedure: each one shot and to the point. At the end we'll discuss the agreement. We've just sketched it out. (*To the second shock-brigade member*). Go to it!

Second shock-brigade member. — In our brigade there are thirteen men. I want to raise the question whether there are not unnecessary ones in it. Ten men is enough. Even nine men, on the average (*blows his nose*). Yes... well, we've gone to work in proper style. There is no spoiled production. We were putting out fifty to fifty five motors, sixty at the most, but on going over to shock-brigade methods we have begun to put out a hundred and forty, but if they keep us supplied with materials, we can give a hundred and fifty. That's a good chance!

Commissar (*to the worker who is taking down notes*). — Write down that about the materials. Second, turn to talk.

Third shock-brigade member (*with a Ukrainian accent*). — Comrades, the mechanical spring, let's say, gets broken, the one from abroad. A five minute hold-up, but there's no spring. They run to the manager, the head mechanic. The chief mechanic runs to the mill management. The mill-management comes back to the shop — what's the matter, why are you holding things up? The shop is at a standstill. But they, that is, the different authorities, pick at each other, and the money goes up the spout. Is that the way to do things?

Commissar. — Write that down. Your turn, who's third?

Fourth shock-brigade member. — I, so to speak. About the seven-hour day. Our engineers had meetings, argued, brought in figures, in a word, sweated over it to the last drop, so to speak. Especially when it came to the question of repair, but they couldn't come to any point, so to speak. No matter how much we tried, nothing came out of it. There were fifteen groups, so to speak, working on repair. Four men in each group. When we went over to the seven-hour day, the groups, so to speak,

wouldn't be able to clean up their assignments and the program. Well, they thought up a way out. 27

The groups cut down, so to speak, to three men each. From the fifteen men who were set free they organized, so to speak, three groups. We put them to work especially on riveting. Productivity of labor has gone up, and production costs, so to speak, have been lowered, and wages raised and six men put to work on other work.

Second shock-brigade member. — What optimists we all are, so to speak. Just look a little deeper. Look at the administration, that's a fact. We proposed to reduce the piece-rate by five percent, but the administration arbitrarily put it down by eight percent. Those who don't take part in the shock-brigade work hoot, "Well, that's what we get by this competition!" Real injury, that's a fact!

Former commissar. — Write that down about the administration.

Third shock-brigade member. — Write, write!

A stone flies through the window. The glass goes flying. They were all struck numb, then shy.

Former commissar (*in his front-line manner, like a flash*). — Don't lose your heads, comrades! All in an organized way. Away from the window, to one side! Careful!

They all listen. The Commissar picks up the stone. A bit of paper is tied to it with twine. They all gather close around the commissar. ¶¶

Former commissar (*untying the note, reads it*). "You damn rascally shock-brigade members, if you don't quit your politics and stop lowering piecerates, we'll twist your heads off for you. There'll be an end to this, and don't you forget it".

Worker (*toward the window*). — Wretched fools, whom do you think you're taking by fright! Do you think you can scare Party-men, shock-brigade men? Hey you, "grenadiers", you know how to throw stones! We won't make just one shock-brigade, but the whole factory. Once. Not only the factory, but the whole USSR. Two. Anyone who hinders us, who strikes us in the back, we'll chop up into cabbage. Three.

CHINESE SHORT STORIES

ANCESTOR WORSHIP

Today, in the afternoon, when the slanting rays of the sun were tangled in the telegraph wires, our propaganda-train pulled up at Sen Ye Station. A familiar picture again offered itself to my eyes: a pitiable, dirty station, groups of ragged soldiers, half naked peasants with straw hats, and this entire ragged country with its degraded yet inspired beauty. Like a leper on the highway, it had turned to ice with a curse and a prayer on its lips.

Little Li, or, as we called him, the Froglet, who had been commandeered to us by the Hankow bureau of Young Pioneers for agitation work among the children, said to me, "The train is stopping here all night. I'll go off to the village and come back at sunrise."

I asked him not to be late; to-morrow morning there would be a meeting at the station, and I wanted Li to speak for the young people.

"Don't worry, I'll be back with the dawn."

The night before, when our propaganda-train had stopped at Syan-Yan Station, the Froglet had taken me to the railwaymen's club, sheltered in a dark bamboo barn, behind the outbuildings of the station. The club consisted of a tiny courtyard and a single room fitted out with long benches. The entire front wall of the room was hung with portraits of the workers who had been shot by U-Pei-Fu in February 1923, during the suppression of the railway-strike. The faces of martyrs, passionate, deep with feeling, looked out from the darkening photographs. Some of them had been taken during their lifetime, part after execution, with faces turned to stone, with foreheads cloven and drowned in blood.

Among this pantheon of the first martyrs of the working-class revolution in China the Froglet showed me his father's portrait. He was a man of thirty-five. He wore dungarees and a wide-brimmed hat which was pushed down at the back. His stony ascetic face had a look of concentration. He had been killed when trying to run away with the locomotive designed to carry away the arrested strikeleaders. The murderer, an officer of U-Pei-Fu's army, himself came afterwards to search the machinist's shanty and said to the Froglet: "Your father was a bandit. If you go the way he did, the same fate awaits you, and then there will be no one to look after the souls of your ancestors."

The Froglet was at that time eleven, but he had presence of mind to answer. "I shall try to fulfill the duty of filial piety".

The Froglet told me that the children of the fifty workmen executed that February were studying in school here at Syan-Yan Station. That school had been organized by the railwaymen's union. Li's elder brother had finished the school and was now working on the railroad.

"We are all Communists. The Sun-Yat-Sen Party for traders and officers. The Party of Lenin for us", and he showed me his Young Communist badge, hidden in his shirt-folds.

I spent the rest of the day in making preparations for the meeting — we had to inform the peasants of the nearby villages, get the orators ready, put out a handbill on the train's printing machine. In the evening two railwaymen came in from the north on a hand-car and related that things were uneasy in the Tha-Chan district: the Red Lances had plundered the opium monopoly office and it was rumored that they were getting ready to cut the railroad.

That night, while we were standing on the switch, a train with soldiers went past us. The night was sultry, as before a thunder-storm and I could not sleep in the coach, for its iron room was hot, after the merciless heat of the day.

It was clear that alarm was spreading. The telegraph-clerk in his empty little closet kept receiving alarming messages from along the line which he passed on to Hankow. The ragged soldiers at the station were hastily collecting their traps and starting off along the rails toward the south. The station became empty. The hollow sounding steps of the patrol rang out in the evening like the striking of a clock measuring the approach of the inevitable.

I walked about in the darkness along the railway embankment and looked at the stars shining in the black, cloudless sky. I had never felt more depressed before. While gazing at the stars, I called to mind the Chinese legend about the creation of the world.

Heaven was bound to Earth in wedlock. Time passed and Earth gave birth to a son, Pan-gu, the first man, son of Heaven. He lived a long time, and when he died his breath became the wind, his voice thunder, his left eye the sun, his right eye the moon, his trunk the four lands of the world, his blood the streams of the earth, his body night, his hair the stars, his teeth and bones the metals, his brains the precious stones, but the insects on his body became men. I spat. Lice are the companions of poverty and for this reason they are the companions of the hundreds of millions of Chinese peasants: the latter even derive their origin from lice.

What were these millions of poor people to do? An endless line of centuries of slavery and destitution lay with its heavy weight on their bent backs. Here in the North of Hubei and in He-Nan, they link their hopes with release from the Red Lances. They were against all armies no matter where they came from, or what was written on their banners: stumpy little Cantonese wearing Kuomintang stars and high-cheekboned Northerners with their five-colored cocard were alike strangers and enemies. Armed with knives and with single-firing Berdanka rifles from the time of Tai-ping, they thought they could protect the outskirts of their villages from rival generals who in the course of fifteen years had succeeded in converting into mournful burying-grounds these fields which had once been called the "Flower of the Middle Kingdom" because of their fertility and wealth. But being disunited and ignorant, they were not able to protect their hearths. First one general, then another, would use them for his own ends. At present, U-Pei-Fu's officers were at work among them; they were waging an uneven struggle against the forces of the Kuomintang. Tomorrow the Kuomintang instructors would unite them against U-Pei-Fu. And in expectation of the advent of a mystical savior from the mountains of Kuen-Lun, they were pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for all the generals. And in gratitude for this, each general would execute them by thousands before his departure and burn their villages. What were these poor people to do? Who would turn their gaze from the mountains of Kuen-lun to the railwaymen's club at Syan-yan station?

The night was silent, the stars moved in the limitless height, the motionless scorching air burned my cheeks... I returned to the coach, lighted a candle and began to read translations from the old books. I turned the leaves of the yellowing pages, the dying wisdom of which is soothing and reconciling. All but falling asleep, I read: "There are three unpardonable sins and the greatest of these is the sin against filial piety..."

In the morning the peasants from the surrounding villages rapidly thronged about the train. We hurried on with the meeting, to take advantage of the coolness. Looking into the faces of the audience during the speeches, I could see nothing but distrust, weariness and curiosity. An impenetrable wall separated us. We were on one side, people from the city, where the landowner lives, where troops and foreign fabrics come from; on the other side were they, drops in the great peasant sea of poverty and slavery. Invisible city walls separated us from the waves of the peasant surge. Speeches were powerless to break them down.

Just as I was musing on these thoughts, we all caught sight of a group of peasants coming down from the mountain carrying a stretcher covered with blue canvas. With slow steps they came up to the place where our meeting was being held, in silence they put the stretcher on the ground, and one of their number, an old man with graying hair, climbed on to the bench that served as the rostrum. Five of the peasants armed with Berdanka rifles who had come with him surrounded him and froze into immobility, leaning on their guns. Two others lifted the stretcher over the heads of the crowd. The old man tore away the blue canvas and we saw our little Li, with a bloody rag about his head, pale, turning grey, motionless. His sunken eyes were closed, his jaws tightly clenched. The old man turned to the crowd, agitated and quickened to attention, and cried out with a penetrating voice fragments of sentences:

"Brothers! We are Red Lances from the Ma-Chan division. Young comrade Li came to us last night, to tell us about the city workers. When we were assembling to read the prayer "Great teacher from the mountains of Kuen-lun" he caught sight of our teacher Huan and said, "This man killed my father four years ago. I have sworn to carry out the duty of filial piety. Your teacher", said he, "brings teaching to you, not from the mountains of Kuen-Lun, but from U-Pei-Fu's headquarters. He is an officer and his hands are covered with the blood of your brothers and our brothers"... Before he could finish, Huan drew his Mauser and right there, in the prayer-house, shot him dead. Then I said to myself, if the lad is right, this man deserves to die, if the lad is lying, death cannot touch our teacher, for he fulfills all the rituals and is afraid neither of bullet, bayonet nor arrow. The bodies of true Red Lances are not subject to Death. And I shot him in the breast and in the head with both barrels of my revolver. He died like a dog. On his breast we found an order from his general staff, full of hate towards us and diabolical cunning. Then we resolved to bring the body of little Li and ask you where we can dig out from the well of your teachings the knowledge and the cunning which will lead us into the struggle and give us the victory."

And I saw a young worker run out from the front ranks of the crowd standing there in a dense circle and holding its breath. He cried out, "In the railwaymen's club at Syan-Yan station!"

Tears were choking him. Panting and trembling, he once again broke the morning quiet with his hoarse cry.

"At the railwaymen's in Syan-Yan".

And he rushed to the stretcher. It was Li's elder brother.

The cold sullen sky has lowered its silver canopy of cloud over the precipitous bank and the muddy, yellow waves of the river. At moorings along the bank barges of raw cotton are being unloaded.

The length of the filthy road, puddles of water flash from the wheel-ruts; half-naked figures, bent low under the weight of huge quarter-ton cotton bales, are moving single file with unbroken regularity. The stevedores hurry along with little hops and spur themselves on with short cries:

"O-oh-oh! — Eh-heh-heh! — I-hi-hi!"

The cotton floats along above them, from the wooden landing-stage to the far end of the road; there stands a large brick-factory with its stone maw greedily agape. Above it, a gay-striped flag seems to be floating amid the gusts of pitch-black smoke. The entire road is sown with white flakes of cotton wool. Small boys, with big baskets fastened to their backs, are gathering them up with sharp-pointed bamboo sticks. Not one tiny bit of cotton is left on the road: the factory's insatiable belly must be crammed chock-full.

Stevedores, exhausted after sixteen hours of work, are sitting by the ditches along the road. Wringing out their sweat-soaked shirts, they follow the stream of cotton with dulled glance as it flows past them into the wide-open gate of the factory. And the monotonous song, an alternation of shrill and deep cries, inhalations and exhalations, the hymn of overtaxed animal labor is borne above the road: Oh-oh-oh! — E-heh-heh! — A-ho-li! — I-hi-hi! —

Along both sides of the road bamboo and clay huts press one against the other — the workers' living-quarters. Three or four families live in a single cabin. At the time of the autumn rains wild torrents of water wash away and carry half of the huts down the river. The tenants go about in water up to their knees. In these dark hutches bald old women nurse infants swollen with hunger, prepare a single meal, always the same, dry rice with cabbage or beets, and burn paper wicks as prayer-offerings on the thresholds. Dirty naked boys run about the crooked, narrow alleys, heaped up with piles of filth. They snatch scraps of rotting food from dogs, pursue the infrequent passers-by with lamentation and alms-begging. They run persistently in pursuit of the chance passer-by, crying out pitifully:

— "Ta-ban, kam-sho! Ta-ban, kam-sho!" (Mister, give!)

Or they drawl out the beggars' song — "And tu-ya, tu-ay!.."

The workers' quarter rings with the sounds of these two songs, pressing up against the walls of the Japanese cotton mill: with the sounds of the monotonous cries of the stevedores and the pitiful weeping of the hungry children.

These songs are borne about the factory walls, and from beyond the walls, to meet them, flows the piercing melody of the shuttles, the hissing of the transmission belts, and the whistle and hooking of the steam-engines. Clashing at the factory walls, the two waves of sound mingle in a symphony of exhausting labor, of hopeless poverty, of the boundless might of the machines...

We are sitting on the Cotton-Mill landing, waiting for the cutter to take us over to the other shore, to the European part of the city, and Tsai-He-sin, at our request, is telling us the story of his common-place life. The noise of the workers' district, rising up behind our backs, the Tai-an symphony of the machine, of labor and of poverty, silencing the songs of old China, accompanies his guileless tale.

"...My native village is situated four hundred li from here, up river. The land up our way is not damp enough, and the rice ripens badly. Since the big mills have been opened in Uchan and Shanghai, most of my countrymen have

taken to sowing cotton. I cannot recall our village without the cotton-field surrounding it on three sides. In the early autumn, they are covered as is with snow by a white shroud of cotton puffs.

"Almost all those fields belong to the elder of our tribe, Mister Tsai, and his near relatives. He lives in the capital of the province, where he is considered the biggest wholesale cotton merchant. His fields are rented to the peasants of our villages.

"I spent my childhood with my mother in my uncle's family. We worked in his field and he fed us. My father worked as sailor on a junk which went from village to village along the bank of the river, gathering up raw cotton from dealers. My father was always dreaming of saving up enough money to buy a cottage and a strip of land and make his family well-off, but misfortune pursued him. Either they would fire him from his work, or our property would be lost in a fire, or he himself would loll about ill for months, with a leg broken while loading cotton.

"But when had reached fifteen years of age, fate dealt us its worst blow. At the time cholera was raging about, and it carried my mother off to her grave. I was not yet a full-fledged worker, and uncle did not want to support me any longer. There was nothing left for my father to do but to take me off to the city.

"Here on this dock we landed eight years ago. Many of our fellow-countrymen were working in the cotton-mill, and my father resolved to fix me up with work with their help. Father took a little table in the port saloon, ordered a good dinner and invited our fellow-countrymen from the factory. After the twentieth cup of rice-wine my fate was settled. Our distant relative, a man of the same name, Tsai-da-chao, a factory mechanic, agreed to take me on as his apprentice.

"Soon after this father went off up stream on his junk in search of cotton. Before leaving he exhorted me to obey Tsai-da-chao in everything, to work hard and avoid quarrels. He took me to the elder of our tribe, Mister Tsai, and although the wealthy merchant, occupied with more important matters, did not receive us, still my father sacrificed a great string of kesh (kesh is small local coinage, worth about $\frac{1}{2}$ cent or a farthing, with a perforation for stringing) to the temple of our tribal ancestors and ordered me in case of need to apply to the protector of our tribe, Mister Tsai, for intercession.

"My father was a man of old-fashioned notions. He believed in the solidity of family ties and wished to instil this belief in me. Here in the city there was a confraternity of all those who came from our district, and my father explained to me carefully that if I secured the protection of the strong and influential people in it, I need be afraid of nothing.

"That was the last time I saw my father. As so often happens here on our river, one dark night a big foreign steamer collided with my father's junk and smashed it up. The only man saved told afterwards how father and his comrades beat the drums and fired off rockets, but the "foreigner" went along without rendering aid. Even their bodies were never found and were left unburied. Thus I remained alone in the world, thrown on my own resources.

"I worked along with the machinist Tsai in the night-shift. I had to oil and clean the engines. We worked from six in the evening till six in the morning, when our place was taken by the day-shift. In spite of the heat and stuffiness of the engine-room I quickly got used to the work. Tsai-da-chao was pleased with my quickness and skill. I tried to be useful to him in every way, as well as to the Japanese overseer, who on rare occasions took a look at us in our engine room.

"I realized that, thanks to Tsai-da-chao, I had had a great piece of luck in stumbling into a good job as compared with those of the boys and women who worked in the cotton-cleaning section, in the spinning or weaving rooms. Although Tsai-da-chao took all my pay for food and lodging, and I did not even know how much I was receiving, still they kept telling me that in time I should become a trained mechanic and receive a dollar a day and become a member of the mechanics' trade-union.

"In time I shall be a machinist; this dream filled me with pride. I looked down on the textile-workers. Soon I began to separate myself even further from the mass of workers and somehow came closer to the foremen and overseers.

"I had been working for a year in the factory when one day two weavers, coming into our engine-room for some reason or other, fell to fighting. Tsai-da-chao sent me to fetch the overseer. I found the Japanese overseer in his tiny office and brought him to our section. The Jap drove the struggling men apart with a whip and wrote down their numbers. Then Tsai-da-chao went up to the Japanese and whispered something to him. The Japanese thereupon crossed out the number of our fellow-countryman and ordered the second weaver to clear out of the factory.

"This astonished me. I knew very well that the quarrel had been begun by our fellow-countryman. The young weaver was quite blameless. But I said nothing. Then the weaver who had been driven out went without work for a long time. Mornings he would come to the factory gates, but the watchmen would drive him away with sticks. While out of work he grew very thin, his miserable suit turned to rags; he usually spent the night by the factory wall with the other jobless. And then, one winter's morning, when we were leaving the factory after the nightshift, we saw this young weaver hanging from the cross-bar of the factory-gate. His death came as a great shock to me, and I might even then have realized my mistake, if many of the workers had not known, that I was to blame for his death. They began to look at me as the overseers' tame dog, to ridicule me, to annoy me with mean pranks. And I began to be even more estranged and to draw apart from the mass of the workers.

"Thus three years went by. I was already finishing my apprenticeship and often looked after the work by myself, while Tsai-da-chao dozed in a corner of our engine-room. My position at the factory had scarcely changed. I still lived with the dream that thanks to the protection of my fellow-countrymen, to my willingness and obedience, I could make a place for myself in the world. But of a sudden new events upset all my ideas and habits.

"That happened in a hard year of drought. The price of rice rose very high. The price of cotton kept going down each year. A great many peasant men and women from the villages of our district came to the city in search of work and spent their nights standing by the factory walls. They needed to earn at least a little in order by New Year's to pay the landowners a small part of the rent for the land. But at the factory not only were they not taking on new workers, but were discharging the old ones. A great many beggars and tramps were bred. Our wages also fell, but the price of rice kept rising. The workers went about sullen and exasperated.

"During my work I used to go up sometimes to the spinning department to fetch tow which I needed for wiping the engines. Thus once before dawn, not long before finishing work, I went off to the spinning department. The gloomy light of the electric bulbs quivered in the clouds of cotton dust and the rank effluvia of the human body.

"Only women and children worked here. They stood in front of machines with low set spindles, according to the height of the little children, and, catching the broken threads, they tied them with a knot. The machines which

turned the bits of dirty tow into pliant filament, throbbed with a persistent, stubborn humming. Under the machines, in woven baskets, and in corners, under piles of raw cotton, there were little children, whom the women workers had brought with them, sleeping, crawling and playing about. Dry coughing was heard from every part of the room. Boys scurried about the corridors, bent under the weight of huge baskets with bobbins of finished thread. The women and children with earth-grey faces were staggering from fatigue after twelve hours' work amid the roar and hum of the machines, the crush and stench of the dim room.

"In the narrow little passage between the machines I caught sight of the Japanese overseer with a slender whip in his hand. He stood still almost beside me and glared at a pale emaciated boy of ten who was standing at his spindles dreaming and swaying without looking after the broken threads. The overseer's whip flew up in the air and in that same second a cry of despair rang through the workshop. Everyone rushed toward that cry.

"The boy lay on the floor, hiding his face with his hands. People lifted him up, and when some working-women had wiped the blood from his face with the edge of her jacket, we saw his two eyes starting from their sockets. The boy lay, there senseless and seemed dead.

"The group of working women made a rush for the Japanese and before he could jump to one side, they tore the whip from his hands and drove him the length of the workshop. They threw bobbins of thread and rice kettles at him. As he ran away, the Japanese drew his revolver and fired into the crowd. All the women and children dropped their work and crowded together in the middle of the workshop. Many of the women rushed into the neighboring rooms.

"Drop your work, drop your work!" they shouted.

"Gripped by emotion, I ran to the engine-room. Shoving Tsai-da-chao away from the machine before which he was standing, I pulled at the handle of the alarm-whistle, let go the copper levers and stopped the engines. You could hear the hum of the transmission belts and machines gradually come to a stop throughout the factory. Tsai-da-chao at first was disconcerted and looked at me wide-eyed, but then, grasping what was going on, seized my arm and tried to drag me away from the engine. We began to struggle with each other. He grabbed me by the throat and I felt myself suffocating. Then I gave him a blow in the stomach with my knee and wrenched myself free from his tenacious fingers. He rushed at me again, but I seized in the same instant a stool standing in front of the engine. I swung it up and threw it with full force at my protector's head. Tsai-da-chao staggered and collapsed helplessly on a pile of coal...

"Attaboy, comrade!" — I suddenly heard someone shout behind me.

"I turned round. It was the day engineer. Evidently, he had come to replace us, had chanced to come into the factory at the very moment of the clash with the Japanese overseer and had seen me fight with Tsai-da-chao.

"The engineer came up and shook my hand vigorously. He hailed his assistant who was already there and went out into the factory yard, where men and women workers were streaming out of all the shops. Children were crying and pressing close to the grown-ups. The women were cursing the Japanese in loud tones. The men were sullenly whispering to each other. Groups of workers, coming to begin the day-shift, were all the time pouring into the yard. The jobless peasants and stevedores, who had spent the night by the factory walls, joined us. Soon the entire yard was filled with people.

"Then the day engineer Pan pushed his way to the middle of the crowd and, clambering up on to a cotton bale, addressed the workers. He spoke about

the brutal conduct of the Japanese overseers, about our animal labor and hungry existence. He called upon us not to leave the factory before working out a statement of our demands, not to go back to work before getting our rights.

"The meeting was in full swing when a detachment of Japanese sailors came into the yard, about a hundred and fifty of them. That was the guard, called out by the factory administration. While they were shutting the gates and posting sentinels, the officer ordered us to break up and go to the workshops.

"The engineer Pan said, turning to the crowd:

"Go to your shops, but do not begin work before receiving an order from your delegates whom you have elected!"

"The entire crowd began to break up and go to their workshops. I went to my engine-room.

"After a short time the sailors were ordered to clean the factory of workers and to take our numbers away. They began to go through one shop after another. Sensing that something was wrong, many of the women workers tried to run away, but the staircases were guarded too.

"The sailors, together with the Japanese overseers, were taking the workers out by groups into the corridors and beating them with rubber 'billys', taking away their numbers and throwing them out into the yard and out of the gates. In a jiffy a large number of workers had collected in the yard, and the guard which was standing at the gate fired two rounds, one into the air and one into the crowd. Three workers were killed and six wounded.

"Panic broke loose. A crowd of women and children from the workshops rushed down and began to heave against the gates, but the sailors hewed at them with their bayonets and beat them with their butts and night-sticks. The overseers again tried to shut the gate, but we upset them and tore our way out into the street. They fired after us and, a few more men were wounded.

"Thus began our first strike..."

At this point, Tsai-he-sin broke off his story and pointed to a small cutter which at this moment was coming to moor at the landing.

"Here comes the cutter to take us over to the city. But we still have a quarter of an hour: the cutter has brought the night-shift of Japanese overseers to the factory and will wait for the day-overseers to come from the factory."

"That's fine", I answered, "you hadn't finished telling us about the strike."

"About the strike? Well! there isn't much left to tell. Our strike went on for a long time. It was one of the first cases of such a stubborn and long strike on the part of the workers. Finally, hunger drove us back to the factory, and many said it was time to end the strike, although after all the demands presented by us, the Japanese administration agreed only to pay a hundred dollars to the parents of the blinded boy. Then it occurred to several to turn to Mister Tsai for help.

"I told you how many of our fellow-countrymen and relatives were working at the cotton-mill. Mister Tsai was not only the head of our tribe but also the elder of our confraternity. He was well-known in the city. He was a very wealthy merchant and one of the most respected citizens. When the anti-Japanese boycott was declared at the time of the 'Day of Shame', he helped the national movement with money and advice. So we turned to him.

"A delegation of five men was sent to him, including myself although I was just nineteen. My conduct during the strike must have forced the workers to change their attitude towards me.

"From the beginning the engineer Pan was opposed to sending the delegation to Tsai. He said that it would not amount to anything. We explained this by the fact that Pan was a stranger here, not of our tribe or of our villages and decided to go to Tsai anyway. Mister Tsai received us in the court of his house. He was seated under a mulberry tree, under which, as you know, Confucius was born. He was smoking his pipe and admiring his fountain.

"He listened to us attentively. The oldest of us told him about the sufferings of the workers, our fellow-countrymen.

"We earn just enough to buy two kettles of rice a day. We could go back to our villages, but this year there is a drought and there everyone is starving too. Cannot Mister Tsai help us in the struggle against our Japanese bosses? We turn to you as elder of our tribe, as head of our confraternity, as a Chinese who loves all his Chinese brothers, and as a merchant who understands how much harm the Japanese are doing to China by exploiting her wealth and her sons."

"Mister Tsai did not answer at once. He thought for a long time, and when he opened his mouth, we were sure that he had thought out some means of helping us.

"You know the fable about the Daos Chan Tsy (founder of one of the Chinese religions)?"—asked Mister Tsai. — "Somehow in a dream Chan Tsy saw himself in the form of a butterfly: he fluttered above the flowers, not knowing that he really was Chan Tsy. When he woke up, he was quite unable to solve the question: had Chan Tsy seen in a dream that he was a butterfly or was the butterfly now dreaming that she was Chan Tsy? Or were they not two transformations of a consubstantial thing?"

"To tell the truth", I feel myself in just that same position. It is true that as a merchant and a Chinese, I should help you. In that case our interests coincide. But by the will of fate I am also a landowner, a hirer of laborers and a commander (a merchant-middleman between foreign capital and Chinese traders). So will you kindly answer three questions for me:

"Firstly; if the crisis on the cotton market and the agitation among the people grow worse, shall I collect my rents in the autumn from the peasant cotton growers who work on my land?"

"Secondly: what will become of the workers who work on my junks and in my warehouses? Will they be satisfied with their present position?"

"Thirdly: what will happen in that case to the orders for cotton which I receive from the Japanese?"

"And finally, won't there be so much disturbance in general, that not only Japanese employers will suffer but also we Chinese merchants and landowners, and with us you too, our workers and tenants, who feed from our plenty? So would it not be correct to recall Confucius' words, In order for the father to remain father the son must remain son."

"And with these words we left Mister Tsai who was quite unable to decide whether he was a butterfly or a sage.

"Soon after we were obliged to go back to work. We were not the same, however, after the strike as we had been before. Thanks to the engineer Pan, we had learned some new songs besides the old ones which the stevedores and the beggars sing..."

And Tsai-he-sin, smiling, sang to us in Chinese the first couplet of the *Internationale* while the stevedores were trotting past us, head against head, bent under heavy burdens and spurring themselves on with hoarse cries:!

— Oh-ho-ho! — Eh-heh-heh! — Ah-ho-li! — Ah-hi-hi!

The street which leads to the northern gates rises steeply up the hill. At this place the city wall stretches along the ridge of the high rampart. Along that side of the wall there were formerly wide moats filled with water. Now they have turned into ponds overgrown with lotus and water-lilies; in the evening the deafening croacking of the frogs resounds there.

The children of the blacksmiths and tinsmiths who live on the street crawl in the shadow of the city wall on the steep slopes leading to the ponds and scratching among the filth dumped here, come upon scraps of cloth, cartridge shells and splinters. They sell these treasures for a few coppers to an old lame man who comes here after sunset, and with this money they buy bits of brown parched sugar. Scabby, bow-legged, puff-bellied, filthy and almost completely naked, they run about here from morning till night, deafening with their merry shouts and noisy weeping this spot, which more than once has heard the thunder of guns, the groans of the dying and wounded, the hiss of boiling pitch, the dry crack of volleys and the shouts of military commanders. They were all born after the awful year of the last siege and think that these ponds were created only for the frogs who now live in them.

Farther, to the very horizon, stretch fields, criss-crossed in every direction by irrigation canals. Everywhere the signs of stubborn, industrious labor meet the eye. This labor, persistent, all-conquering, is everywhere the same. I recall the strips of earth at Port Arthur. They were squeezed together in the valley. They rose up the slope of the hill to the half-ruined forts of the stronghold. In great profusion they surrounded the iron cement remains of the forts and burst into the bases built for the guns. The peaceful labor of the ploughman was besieging what was left of the Tsar's foreposts. I had seen something like it at Sevastopol: the vineyards, cultivated by the hands of Tartar peasants, were covering over the redoubts and tumult left from the time of the Crimean War.

I turned into this hump-backed street, inhabited by blacksmiths and tinsmiths. I was in need of a skillful blacksmith. The night before, in entering the city, we had broken the base and the tenon supporting the engine of our car against some stones placed at gates to prevent evil spirits from entering kitchen-gardens.

There were many blacksmiths here. Their workshops pressed one against the other. In their dark entrails, at forges and anvils, blacksmiths, lighted by purple tongues of flame, covered with soot, naked to the waist, were bustling, and the heavy stroke and ring of the hammers, the strangled sigh of the bellows and the rattle of the coal burst out into the street. I went from one shop to the next, and everywhere received the same answer to my request to make an iron belt for the frame under the engine: "We are forging swords for the army. We are too busy."

I had already reached the end of the street, and already despaired of finding a blacksmith free. The broken sound of the hammers carried along the street this disconsolate lay: "We are forging swords for the army."

They were forging swords, wide, curved broadswords which hang in leather scabbards on the backs of soldiers hastening in obedient columns from west to east. They engage soldiers here in thousands, teach them in two months to shoot, sabre and thrust, dress in them in grey uniforms and send them eastwards to plunder cities, trample harvests, wash roads and squares in their own and others' blood. On every highway, in every village we kept meeting companies of infantry, tens and hundreds of peasants in grey uniforms, with rice-cups, rifles and swords in leather scabbards slung on their shoulders. Dust-covered, tired, wretched, they go over mountains and across rivers,

Erdbery
We are forging
swords

over desolate plains and through populous cities, ever farther eastward, and wherever they pass they leave behind them traces of fresh blood. They go in search of rice for themselves, of green American dollars, of little Shanghai cabaret-singers and new lands for their commanders. They wear the swords forged here by blacksmiths stripped to the waist.

"We are forging swords for the army..."

I entered the last smithy, at the edge of the square. Here the blacksmiths' street came to an end. A boy was tinkering with the forge, blowing the fire.

"Where's the boss?" I asked.

The boy nodded towards the back of the work shop. Behind the wooden partition, on a dirty mat thrown on the floor, lay a bald Chinese, with a wide protruding forehead and deep-sunk eyes, his bronze-colored body covered only by a loin-cloth. Before him on the floor a kerosene lamp was burning and a cup was standing on it with pincers and little brown globules. A long pipe with a tiny bowl rose from his teeth. A befuddling, falsely sweet scent filled the tiny room — he was smoking opium.

"Are you the blacksmith?" I asked.

"Yes, sir", he muttered through his clenched teeth, without as much as turning his head.

I explained to him what I needed.

"An iron band for your car? A military car?" He cross-questioned me in a tone of indifference.

"No, we are foreign travellers. We will pay you well. But do make haste. We are staying at the missionary's dwelling".

"I don't need your money," he cried in a hoarse voice. "Where is the car?"

In the evening he tinkered with our automobile. He dug out a hole between the wheels, crawled into it and from below examined the fractures. He measured off the width of the frame, struck the tenons of the engine with a little hammer, wrote down something on scraps of newspaper, felt the engine over on all sides, wiped the dirt from it with his canvas apron, crawled into the hole several times and crawled out of there with shining eyes. I tried several times to get into conversation with him, but he did not answer me. When I drew a band in the sand with a stick, he nodded silently, sighed, turned away and again crawled beneath the engine. Then he went off without saying anything. In the night he returned, stood silently by the car under the moonlight and looked at it intently. And again he went away, without saying anything.

We waited for him next morning in vain. I went along to his smithy and again found him in the tiny room with an opium pipe between his teeth. I asked why he did not come to work. He turned his yellow, withered face, covered with ash-grey shadows, to me and began to speak, showing his brown teeth:

"Every bit of iron is being used to kill people. There's not a single bit of iron to be had in the city. They have to forge swords for the army."

"We will pay well. Try to get hold of an iron bar."

The blacksmith jumped as if he had been stung.

"Why do you talk about money, sir? I've been waiting for this work for five years. I no longer want to forge swords for the army. But there's not a bit of iron in the city. Do you get me? All the iron is being used to kill people. They've gathered up all the iron."

And he again sank down upon his mat... Inhaling and sending out clouds of white smoke, he muttered:

"They teach the children: when swords are encrusted with rust, wagons shine with newness... When swords are encrusted with rust..." And he turned his back to me.

I left the smithy and, not knowing what to do next, went on up the hump-backed little street. Beyond the silver gates, in the shadow of the city wall, dirty children were crawling in the heaps of filth. They were throwing stones into the pond, startling the frogs and looking to see how circles spread over the water.

The fields surrounded the city, the sun poured sap into the ripening seeds. And in a flash it seemed to me, that in the milky clouds floating above the fields I saw crowds of soldiers advancing on the city. They were clambering up the wall, they were being hewn down with wide curved swords and falling from the wall into the moats, filled with water...

"When swords are encrusted with rust, wagons shine with newness!"

WITHOUT THE TRINITY

We were crossing over the Pearly River on a sampan from Dunshan, a suburb of Canton. The sampan belonged to my fellow-traveller, the Chinese Communist Cho-Lun, who in the past had worked in a Parisian automobile factory but was now the political worker of the N corps of the Nationalist army.

The city, with its hundred noises, with its many voices, was left in the distance and drowned in the rapidly deepening twilight. The reedy growths of the opposite bank drifted to meet us, covered with a thick mist. The rays of the sun, tired after the day, were going out on the turbid waters of the river and painting bright orange shades on the big merchant sailing-vessels which were lying at anchor. From the decks of the ships looked out the muzzles of ancient copper cannons put there for protection against pirates. Fussy seagulls flew about above the masts, alighted on the cordage and sailyards and settled confidently on the muzzle of the cannons.

I called to mind the stories of pirates who used to attack the merchant vessels, loaded with silk, muslin, amber, jewels, rhubarb, corals. Were those times past in which bold robbers cast fear upon the merchants and forced the captains of armed frigates to look black? These very places, the sultry tropical seas and the mouths of great rivers falling into them, had been the arena of their activities.

The coolness was settling upon us. We had come out into the middle of the river and the current gripped us. Our boatman ceased to row and, seated at the helm, was drawling out a song in a high-pitched voice.

"It has the Kipling and Jack London touch here," said I. "It smells of the *Stories from the South Sea*. Look, a pirate ship is appearing from behind the mainland..."

Cho-Lun laughed heartily.

"Really? You want quite a bit of romance, don't you? Well, now, listen to what I am going to tell you. We have time".

He took off his cap and sat across from me.

"Of course you know old general Den-Chi-yan?" Cho-lun began to relate his story. "The troops under his command are posted on the islands and along the shores of the river's mouth. They maintain the security of commercial navigation up and down the river, they struggle against the river pirates, of whom there are a great many. And now I am going to tell you about these pirates, corsairs, free-booters, or whatever you call them in your country, and about the good old general, the altruistic protector of the city. You will be convinced that the romantic corsair days have not passed away, and that in our own days story-book things happen in the southern seas.

"You are acquainted with all the chief actors of this story. The first character is General Den-Chu-yan. The second is this boy, our boatman. And the third is myself. Look carefully at this boy: don't you notice something unusual in him?"

I looked sharply at our boatman. A well-built, very swarthy, large-eyed lad with curly black hair. He was dressed or rather undressed in the Chinese manner: he wore nothing but a coarse straw hat as big as an umbrella and canvas shorts. I shook my head.

"Don't you notice it? Well, you haven't been in China long. So, listen.

"General Den-Chu-yan enjoys the deep respect of his fellow-citizens, great confidence of the merchants, tremendous authority among the troops under his control, and the unlimited favor of the supreme command. He is a general of the old school. He has never been in Baodinfu and did not draw his knowledge from Japanese instructors but from the old books about the campaigns of Liubei and Suan-di and from the severe teachings of life itself. He is one of the few generals who do not keep back a single copper of the taxes collected in his territory, but pay them over in full to the supreme command. He does not make illegal exactions and tries to keep on good terms with the commercial folk.

"It is true, he is severe and does not allow relaxation for anyone.

"We must express not our love for the people but our ability to govern them," he often says. And in support of this he refers to Confucius.

"It is said that Confucius had a pupil Tsy Lu, who was appointed governor of the city of How. In the fifth month of his governorship the work of digging canals began. Tsy Lu began to feed the workers out of his own money. Confucius, on hearing of this, ordered the baskets of food to be dumped out. Tsy Lu, in great anger, came to Confucius. 'You don't understand the fitness of things,' Confucius explained to him, 'You act from love for the Celestial Empire; but this love belongs to the Emperor. Therefore, what is excess of love is an affront'.

"Den-Chu-yan likes to repeat this fable about Confucius. But if he is severe and does not give the people too much, on the other hand he does not allow himself to take more than has been ordained.

"In the Book of Jasper Maxim, says he, it is said: when the sinner goes to hell he understands that even if he owns ten thousand lams of red gold, he cannot take it along with him to hell anyway. So why should I heap up riches by unlawful means?

"I may add that Den-Chu-yan has been a Republican since 1912. He entered the Republican Party (Kuomintang) soon after the 1911 Revolution. He knows by heart everything connected with it: the three principles, the charter of the five rights, the history of the twelve defeats, the two periods, in a word, the whole baggage, numbered and labelled, of Republican wisdom.

"As you see, General Den-Chu-yan adds to all his virtues that of being a learned and highly moral man. It was probably because of all these virtues that Den-Chi-yan was appointed governor-general over a district through which pass many rich cargoes from all parts of the Celestial Empire on the way to Canton.

"I should be exaggerating if I said that pirate raids on the merchant ships ceased with his appointment. But it is beyond dispute that they became rarer, and, most important of all, they became reasonable. The pirates no longer sent to the bottom that part the merchandise which they did not succeed in carrying off; they did not kill people unnecessarily; when they received ransom-money, they fulfilled all their promises; they never robbed the

same merchant several times running. They seemed to have called a halt, feeling the firm hand of the new administration. 41

"The merchants were very much pleased with Den-Chu-yan and presented him with rich gifts, expressing their hope for establishing still better order in commerce. Den-Chu-yan himself, with a contingent of his body-guard, often travelled through the district under his jurisdiction and brought things into good order. So matters went on for two years. Of a sudden — it happened in the first year of the Republic — an incident took place which threatened to destroy all the well being which had been achieved. A gang of pirates attacked an Italian trading ship en route from Canton to Genoa. The pirates, disguised as emigrants, embarked at Canton and took tickets for Singapore. One night when the boat was passing Hong-Kong, they attacked the crew, tied them up and flung them into the hold. They steered the ship toward the cliffs along the coast and grounded it on the shallows. There they had boats all ready. Taking advantage of the darkness, the pirates spent the entire night unloading the ship and disappeared only towards morning, carrying away a huge booty of merchandise, precious things and money.

"The Italian consul presented a protest and demanded permission for an Italian gunboat to punish the pirates. The consul believed that the attack had been made by the inhabitants of a large village situated on the river bank not far from the place where the boat had been grounded. When Den-Chu learned of the Italians' intention, he resolved not to oppose it.

"The inhabitants of that village," said he, "are in fact distinguished by their evil and uneasy character. They do not pay their taxes, they seize the lands of other villages, they are disrespectful to my officials, they are atheists and immoral. They do not recognize family, government or property — the three foundations on which civilization rests. They are *oo-san* (without the Trinity)."

(That is what in olden times they called evil persons who did not acknowledge *chun*, devotion to the Emperor, *syao*, filial piety and *tse*, fidelity of a wife to her husband).

"Well, let them be punished. No matter whose hand punishes them, the chastisement will be for them. For *eh-bao* (evil) the punishment must be *ehbao*, just as for *shan-bao* (good) the reward must be *shan-bao*.

"Thus Den-Chu-yan judged, and everyone agreed with him. The Italian gunboat shipped down the river almost to the sea and stopped opposite the guilty village. It opened fire with its guns; the village was wiped out. Then a landing party of marines went ashore. The soldiers captured those of the inhabitants who had been left alive, whom they found hidden in caves. They shot the men, beat the children unmercifully, raped the women, and slaughtered the cattle. The rice-crop was trampled into the ground and the irrigation canals destroyed, the fishing boats sent to the bottom. Having done their job, the soldiers returned to the gunboat. This incident, which made a good bit of noise in its day, has now been forgotten by everyone. Perhaps I should not have recalled it but for one chance meeting.

"Last year a Chinese steamboat, whose cargo belonged to our army corps, was robbed. One night the boat stopped not more than a few miles from the city, waiting for the flood, to go up-river at high tide. The boat lay at anchor, there was no guard, for the lights of the city were in view not so far away, and junks and fishing sampans were scurrying about. The captain and mate went off to the city in the motorboat. Before dawn tens of sampans came floating about the boat. Up the anchor chain and the gangway which had not been cleared away, the pirates swarmed on to the deck, and terrifying the crew

with their revolvers, broke open the steel cash-box, took away all the money, loaded their sampans with the arms, cartridges and uniforms which the steamer had brought, and disappeared with the dawn, leaving no traces.

"The commander of our corps was literally thrown into a frenzy by such daring. He sent for me, put a company of soldiers at my disposal and ordered me to find the pirates and deliver them to him alive. I pointed out to our corps commander that the place where the incident occurred was in Den-Chu-yan district and expressed my fear of possible misunderstandings. But the commander interrupted me abruptly:

'Carry out my commands,' he repeated, 'I myself will answer for all consequences.'

"I began my search for the pirates. For several days I questioned fishermen, bargemen and peasant gardeners of the district, trying to get on the pirates' track, but all my efforts were fruitless. I was already beginning to despair of carrying out the command within the limit of a week, which had been set, when suddenly one evening, while I was sitting in the temporary headquarters of our regiment, ruminating on my ill-success, they reported to me that some fisher-boy was asking to be admitted to see me. It was already late, I was getting ready to go to bed, but still I ordered him to be brought in.

"When he had come into the hut, the lad bowed very low to me and said:

'If my lord wishes, I can show him where the pirates are whom he is seeking.'

"And the boy told me that the preceding night he had seen people from the "Flower Boats," near which his sampan lay, unloading arms and merchandise and transferring them to the city-side to rich-looking sampans lying in the very centre of the town. I resolved to catch the pirates this very night and proposed to the boy that he be our guide. He immediately agreed.

"The night turned out black. The moon was in its first quarter and the sky was covered with thunder-clouds. A cold, penetrating wind was blowing. I divided my contingent into two parts. I put one part on boats and ordered them exactly at two o'clock to come up to the place on the shore, near which stands the memorial to that English ape, Gordon. The streets were quite deserted and dark. In the gloom we caught sight of the silhouettes of large sampans moored to the very bank. They lay side by side. Our guide nodded. I gave the signal and my soldiers rushed upon the sampans. We left our rifles on the shore, — we couldn't use them at close quarters. Armed with mausers and daggers, my men burst upon the sampans, and in the pitch blackness began a hand-to-hand struggle. Volleys rang out, blood-spattered men fell into the water, curses and swearing resounded. The two farthest sampans attempted to lift anchor and slip off on to the river, but there they were met with volleys from my men who were posted on the boats. A half-hour had not passed before I had thirty five *tufes* (pirates) in my hands. In the false bottoms of the sampans we found all the property that had been removed from the steamer.

"I brought the arrested pirates under double guard to corps headquarters and cross-questioned them that very night. Most of them turned out to be former soldiers and sailors who had deserted. They refused to answer further questions, and I must say that in general they showed presence of mind, although they could not help but realize, of course, that execution was in store for them. When I wanted to dispatch them to the temporary jail, one tall man stood up from among the pirates; he had an intelligent and clever

face, was richly clothed, even though his clothes were torn and spattered with blood; he said to me:

'Sir! I ask you to inform General Den-Chu-yan's headquarters of our arrest, since I have an important communication to make to him. This communication concerns a conspiracy in his corps of which we learned by accident.'

"He said this in mandarin speech, so that the other Cantonese pirates in all probability did not understand him. I answered that I would report this to my commander.

"In the morning I reported to my corps commander, telling him also of the demand made by one of the pirates, that Den-Chu-yan should be informed of the arrest. The commander smiled and answered:

'I thank you for the brilliant execution of my orders. Don't worry about the rest: I will look after the pirates myself. Reward the boy who showed you the hiding-place.'

"I summoned the boy, but when I wished to give him some money and let him go, he suddenly began to weep, fell on his knees and began to beg me not to send him away from my headquarters.

'What is the matter? What are you afraid of?' I asked him in astonishment, and began to calm the lad.

"Recovering a little from his terror, the boy answered me that he was afraid that the pirates would be set free by General Den-Chu-yan and would kill him, for they had seen who brought the soldiers to their sampans. And, after reflecting a moment, I decided the boy was right. It wasn't hard to find him work. I lived outside the city and I needed a sampan to go my office at corps headquarters, which was located on an island.

"I decided to keep the boy.

'How old are you?' I asked.

'Fifteen.'

'Is that all? What is your name?'

'Oo-San,' replied the boy.

'Oo-San? What an odd name?'

"As I have already told you, *Oo-san* means without the Trinity. I had never happened to hear a name like that. Moreover, now that I could see the boy in the light of day and minus the straw hat which had covered almost all his face, many other features about him seemed strange to me. First of all, he was too tall for his fifteen years. The Cantonese are in general a very short race. He had large eyes, set straight, unlike most Chinese who have slanting eyes. In addition his black hair was curly like sheep's wool. That you very seldom meet with in China. Sitting the boy down face to face, I began to question him as to who he was and of what race. He told me he was from that very village which the Italians had punished fifteen years ago with General Den-Chu-yan's permission.

"The Italians,' said Oo-San 'burned our village and murdered almost all its inhabitants. But they raped many of the women. My mother was then young and beautiful, and one of the Italian sailors was attracted to her. When the Italian gunboat went away, the few score of women surviving raised the sampans from the bottom of the river, repaired them and started off for Canton, for they could not stay in the ruined village. They took to living in their sampans on the river like all the landless peasants and strangers who live on the Pearly River. I was born on the boat, and my mother called me Oo-San in remembrance of my coming into the world from a foreigner come to punish the Oo-san robbers, as Den-Chu-yan had called our villagers. My mother died last summer and her sampan passed on to me. I ferry

peasants and traders across the river, help fishermen with their catch. But my mother, when she was dying, told me that I must find the real robbers for whose fault her husband had been killed and she dishonored. That is why I came to you as soon as I caught a glimpse of the pirates by the "Flower Boats".

"Thus many strange features about this boy were made clear to me: his readiness to cooperate in capturing the river pirates, his unusual name, his curly hair, high stature and the shape of his eyes, so strange among us. Oo-San began to live with me. He watched with vigilant eye the fate of the pirates whom I had put in prison.

"One morning he tore into my room and informed me that all the pirates had been released from prison that very night and had already disappeared. I was astounded by such an outcome of the affair, for I knew the strict morality of our corps commander. But within a few days the whole story became clear to me.

"Our commander invited me somehow to a meeting of the military council, at which the estimates presented by the corps commanders were to be dealt with. He needed me for some references or other. The conference was boring, the secretary kept reading off the ordinary estimates, they were examining them point by point, correcting, cutting out and confirming them. When the turn came for Den-Chu-yan's estimates, I heard the commander-in-chief say:

'Uh... in view of the existence... Uh... of local revenues in the district occupied by the corps of General Den-Chu-yan I propose... uh... as we have done in the past, to confirm in full the expenditure part of the estimates, but... uh... to reduce the revenue section by fifty thousand dollars... uh?..'

"The Commander-in chief surveyed them all with a piercing glance, sticking out his underlip, as he always does, and again moved his 'uh'. Everyone nodded in sign of agreement. General Den-Chu-yan also did not object.

'What sort of local revenues are those?' — I asked my neighbor, a young secretary or such from headquarters.

'What! Don't you know?' he asked with surprise. 'According to the calculations of the customs-house and port administration, the losses on account of river pirates during the last budget period amount to eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars.'

'Well, what of it.'

'Why, the commander-in-chief reckons that the usual share of the chief entrepreneur in this business is one-third. If the commander-in-chief had made a mistake in fixing his share, Den-Chu-yan would have objected. But he is silent. And indeed it would be hard to make a mistake with more than fifteen years' experience...'

"At that moment my corps commander called me since it was the turn for our estimates. So ended for me the romantic secret of the Pearl River pirates."

"And you dropped the affair there?" — I asked Cho-Lun.

He laughed, then turned abruptly to me and answered me with sudden emotion in his voice:

"Well, what, in your opinion, should I have done? All the commanders, it turns out, had known about this business for fifteen years running. It was news only for me. Den-Chu-yan even now is considered one of the best and cleanest generals. Local revenues are a thing permitted and legal, and each one collects by the means best available to him. Don' you think we can remake them? You must see what they represent.

"Do you know, there is an old Chinese story about a man who used to sell shields and lances, saying, 'This buckler is so strong that it cannot be shattered by any blow, and this lance is so sharp that there is nothing which it

cannot pierce.' Then a passer-by came up to him and asked, 'But what if you strike your buckler with your lance?'

45

"That's how it is with us right now. We wish to convince someone that the program of the Comintern is good and also that these generals are good, who cover up their piracy with Confucian commentaries on spring and autumn, refurbished with Sun-yat-sen-ism. No, we must choose between them...

"What is more, I drew one conclusion of a practical nature from this affair."

"What conclusion?" I asked curiously.

"I told Oo-San about it all. The boy knows now who was guilty of his mother's shame. Now he is really *oo-san* without the Trinity as regards those *san-men-chu* (three principles) with which Den-Chu-yan conceals his true self.

"Oo-San is now a Young Communist. He has already made his choice between the Comintern and Sun-yat-sen-ism."

"There's a modern story of the south seas for you," said Cho-Lun.

"Hey, Oo-San", he cried to the boy. "Row to shore. Here is where we land."

THE GOLDEN GOOSE

1

At last I have succeeded in finding work after searching for two months in vain. I am working as a waiter in a shabby little café. Most of the patrons of our establishment are people who themselves are not quite sure what they work at and on what they are living.

The café is located in a basement. A first room, with a door leading to the main stairway, is the café, strictly speaking; a second room serves as the kitchen and at the same time as our living quarters.

Our duties are not very strictly defined. I wait on the customers, Donya helps me and also takes in the cash. Then I help Stali wash the dishes or rather he helps me and I serve chiefly as dish-washer. As regards purchasing, it is not yet clear how that is arranged.

We get up at six o'clock in the morning, and our first job is to heat water for tea and coffee. While waiting for the water to boil, we wash up the dishes left over from the day before.

Our first patrons are the huckstresses from the neighboring vegetable market. They take tea with rum many times a day — it seems to me our establishment is supported by them alone.

When the market comes to life, our work becomes much lighter. At eleven customers again appear at our six tables. They are students, who warm themselves for the whole day with a cup of black tea, or former officers who while away the time, of which they obviously have an abundance, by relating stories of their martial prowess.

One day a tall gentleman, well on in years, his grey beard carefully trimmed, entered our café. His winter coat, quite worn out and tight, although well tailored, did not go in the least with his imposing figure.

"What can I do for you?" I asked, helping him off with his coat.

"Thank you, my lad, I don't need anything. I just want to speak a little with the girl here".

"With Fräulein Donya?"

"Yes, with Donya."

Donya, catching sight of the old fellow, blushed with joy.

"Why, good morning, Your Excellency, what good luck has brought you! Isn't there some scrap of news? A cup of coffee with milk for his Excellency" she called out to me, "with biscuits" ..

While I was pouring a little condensed milk into the black coffee, Donya seated herself next to the old man and they began to talk in a low and excited buzz in some Slavonic tongue. I could not make out whether they were talking Russian or Polish.

"What old chap was that, with the grey beard?" I asked Donya while we were having supper after we had closed the café.

"He's a fellow-countryman of mine; he comes from our village. Before the war he was a notary in our village and with a pull got papa a permit for a pub."

47

"But why did you address him as your Excellency?"

"Because he was a minister after the war. Yes, and he is a minister now, only he can't go back to our country."

"What sort of minister is he?" I asked in amazement.

"Ukrainian. From Ukrainian Galicia."

"And are you Ukrainian too, Donya?"

"I am a Jewess, a Galician Jewess."

We were getting ready to go to bed, and I had already dragged into the front room the mattress and two blankets which make up my bedding, when unexpectedly a visitor came to see us by the back door. He was smooth-shaven and smartly dressed. He looked about forty. Without taking off his hat or giving any greeting, he stood in the doorway and began to argue very rudely with Donya in the same Slavic language which I had heard that morning.

"Go along into the other room". He suddenly said to me in German.

"He won't go!" Donya answered, all but shouting. "Please remain here."

"Stay! Stay!" shouted little Stali too, and, seizing my arm in hope of my protecting him, he stuck out his tongue at the visitor.

"Bear in mind that your father will suffer for such impudence on your part," shouted the stranger in broken German.

"I'm not afraid of you," Donya replied. "If papa is sentenced, they'll put you away too, I'll denounce you myself. You had a share in his job and put all the profits in your own pockets. You can be quite easy in your mind, papa will be freed by petition of His Excellency. If not, why, so much the worse for you. But you won't get any more money from me."

"I warn you..."

"I won't take any more of yours!"

Donya, short, tiny Donya, usually so calm, this time turned purple with passion. The strange visitor wanted to add something, he made a threatening gesture, but then evidently changed his mind and went away, without even saying good bye.

2

The next morning Donya sent me to get the bread. I had only just stepped into the street when I was stopped by a gaunt young fellow. He was shivering with cold in his light-weight, straw-colored topcoat.

"Allow me to make myself acquainted, colleague."

Before I had had time to answer, he had gripped my hand and was jabbering away. "We are colleagues because I worked before you in this little café. Perhaps the little hunchbacked girl has spoken about me to you!"

"You mean Donya?"

"Yes. She has spoken about me to you, hasn't she?"

"No. She has not spoken to me about anyone".

"Astounding! Quite astounding! Quite incomprehensible! Very wrong of her! I didn't expect that from Donya. Why, we were on the best of terms and I positively did everything I could to free her from those rogues. That story you are of course familiar with, aren't you, colleague?"

"What story?"

"About those two rascals? One of them is 'His Excellency', devil take him! That pig is blackmailing the little hunchbacked girl by promising

Béla Illés

The golden
goose

to get the old man, Donya's father, out of prison. The other one is 'Uncle Leo.' That tramp threatens that if Donya does not give him storage money he will be forced to give away the location of the deposit and then the old man will deny everything quite in vain: they will sentence him, for the proof will be on hand."

"I don't understand a thing."

"Of course. It's hard to understand. When a man is such a villain... Here's the whole matter in a nutshell; old man Steinberger, Donya's father, and Uncle Leo, younger brother of Donya's dead mother, the two adventurers, somehow bought up military supplies, which it is forbidden to sell. They put these goods into some warehouse or other, but they were denounced. The old man was arrested, but the second rascal succeeded in slipping off, and now he is blackmailing the poor girl by threatening to give away the storage-place of the military supplies, while as a matter of fact he probably sold them all himself long ago. You see, I at once got on to it, that I had to deal with scoundrels and made up my mind to stand up for the little hunch-backed girl. And, can you imagine it, they had me fired. Those two rogues had me fired, me, an honest man. Uncle Leo accused me of chasing Donya's money, and 'His Excellency' plainly said I suffered from tuberculosis and warned Donya that it was very dangerous for her health and for her brother's. In a word, they drove me out."

"I get you. And now it's not so easy for you to find work... But you are a waiter by profession?"

"Not a bit of it. I had just come from war imprisonment."

"Well, but what were you before that?"

"Before that I was a military prisoner in Siberia, in the Omsk detention-camp, and before that an artilleryman in Cracow."

"Well, but you must have been something before that?"

"No, nothing. I was twenty four just the day before yesterday".

"Hm. But now you need work, of course?"

"Work? Well, of course I need work, but that's not what's the matter now. It's about the little hunchback. Yes, little Donya. My intentions toward her are the most honest possible. Yes, I make bold to say: the most honest. I intend to marry her. And that's what those two rascals want to prevent, for that would wreck their predatory plans. I guess I wouldn't let them blackmail me! Old Steinberger got together, y'see, some little pile of money, a rather tidy sum, and those scoundrels are whetting their teeth on it. Well, so I want to make an alliance with you against them. Let's speak frankly: do you want to work hand in hand with me?"

"I haven't the slightest idea how I could help you, and therefore I can't know whether I want to help you or not."

The man with the yellow coat shook his head reproachfully and seized me by the sleeve so as not to let me go.

"When can I talk it over with you in greater detail?" he asked, trying to lend special significance to each word.

"You can always find me at the café."

"I can't go there."

"In that case I don't know."

"Think it over carefully. Don't be in a hurry to answer, don't regard this lightly," he solemnly warned me.

"Excuse me, I must hurry on an errand," I replied and snatched my coat-sleeve from his hands.

The man with the yellow coat laughed affectedly.

"You'll hear from me again!" he shouted after me. "You'll remember me!..."

Toward evening a visitor dropped in to see me — Elsa Terek. I thought for a moment that she had wandered in by chance and would be quite surprised to learn that I worked here, but I was wrong: she had come on purpose to see me.

"Is this your café?" she asked, looking hard and searchingly into my eyes.

"Well, I — you must be joking? How could it be mine? I just work here."

"Well, of course, I understand... But, y'know, nowadays there are so many people getting rich unexpectedly, there's nothing to be surprised at if bad rumors go around about you too. Of course I said at once that I didn't think you a thief. But you know people well enough: they besmirch anyone with gossip."

"From whom did you hear such nonsense?"

"It isn't worth getting excited about, really, it isn't. They talk about me too, and about you, and about everyone."

"All the same, who could have said that to you about me?"

"Don't ask, I shan't tell you anyway. I repeat: I don't consider you a thief. Well and good... Our chief sent me to you. Saturday morning come to the secretariat."

"Saturday? Day after to-morrow? All right, I'll come without fail."

She sat down and ordered tea.

"Have you heard about Vilner's affair?" she asked when I brought her tea.

"What about him?"

"He has turned police spy. He was seen entering the Hungarian embassy. Of course, he doesn't admit it himself, but there are two witnesses, two thoroughly reliable and trustworthy witnesses. That rogue will be expelled from the party at the very next meeting"

"How do you know so?"

"I heard it from Gottlieb; Kertes told him. That's very handy for Kertes, of course, because Vilner accused him of bringing dollars with him and of not giving an account to the party."

"A sad business, comrade Terek."

"Yes, disgusting. If you look sharp at people, almost every man turns out to be a rascal. How can you ever achieve anything with such people! Brr!.. I'm a pessimist."

"Never mind, it'll straighten out somehow. The world revolution is historically inevitable..."

"Listen, it's about time you dropped all those stupid ideas. You and people like you will never learn anything. Yesterday I heard a lecture by Lorenz. Well, I'm telling you, what good are theorists! They can confuse the simplest, and, as it would seem, plainest matters. And these perpetual prophecies! If Lorenz asserts and proves that by the laws of social phenomena to-morrow evening twice two will make four, first of all, no one will understand him, and secondly you may bet on it that twice two will be five or seven or I don't know how much; but in any case not what Lorenz says it will be. You can always recognize a good, serious theorist because he always predicts wrong."

"You're in a bad mood today, comrade Terek."

"And why should I be in a good frame of mind, I'd like to know."

"Yes, it's not especially pleasant to be a communist émigré."

"Tell me, that reddish-haired girl is your boss, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"She has a lovely little face and beautiful hair. Too bad she's hunch-backed."

"Yes, it's too bad."

"And is there anything between you two? Or is it only in project?"

"After the café had closed, I had a little more work to do. It was about half past one when I went to bed. I was frightfully tired, but still I couldn't go to sleep. Elsa Terek's stories had disturbed me very much. I must have tossed too noisily from side to side, for Donya's voice called out to me from the next room:

"You're not asleep?"

"No."

"I can't sleep either. I want to talk a bit with you. About a very important matter. But during the day I can't get a single moment. I shan't be disturbing you?"

"Not a bit."

Donya entered my room and sat down on a chair beside my mattress. She didn't light up the gas, but I could see that she was wrapped in a large warm shawl from which her bare feet peeped out.

"I want to ask you for a bit of advice. You are a lawyer, it seems?"

"Yes, I have been something of the kind."

"Well, I want to ask you for legal aid. You can give me some legal advice?"

"Possibly I can. What is the matter?"

"I want to get my father released. You know, he's in prison."

"I know. What did they put him there for?"

"For commercial dealings."

"But that's no reason for putting people in prison."

"Well now, I'll tell you."

"What is he accused of?"

"What? A great deal. His Excellency says that in order to get him out he needs a great deal, a very great deal of money. He has to bribe the judges. His Excellency knows all the judges. But the judges demand too much money and at best they only make promises."

"His Excellency is a genuine rascal."

Donya jumped with fright.

"How can you speak that way?"

"How can't you help seeing yourself?" I retorted.

Donya did not answer. For several seconds she stood there undecided; she turned twice to go away but finally she stayed and sat down again on the chair.

I began to question her:

"When did they put your father in jail?"

"Two months go yesterday."

"Have you been living in Vienna long?"

"We have been living here half a year. Before that we lived for almost four whole years in Budapest. There we kept a café too, on Rombahovski street."

"Well then, you speak Hungarian too?"

"No. In Budapest we talked Yiddish. At that time there were many Jews there, who like us ran away from Galicia at the beginning of the war before the Russian offensive. I was very small then, but still I remember it very well. Our journey lasted three days. It was winter, and we were travelling on open freight cars. How cold it was!" She heaved a sigh, shivering all over and bundled herself tighter in her great wrapper.

"But why did you leave Pest?"

"During the Commune we lived very badly, and after it, still worse. The officers beat up papa, plundered the café, smashed up everything and threatened mamma with a revolver. She fell ill from the fright and after lying in delirious fever for nine days, she died. And we moved here with papa, because at that time the war was still on in Galicia. Here we would have been all right if only... Well, tell me, how can we get papa free?"

"That's not so simple to answer. If you like, I can have a talk with His Excellency."

"Why, that would be very good indeed."

"Fine. Then at last I will find out what the matter is about".

Donya thanked me ten times over, if not more, for my proposal.

4

I never met a boy with a mind so like that of an old man, as our little Stali. He is twelve years old, four years younger than Donya and nevertheless he figures everything out not a whit worse than his sister and takes part in all our business talks.

When the children of our communist émigrés talk about gendarmes, policemen, officers, prisons and so forth, they speak of them as if of very evil enemies whom we are fighting, whom we must conquer and whom we are bound to conquer. Stali did not regard this matter so simply. If a hare pursued by the hunter knew how to talk, he would probably say of the hunters just what Stali says of the policemen: that they are relentless and invincible.

He still recalls plainly their flight from the Russians. Twice he told me how at one station he saw a man, not fearing the cold, wash stripped to the waist.

What happened in Budapest seemed in his version a novelty even for me: it seemed as if everything happened merely so that one man might torment another.

As proof he brings out hundreds of stories, and the hero of his cruel stories is always the same gendarme or policeman.

Stali, strictly speaking, is an artist. He remains such even while washing dishes. He often drops his work, leaving it all to me, and begins to draw with chalk on the slate. He has colored pencils too — where he got hold of them I can't make out — and with them he covers with drawings every bit of paper that comes into his hands. And for him it doesn't matter in the least if the paper is dirty or scribbled over.

This morning he began to draw on a large sheet of brown wrapping-paper. With a few strokes he sketched a group of people stretching their arms toward a goldenish-yellow goose. But what faces they had! While drawing them, Stali must have tried to call to mind all the policemen he had known.

"What sort of a goose is that?" I asked him.

"The golden goose," he answered in a very serious tone.

"The golden goose? What's that?"

"A fairy tale. I heard it in Pest. A man had a golden goose and everyone wanted to take it from him. They tried to grasp it in their hands and then could not take them off. Because gold is like an iron horse-shoe: just as a horseshoe attracts nails and needles, gold attracts people's hands."

"It's a good story. I have read it too. But I didn't recognize it in your drawing because here they all have such dreadful, evil faces."

Stali shrugged his shoulders, as if to say that he was not to blame if people were like that.

I stroked his head. His hair was not so shining and bronze colored as Donya's, rather it was saffron-colored and soft, so soft. His face was tender,

Béla Illés
The golden
goose

pale with dark violet rings under his eyes. He impresses you as a sickly, fragile boy. His fleshy and too beautiful lips alone somewhat disturb the unity of this impression.

"Let's get to work," he said in answer to my caress and throwing down the sketch, he started washing dishes.

5

We waited for His Excellency the entire day, but in vain. Each time the door opened, Donya jumped with fright. At last, toward evening she could stand it no longer.

"It would be a good idea if you went around to his place," she said to me.

"But where can I find him?"

"At his office. He is there from eight o'clock on. Ukrainians go to see him there."

"But where is his office?"

Donya gave me the address and let me off. It was not yet eight when I got to the house and I had to wander about the streets for a quarter of an hour, lingering in front the shop windows. Before one of them, a delicatessen, I ran into Eugene Kertes.

"Have you heard the news?" He began in a solemn tone, giving me a strong handclasp. "Elsa Terek and Sheprenyi are going to be thrown out of party. Today I presented a proposal for their expulsion — there is no doubt they will be expelled. Why, just think of it, that wretched gossip played into the hands of the Whites and pulled Sheprenyi in with her too. But I must tell you it all from the very beginning, I see you haven't heard anything yet. Well now, you probably know that three comrades were sent off to Hungary with orders to help certain communist comrades slip jail. That is a secret of course, a strict secret, isn't it? That is a secret matter which no one must learn of, as it's as easy to catch a bird with your hand as to release someone from jail — that sort of thing can't be done to the roll of drums. Just imagine, Elsa Terek learned of it, and as she heard in passing that the boss had given them a certain amount of dollars to organize the escape, she began snooping around to everyone with her suspicions: where had these dollars gone to, who had received them, what had they gone for, and so forth. You get me? Then all kinds of comments go about. Everyone likes to receive dollars, but they all talk only of the dollars which others receive. And since as a matter of fact not one of them has any money, they all talk into thin air: so and so has got dollars, has given them out to someone or other and all kind of talk like that. And all that happens in a café which has spies as its chief customers. The result naturally is clear enough: in Pest twelve comrades have again been arrested. Haven't you heard of that misfortune? Who is to blame? Obviously, Elsa Terek and Sheprenyi. That bazaar huckstress only chatters away about ethics, instead of washing her ears. Well, there are the consequences for you. That failure is definitely on her conscience."

"Such things, comrade, must be proven first, then talked about."

"Cut it out! You were and are a touch-me-not. By the way, I heard you had bought a café. Is that so?"

"Yes, that is so. Whom did you hear that from?"

"From Elsa Terek."

"But do you mean to say you still talk to her after all you know about her?"

"Listen a minute, and learn what it's all about. I saw her the day before yesterday, in the evening, when her case had not yet been made entirely clear. I was sitting in a café, drinking black coffee, and, well, you know quite well

I'm none of your thieves, I couldn't pay for it. Elsa Terek had money; better to take from her than to die of hunger. Because, no matter how much several respected persons would like to see it, my dear touch-me-not, I am not getting ready to cash in yet. No, dear friend, not at all! The world revolution still needs me!"

6

His Excellency's Apartment was located on the fifth floor, and was easy enough to find — on the door was a copper plate with an inscription in two languages:

"The Government of the Ukrainian Republic

Viennese Representative

Reception Hours from 8 to 9."

I rang the bell and the door was opened by none other than my colleague and predecessor in my work at the café, the man with the yellow coat.

We were both so petrified at this encounter that for several seconds we stood speechless in the kitchen, which served likewise as a vestibule.

"Have you come to see me?" the man with the yellow coat finally asked.— This time he was minus the yellow coat, and wearing a Russian shirt.

"No. I didn't even know you were a Ukrainian."

"Yes. I have turned Ukrainian. I am working as private secretary to His Excellency. But how are you here?"

"Splendid! I need to have a word with His Excellency."

"I'll inquire at once. Please wait a moment."

His Excellency in person stepped out to meet me and graciously invited me into his study, allowing me to go first. The room was nicely furnished, even too plentifully fitted out with furniture. Portraits of important-looking people with huge moustaches and beards hung along the walls. In all probability that was the flower of Ukrainian history. On the writing-table stood Wilson's portrait.

"Your Excellency may possibly remember me?"

"Well, I should say, Of course! Sit down, friend. Well, how is our little girl? What has she sent me?"

"Nothing, Your Excellency. She hasn't sent you anything."

"Hm..." His Excellency looked at me in amazement. She hasn't sent anything? Hm... I don't understand. I don't altogether understand. To what then, dear friend, do I owe the pleasure of seeing you here?"

"Couldn't I talk a bit to you, Your Excellency, alone?"

"You can talk in my presence without the slightest anxiety", my colleague interrupted me. "In my presence even the most confidential affairs of state..."

His Excellency waved a hand at him, and he went off to the kitchen.

"I am listening."

"Fräulein Donya would like Your Excellency to be so kind as to talk with me about the case of Steinberger who has been arrested, since I am, I may say by the way, a lawyer."

His Excellency shook his head a little in sign of displeasure.

"Hm... Yes. Of course! With pleasure!" he said in a very gracious tone which plainly did not go with the expression on his face. "With pleasure, my friend, with the greatest of pleasure!"

For about a minute he walked back and forth across the room, cramming his hands into his pockets. Then, stopping in front of me, he began:

"It is very hard to talk about such matters, dear friend, as the affair is of a very ticklish nature. Old Steinberger did a very stupid thing and now

I have to try to get him out of his predicament. Yes. I don't say this because I don't do it gladly. Quite the contrary, I do anything I can for him with pleasure; why, I've known him almost twenty years, — but to approach judges is not so simple, you see. What can I tell them? Shall I tell them that Steinberger properly speaking is a Ukrainian refugee and that his case is of a political character — in other words that it is directed against Soviet Russia and therefore is not subject to judicial pursuit? That might work, by gad. But this unlucky fellow declared in the first questioning that he had nothing to do with politics and didn't even give a thought to politics. In that way the best chance fell through and there remains only to go to the judge and tell him the exact truth! Listen, esteemed friend, listen, judge. You are a man. You are an able man. You are not a rich one. You will receive such and such a recompense and for that you will let the old man pull through. Such an approach is absolutely reliable beyond the slightest doubt, but for such an approach you of course need to have money at your disposal and a great lot of it, at that. Thus the question of releasing old man Steinberger is purely a question of a financial nature."

"But how much, in your opinion will be needed to secure his release?"

"I have told you already: a great lot. I can't name a definite amount dear friend. Because, properly speaking, that will be merely the wind-up of the whole affair, so to speak, the final chapter. To begin with, we have to sound out the ground, approach the judge. That too costs money. Then we have to find the right means of offering the money. And, you see, dear friend, that step too costs a heap of money. After that, and only after that, will it be time to offer the actual bribe."

"I understand. In what phase of this work are you at present, Your Excellency?"

"In the very beginning, dear friend, in the very beginning. Because with the money which little Donya has given me you couldn't bribe a single judge. Little Donya doesn't seem to want to understand that a judge is a very important gentleman, occupying a great, a responsible post and possessed of a highly developed moral sentiment... Briefly, for this matter one must have considerably more money than our dear little girl has entrusted to me."

7

Donya did not even give me time to take off my overcoat.

"Well, what about it? What did you get? What did you learn?" she asked, in great agitation.

"Unfortunately, I turned out to be right. His Excellency is a rogue of rogues."

Donya burst into tears. I sent the customers packing and locked the café.

During supper we didn't utter a single word. Afterwards — I myself don't know how it came about — little Donya spent the night with me.

* * *

"I love you, little Stali said to me the next morning when we were heating up the kitchen stove together, "and I'll give you this picture."

He carefully folded up his drawing of the golden goose and held it out to me.

"Thank you, my dear boy."

About nine o'clock in the morning a policeman made his appearance. He had brought Donya a summons. She was asked to come to the district station.

After reading the summons over, Donya held it out to me. Looking up at Donya, I almost started out of my skin: her eyes were full of horror and lea-thing.

"Will you go with me?"

"No. I am a political émigré, and that is a very poor recommendation to the police. I have a bit of business to attend to also. We'll close the café."

Donya did not answer. For a minute or so we stood silently looking into each other's eyes. A year ago, when the white officers stood me up against a wall and I exchanged glances with six rifle muzzles, I'm sure my eyes did not express so much tragedy as was now to be read in hers. I at least understood the sense and connection of what was going on. The struggle goes forward — they beat me, but I won't be loser. Donya is a hare, cowardly and defenceless.

8

Half an hour later I was entering the party's secretariat. In the front room I ran into Dyenesh's.

"What's news?" I asked.

"They've arrested my mother. Our pamphlets used to be received at her address and they found everything at her house."

"How old is your mother, comrade Dyenes?"

"Sixty-two."

"Well, they won't do anything to her."

"They have already beaten her half-dead. And now there's not one reliable place left to send our literature to."

My turn came. They asked me to step into the secretary's room. A plain wooden table, cheap chairs, geography maps on the walls.

I had caught comrade Feldesh, our chief in a good frame of mind.

He shook my hand warmly and treated me to a cigarette.

"Do you know why I sent for you? You are going out to work, to do real work. How about it?"

"Of course."

"You will work among the peasants, quite close to the Polish front. Well?"

"Fine."

"Turn up at the underground secretariat at two o'clock this afternoon. There you will receive exact instructions, papers and the rest. The train at six o'clock tonight for the Czech frontier; tomorrow noon you will already be in Brun. You'd better not go back to your room, for you'll receive a new outfit anyway. You're to be a reaping-machine agent."

"So", I answered in an uncertain tone. "Yes..."

The "chief" evidently did not like my tone of voice. He came up close to me and looked me in the eye.

"Are you afraid?" he asked.

"I'm a bolshevik!" I answered, but I myself rather felt that this proud reply did not ring out quite naturally, for something (indeed a very great something) made my heart tighten.

"Are you leaving something important here?" the chief questioned me further. "A woman? A woman?" He repeated.

I was slow in answering, for in fact I was thinking of two women. About little Donya whom perhaps I should never see again, and about Elsa Terek whose voice penetrated to us from the anteroom — in an agitated voice she was trying to convince someone that Dyenes himself had betrayed his mother into the hands of the police.

"A woman?" — the chief asked a third time.

"Yes. A woman too. But right now I'm not thinking of that. Here everything has seemed so strange to me: life itself and the comrades..."

"So that's at the bottom of it!.. Life has been queer? True. Our life is strange and so are all our relations. When we have a great deal of work, when we are in danger, we love each other very much. But when there isn't work to be done, — and our work consists in fighting — we are suspicious and cruel to each other to the point of loathing. But that frightens only one who does not grasp the connection of phenomena."

"I suppose so. But still it's very ugly."

"Ugly? Of course, an apricot tree in bloom or a sunrise is more beautiful. We can't live without struggle. But the struggle is going on now on a narrow front, on which we are bored and crowded together. We torture each other and ourselves. Well, when we go over to the offensive again, then, my boy... Two comrades who handed in declarations against each other for expulsion from the party I sent together to Hungary. They turned into a splendid underground pair. Now, heads high!"

He held out his hand to me.

"Our cause draws us to it as a magnet draws iron. There is no peace, no rest."

As a magnet draws iron. Little Stali said that same thing to me. Stali, Donya. "His Excellency". Elsa Terek. People rotting away. Emigration.

"Get along, comrade. They are already expecting you at the underground secretariat".

Golden goose, golden goose! You won't draw my hands — I have torn them away from you.

The chief gave my hand a strong grip.

At two I turned up at the underground secretariat, and at six in the evening I was already seated in a coach of the train.

Clothes, name, documents, joy in life — all, all was new about me and within me. From my life in Vienna I carried away in my pocket one thing — little Stali's drawing: the golden goose.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MY BROTHER RUDOLPH

The only reason for my writing about my brother Rudolph, is my desire to fill a gap. I have already, in some of my other works, described the life and experiences of all my brothers and sisters, and I even wrote a whole book about my own experiences. In the case of my brother Rudolph up to now only two things have been written about him, — the first, his birth certificate, and the second, three weeks later, his death certificate.

For me the birth of my brother Rudolph was a surprise. Being eleven years old at the time, I could not have noticed any change in my mother's appearance. Returning from school one day, I was met by one of my friends, who had that day played truant, with the news that my mother had got a baby. I did not believe him, but he was persistent and even grew angry, so I punched him a couple of times and dashed for home.

In the kitchen, I saw a large tub with water standing on the range. As a rule on coming from school I would first glance at the range and the pots. The purpose of this survey was always the same: to find out what and how much there was to eat. That day there was nothing on the range, save the tub with water. Very frightened I stole into the ante-room, where a strong smell of lysol further increased my fears. Then I tried to go into the room but my father grabbed me by the arm.

"A stork has bitten your mother's leg."

The lie made me angry. So after all my friend was right. I took a piece of bread from the cup-board and ran into the street to make up with him.

Late in the evening hunger drove me back home. Now I was allowed to have a look at baby brother. The crib was raised — for but a minute. Out of this minute I spent only a quarter in inspecting the baby. My mother was in a terrible state, and this tiny bit of a man did not seem sufficiently important to justify my mother's awful suffering. It was her fifth child. Once I had overheard her tell my father that she would rather die than have another child.

"You need not be afraid, Lise," he had answered her "You're already forty so be sure you'll have no more."

So evidently little Rudolph's birth was a surprise even to his parents. Perhaps this was the reason for his exemplary quietness — he did not want to increase their disappointment. For three days he uttered not a sound. Then he fell ill. From that time on he kept crying softly, but incessantly, day and night. He had cholera.

I distinctly remember how I reproached my mother, saying that she had caused little Rudolph's illness by giving him sour milk. She only rebuked me for pilfering the milk and begged me to leave her in peace. Then she asked my father to push the baby carriage into the far corner of the room as she could not stand Rudolph's continuous crying any longer.

L. Turek
The life and
death of my
brother
Rudolph

"It won't be very long, Lisa," he said, as he moved the carriage.

He was out of work at the time, so he nursed little Rudolph. A week later my mother got up. She was frightfully pale and weak, and looked miserable.

The cries coming from the perambulator became weaker and weaker but remained as continuous as before. Finally everybody got used to them. If they ceased for an hour or two, one of my parents would look in the perambulator to find out whether little Rudolph was dead or still alive. Probably it was not so easy to ascertain; sometimes they were sure that the end had come, but two hours later the feeble, scarcely audible cry would reach their ears again. Once the perambulator remained silent for over four hours, so my father took the two marks, prepared for the purpose, and went to bring the coffin. Ten minutes later I ran after him as fast as I could — Rudolph was alive, — he had cried again. I need not say I had stood by the perambulator all the time waiting for the cry.

For two days little Rudolph was not bathed. He had become so painfully thin that my mother was afraid to take him in her arms. When I offered to bathe him for her, she refused my help saying that I was not big enough to manage it. I asked why they did not send for the doctor. My father sternly replied that he was out of the work and had no money, and that anyway it did not concern me.

I knew that my school-master possessed a book of medical advice. I stole the book and read that the white of egg is a good remedy for cholera. From a neighbouring hen-roost I brought three eggs, and collected their whites in a cup. Then, when my mother was busy in the kitchen, I poured five tea-spoonfuls into little Rudolph's mouth. My first intention was to give him only three, but as I knew that since his birth he had lost four pounds and that his present weight was only about two pounds, I decided that a spoonful or two more would not do him any harm. Moreover I was perfectly sure that a man cannot live on mere dill-tea, which during the last few days was all that my father was giving him.

The cup with the remainder of egg-white I hid under the bed.

Late in the evening my father came home. He had been out all day looking for work. Although I was in bed I was not asleep so I could hear him ask my mother, as he entered the room:

"Has the boy died yet?"

Mother replied with another question.

"Got a job?"

"No."

Then mother said with a sigh: "If only he would die soon — I'm fed up with torture." To which my father replied: "Yes, but why bother about the worm when there is no food for the others?"

On hearing this, I made up my mind to leave home the very next morning, but then I remembered the cup of egg-white under the bed. Pondering on how best to act, I fell asleep.

Probably Rudolph had been silent during the whole night, for on awakening I saw my father bent over the perambulator, — he looked to see whether the boy was dead. For me, his death would have been a blow, as I had resolved to give him five spoonfuls of egg-white on my return from school.

This decision I had difficulty in carrying out, for when I came home I found the mid-wife with my mother in the room. She had really come for her money and not at all to see the child. Naturally my mother had no money and consoled her with an indefinite promise to pay her in a few days. After this a friend came to see my mother and the mid-wife left. I could hear the

conversation of the two women, but its meaning was obscure to me. They spoke of rather strange things. When in the course of the conversation my mother's friend said: "I told you to get rid of it in time," I took an oath not to move out of the room so long as the old hag was there. My horror increased when my mother answered her with perfect calm: "This is not quite so simple. And what about the consequences? Look at the Schneider woman on Middle Street; she has not come too yet." I had not uttered a sound, but the women must have noticed my agitation and I was ordered to leave the room. I refused and was determined not to surrender even if they tried to put me out by force. My mother was too weak to carry out her threat and I swore the old hag would learn what I was worth.

"The lad's off his noodle", said my mother and the two went into the kitchen to continue their conversation.

Now, alone in the room, I reached for my egg-white to give the second dose to little Rudolph. Imagine my disappointment when I found that the mice had it eaten all up, and later that the arrival of my aunt with my younger brother and sister prevented me from getting another supply from the hen-roost. My sister, aged four, and brother, two, had been staying with my aunt during my mother's illness. They immediately asked to see their new brother and were delighted when little Rudolph was shown to them. My sister wanted to take him in her arms, but mother refused.

"He's too heavy for you, you can't carry him."

My sister burst into tears and threatened not to go to sleep unless she was allowed to nurse her little brother. My mother promised her that if she was a good child she would be permitted to do so the next morning.

Early next morning she woke up everybody, — she was so eager to nurse Rudolph. Little Arthur joined his sister's pleading. Both climbed out of their bed and begged father and mother to give them the baby.

My parents, not wanting get out of bed, asked me to take Rudolph from the carriage and to place him carefully in my sister's arms. Wrapped up as he was in a big pillow, my sister could scarce hold him. She was beside herself with joy and kept running up and down the room.

"Well, let me see your little brother," said my mother.

And then I was ordered to take little Rudolph from my sister. He had died during the night and his little body was already cold.

To explain to my sister and more so to my brother that Rudolph was dead was impossible, so we told them that he was ill and they quieted down, though for the three days that the coffin lay on the table in our room they still hoped to see their little brother in good health again.

Late in the afternoon of the fourth day a man came, to whom my father gave one mark. For this price he was to bury little Rudolph, but, he said, had he not been an old acquaintance of my father's he would have charged one mark more. He tied a belt around the coffin, put his forefinger under it and started for the cemetery. I accompanied him at my father's request.

Our journey was soon interrupted by the sudden thirst of my father's old acquaintance who was compelled to drop into the nearest beershop to slake his thirst. After two hours or so we continued our way, not without some difficulty. The man tottered from side to side. Once he stopped to relieve himself, putting the coffin on a nearby window-sill. I offered to carry the coffin, but he emphatically declined my help, complaining reproachfully that I probably thought him drunk and unable to perform his duties. He added that he could drink still more without getting tight, and to prove this he bought a bottle of whiskey at the next saloon, not failing to wet his swallow at the bar as well.

I began to be seriously concerned about the fate of my brother's corpse. To prevent a possible accident I now followed close up to him in order to catch the coffin in case he fell. This work began ten minutes after we left the last saloon. Fortunately he was old and not very heavy so I managed several times by timely intervention to prevent any mishap.

The bottle of whiskey in his pocket caused the worst of my troubles. It was a half-litre bottle, and after a while he remembered it and grasped its neck. I begged him not to drink any more. His reply was a speech lasting five minutes and consisting chiefly of choice swearing. He let me know that he was five times as old as I, and that my attempt to rebuke him, a grown-up person, was a piece of impertinence unheard of. As a sign of protest he tossed off the whole bottle at one draught.

Now the cemetery could be reached in about ten minutes, but as matters stood, it might take us considerably longer. I was exhausted with propping up the man, and the coffin being a cheap one would burst open at the first fall. I decided to get hold of the coffin by cunning and perform the burial myself.

"Say, uncle," I said, "Are you angry with me?"

"Why?" he mumbled.

"Because I said you must not drink any more."

Then, not waiting for his answer, I offered to go and buy him another bottle while he sat down and rested. He agreed willingly, being evidently in great need of rest. My intention was to make off with the coffin while he was sitting in the ditch. He gave me the bottle and some money and threatened to beat me if I was not back soon.

Taking the bottle I pretended to make for the beer shop, but as soon as I turned the corner I came back and hid myself near the ditch to wait for an opportunity.

From my hiding place I could watch him. He retched several times and then to my disappointment leaned on the coffin. Half an hour passed, and he still remained in this posture. My plans were thwarted.

The road to the cemetery lay across a field. It was growing dark. I was ready to ask the first person on the road for help. A man appeared, but before I could speak he addressed my companion.

"Hello, Karl, what about the two marks for the burial? Squandered gain on drink?"

My man got up. "What's that to you? Your business is to dig the graves and mine is to put the dead in them, and what I do with my money doesn't concern you."

He took the coffin under his arm again and proceeded. To my surprise he walked far better than before. The vomiting had done him good.

The other man, evidently a grave digger returning home from his day's work, continued his way, saying only: "Look here, Karl, choose the right grave, and don't put the little one by mistake where to-morrow a big one will come."

It was already night when we laid my brother Rudolph in the earth. The sombreness of the cemetery frightened me. My companion went away as soon as he had finished his work. In spite of my terror I remained there for some minutes more. From another grave, richly adorned with flowers, I stole a wreath and laid it on the grave of my brother Rudolph. Then I cried.

Tears and darkness prevented me from seeing the figures on the great register stone lying on the grave, but it seems to me that the number of my brother Rudolph's grave is 361.

MONEY

In 1922 most of the inmates in the prisons of Latvia consisted of declassé elements, outcasts of war and revolution.

In a large common cell, with two windows malevolently blurred half-way up, there were in all twenty-five prisoners.

New inmates came in and old ones left very rarely. Books were unconscionably old, biblical. Newspapers were feared like fire. Sleeping and singing were prohibited during the day-time, and prisoners were allowed to walk only from one wall to the other, but the wretched shoes wore out in no time against the asphalt floor.

Life itself was wretched, extremely wretched — it wore away together with the wretched shoes.

It is natural that the inmates yearned for riches, for luxury.

Freiman was an old-timer, a prisoner since the tsarist days. From the soft of barley-bread he moulded a set of chess-men. These chess-men which were supposed to be black, he colored brown by using the paint which he washed off the stuccoed wall. He drew the chess-board with a pencil on the face of the tables.

Very few knew how to play chess. At first the interest of several inmates was excited, and they followed the game of the two players. Then attempts were made to start a collective game, but soon after they were dropped.

And again the prisoners marched from one wall to the other.

Znots, a Lett who had deserted from the army, was a desperate person. He preferred the prison to fighting against the Soviet comrades. His desertion could not be proved, and therefore he was not shot.

He inaugurated card-playing in the cell. It's a good remedy for sluggishness — excitement is aroused by the game itself and also by the fear of being caught by the warden.

After fishing the potatoes out of the soup, Znots with a few helpers kneaded it with great patience until it became a sort of paste. All wrapping paper that was not crumpled was collected and glued together. Artists discovered hidden talents when they began to draw out Kings, Jacks, Queens — all in modern style. They played sixty-six, trumps up. They did not play "fool" — the game was too simple. They played in shifts, then decided to make a few more decks. Everyone liked it. Someone always stood guard at the door. When playing, the days seemed shorter, time flew faster. Personal affairs, family worries, and long years of confinement — were all forgotten.

"If we had money, we could play twenty-one, — said Walmers, throwing his cards on the table. Walmers wore high boots; a tuft of hair concealed a portion of his forehead. He was still young, but was able to look far ahead into things. He was a captive of Bermont-Avadov, the organizer of the Baltic front, sent by the Entente.

Walmers loved danger; though his life was at stake he remained alive — he fled.

"Money, money!" responded the others in one voice.

Even before, when free, they had had no money. The few farthings which had been found in their pockets upon arrest, were kept in the prison office. Each one was in possession of a receipt. But how could you play with only one receipt, even if it were accepted for the sum it represented?

Play for food? You can't hold bank for the gruel — it's ridiculous. The same with the pieces of white bread sent in from outside. Everyone has hardly enough food for himself. It is true that each one ate individually, consumed his supply individually and not communally.

It was clear — money was badly needed. Without money there could be no luxury, no improvement of life through card-playing.

"Sugar! Sugar! Play for pieces of sugar!" someone remarked.

But this year there was no sugar in prison, there was a shortage of it throughout the country. He had forgotten about this, recalling only that before the war criminals used to play for sugar.

"Matches!"

"Sure, let's".

They began with matches. The first bank.

"Who holds the first bank?"

Each one borrowed from the other. Almost everybody participated in the game. The others surrounded the players. The beginning was rather solemn. Holding their breath, all waited for the next card.

Baldon, a passionate smoker, was banker. He had the most matches.

Everyone threw some matches on the table — some three, some five, some eight.

Janson, an old resident of Libava, one of the charges against whom was that in 1905 he was deported from the Baltic for disobedience to a priest, put only one match on the table.

The others laughed.

"Only one!"

"Give me a card, Baldon!"

Baldon deals it out: a ten.

"One more!"

He gave him another: an ace.

Janson opened his cards — twenty one. He was proud.

Luck was with him. He had had one match, now he had two.

Everybody was all excitement. Those with three, four, matches also. The bank grew. Baldon smiled. A good beginning. A very good beginning.

Everything went well the first evening. But the matches were mostly in the hands of Baldon, — the others had very few, the bank was big, and very rarely did anyone play on full bank.

What had been borrowed was soon lost, but the passion of the players increased, and so did the value of a match. No one wished to lend matches because there was no fun winning and then dividing the prize with the others. This destroyed the value of the game, destroyed the interest of life.

Besides that the matches became soiled in their hands, they broke and lost their heads.

On the following day the fascinating game so well started, reached its climax. Most of the prisoners again shifted from wall to wall, wearing away time and footwear against the asphalt.

Mazurs, the student, a theoretician and bookman, did not take a hand in the game, he only watched. He was arrested on the suspicion that he made bombs, because when his room was searched some unknown chemicals and

a tin box were discovered. Exactly as it was in the times of tsarist police outrages.

He either strolled about or simply sat in a corner and smiled. He frequently reproached the others for lolling in the lap of indolence, saying that they should rather read or argue.

When the crisis came, he, as a learned economist, was struck by a clear, scientifically sound idea. He said:

"Several theories exist on the origin of means of exchange..."

And he named a few German, French and Russian authors and their works.

"Don't talk like a bourgeois-professor!"

"Give us some practical advice, something that would correspond to the present necessities of life," burst out Walmers.

"Money — is a product of the later stage of development of economic relations between men..."

"Well?" interrupted Walmers impatiently.

"I see no other practical outlet, than to establish a bank of issue, although in our circumstances this would mean a leap over many stages of economic development right into modern capitalism..."

Walmers and Mazurs discontinued their argument. Walmers understood the situation. It was necessary to issue their own money.

"I am founding a bank, and will issue cell-money," he declared.

"Will the bank participate in the game?" inquired Mazurs.

"You mean me? Yes, certainly!"

"In such cases the bank must remain neutral, it must extend credits and collect debts. But the question of guarantees is very important: what guarantees will the citizens of the cell-republic produce in exchange for credits?" reasoned Mazurs.

They discussed the problem from all angles. Finally they decided to appoint Mazurs director of the bank, as a neutral person who heretofore took no part in the game, in order to insure just distribution of credits. It was decided to give each one a small sum, taking for granted that they were all good for so much money, and additional sums were to be given only on the strength of a bill of exchange.

They printed the currency, called the large notes "cells" and the smaller notes "kamas" and handed them out. Everyone was as rich as his neighbour and had the same means of exchange. Only the student could not reconcile himself to the leap in the development of economics.

"Well, let us imagine that we suddenly discovered an American or Mexican gold or silver mine,"—said Znots, to set his mate ease, "and we acquired a fund, on the basis of which..."

"It's a weak explanation, but — let it go at that."

Baldon again wanted to be the first banker, but the others wouldn't have it; he won all the matches and now he wants to win all the "cells" and "kamas".

The game was renewed. Everyone took a more lively interest than in the beginning of the game with matches, for they will still have dealings with the bank in the future, — what will be the outcome?

It was very amusing: Znots gambled for the pot and won. The players uttered such loud exclamations that the warder knocked at the door.

"What are you doing in there?"

It was not easy to humbug him but he accepted the explanation that it was all over an anecdote.

Janson continued to play very cautiously, — one "cell" and not a single "kama" more.

The bank passed from hand to hand. Money also changed hands at a lively rate.

The good and poor players soon made themselves known. How could it happen that Teters, playing for the whole pot, had never once missed the mark? How could it be explained, for example, that Kaley never drew too much or too little? The explanation was — luck. Thus, there were two lucky players. They were happy, proud, and felt that were elevated above those who were not so lucky.

Znots was the first to lose all his money. Those of the inmates who did not take part in the game, loaned their money, but charged interest. These were the first money-lenders. They were persecuted by Mazurs, and therefore it became necessary to deal with them secretly, in a dark corner.

Gambling continued. In the morning the cell was swept, and ventilated, everybody drank his coffee, the tables were wiped, and a crowd immediately surrounded the last table. The game was interrupted only when the warden came in to make an announcement, or when the prison inspector was expected on his daily round.

Passing from hands to hands, the money became soiled and crumpled. Those who lost their money very quickly hadn't the slightest chance of getting a loan from the bank. But the bank willingly extended credit to the winners. They in turn, loaned money to the losers, charging them high interest, thus winning still more. Such was the progress of capitalism.

Znots, Walmers and Brooklins, who had all fought together on the Galician front, lost their last "kama". They got credit neither from the bank nor from private persons. Walmers sold all his matches so that he didn't even have a light for his rolled cigarette. He had no sugar to sell, and no one cared to buy his comb.

He had a strong desire to play. When he saw the bank pass from hand to hand, and once in a while one of the players opened an ace and a ten, — he gnashed his teeth, growled and shrieked like a wild cat. He began to beg from his associates, approaching one and then another, asking for an old, soiled, and worn "kama". As soon as he succeeded in getting hold of a soiled note he immediately plunged into the game.

Brooklins collected a few odd pieces of paper of the same sort as that from which the banknotes were made, and pretending that he was copying something out of a book, forged a few "cells" and "kamas". Walking up to the table, he demanded cards for the whole pot. Instead of winning the pot he got into a scrape, — for it seemed suspicious to everybody that he had so much money. They glanced at the signature, — Mazur's signature was forged. Thus the first swindler was caught with the goods.

Znots was very good at imitating. In the evenings he used to color his face with a pencil, comb his hair in some funny way, put on a necktie, and give impersonations and stunts. At the end of his performance he passed his hat around, and usually collected enough to gamble with during the next day. Those who were rich even ordered special couplets on gambling, on life in the cell, on the bank, on money, etc., and he made them up to familiar melodies. For the richest man, Znots composed a laudatory ode, in which he even mentioned the man's wife and children, who by the way, did not exist.

When the rich man's turn came to carry out the "parasha" and dump the contents into the water-closet, Walmers relieved him from the job by doing it himself.

The days passed swiftly. Every one was drawn into the game. Twenty-five persons played in two shifts. Dead silence reigned in the cell when one

of the players made a bet, or deliberated a few seconds before drawing the next card. Quite frequently, when one of the players took the risk and won the whole pot, all the others would yell in excitement producing the effect of an explosion.

The reason why Kaley and Teters were never losers was one day brought to light: they had a special agreement between themselves: when one was banker, the other would bid higher, with the understanding that they went fifty-fifty on the winnings.

It was also soon discovered that some of players were able to distinguish the cards from the back side — home-made cards always bear noticeable marks.

Time continued to fly. There was plenty of excitement. Even in sleep the thrilled nerves did not calm down.

Finally Mazurs succumbed to the temptation, and with the consent of the entire republic he also put his hand into the game.

"I've never played, but I'll try my hand at it," — and his thin hand immediately took the pot. This was the greatest event since the card-game had been introduced.

"Gee, what luck! Isn't he lucky?" was heard from all sides.

"He has no luck in love, if he has it in cards," said someone.

Walmers was in a tighter fix than any of his associates. Znots was at least able to earn money with his songs and couplets, but there was a definitely fixed price for carrying out the "parasha", beyond which no money was forthcoming. Furthermore, when competition appeared, the price began to fall.

For a long time Walmers walked around the table, occasionally taking part in the game. He was all worked up, at times uttering incomprehensible sounds. He was not allowed to sit at the gambling table. One evening, after everyone had refused to give him any money, he waited until a large sum accumulated in the pot, then suddenly he sprang like a cat on the money, covering the table with his massive body.

"Kamas" fluttered in all directions, but he had time to shove a handful down his pocket.

"Robber! Thief!" the words sounded in the cell like thunder.

A number of people immediately seized Walmers with the intention of taking away the money and teaching him a good lesson.

Two persons grabbed him by the legs, and two by the arms.

Walmers first kicked and then began to yell.

The warden came running, attracted by the noise, and pounded at the iron-bound door with his heavy key. The key hit against the iron with a chink. Walmers was released, but the game was broken up for good.

When Znots and Baldon took their places again at the table in order to continue the game, Walmers unexpectedly pounced on them, siezed the cards, and, tearing the whole deck to pieces threw it into the "parasha".

"There!" he bellowed. He was red in the face from rage; a tuft of hair fell over his fiery eyes.

No one in the cell could understand the reason for his outrageous conduct. "Why? Who? What? How?" was heard from all sides.

Turning to his companions and outvoicing them all, old Jansen said:

"In view of the fact that we have discovered swindlers, money-lenders and robbers in our midst, it is necessary to elect a court of the cell-republic, to investigate into their crimes and punish the guilty."

Anarchy reigned supreme.

"Capitalism, after reaching the stage of speculation, is inevitably followed by the consequences which we have just witnessed," explained Ma, zurs. "The economic system which has developed in our cell-republics fully corresponds with the theories of bourgeois economists. Money — in a medium of exchange and oppression, money — is a medium of corruptio" and luxury. Money has lost its significance as a measure of the value of work."

Znots drew the conclusion:

"Does this not mean that our cell-republic is not a republic of workers, but just the opposite?"

CITY OF P., P. STREET NO. 48.

A particular house is marked with this number. Such a house could be found in every town, and larger cities even have several of them, but I have never seen one placed so conspicuously as the one here. House No. 48 makes an island in the city. It is a prison. Four streets, like four rivers, cut off house 48 from the rest of the town, the town in the center of which it stands.

Four streets, exactly like four oceans, meet here at right angles and isolate house-island No. 48 from all other houses. Four streets resembling four seas. Just like four seas? No, they are rivulets! Rivulets, so easily crossed by any worker, by any unemployed toiler, by any landless peasant from this province. Four seas? No, four brooks! It is easy to slide over them with a red ticket (clause X — 6 years penal servitude). A red ticket will enable you to gain quite easily the gates of house No. 48. Four streets resembling four rivulets. Just like four brooks? No, just like four oceans which neither noble citizens nor work-giver (not only capitalist) can swim across, because men are put into prison for punishment, and not a single work-giver has yet served a term in prison. Because he is a — work-giver. House No. 48 on P. street is only for proletarians.

The gates are opened, and coming in straight from the street you run against a grating set into a wall. You still carry with you the quiet of the street, and it crashes against the dead silence of the first courtyard. For house No. 48 on P. street, in the city of P. has five courtyards. The first courtyard faces the gates. Standing in the first courtyard you are still conscious of the few pedestrians who watched you go in, and who know very well the meaning of your visit. They know it from by-gone days up to the present day. In the second courtyard which is overshadowed by a "pavillion", you raise your head, attracted by the the gaze of the inmates, whom you also wish to see. By the time you reach the third courtyard, you already know a few things about prison-life, because you reach it only a few weeks later. You become familiar with the fourth courtyard by strolling about it when you are in quarantine. And the fifth? The fifth you shall see when, after a hunger-strike, the prisoners are divided into several groups, and you find yourself in that group which will be dragged to the "New Building".

But wait! And so you enter the first courtyard and thence the chancery. In the course of a few years you will visit this place more than once. For the first time — immediately after entering house No. 48. Then again, when your friends send you a "bundle". Furthermore, you will visit the chancery regularly once a year after a hunger-strike, because hunger-strikes are sure to happen once a year in house No. 48 on P. street. Such is the custom in house No. 48.

The quarantine lasts two weeks. The quarantine is a very useful place, warmly recommended by hygienists to inmates arriving to house No. 48 from other prisons. You may bring in some disease, therefore you must spend four-

S. Wygodski
City of P.,
P. street No 48

teen days in a stuffy cell with one little window, in the mixed society of political and criminal prisoners.

This is the requirement of hygiene. But hygiene has nothing to do with medicine — not once during the whole period will you be examined by a physician to see whether you are healthy, or have brought in some disease. The same hygiene demands that you get your first bath only after two weeks. Hygiene demands that you spend only half an hour outdoors, notwithstanding the fact that political prisoners are entitled to a two-hour outdoor stroll. From a hygienic point of view it is forbidden to keep books or writing pads in the cell. Hygiene orders you to get along without a tooth-brush for two weeks, because your belongings have not yet been inspected. In the course of a fortnight you continue to insist that your tooth-brush be extracted from your basket. But hygiene makes no allowances. Hygiene insists that your teeth can remain unbrushed for two weeks. That half an hour in the fresh air is plenty.

At the time of the roll-call (eyes front! line up in pairs!) you insist on your own. Once, twice, three times. But what can be done, hygiene prohibits. You again demand, and for going against hygiene, the term of your stay in quarantine is extended another week, — it is possible you have carried some disease into house No. 48. But there is no doctor, even if you take ill in quarantine, where you are allowed only half an hour of fresh air...

During all this time you have the privilege of writing only one letter, and that just to say where you are. Nothing else. Hygiene. You can write only on a Sunday. Hygiene. If hygiene has not yet starved him to death, the prisoner, before being transferred to the common cell, is taken before the inspector who is a very intelligent person. He is silent — for he is a thinker. He speaks dryly, officially. And suddenly you notice the letter you had written a fortnight ago, lying on his desk. You had written briefly: city of P. — P. street No. 48. But the inspector is a very intelligent person, at his elbow stands a case containing books, he has no time to read your letter: city of P. — P. street No. 48. Therefore your letter has been lying here for two weeks. And it is not soon that the letter will be sent to the court for censorship. In court they already know what these letters are like, and it will lie about for another two or three weeks. As a matter of fact, what is there of particular importance in your letter? Nothing. The town, street and house number. In truth, why the urgency?

The inspector censors letters and newspapers. He slashes and cuts, sharing this duty with the court. The inspector is well versed on questions of the press. Yes, the inspector is an extremely intelligent person. He knows what to strike out and what to leave alone, where to cut down and where to cancel completely. This he does himself. He cultivates public opinion. He not only bespatters newspaper sheets with white blots, resembling screens. He has an army of spies at his service. The inspector cuts out whole newspaper columns, so that thousands of inmates would not know where, in what provinces and regions, the class struggle is becoming more intense, and to conceal from the inmates, the name of the prison where convicts served as shooting targets, where cells were flooded with water, the details of how a political prisoner committed suicide after a week's hunger-strike, by hanging himself on the bar of his cell, in spite of the fact that the table without which it would seem impossible to reach the bar, had been removed from his cell. An inmate must know nothing of the affairs which interest him most.

And yet... In summer, just before harvest, the inmates know without the aid of newspapers, that there is famine in the country, that inmates of all prisons are starving. In the autumn, they know, also not through newspapers, that the inmates of all prisons in the country are on hunger-strikes, be-

cause furnaces are not heated, and second blankets are not issued even if the inmate has brought one along with him. In November, at noon, after the first few strophes of a revolutionary hymn, when the wardens drag prisoners by their feet in such a way that they bump their heads against every step in the staircase, transferring them from the "Sheep-fold" to the individual cells and wet-cells of the "Pavillion", you know that at that very moment thousands of people in the country are being led to prison. Beginning with January, you receive fresh news every few days. New inmates are brought in before January 21. More arrive in March, and in the course of March and April the prison is constantly filled with new men.

But the inspector — is a very intelligent person. He divides the newcomers into groups and locks them up in different cells, so that they would not meet with the old inmates. It is not without a purpose that house No. 48 is divided into four buildings, and these four buildings are separated from each other by five courtyards, and between each courtyard there is a wall and gates. Such is the house of No. 48, P. street, in the city of P.

At seven o'clock the faint light is extinguished, and whether he wishes to or not, the inmate goes to bed. At half past six in the morning, the prison is awakened by the sound of the gong. "A gong — is an instrument which is had in every band"... No! a Gong — is a coach buffer, hanging in the "middle" courtyard, and they strike this buffer with a hammer.

The courtyards resound with the echo of the sonorous strains. Only upon reaching the "New building" is the sound somewhat muffled, because the "New building" is connected with the "middle" courtyard only by means of a narrow roofed-bridge.

House No. 48 is spreading and expanding. It is too crowded for its inmates. A narrow lane separates the "middle" courtyard from the "new building", built on the opposite side. Only a roofed-bridge links these two buildings, but they carry the same number: 48.

Sitting in a cell of the "Pavillion" which faces the street, you can sight the tower of the Roman-Catholic church, through the narrow window. The view is the same from the windows of the "Sheep-fold." The shadow of the church tower falls on the windows facing the "middle" courtyard, draping half the yard in gloom and cold. In the "middle" courtyard you find yourself in the shadow of the church. In the "New building" it is the same. But when looking from the "middle" building, from the "Pavillion" and from the "Sheepfold" you get a view of the "internal" church. This is the prison chapel. House No. 48 — is a peculiar house. It is surrounded on all sides by churches, has a smaller church within itself, and contains many stinking wet-cells.

It is forbidden to look from the window into the courtyard. Standing upon a table, and making believe he is washing the window-pane, the inmate stealthily glances downward. Then he sees: women carrying pots and kettles, cooks distributing breakfast, and a group of women with shawls on their heads, making a rattling noise with their wooden shoes, as they march through the gates. They are peasant women, working in the prison field. Destitute women, poisoners and infanticides, the victims of hunger and need. Illiterate women, who in time of drought march in processions preceded by priests, praying to god to send down rain. Poisoners of their husbands from whom they cannot divorce because of the cruel laws of the church. Infanticides, who haven't the means to feed themselves, and are forced to get rid of the newly born, because they haven't the money to feed them, while going to a "babka" (midwife) means going to death. They work on the fields that belong to the prison. When they are free, they work on the fields that belong to the

landlords. Doped and intimidated by the church, oppressed and exploited by the landlords, they seek salvation in poisoning and murder. They are all from some nearby village, for they all have the same kind of head-dress, made of the same flimsy material, in spite of the fact that the neighboring town could supply them with a much better quality. They are followed by shop-lifters, prostitutes, and a heterogeneous riff-raff of the ignorant village and cultured town.

Strolling about in the neighboring courtyard, are pimps and Bluebeards, the typical product of capitalist crises. Here, before you, is the "perennial" tradition of the West and its culture. Here, before you, is the Latin culture. Here is the democracy, which gave these people the right to vote but did not give them land. Here are the independent, free citizens, whose freedom is in the clutches of a reactionary bourgeoisie. Here are peasants — murderers, incendiaries, malefactors. Fratricide for the sake of land. Fewer inheritors — more land. Theft? Hunger? Arson? The brightest expression of ignorance, encouraged by the church and capitalism. The peasant takes vengeance for the famine. Incendiaries are mostly those who are most brutally exploited. Farm laborers predominate. After finishing his work in the field, the farm laborer must get his pay from the boss. But the boss tells him that the grub he has been getting all summer is all he deserves. Then the farm laborer commits arson. Arson is committed for thousands of other reasons, but the main reason is always the same — poverty, hunger, ignorance.

I understand why the "left" intelligentsia praises and propagates "spiritual" communes. If they would attempt to propagate "materialistic" communes, they would land into the same prison. Spiritual communes? Certainly, please. Prison masters and prosecutors are also intelligent people. They also stand for spiritual communes. But materialistic communes? Prison masters and prosecutors are fully intelligent people. They are against materialistic communes. You have a piece of bread and you wish to share it with your neighbor in another cell. But you are not allowed to share your bread. Because prison masters and prosecutors are not only intelligent people but also christians. A political prisoner, however, is neither an intelligent person nor a christian. A political prisoner has no faith in god, so when he wishes to share his bread with his comrade, the intelligent person and christian forbids him.

The prisoner protests, for which he is sent to the wet-cell. There he gets to know house No. 48 to its very foundations. In this he is not restricted. You may explore this black wet wall to your heart's desire. But without any noise. As soon as you become noisy, three or four superintendents break into the cell for the purpose of "quieting" the prisoner. He is put into a strait-jacket, and could there be any doubt? — the prisoner, tho feeble from hunger, resists these four superintendents ferociously. He strikes them. He attacks them with his fists. He cracks their ribs. And the poor superintendents, are forced in "self-defence" to quieten him, by whacking him over the shoulders with clubs. Four superintendents are forced to defend themselves against a prisoner in a strait-jacket! It might have started with a scarcely perceptible push, but as a result the prisoner is running with blood.

And the same things happen in all other wet-cells. But none is any the wiser. Mister prosecutor who usually shows up several times a day at the office of the chief inspector, for some reasons does not make his appearance at such moments. Mister prosecutor does not know that a few score political prisoners have already been on a hunger strike for four days. Mister prosecutor knows not. Now he does not look into the office of the chief inspector. Now he does not even play cards in the evening with the prison master. Mister prosecutor knows nothing about the hunger-strike. But the whole town knows. Mister prosecu-

tor knows not, but the proletariat in X, in Y and in Z, launch protests against the white terror. It is even known abroad, but mister prosecutor from the city of P. knows nothing. Mister prosecutor does not know? Mister prosecutor knows nothing of the affairs in the city of P. on P. street, in house No. 48?

Mister prison-master very rarely makes his appearance. Once a month. He throws his glance around the cell, and does not even inquire whether the prisoners have any requests to make. Oh, he very well knows that the prisoners have no requests to make. There was a time when he used to ask them, and when the inmates did have "requests". But when it was proved that their requests went no further, the prisoners ceased to have any desires. And now they ask no more. And not only to him do they say nothing, they say nothing to the lords from the ministry, for if they learn that the prison-master, in spite of instructions, does not deal out duplicate blankets for the winter, this will only be added to the assets of the same mister prison-master.

Show me at least one proletarian in this province who has not been in prison, or whose kin did not languish in confinement! The proletariat of this country has a good knowledge of these buildings and never ceases to keep in touch with them. Every new undertaking of the organized working masses in their struggle for freedom rouses the spirit of the political inmates, in spite of the fact that every such endeavour means new sacrifices. And the fresh victims who are thrown into house No. 48, which is one of many similar houses, bring news to the inmates of what is happening outside, and that the struggle continues.

You of course know that a prison is first of all an educational institution. Here, they are anxious about your physical health (wet-cells, quarantine, individual-cells), and not less so about your moral health (bible, catechism, sermon). For the spiritual education of its inmates, house No. 48 has a theatre. Convict-actors perform highly-moral dramas on biblical subjects, such as, "the manger of christ".

Mister inspector — the patronizer of this theatre, manifests his powerful inventive faculties, intelligence and talent. Here, he replaces the catholic priest and you are not even surprised that mister inspector, who usually carries the delicate title of censor, plays the role of the spiritual father of the "poor lambs". The moral of these performances marvelously transforms itself into the moral maxims of the inspector and the catholic priest. The devil usually wears a five-pointed star. The jew always has his pockets jammed with money, and he dupes the mob, while the "mob" is always foolish and naive.

And how could anyone permit even the slightest idea that this blockhead worker and peasant, who is shown on the stage consisting of a few boards nailed together, could make a revolution and alter the world! Oh, this is impossible — isn't it so mister inspector? Mister inspector wants to alter the world himself. And inasmuch as mister inspector is very clever and very capable, but does not do it yet, it is clear that the time has not yet come. First of all nurse (for this there is a prison), then educate (for this there is the bible and sermon) and only then alter the face of the earth (for this there is a "socialist" party, of which mister inspector is an active member).

As a result of unemployment and the intensification of the revolutionary movement, new prisoners keep coming through the prison gates. Among them are quite a number of bandits dissatisfied with the role which they were offered in "socialist" legions. The legions gave them fire-arms, and they used these fire-arms not only in battle against the revolutionary proletariat, but also in their own bandit raids. Look through their registration cards and you will see for what crimes they have landed in prison. Point me out at least one of the notorious bandits and murderers who had been brought here for mur-

dering a communist. No! Not one "socialist" had ever been sent or will be sent to prison for killing a communist. They are sent to prison for banditism, which they take up after coming to the conclusion that the police and political parties pay too little for "each head".

But here their rôle does not end. It should be remembered that the prison is first of all an educational institution. In house No. 48 they act as spies, and while they are still under examination they already earn for themselves a "reduction".

Now, when the number of inmates has increased, outdoor strolls become shorter, the time allowed for a bath is cut down, clothes get dirtier and dirtier, because the washerwomen cannot handle so much laundry. But this, you must remember, is quite natural, because a prison is first of all an educational institution. Namely for this reason there exist such things as kicking and thrashing, wet-cells, filthy clothes and the bible. As a matter of fact, why should a prison, which is first of all an educational institution, differ from other educational institutions?

And do not imagine that things are so only in the town of P. on P. street No. 48, due to the fact that these petty provincial executioners do not feel the pressure of control over themselves, and consequently do what they please. No! It is the system. It is a system widely applied to the proletariat engaged in class struggle, not only in prison but everywhere. Don't allow yourself to imagine that the central authorities know nothing of the affairs in house No. 48. You will be mistaken. The central authorities in the capital know everything, they must know everything, because in the prison is confined the spectre of class struggle, that same spectre which they look upon in the streets through the loop-hole of an armoured car, while here they look upon it through a narrow slit bound with iron. A prison is first of all an educational institution, and therefore the warders are trained here in the ways of using a gas mask and how to use gas. Yes! The warders of house No. 48 on P. street know how to make use of gas-masks and poisonous gases. For house No. 48 is a large battle-field, on which the enemies are temporarily silent. They conceal themselves in the thicket. Until — until the time comes when fragments of glass spoons and soup-dishes — the weapons of the prisoners, begin to fly from the windows. Then the warders will raise their masked snouts, and with gas-bombs, and rubber hoses filled with water in their hands they will cast their glance toward the windows, watching the poisonous gas creep slowly up the wall to the cells of house No. 48 on P. street, in the town of P....

OUR POLITICAL POSITION

Twenty-five and twenty-five! Twenty-five percent increase for one year in the volume of production of socialist industry — approximately 25% decrease for one year in industrial output in capitalist countries. This is no chance comparison of figures, no play with statistics, no arbitrary juggling of percentages. The 25% decrease is not merely the result of the market crisis. Nor is the 25% increase merely the result of one successful year. These figures are indices of the relative success of two competing systems, these percentages suggest the historical destinies of the two competing systems, these percentages suggest the historical destinies of the two competing orders — if one may use “competing” in connection with the most violent class struggle now sweeping the globe. The Five-Year Plan in the Soviet Union and the economic crisis in capitalist countries — these are landmarks in the history of mankind, such contrasts reveal epochs — they reveal not the measured gait of “peaceful” continuity but the mighty leaps of revolution.

Twenty-five percent increase in the USSR, in a country that is backward technically, in a country which is establishing its economy without the aid of foreign loans, in a country which carries the additional difficulties resulting from the passing to new social relations!

Is this not a sign of the gigantic possibilities that are opening up before humanity with the very first successes of socialism? Is not this 25% an indirect indication of what might be possible in countries with more developed technique? Is not this 25% proof of the reactionary character of capitalist industrial relations? Is not this 25% an indication that we are not dealing with an ordinary ephemeral economic crisis but that we are dealing with a general crisis, with the general decline of capitalism?

Twenty-five million unemployed according to official (i. e. naturally minimized) data. Twenty-five million unemployed in the capitalist countries — this not including the semi-employed! While in the Soviet Union the phrase “out of work” is substituted by the phrase “workers wanted!”

While in capitalist countries we see the intensification of the contradictions between production and consumption — acute overproduction and shrinking markets — while in capitalist countries we see the utilization of industrial plants to only $\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ of their capacity (varying in different countries and in different branches of industry), in the Soviet Union we have a growth in industry at a rate hitherto unheard of, the utilization of the industrial apparatus to full capacity, and rationalization which tends not to decrease but to increase the purchasing power of the toilers.

Compare the urgent demand for the extension of the cultivated area in the Soviet Union, with the propaganda for reducing that area in the capitalist countries and in the colonies crushed under the imperialist yoke! Compare the struggle for the technical revolution in the Soviet Union and the increasing, systematic efforts to hinder the development of technique in the capitalist countries!

Boom and decay!

Here are a few striking illustrations!

The campaign in the USA for the reduction of the wheat growing area by 20—25%. In Brazil — two million sacks of coffee are thrown into the sea in order to maintain prices at a slightly higher level — but in vain. In Egypt a decree was passed for the compulsory reduction of the cotton growing area for three years, while at the same time measures are being taken for the regulation and control of irrigation. In Germany, part of the corn is chemically treated so that it cannot possibly be used by the people, and is sold at lowered prices as cattle fodder. In Australia millions of sheep are simply done away with — what else is to be done to keep up the price of wool?

The industrial crisis is closely interwoven with the agrarian crisis. One hinders the overcoming of the other; one determines the intensity of the other; one accentuates the other.

The bourgeoisie can attempt to escape from the agrarian crisis only by definitely undermining the petty peasant economy, by proletarianizing, by turning to large-scale economy on a new technical basis. — The political consequences arising from this and the extent of the blow to the bourgeois order are quite clear.

The bourgeoisie is seeking an outlet from the industrial crisis in further aggravating the conditions of the working class, in lowering wages, in intensifying exploitation, in launching an offensive against the working masses. Here we have a vivid picture of the inevitable sharpening of the class struggle. The conclusions of the Communist International are fully confirmed.

The stabilization of capitalism leads to the extensive reproduction of the fundamental, structural, and distinct contradictions of capitalism. The line of militant Bolshevism fully justifies itself.

The illusions of the propagandists of organized capitalism are being shattered — these same propagandists who blissfully contemplated the reverse of America's prosperity but who did not notice how the crisis had already begun to distort the face of American capitalism. Lenin's dictum is fully confirmed. Indeed, imperialism is the last stage of capitalism, the stage of its parasitical decay, the stage which is followed not by "peaceful" super-imperialism, but by proletarian revolution and socialism.

Even prior to the failure of American "prosperity", W. Sombart, in his well-known report on the fate of capitalism, said that the development of bourgeois society leads to the "creation" of a new feudalism, a system of most varied inter-dependencies: — the workers and employees on capital, the producers on the consumers, small shareholders on large shareholders, the large on the larger, and the larger on the largest. Parallel to and connected with this, plutocracy and "financocracy" have developed to a hitherto unheard-of degree. Economy, i. e. capital, i. e. finance capital, dominates the world and forces our statesmen to dance before it like marionettes. Sombart remarks that capitalism has attained the age of a man in his forties who cannot any longer conceal his growing heaviness and moderation. Sombart speaks of the decline of capitalism — and this prominent bourgeois economist and opponent of Marx is forced it seems to retreat in the face of revolutionary Marxism and its new stage — Leninism — to retreat, that is, only insofar as he can manage to remove his bourgeois spectacles and look straight at objective truth. Is not this talk about a man in his forties but a poetic simile for the prose of the decay of imperialist capitalism?

Marx spoke of the revolutionary character of modern large-scale industry. The advances of modern science and technique intensify this revolutionary character — and intensify still more the contradictions between the pro-

ductive forces and industrial relations. The epoch of monopoly does not lead to the absolute cessation of technical progress. Imperialist decay does not signify complete stagnation in the development of productive forces, in extent or in intensity. The demands of capitalist competition force proprietors of the enterprises along the line of rationalization and new technique in general. This fact and more particularly the rate of technical development in the capitalist countries testify to the weight of the shackles of the capitalist mode of production. Technical development comes straight up against the frame of society, thus revealing more clearly the contradictions between the social character of production and private property (private character of production). Only the political revolution of the proletariat can open those windows and doors at which the technical revolution is now knocking.

The technical revolution is led by electrification. In connection with the transmission of energy over long distances, with chain power-stations and with the necessity of introducing the system of central super-power stations of electric, steam, oil or hydraulic type, the development of electrification comes up against private property, against the social unorganization of production, against competition and private property in land.

At the recent conference of energetics in Berlin one of the most sensational speeches was made by Engineer Oliven in reference to the construction of an all-European electro-transmission system. These transmission lines should extend from Lisbon to Rostov in the east-to-west direction, and from the Norwegian water-falls to the South of Dalmatia in the north-to-south direction. According to the author's calculations the construction of 10,000 kilometres of such electro-transmission lines will cost about two billion marks and must be realized on the basis of a working pressure of approximately 400,000 volts. The author describes in glowing terms how highly profitable this construction would be and how it would make it possible for Europe immediately to raise its consumption from the present 80 billion Kw. hours to 100 billion, i. e. on a par with the present output of energy in the USA. This gigantic pooling of energy, surmounting all national boundaries, uniting the energy of the waterfalls of Norway and Italy, the canal coal of Germany, the oil and coal of Poland, the Donetz-Basin coal and the Dnieper water-energy; all this, together with the power-plants of Spain and Portugal, will provide the enormous advantages that accompany such a gigantic electrical economy.¹⁾

Engineer Oliven is not wasting time — his report will be used as material for the Five — Year Plan of the world proletarian economy. Engineer Oliven is doing our work for us; — he is proving to the technologists that socialism is the only outlet for the tremendous reserve of technical initiative. It is doubtful whether Engineer Oliven himself understands this, but facts remain facts! — the romanticism of Kellerman's "Tunnel" won't fit in with Sombart's picture of the flabby-faced rentier, corpulent and moderate.

Electricity is taking the place of steam.

Founded on the possible substitution of steam engines by electric engines new prospects for the further automatization of production, including herein heavy industry, are opened up. But automatization, connected with the raising of the organic structure of capital, leads to the lowering of profit rates, and demands an extensive, planned, unified production. At the same time it undermines the modern capitalist methods of utilizing labor power, and creates all the prerequisites for the removal of the contradictions between mental and physical labor.

¹ See article by Com. G. M. Krzhizhanovsky — "To the 10th Anniversary of the G. O. L. R. O." (State Commission for the Electrification of Russia).

The introduction of the conveyor system, the progress of which is based on electrification, demands gigantic concentration of production and extensive markets.

The enormous possibilities contained in applied chemistry (it is understood that this means not merely the development of the chemical industry) come up against the furious resistance of the old branches of industry.

The progress of technique leads to the ever faster "moral" exhaustion of constant capital. Marx wrote: — "With the development of capitalist production grow the value and duration of invested constant capital. But though, on the one hand, the development of constant capital prolongs its life, on the other hand its life is shortened by continuous changes in the means of production, the significance of which continually increases with the development of the capitalist mode of production... the danger of depreciation of investments always increases. New machines are introduced gradually, and this is an obstacle to the rapid and constant employment of perfected means of labor." The old capitalist investments, the old branches of industry, are standing in the way of the new. The lowering of the rates of profits cannot be compensated sufficiently by the mass extent of profits, inasmuch as the market possibilities are limited by the conditions of capitalist exploitation of the toiling masses.

At the present moment we often observe interference with and even actual suppression of new inventions. Is it necessary to cite instances of interested capitalist enterprises buying up inventions not, however, for the purpose of utilizing them, but so as to shelve them? It is well known that methods of dissolving coal have been found, but that the German chemical trust owns the patent. In 1928 this trust concluded an agreement with the Standard Oil Co. which is interested in preventing the production of artificial benzine. The extension of the use of gas in German industry is fought by the capitalist trusts. The American copper trust artificially hampers the development in Germany of the aluminium industry. The owners of the German sugar mills are frantically struggling against the use of Bergius' new method for obtaining sugar from wood-cellulose, etc. etc. ¹⁾.

The technical revolution is incompatible with the solution of problems on the basis of capitalist gain and accumulation. The technical revolution, while promising the further division of labor, destroys the order in which labor power serves as a mere accessory to the machine. The successes of mechanization make such labor unnecessary, — only the capitalist considerations of the cheapness of labor power in comparison with the expenses incurred in the radical technical reconstruction of enterprises lie at the basis of the policy of transforming man into a slave of the machine. Modern technique has created all the prerequisites for man becoming master of the machine. The division of labor, from being a means of crippling man, can be changed into a means of man's polytechnical education. "The supremacy of the machine and the supremacy of the engineers is destroyed by the rise of centralized energetics, which makes possible a union of real, living men, a labor collective free of all inner contradictions, armed in a new way, armed with the centralized energy of the natural elements.

"The gulf between the factory and the university, between the worker and the student is being bridged in accordance with the real centralisation of economy" ²⁾.

¹⁾ See Reiman: „Technical Development of Modern Germany"; M. Rubinstein: "Capitalist Rationalisation" and the same author's article in the "Bolshevik"; S. Bessonov "Questions of Technical Progress within Modern Capitalism"; E. Varga: "Questions of World Economy" and other works by the same author.

²⁾ Krzhizhanovsky.

Only people who see nothing beyond capitalism can be terrified by the development of technique; for it is in modern technique, rather than in the capitalist's method of utilizing modern technique, that they discern the cause of man's oppression and repression. In modern belle-lettres we observe many instances of writers rising in panic against the machine, in defence of a vague and abstract conception of individuality. The peculiar Rousseauist moods which afflict the German expressionists, the American realist Sherwood Anderson, the reactionary populists of France, though springing from different roots, though reflecting various influences, though being of different social import, are — and examples may be easily multiplied — exceedingly widespread. The expressionist decries "the cold, criminal, steel muzzle of the machine" and clamors for the destruction of culture, or, in the manner of the American Ben Hecht, sneers at "the steel jungle called civilization". Alfred Dublin, in his novel *Vatsek's Struggle with the Steam-Turbine*, develops the proposition that the degree of technical progress coincides with the degree of disintegration and depression of human personality. Or take as another instance Capek's novel *The Factory of the Absolute* — this is a direct appeal to rise against all technical innovations which threaten the peaceful tenor of stabilized existence.

The pessimism of Sombart is no exception; it is a sign of the times. After the failure of American prosperity this pessimism is becoming still more widespread among the bourgeois economists. And not accidentally. We discover in the work of R. Lifman still clearer indications of the "harmfulness" of further technical development. However, we as yet scarcely imagine the real grandeur, the scope, the swing of the growing technical revolution.

One example: — The academician, Joffe, a very prominent world scientist, writes: — "With us planned promotion and solution of problems is necessary and possible, more than in any other country in the world. One of these is the problem of new technique. Here in the first place we have the most extensive, unsolved problem of energetics (a problem no one has deliberately tried to solve): — 1) The utilization of solar energy on the deserts and in the oceans; the use of photosynthesis in forms other than vegetation; 2) the full utilization of the energy of coal; for modern technique, though obtaining coal so painfully from the bowels of the earth, has learned to extract less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of its energy, destroying the other $\frac{3}{4}$; when as a matter of fact it is quite possible to utilize it one hundred percent, and what is more, this can be achieved without moving the coal from its original place, from the entrails of the earth; 3) the utilization of atomic energy; 4) the concentration of energy in small light-weight accumulators, and its transmission over long distances by wireless, etc. Technique stands before the creation of new matter. We have already emerged from the iron age, but the base on which the future technique will be constructed has not yet crystallized. Special steel and alloys is the path leading to this. We already know that it is possible for matter, mechanical as well as electrical, to be a hundred times more solid than at present. A wire-bridge across the Neva, insulation of one million volts in one millimetre thickness. All this will be possible. We even know how to proceed towards this...

"Only lately a radical change occurred in chemistry. Our eyes were opened to the nature of chemical relations, to the mechanism of chemical reactions. From these new heights we can see our way toward mastering these phenomena, and subjecting them to our will. We will be able to command the speed of reactions just as we are at present able to regulate the speed of an automobile, we will be able to create an unlimited amount of new matter and compounds. It is important for us to direct our creative work along this path,

which is new and not yet charted, but which promises a revolution in chemical technique.

"We must bear in mind that not only the qualitative new is new, for quality is derived from quantity. Electric rays of 1000 volts cannot penetrate through one millimetre of air, — however, millions of volts can spread through many metres, and tens of millions may become a most powerful tool for obtaining chemical, thermal, photic and biological effects. And this is possible. We have already achieved five million volts. Very high temperatures, strong magnetic fields, sound waves, etc. may play a similar role. This is not a sport record, but a still uninvestigated field of science, and, consequently, a new domain in the application of technique."

Not the seeking after technical improvement, but parasitism and decay characterize imperialism. From this point of view the redistribution of the main productive force — the working class — among the various branches of industry, which we now observe in the USA — is very characteristic. Here is an excellent statement on this subject which was made by the Hoover Commission in the book on *The Recent Changes in the Economy of the U. S.* "The functions of service are not new, but very few of those which we have investigated have a more potential significance than the accelerated growth of those of our enterprises serving: — travelling, recreation, education, insurance, social service, convenience, hotels, restaurants, grocery and provision shops, steam laundries, and public libraries; — these are some, not to mention very many others. This promoted the creation of new comfort in the USA and afforded employment to millions of workers who were forced out of agriculture and of the mining and cultivating industries. Truly, the modern development of "mass service" alone saved our country from the critical development of the unemployment problem in latter years... The acceleration of technological progress in production and in consumption would have led to a much graver unemployment if the extra workers were not drawn into the production of new branches of industry, — other than material culture — at one and the same time creating possibilities of obtaining leisure and serving leisure." Fewer metal workers — more porters and cooks, fewer miners — more laundry-women and clowns, fewer producers — more servants for the capitalists. How characteristic this is — this placing of amusement on a par with education, how expressive this comparison of libraries with grocery-shops, how beautifully touching it is that millions, in order to escape unemployment, become the slaves of the leisure of a few thousand rentiers.

Academician Joffe speaks of utilizing the sun's energy in the deserts and the oceans. Of what use is this to those who have as it is quite enough sun in this world? For instance — "A small group of rich American tourists spend in one year about as much as the average yearly budget of some countries — about 800 million dollars yearly. Pictures were bought by millionaires and imported into the USA in 1929 to the sum of 250 million dollars, diamonds and other precious stones... are imported in one year to the amount of 60 million dollars." ¹⁾

Socialist construction in the Soviet Union has shown the enormous resources that might be unearthed upon the elimination of the unproductive classes. Distribution costs are steadily rising. According to GEZA the proportion of distribution costs in price of goods has increased from 9.8% in 1850 to 40.1% in 1900, and to 50.4% in 1920. In the Hoover report it is indicated that in the USA 1,502,000,000 dollars were spent on advertisements in 1927.

One and a half billion dollars on advertisements! But the redistribution of labor power as described by the Hoover Commission does not give the whole picture. Take the data on the redistribution of means and labor power among the civil and war industries. I will not quote them. It is quite evident, however, that if the imperialist masters are interested in technique at all, they are interested in the technique of destruction, annihilation, war! Who does not know that the lion's share of the government budgets in the capitalist countries is spent on the army! And everyone knows that war is profitable to the imperialist bourgeoisie!

Under the conditions of imperialism, war is no accident, no caprice, no spontaneous phenomenon. Under imperialist conditions war is the mode by which the bourgeois governments must inevitably seek an escape from capitalist crises. Not the development of productive forces — but the struggle for the redistribution of markets now holds the centre of attention, is at present what the imperialist world imperatively needs. The out-of-date social order drags with it to the grave the whole culture of humanity. The struggle against imperialism is the struggle against the reversion to barbarism, against the triumph of savagery, against the intensified exploitation of millions by a few.

The social-democrats often argue against proletarian revolution by pointing to the cost of revolution and to the blow which the violence of revolution inevitably deals to the whole organism of national economy. But is it possible that the cost of a world war is not greater than the cost of a socialist revolution? And considering that the capitalist countries spend up to 50% of the government budget for militaristic purposes, is it not clear that this costs humanity much more even than the bloody civil war which is bound to bring final victory to the proletariat? Is it not clear that we must choose: — either new revolutions or new wars?

The curve of history may deflect upward or downward or occasionally run horizontally but all these deviations only emphasize the inevitable direction of the curve. Now that capitalism is in the throes of a general crisis the upward deflections following in the wake of ordinary market crises become increasingly smaller, more relative, and less perceptible.

Crises are followed by depressions, the interval between one crisis and the next decreases, the unequal rate of capitalist development in various countries does not lessen but becomes greater. The split between the two opposing systems — the USSR and the capitalist world — aggravates tremendously the general contradictions of the old economic and social formations.

The last war was itself a shining example of how the imperialists tried to surmount these contradictions. "The war broke out in the second year of a crisis that had begun in 1913... Undoubtedly, in 1913 we had more than the ordinary market crisis; it was, at least as far as the economic situation in Europe was concerned, the beginning of a general crisis — the markets of Europe were glutted to capacity. The chances for developing the productive forces at the rate achieved twenty years previously were extremely doubtful."

Just as the intervals between crises are becoming increasingly shorter, so, too, are the intervals between wars bound to become correspondingly shorter — up to the very time when the dictatorship of the bourgeoisie will be replaced by the dictatorship of the proletariat. It is opportunist heresy to maintain that revolution is possible only as a result of new wars. The working masses are successfully training themselves during the "peaceful" years of capitalism as well. The number of the unemployed is increasing also during the years of "prosperity." It is not without reason that the bourgeois press so often refers to "structural" and "technological" unemployment as distinct from

"normal" unemployment. The share of the proletariat in the national income is decreasing every year. The proletariat is beginning to decrease numerically; the pauperization of the proletariat is apparent. And while in the Soviet Union the peasant is made master of the tractor, — in the capitalist countries he is thrown under the tractor.

The economic crisis which is now sharply felt in every part of the world — except in the $\frac{1}{6}$ of the globe over which the red flag of the proletarian revolution is waving — this economic crisis surpasses in immensity all former capitalist crises, and the climax has not yet been reached.

What mockery of the erstwhile prophets of "organized capitalism!" What notable proof that the bolshevist analysis of the peculiarity of the third period in the development of post-war capitalism is a correct analysis! How excellently this illustrates our general forecast — an epoch of wars and revolutions!

Trotsky, with true social-democratic orthodoxy, affirmed that crises lead to the decline and not to the rise of the revolutionary movement. He considered that in conditions of crisis, when the capitalists take the offensive, the working class must assume only a defensive position. But reality has completely repudiated a theory that is used as a weapon by the defeatists and liquidators.

Economic market crises lead in many countries to political crises and the latter occasionally assume a revolutionary character. At present, as a result of these market crises, the contradictions peculiar to the period of the final, general crisis of capitalism are becoming increasingly violent and acute. Such now are the contradictions between all the imperialist countries and the USSR, between the imperialist countries and the colonies, among the individual imperialist countries, between the bourgeoisie and the proletarian vanguard of all toilers in every imperialist country.

The recent elections in Germany showed us the extent of the awakening of the masses and the rate of the growing instability of the capitalist regime. A population of 30 million on the territory of Soviet China, 4 million partisans and 300,000 in the red army with a proportion of 6% communists, heroically fighting under conditions of international capitalist intervention, wars among the cliques of the different generals backed by the various imperialist powers, — this is revolutionizing the entire colonial East. The barricade fighting in Budapest was another manifestation of the general rise of the working class movement whipped forward by rationalization, i. e. by the capitalist scheme for intensifying labor. Both waves are rising — capitalist reaction and proletarian revolution. Bolshevism and fascism are international concepts — international enemies. Just as bolshevism is the leading theory of the world revolution rather than a specific outgrowth of Russian backwardness, so fascism is the natural weapon of bourgeois political domination in the epoch of imperialism rather than a peculiar manifestation of the Italian spirit. The social demagogy of fascism is exposed in the very first serious class conflict. From the point of view of the policy of finance capital the manner in which Pilsudsky treats his Sejm is quite in accordance with the modern attitude to parliamentarism. Not only does terror replace the formal and purely external freedom to vote, but even where there is voting, it takes place under conditions of ever more cynical terror.

Lenin said that the "opportunists" within the labor movement "are better champions of the bourgeoisie than the bourgeoisie itself. Without the aid of such working class leaders, the bourgeoisie would not be able to hold out." The "fascization" of the international social-democracy is quite in keeping with the "fascization" of the methods of the bourgeois governments. Cer-

tain strata of the intelligentsia, from which come the allies of our movement of revolutionary writers, are sometimes confused by the "struggle" of the social-democrats against fascism. Behind the collisions between the social-democrats and the fascists, these intellectuals fail to discern the common master of the two and the distribution between the two of the common work of defending capitalist domination. Whoever may be in power, whether the fascists or the social-democrats, the class nature of the policy pursued by the governments in capitalist countries becomes more and more evident; government methods grow less and less veiled; reaction and violence gain greater intensity. The present intensification of the class struggle leads to the polarization of all the hostile forces. The political line of our international organization, side by side with the exposure of the crisis and decay of moribund capitalism, must include a struggle not only against fascism, but also against social-democracy — "right" as well as "left."

Our fire must be directed against the illusions and prejudices of democracy and social-democracy.

The duty of every revolutionary writer is to discard the mask of being above class and for all-humanity, to tear away the "democratic" screen from bourgeois dictatorship, and to wage war against the preachers of class collaboration — against the preachers who put up this smoke screen for the bourgeois offensive.

Our fire must be directed with no less force against pacifist prejudices and illusions. The world crisis has dealt a blow to the whole Versailles system. If not all, at least the main parts of this system are crumbling. Pan-Europe is the new pseudonym of pan-Versailles. The disarmament conferences reveal such cynicism in the haggling over armaments that simple naiveté certainly fails to account for the faith in those conferences professed by the various petty-bourgeois drivellers about "humanity." The naval conference in London was particularly characteristic. At present, after the pacifist phrases of Hoover and Mac Donald, on both sides of the ocean, their disarmament is gradually assuming the imposing form of a naval fleet three times the size of the present one. While at the present moment the actual fighting tonnage of the navies of 5 imperialist powers (England, USA, Japan, France and Italy) equals only 1,209,601 tons — excluding old ships — in 1935 the fighting tonnage of the navies of these same powers will, according to the program of the London Conference, reach approximately 3,651,916 tons (this navy being composed exclusively of new ships of ultra modern types). Among others, there is the remarkable regulation of the London Conference prohibiting battleships to sink trading vessels without placing the passengers and the crews in safety... "unless the latter refuse to stop,"... Bring proof, if you can, from the bottom of the sea!

It is ridiculous to deny the growth of armaments. The reduction in certain types of armaments signifies nothing but the scrapping of obsolete equipment and its replacement by newer, even more deadly weapons. Just as in the next war there will be little difference between the front and the rear, so also is the distinction between certain "war" and "peace" industries rapidly disappearing; the chemical industry is an excellent example of this — it is literally a matter of hours to pass from the production of peace-time commodities to the output of war gases. The witty French war-writer — de-Pierrefeux — correctly remarks that modern war is beginning to resemble a clash between two wild horses in which the military art of the past is being trampled underfoot. A similar note is discerned in the recent book written by Von Seckt "When war involves armies of many millions," he writes, "the science of strategy is useless and the outcome of the different battles and of the whole war

L. Auerbach
Our political
position

is decided by the quantity of human and technical material." Ludendorf's latest pamphlet contains the prophecy of a new Franco-German war in May, 1932. He, however, also suggests the possibility of a general war against the Soviet Union. And if the assertion regarding the intensification of the contradictions connected with the present crisis (which is taking place against the background of the general historical crisis of capitalism) is correct, then the contradiction between the Soviet Union and the capitalist world as a whole must be considered first in the list of especially sharp contradictions. Lenin, in his last articles, wrote about the danger of a new series of wars which threaten the country of the victorious proletariat. These dangers are no longer problematic. The capitalist crisis and the construction of socialism in the USSR — and here reality has exceeded our most sanguine hopes — both tend to reduce the term of coexistence of these two irreconcilable social systems. The furious campaign against Soviet "dumping," the rage against the wheat produced on our collective farms, are evidence of this. The bourgeoisie will attempt by means of war to extinguish the flame of new revolutionary enthusiasm. The defense of the Soviet Union is the militant slogan of our international union. We know that if the attack on the USSR does not directly lead to the victory of new revolutions, then, instead of retarding, successful intervention will accelerate the outbreak of war among the imperialist powers over the division of the new prey. The fight for the Soviet Union is the fight against imperialist wars. The struggle for the proletarian revolution in your own country is the best form of defense and support of the Soviet Union. "We have entered the period of Socialism" said Stalin, the leader of the world revolution, when characterizing the situation in the fatherland of the international working class. The vanguard of the proletarian army is gaining victory after victory. The Traktorstroi, which yesterday we examined here, in Kharkov, in the capital of the Soviet Ukraine, is a symbol of the rate of development of all the nationalities joined in the Soviet Union. And to the shock workers in socialist industry — the proletarian and revolutionary writers make the promise to be shock workers in the struggle against capitalism, against fascism, against social fascism, against preparation of intervention, against all those who mask intervention with pacifist phrases. Our place is in the front line of attack on the old world. A new war and a new revolution will find us in the front ranks.

Ready for the final struggle and inspired with class hatred, we are doing our duty.

Our literature is the literature of the world revolution.

JAPANESE LITERATURE

The bourgeois revolution of 1868, having partly destroyed the absolute reign of the feudal lords, made way for the development of commercial capitalism which was then in its earliest stage of existence, and later made way for industrial capitalism. Simultaneously with the upheaval in light industries, which occurred 15 years after the revolution, there was started a movement for civil liberty.

It was at this time, too, that the labor movement made a start and began to take on definite form. We see the birth of our literature in the *political stories* which first began to appear at that time.

In the 27th year of the bourgeois revolution, the semi-feudal bourgeois government of Japan declared war against the feudal government of China. The war strengthened considerably the position of Japanese industrial capital. This was the period when the proletariat gradually began to develop class-consciousness asserting itself in a rather elemental fashion, breaking out into strikes, timidly and haphazardly. There was now a growing demand for a literature charged with a social purpose. Such authors as Hugo, Zola, Tolstoi and Dostoevsky became very popular.

In 1904, ten years after the war with China, Japan entered into war with Russia. As a result of this war, heavy industries developed tremendously, and the foundation for the present Japanese imperialism was laid. The war, however, had other results too — anti-militarist ideas gained wide acceptance among Japanese socialists, and the socialist movement assumed considerable proportions. It was at this time that Katayama exchanged greetings with Plekhanov, the representative of the Russian Social-Democratic Party, at the 6th Congress of the Socialist International in Amsterdam.

The Russian revolution of 1905 had a powerful effect on Japan. A wave of strikes swept the country. It was then that the so-called *socialist stories* first began to appear. While those stories contained a hodge-podge of christian socialism, bourgeois liberalism, anarchism, terrorism and nihilism, they contained very little of dialectic materialism. This is explained by the fact that the Japanese proletariat had not sufficiently developed by that time. Toward the end of this period, the ideology of christian socialism which had heretofore predominated was gradually supplanted by anarcho-syndicalist tendencies.

In 1910, when the anarcho-syndicalist movement became prevalent, the government staged the notorious "terrorist plot against the emperor." This was followed by harsh repression of the proletariat, and the progress of proletarian literature in Japan was violently checked. During this period of stagnation, however, anarchist tendencies became even more marked.

Somewhat earlier, namely between 1900 and 1910, naturalist tendencies had made rapid progress in bourgeois literature. After 1910, neo-romanticism and humanism began to develop as a reaction to this tendency, and had considerable influence on the proletarian literature of the subsequent period.

The world war of 1914-1918 hastened the efflorescence of Japanese imperialism. More and more determinedly the Japanese proletariat began to advance into the arena of class war. At the same time the democratic movement was making fast progress in Japanese society. This movement gave birth to the so-called "people's literature," permeated with Tolstoian humanism and pure anarchism.

From the very outset, the "people's literature" revealed its class spirit. It was even referred to as "worker's literature" or "literature of the fourth estate," and was linked with the proletariat which by then constituted a rather imposing force. Writers began to emerge from the ranks of the laboring class. Certain writers like Fujimori Seikichi, Akita Ujiaku and others abandoned bourgeois literature and joined the proletariat.

Using as material only the life of workers, the "worker's literature" of that time was, however, nothing but a naturalistic description of the life of "the poor". The humanist and anarchist works of "worker's literature," permeated though they were with "sentiments of protest," were far from revealing proletarian class principles and Marxian views.

1921 could be regarded as the year when the proletarian literary movement in Japan began to make progress. In February 1921, in the prefecture of Akita, in one of the fishing settlements in the north of Japan, a very small and simple magazine called *The Sower* made its first appearance.

Although this magazine was not yet based on a strictly proletarian ideology, it nevertheless marked the first page in the brilliant history of the development of Japanese proletarian literature; it drew to itself those of the revolutionary writers of the intelligentsia who were close to the proletariat.

This group launched a bitter struggle against the views propagated by the journals *The Essence of Art* and *Immortality of Art*. From a clear conception of the historical and class nature of art, it gradually came to the realization of the significance of art as a weapon in the class struggle. Moreover, this group began to establish connections with the proletarian literary groups in other countries.

The first stage in the development of Japanese proletarian literature (1921-1923) is known as *The Sower* period. In order to bring the magazine into the very heart of the labor movement, *The Sower* was transferred in 1921 from Akita to Tokio.

After the issue of the first copy of the new (Tokio) magazine, *The Sower*, the base of the revolutionary literary movement was considerably expanded. While formerly *The Sower* had drawn together only a small group of 5 or 6 writers, the Tokio edition of *The Sower* obtained the support of a wide united front consisting of all the more or less progressive and revolutionary elements among the writers, critics and artists. And the very first number of the magazine clearly manifested the leading role it gave to Marxian theory (for example, the article by Muramatsu, entitled *The Labor Movement and the Intelligentsia*).

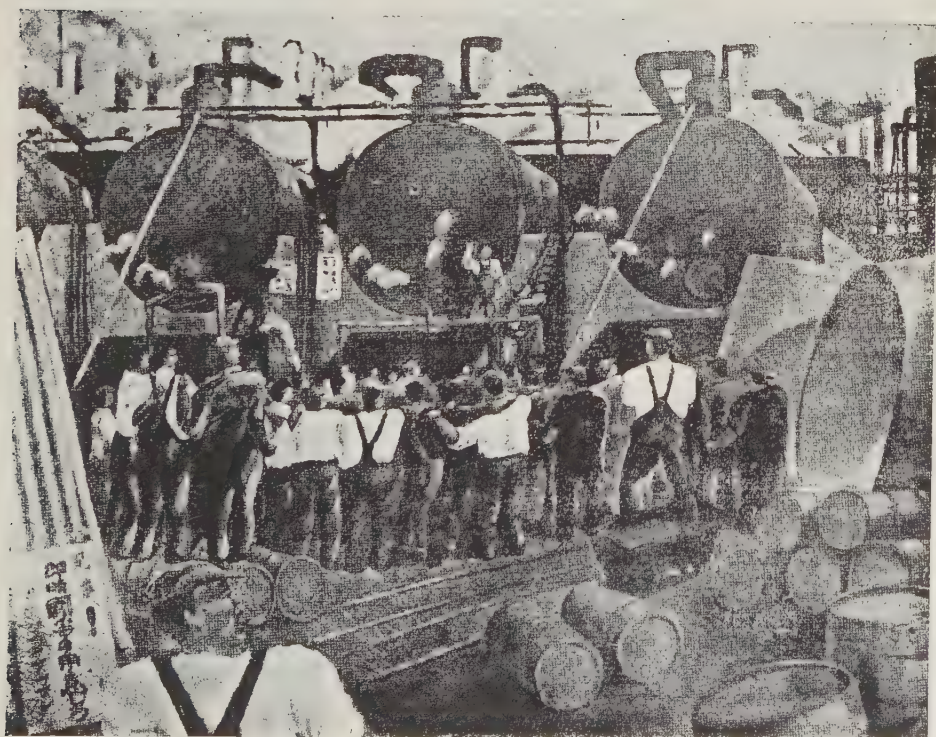
The consolidation of revolutionary writers in 1921 took place under the direct influence of the Socialist League of Japan, which had been formed in the latter part of 1920. A number of writers connected with *The Sower* such as Eguchi Kan, Akita Ujiaku, Fujimori Seikichi, etc., were members of this league.

The publication of *The Sower* and the activities of the group of revolutionary writers supporting this magazine continued until September 1923, when a disastrous earthquake shook Japan. After the earthquake, power passed into the hands of an extremely reactionary government, which hurled the full force of its police against the young labor movement. Workers' orga-

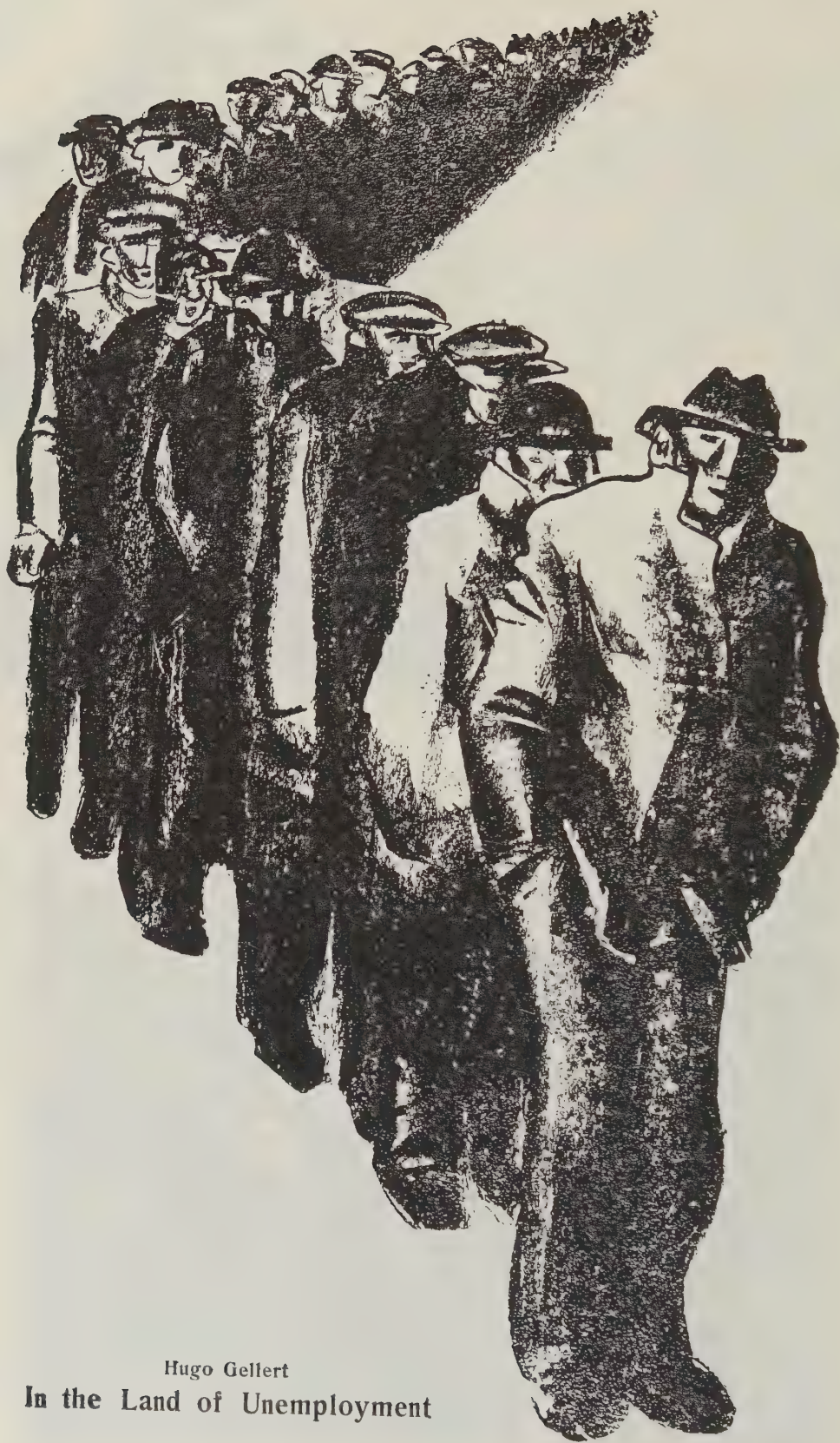


Itimura Myodso — a Worker

JAPANESE PROLETARIAN PAINTERS



Erimoto Sirin — Meeting



Hugo Gellert
In the Land of Unemployment

nizations were mercilessly smashed and dispersed. White terror and a brutal police regime raged throughout the country.

Under the blows of reaction, the proletarian literary movement temporarily fell into a state of decline, disarray and confusion. However, it was not completely crushed. Once more the tendency to unite manifested itself among the most firm revolutionary writers who withstood the reactionary onslaught. And in July 1924, i. e., nine months after the earthquake, a new magazine, called *The Literary Front* (*Bungei Sensen*), made its first appearance. Although this magazine united all the former writers of *The Sower*, it nevertheless was neither the revival nor the continuation of the latter.

Above all, *The Literary Front* was definitely a literary-artistic magazine. The program of the magazine contained only two points formulating its social platform:

1) The arts must maintain a united front in the movement for proletarian emancipation.

2) The activities and ideology of each individual participating in the proletarian movement for freedom — must remain unconstrained and independent.

Together with the publication of *The Literary Front*, the revival of the proletarian literary movement began. This period lasted from 1924 to 1926. It is necessary to note, however, that although *The Literary Front* did open a new page in the history of the proletarian literary movement, it struck from the very beginning a rather low note, restricted itself exclusively to literary and artistic material, and in general maintained a spirit of reconciliation. The new magazine lacked the militant spirit which characterized *The Sower*.

Still, this period gave an abundance of works by proletarian writers which attracted the attention of the reading masses and were frequently mentioned in the bourgeois press. Among such works were: *The Sad History of a Working Woman* by Hosoi Yakiji, a drama; *The Crucified Mondzaemon* by Fujimori Seikichi; *Peasant Revolts* by Takahasi and others. During this same period a number of writers from amongst the workers and peasants produced a few works of great social and artistic significance (Hagama, Satomura, and others).

The appeal issued by the Moscow writers in 1925 to all the writers of the world impelled all of the revolutionary and proletarian writers of Japan to unite. They grouped themselves around the various magazines with left tendencies (besides *The Literary Front*, there existed a multitude of other radical journals, such as *Militant Literature*, *Emancipation*, *Source*, etc.).

This tendency to unite resulted in the founding of a Japanese Association of Proletarian Literature in the latter part of 1925.

The program of the Association was embodied in two clauses:

1) We aim to create a militant culture of the proletariat.

2) On a wide cultural front we will fight against the culture of the ruling classes and their apologists.

At the first conference of this new association a bitter struggle blazed up between the bolshevist and anarchist elements over the question as to which cultural organizations of the working class the Association of Proletarian Literature would support. The consolidation of all the proletarian literary forces served as a stimulus for the consolidation of the revolutionary and proletarian forces in almost all other arts, the proletarian theatre, painting, sculpture, music, etc.

At the second conference of the Japanese Association of Proletarian Literature, on November 14, 1926, i. e., one year after its foundation, it was reorganized under the name of the Japanese Association of Proletarian Art.

Thus, instead of the former united front which included various ideological tendencies and which had no definite political line, a consolidated, centralized organization with definite Marxian principles was established.

The new association established close contact with the *Musansya*, the only communist newspaper in Japan, and excluded from its ranks all non-Marxian and anarcho-syndicalist elements. The association organized a literary, a theatrical, an art, and a musical section. Its task was clear: "to participate in the struggle of the entire working class." The old editorial staff of *The Literary Front* was replaced by new men. A "literary page" was introduced in the newspaper *Musansya* under the direct guidance of the association.

The year 1927 marked the further development and crystallization of Japanese proletarian literature. The rise of left and right opportunistic tendencies in the Communist Party (sectarianism, Fukumatism) resulted in the splitting of the Japanese Association of Proletarian Art, and the establishment of a new organization under the name of "The Association of Workers' and Peasants' Art." Soon the latter was also split into two groups, whereby the adherents of Yamakawa (leader of right opportunist sectarian tendency in the Communist Party) remained in the association, while the group of writers, artists, etc., who adhered to the platform of the party abandoned the association and organized a "Union of workers of advanced literature."

Thus, 1927 is distinguished by the extreme disintegration of the proletarian literary movement, owing to the struggle for a correct and concrete class policy in proletarian art.

By the end of 1927 there were three organizations of proletarian art waging a bitter war against one another:

- 1) The Japanese Association of Proletarian Art (publisher of the magazine *Proletarian Art*.)
- 2) The Union of Workers of Advanced Literature (publisher of *Vanguard*).
- 3) The Association of Workers' and Peasants' Art (publisher of *Literary Front*).

Soon after, the relation between the first two organizations became more harmonious on the basis of a common political platform (support of the policy of the Comintern in its criticism of right and left opportunistic tendencies in the Communist Party of Japan). This rapprochement finally resulted in the organization of the *NAPF* (Federation of Unions of Proletarian Art) in March 1928. The amalgamation and consolidation of all true class forces on the front of proletarian art was expedited by the events of March 15, 1928, which led to the demolition of the Communist Party and the arrest of practically all its members.

At the end of 1928, the *NAPF* changed its structure in pursuit of a form more flexible and more in accord with the requirements of the rapidly progressing proletarian art and proletarian literature and began to publish its own organ *Senki*. As a result of the reorganization, the heretofore existing sections were converted into parallel unions, joined under the *NAPF*, the latter being directed by a Central Committee elected at a conference of representatives from all the unions.

Under the new scheme, the *NAPF* united the following organizations:

- 1) Union of Proletarian Writers of Japan.
- 2) Union of the Proletarian Theatre.
- 3) Union of the Proletarian Cinema.
- 4) Union of Proletarian Music.
- 5) Union of Proletarian Artists.

Besides, the *NAPF* included, as a special organization, the *Senki* (*Militant Banner*) Publishers, an energetic unit engaged in publishing the works of

proletarian writers, mass agitation and propaganda literature, and periodicals. Such, in general outline, has been the development of the proletarian literary movement in Japan.

At the present moment the movement is split into two groups. On the one, hand, there is the Union of Proletarian Writers connected with the *NAPP*; it unites the truly proletarian writers, has a concrete class platform, and attracts all revolutionary-minded writers loyal to the cause of the proletariat; and on the other, there is the group of writers belonging to the Association of Workers' and Peasants' Art, and connected with *The Literary Front* journal. This group, though definitely social-democratic in its ideology, though allied with the opportunistic elements (Yamakawa and others) who detached themselves from the Comparty, has been forced to publish in its organ a great deal of information about the USSR and hail the success of socialist construction in order to avoid the danger of being completely compromised before the laboring masses. For the same reason this group has been attempting to establish contacts with individual proletarian writers in the Soviet Union. The definite class principles of the Union of Proletarian Writers were forged in the struggle against this petty-bourgeois, reformist organization.

1929 and 1930 passed in uninterrupted struggle against *The Literary Front* group, the object being organizational consolidation, improvement of the forms of the proletarian literary movement, and further inculcation of the class spirit into proletarian literature. In this respect the experience of literature in the USSR has had great influence in Japan, where Soviet achievements are carefully studied and quickly utilized. All the theoretical discussions on proletarian literature carried on in the USSR find quick response in Japan. Aside from Plekhanov and the works of Lunacharski, Matza, Auerbach, etc., all resolutions and suggestions of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers are translated into Japanese and immediately adapted to the needs of Japanese proletarian literature. It is sufficient to refer to the second Conference of the Union of Proletarian Writers of Japan, which was carried on under the slogan "bolshhevization of Japanese Proletarian Literature," to realize how great is the influence of the proletarian literary movement in the USSR over the proletarian literary movement in Japan.

We may boldly affirm that at the present moment the proletarian literature of Japan is a real force.

With the general decomposition of Japanese capitalism in the background, Japanese bourgeois literature is suffering a severe crisis. During the last few years it has not given a single outstanding work. While on the contrary the proletarian literature of Japan has produced a whole series of brilliant artistic works, valuable not only for their social significance but for their artistic quality.

Such works of proletarian writers as *The Street without Sunshine* by Tokunaga Naosi, *The Crab-Canning Factory* and *The Factory Nucleus* by Kobayashi Takiji, the drama *Crucified Modzaemon* by Fujimori Seikichi and a number of works by Kataoka Teppeï on the history of peasant revolts, have elevated proletarian literature to a considerable height and have determined its leading role.

While some two or three years ago the term "proletarian writer" could very rarely be seen on the pages of such widely-circulated and "solid" political-economic and literary-artistic magazines as *Kazdzo* and *Guokoren*, now not a single issue of these magazines fails to include the works of one or another proletarian writer. In fact, the literary-art sections of the last few copies of these two magazines contained a very considerable proportion of proletarian and semi-proletarian literature and devoted only about half of

their space to the works of bourgeois authors. The popularity of proletarian writers is so great among not only the proletarian but also the petty-bourgeois readers, that these "solid" magazines would soon lose all their readers if they ceased to publish their works.

Members of the Union of Proletarian Writers publish their works in the bourgeois press only after obtaining permission from the presidium of the union.

As mentioned above, the development of Japanese proletarian literature does not follow a straight smooth trail. The correct and distinct route for the further development of Japanese proletarian literature is discovered in the course of the struggle against all deviations within its ranks, in the struggle against the influence of *The Literary Front* ideology which is hostile to the proletariat, and through participation in the everyday struggle of the workers and peasants.

The Literary Front group, against which the Union of Proletarian Writers is battling, still includes a small number of writers from the working class and peasantry who could be very valuable to the proletarian literary movement. The Union of Proletarian Writers of Japan is doing its utmost to win these elements over to its side. These efforts have recently brought success. A number of the writers who stand closer to the proletariat have abandoned the opportunist group of *The Literary Front* and joined the Union of Proletarian Writers.

The intensity of the struggle in the proletarian literary movement is reflected in the news item which appeared in the latter part of 1930 in all the Japanese bourgeois papers under the following headlines: "Proletarian writers make use of swords and iron. Four persons wounded. Police stop scandal. Proletarian writers clash following split."

According to that news item, the leaders of the opportunist *Literary Front* group, headed by the writers Hayama, Maekavada and a few others, found no argument more convincing than to thrash Kurosima Denji and others who had abandoned *The Literary Front* and joined the Union of Proletarian Writers.

Japanese proletarian literature must advance not only through the struggle against alien ideological influences and various deviations and fluctuations within its ranks. What is worse, the proletarian literary movement must withstand merciless government terror; for the Japanese government stops at nothing in its determination to crush any manifestation of free thought. Particularly dangerous is artistic expression, it being the most accessible and comprehensible to the masses. This is why the government swoops down upon proletarian literature with the full weight of its enormous police force. Not satisfied with savage censorship and the suppression of the union's fighting organ *The Militant Banner* the Japanese authorities resort to more "decisive" measures. During the wholesale arrests of members of the Communist Party, the police also arrested more than ten of the prominent Japanese writers and critics who happened to be members of the Union of Proletarian Writers. Among them were such distinguished proletarian writers as: Kataoka Teppei, Hashimoto, and Kurahara. Many of those arrested are charged with a most serious crime, that of violating the so called law "for maintaining order," which places them under the danger of a death sentence.

Furthermore, the police often employ a quite unique method of segregating proletarian writers. They take advantage of the right to hold a prisoner under arrest for 29 days for the purpose of investigation. Thus the police department of one district releases its victim after holding him under arrest for 29 days only to have the victim seized by the police department of another district which holds him the same length of time.

Not less inventive are the Japanese censors. No proletarian work is published without the "censor's cross" usurping the place of text. Sometimes where the text is displeasing to the Japanese gendarme these "censor's crosses" occupy one or two consecutive pages. *The Militant Banner*, the organ of the *NAPF* and the Union of Proletarian Writers, is subjected to continuous persecution. Of the 13 issues of this magazine published in 1930, twelve were not permitted to be put on sale. All these repressions, however, could not stop the gigantic progress of proletarian literature, could not check the penetration of proletarian works into the very heart of the worker and peasant masses.

In reply to government repressions, the *Senkisyu* publishers and the editorial boards of *The Militant Banner* and *NAPF* magazines, have established their own network of circulation agencies. At the present moment the *Senkisyu* publishing house has over 300 agents throughout the entire country, who distribute the *Militant Banner* and look for new subscribers. These agents are also the initiators and organizers of factory and village circles of *Militant Banner* readers. Worker and peasant correspondents for this magazine are recruited from amongst the members of these circles. The magazine has a special section of "worker and peasant correspondents." The circulation of the *Militant Banner* is 30,000 copies, but the number of readers by far exceeds 100,000. This fact is proof of the tremendous popularity of the magazine. Last fall, it was decided that the *Militant Banner* instead of serving as the organ of the *NAPF* and the Union of Proletarian Writers should be turned into an organ of mass agitation and propaganda.

A very important factor in determining the transition of the proletarian literary movement into its second period, has been the establishment of connections with the proletarian literatures of other countries. For some time the Union of Proletarian Writers devoted the utmost attention to the circulation of foreign proletarian literature, especially Soviet literature, in Japan. It is doubtful whether any other country has translated as much Soviet literature as has Japan. Proletarian literature of Germany and America come next in the volume of translated literature. Furthermore, the artistic and theoretical works of Japanese proletarian writers are translated into Chinese, partly into Russian, and recently into German.

Direct connections have been established with the German Union of Proletarian Writers and with certain groups of American proletarian writers. Now however thanks to the 2nd International Conference of Revolutionary Writers, it has become possible to join a great organization of world wide significance. Connections between the proletarian literary movement of Japan and the International Union of Revolutionary Writers are of great importance. Due to these connections, the importance of our work will increase, it will receive greater force and energy.

For the purpose of improving connections between Japanese proletarian literature and the proletarian literature of other countries, a special section was organized in one of the cities of Europe. Thanks to the activities of this section we were able to resist the obstructions made by the imperialistic government of Japan.

With the establishment of connections with the center of the international proletarian literary movement, Japanese proletarian literature which has been somewhat out of the way, will be able to struggle more successfully against imperialistic wars, and in defense of the Soviet Union—in close union with the proletarian and revolutionary literatures of all countries.

FREUDISM AND "FREUDO-MARXISTS"

"Freud set the world aflame. There are many who believe that Freudism will change the face of the earth." So writes F. Vittels, one of Freud's disciples and followers in western Europe.

Freud places himself on a level with Copernicus and Darwin. In the nineties his theories met with a rather hostile reception by the public at large; now they are becoming a new gospel of the bourgeois world. Freud is the fashion; Freud is praised to the skies. For many social democrats Freud stands in the place of Marx.

This infatuation has even extended as far as the USSR. Of course under soviet conditions it did not and could not assume the same proportions as in western Europe. There was antidote enough. Still, just as in western Europe not only social democrats but "super radicals", like Henriett Roland Holst ¹⁾, are busy "supplementing" Marxism with Freudism, so in the USSR similar tendencies are manifested by some of our Marxists, or rather pseudo-Marxists, like M. A. Reisner. Here is a quotation from Prof. Reisner:

"It is only by means of the materialist dialectic, of the Marxist method, that we can separate the valuable kernel of Freudism from the chaff brought in by bourgeois society; from idealistic, metaphysical distortions, from contradictions and inconsistencies. Marxist science must find the ways and means not only of working over Freud's material anew, but also of preserving the materialism and monism which were originally an integral part of his system. Only those who take part in the class-struggle of the proletariat will prove capable of forging out of Freud's theory a new weapon against the social neurosis of religion. ²⁾

"We particularly recommend the data of psychoanalysis (Freud's theory) to psychologists and Marxist sociologists; they will find there invaluable material for enriching and deepening their own researches" ³⁾.

Similar statements have appeared more than once in the soviet press. But before turning to our Russian Freudist a few words should be said about the Freudian theory itself.

Freudism arose as a special branch in that field of medicine which deals with the so called psychic or nervous disturbances. Freud's method of analyzing and treating nervous diseases is called psychoanalysis. Freud came to the conclusion that sexual desire lies at the root of every neurosis; nervous disorders are nothing other than the result of an imperfect repression of sexual desires, they spring up whenever the individual is forced to deny himself the satisfaction of these desires while not even the thought of such a satisfaction is permitted to penetrate into the conscious. "Neuroses," says

¹⁾ Formerly a member of the Dutch Communist Party, now has resigned her membership. We could mention a number of "Marxists" who try to "wed" Marxism with Freudism (which often results in "divorcing" Marxism altogether).

²⁾ See Reisner's preface to the book of Vittels, quoted above.

³⁾ *The Press and Revolution* 1924, № 2—3.

Freud, "represent, so to speak, a specific disturbance of the sexual function; whether a person is or is not subject to neurosis depends entirely upon the amount of his libido and upon his possibilities for gratifying his desires and thus giving this stored-up energy a natural outlet".¹⁾

Under the term "libido" Freud understands sexual cravings:—"that form of energy which is the manifestation of the sexual function in psychic life"²⁾.

At the basis of the psychical life of man, there lie these desires, which in essence represent something half-way between physical and psychical phenomena.

Psycho-analysis differentiates between two basic groups of desires, two complexes: the so called "ego-complex" (or self-preservation instinct) and the sexual cravings.

Neurosis occurs, as a rule, when sexual desires can find no practical outlet, no satisfaction; this happens whenever sexual desire comes into conflict with the "ego-complex", with the "reality principle"; this results in a psychic conflict; the gratification of the sexual craving seems then "forbidden" to the individual as conflicting with the instinct of self-preservation, self-respect, or social duties etc.

There thus takes place a process of "sorting", of "choosing" from among desires, and in this process the conscious self takes no part whatever. This sorting is the function of a special psychic principle which Freud calls "the censor".

Primitive man and children obey, according to Freud, only the "*Lust-prinzip*"—the "pleasure principle". At this stage of development nothing is yet "forbidden". Later on a new factor springs up—the "reality principle". The tendency to wish-fulfillment comes into collision with the latter and is often repressed by the "censor" and forced out of the conscious.

Such repression occurs most frequently in the case of the so-called "perverted desires" which in infancy represent a common form of unconscious psychic experiences, while in adult life they should be considered as a reversion to infancy. Prominent among them are the so-called incestuous tendencies (sexual feeling toward near relations) and narcissism (libido directed upon one's self)³⁾.

According to Freud, during the period of infancy the libido has always a narcissistic tendency. Only later in life does it turn towards external objects (other persons etc. and even then incompletely, while the danger of a neurotic "reversion to infancy" is never excluded.

From the standpoint of the psychoanalytic school, an important part in the formation of neuroses is played by the so-called "Oedipus complex", that is by an incestuous sexual feeling of daughters toward their fathers, of sons towards their mothers etc. with a simultaneous feeling of jealousy between daughters and mothers etc. The name for this psychic complex is taken from the Greek myth of Oedipus who killed his father and married his mother.

¹⁾ Freud. *The main psychological theories in psychoanalysis*.

²⁾ Freud. *Ibid.* It is worth noting however that Freud's definition of "libido"—a most important conception in his system—still remains rather a vague one. Thus in one place he writes that the term "libido" embraces not only sex in the strict sense of that term, that is sexual love having sexual intercourse for its aim, but everything "connected with the word love—on the one hand the love of one's self, on the other—paternal and child love, friendship, love of mankind and self-sacrifice for any material object or abstract idea." (Mass psychology and analysis) Everything is thrown into one heap. Such vagueness is highly characteristic of Freud's methodology in general.

³⁾ The "repression" theory is the central doctrine of Freud's system. This is confirmed by Freud himself. "The repression theory is the foundation stone of psychoanalysis," he writes.

Freud believes the relation treated of in the Oedipus tale to be characteristic of an extensive historical period of mankind; he supposes them to be the source of exogamy, of the totem cult, of patriarchy, etc. The Oedipus complex is cited as an example of those "antisocial" tendencies which conflict with the reality principle and which the psychic apparatus, called the "censor", is ever trying to repress, never permitting them to cross the threshold of consciousness. Antisocial sexual tendencies are suppressed and the psychic conflict results in their being forced out of the conscious mind of the individual. A person may never know that such tendencies exist in his psyche; they are obliterated from his consciousness; still they subsist, but in the form of "unconscious thoughts".

These "unconscious thoughts" repressed and forbidden to cross the threshold of consciousness because of their inadmissibility for the individual, constitute a hidden psychic world, "the unconscious" as Freud calls it.

Two features are characteristic of this Freudian "unconscious world": 1) it consists entirely of psychic experiences drawn from the past: of hereditary "pleasure tendencies" (tendencies toward the satisfaction of desires) of the prehistoric man and of sexual experiences belonging to that period of infancy when, the reality principle still lacking, nothing appeared as forbidden.

2. Freud's "unconscious" is of necessity opposed to the "conscious"; its contents are inadmissible for the conscious self; they come into constant collision with the principles of consciousness.

The sexual psychology of primitive tribes, corresponding to the primitive psychology of infancy, dwells in the "unconscious". There all the "demons" lie in wait — incest, the Oedipus complex, narcissism, castration complex, anal eroticism, etc.

The importance of all these factors is in no way diminished by the fact that they have been driven into the unconscious. They still remain active and influence the behavior and the neuro-psychic apparatus of the individual. Their influence is particularly strong in the case of neurotics. "The psychic life of a hysterical subject" Freud tells us, 'is full of active though unconscious thoughts; it is on these latter that all the symptoms depend. Indeed, the most striking characteristic of the hysterical psyche is that it is dominated solely by unconscious thoughts. If a hysterical woman suffers from nausea, this may be caused by an unconscious thought of pregnancy. And still the patient may know nothing about this, while by means of psychoanalysis this thought can be easily detected in her psyche and brought to the knowledge of the conscious self ¹⁾.

Not only diseased but sane persons are subject to the influence of unconscious thoughts. This influence displays itself in various functional disturbances, in lapses of memory and speech and in dreams.

Freud regards his interpretation of dreams as one of his greatest attainments. On the whole, the human will prove to be dominated by obscure sexual instincts emerging out of a dark and remote past. These bring to bear a great influence on our life; like destiny they are inevitable and overpowering; and Freud tells us that this tendency to dwell over primitive states of mind again and again is nothing other than a disguised craving for death.

"In early stages of development," Freud writes, "mankind is always narcissistic". Man is believed to be the center and the crown of the universe, his powers to be unlimited." First Copernicus and then Darwin did much to undermine such "narcissistic" notions. The third and heaviest blow to human vanity

¹⁾ Freud. *Chief psychological theories*.

was struck by Freud himself who proved that "man is no master in his own house," i. e. in his own soul.

93

Freudists do not restrict themselves to neuropathology or individual psychology. There is a tendency among them to apply the psychoanalytic methods to social phenomena.

In his book *Totem and Taboo* Freud tries to analyze social problems. He recommends his method to specialists in sociology. "The sociologist should know", says Freud, "that our purpose is to help him in his own research, to provide him with a tool he can apply to his own material." ¹⁾

We have seen already that some marxists took this advice quite seriously. Let us see then what conclusions Freud himself and his followers arrive at in their sociological studies.

The psychology of primitive tribes, according to Freud, corresponds exactly to the psychology of neurotics. The origin of society is closely connected with the famous "Oedipus complex". Human society begins as a primitive horde described by Freud in the following terms: "Here reigns the fierce and jealous father, who takes possession of all the females and ousts all the grown up sons." Then society proceeds to a new stage of development which happens as follows: "One day the brothers united, killed the father and devoured him; this was the end of the paternal horde... In the act of devouring they tried to identify themselves with the father: everyone assimilated a part of the father's strength. The totemic meal — this first festivity of mankind — is but a harking back to that remarkable crime, which became the course of many social institutions: social organisation, moral restrictions, religion." ²⁾

Religion, according to Freud, is a "universal fixation neurosis". Other ideologies like art, etc. are nothing else but sublimated (converted to higher applications) sexual energy, transformed incestuous cravings. Sometimes Freud's soaring of thought takes him literally into the air.

Do you want to know the origin of aviation? — It originates — as Freud clearly demonstrated — in the infantile libido. "Aviation", says Freud, "which now at last has attained its aims, has its roots in infantile eroticism" because "in dreams the wish to fly is but a symbol of a longing for sexual activity".

When Colney, one of Freud's disciples and followers, made an attempt to analyze modern social life from the standpoint of Freudism, he produced such extraordinary statements as these: communism is but a reversion to infantile psychology, a special form of insanity; agrarian communism — a manifestation of the perpetual primitive craving of all the sons-brothers for sexual intercourse with their common mother (here Colney plays with the words "mother-earth"); Leninism — a war psychosis: the revolutionary spirit of the proletariat — a result of stored-up libido; its complaints of exploitation — a particular form of the persecution mania; and the slogan "Workers of the world unite!" a display of homosexuality.

Here is Freudian "sociology" if you please! And this is the theory some of our "Marxists" are so fond of! Of course the reservation is usually made that the "sociological" part of Freudism is completely rejected and only its individual psychology taken into consideration — the latter in no way conflicting with Marxism. Both statements are false. It is untrue that our Freudian Marxists discard entirely Freud's sociology. We have mentioned already that Professor Reissner imitates Freud when he considers religion to be a form of neurosis; and his weightiest charge against it would most probably be that

¹⁾ Freud, *Totem and Taboo*.

²⁾ *Ibid.*

religion diverts the stored up libido from better application; while rightly applied; it could "blow up the whole exploiting class!"¹⁾ He also agrees that the mentality of savages is sexual all through. "Freud's theories, and especially his discovery about the mentality of infants and savages which consist for the most part of sexual notions cannot be passed by."

Professor Reissner speaks also of the sexual origin of various class ideologies, of sublimation and repression in the domain of ideologies. It is but natural that he finds "genuine materialistic elements" in Freudism, "true scientific and materialist foundations."²⁾

Reissner is faithfully imitated by Comrade A. Varyash. In his *Introduction to the History of Modern Philosophy* in the chapter on the "nature of ideology" comrade Varyash dwells in detail on the Freudian "laws of the unconscious life." His reason for doing so is his belief that certain phenomena of social psychology, ideologies etc. can be explained on the basis of these laws. In his opinion, Freud's "unconscious" is with certain reservations a Marxian conception and applicable to the phenomena of social life.

In his paper read at the Communist Academy, Comrade Varyash affirms that Freud and other psychiatrists "have thrown a new light on the mechanism of dreams, psychic disturbances, the origin of myths and religions, various primitive institutions like: totem, taboo, connubial customs, rites, religious conceptions, the idea of the soul, the problem of death, and the first notions of authority and social regulations."³⁾

In a later edition of the same report, in his *History of Modern Philosophy* comrade Varyash, influenced by Marxist criticism, altered the above quoted phrase and instead of "has thrown a new light" used the somewhat milder expression "to devise a new theory"⁴⁾. But still, though "beating a retreat", Comrade Varyash strictly speaking holds to the same position.

Comrade Varyash's article *Freudism and its criticism from the standpoint of Marxism* (In the journal *Dialectics in nature*, 1926, № 1) is very characteristic. Here comrade Varyash, harassed by Marxist critics, tries his best to disclaim Freud; at the same time there is an obvious tendency to "reconcile" Marxism with Freudism. For instance, he tries to link up the Freudian conception of the unconscious — an essentially idealistic notion — with the unconscious as understood by Marx (for instance when Marx says that social forms arise independently of the conscious will of the men taking part in their formation. Varyash assumes that the category of Freud and that of Marx differ only in a few minor points. Moreover Varyash writes: "We know that this category plays an important part in the social philosophy of Marx and Engels. But Freud's conception is much more limited, individualistic, it is not dialectical (though dynamic)." "Freud himself, it seems, did not entirely approve such a restriction of his idea. If we enlarge and explain this conception on the basis of production factors, it would correspond exactly to the Marxian conception. Freud narrowed this Marxian conception."

Thus Varyash suggests that "Freud himself" thought it necessary so to "widen" his conception of the unconscious as to make it a Marxian one. Varyash never grasped the specific meaning of the Freudian unconscious — and we have every right to doubt that his understanding of the Marxian categories

¹⁾ See the preface to the book of Vittels, already mentioned.

²⁾ *Ibid.* In the article in the *Press and Revolution* quoted already, professor Reissner writes: "It is highly advisable that psychoanalysis which, presents all the features of a sound materialist method be applied, not only to ancient religions but also to modern religious movements and especially to the psychology of cult organising etc."

³⁾ *Communist Academy Herald* № 9.

⁴⁾ *History of Modern Philosophy*.

was any clearer. Comrade Varyash does not see the essential methodological difference between the Marxian and the Freudian categories; Freudian methods seem quite acceptable to him, standing in need only of some slight corrections. He writes as follows: "Freudism amassed a great number of facts, a vast material, it drew our attention to new and obscure problems like incest, but psycho-analysts, being unacquainted with marxism, could not come to the right conclusions. Hence their partial analysis of social phenomena remains useless (only useless? A. S.) for us and sometimes (?) even begets confusion. But in the hands of specialists who are also marxists it may prove a valuable method."

Comrade Varyash's "condemnation of Freudism has so many "reservations" that it becomes a dual appeal to Freudists to study Marxism, and to Marxists to study Freudism. What would be the result of such a synthesis? A kind of Freudomarxism, an absurd combination which has already obsessed some of our comrades.

To such modern "Freudo marxists" or "Freudo communists" belongs also comrade Zalkind. Comrade A. B. Zalkind's "sociology" is based upon the Freudian method, upon its central doctrine of the "unconscious". According to comrade Zalkind, Freud in his theory of the unconscious established, rather apart from his own intention, the exact social laws of "psychic selection" which may greatly advance the study of class "consciousness" and "subconsciousness" (class psychophysiology) and the investigation of class elements in the creative process (in science, art, social activity etc.) ¹⁾.

As you see, Freudism is considered an addendum to marxism. A. B. Zalkind not only praises the Freudian methodology, he tries to make use of it himself for the analysis of modern social life. He writes such articles as: "Revolution from the standpoint of psychoneurology", "The psychophysiology of the Communist Party", "The reflex of the revolutionary aim" etc. From these articles we learn "the triumph of the October revolution ensured the sanity of its neuro-psychic roots (foundation)", that "revolution shattered the decadent mysticism of the masses". The "decadence" of popular masses, side by side with the sane neuropsychic roots of revolution" — these are striking notions, indeed!

According to Comrade Zalkind "Marxist biologists and psychologists should pay the greatest attention to Freudian methodology".

Comrade Zalkind himself is a typical eclectic, as far as scientific methods are concerned; he is ready to combine Marxism with Freudism, Freudism with reflexology. No integral whole can be reached in that way.

If even for Marxists Freudian "sociology" and methodology sometimes become an irresistible temptation, it goes without saying that the bourgeois theorists find in them material for empty and reactionary talk. Soviet literature on biology and psychiatry is full of Freudist notions. They abound even in the works of the representatives of the materialist school in biology whom, one would suppose, their scientific method should make proof against the arbitrary subjectivism and mysticism of the psychoanalysts. Thus Professor V. V. Savitch writes in his book: *Elements of human behavior* (1927): "Among higher manifestations of sexuality we should mention the phenomenon of faith... Faith is blind. Faith very often leads to sacrifice — it is a typical characteristic of this emotion. "Hail, ye heroic beings, who gave your life for your fellow men!" — these were the words written on the arches erected in the square of the "Victims of Revolution."

Here it is not only Freudism that displaces reflexology; rather is it the most reactionary features of Freudism. This doctrine appears undisguised and as

¹⁾ Zalkain. *Essays on the culture of the revolutionary period.*

a result revolution is declared to be nothing but a "blond" manifestation of sexuality. Such an application of Freudian ideas is often met with in anti-Marxist literature.

On the whole, our Freudo-marxists consider Freudism to be a sound materialist doctrine — in its main lines at least — which can be of considerable use for our Marxist investigators. "Freud and his followers", says comrade Varyash "never suspected their leading idea to be a Marxian idea." "In our opinion Freudism stands to Marxism in the same relation as Brown's theory of motion does to electrodynamics." "Like all branches of psychology Freudism is a component part of dialectical materialism; as a chapter of the general theory applicable to special cases."

Are our philosophers right?

Let us examine the question by dealing with its essentials.

To begin with, Freudism does not represent a harmonious system; very often its statements are contradictory and vague. Even in neuropathology the purely sexual interpretation of neurosis meets with the objections of specialists. What interests us, however, is not this special criticism but the criticism of Freud from the methodological point of view.

Here, in the first place, Freud's absolute psychologism, his "antiphysiologism" lies open to objections. His method is the opposite of the objective method of reflexology. If Hegel is right in his affirmation that "measurement is the only hard and fast rule", then the purely subjective and psychological method of psychoanalysis has no scientific value.

Freudists think they have overcome the limitations of the introspection upon which the old school of psychology was based. But this is a mistake.

Our chief objection is not that psychoanalysis uses introspection as one of its psychological methods. Introspection can not be discarded when we are dealing with human psychology. But such methods should play a secondary part, they should be controlled by other and objective methods of studying the reactions of a living organism, while psychoanalysis merely operates with the testimonies of the subject (taken here as an object of the investigation) resting entirely upon introspection. In other words, psychoanalysis deals exclusively with subjective psychic data which cannot be measured.

Freudism completely ignores physiology and physiological conditions. It examines a purely psychic chain of events which spring up and develop out of equally subjective psychic conflicts. True the "unconscious" seems to be observed from without, leaving no room for introspection. But this again is a mistake. As a matter of fact Freud maintains that "our knowledge of the unconscious can be gathered only through the conscious", namely the consciousness of the patient, the person whose "unconscious" we are studying.

Marxian, that is, really scientific, psychology can not be restricted to one method to the exclusion of any others — neither to introspection nor to exclusive reliance upon purely objective examination of conditioned reflexes because the psychic life taken as a whole is something more than a simple combination of physiological reflexes.

"Marxist psychology with the help of dialectics tries to overcome the onesidedness both of the subjective and the objective methods and to attain a synthesis. The leading formula of the Marxist psychology is: "Introspection under the control of objective methods (A. Debordin *Revolution and culture* 1927, № 2). From this point of view Freudism appears onesided and extremely subjective.

Freud declared sexuality to be at the basis of everything. This fact led some of our comrades to think that his theory must be the very summit of materialism, a most "physical" (perhaps even "superphysical"?) doctrine. This is

a delusion. Even Freud's definition of desire and the "libido" is vague and idealistic. Freud never mentions reproduction, although the biological meaning of sexual desire cannot be understood apart from this function. But then it is not from the biological principle of reproduction that Freud proceeds, but from a certain fatal "pleasure principle", a purely psychological and abstract notion. Freud's "libido" has nothing to do with reproduction, it is essentially narcissistic. It is asexual.

Vittels writes in his book on Freud, mentioned already:

"Freud's famous precursor, Plato, totally ignored the distinction of sex. Love for him was but the love of beauty. Freud's conception of love which originates in the auto-eroticism of infants and ends on the heights of sublimation revives this ancient idea. Eros has no sex. The animal side of human nature forces him into the yoke of sex. But his nature is to soar ever upwards, towards heaven".

This definition of sexuality as understood by Freud shows very clearly the "antiphysical", antimaterialistic character of the whole system.

Freud's theory of the "tendency to repetition" is another instance of Freud's idealism. According to this theory the instinct of self-preservation does not possess the significance hitherto attributed to it. Every organism harks back to more primitive states, of which the earliest and the most elementary is non-existence, death. Every living being longs for death. "Death is the ultimate aim of life" (Freud).

Freud pointed out more than once that the conception of "desire" as used in psychoanalysis, is akin to Schopenhauer's conception of "Will" according to whom the world is only "will and conception". This idealist philosopher Freud calls his own forerunner. Speaking of the "longing for death" Freud says: "Imperceptibly we got back to Schopenhauer for whom death was life's conclusion and consequently its final aim, while sexuality appears as a manifestation of the craving for life."

Freud often refers not only to Schopenhauer in whom he feels a kindred soul but also to other idealist philosophers. In the book we have already quoted, Freud writes that Kant's view, according to which space and time are not inherent in external objects but only categories of our own perception, is confirmed by psychoanalysis. This confirmation consists in the fact that the category of time cannot be applied to Freud's "unconsciousness". Freud repeats this several times. "The processes in the unconscious sphere are independent of time, free from temporal relations, they do not alter with time, in short they have nothing to do with time."

And notwithstanding this, Varyash and others affirm that Freud's "unconscious" is the same as Marx's, when Marx says that men make history with no preconceived design, "unconsciously."

But this is not all. Freud's "unconscious" is not only independent of time. We learn further that the processes in the unconscious also take little account of the reality principle. They depend solely upon the "pleasure principle"; their fates depend only on their intensity and their fitness for the regulation of pleasure and pain in the organism.

This "pleasure principle" introduced teleological elements into Freud's system. Freud hints somewhere that "we can not avoid having recourse to the teleological mode of thought when analysing biological problems" And indeed Freud's own mode of thought is very often teleological.¹⁾

Freud's system results in a completely idealistic separation of the human psyche and, in the first place, of the human will from its material and social

¹⁾ Freud. *Essays on sexual psychology*.

environment. The "unconscious" invisibly governs the will of man. Human will is at the mercy of huge invincible powers in the form of the primitive (archaic) sexuality. They determine the contents, of the human psyche. The influence of modern material surroundings, of modern social environment is reduced to zero, it is "abolished". It is self evident that such a theory contradicts the fundamental principles of historical materialism; in particular it denies that "human personality... is an aggregate of social relations".

Freud declares psychic activity to be a primary category and the outside world a secondary one. Freud speaks of the "primary character" of the pleasure principle. But sometimes the gratification of desires can not be attained by means of the pleasure principle; then only, according to Freud, "the psychic apparatus is forced to turn to the outside world, to study its real relations and try to influence them."¹) The outside world is but a subjective notion, a result of the activity of the "repression" mechanism; internal painful stimulations are projected outside and then interpreted as realities, that is as external influences.²)

Comrade Varyash calls Freud a materialist of the French, 18th century type; but such extraordinary statements as those above quoted cannot be called anything but purely subjective idealism. ("Such are the deductions of Freudism which represents properly speaking a reversion to the materialism of the 18th century", says comrade Varyash in his "History of modern philosophy" v. 1. p. I).

Henriet Roland Holst showed herself more consistent than Varyash and other Russian Freudo-marxists. She is "fed up" with realism, materialism, matter. Therefore she writes: "Communism ought to understand at last that it is impossible to rationalize the whole of life or the whole human personality. This danger can be avoided only if communism takes the creative faculty of men as a basis of the historical process. Genuflexions before the idols of the Rational and the Mechanical are not the way to save culture; this can be done only by those who have emancipated themselves from the worship of Matter and Technique".

"Emancipation from the worship of Matter" and from materialistic conceptions does not mean emancipation from the material world. But it does mean emancipation from every trace of communism and marxism. And that is what happened to Roland Holst.

The logical development of Freud's interpretation of the "unconscious" brought her to the denial of class struggle. According to her, art, morals etc. are common to all mankind, because the basic elements of the human psyche have their roots in a sphere outside of time. These are the tricks that Freud's "unconscious" plays with some Marxists!

Having analyzed the question it seems simply monstrous that Zalkind and Reissner should consider Freud's "socialization" of psychology a special merit of his. According to them, Historical Materialism and Marxism have acquired a strong ally in the person of Freud. They are wrong. Freud's psychology is antisocial, because ultra-individualist. Freudism has nothing in common with marxism and materialism. Freudism denies the importance of class struggle. Its antiproletarian character is expressed both in the general idealist character of its method and system and in the details of this system. It is expressed in its overestimation of the importance of the pleasure principle, of eroticism, of the narcissistic (i. e. individualistic) elements of the human psyche, in the decadent, fatalistic character of its "tendency to repetition"

¹) *Chief psychological theories.*

²) *Ibid. Also Beyond the pleasure principle.*

and its "craving for death", its scepticism and pessimism with regard to science and human potency. **99**

The infatuation for Freudism which reigns in Western Europe is a symptom of the growing bourgeois reaction against materialism, it is a symptom of decadence. And if it stops at the soviet frontier, if in our ranks Freudism has but a few followers this is due to consistent Marxist criticism which succeeded in exposing Freudist deviations and giving them a timely and well-deserved rebuff.

THE PHYSIOGNOMY OF „VORWÄRTS“

Advertisements

Newspaper, tell me who furnishes you with advertisements and I will tell you by whom you are read.

Has anyone ever read in the advertisement sheet of the *Börsenkurrier* (organ of financial capital) something like this:

Doss House

Bed with clean linen 50—80 pfennigs
After 1 a. m. additional 10 pfennigs
Open all day. Elzass street No 26

No! You will find nothing of the kind in the *Börsenkurrier*. Rather something else. A full-page advertisement of a new automobile, “The New Adler”.

“Adler” is equipped with the latest requirements of comfort.

“Adler” automobiles are had at prices to suit the readers of this newspaper. “Favorite” model 4, 995 German Marks,

“Pullman” model, a luxurious limousine of the “Wiesbaden” type, eight H. P. — 13,000 German Marks.

Yes, such an advertisement is easy to find in the *Börsenkurrier*. But imagine reading this in *Vorwärts*, the newspaper of the Berlin workers (15 3. 1930). By the way it contains much more. For example, the announcement of an improved model of the Opel automobile — also obviously for the workers! Or an ad. about the medical preparation of pastor Heiman (with a portrait of the honourable pastor), a preparation which has “proven its qualities in many ways”. 100,000 letters expressing gratitude. And again — about the outstanding features of the fastest automobile — the “Mercedes”, about the “Excelsior”, the largest hotel in Europe. Very instructive is the following announcement by the firm of Hintz & Kister Co. which sells coffee to the proletariat of Berlin. The announcement which occupies half a page begins with the following words:

We have no strikes

Twelve young workers made demands upon us which did not correspond with the tariff rates. We rejected their demands, and this impelled them to leave work and attempt to start an incoherent strike. Their attempt, of course, had no consequences, thanks to the common sense of the other workers. Our firm has no disagreements with the trade unions. We only refer to absurd strike-making moods among several individual young workers. All assertions of the communist press in this connection are false.

Thirteen years ago that same newspaper advertized various White Guard groups like Ergard and Rosbach. They recruited soldiers who were to stand the workers "against the wall". Now this is done by Hintz and Kister. They stand the laboring youth against an economic wall, and *Vorwärts* vouches that they are on good terms with the workers, so that the workers should continue to buy coffee and sugar from them.

Newspaper, tell me who provides you with advertisements, and I will know by whom you are read.

"Vorwärts" — a workers' newspaper?!!

When leaders leave their offices, their easy-chairs and their stenographers, they must, of course, get some fresh air, a little entertainment, and rest. They could get all this in their excellent mansions in Zelendorf, in Eichkamp or elsewhere. How affecting it is to see them loiter in their gardens, like small children, after the sufferings of the laborious day.

And the gardens are also now of an entirely different type. "We now wish to have the illusion of wild-growing verdure", writes *Vorwärts*, — "and such an impression we may obtain from modern gardens of stone... Luxurious and rich in colors, is the aspect of such a garden, which although giving the impression of a primitive nook, still requires minute attention... Even in small gardens a glade is always made, in which the children could play and frolic and take sunbaths... There are no more iron benches; their place has been taken by elegant but simple wooden benches, or by comfortable garden furniture".

Just listen to that and delight!

And in the evening. You attend a solemn concert. Beethoven, let us say.

"..... is an hour of rest and meditation, which takes you into the serene remoteness of music, — this is why you go to a concert in these days of privation and excitement. It stimulates the vital energies, which a man needs now more than ever before, in his individual and social struggle, especially men of our circle".

Tell me, worker from Wedding or unemployed, when you are in "need", do you buy a ticket for 3 marks to a concert by Rachmaninov or Schönberg, and there seek "reinforcement" of your "vital energies" which are exhausted from hunger? Or perhaps, you do not belong to the "people of our circle", who group themselves around *Vorwärts*?

T. Balk
The physiognomy of
„Vorwärts”

Art to the people

“Poets and writers... must follow only the voice of their heart and their inspiration. He who at the present moment wishes to serve the people, should not deliberately picture everything in dull colors. Let him think that we are sometimes bound to emerge from the crisis, and that for overcoming the crisis, a little more optimism would do no harm”.

Thus spoke Zevering, the German police minister, at the opening of the “book holiday” ceremonies. Poets and feuilleton-inventors for *Vorwärts* took these meritorious and penetrating words close to heart and inspired them with life. They visited the State Drama Theatre, reviewed there a certain nonsense, and reported:

“Love’s sufferings, love’s desires! A comedy. How exquisite it is! Such success. The very stage shook from applause”.

And they went to another theatre, to the Comedy Theatre, over which ‘for many months hovers the star of luck’... The play ‘My sister and I’ by Ber-Bernel-Benatsky (Franco-German-Austrian Concern), will have prolonged success. This is a charming play on love, plus a bit of romance, with amusing remarks and unpretentious light music. The waggishness of the actors infects the audience. For many a day the audience did not laugh so heartily as yesterday”.

And to think that this is written in 1930! Four million unemployed, with hunger crusades next on the program!

However, a form of operetta for the screen has been discovered. “In the *Love Waltz* we already have a very promising beginning. It seems to us, that in the operetta “Two hearts and the rhythm of a waltz” we have come quite close to the ideal. Still, it is not yet reached”.

Class point of view? Revolutionary proletarian Art? Not a trace. In first-class trash which even turns the stomach of the more pretentious bourgeois aesthetes, *Vorwärts* sees “much-promising beginnings” of the movie-operetta, which very closely approaches the “ideal”.

One should not be surprised, therefore, when the critic from *Vorwärts* writes about “218”, a play by Karl Krede, very close to actual life, and like the play “Zyan Kali”, deals with the abortion problem, thus:

“First of all we must consider the fact that the text is called a drama, as an exaggeration. Even upon reading it one loses one’s head. Spectators take part in the play, enter the stage... and again reappear in the stalls. This delicate subject, the interpretation of which requires a firm, but dainty and experienced hand, is displayed in a coarse and scraggy manner, as in a circus. Such a play could have no success”.

But this play did not leave the stage for a whole half year! And when these masters look upon “The Kaiser’s Godfather”, a play showing the revolt of his majesty’s sailors in 1918, they are beside themselves with rage:

“Catholic ecclesiastics and christians with refined feelings (!) dislike to see religious performances in Oberammergau... Performances in red Oberammergau provoke similar feelings of disgust in those people whose life is devoted to socialism”.

Vorwärts issues several weekly supplements: *The Woman's Voice*, *The Young People's Vorwärts* and *The Children's Vorwärts* for the youngsters. In it you frequently run upon something quite incomprehensible, for example, about the attempts of the Soviet Union to introduce collective education of children. This really is something terrible. Just imagine that in Russian kindergartens:

"All children have their heads shaved, and wear grey workers overalls (in Germany, as it is known, children of workers wear crepe-de-chine). They are brought up without fairy tales (!!!) and without amusing games to develop their fantasy. Their toys consist of (it is even horrifying to tell) geometrical figures, sticks, cubes, skittle-pins — of such enormous size that the child is unable to lift them. When gathering berries in the woods, the children do not get separate baskets, but all collect berries into one large basket..."

"Where is individualism" — cries *Vorwärts* with a horrible squeak. Where is the proletarian child's individual amusement in the sewers, the back-yards, the alleys of Berlin, where are the glittering clothes, where are the dolls and fairy-tales?"

"Soviet agitators care nothing for individualism. Because it is easier for the powerful rulers to lead a herd". It might be asked, however, where are these powerful rulers educated?

Listen, dear, happy children of the German proletariat, to what the kind uncle from *Vorwärts* has to tell you. The story is called "The stairs to heaven", and is not the only one of its kind. And so:

"Once upon a time there lived a small black girl. From the entire throng of children, she alone leaped up the twelve steps of the staircase which leads to heaven, and became an angel. But suddenly a wicked automobile flew by, knocking the girl off her feet, and she found herself under its wheels. And then a miracle occurred. The girl remained unhurt. The heaven also remained intact. It seemed that the automobile struck the staircase, and was hurled into the street". And the game continued. And the children gamboled, "but could not prevent the black-haired girl from taking her place as an angel on the staircase".

(*The Woman's Voice* No. 7, 1930)

Is this not a prank of the supreme powers which protected the girl and the heaven?

INTERNATIONAL CHRONICLE

U. S. S. R.

WRITERS — TO THE FACTORIES, WORKERS — INTO LITERATURE

August 1930

TO ALL PROLETARIAN WRITERS OF
THE USSR

"..... Lenin, the great leader and teacher of the working class, attached immense importance to literature in general, and proletarian literature in particular. To correctly reflect the epoch of socialist construction in the city and the village, and especially the role of the working class under the leadership of the All-Union Communist Party (bolshevik), in particular the influence and participation of the working class in the collective farm movement — such are the problems of a proletarian writer. And this can be done only if the proletarian writers and poets plunge into the thick of life and throw in their lot with those who are the creators and builders of socialism.

... We demand

1. That in the very nearest future proletarian literature put an end to the present squabbles amongst various cliques and groupings, uniting all the proletarian writers in the struggle for the building of socialism, under the single slogan: "Into the Thick of the Working Class, Into the Mills and Factories."

3. That proletarian writers read both their completed and uncompleted works and the plans of their works before proletarian audiences, and take into consideration the comments of such audiences.

5. That the organization and development of literary circles in factories and the reinforcement of factory newspapers be considered one of the central tasks confronting the proletarian writers.

6. We express our full readiness to take patronage over the Federation of Unions of Soviet Writers (FOSP).

The workers of the machine
building plant named after
Vladimir Illich (Lenin)
Adopted at a general meeting
of factory workers on Aug.
2-nd.

DECISION OF THE EXECUTIVE BUREAU OF THE FEDERATION OF UNIONS OF SOVIET WRITERS, REGARDING THE PATRONAGE OF THE LENIN FACTORY OVER THE FOSP

..... 2. Send brigades of writers to the factories and mills for organizing literary discussions, for studying the productive, social and cultural life of the factory, in order to utilize the accumulated material as a basis for the creative works of Soviet writers.

6. Draw representatives from the workers to participate in the activities of various commissions investigating and studying literary organizations, and other important problems of the literary movement.

7. Include representatives of the workers in the leading organizations of the FOSP.

September 1930

EXCERPTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF THE ALL-UNION COMMUNIST PARTY, ON SEPTEMBER 3

The industrial and financial plan is in danger. This also places the program of the third year of the Five-Year-Plan in danger. The bolshevik conclusion is:

Throw all forces of the party, all forces of the working class into the work of fulfilling the financial and industrial plan, our program of the third year of the Five-Year-Plan.

Central committee of all-union communist party

IN RESPONSE TO THE APPEAL OF THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE

"Mobilize active workers of the Society and members of literary circles for immediate participation in the All-Union 'Shock-Brigade' day. Organize social gatherings at the factories. Issue special literary sheets based on concrete material obtained from the factories".

The All-Union Association of Peasant Writers, the "Kuznetsa" (Smithy), Lokaf and other organizations sent telegrams similar to the above to their provincial branches and sections."

By decision of the Executive Bureau of the FOSP, thirty writers were to be mobilized and included in the brigades despatched by the All-Union Communist Party, the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Youth League, and the Trade Unions to districts where industry lags behind and is in danger of not fulfilling the program.

On the following day over fifty writers made their appearance at the FOSP.

Writers sent to the provinces are working on the factory newspapers, writing feuilletons, sketches, poems, and slogans on concrete subjects, illustrating the fulfillment of the industrial and financial plan in the factory.

Literary newspaper, Nov. 14

APPEAL OF THE PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT OF THE ALL-UNION CENTRAL COUNCIL OF TRADE UNIONS

To all workers, provincial peasant correspondents and members of literary circles

You, worker correspondents, peasant correspondents and worker writers, must convey the experience of your factory to all other factories which lag behind. Show how your factory, plant, mine, depot or state farm tries to fulfil and exceed its plan of production. Show the heroes and enthusiasts of your enterprise...

Start work immediately, collect material, discuss themes collectively.

The workers of the Kalinin factory, at a meeting held on 29/IX 1930, decided to take patronage over the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers.

EXCERPTS FROM THE DECISION OF THE SECRETARIAT OF THE ALL-UNION CENTRAL COUNCIL OF TRADE UNIONS

... The growth of proletarian literature under the guidance of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers, the statement issued by the workers of the Lenin and Kalinin factories regarding the course of proletarian literature, the series of books written by workers — members of "shock-brigades", — all these facts indicate the enormous possibilities for bringing out new worker-writers.

The Secretariat of the Central Trade Union Council approves of the suggestion made by the publishing department of the Central Trade Union Council and of the secretariat of the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers (RAPP) to launch a campaign for drawing shock-brigaders into literature.

ORDER NO. 1.

To launch a campaign for drawing shock-brigaders into literature.

The RAPP challenged the All-Ukrainian Union of Proletarian Writers (VUSPP), the "Molodniak" group, the Transcaucasian Association of Proletarian Writers and the White Russian Association of Proletarian Writers to socialist competition.

The Moscow Central Headquarters for drawing shock-brigaders into literature, calls upon the following members of the Moscow Association of Proletarian Writers (MAPP) to depart for the provinces to work under the command of the regional headquarters...

Those who refuse to do so will be excluded from the MAPP.

WORKERS AND LITERATURE

We, shock-brigade members of the "Red Profintern" factory, Abramovitch (a worker for 43 years) and Saveliev (a worker for 34 years)

consider it our duty to respond to the call for shock-brigaders in proletarian literature.

We join the Bejitsky literary group and take upon ourselves the task of writing the history of our factory, inasmuch as we have worked in this factory all our lives and are well acquainted with its history".

The 57 shock-brigaders constituting The Board of Editors of the newspaper *Martenovka* published by the "Hammer & Sickle" factory have unanimously decided to join the literary circle in the factory, as recruits in proletarian literature.

In response to the resolutions of the Central Trade Union Council and the RAPP, calling upon the members of shock-brigades to join the literary ranks, we are reconstructing the work of our literary circle on new principles. We have had enough of "literary-astronomical" poems about the stars and moon. Our problem is to establish such a literary circle as would combine literary study with the life of the factory and with our social and political work.

Workers of the Linberetski factory

A production conference of the „Red Putilov" factory workers (numbering 27,000) decided to take patronage over the Leningrad Association of Proletarian Writers.

December 1930

The presidium of the MAPP discussed the results of the first period following the call for shock-brigades.

Over 1,000 shock-brigaders joined the ranks of the MAPP.

93 percent of the members of MAPP are workers.

A seminar for organizers and leaders of literary circles has been opened. The seminar has 70 students.

The organization has increased considerably. There are now about 100 workers' literary circles in the various factories. The existence of isolated writers is coming to an end. All proletarian writers are taking part in the work of literary circles in factories.

However, the most important problem of the MAPP — that of training qualified proletarian writers from among the shock-brigade workers who have joined the literary ranks, should not be forgotten. A number of workers who have joined the literary shock-brigades are studying the technique of writing, in order to participate in the proletarian literary movement.

The first stage of literary enrollment is over. The second, more difficult stage of work, that of fortifying the results of the conscription — has commenced.

**The Literary Newspaper, Dec. 4
January 1931**

TO ALL WRITERS OF THE SOVIET UNION

Five months have elapsed since we, the workers of the Lenin factory, addressed you, writers of the Soviet Union, expressing our readiness to be your sponsors.

We had hoped that the writers of our country would immerse themselves in the life of the workers and would reflect in their literary works the enthusiasm manifested by the working class in the building of socialism.

Our appeal was taken up by the Russian Association of Proletarian Writers (RAPP), which carried out a mass campaign for drawing shock-brigade workers into literature. However, no response has up to the present been received from the Federation of Unions of Soviet Writers.

... The appeal to shock-brigade workers is only the beginning of actual reconstruction. It is necessary to consolidate the first results and achieve still better results...

... We propose:

1. That FOSP should report at our meetings as to what has been done along the lines suggested in our first appeal.

2. That methods should be found and worked out for attracting shock-brigade workers into the ranks of proletarian literature and keeping them there.

4. That concrete plans be drawn up in connection with the question of patronage, specifying the nature of the work and the duties of the parties to each agreement.

**Workers of the factory named after
Vladimir Illich (Lenin)**

REPLY TO THE WORKERS OF THE LENIN FACTORY

In order to realize the suggestions put forth by the workers of the Lenin factory, and to draw the writers into the work of socialist construction, the secretariat of the Federation of Soviet Writers (FOSP) resolves:

1. To conclude a socialist agreement with the Lenin factory, based on the problems involved in the fulfilment of the third year of the Five-Year Plan.

4. Through the cooperation of the literary circle of the factory with a group of writers, to write a "Red Book" on the history of the factory (the history of the struggle, restoration, reconstruction, of the fight for the Five-Year Plan, etc.)

5. To establish close contact between Soviet writers and shock-brigade workers who have joined the literary ranks, by attaching writers, on a voluntary basis, to definite groups or circles of shock brigade workers.

6. To study and reduce to general principles the experience of writers in socialist construction, for which purpose the Federation shall call a conference of literary shock-brigades, and organize an exhibition devoted to the participation of writers in the struggle for the fulfilment of the industrial and financial plan.

7. To suggest to the Gosizdat (State Publishing House) to increase the publication of works written by shock-brigade workers.

8. To instruct the "Literary Newspaper" to strengthen and extend its connections with factories, to enrol a detachment of worker correspondents, more widely and systematically to bring up questions connected with the enlistment of shock-brigade workers into the literary ranks, and also to pay more attention to the reorganization of literary organizations and to the drawing of writers into the practical work of socialist construction.

Secretariat of the FOSP

THE WHITE RUSSIAN WEEK

A "week devoted to Soviet White Russia" was organized in Moscow between the 3rd and 10th of January. The purpose of the "week" was to strengthen the bonds between the peoples of the RSFSR and Soviet White Russia, and to exchange opinions and experience connected with socialist and cultural development. A delegation of comrades from White Russia,

including political workers, educationalists, writers and artists — acquainted itself with the industrial, social, and cultural life of Moscow, and in a series of lectures and reports made at social evenings and conferences, told the Muscovites about the achievements of Soviet White Russia.

WE ARE ALL SHOCK-BRIGADIERS OF THE 5-YEAR PLAN

A meeting of White Russian rabkors (worker correspondents), writers and workers of the press with their Moscow colleagues was held in the "House of the Press" on January 4th.

The evening began with speeches of greetings in the White-Russian, Polish, Jewish, Russian and other languages.

Comrade Senkevitch (from the Central Committee of the White Russian Communist Party), made a report on the economic and cultural growth of White Russia during the ten years of its existence. White-Russia, which under tsarism was a backward, illiterate and oppressed agrarian country, is now being industrialized and the nationalist-cultural level is being enormously raised.

The greater part of the territory of White Russia consists of marshes and forest land. Since the establishment of the Soviet power in White Russia, one tenth of the marshy territory has been drained, and by the end of the Five-Year-Plan, one half of these lands covering an area of one million hectares will have been reclaimed. State and Collective farms for growing flax and hemp, spring up on the drained territory, the soil being very favourable to the growing of such crops. The forests of White Russia which under the tsarist regime — and in western White Russia even now — were wantonly wasted, are now rationally exploited for the needs of the developing national industry. White Russia now possesses, and continues to build, saw mills, wood-working plants, match factories, artificial silk plants, factories for agricultural machinery, and metallurgical plants.

The White Russian language which was not recognised under the tsarist regime has become the principal language in schools, literature and press, as well as in the government and party. Teaching in the native language has made it possible to increase literacy in the

country from 25 (under tsarism three-fourths of the population were illiterate) to 85 percent. In 1932 the number of illiterates will be reduced to zero.

The achievements of Soviet White Russia present a striking contrast to the poverty and ignorance of Western White Russia, which is under the rule of Polish fascism. The circulation of our White Russian newspapers runs into the millions, while all they have there are a few unpopular fascist newspapers. We have — White Russian universities, while there even White Russian schools do not exist. Our villages are being electrified, while there — the impoverished peasant still burns a stick for light.

The fact that Soviet White Russia borders on fascist Poland, aggravates the class struggle within the country. The Communist Party of White Russia was obliged to conduct a decisive struggle against the national democrats, who had a following among the reactionary section of the White Russian intelligentsia.

Preparing the grounds for Polish intervention, the national-democrats tried to put through an agrarian policy in favour of the kulak, and also attempted to undo the cultural work of the Soviets. They utilized the White Russian Academy of Science, converting Academic conferences into congresses of White Russian national-democrats. They preached orientation on the "civilized west", and not on Proletarian Moscow. They idealized "revolutionists" of noble birth (the play "Kastus Kalinovsky"), delayed the publication of works by Marx and Lenin in the White Russian language, tried to pervert the Russian tongue, eliminating from White Russian school books such terms as "Soviet Power", "dictatorship of the proletariat" etc.

As a result of persistent work the White Russian proletariat succeeded in exposing the counter-revolutionary nature of the national-democrats.

"We are building socialism under conditions of intense class struggle, overcoming the resistance of the class enemy and the unavoidable difficulties of growth", — said Comrade Senkevitch in the conclusion of his speech. We share our experience with the toilers of the RSFSR, in order to continue the struggle for the Five-Year-Plan, hand in hand with them".

Next to speak were a number of workers, members of shock-brigades, and two proletarian poets — Alexandrovitch and Charik.

All present at the meeting, workers and journalists — proclaimed themselves shock-brigaders of the Five-Year-Plan.

THE CULTURAL PROGRESS OF WHITE RUSSIA

The delegation of White Russian educationalists made a report on the cultural achievements of Soviet White Russia.

White Russia was the first republic in the Union to introduce general education. It also ranks first in achievement having 95% of the children of school age attending school. The army of White Russian educationalists — three thousand strong — has recently added new pedagogues to its ranks. The plans for dispatching teachers for work in the villages, have been carried out.

Hundreds of factory-schools, thirty technical schools, and about forty trade-technical schools are training skilled workers for the industrial and agricultural enterprises of White Russia.

There are now twelve educational institutions in White Russia of higher and special type including the White Russian State University, The White Russian Academy of Sciences and the Academy of Agriculture and Forestry. There are two Jewish pedagogical Institutes and one Polish. Furthermore, a Polish and a Jewish section have been established in the pedagogical faculty of the White Russian University.

Thirteen central newspapers are published in the capital of White Russia (beginning with January 1931 there will be 14). Of these, six are in the languages of national minorities: (3 Jewish, 1 Russian, 1 Lithuanian, 1 Polish). The total circulation of all these newspapers is 300,500 copies.

Thirty-two provincial newspapers are published for the villagers. The number of publications in the White Russian language shows a steady increase.

During the past five years (1925—1929) 50 million quires have been published in the White Russian Language, 460,000 copies of literature in the Jewish language, 185,000 books in Polish, 9,000 in Lithuanian and Lettish, and 198,000 in Russian.

The total number of books published in 1930 was 18 million copies. A complete collection of Lenin's works has been published in the

White Russian language, and also a large number of books dealing with the Five Year Plan. Quite a selection of belles lettres has also been printed in the White Russian language from modern White Russians writers to Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and Cervantes *Don-Quixote* in the White Russian language. Much attention has been paid to the publication of books in languages of national minorities (Polish, Jewish, etc.)

Under tsarism the White Russian language was considered a primitive peasant dialect, which had no right to exist, and therefore forcibly supplanted by the official language — Russian. The development of White Russian culture, *which is national in form and socialistic in nature*, was made possible only by the October Revolution.

THEATERS IN THE WHITE RUSSIAN SOVIET SOCIALIST REPUBLIC

The class struggle on the cultural front has also penetrated the theater. Counter-revolutionary national-democrats have made many attempts to convert the theater into their weapon. These efforts were evident first of all in the national-chauvinistic petty-bourgeois character of the repertoire. Freed from their influence, the White Russian theater made big strides toward making its repertoire correspond with the acute problems of the day, and revising its position as to ideology and form.

For a long time the First White Russian State Theater, which was established in 1920, had no definite ideological and artistic character of its own. Together with the production of plays belonging to the world classical repertoire, the theater also produced plays of a purely nationalist nature.

The work of this Theater in the years 1927—1929 was characterized by attempts at a proletarian orientation. In 1930 the theater achieved its first big triumph by presenting *Guta* (Glass factory) written by the worker-playwright Kobetz. The play was warmly received by the proletarian spectators.

The Second White Russian State Theater was established in 1926 by a troupe of actors who had been trained in Moscow. The lack of political education, the unsatisfactory social composition of the troupes and the national-democratic administration led to the production

of reactionary plays. With the 1928 administrative shake up and the introduction of fresh forces from worker's theatrical circles, the theater received a new stimulus and began to make marked progress. This is witnessed by the truly revolutionary repertoire of the theater: *The First Cavalry Army* by Vishnevski, *Razlom* by Lavrenov, *Just Before Spring* by Ylliinski, *The Rails Hum* by Kirshon.

The peasants of White Russia are entertained by travelling theatrical companies which give performances in villages, settlements and collective farms. The White Russian National Mass Theater enjoys great popularity among the peasantry. It was organized in 1921. At present its repertoire consists mostly of plays by proletarian playwrights, such as *Fury* by Janovski, *Dictatorship* by Miki-tenko, etc.

For over two years one Polish and one Jewish Travelling Theater have been giving performances to the peasants of national minorities in their native languages.

Another fact of great political and cultural significance is the progress and development of the White Russian State Jewish Theater which counts on an organized audience of workers. Its repertoire is large — from Lope de Vega to European and Russian proletarian playwrights.

Mass self-initiated art is also showing considerable progress. Only recently a White Russian Theater of Labor Youth was organized, and it has already given two performances. A special department has been inaugurated under the White Russian Commissariat of Education for the purpose of studying the experience of self-initiated art.

LITERARY ORGANIZATIONS OF WHITE RUSSIA

The W R A P W (White Russian Association of Proletarian Writers) is the chief organization of the proletarian literary forces of White Russia, and is one of the most important factors in the cultural life of White Russia. It unites not only the White Russian proletarian writers but also the writers of national minorities (Jews, Poles, Letts and Lithuanians).

The Association includes the most prominent writers and poets of White Russia: A. Alexandrovich — author of a series of poems on socialist construction and the poem

Liberation which sums up White Russia's achievements for the past ten years; the Jewish poet Charik whose literary subjects heretofore were taken from the civil war, and who is now working on a poem about the reconstruction of every-day life; prose writers who write about the Soviet village — Golovatch, Baranavikh, and Murashko, author of *Son* — a romance of the 1905 revolution in White Russia; Linkov, who in many of his narratives brings up the problem of creating new men in the process of the class struggle of the proletariat; the proletarian playwright Kobetz; critics such as Limanovsky and Bende.

Under the guidance of the Communist party the WRAPW waged a consistent struggle against White Russian counter-revolutionary national-democratism, exposing on the pages of its organ *Molodniak* the counter-revolutionary and kulak essence of Dubovki and Puscha's works, of Babareki's critical articles, etc.

At the present time the WRAPW has turned its attention to mass work in the factories. It has successfully conducted the campaign for drawing worker-members of shock-brigades into literary work, formed a number of workers literary circles and studios in the factories and plants of Minsk, Bobruisk, Borisov and other cities. Furthermore, the WRAPW is also developing its theoretical work.

Besides the WRAPW there exist in White Russia several organisations of literary "fellow-travellers", such as UZVIISHA (The Summit) and POLIMYA (Flame), which unite old writers of the so-called "Narodniki" group, and also the young "hangers-on" who have sprung up already under Soviet conditions.

A group of young "Comsomol" (Communist Youth League) writers are united in the *Molodniak* organization; recently a White Russian Literary Union of the Red Army and Navy has already commenced work; a Union of Peasant Writers is being organized in White Russia.

J A P A N

LIBRARY OF PROLETARIAN WRITERS

The *Senikya* publishing house has begun to publish a series of books under a general title *Library of Proletarian Writers*. (The authors of these books are members of the Union

of Proletarian Literature of Japan). The first series includes eight books representing the most distinguished works of the following proletarian writers:

Fujimori Seikiti:	<i>Light and Darkness</i>
Kobayashi Takiji:	<i>The Crab Canning Factory</i>
Yamada Seisaburo:	<i>The May Holiday</i>
Tokunaga Naosi:	<i>The Sunless Street</i>
Tatino Sinobu:	<i>The Military Hospital</i>
Eba:	<i>War</i>
Hashimoto Eikichi:	<i>Street Warfare</i>
Kubokava Ineko:	<i>The Caramel Factory</i>

"AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT"

Under this general caption, one of the most popular "solid" bourgeois magazines, the *Tuokoron* published in its January 1931 edition three stories by proletarian writers (members of the Union of Proletarian Writers of Japan), dealing with unemployment. The three stories are: *Protect the Factory* by Hashimoto Eikichi, *The Forced Return* by Kubokava Ineko, and *Famine in High-Crop Yca* by Tokunaga Naosi.

"NEW MILITANT PHOTOGRAPHS"

The *Proletariat Cinema* magazine has issued for sale a series of postcards under the common title *New Militant Photographs*. A considerable portion of the series is devoted to the Soviet Union. Many of the postcards represent scenes from the cinemas. *Potemkin*, *The General Line*, *Mother*, etc.

AUTHORITIES SUPPRESS THE PROLETARIAN THEATER

The November issue of the magazine *Proletarian Science* published an appeal calling upon the workers of Japan to protest against the outrageous persecution of the proletarian theater by the authorities. The appeal mentions that the Tokio Left Theater had been giving a ten-day performance of *The Absent Landowners*, a play by Kobayashi Takiji. The theater had had dealings with the authorities before, but this time the police, alarmed by the extraordinary success the play had among the workers, raised a rumpus. Enraged, the censors struck out not only separate words and phrases but also the entire second act, that is, the best part of the play. Mass scenes were prohibited. The police took measures against the public, not

allowing the audience to express aloud their attitude toward the events on the stage, because under the influence of the play the audience expressed their revolutionary feelings by singing revolutionary songs and shouting revolutionary slogans. Furthermore, the play which had already been terribly mangled by the censors was subjected to further attenuation. Those parts which brought applause were cut out. Later the police reduced the number of performances from 13 to 10, although permission had already been granted for 13.

The appeal concludes with the following words: "Comrades! Rise in vigorous protest! Let us stand up in defence of our theater!"

PROLETARIAN CINEMA IN JAPAN

The Proletarian cinema is one of the most backward sections of Japanese proletarian art. It has not yet gone beyond chronicling the worker-peasant movement. The first film portrayed the famous strike on the soy enterprise in Noda (in 1928). Later, pictures were taken of the May 1st celebrations, in 1929, the funeral of workers in Tokio and Kyoto during the same year, the large strike of the Tokio tramcar workers in 1930, Mayday celebrations that same year, etc., All these films carry the title *Chronicle of Proletarian Cinema* (Prokino News)... Although technically the films are taken quite well, the mounting and assembling of the films is rather poor.

The Union of Proletarian Cinema of Japan is affiliated to NAPF. It publishes a monthly magazine called *Proletarian Cinema*. The Union has branches in Tokio, Kyoto, Osaka, Yamanashi, Yamagata, etc. Discussions on questions of proletarian cinema and on the film itself, are generally organized at the time of the demonstration of the film.

The authorities, naturally, interfere in the organization of such evenings, frequently prohibiting them and dispersing the audience.

During the first half of the previous year five evenings of proletarian cinema were organized in Tokio, two in Kyoto, while from other cities there are no data as yet. A number of portable cinema-projectors have been obtained for demonstration of films in villages.

However, the proletarian cinema, which exists only some two or three years, continues to develop.

The Union of Proletarian Cinema, having carried out its first plan of movie taking, began last autumn to carry out its second. The money required for the taking of these pictures is obtained by means of voluntary deductions from the meagre wages of the workers and peasants. By September of last year 320 yen had already been collected to the account of the 1,000 yen required.

The peasants greeted the arrival of these portable movie outfits very warmly. They themselves went to the police department to obtain a permit for the demonstration of films, and voluntarily stood on guard at the entrance of the Hall. In one of the villages, the peasants knowing that the police would not grant a permit posted the following announcement outside the hall: "Here is held an evening of prayer for the deceased Aigava — non members of the Peasant Union are not allowed." Instead, three films of the Proletarian Cinema were demonstrated. They were: *Sumigava* (the name of a river in a workers settlement in Tokio), *Collective cultivation of land in the village Siodome*, and *Children*.

On the initiative and under the guidance of the Union of Proletarian Cinema, a short-term course of proletarian cinema was organized in the beginning of August 1930. Twenty persons from all parts of Japan registered for it. The course, however, had barely started when it was disbanded. Only one lecture on *Cinema and Marxism* and half a lecture on the *Theory and history of the proletarian Cinema Movement* was delivered to the students. Nevertheless, on the following day the students decided to organize a circle for the study of proletarian cinema. At the first gathering of this circle, two reports were made — *Art to the Masses* and *Cinema Practise*. In all, the circle met six times, after which the students departed for their home towns. In September the circle renewed its activities, including, however, only those of its former members who resided in Tokio. The circle gathers two or three times a month. As previously mentioned, those engaged in the proletarian cinema are forced to work under extremely difficult conditions. Police persecutions do not cease for a moment. Still, the proletarian cinema movement continues to develop. Police authorities obstruct not only the demonstration of films, but also the taking of films. In order to take the pictures of a demonstration, strike

or other proletarian gathering, the workers of the proletarian cinema must possess great inventive faculties and overcome enormous obstructions. And yet, co-operating in their work with various workers' organizations, they are sometimes able to make their way through the police cordons and take what pictures they want. The film of the strike on the electric railway in Kaysay and other pictures were, taken in this manner.

AN ATTEMPT BY TRAITORS TO DISORGANIZE A PROLETARIAN PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENT

The history of the Japanese proletarian literary movement presents many striking cases of trickery and treachery, but the present case of the *Senkisia* publishing establishment is perhaps the most striking. The facts in brief are as follows:

For some time *Senkisia* was affiliated with the N. A. P. F. and used to issue the joint magazine of the N. A. P. F. and the Japanese Union of Proletarian Writers — *Senki* (The Militant Banner). In November 1929, however, this magazine was changed into a mass organ for the propaganda of Marxism. At the same time "Senkisia" severed connection with the N. A. P. F., that is, while still being the only working class publishing establishment in Japan, it now became an independent concern with a wider sphere of activities. Since, however, its Board of Directors was made up of representatives appointed by each of the Unions affiliated with the N. A. P. F., the *Senkisia* remained under the guidance of the latter organization until September, 1930.

In September 1920 the form of the organization changed, though the N. A. P. F. and the Union of Proletarian Writers still continued to lead the literary section of the magazine and in general take a lively interest in it.

Owing, however, to the separatist activities of certain members of the organizational department of *Senkisia*, the financial affairs of the publishing establishment became very strained. The 12th issue of the *Militant Banner* could not be printed and "Senkisia" was on the verge of bankruptcy.

Now the treachery of the separatists became evident. After the police raid on the publishers, offices (on Sept. 13th, 1930) and the arrest of the staff, a new committee was elected. The se-

paratists of the organizational department never established connection with the new committee, indeed, they severed all relations with it. They did not make their appearance in the publishers' offices for a period of three months and did not submit any accounts or financial reports. As a result of this sabotage, the income of *Senkisia*, averaging normally 1,500 2,000 yen per month, dwindled to 300—400 yen, despite the fact that the number of subscriptions increased by nearly 1,000 monthly.

As has since come to light, the leaders of the organizational department had issued instructions to all the local agencies of "Senkisia" to pay in all subscription money to them and not to the publishers. Refusing under many pretexts to come to the publishers' offices and make explanations, the leaders of the organizational department began to propagandize individual workers of the publishers' offices in favor of changing *The Militant Banner* into a magazine for workers, and peasants, entertainment, of transferring the leadership of the magazine to the organizational department, and of changing the relations between the publishers and the organizational department into purely business, commercial relations, i. e. of having the organizational department pay a stipulated sum of money to the publishers for their publications.

These machinations caused the publishers to lose touch with many of their local agencies; other agencies collapsed and stopped work. Furthermore, the leaders of the organizational department managed to win over to their side the editorial staff of the magazine *The Children's Militant Banner*; with the result that the periodical did not appear for two months.

After three months of sabotage, in spite of the statement of the leaders of the organizational department admitting their mistakes and promising co-operation, the separatists still continued their disruptive activity. They aimed at the complete disorganization of the publishing establishment.

The November issue of *The Battle Banner* published an appeal to the workers and peasants, stating the difficult financial position of *Senkisia*, and urging all agencies to launch an energetic collection campaign for the publishing fund, and ordering that the collected sums be mailed directly to the publishers. The organization department, however, again instructed the agencies to send the money to a different place.

At a special session, the Committee of the *Senkisia* condemned the workers of the organizational department for their separatist and wrecking activities, decided to remove them from their posts and expel them from membership of the *Senkisia* Publishing establishment. At the same time the Committee issued an appeal to all workers and peasants of Japan, setting down in full an account of the doings of the traitors of the organization department. The appeal stated that, with the help and support of the toiling masses, *Senkisia* would succeed in cleaning out all traitors, that it would extend its activities and, together with the workers and peasants, would carry on an energetic struggle for their common cause.

The appeal ends with the slogans: Long live a working class circulation system! Long live the consolidation of the Proletarian Publishing Establishment *Senkisia*!



SIN-TY-CHAO — NEW THOUGHT
A Chinese magazine devoted to Political Economy and literature which has been suppressed

CHINA

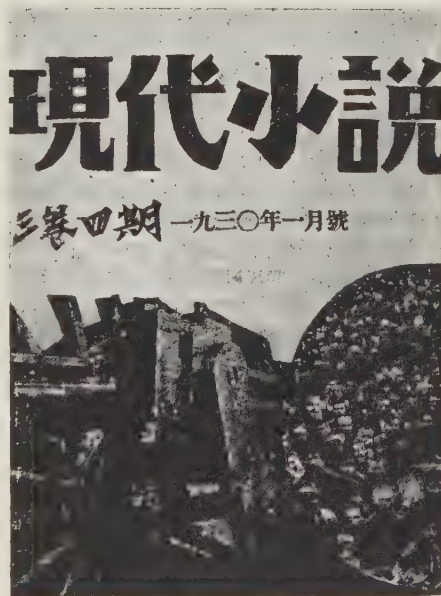
UNION OF REVOLUTIONARY DRAMATIC ORGANIZATIONS

The formation of the League of the Left Writers in China served as a stimulus for the organisation into independent unions of the workers in other branches of revolutionary art and science. One after another there sprang up the League of Left Artists, the League of Sociologists, and, finally, the League of Left Dramatic Organisations.

The formation of this League was preceded by a number of performances in Shanghai organized by the Society of Revolutionary Dramatists. These performances aroused great interest among the wide masses.

The organisation of the Union of Revolutionary Dramatic Societies had to face many obstacles, such as persecution of all Left cultural organisations, by the Kuomintang authorities, frequent searches and arrests of members of the Society of Dramatists, etc. It is strictly forbidden to perform *The Country of the South*.

The Federation of Dramatic Organisations of Shanghai which existed hitherto was a mixed



VENU — HOA — PINJ — THE LITERARY CRITIC
A proletarian literary magazine which has been suppressed.

bloc, and united such diverse organisations as the bourgeois-feudal Federation of Dramatic Societies and the Anarchist Dramatic Union



SEN-DI-SIAO-CHO — MODERN STORIES

A Chinese Proletarian Literary Journal which has
been suppressed by the Kuomintang

Tse-Kuo. It was greatly under the influence
of bourgeois elements.

Notwithstanding political repression seven
societies have joined the newly formed League
of Left Dramatic Organisations: The Society
of Dramatists, the "Sin-Yu" Club, the Socie-
ties of: "The Country of the South", "Blue
Birds", "Light", "Mo-Ten" and the Dramatic
Circle of the University "Ta-Sya."

While not rejecting "large forms", the gene-
ral meeting of the new Union decided to pay
the utmost attention to travelling theatres
of small forms, as it considered this latter to
be the best means of propagating revolution-
ary ideas among the masses.

Shanghai.-Nov. 1930.

THE CONFERENCE OF REVOLUTIONARY CUL- TURAL ORGANISATIONS IN SHANGHAI

On the initiative of the League of Left Wri-
ters a conference of all the revolutionary wri-
ters was held in Shanghai. The following
organisations attended: the League of Left
Writers, the League of Left artists, League
of Left Dramatists, the League of Socio-
logists, the "Hammer and Sickle" Society,

the "Country of the South", the Society of
Dramatists, the Society for the Study of Li-
terature, and the trade union of the workers and
employees of bookshops.

The principal aim of this conference was
to work out a general plan of struggle against
the repressions directed against revolutionary
literature and revolutionary cultural organi-
sations by the Kuomintang. The new wave of
white terror, which manifested itself in the
closing down of many bookshops and schools,
in the prohibition of theatrical performances,
and numerous arrests of writers and cultural
workers, emphasises the necessity for uniting
all the revolutionary cultural forces of the
country, for organised resistance to the vio-
lence of the Kuomintang gendarmes.

The Conference decided that it would, together
with IRA, organise a great movement of pro-
test against the white terror, and take all meas-
ures necessary for hastening the organisation
of an All-Chinese Federation of Revolutiona-
ry-Proletarian Cultural Workers.

Shanghai.-Nov. 1930.

THE NEW HEARTH OF PROLETARIAN LITERATURE

The Club of Proletarian Literature and Art
in Shanghai has reorganised on a wider platform
into the society of proletarian literature and
art — the "Hammer and Sickle". This new
body outlines its programme and tasks in
its constitution. We will cite the most impor-
tant points.

"The aim of the Society is to study proleta-
rian literature and art, to study the daily life
of the working class, acquaint the masses with
proletarian literature and train new proleta-
rian writers from the workers' ranks.

"Any person who is ready to carry out pro-
paganda amongst the masses on behalf of Marxist
literature may become a member of the Society."

"The structure of the society: the society
is made up of groups each consisting of 5 persons.
At the head of each group there is an elected
secretary. Every three months a general meeting
of all the members in each district is convened.

"A short course of Marxism-Leninism is
organised for the new members".

"The literary works of the members of the
Society are printed in the Club Section of

the workers' newspaper "*Shanghai Pao*", and are also published in separate pamphlets.

"Preference is given to factory workers on entering the Society. Members of the Society who are not workers must keep close contact with the working masses, must be active in the workers organisations, and must as far as possible enter the factories, in order that there, in the process of the class struggle, shoulder to shoulder with the working class, they may hammer out their viewpoint on life."

Shanghai.-Nov. 1930.

P O L A N D

ALL IS QUIET IN WEST UKRAINE

A man is lying on his belly; his head is hidden by his rolled up shirt. The breeches are down and rolled back too. His back and buttocks are exposed. The left buttock is not there; it is torn off. The layers of skin, of tissue, of torn muscles show the depth of the wound. The flesh looks as if it had passed through the mincing-machine. It is chopped into force-meat.

This photograph bears an inscription in Ukrainian:

— пацифікований Гриць Артемов в селі Боринці, нов. Бібрка

Which means:

— The "pacified" Gregory Artemov; village Borinetz, district Bober.

On the next page is the picture of Philippe Tanchin of the village Reclinetz, in the same posture, with the same dreadful wounds, and of Cyril Shpyra of the Village Podiary. There are others, and yet others... On the whole, there are thousands of peasants, and it is the same for the whole of West Ukraine, from end to end. There the entire Ukrainian peasantry has been brought to peace and quiet.

Peace has come to some of them once and for all. For instance, Michael Titko of the village Gai near Lvov. He got 500 lashes and died. Movtchan of the village Vassiutin is also quiet in his grave, shortly after having been tortured. Bomba of the Novoe Selo (Zbaraj) was quietened, too... It is impossible to enumerate them all. It is not so easy to look through the photo album of the "pacification". A text book of dermatology is a collection of child's drawings in comparison

with this collection of maimed bodies. It took an army to mutilate the body of the Ukrainian peasantry, and in the art of flogging, the Polish officer, evidently, has no equal.

If all the different kinds of weapons were replaced by whips and rods, the prize army of marshal Pilsudsky would emerge victorious from all battles.

Materials concerning the pacification of the West Ukraine describe in full detail the deeds of the noble Polish soldiers. The uniformity of their methods was remarkable.

I cannot tell whether special army regulations were issued. Probably, they were, because the methods of the Polish colonels and generals were the same throughout West Ukraine.

In any case, there was no improvisation, nor personal fancy. The uhlans acted just as the gendarmes or the infantrymen. On each occasion the detachment surrounded the village, flogging on their way those peasants, who did not take their hats off and bow, as in the time of serfdom. Then the peasants were called for, according to the list made beforehand. Sometimes a raid on a particular cottage was made, without investigation or trial. Very often there was not even an inquiry. The man would be thrown down, his shirt rolled up, soldiers would sit on his head and feet and would begin the flogging, in the presence of all his family, including his children. They caned, lashed, birched, beat with *nagaikas*. They beat their victims till they lost consciousness, and in many cases, after bringing them round by throwing cold water on them, flogged them again. All this was accompanied with gibes and insults. They forced the peasants to eat dirt and say: "This is the earth of Poland". They made them kiss the lash, they made them flog one another. As a general rule, in the end they would make the peasants sign a document, saying "that there was no violence. I am quite contented and have no complaints."

Not only poor peasants were flogged. Among those flogged were the Kulaks, the rich peasants, who (under the conditions of the West Ukraine) were respected in their village. Intellectuals were flogged. And what should attract the attention of the Pope, who takes the interests of the Greek Church to heart, some priests were flogged. In Verjbovo a priest, Sodomora, his wife and his daughter were cruelly flogged. In Golkhosha a priest Vassily Kostiuk was fettered and beaten till he lost consciousness. In Sarvanitza a priest Golovinsky put on his priestly vestments, hoping

to save his village and himself from punishment. The Polish officer tore off his vestments, the soldiers sat on his head and feet, and beat him. A bourgeois reporter, the Italian Cesare Santoro, who described all this in a pamphlet, said: "The insults that accompanied the beating are too foul to be printed" After the tortures in Lutzk we know how far the Polish hangman can go in the art of torture.

They did not shoot save in a few cases, they did not hang, but they flogged, — flogged to death. There is not only cruelty, not only torture, but a conscious insult in this kind of punishment. This has been for ages the justice of masters towards their slaves. This has emphasised the class character of "pacification", the revival of serfdom of whips and birch-rods on a gentleman's estate. This, taken together with the merciless "pacification", with the suppression of all independence, — is a menacing reminder to all the Ukrainian People in Poland: "Do not be conceited. You are a people of serfs. Your ancestors humbly held their naked backs under their masters whips — and you are flogged by the descendants of your masters". Thousands of peasants whose buttocks have been flogged into blood-soaked mash demonstrate the meaning of the famous statements of the League of Nations on equality and on the right of national minorities in Poland. This is equality!

Russian landowners in generals' and colonels' uniforms flogged the peasants with malignant joy during "pacifications" of all kinds long after the so-called "liberation" of serfs. The birchrod was a vestige of authority on the estates of the landed gentry. It was forbidden to birch tradesmen and even bourgeois. That was the bourgeois privilege, their "honour". Peasants were deprived of any "honour". They were flogged at the police-station, in the stables, and during the mass repressions. Yet even the history of the darkest tsarist times in Russia does not record such a wholesale flogging, on a national scale, so to speak, as this one, carried out by the Polish nobility, after having obtained state power of their own.

And everywhere this universal whipping was accompanied by a systematic, dastardly and cold-blooded pogrom of cultural and cooperative institutions. In the "pacification" album the photos of flayed and chopped up human bodies are mixed with the photos of raided reading-rooms, libraries, clubs, cooperative shops. Those who remember the pictures of the imperialist

war, the pictures of ruined towns on the Ypres, on the same Ukrainian rivers in Galicia, can imagine what has happened to the cultural institutions of the Ukrainian people in Poland. Take the reading-room "Prosvity" in the village Gorodinetz. The soldiers not only cut to pieces all that could be done away with by the axe, the sabre and the bayonet, but they turned the pianos inside out.

This insane barbarism was aimed, however, at the destruction of all cultural organisation. Mind, this is not wartime, all this is taking place in time of "perfect" peace and "order". All this is done not by the enemy's army, not by strangers — by Poland's "own" soldiers.

Authentic documents show that the army sent by the Polish government against the Ukrainian Peasantry had a very definite aim: to destroy the foundation of national and cultural life of the Ukrainian people. Everywhere the Shevtchenko monuments were defaced in a shameful manner. The pictures of Shevtchenko and Franco were taken from the wall and torn to pieces. In those places where "pacification" took place, the pages of Ukrainian books flew in the air, just as the feathers from the pillows of poor Jews during the pogroms of tsarist Russia. The raiders were amused by it. They littered the roads with torn sheets of paper and in the photos it looks like a snowfall.

Cooperative shops were destroyed everywhere. Not only were shop-windows, doors and all the furniture wrecked to pieces, but all the goods were spoiled. What could not be looted was soaked with kerosene, to prevent the restoration of the shops after the departure of the army.

By destroying organisations, buildings, persons, the raiders sought to destroy Ukrainian culture. The word Ukrainian became prohibited, and Pilsudski's fiends used and compelled orders to use the word "Ruthenian".

All that is related here in brief is not taken from illegal communist sources, nor based on workers evidence, it all comes from bourgeois sources, which have certainly no intention of breaking with the Polish government.

There is a voluminous proclamation of the Ukrainian senators to the Polish Government.

There is the wail of the Ukrainian deputies appealing to the League of Nations. There is a pamphlet of a foreign bourgeois journalist, who was in West Ukraine at the time of this universal flogging. And finally there is one more publication with photos and a special address to the

Secretariat of the League of Nations written in French and signed by Makarenko, formerly member of the Petliura directory, faithful slave of the Polish Government, a traitor, who, with many others, concluded treaties in order to enslave the Ukraine to Polish landowners. This Makarenko is now crying for help, summoning the League of Nations, demanding interference, immediate investigation by a special commission.

In his address to the League of Nations Makarenko cynically reveals the reason for his uneasiness. Do you think that, as an Ukrainian "patriot" and nationalist, he is really worried by the picture of the pogrom. Is he really conscience-stricken? Not at all: this political profiteer is sincerely alarmed; alarmed because this rough justice and flogging make the Ukrainian peasantry hostile to Polish authorities and make intervention against the U. S. S. R. more difficult. He writes:

"This cruel chastisement degrades the Ukrainian population of East Galicia to the level of negro-slaves and calls forth the boundless hatred of the Ukrainian for Poland. In case of any political complications, this may undoubtedly cause a revolt of the Ukrainian people and thus make more difficult the solution of problems incumbent on the League of Nations".

Some of the Ukrainian deputies were themselves arrested in Brest, beaten, cutted, sneered at... But, as christians, they are quite ready to forgive the offences against their persons; they turn their left and right cheeks again beat us. They hold up their faces — spit at us! Only don't spoil our game, do not incite the entire Ukrainian peasantry against Polish authority. The Ukrainian senators first enumerate all the merits of their struggle with the Ukrainian Revolutionary movement and only then speak of the Ukrainian backs whipped by Polish generals.

They all shout, summon the League of Nations, the capitalist press. They cannot help crying — but nobody hears them, nobody pays attention to them.

The German Government has succeeded in calling attention to the "pacification" in Upper Silesia, — and the violence used against the German bourgeoisie in Silesia. This is a mere trifle in comparison with the bloody chastisement of the Ukrainian peasants. Germany got attention... "At what price?" asked the "Rote Fahne". No answer was given. In making concessions to Germany, the Polish Government freed itself of the necessity of giving any an-

wers about "pacification" in West Ukraine, about Lutsk and Brest. The representatives of all the capitalist governments, great and small, pretended not see the awful photos. And the Polish minister in the Polish Sejm could answer impudently: "All is quiet in West Ukraine, the population is quite contented, there is nothing to speak of".

"All is quiet in West Ukraine". West Ukraine is pacified, as poor Gritz is pacified. This Gritz, who, quivering with pain and shame, buried his face in his hands and showed his naked mutilated back to the world. All the Ukrainian Peasantry in Poland, abandoned to dishonour and suffering, know that it is useless to address the League of Nations or the governments of Capitalist Europe. They have no protector there because all is permitted to the Poland of marshal Pilsudsky.

The soldiery is revelling in Poland, rattling their sabres, and jingling their spurs. They put their feet on the parliamentary table, showing off with the choicest jargon of the tsarist barracks, and trample on those who do not belong to the "nobility". "Hats off, You Ukrainian herd!"

The League of Nations did not and is not going to take action against the atrocities of Polish fascism in West Ukraine. The Ukrainian peasants could expect nothing better from the bourgeoisie. But all the workers and peasants of the Soviet Union hear them. The international proletariat hears them. The photographs of pacified West Ukraine should become known to every worker and peasant throughout the world.

D. Zaslavsky.

FASCIST TERROR AND POLISH LITERATURE

At the present moment Polish literary circles are wrought up over a dispute which, though purely political in nature, does nevertheless reveal the character of the different literary groupings. The argument is over incidents which took place in the fortress of Brest. Last October and November, prior to the Sejm elections, a number of deputies of the Central-Left bloc were arrested and confined in the Brest fortress. At that time this was considered a purely political affair, and was protested against chiefly by the "opposition" parties, they having been the only ones actually concerned in this manoeuvre of the fascist government. However, when after the elections some of the imprisoned deputies were

released, the severe flogging to which those confined in Brest had been subjected became known. Two inquiries instituted by the National-Democrats and Central-Left bloc revealed the details of the terror in the Brest torture-chamber. Now the situation became rather ticklish. Bourgeois society viewed the affair not as a class act incident to the struggle against the proletariat (it just happened that not a single communist was amongst those imprisoned in Brest) but as an act of personal vengeance perpetrated by the Pilsudchiki (Pilsudski's followers) in retaliation for the insults heaped upon their idol by the bourgeois and social-fascist deputies. Protests from the upper section of the bourgeois intelligentsia came pouring in, including collective protests by professors of universities and other educational institutions.

Literature found itself in a rather ambiguous position. It is necessary to say that the majority of modern Polish writers cringe before Pilsudski. The oldest and most prominent of them had been connected with Pilsudski's romantic, nationalistic past, and together with him had gone the fascist way. During recent years the influence of the Pilsudchiki on literature has increased, due to the fact that they, being in power, hold in their hands the finances for subsidizing Polish literature, which, by the way, is not any well off materially. It is not surprising that the protests against the Brest affair found literature quite unprepared. True, the campaign of protest was launched by one of the literary stars, Andrei Strut; however, the efforts of this old PPS party member had but slight effect. The outburst of indignation which followed the inquiries, and especially the protests of the bourgeois professors, created a stir in the literary ranks. The well known "pacifist" and anti-Semite, the poet Anton Slonimsky, made a public appeal to two of the literary leaders belonging to the Pilsudchik group — Vatslav Seroshevsky and Julie Kaden-Bandrovsky. His open letter to these writers was an obvious attempt to mobilize the writers who supported the government to join in the protest. But these two literary figures refused to take part in the "non-party and purely humanitarian" protest, thus proving that in the epoch of fascism there exist no such things as "purely humanitarian" political acts. Two other less known writers, members of the PPS party — Virsky and Pivinsky, launched a protest at the same time as Slonimsky. A few days later, a

declaration of protest was published by a group of social workers, among which figured the names of such prominent writers as Mary Dombrovsky, Eva Shelburg, Maria Kuntsevich, and others.

It is evident that in the literary circles the controversy over this subject is not nearly finished; indeed, it is just starting. "I do not for a moment believe — writes Pivinsky in his letter — that our intelligentsia has nothing to say on this matter. This would be the most shameful kind of cowardice and baseness".

Vatslav Seroshevsky had already had occasion to express himself. One of the Polish newspapers published in America had asked his opinion on the articles written by Struga. Seroshevsky telegraphed back that "Struga's attitude is explained by his hatred of Pilsudsky, which is the consequence of his ambition not being satisfied." The reason for Struga's dissatisfaction was Pilsudsky's refusal to "listen to Struga's inexpedient advice." Seroshevsky's absurd sally is proof of the confusion that reigns among the fascist writers. His statement has brought a reply from Struga which, it is to be expected will in turn be followed by a still further reaction.

Pilsudchik-writers are in a very awkward position now. Not to protest against the outrages in the Brest fortress means to approve of the monstrous methods adopted by Polish gendarmes. To protest — means to put a weapon into the hands of Pilsudsky's enemies and go against the fascist dictator. These statements made by individual writers recently appearing in the press, are "classic" documents explaining the servility and perplexity of Pilsudchik-writers.

The authors repudiate participation in any collective protest launched "outside of politics and on purely humanitarian grounds" and "score in principle" the torturing of prisoners, and "trampling on human dignity". Such statements were made by the venerable critic Boy-Jelensky and the poet laureates Tuvim and Vejinsky. Tuvim, regarding the "torture of the defenceless" as a disgrace, does not forget, however, to shield himself by adding that his statement "should not be placed upon the scales of political struggle, but should be viewed as an expression of human feelings". The record of servile obedience, however, was broken by Verjinsky, who said in his declaration that, notwithstanding the practice of torture in Polish prisons, he sees that the "welfare of Poland"

is advanced by the existing government, and that "the great national achievements made under the leadership of the most amazing personality of the modern age, due to glory and self-sacrifice", could not be shaken by such a petty affair as the torturing of inmates in Polish prisons.



THE LITERARY MONTHLY
A Polish Revolutionary Literary Organ

Mr. Slonimsky, the "strict pacifist" who appals impressionable readers of the petty-bourgeois *Literary Gazette* with his "uncompromising radicalism", utilizes the Brest episode, in his second pronunciamento, for propaganda of "true fascism", which according to his opinion, "will, bring prosperity and organization", and also for condemning the proletarian revolution, which is "just as barbarous and inopportune as the imperialistic war". Mr. Slonimsky blames Polish fascism for not being true fascism, and declares that it is not clear why terrorist methods are adopted in Poland. Most evidently they are adopted because of incapacity or because it is the line of least resistance, it being easier to kick the stuffings out of someone, especially if you are the stronger, than to organize and conquer on the basis of cultural expansion.

While the Polish bourgeois writers argue and meditate as to whether they should or should not protest against the unmerciful beating of bourgeois deputies in the Brest prison, a number of Ukrainian social workers and two proletarian writers have been tortured to death in the prison in Lutsk. The fascist grimalkin listens but heeds not.

The outrages in Lutsk will undoubtedly provoke no response in the impressionable "humanitarian" conscience of modern Polish bourgeois literature. For as the state laureate, venerable critic, and well-known "socialist" K. Ijiovsky recently said: "The affairs of communists are *known and simple*, theoretically they are so to say *solved*, the same as a flood, earthquake or triumph of champion K. or N. They could amuse us, or even disturb us, but in the sense of the ideal they have no significance..."

Warsaw,
January 1931.

A PROLETARIAN MAGAZINE IS THREATENED WITH SUSPENSION

The only Polish literary magazine representing revolutionary Marxism, *Miesięcznik Literacki* (*Literary Monthly*), which, despite recurrent confiscations, has been existing for over one year under the editorship of Alexander Vat, has now become an object of more persistent persecution. Four consecutive numbers (11, 12, 13, 14,) have been confiscated for printing articles about the life of the industrial and agricultural proletariat of Poland, and poems by Bronevski, Grot, and Stande. Owing to continuous confiscations, the magazine has suffered great financial losses, as a result its future publication is threatened. The board of editors of the "Literary Monthly" issued an appeal to all the readers of the magazine asking them for financial support, and designating January as a month of propaganda for the *Literary Monthly*.

It really would be a great loss if the Polish fascist power, which is suppressing every organ of revolutionary thought, succeeded in strangling also this magazine. In the fourteen months of its existence, under the particularly difficult conditions of a fascist dictatorship, the *Literary Monthly* has succeeded in striking roots among the readers of the Polish working masses. It found a very warm response among the left

wing bourgeois intellectuals, who are seeking an escape from the gloomy impasse into which the country has been driven by the regime of the bloody marshall. To the nucleus of Polish proletarian writers (V. Bronevski, J. Gempel, A. Stavar, Ct. R. Stande,) who were still able to remain within the borders of Poland, was added the gifted prose writer Alexander Vat, the present editor of the magazine, who had, in the first years of Polish independence represented left wing petty bourgeois literature, under the banner of futurism, and who had later joined the revolutionary proletariat. The magazine helped to bring out quite a number of new proletarian writers. (the poets S. T. Vigodski, U. Grot, etc.) *The Literary Monthly* conducted a prize contest for proletarian essays, with the result that new groups of proletarian writers appeared, who had not before figured in literature. A whole series of very interesting essays which appeared in recent numbers of the *Monthly*, depicts with striking faithfulness the enslaved condition of the industrial and agricultural proletariat of Poland.

It is not without good reason that the fascist power, fearing the unvarnished truth like fire, strikes with such indignation at this new, rising literature, trying to nip it in the bud through official repression.

Warsaw,

January 1931.

INTERNATIONAL ROLLCALL

The Ukrainian proletarian literary magazine "*Vikna*" ("*Windows*"), published in the West Ukraine, has devoted a special number to Polish proletarian literature, thus beginning a constructive international exchange of the works of proletarian literature. The next special numbers of *Vikna* will be devoted to German and Bulgarian proletarian literature. In thus acquainting the West Ukrainian toiling masses with the proletarian literature of other countries, *Vikna* has challenged to socialist competition the publishers of Polish, German, and Bulgarian proletarian literature, (*Literary Monthly*, *RLF*, *Linkskurve*) calling on them to devote special numbers to the proletarian literature of West Ukraine.

The *Literary Monthly* and the *Workers' Literary Front (WLF)* have already responded to the challenge of *Vikna*, announcing that they

would publish special numbers in the near future. In its turn *RLF* challenged the *Literary Monthly* and the *Union of Austrian Proletarian Writers*. Close relations between the above mentioned literary magazines have been established for the exchange of proletarian literary works.

The fascist powers have tried to break up this international rollcall by repressive administrative measures. The issue of *Vikna* devoted to Polish proletarian literature was confiscated for printing an extract of a poem by Bruno Jasiensky *A Word about Jacob Shel*, a poem by St. R. Stande, and an extract from an article by Stavar. It is noteworthy that Bruno Jasiensky's poem published in Poland in 1926, had at that time not been suppressed. This fact is, on the one hand, proof of the stricter censorship in Poland, which becomes increasingly stringent as the wave of revolutionary sentiment sweeps the country, and, on the other hand, it is a glaring example of the permanent state of "martial law" which prevails under fascist occupation in the Western Ukraine.

Lvov, January 1931.

FRANCE

THE BOURGEOIS ON PROLETARIAN LITERATURE

The French literary bourgeois is continuously occupied with the question of proletarian literature, the possibility of its existence and its characteristics. The intensification of the class struggle and the advance of the proletariat on many fronts brought the French bourgeoisie squarely face to face with the problem of extending its influence and ideological hegemony over the advance guard of the working class, which is steadily going over to communism. The best proof of this is the appearance in France of two parallel literary "schools"—the populists, and the Valois group which has appropriated a proletarian label—on both of whose banners appears the slogan: Write About Workers and Peasants. Populism, founded as a literary movement by a well known group of reactionary writers (André Terif, the regular critic of *Temps*.) advocates the depiction in literature of the small, obscure "man of the People," as something rather exotic, as something that might put new life into contemporary French literature which has

been exploiting almost exclusively the life of the "upper ten thousand." Terif does not at all pretend to enrich literature with that social content which comes from the life of the "man of the people." The proletarian writers under the banner of Valois, grouped around the new magazine *Nouvel Age* (*New Age*), which is edited by Henri Poulaille, stress on the contrary the social content of their literary works. Claiming direct descent from George Vallise and Charles Louis Philipe, they urge an art of a definite ideological trend, an art permeated with radical, syndicalist, essentially fascist tendencies.

The expression "proletarian literature," heretofore furiously opposed by bourgeois criticism, is again appearing on the pages of French magazines as representing a new school, and is evoking heated discussions among the French admirers of upper class literature.

Recently the *Nouvelles Littéraires* (*Literary News*) circulated a questionnaire — one of a countless number — on the subject of proletarian literature, which provoked a great deal of amusing grandiloquence among the French bourgeoisie. Among those who answered, the rather well known populist writer Marcel Aime, the recipient of the Goncourt prize last year, was the most devastating. To give an idea of the intellectual level of this discussion, we herewith reproduce the most brilliant passages:

"According to the dictionary Littré, literature is the aggregate of creative literary works. This simple definition excludes proletarian literature. Only he who is absolutely ignorant of the masses can deny this.

"Indeed, if you would write for the masses, you must abandon every pretense at artistic creation, for the ability of the masses to understand the printed word stops at the threshold of real art. I hope that I shall not offend the masses when I say that the taste for literature, even if it is an innate quality independent of the social milieu, remains undeveloped, when it is not stimulated by a certain minimum of education, which is common in the bourgeois milieu. The inspiration of the literary artist is expressed in a play of fine conventions which one must understand if one is to appreciate literature.

"In his *African Epopee* Captain Barat tells an amusing anecdote. One of his friends,

an artist, got a negro to pose, and painted him in profile. When the painting was finished, the natives doubled up with laughter in poking fun at the model, because the painter had shown only half of his face. These blacks did not know the conventions of painting, just as the masses are ignorant of the conventions of literary art. The man with little education may still discuss systems of philosophy which he has diligently studied, but all his knowledge fails before a sonnet of Baudelaire.

"...To my mind proletarian literature is nothing more than a fad, an amusing entertainment.... For the time being it is a mere label, with nothing behind it. We could do as well without it".

If the definition of Monsieur Marcel Aime refers to the "proletarian literature" represented by the schools of Valois and Poulaille, we cannot but agree with him. There is no doubt that the proletariat can readily do without this type of literature.

The writer Gaston Shereau, a member of the Goncourt Academy, gave a no less brilliant answer to this question about proletarian literature. In his opinion "proletarian literature exists ever since writers have lived by their pens." It follows from this that the proletariat never even suspected that all writers from the beginning of the world have been proletarian writers. Or perhaps the answer of Monsieur Shereau should be understood to mean that the degree of full-bloodedness of a proletarian writer depends upon his income, and that only he can be taken for a one hundred percent proletarian writer, who is quoted lowest on the literary exchange? Paris,

January 1931.

BULGARIA

THE WORKERS' LITERARY PERIODICALS IN BULGARIA

After the explosion in the Sophia cathedral (April 1925) the workers' movement in Bulgaria suffered violent repressions at the hands of the fascist terror. So complete was the devastation that for some time the revolutionary workers were unable to re-establish a paper. Only in

1926, thanks to the support of the working-class, was it possible to publish two magazines, devoted to proletarian literature: *The Anvil* and *The Workers Literary Front* (WLF).

The Anvil was started in 1926 and issued more than 200 books in five years. D. I. Polyanov, the founder of Bulgarian proletarian literature and the editor of *The Anvil*, watches the workers' revolutionary movement here, and abroad, and takes current political events as the subject-matter for his verse. Unfortunately, his poetry lacks the deep, stirring pathos that are likely to arouse the masses. It must be noticed that "the old blacksmith", as Polyanov calls himself, does not always stand firmly on the ground of proletarian ideology; he frequently has to overcome the social-democrat within himself. He often leans to pacifism and to social-democracy. It should be sufficient to state that Polyanov places Chiang-Kai-Shek and Ghandi in the first rank of revolutionaries, and dealing with the English strike of 1926, correctly characterised by him as the struggle of two different worlds, he put at the head of the proletarian world no other than... Macdonald and even... Thomas.

Polyanov's verses, devoted to the struggle for an amnesty are devoid of the least revolutionary feeling. They appeal to the enemy for mercy and are permeated with the spirit of christian humility. These and similar ideological shortcomings in Polyanov's poetical works make the founder of Bulgarian proletarian poetry its "fellow traveller". But in *The Anvil* the young generation of proletarian poets has begun its work, and in consequence the magazine is now becoming the true anvil of the rising proletarian literature. Many of the young poets have been forging their verses in the "old blacksmith's" workshop. Some of them (Christo Radevsky, Nicola Lankov and others) have developed into poets of a definitely literary character. *The Anvil* has become the center of worker and peasant correspondents, educating the young proletarian generation which will replace the dead (Chrisco Smirnensky) and perished (Gueo Milev, Christo Yasenev) revolutionary poets, which will replace Polyanov himself.

In *The Anvil*, during the whole of its existence, only a few works of fiction have been published. The most prominent writer for the magazine has been Lilyanov, who had appeared exclusively in the workers' press even before the foundation of the *Anvil*. At the present moment Lilyanov may be regarded as the nearest

fellow-traveller of proletarian literature, and as striving to become a true proletarian writer. In the last issues of "*The Anvil*" two of his tales were printed: *The Rays* (the story of a working woman's miserable life and of her sentimental love) and *Fate* (the end of that love: a fire in the factory resulting in the girl's face being disfigured and her friend blinded). This tale leaves a painful impression. One does not see any issue out of the rightless and unbearable situation of the workmen, neither does one see the reason for the fire — whether it was indeed an accident, or the result of the owners' awful sweating-system. It is just that passive way of treating life that prevents Lilyanov from becoming a proletarian author.

A year ago *The Workers' Literary Front*, devoted exclusively to proletarian literature, was founded in Sophia. The magazine is issued weekly in the form of a newspaper. Little by little the treatment of social, political and literary questions is passing from *The Anvil* to the *WLF*, and it has in no small degree contributed to a clear understanding of the aims of proletarian literature, encouraging discussion of literary questions, and proletarian style. *WLF* rightly takes the stand that the worker and peasant correspondents must be the reserve from which to choose proletarian writers. The savage fascist persecution is causing a systematic decimation in the ranks of proletarian authors, and only that reserve can provide an inexhaustible source of youth for proletarian literature.

WLF introduced into Bulgaria the shorter form — "tale-agitation-leaflet". Revolutionary belles-lettres in Bulgaria are not very developed, hence *WLF* is paving a new path in this connection. *WLF* deserves also no small credit for making the Bulgarian workmen acquainted with the achievements of proletarian literature abroad, and with the cultural achievements of the Soviet Union — a task of huge importance, taking into consideration the fact that the fascist government is doing everything to tear Bulgaria away from the influence of the international revolutionary movement and, chiefly, from the influence of the great proletarian country. Each line in *WLF* breathes courage, pluck and confidence in the coming victory, in spite of its often being confiscated and its editors being arrested and put into prison.

Sophia January 1931.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

"LEFT FRONT"

For over a year there has existed in Czecho-Slovakia a Union of the left intelligentsia, called "left front". Up to last autumn, however, the activities of this union were limited to the organization of soirees and lectures on cultural-political subjects. The ideological platform of the LF was extremely vague and indefinite, while its membership was rather heterogeneous. It is beyond doubt, however, that this was a group of men, under the influence of the revolutionary vanguard of the laboring class, who set before themselves the task of fighting reaction, no matter in what form it expressed itself.

Last autumn, under the influence of increased unrest among the petty-bourgeois intelligentsia of Czecho-Slovakia, the union underwent reorganization, and defined its task more concretely. The LF founded its own newspaper (called *The Left Front*) and successfully introduced an interesting form of work among the Czechish and Slovakian intelligentsia.

The critic K. Taigé, who formerly headed the old union, was replaced by St. K. Neiman, one of the most prominent modern poets of Czecho-Slovakia. St. Neiman was elected leader of the Union and chairman of the presidium and wields great authority among the modern intelligentsia of Czecho-Slovakia.

Besides the central organization in Prague, the union now has a number of branches in Bren, Kradtzi and Kralov. The branch in Bren has acquired great influence among the students, and is treated by the police as a revolutionary organization: — meetings of the *Left Front* are dispersed, posters and placards are confiscated, etc. The Central Union in Prague has three sections: the architectonical section, headed by K. Taigé; the philosophic-sociological section, headed by prof. Prokchazkoi, and the Student Section. For some reason there is no writer's section. The name of the third section shows that the Left Front is paying great attention to the youth, to students, who are the foremost element among the intelligentsia — this is the right thing to do. — It however pays little attention to the writers, although it is known that quite a number of writers are organized in the LF.

The existence of the LF acquired particular significance after the Union began to publish its own newspaper (the editors are Jan Fromek

and P. Prokop). With this newspaper the Union acquired an instrument of propaganda for its views, and there can be no doubt that this newspaper will be called upon to play a large role in the cultural life of the Czecho-Slovakian intelligentsia. More about the problems of the LF and its ideological platform will be given in the next issue.

COMMENTS ON THE 2ND INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE OF REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS

Delegates of Czecho-Slovakia, upon their return from the 2nd International Conference of Revolutionary Writers, published a series of articles in the left press, about the USSR and the results of the conference.

Thus, the *Rude Pravo and Delnitska Rovnost*, both organs of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Czecho-Slovakia, published a number of articles by B. Vatslavek, on the results of the Kharkoff conference, the "Chin" is publishing a series of sketches by the same author on his impressions of the conference in Kharkoff and his stay in the USSR. Furthermore, B. Vatslavek gave two lectures on the USSR before large audiences. His lectures had enormous success among the students and workers. In the near future comrades Klementis and Vatslavek will give a series of lectures in the large cities of Czecho-Slovakia, and will also make a report at a meeting of the *Left Front in Prague*.

Delegate W. Kanya is writing several sketches on his impressions of the USSR, for the newspaper *Rudiy Vechernik*. The *Delnitska Rovnost* published an article by Lingart on the *Kharkov Traktorostroi*. An article by the same author called *Tempos*, on the construction work in the Ukrainian Soviet Republic, was published in the magazine *Tvorba*.

The magazine *Tvorba* in its 50th issue, published, an open letter from the International Union of Revolutionary Writers to the revolutionary writers of *Czecho-Slovakia*, which was signed by delegates of all countries represented at the Conference. This letter had a great influence among the fellow-travellers in the proletarian literary movement of Czecho-Slovakia. On the strength of the resolution adopted by the Kharkoff Conference, a Union of Proletarian Writers will soon be organized in Czecho-Slovakia.

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A new book called *Captives*, by A. Lian, has been published in Prague by Petrov Publishers. It is a narrative on the adventures of Czechish war prisoners in the Caucasus (during the war).

The *Sphinx* Publishers have issued a new book by I. Olbracht called *A Mirror in the Grating*. The author calls his book a novel, but it is rather a narrative about a man who spent several months in prison, embracing separate episodes from the life of the prisoner and also from the life of his cell-mates. The novel gives a good insight into the revolutionary life of island workers.

The Slovak writer Milo Urban, author of the best Slovak novel *The living Plague*, has written a sequel to this novel which has been published by *Drujestveni Pratsye* under the title *Gloom at Dawn*. It must be admitted that the sequel is a failure both in tenor and composition.

The Bratislav Publishers *Stan* have published a book of short stories by the modern proletarian Slovak writer Peter Hlemnický, called *The Return*.

RUMANIA

THE BOOK CRISIS

The progressive press of Bucharest is shedding bitter tears, complaining that the so-called book crisis threatens completely to destroy "modern", "high class" literature. Those who have the money do not read books, while those who have an urge to read, hardly earn enough for their daily bread. Theater tickets are very expensive, and are purchased only by an insignificant group of capitalists

and those who receive tips from the capitalists. Consequently, only the operetta and other "low-class" theatrical artists could consider themselves provided for.

Bitterly complaining about hard times, the zealous petty bourgeois mourners for culture sigh and groan in the newspaper *Adeverul*. Thus in the New Year's issue we read: "The number of publishers grows smaller and smaller each year. They fall victims to the book crisis. Even the large publishing houses are reduced to bankruptcy and are in bad straits". According to the opinion of these gentlemen, the cultural difficulties are due to the following reasons: "impudence" of money-holders, who want to invest their capital only in sound and profitable business, and indifference of the government, plus impoverishment of the large masses of readers and their indifference to cultural problems.

The "impudence" of money-holders is expressed not only in their refusal to publish symbolistic lyrics. It goes far beyond that. The money-holders not only refuse to compensate "high-class" literature, but they actively suppress it, confiscating the scanty funds of the large book-reading masses, and using these funds for the purchase of guns. Thus, instead of going into "specific reasons" it would suffice to say a few words about the new state budget,—which, by the way, includes the following extortionate provisions.

1) In view of the fact that owing to general impoverishment and unemployment indirect taxes yielded only 50 percent of the revenues contemplated in the 1930 budget, the tax on wages and direct taxes in 1931 will be increased by 10—20 percent.

2) A deduction of from 1 to 22 percent from the wages of all government employees will create a new source of revenue for the government, amounting to a total of 3, 417 million lei.

3) All government expenditures, especially those for cultural needs, are to be cut down. Appropriations for education will be decreased by 1½ billion lei (not including the cut in teacher's wages). Unemployment insurance does not exist, as it had not existed before. Subsidies to theatres are cancelled. The sums appropriated to meet the requirements of "health protection" and satisfy the aesthetic needs of the toilers amount to 1,252 million lei (23 million dollars), of which 80 percent goes to pay the salaries of the functionaries.

4) Together with the wholesale robbery of tax-payers, workers and employees, and together with the cancelling of government appropriations for culture, there is an increase in the budget of the war department (according to official announcements) from $8\frac{1}{2}$ billion to 10,785 billion lei. This sum does not include the enormous amounts extracted semi-officially for military purposes from the incomes of "autonomous monopolistic organizations". According to calculations made by bourgeois economists, these sums (not including the laying of railroads of strategic importance) amount to approximately 20 billion lei.

This is the real explanation for the "impudence of moneyholders" and "indifference of the government". This is actually what is behind the third reason for the book crisis — the impoverishment of the large masses of book readers and their indifference to cultural problems. As a matter of fact, the masses are indifferent only to "high-class" and "modern" petty-bourgeois scribbling. For the peasants of entire provinces, reduced to bankruptcy, abandon their lands and toss about from city to city, from region to region; a good half of the mills and factories are closed, while the rest work only 5–6 hours a day and pay such meagre wages that the workers have hardly enough to buy corn-bread. Workers are being exported in scores of thousands to far-away countries beyond the ocean. The majority of town traders and handicraftsmen are being ruined, are succumbing under the pressure of great crisis, collapsing in the clutches of the "moneyholders". Soldiers are also starving, despite the 20-billion-lei war budget; for out of the 3,353 million lei appropriated for maintaining the army, 2,395 million go to pay the salaries of 15,375 officers, and only 958 million lei remain for the 160,000 soldiers. This sum goes for food, equipment, and everything else. "Modern" literature of the petty bourgeois intelligentsia cares nothing for all these processes which go on in the depths of social life.

Professor Iorga, a historian and ideologist of the Rumanian bourgeoisie, recently said in parliament: "Thus, only the weak and the

destitute are the ones who perish. The Rumanian bourgeoisie is only now establishing itself".

The "destitute", this means all the toiling peasants who compose 70 percent of the population. This weakens the very foundations of the ruling, decaying bourgeois-capitalist order in Roumania. In this critical, decisive, militant year, so full of decisive events, the outstanding "achievements" of "high-class", "modern" and "radical" Rumanian literature are:

The Black Gates by Tudor Argesi — a mystical and impressionistic reminiscence of the prison in which the author spent several weeks in the capacity of a highly privileged inmate; *The Paradise of Sighs* — mystical and pornographic stories by Ion Viney; *The last night of love — the first night of war*, by Kamil Petrescu — a novel on jealousy dressed in military uniform. *Roksana's Book of Piquant Stories about a Priest*, by the "socialist" priest Gala Galaktion.

Any wonder that the large reading masses have no taste for such literature?

The large masses of readers, the laboring masses of Rumania, would most certainly support a real revolutionary literature, a literature reflecting the bitter reality of present-day Rumania. Mountains of manuscripts seized from authors who had been thrown into prisons and torture-chambers have accumulated in the archives of the Sigurantsi (Rumanian police). The neutral newspaper *Sikra*, published in Paris, has been prohibited in Rumania, because it printed a novel called *Tarastkosh*, written by the proletarian writer Mozesh Kahana. Workers and members of the intelligentsia are sent to prison for subscribing to, or reading foreign revolutionary literature.

No, there is no "book crisis" in Rumania. Rumania is a country in which capitalism is falling to pieces, where preparations for an interventionist war are being made, where the petty-bourgeois intelligentsia is in a stage of decay, and where barbarous fascist terror exists.

Bucharest, December 1930.

DOCUMENT

TO ALL WRITERS OF THE WORLD

The wave of punitive expeditions, the excesses of the troops and the cruelty of the White terrorism which is raging in the districts of Western Ukraine, occupied by Polish fascism, two months ago called forth an energetic protest from the revolutionary writers of the whole world who were participating in the international conference of revolutionary writers at Kharkov.

The latest news received from this unfortunate country which is being rent asunder before the eyes and with the silent consent of all the "civilized" world, compels us once more to raise our voices and appeal, over the heads of governments, to all the writers and cultural workers of the whole world, for whom the brutal torture of tens and hundreds of people for their revolutionary beliefs is not and cannot be a mere newspaper item.

The torture chambers of modern fascist Poland have already made themselves famous throughout the world by their inconceivable brutality, before which descriptions of the gloomy dungeons of the Middle Ages pale into insignificance and the Tzarist "Okhrana" and the torture chambers of Balcan executioners seem palaces of innocence. The so-called "public opinion" of civilized countries is already accustomed to the fact that in fascist-countries bands of government thugs can murder revolutionaries without punishment. The Polish hangmen in this respect have outdone their class allies. Before killing their victims, they indulge in the most monstrous tortures, which only the lowest of degenerates could even hear about without shuddering.

The deeds which are being committed at the present time in the dungeons of Lutsk, where dozens of Ukrainian public men are imprisoned, surpass everything which has ever been described. The prisoners in Lutsk are tortured

inhumanly: they are seared with heated irons, their feet are flogged with rubber sticks, they are hung up by the hair, needles are driven under their nails, water and kerosene poured through their noses into their lungs, spikes driven into their thighs, their sexual organs flayed with rubber; women are violated and thrashed into unconsciousness. Three of them have died from these tortures, one was killed and thrown into the river Stir and many were driven insane. Among the prisoners in Lutsk prison there are two proletarian writers from Western Ukraine, members of the Ukrainian proletarian literary group "Gorno", Antonina Matulivna and Vladimir Shyan, both of whom have fallen into the hands of Zarembo, the executioner noted for his brutality. Matulivna is a well known dramatist and producer of plays. Driven to desperation by inhuman tortures, she tried to put an end to them by cutting her throat. She is dying in the prison-hospital in Lutsk.

In the face of such brutality, anyone who keeps silence, shielding himself by the plea that he does not interfere in "politics" puts himself in the ranks of the supporters of this filthy savagery which is trying by the sword and the hangman's noose to strangle the movement of liberation in an enslaved country, under the wing of the murderous regime of the bloody soldier in general's uniform who is now in power in this country, with the benevolent assistance of the governments of imperialist countries. The very existence of a government where such bestiality can take place in public, where it has become a regular system, the basis of the governing regime, is a disgrace to the whole of toiling humanity and to every thinking individual who claims the title of a cultured person.

Writers of the world! If you do not wish to feel that you are responsible for this villainy,

if you do not wish to become an accomplice of this disgrace and besmirch your name with it forever before the workers of all countries, your task, your duty is to mobilize the people of your country in the struggle for liberating the torn victims of bloody violence from the hands of the Polish bandits.

Down with the odious regime which is kept in power by unexampled crimes.

Down with polish fascism — the hangman of oppressed peoples.

Long live the revolutionary working masses of Poland, western Ukraine and Western White Russia, the grave diggers of Polish fascism.

•Long live united free Soviet Ukraine, united free Soviet White Russia!

Signed on behalf of International Union of Revolutionary Writers:

Johannes R. Becher, Ernest Glaeser, E. E. Kisch.

Ludwig Renn, Anna Zegers, Johan Marchwiza (Germany)

Henri Barbusse, Louis Aragon (France)

Bob Ellis, Harold Heslop (Great Britain)

Upton Sinclair, Michael Gold, John Dos Passos (America)

Bela Illes, Anatole, Hjidás (Hungary)

Thomas Dombal, Bruno Jasiensky, Wittold Wandursky (Poland)

Vasil Bobinsky, Irchan (West Ukraine)

Novomesky, V. Klementis (Czecho-Slovakia)

M. Kachana (Rumania) Linnard Laicen (Latvia)

Tokunaga Naossi, Fujimori Seikichi (Japan)

Gomarjo, Siao (China), Lakhuti (Persia)

Hamdi Selliam (Egypt)

L. Auerbach, F. Gladkov, U. Libedinsky, L. Mikitenko,

A. Serafimovich, A. Fadeiev (USSR).

TO ALL REVOLUTIONARY WRITERS OF THE WORLD

The aggravation of the class-struggle in China which was noted by the recent plenum of the E. C. C. I. has penetrated even into the field of literature. The bloody reaction of the Kuomintang, alarmed by the enormous increase in the number of Soviets established by the Chinese workers and peasants, is waging aggressive war not only against proletarian literature but even against radical-liberal and petty-bourgeois literary and cultural organizations.

This persecution became particularly acute when Chiang-Kai-Shek, hero of the national bourgeoisie, was appointed as Minister of Education. The general characteristic of Chiang-Kai-Shek's "cultural" policy is a censorial repression hitherto unknown even in China. Even the works of "fellow travellers," with their rather doubtful revolutionary tendencies have been confiscated. Any mention of the Soviet Union, the use of the word "struggle" in any sense whatsoever, and even the fact that a book is bound in red, constitute sufficient grounds for confiscation. As a result, the total output of books of all kinds has suffered a sharp decline.

The proletarian and revolutionary literature of China is thus forced underground. The League of Left-Front Writers finds it practically impossible to continue its work. Revolutionary writers find it impossible to publish

their works, and consequently, have no means of subsistence. Moreover, the Kuomintang government in addition to this "legal" repression, which involves a merciless interdiction of all liberal, radical, proletarian or revolutionary publications, has resorted to the use of physical force against those authors whom they wish to destroy. In Shanghai recently twenty communists have been shot, four of these being revolutionary writers, and one of the four a woman.

It is beyond doubt that this class-justice of "cultural" imperialism in China will continue to seek out and attempt to exterminate revolutionary literature and revolutionary writers. New victims are being claimed every day. A bloody page is being written in Chinese history. The number of revolutionary and proletarian writers who are being thrown into prisons, there to rot or legally to "disappear", is constantly increasing. The new Minister for Education apparently understands clearly and appreciates profoundly the real relation between literature and politics; he knows that one of the best ways to hamper the cause of anti-imperialistic and anti-feudalistic revolution is to deprive the writers of revolutionary China of the right of free press.

The International Union of Revolutionary Writers protests vigorously against these military executions and against Chiang-Kai-Shek's

censorial terror, and feels confident that the revolutionary and proletarian literature of China will continue to develop despite these persecutions. The Chinese bourgeoisie, although attracted by nationalistic phrases, will never be able to build up any Chinese national cul-

ture; it is the interests of their "silent" partners, the imperialists, that the Chinese worker and peasant be kept at their present low cultural level. A National cultural revolution in China can be accomplished only under the leadership of its revolutionary proletariat.

Signed on behalf of the International Union of Revolutionary Writers.

L. Auerbach, Johannes R. Becher, Bela Illes,
I. Mikitenko, Bruno Jasiensky.

A. Serafimovich, A. Fadeiev, F. Gladkov,
F. Panferov (U S S R).

E. Glaeser, Anna Saghere, L. Renn, E. E. Kisch
(G e r m a n y).

A. Hidas, Jan. Mateika. A. Comyat (H u n -
g a r y).

Latzo Novomesky, Peter Illemnický, Vla-

dimir Klementis (C z e c h o - S l o v a k i a).

Upton Sinclair, Michael Gold, John Dós
Passos (U S A).

Henri Barbusse (F r a n c e).

E. Fabri (A u s t r i a).

Linard Laisen (L a t v i a).

Lakhonti (P e r s i a).

M. Kahana (R u m a n i a).

G. Bakalov (B u l g a r i a).

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