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CLARA ZETKIN *By Paula Illes-Kupka*

Five other drawings by this well known Austrian revolutionary artist are included in this issue

Leonid Sobolev

Complete Overhauling

A Section of A New Soviet Novel

While woolly clouds hung motionless and majestic in the height of the July sky—incredibly blue like the sky on colored picture postcards. The spires of the Admiralty and the Petropavlovsk Fort—the swords of two sentries guarding St. Isaac's heavy crown—pierced the blue. Their gilding glittered against the sky and dazzled the eyes with a sparkling dust. St. Petersburg was holding court for the sun in her splendid throne room.

The palaces strung like pearls along the granite thread of the waterside were hidden in the dim green depths of their velvet cases—the gardens. Like the moire ribbons of orders, the intersecting canals were caught by the buckles of numberless bridges. The capital wore the broad blue ribbon of the Neva across her chest like the Order of St. Andrei. The cupolas of the cathedrals sparkled in their settings of marble columns, like the diamonds in the rings presented by an Empress .The heavy golden letters in the signs over the banks and business houses shone like sovereigns scattered about the city from the open, careless purses of the great. The blocks of the houses were regular as the divisions in a parquet floor. The squares were smooth and untroubled as the bases of monuments to great deeds and men valued by the Empire; the streets were straight, wide grooves leading out from the lycees, universities and academies to the spacious Russian plains, into which they poured a never ending stream of governors, magistrates, prelates, landofficials, officers, bankers and merchants. There she stood, looking out to sea, the city of the Empire, often sung and accustomed to hearing her own praises, forcing people to think of her in none but the most florid images used in courts.

Helsingfors beckoned to Yurie like a lover, but he thought of St. Petersburg as a rich bride, stiff formal and unloved. But if one had to make one's career here—one must appear to love this Petersburg, which contained the beginnings of the career: connections, power, other people's money and the public opinion so necessary to the rest of Russia. "A cold, flat, egoistic and overbearing beauty:" as Yurie called the city in his letters to his brother. He was terrified of the severity of her chessboard lines, the granite formality of social relations, the indifferent politeness of the Petersburgians, even and noiseless like the wooden pavements.

The Kronstadt steamer sailed up slowly panting asthmaticalli at every turn of her wheels. The water under them was muddy and yellow; it was probably unpleasantly warm like that of a bath that had gone cool and probably had a heavy, moist smell like linen that had been worn too long and the uncleanliness of an indoor human body. The sea lay before the city entrance, a great untidy poet of the filth and rubbish cast out by the vast town.

But the water was only like that near the ship; if one looked away in the distance, the Marquise Pool became the sea once more; the sun decked her in a breast plate of shining silver which the sky decorated with patches of deepest azure and thus a fitting frame was created for the gold, the granite and the wooden pavements.

It was all a sham. But the capital was used to imitations for so long that she did not notice them any more than a man who had once got used to having a false tooth in his mouth would notice it, although he might feel it from time to time with the tip of his tongue to see if that was what was aching. Beginning with the milk (adulterated with water) supplied by the Benois farm to His Majesty's court and the ordinary citizens and ending with the unbearable haughtiness of the Imperial eagle on the flag flying over the Winter Palace—the capital was filled from end to end with either good or bad imitations. They gave her the shameless brilliance of the false diamonds worn by Petersburg ladies of the middle noblesse to dazzle provincial acquaintances. Behind this spurious glitter the sober eye might detect the dark tide mark which showed clearly on the perfumed skin of the Empress Elizabeth, when, after a magnificent reception in honor of foreign ambassadors, the maids-of-honor would strip her of her heavy brocade gown. Her body, that went unwashed for months on end, was quite a different color from the neck and arms displayed by the decollete gown to the gaze of Europe. The Empress disliked bathing and only indulged in it at Christmas and Easter.

Thus under her marble and granite the capital disguised her indestructible Russian lousiness and filth, her beggary, savagery, and serf-owning autocracy. Her granite bordered canals stank with the fearful persistent stench of domestic water closets. The great Neva fed the islands and the suburbs with unadulterated cholera essence; the water was only filtered in the center of the town. Under the deserted parquet floors of the spacious mansions over a hundred and fifty thousand people rotted in the corners where they had from one to two yards of space to person—what might be called a cemetery allotment. Twenty-two thousand registered mendicants adorned with their filthy rags the porches of the cathedrals where from the ikonostases that weighed a hundred poods of pure silver, from behind columns of lapis-lazuli, the expressionless face of the Queen of Heaven looked out, framed in a glittering halo of precious stones (valued at a hundred and ten thousand rubles). The palaces, built on debt, deceived the passers-by with the royal splendor of their columns and the richness of their vast façades. None but a raw provincial, however, would have felt a tremor of excitement in gazing at them, or imagined the strange and wonderful life led behind the walls by princes of the royal blood. The palaces had been sold long since by the august speculators to the treasury; Maria Nikolaevna had sold hers as the State Council, the one belonging to the children of the Duke Mikhail Pavlovich was now turned into the Russian Museum, Nikolai Nikolaivich the Elder, after bargaining a while had sold his palace as an exclusive boarding court for young ladies, and Nikolai the Younger, waiving all questions of court etiquette, had got rid of his as the Palace Theatre of Light Opera.

A few of the palaces still preserved the stateliness of royal dwellings. Alexander's country palace in Tsarskoe Selo was one of these. Behind its wrought iron railings it was impossible to guess at the middle class suite of apartments built by Nikolai Alexandrovich after his own taste; he had turned one of Quarengi's rarest creations—a concert room—into convenient lavatories for his household. Nikolai Alexandrovich, who in 1903, by the way, was granted sixteen million rubles from the state budget for the upkeep of the court, (exclusive of the 4,286,895 rubles accorded "His Imperial Majesty for his own particular use"), set his subjects a fine example of thrift and modesty in his private life. He used his pencils to a mere stump, for instance, did not even throw these away, but gave them to his royal offspring to play with.

It was the same with the Winter Palace; its slender columns had lost the airiness with which a great architect had endowed them. Like the Palace itself, they were now painted a good practical maroon—the identical color with which the walls of all the slaughter houses in Russia were painted, so the blood stains would not show. Perhaps this measure in regard to the Palace was not without its point, as the events of one quiet January morning were to show.

The same thing happened with the Anichkov Palace, where the widow of the police officer of All the Russias, Alexander III, was dragging out her withered old age; this palace, which had been chosen as the dwelling of that exemplary family man preserved the best moral traditions of the House of Romanovs. It had been built by the Empress Elizabeth for Count Razumovsky in grateful acknowledgement of the sleepless nights he had spent in her bed. Forty years later Catherine the Great bestowed it upon Prince Potemkin in return for similar services.

The capital was filled to the brim with shams. The city of officials smacked its lips over French sardines that were Riga sprats, dressed itself in English cloth made in Lodz, followed the course of foreign affairs in the *New Times,* and attired its brides in the white veil of virginity. The city of shareholders kissed the newly discovered relics of Seraphima of Sarov, called the Duma, "Parliament," sent its children to high schools, read Artsybashev and Verbitsky and was extremely proud to sport the title of "capital of the Empire" before old Moscow. The smooth concrete of its new buildings semed solid granite, the thin sheets of glass in the huge windows—mirrors. The white lozenge of the university badge stood for education, manicure for culture. Ismailovsky Prospect trembled beneath the firm tread of a regiment of guards passing along it; the bronze angel on the monument to Glory, having scrambled up the column of five tiers of Turkish cannon, stood blessing the regiment with a laurel wreath—and the army appeared to be unconquerable (although it was the same army that the Japanese had crushed ten years previously), and the Turkish campaign—a triumph (although the Dardanelles remained in Turkish hands just as before).

So she stood there facing the sea, the city of the Empire, deceiving betraying, praying, calculating, pretending and vaunting herself.

The steamer picked her way with difficulty along the Neva among the hundreds of launches and tow boats. Garlands of flags fluttered on them, a monotonous alteration of colors: white, blue, red-blue, white-red. By the armored quay of the Baltic Works formed by the masses of ships-of-the-line became vertical stripes, explaining what was happening. Placed like this, they From the severe symmetry of a decoration, an elastic many-colored stream pouring from the mast, the blue, white and red flags fluttered aloft, and became vertical stripes, explaining what was happening. Placed like this, they formed the French flag, and if they were run up like that in warships, it meant that someone belonging to the French nation was being welcomed.

The capital picked up these three colors and in a fit of self forgetful exultation trailed them along her riverside and streets. The tricolor ribbon was twined about the columns of the tram stops and the columns of the houses. It was twisted into fancy rosettes worn on the white dresses of ladies and in the lapels of the formal black coats that the men persisted in wearing in spite of the heat.

Across the street were flung huge waving banners with the three stripes—white, blue and red—red, white and blue. Placed horizontally, they were called the Russian national flag, vertically, the French. The fact that the two flags were made up of the same colors somehow expressed in a picturesque way the solidarity of the nations forming the alliance: the Russian Empire and the French Republic .

At length the nervous excitement of the moment ruffled the indifferent calm of which Yurie Livitin was so proud. The burst of firing, the anthems, flags, parades, hurrahs—uninterrupted for the Tsar, and repeated half a dozen times for the President—those three days of splendor, coming so unexpectedly to break the monotony of the training college, filled him with pride, excitement and blissful devotion. The climax of this excitement was the royal quay on the Neva; it was just visible, half buried in foliage and flags, from the ship. Naval cadets of distinguished height and attractive features were to form the guard of honor on that quay.

In the rooms of the Naval School which were always deserted in summer, the chosen were awaiting their new uniforms; the brass tabs on the belts had been polished by the servants to an insupportable brilliance, the rifles had been cleaned by the sailors, the church was open, and the banner, just released from its coverings, was awaiting the detachment of cadets.

The steamer approached the quay and Yurie, forgetting the restraint becoming to a naval cadet, gave vent with the rest to a loud hurrah and rushed towards the starboard. Two small French torpedo boats, surrounded by ferries, launches and motor boats, lay near the bridge. The river police launch hovered around her, using her stern in driving back the other launches with the same ease and persistence as the gendarmes used in driving back the people from the wharf with the glossy cruppers of their well-fed horses. The bands on shore emitted short bursts of music that were drowned by the shouts of "Hurrah! Vive la France, hurrah!" A smart, white painted yacht stood below the torpedo boats. She was a mass of flowers, tall silk hats, flags aud Paris gowns. It was the *Narcisse* that had arrived together with the squadron, bearing the most important representatives of the French industries. The representatives of the Russian firms were awaiting them in their cars on the quay. The meeting would take place in the Duma, where a banquet was to be given.

From early morning the Duma's tower had been hidden in velvet, foliage, flags and coats-of-arms. It seemed to perfume the whole of the Nevsky Prospect. The wooden pavement before it shone yellow like a parquet floor. A strong detachment of mounted constabulary were hidden within the Gostinny Dvor. The officer in charge was drawing on his white gloves; they fitted him as closely as the tights that encased the legs of the ballerina who was practising her steps at the moment in the dining hall, in preparation for the evening's performance. The town councillors were humming to the accompaniments of the piano and eyeing the ballerina's legs, as they went about verifying the labels on the champagne. The whole eight hundred bottles had to be of the best French brand. The members of the Duma Budget Commission were crowded out by tables and flowers into the dark office where they sat signing the bills of the purveyors: six thousand rubles for champagne, eight thousand for gold souvenirs for the guests, three thousand-five hundred for flowers, and so on. The amount spent on the banquet was gradually approaching that required for the support of all the childrens' homes and charitable institutions in the city for a month.

In the banqueting hall the maitres-d'hôtel from the best restaurants in the capital flung curt orders to an army of servants. In the kitchen the head superintendent of the slaughter houses, Councillor Aptekarev, garbed in a snowy overall, personally administered the death penalty to live sterlet from the Volga. His assistant, a veterinary surgeon, determined the condition of the provisions. Reviewers trotted here and there, making notes of the menu and the concert program as they went. Both of these were drawn up in the best traditions of hospitality, with a fine regard for patriotic sentiments. Russian fish soup was followed by *poulard Parisienne,* an aria from Sadko by a duet from *La Boheme,* Russian meat pie by roast woodcock, performers on the ancient Russian dulcimer by a ballet, suckling pig by lobster, *God Save the Tsar* by the *Marseillaise.* Russian lavishness was combined with French elegance, the strength of the Russian soil with Gallic diplomacy, the unstable banknotes with the gold franc, the crown with the Phrygian cap. It was a real Franco-Russian Alliance.

Nevsky Prospect, from the Duma to the Admiralty was a mass of people waiting for the President to pass. The shops were doing a roaring trade in post cards with views of Paris, portraits of well known Frenchmen, tricolor rosettes and counters. The firm of Abrikossov and Co., had dealt their competitors a knockout blow by producing a brand of caramels called Tromblon and a brand of chocolate called Stiletto—with photographs on the wrapping of the two torpedo boats they were named after. The trams had stopped, just as they did at Easter time. Strong detachments of mounted constabulary were stationed in the side streets, without waiting to be told the yard men hastily swept up the dirt made by horses on the road. The side streets were deserted; no one had been allowed to pass through to Nevsky Prospect since nine o'clock that morning.

Towards midday the city overflowed her boundaries and a foam of white dresses could be seen along the water front. From the Nikolai Bridge to the Foundry Bridge the entire riverside resembled the theatre during a first night performance. The cream of society lolled on the leather cushions of its cars and carriages as it might have done in the fautenils of its theatre boxes. The ladies' dresses were as grand as in the evening. The pavements were perfumed, the crowd rocked and surged as if in the theatre exists, talking excitedly, blinking in the blazing sunlight. The green and red tops of the officers' caps could be glimpsed here and there among the gay hats of the ladies, swords clanged on the pavements. The white Russian blouses of the city police kept the crowd at a respectful distance from the royal quay and the French Embassy. Strips of red velvet carpet laid across the road indicated the future route of the exalted visitors. Trinity Bridge seemed to bend under green garlands and colored flags. The arch over it bore the huge letters R.F. for the President was to pass under it on his way to the Petropavlovsk Cathedral, where he would lay a wreath on the tomb of Alexander III. Strong detachments of mounted police and gendarmes guarded the streets of the Petersburg City District; their heavy horses snorted and tossed their glossy dark heads, dropping clots of white foam. No one was allowed near the bridge.

The pavements of Palace Square, spread out under the arch of the War Office, shone in the noonday glare. The flag pole of the palace was still bare, but carriages and cars wound up to the porticos in a black shiny ribbon. Strong detachments of mounted police and gendarmes were stationed on the Moika and in the side streets; their riding crops hung down and tickled the

quivering flanks of the well fed horses. No one was allowed near the square. No one from the outskirts was allowed near the center.

A company of naval cadets came out on the quay at half past eleven. On account of his height Yurie Livitin was placed in the front rank. The brocade of the banner flapped freely in the breeze. It was right in front of his face; it would not keep time to the march. The school did not bear its banner as infantry usually do; the bearers moved in a long, easy stride that they had specially cultivated; they despised the short, army step that kept time to a Turkish drum beat. Smartly dressed women turned from where they were leaning on the rail of the bridge to follow with slow, admiring glances the clean limbed youths in their clean, tight jackets. It may have been the nearness of the banner or perhaps these same glances but at any rate some spring in Yurie's body vibrated, putting a strain on his muscles and sending a faint blush to his face. He marched behind the banner as if in a daze and it was only when, instead of excited women's faces, he saw before him a file of tin soldiers, that he came to himself once more. Their moustaches were all twisted in exactly the same way; even the faces which were as expressionless as a doll's, seemed like so many prints of someone's photograph. He glanced along the line: the original stood on the right flank and wore a captain's epaulettes.

"That was cleverly done!" thought Yurie to himself.

The naval cadets marched straight to the quay and lined up along the right side of the broad gangway. Along the left a company of Cossack Life Guards —"The Tsar's Own"—were lined up. Huge men with black beards spread out fan-wise on the breasts of their scarlet uniforms, and long locks of hair hanging down from under the sheepskin caps worn over the ear—they were a sight calculated to make an unforgettable impression on the visitors; an impression of Russia's primitive might, her boundless plains, tangled forests, fists like rocks and the devotion of her faithful subjects. As an indication that this elemental strength was subordinate to civilization and the brains of the country, a slim lieutenant stood before these bearded barbarians. A brilliant, high-sounding title could be discerned through the delicate porcelain of his pale, European face. His kid gloved fingers toyed with the precious stones in his sword-hilt. Centuries of culture lay behind the haughty curve of his lips, which were ready to let loose a splendid cataract of that exquisite French that had fled before the pressure of the Third Estate to the Russian aristocracy, the language in which the first project of the law presented to the Tsar Paul Petrovich was couched, a law binding the Cossacks to the land of their military chiefs, a law that put an end to the continual risings among the free Cossacks and formed the foundation of the Cossack nobility the new bulwark of the throne.

When at length the order to "stand at ease" was given, the slim lieutenant gave a friendly nod to Livitin's neighbor, Count Bobrinsky. It annoyed Yurie, this titled, long-legged fellow knew all St. Petersburg—guards, ministers, the court and the big "captains of industry," and was fond of boasting of his acquaintances. It was the same now: Bobrinsky turned to the man on his left at once and said:

"Do you know who that is? *Don't* you! Why, it's Prince Vadbolsky, the famous gambler! Last year he lost fifty thousand at cards—and the point was he never had fifty thousand in his life. Got some fool or other to play with him. . . They wanted to chuck him out of the regiment for playing on credit and he, being no fool as you may guess, went straight off to the Demidov woman—you know who I mean, the old hag with the youthful

sins?—he was hanging round her at the time. He laid the I.O.U. and his revolver on the table and said: either I shoot myself before your very eyes or you pay this bill! The old woman grumbled a bit but paid up alright. How we laughed over it afterwards! That's what I call presence of mind: prove your love, so to speak!"

Yurie frowned and said purposely to annoy the Count:

"What a dirty trick to put the naval cadets opposite those great Cossacks! Surely they could have put the pages on that side instead!"

"Nonsense, my dear fellow!" returned Bobrinsky, shaking his disproportionately small head. "What use are pages! Pages are rubbish! You won't impress anyone with them—but where in France will you find savages like these! Just look at their mugs—simply startling! By the way, do you know why we're here?"

"Tell another one!" came a disrespectful voice from the second rank. "Gentlemen, attention, please! Bobrinsky has a fresh bit of gossip!"

"It's true! My father told me! When the Foreign Minister Sazonov was talking to the French Ambassador about the meeting, he made a joke about these Cossacks: 'Won't these splendid, fierce looking chaps scare the President?' he said. 'Of course, they'll be dressed in red and that's a color that would appeal to any republican heart,' Paleologue replied in his inimitable way. 'Of course. But the Frenchman's eyes can only enjoy it to the full when it is combined with white and blue.' Sazonov determined to have the last laugh though, so he rang up Grigorovich immediately and ordered us to be sent here in white jackets. . ."

"That's just an anecdote," remarked Yurie spitefully, but he kept it in mind to show off with if an occasion offered.

"Its not an anecdote, it's diplomacy! Perhaps you imagine that that regiment of infantry is here by accident, too? Just think, why should the President be met by this unfortunate 90th Onega Infantry Regiment instead of by the Guards?"

"All got the same mug, that's why," put in the same cadet. "They're all well matched."

"And what's behind it? What's the idea, gentlemen?" exclaimed Bobrinsky excitedly. "The great idea is—'See what a country we've got! We can collect a whole company of men exactly alike for an ordinary infantry regiment! See what reserves we have, if we can choose them like that!' The captain will make his mark today, he's sure to get some decoration or other."

Yurie turned away. Bobrinsky's chatter got on his nerves. It was too assured, too shallow. Yurie felt it was not the sort of talk suitable to a future naval officer. It might be alright for a cavalryman, but it had no place in the navy. Yurie excused his dislike of the long legged Count in this way, and never admitted to himself that the real reason was envy. He envied Bobrinsky the car in which he drove to and from the school, his father who was a rowdy Black Hundred deputy, the fact that he, Bobrinsky, always knew the latest society scandal and that he was extremely wealthy. Yurie glanced about the quay.

The giant marine Guards sent with the laungh from the *Standard,* froze at attention by the ladder, ready to assist the launch as she came alongside. The grand folk who were allowed on the wharf kept up a constant babble of gay French. The archpresbyter of the military and naval clergy straightened the Order of St. George on his glittering vestments, and bent towards a

pretty woman in fluffy white lace: his was the delicate face of a prelate of the Greek Orthodox Church, a man well versed in court intrigue. The Lord Mayor, Count Tolstoi (who looked like Don Quixote, unexpectedly attired for the occasion in a frock coat with the ribbon of some order across it) kept nodding his shiny top hat to this one and that one and evidently felt himself the master of the situation. Thin curls of blue vapor came from the incense burning under the covered part of the quay, where upon a snowy cloth stood the miracle working ikon and a round flat loaf of bread on a carved wooden platter, the modesty of which was only excused by its age. The court archdeacon coughed as terrifyingly as a twelve-inch gun.

The French naval officers in the midst of a crowd of Russian frock coats and uniforms gazed at the marine guards with awe, jerking their small expressive black moustached faces upwards in frank curiosity. Their faces, their gold braided caps and uniforms seemed to belong to light opera and were strangely reminiscent of indecent potscards. One of them smiled and, bending forward to the launch, hailed a French sailor; the latter jumped to the wharf with great agility; the red pompon on his childish cap bobbed about lightheartedly. The officer pushed him towards a marine-guard.

"Allons, vite!" he said, jerking his head upwards. *"Prenez ce petit, vous, géant russe!"*

The Russian sailor did not understand what was said to him and stood looking down in consternation at the small Frenchman. Count Tolstoi saved the situation by interpreting:

"Pick him up man, and rock him like a baby! Show them a bit of Russian strength, then! Go on, don't be frightened!"

The Russian sailor glanced hither and thither, seeking the eye of one of his superiors. At last his glance lighted on the commander of the port. The Admiral nodded his luxurious grey beard by way of assent. Then the guard picked up the sturdy little French sailor and raised him high above the crowd, which applauded excitedly. The officer, delighted with his brilliant idea. waved his cap and shouted:

"La voilà, l'entente cordiale! Vive la marine russe!"

"Vive la France! Hurrah!"

The photographers clicked their cameras. The naval cadets laughed. The band played the *Marseillaise*. The Cossack swords and the bayonets of the cadets flashed, the company of tin soldiers jerked their rifles noiselessly to attention. The French sailor hanging in midair, put his hand to his cap and saluted turning his palm outward in a comical way. The Russian seized him by the belt with his left hand swung his right up to his cap and held this strange position with the Frenchman in his outstretched hand.

The *Marseillaise* played for a long time. The Russian's hand shook, his face turned purple, great drops of sweat rolled down his brow; still he went on holding the Frenchman in his outstretched hand and saluting with the other. The photographers worked furiously. The wharf shook with the clapping and shouts. The people on the bridge caught up the shouts and te hurrah rolled along the river side to the Foundry Bridge. The strong detachments of mounted police and gendarmes stationed in a solid ring at the corners of all the bridges and streets leading from the outskirts to the center, became alert. The horses pricked up their ears, the gendarmes felt the revolvers at their saddles, the officer in charge glanced round nervously.

The *Marseillaise* was over, but the band on the French torpedo boats struck up *God Save the Tsar* almost immediately, and the bands ashore followed suit. Lieutenant Prince Vadboldsky became more porcelain like than

ever, the Cossacks strained their bull necks ready for the usual wild hurrah.

The Russian sailor was turning paler. The blood ebbed back from his face, his eyes grew dim. He staggered a little. The hand with the Frenchman dropped slightly, the fingers of the hand at the salute twitched convulsively twice. But he still held on to the Frenchman, who now stopped laughing. . .

The Admiral felt like a landowner standing on the steps of his country house showing off some curiosity, some rare example of the cruel serf owner's amusement. He stood before the people assembled on the quay and, quite justifiably, attributed part of this triumph to himself. It was he and other admirals and captains—his predecessors—who were responsible for the pluck shown by the shy, slow moving peasants. This accursed, idiotic naval pluck born out of the cat o' nine tails, reared on vodka.

". . .The other day the frigate *St. John the Warrior* took an unwarranted length of time over getting in the sails in which manoeuvre she was a minute and a quarter behind the ships of the squadron. From personal experience I recommend the following measure in order that the crew may acquire quickness and sure footedness in running up the sailyards, they should be sent up to the top every day during the rest hour under the superintendence of experienced boatswains and non-commissioned officers. The latter should be given to understand that no rest would be given them until they develop in the crew that proper 'pluck' so indispensable in the navy."

Curse this idiotic seaman's pluck and strength! To the devil with it! Broken oars, ruptures, snapped cables, the Tsar's silver ruble, with shouting strained throats, eight whores ashore, tossing off bottles of vodka at one mouthful, bending a copper double and all the rest of the feats of strength.

"The committee that met on July 21, 1849, on the gunboat *Three Bishops,* found after having examined the steering compass, which was injured by Agafon Ivashchenko, a seaman, who fell upon it from the top gallant sail yard while swaying up the sail, that the glass was broken, the fly with the magnetic needle crushed and covered with blood, the brass bowl crumpled, and that the compass was rendered unfit for further use. Therefore the committee is presenting this report for Your Excelency's confirmation respecting an article bought at the treasury's expense, namely, the above mentioned compass, valued at 75 rubles and destroyed as a consequence of one of the accidents unavoidable at sea. . ."

The anthem floated out over the quay, the river, and water front like the leisurely flight of the imperial eagle. The sailor's hand was trembling violently now, the red pompon on the Frenchman's cap dithered, the old heart of the navy exulted, the Admiral's glance was a prayer and a threat.

The author of the joke is not known; in the St. Petersburg drawing rooms it was ascribed to the evil tongue of Barroness Osten-Saken, whose sympathies were known to be with Germany. It is a fact, however, that the applause suddenly weakened, heads were one by one averted from the marine-guard, the excitement on the Frenchmen's faces gave place to cold civility. The good humored laughter died away in furtive titters, smiles changed an ironical biting of the lips as the sneer crept like a poisonous snake along the quay, and heads were bent to whispering lips:

"A strange allegory, isn't it? It looks to me more like the apotheosis of 1812 than an entente cordiale. Just look, he has shaken the life out of that unfortunate little Frenchman. . . What is it. . . . a hint?"

It was true enough; the Frenchman hanging from the Russian giant's hand was faintly but damningly reminiscent of the patriotic cartoons of 1812. Everyone except the Admiral saw this. It reached even him at last, however.

and he understood, too late, its deadly poison. The muscles of his cheeks twitched and the luxurious beard beckoned to a flag officer.

"Put a stop to this nonsense, will you! That idiot is overdoing it!" he ground out through his teeth, without removing his hand from his cap. The anthem floated out over the quay.

The flag officer fixed the staggering figure with his gimlet eye. But the violent efforts of the sailor to support the Frenchman had dimmed his sixth sense; the power to feel the eye of his superiors. Then the flag officer waved his left fist lightly and made a hissing sound through his compressed lips. This spell worked: it drew the wavering glance of the sailor. The eyes, the brows and the lips of the flag officer were emitting the convulsive lightings of rage. It was borne in upon the sailor at last, through the fog enveloping him in his last desperate effort, that all was not well. The flag officer pursued him with another noiseless movement of the lips (that conveyed a clear enough reference to the sailor's disgraceful parentage) and continued to stand there saluting. The anthem went soaring over the city with the grandeur of a royal eagle's flight; the naval cadets, the Cossacks and the Onega regiment of twins stood at attention, the civilians stood with their heads bared, the people on the bridge chimed in with the majestic words and the flag officer went on cursing noiselessly. Feodor Gromak, peasant, of Tula, twenty five years of age, almost illiterate, lowered the Frenchman slowly to the deck. The quay swam before his eyes, he saw only the backs of the people who had turned away as soon as the double meaning of the allegory became clear to all.

The anthem ended. The French sailor, excited at the thought that his photo would appear in all the papers next day, and full of admiration for the strength of his Russian colleague,, held out his hand to Gromak, lisping out something patriotic. But just at that moment two officers—a moustached black and gold Frenchman, and a tall white and old Russian—turned simultaneously, and in low, hasty tones expressed the same thought in different languages:

"Finissez! Fichtre, espèce d'idiot!"

"Clear out, fool, off to the launch with you!"

The French sailor leaped into his launch at once, the Russian went staggering along the edge of the quay to his, where he was greeted with envious remarks and sneers.

"Got anything for all that?" asked one man curtly. "Is it the ruble or vodka?"

"Give me some water," replied Gromak, suddenly taking no notice of the question. He drank greedily, like a horse that had dashed past the grandstand without winning the prize.

"What a hero, anyhow!" the other sailor went on. "You shouldn't have taken the job on if you couldn't keep it up. Disgracing us sailors before the Frenchies!"

Gromak, who had finished drinking, began swearing without much heart.

"They ordered me to put him down," he said afterwards. "To hell with them, anyhow, you never can tell what they want! Let me down to my bunk. I'm all in. Something up with my heart maybe I shifted it holding that fellow up."

As he went towards the bows, another head, a grinning snub-nosed one, peered out of the engine room at that moment:

"So this is the little old eagle, is it?" said the head in an undertone. "It's time for what they say: 'the Russian sailor's an eagle everywhere: an eagle

in battle, an eagle in the ranks, an eagle everywhere except under the Admiral's eagle where he looks like a plucked barn-door fowl."

"Aw, what are you jawing about? Leave me alone!" growled Gromak.

"It's alright!" rejoined the stoker with a chuckle. "I was just watching you there—I laughed to myself! Just like a circus dog doing tricks, by God! Amusing the gentlemen, and all you got for it was a kick in the behind—as much as to say 'clear out, you're not wanted any more.' You'll pay for this hero trick with two hours' extra sentry duty, yet, you'll see—Go on, lie down a bit, maybe you'll get your wits together!"

Gromak lay down flat on his back in the orlop deck and stared up at the ceiling with eyes that felt suddenly weary. He tried to control the beating of his overworked heart. It had grown enormous. A sense of having been grossly insulted worked in him: it took on an unusual meaning from the words of the stoker.

"The damned swells, the gentry—damn them!" he burst out suddenly. The strains of the orchestra floated down between decks, but he did not move any more. The celebrations went on without him.

A landeau driven by four white horses arrived at that moment and an elderly Frenchman in uniform and a plumed hat exhibited to the crowd on the quay his close cropped grey moustaches and his sallow, smooth skin. It was Maurice Paleologue, the Ambassador of the Republic of France, come to meet the President. This meant that the yacht supplied by the Tsar for the distinguished visitor would soon arrive.

She appeared around a bend in the Neva at twelve minutes past one. She was painted black with some gold decorations about her bows, and gilded carving along the sides. She glided noiselessly up the river, the only silent thing among the rattle of salutes fired, the only naked thing among the florid tricolor draperies, the only moving thing among the general compact immobility. From her mast (the only upright thing among a crowd of bowing backs), a single flag fluttered—the flag of the French Republic, Russia's faithful ally. The Russian guns were firing salutes at it now with as much noise and smoke as a century earlier they had fired iron cannon-balls at it near Borodino, Leipsig and Sevastopol.

Then he appeared, through the smoke of the salutes, through the clang of arms, the glitter of bayonets and swords; he was instantly surrounded by a servile crowd of braided caps, military uniforms and the whole vile panoply and din of approaching war—he, who was spoken of as: . . . "this great statesman, the guardian of the European world, who just a year ago contrived without bloodshed, to bridle Germany's mad greed for French Morocco." *(Speech)*

. . ."this great patriot who has restored the tottering military power not only of France, where it has been undermined by the radical-socialist domestic policy, but also of Russia, where apparently, it was at one time forgotten that the theatre of action of the Franco-Russian Alliance did not lie in the East, but in Europe." (*Temps*)

. . ."A curious anecdote is told of his election as deputy. It appeared that his father, who was an ordinary farmer, persuaded his son's political opponent to withdraw his candidature, in return for which service the old man mowed the rival's field for him the whole day." (*St. Petersburg Gazette)*

. . ."a fighter for the sobriety of the nation. While he was Minister of Education he endeavored to inculcate this virtue in the people by means of

lectures on the harm done by drinking. . . ." *(St. Petersburg Diocesan Notes.)*

"A brilliant lawyer, an eminent economist, a clever conversationalist, the possessor of a comfortable chateau in the south of Brittany, where his charming wife has a rare collection of porcelain." (*Town and Country*)

. . ."his arrival marks a new phase in the alliance between two countries widely differing in their spirit and regime, but closely resembling each other in the common interests of the state." (*Eclaire*)

"A truly democratic president, striving faithfully to express the will of the French people." (*Day*)

. . ."in whose mouth words assumed such strength, significance and power that very soon everyone observed how the Emperor listened to him with serious and submissive attention. I am convinced that many of those high officials in gold braid were thinking to themselves 'that is how a real autocrat should speak'." (*Maurice Paleologue*)

. . ."a national president, chosen by the wealthy bourgeoisie and the clerico-feudal reactionary party—a political scoundrel, a middle class business man who sold himself to all the political parties in turn and also to wealthy people who were outside' politics. . ." (*Lenin*)

There he stood a stout man with the face of a small shopkeeper, dressed in a frock coat decorated with the Order of St. Andrei. So this was the owner of shares in all the munition and metal works, the President of the Republic of France, Raymond Poincaré.

It was not a velvet carpet that lay beneath his feet as he came ashore at St. Petersburg. It was Imperial Russia. The army, his guard of honor, lowered its banner before him. The Greek Orthodox Church blessed him with her miracle-working ikon. The bankers bent their backs in a low obeisance. Trade and industry, in the person of the Lord Mayor, presented him with the bread, flax and woods of Russia in the form of a loaf lying on a carved wooden platter covered with an embroidered linen towel. The autocratic two-headed eagle, clinging to the Order of St. Andrei (which had been presented to him yesterday by the Tsar), had slipped under the lapel of his coat (rather pointedly close to the silk lined pocket if you wanted to look at it that way). The quay swayed. Raymond Poincaré stepped on to it with the full weight of the billions behind him, billions of francs loaned by the French banks to Russian autocracy and Russian capitalism. The owner had arrived in his big scattered village to demand account from the half-drunken elder of the community, Nikolai Romanov.

The *Marseillaise* rang out over the whole city. Its brave notes splashed in the rays of sunlight on the quays, the river side, the bridges, the outskirts where the workers lived. It floated over the top hats, the flowery hats of the ladies, the banners, the troops, the police, over the huge crowds of workers in the Viborg District, over Putilov Road, beyond Moscow Street and Nevsky Prospect, beyond the Narva Gates.

The city had gone wild that beautiful day. Everyone was in the streets. The trams had stopped. The shops were closed, even the bakeries were not working. The works were shut down. The mills were not working. There were about two hundred thousand workers in the streets, not counting the smart crowds along the riverside. The excitement was general. Top hats, parasols, flags, flowers, stones, pebbles, whips, police, broken windows, shop signs flew about in the sunshine, tossed into the air by the excited population. It was impossible to get through the streets: they were packed with black coats, ladies' dresses, uniforms, carriages, bands, Cossacks, workers.

gendarmes, broken lamp-posts, beaten police, overturned trams, barricades, wounded and killed.

The salutes were deafening. The whole city from end to end was letting off guns. The ships on the Neva were firing. The fort on Trinity Bridge was firing. The police in the Ligov District were firing. The Cossacks in the side streets were firing. The gendarmes at the Putilov Works were firing. Nine workers from the Aivaz Works who had been driven by the police to seek shelter in the attic of number 12LrxraSHRDLUCMFYPVBGKQJ three constables who had been thrown into the water from Sampsoniev Bridge, were shooting.

Raymond Poincaré, surrounded by a cloud of smoke that smelt of gunpowder, pressed his hand to his heart. The capital smiled in response with her row of marble palaces, dazzled him with the gold of her cupolas, endeavored with that smile to put a good face on a bad business. The outskirts, hidden from the distinguished visitors by a solid wall of gendarmes, were pouring out a furious mass of people who had downed tools and were striking the capital in the back. The suburbs had encircled her throat with a frightful, rapidly cooling ring of closed-down workshops. Their black chimneys closed in on the city from all sides, rising threateningly into the sky, like the slaves and sticks of an enraged mob attacking a country estate. The broad streets twitched with the rapid, convulsive movements of detachments of mounted police galloping from one factory to another, from this to that. The telephone at headquarters rang out a continuous alarm. It was already the fourth day that the smell of revolution had been noticed in the city.

Russia was pregnant with revolution, and her time had almost come. She was ill-tempered, hysterical, unreasonably cruel like a woman unwilling to bear a child. Revolution was looming up out of the mists of centuries, it had been conceived by history, it was inevitable and natural, like the birth of a child hated from the moment of its conception, perhaps cursed at its slightest stir in the womb. And lately, since the Lensky shootings, these stirrings had become more unendurable than ever: strikes and still more strikes were shaking the great ripe body of the empire, shaking it in an almost uninterupted series of spasms, which seemed to indicate that the inevitable hour was at hand. Domestic remedies were of no avail, neither were the poultices of the Duma, nor the patent constitutional pills made up at the druggist's by Police Bridge. The hot baths of the punitive expeditions did not help any more, nor the firm bandages of the guard, nor the relieving pogrom-leeches applied by the Patriots' Union, nor even the rather rusty Russo-Japanese needle which, having broken, very unfortunately, in two places—Mukden and Tsusima—failed to produce the desired miscarriage. Nothing could stop the natural growth of the obnoxious offspring. There it grew in the womb of Tsarist Russia, bound to her by the unbreakable ties of the laws of historic development, it fed on her food, living within the living, a new life dooming the old to death. The relatives tore their hair as they gazed upon the empire pregnant with revolution. It threatened them not only wih disgrace but with the loss of their hereditary property. In Russia things did not turn out as they did in respectable families, the child would probably be a fright, a wild thing impossible to rear! Such accidents did happen even in the best regulated families, but they were always managed better. Take, for instance, France; after besmirching the royal lily and

going through really terrible travail, she had been delivered of a quite well behaved Third Republic. Royal England had produced a respectable parliamentary child. But this monster was ready even before it was born, to clutch at the locks of that dear French mademoiselle, scold the quiet little English boy, and shriek out indecencies about social revolutions and the proletariat of all countries!

The only solution was an operation. Only the broad knife of war could cut the hated off-spring to pieces before it was out of the womb, and wash away the dead fragments in a stream of blood. But, having once before found this drastic operation unsuccessful, Russia was unwilling to take the risk again. The operation would have to be carried out along European lines this time; under a strong anaesthetic like the idea of a Slavonic Union; extra nourishment in the shape of the gold franc would have to be introduced into the whole system; the unremitting attention of the best Paris gynaecologists who had got their hand in, so to speak, over the Paris Commune, must be secured. Under circumstances like these the operation might have a reasonable chance of success.

. . . So that was why M. Poincaré, the hireling of the French bankers had come to Russia! That was why the nobility, the manufacturers and the landowners were bowing and cringing before him on the quay!—the whole pack had been tempted by tremendous loans of French money to run at the heels of French capital. Their interests coincided for once!

Over five hundred workers from the Lessner Works listened to all this in gloomy silence. Igor Tisheninov stood on a barrel by the gates. He was a lean, red-haired, weary-looking fellow. His patched and faded packet hung on him like a sack, his green trousers bagged at the knees which were swollen and crippled with the cruel rheumatism of the poverty stricken student. After each sentence he snapped his lips tight, and the lumps on his cheek bones swelled as if was squeezing the words in his mouth into a tight spring; when he opened his mouth again they flew far out as if on elastic. The words were clear, eager, calm, and to the point. He had been speaking for five minutes already and no one attempted to interrupt him. A small boy crouched on the gate watching the river side, ready to give warning if any Cossacks appeared. The Cossacks did not appear because it was impossible to call the guard from the center to break up one of the many meetings in the city.

"War!—that's what he's brought with him on his gunboat! War would be profitable for the French industrialists, who have invested huge sums in munition works. War would be profitable for old fashioned business men, too, for it would do away with the imports of German goods into Russia. War would be profitable for the Tsarist autocracy: it would be ready to give up the whole army if only it could break the noose we are drawing round its neck. War will root out the most educated and modern of the workers, who have been organized in the party and the unions—in Russia, France and Germany—and send them to the front. . ."

"They can't send all of us, some of the workers will have to stay in the works," said an elderly worker standing by the gate, and looked round for support. His neighbor glanced at him out of the corner of his eye and answered reluctantly:

"Whoever has a hundred rubles or so to spare will most likely be left behind."

"What do you mean?"

"Nothing much—"

"How many of my hundreds did you count?" persisted the first, but the other man turned away with a short laugh. Then from the corner where a young woman in a blue dress was standing, fidgeting with the shawl over her head and listening more to the remarks of the men than to Tisheninov, another man joined in the conversation.

"It's not hard to count them when you've got a garden and a cow," he remarked to the air, as he sucked in the ends of his discolored moustaches.

The first growled out, looking straight in front of him:

"Get your own, and then you can count for yourself!"

"I would if I'd anything to get it with. Everything goes on fines."

"You should go and have a drink with the foreman from time to time like he does, you'd soon get a bit together then," said the woman pertly and turned to face the elderly man, ready and willing to start a lively argument with him .But he held his tongue and spat out lengthily to one side. Suddenly the woman gave a start and cried out in alarm:

"Lord, where's that Elenka got to?"

Elenka, a round flaxen haired child in a bright red frock, was now far away. She had made her way between the rows of high boots that seemed to grow out of the ground like tree trunks, and was off in search of some other being like herself who might fortunately happen to be wandering about in this forrest of legs. The boots smelt pleasantly of tar. The ranks of their powerful trunks grew thinner and she got a glimpse of the light space of the yard just as someone's great arms raised her and she started on her return journey, this time through the air.

She found herself once more in her mother's arms, and quickly got her bearings among what was happening in the tree tops. It was much more interesting up here than down below. The yard was crammed with heads, just like in church. A baldheaded man with his tie twisted to one side, the same man who gave mother her money on Saturday, appeared at the second floor window from time to time. A gay little tinkle rang out behind him, every now and then the man would look round, wave his hands wildly and pop in like the man in the Punch and Judy show. Then a thin man with lovely gold buttons on his green coat and green trousers climbed on to the barrel and told them something quite uninteresting in a very loud voice, but they all listened. A little boy was sitting on the gate: he could probably see much better than she could. Envy of him absorbed all her other feelings at times. The green man went on shouting and waving his hands about.

"You will have expressions like 'my country right or wrong' hammered into your heads until you can't think! You will be forced to kill people like yourselves—the workers of Germany and Austria. You will be made to smother the revolution with your own hands! For if you kill the workers and peasants of another country out at the front, you'll be helping the government of that country to put down the revolution, just as the workers of Germany, by killing you, will be helping Tsarism to put down the revolution ripening here! That's the profit war brings to governments of rich men and landowners! That is what the Russian autocrat Tsar and the man elected by the French bankers, the Republican president, are conspiring about today!"

The hollow roar of a cannon was carried over the majestic breath of the Neva to the works, as if in confirmation of his words. An ominous silence followed. Then Tisheninov raised his hand.

"Do you hear that, comrades?" he shouted. "The first shot has been fired at the revolution! It is more terrible than the firing during the River

Lena Gold-field Strike, more terrifying than the rattle of machine guns in Palace Square. . . For it's directed at the working class of all Europe, and may be of all the world, they will destroy us not by the score, but by the million! Down with the Tsar's secret parleys with the capitalist republic! Down with war! Long live the workers' revolution! It's growing, it is spreading all over Russia—from Moscow to Kharkov, to Tiflis and Baku, Lodz, and Ivanovo Vosnessensk. . . . Four days ago the Tsarist police were shooting the Putilov workers who supported the Baku strikers, and today over two hundred thousand workers in St. Petersburg alone are on strike and all the gendarmes can't drive them in to work. Stop work, I tell you! Strengthen the army of the revolution! Close down the works and shut the shops! We'll choke out Tsarism. Let it die without its bread! Give it no light! Stop the trains and the telegraph! The Mensheviks are shouting about economic demands—we are telling you about political demands. The slogan of an All-Russian strike should be 'factory control, land for the peasants, down with autocracy, long live the republic!' Not the republic of M. Poincaré, working hand in glove with the Tsar, but a democratic republic with a real government of workers and peasants!"

When, for some reason incomprehensible to Elenka, all the people shouted and moved towards the gates she rightly gathered that the most interesting part was now about to begin. The boy on top of the gate slid down the gate post so swiftly that she gasped. He went ahead, the soles of his small bare feet twinkling as he ran. The green man jumped down from the barrel with a smile and began to talk to the people as he elbowed his way through to the front ranks. Someone raised a long pole over their heads and Elenka saw a bright flag the same color as her dress flutter from it gaily. She gazed at this boiling mass of people in astonishment, and thus, with lips parted and delighted eyes glowing, she was borne out into the street in her mother's arms along with he crowd.

The faces of those remaining were unsmiling as they looked after the marchers. They stood about in gloomy groups speaking little. Then Elenka saw from the gate that the bald man—the Punch who had been popping in and out of the window—went up to them. They spoke to him, shaking heir heads and spreading out their hands.

At the Foundry Bridge the Lessner Works people came up against an obstacle. A strong detachment of mounted police and Cossacks towered above the hump of the bridge like a barrier set between the center and the outskirts.

The Chief Constable, a heavy, elderly colonel, as majestic and powerful as the monument to Alexander III, sat statue-like upon a heavy black horse, looking down the slope of the bridge. A chain of police cut off Nijigorod Street, halting even solitary foot passengers and permitting none to pass except well dressed gentlemen, cabmen with fares and maids running into the city for fresh rolls. All the shops in the Viborg District had been closed since morning for fear of stones being thrown at the windows. The workers on strike stood in groups in the streets, they were lounging idly, sniggering and glancing in the direction of the bridge. When the Lessner workers reached this point they also split up into groups. The Chief Constable chuckled, the fact that the crowd had broken up betrayed the workers' indecision and lack of leaders. It would be absurd to drive away these little groups, something like trying to catch flies with your hand—you

drive them from one place and they settle on another. Colonel Filonov did not recognize the use of any action unless the result could be guaranteed.

A burst of cheering came from the embassy and the opening bars of the *Marseillaise* floated out clearly over the water.

For a whole century this anthem had been sung along the road of disgrace. Once it had been hot as the blood poured out on the barricades and glittering like the knife of the guillotine, it had led the revolutionary troops against the aristocratic coalition; it had blown up the castles of the feudal lords and flung them on the sheaf of royal lilies, together with the head of Louis XVI. The Convent had cast the heavy silken tricolor over its rebel wings and from a revolutionary hymn the *Marseillaise* became a national anthem, just as the Third Estate out of which it was born, degenerated from a revolutionary people into a reactionary government. It was to the sound of the *Marseillaise* that the army of "patriots" marched to Sedan in a vain attempt to strengthen the throne of the Second Empire. Its rousing fanfares accompanied the swords of the expeditionary forces and the crosses of the missionaries into the colonies, smoothing the way for the usurious capitalism of the Third Empire. In Tunis, Algiers, Indo-China, Morocco, Guiana, Madagascar and Tahiti—everywhere, through the mouths of the silvery instruments of military bands it lied to the world of liberty, equality and fraternity in the republic of the concessionaire and the rentier, lied as only French lawyers can lie, from the deputy's tribune, eloquently, dramatically, patriotically, with Gascon verve.

Your day was over, *Marseillaise!* You were done for as a hymn, the history of the Third Republic disgraced you!

But here under the frowning shadow of the Russian crown, you were still being sung by the Russian revolutionaries to the accompaniment of punitive volleys, you were sung by those preparing for the last stage of the struggle, the destruction of absolutism, sung on the barricades of the Presnya District, and out along Putilov Road ,sung by those who were already hearkening to another song. The new song was little known as yet, it had not deafened your lilt with its stern measured beat, as the October Revolution effaced the February Revolution. The time was to come when you, the *Marseillaise,* would face the new song like a deadly foe, in a last desperate conflict—you, a wornout, unrecognizable idea, left behind in the race of history doomed! you once revolutionary song!

In that sultry July of 1914, however, the capital was still enveloped in the smoke of its forest fires, of the salutes on the Neva and the firing in the outskirts. The capital was still known as St. Petersburg, and a vast, poverty stricken country—the Russian Empire—and its army still stood out against the people.

The *Marseillaise* burst out unexpectedly at the corner of Finn Street like a tongue of flame in a fire that seemed to have been put out. It flickered and blazed and spread down the length of Nijigorod Street, welding the thin groups into a solid mass and, leaping ahead of the crowd's movements, penetrated to the Chief Constable's brain through the thick grey tufts that hung about his large, floppy ears. Colonel Filonov stirred in his saddle and raised his brows in astonishment: the line of police had given way, had failed to stem the tide of people advancing on the bridge. What was the matter? Had they all gone mad?

Translated from the Russian by Anthony Wixley

V. Sayanov

The Life of Another

A Soviet Story of a "Party Cleaning"

The meeting in connection with the party cleaning was drawing to a close. The case of the local manager of the trust had just been tried—a rotund, fidgety person, well known for his ability to dig up somehow or other the needed materials. The chairman of the commission kept looking steadily from under his brows at the local manager and proferred a few seemingly unimportant questions, but the local manager squirmed in his seat and tried to look not at the chairman but at a concentrated smoky beam of light which crept along the window.

"And now, permit me," an elderly fitter with a well-cut grayish beard raised his hand. "I should like to say a few words about the matter in hand."

"A grumbler," the director of the trust whispered into the ear of the chairman. "A babbler."

The chairman adjusted his glasses and turned aside, he did not like the overbold familiarity of the director; moreover something or other elusive in the movements and speech of the fitter reminded him of an old comrade at the factory.

"Speak up," he said, and glancing at the director, he added, "please, don't be bashful."

Taking the floor, the fitter grew bewildered, and several moments he remained silent.

"I should like to say!" he repeated.

Someone in the audience snickered up his sleeve. The fitter stared at the scoffer, smiled himself, and without hesitation began.

"It so happened that I heard the conversation the assistant director had with him. Surprising that this person, this local manager, still occupies his position. Our assistant director, Comrade Verhoturov, always said that he didn't believe him at all, but the manager always alluded to the director. As if the director, Comrade Yarsky. . . .

"Nonsense," shouted the director. "Yarsky holds you to account all the time, and now you heap on Yarsky all your nonsense."

"Comrade Verhoturov raised the question about the local manager a number of times but nothing has been done."

"Verhoturov is soft with all of you," shouted Yarsky, "that's why you all praise him. I told the local committee a long time ago that to work with him is impossible. . ."

"And I tell you," continued the fitter, no longer bashful, "let any one of the boys from our plant tell to whom the local manager says 'hello.' And now he rides about in the factory automobile with. . ." here he long searched for the word, and finally reddening, as if uttering a dreadful oath, added, "with coquettes."

Everyone burst into laughter, and even the chairman adjusted his glasses.

"Ruined," decided the local manager, thrusting his hand deeper in his pocket, until it touched his fleshy thigh. "What will I do now, if expelled be a waiter, perhaps."

When the question about the local manager had been definitely decided,

and the turn of the assistant director of the trust, Alexander Ivanovich Verhoturov came, the chairman turned inquisitively towards the audience:

"Perhaps better put it off for to-morrow? Tired?"

"No, the eve of the rest day, continue," shouted those seated in the first rows. "Why take long to clean him? With him all is ship shape."

Verhoturov approached the table, buttoning his vest and fixing his tie. He was a man of middle height, with a large reddish beard, and carelessly trimmed moustaches. He was dressed in a creased imported suit, Russian boots, and a white straw hat: occasionally glancing at important papers, he placed his pince-nez on the bridge of his nose; all of which gave to Verhoturov an external appearance quite unlike the other managers of the trust.

"Well what can I say about myself," he began, stammering. "I am no orator, although quite unlike other stammerers, if excited, I speak much better than usual. My biography. . ."

He placed his cigarette case on the chair, lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply and began to cough. His jacket was covered with tobacco and ashes and from both his pockets, the edges of packages of cigarettes could be seen.

"Your biography, quite short, Comrade Verhoturov," interrupted the chairman of the commission, "and tell us more about your work in the trust. For example, it is known to us that the decision of the RKI[1] about the resolution of the staff of the trust was only half fulfilled. Two promoted workers have been assigned as recorders in the office. For traveling expenses, fifteen thousand above normal have been spent. About all these items it is particularly necessary to speak. You understand, Comrade, that it is more important for us to know how a communist applies himself to concrete phases of his work. We well know that it has been necessary for Verhoturov to carry on a great struggle here and we are interested," at this point in his speech, the chairman stopped and glanced at Yarsky, "how he has fought with the opportunists."

"Ah,, so that's it," frowned Yarsky. "It means that I am also an opportunist. Well, alright, I'll make it hot for you."

Unhurriedly relating his biography—it was like tens of others already told by approved members of the party—Verhoturov turned to an account of his work in the trust.

"First, about Comrade Yarsky," slightly stammering, he continued. "Yarsky," is a person, faithful, honest, but I should say, dull. He likes to command, order, and boss: every day he writes out long orders, but the truth of the matter is that he has no vision—and all is carried out by routine, according to the notes of the bookeepers and engineers."

"Which means you're opposed to the party line in its attitude towards the engineers," shouted Yarsky, from his place.

"No, that's not the case, but rather that you have to lead them and not they, you."

"You, yourself, are always too soft with them."

"I don't think that's so. . ."

"Continue," broke in the chairman. "You, Comrade Yarsky will be given the floor later and then you may say all you want."

"No, permit me to say only two words, Comrade Chairman, I have an important announcement."

Everyone sat up in surprise.

Yarsky, silent for a moment, stared at Verhoturov. The latter was in the same pose, slightly leaning on the chair, and fingering his beard.

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1 RKI—Workers' and Peasants' Inspection.

"It seems to me that the life of a party member should be clean," continued Yarsky. "A member of the party should make a clean breast of everything before such a meeting as is taking place to-day. The question should be worded clearly: "Do you intend to deceive the party?"

Verhoturov looked at Yarsky and slowly as though unwillingly, he searched in his pocked for a cigarette. The box was empty and he crumpled it in his hand. He moved the chair nearer to himself and took a cigarette from the case.

"What do you mean by that?" questioned one of the audience.

"What?" reiterated Yarsky. "And what do you think?" he angrily shouted in answer. "Besides what I have said, I have nothing further to say."

"Comrade Yarsky, don't engage in private conversations and answer briefly," interrupted the chairman.

"Well, if you so want, I can speak very briefly. I declare that Comrade Verhoturov is not at this cleaning. . ."

Everyone burst into laughter and so loudly that for several minutes Yarsky was unable to utter a word.

"Instead of Comrade Verhoturov there is present at this cleaning a man concealing his own name. The person whom you are now trying is not Verhoturov but a person assuming as his own another's documents. I declare him a traitor. I demand a verification of all that he has said. For such as he there is no place in the party."

He sat down, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. His hands were trembling. His red polka dot tie had slipped to the side. The lapels of his coat were shining.

"I have finished."

In the room where the meeting was going on—a large, decorated hall, formerly a dancing studio—all was quiet. Everyone stared at Verhoturov searchingly and attentively as if trying to test him. Verhoturov was standing in the same position, brushing ashes from his coat. Butts littered the floor about him, and he was carefully stamping them with his heels.

"Comrade Verhoturov," said the chairman, and in his voice had appeared an unexpected coldness, a threatening note, "against you, as member of the party, has been laid a weighty accusation. You know what awaits you, as a communist, if the accusation raised against you, is upheld?"

Verhoturov kept silent.

"Answer briefly and directly, is Comrade Yarsky right?"

Verhoturov still remained silent, which began to amaze the listeners.

"Why are you silent? Perhaps you will finally say, yes, or no."

Verhoturov moved away from the table, smoked a fresh cigarette, coughed, and softly, so that those seated in the rear did not hear what he said, he answered:

"What he has said, is true. I am not Verhoturov. My real name is Nenarokov, Ilya Navsikakievich Nenarokov. From a petty bourgeois family of the town of Kostroma."

2

The meeting broke out into a hundred noisy voices. Yarsky jumping up from his seat, shouted furiously:

"You see. I told you so. The naked truth."

"Perhaps you will not refuse, nevertheless, to explain," said the chairman,

"why you have taken a strange name, and for what purpose you have slipped into the party? The material which we have at hand, is very favorable to you which makes it all the more strange."

Verhoturov kept silent.

"Strange," continued the chairman, "that you should keep silent, particularly now when you are requested. We want to know why you have done all this, and please be good enough to answer our questions."

"Yes, I can" answered Verhoturov, "I can answer, but perhaps it is not very interesting."

"Unbelievable how you suddenly grow modest," cried Yarsky, "on the contrary, very interesting."

"Well then, I shall begin," said Verhoturov, and then suddenly changing his manner of speech, "but it is quite a long though absorbing story. At once, at once, only one cigarette, and. . ."

He ceased stammering and began to speak calmly and evenly.

"Not long ago I was once more reminded of my entire life, and by a quite interesting strange incident. Some days ago after work and a long tiring meeting, I went to have my supper at a restaurant. At the neighboring table were seated two young men, drinking heavily, and engaged in a lively conversation about something or other. I listened to what they were saying. They were looking over the fourth page of *Izvestia*. On the fourth sheet, as you all know, is sometimes printed the names of those who have changed their names. On that day there was printed such a list. Ivan Nikanorovich Sukin[1] from the town of Ribinsk had changed his name. He wanted to be Mendeleyev. These young men decided to write to the Bureau of Vital Statistics of Ribinsk that they had an objection. They insisted that there remain at least one Sukin. They insisted that Sukin had no right to be Mendeleyev. And so listening to their foolish and nonsensical conversation, I was reminded quite unexpectedly that I too was such a Sukin, that I was living under false documents and that in reality my name was Nenarokov."

"You should have thought of that earlier and not just before the cleaning," shouted Yarsky from his seat, and all smiled.

They looked at one another with now undisguised hatred. Verhoturov wanted to answer, but caught the warning watchful eye of the chairman, and threw his unfinished cigarette away.

"I remember my entire life, step by step. I recall the very first day when I ceased to be Ilya Navsikakievich Nenarokov. It happened as follows. I lived at that time in Semipalatinsk. In the town there had been talk for a long time that the Red soldiers intended to evacuate. I was in the hospital—two months before they had performed a difficult and complicated operation. On a warm spring day of 1918 I was released from the hospital. I walked along the street with a blue bundle under my arm. In the bundle was some laundry, some books I had read, and crumbs of black bread. It seemed to me at first that the streets smelled from iodine and chloroform, and only when I reached the shore of the Irtish, I realized that the hospital was somewhere behind."

"Too much poetry," shouted Yarsky, but this time the chairman of the commission did not interrupt him. "Take the bull by the horns and explain directly what it's all about."

"I reached the shore of the Irtish, and unexpectedly heard from far off somewhere the sounds of shooting. Pretty bad, I thought, most likely the

[1] *Sukin* in Russian also means bitch—*Tr.*

Reds are retreating, and to tell the truth, I did not know how to feel. Nevertheless, I was partly in sympathy with the Bolsheviks."

"At last he is telling the truth," was heard from the first row.

Yarsky took off his tie and put it in his pocket: he found it difficult to breathe. The chairman was silent. The old fitter, the defender of Verhoturov, was sitting on the edge of the chair and straining so it seemed, not to miss a single word.

"Exactly, partly. I had been the bookkeeper Nenorokov, working in the office of the merchant, Faidadulin. And so, I shall continue further. I stopped to listen. There could be no doubt; somewhere not far off, fighting was going on. I had not fought on the German front, as I had a white ticket, and now for the first time I found myself so near actual fighting. I was afraid to go home at once. I went to the park on the banks of the Irtish, put my bundle under my head and lay down for a bit. From the fresh air my head began to swim. I fell asleep. When I awoke it was already dark. I raised myself from the ground and wanted to leave, when I noticed a man lying near me, trying to conceal himself.

" 'Who are you?' I asked him.

" 'Who are you?' he questioned in return, and I noticed that in his hand the muzzle of an automatic glistened.

" 'I am a peaceful bookkeeper, just released from the hospital, and I have no idea of what is going on here.'

"He smiled, thrust the pistol into his pocket and leaped up from the ground. We were of about the same height and similar build, dull hair with touches of red about the temples and on the beard, only my nose was a little broader.

" 'Here's what's the matter,' he said, stuttering, 'we are retreating, I am in danger of death. I must hide. But in this town I am a stranger. Will you agree to help me?'

" 'By all means,' I answered. 'I can hide you in our house. Come along.'

"We walked along through the park, when I suddenly thought of a strange idea. I asked him:

" 'Who knows you in Semipalatinsk?'

" 'Only two people' he answered, 'the secretary of the local committee and his assistant. I have even not yet been put on the register of this town. No sooner had I arrived than the shooting began. I was at the secretary of the local committee when into the room rushed the revolting kulaks.'

" 'And what then,' I asked, begining to feel a slight trembling creep over me.

" 'They both were killed and I got away. They pursued me.' . . .

" 'Were you dressed as you are now?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'That's bad. Let us change clothes. Everyone knows me here and in an emergency I can always get things straightened out. I can say that the women in charge at the hospital lost my coat.'

"He agreed and we at once exchanged clothes. I put on an immense army coat with copper eagles on the buttons, and on my head a frayed Armenian cap.

" 'Great' he said, 'How you have changed. Let's go.'

"We went through the park. About five minutes later, when we had come out on the street,—it was already late and quite dark—on the street, a dog began to bark. There are many dogs in Semipalatinsk, and they are all undomesticated. But we of course, did not fear the dog, and quickly walking along the side streets, hastened home.

" 'Halt!' someone shouted after us, and before we could think of what to do, they had already found us out. A young officer in a large cap, pulled down to his eyebrows, and a strange looking gentleman in a derby, and brand new shining boots, thrust an electric searchlight into our faces, and looking at one another, commanded:

" 'Arrest them.'

"Several soldiers leaped at us, thrust their bayonets into our side and shoved us along. We thought they were taking us to prison, but they actually led us to a barn, where were stretched out several wounded Red guards, and closed the door with a lock.

" 'Swell mess,' whispered my new found mate, "now we fell into it. It's all my fault.'

"I wanted to tell him that I had no intention of blaming him, but at that very minute the door of the barn was opened, and into the barn walked the gentleman in the derby. The soldiers followed in his footsteps, the brave sub-officer painstakingly carrying a lacquered camp stool. The gentleman sat down on the stool, and thrusting his finger towards the corner where my companion sat, shouted:

" 'Come here.'

"My companion approached the stool. I was terribly frightened. Just picture for yourself, the barn—moans of the wounded, the irregular breathing of the soldiers, two bright lanterns casting irregular streams of shadows on the wall. . . .

" 'Your documents,' bruskly demanded the gentleman in the derby. My companion drew out the documents which were in the pocket of my coat.

"Softly,' the gentleman in the derby was definitely disturbed. 'Bookkeepers don't go walking along the street a such hours.'

"My companion kept quiet, and this undoubtedly decided his fate.

" 'Search him, better,' ordered the gentleman in the derby, and I trembled with fear; what had he done with the automatic, I thought, and shut my eyes. When I opened them the automatic was in the hands of the gentleman in the derby.

" 'So, he hissed, smacking my companion across the teeth with the handle of the automatic, 'So, it has come to pass that bookkeepers walk about with automatics. Afraid of death?'

"My companion shrank back, but quickly gathered himself, looked around, turning his head towards me, and suddenly with a full swing struck the gentleman in the derby, right across his fat, puffy cheek, which seemed especially designed for a good blow.

" 'You empty shell. I haven't the least fear of you'.

"The gentleman in the derby fired, again, and I felt the blood beginning to flow in my arm.

" 'That one to-morrow,' said the gentleman in the derby, with loathing, pointing at me,—and left the barn. I heard the lock snap, and wanted to pick myself up, but my head was bursting, and I fell down again .

"The next day they did not shoot me. The gentleman in the derby had gone away somewhere, and I was transferred to the prison. There I was registered in the book and I knew now that my name was Alexander Ivanovich Verhoturov. The jailers had found a party ticket in my pocket and they laughed long over the fact that, according to their words, I had joined the party only two weeks before my arrest.

"I did not want to die, and I stated that they had mistaken me for Verhoturov, and that I was in fact a bookkeeper, and a local citizen.

"The head of the prison did not believe me inasmuch as Verhoturov had already been buried and the documents and clothes returned to my wife, who identified my things.

"Thus I sat for several months in constant danger of being shot. There were three of us in the single cell. The Bolsheviks, who were with me in the prison, were recent arrivals. They regarded me as one of them. We spent the monotonous prison day in long conversations and arguments.

"The picture of Verhoturov still remained before my eyes as a living figure, and thinking over my entire past, I realized that he was the first real man I had met in my life. All the others I had known, small fry, seemed foreign. And yet perhaps, I would not have remained what I did, had not one very unusual circumstance occured."

At this point in his story, Verhoturov breathed heavily and glanced at his cigarette case. The case was empty. He began to search in his pockets. But there was not a single cigarette left.

Carefully, he glanced sideways at those gathered, and saw the anxious, incredulous faces of his old friends.

"Give me a cigarette," he addressed his neighbor.

The latter did not answer.

Verhoturov bent down and searched among the discarded butts for one not completely finished and inhaled heavily.

He turned to look at Yarsky. The director was seated in the same place, slowly fingering the button of his vest. Verhoturov refrained from looking at the chairman. He had heard many fine things about Kalmikov, and he feared to read his fate in that person's eyes.

"It happened as follows: the fourth month of my imprisonment, an escape was organized. Together with the others, I got away. To say that I was going under a false name, also meant that I had taken upon myself full suspicion. I continued to lie. For five months we carried on a guerrilla raid around Katunya—well, very well, I knew that district to its very edge, from Slavgorod to Kenderlik. I became the leader of a not very large batallion and had some of the finest young lads under me, who one after the other went to their graves. We did not bother much about corpses and buried our boys in their coats, and hatred for my past grew stronger and stronger in me every day. I decided to remain forever Verhoturov, and all that seemed to me superior in that person, already dead, already rotting, I determined to realize, absolutely realize.

"And so it came to pass, that often in the evening around the lamp light, I went over in my mind, had I acted as Verhoturov himself would have. And just as I began to live in that other person, I even began to stutter a little bit, like him. This quite amused my partisans and they often laughed at me.

" 'Is it from fear that you talk that way, chief.'

"But in general they loved me very much, and took great care to supply me with smokes, as they knew that without tobacco I couldn't live.

"One after the other was slain in the guerrilla warfare, and so passed away Peter Voyevodsky, the brothers Tolbiny, Stepan Goncharov, Alyosha Virviglaz, Mikita Ostahov, Uncle Jobolyakov, and many others.

"One evening my patrols brought in four prisoners, one of whom was the Captain Liven, an unusually cruel person who had killed and beaten hundreds of peasants.

"He knew how to control himself, and during the questioning he turned to me:

" 'What are you going to do with me?'

" 'Ask them,' I answered, pointing to my partisans.

"He noticed their broad ruddy beards, their hollow earthly faces and turned pale.

" 'I understand,' he answered, 'I have only one request to ask of you.'

" 'Please,' I said, 'if its a request, of course it will be granted.'

" 'When you, you son of a bitch,' suddenly shouted Liven, 'will be taken by the Whites, and ordered to be shot, ask that you be taken to the Ataman, Annenkov.'

" 'All right,' I smiled, 'I will do so.'

" 'When you appear before the ataman, tell him that Captain Liven sends his regards, and that for my death he should hang a thousand Bolsheviks.'

"I looked at my partisans, bearded, standing dolefully, staring at the ground. The blood rushed to my head.

" 'All right,' I said, 'all right' and drawing out my automatic, I pulled the trigger.

"I pumped the entire barrel into him, and something inside me snapped forever. I understood that from now on I would never turn back, and I was so glad at this thought that a smile broke out on my face.

"After two months, connecting with the rest of our attacking forces, we entered Semipalatinsk.

"On the fifth day of our stay in Semipalatinsk, I went to the shore of the Irtish. Again I saw the park in which I had met Verhoturov. But this time I thought about myself. About myself, Verhoturov. I began to recall that which strictly speaking, I could not recall: how I had run into the park, had seen a man lying on the ground, with a small blue bundle under his head; how I had drawn my revolver; how the man awoke and how we exchanged clothes. For two hours I sat there on the shore of the Irtish, and heard from afar but drawing nearer, a woman's laugh. I listened to the voices. One of them was a deep, low woman's voice, with a slight treble, which I knew. I hid behind a tree.

"In about five minutes, the two of them appeared in the clearing. The man was singing the White Guard song:

An outfit that's English
And epaulettes, Russian,
Japanese bullets
And the governor from Omsk,
Eh, my carriage,
Eh, carriage.

"This song, this carriage with its creaking wheels, the White Guards had dragged through every cabaret of Siberia. I hated this song.

"My wife—I recognized her heavy, broad lips—was laughing. I recalled how boring it had been to live with her all these years, and was happy that I would never have to return to her. Very carefully, so that they would not notice me, I slipped out of the park and ran back to the barracks. There I was told that in one of the houses in Alexandrovsky Street, it was necessary to make a search, and I appointed myself to go with the men to this house. The number was fourteen, and I had lived in it until I had gone to the hospital.

"I did not go myself,—no, some strange whim was carrying me along. I wanted once more to see the house, in which five years of my life had been spent. I followed behind—to recognize me would have been difficult—who

would have recognized in this commissar, in a leather outfit and military cap, with a revolver on one side, and a Mills grenade on the other, the frail sickly bookkeeper, who fourteen months ago, had been taken to the local hospital.

"Alongside the house, was a little garden. I remembered the smell of the trees, and my head began to reel. We entered the yard. In the kennel lived a tiny, dirty dog, whom once upon a time I had led along the street. 'Will she recognize me,' I thought, and turned pale. The gate was open. The kennel was empty. The dog, barking with fright, ran to meet us.

3

"I trembled; she had recognized me and began to lick my boots, howling complainingly. I booted her. She scooted away. We entered the house.

"I carefully observed everything around me. The door to my room was closed. And it suddenly seemed to me that when we would open the door, from the table would rise a man, resembling me, who, pushing aside his abacus, wiping his pen, would take off his pince-nez and in a wheezing, trembling voice ask:

" 'What is it you want?'

"What would I answer him, I, self-accuser, hiding under a false name? I was divided into two. We opened the door. The room was empty. I recognized my things, several books, the portrait of Tolstoy, a note book, the office ledgers.

"Alongside the bed were someone's patent leather boots, and a rusty Gillette blade.

"Yes, I forgot to mention the most important; my wife at the time of the search was not home; she was, most likely, still walking along the shore of the Irtish. I did not want to meet her, and softly closing the door, I left the house. Ilya Navsikakievich Nenarokov no longer existed.

"In five days I was assigned to the staff of the Eleventh Army. It was necessary to go to the local committee to be taken off the register. With a feeling of some reluctance I went to the old house with the glass veranda.

" 'And suddenly?' I thought, 'and suddenly all will be known?'

"But it so happened that the endorsers of Verhoturov had been slain, as well as the two workers who knew him personally. He had no other acquaintances in Semipalatinsk. With great excitement I glanced over Verhoturov's questionaire. Single, no family, an orphan, eleven years wandering about in the Caucasus.

"On the boat down the Irtish, I left on that very same day.

"The boat moved slowly, although gradually picking up speed. The shores were deserted and quiet. At night the buoys were lit.

"In the staff of the Eleventh Army, I did not remain long, but was sent to the front. What can I say further? All of course can be quite shortened. This is what I received from the Revolutionary War Committee for my military service."

Verhoturov took out a gold watch and put it on the table.

"And this also."

He took out of his pocket an automatic pistol, and looked more boldly at those assembled.

"A cigarette," he begged of the fitter.

The latter reached in his pocket and tossed Verhoturov several cigarettes.

Verhoturov deftly caught them, placed his pince-nez on his nose, and continued his story more confidently.

"In 1927, when the trial of Ataman Annenkov was going on, together with some other old partisans I went to Semipalatinsk. The town had changed a great deal, but I no longer wanted to recall anything of Nenorokov, and so did not even go to Alexandrovsky Street.

"When I was called as a witness, I asked the ataman 'Do you remember Captain Liven?'

"The ataman nodded his head in ascent, and looked at me inquisitively.

" 'Well, Captain Liven whom I shot in the mountains for his countless atrocities, before his death, asked me to send you his regards. He begged that for his death, a thousand Bolsheviks be hanged.'

"The ataman trembled. In one of the Moscow papers, this incident was recounted.

"The evening of that day, I left Semipalatinsk; this time for good. Night, we rode along with the windows closed, but nonetheless, the mosquitoes managed to get into the compartment and made sleep impossible. I did not sleep. For the last time, I thought:

" 'Am I deceiving the party, giving myself out as some one else?'

"I thought about it for a long time.

"He whose name I had taken was no longer among the living. His memory lost. His nameless deed forgotten.

"Only I remained as a living memory of his life. That night in the smoky, crowded barn, the bookkeeper Nenorokov died. The Bolshevik Verhoturov remained alive. And there has never been in my work a single instance, even in the smallest unnoticed detail when I have disgraced the name of the man who died on that strange night. . ."

He could not go on, and in exhaustion leaned against the back of the chair.

"I have still one question to ask you," said the chairman, "calm yourself, and then answer. How did Yarsky come to know about your past?"

"Verhoturov at one time lived with a certain woman in Moscow. She accidentally heard about a man with the same name as her former mate who was working in a Moscow trust.

"She did not know that Verhoturov had been killed, and came to find out if I was he, that is," he corrected himself, "that is he, the other one. I told her that it must be a mistake, that I had the same name as her husband, but had never heard about him. She left. But I was so shaken up by this encounter, that Yarsky, coming into my office, and hearing the entire conversation, began to look at me very suspiciously."

"Exactly!" shouted Yarsky from his seat, "accusing him at this meeting, I spoke up on a hunch, and did not think that he would so quickly confess all. . . ."

4

"What do you mean, all?" asked the chairman.

Everyone kept silent.

It was already late, yet no one made a move to leave.

"Who wants the floor?" questioned the chairman.

A broad shouldered student, attached to the factory, came to the front.

"The case of Comrade Verhoturov,". . it was the first time he had called Verhoturov "comrade".. "has for us a great psychological interest. Of course, it is necessary to verify with documents all that Comrade Verhoturov has said, but if his words are true, the party has nothing to fear from such a

person. His act I can recognize neither as a lie nor deceit; there sometimes occurs such a series of events that one cannot act otherwise."

"It's a lie, all a lie, from the beginning to the end," cried Yarsky, in excitement. "He has not told everything completely. He has kept something hidden. Who knows what were his motives when he decided to live under another's name? I don't believe a word. No, comrades, as you want, but I demand his expulsion from the party."

"Just a minute, just a minute, Comrade Yarsky, I still have a question to ask you," stammering, Verhoturov continued, "horrible memory—just one minute. . . just let me smoke. . . "

"Comrade Chairman, cut him short. It can only mean, that in answer to my accusation, he wants to discredit me."

"Just a minute, just a minute. . ." Verhoturov wiped his brow, trying to remember something. He once more began to stammer.

"Remember more quickly," shouted Yarsky.

Everyone began to speak, and the voice of Yarsky was drowned in the general turmoil.

"I remember," shouted Verhoturov, wiping the perspiration with his sleeve. "I remember! Comrade Chairman, I do not know whether I will remain in the party, but I am obliged in any case, to disclose this incident."

"Speak up."

"The figures of the fulfillment of the plan of our associated branches. Yarsky gave were false."

"I told you, I told you, that now he would blame me for everything."

"The incompletely assembled were included in one column with the finished products, and thus we were put on the Red Board, for having overfulfilled our plan by thirty percent, when actually. . ."

"A lie! That is impossible. . ."

"Why?" asked the chairman. "He is right, I already know that you have been engaged in all sorts of falsification. There is nothing new for me in the words of Verhoturov."

Verhoturov turned red, and addressing the commission, added:

"Yes, and my main error is not that I assumed a different name, and began to live under another's documents. . . ."

"Absolutely correct," smiled the chairman, for the first time during the entire evening.

". . . but that with my signature, I aided in this damnable lie."

"Correct."

"Now, that my nerves are completely shot, and the succession of thoughts lost, I unexpectedly recalled that in the report, signed by Yarsky. . ."

"Too late to think about that now; you should have thought about all that sooner."

"Right," said the chairman. "It is already very late. Time to adjourn the meeting. Tomorrow, we will reach a decision on this question. Now let me say only one word. Comrade Verhoturov, could have lived another's life most excellently, and for that the party will not strictly call him to account. But for the false figures. . . Are you not ashamed, Comrade Verhoturov, since you yourself say that in your former life you were a bookkeeper?"

Translated from the Russian by Albert Lewis

Paul Vaillant-Couturier

How Cheng the Peasant Became a Red

A Story of China

That year the North River burst its dykes a good way upstream, and numerous collections of money were made to have them repaired. Men and animals were mobilized to reinforce the embankments and the Governor proclaimed the death penalty for anyone who might try to evade this act of public duty. Several heads were cut off. Heads of the poor. But the harvest of collected money trickled like sand between the fingers of the authorities. . . Such and such a prefect had heavy family expenses, such and such a functionary had purchased his office at a very high price and borrowed money at a high rate of interest, such and such a mayor had to spend a lot on keeping a Soochow concubine whom he had had sent to him from a house in Shanghai. The Governor himself was confronted with the necessity of paying arrears of pay to his army. Every day more and more deserters were leaving the ranks and going to join a band of Reds who were in possession of the uplands. The work hardly advanced at all, tomorrow undid all that yesterday had done. First the water began to fill up the canals to the brink, then to break through in tiny rivelets and flood the fields. And at length the river, swollen by the melting of the mountain snows, finished by carrying away all the embankments and spread over the plains for a long distance round. It covered the fields, drowning the beans that were in flower, stifling the green rice that had been transplanted and was just beginning to seed. The young shoots of maize and Kaoliang bent under its muddy current. Then the rich began to speculate in the death of the poor, to buy land from them when they had any, advance them money at two hundred per cent and to send up the price of rice.

Soon it was only the tombs that appeared above the water; then the tombs, too, were covered and along with them, the farms of poor people which were situated on the low ground and let for only three dollars the mu . . . The water lapped against the clay walls, licked them, polished them, sapped them, and presently the wall would collapse into liquid mud. . . The people escaped on rafts made of tables and other pieces of furniture.

Cheng had hoped that the water would not rise as high as his door, for his house was situated higher than the others. And on the fifth day of the fifth month he had caused wormwood to be burned, which was supposed to rid his house of all evil spirits. Cheng was poor; he lived in this house with his wife, his father, his daughter and his son on eight mus of ground where the soil was not too bad. And his wife Ah-na was pregnant. She was with child for the ninth time in twelve years, and seven of their children had died. Out of these seven three were girls—that was a blessing, after all—but then they had also lost four sons, three of them, including two twins, being still-born, and their eldest son carried off at the age of eight during an epidemic of smallpox, just when he was beginning to work in the fields.

Cheng's wife had been coughing for a long time; she was growing thin and sometimes spat blood.

And now this year there would be no rice, no beans, no cabbage, no harvest. . . There remained only the house and the land—the land which, when the waters had withdrawn, would be covered over with fresh, fertile mud, but they were hopes for the coming year and meanwhile they had to live.

Cheng's old father had a few silver pieces hidden away somewhere, but Cheng did not know where. Perhaps when his father died, this hidden treasure would enable Cheng to buy a draught buffalo, if his father's funeral did not run away with too much. There was no other money in the house. Rice became more and more difficult to buy. In the jars were a few handfuls of beans, left over from last year, a few grains of maize and a little rice in the baskets, for harvest-time was drawing near. . . There was no corn, not even enough for a bowl of cereals. . . Just enough to keep alive on at most, and they rationed themselves on this for one month.

Now Cheng had the prospect of a whole autumn, a whole winter and a whole spring without crops.

And not a cent.

They held out somehow till the sixth moon, reducing the ration again towards the end to make the remaining beans last longer.

Cheng's father was given first choice. He grumbled the whole time, saying:

"I've seen many other times like this. The young folks today don't know how to suffer. And a peasant's got to know how to suffer; when it isn't the drought, it's locusts, when it isn't the locusts, there's bandits or soldiers wanting to requisition things. But there's always the land left. As for me, I think you're eating like wolves."

But father said that because he had not much strength and because he had really had enough to eat.

And he expressed horror at the waste when he saw the other four members of the family limiting themselves to a joint ration only a little greater than his own. They saw the last provisions disappear like a man with a severed artery seeing his blood ebb away.

When there was nothing left to eat in the house Cheng addressed his father and said to him:

"Two moons have passed, the rain has not ceased and there is news from the west of a new rising of the river. Misfortune is upon the children of Han. My boy is crying for hunger. And his mother, who perhaps will bear me another boy in a few days' time, is all but perishing with the fruit of her womb. As for you, you are the first who must be fed. Have you not perhaps saved up something against an evil day?"

The old man was highly indignant.

"You're a strange child who thinks fit to spy on his father and order him about. I am here in my own house and I will do what I like here. Heartless child. Don't you know that I can feel my end approaching—an end that will not have the dignity which is fitting for a respectable family? Have you ever even thought of buying me a coffin? Have you ever thought of the way it ought to be laid out in accordance with the Fon-Chooi? Have you ever sent for a geomancer?"

His son protested and declared, as was fitting, that his father ought not to think of death seeing he was so hale and hearty.

The old man shook his head and said:

"Besides I have no money."

And he turned on his heel and went out. Next day Cheng, his wife and his daughter went off in a boat over the flooded countryside, looking for the leaves and bark of trees to eat. But others had come before them and many

trees were already stripped bare. They found some floating wood which they brought home to make a fire. And they made soup of leaves and bark that night, drinking it in the dark for all the candles had been used up long ago.

While they were drinking the soup, Cheng said to his father:

"We have two tables and two beds here. Maybe we can sell one bed and one table. . . You can keep the better bed and my wife and I will sleep on mats on the floor. With the money we can get something to eat for a little time. Or else, if we could buy a little jute cheap enough with the money, my wife could make sandals and I would go and sell them. . ."

"Don't think of it," said the old man. "The folks in the city would bleed you white, for it's natural to exploit those who are poor. It would be a long time before you got enough money to buy another bed to serve for your son and your son's son."

"Then must we die of hunger? Look at your grandson with his belly all distended—he has diarrhoea the whole time. Look at my wife. . ."

"Go and see Koo the merchant. He buys our crop and maybe he will be able to do something for us. . ."

"You know him well enough. He won't do anything. He'll fly into a passion and refuse to lend me anything without pledges. And I've nothing to bring him except this wretched bed.' '

"The poor are the poor," said his father, "and the rich are the rich. It is certain that Koo the merchant will not give you money unless you have something to sell him."

"But I have nothing."

"The merchant feels that he is getting old. He is forty and his bones are chilled. He needs young slaves to warm him up again. Think it over, think it over."

And his father walked away across the hall to the room in which he slept.

Cheng had understood. He went and sat down on the threshold. From within the house he could hear his son moaning feebly. Outside, the water stretched away to the horizon in the foggy moonshine and lapped against the steps beneath the house-door. Some water fowl—game, meat—were screaming somewhere far off. Cheng thought of his daughter, of white rice, of his daughter, of cereals, of his daughter, of pancakes dressed with garlic. She was as frail as a young shoot of willow, his daughter. She was already able to bring him warm water and to help with the house work. A nice little girl but after all, only a girl. A mouth that had to be fed, a mouth that he could feed no longer. He was ready to bless the evil spirits that had torn his children from him. Cheng was drowsy with loss of strength. . . And he saw an abyss before him. The bitter bark of the soup was torturing his stomach. Was it better to see his only son die or to sell his daughter? Daughters always bring misfortune upon the house. They are fed, they are brought up for another family; it is so much time and money lost. If he sold her to the merchant Koo, it would mean one mouth less to feed, it would mean his father, his son, his wife and himself saved from death. And she would eat her rice every day, perhaps even from dainty city dishes. And she would grow big, perhaps she would be singled out for special favor by her master and would wear silk dresses and embroidered slippers.

When he reentered the house and lay down to sleep beside his pregnant wife, he told her of the plan which his father had suggested.

His wife was simple and obedient. Nevertheless she cried. But he comforted her, telling her that they would soon be having a meal of vermicelli

and then she would have strength to bear another son who this time would most certainly turn out all right. . .

"If we had thought of that before, we would have given her more to eat. . ." said his wife finally.

At dawn, when they left in the boat after a drink of warm water, the grandfather pretended that he did not see anything and that he was preoccupied solely with his little grandson who was crying with hunger and fever, who had not even strength enough to get up and was lying on a mess of hair and blood.

The town was a long way off and it was raining. . . Cheng's wife had put on a fibre cloak over her best cotton tunic. She held the stern-oar while her husband, bent double and bare to the waist, pushed the boat against the wind with his long bamboo pole.

The little girl, a frail figure, sat in the bottom of the sampan, sheltering herself beneath the remains of a waxed umbrella; she sat there among a heap of rags and dozed, too feeble to take any interest in what was going on around her.

They had brought out a landing-net to fish out anything they might find, but all they met with was a dead child, floating on the water like a green frog, arms legs bent and stiffened under the hard rain, the end of a board, and a coffin which must have come from a long way off.

They sailed thus for eight hours, hardly exchanging a word, and reached the town early in the afternoon.

The reception they received in the house of Koo the merchant was what they might have expected. . . Koo the merchant was a great personage of the Kuomintang who manufactured mock soya sauce out of roasted barely, bought and sold cotton, rice, rags, anything that came in handy. His major-domo received the three peasants with pleasant words. He was eating rice with pork, and without interrupting his meal, he said:

"If you have come to ask Koo the merchant for money, know that his goodness is great and he will lend money on receipt of a pledge at 50 per cent interest."

"We have not come to borrow but to sell," said Cheng.

And with despair in their eyes the Chengs gazed at the blue and white bowl from which the rice and pork were finding their way into the major-domo's mouth on his surprisingly nimble chopsticks.

"Well, who are you and what can you have to sell, you, who come from the countryside where there is nothing left but water?"

The father and mother lowered their eyes towards their little girl. . .

"It would have been more seemly if someone else had undertaken to bring her here, but our neighbors are either dead or not in a position to perform this service for us."

The major-domo gave a hiccup and laid his bowl down on the table. . .

"Poor folk," he said, wiping his greasy hands on his cotton gown, "you must indeed be from the country and never have left your farmyards if you think that it is enough to have a daughter in order to sell her for money. Why, there are scores, hundreds of girls offered for sale here since this flood, and do you think my master's house is an asylum? Go back where you have come from, you incorrigible peasants, my master has no need of a little half-perished slave-girl when his courts are so full of the finest girls in the province that he does not know what to do with them."

"But how much would she fetch, do you think?"

"Nothing at all. . . A man who has ten umbrellas has no need to buy a tattered umbrella."

"Still there have been girls sold for as much as 35 or 40 silver dollars."

"Yes, when the harvest was good and when a rich man's fancy turned that way. Otherwise that's not the price. But nowadays the rich have so many girls that they'll only take rice."

Cheng did not lose heart. He knew what sort of people are these dogs who guard the houses of the rich. He knew that they can be made tractable with bones. And they began to bargain.

"Well, but how much would you take of the price I fetched if I sold my daughter?" he asked the major-domo. The latter pretended not to have heard, but he said:

"I don't like to see little children suffer." And he held out the rest of his bowl of rice to the little girl who gobbled it up so gluttonously, that her stomach, unused to solid food, promptly threw it up again. . .

The major-domo gave a laugh of pity and said:

"She's a pretty little thing. How old is she? Ten?"

The Chengs understood then that there was some hope of concluding the deal. The mother, with apologies, gathered up in her hands the rice which her little daughter had vomited. She stealthily ate a mouthful and then, seeing the major-domo looking at her, threw the rest out into the yard.

The major-domo continued:

"If I got a third of the price as commission, maybe I could try to convince my master that he ought to do you this favor."

And he went out.

The merchant was playing at dominoes with some friends—two Kuomintang politicians who spoke German like himself, for they had studied at Berlin. The major-domo leant down and said a few words in Koo's ear, to which his master replied:

"All right, three dollars. Give her something to eat and send her to me during my siesta the day after tomorrow. Have her well washed and scented. . ."

The Chengs waited, intimidated, famished, their lives hanging on the fate of their little girl. When the major-domo came back, he gave them two silver pieces without saying a word. Cheng looked at the money, at his little girl, at the fat major-domo and said only:

"The rich are hard. . . ."

The mayor-domo replied:

"The rich are good. . ."

He dismissed them without offering them tea. But when the little girl clung to her mother's skirts, he tore her rudely away, and as the Chengs left, they were pursued through the courtyard and out into the street by the desperate wails of their little daughter whom they had sold.

For some time Cheng did not dare to look at his wife, who was stopping her ears. True, it was only a girl, but it hurt him to part with her. Thus they walked on in silence through the narrow streets as far as the corn market. Cheng fondled the belt into which he had put the two dollar pieces. His only thought now was to eat. But his wife, though she did not dare to say it, was beginning to feel pains in her belly, and she coughed and spat blood and had even ceased to be hungry. Cheng changed the first silver piece in a public kitchen, received in exchange a heap of small coins such as he had

not seen for a long time besides some coins strung on strings. Cheng put down several pieces on the counter. He and his wife took a bowl of rice and ate it slowly. . . All around them people were growing excited and talking in agitated tones. . . But their thoughts were too vague, they were too engrossed in the delicious action of masticating their rice to grasp what it was all about. . . . Cheng was thinking about what he could buy cheapest and planning to have two sticks of benjamin burned in the temple. Meanwhile a meeting was being held on the square where the people had gathered, profiting by the evening sunshine, and were engaged in hot discussion. Policemen in uniform were breaking up the meeting, striking right and left among the crowd with their long sticks. A young man in European clothes under a grey gown who was addressing a group of people and distributing squares of paper with something written on them, was suddenly seized by two men in black silk gowns and half beaten to death by the policemen in uniform. Some men rushed forward to tear him away. There was an eddying in the crowd, some people hooted, three shots rang out. Inquisitive people who had come out of the shops retreated hurriedly or threw themselves to the ground.

While the startled Cheng was finishing his rice, crouching behind some sacks in the kitchen, an excited man in blue blouse and trousers suddenly burst in shouting:

"Are we going to stand this forever? The Reds who are in the hills are right. We must expropriate the rich, give the land to the peasants who cultivate it and drive out all this thieving rabble of the Kuomintang who ally themselves with the Japanese to suck our blood. . . Down with the gentry and the landlords. They say that the Reds are bandits. But where are the bandits if you please? How many years' taxes have you had to pay in advance? What have they done with the money that was meant to strengthen the dykes? It has gone to buy pearls and prostitutes and to pay pillaging soldiers. . . And now the news comes from the west that the river is rising again. The water is rising and our town itself it threatened. . . And now they want to requisition men to raise the dykes around the low part of the walls. Are they going to ask us for money again? Is it our fault if the water is rising?"

At these words Cheng and his wife took to their heels. Cheng had heard talk about the Reds, but at the moment there was only one phrase ringing in his ears: "The water is rising. . ."

He had planned to spend the night in the town in his boat and to leave next day with his supplies of wheat and rice, but now nothing could hold him back. To leave at night time was folly, Cheng knew it well. In the day time he had noted various landmarks—trees and houses—and he had traversed the town more than a hundred times on the canals before this flood and even during previous floods. . . The water was rising. . . Considering the level on which the town stood, if the town was threatened, then his house, with his father and his only son must surely be submerged. . . No neighbors would come to rescue them. He must buy his supplies quickly and leave, cost what it might, to save what was left to be saved. Going with the current and the wind behind them, his wife paddling hard and himself punting for all he was worth, they would get there about midnight. Cheng carrying the beans, walked on hurriedly and his wife, bent beneath the weight of a sack of rice, could scarcely keep pace with him. The water was rising. . . Cheng had forgotten the sticks of incense and the silver paper for the earth god's feast. He still had a few cents left.

"After all," he thought, "god is no better than the rich and with these few coins I shall be able to eat."

Coming to the place where they had moored their boat, outside the city gates, he saw with horror that the water had risen at least two feet and he calculated with despair that it must already be up to his threshold.

He spoke roughly to his wife, who had lagged behind a little, but she did not answer. She was bent double. With an old broken bowl she bailed out the water that had accumulated in the boat. She threw down her burden in the bottom of the sampan, under the umbrella, there where her little daughter had dozed that morning on their way to the town.

"We must be as quick as we can so as to make the most of the daylight that's left," said Cheng.

His wife, whose belly and loins were already being tortured by birth pains, took her place at the stern and, her legs astride, began to paddle.

Twice they lost the way and would not have found it again had it not been for some people who were fleeing from their flooded dwellings on rafts and who directed them.

Passing by a farm, they heard the cries of people who were drowning. But they had no time to stop. If they had met anyone on their way, they would have picked them up of course, but they could not turn aside from their path when their father and son were perhaps in danger. And Cheng scanned the countryside for the trees which were to show him the way and the humps that marked the site of villages. . . As they glided along over the black water, he piercing the gloom with his eyes and leaning on the pole, she plying the stern-oar, Cheng suddenly noticed that his wife was relaxing her efforts.

"Make haste, Ah-nu, make haste. . . If your stomach feels queer, munch a handful of beans, but in heaven's name make haste. . ."

Standing there motionless, her hand clasped over the oar, her legs astride, with terror written on her face, his wife suddenly answered:

"I am giving birth. . ."

"Lie down then," said Cheng impatiently but less harshly, "and give me the oar."

Coughing and crying, his wife collapsed on the bottom of the boat, while Cheng began to paddle vigorously.

In the night on this endless stretch of water his wife cried aloud with a long wailing sound that rose and fell, growing more feeble and then dying out, only to be resumed at longer intervals, interrupted by fits of coughing.

"It's lasting a long time, isn't it?" Cheng would ask now and then. She would gasp and answer feebly:

"Yes this time it's taking very long. . ."

And he would say:

"Try to let it be a son. Take the broken bowl to cut the navel string—you can do it for yourself."

And he paddled on furiously thinking of his house where the water must have reached the threshold that evening, of his father and only son, cursing the darkness and the silhouettes of trees which he had difficulty in recognizing in this dim moonlight. He was running with sweat in the moist warm night, and this long effort made him feel to what a state of weakness he had been reduced by the unsatisfied hunger of these last two months. . . And he kept hoping for a son.

"How's it going? he shouted to Ah-nu. And he added: "We've already passed the grove by the grave of the Yuens, near the village of Yuen. But the

water is up to the branches, whereas this morning it was only half way up the trunks of the cypresses. . . I'm afraid, very much afraid for our family. . . One hour more, one hour more," added for his own benefit. . . "How's it going, Ah-nu?"

And his wife would answer with a gasp:

"It's all right." And she would cough.

Cheng was now plying the oar as in a dream. He no longer had any distinct idea of what was going on around him. He was like a man who has drunk too much rice wine or who has been smoking opium. He saw passing before his eyes the mayor-domo of Koo the merchant, the young student who had been clubbed, heard the cries of his daughter, saw the rice he had eaten, which was the flesh of his daughter, and softly, to the beat of the oar, his thoughts fled away to his son and father, who finally came to occupy his mind entirely. . . "The water is rising. . ."

From time to time he would say to his wife, to encourage her:

"Well, how is it going? Is it a boy?"

But he did not hear, or did not listen to the answer.

He kept on paddling, guided in his course by the first streaks of dawn which were paling the night sky to the eastward. His course was towards the east. . . Suddenly the moon disappeared altogether and it began to rain again. It was just then that he recognized a pine-tree which marked the boundary of his neighbor Wang's fields. It was like a rude awakening. From this point one could see Cheng's house. He looked for it. The yellowish morning light was rising over the expanse of muddy water and it was already possible to pick out things at some little distance.

At first he thought he had been mistaken, for he could no longer see Wang's house. Only a few bamboo stems protruded from the water at the point where it had been. And this told him that he was on the right track after all. He felt a flood of warmth come over him. He had forgotten his wife and her birth-pangs. He had only one idea—to find his house, his father and his only son. But he searched in vain, it was in vain that he turned his boat about in the current, which had grown strong at this point. He could see nothing. . . Only a few bits of board and some straw eddying in the water. The fury of a cornered animal took hold of him. At one point where some branches showed above the water, he saw the current eddying above the spot where his house had been—his house with his son, his father and his father's hoard of money. He probed the branches with his pole and his landing net. They stuck in some mud which had been the rough bricks of his house. . . He probed again and brought up a piece of blue cotton cloth, some of his wife's clothes. He probed again and brought up a basket oozing with slime. . . Then, in utter misery, he cried aloud, calling over the deaf water to his father and son.

After Cheng had been roaming for a long time over the empty expanse of water, he suddenly remembered his wife. And he lowered his eyes to where she was lying.

She had buried herself under a heap of clothes, rags and fibre cloaks in order to give birth.

"Hey, Ah-nu," he said, "is it over? It must be a son, because now we have lost everything—our son, our father and our house, and the money which father had hid in the house."

Ah-nu did not answer.

Cheng bent down over her and removed the rags that covered her.

Then Cheng discovered Ah-nu, dead, still warm, bathed in blood from her mouth and in blood from her belly. But he searched in vain, he found no trace of the child.

Then he thought:

"It was a girl. . ."

All day Cheng, lying in the boat beside his wife, let himself be driven hither and hither by the current. The sun appeared during the day and flies came. . . Cheng did not think. He lay as though stunned.

Sometimes he called out over the water, calling for his son. . .

People met him in their boats and questioned him, but he did not answer . . . From time to time he would take the stern-oar with an automatic gesture and row. Or else he would munch beans to appease his hunger. Or else, seated on the bottom of the boat, he would let the soft white rice trickle through his fingers and smile at this ridiculous abundance.

And then figures would rise up before his eyes and he would repeat the names of Ah-nu, of his father, of his son. And he wept bitterly. A daughter . . . He had had a daughter but he had sold her to Koo the merchant. And now he had nothing left, nothing but some land buried beneath ten feet of water and this useless hoard of family provisions.

The town? What would he do there? What could a poor man do there among the rich?. . . And then was it not already overpopulated by flood victims?

And as he paddled, Cheng almost unconsciously took the direction of the hills. . .

When night came he took his boat up a small river and decided to moor her there to a willow tree and wait for daylight.

He laid out Ah-nu's corpse on the bank, covered it with branches and went to sleep in the boat.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by a shower of blows.

Five strapping great fellows, one of them carrying a rifle, the other armed with sticks and knives, were belaboring him and searching his boat.

"Where did you steal this rice, you swindler?" said one.

"It means a fortune in the lowlands to have beans from last year," said another. "The rogue must be rich."

"Don't stamp on him like that," said the man with the rifle. . .

Those who had been belaboring Cheng stopped.

Then the latter, with clasped hands, implored them:

"Take the rice and the beans. And take my wretched life if you want to . . . I'm a poor man, the peasant Cheng, and I've lost everything and my wife, lying there on the bank, has died in my boat, and I'd just as soon the bandits took my rice, the rice of my daughter's flesh. I don't want to eat my daughter's flesh.

"Why, he's mad," said one of the men in a joking tone.

"We're not bandits," said the man with the rifle. We're Reds. Do you want to join us?"

"When a man's lost everything, his house and his family, what can he do but turn soldier?"

"We're not soldiers, we're Reds. We chastise the rich and we organize the poor. Come with us to our camp and you will see who we are."

"We'll come back with you afterwards to bury your wife. Take your rice and the beans."

A meeting was being held at the camp. Men stood listening—peasants in rags, shod in straw sandals or barefoot, some armed with rifles, the majority with knives, lances and sticks. And the one speaking before the fire Cheng recognized as the young man who had appeared in the town the day before in the kitchen and who had spoken so strongly against the rich. This seemed a good omen to him.

"You are all peasants," the young man was saying. "This one has been unable to pay the tax, this one is ruined by the flood, that one is being persecuted for having defended himself against the pillaging soldiers. . . Ah, peasants, peasants, you are not bandits and you ought never to behave like bandits. In Kiangsi, Fukien and Sechwan there are great Communist republics with scores of thousands of peasants and workers. And there the land belongs to those who cultivate it. You must explain that to the peasants throughout our whole country. You only make war on the rich in order to give the land to the peasants and the looms to the workers. We abolish all creditors' rights. . . Does not all wealth come from work? What would they do without you, these idle folk who collect money to repair the dykes and spend it on having women singers play to them in their inner courts and on relishing their dishes of sharks' fins while you are dying of hunger?"

"The peasant always suffers. When it is not the floods, it is the drought, when it is not the drought, it is the locusts, when it is not the locusts, it is the bandits or the soldiers coming to requisition things, when it is not the soldiers it is the creditors or the landlord. This must stop. The peasant must not suffer any longer. He must drive out the capitalists and the imperialists."

Cheng did not understand these last two words at all, but he noted with pleasure that this young man spoke exactly like his father. Except that his father had said:

"The peasant must suffer."

While the young man said:

"The peasant must not suffer any longer."

This was Cheng's opinion too.

And thus it came about that on the night after his ruin, Cheng became a Red partisan in one of the bands of his province.

For he had somehow received the hope of reconquering his daughter and of conquering his land.

Translated from the French by F. Scott

Ernst Ottwalt

Stockholders Meeting

From a New German Novel

"On behalf of the Board of Directors, ahem. . . Business report for the past fiscal year, ahem, not unfavorable on the whole. Balance sheets and so on, you gentlemen, are acquainted with, there can be a question only of explanation here and there, ahem. . ."

Does general manager Mallarme have to be an orator? Not at all. He has never had to have recourse to rhetoric. His affairs were always in order. His affairs were those of the Cheap Motorworks Corporation that loomed so big and massive behind its general manager. Haltingly, gratingly now and then swallowing half sentences, general manager Mallarme delivered his business report for the fiscal year 1932-33. The twenty gentlemen who had appeared at the stockholders meeting in the conference room of the corporation really did not put much stock in such mere formalities. "We businessmen."

They did not even take the trouble of making a pretense of attention. Banker Dahlman, chairman of the Supervisory Council sits with his fine narrow grey head low and makes copious notes. But everyone knows it only looks that way: in fact Dahlman is busily drawing figures of women's behinds on the beautiful white paper before him. Sometimes delicate ones with indrawn thighs, sometimes fatter ones with bulging halves. But always behinds.

Professor Jaeger sleeps unceremoniously. Technical director Solmssen has buried his quadrangular head deep in his shoulders and plays his hand in his trouser pockets. Cock-cock goes the safety catch on the revolver. Solmssen shrinks every time he hears a suspicious sound outside in the hallway.

"Dividends, ahem, only according to possibilities, ahem. . ."

Dr. Popitz, one can see he had a Jewish grandmother, by Jesus, drinks suspiciously much mineral water and general secretary Fredericks leans on a side table standing near the man-high panelling of Circassian walnut. At a soft knock he gets up now, pushes the chair back noisily and goes with redoubled careful long strides towards the door to straighten out the disturbance. He opens the door. Whispering.

Mallarme stops. "Hem, what's the matter again?" Fredericks bows: "Only the porter, General." "The porter! Very good! Let the porter come in!"

Fredericks signals and the porter, Kruse, an old man in a blue uniform comes into the conference room.

"I only wanted. . ." begins Kruse, but he had taken a wrong breath, he coughs and drops his hat that he has held in his hand. Then he pulls himself together, clicks his heels and says in the tone of a simple message: "General Manager, the workingmen!"

In 1927, one hundred thirty seven thousand marks was spent on the interior decoration of the conference room! It would have cost even more if the white Japanese cowhide upholstery of the chairs hadn't been gotten at less than half price at an auction. The carpet alone, red, an inch and a half thick, handwoven, cost. . .

"Workingmen? What's the matter with the workingmen, hey?"

Kruse clicks his heels again: "They are gathering in the yard, sir, and want to arrest the gentlemen here, they say!"

"What else?"

"That's all, sir."

Mallarme takes up again the sheet of paper he had held and brings it closer to his nearsighted eyes. "Very well, you can go now, Kruse." A door is discretely closed. "So let's proceed, ahem, to compare, Mr. Counsellor, you will later kindly, ahem. . ."

The twenty gentlemen are mastered by a certain disquietude. Mallarme's voice is drowned in a babble of voices that swells to the level of loud conversation. Dr. Popitz has risen from his chair and walks up and down the room unceremoniously, muttering to himself: "A beautiful story! I must say, a beautiful story! But really: a beautiful story. . ."

The banker Dahlman reaches hesitatingly for the silver bell that is there only for decorative purposes, really: "Gentlemen, please. . ."

Mallarme smiles in indecision. In the momentary silence the solemn voice of Dr. Popitz is heard: "That's really opening the door to everything arbitrary, really!" During the past six weeks Dr. Popitz has had numerous opportunities of uttering this sentence and it never failed to find universal approval.

The thoughtful headshaking of the twenty gentlemen encourages him to add another one of his sentences that was also far from original as he had said it many times already: "When you think it over it is really a howling injustice!"

Mallarme is making quieting gestures: "Things aren't eaten as hot as they are cooked, gentlemen. I think we can really go on with our business. This message is by no means news to me and I have taken the necessary steps so that the Board. . ."

"The Board, nothing! The Board will be arrested! Killed! Transferred to a concentration camp!" Popitz screams unceremoniously. "Your men, Mallarme! Your men! The purest Bolshevism!"

Some of the men have gotten up and gone over to the high windows, as if one could see anything there. But the street is still and peaceful. Only two policeman in blue coats march up and down. The workers are gathering in the yard which cannot be seen from here.

Banker Dahlman now really rings the bell: "Gentlemen, please take your seats. I believe we are entitled to ask Mr. Mallarme the nature of the measures he has taken to protect this assembly."

Mallarme bows slightly: "Certainly. Yesterday I got in touch with the district leadership and Mayor Leichert has kindly promised to negotiate with the workmen. The authority of Mr. Leichert, who has been district leader for years, is beyond doubt. He is already here and will exert the necessary influence on the shop cells. There is really no cause for anxiety gentlemen."

"I refuse to go along!" calls out Dr. Popitz. He is already at the door. "I have no desire to die on the battlefront of industry. I decidely declare, I am not taking part in the session. Good afternoon, gentlemen. . ."

Popitz hastily leaves the conference room, stuffing papers into his portfolio wildly on the way. Through a rear window he looks down on the yard. The space between the pattern room and the conveyor building is dark with people. Through the closed windows unclear muttering is heard now and then drowned in a short call of command. Dr. Popitz feels a remarkable chill climb up his back. The workmen! "General Manager, the workmen!" As if it were a trifle! When the door is opened to everything arbitrary—Mal-

larme is crazy—I really refuse to go on with this, as I said, a beautiful story. . .

At the foot of the steps, only a few meters from the saving exit a gigantic SA man stepped into Dr. Popitz's way. Guiltily Dr. Popitz looks up. From pale lips comes a labored: "Please? I'd like to go out."

The SA man assumes an official mien: "No one leaves this place. By order of the Shop Cell."

Through the half open rear door a loud turmoil of voices is heard. From his cubbyhole the old porter, Kruse, his cap in his hand all ready to greet the gentlemen humbly, looks on at this scene as if the world were sinking. "Bearing!" thinks Popitz. "Orders of the Shop Cell?" he says. "That's different, of course. Quite understood. Very well. Orders of the Shop Cell. Well then, Hail Hitler, so long!" And slowly he goes back up the stairs. . .

"Fellow citizens and fellow citizenesses! On its very first mighty attack the National-Socialist Revolution has swamped the System. The German workingman, fellow citizens and fellow citizenesses, oppressed, ridiculed, degraded to second rate manhood has now by will of the Leader become the foundation of the Nation, and hence the People. This State, my fellow citizens is your State! These factories are your factories. . . ."

"Mallarme!"

"Solmssen!"

"Winkler!"

District leader Leichert takes off his cap and wipes the perspiration from his brow. He had imagined it much simpler to bring to reason the stirred workmen of the Cheap Motorworks Corporation. A difficult piece of work, but he'll do it alright. These crazy plans must be stopped. Under all circumstances! He is a cashiered individual if he does not succeed. Restlessly Leichert musters the mass of workers with his bulging eyes. Many SA men among them. He recognizes now one, now another—all old experienced comrades. But Gott! what has gotten into these people!

"Fellow citizens and fellow citizenesses, I know your worries and needs For seven years we have stood together in our difficult struggle for power, and have preserved discipline even in the face of death. We got the power only because the will of our Leader, beloved before all, was the supreme law of our actions and hence of our life generally. The National Socialist Revolution is, of all the revolutions in the world's history, the most disciplined, the most planned, the most considered. . ."

(So, another instant. Soon I'll have them in hand again. What kind of heckling is that? I can't understand it. Calm, calm! Only to keep calm! Wish I could lay my hand on the damned shouter in the rear there.)

"Fellow citizens and fellow citizenesses, the National Socialist Revolution. ."

"Arrest them! Down with Mallarme!"

"Down! Down! Down!"

Leichert gets pale and red. Threatening memories rise out of the raging outcries of the two thousand workers. Are these National-Socialists? Fellow citizens? Are not these those same people that, armed with rifles and revolvers in 1919 stormed the City Hall? Leichert creases his forehead straining to hear.

"Capitalist slave! Bonze!"

Yes, there's no mistaking it. Something decisive must now happen. "The leaders of the Shop Cells must come out for another short conference. In five minutes we shall know what must be done to atone for the irregularities at the Cheap Motorworks Corporation."

Several men from the front rows step out. One young clerk and three workmen in uniforms. Leichert nods curtly. On the ground floor of the administration building there is the Union room. The door is open, and the five enter. The windows have whitewashed panes so one can see out into the yard.

Leichert draws himself erect, and with hoarse voice roars at the representatives of the workmen: "What kind of god-damned swinery is this! Have you all gone plumb crazy! If you can't control the workmen you will be discharged, understand? This is Bolshevist rubbish! What idiot has put it into your dumb heads that you have to worry about the affairs of the Board of Directors? If there have been any delinquencies here in 1926 or 1927 it is none of your damned business! Understand? None of your damned business! None of *your* damned business!"

The district leader strikes a table with his fist so that some glasses that stood there fall ringing to the floor. The four shop representatives look at one another undecidedly. Leichert sinks down on a chair and pushes the shattered glasses aside with angry motion of the feet. Uncomfortable stillness for a moment.

"Well, answer please: do you control the workers or don't you?"

The store manager, Roschkowski, chairman of the Shop Council, a young man of energetic bearing shrugs his shouldes: "The workmen are one hundred percent in the NSBO. . ."

Leichert protests: "No siree! You have naturally accepted all the communist shouters into the NSBO and now you are surprised. . ."

"Comrade Leichert, you yourself, you yourself told us. . ."

"Yes, yes, Roschkowski. That's alright. But how'll we get out of this mess, by God? Make a sound, will you! The arrest of the Board of Directors is out of the question. It is a question of illegal procedure which I must in view of my instructions, resist strictly. But I cannot disperse the workmen with police and SA men. (Storm Troopers) What? Roschkowski, Wittholz, Giese, say something now!"

The machinist, Giese, a fat man with a sly face, utters a groan; "Well then, it seems we'll have to compromise. I believe if we arrested only the Presidium the men would be satisfied."

The assembler, Wittholz, nods excitedly: "Naturally; arrest Mallarme, Solmssen and Winkler and the affair is settled."

District leader Leichert is silent.

"Can you guarantee this? Granted that the three gentlemen concerned are agreeable, I could concede this. Damn it again, Mallarme is a member of the Presidium of the Central organization! What a mess! My God, my God!"

Shop councilman, Giese, bends forward energetically: "Now here's the proposal: I go out and speak to the workers. Keep up your demands. The party leadership is behind you. But discipline. The arrest of the Presidium has been ordered. District leader Leichert will see it through. . ."

"It won't work! If Mallarme does not agree, it won't work!"

"So see to it that Malarme agrees."

The district leader gets up: "Well here goes! Giese, you say only that the District Council is considering the arrest of the Presidium, that the Shop Cells must keep up their demand and that the business will be settled within the next ten minutes. Can you keep the men that long?"

Silence. Then a half assenting shrug of shoulders. . .

District leader and Mayor Leichert go up the two flights of stairs to the conference room. After the door has opened to his soft knock, Leichert

stands there a moment confused. At the end of the narrow oval table General manager Mallarme stands and reads raspingly and stammering, now and then swallowing half sentences from a paper that he holds close to his eyes. Banker Dahlman has his narrow fine grey haired head low and makes copious notes. . .

". . . Ahem, thanks to the farsighted economic policy of the national government, ahem, the prospects for the following business year seem favorable. Yes, please, Mr. Mayor?"

There must be something in the bearing of Mallarme that makes the Mayor put his left hand to his breast as if he were standing before a superior, the Chief of Staff of the political organization or the Leader himself.

"I have negotiated with the workmen. The people insist upon their demands. . ."

Mallarme interrupts the Mayor: "So, you have gotten no results?" he asks in an unpleasant way. "Have you called out the police or shall I do so?"

Leichert is getting nervous: "No, no, General Manager. I did get some results. The men do not ask any more that the Board of Directors be arrested. Not a sign of that. That I have succeeded in talking them out of. They will be satisfied if the Presidium is arrested."

Dr. Popitz, who had listened attentively, nods his head: "A thoroughly loyal demand." And turns to his neighbors with a gesture demanding assent.

"Idiotic," grates Mallarme. "Mr. Solmssen, Mr. Winkler, may I ask you here for a moment."

Technical director Solmssen and personelle manager Winkler follow Mallarme to a corner of the room. Leichert, who does not know whether he is wanted or not drags after them uncertainly. Mallarme nods for him to approach: "Now listen, Mr. Mayor, it's naturally out of the question. You can not know this, of course, but my arrest is tantamount to a vote of distrust in the Leader, I hope that's clear to you? No? Well then, I'm telling you so. The problem of the automobile industry that I have discussed with the Leader at length. . . Now then, entirely out of the question!"

Solmssen is suspicious and silent. Winkler, a small man with a flaming red Van Dyke beard coughs nervously.

"Mr. General Manager, I guarantee that the gentlemen will be freed in less than two hours," begs Leichert.

"And my authority? How? This much of the Leader's principles you should understand, that you must see. With respect to my own person, I tell you categorically that I shall not go in for any such thing, I demand of you, Mr. Mayor, as district leader of the NSDAP and as elected representative of State power that you protect industry from criminal encroachment, understand?"

Mayor Leichert has the uncertain feeling that the tone of the general manager is somewhat inappropriate to the occasion. Outside in the yard the workmen are in turmoil. Police against National-Socialist workmen! Encroachment on industry! Business initiative! The representative of the Labor Party stretches out his hand as if to hold the general manager back: "Make some kind of proposal. . ."

The general manager stops: "I have told you, I shall not submit to arrest voluntarily. Mr. Winkler has urgent tasks at the plant, we need him. The director, Mr. Solmssen. . ." Mallarme breaks off suddenly and is silent. Winkler coughs nervously. Solmssen draws his quadrangular head deeper into his shoulders and looks out of angry eyes at the general manager. He has one hand in his trousers pocket.

In a room full of cold animosity director Solmssen suddenly finds himself standing all alone. Winkler has stepped back, away from him. Mayor Leicher directs his bulging eyes provokingly at Solmssen. Mallarme looks at him graciously and questioningly. Solmssen is silent.

"Yes, how about you, Mr. Solmssen?" the general manager finally decided to ask.

"If you'd let yourself be arrested I believe I could calm the workers, I guarantee this as district leader of the NSDAP!"

Solmssen is silent. Technical director of the Cheap Motorworks Corporation with twenty one hundred marks a month salary and bonuses. An older graduate engineer. A keen rationalizer, thoroughly hated by the workers for years. Graduate engineers, qualified, unemployed, hungry, can be gotten wholesale. Can be gotten for a sandwich. . .

"Well now, what do you say, dear Solmssen?"

"How about my authority in the industry if I submit to arrest?" he asks anxiously.

Mallarme looks interested in the colored windows. "Why, of course, such a thing. . ." he says, bored.

"I guarantee your personal safety and that you will be released today yet," says Leichert with energy.

Winkler coughs energetically: "The interests of the company, dear Mr. Solmssen. . ."

Solmssen looks about him for help, but the twenty gentlemen meet his look with only business like interest.

And down in the yard the workers are in turmoil. . .

Mallarme taps tactfully on the rug. "Your contract runs till thirty six you know. It is understood—my word, and these twenty gentlemen are witnesses —ahem, of course will be paid out in full."

Solmssen looks down dumbly. How simply it all works out! "I am only fifty-two," he says softly and feels himself how senseless such words are.

A national revolution is no five o'clock tea—to whom did he say that? When did he say that? And where trees are being chopped, chips will fall. . .

"How much this will cost us again!" Mallarme turns to the district leader indignantly. "Here you see what it leads to when you don't control the people. You have some pension claims too, my dear Solmssen, have'nt you? There, you see!"

Mayor and district leader Leichert, who had already begun to get ready to strike a proper attitude shrinks and is embarrassed: "So I can call a cab, Mr. Director? I shall go along with you myself, of course, I guarantee you safety, naturally. . ."

Mallarme takes Solmssen's hand: "So then we call up, eh? I may come over and see myself this evening, Mr. Leichert. the SA, of course, also takes upon itself the protection of Mr. Solmssen's villa?"

"Of course! I guarantee, in a word. . ."

"Well then, so long, my dear Solmssen. I am terribly sorry, but you see yourself. . ."

"Fellow citizens and fellow citizenesses! Our flag stands against class animosity and class distinction. The German worker with fist or brain can have the quiet assurance that the leadership of the new State knows no class distinction! The time is finally past when capitalists could do their dirty work

with the wealth of the people and get away with it. We shall sweep away dirt of the past with an iron broom. . ."

"Hail! Hail! Hail!" The store manager, Roschkowski, stands in the front row and shouts so that his face is red. He looks up to district leader Leichert encouragingly. We must shout as loud as we can. . .

"The National-Socialist Revolution does not hesitate before the doors of the conference room. The workers have not the right, they have the duty to prosecute irregularities. The party thanks you that you put your finger on a running sore in German industry. In that running sore that is called the Cheap Motorworks Corporation. . ."

"Hail! Hail! Hail!"

"The stockholders' meeting is closed!"

"Hail!"

"They will no longer share dividends without the workers having their weighty word. Fellow citizens and fellow citizenesses, this State is your State. And these factories are your factories! The German worker will never again permit himself to be swindled! And therefore. . ."

"Hail! Bravo!"

"And therefore our slogan will always remain: 'Against the exploiters! For the oppressed!' The demands of the workers are granted."

"Hail! Hail! Hail!"

The store manager, Roschkowski does not have to throw his voice in any longer: the applause is loud enough without his efforts. His career is safe. Now the district leader must see himself that the Shop Council have the workers well in hand.

"The technical director, Solmssen, a type of business man that should not be tolerated, has proved, upon investigation of the documentary evidence, the one that was chiefly guilty of the falsification of the balance sheets of 1927, the one chiefly guilty of the brutal rationalization measures adopted that threw hundreds of our colleagues on the street. The technical director, Solmssen is being arrested. . ."

District leader Leichert wipes the perspiration from his forehead. At last! He nods to the machinist Giese, who understands him and begins to sing in a mighty voice:

High the flag! The ranks in close formation!
SA with calm firm tread is marching
The comrades shot by Red Front and Reaction
Within our ranks in Spirit march along. . .

Leichert raises his right arm in salute. There, now I've got them again. Roschkowski must be changed off. Weak dog. Will have to talk to the district office of the NSBO. Tomorrow they must make a search for communist leaflets in the plant. At least ten must be arrested so that the gang knows who is boss around here. . .

The workers disperse into the various work rooms. Discussions spring up and simmer down the moment a uniformed worker approaches.

"You must admit there was never any such thing before. Your Reformists would have filled their pants before they'd have dared to arrest a director. . . What use is it? Just think of the prestige! Of course, Mallarme remains, he is an able specialist. . . The factories belong to the workers? Man, who will say anything there? Then the whole shooting match stops dead. . . Of course, this is not socialism yet, but we are on the way to it. . . Wait awhile. . ."

The cab in which the technical director Solmssen was taken away was surrounded by SS men (Hitler Guards.) Solmssen sits in the back seat, his head deep in his shoulders, lips tight. Beside him sits Mayor Leichert. The porter, Kruse, fingers his cap in indecision—he does not know whether he ought to salute the director yet or not.

The members of the Board of Directors stand about on the stairs, embarrassed. Mallarme has long gone back to his office.

Dr. Popitz follows the automobile with interested eyes. Then he shakes his head and says, in a tone of voice, as if he had just made a surprising discovery: "When you think it over, it is really a howling injustice. . ."

But no one of the gentlemen is really listening.

Less than two hours after Mallarme's phone rings: Mayor Leichert informs him that Director Solmssen has just been released and is going away on a trip with the evening express train. "Very well, Mr. Mayor, I shall dictate my report to the central organization immediately. . . I'll see what I can do to shield you. Of course. I'll do my utmost. . . But listen here: this is the very last time I wish to have heard of that balance sheet business! We understand each other? Yes, show me that you have the workers in hand. That's your job! You are taking off Roschkowsky? Good. Well then, Hail Hitler, Mr. Mayor."

Translated from the German by S. D. Kogan

Eugene Gordon

Southern Boyhood Nightmares

The Story of an American Childhood

Looking down upon it from the height of years and the comforting remoteness of a New England town, I realize that my whole boyhood in the South was darkened by a lowly lying cloud of subconscious fear of the white man; a subsconscious fear that at times burst through to open terror. I do not mean that a fear of immediate physical injury possessed me night and day, haunting my dreams at night and my imagination by day; it was not a fear of that kind. It was instead an accumulation of ideas suggested by countless agencies—my mother, my teachers, the pastor of our church, the children with whom I played in the gutters of New Orleans, the very atmosphere I breathed, my whole environment—the white man was my natural and eternal enemy, regardless of the guises he might assume or of the methods of approach he might take. Some day, I believed, the white man would come swooping upon me, my mother, my father (although I knew they would have a hard time subduing *my* father), my brothers and sisters, and all my black, brown, and yellow playfellows, and would bundle us together and burn us like so much kindling.

At the age of two I was taken by my parents, with a younger brother from my birthplace at Oviedo, Florida, to New Orleans, Louisiana. Here my education with reference to my white compatriots was begun in earnest. My mother, a brave, brown, small and stern-faced woman, taught me that I was "as good" as any other youngster. I often wondered, at first, why she so insisted on this detail. It seemed to me that so patent a truth should be taken as a simple matter of course. At the same time I was made to feel, by virtue of having learned this credo, that I should be a coward to quail at the insults my small neighbors pricked me with, and should only follow a natural impulse if I itched to punch their grimy faces. However, when I saw a white acquaintance called into his yard and spanked because he had played with a "nigger", I could not reconcile the contradictions in my mother's philosophy. Why, I wished to know did his mother whip him if I was "as good" as he, and why did his mother call me "nigger"?

Mother disliked such questioning. She would bite her lip and pretend not to hear; she would turn her back, and go about her housework. But when I repeated the question until it rang in her ears, she cried: "She does it because she doesn't know any better. She's showing her ignorance." Ignorance of what? I wondered. Why was she ignorant?

My mother taught me that to be called a "nigger" was to be outraged, humiliated, degraded. It was signal for immediate combat. A white man's smile of friendship, she insisted, was like Judas' kiss. My mother taught me that no white man was to be considered seriously as a friend: he was not to be trusted. They were all potential lynchers and abusers of black womanhood. If they appeared at any time to be friendly, it was because they had "an axe to grind." They were disloyal; they would desert one in a crisis, especially if one happened to be a Negro. They never performed a charitable act for, nor spoke a kindly word to, a Negro, out of the pristine goodness of their hearts. They were blackguards, rascals, cutthroats, rapists, and murderers. How

they "got this way" was a perpetual puzzle to me. I had gone to Sunday school and had been taught that Christ was a Jew. Weren't Jews white? Then was Christ like that too? Were the Presidents of the United States like that? And the grocer at the corner—he appeared to be a kindly old fellow: was he like that? Yes, Christ had been a white man, but he was above petty hatred. The Presidents were no better than the rest of them. The grocer? Didn't I have sense enough to know why *he* acted in a friendly manner?

I did not see my mother's contacts with the harsher side of life. . . I sometimes wondered whether she was not afraid to eat the food bought of white tradesmen. So, wondering, I grew older.

I must have been between seven and ten years old when something happened in New Orleans to confirm, as far as I cared then to have it confirmed, my mother's repeated charges. It has been many years ago, and since my facts and impressions came from hearsay and juvenile observation, the incidents are now obscured on my memory. But I do remember very clearly going out one morning to play in front of my father's small "ice-coal-and-wood" shop, and seeing the streets filled with policemen. We lived in the rear of our store, at the corner of Third and Rampart streets, and it was on Third street that I first glimpsed this awful and romantic spectacle.

Rumors whirled as thick as the dust from the board surface of Rampart street. White men shoved black men from the sidewalks and dared them to protest. And, of all unheard of dreams! most of these husky Negroes submitted meekly and went, hang-dog-like, about their businesses! I had been taught that black men were much braver than whites, in all circumstances. It did not occur to me that the whites were armed, while the blacks were not; nor did I realize that the police, representing the power both of the state and of the white ruling class, were leagued against the blacks.

Policemen went by all day, carrying long, slender rifles on their shoulders. My white playmates, who had played at horses and cowboys with me yesterday, regarded me today with hostility, answering my anxious questions with impatient sneers. They turned their backs and stayed close to their own doorsteps.

Late that afternoon I heard father telling mother the story. A Negro named Robert Charles had shot and killed two policemen last night, they having gone to arrest him for beating his common-law wife. He had eluded the police. Today they circled the block in which the murders had occurred; stood on rooftops, behind fences and walls; atop cisterns, and clung to the branches of trees. That night a mob burned the only Negro high school, and it held the fire department at bay until the building was destroyed. The mob whipped several Negroes who had dared show themselves after dark.

The police advised my father next morning to keep his store closed. They refused to be held responsible, in view of the circumstances, if certain "hot-headed members" of the mob wrecked the place. I remember that father clamped his jaws together and said to the policeman, "Let them try it!" He opened the store as usual but nobody bought anything. Later in the day he closed the place up.

In the meantime mother went about her work with tightened lips and hard eyes. She had a horror of seeing father leave the house or go out of her sight. Reports came in of Negro workers being dragged from street cars and beaten to death. Friends of ours were all but murdered on their way to and from work. But father went. I had unbounded faith in his courage. I worshipped the tall, lean, olive-complexioned, curly headed, stern-faced man who was my father. . . He has said that he expected any moment to feel the

blade of a knife piercing his back as he pushed his way through the mobs.

One morning we got word that Robert Charles had been found in a house not far from us. Immediately the whole block was surrounded by militia, policemen, and thousands of excitement-seekers. The battle was on. Some stories said that Charles killed more than twenty of his attackers, picking them off one by one. Negro homes in the vicinity were burned as a passtime. The mob poured bullets and buckshot into Charles' hiding place.

I remember most clearly, of all the incidents of that frightful period, the boast of a white youth whom I knew well. He was talking to a group of his kind, all of whom my mother told me, had taken part with the whipping, burning, and murdering mobs.

"We don't want to hurt these gray-haired old devils," he said; "what we're after are these smart young niggers that'll tell a white man to go to hell."

Finally Robert Charles was killed. Some reports said he walked out of his retreat, his hands above his head, and was instantly shot down. Others tell us that he was shot into bits through the walls behind which he had sought shelter. At any rate, all agreed that when every member of the self-appointed posse had fired a shot or two into his body, there was not enough of it left for an undertaker to trouble himself with.

The bolder outlines of this experience were dimmed in the ensuing weeks, but the deeper impression remained. Following those tense days, when hostility between whites and blacks was felt in the very air, I grew to believe more and more in the doctrine that my environment had repeatedly hammered into my consciousness: Trust no white man; even those who pretend to be your friends will lynch you if offered the slightest provocation. . . Robert Charles became the secret hero of the underprivileged black worker; more than that, I heard many a covert word of praise for him among certain whites. I was all confused. . .

II

A Thwarted Friendship

When I was twelve, our family having been increased by two, we removed from New Orleans to Hawkinsville, Georgia. My grandfather, Charles Gordon, a well-to-do farmer, would have been labeled in the Hawkinsville *Dispatch* a "gentleman farmer" if he had been a white man. He was an ex-slave who had accumulated more than a thousand acres of the best farm land of Pulaski county. Some of the tenants on this place had been with him as long as they could remember. He was their "chief", and he possessed among them both influence and power .He was openly disliked by those "poor whites", whose hatred of the Negro is an inheritance from slavery. Among those of the same plane as himself—J. Pope Brown, for example, at one time candidate for Governor of Georgia and one of my grandfather's "friends"—he was "respected" but he was not accepted as a man.

To go as far as my grandfather had gone in the heart of Georgia, with its race proscription and its subtle psychology of Negro inferiority, a black man must possess both unusual mental equipment and unusual moral stamina. Yet, to my youthful amazement, the philosophy he had built out of the only life any of us knew (except my father, who having lived in Europe, knew something of freedom) was similar to that of the propertyless, submerged Negro farm hand: to avoid the white man except when expediency dictated

otherwise; to temper your trust of the white man with scepticism; to accept his "loyalty" as so much bait to draw you into a hidden trap.

I could not readily understand this philosophy at first. I knew he was not a coward. Cowards did not in that place rise to such stature as his. His thin-lipped, tight-fitting mouth, his penetrating eyes, the superb, proud manner with which he carried his almost square head—these, I knew, were the physical aspects of a mental attitude. It was not until much later that I understood fully the magnitude of his tragedy. An intelligent Negro in Georgia was (and is) like a king in exile. He is treated with a certain deference by those who hold his life in their hands, but he must not err, he must not for a moment "forget" who and where he is. Let him "forget", and he loses in a moment all that it has taken him and others all their lives to accumulate. My grandfather was an intelligent Negro in the heart of Georgia..

After a few years in the backwoods of Georgia we children were as wild, as free from any city influence, as the field rabbits we hunted on Sunday afternoons. Our lands being extensive, we seldom came into contact with our white neighbors' children. But on those rare occasions when we did, I found that these youngsters were as friendly as my earlier playmates in New Orleans had been. I came to realize that as long as these boys and girls remained uninfluenced by their elders, they were human and lovable; that under the fear of punishment for having played with "niggers", they were hostile and insulting.

We went to school in a log hut on the main road about a mile and a half from home, and this change in our status brought us at once into contact with white children. We met them on their way to the "white" school, which was purposely located in an opposite direction. I recall vividly that the first time we met we stared at one another noncomittally and curiously. But a few days later we were smiling at one another, and before any of us had really thought about it or knew how it had come to pass, we were talking about our lessons and our teachers, flipping the pages of one another's books, and calling one another Gene and Ann, Ernest and Bobby.

One morning, proudly and chivalrously acceding to the request of the beautiful blonde daughter of a well-to-do neighbor to tell her what I knew about algebra, I looked down the road and saw my grandfather approaching us on horseback. The blond young woman—she was about ten—paid no more attention to him than we had been giving to the buzzing of spring insects, but I wilted in fright. No one knew better than my brothers and I that I had violated a fundamental law of the clan.

My grandfather reined in his horse. Our new friends looked on uneasily, wondering what would happen. They looked from him to us and from us to him.

Grandfather glared at them with unspeakable contempt. In a moment terror had displaced their mild stares of wonder, and they backed, sidled, slunk away; they hurried about their business, now and then looking back so as not to miss seeing impending tragedy. Alone with us, he said, in a voice that made us cringe:

"Dog bite it! I told you not to talk to any of these white youngones. What do you mean? Do you want to be lynched? Do you want to be burned at the stake? Get on to school! And don't ever let me see that again, or I'll skin you alive."

I admit I was in more immediate horror of being burned by the "crackers" than "skinned alive" by my grandfather. As a matter of fact, my brother and I had a mutual understanding that the old man was very much of a bluff.

However, we did not lightly consider the temper and ferocity of the Georgia white man. We resolved to obey grandfather thereafter.

I wondered what my father would say when grandfather told him. I thought of it all day. It was hard to understand why anyone should even object, let alone wish to burn us alive, merely because we had been civil to a group of kids of our own age.

Next morning we were in a pretty mess. Having been ordered to ignore our new friends, we were at a loss how to explain the sudden change of attitude toward them. But we were saved that particular humiliation. The moment we came in sight of one another they hailed us. As on former occasions, it was the girl who spoke for the whites. She went straight to me and, thrusting a small pink finger at my nose, demanded:

"Why did your pa scold you yesterday?"

I stammered, hesitated, floundered; I told her who the old grouch really was and told her what he had said. Her companions seemed to be deeply impressed; much more so, in fact, than she was. Her reply was prompt and emphatic: "I don't believe they'd do that to you. I'd tell 'em you didn't hurt me, nor nothing."

At any rate I thought we had better not be caught being friendly again, and, making the silly excuse that we'd all be late at school if we didn't hurry, I turned and ran, joining my brothers and sister who stood not far away.

I shall never forget the scorn in her eyes and the contempt in her voice, when she called after me: "Coward! My mother says all niggers are cowards!"

Somehow I felt no resentment toward her. The quick, spontaneous retort had revealed as by a flash of lightning the towering and impenetrable wall of hatred that stood between her people and mine. Vaguely I blamed her mother and her father, her older brothers and her sisters, her uncles, aunts and cousins, her friends and neighbors, and every man and woman who boasted a white skin, for the wall. It was years later that I saw how unnatural and how flimsy it was; that I found out how easily penetrable the wall was; that I saw it not as a wall, but as the illusion of a wall; an illusion created out of the psychologies of blacks and whites for the sole purpose of keeping them apart. But that day at school I felt sure my mother was correct in what she had taught us about "white folks": "all alike", and all to be mistrusted and hated like rattlesnakes.

My father never mentioned the incident to me, even though grandfather surely told him. My father's courage and thoughtfulness were always awesome to me.

III

Georgia Christmas Morning

Christmas in Georgia was looked upon by whites and blacks as the one day of the year when murder was a sport. Nobody feared being annoyed on that day by some nosey sheriff; that is, unless a Negro, for any reason, chanced to kill a white man. Then, of course, the whites would have the pleasure of putting their Christmas fireworks to profitable use. I knew all this as soon as I was old enough to comprehend even the most elementary of the ugly facts of Georgia life.

One Christmas morning they sent me to Hawkinsville to buy some more candies and fireworks. I drove a swift black horse hitched to a red-wheeled top-buggy. My eight-year-old sister begged to go with me. I was fifteen. We were very happy. . .

At Hartford, a scattered patch of buildings, through which we had to pass just before reaching the bridge that crossed the river to Hawkinsville, a lanky white youth, driving a team of mules, cut across my path, causing my horse to rear. I drew up quickly, suddenly mad with anger. Calling to him peremptorily, I asked him what the devil he was trying to do.

I was young. I had inherited much of my father's "nerve" and temper (if not his reckless courage). It was Christmas. I was driving a spirited and beautiful horse. Certainly I must have forgotten for a moment who and where I was!

I was soon reminded. Temporarily stricken dumb by a "nigger's" unheard-of audacity, the youth drew up his mules so abruptly that they nearly sat on his lap. Jumping to the ground, he stalked toward us, his pale eyes glittering. My horse stood champing on his bit and pawing the ground. I was uneasy, for groups of loungers who had seen the incident were already approaching casually, coming within hearing distance. Besides, everybody, including my little sister, knew of Hartford's reputation as a "mean and lawless hole." The village swarmed with illiterate, tobacco-spitting "hill billies" on a perpetual lookout for "sassy niggers." So seldom were they fortunate enough to find one that I knew they would never let me walk out of this trap of my own making.

In less than five minutes we were surrounded. My sister had begun to cry nervously, which added to my wretchedness. The "offended" youth was spitting brown tobacco juice and detailing between shots his version of what had happened. His version was, of course, the "correct" one. The whole business had been unimaginable, unheard of, a crime deserving of nothing less than death. They were already discussing, on the outskirts of the crowd, possible methods of disposing of me. I heard them numbly.

Shaking with terror, but trying desperately to conceal it, I looked for a sympathetic face. I saw none. The number of heads across which I looked had increased; I thought vaguely that there must be thousands. One of the men, a gangling, redhaired fellow in green suspenders and a gray cap, went to my horses head. And I cut at him with the buggy-whip.

In a flash the horse was off. Tugging desperately at the reins, I turned him round toward home. Five miles stretched ahead of us, some of the road was none too good. The mob was after us, yelling for blood. They cried: "Stop that nigger!" "Shoot him!" "Don't shoot, take him alive!" "Don't let him get away!" Someone ran into the road and caught the reins. The mob surged upon us; swept on and overwhelmed us like a storm.

I looked pityingly at my sister. She was crouched in a corner of the seat, her great eyes wide and tearless.

"What'd he do?"

"Sassed a white man."

"Did, did he? Who th' 'ell is he, anyway? . . . Say boy, what's yo' name? Whare you come from?"

I told him, a plea in my voice.

"Yea, I know. His pa's that sassy yaller nigger that rides round here with his hat on the side of his head, thinkin' he's white. Passes a white man without speakin'. Boys, we're in luck!"

"What'll we do with 'im? Will we shoot 'im?"

"No, jus' strip 'im an' give 'im damn good whippin' with that buggy whip."

"I'm in favor of shootin' 'im. Ef I don't kill that nigger today I won't be able to sleep fer a month. . ."

An austere elderly man, who had lost an arm in the Confederate army—I dazedly recognized him the moment he drove up behind his span of beautiful bays—questioned my captors sharply, and they answered him with a deference that amazed me. They seemed, however, reluctant to let him in on their fun. He did not question me; merely looked curiously in my direction every once in a while.

I heard him say, in a drawl I loved because his voice was raised in my behalf: "I know his granddad. And his dad, too. His dad's a right smart fellow." I noticed with a thrill of pride that he had not used that offensive epithet in referring to my father. "You men let that boy go on home, you hear me? If he's done anything that's deserving of punishment, I'll see that his dad whales the stuffin' out of him. . . Go on home, boy."

That was his first statement directly to me. My acknowledment of it was too hurried to be gracious. I went.

I told my father everything, imitating gestures, mimicking the inflections of different voices. I showed how they had strutted back and forth before us, and I waxed dramatic as I described the tone of his own insulter. My father's tanned, lean face tightened, and his stern gray eyes became mere burning slits. When he called to mother to bring his revolver, his voice lashed but inspired me. Mother hesitated; father strode into the bedroom and got the revolver out of the top bureau drawer. He tossed it upon the buggy seat.

Mother whimpered: "Papa, be careful. Those crackers will kill you, sure."

Father said to me, "Get in." He swung himself in and snatched up the reins. I felt the hard revolver lying on the seat between us.

During that long swift ride he said hardly anything. He asked: "Can you pick out any of them? Did they do or say anything to your sister?"

The wheels of the buggy churned up a cascade of white sand as we curved into the space before a small Hartford general store, in front of which a crowd of laughing hooligans stood. The crowd split in two, dazed with astonishment. Father did not wait for it to recover.

"Who are they?" he asked me, loudly enough for all to hear. Outnumbered ten to one, I felt as secure as if I were surrounded by a regiment of friends. With irrepressible gusto I pointed them out.

They were regaining their wits now. They swayed forward, muttering threats; pressed against the buggy wheels and grasped the horse's reins.

"Pull 'im out o' there!" yelled someone on the outer edge of the crowd.

Like an echo the retort came back:

"You don't have to pull me out," and, tossing aside the heavy laprobe, he stood up.

The loaded revolver suddenly glittered in the sun. It glittered into the eyes of the crowd, which wavered, fell back hesitated for want of an aggressive leader. My father was now on the ground.

"I want to give you fellows fair warning," he was saying, "that my boys are not to be trifled with any more. This is not the first time, but it will be the last. . . And who was it that passed an insult—"

He was interrupted by the same austere man who, earlier, in the morning, had interceded for me. This man laid his hand on father's arm and called him by name.

"For God's sake, go home and leave those hot-headed young fools alone! They didn't mean anything. They. . ."

Father stood up in the buggy. He delivered a brief lecture, in which he relieved himself of an opinion for every man who had molested me. He offered to meet "personally" "the coward" who had insulted him. No one took up

the challenge. I wondered why someone in the outskirts of the crowd did not shoot him down. I still wonder, and decide that his reckless audacity appealed to their imaginations.

He sat down, tucked the laprobe about his legs, took the reins from my hands, and drove through the crowd; it fell back on both sides. He drove across the bridge into Hawkinsville, where he bought the candies and the fireworks. Shortly afterwards he drove back beside a sullen but silent group in Hartford.

IV

A Negro Man of God

There was a Negro preacher named Stanley. He was unctuous, mild, and inoffensive, often came to dinner at our house and we listened to his gossip of his wife and his boys, of his farm and his church. Was an ordinary sort of man in every way except in appearance. More than six feet tall, he had the features and the "unforgiving nature traditionally associated with certain Indians.

I once spent a whole day at his house. He was not there; his boys told me he had gone to carry some corn to the mill. We loafed about the field and we talked.

Late that afternoon, after a day of hunting, making partridge traps, and playing all sorts of games, we went in. I was to spend the night there. It was sundown after a little while. Evening noises were coming up from the fields and the branches. A silken misty smoke hung low over the darkling treetops; they were already mysterious with dusk.

Reveren' Stanley had not come and his wife was uneasy. We sat up in the dark, waiting for him. Mrs. Stanley now and then tried to join us in our foolish banter, but made out poorly. In a little while we too ceased to talk. The old wooden house grew silent. We sat in the kitchen around a table on which burned the yellow flame of an oil lamp. The old house sat almost a quarter of a mile from the main road, so that noises of the highway came to us faintly. . . Reveren' Stanley should have been back in two hours. . . Midnight came.

Mrs. Stanley walked the floor; went silently into the soft unfathomable darkness of the yard; sat down on the kitchen steps to cry. We boys walked down the lane to the main road, keeping close together in the darkness; we spoke in whispers. What could be keeping him? We returned, and sauntered around the "lot," where the mules crunched corn and the pigs grunted and squeaked in their sleep. We saw the gray haze of dawn breaking through the black barriers of night. Daylight came. The sun struggled up blood red through the silken veil of smoke.

We heard someone hollering out front. Mrs. Stanley, her two boys, and I rushed around the house to see who was calling. An ashen-faced Negro, a "hand" on the Stanley farm, met us. He kept turning his whitened, glaring stare across his shoulder. He jerked his thumb over his shoulder, and tried to tell us something in his quavering, almost shrieking, voice. For several minutes he could make no coherent statement. Finally, after many stammering efforts, he blurted out the whole sickening story. He had heard some of it from an eye-witness and some he had seen himself. . .

About a mile and a half this side of the mill Reveren' Stanley heard the loud chugging and the vociferous tooting of an auto horn. Automobiles were rarities in those days. They were for the rich only. Reveren' Stanley knew,

therefore, that one of the richest men in the county, and, doubtless, one of the most arrogant was clamouring for the road. The road here was really a lane, being very narrow and hemmed in by a wire fence on one side and a rail fence on the other. There was room for only one vehicle, and that fact was clear. The horses had never heard such a sound before. They got excited, terrified, almost uncontrollable. Exasperated, Reveren' Stanley reined in and looked back.

"For God's sake," he cried, "stop blowing that tin horn! Haven't you sense enough to see I can't turn out?"

What! That was enough. Another white man had been "sassed" by a "smart nigger."

"Why, I'll be damned," observed the confounded autoist, mildly. "I'll be double damned!"

He turned slightly aside and drove ahead. His car crushed two of the buggy wheels, ripped loose the already wildly frightened horses, and showered grains of corn upon the sandy road. The horses, still fastened side by side, disappeared in a whirling cloud of dust around a bend in the road. The Negro preacher got to his feet and looked, through eyes bloodshot with anger, at the remnants of his goods. The rich man, some yards ahead, had now stopped the car and was coming back on foot, a pistol in his hand. He aimed and fired. "You black son of a bitch! So you'll sass a white man, will you?" He kept repeating it as he continued to shoot.

Reveren' Stanley, struck a couple of times, managed to grasp his own weapon from the seat of the buggy and to tumble to partial cover behind the rail fence.

"So that's the game you play, heh?" he cried, and returned fire.

The rich man keeled over. His wrist was shattered, and he could not fire again. One bullet had punctured his lung. He lay gasping in the sand, among Reveren' Stanley's scattered grains of golden corn.

A passing acquaintance—another wealthy white man—picked him up and rushed him to the nearest doctor. He spread the alarm as he went. But the best surgeon in Hawkinsville couldn't vulcanize a punctured lung. . .

The mob traced Stanley by the trail of blood. He was found in an old white farmer's hay loft. The white farmer begged the mob to "leave him be," since he was so nearly dead. They called the old farmer a "nigger lover" and shoved him out of their way. A trace chain was looped around Reveren' Stanley's neck, and, according to the Atlanta *Constitution* the next day, "outraged citizens dragged the Negro back to the scene of his crime and burned him at the stake."

When the man had finished his story he offered to conduct us to the place. On our way we gathered a large crowd, whites and blacks. I wondered how many of the whites had been members of the mob.

We found a blackened, charred, undraped trunk of a man chained to an iron stake beside the main road. The earth for yards around had been churned, cuffed, and ploughed by a thousand broganed feet. All the hair had been burned from the victim's head. His face was merely a blackened skin, drawn taut over the cheek bones; it was like the head of a drum. Great empty holes had displaced the eyes: they looked to me like torn and stretched button-holes. His feet and hands were gone.

Mrs. Stanley dropped just as I had seen a hog drop when struck on the head with an axe. I thought she was dead, and I remember feeling relieved, because she wouldn't have to dream of it for years.

Two men laid her on the side of the road, where presently, I heard her groaning and calling her husband's name. We pulled the stake from the ground and thus removed the chain which held the torso. Some men spread on the ground a large piece of bagging, such as is used for bailing cotton, and they laid the remains upon it. Grasping its corners, we trudged with it to the house. One of the men supported Mrs. Stanley on his arm. She was moaning, and mumbling her husband's name. . .

When I reached my own home that afternoon I found my mother almost insane from fear. She had heard the news and, although she knew that Reveren' Stanley alone had been lynched, she was nearly out of her mind because I had been close to the place where it had happened.

I told the family of what I had seen. I could neither eat nor sleep. Every post in the ground held, for my charged imagination, the blackened, crisped, faceless, handless and legless body of a man who had often laughed and talked with us. Mother later surprised me with the statement that, "after all, there are *some* decent white men left in the world; now, that old man who let Reveren' Stanley hide in his hay loft. . ."

But it was too late then to attempt undoing what had been so assiduously done through the most plastic years of my life. Mother had instilled in me, first, the fear of white men; later, when I was old enough to judge for myself, this fear had given place to hatred. Hatred was intensified by what I saw white men do. It was many years later, while going to school in the North, that my mind was able finally to evolve out of, shake itself free of, the grotesque "race" psychology in which the environment of my youth had clothed it. But those Southern boyhood nightmares have now become such memories as aid me in bringing the historical background of that section to the class conscious workers who are making such nightmares impossible.

FIVE DRAWINGS BY THE AUSTRIAN ARTIST PAULA ILLES-KUPKA

Victim of Nazi Terror

USSR on Guard

'Against Kolchak!

Roar China!

Ten Years After Lenin

Vladimir Lidin

Ivan Petrovich Pavlov

Cities have their histories. The stratifications of epochs peoples them with predilections and traditions. Leningrad was a gate-post of Science. Academicians study here along the University Quay, which bears world names, grey beards, stooped shoulders, is ornamented with monumental female figures the honorary caryatide of Soviet Science. The pinkish building of the Academy, where the autumn session is going on, stands on a peaceful hillock. The impression of old age, of having passed through many years deserving of oblivion, of having done many labors removed from life—all this was a privilege of the old Academy of official and indifferent Petersburg.

The wind blustered the whole night. Autumn whistled and over the quay of the city, a cold sunny day stands. A tug boat trails a barge by the fresh breath of the sea and of youth. The youth of our academicians, who, at present, even in the physical youth of 30 and 33 years occupy leading places and are on a par with persons who follow the same honorable calling and have famous names. The Institute of the Academician Joffe, just having celebrated its boyhood jubilee, the Institute of Experimental Medicine, the Academy of Science, the Conference on the Atomic Nucleus—all these are abundantly filled out by the work of our new young scientists, whose names resound more and more often on a par with the names of the greatest physiologists, chemists and physicists. The generation of new academicians is twice younger, however as is our entire country also.

These introductory words were necessary for me to tell the story of one man. I think that Ivan Petrov will not be angered at the writer who expressed in his audience the desire that the image of the great physiologist of our epoch be engraved by means of imaginative art. This is pardonable, moreover, because according to the assertions of Ivan Petrovich, the artistic nature in distinction from the thinker's nature lives a primitive life of impressions. These introductory words about youth were necessary to me also, since I would show in the example of Pavlov who has completed eighty-four years of life, that old age does not exist for the genuinely great scientist, that the emanations of his personality have up to now enriched science daily, and that this example of youth in an eighty-four year old man is convincing and irresistable.

The scientific world of physiologists, psychiatrists and neuropathologists of Leningrad know the celebrated Pavlov "Wednesdays." Once a week in this Neuro-Psychological Dispensary or in that Psychiatric Hospital, Pavlov analyses complex case histories of defective, psychotic, and neurotic people, pointing out in the intricate and unhappy biographies, those facts which reveal the cause of the psychic disorder. The author of this story was able to attend one of such "Wednesdays." His task does not involve a description of

the ways and means which Pavlov uses. That would be an intrusion into a field of science which one impression is incapable of rendering. The author would relate only about the complex and convincing apearance of the remarkable scientist.

Neuropathologists, brain specialists, and psychiatrists are awaiting Pavlov in an eight-corner pavilion, beyond whose open window panes is a cold and brilliant day. Pavlov is to give a four hour lecture on the basis of two sick residents of this Neuro-psychic Dispensary. The clock strikes two and Pavlov enters the pavilion; his life is punctual and scheduled. He takes a place in that same public circle on the little divan, which is set along the wall. I try to keep in mind the most distinctive thing about this man. The feature most distinctive in Pavlov, is not his sallow, expanded forehead with remnants of lactic hairs, making him look like Darwin, but his ears and hands. These enormous brown ears listen to the world. The path of the life story outlined before him is complicated and meandering. With the youthful attention of a prosecuting judge, he follows the unfolding themes of the day. The senile legs are crossed one over the other. He rests with his hands on the seat. He listens, half-sideways, in order not to miss anything in this story.

The doctor who attends the patient, stands behind the table and reads the evidence and biographical outline. The genesis of the psychic shock must be found.

The ominous psychopathology of the patient has grotesque life manifestations. He is possessed of the idea that in our life there are too few decrees. There are decrees which regulate the behavior of the masses, but there are no decrees which govern the individual man. Therefore, he daily issues decrees for himself. These decrees are laconic as military commands. He decreed "Get strong!". He entered the decree in a notebook, the execution of the order, the signature and the stamp. He decreed, "Act." He decreed, "Live in your own manner." This defective life story develops from the years of childhood when the patient had lived through a Jewish pogrom. Pavlov listens. His face is animated. He interrupts the speaker and puts in his remarks. His hands begin to live. With two pointing fingers he seems to measure the clearance-guage of this classic psychopathological flux, which has run its course and developed in full. All the facts of the patient coincide to his definition of Psychopathology. The face of Pavlov is as animated as a youth.

"It is easy to say—Act!" says he, impetuosly casting his hand. "No, he is more complete than K. Far more complete!"

K. is another psychopath of whom they had learned recently. Pavlov is glad of this coincidence of his learning with life. He digresses from the biography. He recollects about a certain remarkable dog Barbos, with whose "mistakes," like a Psychi trauma, they tried to deprive him of freedom for a year and who saved himself in the phase of equilibrium, in a half-dream state of stupefaction. This dog, Barbos has for Pavlov almost human qualities. He recollects about him with gratification and respect. This recollection about Barbos is not by chance, since just now, Pavlov is carrying on an experiment studying the higher nervous activity of man by means of the conditioned reflex method. The youth of Pavlov, the liveliness of his perception, his exceptional auditory attention gladdens one. He listens to a biography. Five pages of the pettiest, most detailed footnotes. Life unfolds in contradictions and details.

"Allow me, allow me," says Pavlov suddenly. "But when did that happen? Upon his return to Leningrad or in Sveaborg?"

With the ear of a prosecuting judge, he grasps the fine, tenuous thread in the complex biograpny. Of this he must compose a complete picture of the psychological data. The doctor who reads the case history returns to what he had already passed over and gives an explanation.

"So, so," says Pavlov with a satisfied air. "Well—Ahum"

This impelling "well, ahum" is like a sign of the inextinguishable attention of Pavlov. He is a practitioner in life—the most concrete of concrete scientists. All the old methaphysics, the idealistic theories about mind and spirit were upset long ago by Pavlov's learning about the physiological influences on personality, about the complex of physical and social factors, under whose influence the psychic life of man is formed. At what point in the complicated life story of the patient was the fracture, the trauma received and to where does the psychological damage go? Man can be artificially innoculated with nervousness and hysteria. Knowing the artificial means for innoculating these psychic injuries, science stands at the threshold of discovering the means to deliver man from them and to restore the defective psyche. The complex world of mental ills seems as if reverted to the simplest multiplier. Pavlov stands on the threshold of new and greater discoveries. I understand now where that joy comes from that sweated hand, that expressiveness of pointing fingers, that smile which parts the bushy moustache. The theory coincides with life. Here is not an armchair scientist in an office which separates him from the world.

Every experiment of Pavlov's is tied up with life, with its footsteps beyond the window of this eight-cornered pavilion. The psychic life and behavior of man have their laws. His perceptional experiments are proved every day; and at the eighty fourth year of his life, Pavlov does not stand before volumes of theoretical books, but is a live person who acts, who enriches daily the science of practice. We have no popular books about the work of Pavlov. Our rising generation of youth must know about the life and experiments of this great physiologist.

On that day two patients passed before Pavlov. Four hours in a row, with unflagging attention, he listened to life stories, put in remarks, digressed to former observations, and experiences, drew out conclusions, tested in practice several of his positions. The personality of Pavlov has expired in its living dialectic; he does not hold all of his positions and conclusions without dispute, he seeks and makes mistakes and in his own mistakes he finds the starting point for further movement. This makes him alive, convincing, freed of the academic deadness, which may accompany his world recognition.

The day was already waning when Pavlov left that building on Vasilevsky Island. And I regretted one thing only. That is the fact that time has bent the back of this remarkable scientist and that he will not himself feel the future results of his studies of the behavior of man, his studies about that system which permits us to regulate the forces of life. For the most noteworthy impression that the personality of Pavlov makes, is that to these senile hands with their expressive fingers, to the sallow forehead of this thinker, future generations of mankind will be indebted for easing much of their suffering.

Four years ago, the Soviet Government established a Biological Experimental station named after Pavlov, in honor of the eightieth year of his birth. I arrived in Koltush on a grey, wet morning. In ordinary talk the estate is called the "Dog Station." The hollow discord of its varicolored nurslings was especially audible in the silence of the autumn morning. A yellow doggie tied to a tree wags her tail. This is a laboratory being, an "imprisoned" dog, who has never known freedom. Her entire short life is devoted to an experi-

ment. The hair is shaved from the left side of her muzzle and a dot on the darkish spot of skin is the duct of the saliva gland. In the park is a new white building with a laboratory and premises for apes. It is as yet unfinished since the construction goes on slower than it was intended. Drawn up on the blue print of the project are buildings which will be built; the dog nursery with a model dog clinic for sick "day-dogs" and a dog hospital for dogs which require long attention; laboratories and dwellings for the personnel, subordinate building and finally a cottage for Pavlov. It is necessary to use all means to speed up and complete the construction of this estate, unique in the world.

They bring into the laboratory where a long, systematic study of the conditioned reflex goes on, a nasty, little, yellow, laboratory dog. "Imprisoned" dogs accustomed to confinement, enjoy the laboratory; but dogs used to freedom, begin to drowse under the soporific influence of the laboratory setting. They put the nasty little dog on a table. She is contented and is brightened up in prospect of future sensations. These sensations are connected with the processes of eating. With a gauze cloth, the young observer cleans the duct opening of the saliva gland, which is led outward. After that he attaches to the duct, a plate from which a rubber tube goes to a measuring instrument. The presence of a new man is unusual. It reacts on the dog and distracts her. The observer closes the door of the room. We sit down outside. Measuring instruments are located on the door; glass tubes.

Sounds precede the giving of food in an automatic feeder. The observer presses a bell. There is a soft and a loud bell. There is a metronome and a rattle. There is light. All after a definite interval of time is accompanied by the appearance of the feeder with a meal. Conditioned reflexes have been developed in this dog, who in response to light and sounds begins to excrete saliva. Measuring instruments and secondmeters record accurate facts. The presence of a strange man changed the reaction of the dog. Yesterday, the rattle aroused the flow of saliva after four seconds, today, after twenty. The laboratory record makes a curve. This laboratory record is made up in a long list of the year's observations. From this experimental study of animals, Pavlov is passing over to a study of the higher nervous activity of man. The anniversary of the Institute of Experimental Medicine takes note of this new work of Pavlov.

The little dog has finished the experiment. It licks off the food sticking to its muzzle and unwillingly leaves the laboratory. Below there are two chimpanzees living, the gift of Prof. Voronov. The autumn park and the little road outside the wide windows are strewn with sand. The little road was laid by the hands of Pavlov. The eighty-four year old hands worked with shovels and pick-axe, as they worked with the finest organs of the living being at the time of a surgical operation. This little road laid by Pavlov realized his dream. He is a man of practical living; for whom the behavior of man, his psychic life is a consequence of social causes which create and form personality. The learning about the conditioned reflex reveals a living concreteness in psychic life. The experiments with animals is the first stage; the second stage is the experimental study of the higher nervous activity of man in a clinical setting by the conditioned reflex method.

Several hours passed in the society of Pavlov, with his attentive machinations of the genesis of psychic ills, with his prosecutor's prejudice for biographical facts and the conduct of sick persons, with his youthful attention, with his animation and his digression to former observations, with his rapacious hunter's joy when the incomplete psychic image coincided with his conclusions, with his compelling "well, ahem," with his satisfied "So, so" when

some lack of clarity in the facts laid out demand a return to details, with his daily enrichment of sciences, with the little road in the park laid by his untiring hands—all of this impressed me not as the image of an eighty-four year old man, but like the features of a lively young practitioner with unceasing attention to life, with exceptional capacity for work. There is much complexity and many contradictions in Pavlov. Doing all to move our life ahead, there is much he does not want to see. There is only one thing not contradictory in him, that is his clear mind of the examining-judge of scientific-practise. Here all is found in beautiful proportions. Here, the hand that works with the scalpel coincides with the hand that works with a shovel and pick-axe. This epoch of the liberation of fettered forces in our country allowed Pavlov, to lift his science to an exceptionally great height. They take care of him, they create Institutes and Stations for him. Placed at his disposal are all those conditions which would permit him to attain the highest results. The names of our young scientists supplement the sounding of his name; the unity of whose forces creates the world fame of Soviet Science.

I departed from Koltush with a feeling of gratitude to Pavlov. Autumn cast its colors over the highway. The little village lay in dampness with a dilapidated church and the weather-beaten monuments on the village cemetery. Autobuses went from Leningrad to the little village. Stone masons paved the road to the station named after Pavlov.

L. Kassil

A Stellar Navigator and Fellow Countrymen on Earth

Mankind's road to the stars lays through Kaluga. The world has acknowledged this for a long time. Now, Kaluga is a city which lives unceremoniously with the universe. It is a mecca for fliers of rockets and dirigibles, for stellar navigators. And printed with sedate, soft-toned type on the invitation cards with which we traveled to the jubilee of the oldest inter-planetarian, side by side with the customary slogans about the mastery of technique was the slogan, "We will conquer the stratosphere and interplanetary space." Dosing in the train, we conceived our very journey to Kaluga as a departure for a transfer point, beyond which the universe stretched out, like the open sea beyond a road-stead.

When you inquire in Kaluga, for the man in whose honor you have come, the inhabitants, proud of their knowledge, lead you out to the street, name the number of the house, give you thousands of identifying signs and point with their fingers far away in the distance.

The peaceful Kaluga streets bear resounding names. The former Korovinsky is now Brut prospect, which carelessly goes through the town for another two or three blocks, after which it drops swiftly down toward the Oke rivulet. The silence here is almost interplanetary. The geese crash into it. Lined up in a file, they wait a moment, then wriggling unsteadily, they waddle across the street. The roadway around house No. 81 is mottled with goose tracks, which remind one of the wrinkles in the corners of old women's eyes.

"Brut No. 81" is the address written on scores of letters in the Kaluga daily post. It is a little village hut. Chickens shy from the porch. Over the wicket-gate hangs a rusty sign bearing the coat of arms of an insurance society; it seems to be "Salamander"; it's hard to read. And above it is a fresher tablet with the Soviet hammer and sickle and the name of the owner; "Tsiol —Soviet hammer and sickle—Kovsky." Although you knew of this before, you are possessed of a certain agitation. Here lives Tsiolkovsky, the inventor of the stratoplane, and the stellar plane; a man of highly gifted foresight, a scientific seer, whose visions are caste in forms and statistics. He is the Columbus of the Universe, the great grandfather of mankind who flies, the pioneer of interplanetary travel.

Scientists are especially struck by the fact, that Tsiolkovsky, by means of his theoretical forecasts, estimates and drawings, passing over into elementary forms of invention, has given at once highly-gifted, matured constructive combinations, which afterwards they themseves come to only by way of long practical elaboration. Thus his drawings of the aeroplane, made eight years before the flight of the Wright brothers, before the work of Santos-Dumont are very much like the present day aeroplane, the result of twenty years of flying practice. It was the same with the dirigible. Long before the zeppelin, when mankind only dreamed about flying in the air Tsiolkovsky came forth with a project for a dirigible made entirely of metal. And only, just now, after forty years, in which dirigible construction went through the flexible, semi-rigid, and rigid stages, has the dirigible become rigid in a metal envelope.

Finally, all the scientists in the world who work over reactive motor power, in the domain of stellar navigation by rockets, regard Tsiolkovsky as their ideological teacher. And among them are such names, as Esno Peltri, Waller, who perished in an explosion of a rocket auto, the American Goddard, who had proposed in 1931 to send a rocket to the moon, and the German scientist Obert, whose rocket has already visited the stratosphere. "You light the light and we will work as long as the most magnificent dream of mankind remains unrealized," I read in a letter of Obert to Tsiolkovsky.

Neither screws nor gasses hold up the apparatus in airless space. But the rocket has a support in itself, in counter-action which is aroused by eradiations of forces within itself. Thus the single exit to inter-planetary space was discovered by Tsiolkovsky.

Only the loathsome heartlessness and dullness of the Tsarist Government could leave this great self-taught man under a shadow, in a remote, provincial place and in obscurity. "Dilletante, Dreamer, Craft-worker, Utopian," —these were the labels which were hung over the work of Tsiolkovsky by the representatives of official science. And the fellow inhabitants of the earth, laughed behind his back. The cosmos spoiled the appetite of the petty bourgeois, upset their digestion and aroused undesirable thoughts.

Only after the October Revolution, when in Kaluga, altogether different fellow country-men took power into their hands, did the inventions of Tsiolkovsky become a custody, a pride and a property of the state. He was given a personal pension. A circle of the investigators of reactive motor power was formed. His metal dirigible was really included in the plan for Soviet dirigible construction. And the interplanetary, fully-metal dirigible named after Tsiolkovsky became known in all corners of the Union and the world.

Packed into a narrow, little room, a large family is leisurely finishing dinner. A tall, bashful old fellow rises up from behind the table. He shuffles enormous, hairy house slippers. He is full of cordiality and mild-tempered attention. Moreover, completely child-like eyes, which have lost the habit of being surprised, but which retain still a tender fixedness of curiosity, scrutinize those who have entered.

"Tsiolkovsky," he curtly introduces himself.

His slow quavering voice is torturingly feeble. He comes up to one, as out of an airless space.

"And we have just eaten dinner. What shall we offer you? Would you not like some cabbage soup? Well, here, anyway take an apple. And you keep quiet, say nothing! Don't strain yourself! It's all the same. I don't hear anything anyway. Come with me upstairs. Here, I'll take the pipe and we'll have a talk. And then you can introduce yourself. Please."

We clamber up a head-knocking, narrow stair-case, about which, however without my words, many more times than there are steps on it have already been written. Books and manuscripts reign on the roof in a small attic room painted white. There are gold-impressed, massive encyclopedias, piles of fiction, Chekhov, Bunin-Sibiriak. Beyond the little window, the narrow Oke river.

Tsiolkovsky is not so infirm as may appear at first glance. He is active and amusing. He makes you sit down, pulls up a big arm chair, sits down and then he arms himself with a pipe shaped like a funnel with a narrow little throat a meter long. This is an entire auditory telescope. It is pointed at the interlocutor.

"Hand-made", explains Tsiolkovsky. "Out of simple tin. While there was still a Tsar. For 15 kopeks. Here, in this way! And nothing more. It's splendid and you need not shout. I hear as well as you. Well, now talk! Who are you, from where do you come? Here is a sheet of paper. Write it down for me to remember. For now I seem to remember very poorly. Only do not make fantastic letters. Write as you should write. Your profession, you need not even indicate, just as you like. I am not interested in ranks."

You quickly get accustomed to the pipe, through which he hears his interlocutor well. And from the jesting questions of the host, you are made to feel as easy and unrestrained as at home.

"Well, Constantine Eduardovich, what do you think? Will I soon be sent as a special correspondent of *Izvestia* to the moon?"

Tsiolkovsky laughed boisterously. He laughs amazingly, easily, contagiously, exulting apparently in the very sensations of the universe.

"You see, speed. No, that will not be so soon, not quite so soon. Many, years, much strength is needed. At first, let us master the stratosphere for the present. But who knows, in truth it can also be very soon. What does it matter that a thing seemed unattainable. And then, indeed, it's attained, —and nothing more. Here's my dirigible; although that might fly right now, it's completely realized, but all is put off and postponed. This is my second unfulfilled task. They promised to begin long ago. Yes the whole committee went through all the stages. That's very much already. Well, Ibsen said somehow mischievously—only do not tell about it, for there are those who still may take offense, "When the devil wants a thing, to amount to nothing, he suggests the idea of setting up a committee." Sometimes, you also decide at heart, that Ibsen is somehow right. I am a tame fellow, and of course am not angry about this. Yet the USSR needs this and mankind needs it. Well, they surround me with so much attention, you feel that you are not alone. How much care, worry, complaint about me. And it would be better if it were not about me, but about the work, about the dirigible. And I assure you advisedly, that a jubilee is a commotion for me. My fellow-countrymen in Kaluga, a mild people, wanted to do me some kind of honor. They wanted to send me to Moscow, to accompany me to the railroad station with music like the Turkish delegation. Well, what is that, for what purpose? Nothing of the kind for me."

He speaks with wonderful simplicity about astral flying and stellar navigation. He is never utopian. All the time he speaks with estimates, statistics, laws. This is assurance without affectation. His last work is dedicated to the organization of the interplanetary settlement.

"In general, I have never endeavored to divert mankind from the earth," he says. "We see that on earth, very much in life can still be bettered. But if they are to emigrate in the future, then to the 'astroids,' or onto an artificial interplanetary station. Well, there will be no earthy weights, or fatiguing attractions. The climate can be arranged as you want it; the sun's energy can be used in such volume as we have not as yet dreamed. And it can substitute blast furnaces and engines. But materials can be attained from the earth by means of rockets. Or be moored to some kind of asteroid."

And he draws a titanic picture. People tend herds of asteroids and as they have need to, they milk them. The head of the interlocutor begins to whirl slightly around.

Apples ripen in the sun on the little joiner's bench in the city workshop of Tsiolkovsky. Here is a store house of all his published works; books which

he presents to guests and correspondents. Outlandish forms of sailing vessels are piled up here in the corner; figures of aeroplanes with a body from some other world. All these are made from tin by the hands of the scientist himself. Leaning up against the wall stands a big model of a dirigible made out of crimped, ripply steel.

"Prototypes," I asked, deferentially.

"Caricatures," Tsiolkovsky answered angrily. "Caricatures! Such as man here can make himself."

"Grandfather," shouted a grandson running up. "Some kind of old man asks for you."

A hermit like, old man, feeling his way entered in his dusty shoes. Together with a cap, he held a publication of "Academia" in his extended hand. Agitation stuck in his throat, like the raft on the sandbank in the Oke, outside the window. The ear-pipe took an aim at him.

"Comrade Tsiolkovsky," shouted the old fellow and his face was drenched with tears. "I walked five kilometers, because from the distance, I have respected your scientific personality very much. You hear poorly, and I lost my sight at work under the old regime. But in spite of that, I read. Here, you see, Victor Hugo (he puts an emphasis on the "u"). Ah, if you would read him. How cleverly he makes witty remarks at the expense of the old bourgeois. I read all about the French Revolution. You can ask me. The first Revolution was in 1793. After that there was something else. Everywhere the wicked people meddled in. But in our country, for the sake of God, it is completed although in another soil."

"My ducky," asked the slighty perplexed Tsiolkovsky, "but what do you want me to do for you? Sit down."

"You are 75," the old fellow shouted again. "And I am 67. Three tsars, three revolutions, and one's ready to die. But I still want to be present at your jubilee and my old wife wants to and Arkashka and Liza want also to be there. These are my children, they study in a Party school and they also did not get tickets."

"Very well, my ducky, I will write you a note," said Tsiolkovsky, touched "Only I don't know if it's proper to write a pass to my own jubilee? But?"

"What does it matter? Write, for Michael Senenovich Belikovsky. Yes, no, not one, but four persons!"

Tsiolkovsky wrote, "I request that you allow four persons to pass." He thought a second; then he added, writing in parenthesis "Party members."

In the evening at the Club of the Railroad Workers, the citizens of Kaluga honored their follow-countryman, the stellar-navigator. During the day, at places of work and in school, talks and meetings had also been held The workers of the NVPS factory created a rationalization brigade in the name of Tsiolkovsky. The school children of the Fourth Factory Workshop School, passed the resolution of one pioneer, which stated that "Comrade Tsiolkovsky, a 75 year old man, has occupied himself with the mastery of technique, had achieved it." He proposed "in response to that" to organize a circle for technical study, to raise the quality of study, to fortify the work of Osoaviakhim and MOPR (International Labor Defense).

The fellow countrymen of the interplanetarian were able to use his 75 year jubilee for very "earthlike" purposes .For the time being, the railroad workers promised to carry on transport communication on the earth. The collective farmers decided to take hold more intensely of the mastery of technical knowledge. With new energy, the Red Army men will familiarize themselves with the technique of aerial defense. In this our style and custom

was revealed; to level the highest ideas to even the lowest work, and on the contrary from the altitude of the future to have faith in the projects on present day Soviet earth.

Fresh greetings piled on fresh greetings at the Kaluga telegraph station, greetings from fellow countrymen and strangers, from Leningrad, from Moscow, Kharkov, Odessa, Germany, France, Spain. In the evening the workers and collective farmers of Kaluga, the dirigibilists and rocket riders, who had come from Moscow, the scientific workers of Kaluga filled the Club of the Railroad Workers to overflowing. The curtain went up like an aerostat. The audience applauded fervently and lovingly; for on the stage sat Tsiolkovsky in a big arm chair at a table. The thick woolen cloth of the holiday clothes held him up on all sides. A very high, old-fashioned pot-hat sat triumphantly on his head. His fellow countrymen applauded: Tsiolkovsky stood up. He went up to the footlights; took off the pot-hat and slowly began to flourish it widely. He waved as if, from the upper deck of a ship to people gathered to greet him.

On this same day, on this same planet, but in cultured Berlin, a certain Gannusen, Hitler's staff astrologer, pursues his occupation with great success. Telling fortunes by the starry heavens, by Jupiter, Venus, and the Sun. he foretold, close and truly, the Reichs-chancellorship for Hitler. And in quiet Kaluga, the Soviet workers, and collective farmers, together with persons of Soviet science listened to a lecture about stellar navigation, about the laws of earth and sky, about the sun's energy. The lecture was strictly scientific, ruthlessly casting aside survivals of celestial obscurantism. Such is the way and the formation of culture in two different worlds.

We left the club very late and coming outside, looked a long time at the stars.

"A great old man," said someone in the darkness. "And a possibility we will attain it. How is that written? There is nothing in the world, which a Bolshevik can not conquer."

From behind a roof, the moon flew up, round and teasing like a small plate-target. Like the heroes of a fantastic novel in the last pages of the story, we looked at the moon familiarly. See there, at that little spot, we will erect a monument to Tsiolkovsky. We will. But until then, for the dirigible! That is a job for today.

B. Rein

People of Ferrous Metals

The youth of GIPK are not isolated from life. Hundreds and thousands of Markovs, Bolkhovitinovs and Targemads who have graduated from the Higher Educational Schools, settled in Scientific Research Institutes, in factory laboratories and shops, gone down into the coal and iron mines, have not for a moment ceased their scientific research work. But they do not remain only people of the laboratory, who create science for the sake of science. The smallest victory achieved with all forces in tension, either at a table laden with chemical reactives or at an electric smelting furnace is sent without delay for testing in the shop, the factory, in the department.

Youth brings its impulsiveness, enthusiasm and faith to the great work of Socialist Construction. Young scientists have already grown up, with whom, if one is to win, one should learn how to attack the heights of new technique, of new science.

"Metal, metal!" roar the machines of giant factories.

"Magnetic steel," shouts the tractor plant "Red Putilovets." The buildings in the far away Stalingrad Plant echo the words. This is heard in a huge yellow building on Hospital Street, in the Institute of Ferrous Metals. The Institute responds to the challenge of the industrial giants, because it is called upon to organize a Soviet, Socialist metallurgy.

Ferrous metal is one of the most important factors in the industrialization of the country. There is little ferrous metal; there are few metal plants. The metal plants are few because there is little metal. The circle is closed. It should be broken apart.

The unclosed door to a big room located in the corner of a building let in scores of troubled people. The huge writing table is encumbered with books and metal ingots. A group of young engineers surrounded a man with a grey head, an important Soviet metallurgist.

"We must break the circle apart! We must give the industry hundreds of new alloys! We spend too much gold valuta to get alloys when we have them scattered about literally under our very feet.

"Look at this piece of alund. It is an alloy used in the polishing industry. It costs us millions."

The professor spoke about alund, which however is secured right here in the Institute from Tikhvin bauxite. It has been secured because the removal of silicon from bauxite has been achieved, and that was never successfully done by anyone, anywhere. But the professor did not finish speaking. He did not say that the world problems of acquiring metal aluminum from bauxite was almost resolved by the Institute. He did not say that the obtaining of alund cost the workers of the Institute of Metals three years of strenuous work, cost sleepless nights, countless experiments, smeltings and resmeltings and the most complex mathematical calculations.

The young engineer K. an assistant of the Physico-Chemical department exhibits the results of his year's work, a crude, steel ingot.

"That is a magnet for a tractor. Formerly it was made of tungsten steel. But in order to preserve the magnetic property, it was necessary to add up

to 20% of nickel. This is too costly. We have tried to make the cheapest magnet possible for the tractor, auto, and electro-technical industry. *Well, this ingot is a magnet, already quite near to our aims.*

A new, three-story building is built in the depth of the courtyard. In early morning or late at night, you always find the young engineer, Alekseyev at home in the little room on the second floor.

"This man is remarkably persistent and unusually energetic. What he thinks over, he carries out into life." So they say of him in the Institute of Metals.

Two years ago the Komsomol Collective of the Polytechnical Institute sent him to do night work in the Institute of Ferrous Metals.

"Where shall we put you?" they asked him on Hospital Street.

And the "job" they gave him was to look after the smelting. But such "scientific work" did not satisfy the young fellow.

"Go over and try to work a little at electric tinning," the engineer, head of the department brushed the meddlesome Komsomol aside.

"I worked three months at that work," Alekseyev laughs. "With my comrades, we achieved some results, but it proved that all this was well known long, long ago. We worked in vain. The whole affair hinged on the management. And the management in our industry is a rotten affair. Nobody showed me anything. I was forced to do it all myself."

A mountain of foreign journals and reference books lies on Alekseyev's table. He has studied three foreign languages in a short period of time, and makes his way freely in foreign technical literature. In his free time, he is even getting familiar with French fiction.

A few months have gone by since Iuri Alekseyev began his work to get silico-aluminum. The non-ferrous metallurgical plant "Red Elected" at Motovilokhin and the remaining fifteen Soviet plants gasp for lack of these alloys which have to be imported from abroad. The French industrialist chief purveyors of silico-aluminum alloy make a fortune in this business. Iuri Alekseyev should replace the imported alloy with his own, Soviet alloy.

"It was new work for me. I had not heard even a word about it in the Higher Schools. I had read nothing of it. I had at my disposal only sand, clay and charcoal. From them, I must get alloy."

For days and nights, the Komsomol engineer did not leave the electric smelting furnace. He even improved it himself.

At last, the first three hundred kilograms of the first Soviet silico-aluminum was received. From this amount it was possible to make scores of tons of non-ferrous metals. Alekseyev, exhausted and grown thin, pressed a silver piece of precious silico-aluminum tightly in his hand and went to the director of the Institute. But the management of the Institute treated this like customary business.

"Well, finish up the work, quickly! We got it and are satisfied!"

"Well," and Alekseyev was agitated, "should all of my work be put on the shelf? It happens thus, pretty often at our Institute. They work out some kind of problem for industry and then forget it. And the work is not introduced into practice in the industry. If I had approached this in the same way, then a half year ago my silico-aluminum would have met the same fate as other achievements. But we, scientific youth, will not be quiet till that moment when every one of our achievements is tested in a shop, is introduced into a department."

The engineer Kolsomol did not leave the department of the "Red Elected" Plant. He sat for hours in the director's office, he demonstrated, convinced and swore. His alloy was tried out in fifteen plants of non-ferrous and ferrous metallurgy. According to the facts of the Plant laboratories, the alloy was not inferior in quality to the French.

One day they called the young engineer into the director's office.

"Go to work at the optical plant! It is imperative there to set up production for casting under pressure. Can you do it? Do not disgrace the Institute of Metals."

Of course, Iuri Alekseyev did not disgrace the Institute. With the aid of his "silumin" he set up in the optical plant, the first casting under pressure in the USSR. Now, to numerous workers' excursions to the Museum of Metals they demonstrate the methods of Iuri Alekseyev as one of the achievements of Soviet metallurgy.

The young engineer was commissioned to attend a meeting in Moscow concerning the alloy question.

"I traveled with trepidation. Honestly speaking, I felt like turning tail any moment and running off. After all, the chiefs of science were there and I am a beginner."

But even among the chiefs, this "beginner" proved himself. They listened attentively to the consideration of the engineer-Komsomol and were fully agreed with his conclusions. The Peoples Commissariat of Trade, in view of the discovered alloy, has ordered all imports of "silumin" from abroad stopped.

"We are well prepared in the Schools of Higher Education," continued Alekseyev. "But well, here, I have already said, it was necessary to knock it into the heads of all. They give you the job! and one works at his own risk and responsibility. Our scientific workers are important specialists. In truth not all. You have 'to milk', to inquire."

The young engineer had some reason in saying this. The most important professor of metallurgy directs the Institute of Ferrous Metals with its young scientific workers and aspirants. To catch him is very difficult. Aspirants run after him along the corridor or very nearly drag him "with a noose" into the laboratory, where an amusing "milking" is begun.

"But for all that, there is nothing especially hard or frightful in scientific work," says Alekseyev. "In my opinion, for our scientific youth, only desire and inclination is imperative for the work, since you see there are people who can be and are being made into splendid scientific workers and there are others who amount to nothing in science. These, on the other hand, however, in our life are developed into excellent plant engineers. Therefore, before one enters into scientific work, it is necessary to think seriously about it."

But is scientific work, compatible with Komsomol and social work? Certainly, yes. Why is it impossible to study alloys and at the same time to be, for example, leader of agitation and propaganda in the Komsomol Collective? Straight from his work at the electric smelting furnace, quickly washing his dirty hands with oil rags, not taking off his working clothes, black-faced Iuri Alekseyev hurries to an instructive meeting of the Regional Committee or to a political lesson with young workers of the Institute of Metals. And on some other day, in the Institute Library, as if nothing were the matter, he rummages through a mountain of books and journals, frightening the librarian. The old librarian never saw such a wolfish appetite for books.

In a period of transition, in the moment of greatest enthusiasm for Socialist Construction, we need just such young, impetuous, temperamental scientific workers.

The Institute of Metals has received an urgent task. It has in the course of one year to solve the problem of iron alloys, which have an enormous significance for industry. Engineer Alekseyev has taken upon himself a part of this magnificent work.

Alekseyev is not a solitary case. Young, strong scientific forces are undoubtedly being promoted from the ranks of aspirants at the Institute.

The Communist Fedorov, an aspirant, directs a most difficult job studying steel ingots. Lure and Drichek, by testimonial of the director are excellent investigators. It is to the point to say, that Lure is an aspirant and at the same time is responsible secretary of a collective of the Communist Party.

Youth takes the laboratory by storm. Youth often gets into trouble in secret, but also from time to time in open opposition to reactionary forces, or in the obtuse, indifferent engineering "swamp." The youth repulse those who do not understand or do not desire to understand modern tempo and lead a political struggle for the full suport of the Party organizations at the Institute.

Young Professors of Medicing

There were years of war. Grey haired professors stood up from University chairs. On wax preparations and living objects, they demonstrated the course of diseases and taught how to diagnose and cure them. Among the students at that time, however, were none of those who spoke at the Moscow House of Scientists on November 2nd, 1933. Little Dubinin "wandered" homeless. Michael Kalmuckov forged horseshoes in the forge shop of a sugar refinery. Braunschtein skipped along Kharkov streets to school. . .

Youth spoke in the auditorium of the Main Hall at the House of Scientists —youth, recently graduated from Soviet Higher Schools of Medicine and Medical Technicums. The most "elderly" of the speakers was 36 years. Devoting their work to the toilers, they grow and grew up together with our country.

The audience listened in profound silence. Ah, that was a severe audience. Every word cast from the speaker's tribune fell on the scales of profound meditation, into the chalice of acknowledgement or into the thicket of skepticism.

The luminaries of medicine sat here; names which are known to the entire world. The full staff of the Scientific Medical Council of the Peoples Commissariat of Health was present. And academicians, professors, docents who had given remarkable discoveries to science, nodded approvingly when this generation of the scientists who would replace them disclosed the essence of their laboratory and clinical work to the audience.

After the opening words of the Peoples Commissar of Health, Comrade Vladimirsky, the turn came for the young speakers.

Twenty scientific works of the Red Banner Professor, the Communist Velikanov are printed in Soviet, German, and French journals. A talented microbiologist, he has resolved in brilliant fashion, the problem of the cure of "gaseous gangrene," this terrible enemy of those wounded in street-car,

auto and other catastrophes. The serums of Professor Velikanov are distributed throughout the entire Union. Another serum invented by Professor Velikanov saves scores of lives from alimentary poisoning.

When the 26 year old Professor I. P. Dubinin stood up before the medical world of the capital, it was scarcely believed that he was the son of a Red Commander who had perished on the Czecho-Slovakian front; that he had been formerly a homeless vagabond in the land. Professor Dubinin has done fifty experimental and theoretical works which have developed the theory of Darwin. His work on the problem of heredity, done in the Institute of Professor Koltsov has received universal recognition. Young Professor Dubinin received the American Rockefeller Premium of 1933.

"We are young," said Dubinin. "The average age of the scientific assistants in our Institute is 28 years. But I must, at the same time, emphasize that physical old age is not a mark of intellectual senility and the youngest person in our Institute in this sense is Professor Nikolai Konstantinovich Koltsov."

And the whole audience following the gesture of Dubinin, looked toward the table of the Presidium where side by side with the Peoples Commissar sat the world famous old professor.

A. Braunschtein, a young scientist of the Biochemical Institute in the name of Bakha, has worked out a method for investigating the living cell, by means of the so-called "spectral analysis." This method, not discomposing the integrity of cells and tissues, makes it possible to study their living processes under life conditions.

Comrade Trusov, a scientist of the Institute applied ultra-short waves for the investigation of the physiological processes of muscular tissues. Different parts of the human body respond differently to the stimulus of radio waves of a definite length. The knowledge of this fact opens up great prospects for the diagnosis of diseases of individual organs and bears witness to the live connection between the newest technique and practical medicine. The especial value of the method of Comrade Trusov is that it makes possible a judgement of the condition of one or another organ separately.

At this scientific meeting, the young scientists of Leningrad could also exhibit their magnificent achievements. Dr. Selkov and Dr. Vaskin work at the Leningrad Traumatological Institute of the Peoples Commissariat of Health. The purpose of this Institue is to cure fractures, wounds, and injuries of the human body by surgical methods. Comrades Selkov and Vaskin established that a special preparation made of a product of the disintegration (autolis) of the liver possesses the remarkable property of healing the skin over wounds. An intensified growth of ruined tissues and connective tissues is stimulated by this preparation; furthermore the wound heals three times faster, than with customary surgical methods.

Doctor Selkov, with a group of Scientific workers of the Leningrad Optical Institute built the first needle-microscope in the world. They completed an incomprehensibly difficult task. The diameter of the needle-microscope in all is only three milimeters. It magnifies six hundred times. A doctor, by introducing this needle into a living organ, can more easily determine the nature of the disease.

Every ten to fifteen minutes, the young scientists changed on the speaker's tribune: Vorodulin, Schmidt, Propper, Kogan, Ermoleva, Levin. On the threshold of the 17th Soviet Year, they took note of the triumphs of scientific thought among the youth of our country in one of the most ancient and most intricate of all sciences—Medicine.

About Love and Pride

We tore along the endless spaciousness of wheat fields in the Middle Volga Region, bound for Kazakstan. The golden grain of rich collective farms lapped like the waves of an enormous sea spreading in the reflections of the setting sun to the very horizon. The land was completely uninhabited, and only at the edge of a huge, borderless field, far in the distance, stood something like a man, alone, with his face to the approaching column of machines. The wind played with his moving, grey, disheveled beard and he stood at left-face, as a soldier at attention, after having rooted to the sock of his right foot, a pikestaff with a large, crimson banner made of simple red bunting. He stood, as on parade and without stirring, let the light autos dressed in super-baloon tires, the grey ton and a half trucks, the blue Amo covered with dust and the three-axled cars pass by him, while stiffly as a soldier, he clasped to his shoulder the pikestaff with the swaying banner.

The man, like a movie actor on the screen, flashed in view for a moment. What was he doing here, this solitary man, the only one who had not met us in a distance of fifty kilometers, for whom does he wait, why does he stand at left-face, where did he get this banner, what does the triumphant expression on his face mean?

I asked permission of Alexander Maximovich Miretsky to turn the machine around, go back and get answers to these exciting questions.

The man answered that he was from a collective farm named after Stalin, at Eremki, a distant village, and that he had been sent here to the edge of the road by resolution of the general meeting of his collective farm who wanted to come in a body and greet the column of machines, but who, due to the feverish harvest campaign, were deprived of the chance. Therefore they had decided to send their best shock worker with the collective farm banner and had ordered him "to bow lowly" to the Soviet standard machines.

The man said that, knowing the column was slightly delayed and not wanting to go back home, fearing to fail in the task of the collective farm, he had waited six hours at the edge of the road. The man added that the collective farm management had ordered him to announce to the auto factory workers traveling with the auto run, that "the grain is abundant at present" and that "the grain yielded as much as 18 centners"; but that he could not, since he saw from the speed of the cars that the column was hurrying to make up for lost time, "bring the soviet machines back in the time limit set by the Party."

When the column of Soviet machines came into Aktuibinsk, the first regional center in Kazakstan, at the request of the workers and employees of the city, the day of arrival was declared a free day in exchange for the calendar free day. The enclosed square was broken into by people; music thundered. Twenty-three machines were lined up in a row, when suddenly from the tents pitched in the center of the square, twenty-three women, dressed in red-kerchiefs and canvas aprons came out with pails in their hands.

The twenty-three women, having congratulated the participants of the run, went up to the machines, and without wasting words, began to wash off the

machines the unessential. Kazakstan dust which had caused us and the machines not a little complaint. We were so amazed at this care, so struck by this attention, so elated by this deep, conscious relation to Soviet machines, that it did not enter any of our heads to inquire who the women were and who had ordered them to do this work. Only, at the comradely supper in the evening, in a chance conversation with one of these women did I learn, that when the Red Partisans took upon themselves the custody of the machines during the period of the stop in Aktuibinsk, they had called upon their wives to wash the machines, launder our linen, to mend, and sew up all the rents in our clothes.

This remote little town mobilized all its forces that evening to arrange a cultured rest for the participants of the run. The local chauffeurs produced their fellow driver, Comrade Narello. With him was a "Bayan" (ancient Slavic minstrel) who in response to a speech of one of the orators celebrating the power of our young industry played the song *Okdva* with tremendous success.

How many varied and remarkable incidents took place in our ten thousand kilometer run!

For example, the Kazakstan village Diambuesh seemed as if all had died. Without having met a soul on the way through, we approached the out skirts of the village. And here on the edge of the road awaiting us stood a lad of seven. With upraised hand, he stopped the leading machine and announced to the commander that all the adults had gone to gather cotton and had ordered him to give the drivers of the Soviet machines a drink of "koumiss." Having anounced this, the little fellow went off importantly towards a keg of "koumiss" which been stored for cooling under a shady irrigation canal.

Our appearance in Middle Asia cannot be called other than a triumphant procession of Soviet autos through the collective farm settlements of the Soviet East. On the twenty-eight kilometer run from Chernyaeva to Tashkent the Soviet machines passed between two living walls of collective farmers, pestering the participants with questions about how many machines such auto factories put out and if the Bolsheviks would soon distribute autos among the collective farms. They literally covered up our machines with muskmelons, watermelons, grapes, peaches, apples.

At the most modest estimate, 350 thousand persons came out here to wish a fortunate journey to these machines which had come off the conveyor lines of the Molotov and the Stalin Auto factories.

Six hundred riders from the 82 collective farms of Naoi, scouring the mountains in cavalry horse patrols, besought the column to turn into their region, protesting that Soviet machines were traveling by and did not drive into Naoi, when they had prepared the roads and repaired the bridges.

Over a distance of thirty kilometers, through Gizhduansk region we passed under 118 arches ornamented with rugs and silk clothes. Clusters of grapes, melons, muskmelons, hung to the arches, swinging over our heads were as living witnesses of the struggle of cotton collective plantations of Gizhduansk for a well-to-do life. The men and women got out the best and smartest clothes from their trunks and came to meet the machines in masses of enraptured thousands. They touched the Soviet rubber, the Soviet upholstery, the Soviet bodies, they shoved their hands under the hoods, so as to touch even the Soviet motors.

In the Khoren oasis they have drawn water "by chigirs" for nine hundred years. Clay pots are fastened to a huge wheel, camels turn this wheel, which

Soviet Men and Machines on the Kara-Kum Auto Run

filling the pots with water pours it out into the irrigation canals. The sultry oasis with fertile soil eternally gasps from thirst. "Good fortune in business awaits he who has seen water in a dream," the old Khorezm men say. "He who has not been in Khorezm, does not know the value of water," they add.

Ahead of the passing column of cars, the collective farm village of this very Khorezm poured out this very Khorezm water onto the dusty road. For ahead of the passing column of machines, the swift-footed "long-eared" rumor ran with every pedestrian and horseman, that dust can injure the health of the Soviet machines; that dust can disturb the work of the worker-peasant motors which had been called to competition with capitalist ones.

Over their three kilometer section of road which lay ahead of the cars, the New Urgen Collective Farm, expecting the coming cars, three times poured out water on the road, but despite all the cars did not arrive. Three times the hot Khorezm sun dried up the water, devoured the precious moisture and brought the old collective farmers to desperation. Then one of them, taking upon himself the dark and deadly sin, broke the laws of grand-fathers and great-grandfathers, jumped past the mullahs who were frozen in wonderment, and crept up on top of the minaret. Disregarding the reproachful gestures of the mullahs, he sat there like one on an observation tower. From there, seeing us approach, he stretched his mouth wide open and shouted:

"Young men! Youth! Do not grudge the water. Pour it as more profit onto the road. The dear guests already ride into the village."

From Aktuibinsky to Irgiz, we went for two nights and one day along a wild, untouched virgin country. At noon we rode through Village No. 6, the only village passed by us in that whole lonely twenty four hours run. Several machines stopped a moment to get water from a small spring and

then we saw a whole crowd of men, women and barefoot children run out of the village to meet us.

Gasping from the run, a young Kazak with black life-loving eyes, came up to machine No. 21, which bore the vice-commander's red flag. Convinced of something, he asked for it in Kazak speech, speaking to Nikolai Ivanovich Katushkin, our vice-commander who not knowing the language could not understand what this fellow was driving at and why he had repeatedly called him Stalin.

He asked for my help as an interpreter.

"Show me Stalin," said the nomad.

I explained that Stalin was not with us, that only Stalin machines were traveling with us and that people were with us who carry out the tasks of the Party led by Stalin.

But the Kazak youth did not believe me. With his dark, shrewd eyes twinkling, he winked at me goodnaturedly, even begging me to tell him in which machine Stalin was riding. At my categorical assurance that Stalin had remained in Moscow, the nomad, greatly distressed, swinging his overalls in his hand, said:

"It can't be, that there should be machines and not Stalin."

All Articles in this Section Translated from the Russian by Andrew Steiger

ARTICLES and CRITICISM

I. Kataev

Art on the Threshold of Socialism

On the Problems of the Soviet Writer

Never before have such tremendous, diverse and passionate demands been made upon art as in our days. And I have in mind, not contracts with the fowl-raising industry on the literary service its business requires, or the calls for expatiating the virtues of municipal improvement, or even the insistent campaigns of the *Literary Gazette*—although we have enough registered men-of-letters to serve even these needs more efficiently and skilfully than was the case previously. But anyone whose ear has not been trampled by a bear can hear the more powerful, more authoritative voices of modernity. In stating the problems of art today it is, to my mind, necessary to take into account the fact, now finally clear to everyone that the time of arrival of the country to a full blossoming of socialism can be measured in terms of two to three five-year periods. Even granting some delay on account of a period of military struggle with the imperialist offensive, the country, in its operative plans, decides and cannot help but decide, from such a set time limit.

For art the time limit is even shorter. The nature and purpose of higher, leading artistic work have always been and are such that, while feeding upon the past and present—in its ideological structure, aims and cravings—it lives in the future.

The place of Soviet art is not in the rear guard but in the advance posts, more accurately—in the scouting squads of the historic movement. But even this analogy is conditional. No intervals between the regiment of art and the army of life in motion can be tolerated. The solution lies in this: while a disciplined and humble rank-and-filer in this army, the Soviet artist must realize, constantly feel himself and his work on the threshold of socialism.

But what is socialism? We who live in the thirties of this century, citizens of the Soviet Union, may be proud of the fact that we hear this word many times a day in its real applied significance. But, do we grasp its meaning sufficiently, fully, in its manifold plastic significance? Socialism. . . There are immutable economic definitions of this word that everyone knows. On these our political and economic arrangements are based. But these definitions in themselves do not yet give any conception of socialist society in all the multiplicity of its phases.

If one were to circulate a questionaire among some thousands of workers, collective farmers, Communist Party members, Young Communists, on the subject: How do you understand and represent socialism to yourself, what do you expect of it for yourself and your comrades?—we could hardly expect to receive many full, exhaustive replies. In the depths of our democracy live mighty hopes born of ages of class oppression, awakened by Marxist education—hopes that are the mainspring of the heroic struggle for the new

social order—through all privation and sacrifice. But taken separately in their personal expressions, these hopes are often too vague, inconcrete or onesided; there are also more vulgar expectations. N. Sarudin is right when he says in his novel: "Some imagine socialism a sort of department store without any queues in 1925." And yet we, the generation now living, are the ones that must build, furnish and decorate the edifice of socialism, live in it. I do not, of course, desire to propound my answer to the question put. And it is not a matter of formulation, even on ten pages. The answer will be given collectively by the conscious builders as the result of their practical activities, their daily labor, union of a million wills, ideas, aims. But our art must give the answer first by the entire weight of its creations.

Some may smile: are we all to write Utopias? Of course not. The time of the great Utopias is past. Now we should probably get no more than colored pictures illustrating the projects of the State Planning Commission. I have in mind something broader. I have in mind from work to work, from today and throughout the coming ten years, to take part in the gradual development and propaganda of the synthetized cultural ideal of our time. The purpose of art, as I understand it, is to fill with emotion, joy, live human content all the material shells and organizational forms of the new society that are coming into being today. Art must be the seething source out of the vapors of which the image of socialist man will rise more and more clearly in all the diversity of character, ideas, passions with which the hills and dales of our future will be peopled.

The Party leaders call upon us writers to be more forward looking in our artistic thought, wait for our word, our help in their political prognoses. What is the field of life, the great section of it in which our art can be of greatest assistance?

I shall take the liberty of quoting one of my own unpublished essays: "On Art and the Man of the Future," written back in 1929. The questions are put, in that article, with a good deal of naivete, partly on purpose, partly, as I can see when I read it now, involuntarily. But perhaps it was for this very reason that I succeeded in bringing out one important problem rather simply and decisively. It reads:

"But with what will our generation set foot on the soil of the promised land conquered so laboriously and with such sacrifice, how will it cross its borders? We shall receive the answer that it is preparing for that moment numerous glass and concrete buildings with many shining and clever machines, many millions of acres of rich, collectively worked soil out of which warmth, blue light, food and clothing for all the living will stream forth in a mighty river of plenty. And there will be more and it will be better than there ever was in the world before, and it will all belong to all. It is also building green cities—gardens, hospitals and children's homes with inlaid floors, spotlessly clean like ice, aerial machines with which to cover tremendous distances in few hours and see them from above, universities and libraries under whose free cool vaulted roofs everyone is welcome. And all the multitudes of man will come to this land literate, sober, washed, labor-loving, having learned to take care of their well-knit bodies—free from the low instincts of private property, race hatred, family intrigue. Workers will enter without leaden pallor of face and inflamed eyes, earth workers that have lost the savage aspect, bloody callouses and mole vision; scientists that have lost their slavelike cowardice of thought and softness of muscle; women that have forgotten the all absorbing cares of the home world, the des-

pair of homeless motherhood, the rude rule of owner-master. They will all be met by a life free and plenteous, clean and permeated by organization and thought.

All for What Kind of a Man?

How much of everything! we exclaim viewing our future. That's what humanity has hungered for hundreds of years, that is what they have fought for, suffered for, and for what the best have died! How good, how marvelous!

And in another minute, accustomed by all our life to be dissatisfied, having grown used to the marvelous we shall ask impatiently and childlike: and what else, what else is coming? And what will happen then after they have come in and taken their places?

Some voice, tired of the strain, will answer nervously: what's your hurry? Help us first to get all this that we have said and then we'll see about the rest. Only don't be in the way, put useless questions. And say, what else do you want, anyway?

Then we shall declare: we want to know what kind of man will be the inhabitant of this promised land?

We know that he will be healthy in body and sound of mind, that he will think straight and work well. But will he be happy, gay, capable of emotion, enthusiasm, inner suffering which enriches the soul? Yes, he will be like that—but what will his happiness, gayety, enthusiasm, suffering consist of? What will be his relation to the people he will meet, to his neighbors at work, to the woman he will love? Will he be tender, kind, responsive, daring, true in friendship, determined, witty and individualized, different from the others? How will he sense the space of the universe, time, the cosmos, his own existence, the approach of death? Will he retain the will to change himself and the world around him, to aim at distant, faintly flickering ends? What will he feel with respect to humanity, with respect to all historical epochs, to our time, to the future?

How will he conceive and feel his surroundings— sunlight, the sky, day and night, the sea, the woods, ice and then the pavement, machines, aeroplanes? Will he live in art, be receptive to it, create it, delight in it, weep, yearn for entirely unexplainable actions and if so, what kind of art will it be?

And finally, the most important and exhaustive, will he retain his richness and refinement of soul, the ability to respond with it to most diverse, minute contacts with the surrounding world, catch within himself and in this world every slight rustle, every sound, all the subconscious and dream like motions, hear the tremors of his life and the life of the people near him, the surrounding human mass, all of humanity?

And when we shall have announced all these strange questions about the future, questions we could multiply by many others of importance to us, the same tired voice will ask mistrustingly: tell me, what is it all for?

We shall answer firmly: so that human relations will be on a high plane and so that man having won the world shall not lose himself.

Then the tired voice will say: in order to answer all those questions pray write your own Utopian novel; as far, however, as I understand your questions they can all be reduced to two: the problem of conditions of life under socialism and the problem of individual psychology then. But why bother your head about them when the answer is so simple: new production relations determine new conditions of life and the corresponding psychological development. Existence determines consciousness. That's all there's to it!

But here we shall get angry and shout:

And since when does mankind, and especially its most restless and far-seeing class, possessing the keenest and most exact instruments of knowledge the most powerful weapons for acting upon the world about, since when does it let life go its own way, change of itself? Must it not take matters in hand, study, predetermine and direct, merge in feeling, thought and desire with everything progressive, remove everything that interferes, that is harmful? Or is all that we said here immaterial, unnecessary? Isn't it time now to try at least to guess, forecast the human relations of the future, the inner world of the man of the future?—not for the sake of satisfying an idle curiosity and a playful imagination but solely for the purpose of helping along the establishment of such relations and such a world?"

I think these principles have not only remained true today but the problem has grown more acute because of that stupendous move forward towards the borderland of socialism which the country has seen during the last three years.

The Party has set a concrete task: in the course of the second five year period to prepare for the transition to a classless society. Do we workers in literature realize the magnitude and complexity of this prospect?

Literature and Change

Let us recall the period of the governmental accession of capitalism, at the time of the Great French Revolution. The change from the feudal system to the capitalist had been in preparation for at least a hundred years, and the preparations were made not only in the sphere of politics, philosophy, the social sciences but also in those of the most intimate sensations, in the world of family relations, friendship, love—all based on new spiritual ties of the individual to society. The proletariat, now in the process of creation of the classless society has at its disposal a more powerful machinery of thought and knowledge. And the philosophical method at its disposal is the most correct and most powerful in the history of mankind. All the accumulated knowledge of nineteenth and twentieth century science is at its service, and it has its own academy, its state planning organization, its publishing houses and press. But what does all this powerful machinery do? It serves: 1) The building of the economic and organizationl forms of the new society; 2) the destruction, review and negation of old cultural values; 3) the slow, painstaking nursing and accumulation of new ideas, principles—mainly in the field of sociology and in the exact and applied sciences, and secondarily in the philosophic field. But neither the academy nor the planning organization nor any scientific or professional organization is capable of working out by its self a sort of synthetized cultural heaven, some kind of all-penetrating spiritual yeast on which to raise the style and spirit of the epoch, its morals and esthetics, its gayety, love of life, song—all that is not taught at school, not discussed in literary circles but breathed in as if from the air or perhaps from a good and wise father in a revelation to his young son during a happy moment.

Art, wise, sensitive, all seeing art should here step into its own inherited rights.

This is its business.

But where is one to seek this cultural ideal? It will not fall down from the skies. I do not wish to be misunderstood as calling for the cooking up of anything.

The world of socialist nature and relations is first of all bound to be too rich and complete to admit of any kind of standard—richer and more manifoldly complex than any previous era. No manequins, prescribed behavior, and catechisms for the soul! All this would be too ridiculous and squalid. The cultural ideal of the epoch must be gotten, even if only a teaspoonful at a time from the ocean of life, from previous eras, transfusing the nobler dreams of mankind out of testaments, hints, the lives of the creators of Marxism and mostly, and before everything from the present active spiritual treasures dissolved in the recesses of the masses of the people.

An intense openminded attention to present day life in all its implications, to study it laboriously, by investigation, by reliving it—this is the foremost task of the Soviet artist.

The new generation has taken its place at all the levers of the country. We, the socalled "young" writers—people about thirty years old, find our friends and acquaintances of the same age everywhere, they have finished their personal preparatory work—now they are foremen, engineers, secretaries of district Party committees, Red professors. They have completed their course of social maturity faster than we, artists. Wherever you look—everywhere the most original characters, fates, situations that are unique. The country is seething with novelty—luck, disaster, success, catastrophes that have no precendents, that have never been described in any literature. The new world, already established, hungers for self knowledge. But the generation of builders of socialism, that knows its job very well, continuously studies its methods, knows itself very little. Our conceptions of ourselves—of the Party, of the working class, of youth—are too general, vague, schematic.

The serious and sensitive artist senses this outcry, this call to understand life in all its novelty, feels it with all his senses, with his skin, so to say. Besides being conscious of the objective importance and urgency of this, the artist feels: life now is most interesting, most charming— and it is passing, changing, it is not going to be repeated—so I must catch it, fix it, write it down so that it shall stay alive! All this taken together compels the construction of ideological systems in works directed in perspective to the socialist future—primarily based on contemporary material: the revolutionary fifteen years and particularly the last years of reconstruction. The cognition of living reality and the developing of cultural ideals of the time—these two processes are inseparable, they feed and supplement each other. The song of the present and the song of the future must blend into one.

Yes, but cognitive work on the part of art—that's only the half of it. What is more terrible for us is indifferent, phlegmatic art, lifeless pictures of life, socalled "reflections," gray "large canvases." The question is not of talent. Talented work may also be cold, soulless, immobile. Now more than ever are needed passionate, active works, tendencious in the best sense of the term.

Thousands of consciousnesses awaken in the country daily and begin social action, welding their fate with it. Not all the problems of life can be put on the agenda of meetings, be discussed at conferences: there is no time. In the depths of the city, village, university, construction job, numerous so-called "personal" questions, conflicts, shocks occur. They cannot be viewed as strictly personal dramas. These are all individual waves of the tempest tossed sea of new social relations. From books, of art, the answer is expected to the question: how is one to live—how love, how work, how and what to hate. But again, not didactics, not moralizing and precepts are wanted. Nei-

ther is art medical consulation to the pregnant. But we must have it wiser, more sympathetic, more feeling. It must answer the vital questions of contemporaneity with all its spirit, with its entire ideal atmosphere, with its entire imaginative fabric.

Is everybody with us settled, rounded, is everything o.k. in our young world, in our proletarian, revolutionary set of relations?

The Function of Art

I shall only bring one instance out of my observations. Here is a case I came across this summer, in August, at a collective farm in the village of Maximkovo, of the Vjasma Region. The kolkhoz was very much behind in the harvesting of its flax. The Regional organizations attempt to come to their assistance. One day late in the evening a tow-brigade[1] consisting of some thirty workers from a neighboring leather factory show up. Tomorrow is their day off at the factory and so they will help harvest the flax. Today they had done their day's work at the factory and marched miles on foot to get to the village. But they come gaily, with flags and an accordion. Suddenly something goes wrong—mismanagement on the part of the kolkhoz management; someone was to have let them know when the workers came and failed to do so. And they were supposed to prepare bread and milk for the guests, prepare lodgings for them at a barn. Nothing was prepared. Immediately there is a quarrel. On one side of the table sits one of the Board of Managers, a lame fellow with crutches, by the way—a poor farmer, had been a freight conductor for sixteen years and frozen his feet off; on the other side of the table sits the brigade leader. And they are at it hammer and tongs—swearing and cussing at each other. They gradually get heated: the worker calls the manager a "kulak mouthpiece" and then a "kulak" and then altogether a "wrecker"; while the other comes back with "bureaucrat' and "sponger," stamping his crutches. The hut is full of people—workers, collective farmers—and these also pitch in. Then, of course, the bread and milk arrive, the quarrel subsides and all leave in ill humor: the workers to the barn, the peasants, home.

What was the result? The political socio-economical background of the fact is an excellent one, unthinkable in any other country: factory workers came to help the village, came voluntarily, to work for it gratuitously. And instead of a welcome—quarrels and curses on both sides.

A trifle, it may be said, nothing terrible. Of course there is nothing terrible. But it would have been much better otherwise: the political effect of the coming of the workers' brigade would have been better if the personal contact of the two social forces had been different.

All these personal contacts—they are exactly the sphere of influence of art. Again, of course, it must not turn into a school of good nature. I am not at all prepared to propose the pouring of unction on all the dents and scratches produced by the daily crush. Heaven save us from a special campaign of dissemination of brotherly love and social competition in intra-class tendernesses.

Tremendous stores of good nature, solidarity and comradeship are latent in the masses of the people, in the working class and in the Communist Party, the Bolshevik underground work, the years of civil war are full of examples

[1] A tow brigade is one that helps another which has fallen behind. The term originales from the tow-boat.—*Tr.*

of that. Our class is the noblest of all classes even if we are to judge not only from its historic mission but by the everyday relations that exist within it. But who will say that this is enough—that this is socialist manners? Then there would be no reason for going ahead with the building of socialism. And the trouble is not with material want, life's maladjustments, although these are primary factors. And one cannot rely on spontaneity here. Our human masses are beginning to live closer and closer together, more socially, with more solidarity; take our agricultural and other communes, artels, common quarters—everywhere, roughly speaking, the friction surface is increasing. Someone must think about that.

Art is a powerful means of communication, contact, drawing together. It must heighten the significance, the value of each unit of our society, of every member of the socialist community. This is the surest way of most rapidly getting rid of the poison, the contagion of the old class society.

Will our art be the misericordious, toothless, pacifist? No, no and no! To live with all creative gravitation in socialism, see it before oneself always—this does not mean to go away from the world of today, from the cruel, unretreating battle. No, let's have harsh opinions, intolerance, frankness, grim selection of ideas and feelings.

They once wanted to cross the names of our group out of literary annals for only one word: "humanism." We ourselves had never thought of this as Christian all-forgivness, professorial liberalism, class reconciliation. We thus named among ourselves that art philosophy which opened up before us the full blooded man in command of a full arsenal of feeling, including the feeling of social hatred. Historically we harked back to the Italian Renaissance, to old Flanders—through Till Eulenspiegel, to old Burgundy—through Colas Bregnon—all periods, as is well known, by no means vegetarian. We were not understood, it was preferred not to understand us. Very well, we admit we took an inappropriate term, because man—and so much the more a public organization—is responsible not only for what he says but also for how he is understood.

Some of our Dangers

But I must emphasize with particular insistence: our art must be militant. It must fight against all obstacles on the way for revolution, against the forces of inertia, cowardice, quietism, weariness, apathy, which cling like mollusks at the keel of the vessel and hamper its forward motion. But also let the Soviet artist hate, not by request, but by himself, out of his own heart, not abstractly, rhetorically, but in living images thrown in his way by life.

Without attempting to list distant enemies, I shall mention the inimical forces that are closer to our spheres.

This is, first of all, the thing we call in our circles civilizationism—still the same bourgeois "Americanism," trying to imitate "European" clique and lustre, the cult of "pure work," technical armor, tension of will without any regard for their social direction and inspiration. These money maker tendencies are accompanied by dislike of Bolshevik underground work, the civil war, everything that has national Russian color to any extent, that in any way follows from our countries past within its own geographical borders.

These tendencies exist subsurface in journalistic-literary and technical-intelligentsia circles. Their proponents never, especially publicly, unburden

themselves of their complex ideas. They find it easy to hide under the mask of industrializers, concocting essays on achievements and frequently doing good work in their particular line. These tendencies exist in a dispersed manner, in their several separate elements, but they exist—it is not hard to put your finger on them and socialist art will have to cross arms with them before long.

This is accompanied by a more frequent phenomenon of a purely literary nature, but also having its deep social roots. I have in mind literary snobbery: the cool flaunting of well turned phrases, clever, but trivial aphorisms, flashy metaphors— formal "innovation," esthetized over-complexity, writing "a la Proust," "a la Joyce," "a la Dos Passos," without any serious penetration into these really interesting seekings but solely to follow the fashion and delude public opinion.

This kind of snobbery finds support with editors and publishers; some editors and critics are strongly attracted lately by the tart and spicy, trying to show that they also know a thing or two, that they also know something of the "specifics of art," they tend to encourage all these tricks and "subtleties," especially since our snobs have learned to cover with their esthetic varnish not only bouquets and summer villas but even the flour mill and, if you please, steel furnaces and competition and anything your heart desires. Their success is partly due to the general weariness with the tons of boring and fully self-satisfied "reflecting" trash we have been swamped with the past two years.

I note only these two phenomena, not because there are no others just as disgusting and harmful, but because the limited space of this article doesn't permit of mentioning all the others that are the subject of discussion in the press and at meetings. These two tendencies have remained unnoticed and have not been discussed. There is no doubt—they are carried into our literature by the wind from the right. Wingless civilizationism and frigid metropolitan snobbery—their deathly, obliterating breaths are intolerable to a forward art, particularly now that time is putting such majestic and responsible tasks before it.

Our Guides

I feel compelled to call two names that may serve as symbols of a different, a beautiful tendency in fine literature. Two names that have earned their merits before the proletarian revolution differently but that are together bent towards its socialist future. These names are Maxim Gorky and Romain Rolland.

The first name we have surrounded with the respect and honor due him, although the attention paid to the main thing that makes Gorky such a tremendous educational force—his literary work—is, it seems to me entirely insufficient, especially (strange as it seem) in literary circles.

The name of Rolland lives in our public consciousness almost exclusively on account of its political aureole: friend of the Soviet Union, defender of its world truth and honor, passionate unmasker of all the crimes of imperialism. Only the first complete edition of his works in Russian is beginning to unfold, unfortunately piecemeal as it appears, the tremendous spiritual treasure, the untold riches this mine holds for our cultural reduction furnaces of the time. With all the necessary corrections due to the foreignness of the social and philosophical sources that so far fed the work of Rolland, he is, without a doubt, the nearest and most akin to us of all that old Europe has

brought our Communist generation, in style, in spirit and in evaluation of the esthetic heritage of past ages.

It is impossible, in this limited space, to speak adequately of *Jean Christophe,* the best, in my opinion, the most significant book of the twentieth century. I must mention however, the cycle of dramatic works: Dramas of Revolution. There is what the Soviet artist that seriously considers his calling should immerse himself in—and not in the bawdy tales of post war Parisian gourmets. He will not find it difficult to separate all that comes from Rolland—the individualist, from his sympathies to the crushed and driven Gironde, from his historical objectivity joining in friendly handclasp the royalist and Jacobin emigree. What then will remain?

There will remain the most lucid works, written about the stormy, driving material of the revolutionary era. There will remain the vivid feeling rare in literature, of the motion of tremendous strata in history, the bold outlines of historical figures, the characters molded by genius, the rough, flaming, beautiful language of popular spectacles. There will remain, perhaps the most important: the majesty and truth of a young class, expressed not only in the imagery of pure and high moral natures but even in the imagery of the self-loving, limited envious meat venders and brutal soldiery.

How dim the first timid ventures of our authors grew before these fiery dramas! But the best of them, the most farseeing, will not be daunted by the discrepancy between their own humble achievements and the models of the great master. On the contrary, the young brave artist will only be spurred on to greater creative daring by such a comparison. There is no dearth of talent. There must only be a heightening of the consciousness, of the responsibility our literature carries before the world. There must arise a desire for socialist competition with the giants of art construction.

Gorky and Rolland. . .

Their heroic work is done before our eyes. By their example it is easy to verify the truth of the following simple pinciples:

Art must be a matter of the entire life of the artist and not that of a profession, dragged among the editors.

Democracy of creation—is a higher triumph; catering to the tastes of the metropolitan Bohemia—is hopeless.

Deep artistic cognition of contemporaneity is more valuable than superficial apologetics.

The phenomena of life should be viewed in three dimensions and not as surfaces.

One can teach without being didactic, and educate without coaching.

The revolutionary writer must know the past, love the present and think of the future.

Translated from the Russian by S. D. Kogan

D. S. Mirsky

James Joyce

Like Marcel Proust, James Joyce is one of the greatest representatives of the literature intimately connected with the parasitic decay of Western bourgeois culture. But Proust, Parisian and depicter of the life and manners of high society in the capital, is one of those writers about whom it can be said that if they didn't exist Marxian literary criticism would be compelled to invent them. In Joyce, however, elements typical to the literature of the decaying bourgeoisie are very much confused with comparatively irrelevant elements due to his provincial origin. On first view Joyce may even seem purely Irish: away from Irish soil during his entire manhood, he persists in his creative work within the Irish material furnished him by his youth and childhood. If one were to judge an author by the contents of his characters, by their "address," their disposition in time and space, Joyce should have to be considered the literary representative of the Irish petty bourgeoisie grown into middle bourgeois, those same sections of the Irish bourgeoisie that came to power in this newborn "free republic" after the partial victory of the Irish revolution at the price of betrayal of this very revolution and compromise with British Imperialism. But the characters an author uses do not exhaustively divulge his creative essence. His treatment of the characters and his creative methods are no less significant. Joyce's treatment of his Irish characters definitely shows him an emigre that ran away from the life that gave birth to them. His creative method connects him directly with the most typical and central artists of the cosmopolitan parasitic bourgeoisie, the extreme psychologism of Henry James and Marcel Proust on one hand and with constructivism and cubism that blossomed out particularly in the painting of the Parisians, Cezanne and Picasso.

Joyce was born in Ireland in 1882, and comes from a well educated petty bourgeois family. His youth was spent at the end of the nineties, the beginning of the new century — the period of the falling off of the Irish revolutionary movement and the blossoming of Irish literature in English. Irish literature in Gaelic ceased to exist together with the Irish feudal clan society when Ireland's upper class began to fuse with the English colonisers. During the first half of the nineteenth century, mainly by virtue of the efforts of the Catholic church that tried to make Ireland its place d'arme for conquering England proper, the masses of the Irish people also abandoned Gaelic for English. Some "islands" of Gaelic have remained only in the extreme western parts of Ireland. With the beginning of the eighteenth century Ireland gave birth to a number of prominent writers in English, but these were writers reflecting the life of landowners and the old privileged city bourgeoisie, classes either English in origin or completely Anglicized. During the entire nineteenth century a new Irish bourgeoisie grew up, of plebeian-peasant origin, but up to the seventies this growth was greatly hampered by English dominion. The best of the growing Irish intelligentsia during these years went in for the national-revolutionary movement. (And not only national — Ireland gave two of the most important leaders of Chartism, O'Connor and O'Brien and one of the best "prescientific" socialists, William Thomson.) Irish

literature at that time was either a landowner's (and as such, not Irish but English), or revolutionary. Only Irish revolutionary poetry was an intermittant accompaniment of the revolutionary movement and did not lead to the production of a national literature as a distinct cultural entity.

The situation changes during the eighties. Under pressure of the Irish peasants' revolutionary movement, English capitalist liberalism (Gladstone) decides to partly sacrifice the interests of Anglo-Irish landowners. The agricultural reform brings about a relative prosperity in Ireland and the exhilarated growth of the national bourgeoisie. The result of this was first, the quiescence for some thirty years of the peasant-national revolutionary movement and second, the growth of a new national intelligentsia and together with it of a national bourgeois literature in the English language.

The situation of the Irish intelligentsia with respect to its bourgeoisie was peculiar. Cramped in its development by English dominion, Ireland did not have its own industrial bourgeoisie. The few large industries were in English hands. The national bourgeoisie was agricultural and commercial. And like all rich peasant-merchant bourgeoisies it had all the negative traits of the bourgeoisie without any of alleviating progressive traits of industrial capitalism. Like all rich peasant-merchant bourgeoisie it was uncultured and ideologically reactionary, maintained close contact with the Catholic church and created no demand for cultural products.

The Tragi-Comic Age

Under these circumstances the Irish intelligentsia could not but become "groundless" and foreign. One could say about it, like about the Russian intelligentsia of the sixties and seventies, in the words of the Russian poet Nekrasov: "You are in your own country... pariahs." But unlike the Russian intelligentsia of the time which reflected the objectively rising tide of revolution, the Irish intellectual movement and the literature created by them during the nineties and first decade of the twentieth century was therefore, like Russian literature of the period between the revolutions (of 1905 and 1917 *tr.)* anti-social, passively-esthetic and individualistic. However, unlike Russian literature after 1905 which was closely welded to the Ryabushinskys and Terestchenkas (Russian "captains of industry," *tr.)* the Irish "literary renaissance" was at odds with its bourgeoisie since the latter felt no need of any literature. As soon as there were any signs of the possibility of a rise in the tide of revolution, in the second decade of the present century, the young generation of the intelligentsia repeatedly allied itself with the revolutionary movement (its best young poets were shot during the suppression of the Dublin revolt in the spring of 1916). But there was no such tragi-comic: objectively reflecting a class uncultured by very nature it had to serve a master who had no need of its services. We find in the writers of the socalled "Irish literary renaissance" a romantic delving in the mythological past of Ireland together with a total estrangement from life and politics, tendencies towards mysticism, occultism, theosophy as in the greatest poets of this period—Yeats and George Russell (known under the penname of A. E.), or, tending towards strict philology, like Douglas Hide and his pupils. At the same time the biography of almost every Irish writer of this generation is marked by sharp conflicts with the production of Yeats' first play *The Countess Kathleen.* The heroine of this very romantic and noble play so thoroughly reactionary in ideology, sells her soul to the devil in order to save her subjects from

hunger. The Catholic public thought this blasphemous and the play was tabooed and driven from the stage. (When, after a quarter of a century, the Irish bourgeoisie came into power, it established a censorship guided by Joyce in his *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* where it serves as one of the causes of estrangement of the hero from Ireland.

Together with this dreamy nationalism we have a peculiar cosmopolitanism, escape from Ireland to England and the continent, attempts to run away from the provincial hole, from the rich peasant-merchant bourgeoisie and to merge with the general Western culture of the cosmopolitan bourgeoisie. The most famous of these became James Joyce. His predecessor was the talented dramatist John M. Synge (1871—1909). Synge emigrated early, easily got rid of everything Irish, became a Parisian and a Bohemian, but could not find an outlet for his artistic energy until Yeats — the patriarch and guide of all the generation — advised him to return to Ireland. Synge followed Yeats' advice and coming back completely untrammeled by provincialism could approach his Irish material as something purely exotic. He took for his theme the village life of the most remote backwoods of Western Ireland and built up a strictly conventional play in which the characters use a language stylized from English and Irish peasant turns of speech (English with Celtic syntax) while the action is determined by a stylized psychology conceived as an exotic grotesque of "village cretinism." Out of this psychology Synge builds up a logically complete system of dramatic motives which are the basic elements in the construction of his plays. This method brings him close to such characteristic and central expressions of cosmopolitan bourgeois culture as cubism in the plastic arts, which is also based on the logical development of an arbitrary (idealistic) or stylized to unrecognizability (voluntaristic) "reality." It is interesting to note that although Synge remained practically unknown on the continent the latest French drama uses the same Synge method and many of these plays bear a remarkable resemblance to Synge's plays.

Synge's attitude to language has its roots in the same cubistic, voluntaristic approach to his material. Only in him this is strengthened by the specific attitude of the Irish cosmopolitan to the English language. Irish by birth and "Parisian" by culture, Synge must write in a language with which he is culturally unconnected. Keenly concious of this humilliating necessity, feeling as was later expressed so clearly by Joyce, that the most vulgar Englishman is more at home in his language than he, the fine Irish writer. Synge distorts and forces the language which circumstances have compelled him to use in order to make it his own, Synge's Irish language. By means of amplifying and pedalling everything that is contradictory to the "spirit" of the English language in the turns of speech of the Irish peasantry, and building up a logically well-knit system out of this he creates his own literary dialect which no one in life has ever used. And he uses this dialect not only where the subject matter justifies it, not only in plays of Irish peasant life, but in making very curious translations of Petrarch and Villon from continental languages. [1]

[1] A similar attitude to a foreign literary language in English literature is to be found in the Scotchman Carlyle, and in Russian literature in the Ukrainian, Gogol. Another similar case is that of Babel who utilizes the Russian speech of Odessa Jews and Ukrainian Kuban partisans in a manner very much like Synge. The literary-historical significance of these similar phenomena is, of course, various, depending upon the social character of the given writer and his place in history. There is, however, a great similarity between Babel and Synge not only in this use of language: Babel's play *Twilight* recalls Synge also by its construction.

The Irish Ex-Patriate

This was the situation with the Irish intelligentsia and Irish literature when James Joyce was attending a Jesuit seminary and Dublin University and, unable to stand the musty provincialdom of the Irish bourgeoisie, ran away to the continent. Unlike Synge who reemigrated to Ireland after totally forgetting his kinship to it and thus able to approach his homeland from a purely esthetic angle as something exotic, Joyce ran away never to return and never to forget—ran away hurt by the hated but unforgetable Irish middle class which he could only get the best of after he had grown into the greatest word master of the cosmopolitan bourgeois West. At first it might seem he had little to go on for such a conquest. A poverty stricken intellectual he wandered all over Europe for a long time making a living by teaching English. The literary tradition of the "Irish Renaissance" was also strong in him. In his first book of poems *Chamber Music* he is still completely the disciple of Yeats and his group, differing from them only in being somewhat less diffuse, less songy, more rigid. But already in his second book *Dubliners* (1914, the only one of his books so far translated into Russian), he is beginning to free himself from this heritage. This book of short stories from the most prosaic life of the Irish capital breaks away from the mythologic romanticism of the "Renaissance" poets by the very subject matter. In these stories Joyce is the pupil of of the cosmopolitan masters, Flaubert, Maupassant and the Anglo-Irish Flaubertist, George Moore. At this time he is also at work on the autobiographical novel *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* where he settles accounts with his Irish upbringing.

This novel is a connecting link between the naive provincial student and the esthetic man of the world that beat the French at their own game. The hero, Stephen Dedalus, who appears again in *Ulysses* is of course none other than Joyce himself.

The Portrait is still somewhat naive, frank and without great presumptions. Joyce's method, "altogether modern" is here still far from original. It is the method of a psychological stenographic report registering changing impressions in their logical time sequence without analysis or classification, only retaining their intermittency without however that deliberate "leaving out nothing" which later appears in *Ulysses*. The psychological style was worked out, simultaneously with Joyce, by a number of English novelists, especially women novelists; Dorothy Richardson in her voluminous biographical novel brings this style to its most characteristic logical form; this method is also basic to the stylized psychological lyricism of Virginia Wolf's novels.

The method is distinctly different from that of Proust or Henry James. I began the article by saying that Joyce and Proust stand close to each other as luminous literary representatives of the parasitic bourgeoisie of the period of decaying capitalism. We find in both of them the same ultra-psychologicalness, the same extremely serious attention to the extremely trivial elements of "inner experience," which are the fruit of idleness and hopeless finesse. However, within this basic, socially-determined style, Proust and Joyce occupy distinctly opposite ends. In Proust we have ultra-psychology in pure unadulterated form. In Joyce it is very much complicated by constructivist tendencies. Proust is a "disinterested" investigator in the dark corners of consciousness. not so

much "artist" as "scientist" (a much more balanced scientist than the professional Freud who invented myths). He approaches the life of the spirit with a scalpel (blood tells, he's the son of a physician), analyses complexes, studies their construction, uncovers relations. His very style is contemplative—endless sentences branching out into introductions and explanations, interspersed with abstractions and a multitude of neologisms that are essential to capture up to then elusive details. To Proust it is important to understand. To Joyce not the connections and relations are important, but the images. He is a "pure artist" "creator of artificial things" (artificer), builder of labyrinths, Dedalus. There is no contemplativeness in his books, no "authors" speeches, only pure "thought in images." Delving into the same infinitely trivial elements of consciousness as Proust, he does not uncover their regularity but builds labyrinthine images with them. In *Ulysses,* from the very start he begins to make the psychological image more complex by means of distorting word prisms and departs from psychologic realism to a purely phantastic method of symbolic "realization of the subconscious."

Notwithstanding that in the *Portrait* Joyce "settles accounts" with Ireland, the general tonality of the novel does not go beyond the limits of the "Irish Renaissance" style. The *Portrait* is more Irish, more youthful and more romantic than *Dubliners.* But, if Joyce mastered the use of foreign instruments in his *Dubliners,* he again immersed himself in his Irish base in the *Portrait* only to finally overcome it. The *Portrait* is the direct transition to *Ulysses.*

The Master

One thing stands out sharply on the generally lyrical background of the *Portrait* and that is the Jesuit sermon on eternal torture. In this sermon Joyce already shows himself the full grown master of word and content. With remarkable inner logic he develops the most extreme, the wildest anti-reformation conception of eternal punishment in Hell seemingly exhausting all the human mind is capable of conceiving about eternal and utmost torture. This sermon is also a tremendous achievement of verbal art and a significant document of Catholicism, at the same time it illuminates clearly the character of the romantic, esthetic, contemplative naturalism, not of Zola, but of Flaubert and Maupassant to whose traditions Joyce adhers in his *Ulysses.* Unlike the social naturalism of Zola which is the art expression of social reformism of the liberal bourgeoisie, this naturalism (of Flaubert-Maupassant-Joyce, *tr.)* with its morbid, emotionally equivocal infatuation with ugliness, suffering and death, that finds pleasure in suffering and consolation in defeat and annihilation, expresses the biologic defeatism of those doomed to historical death. In Flaubert this is still individual defeat in the individual struggle for existence of a refined and sensitive person that cannot stand the competitive tussle of capitalism, the defeat of an artist living in an age "inimical to art and poetry." In Proust it is already the biologic degeneration of an historically doomed class. In Joyce a similar trend appears on the "Flaubertian" grounds of a provincial, uncultured, rich peasant-trader, Ireland. But he matures into one of the highest expressions of biologic defeatism of an idle and culturally refined imperialist bourgeiosie. Thus traits peculiar to a petty bourgeois intellectual that has run away from an uncultured bourgeoisie are transformed, in other historical sur-

roundings, into traits characteristic of an entire stage of culture of the haut-bourgeoisie.

This transfer of Joyce from Irish to all-European spheres is very interestingly reflected in his literary connections. After leaving Ireland he settled, after a long period of wandering in Trieste. There he made friends with a certain Schmitz, a millionaire and manager of one of the two large steamship companies of Trieste. He discovered "a great writer" in Schmitz and encouraged him to take up literature seriously. Schmitz's ultra-psychological novels issued under the pen name Italo-Svevo (Italo-Austrian), were highly appreciated, (mainly outside of Italy: the Fascists despise this "feminine" refinement) and he was dubbed the Italian Proust.

When *Ulysses* appeared, one of the first to appreciate it was Valerian Larbo, another millionaire writer, part owner of the spa Vichy and author of the novel about a millionaire *A. O. Barnabooth.*. Larbo became the main propagandist for Joyce and the (excellent) French translation of *Ulysses* was edited by him. Schmitz, "discovered" by Joyce and Larbo, the "discoverer" of Joyce (for the French) are two ultra-refined millionaire-esthetes who stand as Joyce's sponsors upon his entrance into the literature of the international bourgeoisie.

Along about this time Joyce had moved to Paris. The war found him in Trieste from where he went to Zurich and then to Paris. He was working on *Ulysses* all this time, completing it in 1921 and it was published in 1922.

Ulysses is without doubt a singular phenomenon in the history of literature. The external features of this book are well known. Everyone that has heard of it knows that this book of 732 large format pages, broken up into very long unnumbered and untitled chapters is all the story of a single individual during only 24 hours. Everyone also knows that the book is "indecent." The book is prohibited by censors in England (and, of course, in Ireland where the censorship is in the hands of Catholic clergy who must condemn *Ulysses* not only for "indecency" but also for "blasphemy"). And really there are a number of passages in *Ulysses* that are entirely unusual in serious literature: some are full of unprintable words, others on first view call to mind professional pornography. Aware of this, the "average" reader expects to find *Ulysses* piquant reading but he is scared away by the monumental boredom of the infinite verbal jungle. And it must be confessed that a first reading of *Ulysses* is not an easy task. It can't be done "between times." It must be read attentively, without omitting anything, as the most trivial detail plays its part in the structure of the whole. Joyce does not help the reader in the least and until one has oriented himself, a great deal seems unintelligible; many transitions throw one off, many lapses seem vacant, many images are not grasped. Added to this are purely linguistic difficulties. There is a superfluity of Irish expressions for one, and continuous word play, deformation of words in the most diverse directions. And then there are the difficulties, it would seem, altogether unnecessary ones, like the peculiar orthography (Joyce, for instance, writes as one words that are usually written separately or hyphenated). Not to mention the fact that the book is full of allusions to things well known in Ireland (where the book is least of all read) but entirely unknown on the continent or even to the English reader. Finally, *Ulysses* is a difficult book because this cyclopean structure is built up out of the smal-

lest pebbles. The pebbles are gathered in small complex designs that lead one astray and only slowly and gradually as one begins to see the book as a whole, when one has read most of the book, these small trivial elements begin to form tremendous human images which are the fundamental artistc content of *Ulysses* and primarily the tremendously centralized images of the main hero of *Ulysses,* Leopold Blum.

The Book

The title reminds the reader that Joyce's novel was presumably built along the lines of the Homeric *Odyssey.* Commentators on Joyce, basing themselves on expressions of the author himself, point out in detail the parallel episodes between the novel and the Homeric poem. These parallels run something like this: in the Homeric poem Odysseus having returned home finds that many suitors have wooed his wife, but she has remained true to him; in Joyce's book Blum on coming home finds that another man had been in bed with his wife recently. And this is one of the most convincing parallels. It is possible that while writing the book Joyce really guided himself by the Odyssey as a kind of falsework. But an analogy does not in the least explain anything or help the reader understand the book. These parallels and the title of the book itself are only evidence of the complexity, twistedness and bookishness of Joyce's imagination and his artistic methods.

The plot of the novel, if it can be called a plot, is very simple indeed. There are three characters: Stephan Dedalus whom we know from the *Portrait* but who has already, since, been in Paris, settled accounts with the Catholic clergy, a teacher and poet; Leopold Blum, a Dublin Jew, son of a Rudolf Viraga, Hungarian Jew converted to Christianity; and Blum's wife, Marion. The action takes place on a definite day and year: June 16, 1904. The novel consists of three unequal parts. In the first part Stephen gets up from bed, gives a lesson, talks to the school director and goes for a walk on the seashore. In the second part the longest, Blum gets up, goes all over the city on various business errands, attends a funeral, visits a restaurant, sits at the seashore looking at the girls, sits at the lying-in hospital where the wife of an acquaintance is in labor. Blum's itinerary is crossed by that of Stephen—one chapter is devoted entirely to him—who talks to representatives of the Irish intelligentsia at the library on literary and philological subjects. The Irish intelligentsia is drawn from life. Various famous literati figure here like, for instance, George Russell. The second part ends with a large chapter written in dialogue, showing Blum and Stephen in a brothel where they have met; Stephen breaks a chandelier while drunk and leaves. Blum after standing the discussion with the madam goes after Stephen. Stephen still drunk mixes into a conversation among drunken soldiers and one of them beats him up so that he loses consciousness. Blum takes him away.

In the third part Blum and Stephen at first find themselves at the cab drivers' barracks, Blum finds out that Stephen has had nothing to eat for two days and takes him home to feed him. Stephen leaves after this and Blum goes to bed to find his wife already there, her lover having only just left. The novel ends with a long chapter in which the thoughts of Marion awakened by Blum are stenographically reported.

It is clear, from this, that the novel is far from an adventurous one and it is not clear that such a novel may be interesting. However,

competent critics, regardless of literary creed (among the first to welcome the novel were people of a totally different literary tradition-the social realists, Wells and Bennett) agree that it is one of the most momentous books of the twentieth century. *Ulysses* is made interesting as an attempt not for the first time, to tell the story of an individual during one single day without leaving anything out, first, by the tremendous artistic plenitude of the woof of the novel itself, and second, by the image of Blum that arises from it.

Joyce and the English Language

Ulysses is written in various, so to say, verbal "keys." These "keys" seem to lend the exposition a new dimension, a new coefficient, and chapter differs from chapter not only by its contents but also by the verbal coloring, which is in turn in a complex way connected with this content. In intensity of "word-creation" and "word-deformation" energy, in diversification and virtuosity Joyce stands undoubtedly without a peer. Most of the deformers of words did so in one direction, breaking up the word for one purpose constituting the basic principle of the writer. Thus it was with Milton who created his artificial latinized language as part of the new bourgeois ideology raised upon the junction of the Renaissance and the Reformation; thus it was with Mayakovsky, who created revolutionary verse freed from literariness. Even Gogol and Shakespeare, with all their deformational energy had only two-three word registers closely related to one another and used by them again and again. But Joyce finds it important not to create a single purposeful style, but to master the word and subject it to himself so that he can use it as he wishes. In this his cubistic voluntarism expresses itself, that style of a falling bourgeoisie that wants to encompass reality in forms of its own choosing and mould life's realities into the forms created by it. This tendency, strong as it is in all modern painting, is even stronger in Joyce on account of his specifically Irish resentment against the English language which he must take away from the English and best Shakespeare himself on this basis. It was the same with Synge. But Synge, on his return from Paris was satisfied with the special Syngeian dialect he invented and gave equal rights with any literary form of the English language. Joyce entering upon the European arena sought more and created a language which could embrace all forms of the English language, gather them in like rivers into the sea.

Joyce is sometimes compared to Rabelais the great language creator at the dawn of bourgeois secular culture in power of word coinage, including the love of the unprintable. There is undoubtedly a certain outward resemblance. In sheer will to coin new words Rabelais and Joyce are own brothers. The resemblance is there even in details—both love proper nouns and love to deform them to unrecognizable caricature, both love the grotesqueness of frozen word stamps. But the resemblance is merely external. Rabelais' word coining is purposeful, it serves his laughter and his satire ramming the clerical Middle Ages. And the essence of the styles of Rabelais and Joyce are radically different. From sheer excess of strength Rabelais plays with the material history gave him; he finds joy in language, joy in life and the body, and his love of the unprintable comes from a love of all that is carnal and alive, where there is nothing pure or impure, noble or base, only what is alive and good. That is bouyant play with elemental words and life. In Joyce it is a tense at-

tempt at defense against reality by means of its varied reflection in the word and to triumph over it (reality, *tr.)* by driving it into the narrow confines of verbal forms. And when he submits to reality, choosing for it, naturalistically, the most adequate, the most hallucinatory words, he does so like a follower of romantic naturalism seeking tormenting pleasures in ugliness, queasiness and suffering, as Flaubert and Maupassant. And the bent towards the unprintable which is in Rabelais only part of his generally buoyant spirit, is in Joyce a detail of the pleasure in filth and humiliation.

The fundamental background and the fundamental tradition of *Ulysses* are, as I have already said,—esthetic, formalistic naturalism. In all the first chapters of the book this style is sustained: the play on verbal keys begins only with the second quarter. The style of the beginning chapters is closely allied to the style of *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.* This is also a stenographic report, but a definitely naturalistic one stopping with a special love of ugliness and queasiness. In mastering material reality Joyce attains the greatest adequacy by a most artistic choice of words.

Out of the verbose mass the figure of Blum finally rises colossal as the essential content of the novel. Blum is the man of weak, timid, suppressed desires. The man who cannot and dare not desire but secretly desires just the same. It is a tremendous personification of the petty bourgeois, one who is not too successful in the competitive struggle, who has no very great ambitions, who cannot live with his wife as he should but is embarrassed and wrought up by his own daughter, and who dreams of worldly love affairs. Lack of success and nonrealization of his desires make him somewhat lyrical and romantic so that he is sympathetic to the wayward Bohemian "of genius" Stephen. Mercilessly uncovering all the corners of the consiousness and subconsciousness of the vulgar philistine Blum, Joyce disposes these revelations in their everyday context, interspersed with "human weaknesses," "higher" flashes of feeling, all on a background of trivial defeats and failures, making Blum a fearfully-alive, intimately-near, touching, almost sympathetic, figure. At the same time, building up the figure of Blum as a cyclopean structure out of infinitely many and infinitely small diverse elements Joyce lends him monumental proportions, turning him into an heroic figure which stands comparison with that of Ulysses whose name he hears so strainedly.

Finally, the famous last chapter is written in the naturalistic vein of a "stenographic report of an inner dialogue" in its purest form (emphasized by the absence of punctuation marks throughout all these 45 pages). In this monologue Marion Blum, previously barely indicated, comes out in full height. Marion is—a female, a philistine vulgar female, but even through this philistine vulgarity the monumental Eternal Woman of the flesh stands out.

On this *Ulysses* ends.

Like *War and Peace* Joyce's novel ends with woman as the personification of the eternal, unchangeable, unending, superhistorical life of the flesh. To Tolstoy the triumph of the female, Natasha, is the triumph of the village i.e. landowner, elements of the citified, cultured, intellectual history, a guarantee that on the side of the historically victorious class stand the superhistorical powers of animal life. To Joyce the triumph of the female Marion is the triumph of wonderful forces, the triumph of

those who will remain to live when the lover of dust and death will vanish. The final note of the novel might seem conciliatory: Marion is, towards the end, surrounded with idyllic lyricism. But the idyll is not the artist at peace with her, but only her self satisfied appeasement in the triumph of the female who never lacks males and—"what is one worse than another." To Joyce this finalé means the triumph of philistine Ireland which has no need for Blum with his timid desires and his cursory relation to culture, while for Stephen it can have in store only the bed of a wayward wife. And on a European plane the finale of *Ulysses* means the triumph of living philistinedom over the ultra-refined defeatists of life of the type of Stephen and Joyce. It is evident that people like Joyce can have no other, wider historical perspective.

Ulysses is the end of Joyce's creative career and the triumph of Marion is his final word. After *Ulysses* Joyce has been working for over ten years on a book only fragments of which have appeared in magazines under the title *Work in Progress* and published in separate brochures *(Anna Livia Plurabelle, Haveth Childers Everywhere)* and phonograph records in the voice of the author. This is already pure nonsense, the work of a master idling. The subject is again Ireland, but an Ireland entirely unreal—a mixture of senselessly stylized speech of Dublin folk and mythological arabesques no more convincing than the Blum-*Ulysses* equation.

Joyce and Soviet Literature

In Russian Futurism nonsense came in at the very beginning. It was a declaration of independence from old literary traditions and a school for abstract sound study as a preliminary to the creation of a new poetry, rich in meaning and in its more powerful instances working on the revolution.

With Joyce nonsense comes at the end of his career marked by brilliant success but lacking all prospects. Joyce exhausted all his material in *Ulysses;* laid the real Ireland on the Procrustian bed of cosmopolitan cubism; distorted the English language to suit his fancy; created the superphilistine Blum; and at the zenith of his victory set all the spoils at the feet of the philistine female Marion. There was nothing else to do. Only empty craftsmanship remained and it continued to work on distorting language and sense into a kind of formless and senseless mass.

What are we to do with Joyce then? Do we need him and can we find in him anything that will be practically useful to Soviet art?

It must first be remembered that Joyce means *Ulysses,* and that *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Yonug Man* are only stepping stones to *Ulysses.* A translation of *Ulysses* is infinitely difficult inasmuch as it is written in a language beyond the bounds of English in all directions. This makes a translation in the exact sense of the word impossible and would require a degree of language creation in Russian equal to what Joyce has done in English. This problem is in principle unsolvable insofar as the language creation by Joyce was determined by a number of historical and cultural elements that are not available for the Russian language. Not to speak of the utilization by Joyce of language possibilities which the Russian language does not possess. Any translation of *Ulysses* is therefore bound to be unsatisfactory. In any event it would require tremendous preliminary work which would assume the character of anthologic montage with commentaries. On the other hand a trans-

lation of Joyce could never count on a wide circulation and the circle of its readers would be limited to literary students, writers and cinema workers.

Soviet cinema workers, by the way, have discovered Joyce long ago. As far back as 1929 Eisenstein pointed him out as one of the few writers that could be useful to the cinema worker. Joyce's prose is to a great extent built on the principles of cinema montage. The sequence of registered elements in the naturalistic stenographic report of impressions is determined by the same considerations as the changes of film in the cinema. On the other hand, the keen, clear drawing of external objects in Joyce's book produces effects similar to those which the school of Eisenstein has tried to produce within the limits of the film. However, in view of the fact that the Soviet movie has abandoned the formalism of the school of Eisenstein, Joyce ceases to be of moment to it and recedes to a secondary plane as more and more an auxiliary.

And for writers? Here it must be admitted without equivocation that altogether too much of Joyce's art method is inseparable from the specifically falling phase of bourgeois culture which he represents and very little goes beyond these limits. The method of the inner monologue is too intimately tied up with the ultra-subjectivism of the coupon cutting bourgeoisie and totally inapplicable to the art of socialism under construction. The same can be said of the method of "realizing the subconscious." Not less foreign to the dynamics of our culture is the deeply static method of building up the image of Blum and the whole novel around him. The novel is tremendous—there is no gainsaying—and in our day of the slogan to create a Magnitostroy of Art the stupendous contours of this novel might tempt some. But Magnitostroy is not only volume but also growth and work and an aim—part of the revolution. *Ulysses* is immobile. It resembles more an Egyptian pyramid than Magnitostroy.

Joyce's word coinage exceeds, of course, anything that has been done in this respect in Russian literature. But although the word coinage of Biely and the Futurists had different roots than Joyce's—this stage and all kinds of formalism connected with the same state of descent of the bourgeoisie have long been passed by Soviet art.

The remaining deep layer of Joyceian craftsmanship is his naturalistic grip, his hallucinatory precision of expression—all that he has inherited from the French naturalists, bringing their cult of the "exact word" to an extreme. This precision gives Joyce an undoubted real, materialistic power over the external world. But it is rooted, on the one hand, in a morbid, defeatist trend towards the ugly and repulsive, and on the other, in an esthetically-possessive tendency to own "things." So that even this single realistic element of Joyce's craftsmanship is in principle foreign to that realism which Soviet art aims to acquire and which is the mastering of the world by means of "practical materialism" conceiving and changing the social reality of history.

Translated from the Russian by S. D. Kogan

A. Lun acharsky

About Bernard Shaw

Preface to Bernard Shaw's The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God *by Anatoli Lunacharsky, Russian ed. 1933.*

Our good and near friend, the great writer Bernard Shaw, often causes us a great deal of trouble.

Indeed, can we not really rejoice at the fact that, in most likelihood the wittiest writer in Europe at the present time, came to Moscow to celebrate his 75th birthday, to corroborate with his own eyes the high regard he had for the construction going on in our own country, and that he took advantage of this visit, both when among us and upon his return to his native land, to oppose many times and with clear revolutionary vigor, the new world of Lenin to the old world of decay?

We cannot but value his endless, biting, poisonous criticism of the bourgeois order, his courageous, stinging answers to the bourgeois press, his unbridled energy, his sparking gaiety, and his comedies often deadly for those who dwell in darkness.

Yet, Bernard Shaw is possessed of a very great independence. He thinks about everything in his own way, and what he thinks, he says. This very independence has carried him into the camp of those opposed to the bourgeoisie, but it has prevented him from being penetrated by a more or less severe system of thinking, by more or less successive conclusions, by a more or less definite world outlook. Together with thoughts of exceptional keenness, he combines quite meaningless paradoxes, together with courageous flights—unexpected falls. It is because of this—even though we like him—that we cannot be sure of him, that we find it difficult to answer for him, and rarely has there come from his pen a work which can be accepted in full, and recommended to our readers without a host of reservations.

In all of this, there is a slight resemblance to that other great master of the pointed word—Heinrich Heine. Marx and Engels, who loved him and were charmed by him, often had to shake their heads, and in the unpleasantly inexplicable passages raise their hands in despair.

But they were able to forgive him such trespasses, which, of course, our friend Bernard Shaw would not permit himself, and Marx—a strong and demanding person—with uncustomary softness for him, said that we could not demand of poets as of ordinary people.

Quite recently, I happened to write about the latest comedy of Bernard Shaw, *Too True to be Good*. In addition to many strong points of the play, I remarked the entirely unexpected criticism of atheism—a weak criticism, it is true, yet not the least bit weaker than his criticism of religion in the same play; I pointed out that, painting his surrounding world in darkest colors, Bernard Shaw did not find it necessary to say a single word about that world opposed to it, a world that Shaw knows and esteems, the world of the USSR, the Communist Party, the Communist International, and their struggle.

In several leading magazines of the West, there even appeared doubts, in reference to this play, as to whether the old yet restless Irish humorist was not moving away from his sympathy for October.

As a result of this, there appeared a most magnificent declaration of Shaw, affirming once more, with all the passion of his youthful 75 years his faith in our work.

Yes, we know that Bernard Shaw is a true sympathizer.

We must learn to take him, such as he is. And we do so, with love and kindness, but. . .

But from us it cannot be demanded that, accepting Shaw's latest works with friendly sympathy, and praising that in them which is positive, we, out of the same friendship and good will, keep silent about that which, from our Marxist-Leninist point of view is not acceptable.

We rest assured that in no way will our charming paladin of the vigorous and captivating smile be offended because of this.

II

At present, we are recommending to our Soviet reader, the extremely lively and absorbing booklet of Bernard Shaw, *The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God.*

It may be said that this work (particularly, if we consider it apart from the quite lengthy epilogue attached to it) is purely Voltairean.

It is Voltairean in its very form, in its nimble and sparkling lightness, in its "bitingness," in its unexpectedness, and in its delightfully grimace producing charm.

Voltaire was the great master of this style.

Great and unsurpassed.

And in art, in the possession of this style, not one of his contemporaries, nor of his successors, stands on the same level with him.

The work of Shaw, of which we are now speaking, could with pride have occupied a place in the series of light, sarcastic satires of the great patriarch of Ferney.

To write, formally, like Voltaire—is, in any case, very good.

But the new booklet of Bernard Shaw is also in its contents Voltairean.

This also, in the best sense of the word, is good.

To-day, over the bourgeois world, the shadows are deepening. Owls and ravens wearily fly overhead; the men of darkness, the *viri obscuri,* with pseudo dramatic gestures, once more begin to muffle through their noses their horrible preachings. And how many people do we find, who themselves not engaged in the spreading of the darkness, in the extinguishing of the light, to a great extent accept it seriously, conniving in such work, or—which is just as bad—do not accept it seriously, that is permit it to pass by without indignation and without struggle.

In such times, it would be difficult not to welcome the reappearance of Voltaire. Suddenly, he would appear, seated in his armchair, as represented by Houdon, the scoffing old man, whom Bernard Shaw, in the booklet we are recommending, writes about as follows:

"... a wizened old gentleman whose eyes were so striking that his face seemed all eyes, his nose so remarkable that his face seemed all nose, and his mouth so expressive of a comically malicious relish that his face seemed all mouth until the black girl combined these three incompatibles by deciding that his face was all intelligence,"

—suddenly, he would appear, looking about with his shrewd, knowing eyes, and he would notice all of that stripe, all those horrible monsters of the revival of piety, rebathed in mysticism, all those false magis—and through each one of them he would have sent his dart of the penetrating word, tipped with the poison of his annihilating smile. Then, would these monsters scatter in all directions! There would occur a scene similar to that which Gogol pictured in his *The Unearthly Monster* when all the ugly creatures born of the night fled from fright, while some remained pinioned in the narrow windows of the church. But since old Voltaire cannot come to life again, it is not so bad that he be reincarnated in the person of old Shaw, who has so much in common with him. So that, Voltaireanism in the same aspect in which it existed in the eighteenth century, that is, as free thought, not arriving at conclusive atheism, often superficial in its criticism, and so on, yet nevertheless boldly, bravely, and relentlessly attacking the entire world of superstitions, is a cultural element for which even to-day we may be thankful.

We will be thankful to Bernard Shaw for it, but nevertheless we will say that Voltaireanism in our century cannot but be extremely halfway, inasmuch as it was even in its own century halfway. And so, accepting from the hands of Shaw his most recent Voltarian work, we can joyfully smile, extend our hand gladly and willingly to the maestro, and tell him, "Very good. But it could have been so much better!"

We will not comment here on the booklet itself.

III

It is written clearly and sprightly. To understand it is not difficult. Every one will laugh at its images. Indeed, is it not humorous to have a biblical god, demanding sacrifices and a biblical god—a controversialist? Is not the comedy about the misunderstanding of Christianity, exquisite? Is not the triumph of the black girl over Mohammed, brilliant? And is it not—and we say it in all enormous respect for our brilliant countryman, Ivan Petrovich Pavlov—amusing in the highest degree (although, of course, irreverent; oh, oh, oh, Mister Shaw!) the incident between the seeker for god, and the great experimenter with the salivary reflexes of dogs?

Deep and full is the tempering of hate in Shaw when he describes a caravan of contemporary cultured tourists, which arouses general sympathy although some sort of cobweb joins some of these cultured tourists and several more recent forms of free thought.

As we have already said, Shaw has added to his booklet a fully explanatory epilogue. Here we may talk it over with him a little more in detail. Here he has taken off his mask, wiped with his elegant hand, the perspiration from his tall brow on which has been resting a thick clump of grey hair, seated himself on the bench, tapped with two fingers the knee of the reader, as if to say: "Let us talk this over seriously."

Let us talk it over.

But first of all I want to make just one comment in connection with the text itself.

This Voltairean booklet has a Voltairean ending, the main motive of which is taken from Voltaire's *Candide*.

Voltaire persuaded the black girl to be satisfied with agnosticism and to plant cabbage. Furthermore, she marries an Irishman, very much resembling young Bernard Shaw, and they together bring forth on the world a large collection of children of a "lovely coffee color."

Is it possible that to Shaw himself it never occurred that all this "in the quality of consolation" after the energetic "search for god" sounds horribly petty bourgeoois?

Most likely it did, for in the very last phrases of his booklet, Shaw writes:

"It was only when the piccaninnies grew up and became independent of her, and the Irishman had become an unconscious habit of hers, as if he were a part of herself, that they ceased to take her away from herself and she was left once more with the leisure and loneliness that threw her back on such questions. And by that time her strengthened mind had taken her far beyond the stage at which there is any fun in smashing idols with knobkerries."

Ah, yes. . . .

But we find this sentence extremely puzzling. It leaves us in a quandary. And the "epilogue" does not take us out of this quandary.

IV

I do not know if this method of adding a more or less explanatory commentary to one's own artistic creation is good.

In any case, it is the method of Bernard Shaw.

It should be said that such self-commentary, as far as I can remember, has not once been useful to any work of the humorist.

Yet, in the present epilogue, Shaw gives us many interesting ideas. Interesting both in themselves and in connection with the author.

One of the most interesting of such ideas is expressed by Shaw in the following manner:

"Unfortunately there is a snag in this simple scheme. It forgets the prudent old precept, 'Don't throw out your dirty water until you get in your clean' which is the very devil unless completed by 'This also I say unto you, that when you get your fresh water you must throw out the dirty, and be particularly careful not to let the two get mixed."

And further, Shaw writes :

"Now this is just what we never do. We persist in pouring the clean water into the dirty; and our minds are always muddled in consequence. The educated human of today has a mind which can be compared only to a store in which the very latest and most precious acquisitions are flung on top of a noisome heap of rag-and-bottle refuse and worthless antiquities from the museum lumber room."

This is strongly said. Yet it refers—yes, forgive us—to Bernard Shaw himself.

That the mind of Shaw resembles a "shop where all is in great disorder"—no one, of course, will say. Yet, his mind does resemble several museums in which anything that is interesting is collected. But, most important, is that if he occasionally strongly hesitates "to pour out the dirty water, not being sure that there is clean on hand," it very often happens, that obtaining the clean water he pours it into the dirty, and mixes them both together.

For example, Shaw, is evidently very much surprised that the dirty water of biblical training has not long since been poured out. Yet he does it himself very unconclusively. In his epilogue, he cannot refrain from saying many

pleasant things about parts of the Bible; about its historical role (the revolutionary soldiers of the army of Cromwell, and others) about biblical training being relatively positive as long as there was not a better, and so forth. Thus, an involuntary attraction for the Bible manifests itself in Shaw.

Shaw even to-day seems unwilling to pour out the dirty water.

Also, every such even though relative defense of the Bible is already—even if Shaw would pour out the dirty water from his bucket—a definite sediment at the bottom of the bucket of the limited quantity of dirty water, which cannot but make turbid the clean.

Incidentally, for clean water, Shaw, it seems, is ready to accept the widely distributed and in many cases actually excellently written text book of history of H. G. Wells. We should add that this very text book, in our opinion, contains a very large proportion of turgid water. In essence, this text book is highly opportunistic, and its talent—serving definite use in so far as the book of Wells in many places explodes the Bible—brings no little harm in so far as it pacifies the minds of millions (Wells' text book in the United States alone has reached two million circulation) at the halfway position.

I very much regret, I admit, and am even somewhat ashamed that at this point I cannot say, "Instead of the halfway book of Wells, far better to take the excellent, brief, but at the same time sufficiently full, clear, and altogether correct history of culture, which the scientists and scholars of the USSR from the point of view of Marxism-Leninism have written collectively, and which translated into many languages they have contributed to mankind."

Unfortunately, I cannot say so. We so far have not won through to the point where we could fulfill this task. But we positively will fulfill it and quickly, because our great teachers, Marx, Engels, Lenin, Stalin, have laid down for us all the necessary ground work.

And so in the meantime, it becomes necessary for me to recommend that which can throw some of our light, of our indisputable and definitely dawning light on the question of the relative worth of the Bible, which apparently still disturbs Shaw and most likely many others. To this end, I have added in the form of a supplement to the present edition, several amazing pages from the brochure of Engels, *On Historical Materialism* (this brochure contains a reprinted article published by Engels in the magazine *Neue Zeit* in 1892. The text first appeared in the preface to the English translation of the book of Engels' *Socialism Utopian and Scientific.)*

V

Let us proceed a little further. Let us continue our conversation with Shaw, unmasked. We come across. . . God.

Yes, yes. Not for any good reason did Shaw attempt to laugh off atheism as one of the forms of "narrowness" in his latest comedy.

Oh, yes, Shaw has a very refined God. It is the spark of life, the *èlan vital.* But nevertheless it is a God.

Romain Rolland, another dear friend of ours, in his long, magnificent novel, *Jean Christophe* in one passage with surprising pathos and passion speaks of his hypothetical God. The God of Rolland is not all-powerful, he is not the creator of the world—he is still only capturing the world. He is the leader, the sum total, or personification of all that is bright, progressive, intelligent, and good, which gradually, in fierce struggle, brings cosmos out of the chaos. Revolution on the earth, in this manner, is a part of that process.

People with certain artistic longings for personification, for symbols, for the pathetic, for the heightening of the emotions, easily fall into this kind of mythology, not always conscious of the fact that this very refined God is just as useless, unnecessary, just as harmful, as the most coarse, as that very, "excellently built white man with the aristocratic appearance" to whom the black girl brought mamba, and who demanded of her that she sacrifice before him, her children or her father.

If the writer of these lines were peacefully conversing with Shaw on the bench in front of the house, as I imagined several paragraphs above, then we might have been able to relate to him something or other *pro doma sua.* I also was a victim of these same mythological longings, and also thought, not only to find, but with collective strength to build up a very likeable god.

But my great teacher Lenin, and the great party to which I belong very quickly cured me of these longings of the intelligentsia to pour dirty water into the clean spring water of scientific, dialetic materialistic atheism.

Yes, in his very refined forms of "deism" Bernard Shaw once more mixes clean water with dirty.

The epilogue of the "epilogue" speaks of the necessity of "clearing the way with a club," that is, the necessity of sweeping away the various idols.

The club of Bernard Shaw very much resembles the cardboard clubs with which in the old Italian comedies they belayed one another; they not only do not kill but do not even raise a large swelling.

Of course, its blows nevertheless call forth the most terrific anger of the "princes of darkness."

Well, just picture for yourself, just such a prince of darkness, an archbishop of some kind or other. He stalks along solemnly, before him angels, the arch deacons carry the crosier, on his head the mitre, on his shoulders the Episcopal cloak. Two highly important hierarchs lead him by the arm, while the chorus of basses and sextons chant the hymn in his praise.

Suddenly, pulling up in the rear, the grey and hastening Shaw, laying about with his cardboard club—and lo! smacks the prince on the "bean," the mitre flies off, the conical shaped bald head lies bare, and out of its mouth, wheedle the squeaks of fear and rage. How can this but enrage the "pious."

As I have already said, "this in good but it could have been much better."

Shaw shows us his own golden bucket. And you see the clear spring water in it. But he suddenly tips it over, and you see remaining on the bottom the very unappetizing sediment.

Shaw removes before you his mobile, artistically made, humorous, Voltairean wise mask, the mask of the great actor, of the scoffer of the gods, of Mephistopheles, and shows you underneath, the "respectably combed head" of the not to the very end brave petty bourgeois intellectual.

All this we consider it our duty to say concerning the new booklet of Bernard Shaw, which very much amused us, and which in many instances afforded great pleasure.

Well, yes, it might have been much better. . . But nevertheless it is good. . .

Translated from the Russian by Albert Lewis

Sergei Dinamov

A. Lunacharsky

There is a kind of envy, which like a stiff, steel spring pushes man forward. Well, such envy permeated Anatoli Vasilievich Lunacharsky. His brain, holding fast to all that entered it and moulding it into such remarkable form was amazing. After following the road of the pupil and apprentice for years, the master learns his trade and then quickly and imperceptibly does miraculous things. You are amazed by the speed and facility, but the difficult way is unnoted. The energy and work accumulated through the years and the instantaneous discharge of them; this, among many other things characterizes Lunacharsky. One gets something similar to explosions, which stun the consciouness and captivate the imagination.

I recall a memorial meeting for Mayakovsky, held at the Communist Academy. Anatoli Vasilievich, then president of the Committee of Scientific Enterprises had spent the whole day with the Committee at the Central Executive Committee of the USSR. He had returned home for an hour before the lecture began; there remained no time to prepare himself. He arrived at the Communist Academy when the hall was full.

"You begin your speech," he said, "and I will get myself ready."

While I was speaking, Anatoli Vasilievich jotted down several points on a sheet of notebook paper and with this sheet in his hand he stepped onto the rostrum and began his speech. But what a speech! It was an improvisation of unusual power, a scientific poem and criticism of the departed poet. The auditors who filled the hall to overflowing sat stock still; they were drawn into a whirlpool of thought, images, pointed comparisons and eccentric associations. Anatoli Vasilievich presented the duality of Mayakovsky in a picturesque image of Mayakovsky's double; with succulent and daring features, he sketched the contlict of Mayakovski with his "double." He painted a portrait of the poet and the poet became alive again and roared.

This was a mobilization of Anatoli Vasilievich himself, which like a contracted consciousness, after focusing itself on the image of Mayakovsky, was able to unfold his understanding of Mayakovsky in palpitating ideas of content. That speech contained captivating and scorching passion; the thought was pointed, the words individual and full-weighted. The poet's work was made living and close to everyone.

I think that Anatoli Vasilievich was then revealed in all his originality. He was a scientist, he was an academician in the land of the Soviets, he was recognized as a world-wide connoisseur of all cultural questions and of Art in particular. But his science, his knowledge, was unbrokenly fused with animated and manifold life, whose picturesqueness and inimitableness gave such power to the erudition of Lunacharky. A first rate specialist in Art, he understood Art as a phenomena of life and struggle, as a social phenomena.

"Art is a determined superstructure above industrial interrelations," this formula was a guiding one for a number of the works of Anatoli Vasilievich. Art for him was not something abstract and distracting. No, all of his immense culture was used to make the Marxist learning about Art alive and concrete. Anatoli Vasilievich was not simply an expert student of the History of Art, he knew Art as a scientist or as an investigator and he was able to find forceful and novel forms for the expression of his knowledge

It is true, Anatoli Vasilievich very often got on the wrong track. His book *Bases of Positive Ethics* is wholly wrong in its chief premises. He viewed Art sometimes from the point of view of biology or even pathology. In a number of his works, like a scarlet thread runs the idea that Art is created by the intelligentsia as a special group; since, if one takes the learning of Marx as a foundation and his candid judgement about the intelligentsia, one necessarily views the intelligentsia as a group expressing the ideology of a definite class. Anatoli Vasilievich made mistakes—and important ones—but the thing most important just now is to elucidate what is valuable in his huge literary heritage, in which it is actually made manifest with the greatest fullness that Anatoli Vasilievich was a member of our Party from its foundation.

Speaking about mistakes: I recollect a speech by Anatoli Vasilievich in the Institute of Red Professors. It was made in connection with a report on the letter of Comrade Stalin to the editors of the journal *Proletarian Revolution* ("About Certain Questions on the History of Bolshevism"). After hearing the criticism of his mistakes, Anatoli Vasilievich responded with a speech in which he said: "I am ready to begin anew, to rebuild on a new foundation, that which I have made incorrectly. The most important thing now, is to create positive accomplishment."

Plainly, it is also necessary now to sift that from the works of Anatoli Vasilievich which is untrue and incorrect. But he was right in this, that emphasis should be made on continuing the work of applying Marxism-Leninism to the history and theory of Art and in particular to working out the huge heritage of Marx-Engels-Lenin.

The animated and fervent interest which Anatoli Vasilievich had for Art was closely related to the live interest and attention which he gave in no less degree to those live people who created Art. Anatoli Vasilievich had a great influence on the development of culture, still more so because he knew "Masters of Culture" personally; he maintained correspondence and personal relations with the most outstanding minds of the modern West, such as Romain Rolland, Barbusse, etc.

Despite the fact that he was already ill and against the advice of the doctors, he came nevertheless to the second plenum of the Organizational Committee of Soviet Writers to make a detailed report on the Drama; only to collapse immediately in a most violent hemorrhage.

Not long before Anatoli Vasilievich's departure abroad, a group of writers gathered in his apartment: Leonov, Lidin, Tolstoy, V. Kataev, Olesha, Inber, Kulik, Radek, Lushpal and others. The meeting was long and stormy in which those present battled with speeches and with catchwords, like rapiers; in which the collision of ideas and opinions likewise rang out like a peal.

Anatoli Vasilievich sat in an armchair at the main table and attentively listened to it all. He spoke at the conclusion and with the lively and picturesque manner peculiar to him, summed up the meeting. He sought and found exceptionally warm and agitated words to express to the assembled writers the full importance of studying Socialist life, the full necessity of mutual understanding. But at the same time, with all his force, he declared that one needs to fight, that to dispute is imperative, that without the genuine passionate discussion of a creative atmosphere, you do not do creative work.

Strength of mind is the ability to unearth the main point, the most decisive aspect in whatever the mind is directed to. Force of mind is the force of its direction. The strength of a mind equals the force of the life, the reality, the processes and the phenomena embraced by it. This force was possessed in full measure by Anatoli Vasilievich when he stood on the right Bolshevik premises.

An inferior mind works in spurts; it snatches after many things, and suspends on its hooks as much as on a barbed wire. Anatoli Vasilievich went straight and true to the point when led by the learning of Marx-Engels-Lenin. He aimed to seize the strongest link in order to raise a whole chain of phenomena.

I recall one of those evenings before his departure abroad. Writers, critics, journalists gathered together. They spoke about Shakespeare. The talk was set going by a short introduction by Anatoli Vasilievich. He had a hard time speaking; he said only a few phrases. But they were all to one point: Shakespeare should be understood as an artist, standing on the border-line between two social structures; the contradictions of his creative work should be resolved, those contradictions which developed in the epoch of the struggle of capitalism with feudalism.

In this article about Shakespeare, which will soon be printed in *The Soviet Encyclopedia*, Anatoli Vasilievich, after taking as a perfectly correct base the idea expressed by him at that meeting, with his original thought develops his understanding of Shakespeare. Just this, that the contradictions in the transition stage between two social-economic formations also developed in Shakespeare, and that this gives tragic tones to all his creative work; and that an understanding of this is the key to all the creative work of Shakespeare who is thoughtlessly related by some to the fuedal class or just as unconditionally by others to the bourgeois class.

Remarkably true and very valuable theses are scattered abundantly in many works of Anatoli Vasilievich, each capable of being a stimulus for the age.

During the past years, Anatoli Vasilievich has been working on a book about laughter as a social influence. Although ill for some time he continued his work and often spoke about it. Now, when disease has crushed him, the book about laughter becomes a symbol, expressing what is chief among many other things which Anatoli Vasilievich gave the working class: courage, buoyancy, a militant optimism, inflexible before everything.

He knew so much about life, with his thoughts he had plowed reality so deeply, that before the end came, he had thought that happiness and joy are always companions, and he thought of laughter, courage and the joy of living as of a life itself which does not die.

Anne Elistratova

JACK CONROY: American Worker-Writer

For art's sake one could wish them worse
Rather than better. How are we to write
The Russian novel in America
As long as life goes so unterribly?
There is the pinch from which our only outcry
In literature to date is heard to come.
We get what little misery we can.
Out of not having cause for misery.
It makes the gulf of novel writers sick
To be expected to be Dostoyevskis
On nothing worse than too much luck and comfort.[1]

If Robert Frost, the author of the selection quoted above, had written concerning present-day times in the United States, in the year 1934, it is doubtful whether he would have repeated his bemoaning the absence of "misfortune and the terrible" in American life. During the last four or five years a great many changes have taken place in the American scene, and in American literature as well; and it can be claimed with some degree of certainty that Jack Conroy, whose creative work is the subject of this article, is by far not the only American writer who does not bewail the fact that American materialism has spelt "too much luck and comfort" for him. In this regard the author of *The Disinherited,* through the medium of one of the incidental, jobless characters he has created, thanks God that he does not have to suffer from carrying around rolls of fat—yet he might thank fate that unlike the discriminating Mr. Frost and others like him he did not feel the need to seek artistic inspiration by "getting what little misery he could out of not having cause for misery."

The writer, whose fate both as an artist and as an individual, was indissolubly bound up with the fate of the broad masses of the American workers, dedicated his book "to the disinherited and dispossessed of the world"; in the face of the experiences which have thus far crowded his career, and, in particular, the cold, naked facts of American life during the last years, he could not have escaped realizing some "causes for misery." It is not likely that such a book as *The Disinherited* by Jack Conroy would have been printed five years ago in America—and yet that such a book should have appeared today is only natural.

An American Dostoyevski? No—that comparison would only be justified if applied to such as Faulkner and Jeffers and similar introverts in literature who are preoccupied with psychological sadism and the twitchings of a sick consciousness—these writers too are far from approaching even the genius of a Dostoyevski. An American Gorki? as Whit Burnet has characterized him? It is rather early to make such a comparison if the artistry of Conroy's talent be compared with that of Gorky's and yet on the other hand if one considers the social trend and general character of his work then such a comparison is permissible.

Jack Conroy's *The Disinherited,* thus far his only novel, discloses him as an exponent of revolutionary realism in American literature. The misfortunes

[1] Quoted from the book, *Robert Frost: A Study in Sensibility and Good Sense,* by Gorham B. Munson.

and suffering of the working masse are of prime interest to his readers, partly because they occupy no small place in that world—the truth of which he wishes to bring out in his work. Conroy does not fall victim to the danger of limiting his opinion to simply stating the facts of the hopeless situation of the American jobless, those "disinherited and dispossessed." In that he does differ from the possibly conscientious petit bourgeois, objectivist observers who so naively fix the facts of reality, as for example Katherine Brody in her *Nobody Starves*—no less than unjustifiable bourgeois criticism like William Soskin's in *The New York Evening Post,* who tries to impress the fact of "profound hopelessness and disillusioned honesty which a novel about American labor must (?) contain." His accusations drift about in an illusive fashion in midair. In Conroy's book, organically interspersed by revolutionary, proletarian optimism, a depressive hopelessness finds no place.

He knows very well, and he does not evade the truth in silence, the limited culture and the empty lives of the ranks of American workers and farmers. He knows they are far from being freed today of petit bourgeois influence. In developing character he as able to weave into each one of his characters a specific, fundamental thread of something, bringing them together, and opening up for them a road into the future. Conroy is able to make his people real, live human beings, as are Frenchie Barbour and Mike Riordan, Ben Haskin and Ned Moore—the small members of a great collective. In this he differs from other writers—J. Grant, the Englishman for example—author of the novel about English miners, *Back to Backs*—those writers who speculate to a certain degree on their knowledge of the circumstances amid which the workers live in order to create for the bourgeois reading public spicy caricatures of the workers as monstrous, beastlike creatures who are neither man nor beast.

Conroy does not avoid mentioning tragic chance which often takes so inevitable a part in the lives of the workers and jobless. By controlled and severely realistic picturing of those facts which give so much rich food for thought to the pseudo-pathetical, "workers'," reformist writers. Taking as an example the concluding chapter of the first part of *The Disinherited*—"Monkey Nest camp," dedicated to the life in a miners' village where a Corrie or Heslop unfailingly would have dampened the page with sentimental tears, Conroy restrains himself in the following reserved finish: "The Monkey Nest's mouth is stopped with dust, but in its time it had its pound of flesh. Yes, I figure it had its tons of flesh, alltold, if laid side by side in Sugar Creek graveyard."

This reserve does not signify that Conroy, as a revolutionary writer, is an enemy of every human emotion; quite the contrary his reserve is the means he employs to achieve unusual emotional depth, by displacing the cheap sentimentality in bourgeois literature concerning "poor people."

For those who have followed the left movement in the American revolutionary press during the past few years much of Conroy's book *The Disinherited* will be familiar. The writer built up his book over a period of years, and selections from it had from time to time apeared in the pages of the *New Masses, Left, Common Sense, International Literature,* and other magazines.

It would not be quite accurate to credit Conroy's book as belonging to the category of the novel. *The Disinherited*, analyzed, is more of a series of sketches joined by a general biographical element, (in all probability to a great degree

autobiographical). This book belongs to that stage of development in revolutionary literature in America in which the sketch, or series of sketches, developed according to the autobiographical principle, was the leading, fundamental genre. *Jews Without Money,* by Michael Gold, the stories of Joseph Kalar and Martin Russak—Conroy's work belongs in this group of creative artists.

This prevalence of the "sketch" genre from a historical point of view was quite legitimate a stage in the development of revolutionary literature in America. During the entire course of the last twenty years the working class in the United States has only just started to achieve a certain self-assurance which is beginning to be expressed in its art. Along with poetry the mastering of the sketch genre, particularly the autobiographical sketch as the most immediate and accessible method of fixing class experience, proved to be the first stage on this road. By means of reconstruction of his individual observations, or of those facts that are socially important in his personal life, the revolutionary artist strives to reproduce the general class experience, and the general inheritance of his class. One should not lessen the importance of those works of art that mark the beginning of revolutionary literature in America. And at the same time it is necessary to give an account of the specific peculiarities of this genre which has put a definite limit to the effectiveness of a realistic reflection of reality.

Gold in his *Jews Without Money,* (differing from his first work, *120 Million),* Kalar, Russak, and others in their sketches, A. B. Magil in his poetry—all these writers have emphasized in their work the representation of facts. The extent to which the authenticity of the given facts was artistically reproduced seemed to them a criterion of the realism of their work taken as a whole. It seemed that a poem constructed on the basis of a newspaper item, or a sketch reproducing the biography of the author, should necessarily be more realistic than works constructed in another creative method—the representatives of which create not with facts alone but by artistic generalizations writing not only about what they had happened to see, but also about what they could see or might be able to see in the future. In that way striving to achieve the maximum of realism by representing life through "factography" the wish itself crossed over into its own contradiction. Facts and the biography became self-contained. Instead of freely mastering his material the writer fell under its power. The biographical experience limiting of his creative horizon within the narrow frame of the personal inevitably brought him to empiricism. This stage of "factography" could not therefore be more than one of the first steps on the road towards the development of American revolutionary literature, and in passing, we remark that during the last two years progress has been made beyond this stage; the new stories of Agnes Smedley; the novels of James Steele, Myra Page, and Grace Lumpkin bear witness to the fact that American revolutionary literature is looking for and finding new means of mastering revolutionary realism in new themes and new genres.

Chronologically Conroy's novel belongs to this new stage in the development of American revolutionary literature, but at the same time by the very creative principles of its construction it is organically connected with the preceding stage. In order to properly evaluate Conroy's work it is necessary to understand to what degree the negative properties of the "sketch, factographical method," which has been previously discussed, have appeared in his book, and what the last years during the rise of American revolutionary literature have given Conroy, comparing him with his predecessors.

Constructing his novel on the autobiographical principle Conroy is not able to fully free himself from the influence of the empirical biographical material. The separate facts, not having perhaps so much general significance. move thanks to this principle towards a first plan of the novel—in this respect one can for example to a certain extent agree with the opinion of Robert Cantwell, that the love story of Larry Donovan is weakly connected with the general plan of the work and could without disfiguring *The Disinherited* be a theme for another novel. And again, thanks to this same "biographical method" several events necessary from an ideological point of view seemed artistically strained, as for exemple the second meeting of Larry with the agitator, Hans, towards the end of the book, or the rather unexpected making ot a revolutionary of Ben Haskin who was originally steeped in such "kulak" ideology. This was, no doubt, felt by the author himself. It must have been the reason that he thought it necessary to explain a series of these ideologically necessary, and at the same time individual biographical, casual coincidences, and to put into the mouth of one of his characters the rather artifical explanation that "everybody in the United States must have heard of this job."

But at the same time the experience of literary development within the last few years has not been without meaning for Conroy. Consciously or unconsciously, Conroy has tried to conquer within himself the feeling of being limited to the purely biographical form—not by the mechanism included in publicist commentaries but by means of organic ideological saturation. Judging its external structure *The Disinherited* remains a biographical novel, but at the same time it is a novel of broad, ideological content.

The thread of thought which runs through all of Conroy's book is a problem that is both old and new for American literature. Old in form, and new in content—and Conroy is responsible for the last. This problem of "Becoming a Somebody," and of there being "unlimited oportunity" for all is likely to appeal to every "rugged individualist," who happens to survive American reality. "Becoming a Somebody" means aspiring to the position of a white collar worker, or of a doctor or lawyer—about which Larry Donovan, the hero of Conroy's novel, has dreamed since childhood. Because of similar dreams his father, a miner, had met an early death while his mother, aging long before her time, shouldered untold work. Dreams of a career, and of personal comfort, widely advertized in all the magazines, such as:

"There would be a cozy bungalow. I'd sit smoking my pipe, a baby or two at my knee, wife leaning lovingly over my shoulder. I'd be looking proudly at my bank book. 'Just think, dear', I would say, 'two years ago we didn't know where our next meal was coming from. But like Lincoln, I prepared myself with home study. Today the superintendent called me into his office!, 'Donovan', he said, 'we've been keeping tabs on you. The Pasadena branch needs a manager. If you want the job, it's yours'."

Some months ago, Heywood Broun, attacking American revolutionary literature, in his column in the *New York World Telegram* condescended to advise the revolutionary literary movement in the United States to produce "its Harold Bell Wrights and its Horatio Algers." "You could," wrote Broun, "take Mr. Alger's Ragged Dick and leave him at the end a Somewhat More Ragged Dick after his encounter with the unemployment problem."

Conroy brings his hero into contact with the problem of being without work, as he does with other problems arising from social conditions in America: bit by bit he shatters those illusions concerning the opportunities for an American worker to achieve "prosperity" for himself and his family, without

being a traitor to the real interests of his class. He shows that the stories of Alger are dead as far as presentday America is concerned. He arrives at his conclusions not through any purely mechanical method: "to take Ragged and make him a somewhat more Ragged Dick"—as Heywood Broun would have him.

Conroy has his hero pass a life-long political school. Dreams of bourgeois comfort, illusions about American democracy, influenced by illusions of militarism, the defective state of mind of anarchistic revolt, pessimism, and loss of belief in the strength of the working class and its ability to carry on the struggle—Larry Donovan passes along all of this road, making mistakes, and meeting mistakes in others. He has to travel a long road before he finally begins to awaken to revolutionary consciousness—a road on which each achievement is made only through an understanding of the facts of life. Conroy does not make his hero a messenger of revolutionary truth; this truth is born only through the struggle of social contradictions; this struggle is expressed not through the form of abstract discussions but in very live, human characterizations.

One can agree with Robert Cantwell that the end of the book, where the clashes between the workers and farmers, and the police drive Larry Donovan into revolutionary work, is brought about a little too quickly. But nevertheless this does not produce an artificial artistic impression. Why? Because it organically follows from the entire construction of the book. A different ending would not have been possible because the truth of history had dictated such an end and made it inevitable.[1] This is the fundamental difference between the creative method of revolutionary literature, the method of true realism and the method of Alger and bourgeois writers who make their dead Marionettes either millionaires or ragamuffins, according to their will, or what it seems to them that "Society demands."

While reading *The Disinherited* one establishes the fact that Conroy's separate sketches, which are known as they had appeared from time to time in the various magazines, when forming a part of his novel take on another form and give a new direction to the author's ideas. Let us take for example such a sketch as "Hooverville," published for the first time in *International Literature* and appearing afterwards in the third part of *The Disinherited*. As a sketch it is nothing more than a picture, in a static form, of the poverty stricken lives of those without work, a gloomy enough picture, which, after all is said and done, could have been the work of not only a revolutionary artist but of a simple, fairly honest, liberal reporter. Included in the general artistic background of the book, this sketch, as well as others, besides its immediate significance acquires still another meaning, and becomes one of the essential links of the general revolutionary idea in the context of the novel as a whole. This is proof of Conroy's victory over the "sketch factographic method"—a conquest gained by raising empiric material to new ideological heights.

In conclusion one should speak of the artistic means Conroy makes use of in his work. In this first book Conroy has already succeeded in mastering a considerable part of the artistic experience absorbed by American revolutionary literature in the past. In his imagery there

[1] It is amusing to note how the end of Conroy's book is reflected in bourgeois criticism. G. H. in his criticism of *The Disinherited* in the *Kansas City Star*, is touchingly compassionate with what he considers the unfortunate fate of Larry Donovan, and writes: "Had he made up his mind what he wanted earlier in life, he might have risen above being a Communist organizer—the position in which we find him in the last chapter."

is no trace of the placard, which so often characterizes the work of young revolutionary writers. Conroy does not impoverish reality, as some other revolutionary writers have done, believing that if they write about the workers they must necessarily only speak in "industrial terms." He is not afraid to draw very largely from different fields for his comparisons and metaphors, sometimes being able to find very colorful and unexpected poetical imagery and analogous material which indirectly illuminates either this or that situation, this or that mood. In part, Nature, to which Conroy as an artist is very near, gives him in one regard a great deal of material. For example one wishes to recall as an illustration the following interesting, and artistic parallel from the third part of *The Disinherited,* on the crisis. The dialogue is between two jobless workers who had by chance secured temporary work. One of their comrades had just perished at work, buried alive beneath a landslide: ahead they had nothing to look forward to except the loss of their jobs, and another hard winter. Their dead comrade's brother, a half idiot from birth, gives them a bag of nuts:

" 'Much obliged,' said Ed, picking up a rock and cracking one of the nuts on a tombstone. A fat white worm with a yellow head squirmed out of the kernel. Ed swept it quickly into his hand and held it so the half-wit could not see. . . .

" 'Maybe his brother is buried here. If he is, it must be the Paul Stafford we knew', he said after a while.

" 'The timekeeper said nobody was missing', I reminded him.

" 'Supposing he just started that morning. A new man don't have a badge till the timekeeper makes his first round, and he hadn't checked up yet that morning. He goes by the badges'.

" 'What can we do?' I asked, troubled.

" 'Why should we try to do anything?' said Ed, cracking another hickory nut, and finding a worm in it, too.

" 'I wonder which is the more comfortable death,' I said, 'being smothered in a ditch or squashed in a coal mine'."

This image of the rotten, worm-eaten nuts might easily be passed over unnoted only that it has unintentionally become associated with the general situation about which Conroy is writing—with the condition of life of the "disinherited and dispossessed" in America, to whom it seems that there is only left them a choice between two different roads both of which ultimately lead to unavoidable death—and all this tells the reader more than the loquacious commentaries of the writer could have.

A Russian critic, discussing American literature, is very apt to make a mistake—and he is more likely to do so when he evaluates the style of a book. Although this may be true it seems to me that it would be well to comment on the value of Conroy's book in this respect. Thanks to the life and humor of the author's language, and in spite of the first person being used, the story at no time becomes either dry or commonplace. Throughout his book Conroy very freely uses Middle-West dialect. The author has succeeded in artistically making use of these peculiarities of Middle Western speech. At no time does his realistic speech become pseudo-stenographic artificiality, a forced imitation of common speech, a mistake of which so many writers are guilty. In this regard Conroy's book can be contrasted with *Gathering Storm* by Myra Page, who in her first book fails to make southern dialect understandable to the worker in the North.

Our magazine begins a series of articles about young revolutionary writers in America with this article on Jack Conroy. The selection is determined not

only by a consideration of the timeliness of the work in question. Conroy's book is chosen not only because it has been recently published, but also because by its worth the author has really earned the right to a first place among the young revolutionary writers in America. Jack Conroy had some time ago joined the revolutionary ranks in American literature. During the last years revolutionary literature in the United States, concentrated around the *New Masses* and the John Reed Clubs, has selected and educated a whole line of new, rising rank and file revolutionary writers. A few of them as yet can only be recognized by their separate stories, sketches, and verses which have appeared from time to time in revolutionary publications. Others have already published longer works. Moe Bragin, author of a series of sketches about the American farmer, Grace Lumpkin, author of *To Make My Bread;* Joseph North, a well known labor journalist whose first novel is soon to be published; Myra Page, author of *Gathering Storm,* and an unpublished novel about Americans in the USSR; Walter Snow who has recently finished his first novel *The Magnificent Marchetti;* and James Steele whose *Conveyor* will soon be published. These are a few of the promising young writers in American revolutionary literature among whom Jack Conroy rightfully belongs.

Before the appearance of *The Disinherited* we were already acquainted with Conroy not only as the author of stories and sketches, but as a tireless worker and organizer in the literary movement, as the representative and leader of the best elements in the group of „Rebel Poets," as editor of their magazine and their yearly anthology of verse, *Unrest*, and finally the editor of the magazine *The Anvil.* As a work of art Conroy's book does not particularly change him as a literary figure—the book itself however has meant something in his own personal growth.

In a previously quoted article Heywood Broun states that "In America . . . the trouble with proletarian literature has been the fact that the proletarians don't write it, haven't read it and never heard anything about it." It should not be necessary to argue the truth with Heywood Broun—the facts themselves should provide him with sufficient answer.

Jack Conroy and his creative work are one of the many living answers that history makes to the statements of the Mr. Brouns.

Translated from the Russian by Eleonore Lunacharsky

Alan Calmer

Early American Labor and Literature

We cannot properly speak of the existence of a body of working-class literature in the United States until the epoch of imperialism. It was not until the first years of the twentieth century that men of letters like Jack London and Upton Sinclair identified themselves with the Socialist Party or that a worker-poet like Joe Hill emerged from the ranks of the I.W.W. Moreover, it is only today, with the development of the Communist movement, that we can begin to talk of an American proletarian revolutionary literature that is attaining maturity.

Nevertheless, it is to be expected that the struggle of the American proletariat during the last half of the nineteenth century, together with the beginning of the Socialist movement chiefly among the German immigrants in this country, would be reflected at least in fugitive writings during this period. Most of the floating literature of this time may never be recovered; while numerous scattered poems, stories, and feuilletons in rare labor newspapers of the time have yet to be collected. In addition to other literary treasures that some day may be discovered, we already know of at least two historically important bodies of workingclass writings of this period. These are the songs and balladry of the fighting Irish and English hard coal miners of Pennsylvania, and the German-American Socialist literature composed in the U.S. before the beginning of the present century.

The falklore that flourished in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania during the last third of the nineteenth century was of a very striking nature. Although the custom of balladry and minstrelsy had been transplanted from the British Isles, these homespun songs and poems were rooted deep in the life of the coal miners of the state. These ballads were spread by wandering bards and minstrels who were themselves miners. Isolated by the mountainous barriers of this section of the country, the Pennsylvania proletariat created their own oral literature reflecting every aspect of life in and around the hell holes where they were forced to labor. Not only did they sing of tales told around the village green and barroom; almost all of their ballads are full of the serfdom of the miners, of the agony of child labor, of the horror of mine disasters.

But even more important one finds in these ballads the fighting spirit of the workers and the growth of their class-consciousness:

> *On three days a week, boys, our living we make,*
> *And we work like mules for the bit that we ate;*
> *But now we have a union let them say what they may:*
> *We will strike for more wages than a dollar a day.*[1]

Supported by the forces of press and pulpit, the coal operators launched a widespread campaign of vilification against the workers' Union, in order

[1] To an American newspaperman belongs the everlasting honor of having preserved from oblivion this "seam of folklore which once ran through life in the hard coal fields of Pennsylvania." He gathered them from the last survivors of the generation that composed and sung them. They are collected in his volume, *Songs and Ballads of the Anthracite Miner*, by George Korson. The Grafton Press. N.Y. 1927.

to demolish it. This it reflected in a poem written during the time and printed in a miner's journal:

What's that you say? What makes its strike?
Well, now!—you've hit a subject which I like
To talk about to strangers, for you'll understand
A very wrong impression fills the land—
That we are lazy, bloody, reckless men,
Who live beneath the ground, in cave and den,
And come out once a while to get the light—
To burn a breaker, kill a boss, or fight—
That miners ain't like other folks do be,
All is wrong, which I will let you see.
We're men like you—though not so finely clad—
Some of us good, and others very bad,
Just as you will find in any other set
Of men who work their daily bread to get.
A pretty independent lot we are likewise,
And will allow no boss to tyrannize,
We hate that, like the Devil hates the water
Blessed by the Priest—and so we ought'er.
. . . . . .
He says he is the workman's great admirer,
While we, in turn, say he's the great conspirer
Against our price, our liberties, our rights,
And the instigator of one-half our fights.

These miners, who occupy a prominent place in the splendid revolutionary tradition of the American proletariat, fought determinedly against the onslaugt of the coal operators and their Pennsylvania Cossacks. This conflict came to a head in the strike of 1875, in which the miners' strongest union, the old W.B.A., was smashed. One of the finest examples of how literary forms may serve as direct weapons in the class struggle is the ballad, "The Long Strike," written during the course of the strike in order to cheer the workers. In the midst of this major contest with their class enemy, the miners sung defiantly:

In eighteen hundred and seventy-five, our masters did conspire
To keep men, women and children without either food or fire.
They tho't to starve us to submit with hunger and with cold,
But the miners did not fear them, but stood out brave and bold.

Now two long months are nearly o'er—that no one can deny,
And for to stand another month we are willing for to try,
Our wages shall not be reduced, tho' poverty do reign,
We'll have seventy-four basis, boys, before we'll work again.

When the miners rose once more at the end of 1887—under the leadership of the Knights of Labor and in support of the railroad workers—John Hory, an Irish miner-poet, composed their battle song:

Here's to the Knights of Labor,
That brave and gallant band,

That Corbon and old Swigard
Is trying to disband.
But stick and hang brave union men;
We'll make them rue the day
They thought to break the K. of L.
In free Americay.

When this strike is at an end,
And we have gained the day,
We'll drink a health to our miner boys,
Both near and far away;
And our brothers on the railroad
In free Americay.

A number of other songs were written about the Knights of Labor, especially in the western section of the country. While many of the ones collected in the pamphlet, *Sing, Brothers, Sing!* (1886), seem to be written by simpathizers rather than by workers on the picket line, nevertheless they express the militancy of the workers. Most of them are new lyrics set to the tune of popular songs. One of the best known, which was written in California, includes the refrain:

Hurrah! Hurrah! Labor free to all!
Hurrah! Hurrah! hasten to the call!
Shout the joyful tidings, King Capital must fall;
Now we are marching for Labor.

The most famous one of all, *Storm the Fort, Ye Knights of Labor!,* was sung throughout the West:

Strong entrenched behind their minions,
Sit the money kings;
Slavery grabbers, thieves and traitors
Join them in their rings.
. . . . . .
Who will dare to shun the conflict?
Who would be a slave?
Better die within the trenches,
Forward, then ye brave!

Another deals with

Oh, the idle, useless things,
Worshipped as "Industrial Kings,"
Buying legislators, lawyers, courts and all,

while another, *The Bondholder and the Soldier*—sung to the tune of *Susannah*—reflects the development of the indigenous revolutionary tradition of America, from the first Civil War to the coming second one:

We met the foe on many fields
And drove them to the sea,
We thought the Union then was saved
And all our people free.

O bondholder! Fear you no wrath divine?
The blows we dealt on Southern heads
Shall surely fall on thine.

Even before the Civil War, the American workers used the weapon of verse in their labor clashes. George E. McNeill, in *The Labor Movement,* recounts the incident of girl workers in New Hampshire who, as far back as 1837, struck successfully against a wage-cut proposed by the mill superintendent, composed rhymes satirizing him and posted them on the mill-yard fence. "This is but an instance," stated McNeill, "of a peculiar method which some of the early strikers had of revenging themselves by making verses."

Another example of revolutionary poetry is given by McNeill in the same volume. The first number of the labor newspaper, *Voice of Industry,* published on May 29, 1845, contains the story of Mike Walsh, who was arrested for alleged libel against a New York capitalist. While in prison, he pencilled the following verse on the wall of his cell:

The wealth which ingrate tyrants wield
To crush and starve us—WE create;
The blood we shed on flood and field,
Give greatness to the MISNAMED great:
But short would reign this favored few,
Were we but to each other true.

McNeill, who was called the "Nestor" of the American labor movement, was himself something of poet. A conscientious labor leader who believed that the capitalist system must be abolished, McNeill worked with Weydemeyer and Sorge during the latter seventies. However, his approach was muddled by a religious humanitarianism which is reflected in his creative efforts. In the poems "On Labor" which appear in his volume of verse, *Unfrequented Paths*—published when he was an old man—he beseeches the ruling class to surrender its riches to the workers before the masses rise up against their oppressors. In "The Risen Laborer," he tells them:

O men of wealth and power, the pleading poor
Cry not in vain to God's Almighty power!
Throw off your burden of excessive wealth,
Or it will beat you down to lowest gulf.
. . . . . .
Fail not, "O masters, rulers in all lands,"
Or the dark future reckons hard with you.
Labor's uprising, peaceful or in terror,
Sure as the day-dawn, certain as the night-time,
Cometh with Christ-love or in man's anger.

He warns them again in "The Poor Man's Burden":

Pile on the poor man's burden—
Your savage wars increase;
Give him his full of famine,
Nor bid his sickness cease.
And when your goal is nearest
Your glory's dearly bought,

For the poor man in his fury
May bring your pride to naught.

One of his labor poems, "Ode to Truth, reflects the influence of the following stanza from Longfellow:

There is a poor, blind Samson in our land,
Shorn of his strength and bound in bonds of steel,
Who may, in some grim revel, raise his hand,
And shake the pillars of this commonweal,

which many American labor leaders were fond of quoting.

One of the most curious connections between American labor and literature in the late nineteenth century is indicated by the frequent use which trade union leaders of the time made of poetic texts and quotations. In addition to McNeill, William H. Sylvis—whose premature death destroyed the ties which were being forged between the National Labor Union and the First International at the end of the sixties; Uriah S. Stephens, who formed the Knights of Labor; Parsons and Spies, Haymarket martyrs; and other American labor leaders were men of learning and used literary texts as effective instruments in their speeches and writings. The mark of these literary interests is found even upon labor documents of the period—as witness the verses which head the constitution of the American Miners Association, formed in 1861:

Step by step, the longest march
Can be won, can be won,
Single stones will form an arch,
One by one, one by one.

And by union, what we will
Can be all accomplished still,
Drops of water turn a mill,
Singly none, singly none.

Sylvis' lengthy addresses are peppered with poetic quotations. His writings, too, occasionally possess a literary touch, as in this opening sentence from his essay, "The Poor Man's Home":

"Poets and essayists have sung and written a great deal about the beauty and simplicity of the poor man's home, and theorists have employed the aid of art to prove that contentment and poverty are inseparable; but 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' 'The Village Blacksmith,' 'The Flat-Boat,' etc., as *illustrations* are far more welcome to the rich man's parlor than be the living *realities* which they represent."

Stephens' speeches contain references to Marcus Aurelius, Shakespeare, etc. When the Knights of Labor assembly held a memorial service for John Hobson, who died in 1871, Stephens suggested that a poem be written for the occasion. William Fennimore composed the verses, "A Fallen Friend," which were written into the minutes of the K. of L. meeting. The poem is a stilted imitation of English romantic verse, as mediocre as the elegy, "The Fallen Chieftain," composed by John James upon the death of Sylvis .

At the funeral of the Haymarket victims, their attorney, Captain Black, read a long poem dedicated to them. According to Black, it had been "handed

to me on the train as I came hither, written by I know not whom." Here was the setting for a masterpiece. The author, however, was obviously not a poet but a crude imitator:

Under the cruel tree,
Planted by tyranny,
Grown in barbarity,
Fostered by wrong;
With stately, soldier pace,
With simple, manly grace,
Each hero took his place,
Steady and strong.
. . . . . .
One with a gentle word,
One with a sob unheard
Of warning love; a third
With triumphant cry
Meeting the rope's embrace—
Of gallows' old disgraced
Making a holy place;
Thus did they die.

And when in later days,
Bards all sing lofty lays,
In freedom's makers' praise,
Their names shall live.

Albert R. Parsons—a native-born labor leader whose ancestors came to America on the Mayflower, who was beloved by the Negro people for his direct work in their behalf during Reconstruction, and who played a prominent part in the great railroad strike of 1877—frequently recited long poems from memory during his last days in prison. His last writings, penned in prison, contain fitting excerpts from the works of English prose masters —a quotation from Macaulay tracing the development of the American masses, a reference from Ruskin to the Paris Commune, etc. While on trial he delivered a nine-hour speech, prefacing his remarks by reciting a poem entitled "Bread is Freedom."

Man of labor, up, arise!
Know the might that in thee lies,
Wheel and shaft are set at rest
At thy powerful arm's behest.

Thine oppressor's hand recoils
When thou, weary of thy toil,
Shun'st thy plow; thy task begun
When thou speak'st: Enough is done!

Break this two-fold yoke in twain;
Break thy want's enslaving chain;
Break thy slavery's want and dread;
Bread is freedom, freedom bread.

"That poem," said Parsons in the crowded courtroom, "epitomizes the aspirations, the hope, the need of the workingclass, not alone of America, but of the civilized world."

Like Parsons, Spies also turned his courtroom speech into a public forum, exposing the exploitation of labor. He began with a clear-cut statement of the class struggle: "In addressing this court I speak as the representative of one class to the representative of another." His speech belongs to the literature of labor. In it occurs a slashing reference to the erudition of the prosecuting attorney:

"Grinnell spoke of Victor Hugo. I need not repeat what he said, but will answer him in the language of one of our German philosophers: 'Our bourgeoisie erects monuments in honor of the memory of the classics. If they had read them they would burn them!' "

A letter by Spies, written from prison, was reprinted in a German-American literary journal. Its editor, Robert Reitzel, refers to the epistle as a stirring document, which he compares to a monologue from Büchner's "Danton's Tod."

Robert Reitzel was the most distinguished German man of letters living in America. Born at the time of the German revolution, he came to America early in the seventies. In 1884 he founded *Der arme Teufel,* the most important German literary magazine in the U.S. Although essentially an individualist, Reitzel believed that the revolutionary spirit of Socialism was a powerful stimulus to literary creation. He understood the oppressive character of capitalism, and became aroused to action by all attacks upon the workingclass.

His stand at the time of the Haymarket case was very decisive. He did not content himself with writing letters, as did his American contemporary, William Dean Howells, but agitated at mass meetings and in the pages of his journal for the liberation of the victims of 1886. He warned the workingclass that the bourgeoisie were out for the blood of their leaders. He advocated the use of force by the masses as the only way to save the Haymarket prisoners.

The Chicago case left a permanent stamp on the pages of Reitzel's magazine, as well as upon his own literary work. The Haymarket tragedy appears in his poems and feuilletons published in *Der arme Teufel.* He believed that the murder of the Haymarket victims would rouse the workingclass to action; in 1887 he wrote:

Was frommen bei zertretnen Saaten
Der Sehnsucht friedliche Schalmeien?
Wir wollen statt der Tranen Taten,
Und Blut statt Wein.[1]

Although German-American literature was an emigré product, transplanted upon foreign shores, yet that section of it to which Reitzel's later work belonged struck a vigorous note. Until it slowly ebbed away toward the close of the nineteenth century, German-American Socialist literature was the only body of belles-lettres in this country which voiced a strenuous protest against the injustices of American capitalism.

After the revolutionary period of forty-eight, many German journalists and men of letters migrated to this country. Scarcely one of them failed to compose verse reflecting some awareness of the class struggle. This literature

[1] Quoted in *Robert Reitzel,* by Adolf E. Zucker. Americana Germanica Press. 1917.

extends from didactic writings by worker-poets and political polemicists to distinguished verse by outstanding German men of letters like Reitzel. Among the latter was Heinrich Strodtmann, who published an illustrated comic weekly in Philadelphia during 1853, and whose socialist poems show the influence of his three years' stay in America; to the former belongs Carl Reuber, a Pittsburgh worker who published a volume of socialist poetry in 1872.[1]

With the founding of the Communist Club in New York in 1857, and with the development of the First International in America, under the guidance of Sorge, some of these immigrants began to propagate the ideas of Marx and Engels not only by means of lectures and articles but also by poetry, sketches, and fiction.

One of the most talented of them was Adolph Douai. Forced to leave Germany as a result of his activities in the Revolution, he settled in Texas, where he published the *San-Antonio Zeitung,* an abolitionist paper, in the eighteen-fifties. Driven out of the state by the slaveowners, he moved to Boston, where his atheistic beliefs soon ruined his scholastic career. Arriving in New York in 1866, he drew close to the labor movement, became a Marxist in the early seventies, and was the first popularizer of Marxism in America. Although he was primarily a journalist and educator, Douai wrote many novels and stories. His novel, *Fata Morgana,* was published in 1859; another one, *Die wilde Jagd,* was issued ten years later. He was one of the editors of the *New Yorker Volkzeitung* from 1878 until his death a decade later, and during this period he wrote prolifically.

Marx's daughter, Eleanor, speaks in glowing terms of another German-American man of letters, Otto Walster. In *The Workingclass Movement in America* written with her husband during their visit to America in the eighties, she declares: "There are two aspects of the poetry of a movement like that of Socialism. The one is furnished by the genuine proletariat, by their sufferings, their awakening, their feeling after hope, their aspiration, their understanding, their victory. . . . But the other aspect of the poetry of the workingclass movement is already more definite and distinct in form. It is yielded by the artistic souls that, famishing in the desert of today, are making for the promised land beyond, and mark their way thither by their singing. Of such as these is Walster, poet, dramatist, novelist, an artist to his soul's core. . . ."

Another Socialist writer, who was a temporary resident of this country, was Leopold Jacoby. At the meeting held in Cooper Institute, New York, on March 19, 1883, to commemorate the death of Marx, Jacoby penned for the occasion a lengthy poem which is printed in the *Volkzeitung.*

At the same meeting, John Swinton, a prominent American journalist, delivered a brilliant oration on Marx to which even the numerous foreigners in the audience responded thunderously. Born in Scotland, Swinton came to the States at an early age, aiding the Negroes in South Carolina in ante-bellum days. In New York, where he worked as a printer, he became the companion of many leading American men of letters, including Walt Whitman. As managing editor of the *New York Times* during the Civil War, he became one of the leading journalists in the country.

Growing aware of the character of the "modern Moloch, capitalism" (American democracy he termed a "demonocracy"), he plunged his efforts

[1] Cf. the monograph, *Socialism in German-American Literature,* by W. F. Kamman, Americana Germanica Press (1917).

and finances into the publication of *John Swinton's Paper,* which defended the cause of the workingclass. Although he did not join any of the labor organizations, Swinton remained a champion of the masses until his death.

In 1880, while in England, he visited Marx, whom he admired as "one of the noblest men and most logical thinkers" of the time. In a small volume, *John Swinton's Travels,* he wrote a tiny essay-describing his visit with Marx which is a contribution to American revolutionary literature. Entitled, "The Man of Earthquakes—Karl Marx," it is an appreciation of the greatness of Marx and the essence of his work that is exceedingly rare for that time:

"Over the thought of the blabblement and rack of the age and the ages, over the talk of the day and the scenes of the evening, arose in my mind one question touching upon the final law of being, for which I would seek answer from this sage. Going down to the depth of language, and rising to the height of emphasis, during an interspace of silence, I interrogated the revolutionist and philosopher in these fateful words:

" '*What is?*'

"And it seemed as though his mind were inverted for a moment while he looked upon the roaring sea in front and the restless multitude upon the beach.

" 'What is?' I had enquired, to which, in deep and solemn tone, he replied: '*Struggle!*'

"At first is seemed as though I had heard the echo of despair; but, peradventure, it was the law of life."

The American litterateurs of the time, however, remained largely indifferent to Marxism and, indeed, to the entire labor movement. "Where are the American writers of fiction?" Marx's daughter asked in 1887. "With a subject, and such a subject, lying ready to their very hands, clamouring at their very doors, not one of them touches it. . . . There are no studies of factory-hands and of dwellers in tenement houses; no pictures of those sunk in the innermost depths of the modern Inferno. Yet these types will be, must be, dealt with, and one of these days the *Uncle Tom's Cabin of Capitalism* will be written."

It was not until two decades later that the first attempt at such a novel—Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*—was made.

Rafael Alberti

Salute to the Red Army

Seville is faraway, faraway,
At the farther end of Europe. . .
I have come from Seville
(A Seville scarlet
With blood of workers):
The Guadalquivir is moist with sorrow.
There without defense
Young Spain is dying.
Today the rule of Spain
Is a reign of gun powder.
I have come to the Soviet Union
From a red Seville.

Night.
Snow in Moscow. Most beautiful,
Fantastic snow!
Blood
There in the streets blood
On the snow.
On the snow I have seen it.
Naked of bayonets here
They pass by singing:
Over the velvet snow
They went by singing.

Snow here.
Blood in Seville.
Sing, fellow workers!
Sing, comrades!
That your songs inspire Spain:
Only sing that the sky may reach
The peasants,
Soldiers and workers:
You are their sole defense.
And red Seville is hailing
Viva! *the Red Army.*

All of Spain is smouldering,
Seville in flames
And Extramadura rioting
In a crusade of bullets.
In Asturias strikes
In mine and factory.
Sing, fellow workers,
From north to south sweeping
Tremor of waves
Radiating from the Revolution.

You are our sole defense!
And red Spain is shouting:
Hail to the Red Army!

From the U.S.S.R. to Seville
There are many frontiers.
To elaborate a highway
From Soviet Russia to Spain
There must be many deaths in the autumn:
October in revolution:
Red soldiers breath of our name.
The color of their hearts
Pulsates a common blood,
Peasant and worker,
And from east to west: singing,
Only one star in the sky.

I return to Red Seville,
Returning from the Soviet Union.

Adapted from the Spanish by Norman Macleod

Letters From Writers

LEV NIKULIN — FRIEDRICH WOLF

TURKEY

From Ankara, Stamboul, and Ismir

The road from Ankara to Smyrna is long but never wearying. Hills the color of camel hair, deserted valleys, mountain streams rattling along under the frail railway bridges make a soothing landscape conducive to long, comforting thoughts. Here the thoughts of an elderly traveler of a philosophic turn of mind is inclined to linger on the past.

The six tall masts of the wireless, the fort on the hill, the cottages and the offices of the ministry of new Ankara have flashed past the windows and vanished. The cement works, the grey-green dust and the smoking chimneys have just given place to the quiet landscape described above, the landscape of Anatolia, of Asia Minor. It would be with us the whole of the first day. It sets one thinking of those far-off times when Timur advanced on Boyazet and the armies of the two world conquerors met here, by the walls of ancient Ankara.

The Arabian civilization came into contact at this point with the Turki and Turanian.

The civilization of Boyazet, poisoned by epicurean philosophy, over-refinement and extravagance, was scattered to the four winds by the harsh, vigorous nomad civilization of Turan. Tamerlane routed Boyazet, but to this day the struggle goes on between young Turkish scholars and reactionary historians who continue to sing the praises of Boyazet and belittle Timur the Lame.

Cranes are standing meditatively on one leg in the bogs over which the Persians and the Greeks had passed. But before I have to grope for half forgotten facts in books read long ago, and recall where exactly it was that Alexander the Great defeated Darius, my fellow traveler, an affable Turkish lawyer from Smyrna, jumps out of his seat and rushes over to the window. A mountain river of apparently no great size or importance can be seen, running parallel to the railway.

"The Sakaria!" he exclaimed and his expression changed. It was now grave, thoughtful and reserved. "The Sakaria!" —and all the passengers stare fascinated out of the carriage window, the window looking onto the recent past.

Professors and Bullets

An old professor talks of war and of the battles fought on the Sakaria. The epic calm of the historian and the wisdom of the pacifist hangs about his tales. The skeptic smile hints at what he leaves unsaid; this is easy enough to guess.

"Humanity, people...We are all mortal and life is so short as it is, why should we try to shorten it?" And still throughout the battle of Sakaria this same old wiseacre, this pacifist-philosopher in his quiet little house surrounded by a flower garden, never laid down his rifle, but sent bullet after bullet into the Greeks that had come to occupy his country.

"Humanity, people,"—Oh, the beautiful inconsistency of human nature which tosses aside the sentimental, vegetarianist arguments of a pacifist and makes a passionate lover of freedom and independence do what is necessary at the decisive moment!

The salt marsh, the dark brown earth oxidized by salt, unrolls like a camelwool felt carpet from under the wheels of the train. Fifty kilometers further on the station buildings and tiled cottages come in sight. Elderly peasants of leisurely movements stand about on the platform with their thumbs stuck into their broad belts. Women in trousers, with plaid shawls over their heads and shoulders stand sideways, peering at the train and covering their faces with a corner of their shawls. It is an involuntary gesture inherited from hundreds of veiled mothers and great grandmothers. The grandchildren of these long dead women still stand half turned away from one with only a third of their faces exposed; all that is needed now is a little effort and the burden of centuries will fall from their shoulders, and the black

Lev Nikulin, Soviet Writer, (second from the left) together with Soviet government officials, inspecting ancient ruins in Turkey

shadow of the veil will vanish in the bright Anatolian spring sunlight. And the young people on the train, Stamboul students in berets and golf suits, will see the woman of new Turkey face to face.

A cemetery with tumble down tombstones lies hard by a coffee stall. The coffee vendor runs across lightly and swiftly to the train. In his right hand he bears a wooden skewer with lumps of roast mutton—a *shashlik;* in the left a species of weighing scale, a round iron plate held up by three chains. On the iron plate stand four cups of Turkish coffee. The coffee vendor hands the cups in at the window and catches the empty cups together with the money when the outgoing train is just beginning to put on speed.

"Alas!" the Smyrna lawyer complains. "This is not real Mocha, not the coffee of Arabia that we drank when Arabia was still part of the Ottoman Empire. This is only a substitute made from figs. Real coffee is very expensive on account of the duty, you know. Only fixed quantities are allowed."

Unmerciful, irresistible economics creep into our conversation on the beauties of Brusa, green Brusa with its green mosques. Customs' duties, fixed quantities, license to import, the prices of benzine, the Standard Oil Company, Shell, The Oil Syndicate, the laws on costal shipping. . . .

And all the while the gracious landscape of Asia Minor is slipping past the windows. Mountains, yellowish-grey close at hand and grey-blue in the distance, valleys and hollows with here and there the clay cube of a house, the cupola of a mosque, a pointed minaret. Here are the two-wheeled bullock carts called *kani.* The wheels resemble those of ancient war chariots, heavy, solid circles of wood. Sheep and sheep and sheep, living woolly balls, from which the famous Angora shawls are woven. Intrepid sheep dogs leap at the train and perish under the wheels from sheer foolhardiness. Shepherds pass by with fixed absent looks, in the detached calm bred by loneliness and close contact with animals and nature.

Opium—and Independence

If it were not for the shining steel rails dwindling away into the black jaws of the tunnel, and the train rounding the bend, there would be nothing but the dull cloudy sky above the bare hills and deserted Asian landscape of a thousand years ago. But the engine bravely drags off to the west, its twelve carriages bearing Anatolian landowners in sheepskin caps, merchants in mackintoshes, officers and business men, foreigners with dressing cases and brief cases, officials, students and peasants—the Turkey of our day, producing, building, trading, fighting for its place in a world shaken by crises. The ageold immobility of the Asian landscape is only a mirage then.

Late that evening we come to the railway station and the town of Eskishehr. It is a big station. There were newspaper vendors, and stalls where one could buy the famous amber of Eskishehr in the form of beads and cigarette holders. At Ushak the carpets for which the place is famed and which Baedeker enjoins the tourists to acquire as a souvenir of the trip to Asia Minor were flung carelessly over the fence.

At this point we turned sharply to the south. The next station was Afium. The full name of the town was Afium Qarahisar, which means "the black castle of opium."

It was dawn when I caught sight of this town and I was only half awake, but I could make out a high sugar loaf mountain, with a town scattered about at the foot. It was decorative, grand and of a somehow unnatural beauty; it seemed to me like a mountain and a town seen in a dream. Next morning however, the train attendant brought us bottles of the mineral water known as *Afium Qarahisar,* and I noticed the same picture on the label, the conical mountain with the town straggling at its foot. Then I realized that my strange, beautiful dream at dawn had not been a dream after all. This astonishing town existed and it was actually called the "black castle of opium," for the opium trade was its main source of income. It had sent many a brave soldier to the army that advanced on Smyrna and fought for Turkey's independence.

Just after midday the climb to the pass began. Two engines dragged the train laboriously after them. The landscape changed. The hill tops were now clothed in thick black forests. The train was constantly being swallowed up and vomited out by tunnels. The rapid alternations of pitch darkness and light prepared us for a startling change. From the crest of the pass we could see what looked like a huge flat green lizard. It was the valley of Smyrna that the train was rushing into now.

"Hellas!" I murmured and felt uncontrollable excitement. Hellas! The angular yellow rocks glittered in the sun, the ground was as hard as metal. The shining green of the fig tree, the jointed rods of the vine, still bare of fruit. The white town against the blue mountains. Moss covered ruins, overhanging cliffs and shapes like monsters turned to stone. A black goat stood on the edge of a precipice. Its twisted horns and tarry beard were sharply outlined against the sky. Hellas!

The fertile valley, the early spring, the laurels. Sunshine and a blue sky. All this beauty and wellbeing after a frowning sky, gloomy crags and the dark salt marshes the color of a camelhair felt carpet.

But the courage, the strength of will, and the readiness for sacrifice was born out of the hard, sullen Anatolian soil, under the rare Anatolian sun.

Literature and Politics

The children of this unyielding soil gave back her freedom and independence to Turkey, and won for her once more the Asian Hellas, the valley of Smyrna and the town of the name of "Gazel Ismir."

When you see from the mountain heights overlooking the Aegean Sea the blue distances and white marble of Smyrna, you feel the same excitement as that which seized the partisan on the day that was to decide the fate of "Gasel Ismir."

Falikh Rifki, a Turkish writer and an active figure in politics, writes:

"The people of Turkey can draw from all this the following lesson: Forward along the road to Turkey's complete economic independence! Forward! with the same resolution and enthusiasm as accompanied us on our march to Smyrna. No one will give us this blessing just as no one gave us Smyrna. But we shall win it for ourselves as we won Smyrna, with our own hands, our own brains, our own readiness for sacrifice."

That was the reply to the anti-Turkish outburst of the German delegate to the World Economic Conference held in London in July, 1933.

The weather in London at the beginning of July last year was unbearably hot. The sun was a molten disk floating lazily in the misty London sky. The guards at the gates of the Tower melted gloriously. A redhot bronze Eros fluttered high over the suffocating crowds in Piccadilly Circus. People strolled down Regent Street and devoured ices by the ton. Their shirts were open at the neck, in their right hands they carried their collars and ties by the tail, like fish. They were evidently not in the least concerned about what was going on in the Geological Museum. As a matter of fact, the World Economic Conference was in full swing there. That very day, the hottest of all, July 1, 1933, Germany's representative and Huggenberg's successor Herr Posse made the following statement:

"Turkey is endeavoring to create on general accepted lines of economic development, an industry for treatment of certain agricultural products, and to protect this industry. This is a catastrophe that threatens to make the world crisis still more acute."

Later on Herr Posse declared that with regard to "this type of country" measures should be taken to put an end to their competition with industrial countries in the export trade.

All this was announced on the placards of the evening papers. It is difficult to describe how the people from Regent Street took Herr Posse's suggestion, but I had been in Turkey that spring and could therefore easily imagine how it would be received in what he called "this type of country."

Then I transported myself, mentally, to Stamboul, to the Grand Rue de Pera (which was also known as Bey-Oglu, and is now called Independence Street). And I recalled an episode in my recent trip through new Turkey.

Nadji Loses a Job

It happened in the Grand Rue de Pera in Stamboul. Pera is Greek for "outside the limit." This street was socalled during the "capitulation" period, when foreigners were allowed special rights of extra-territoriality. The imperial Russian consulate tried its own subjects and imprisoned them in a prison built within the walls of the consulate. The ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Sublime Port reinforced their notes by the twelve inch arguments on the armored cruisers stationed in the harbor.

The episode to which I wish to draw the reader's attention, however, took place much later, that is, in the spring of 1933. It occured in the office of the European Express and Wagons-Lits, in the street known as Grand Rue de Pera.

The manager of the Stamboul office happened to hear one of his employes, Nadji, speaking over the telephone to the branch office in Galata. There was nothing remarkable in this circumstance, except that Nadji spoke Turkish.

The manager (let us call him for convenience, M. Janoni), interrupted the clerk and told him to carry on the conversation in French, the language generally used in the offices in that street. Janoni did not know Turkish, but, as he explained subsequently, that "rather coarse, unmusical tongue" grated on his ear.

Nadji objected to the manager's demand. Was he not in Turkey? Was Turkish, then, forbidden on the office premises? It appeared so. Further, the employe was fined for superfluous remarks. The employe refused to pay. Then M. Janoni dismissed him and thus ended the prologue to a not very unusual story. Nothing particular had happened: everything seemed alright. The manager had simply dismissed an employe. What exactly was it then, that had happened in Independence Street, formerly Grand Rue de Pera.

Let us suppose that the old Ottoman Turkey no longer exists and that the name "Istiklal" — "Independence" — is written on every corner of Pera Street. Even so. the manager has the right to dismiss an impertinent employe, has he not?

M. Janoni was new to Stamboul. He knew neither the language nor the customs of the country. He informed the Stamboul journalists and newspaper men of this himself. He knew that Turkey was an independent country and even a republic. Perhaps he did not use exactly these indentical words, but I shall avail myself of the author's privilege to fill in the gaps from his own imagination: "Turkey, it is true, is an independent country and has won her independence through sacrifice; the blood of her people has been shed for it. What if there is an independent Turkey, it is in old Stamboul, beyond the Galata Bridge. The people there can indulge in the Turkish language as much as they like. And then there is Anatolia on the other side of the Bosphorus, where Turkish may be spoken freely. But here in the office of the Wagons-Lits, Turkish employes must express themselves in musical European accents, in the language of Corneille and Racine." So he gave Nadji the sack.

Nadji lingered about for a while in front of the office. Life suddenly presented itself to him as a dreary, complicated business. It was certainly not an opportune moment to be out of a job that guaranteed him a modest dinner, a small chilly room and a cup of coffee at a cafe. He turned the matter over and over in his mind but could not for the life of him see how he had been to blame. Evidently it was all because he had spoken his own language in his native town. Puzzled and indignant, he turned his footsteps towards the editorial offices of one of the Stamboul papers. Journalists were clever, well informed people; they would understand and perhaps explain to him who, in this case, was at fault.

"Miss Turkey" and the Broken Windows

To tell the truth, the Stamboul papers were busy at the time with only one event and that of the greatest importance. The journalists were divided into two camps on the question of whether Nazire-Khanum or Ferikha-Khanum had the right to call herself "Miss Turkey," and regard herself as the most beautiful woman in the country. They discussed the respective profiles, full

face views and figures of Nazire-Khanum and Ferikha-Khanum in detail, argued their merits with gusto, slandered both the girls in mordant feuilletons and sang their praises in touching articles. It seemed as if nothing else could claim the attention of the connoisseurs of feminine beauty at present.

Leaving irony aside for the moment, something must be said for the vulgar sensation surrounding this selection of Turkey's most beautiful woman. Remember that this took place in Stamboul, barely eight years after women had first left off the veils, in a country where the mullahs and hadjis and the Mohammedan religion had forbidden the representation of the female face and even painting itself. At any rate, this imitation of bourgeois Europe, this caricature of Europeanization and the endeavor to catch up with the continent, showed that the foundations of old decrepit Turkey were shaken.

In the heat of the discussion over the election of "Miss Turkey," the journalists almost overlooked the story of the clerk Nadji and the manager Janoni. They merely expressed, in passing, their indignation that there were places in Turkey where the Turkish language was not permitted. Then the readers, or, to put it more exactly, the people who read the Stamboul papers attentively, stepped in.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the hour when the beauty and fashion of the Levant visits its dressmakers and hairdressers, when the dandies of the Grand Rue de Pera are making their preparations for the evening parade, traffic was suddenly held up. The trains stopped, the taxis drew up, and the middle of the street was clogged with a huge crowd. The crowd was composed of university students and young people in general. Perhaps some of them were the athletic youths who had been the guests of Soviet Russia, perhaps they were the colleagues of the clerk Nadji. They surrounded the Wagon-Lits office and treated it to a shower of stones. Not only was the splendid plate glass shattered to fragments, but even the iron shutters were damaged in this bombardment. M. Janoni did not attempt to follow the historic example of captains of sinking ships, he deserted his post as soon as the storm began, and took refuge with a neighbor in a bank nearby. The police made their appearance somewhat later. They received an unpleasantly warm welcome and it is said that one of the police officials was injured. Simultaneously, in Galata, another part of the city, the windows of the Wagons-Lits office were broken.

Half an hour later, Galata and Pera had assumed their usual appearance. The wives of the *nouveaux riches* rushed home in terror with incoherent accounts of the incident of the Rue de Pera and frequent repetitions of the word *kalabalik*. *(Kalabalik* is Turkish for alarm, disorder.) They had no idea of what had happened in the offices of the Wagons-Lits, probably because they preferred the language of Marcel Dekobra and Claude Farrere to their own native Turkish.

The youth of the city had done its work and now turned its steps in the direction of the editorial offices of the newspaper *Jumuriat,* where, in vigorous language, it exhorted the editors to leave "Miss Turkey" alone for a while and to concentrate on the case of Nadji and M. Janoni.

Next day a lengthy description of the *kalabalik* in Pera and Galata appeared in the paper. Then there were feuilletons, queries and articles and in a single day the two chief actors in the Wagons-Lits drama became known to all Turkey. Foreign journalists telephoned and telegraphed to Paris, Rome and London their versions of the sad fate of the plate glass windows of the Wagons-Lits office.

Stamboul, 1933

Peyam Sapha, an important member of the staff of the *Jumuriat* published a biting article on those who could not forget the "regime of capitulation." He called the "misters, signors, messieurs" and "the rest of these gentlemen" leeches, dogs and swine, who were sucking his country's blood. His publicist temperament and patriotic ardor led him a little too far, perhaps, and this fiery article might have been taken as an attack on Europeans who had nothing in common with the manager of the Wagons-Lits office. Someone recalled that Peyam Sapha had been no less fiery and eloquent in defending the merits of "Miss Turkey," Nazire-Khanum and had, in fact, been instrumental in presenting the above named beauty and her rival to the Stamboulites.

Other papers commented on the incident of Independence Street in a more serious tone.

For two days running the correspondents of foreign papers discussed the incident of the Rue de Pera in the cafe "Parisiana." It must not be imagined, though, that after this the correspondent of one of the Berlin papers realized the right of a nation to speak and write in its own tongue. Over his Mocha he meditated profoundly on Turkish chauvinism, and xenophobia and on the fact that M. Janoni had "sworn upon his honor as an officer" that he had never meant to insult the Turkish nation.

As for the clerk Nadji, that was a matter that concerned the firm employing him; it had nothing whatever to do with the nation.

From that time on Grand Rue de Pera, the "stronghold of capitulation" remained in a state of prolonged seige. This seige does not take the form of attacks on the foreign offices situated there. The capitalist importers are, however, going through a difficult time. Imports of articles of luxury and goods of foreign origin are strictly limited. The products of Turkish factories have made their appearance in the shop windows. The principle of independence begins to assume a special significance. Turkey is building up her industry. Turkey is struggling for and will obtain complete political and economic independence. That is why she replied to Herr Posse and his adherents in such strong terms.

I look at Stamboul with the eyes of the Soviet traveler, of the man of 1933; I see the Bosphorus, the Golden Horn and the panorama of old mosques and the wonderful sunset that has been described so often, but I shall not write of the turquoise waters and minarets like the spears of the conquering sultans.

It is the Stamboul of 1933 that I see. The crimson fez, and the emblem of black horse hair veil, the *charchapha* are to be seen no more. I see the uncovered faces, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and red berets of the women students from the Kadikei. It was they who, together with the youths of Stamboul, broke the windows of the office in Grand Rue de Pera, and tore down the notices in Arabic and the emblem of Reshad in the streets of Smyrna.

The Latin letters of the shop signs, the *kalabalik* in the Rue de Pera, the scarlet berets af the women students, are all part of the attack on old Turkey. This should be understood as a daring and rather naive challenge, an open attack on the reaction hiding in the mosques, the madrassas and the offices of the foreign capitalists.

There was nothing like that eight years ago when I first saw Stamboul.

Everything is changing, working, moving and living in the Near East.

And the Turkish Republic has just celebrated its tenth birthday.

Lev Nikulin

Moscow, USSR.

(Soviet Author of *Notes of a Fellow Traveler,* and *Time, Space, Motion* from which a section on Mayakovsky, "At the Top of the Human Voice" appeared in No. 3 *International Literature.*)

GERMANY

Hitler's Films

The new Anglo-American Sound Films *President Phantom, The Fugitive Convict, Back Street, Cavalcade, 42 Street,* clearly demonstrate that the present day film is no longer an object of the arbitrary speculation of individual producers and makers of "Film Stars." Spectators have ceased to accept submissively the "Dream Factory," the romantic realism of the War Films, the realism of horrors in Gangster Films. The spectators have come to recognize that a more real phantom than "Frankenstein" is the phantom of the economic crisis, which also knocks at the door of the American petty bourgeois, and everyone of these anxious "Babbits" wants to know exactly who is standing at his door, and what is really going on beyond it. Questions are being put to the film public which were never raised before. The new American "problem films" are an evident response to the great hunger march to Washington made by the "Bonus Army" to the Farmers' revolt, and to the events in Detroit at Ford's plant. The delayed attempt at ironical self-criticism is already unwillingly transformed into an accusation! This convulsive irony plays the role of safety valve against the scarcely bearable inner pressure of the capitalistic regime in the far West. *But at the same time, the steam blowing out through cracks in this valve is like a signal of alarm.*

Both in form and content, the sound films of Hitler Germany are wholly different. But evident in them, there is also a similar trend, since they attempt to form reality at a time, when reality is already so distorted, falsified and forbidding that it begins to speak with its own language against producers, dramatists, and directors. Despite the short interval of time since Hitler came to power there are today almost classical examples.

The German Minister of Propaganda Goebbels, put the first National Socialist Feature Film into circulation. It is called *Storm Trooper Brandt* (In German *SA-Mann Brandt).* The film pretends to be the first representative film of the Third Empire. In one of the important scenes, the Fascist Storm Troopers make a propaganda march through Red Wedding, (a district in Berlin) one of their provocation processions. It is supposed to have been filmed from "life" (or with the greatest possible "authenticity"); it has proved to be too genuine. For the Red proletarians are not merely static supers; they do not merely throw flower pots made of cardboard at the marching Storm Troopers; but at certain points, there is a hail storm of flower pots filled with

stone, of heavy beer bottles and of stone jugs. Under these blows, the Nazi column, "in iron discipline" passing through Wedding had to give way more and more to running for "full cover." The shouts of *"Rot Front!"* mingled with cries of "Hail Moscow" also sounded slightly too real.

But the most remarkable fact is this, that since it was supposed to be a 100 % Nazi film, the censor had not touched it. When the film was shown in the proletarian region of North Berlin, the Berlin workers stormily applauded just at those places where in place of the cardboard flowerpots, "genuine" flower pots and bottles were hurled at the Nazi column. A similar occurrence was observed in one of the cities of South Germany.

After the film had been running for a week, it was taken from the boards, the "genuine" parts were cut out and then *Storm Trooper Brandt* was again shown on the screens of small movie houses.

Another Failure

The scandal about the feature film *Horst Wessel* is still better known. Horst Wessel, a leader of a Storm Troop of Nazis, an expelled student, and friend of a prostitute, as it is known, was shot in a private wrangle with the prostitute's bully,-a customary incident among the dregs of society. But Hitler, Goebbels and Hans Heinz Ewers, a well known pornographic writer proclaimed this Horst Wessel to be one of the "national Heroes" of the Third Empire. As soon as he was notified, H. H. Ewers, wrote a heroic novel about Horst Wessel and of course the scenario also for the second feature film of the Third Empire.

But now a case arose for the Nazi film workers, which could have been foreseen from experience with the film *Storm Trooper Brandt.* The filming of the environment proved to be slightly too real. Things have their laws; and the genuine color penetrated through the Fascist lacquer. The fact that the national hero of the Third Empire had a prostitute as his friend, could not be lied out of. This was known to every Storm Trooper not only in Berlin, but also throughout the country. But Horst Wessel was also a student and the son of a pastor. What could be simpler than that he with high-spirited and noble motives only, "saved" the prostitute from the street doing an honorable individual deed. But the bloodthirsty Berlin "Commune" cowardly permitted this best, noblest and bravest of all the Storm Troopers to be murdered. This is the substance of Ewers' book and also of the scenario.

So that the film would have the effect of a real "document" and the star of Horst Wessel would shine especially bright over the swamp of North Berlin, they exhibited the "depravity" of the large city in all its terrible ugliness. At a wedding in the most miserable section of the city the anemic desperate faces of the inhabitants are shown, together with this Horst Wessel, a handsome fellow dressed in a brand new Storm Trooper's uniform with buttons, who among the desperate starving Berlin proletarians looked like the good prince of a fairy tale.

This film which had cost millions was also a catastrophe, which Goebbels had to suppress after the preliminary showing. And only a week later, the film, completely cut to pieces was issued under a new title

What happened? What was the reason for such an unheard of disavowal of the glorious ones of the Third Empire? Goebbels himself entered the arena and gave a verbose explanation, saying that this film was a pot-boiler and did not reflect the greatness of the personality of Horst Wessel.

Was this the real reason? No, the true reason was something else.

In this film, the desperate features of Berlin's proletariat, made powerless by Capitalism, became members of the Third Empire and were presented on the screen, side by side with the manniken in uniform, the handsome fellow, Horst Wessel and with such reality, that the unbridgeable opposition to them of this National Socialist Workers' Party, whose representative Horst Wessel was, sprang from the film like a fist striking the millions of desperate "genuine" worker-spectators in the eye.

Horst Wessel was actually the worst kind of pot boiler, though not because the hack-writer Hans Heinz Ewers imagined it so, but because it had been made such by Goebbels and the Nazi ideology during the course of several years. And as films usually show up a poor actor more quickly than the theatre, so the film about Horst Wessel has exposed the ideology of the Nazis in a most pitiless manner. And further, this realistic presentation of the miserable slums of Berlin side by side with the false picture of Horst Wessel would have reacted with doubled force on the million of proletarians who would have seen this film. That was the real reason, why the Minister of Propaganda Goebbels decided to prohibit the showing of his own film. They still remembered a little too well, the unexpected reaction of the film *Storm Trooper Brandt.* The natural color here also showed out through the Fascist lacquer. The film reverted against its own makers, so great was the force of its effect in a few realistic scenes.—An extremely interesting fact, which has been many times repeated before.

Lenin would often mention the English proverb that "Things speak in their own language." In the new American and German Nationalist films, against the will of the directors and their inspirers, things begin to speak in their own language.

More Failures

Now, the third example will be discussed. Feature Film No. 3 of the Third Empire, called *The Young Hitlerite Quex* was made to win the German youth to the side of Hitler. The scenario was written by Karl Schenzinger who fifteen years ago lived through the youthful sins of impressionism with us. In this film, just as in *Storm Trooper Brandt,* there is a former Communist. In this case, after a long and torturing spiritual conflict, the youth enters the ranks of the Hitler Movement. But he does not enter alone. He brings along his father, who for thirty years was a member of the Socialist Party. He makes his father acquainted with the Nazis and through his own death (of course a crafty murder of the "Commune"), he brings him into the ranks of the Storm Troopers. But in this, already tiresome scheme, the film was ruined. This time, the actors did it. And just that actor, who up to now is regarded as the most forceful in realistic plays, Heinrich George.

When the film *The Young Hitlerite Quex* was being made, the following took place. Heinrich George wanted to picture the conversion of the father of Quex from a Socialist to a National Socialist in a manner as real as possible and namely over the corpse of the son who had been treacherously "put to death by the Commune." This "serious" stunning scene was permeated by such involuntary stunning comedy, that while watching this very scene, the worker-spectators burst into loud, boisterous laughter. It was necessary to cut out this entire scene. Here through the false make-up of a pot boiler, genuine realism again exhibits itself. Again, a film has spoken out against the makers and producers.

The German proletarians have begun to understand this natonalist soothing syrup more clearly, as a syrup proposed to them at a time when a stream of the revolutionary workers' blood is flowing in reality in barracks of torture and when several persons are daily given over to the hands of the hangman.

Consequently, it was necessary to prohibit all films prepared by the Third Empire. The things in them spoke in their own language.

And not only things spoke. In the November report of the Keln Chief of Police, we read that an anti-government demonstration took place during the show in one of the Keln movie houses and that it was necessary to arrest more than one hundred persons.

In one movie house only, more than 100 persons were arrested as enemies of the Government for an uprising against the Third Empire, when the weekly News Reel was being shown.

But what happened? They showed Hitler at the time of his speech to the workers, who in the presence of the leader were of course compelled to keep silent. The Proletarian spectators in Keln looking at this News Reel showing Hitler on the screen, answered very definitely,-for over 100 persons in one movie show only were arrested for the response they gave. Things speak in their own language; they speak especially so in the present day films.

Now, the fourth Nationalist feature film *William Tell is* being prepared. The fable *William Tell* is well enough known from the drama of Schiller. It really is valuable for all Germans generally from the pupil of the elementary schools to the secret councilor. This is a national object of worship. But however, it is to be regretted that this Tell, all in all is only a rank and file democratic fighter. "The first among equals". Besides that, he suffers pangs of conscience before his political murder. All of this does not fit in with the idea of a leader of the Third Empire. This German-Swiss national hero has to be first of all remade into a National Socialist.

The Germans and the Swiss

As reported in early November in the movie supplement to the *Berliner Tageblatt,* Hans Johst, the chief poet of the Third Empire "has taken upon himself this noble task." Inasmuch as Swiss mountains also appear in the film, Swiss historians of culture and councilors of art were attracted to this responsible mission. As it is apparent, they have again decided to follow the line of the most possible "Documentation". But just now, this material begins also to protest and this time in the person of the Swiss consultants.

This is what the *Berliner Tageblatt* writes about the Swiss assistants: "These persons (implying the Swiss) through considerations of the geographical situation and historical prejudices are limited by current opinions, (in complete contrast to the free Hitler-Reich) therefore, it is necessary, first of all to dismiss these Swiss assistants, since the spirit of Adolph Hitler, in the past centuries was undoubtedly embodied in William Tell."

The Swiss assistants do not want to understand this. The *Berliner Tageblatt* writes on this point, "For ideological considerations, together with Hans Johst and

the German artistic workers attracted to the making of this film, it is necessary, first of all to wrench it loose from those historians of culture and artistic councilors, whom Switzerland, herself, gave only the rank of assistants."

The Swiss experts can be comforted with Friedrich Schiller, who according to a reference in the *Berliner Tageblatt,* "did not decide the case dramatically" since he pictured his Tell only as a fighter of the revolutionary movement, a modest, quiet man, who could not play any kind of role as leader." In the play of the German firm Terra, the new William Tell is made consciously and purposely along this line. Tell becomes a leader, an Adolph Hitler in the Swiss mountains, with a bow and arrows, and dressed in short leather jeans. But will that make the film a hit? Perhaps Heinrich George will play the role of William Tell. And this time, it is imperative that the spectators view the film seriously. It can easily be, that despite the historical person of the hero, things will begin to speak with their own language and from this National Socialist *William Tell* the first, many-reeled German comedy will be born. We know of Chaplin's longing to star in a Napoleon film.

The Exodus

A few more words are appended about the German movie directors and actors. Where are several well-known movie workers now? Trivas *(No Man's Land)* works in Paris; Pabst *(The Three Groshen Opera, Comradeship)* has completed a film comedy and is now in Hollywood; Fritz Lange *(Metropolis, Man in the World, The Sign 'M')* works at Pommer (the European Fox Producers) in Joinville on *Liliom;* Grenovski, who a long time ago went from Berlin to Paris, has completed his work on *Le Roi Pensole;* Elizabeth Bergner plays in London in an English film; Fritz Kartner is also in London; also Ernst Bush, Alexander Granach, almost all the really known, the elite of the film world work outside of Germany. Marlene Dietrich refused this summer to come back to Germany from Paris. Only the "Alpenfee" Leni Riefenstahl and the Ghost-like type, Heinrich George, remain in the Third Empire. Truly, we do not envy them in their work and their film tasks. All of these names, with their present associations and functions will not be forgotten by us in future days.

In the four Feature Films of the Third Empire, previously mentioned, *Storm Trooper Brandt, Horst Wessel, The Young Hitlerite Quex* and *William Tell* we see in concrete examples, how affairs stand with the "undesired" tragedy or comedy in Germany. In a form still sharper than in the newest Anglo-American Sound Films, the material of these Hitler films, the raw stuff of reality, turns against the purpose and ideology of the producers. One should be reminded here, of the sentence of Karl Marx, that Capitalism at one and the same time makes the proletariat slaves and the liberators of slaves.

Furthermore, the newest Western sound films, in the extreme variations of the American and the Hitler German films, in themselves intuitively express the dialectic premise; of how with irresistable force, an extremely false thesis shifts to a correct antithesis, of how, irrespective of the will of producers and directors, yes, even *against* their will (note the Nazi films), *out of the material* itself, a correct synthesis is made on the spectators.

But all these things will develop still more, the "material", the contradictions between appearance and that which is, between what is represented and the true reality; and the movement will also develop with power like a creator to remove these contradictions.

Friedrich Wolf

(Author of *Sailors of Catarro:* the play presented last winter in Moscow, and other plays and books)

Fedor Gladkov

My Work on "Cement"

I have been writing for the past thirty years, but up to the present day it seems to me I can't write at all. I say this with merciless sadness about myself. It is very difficult for me, therefore , to tell about my workshop laboratory. At gatherings of writers and circles of beginners I have many times, been put the question how, for instance, *Cement* was written, how it grew to a whole canvas. And, I confess, the question always embarassed me. The process of creative work undoubtedly interests not only young writers. I think the difference between writer and reader consists only in the degree of intensity of imaginative thinking: the writer cannot neglect without penalty the "persistent image" which has invaded him. ("image" I take as a 'complex / "vision" approaching an illusion: it includes everything—from a metaphor to human figures and the whole cycle of dialectically developing events.) He has to capture these images on paper. This emotion, superstructure, in the writer unavoidably calls out a motor reaction. It is a need, a necessity which he cannot curb. He must spread himself out this way for a continuous and maximum exertion of influence on untold masses of people.

So I think that the writer is born anew each time a new image is created and he undergoes rebirth many times in each composition. It is almost impossible to follow up, remember each rebirth. The most important thing about his creative work he cannot tell. Of course, a great deal can be told, very much is remembered, but the great deal is only the accompaniment of "the main thing"and concomitant to it. While the main thing is a psychological process, often very elusive, vague, caught only by associations, frequently in dreams, and their artistic birth and formulation, that is already a matter of detailed, painstaking labor. The more cultured the master, the more educated he is, and the more wellknit his political viewpoint and deeper and stronger his grasp of dialectic materialism, then, assuming talent and skill, the artistic work will be richer in content, more vitality that of a man of his time. Because art is really thought, thinking, in images, because it is (in Hegel's terminology) artistic apperception of an entire stream of impressions, perceptions, emotions.

How the Book Was Born

I do not remember now how the need of writing *Cement* as a whole arose in me. As a party worker I was sent to Novorosisk on the responsible mission of organizing the apparatus of the Soviet government. I was a member of the party committee, the editor of the party paper, a member of the executive. My work was mainly on popular education. At the same time I took an active part in the fight against Wrangel. When the Whites were there I lived with the workers of the cement plant, maintaining communications with the Red-Green forces. During the Soviet regime the entire political and social life of the Black Sea region passed before me. I took an active part in all political campaigns, was a propagandist, a political worker in the ranks of the Red Army.

The theme for *Cement* sprang up in Novorosisk. As I was exceedingly busy with political work, however, I could not there devote myself to literary work. Lunacharsky and Gorky invited me to come to Moscow and soon after that the party organization also commissioned me to go there.

In Moscow I did not accept any position involving great responsibility, but preferred to work at first at a school in order to have more time available for literary work. It is in this interval that I consider my work as a professional writer begins. Novorosisk was then already a past and finished period of my life, and I could collect my thoughts about it, put them in order, cast up the events and experiences, draw conclusions. The pictures were rich, significant, full of heroic tenseness although of really a work-a-day character. People arose in my memory sculpturally, events pulsated hotly in my imagination. An enormous number of events and people. In an atmosphere of hunger and the cold granite walls of the ground floor where my little room was buried like a prison cell, I suddenly caught in the stream of memories, under the influence of pictures and events that arose in my imaginative memory with particular pain and keenness, decided, upon some inner impulse, to write a short story of the sea, the sun, of the penitent Cossack soldiers and officers returned from Turkey. The picture was still aflame with the receding fire of the Civil War. In

literature this subject had not been touched yet. What captivated me mostly in the picture was the picturesqueness, the landscape, the lyric tones. Then, on a background of this sea-scape a heroic struggle, as in folk ballads and poems. I was then still under the impression of *Fiery Horse*. The entire story was written hastily, impressionistically, with bold strokes, melodiously. Everything was transfused with fire, bold movements of people, disquiet, threats and blood. It is a story of the past, but, sins of the flesh, I am afraid what influenced me most was the constant problem of keeping warm. I repeat I was freezing, and suffered all the time from bronchitis and carbuncles. In contrast with the fierce winter of 1922, with the inhuman basement existence, the south, the sea, the sun, seemed marvellous, colorful, thunderous with orchestras of color and fire. That was how the future chapter of *Cement* entitled "Meeting of Penitents" was born —a hot, somewhat feverish chapter. It was an electric arc made by the concussion of two forces, the victorious bolsheviks and the vanquished who hat lived through a complete internal revolution. It was also a battle but in an already more complex phase of the class struggle. The figures of the actors appeared very quickly, they crowded before me as if alive, tangibly corporeal. The "Meeting of Penitents" is an event that actually took place in the spring of 1921. An English transport ship delivered a large mob of Whiteguards in Novorosisk mostly soldiers and rank and file Cossacks. There were few officers. As the editor of the newspaper I took part in their reception aboard ship. The persons in the book are imaginary ones, but the characteristic traits were taken from the people with whom it became necessary to live and work. The general outline of the types was outlined in this first essay. Gleb lived in my imagination very distinctly and realistically as a typical active proletarian, a restless mass worker and manager, a Red Army man, underground revolutionist, a supreme bolshevik, a simple, hearty fellow, an excellent friend, hotheaded, full of masculine prejudices, with the instincts of an owner-husband, but by no means unreasonable— a man who is simply not yet aware of some of the contradictions between personal and social life. A gay, vital, grim, at times terrible, man. A host of close comrades, party workers in Novorosisk, Kuban and Moscow served as prototypes. Personally the figure of Gleb is not connected with anyone of the living people I know. I do not make use of the method of portraiture, using definite people, acquaintances, called so and so: this method cramps me, makes the process of generalization to type difficult for me, restricts the freedom to dispose of the material. By the way, there are some conditional lapses from this principle in the figures of Sergey and Lukhava. I say "conditional lapses" because these figures are reflections of living characters whose names I see no need for mentioning.

This finished study, written without any thought about the larger canvas, stirred me even after it was in the printshop: all the "southern period" of my revolutionary work—pictures, events, people, the complex of emotions connected with the struggle of the Novorosisk proletariat to reestablish their economy, to establish the basis of socialist construction, the struggle for communist labor, the confusion at the impetuous spurt of the NEP, the party cleaning,—all this came to my mind with unusual brilliance, stirred me and gave me no rest. I often dreamed of the people there and of both important and smaller episodes of this story. One dream pursued me importunately, coming almost night after night: in various situations under the most diverse circumstances: the White Guards are either about to shoot me or to hang me—and always for some reason in the woods on some mountains and in some gloomy gorge. As usually happens in dreams, they do not succeed: I either escape or awake at the crucial moment. All these reflexes of past experience in time became incorporated in harmonious artistic images that in the creative process undergo complex metamorphoses under the influence of personal recollections and those of others that lived through the most unlikely adventures during the Civil War. The capture of Dasha in the mountains by White bandits is an event invented on the basis of this dream and is connected with an actual incident in the "Makhno field."

This glowing sun, flaming ocean and mountains with their copper scaled slopes, gorges and violated vitals called out in the imagination a veritable symphony of intense labor by thousand fold masses— *subotniks* and *voskresniks*—on the mountainous territory of the cement plant in 1920 and 1921. These pictures are unforgettable. I felt like writing a sort of poem, a great prose poem about this mass labor. This activity by the Novorosisk proletariat saved the city from a full catastrophe. I do not know why, but these pictures have always stirred me emotionally like an heroic musical suite. Thus came in its first from as an independent short story the chapter "The Trestle." Afterwards this chapter underwent many metamorphoses in context with the novel as a whole to fit it into the general structure.

The Characters Develop

Then, due to a chain of association, came the psychological study of the engineer Kleist. The figure of Kleist orginated as a contrast to Gleb and in conjunction with the "penitents." On one side Gleb as the victorious power, a man of *Sturm und Drang,* vital, with powerful instinct of life, an innermost class wisdom. On the other, the tragic figure of the odd capitalistic Solnes like a piece of wreckage after the big storm, organically a part of the plant, a sort of living caryatid. For the present he is as dead as the frozen architecture of the plant he erected. But it is a sort of anabiosis: merged in his creation he must inevitably awaken and come to life with the reawakening of the plant. How?—that is another question. It all depends upon the trend of the struggle with his class enemy Gleb, and how the proletariat owner will use his power. The enemies have, met their strength uneven: it would be the easiest thing in the world for Gleb to destroy this engineer that had turned him over to the White Guards, but this would be an unreasoned vengeance. The main theme here is the inner struggle against the involuntary impulse for revenge. Class reason is victorious: the specialist is needed to reconstruct the plant, without him it will be impossible to put the giant on his feet. The greater vengeance will be to quell the beastly impulse for revenge and make Kleist feel the indomitable will, boldness, enthusiasm of the builders of a new life. It is necessary to "nail" the engineers to life, stir him to his very vitals, make the proud specialist feel the wise nobility of the simple worker and make him believe in his ability to reconstruct the wreck of the former life.

The problem of the specialist, the question of the utmost utilization of the technical intelligentsia, was at that time particularly vital. The question was discussed at many meetings and conferences and Lenin's ideas were quoted by every speaker on the new economic policy.

As soon as these studies had been written, the subject of the novel, the principal figures and the other personages as well as the plot were already definite in my mind. It was necessary to get to work patiently and for some time. It was the fall of 1923. I was engaged in organizing the Workers High School of the Printers. I could begin writing only about one o'clock in the morning. And I did—I sat up with my pencil every night until three or four o'clock. The novel came very slowly but with great enthusiasm although I was already suffering from the nervous strain of overwork.

The novel was made piecemeal: not from the first chapter, progressively, but whatever was most clearly and completely formed. I took up a chapter only when the people, the facts and action were vivid to the point of hallucination. Gorky very aptly defined the character of the people in the novel: "they all gleam and play." This "play" of the characters, their bold relief, their corporeality, their throbbing and their typicalness are most important to me. It is necessary for the person to be alive, that he should start out of the page, that I hear his voice, see the play of his features, gestures, smell him. It is hard work, tense work, requiring an ample supply of observations and a knowledge of people. I like particularly to observe faces, gestures, gaits, nuances of laughter, idiosyncrasies of speech. It has become a long standing habit with me and helps me a great deal in my work. The hardest thing of all is to capture images on paper. I cannot give detailed descriptions of figures, cannot describe people patiently, passionlessly, lengthily from hair to soles, transcribe their long drawn dialogues as the "manners" writers do. To me it is important to snatch the most characteristic detail, which at once vivifies the figure. Long conversations are unnecessary—two or three characteristic phrases, a few meaty words typical to the character are all that is needed to bring him out essentially. That was how Chekhov did, whom I consider the greatest master of "character sculpture" showing everything characteristic of it. *Non multu, sed multum*—little and much, to select out of a multitude of traits the one trait, that is, so to say, the "soul" of the person, thing, action. One must not only "sgueeze" out all the excess, but pick out perhaps a single grain out of this, not an accidental grain, but one carrying a tremendous charge.

The figure of Dasha arose while I was still in the South. It began to "breathe" and live its own individual life however only in Moscow after I had observed some active women workers I was associated with at work and their personal lives enriched my treasure of observations from nature. The choice of traits for the creation of a condensed character that would cover the entire mass of active women workers and party women was great. It was only necessary to organize my observations in the laboratory, analyze and draw the proper inferences. What does our woman revolutionist, woman bolshevik represent? The majority of them are products of the October Revolution and the Civil War; our proletarian woman is—a women's department worker in the industrial union, she is the secretary of a party nucleus, the manager of a

factory and so on, born in the struggle for the dictatorship of the proletariat, out of the era of socialist construction. On the whole these women, once merely wives and mothers, knowing nothing but their nests and children, having gone through the fiery years of Civil War with their heroic trials that fell to the lot of the working class, threw themselves into the trenches and the fighting. In the places that fell into the hands of the Whites they suffered all the tortures of wives and sisters of those that fought on the Red fronts. Many of them perished, many were hardened in the craft of dangerous revolutionary underground work. Out of ordinary, peaceful family women they became hardened, militant, strong people. Those that possessed no particular talents often went to absurd extremes: they became mannish, imitated men in everything: in gait, speech, cursing, rudeness. They lost their personalities, assumed strange masks. This was the falsest, the most unsuccessful variety of women: everything with such women was imitation. And within they were often miserable, abased, bitter, hysteric. Most of the women of this type I came across came from the intelligentsia.

In Dasha I wanted to draw a genuine proletarian woman, a woman who by her own life had earned the right of being in the foremost ranks of the working class.

Marxian Dialectics and Art

My views on the problems of fine literature and artistic methods are laid out in the article "Dialectic Method of Artistic Work" published in the *Literary Gazette* in the summer of 1930. I have always thought that art is by its nature and special destination, psychological. As distinguished from science, it has to do only with man. The complex relations of man to his surroundings, to the external world, this is psychology. From the very first with my work in literature, since 1922 (not taking into consideration the pre-revolutionary period) I actively fought against cosmism, against "political journalism" and factography in fine literature. This was noted by some of the older critics. But many on the other hand, accused me of "psychological excesses." *Fiery Horse, Greenery,* the plays *Storm* and *The Horde* (not to speak of *Isgoy* and *The Deep)* are artistic documents. *Cement* is psychological analysis.

I must point out here one important thing about objectivity. To me the term objectivity has a distinctly conventional meaning: artistic objectivity I understand as party objectivity in the sense that Marx, Plekhanov and Lenin used it. Proletarian literature cannot and will not recognize any other kind of objectivity. From this point of view *Cement,* as all my other work, is objective, realistic. About realism. The very term realism is positive, not dialectical. Different social classes, at different times understood realism differently. Bourgeois criticism was especially avid in insisting on the interpretation of this term as absolute objectivity, which means that art must be neutral. It is presumably a dispassionate witness of life, "equally indifferent to good and evil, knowing no pity and no anger," and "neither in its high countenance nor looks can its secret thoughts be read." Such realism, a term "eternal and unchangeable" denies all revolutionary vision in our bolshevik (Leninist) sense, denies the dialectic "overcoming by life of its own limitations," denies all possibility of creating such "words as call out the magic images of the future" (Hegel). To the dialectic artist such a mechanical conception of realism is unacceptable. That is why I, personally, cannot accept the one-sided definition of realism proposed, and, I think still defended by some groups of prolet-writers. One undoubtedly should write "what and as is" but one cannot stop at that. From the point of view of Marxian dialectics art is faced with the problem of not only portraying what is but also what should be, that is, art must present reality in motion, advancing and developing. This is party art. In general all these decrepit terms like "realism," "romanticism," "classicism," "naturalism," etc., should either be dropped altogether or definitely revised. Otherwise we shall tangle ourselves up in them to witlessness, fruitlessly split hairs, stamp around in one place and sink in the mire of scholasticism. To grasp at old outlived terms and attempt to apply them to proletarian literature is altogether unMarxian. "Romanticism" as well as "naturalism" and "realism" etc.,—each was a school and tendency expressing definite social relations and consequently definite forms of social consciousness.

Is it necessary to invent a new term defining the art of our period, the period of the building of socialism? I think it is needless to hurry, because dialectic materialism in this differs from all the past philosophic sysems that it needs no formal mechanical nailing of tags to this or that "superimposed value." Dialectic materialism both as a method and as a world philosophy or philosophic system, does not admit eclecticism, not even in terminology.

In writing *Cement* and the succeeding stories this was exactly the way I thought.

And so far there has been no change in my views on art. I still think that the height and depth of artistic works in proletarian literature can be measured by the extent to which the dialectics of our era has found expression in the artistic imagery, that is, how widely, forcefully and clearly the burning contemporary problems are expressed in this imagery: class tendencies, the struggles and ideals of the proletariat bent on changing the world and consequently on changing human nature. In this connection the problems of types arise. The significance of a hero of an artistic work, is determined by the degree to which he is typical of our era, that is by the power of synthesis of the more characteristic traits of that social environment which the particular hero represents.

Style and Content

These were the considerations I was guided by in my work on *Cement*. In typifying my heroes I tried to "hero" them. I wanted that they should not "melt away," that the contours should be permanent, that they should impress themselves on the imagination of the reader lastingly so that in them he should feel himself and be stirred. It was necessary that the heroes have a lasting force of attraction. I had the same thing in mind when broaching social problems in the book: I wanted to achieve an artistic effect enabling the language of imagery to be easily and vigorously translated into the language of sociology.

Anatole France somewhere expressed the thought that the more discussion a work calls out the more stable it is. In this respect *Cement* played a not unimportant role. The problems raised by it are palpitatingly alive to this very day, because they are the problems of our era. The thing is not that the plot was laid in the first period of the NEP, it is that the problems which are actual today were already advanced during the first period of the New Economic Policy. We have now attacked these problems fruitlessly: we live them and solve them and will continue to live and solve them in their dialectical development. What are these problems? They are, the problem of building socialism in one country, the problems of the family, love and the new conditions of life, they are the problem of intelligentsia (all kinds, of course) and the dictatorship of the proletariat, the problems of communist forms of labor, problems of transforming human nature and so on and so forth. Is it not this that explains the wide popularity of *Cement,* why it has grown organically into the masses of the proletariat not only of our country but of many countries (it has been translated into many languages)?

Now a word about the events described in the novel. All of them are fundamentally bona fide historically. I was an active participant of all the events lived through by the Novorosisk proletariat between 1919 and 1921. These events have however, been so changed that the historian of this Black Sea episode will be confused by the liberties taken by the author. This is of course only reasonable: I was writing not a historical, but a sociological and psychological poem.

I shall now take up the stylistic peculiarities of *Cement.* There have been a good many misunderstandings and disputes about this also. Some thought the style of the novel monolithic, new and original; others that it is hyperbolic with a good deal of decadence, naturalism and symbolism; others again, that it is simple, striking, popular, full of enthusiasm, like the labor and struggle of the proletariat; and there were some who thought it complex, florid, difficult of ocmprehension, that it broke away from the customary models of classic literature, and so on. It seems to me, that style, which is a harmonious blending of the form and its content, a certain adequateness of connection between the thought and its expression in imagery, finally a definite manner, character, method of expressing thought and feeling — the style of an artistic work, I say, depends upon the class or party "string" which always taut is continually sounding in the soul of the artist. The contents of a work determines its form, there must be a certain dialectical unity between the form and its content. In process of writing *Cement* (as in all my work) I was particularly exacting to myself in looking for this unity. Enthusiastic labor, bolshevist purposefulness, the tenseness and power of the class struggle, called for the creation of a correspondingly adequate form. Many times I rewrote entire chapters, recast the construction, of entire parts, took color off and added some, sought the right colors. Tropes and figures, etymology and syntax suffered a lengthy evolution. This was repeated with each new edition of the book, in fact up to 1928. I wanted the novel as a whole to ring out like a harmonious energetic symphony. I found it important for every person to speak his own language, to act and feel as suited his nature, that the pictures of nature be organically one with the core of the personages and ring like a lyric variation in the psychology of the actors, that no word be said in vain, but must express a max-

imum of thought and emotion and fit in with the others like a well laid parquet. I did not ask myself: how would L. Tolstoy or Turgenev, Dostoyevsky or Gorky word this or that. This question did not even enter my mind; were it to have come to me, I should have rejected it as unnecessary and rather harmful, because then I should have become dependent on the example and lost my creative freedom. Succession in art consists of a determined conquering of the preceding styles, that is, in forming one's own style, consistent with the epoch, the ideological content of the worker and the dialectics of objective reality. The question amounted to this: how to express our life with our artistic means which are the accumulated experience of art-culture, transformed in antithesis to our social consciousness? The difficulties are not in utilizing old artistic methods (nothing is easier than imitation), but in creating one's own art method which is to bear witness of a new esthetic stage in the history of artistic thought. Much is being said and written about methods but so far actually nothing has been said about it. And nothing will be said about it no matter how serious and learned a face is made, until hair-splitting and imitation are finally abandoned ("proletarian Tolstoy" "Soviet Dostoyevsky" etc.), until thought is given to one's own conservatism and mechanist principles. Style is ideology, and to transplant methods and traditions from past periods to our time of socialist construction is, to say the least, undialectical. What is needed is a revolution in style and relentless bolshevist criticism of old methods. We still have, however, a cult of the classics, blind adoration of the dead. We are still the thralls of names not only of the dead but even of living classics that have long gone to a peaceful rest as far as our times are concerned. Whatever our attitude to Mayakovsky, he is still dearer and nearer to us than any classic, because Mayakovsky had the great revolutionary boldness to smash fetishes and create new imagery, a new daring stylistic architecture. In this respect K. Fedin is also very "fresh".

In *Cement* there was also the attempt to go against the stream, give a new construction of a story (this was noted, but it was held up as an infringement of the rules of classic harmony and "chastity") in the form of a host of striking cadres, variegated stories saturated with action and psychological tenseness. The calm, measured, slow flow of the tale characteristic of classic literature, suited to a placid, well fed stable life was inapplicable to this artistic task. In the matter of style individual chapters and cycles of chapters are unlike others. Thus the chapters on Gleb, on mass labor, on the struggle against the Whites and on Dasha are written in a different vein than the chapters on Kleist, Sergey and Polia Makhovaya...

In consequence with this the language of the novel required a certain amount of peculiarity.

There is a peasant story of mine, "The Deep". It is written in calm language, in the Bunin manner. The language there rings true for the bucolic theme. This language is the opposite pole to the ballad language of *Fiery Horse*. Could I operate with such language in *Cement*? Of course, not. I knew well the history of the language art: I went through the school of the classics and schools of different tendencies in art from Chekhov to Andrey Biely. The history of literary art at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries is the history of my cultural education. It was necessary not to split hairs but to make use of this literary heritage in an independent manner. The work on *Cement* was work on such a new style. The results of this work called out discussion. That was not at all bad for me, but it is too bad the discussion was otherwise fruitless. For me the work on the language of *Cement* is important. The language is mine and cannot be referred to any "example". This already is something. The critics would have it that it is flowery, pompous, difficult, romantically hyperbolical, highbrow and several litterateurs swayed by the charms of classic simplicity declared it false, varnished truth; and that it does not tear off the masks. I do not know from whom the adherents of chastity tear masks off. I do know that the language of *Cement* is that of struggle and heroism. It is not unctious, there is no lisping in it of reflex intelligentsia. It is rude, straight-hitting, insistent, charged with some enthusiasm and self confidence, it is tart, grim, at times unexpectedly bold in metaphor and perhaps a little too densely packed verbally. This is not playing, not mischievousness, no mask, it is an intense, very difficult labor on the word for which I felt a great responsibility before the worker reader.

How I Write

I write very slowly: I spent two and a half years writing *Cement* which means that I accomplished on the average not more than half a printed sheet (about 2,500 words) a month. The largest part of the time I spent on working out the language. I frequently rewrote one and the same phrase many times. There the

thought seems clearly worked out, the contours in relief, the tones properly warm. But no, in a day, a week, I found it all wrong and I must begin all over again. One imperative dominates: the proletarian artist must master completely all the artistic means for his work. The artist must not fall below the cultural level of his period. He must be not a skilled worker but a master of his craft. And this requires study to the end of one's days. There can not and must not be any illiterate, ignorant writers. Slovenly work, poor writing, weak craftsmanship, these are just as bad as poor work at the factory, plant or the shop. It is damaged products. The struggle for quality, for trained cadres, this is one of the basic problems of our times, and this problem comes first in the literary movement of our period. One must not hurry into print, it is harmful, it delays the growth of the young writer. In the past writers spent many years working on themselves before they earned places for themselves in the pages of periodicals. It is true our cadres are growing faster than was the case then (favorable conditions), but it is necessary to "get experience" in classes or under the guidance of experienced masters of the word even now. The reconstruction of the entire system of our national economy which is now going on requires the writer to know humanity, manners, the street, one must also know the construction of the machine, how a dam is built, understand the turbine, the blooming mill, have an understanding of agriculture and biology. The tremendous growth of the productive forces of our country makes it imperative that the proletarian owner and dictator know his business.

This is a question of the degree to which artistic work is in step with the growth of socialist construction. It is my opinion that a work of art will be abreast of the times, in step with life only in the degree that it is rich in content, has perfected its types, has perfected its own new style. We must achieve the generalization, the synthesis of the typical peculiarities of people, manners and the essence of our era. We must bring it to the highest point, and this can not be done by a knowledge of life and people and talent only, it requires also a high degree of perfection of technical literary craftsmanship. We must reach the point where our literary types have the quality of long living stability, be significant not only to us but also to posterity. An artistic work is, in the words of Plekhanov: "life today, which, overcoming its limitations and extending beyond them, creates the basis for the future." If the work only gives the life today without overcoming the limitations, it lags behind the tempo of socialist construction and fails to solve the fundamental problems of proletarian literature.

CHRONICLE

FRANCE

Literary Awards

A number of literary awards were made in France recently.

The Goncourt Premium was awarded to Andre Malraux, member of the French section of the IURW for his novel *Condition Humain.*

The French Press as a whole appraised the creative work of Malraux highly.

"At the time when *Condition Humain* had just been issued," writes the French paper *Marianne,* "we said, that of all the books printed this year, this is indisputably the most remarkable and certainly one of the most remarkable books of our entire epoch."

Not one of the books selected by the Goncourt Academy since the time when it crowned the creative work of Marcel Proust has greater honor been given than to the book of Maulraux.

Welcoming the award of the Goncourt premium to André Malraux, *Humanité* remarks, that:

"In the conflict between the capitalistic world which decays, and the socialist world which is building up, Malraux, as his numerous public declarations make evident, stands on the side of the U.S.S.R.

"We have facts before us, whose significance it is not possible to deny: — the bourgeois, desiring to crown the most outstanding literary works were compelled to choose the work of a writer, who no longer belongs to the bourgeoisie." The novel by Malraux will be soon issued in the Russian and the Ukrainian languages.

The Theophraste Renandot Premium (awarded last year to L. F. Celine for *Journey to the End of Night)* was given in 1933, to Charles Braibant for the novel *The King Sleeps.*

The novel pictures the life of Marlisse Berto wife of a powerful farmer who had received a large inheritance after the death of her husband. Eme, her son, a spineless dreamer, is in complete dependence on the mother, who does not want to give the father's money to him.

Eme is unsuccessful. Because he could not take hold of anything, he was able to do nothing. He drags out the miserable existence of a petty employe. Thus, he also dies without having used the father's inheritance, which Marlisse, who outlived her son did not let out of her hand. The action of the novel takes place in the middle of the last century.

Jean Freville, writing about this novel in *Humanité,* says "Braibant understood this elementary truth, that in a capitalistic society, the individual exists only in so far as he is an owner of capital, a truth which is apparently ignored by almost all the bourgeois novelists.

"Eme Berto, rich in potency, is punished because he proved incapable of carrying out the basic assignments of the bourgeois, that is to accumulate capital.

"Braibant exposes the bourgeois notion of the legality of inheritance and its economic indispensibility. We see, how inheritance, which according to the words of bourgeois economists is the basic motive force of human activity, in reality serves as a factor of degeneration and corruption, of depression and decay, serves as an impediment to the healthy activity of the individual.

"Braibant shows in an excellent way, the genuine nature of the love of bourgeois parents for their offspring. This love is entirely subordinated to the superior anxiety about the preservation of capital which is transmitted by inheritance from father to son. There are no longer King Lears among the modern bourgeois. but there are a multitude of Marlisse Bertos there."

The Work of A. E. A. R.

A conference at which questions of proletarian music were discussed was held in Paris at the initiative of the musical section of A. E. A. R., to stimulate the organization of workers in orchestras and in choirs, both professional and amateur.

The section organized a number of concerts in the working class districts of Paris. The first of these concerts took place in the workers' district Belleville, in the premises of the most prominent workers' co-operative.

The A.E.A.R. recently organized the 60 year Jubilee of the well known artist Paul Signac.

Paul Signac said:

"The best reward for a man of my age, is to be in step with the young generation. This demonstrates that he has not forsaken either his duty to himself or his duty to others. This is also the greatet comfort to persons who approach senility."

Addressing himself directly to the artists and writers of A.E.A.R., Signac said:

"You battle for art; battle for the revolution. This double ideal always was my ideal.

"I welcomed the Russian Revolution with immense joy, this greatest event of all time, which was able to transmute my ideal into reality.

"I drew new strength from it, which enabled me to hold on to the end in our trying times.

"And what a huge selection of new ideas those artists give who are building Russia. Is it not true, Aragon?

"That which people of my age have not seen, that you will see; that which they have not done, that you will do. This hope unites us."


Journal of Art, Literature & Opinion

THE PARTISAN 5¢

December, 1933 Vol. 1, No. 1 Los Angeles, Calif.

MEXICAN LABOR in the UNITED STATES

TURN TO THE LEFT

CAMPUS FASCISM IS BORN

IN THIS NUMBER

"The Boy From Oregon" by LINCOLN STEFFENS

"WAIT" a poem by LANGSTON HUGHES

"California Summer" by ELLA WINTER

O. K.

Front page of the new American monthly journal issued by the John Reed Club of Hollywood, California

Henri Barbusse About the Aims of Monde

Under the title "We are on the Right Road", *Monde* (December 6th, 1933) prints a leading article, by Henri Barbusse who has returned from a journey to the United States.

"My trip to America completed a round the world journey, undertaken by me, with the purpose of expanding and strengthening the Amsterdam Anti-Fascist movement everywhere, in Europe, in Latin America and in the Far East. With this aim in view I was in Switzerland, in the Scandinavian countries, Spain, England, the Soviet Union, the United States.

"I found the heartiest enthusiasm among our friends in countless meetings and gatherings. I carried away from such intercourse a still more solid conviction in the correctness of our ideas, of our initiative, of our reality.

"I see a wavering and alarm which at the present time some of our friends are going through, — and in the appearance of this wavering and alarm is hidden danger. They can lead the masses astray from the right road, those who go with us or are prepared to join us and I cry with a full voice, 'We are on the right road!', and we are those who in all the world follow the call of the great leaders of social revolution and organize the worker masses for the final conflict with the capitalistic order.

"Now, when I take the leadership of *Monde* on myself personally, I make the following basic conclusion: *'Now it is necessary to speak clearly, still more clearly than ever. The problems have to be put clearly and honestly and precise answers found for them.'*

"I wholly approve the new tendencies of *Monde*, which signify only the reversion of our magazine to those aims which it had at its origin.

"This reversion which is especially imperative now at the moment of intensification of the class struggle, has led several of our old collaborators to leave. The diverse views which the fellow-workers of our magazine always had, but which formerly existed peacefully side by side, now at this moment when the national and international situation demands a clearer and more energetic line of action, these diverse views are transformed into profound disagreements.

"Cooperation proved impossible, especially at that moment, when it was a matter not only of defining the aims of the magazine in the new world situation where we found ourselves, but also one of defeating the attempt to take it into hand, an attempt manifested by a group which set other purposes for itself than we had and which had already gained considerable influence in *Monde*. Our readers noted this attempt to lead the magazine astray from the right road and to compel it to depart from its purposes.

Cover of the first issue of the Workers' Review, new Norwegian revolutionary monthly

"The desertion of many of our readers and subscribers during this period and their return today are proofs of this.

"Our friends and readers take note that in this moment when a larger and larger number of outstanding thinkers and writers concentrate about our ideas, there are no such persons whom it would be impossible to substitute.

"From January 1934, by means of new sections and richer documentation *Monde* responds to the demands of various strata of our readers, especially in the provinces."

Latest Numbers of Commune

The 3rd and 4th numbers of *Commune*, organ of the A.E.A.R. have been issued.

The majority of the articles and the creative work of the 3rd number are directed against fascism; the articles of Vaillant Couturier, Servize, Aragon, the poetry of Becher, Alberti and others.

The informative article "Two Words Between Brothers" is printed in this same journal in the form of a letter of R. Von-Salamon to his fascist brother living in Germany.

The editors print in the 4th number, with a commentary by Aragon, the answers of French writers to the questionnaire: "For Whom Do You Write?"

Luc Durtain, M. Rozhe Noir, Peer-Kent, Gaston Remy, Divoire and others answered the questionnaire.

The most interesting answers will be printed in the following issue. In this same number there are given excerpts from *The Year 1905* by Pasternak and *Blue Hussars* and *Three Annas* by N. Aseyev, translated by L. Aragon.

NORWAY

A New Revolutionary Journal

The first number of the bi-weekly literary journal *Arbeider-Revy (Workers Review)* was issued in Oslo in December 1933. It is the organ of the revolutionary writers of Norway. The editor of the journal is Otto Luin, an important revolutionary writer who traveled to Tadjikistan in 1931 with an IURW international brigade. His book *The Soviet Union*, very popular in Norway, appeared as a result of this journey.

The correct international line should be taken note of and the rich contents of the journal in which the productions of revolutionary Norwegian, foreign and soviet writers are printed. Stories of I. Becher, of Bela Illes, of the young American writer James Steele, passages from P. Pavlenko's novel *Barricades* and a story "At the Work Bench" by the shock worker S. Tarasenko, are printed in the first number. From among the Norwegian revolutionary writers, Reinert Torgeirson, Arnult Overland and others are represented.

The circulation of the journal is 10,000 copies.

Besides the art section of the journal there is a page of satire "Red Pepper" in which are printed caricatures on the German fascists and the international imperialists openly preparing for intervention and war.

The second number of the journal which was issued in January 1934 contained the story "The Life and Death of My Brother Rudolph", by Ludwig Turek; a Chinese story by O. Erdburg; "The Man Who Did Not Applaud" by Seikiti Fudjimori and "July in the Provinces" by Francis Yapcheka, who received first prize in the competition organized by the German Union of Proletarian Writers, Section of IURW. Also interesting work of the Swedish writer Mart Palsler entitled "We Speak one Language" about a journey to the U.S.S.R., and the satirical poems of Karl Christiansen (Norway).

The editors in a letter to the Secretariat of the IURW advise that the journal will have a news section in the future, which will give information about the work of the Secretariat of IURW and its foreign sections.

"Up to this time," write the Norwegian writers, "we took part in the anti-fascist struggle as private persons. And only now, can we come forth as a literary union. The Journal will intensify our work."

MEXICO

The Work of the "Noviembre" Group

A group of revolutionary writers of Mexico has established connections with the IURW. In a letter to the Secretariat of the IURW, the leader of the group, Jose Mancisidor (author of the novels *Revolt* and *The Red City)* writes about the call for a congress of Latin-American revolutionary writers. The Mexican group want to come forth at this Congress with a concrete platform based on their struggle with fascism. Preparatory work for the Congress is being carried on by the group among worker, student and cultural organizations. The *Noviembre* group and its organ *Ruta (The Road)* Jose Mancisidor, editor, take a leading role in the preparations for the Congress. The November number of *Ruta* is devoted to the Soviet Union. A number of poems, sketches and articles devoted to the October anniversary are included.

In this same number there is the correspondence of the leader of the group Jose Mancisidor with L. Luis Cabrera, the former minister of finance of the government of Carranza. In his letter to Cabrera, Mancisidor comes out in defence of revolutionary art and the U.S.S.R. The letter produced a strong impression on a broad circle of the Mexican intelligentsia and in a considerable degree shook the authority which Cabrera has among them.

The *Noviembre* group organized the publishing house of The Federation of Proletarian Writers, which will issue besides books, a special, regular collection of the *Notebook of Proletarian Literature.*

At the present time, Jose Mancisidor is working on a book *Morelos,* in which the revolutionary events in Mexico will be shown. His new book is a biographical novel of Morelos, one of the leaders of the insurrectionary movement.

SPAIN

Mundo Obrero, the organ of the Communist Party of Spain and *Octubre* the literary magazine of the revolutionary writers and artists have been suppressed in connection with the government terror, which is raging in Spain.

In Madrid in January 1934 appeared the first number of the new revolutionary newspaper *La Lucha (Struggle)* which joins the workers and peasants, the students and other organized groups in a united front. The exceptional success of the newspaper can be seen by fact that the first number which was issued in an edition of 5,000 copies was sold out in several hours.

H. H. Lewis, American worker-poet whose third volume of verse Salvation, *has appeared*

The manifesto of the "Central Organization of the Proletarian Theatre and Cinema" is published in *La Lucha* (no. 5, for Jan. 13, 1934.) It appeals to all revolutionary dramatists and actors to join the anti-fascist front.

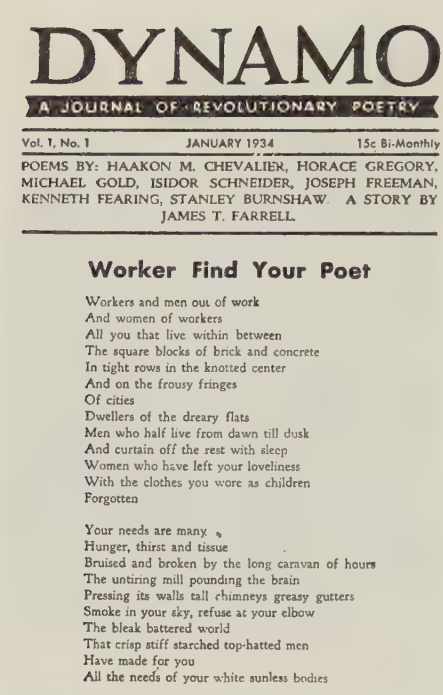
The Spanish-American commission of the IURW received a play, *Two Worlds* by the revolutionary poet Manuel Altolaitre.

U.S.A.

First Issues of the Weekly New Masses

The first four issues of the weekly *New Masses* (issued in January 1934) measure up to all expectations. The editorials and articles are timely, sound, well written; they illuminate the American scene from a Marxist viewpoint. The creative work in prose, verse and drawings is of exceptionally high standard. Unquestionably the new weekly *New Masses* ranks as the finest revolutionary cultural journal that has been produced in America.

The acting editors are Joshua Kunitz, Joseph North, and Herman Michelson, experienced writers long connected with the revolutionary press. They are part of an editorial board including also: Nathan Adler (cinema), Jacob Burck (art), Stanley Burnshaw (poetry), Joseph Freeman,



DYNAMO

A JOURNAL OF REVOLUTIONARY POETRY

Vol. 1, No. 1 JANUARY 1934 15c Bi-Monthly

POEMS BY: HAAKON M. CHEVALIER, HORACE GREGORY, MICHAEL GOLD, ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, JOSEPH FREEMAN, KENNETH FEARING, STANLEY BURNSHAW. A STORY BY JAMES T. FARRELL.

Worker Find Your Poet

Workers and men out of work
And women of workers
All you that live within between
The square blocks of brick and concrete
In tight rows in the knotted center
And on the frousy fringes
Of cities
Dwellers of the dreary flats
Men who half live from dawn till dusk
And curtain off the rest with sleep
Women who have left your loveliness
With the clothes you wore as children
Forgotten

Your needs are many
Hunger, thirst and tissue
Bruised and broken by the long caravan of hours
The untiring mill pounding the brain
Pressing its walls tall chimneys greasy gutters
Smoke in your sky, refuse at your elbow
The bleak battered world
That crisp stiff starched top-hatted men
Have made for you
All the needs of your white sunless bodies

Cover of the first number of a new American revolutionary journal

William Gardener (theatre), Granville Hicks (books) and Ashley Pettis (music).

The first four issues have produced splendid contributions from Michael Gold (the poem "Tom Mooney Walks at Midnight" and the review "Letter to the Author of a First Book"); John Dos Passos (on Spain); Erskine Caldwell (correspondence from the South); Henri Barbusse (Writing and War); John Strachey (on Fascism); Edwin Seaver, Josephine Herbst, Margeurite Young (correspondence from Washington); Granville Hicks and many more.

Drawings by Burck, Gropper, Bloch and Art Young especially were of a high standard, as have been the poems of Maxwell Bodenheim, Alfred Hayes and James Daly.

The special departments on Books, Music, Cinema and Theatre are all ably conducted.

The success of the new weekly is already evident in the rapidly growing circulation. A splendid response is being received from all sections of the country.

International Literature extends revolutionary greetings to the weekly *New Masses*, now its strongest comrade-in-arms.

Two New Publications

The first issue of *Dynamo*, "A Journal of Revolutionary Poetry" has made its appearance in January, 1934 in New York to add to the growing revolutionary cultural press in the United States. *Dynamo* is issued bi-monthly and is edited by S. Funaroff, Herman Spector, Joseph Vogel and Nicolas Wirth (from 34 Horatio St. New York).

In the first issue with the exception of a skillfully written sketch by James Farrell, all the rest of the contributions are poems: A splendid one "Worker Find Your Poet" by Haakon M. Chevalier; one by Horace Gregory; four by Michael Gold; six by Joseph Freeman; two by Kenneth Fearing, and one by Stanley Burnshaw.

Although the magazine is a modest one of 24 small pages, the verse is of a higher standard than that which has appeared in the new American revolutionary publications of the past year.

The first issue of *The Partisan Review*, organ of the John Reed Club of New York has appeared in January 1934. Among the editors are Joshua Kunitz, Leonard Mins and Sender Garlin.

The Partisan Review is the seventh American revolutionary literary publication following *the New Masses, Anvil, Left-Front, Partisan, Blast* and *Dynamo*. This list does not include the various mimeographed publications of the John Reed Clubs of other cities nor the specialized magazines like *New Theatre, Student Review* and others.

New Book of Verse

Salvation, the third book of poems by H. H. Lewis, American worker-poet, author of *Red Renaissance* and *Thinking of Russia* has just come off the press.

As in the other two books Lewis is the original, vivid, if undisciplined worker-poet, with a definite place in American revolutionary literature.

The verse in this book is militant, richly satirical, often hilarious and often beautiful. His satire of the social-democrat turned fascist, "Oikenglutz," is splendid.

All his verse is timely, and all imbued with a love of the working class and the Soviet Union.

H. H. Lewis has written for all of the revolutionary press, mainly for the *New Masses, Anvil* and the *Daily Worker*.

The *New Masses* in a recent review criticizes the poet for lack of discipline, failure in some of his longer pieces but

success in the shorter ones which "have the bite of a steel trap."

The editors of *International Literature* are in the hope of soon presenting some of the new work of this original poet.

New Books

Reviewing the new book *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* by James T. Farrell in the *Daily Worker* Edwin Rolfe writes:

"James T. Farrell is a young Chicago novelist who during the past five years has risen rapidly into the ranks of the outstanding young writers of fiction today. Almost completely unknown when his first book *Young Lonigan* was published, he continued to write short stories which appeared in leading periodicals. His second novel *Gas-House McGinty,* published last year, revealed two important factors in Farrell's growth. It established, through a very experimental but nonetheless thorough treatment of a group of workers employed at the Continental Express Company offices, the author's identification with his own rich and fertile proletarian background. Moreover, it marked the actual beginning of Farrell's leftward growth.

"His new novel it seems to me, is his oustanding achievement to date. In it we can observe the end of his 'experimental' period and the beginning of a genuinely mature approach to his material.

"Farrell has within his own experience the material of which great novels can be written. And he is enough of the artist, as his book clearly shows, to bring out the essence, the core of vitality, in his material. *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* is not clever, nor slight, nor witty, as so many of the higly-praised novels of the past few years have been. It is deep and real. It tackles its problems hard and cleanly. Farrell possesses the type of perseverance and honesty and ability which, given enough theme, can produce a monumental work."

ENGLAND

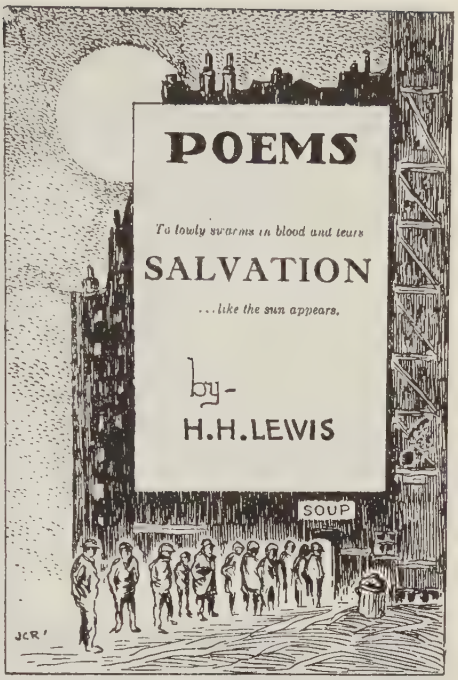
Revolutionary Artists Organize

The first organization of revolutionary artists of England, the "Artists International" has been completed. Beginning with 32 members the group is steadly growing and increasing its activities.

A bulletin issued by the Artists International states its aims:

"The International unity of artists against Imperialist War, War on the Soviet Union, Fascism, and Colonial Oppression.

"It is intended to further these aims by the following practical measures:



The cover by J. C. Rogers for the latest volume of verse by H. H. Lewis

1—The uniting of all artists in Great Britain, sympathetic with these aims, into working units ready to execute posters, illustrations, cartoons, book-jackets, banners, tableaux, stage decorations, etc.

2—The spreading of propaganda by means of exhibitions, the press, lectures and meetings.

3—The maintaining of contacts with similar groups already existing in 16 other countries."

The bulletin is signed by the artists Pearl Binder, John Davison, C. H. Rowe, S. E. Weaver and Bill Wolfe.

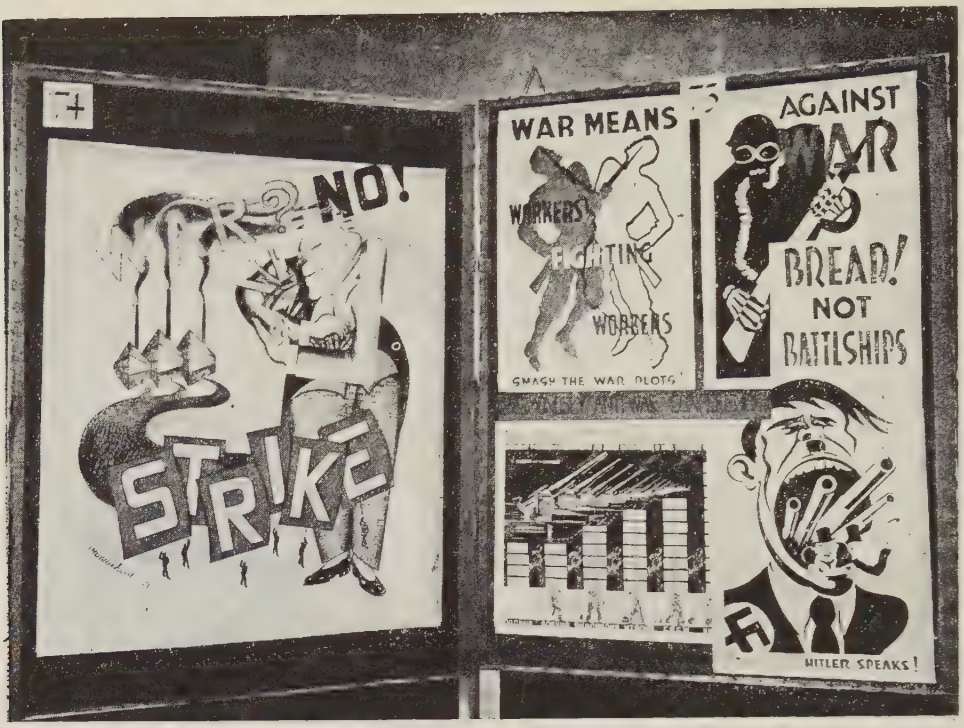
A following letter advises of further activities:

"We have instituted fortnightly discussions on Communism and Art from all angles. We are working closely with the Marx Library and the Workers School.

"We have taken part in strikes and elections producing mimeographed newspapers on the spot, backed up by cartoons and posters. This will give us the experience we need of direct contact with the masses.

"We have made contacts with revolutionary art groups abroad and plan International Exhibits.

"Among our activities have been posters done for the Marxist Club of London University, preliminary work for an an-



Posters in the Anti-War Exhibit arranged at Cambridge University by the Artists International, revolutionary artists group of England

imated film cartoon for the Workers Film movement; drawings and illustrations for the first number of the *New Challenge*, our new workers' sports paper; a puppet show to be shown on the streets for the I.L.D., etc.

We are also decorating halls for revolutionary meetings among other activities."

About the Soviet Union

FRANCE

A workers delegation which had traveled in the Soviet Union made a report of their journey at a crowded meeting under the chairmanship of André Malraux held in Paris.

In his speech André Malraux emphasized the threat of an imperialist war directed against the Soviet Union and against the working class.

"At the present time the international oil magnates are preparing for a campaign against the U.S.S.R. I appeal to you to unite in the defence of a country unique in the world, which aspires not only to improve the well-being of the proletariat and to give it security for tomorrow, but also makes the workers conscious of their human worth and human value."

André Malraux also had an interview with collaborators of the literary newspaper *Marianne* on the question of the threat of a war against the U.S.S.R.

"It is perfecty clear that the game now being played is to create a block against the U.S.S.R."

Besides, Malraux pointed out that Fascist Germany is ready immediately to set forth on a crusade against the "Heathen-Bolsheviks":

"We forget that the industry of Germany was created not for herself alone but for her Empire, for Austria-Hungary, Turkey, the Turkish colonies and partially Russia and Asia. Similar to the American industry, but by other ways, the German industry worked 'for its future'. All this is lost. The country, whose plants are calculated on 10 million workers, when just now 1,800,000 workers are fully sufficient, of course must exist! What to do?

"A German fascist, who possesses a clear head, said: 'A genuine solution to the problem would be to kill 6 million German proletarians.' But where is the exit?

"War?

"Yes, War! Russia is the target for Germany. The U S S R is in a dangerous situation. This is a fact and also a great problem of Europe.

"It is important to understand at the present moment the play which is going on: oil, the Committee de Forge, Radicalism, Communism, Fascism. Many analyses could be made, and each holds to their own, and I say that in no case will I go to fight against the U S S R."

The left-bourgeois paper *Marianne* prints reviews of the books *I Love* by Avdeyenko and *Broken Virgin Soil* by Sholokhov.

"This autobiography of a young Russian worker is saturated with life and throbs with sincerity. It is impossible to offer a more embracing document of the life of a worker's family before the revolution," writes a reviewer.

Broken Virgin Soil is a story of how a collective farm was established in 1930 and developed in Gremyachi Log, in the steppes of the north Kuban. The novel is about that great work the collectivisation of agriculture in Soviet Russia.

"Similar to all other works of the young soviet literature, the book of Sholokhov is full of an immense, intense passion.

"Sholokhov wrote a book, which unreservedly is propaganda for the Soviet regime and together with that does not conceal any kind of difficulty. This book in general is not humorous, but the reader is agitated by the human emotions in it, by the human weakness."

The French literary paper *Les Nouvelles Litteraires* and the Belgian literary paper *Rouge et Noir* reprinted from a Prague journal, the article of Gerhardt Walden about the conditions of writers in the USSR. In his article, Walden gives a detailed account of the structure of writers' organizations in the U.S.S.R. and the mutual relations of writers and publishers. "The number of readers in the U.S.S.R., writes Walden reach figures which seem fabulous to us. There is not an edition of less than 10,000 copies."

"This fact becomes perfectly understandble when you see that there are 40,000 libraries in the U.S.S.R. which receive copies of all new books. Add to this yet the countless number of libraries at factories, shops, enterprises, various societies and schools. Not seldom, they order earlier in order that they may receive the works of various authors. And therefore, it happens that after a book is put in circulation, it is not possible to find it on sale even immediately after it is issued."

In January 1934, on Lenin's Day, A.E.A.R. organized an exhibit devoted to socialist construction in the USSR and to the achievements of the First Five Year Plan. Numerous placards, diagrams, photos, albums, journals, and books acquainted the visitors with construction in the Soviet Union, with achievements in the collectivization of agriculture, in the realm of the peoples education, in science, art, etc.

The Soviet poet Alexander Bezimensky and the novelist Valentine Kataev at a meeting in Moscow

POLAND

Polish Newspaper About Soviet Literature

A large article about literature in the USSR appeared in the *Gazeta Warszawska*.

The article says: "The stronger and more confident the Soviet regime feel itself to be, the more daring it is in developing the new, proletarian - collectivistic-Marxist culture, which decisively tears itself loose from old traditions; moreover, literature, in the first place fiction, becomes a proletarian, collectivist, active participant in the creation of the new civilization. The departure from old themes and problems in fiction is taken note of. The Soviet novel which carries out an educational role, renounces at present the extravagant, artistic experiments which existed in the first decade of the Soviet regime. Simultaneously with a deepening and strengthening of Soviet ideology, a trend sets in moving to old forms of the classical novel with its composition psychology, intrigues, style and language."

The author of the article ranks Lidin and Sholokhov as the best fiction writers; as the best writers of the historical genre he ranks A. Tolstoy and Tinianov, who although they also write "from the Marxist point of view, they are not however falsifiers of historical truth and create historical productions of a high mark, which would not shame historians of the bourgeois world."

According to the author, the narrative *The Leap* by Brazhnin is "very characteristic for Soviet fiction and an extremely valuable production which is distinguished by its high technique, composition, and psychological truth."

HOLLAND

About Soviet Poetry

The last number for 1933 of *De Freide Bladen* issued in Amsterdam is devoted to Soviet Poetry. (Each number of the journal has the character of a small complete monograph in one or another realm of art.) The translation, introduction and annotations were made by the Holland journalist Johann Hoits, the editor of the Russian section of the *New Rotterdam Courier*. Included in the collection are: Mayakovsky's, "At the Top of the Human Voice," Demian Bedny's "To the Shock Workers of Magnet Mountain," Nikolai Aseyev's "Barrier," "For Pounds and Dollars" by S. Kirsanov, "The Loan of Labor" by Bezimensky, etc.

"The poems gathered together here", writes Johann Hoits in the introduction, "I did not find in literary journals, but in the pages of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*. They represent immediate echoes from those events to which they are devoted. With the exception of Demian Bedny and Mayakovsky, all the poetry is related to 1933. I felt in these burning productions the genuine strength and beauty which makes these poems worthy of the term "poetic art". Since these poems are at the same time documents of events also, I aspired to preserve chiefly their contents and sense in the translation, which led to some loss of their formal worth.

"If Mayakovsky as a poet was nourished on hate to the surrounding environment, if he is a revolutionary of destruction, then the rest of the poets collected here are consolidated with their epoch and are revolutionaries of construction. The fact that Mayakovsky found himself on the borderline of these two worlds and was unable completely to make the shift to the enthusiasm of construction, led him to personal tragedy and a voluntary end."

USA

Gorky in New York

Maxim Gorky's play *Yegor Bulichev* was presented in New York by the ARTEF (Jewish Workers Theatre) very successfully.

Writing of the performance in the *Daily Worker* Harold Edgar says:

"It is the most stimulating play that this season has brought on any stage.

"How has Gorky succeeded in making such a limited plot gripping and big? By the strength of his conviction, by a real knowledge of his characters, and by an extraordinary instinct for theatrical symbolization.

"The ARTEF company, whose actors possess great sincerity and unusual confidence and energy are able, despite difficulties to sustain their performance throughout."

LATVIA

For some time past a great interest in Soviet literature is observed in Latvia. The bourgeois periodical publications were compelled to print translations of Soviet writers. Thus the newspaper *Social-Democrats* prints translations of passages from the novel *Tsusima* by Novikov-Priboy and the conservative newspaper *In the Final Moment (Redeja Bridi)* prints passages from *Broken Virgin Soil* by Sholokhov.

The journal *Displacement (Virziens)* No. 2, wholly devoted to Soviet literature was issued recently. Passages and stories of Gladkov, Sholokhov, Fadeyev, Zoschenko, Leonov and others are printed in it. The young Social - Democrat writer Hanson Niedre edits and publishes the journal. He represents the second opposition group of the Social-Democratic youth. As yet the group has exposed its features very little; it is not clear as to what it wants and to where it is directed. Not one of the groups mentioned has declared its relation to the Social-Democratic Party, to a literary policy true to a party, and to the leading Social-Democratic writers of the old generation.

GERMANY

In Fascist Germany

An article by Egon Larsen about the work of the "All German Committee for the Stimulation of German Literature" was published in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. The author is enraptured by the stream of literary work which comes in daily for editorial approval. However, he is compelled to recognize that 90% of this work is good for "the museum of curiosities of the purest national pot-boilers." But the reason he gives for this, is that the "proletarian" writers are trying to express their devotion to the regime. "As if every honest shoemaker and cook at present regards it his duty to give political expression to his candid feelings." Farther on, Larsen points out, that "Literature is also sent in which suggests some alarm, for not seldom it is necessary to turn attention to dangerous literature, whose authors are not themselves consious of their delusions. Thus, for example, a manuscript with the title *The Fourth Empire, the Future Crown of the Third* was sent in."

The author of the article writes of yet another category of writers, that is of those "whom all publishers renounced for want of talent long before the National revolution. They now demand their recognition from the Committee." But Larsen hurries to add, that "here, by no means do they regard firmness of conviction as a substitute for talent."

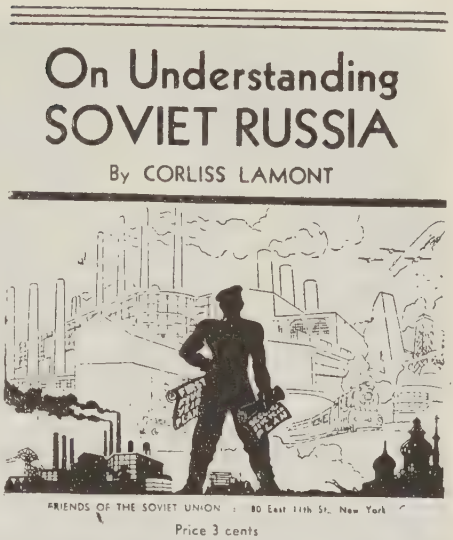
According to the author, the work of the "Committee" consists, first of all in propaganda (written and spoken advertisements, radio, kino, etc) "of especially desirable literature." One if its means is the composition of the "Author's Calendar." Just now there are 170 names included in it. The "Calendar" is distributed by persons participating in literature and publishing.

A Congress of the Union of the German Public Librarians took place in Hannover. In the report, delivered by the president of the Union, Doctor Shuster, the necessity of a decisive change of policy in the work of the public libraries was emphasized, inasmuch as their task now is "The struggle for the spirit of the German people." This must be reflected in the selection of books. "It is not possible to regard books as acceptable only because their contents correspond to principles of morals,-books must yet correspond to the spirit of the people in race relations", said Schuster. It was emphasized at the congress that "henceforth, heroic books must be given preference before artistic literature."

The German book-sellers try by every means to improve their business, which grows worse day by day. Certain owners of book stores have written on their signs "National- Socialist Book Store" or have drawn a swastika side by side with their names.

The exchange society of book-sellers entered into agreements with the society of German Higher Educational Institutions. with the Union of German Librarians, and with the Collective of Scientific Publishers, for the purpose of suspending the tide of subscribers to scientific journals. The decree was accepted for cheapening journals by a reduction in size. It is said in the agreements by the way, that due to "the critical limitation of contents" the cost of these publications only increases. This characterizes the "freedom" of science in Germany.

But all these methods used now by the owners of book enterprises to enliven the book trade will not help. The book-sellers moan that nobody wants to buy books. However, they demand such measures as the closing of book departments in department stores. Certain traders see a way out in not waiting for their clients to come, but in visiting them at home.



Cover of a new American pamphlet on the Soviet Union by the author of Russia Day by Day *and other books*

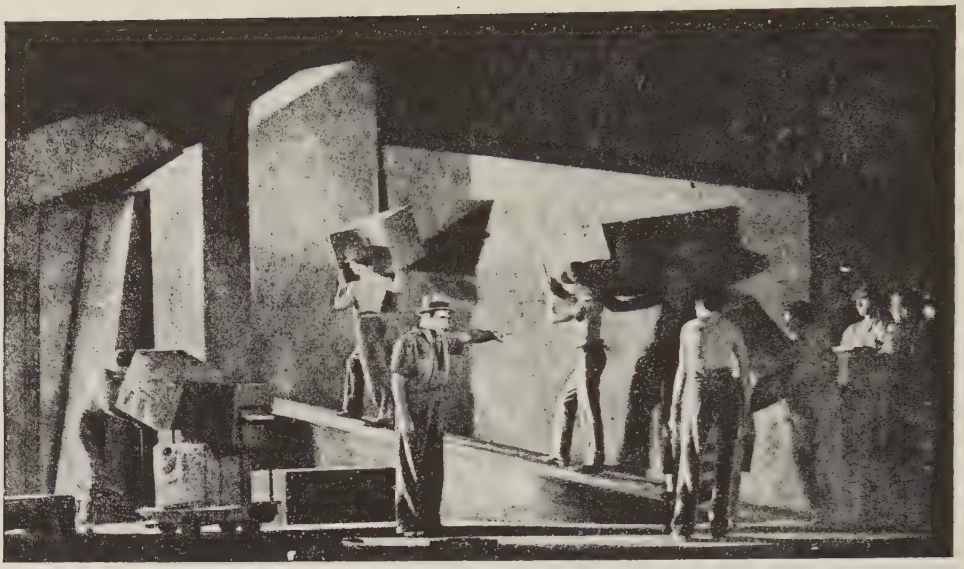
In the book shop-windows of Vienna a sharp reduction of the number of German books is noted.

In glaring phrases the whole German press advertises the issue of a new book which must be "The hit of the season" for the German book-sellers. The name of the book is *14 Years of the Jewish Republic.* The author of it is the well-known biographer, Johann Von Leers.

The problem of the author is the "exposure" of the genuine culprits of the World War, who are besides also "secret enemies of Germany" and the whole world. This is the "Jewish nation, scattered throughout all countries." By means of "stunning" evidence, the author attempts to convince "even the most naive European", that the "Race question is the key to world history." We know that those who have read this book, "will no longer be surprised that there are 30 million unemployed just now" and that "until the 30th of January 1933, Europe stood before the abyss of Bolshevism."

A collaborator of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* visited a number of book stores in order to determine what kind of books are the most saleable in Fascist Germany. He proved that a "great shift has taken place in the taste of the public."

According to his information, the book *My Struggle* by Hitler continues to sell in hundreds of thousands of copies. The next in respect to demand is the book of Otto Dietrich, the leader of the all-German press-



Scene from the English production of the American play on unemployment, 1931, *by Paul and Claire Sifton, produced at the Embassy Theatre in London, and directed by Andre Van Gyseghem*

With Hitler to Power. The reporter noted a decline of interest in psychological problems (in such an author for example as Sigmund Freud) and to the psychological novel, "in place of which there is a growth of interest in problems of the racial theory *Germanistics* and theology." That which is called a "change of taste" refers chiefly to fiction. What is the saleability of authors named Blumk? Vesper? Jost? and Kolbengener? who "Beat the foreign authors on the German book market." Only Knut Hamsun can hold out in competition with them. According to the reporter, the tastes of last winter, in which Zweig and Feuchtwanger were still leading, has now been surmounted."

As regards periodicals, the reporter is compelled to state that there is "a great instability in relation to scientific journals."

The play of Gerhardt Hauptman *The Golden Harp* was shown at the Munich Kamerny Theatre. All the newspapers reported that this play is the crowning "Day of German Art." In an account of this play it is said in passing, that, "Before the beginning of the play, the State-minister Esser, led the poet into the auditorium amid a noisy ovation of the public . . ." The *Deutsche Freiheit* writes in its comments, that this "Scene" which dazzles by its reality completes in a pleasant manner the "return to the romantic epoch." Just a year ago in connection with the numerous celebrations to Gerhardt Hauptman on the occasion of his birthday, several times in different cities of Germany, he permitted himself to "be led into the auditorium" by Statesmen of the Republic, Chief Burgomasters, and representatives of the intellectual world in exactly the same way as he was led in this time by Esser, the State-Minister of the Nazis.

USSR

International Art Exhibit

At the end of January an International Exhibit of Revolutionary Art was opened in Moscow under the auspices of the International Union of Revolutionary Artists and the Museum of Western Art. Over 80 drawings and paintings by 25 artists from 11 countries were shown.

The feature of the exhibit was the work of the German artists Alex Keil (whose posters appeared in *International Literature* No. 5) and Heinrich Fogel; the noted Hungarian painter Bela Uitz, who brought new drawings from the Soviet Volga German region; the lithographs of the Austrian artist Illes-Kupka; and the group of English artists of the London "Artists International" who exhibited for the first time in Moscow and showed posters, cartoons, lithographs and book jackets done by Rowe, Maro, Weaver, Binder and the noted cartoonist Low.

Of the well known group of the American artists of the John Reed Club only the

work of Gropper, Ishigaki and Ellis was shown.

In March and April individual exhibits of the Hungarian artist A. Griffel (whose work appeared in *International Literature* No. 6) and Illes-Kupka (whose work appears in this issue) were shown.

USA

Technicians and the Crisis

A Columbia University survey reveals great unemployment among American technicians: 98 percent for architects, 85 percent for engineers and 65 percent for chemists.

The *New Republic*, liberal weekly, says in a recent editorial:

"The majority of these workers, of course, even in prosperous times, never earned salaries commensurate with the type of work they did and the long years of preparation and study for their tasks. The small professional engineering or architectural office is passing out of existence. As the years go by there is a steady growth of monopolistic enterprises and industries. It is to the advantage of these industries to have their own architectural and engineering departments. The city, state, and federal governments are doing an increasing share of their own work...

"What can the technician expect? He is a skilled laborer, but because he is unorganized, he is being offered the wages of unskilled labor. More and more he becomes one of the cogs in the industrial machine. Because of a traditional deeprooted prejudice against economic organization, he now finds himself in many cases receiving about *half* the wages of skilled labor...

"The gravity of the situation was revealed at the recent hearings in Washington for the Construction Industry Code. The American Institute of Architects, which the technicians describe as 'genteel, ethics-loving, employer-controlled,' proposed a minimum wage for architects of fifty cents an hour, with a week of as much as forty-eight hours; the American Society of Civil Engineers and other major engineering societies proposed forty cents an hour as a minimum for engineers.

"The recently founder Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians was the only organization representing employees exclusively which took part in the code hearings. It reported three serious grievances: First, the directors of professional engineering societies had not consulted their rank-and-file membership in drawing up the codes. Second, wages proposed made no provision for varying degrees of training and experience. Third, wages were ridiculously inadequate."

Cover by Fred Ellis for Strike Secret *a Soviet Collection of American short stories for children by Michael Gold, Helen Kaye and the late Harry A. Potamkin*

The editorial concludes: "Many thoughtful men and women in their ranks are pondering the evident fact that even if prosperity should return and they become again employed in private industry, they they must organize if they are not to be reduced permanently to the status of a highly skilled serf of our industrial oligarchy."

Against Fascism

FRANCE

French Writers About Fascism in France

A questionnaire about the possible coming to power of fascism in France was circulated among French writers by the left magazine *Avant-Post*. The questionnaire posed the question of the role of writers in the struggle with fascism.

"An Institute for the Study of Fascism" was founded in Paris at the initiative of Professor Levy-Bruhl of the Literary Faculty, and of Professors Prenant, Wallon and Langevin.

It states its purpose.

"'The Institute for the Study of Fascism' is founded in order to struggle along ideological lines with the danger to which fascism subjects civilization. The institute will systematically study and analyze the fascist movement in various countries and will regularly publish the results of this study. The Institute is the center of do-

Cover by D. Marya Morrow for a book of American pioneer songs by Harry A. Potamkin, with music by Gertrude Rady

cumentation about fascism and of the struggle with it.

"The Institute has established connections in all countries, in particular in Germany, Italy and Austria where it has special correspondents.

A meeting on "Illegal Literature in the Land of Hitler Terror" was organized in Paris by the Union of German Proletarian Writers.

The work of comrades who are underground at the present time in Germany was read at the meeting.

"Remember, that if the authors of these manuscripts are discovered," writes *Humanite,* "they are threatened, with death and you will understand what an immense interest this meeting presented. It is an immediate testimony of anti-fascist activity in that form in which it exists in the Third Empire itself, under the axe of the hangman."

LATVIA

The Brown Book was issued in a translation in the Latvian language. Arnold Daglavs, a member of the diet in the worker-peasant fraction translated and published the book. (Daglavs is the only representative of the worker-peasant fraction who has again been returned to the diet after the arrest of the whole fraction in a body). The bourgeois press has raised the question of the confiscation of the book.

For some time past an evident fermentation has been going on among the young social-democratic writers of Latvia. This is evident among the opposition group of the social-democratic writers in *Signal.* Thus Meinhard Rudseitz who belongs to the *Signal* group was arrested by the secret police for having put out an anti-fascist book entitled *We Can Not Be Silent.*

The IURW, editors and staff of *International Literature* express their sorrow over the untimely death of their close coworker Lydia Filatova. Although only 26 years of age she had already established herself as one of the leading younger Sowiet critics. She specialized in American and English literature, was one of the most active members of the Anglo-American Commission of the IURW. She was a frequent contributor to Soviet journals and an ardent participant in mass work among Soviet workers.

IN THIS ISSUE

Leonid Sobolev—a seaman for many years, and ex-commander, is author of many poems, short stories, plays and critical articles which appeared mainly in the newspapers and magazines of the Soviet Fleet. *Complete Overhauling* from which an excerpt appears in this issue is his first full length novel.

V. Sayanov—is a Leningrad poet, author of a recently published volume of verse. The short story in this issue is his first prose work.

Paul Vaillant-Couturier—noted French revolutionary writer, author of volumes published in a number of countries, recently made a trip to China. The story in this issue is one of a series he has written since his return.

Ernst Ottwalt—German revolutionary writer, is author of *Quiet and Order* and a number of other novels and short stories.

Eugene Gordon—American journalist, short story writer, is a contributor to the *New Masses, American Mercury, Nation* and other publications. His short story "The Agenda" was a prize winner in a short story contest recently conducted by *Opportunity*, leading Negro magazine.

Paula Illes-Kupka—Austrian artist, member of the International Union of Revolutionary Artists (IURA), now living in Moscow, is a frequent exhibitor in Soviet galleries.

Vladimir Lidin—is a prominent Soviet writer, author of a number of novels and books of short stories.

L. Kassil—is a frequent contributor to *Pravda* and *Izvestia* of Moscow, leading Soviet newspapers, and author of the novel *Shvambrania*, part of which appeared in *International Literature*, No. 4, 1933.

Ivan Kataev—Soviet writer, author of *The Heart* and a number of volumes of short stories, has recently published a new book *The Meeting*, based on the Political Sections on Soviet collective farms.

D. S. Mirsky—author of a biography of Lenin published in England and the U.S., and other volumes, is a frequent contributor to Soviet critical journals.

Sergei Dinamov—critic, author of a number of books on foreign as well as Soviet literature, is editor-in-chief of *International Literature*.

Anne Elistratova—prominent young Soviet critic, contributor to Soviet publications, is secretary of the Anglo-American commission of the IURW.

Alan Calmer—is national secretary of the American John Reed Clubs. He is a contributor to many publications and is now at work on a book on American revolutionary literature.

Rafael Alberti—one of the best known Spanish revolutionary writers, author of *Slogans* and other books of verse has recently been in the USSR.

Lev Nikulin—Soviet author of *Time, Space, Motion* and *Notes of a Fellow-Traveler* recently returned from a trip through Turkey. His story on Mayakovsky, "At the Top of the Human Voice" appeared in *International Literature* No. 3, 1933.

Freidrich Wolf—German revolutionary playwright, is author of a number of plays, including *Sailors of Catarro*, produced last season in the Soviet Union, as well as in Poland, France and other countries. It is to be shown soon in England and the U.S. He is now at work on a film in Moscow.

Editor-in-chief SERGEI DINAMOV

TO WRITERS

The editorial board of *International Literature* has organized a Literary Consultation Bureau on theoretical and creative questions, on problems of Marxist-Leninist literary theories, on the use of literary heritage in the struggle for a higher level of revolutionary literature,—on all practical qustions facing writers, including the beginning writers.

The Literary Consultation Bureau will answer all questions by mail, or in our magazine. Answers will be given by the literary critics: Professors I. I. Anisimov, S. S. Dinamov, I. M. Nusinov, F. P. Schiller, M. B. Hrapchenko, etc.; as well as by the writers: A. Fadeyev: F. Panferov, F. Gladkov, B. Illes, L. Moussinac, S. Tretyakov, P. Nizan, J. R. Becher and others.

INTERNATIONAL LITERATURE

C O N T E N T S

N. 2 (8) *JUNE* 1934

Editorial Assistant WALT CARMON