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International Literature

3

1940

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

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No. 3 March 1940

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

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The Swede's Lottery

His wooden dosser on his back, he stumped heavily along the street straight to the post office. He hummed a few lines of a song, keeping time as he walked, and although his face was devoid of all expression, it was easy to see that he was in the best of humors. But as he saw the post office before him, his humming ceased, his steps gradually slowed down, and having got to the entry, he paused.

Could it really be that he was afraid?

Afraid? He? Who was the boldest in the quarry when a mine was being laid? Who was it that had gone to Bregendal, whose strength was well known since that time when he had thrown his wife out of the house in his delirium and smashed all the furniture to splinters with an axe? No, he was not afraid—at least, not of his own sort. But officials in general were not too courteous, as a rule, and the postal officials were especially rude. Finally, however, he entered and approached the counter.

A window was thrown up and someone asked curtly, without looking up: "What do you want?"

Well, he wanted to try his luck with an eighth of a ticket for the new serial lottery. Could he have an odd number, and a high one?

No answer.

At last the post-office clerk turned to him.

"What about the guarantee?" he asked.

"Guarantee?" repeated the Swede in horror.

"Certainly—guar-an-tee!" the other barked angrily, emphasizing each syllable.

"I didn't know—didn't think—" the Swede demurred, embarrassed.

"You make me tired—didn't think, didn't know—do you imagine we have nothing to do but sit here and countermand the ticket when you don't want to go on, eh?" And the clerk turned back to his desk.

The Swede was left standing there.

Guarantees, yes, of course one had to have guarantees, you could be quite certain there would have to be guarantees. Why hadn't he thought of that himself! As if poor people didn't always need to have guarantees in their hands, even if only to show that the money they paid had been honestly come by! No, it was out of the question for his kind to expect that people would read their honesty on their faces. But all the same it was annoying; just because he was poor, he had to have a guarantee that before the end of the month he would not be poorer still. And it certainly was hard on him to stand there with the money in his hand and still not be able to receive anything for it—just because he was poor. If he could only pay the whole series in advance—yes,

if he could only do that he would throw the money on the table of this post-office lout. But he had no money. A surety . . .? Who could he offer as surety? Poor work mates—but probably it would need a great many of them to balance an eighth of a ticket.

He had forgotten that he had intended previously to drop the lottery after one or two drawings. Now he stood pondering the matter until he became quite angry. But his humble attitude betrayed nothing of this, and he certainly did not intend to show his feelings. Among his comrades he had his fists and, at the worst, his knife. But with an official of the royal postal service, a person authorized to sell lottery tickets, such things could only bring him into jail. So he continued to look humble and slowly prepared to go.

But now the clerk again raised his head, his petty vanity tickled by the meek bearing of the Swede.

"All right, then, you can have the ticket—since it is you. But don't forget to renew it in time!"

No, no, of course, he wouldn't forget. The gentleman behind the counter could rely on him. He'd be turned into a werewolf sooner than forget!

His face had brightened somewhat, and he blinked a little. A long cherished dream, which had almost become a fixed idea with him, was about to be fulfilled.

"But we have only quarter tickets," said the clerk after turning over papers for some time.

The Swede said nothing. Slowly he took his stick and hat, fastened his dosser on his back, and went.

Perhaps his steps were rather heavier, perhaps his back more stooped—perhaps!

His only feeling was one of defeat.

A quarter ticket!

But how would it be if he dropped his daily schnapps, and other trifles on Saturday evenings—? Then his wife couldn't say that he was taking anything from the home to play in the lottery. As he thought of this, the Swede stopped in the middle of the road; but then it seemed to him that people were pointing at him and saying: "Look, there stands the stonecutter, reflecting."—But they mustn't say that of him—and he continued his way.

As a matter of fact, this was not such a new thought for him as he himself imagined. He had had it in the back of his mind for a long time as a possibility, but would not admit it to himself until it was obvious that there was no other way out. He had the strong instinct of self-preservation of a man who goes short of something himself only as a last resort.

A quarter liter a day, that was a liter and a half a week at fifty öre. That was enough for the whole series even if he took a quarter ticket. And what if, to be on the safe side, he also let the oldest boy hammer bolt holes? But why should he, after all? It was hard work for such a little fellow, and in any case he wouldn't miss his fate and would have to toil at the stones soon enough as it was—besides, it was really unnecessary.

Again he paused, but only to go back to the post office again, by another route. And soon after, he walked home with the quarter ticket in his upper waistcoat pocket.

On the sleeping bench in the Swede's cottage knelt his second youngest child, a little girl. She had run a piece of string through a footstool and was playing at pulling all kinds of things up from below. Actually, it was her job to rock the youngest to sleep, but she had forgotten all about that. At times she breathed on the window,

melting a small round hole in the thick frost to see if it was snowing yet. That morning she had seen fiery sparks under the saucepan, and her mother had told her that that meant snow. Sometimes a cart passed, at times one of the workers who lived further out went by the house, she knew it by the ring of the clog irons and stick on the pavement. The child listened for a moment to each passerby, but then continued playing.

Then again the tripp-trapp-trick of clog irons and stick sounded outside in the lane. The little one stopped playing, listened, then dropped the footstool, ran out into the shed and cried: "Father's coming!" She had recognized his step.

Outside under the sloping roof stood the mother and the eldest boy sawing birch wood. The work was not going too well, for the saw was blunt, and the pair could not work evenly. Sometimes the saw stuck in the wood, and then they had to rub it with soft soap before they could go on sawing. At that moment, when the little one announced the father's arrival, the saw was stuck fast in a knot and would move neither forward nor backward. The woman tried to get it out of the block before her husband came, so that he should not raise a row—he might not be quite sober. But the saw would not move. Now the wicket gate opened, footsteps came round the house, and the Swede stepped in through the back door.

He took in the whole situation at a glance, but he did not feel in the least like scolding. On the contrary, he wanted a genial atmosphere. For there was the matter of the lottery! Not that he was afraid of his wife—not in the least! But still—there was the lottery, and that was the sort of thing—well—h'm—!

He pushed her away from the block, saying with a seemingly casual air: "Well, I'm playing the lottery now!"

"What are you doing?" she asked, startled.

But he wanted no kind of discussion of the matter, and so began to raise a fuss about the saw, which was stuck fast; it would be impossible to get it out without breaking it—women couldn't touch a tool without ruining it—and so on, and so forth.

His wife ran quickly into the kitchen to warm his supper.

"Does it cost a lot?" asked the woman at last, abruptly. He knew well enough what she was getting at, and began with unusual eloquence to explain that it was a quarter ticket, but that other people, no better off than themselves, took a whole ticket, and sometimes even several. He had quite forgotten that that had been his own idea a little while ago.

The woman dared make no objections, but he could see very well that she was worrying about how they were going to manage without the money. He felt, however, no desire whatsoever to tell her that the whole thing would be at his expense. He did not like to be caught acting unselfishly.

"But isn't it wrong of us, when we are so poor?" she asked.

"It cannot be wrong when it is done openly before the whole world," he said with assumed certainty.

Ah, but his wife knew plenty of things done openly before the whole world that certainly were not good. But she could not remember where it was written, and to say it only on her own authority would be useless. So she was silent, and they went to bed.

Next morning he rose at four o'clock as usual. His wife had al-

ready made his coffee, and while he drank it she prepared his lunch and packed it all in his dosser. The food had to do for the whole day, for the quarry was half a mile away in the mountains. She spread a large number of slices of bread, and finally took a green bottle and went into the kitchen.

"I won't take any schnapps!" he called after her with his mouth full. But she did not hear him, so he let her go and continued eating. Soon she returned with the quarter liter bottle, now well corked.

"I told you I didn't want any schnapps," he repeated, chewing, and nodded his head decisively.

"What don't you want?" she asked, taken aback, for just now, as she had been filling the bottle, she had been thinking how much the brandy cost.

He said no more, but stood up and prepared to go.

"Well, but take it with you, anyhow," she said. "The beer freezes in the bottle before midday, and the food freezes, and then you have only the schnapps—that, at least, doesn't freeze."

He took the dried wisps of straw from the oven and replaced them in his clogs, but said not a word.

"Now, you must take it with you, at any rate, then you can drink it or not, just as you like," the woman said decidedly; with that she packed the bottle in with the food and shut the dosser. And so he went.

The Swede belonged to that group of people who see more bread than meat, who cut the bread in thick slices so as to economize fat, and clothe themselves in rough sailcloth because it is durable. Early in the morning, at three or four o'clock, these people go in their thin clothing to work. The raging wind drives the snow through the sailcloth suits right to the very skin, snow collects under the clog irons, snow insinuates itself through the cracks, melts with the warmth of the feet and wets them.

And yet, this long walk is the easiest part of their job. When they arrive at the place of work, they brush the newly-fallen snow from the ground with their sail-cloth mittens, and spend the day sitting on the cold stones. Their arms swing the hammer, and it is not difficult for them to keep the upper part of their bodies warm—so much so that the sweat pours down. But the cold steals up from below and seizes the lower part of the body, which is not working. Time passes, breakfast time comes, dinner time, vesper time; the stone cutter rises, and with stiff knees and bent back goes to his dosser, which is in the common shed. His food, consisting of slices of bread smeared with fat, and perhaps a thin slice of cheese or sausage, feels hard and icy cold in the mouth. The cheap beer still has its brown color and white foam, but it does not run down the thirsty throat, it has taken on the third form of material—the solid. Then appears a bottle with something which has not frozen, which does not chill the teeth, and the worker, somewhat thawed out, returns to his seat to freeze afresh.

The Swede went along Söndergade thinking of this and that. Yes, she was a decent sort, his wife, she didn't grudge him something good. Formerly, she had always looked as if the schnapps would be the death of her yet, and after all, if one considered everything. . . .

He opened the dosser. A swallow of the schnapps would hearten him for the rest of the walk. Certainly, he had not at all forgotten his yesterday's resolution, but here was the bottle with him. And going to work in this foul weather—he

raised the bottle to his mouth and drank. But suddenly a wave of regret swept over him. It had certainly been decent of his wife to make him take the bottle, but one shouldn't take advantage of people's goodness. And once one had made a decision, then... With grim determination he took the green bottle by the neck and flung it away, high into the air.

But then he stood still, listening intently, to see where it would land. He heard it fall quite near him in a snowdrift, but could not be sure exactly where, in the darkness. He only knew that it was not broken. Stupid, to throw it away like that! He could easily have taken it with him to work, without drinking from it, and then, too, the others could have seen that he was doing without it of his own free will. And after all, it was always good to have a drop of spirit by one—as had been the case, for instance, recently, when Lindquist had wounded his finger and nearly lost consciousness. And really, one wasn't such a fool.... He started hunting for the green bottle. But he could not find it, so he went on to the quarry. At breakfast time, already, the Swede missed his schnapps. He told his mates he had broken the bottle. They offered him drinks from theirs, but he was firm and refused. At midday they again offered him drinks, and now he accepted—just to keep them company.

Next morning he watched his wife at her work more attentively then usual, and saw that she had taken his decision seriously, and was preparing no schnapps for him. Not wanting to seem to be weakening, he said nothing, but from then on he bought his schnapps himself, secretly.

He began to see clearly that in this way the ticket would never be paid for. At the same time the conviction was growing in him that, after all, it would not be such a bad thing for the boy to work at hammering bolt-holes—it is always a good thing to start learning early.

And that was what happened.

The Swede's wife rejoiced with all her heart that he had stopped drinking that useless schnapps, and took the greatest pains to make his lunch as tasty as possible, so that he should not miss the brandy. He noticed it and well understood why she did it; he was equally well aware that she stinted herself and the children in order to pamper him. For a few days he was ashamed, but he argued himself out of it, and soon all shame disappeared. God who searches hearts and kidneys was his witness that he was only waiting for milder weather in order to give up the schnapps altogether. He had already taken a step in the right direction, for he drank no schnapps in the afternoon, when his boy was there, only in the morning. True, he drank the same amount then which had formerly served for the whole day, but it was a step forwards nevertheless. It showed that when it came to that he could do without it.

One thing he could not deny—his supper tasted dry without schnapps; and the worse of it was that the boy probably understood the loud remarks of the other men. In that case, it would be better to do everything openly. So one day the Swede suddenly dropped all pretence, drank his schnapps in the presence of the boy, and in the evening paid his bill in the inn, openly, careless of the presence of the lad, whom he had taken with him.

Other workers sat in the inn parlor, drinking beer and schnapps and playing Minke, and the Swede had to take a hand in a couple

of games. But the boy thought of his mother at home and kept asking if they weren't soon going. Then one of the workers called him over and offered to treat him to a schnapps. The boy did not want to take it, but stung by his father's jibes, he swallowed it, got it in the wrong throat, coughed, spluttered and nearly choked, while the others laughed at him. It did not pass over soon, and his throat continued to hurt, so that at last he began to cry. His father bought him a caraway rusk, and when they were again on the road outside, said:

"When Mother asks you about the quarry, and also whether we were in the pub, don't tell her anything about it. You are half a man now and are getting your own wages; there's no need to tell the womenfolk everything."

Children learn quickly. Mother would raise a row because the providers had gone into the warm inn parlor and played for beer and schnapps! But it was they who earned the money for it—what did a woman know about that! He himself was a provider now—father himself had said so—and had gone into the inn and been treated. None of the other boys could say that. Nor his brothers and sisters either. When they quarreled, the others mocked him because he had to go to the quarry. If they only knew that he was given rusks and went into the inn with grown-up men! If only he could tell them—but that was just what he mustn't do.

At home the boy said little, but next Saturday he stopped before the inn, and waited anxiously for his father to enter.

It happened to be the day on which the lottery was to be drawn, and the Swede felt a certain moral restraint. He felt that he must keep the right side of god if he wanted to win, and so this time he would not even put his foot over the door step, but sent the boy in with the money for the bill. Now, when there was something at stake, he was afraid, and his fear took on the usual form of fear—conscience. This money was an accusation against him, it burned through the thin cloth of his pocket, and he felt relieved when he was rid of it. He also made up his mind definitely to tell his wife that he had not dropped the schnapps—he owed her that. And he promised himself that he would abstain completely from the moment his number won in the lottery.

In the inn, his comrades were sitting in the best of spirits and drinking up a quarter of their meager week's wages. They did it less from any craving then from old habit, and habit is stronger than vice.

But the Swede went on along the street with his boy, his heart light. Shortly after dusk they arrived home.

All knew at once that the father was in a good temper. He did not scold because his slippers were not in their place under the stairs. When he had washed, changed his socks and had his supper, he took the little one out of the cradle, talked to her and tossed her right up to the ceiling. The second one came and wanted to be tossed, too, but the father said she was too old; but he sat down on the sleeping bench and took her on his other knee. The second eldest stood by the chest of drawers and rattled a key; he hesitated, then took heart and trotted up with an old reed pipe, which he slowly and hesitatingly pushed towards his father over the table. When he saw that the father took it, he hurried to the kitchen for a saucer of water, for the pipe would not play until it was wet. They lighted no lamp, and the Swede, with both children on his knee, played the pipe, while

the mother attended to the youngest, and the eldest knelt before the stove reading *Rocambole*. He had borrowed it from the merchant's son for six buttons, and that was cheap, for it had over three thousand pages.

At eight o'clock, as usual, they went to bed.

Next morning was Sunday, and the Swede did not need to go to work. But he rose early, lighted the lantern and went into the garret where he mended the boy's boots with a pair of old soles and brass tacks. At six o'clock, when it was time for the children to rise, the boots stood ready before their bed, with shining new toe caps. The boy was in seventh heaven, and as soon as it was day, went off with his skates. The other two, who had neither boots nor skates, looked after him enviously, ready to burst into tears; but the mother comforted them by telling them that if they were good father would perhaps take them tobogganning. She said it for him to hear, but he pretended not to hear anything. However, during the morning he himself brought the sledges from the garret, placed the two children on them and went off with them through the white snow glistening under the winter sun. At dinner the mother surprised them with pancakes and syrup, and when the children went to Sunday school in the afternoon, they received two öre to buy the children's paper. In the evening the eldest read the paper aloud, while the father sat on the bench in his shirtsleeves with a very contented expression. This was a red-letter day for his wife and children.

The lottery list came out, but the Swede's number had not been drawn, though there were several numbers near his. This was a defeat for him. The good god had not wanted it—but why? Was it perhaps a punishment? But after all, strictly speaking, had the good god anything to do with the lottery? It was a game of luck. And this was just bad luck. The wife had been waiting just as tensely for the result as he himself, and now he could see by her face that she thought it would be wrong to continue. But he had undertaken to renew the ticket, and it would have been very hard for him, too, to give up hoping. The first drawing—and luck had been so near his door; next time it would surely enter. The first drawing was always the most meager—later on the number of winning tickets increased; the sums increased, and the last drawing was the best of all. He would pretend to have given up the ticket, but would go on and keep quiet about it.

And that was what he did.

A few objections to this new betrayal, of which he was faintly conscious, were speedily and fully smothered by the thought of his wife's joy when one fine day he would come home with the surprising news that they were rich people.

The disappointment had thrown him back into his old reserved ways. The children loved him as he had been on the Saturday evening and Sunday, and in the evening, after he had eaten, they edged nearer and nearer to him, waiting. But he took no more notice of them.

He had done all he could, but it had not helped. Now he loosened the rein he had put upon himself, and, as if to get even, went further than before. On Saturday evening he sent the boy home with the money alone, but kept back more for himself than before; in fact, he went to the inn in the middle of the week as well.

All this soon made itself felt at home, and the wife had to scrape

and spare in order to make ends meet somehow with the meagerest fare. She started by stinting herself and the children, but it was impossible to give her husband the dainties she had previously set before him. One evening, coming home drunk, he raised a row over the food and abused his wife and children, saying that they were eating him out of house and home, and he had to suffer so that they might stuff their bellies. When he was sober he said nothing, but silently blamed himself.

After some weeks had passed in this fashion, the youngest child fell ill. At that time a form of pneumonia was raging among small children, and had already claimed many victims in that neighborhood. The child's cheeks had a crimson flush and she slept badly; the Swede's wife looked bowed-down and anxious, fearing it was pneumonia.

"If only we had enough money to fetch the doctor, just to be sure that it isn't pneumonia!" she said to her husband one evening.

He said nothing. In his pocket he had two kroner, just the amount necessary to pay for a doctor's visit. But the ticket had to be renewed before tomorrow evening, or it would be lost. And he had undertaken to renew it—given his word—! And anyway, the child was only teething and perhaps had caught a chill. His wife would say the same, if only she could think things over sensibly—but womenfolk were always going into a panic over nothing.

"We can't always be running for the doctor as soon as one of you lets out a squeak," he growled, and went to bed.

Next morning he asked after the child, who was sleeping peacefully; and at midday the eldest boy was to bring him a full report, in case they should have to fetch the doctor after all.

Little Sister was better, the boy reported.

That evening the Swede renewed his ticket, and none too soon.

Not that he regarded a lottery ticket as being as important as his child—oh, no, the thing was by no means as simple as that! If it were a question of choice he would have no doubt as to what he had to do. But life does not lay its snares so openly. The Swede loved his children dearly, more than his nature would let him show. For their sake and for his wife's sake he endured cold and sweat without woolen underwear, so that whenever he paused in his work the blood froze in his veins. It was for them that he lived, though he did not realize it, and it was for their sake that he played the lottery. And therefore his heart sickened when the child's condition worsened.

He felt guilty, sitting with his wife by the cradle, bending anxiously over to listen to the child's faint, difficult breathing. "Pneumonia!" she whispered, with trembling lips. "Tomorrow is payday," he said softly, "then we can fetch the doctor."

"God help us till then!" she replied, her tears welling forth. The children were already in bed.

The Swede went to bed, and the wife pretended that she intended to do the same, but stayed up. She wanted to watch by her child, she dared not rest for fear it should be taken from her while she slept. Her eyes were dull and her face distorted with suffering as she softly tidied the room. Whenever she stopped by the cradle, tears rained down her cheeks and her face twitched painfully. By morning it would be too late, she would have lost her child because she was too poor to fetch the doctor in time.

She was shaken with grief and anguish, and fear gripped her, the fear of god. He was lord over life and death, and if the child died, it would be because he had willed it. . . .

She sank to the floor and wept and prayed. She lay there like that for a long time, and when she rose she felt exhausted, but greatly relieved. She was now sure of god—he would not take her child from her. . . .

She had put a bottle with hot water in the child's bed, and whenever it waked, she put her to the breast. She was calm now, mistress of herself, she even dozed a little, but was fully awake the moment the child stirred. Thus midnight passed, one o'clock, two. While she sat thus, half dozing before the cradle, the door opened softly and her husband entered, clad only in his shirt. She jumped up, startled, and nearly screamed; but then she recognized him, and smiled trustfully. But he glanced in indifferently. He had wanted to look at the child and had hoped to find his wife asleep. He had no liking for showing his feelings, still less did he wish to show that he took the illness seriously. "I wanted to see the time," he said curtly, and went past the cradle without looking at his wife. But she would not be put off like that; she knew just as well as he that the clock meant nothing to him, for she was always up first in the morning.

"We shall keep—god will let us keep the child," she said quickly and went out to put water on to boil for coffee. He took the opportunity to bend over the cradle. The child's breathing was now quieter, the rattling in the throat had stopped.

While he was having coffee, he exchanged a few short remarks with his wife. He had firmly decided to fetch the doctor as soon as he got his pay in the evening. If the doctor's help was no longer needed, so much the better, the money would be well spent. Then he fastened his dosser on his back and went.

But the improvement in the condition of the sick child was only transitory. Already during the morning the rattling began again, worse than before, and before noon there was difficulty in breathing. The mother's heart was chilled with horror. Her certainty of the fulfillment of her prayer disappeared, she was seized by terror and despair, and tried praying again. But it was no good, it was as if god retreated from her every time she tried to grasp him. Wild with despair, she rose and flung herself out through the doorway. She wanted to rush to the doctor and implore him to come and save the child at all costs.

She ran and ran, right to the other end of the town. The doctor was just preparing to start his round, and promised to come during the morning.

Ah, if only he could come as soon as possible!

"We'll see," he answered curtly.

She wanted to implore him to come at once, but dared not do so for fear that then he might not come at all. She stood before him, dumb, and burst into tears. But he turned his back, and looked for something in the pocket of his fur coat, humming a little as he did so. So she ran quickly home again.

But the doctor did not keep her waiting, though he knew that there was nothing to be earned there. Half an hour after the woman had returned home he entered the room. He threw off his coat and warmed himself carefully at the stove, so as not to chill the child. Then he knelt, bent over the cradle and listened. When he rose again, he was angry.

"Why the devil didn't you fetch me before?" he asked indignantly.

The woman turned away, crying. He put his hand on her shoulder, but said nothing; then he wrote something in his notebook with a pencil, tore out the page and handed it to her.

That afternoon, when the boy did not come to the quarry, the Swede guessed the worst. As the afternoon passed without his son appearing, he became restless and work went badly. Every now and then he flung down the drill and hammer, but instead of going as usual to the shed for a drink of schnapps, he climbed up a rock to look down the valley towards the town. He longed for the foreman to come, so that he could get his week's pay and go home.

At last the foreman came and paid the men. Now the Swede went home. Dull and depressed he made his way along and found himself home before he realized it.

As he entered the house, the smell of musk smote him and his knees shook. He entered the room in his stocking feet. As always during the last days, his wife was kneeling at the cradle head; and the children were standing round, sobbing loudly.

Where have the springs of grief their source, that they never dry up in a mother's heart? For the fifth time the Swede's wife had closed the eyes of one of her children, yet she mourned just as bitterly, and added her new loss to the old which time had not been able to assuage. And why is it that a mother has the greatest love for, and misses most painfully, those children who have given her the greatest worries! Her first child had lain eight years in bed, and at the age of eight it had died. That was now nearly nine years ago. Eight years of daily care and attention, eight years of patience with a child made fretful by suffering! But nevertheless she had struggled hard to save it; and she had been unable to forget it—she wept whenever anything reminded her of that child. She had named other children after it—the last also. All had died and kept her sorrow fresh; the poor mother had wept so much that now her eyes easily brimmed over, a tender tone of voice could make them overflow.

The two smallest cried too when they saw their mother crying, for they loved her dearly. But they did not understand the reason for her grief. Only the eldest boy understood, and moved about softly. The other two had never seen death. "Mother, why isn't Little Sister crying any more?" asked the five year old girl. "Because now she's with the good god, my child." "But what's Little Sister doing up there with the good god, Mother?" "Playing with her little brothers and sisters, my child," answered the mother in a tear-choked voice.

The first few days after the child's death the Swede did not go to work. He said not a word, did not even answer when his wife spoke to him, lay in bed till midday, then rose, dressed in his Sunday suit and went to town.

When he returned in the evening, he was drunk. Then he sat down, sobbed over the corpse and showered upon himself reproaches incomprehensible to his wife. And the children had to sing to him from the book of hymns.

It was Wednesday, four days after the death of the child. The previous days the eldest boy had been allowed to stay at home and help his mother, but now he was at school again. During the fifteen-minute recess he sat in the schoolroom and prepared his lessons; he did not feel like fooling around and playing snowballs with the other boys. Then he heard a howling from the street and a boy

rushed in and called to him to come out, while the others stood laughing in the doorway. There was evidently some fun going on, and he strolled out to see what it was. In the street the boys crowded round a drunk. They pelted him with snow and pushed one another against him, while he staggered here and there in his efforts to catch them, which only spurred them on to more laughter and horseplay. Alas! This drunk was his own father! He was seized with horror; he could not bear to see any more, but ran back into the schoolroom and hid himself in a corner from the cruel taunts of his comrades. There the teacher found him, huddled up, trembling in every limb. The other boys had to relate what had happened. "How heartless children are!" said the teacher, stroking the boy's cheeks, and then sent him home. At home he told his mother what had happened, weeping bitterly, and went to sleep on her lap, exhausted with emotion.

This time the mother did not weep. But something hard, almost like hatred for her husband, rose in her together with a still greater love for the children who had been left her. She sprinkled sugar on the little ones' bread and lard to comfort them for going to bed early; she helped them undress, and went with them up to the dark attic which served the family as bedroom, and stayed with them while they said their prayers. Then she kissed them, tucked them up and lulled them to sleep—they must not see their father blind drunk. Downstairs in the sitting room she sat and mended the children's clothes, and the eldest boy prepared his lessons.

In the evening the Swede came home. He approached the house with heavy steps, and it took a long time for his unsteady hand to find the doorknob. The boy went and opened the door. The father did not say good evening, but took off his snow-covered coat with an effort and hung it over the stove, which began to hiss and sputter as the melting snow dripped upon it. Then the Swede tried to take off his shoes, but continually lost his balance and had to give it up. Mother and son regarded him fearfully from the side. With great difficulty he got himself to the sleeping bench, sat down heavily, laid his arms on the table and blinked dully.

It was deadly quiet in the room.

"Well, can't you sing something?" he murmured after a while, as if addressing the children.

"They are in bed," said his wife.

"In bed," he repeated, drawing out the words. "So they are in bed. So, in bed, then!"

And receiving no answer, he repeated it angrily.

"It's best for children to be in bed when their father . . . " She dared not finish.

"When their father comes home drunk, eh? So you think I'm drunk, eh?"

"You certainly are, if you say so yourself—drunken men speak the truth, they say," she answered and went quickly into the kitchen where she started to fuss at the stove.

A sudden flash lightened his dull eyes. "Well, then you shall sing yourself, that's all! You shall sing instead of your children—and you too!" he added, striking the book from the boy's hand, so that it fell to the ground.

The boy began to cry, and the mother returned to the room.

"Don't cry, my boy, your father can get the street boys to sing him something, they are his comrades," she said. She turned her back on him, and wiped some dirt off his overcoat, as if to take some of the sting out of her words.

The Swede had risen from the bench. He supported himself with

a hand on the table, and swayed to and fro, trying with all his might to open his eyes completely.

His face wore a puzzled look, he felt that there was a barb in her words, but could only dimly remember the events of the afternoon.

"Street boys! What do you mean, woman!"

"Perhaps you don't know," she answered with trembling voice, "that this boy here had to watch his father staggering about, mocked and jeered at by street boys? Yes, it's a nice thing when father's name becomes a cuss-word to be flung at his children!" At this point her self-control failed her, and she broke out into loud sobs.

A dim feeling of shame woke in him, but only for a moment; then he laughed mockingly and nodded. "Is that what you call singing? You're just whining! Will you sing or not!" And he approached her threateningly.

"Oh god, oh god, he'll kill me!" she screamed and fled involuntarily through the door into the other room, where the child's corpse lay, as though seeking protection from it. But he had already grasped her. "You've got to sing, Mother!" he growled and seized her lower jaw with a hard grip, forcing her to open her mouth. Her throat rattled, she wrenched herself free wildly, pulled herself along by the doorposts and latch, dragging him with her into the other room.

The boy howled, running after his father and trying to drag him away. But the Swede lashed out backwards with his fist and gave the lad such a blow on the mouth that his lips bled.

The patter of little feet sounded over the attic floor; the two little ones came rushing down the stairs in their short nightshirts, to add their cries to those of the eldest boy.

In the other room the woman avoided her husband's grasp and fled into a dark corner. He tried to follow her but stumbled against an iron kettle filled with water which stood there in the room to absorb the smell of the corpse. He fell forward against the table where the dead child lay, groped before him, swayed to and fro and grabbed the dead face. That brought him to himself. For a moment he stood as though turned to stone, then went into the other room, where he fell asleep, his head on his arms.

The mother comforted the two little ones and put them to bed again. Then she put the sleeping bench in order, as far as possible, and with combined efforts she and the boy brought the father into some sort of recumbent position. It was hard work, for he was inert and as heavy as lead. Then she covered him with some garments, but she was indignant with him, she felt that he had desecrated the body of her child. She kissed the closed lids of the little corpse and put back the copper coins that the drunken man had knocked down.

Next day the Swede dressed carefully and went as usual into the town. But he returned early, and sober. He brought a little coffin and here the mother laid the little sister. The children were dressed in their Sunday best, and in the afternoon the Swede took the little coffin under his arm and they all went to the churchyard with the little sister.

These events had made a strong impression on the Swede, and he pulled himself together. As usual, he went to the other extreme, kept himself apart from all his companions, and brought home the whole of his wages to his wife. There was a tacit reconciliation between them; she was grateful to him for his

abstinence, and in the afternoon gave the boy a pot of hot coffee, carefully rolled in a stocking leg, to take with him. In the evening he came home with the lad, read the paper that his wife had got for him, and then went to bed, or mended the children's clogs outside in the shed.

But this lasted only till the third lottery drawing.

The second drawing had taken place during the first days after the child's death, and he had taken no notice of it. But now his thoughts turned again to the lottery ticket.

Again his ticket was not drawn and with this defeat the impression left by the previous events paled; in his memory facts became altered, changed, and the reproaches they had held for him disappeared.

And everything became as before. He turned to schnapps, came home fuddled, came home drunk, first now and then, later frequently—finally he came home blind drunk. He became hard to please. When he was drunk, he indulged in the old talk, but in stronger terms than before: wife and children were a pack of beggars, dogs who snapped the last bit from his mouth. When sober, he was silent, but from now on felt no self-reproach.

The winter dragged on.

Gradually his work came to suffer, he bummed around more, often left work early and produced less when he did work. He brought very little money home, sometimes none at all, and never more than just enough for his own food.

But his wife's courage seemed to begin where his left off, in the moment of defeat. The slacker he became, the more active she. She carded and spun for other people, took in washing, did rough work that no one else wanted, and was busy early and late. She worked with hunger knocking at the door, but she never let him in over the threshold. And with the responsibility that she gradually assumed grew her self-respect, so that now there was a limit to what she let her husband demand of her. This disconcerted him, and checked his rough behavior.

Things got to such a pass that beside her industry he came off a poor second; he had to take his meals as they came—bad, lukewarm, burnt—he was no longer the hub of the universe. This made relations still more strained, and estranged him still more from the home.

For many years the family had possessed a goose, which every summer hatched goslings. The children minded them out in the stubble, and in the autumn they were sold. In winter the goose was allowed to wander where she would, but the children had to see that she was home at night, otherwise she could fall prey to a fox. As a rule she came home herself at dusk and stood cackling before the window till she was let in. Occasionally she preferred to sleep on one of the village ponds.

One evening, when a blinding snowstorm was raging, the goose did not come home. The two small children, who had been alone at home all day, became frightened, and hand in hand these helpless babes taddled out to look for the goose. The storm lashed at them and blinded them, and they came home out of breath and crying. The mother had just come home after an exhausting washday, but she ran out again at once, to seek the goose in her turn. First she went to neighbors who also had geese—theirs were all home, but the one sought was not with them. Then she fought her way through streets, at random. She ran from

one pond to the other and far out onto the fields. She could see hardly anything for the whirling snow, and finally dusk fell—further search was useless. But the frequent scenes at home had made the woman afraid, and though her husband no longer dared to strike her, she trembled at the thought of more strife. She sought further and further. Whenever she saw anything grey in the snow she ran up to it—but alas! it was only a stone! Now she worked her way above the pond and down to the stream, which never froze; perhaps the goose was at its mouth. But it was not there. Further and further the poor woman followed the stream to the place where it emptied itself into the sea; and even then she ran searching a little distance along the shore. Now it was quite dark. Suddenly she realized that her husband would soon be home. If he came home before her and discovered what had happened, the children would have to pay for it. Home again, quick, quick! If only he did not notice it this evening; tomorrow the goose would certainly come back itself. For the first time in her life she hoped that her husband would come home drunk.

He came home only slightly tipsy, and the wife went about trembling, fearing that he would go out and look in the shed. Whenever he rose from his chair for any reason she jumped. But the evening passed, and bed time came.

She was in a hurry to go to bed, but he lighted his wooden pipe and strolled out into the yard. As he returned, he stood before the goose's coop and spoke, and receiving no answering sound, pushed his stick in angrily. The coop was empty.

He was up into the attio double quick, and by his wife's bed; he tore the covering off her and bawled threateningly: "So you thought the best way to get out of it was to crawl into your bed! Nothing doing, Mother!" She had sprung out of bed on the other side and stood there, trembling with cold, in the bare attic.

He went round to the other side of the bed, close to her.

"Get your rags on at once and go and look for the goose! And don't dare to come home till you've found it!"

A quarter of an hour later, she and the eldest boy were struggling along over the sandhills down by the shore. The storm drove needles of ice into their faces as they searched the shore, calling again and again: "Beita! Come, Beita!" and listening eagerly. Waves murmured in the ice-encrusted seaweed, and pieces of floating ice ground against each other in the water; otherwise all was silent, far and near. Further they went along the shore, forward and back. Now they heard a short answer near by, stopped and called again, tenderly and enticingly. Yes, it was true—a little way out in the water the goose cackled, but did not want to come in. For a long time they stood on the shore, at a loss, shaking with cold, but not daring to go home. Finally the boy sprang into the water, and the mother did not stop him. He waded around the floating ice, round to the other side of the goose, then drove her before him to the shore. His mother told him to run home as fast as possible, so as not to get ill. At home she took off his icy, frozen clothes, sent him to bed and put a hot water bottle to his feet.

The boy did not actually become ill from the hunt among the floating ice, but he had a queer rattling cough which would not go away; the next several days he complained of headache, and felt continually cold. Then his mother insisted that for the present he give up going to the quarry.

Now he sat at home and helped his mother with her carding and knitting. Often he read to her or played with his brother and sister, and then they had a fine time. Sometimes he took his boots and skates and tried skating; but the cold distressed him, and he had not sufficiently vital force to resist it. In his free time he preferred to sit by the stove and read his books. His eyes had taken on a strange look which did not escape his mother and made her very uneasy.

Winter was coming to an end. It was six o'clock in the evening, and dusk was falling. The Swede's wife was just putting the little ones to bed. In the living room the boy sat on the sleeping bench, gazing continually out at the great bay with its busy shipping and high waves, which rolled in from as far as the Gulf of Bothnia. The darkness rose cautiously from the sea, crept silently and stealthily over the land, and slipped by the boy through the window into the room. When he turned round, it was so dark behind him that he was gripped with fear. But as soon as his mother came in and sat down with him, all fear left him. Now footsteps sounded outside, and some one rattled a ladder; this was the lamplighter, lighting the last street lamp, just outside their window. As he removed the ladder and went on, he knocked against an empty beerbarrel standing by the door, so that it rolled out onto the road with a hollow clang.

The mother started. "Is that the carrier?" she asked, agitated.

"No, Mother, it was only the lamplighter."

The mother moved closer to the window and spun by the light of the street lamp.

The wheel hummed cosily, the lamp threw a light like a semi-clear moonbeam on the floor, whence the sand sometimes sent up a brighter gleam. Darkness had crept deep into the corners of the room, and outside it made a threatening semicircle about the stars. The boy stuffed the oven full of dried seaweed, which at once began to jump and crackle, and then sat down on the floor at his mother's feet and held a corner of her apron.

"You're a real girl," she said, smiling, and stroked his hair without breaking off her spinning.

"He isn't coming," she said suddenly, and stopped the wheel.

"Who isn't coming, Mother?"

"The beer wagon, child; but your father is soon coming, and if I can't give him any beer to take with him in the morning, he'll be in a rage."

The boy answered nothing.

"You'll have to take the bucket and go to the brewery for a couple of measures."

"Oh, Mother, can't I wait till early tomorrow morning? Tonight there are sure to be drunks on the streets."

"But that won't do, my boy!"

"And why not, Mother?"

"Because only poor people get up at four o'clock in the morning."

She couldn't go herself. However much she wanted to spare the weakly boy, she dared not be absent when her husband came home.

The five öre held tightly in his stiff fingers, the boy ran breathlessly along the stone walls. Since he had become so weak physically, he was afraid of the dark. In a very short time he was back.

"Thank god!" said his mother, who was waiting for him at the door.

In the living room the boy placed a chair for his mother by the stove and himself sat down on the edge of the wood box.

"But I must stay and spin in the lamp light," said the mother, smiling over his preparations.

And while she related about the blacksmith of Dyndeby, who tickled his three wives to death and was finally trampled to death by his grey stallion, the Swede sat with some boon companions in the inn playing cards. The Swede was losing, and all his money flowed away fast. When the others wanted to go, he was already quite drunk and demanded another round. But no one wanted to play with him. Then he flung his lottery ticket on the table and asked if no one would play him for this. Johan Svendsen took it on and won. Then they all staggered home.

The mother had finished her story, and it was late, so late, that the lamp would soon be extinguished.

"Your father evidently means to keep us up all night," said the woman, sighing.

"Oh, Mother, can't we lock the door and go to bed?"

"But then he'll be locked out, son!"

"What does that matter?"

She was silent. She did not want to encourage the boy to be disrespectful of his father, but neither could she blame him.

So they waited.

At last footsteps sounded along the road, heavy, uncertain steps. Sometimes they rang out irregularly fast, sometimes they ceased altogether. Mother and son listened, holding their breath. The steps reached the door of the courtyard and stopped. Everything was quite still for a moment, then there was a faint, dull sound like a shoulder striking at the door, then something sliding down the posts and then a heavy fall, before which the door gave way.

The Swede's wife had jumped up and now stood in the middle of the room, leaning forward, arms hanging loosely. The boy had drawn his legs up onto the sofa, his face was distorted wildly and he made violent, convulsive movements.

"Go out, Mother!" he screamed.

"I dare not," she groaned softly.

The boy sprang up and ran to the door; but in the entry he stopped, trembling from head to foot. Then she summoned up all her courage, pushed open the house door, and they went hand in hand, fearfully, along the gable wall. It was only when they recognized the overcoat and storm hat in the lantern light that they felt braver and dared to come right out. There lay the Swede collapsed on the ground, his head dropped forward. So blind drunk neither of them had yet seen him; his wife turned away her head in disgust, the boy broke into tears.

They dragged him in through the gate so as to be able to close it, but then they were quite exhausted and could do no more; depressed, at a loss, they stood there before the gable wall.

Now steps sounded along the street and the rattle of a ladder.

"That will be the lamplighter," said the boy. "He can help us."

But immediately the mother thought of the disgrace, and she ran quickly to shut the gate.

"No, sooner than that he shall just lie here, the hog!" she murmured, trembling, quite beside herself with anger and bitterness. The lamplighter whistled a street song while he placed the ladder, climbed up and extinguished the lamp. Inside the gate the two stood pressed close together in black despair. But as the boy heard the man depart, he began crying loudly and screamed: "But Mother, he may die here!"

These words roused the woman. She pulled herself together with all her strength and bent

over her husband. Then she and the boy seized him by the shoulders and dragged him in step by step. She pushed and shoved with all her strength, till fiery sparks danced before her eyes in the darkness. At last they got him into the kitchen, but there she felt everything beginning to go round her, she wanted to vomit. She had to leave the man lying on the kitchen floor, and with the boy's help she staggered to bed.

All night long she was in pain and towards morning she bore a child which came into the world too early and died immediately. The doctor was fetched at once, and he feared for her life.

Towards morning the Swede also wakened and heard his wife's groans. Now he was himself again and quite capable of seeing things in their true light. But nevertheless he would not give in all at once. How could he help it if she strained herself? She could have left him lying outside. But in his conscience one accusation after another rose threateningly, they surrounded him till at last he stood there crushed under the whole burden of guilt. He became penitent.

He stayed at home the whole day, heated water for the sick woman and cooked the children's meals.

Now he did not know how to do enough to please her. Every movement was a plea, a supplication for forgiveness for the past, even though he said no word about it. He fetched a woman neighbor who looked after the household and his wife; he himself rose early, made coffee, worked diligently and came home early. He also brought his wife's bed down into the sitting room, so that it might be cosier for her, sought advice of the children and neighbors as to what was needed for the house, saw to it that nothing was missing, and looked after things himself. In the evenings he sat by her bed holding her pale hand in his, talked with her about the children and the house, and told her humorous episodes from his place of work. In addition, he got an advance on his pay and bought her a bottle of cherry wine to invigorate her.

He himself was happy and the feeling of freedom, of something horrible defeated and left behind, gave him a convalescent's feeling of well being. Now it was all over, all of it. It was all over with the drinking, it was all over with the lottery. Thank god, he was free of the cursed ticket! Perhaps it was god himself who had freed him; the whole thing looked almost like divine wisdom which wished him well and just for this reason had grasped him so firmly and shaken him up so roughly. Now he was happy and satisfied with himself and his home.

The Swede's wife was now able to get up a little; she was still pale, but looked happy, only towards evening she wore a tormented expression; it was always with the greatest anxiety that she awaited her husband's return. She could not be rid of the thought that one day he would again lapse into his old ways. But one week passed, two, and he did not lapse, and did not change his attitude to the home.

The thaw had now set in, and the Swede's wife, though still weak and stooping, looked after her own household. Then one day the lottery collector came into her room and told her that her husband had won four thousand kroner in the lottery.

She was so shaken by the good news that she had to sit down. It was really more than she could apprehend: so much happiness already and now this as well. She was quite overcome. In her unhappiness she had not forgotten god in heaven, and now also she did not forget him, but thanked him with all her heart for his endless goodness.

But then her energy returned. She dressed up the boy and sent him to the quarry with the good news. And as soon as he was away, she set to work, nearly drunk with happiness and thankfulness, to put the house in order and to dress up the children.

The boy ran the whole way and arrived, springing over the hummocks like a goat.

The workers surrounded him, and the Swede, who was sitting up above laying a mine, came with them. "Your ticket has won!" they called to him. "You have pushed four thousand kroner into Johan Svendsen's pocket! That was a bad break! An expensive game, that!" And they surrounded him, laughing. He said nothing, but turned with a jerk and went back to his work.

The next moment the well-known "Ready!" rang out, then immediately a loud report. Stones and rubbish flew through the air like a powerful fountain, and the workers ran confusedly for cover.

When the last pieces of rock had fallen, they went to the place where the Swede had been working. The mine had gone up, and he with it.

"He loaded it with the steel rod instead of the wooden peg," said one of the men. But nobody for one moment thought it an accident. "Yes, he wasn't afraid of anything!" another agreed.

At home the wife was busily baking applecake, and couldn't imagine what she would do with all that money.

One spring day, six days later, when the sun had thawed most of the snow, the hearse took the shattered remains of the Swede to the graveyard. Behind the hearse walked a woman and three children carrying wreaths; the eldest cried, the smallest looked round importantly. Many workers followed them.

Before the post office a small man joined the train— it was the collector.

Before the churchyard gate the hearse drove over the dirty remains of a snowdrift, and something cracked under the wheels. Several splinters of a green bottle appeared, and those who followed thought they could smell brandy.

RUVIM FRAYERMAN

Early Love

XVI

A long, long time had passed since the day when Tanya battled so bravely with the darkness and the icy stormclouds, fighting for her living soul to which at last her father had groped his way and warmed with his gentle hands.

The morning after the storm the wind shifted and dropped; a long calm followed. Peace reigned again over the river and the mountains, over the whole of Tanya's world. The wind had blown the snow off the cedars and firs and the woods were dark again. And Tanya could look at them now calmly without searching restlessly for something different.

Kolya's ears and cheeks had been slightly frost-bitten.

Tanya and Filka went every day to visit him and often stayed to dinner.

But the dinner hour was no longer the ordeal it had once been for Tanya. Although she was not treated so lavishly to cherry pie as before, or kissed so demonstratively on the threshold by Nadezhda Petrovna, nevertheless her father's bread which had tasted so variously to Tanya seemed to have quite a different flavor to her now. Every morsel was sweet to her palate.

And father's leather belt, lying as always on the sofa, seemed different too.

She often tried it on nowadays.

And never had Tanya felt such a sensation of well-being as now.

But the holidays did not last forever. They, too, came to an end. For several days now Tanya had been going to school.

She carried her books without satchel or strap. And always, before taking off her fur coat, she threw them onto the shelf of the mirror in the cloakroom.

She did the same thing that day.

She dropped her books onto the shelf and, slipping her coat off one shoulder, glanced into the mirror; she usually avoided looking into this one because it had once punished her so cruelly.

She stared into the glass, but it was not her own face or her eyes—in whose depths the selfsame shadows lurked, that she saw; her attention was riveted by something that seemed to have nothing whatever to do with her.

She saw a group of children standing opposite. Their backs were turned to the mirror and they were looking up at something. It was the newspaper fixed to the wall behind wire netting.

And Zhenya, who stood closer to the wall than the rest, said.

See No. 2, 1940.

"She ought to be excluded from the Pioneer group for such goings-on."

"She ought to be simply thrown out," said the fat boy who had joined their class that spring.

Tanya did not know of whom they were speaking so she did not hurry to join them.

She turned away from the mirror presently and strolled over to the group. She recognized the newspaper on the wall. It was the district paper to which the Pioneer organization subscribed.

"What's up?" she asked.

The children looked round as she spoke, but turned away again at once and drifted off without a word, leaving her alone.

Accustomed as she was to having her schoolfellows around her, and to seeing them face to face, she was startled now to see only their backs.

"What's the matter?" she cried.

No one answered.

She looked up at the newspaper locked behind the wire netting and read:

"School Affairs."

"Disgraceful things are going on in School No. 3. Tanya Sabaneyeva, a seventh grade pupil, took Kolya Sabaneyev, a pupil of the same class, out sleigh-riding in a blizzard. The result was that the boy was laid up in bed all the holidays. Belolyubsky, another seventh grade pupil who ran to the fort to notify Kolya's father, got a frost-bitten finger. The children were rescued by our splendid border guards. But what are the teachers and the school Pioneer organization thinking of? What do they mean by allowing escapades that endanger the life of the pupils? Who can be sure that this girl will not play other outrageous tricks that may lead to still more terrible consequences? This is a matter that should be given serious consideration by responsible persons in the school and Pioneer organization."

"What can it mean?" Tanya whispered in horror, glancing around her to find no one there but Filka, standing stiffly by her side.

Then she understood. She understood that bleak winds do not blow from the one direction, but sometimes from another, that the icy blast does not roam over the river alone but can penetrate through thick walls into the warm interior and strike one down in an instant.

Her arms dropped to her sides. Her coat slipped off her shoulders and fell onto the floor. She did not stoop to pick it up.

"But it's not true, Filka," she whispered.

"Of course it isn't," he whispered in reply, showing her his bandaged finger. "It doesn't hurt me a bit. I don't know what they're talking about. Never mind, listen to me, Tanya. Listen."

But Tanya was gasping for breath and the air in this well-heated room seemed more biting than the air from the river in the most terrible snow-storm. She could hear nothing and see nothing.

"What will happen to me now?" she said. She clutched her head and rushed down the corridor, seeking as always to find some outlet for her mental distress in physical exertion. She staggered like a sleepwalker, bumping her shoulders against the walls and colliding with the little ones who darted, squealing, out of her way.

At the end of the corridor she nearly collided with an elderly man who held a wooden pointer in his hand. She did not even nod to him, although he was the director. The old man shook his head sadly at her retreating fig-

ure and glanced at Aristarkh Aristarkhovich Aristarkhov, the history teacher, who was on duty in the corridor that day.

"That's the one," said Aristarkhov.

Tanya went on down the corridor. And her heart thumped loudly in the tumult of children's voices in which every other sound rang out clearly like a stone dropped into an abyss. What was she to do? Her passage was barred on all sides.

"But where are all my friends?" she thought in anguish, although she had run away from them, and could not have seen them now.

XVII

No one knew better than Filka that he had no other desire than to come to Tanya's aid as quickly as possible. Nevertheless he was dissatisfied with his own behavior and the conduct of his friends that day.

His first impulse was to run after Tanya down the corridor but, catching sight of Aristarkhov with shoulders hunched even higher than usual, his spectacles that gave him an air of indifference, and his hands that seemed to fill all the space around him and leave no room for anything else, Filka stopped short in his tracks.

But he did not like the looks of the cloakroom either. The newspaper hanging on the wall in the gloomy space between the coat-stands still attracted groups of children. Tanya's books had fallen onto the floor, and lay there beside the fur coat her father had given her on New Year's Eve. The children stepped on it in passing and no one seemed to pay any heed to the cloth and colored-bead embroidery, or the badger collar that gleamed like silk under their feet.

Filka, who had acquired a curious habit of soliloquizing, thought that if the warriors of old or even those warriors of today who wore cloth helmets with the red star—if they did not help one another in a campaign how then could they win battles? If you remembered your friend only when you saw him and forgot him the moment he went away, how was he ever to find his way back? If a hunter who had dropped his knife on the pathway could not ask anyone he chanced to meet about it, then how could he lie down quietly to sleep by the campfire, alone in the forest.

Meditating thus, Filka knelt down in the dust of the crowded room and picked up Tanya's books, and, catching hold of Tanya's fur coat, tried with all his might to pull it from under someone's feet.

But even this was not so simple. For the fat boy, whom Tanya had always regarded as a rogue, had both feet—shod in heavy felt boots—planted firmly on the coat.

"I'll say it a thousand times if I like," he was saying with vehemence to Kolya. "That Tanya of yours ought to be thrown out of the Pioneer group."

Kolya, who had not had time to take off his warm fur cap, raised his pale face and looked steadily into the fat boy's eyes. He was choking with rage.

"Go on," he said hoarsely, "just say another word about her and no matter how fat you are, I'll chuck you out by the scruff of your neck like a puppy."

"I'd like to see you!" laughed the fat boy scornfully. "Why,

you couldn't make me budge an inch!"

Kolya grabbed him round the chest but, weakened by his recent sickness, he could not make him budge an inch.

The fat boy had his fist poised to strike Kolya when Filka, brushing all other thoughts aside, struck the fat boy at the back of the knees with the edge of a hand that had grown hard with work in the forest. The boy crumpled up.

Filka caught up Tanya's coat and, brushing off the dust carefully, hung it on a hook. Having attended to two urgent matters he set about tackling the third without delay. He walked up to the boy, who was still half-dazed with his fall and, taking him by the shoulders, he pulled him gently to his feet. Then he shook the frostbitten finger on which the dirty bandage had worked loose.

"You're a stranger to our town and our school yet," said Filka. "And I'd ask you to act decently for once. And I'll see to it that you do, I can promise you!"

It was just as well that he had his say then because the next minute he looked up to see Aristarkh Aristarkhovich Aristarkhov standing beside him. This time the history teacher's hands did not take up as much room as usual, for on one side of him stood Kostya, the very young Pioneer leader, and on the other the director, who was old and kindly.

"Find Tatyana Sabaneyeva and send her to me this minute," said Aristarkhov. And there was not a trace of kindliness in his voice.

The fat boy looked at Filka, and Filka at him and both of them glanced at Kolya and the three of them bowed low to the history teacher.

All thought of fighting and bickering left them instantly.

"Where can we find her?" they asked. "We haven't any idea where she is, Aristarkh Aristarkhovich."

Whereupon they walked away with their arms around each other's shoulders. They marched abreast, taking up the whole width of the corridor and singing softly a song they all knew.

XVIII

They hummed the song all day under their breaths, but Tanya did not come to the classroom at all. When lessons were nearly over and she had not yet appeared they stopped singing. They sat as quietly as the other children but their pens would not obey them, and their brains refused to work.

Alexandra Ivanovna was as subdued and absent as they. Her face, whose beauty and vivacity they liked so well, wore a look of deep concern and to their eyes, her little garnet star seemed less bright than usual.

She was worried about Tanya.

"Where can she be? This is the last lesson for the day and she is neither here nor at home. We must find her, children. Surely she has friends among you, hasn't she?"

There is something uncanny about a school after lessons are over and everyone has gone home. The stillness that follows the day's uproar is like the hush in a forest after a heavy rainfall. The silence steals through the fir-groves although the leaves on the aspen are still quivering under the raindrops.

A similar hollow stillness falls over a school when the day's

studies are over. Now and then, like the last drop of rain falling from a branch onto the spreading tree root, a child's shrill voice will be heard at the far end of the corridor or, like the wind amid the crags, someone's swift footsteps will be heard echoing over the cement flags.

But today the footsteps echoed for a long while. The children wandered up and down the corridor. They went out into the playground and searched all over, looking behind the sentinel Tanya had made so cleverly from snow and ice. A damp wind had eaten into his shoulders, icicles hung from his helmet, but he still stood gazing into the distance, his eyes fixed on an angry sea.

"Perhaps she has gone to the river again," said Kolya to Filka.

"Or maybe," thought Filka to himself, "she's standing crying alone in the woods."

They parted at the gates. Kolya ran to the skating rink. He went down to the barges, and followed the snow sprinkled path that led to the smooth patch of ice. The river was unrecognizable. Both near and far the snow lay heavy and undisturbed by wind. The mountain snows scintillated. The fir garlands no longer tossed and swayed along the edge of the skating rink. They lay buried as deep under the snowdrifts as under shifting sands.

Kolya shouted several times. But the river that dazzled his eyes was silent.

And at the other end of the town Filka was calling Tanya. He stood on the fringe of the woods as he had once before, when the first snow had been falling, a snow so light that one might have carried it and the grove as well, in the hollow of one's hand. Now the branches of the old firs bowed under the weight of the snow and the young birches stood breast-high in it. Filka shouted Tanya's name over and over again. And if only the echo had answered his cries and prayers he might have crept under the bushes and wept.

But no one answered. And Filka plodded back through the deep snow.

He met Kolya again at the school gates. They went inside and searched in the darkest corners of the cloakroom. Finding nothing they looked at each other with apprehension.

"What shall we do next?" asked Filka.

And all at once they heard the sound of muffled sobbing. Someone was huddled in the corner near the wall where the janitor piled the fire-wood.

"Tanya!" they both cried out.

But it was Zhenya, wedged in the narrow space between the stove and the wall. Her face was hidden. Filka pulled her round to face him.

"Have you been anywhere?" he asked.

"No," replied Zhenya.

"Then what are you crying for?"

"Maybe," sobbed Zhenya, "maybe she's dead already!"

Whereupon Kolya went over into a corner, sat down on the floor and hid his face in his knees.

Meantime, Tanya lay fast asleep in a room upstairs where the Pioneer organization kept its paraphernalia. No one had thought of looking for her there.

A long time ago Tanya had modeled a figure of Stalin from soft plasticine. Its dimensions had been too great for her small fingers which had been too weak to give the figure the correct proportions and mould the features

properly. The face bore little resemblance to Stalin.

But to Tanya it was he. From the depths of her childish enthusiasm the same image always arose—the image she had made with her own hands. It returned constantly, it emerged from beneath her fingers the moment she began to knead the soft snow or clay.

But like the sentinel, gazing into the distance at the angry sea, she had given him her father's features, of which she had then only the vaguest idea.

And their features merged bewilderingly, so that no one could have recognized the man marching impetuously forward. How hard she had tried to model the overcoat thrown open so as not to hamper his movements.

But never had Tanya imagined that the heavy folds she had sought to model flung wide to allow him freedom of movement would serve a totally different purpose today.

For today they hid her from view.

Her head lay on the pedestal of the figure and her eyes were tightly closed.

Flags and placards on long poles were heaped up all round her. Portraits hung awry like birds about to take wing, drums lay in confusion on the windowsill, bugles glittered from nails in the wall.

Pioneer property! A world of familiar things, brave-sounding things, looked out at her from the corners of the room. How bitter it was, even in her sleep, to think of parting with them!

Even in her sleep, I say, for seeing how Tanya suffered, merciful slumber came to her, touched her eyelids and closed them gently. And she had fallen fast asleep in the corner where she had been sitting, since the early morning, on a thick mattress filled with sawdust.

But even merciful sleep was unable to cope with the wide-awake imagination.

And she dreamed about a meeting of her Pioneer unit.

She dreamed her friends were gathered in that very room; some were seated on drums, some on stools, some on the wooden horse covered with black oilcloth. Their faces were stern, their movements menacing, and every glance was directed straight at Tanya's heart. None reached it, for like a ray of light when the shadow of a hand crosses it, each glance trembled and broke.

"Mete out a terrible vengeance upon her!" said a man whom Tanya had never seen before.

He was dressed in an unusual way: he wore a cape of shining marten fur over his military coat and she could not see his face for the long hair that hung down over it on either side.

"Judge her," he repeated, "she is cruel."

"Yes, yes, she is cruel," Zhenya repeated after him. "It was she who made them fry my beautiful fish, the fish that was made of pure gold."

"Judge her, she is envious."

"Yes, yes, she is envious," repeated the fat boy, "she is envious of Kolya, we all saw that. She took him out into the blizzard to make an end of him."

But Tanya was dumb, her lips seemed dead; no sound would issue from them.

And the man in the cape came up close to her. He stood before her, swaying from side to side.

"I have always listened to you with pleasure, my dear child," he said. "Why are you silent now?"

But Tanya backed away from him against the wall; with hor-

ror she saw that it was Gogol, whose portrait hung over the door. She raised her eyes. The glass of the portrait was broken. Gogol was not there. He drifted past her and vanished in a corner of the room.

"I am so unhappy," Tanya whispered after him. "Who will take my part? I don't know anything."

She looked higher and saw the bright clouds sailing by and peeping in at the window. They were all very high and all clad in shining armor and the light from the armor fell on the floor of the room and bubbled and gurgled in little streams that flowed toward Tanya.

She lifted her feet and found herself floating lightly in the air.

She flew, as people fly in dreams. No one could catch her. The room had disappeared long ago and Tanya's beloved tree that grew outside the window in the schoolyard was way down below. How deftly she had skirted its crown, without harming a single leaf.

Presently she was walking along a path flooded with a light from every side.

She was climbing a hill. Whortleberries rustled under foot. And the path rose steeper and steeper, and water and pebbles came clattering down.

And from the top of the hill Tanya looked down at a forest that spread far away over the slope. But what a strange forest it was! She had never seen anything like it. It was neither the real forest, nor the groves of half-grown trees she had known from her childhood. These trees were not tall and their branches spread low over the ground. And they were all covered with white blossoms. Their petals, a tender pink in the sunshine, floated in the tranquil air.

"What can it be?" Tanya asked in delight.

And through the roar of rushing water and pebbles came a voice:

"These are gardens in bloom. Love them, Tanya."

"But where are the firs?" Tanya wanted to ask. "I don't see them."

But the forest disappeared.

She walked on along a new level road with neither stones nor ups and downs and stopped at the edge of a field of rye. The familiar shadows of eagles hovered over it and before Tanya's eyes the field rocked like the sky on a rough sea. And the ears of grain whispered as they touched one another.

"How beautiful, what can it be?" asked Tanya enchanted.

Through the murmur of the field she heard a voice:

"This is our grain ripening. Love it, Tanya."

"I do, I do," Tanya whispered soundlessly. "But am I dreaming? Of course I am. We live so far away from all this!"

Suddenly the sun was darkened. And a fearsome cloud wrapped in ragged mist swept over the field toward her. Lightning she had never seen before, lightning as fine as a hair, flashed through the rustling field of rye and Tanya fell on her knees in horror. A long peal of thunder reverberated through the whole sky.

The dream was over but Tanya did not wake up and the thunder still pealed in her ears.

In the corridor outside the door of the room stood a little girl. A drum hung around her neck and she beat it loudly, watching the slender sticks jiggling in her hands.

She was practicing.

The sound of this thunder and

its echo that rumbled down the hollow corridor brought the children up the staircase, first Kolya, then Filka and Zhenya, and the fat boy who climbed the stairs painfully. And Kostya, the Pioneer leader, came up with Alexandra Ivanovna and they spoke softly—they did not wake the echoes under the ceiling.

The little girl kept on beating the drum.

Kolya stopped outside the door and waited for the rest to come up.

"Here is an empty room," he said, "we can hold our meeting here."

He opened the door and entered first, glancing neither right nor left. Yet he was searching for Tanya with his mind, with heart, for the thought of her never left him.

And all of a sudden he saw her in the corner on the thick mattress they used when practicing high jumps.

He opened his mouth to utter her name but he did not. He bent down to touch her shoulder, but he did not. For he saw that she was still fast asleep and her lashes lay against her cheeks like the shadow of a whortleberry-leaf. They were moist, but her tear-stained face was dry.

And turning to the others Kolya gestured violently. Everyone stood still at the sight of Tanya asleep.

"Let her sleep. Don't touch her," Zhenya whispered, because she had a good heart, after all, although she was more often in the right than others and had made Tanya cry.

"Can't we have the meeting without her?" she asked. "Kolya has told us everything. We know the truth now."

Alexandra Ivanovna considered the matter. She looked at each face and read goodwill there, and she raised her hand to her lips to hide the smile that hovered there in spite of herself.

"Of course we can," she said. "I give you permission to do so. And I think Kostya will agree too."

Kostya, the leader, glanced at the children's faces and, observing that the wish was general, said:

"Although I am all for Pioneer discipline, I think we can make an exception this time. As long as everyone is in favor of it—we can do anything."

Kolya beckoned to Filka. "Well, since we can do anything," he whispered to him, "go and tell that drummer that I'll murder her if she doesn't stop that noise."

Filka went outside.

He struck the little girl lightly between the shoulder-blades; even that was enough to make her legs give way under her and she sat down. She stopped drumming.

"Someone's asleep in there," Filka said sternly, "and here you are drumming the house down. Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Even a little girl like you ought to have a little bit of shame."

And they all tiptoed out of the room, one after the other, the little drummer-girl following them on tiptoe, with her drumsticks upraised.

XIX

The children did not waken Tanya. She woke herself in the stillness and went home through the rosy sunset air. It lifted the weight from her chest, her head and shoulders, but her conscience would not be quieted.

How could she tell her mother all that had happened, how could she hurt her?

But only her old nurse was at home. And for first time Tanya was angry with her mother.

She did not ask the old woman for tea, and she ate nothing. She lay down on her bed without taking off either her dress or her shoes, although her mother had strictly forbidden her ever to do so.

"I don't care," Tanya thought. "What harm have I done and whose fault is it that I have neither sisters nor brothers, that I am alone now, waiting for some unknown punishment; whose fault is it that nurse is old and that there is no one to talk to in the whole house; and that I am always alone? Whose fault is it? It must be mother's, surely? Father must have had some reason for leaving her and going away. What was it?"

Tanya lay for a long while in the darkness until her eyelids drooped over eyes that were weary from staring into the gloom.

She did not mean to doze, she had wanted to jump up at the sound of her mother's footsteps.

But she did not hear them.

Tanya awoke to find her mother shaking her by the shoulder. The lights were burning but sleep still clung to her eyelids and she saw her mother's face through the haze of dim objects and emotions that had crowded her slumber. Her mother's face, too, was blurred as though veiled in shadow and full of vague worry and displeasure, although the gaze was steady. And all at once it seemed to Tanya that her mother's hand was poised to strike.

She screamed and sat up.

Her mother only frowned.

"Why did you go to bed in your clothes?" she said sternly. "Get up at once, you know I asked you not to."

But Tanya could see quite well that her mother was thinking about something else.

"Get up," mother repeated, "and have some tea. I have just been to see the director. They sent for me. Get up, will you, I want to have a talk with you."

But Tanya did not stir. She sat still, holding on to the edge of the wooden cot and her mother sat down beside her. Her body brushed against Tanya's, but even in this light touch she felt her mother's annoyance.

"What is it all about, Tanya?" she asked.

"It's not true, not a word of it," replied Tanya. "Do you mean to say you believed it?"

Tanya's voice was muffled as though her long silence had affected it. She had uttered no more than a score of words today.

"I did not believe it, and no one did, except Aristarkh Aristarkhovich. He even demanded that you should be expelled."

"But why?" asked Tanya hoarsely.

"He was really quite funny about it," mother said, "'for the reason,' he said, that you 'defile the ranks of the school.' Yes, he was quite comical," she repeated, smiling a little at the memory.

But Tanya's face was grave.

"Luckily you have many friends," the mother went on. "I am very glad of it. Alexandra Ivanovna is your friend, too, and your principal is a very nice, clever man although he was quite annoyed with your father."

"Why, was papa there too?" Tanya asked horrified.

"Yes."

Her mother covered her eyes: her face seemed to have grown haggard in that one evening.

"It's not that newspaper item that annoys me," she said softly. "It's you! You tell me nothing.

I have to find out everything from others: about Kolya, about your strange behavior and the strange longings that have made the children call you the wild dingo. And at home you are always silent. Are you really afraid of me or is it perhaps that you don't respect me, that you don't love me? What is it? Tell me!"

Tanya shook her head. The words seemed to stick in her throat.

"I am always alone, I am always by myself," she said almost in a whisper. And added still more softly: "Why did father leave you, who was to blame, tell me, tell me!"

This time it was the mother's turn to be silent. She said nothing for a minute or two and Tanya did not look at her face. She hadn't the heart.

But all at once she heard her mother speaking calmly and evenly. There was not even the hint of a tremor in her voice.

"Tanya," she was saying, "people live together when they love one another and when they don't love one another they part. People are always free. That is our law for all time."

Then Tanya ventured to look at her mother, timidly at first, with a wary sidelong glance, cocking her head to one side like a little bird that searches the sky for any sign of danger before taking wing.

Her mother sat motionless, her head held high. But her face wore a look of intense suffering as though someone had been torturing her for a long time, either with words or with irons, but at any rate pitilessly, cruelly.

"Who has done this?" Tanya thought with pain, staring at her mother's face.

And out of this pale face the most beautiful eyes in the world looked down at her—her mother's eyes, now brimming with tears that shone on the pupils and under the lashes and in the corners of the dark lids.

"Don't you think we'd better go away from here, Tanya?" she said.

Tanya clutched her chest.

"Mama," she cried, and there was amazement and profound pity in her voice, "you still love him?"

She caught her mother's head between her hands and pressed her burning cheek against her mother's hair, and breathed on it, a child's eager breathing.

"Mama, don't listen to me, don't listen, darling mother. I don't understand anything any more. Everything's going round before my eyes."

And it seemed to Tanya in that moment that the whole world was whirling about her head. It seemed strange to her, like that fantastic ball now dull like the mist outside the window, now blue and shining like her beloved river rippling under the morning sun, like the garden and the field she had seen in her dream.

"Mama, don't, let's go away from here," she whispered, her tears mingling with those of her mother.

XX

"There is more than one kind of love," said Zhenya, the fat girl.

She and Tanya were sitting in Zhenya's room near the window beside the large goldfish bowl filled with fresh water.

The hostility between the two girls was gone. They sat side by side looking through the glass and the water onto the street where spring had long since come into its own. But the water and glass distorted their vision. With

their fanned tails the little captive fish split the great ball of the sun as it floated past and tiny motes of dust danced amid its slender rays like wondrous tight-rope dancers. The old tinker announced his presence at the crossroads and hammered on his bit of iron rail and it seemed to Tanya that he had brought spring into the town on his shoulders along with the rail.

"Have you ever loved anyone?" Tanya asked.

"Yes," replied Zhenya. "Only it was a long while ago, when we were still in the third grade."

"But how did you know you were in love?"

"Oh, it was easy. He would say to me: 'Zhenya, show me how to do this sum.' But I knew I mustn't so I said to myself: 'No, I shan't show him,' but then he would say: 'Aw, Zhenya, go on, I shan't tease you any more.' So of course I had to. You can't do anything when your heart goes soft like that. But now it's all gone. When I saw I was beginning to get low marks in school I dropped it. I decided I'd had enough."

"But how on earth did you do it?" Tanya persisted.

"Quite simply! I just stopped looking at him. I didn't look at him for such a long time that I forgot him."

Tanya straightened her back and turned a searching look at her friend. She envied her with all her heart at that moment; envied her plump round cheeks, her common sense, her sober head that was full of so many surprising ideas. Tanya sighed and as she did so her lips emitted a faint whistle.

"Don't whistle," Zhenya reproved her. "You'll bring evil spirits into the house."

So Tanya held her breath in this house where asphodel grew in winter and gold fish swam among the tendrils of seaweed.

They sat in silence for a while.

"Yes, it's true," Tanya said at last, "there are different kinds of love." And without another word she rose and left the house.

The old tinker was still calling on the crossroads and hammering on his iron, and it was spring out-of-doors.

Spring had come to the little birch grove behind Tanya's house. Spring had forced up the blades of grass at the foot of the birches, and had warmed the roots of the hazy blue firs with fresh moss. And the firs swayed their heavy boughs, drawing the warm wind to themselves.

Tanya called Filka. His answering voice came to her from his perch in a tree, where he sat swinging his bare legs. He was sharpening a pencil with his jack-knife that was as sharp as an awl and his books lay on his knees. They were a heavy burden for a boy, a burden that not only bowed his head but seemed to set the very treetops atremble.

He was studying hard.

Ever since that terrible day on the river Tanya had not deserted him. They studied together and her keen memory had stood them both in good stead on many an occasion.

Tanya caught hold of a thick branch and hoisted herself up into the tree.

It was a northern birch, almost leafless, and bent over the ground. It made a convenient seat.

"The last exam's tomorrow," Filka said reproachfully, "and you go wasting a whole hour. It's all very well for you, you know everything so you don't care about anyone else. But I bet you anything I'm a goner. If I work hard I might just manage to slip through

by the skin of my teeth. And you have to go off just when you're wanted and leave me alone," he added bitterly.

"Filka," said Tanya, "you know you could have learned that theorem off by heart in the hour I spent with Zhenya."

"But what am I to do if I learn it and learn it and it runs away from me as if it had wheels," was Filka's mournful rejoinder.

"All right. Let's begin right away."

Tanya stretched out her hand and took her exercise-book from Filka's lap.

"If two circles have a common point," she began, keeping her eyes on the wind-blown foliage.

But Filka went on sharpening his pencil and his hunting-knife glistened in the sun like the wing of a forest dove.

"No, wait a minute," he said, "you tell me the truth first. Are you really going with Kolya to the cape today?"

"But I have told you the truth."

"And so that's why you put on your best dress and climb trees in it without caring whether you spoil it or not?"

"Yes."

"And what if Kolya gets scared and doesn't come?"

"He'll come," said Tanya, staring at the leaves.

"And what if your father finds out?"

"He won't."

"Aren't you afraid someone might tell him?"

Tanya shrugged her shoulders.

"No one knows but you. And you won't tell."

But all the same she looked suspiciously at Filka to make sure he wasn't laughing.

But Filka had never been more serious in his life.

"I know the place," he said slowly. "The pheasants come out there at sunrise. That's the best time to shoot them. But don't you go, Tanya. Listen to me."

"I shall," Tanya replied firmly.

And Filka realized from her tone that Tanya, too, could be obstinate when she chose.

He had questioned her as much as he could; he had said all he had to say. What else could he do?

He looked at her without speaking. The sunlight shone on her face, her hands, on the pretty light frock that she was not afraid to spoil.

And he thought: "It's no good questioning her. She is afraid of nothing."

At that very moment he was startled to see a look of intense fear, such as he had never before seen, come into her eyes.

"What's the matter?" he cried, moving away involuntarily.

"A caterpillar!" screamed Tanya in a spasm of fear, clutching at the front of her dress and screwing it into a tight knot.

"A caterpillar, caterpillar! Here it is! Ugh, how horrible! Cut it out quickly."

For the fraction of a second Filka wavered, glancing at the knife with which he had extracted so much ant juice, cut such quantities of chewing wax and done so many other pleasant things for Tanya. Then with a sharp movement he brought it down on Tanya's dress slicing off a good portion of the fabrics.

In the first instant, feeling nothing but fear and repulsion, Tanya still clutched the piece of material in her hand; then slowly she loosened her hold. And there on her palm instead of the terrible caterpillar lay a tiny black twig.

Tanya's fear turned to bewilderment, and bewilderment to despair when she saw the gaping rent in the front of her dress.

"Oh, dear!" she wailed. "How can I go like this? Oh, Filka, why did you do it?"

"I did it on purpose," he said, "although you begged me to yourself. But now perhaps you won't go to the cape after all?"

"Yes. I shall go just the same. I shall, I shall," Tanya cried. She jumped down from the tree and vanished into the woods. And Filka had hardly time to notice how she disappeared among the black and white birches.

It was as though a gust of wind had whisked Filka's friend away from his side.

He sat alone in the tree. The geometry book on his knees fell onto the grass with a thud. A striped chipmunk, the most inquisitive of all the creatures that dwell in the woods, emerged from under the roots of the birch tree, trotted up to the fallen book and sniffed curiously at it. In its forepaws it held a nut which it was carrying off to its burrow.

In a fit of anger Filka threw his knife at the chipmunk. And the sharp point dug itself into the ground right in front of the creature's snout.

The chipmunk dropped the nut and disappeared.

Filka slid down slowly from his perch. He lifted up the nut, placed it on his palm, testing its weight. The nut was heavy and full. Filka stared at it a while, thinking about Tanya, and then as if deciding that every nut ought to be cracked, he put it between his teeth and bit hard.

XXI

The town slept. And although the slightest sound, however far off, seems near at night, there was nothing to break the stillness. The town was fast asleep and its streets were empty.

Tanya wended her way alone.

She had gone this way at the same hour once before. But Filka had walked beside her then, carrying her fishing rod over his shoulder. They had both shivered a little from the cold because it had been autumn and the leaves fell from the trees at dawn and were whirled away by the wind before they touched the ground. And the stars had shone then only on the farthermost edge of the horizon. And now they hung together in the sky waiting for the sunrise before vanishing in unison into the void.

They twinkled brightly now in the silence while Tanya walked alone under their light, heading for the wooded cape.

She entered the woods and chose a broad pathway where there was more light than under the trees. Long roots and shadows lay on her path. But she was not afraid. Only the dewy leaves of the alders startled her at times as they brushed her face. She pushed them aside with her hand, wondering what she should do if Kolya spoke to her about love. What should she do? Yesterday he had come to her and said: "Come, please, for my sake. I haven't seen the sunrise in the woods yet. Please come, won't you?"

And now in another moment she would be there.

"What shall I do? What do people do when someone speaks about love and you have a mother who has no one but you in life?"

She shivered as she thought of this and wrapped her mother's hospital smock that she has slipped on unnoticed, more closely around her.

The forest stretched further and further, leading her along by narrow tracks toward the cape where the boulders lay, swept hither by the everlasting wind.

Kolya had chosen himself a seat among the boulders. He sat there waiting for Tanya, gazing toward the woods. The sand grew gradually whiter under the fading stars and the boulders shone darkly as if it were raining.

Tanya seemed to spring up beside him from nowhere. He did not recognize her in the white smock and started away from her. She called his name. He replied. But it was a little while before he recovered from the shock she had given him.

The time dragged slowly by. They walked in silence back towards the woods' edge where the sharp-pointed firs stood in the mist looking exactly like huge yarn-covered spindles.

They chose a larch tree with spreading boughs and stopped under its branches.

"Why did you put on that smock?" Kolya asked.

"The pretty frock you liked so much is ruined," replied Tanya.

"What dress? I don't remember it at all. I only think about you."

"Always?" asked Tanya.

"Always. Even when I don't see you. That's what I can't understand."

"Yes, it is strange," she said.

Then they sat down at the foot of the larch and listened to the twittering of the birds waking in the boughs. A nut-cracker flapped its wings at the top of a fir nearby and flew off, leaving a faint trail in the air behind it.

"It is very strange," Tanya repeated, watching the flight of the bird. It had spent the whole long night among the branches of the firs and now at sunrise it had flown away. "But that's good," she said aloud. "That means you will always think about me even when I am gone away? Because I am going away very soon."

Kolya uttered a low cry. He was not ashamed to cry out at her words which had made his whole world topple over in one second.

Tanya controlled her own voice with a great effort.

"But do you really want to go away?" he asked.

"Yes, I have made up my mind. Let father stay here with you and Aunt Nadya. She is very nice and he loves her. But I shall never leave mother. She and I must go away from here. That I know."

"But why, why? Tell me? Is it because you hate me again as you used to?"

"Kolya, don't ever remind me of that, please," Tanya said in a hoarse voice. "I don't know what was the matter with me in those days. But I was so afraid when you first came here. Don't you see he's my father and not yours. And perhaps that was why I was so unfair to you. I hated you and feared you. But now I want you to be happy, Kolya."

"No, no!" he interrupted, unable to control his agitation. "I want you to be happy too and your mother and father and Aunt Nadya! I want everyone to be happy. But is it not possible?"

"Perhaps it is," Tanya said thoughtfully. "I don't know."

She fell silent, thinking of her own happiness, of the happiness of her father and mother.

She sat still, leaning against the dark trunk of the spreading larch as though she had to lean on something stronger and more reliable than the vague thoughts that raced through her mind.

But even the larch swayed slightly in the rising wind before the dawn. It came from the direction of the river and passed over the mountains, rippling through the treetops.

The dawn rolled up behind it like the tide breaking against the steep wall of the forest. And the sky over-

the river was now quite emptied of stars.

"I would like everyone to be happy, too," said Tanya, staring fixedly into the distance, to where the rising sun was quivering over the river. "That's why I came to talk to you. And now I am going away. Look, the sun is up already. Goodbye."

Tanya rose from the grass, turned her back on the river and went off through the forest, not looking where she was going.

Kolya caught up with her on the path where the cedars stood motionless among the firs.

"Tanya, don't go away," he begged. "Did you come here just to tell me that?"

"Of course," she said in surprise. "Didn't you ask me to come yourself? What else should I have come for?"

He did not dare to look at her; he dropped his eyes, afraid that she might see his confusion.

But she gazed into his face with a look in which tenderness and shyness were mingled.

Ha leaned over and kissed her on the cheek, pressing his palm against hers.

She did not move away from him.

The silence cloaked them on all sides.

And at that moment two loud rifle-shots pierced the silence of the forest, echoed a moment later by the mountains. There was a loud rustle in a cedar nearby and a huge pheasant with green and golden feathers fell at the children's feet.

They darted away in fear. And the pheasant beat its body against the grass a while and then was still. Another pheasant with a white head flew in zigzag and dropped lifeless beside Tanya.

From behind the thick firs her father appeared on the pathway. Filka was behind him.

Both carried rifles and the blue smoke rose above their heads amid the trees.

"Fine!" said her father.

Tanya ran forward to meet him.

He showed not the slightest surprise at seeing her here in the forest.

He took her tenderly by the arm and said: "It is time to go home, children. You have your last examinations today."

Filka raised the heavy birds, their bodies still soft and warm, and swung them onto his shoulder along with his rifle.

"We were hunting here," he said to Kolya by way of explanation. "You can bag quite a lot of pheasants here in the early morning."

Kolya was shivering in every limb. Filka took off his jacket and threw it over Kolya's shoulders. He took his arm.

But the pathway was too narrow for two people walking abreast, so they proceeded in single file; Tanya and her father walked ahead.

She pressed close against him so as not to shake the dew from the branches.

Now and again she raised her eyes to look at his face. And he strode boldly along the path, heedless of the dew; his heels knocked loudly against the tree roots. He did not wander at random, following a tortuous path through the forest. He was simple and straight. He smiled at her and held her tightly to him.

"You look so much like your mother in that smock," he said.

And all at once Tanya lifted her father's arm and laid it on her shoulder as it had lain on the day she had first met him. She stroked his hand and kissed it, for the first time.

"Papa," she said, "dear papa, forgive me. I was angry with you before, but now I understand everything. It is nobody's fault—not yours, nor mine nor mama's, no-

body's! After all there are many, many people in the world one can love, aren't there?"

"There are," he assented.

"Will you ever forgive me for being so nasty, I will never be angry with you again. And you," she asked softly, "you are not angry with me for being here with Kolya in the forest so early?"

"Not at all, my dear little Tanya. You see, I know something too. I know how grand it is in the woods at sunrise."

XXII

The spring was gone. The river had grown so shallow near the shores that the pebbles were visible and the sand on the shore was hot before midday.

The shimmer over the water was now sharper and thinner. Summer's heat struck straight at the mountains and the eagles soared slowly into the heights through the hot currents of air. Now and then a fresh breeze blew from the sea, and set the forests murmuring a while.

For the last time Tanya walked along the shore, bidding farewell to everything. She crossed the sands, her shadow keeping company, and the river flowed at her feet, speeding Tanya on her way like an old friend.

She came to a halt at a long sandy headland.

She had loved to bathe here with Filka in the mornings. Where was he now? She had been looking for him in vain all morning. He had run off, to avoid saying goodbye to her. She couldn't find him anywhere.

Perhaps she herself was to blame?

How often in the past year, that had been so eventful to Tanya, had she forgotten her friend, although she had sworn from the first to let no one take his place? But he had never forgotten her, he had always forgiven her for her neglect.

And now, when she was about to depart from these well-loved, familiar places Tanya thought of him with gratitude and searched high and low for him.

"Filka! Filka!" she cried.

And the wind carried her voice to the very edge of the headland.

Suddenly she saw Filka behind a low sand bank. He was on his knees beside the water.

Tanya ran toward him, her feet sinking in the soft sand.

"Filka," she said reproachfully, "mother is waiting for me at the pier and I've been looking for you since morning. What are you doing here?"

"Nothing much," replied Filka with studied carelessness. "I've been sunning myself a bit."

He spoke softly, looking at her solemnly through half-closed lids. Tanya laughed at his mournful mien.

But something made her stop.

Filka was naked to the waist. His sun-baked shoulders glistened like stone and on his deeply-tanned chest five white letters stood out in bold relief.

"TANYA," she read.

Filka covered the name with his hand and backed away from her in confusion. He might have retreated a long way, disappearing into the very mountains had the river not been watching from behind. Tanya followed him step by step.

"Stand still, Filka," she begged.

He obeyed her.

"I don't care," he thought. "If people can part from one another so easily, let them look."

But Tanya was not looking at him. She looked up at the sun, at the hazy heat and the luminous air over the hills and she pulled Filka's hands toward her.

"But how did you do it?" she asked astonished.

For reply Filka bent down toward his clothes which lay in a heap on the sand and drew out five letters cut out of white paper. He laid them in their places on his chest.

"I come here every morning and let the sun burn my chest all around the letters so that only your name should be left white. It's my own idea. But don't laugh at me any more, please."

He raised his hand to his throat; it was a sign of the greatest grief.

And Tanya knew that she must not laugh.

With a new tenderness she looked into his eyes and touched his skin lightly with the tips of her fingers.

"You are such a baby, Filka. Why, it will all fade away as soon as the winter comes and you put on a warm shirt."

Filka's face fell and he glanced around him in bewilderment at the sky, the hot sand and the river sparkling among the mountains like a valley of gold. His confusion was extreme. He had forgotten all about winter, he hadn't thought about it at all when he had exposed his body to the scorching sun.

"Oh, what a fool I am!" he wailed.

"But the sun is so strong," he said doggedly. "It can't disappear altogether. Perhaps something will remain, eh, Tanya?" he implored.

Tanya reflected a while and agreed.

"You're right," she said, "something must remain. It can't be that everything will pass away. Otherwise what would happen to our everlasting friendship?"

The children embraced. The warm air fanned their cheeks and lone birds peered out at them from their lofty perches.

Childhood had ended! But just when? Who could solve this riddle for them? Not the sand, nor the forest, nor the stones, that had always been with them.

Only their beloved river hurried along toward the sunrise, coursing amid the hills with their dark-green garb of firs. And beyond all, in the invisible distance there arose before them an enchanted land, a shining land of radiant beauty.

And standing there with their arms around each other, they gazed before them into the distance, looking forward and not back because they had no memories as yet.

But the sadness of their first parting perturbed their souls.

"Farewell, wild dingo," said Filka. "Farewell."

Bitter tears welled to his eyes; but he was a boy who had been born in a silent forest on the shores of a stern sea. He flung himself onto the sand by the water's side and lay still.

And Tanya walked along the sandy riverside and the fresh breeze, borne from the same stern sea, blew in her face all the way.

Fiftieth Birthday Of Vyacheslav Molotov

Together with the entire people of the U.S.S.R., the Soviet writers are celebrating the fiftieth birthday of V. M. Molotov, head of the Soviet Government for nearly ten years now.

To writers, artists, scientists—indeed, to the whole of the Soviet intelligentsia—Vyacheslav Molotov is a model of that remarkable man of action of the Lenin-Stalin type, an intellectual who has always maintained close contact with the people and from early youth has fought for their freedom and happiness.

Already as a high-school student, Molotov—or Slava, as he was called by his comrades in school—was arrested and persecuted by the tsarist authorities. In the hero of the recently published novel *Slava*, by S. Mstislavsky, we recognize the figure of this ardent and courageous youthful revolutionary, whose extraordinary abilities won him the following of his comrades.

Prison and exile did not break the will of the young Bolshevik. They only served to steel him all the more. The beginning growth of the working class movement in Russia found Molotov in the front ranks of the revolutionary movement of the St. Petersburg proletariat. Molotov combined his important organizational work of rallying the masses of the workers around Lenin's slogans, with his journalistic activities, particularly difficult and complicated under tsarism. As member of the staff of the Bolshevik *Zvezda*, and one of the founders of the *Pravda* and subsequently one of its editors, Molotov became in those years one of the most outstanding literary men of the proletariat. And when tsarism was overthrown, the revived *Pravda* was naturally again headed by Molotov until Stalin returned from exile and Lenin from Switzerland.

In the first years of the Revolution Molotov worked with Lenin and under his direct guidance. A faithful disciple of Lenin, Molotov is the closest associate of Joseph Stalin, the great continuer of Lenin's work and leader of the whole of progressive humanity.

Drawing by P. Vasilyev

The intelligentsia of our country has a remarkable friend and guide in V. Molotov. His theoretical works, his speeches and articles are brilliant examples of the application of the teachings of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin to urgent problems of the day. Although constantly occupied by his great and manifold work as a statesman, Molotov always finds time for dealing with problems that are of special interest to the Soviet intelligentsia, for an appraisal of events in our cultural life, and for settling questions arising of various needs of writers, artists, actors and other intellectuals.

Molotov's fifty years of life include thirty-five years devoted to the cause of the people, to the cause of the victory of Communism. The Soviet writers wish Molotov—the head of the Socialist Government, the brilliant proletarian publicist, and friend of the Soviet intelligentsia — many more years of fruitful work for the good of the whole of progressive humanity.

VLADIMIR YERMILOV

Gorky and Dostoyevsky

CERTAIN PECULIARITIES OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S ART

The principles which were fundamental to Pushkin's outlook on the world—unwavering faith in man, in the unlimited potentialities of human beings and in human reason; the urge to share in mankind's progress to a new and better life; hatred of suffering and the dream of a wholesome, pure and liberated man—all these principles were subjected to revision in the art of Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

Gorky, who "in his powerful influence on Russian literature . . . stands with such giants as Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy, as the one who best carried on in our time their great traditions" (as Vyacheslav Molotov said in his speech at the public funeral of Gorky on June 20, 1936), maintained the brilliant humanist traditions of Russian literature.

Through the characters of his stories Gorky carried on direct polemics not only with Dostoyevsky, but also with Tolstoy's reactionary tendencies. Recall, for example, Luka from the play *The Lower Depths*, or the old man Markusha from *The Life of Matvei Kozhemyakin*.

Markusha for many years preached the fatalistic doctrine that every man has his lot in life, his preordained fate, which "twists and turns" him at will. Kozhemyakin respects the old fellow: "The man knows everything, explains everything." And suddenly it appears that Markusha himself does not in the least believe what he preaches; all his sermonizing springs from the desire to get rid of people with their questions about life.

"Let them stop bothering me, these people! I've a soul of my own, and maybe its tears are bitterer than yours—how do you know? But here they come asking—how about this, why that? Well, you tell them, this is this way and that is that way, and all the while you keep thinking, 'Go to the goblins, I've no time for you!' Maybe it's like that, maybe not, but you give them an answer—and they leave you alone. What am I, their tsar? If I were tsar or a saint, I'd really do something for them, but I'm not tsar, so let them be grateful for a word or two, understand? It's about time I found my own peace; my own soul comes first. . . . Are there any devils? There are. And leave me alone. But maybe there aren't any? No, there aren't. Leave me alone! And that's the whole story for you, miss: in either case—leave me alone! . . ."

Matvei Kozhemyakin and his

woman lodger, a political exile, are dumbfounded when the "comforter" thus exposes himself, for they had thought his preaching to flow from a sincere and profound belief in his own words.

"'You can't imagine,' began the lodger, her tone as complaining as Markusha's had recently been, 'how amazing his lack of faith is. When educated people are agnostic—you know, there have been people like that—you think to yourself: 'Well, what of it? Sickly blossoms!' But, you see, he's the soil itself, he's of the people. . . . I didn't know there were such men, and now it seems to me that I've seen dozens of them, the kind who say yes and no but mean 'Leave me alone!' How terrible the inner gulf between such a man and his fellows, the world! It's all the same what you tell people—let them only leave you in peace—but in what kind of peace!'"

The character of Markusha is linked with one of the most important themes in Gorky's writing, his demonstration of the corrupting influence of the ruling classes on the toilers.

Markusha's utter nihilism is depicted as the result of centuries of "beating," in an effort to 'beat out' of the people everything that was alive. Gorky regarded "Tolstoyism" as a product of Asiatic survivals in Russian life, resulting from the same thing, century-old "beating." He looked upon Tolstoy the *preacher* as a sort of Markusha, his importance monstrously increased by his genius. In his *Reminiscences of Tolstoy*, Gorky writes:

"That 'something' only occasionally and in hints slipped through into his conversation. . . . It seems to me a kind of 'negation of all affirmations,' the deepest and most evil nihilism which has sprung from the soil of an infinite and unuprootable despair and loneliness which probably no one before him had experienced with such terrifying clearness. I have often thought him to be a man who in the depths of his soul is unredeemably indifferent to people. . . . He has gone too far away from them into some desert; and there, solitary, with the greatest effort of the entire power of his spirit, he peers into that which is 'the most essential'—into death. . . . People must be given something which will either satisfy or amuse them, and away with them! If they only left a man to his habitual, tormenting, and sometimes cozy loneliness, facing the bottomless pit of the problem of 'the essential. . . .' When I was writing Luka in *The Lower Depths*, I wanted to depict an old man like that: he is interested in 'any and all answers' but not in people; unavoidably coming in contact with them, he consoles them, but only in order that they may leave him in peace. And all the philosophy, all the preaching of such men is just alms given by them with a veiled aversion, and the words which their preaching cover up are beggarly and melancholy:

"'Off with you! Love god or your neighbor, but get you gone! Curse god, love the stranger, but leave me alone! Leave me alone, for I am a man and I am doomed to death! . . .' He is a man seeking god, not for himself, but for other men, so that god may leave him, the man, alone in the peace of the desert chosen by him. . . ."

When we compare the character of Markusha with this sketch of Tolstoy the preacher, we find the clue to a device Gorky used in his literary polemics—the de-

vice of *reducing*, of transferring important manifestations and men from the ideological sphere to the sphere of ordinary, "everyday" life among the masses. Gorky once wrote that he had never encountered anything in books which he had not heard, clothed in different words, in the conversation of "men in the street."

There are other characters Gorky created, who carry on the "polemics" against "Tolstoyism." In the story *Kirilka*, for instance, the behavior of Tolstoy's famous peasant, Karatayev, is shown to be nothing but the mask assumed by the clever *muzhik* who is forced to maneuver in his relations with landlords, officials, merchants; or, again, recall the same polemics in *The Life of Klim Samghin*, and so on.

Problems connected with Tolstoy, however, and polemics against him, occupy a far smaller place in Gorky's works than problems connected with Dostoyevsky.

Gorky clearly felt that Tolstoy's art had its roots in the people. His reminiscences sharply reflect the contradictoriness of Tolstoy (particularly the overwhelming love of life and people characteristic of Tolstoy's genius, in spite of his indifferent, fatalistic doctrines).

From the point of view of the artistic development of Russian literature, Tolstoy's prose continued the Pushkin tradition. Among the principles he took over and developed were that epic quality which marks Pushkin's prose and poetry, and the effort to depict the very current of life as it determines the character and fate of people; besides this, Tolstoy enriched Russian prose with his profoundly analytical depiction of the inner life of man.

Dostoyevsky occupies a *special* place in Russian literature. He himself said that he had stepped out of Gogol's tale, *The Overcoat* and this of course was true. All his life he cherished a kind of particular exalted adoration for Pushkin, and, according to contemporary accounts, recited the great poet's verses with an overwhelming power which only he possessed. At one time, in his youth, he loved Belinsky, too. He was also fond of Nekrasov. Thus his name would seem to be linked with the greatest exponents of Russian literature—from which, of course, Dostoyevsky is inseparable. Nevertheless, the most important traditions of Russian literature were subjected to revision in his art, and this revision was an excruciating process for Dostoyevsky himself.

Dostoyevsky's prose is distinguished by peculiarities foreign to the prose of Pushkin, Gogol and Tolstoy. Applicable to it are Klim Samghin's words about himself:

"My life is a monologue, but I think in dialogue, I am always trying to prove something to somebody. As if within me dwelt someone alien, hostile, who watches my every thought, and I fear him."

Dostoyevsky's works are a monologue in the form of a dialogue. The objectivity of the real world grows dim—subjectivity is so widened in scope that it tends to conceal the outer world, to engulf objective reality. This gives rise to a characteristic feature: what Dostoyevsky's heroes think about themselves is never being checked in terms of reality. With Gorky, such verification goes on all the time; for instance, in *The Life of Klim Samghin*, the heroes' conceptions of themselves and each other are always conflicting with

the conception of other characters, and most important, with life itself, and so are disproved or confirmed, partially or in the main. Tolstoy is very fond of exposing the mistaken ideas people have of themselves, their self-flattery, the narrowness or sketchiness of their ideas, which are confuted by life. We find the same thing true of Chekhov.

In his article *On Literary Technique*, addressed primarily to young writers, Gorky speaks of the "material" from which fictional heroes are created, and stresses that "it is necessary to distinguish very carefully between the material of conceptions and the material of actions, for actions quite often do not correspond to the acquired conceptions; indeed, this is a common and familiar phenomenon." In other words, one must not judge a person on the basis of that person's own conception of himself. Gorky taught young writers that "a literary man must regard with skepticism and close scrutiny all the conceptions which animate the heroes of his stories and novels," he must distinguish between the subjective and objective.

Already Dobrolyubov criticized Dostoyevsky for subjectivism and for the fact that his heroes, with exhaustive thoroughness and faultless logic, reveal the whole truth about themselves and others, even if they happen to be quite young and inexperienced girls. In his article *Downtrodden People*, dealing with *The Insulted and Injured*, Dobrolyubov wrote:

"Throughout the novel the characters speak the language of the author; they use his favorite words, his expressions, they have the same turn of phrase . . . everywhere it is the writer himself who is visible, instead of a character speaking independently. . . . Natasha's syllogisms are amazingly correct, as if she had learned them in a seminary. Her psychological penetration is wonderful, the structure of her speech would do credit to the best of orators, even among the ancients." In conversation with Prince Valkovsky, the seventeen year old Natasha shows the brilliance of a profound analytical talent; with full accuracy and detail, she sets forth the very essence of the relationships linking her, Alyosha, Katya and the prince—relationships that are complicated, contradictory and elusive. All of Dostoyevsky's main personages give exhaustive characterizations of themselves; it would be difficult, for instance, to find a more profound judge of himself than Mytia Karamazov. The theme of punishment, of retribution, developed in *Crime and Punishment* and *The Brothers Karamazov*, is not brought out as a collision between the subjective and the objective, but runs its course in the subjective world as a struggle between opposing ideas, opposing principles of human personality. Students of Dostoyevsky, while correctly calling attention to the *polyphonic* quality that distinguishes his art, have forgotten that all these many voices speak as one.

There is present in Dostoyevsky's works a bitterness at the loss of the multi-colored objective world. Landscapes are notably scarce in his writings, but this is not at all because he had not mastered the art of description. In his descriptive scenes one constantly feels the sadness with which he endows all nature. Khromonozhka tells Shatov:

"Sometimes I would go down to the lake, to the shore; on one side is our monastery, and on the other our pointed hill, the one we call the Peak. I would climb up this hill and turning my face to the east would fall to the ground,

and weep and weep and forget how long I weep, and I would not know then nor remember anything. After awhile I would get up and turn around, and there the sun would be setting, so big, so round, so glorious—do you like to look at the sun, Shatov, my dear? It's fine, but sad. Then I would turn again to the east, and the shadow, the shadow from our hill would be stretching, stretching far across the lake like an arrow, narrow and so long, so long, for a *versta* or more all the way to the island in the lake, and it would cut this rocky island right in two, and as it cut the island in two, just then the sun would go down altogether, and light would go out of everything. And then I would be completely lost in melancholy. . . ."

This is a faithful and powerful picture of a sunset, outstanding for its dynamic qualities and scope—the swiftly-moving shadow expressing the movement which takes place in nature—and the moment itself when darkness descends—"just when the shadow divides the island in half, the sun goes down altogether"—and the great expanse embraced in the scene. And in all this there is a feeling of solitude; "fine, but sad," mournful.

And this is not at all because thus a sick woman perceives nature—we know the author's subjectivity; we know, too, that we have here to do with his own, highly characteristic perception of nature. Why, even the delight in the "sticky little leaves" of early spring which in an instant rejuvenates Ivan Karamazov, is tinged with this same shade: "Fine, but sad."

"I have a longing for life and I go on living in spite of logic. Though I may not believe in the order of the universe, yet I love the sticky little leaves as they open in the spring. I love the blue sky . . ."

We clearly feel the laceration in this Karamazov thirst for life.

"If I didn't believe in life . . . still I should want to live and having once tasted of the cup, I would not turn away from it till I had drained it! At thirty, though, I shall be sure to leave the cup, even if I've not emptied it, and turn away—where I don't know."

"Sticky little leaves" are lovely in spite of logic; essentially one has no right to love them. And so, through the sudden youthful joy which gushes and sparkles in Ivan's speech, the tense note of doom is heard.

The feeling of having lost nature is characteristic of Dostoyevsky's heroes, and they reach out toward the sticky little leaves of spring from the stuffy subjective world which is closing ever tighter about them. . . .

The prose of Pushkin, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Chekhov, Gorky (and Pushkin's poetry of course!) depicts the movement of life as it determines human fate, but in Dostoyevsky's works man conducts an experiment on himself, remaining in his tight-locked inner world. As a matter of fact, Dostoyevsky is not very insistent on the fact that Raskolnikov actually murdered a real old woman. What is important for him is that Raskolnikov has "killed a principle." And it is no accident that the description of the murder of the old usuress is very much like Raskolnikov's dream; it is not by accident that when Raskolnikov brains the old woman with the butt end of a hatchet, his hand seems actuated "by a force not his own"—exactly as if in a dream. It is an ideologically-psychological problem that is being solved, an experiment that is being con-

ducted within his subjective consciousness: may or may not one "transgress a principle"?

In just the same fashion Dostoyevsky is willing to allow that Smerdyakov, for all his artistic reality, is but a fragment of Ivan Karamazov's inner world; all the more since Ivan's imaginary interlocutor, whom he calls his "devil," closely resembles Smerdyakov.

Dostoyevsky's subjective, experimental method makes itself evident in the fact that external reality in his novels is built up, is forced to serve as material for an experiment. The independent, objective movement of real life is missing; and this goes hand in hand with a peculiarly aggressive character in the plot and the whole composition of Dostoyevsky's novels. Here we see the active hand of the experimenter regulating all the conditions of his experiment. He is little troubled, for example, by the improbability of having nearly all the characters of a novel meet unexpectedly at one and the same place.

In *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, it is above all the movement of reality itself that we feel, as it shapes people, changes their relations one to another, affects their characters and the like. But with Dostoyevsky it is the movement within the processes of consciousness that stands out. A great many of his personages are so little objectivized, so little distinguished from the author's own inner world, that they never acquire complete "materiality" and "independence."

All this signified a tendency to break the epic strain of Russian prose, a turn toward decadence.

Waging an incessant war against Dostoyevsky, Gorky contributed a great deal to a true understanding of the real value and significance of his opponent's art.

In his literary polemics with Dostoyevsky, he made use of the same method of *reducing* the scale of things that he employed against "Tolstoyism"—a method exactly the opposite of Dostoyevsky's own.

"Of course, even a little sinner is good material for a great artist, if the artist knows how to exaggerate his character's worthlessness as did F. M. Dostoyevsky," remarked Gorky in his *Notes of a Reader*.

Dostoyevsky transferred his heroes from an everyday environment of the mass of people to the exceptional, elevated surroundings he himself created—a sphere of "ideological passions." Gorky "reduced" these heroes, placed them back in a real environment and put everything in its proper setting. This method of combat was simultaneously a method of profound, objective, creative analysis; Gorky's "reduction" gives the key to the objective evaluation of Dostoyevsky's art.

In his reminiscences of Tolstoy, Gorky cited the following observation by the writer on Dostoyevsky:

"'It is curious that he is read so widely. I can't understand why. It is painful and useless, because those Idiots, Raw Youths, Raskolnikovs, and everything—things did not happen that way; it was all much simpler, more understandable.'"

Tolstoy's opinion that "everything was simpler, more understandable," could not fail to strike a particularly sympathetic chord in Gorky, for it confirmed the correctness of his approach to Dostoyevsky.

THE ATMOSPHERE OF DOSTOYEVSKY'S WORKS. HORROR AND SUBMISSION. "TWO CHASMS"

Strolling with Klim Samghin along the bank of the Neva on a "bright winter day," his decadent young woman acquaintance, Serafima Nekhayeva, voices her dominating idea:

"'If only all life could halt like this frozen river, in order to give men time to think calmly and deeply about themselves,' she said indistinctly, talking into her muff.

"'Under the ice, the river is flowing on just the same,' Klim wanted to say, but discarding the thought as too trite, he glanced at her bird-like face and said:

"'Leontyev, a noted conservative, was of the opinion that Russia should be made to freeze a bit.'

"'Why Russia alone? The whole universe ought to be frozen for a time, made to rest for a space.'"

This, moreover, is Klim Samghin's own cherished idea. Gorky considered it the chief negative characteristic of philistinism.

All the philistines in Gorky's works have a conception of freedom and happiness as a state of rest and immobility, and it was this, perhaps, which was more repellent to Gorky than any other tradition of philistinism. Dostoyevsky turned out to be in the same camp with the Leontyevs and Pobedonostsevs, whose cherished dream it was to "freeze" Russia and halt the movement of life. Gorky's desire to enter the Dostoyevsky atmosphere sprang from his wish to get an inside understanding of it, particularly an understanding of what was it precisely that had led Dostoyevsky into an alliance with the reactionary Leontyevs. What was Gorky's conception of this Dostoyevsky atmosphere?

"'Vladimir Ivanovich!' Varavka vociferated. 'We're speaking seriously. Isn't that true?'

"'Fully,' Lyutov shouted excitedly.

"'What is it you want, then?'

"'Liberty.'

"'Anarchism?'

"'As you will. If our princes and counts stubbornly preach anarchism, please allow also a merchant's son to have an amiable chat on the subject. Do allow a man to experience all the delectation and all the horror—yes, horror—of freedom of action. Allow it without any limitations.'

"'And after that?' Turoboyev loudly asked.

"Lyutov swung his chair around toward Turoboyev and extended his hand to him.

"'And after that he himself will limit himself with his own free will. Man is a coward; man is greedy. . . . Allow him to become frightened of himself, give him permission to do so, and as a result you'll have most excellent and timid and business-like people, who will, without any loss of time, make short work of themselves, bind themselves and each other, and yield—yield themselves to the god of blissful and peaceful existence. . . .'

"With a wave of his hand he drew a wide circle in the air.

"'Understand it thus. Boundlessness and insatiability. Intellects are not common among us; ours are mad geniuses. And we are all stifling—everybody, from top to bottom. We're flying and falling. . . . We be those who burn themselves at the stake—we burn in a dream—from Ivan the Terrible and Avvakum the Archpriest, to Bakunin, christened Mikhail, to Nechayev and Vsevolod Garshin. Do not thrust Nechayev away; you mustn't! . . . In spirit he is

brother in blood to Konstantin Leontyev and Pobedonostsev—also Konstantin.'

"'You apparently agree with Dostoyevsky about many things?' Turoboyev asked.

"Lyutov recoiled from him.

"'No! In what? Not guilty! Don't like him. . . . The people do not want that freedom which the politicians are promising, but such as priests can grant—to commit frightful sin, every conceivable sin, in order to become frightened, and then grow tame within themselves for the next three hundred years. . . .'

"'A strange theory,' said Turoboyev, shrugging his shoulders. He went down off the terrace into the gloom of the night, but having made a dozen steps, he said loudly:

"'Nevertheless, this is Dostoyevsky. If not according to his thoughts, then according to his spirit.'"

In the present instance, Gorky is quite in agreement with Turoboyev who correctly labels Lyutov's ratiocinations: "This is Dostoyevsky." Lyutov thus sets forth the central idea of the legend of the *Great Inquisitor*: "tamed" mankind which must meekly entrust its fate to the "true authorities"—an idea which basically regards man as a coward and slave, whose "rebellion" must inevitably end in terror and submission.

The theme of "freedom of action" and fear of it (this was the essence of the experiment Dostoyevsky's heroes performed on themselves) had long interested Gorky. Lyutov but develops ideas which were voiced by Jacob Mayakin in the writer's early novel, *Foma Gordeyev*.

"'Russia is confused, and there is nothing steadfast in it; everything is staggering. Everybody lives awry, everybody walks on one side, there's no harmony in life. . . . All are yelling out of tune, in different voices. And no one understands what the other is in need of! There is a mist over everything—everybody inhales that mist, and that's why the blood of the people has become spoiled—hence the sores. Man is given great liberty to reason, but is not permitted to *do* anything—that's why man does not live; but rots and stinks.'

"'What is to be done, then?' asked Lyubov, resting her elbows on the table, and bending toward her father.

"'Everything!' cried her father passionately. 'Do everything. Go ahead! Let each man do whatever he knows best! But in order to do that he must be given liberty, freedom! Since there has come a time when every raw youth believes that he knows everything, and was created for the complete arrangement of life—give him, give the rogue freedom! Here, Carrion, live! Come, come, live! Ah! Then this comedy will follow: feeling that his bridle is off, man will then rush up higher than his ears, and like a feather will fly hither and thither. He will believe himself to be a miracle worker, and then he'll begin to gasp his life's spirit away . . .'

"The old man paused awhile and, lowering his voice, went on, with a malicious smile:

"'But there is very little of life-creating spirit in him! He'll bristle up for a day or two, writhe all over the place—and the poor little fellow will soon grow weak. For his heart is rotten. . . . And right there and then the dear fellow will be caught by the real, worthy people. . . by those real people who are competent to be the actual civil masters. . . .

"'What!' they will say. 'Have you grown tired, gentlemen? What,' they will say, 'your spleens cannot stand a real fire, can they?'" And, raising his voice, the old man con-

cluded his speech in an authoritative tone:

"'Well then, now, you rabble, hold your tongues, and don't squeak! Or we'll shake you off the earth, like worms from a tree! Shut up, dear fellows! Ha, ha, ha! That's how it's going to happen, Lyubovka! He, he, he!'"

All Lyutov's notions are echoed here: "freedom of action" and "let man become frightened of himself" and the hope that men will "grow tame" ("freeze up")—in short, the whole compass of ideas which Turoboyev says are "Dostoyevsky." In Mayakin's argument these ideas are translated in terms of the straightforward language of politics: here we see the essential truth about the Russian bourgeoisie; the real nature of its "liberalism" is revealed.

". . . The 'opposition' of the Russian bourgeoisie to the autocracy, its dissatisfaction because the autocracy restricted personal initiative and could overcome neither the anarchic, Asiatic disorderliness of Russian life nor the elements of revolutionary discontent and disturbance, were closely intertwined with the ideas of the bourgeois counter-revolution. And as a matter of fact, the 'master,' Jacob Mayakin, became a member of the reactionary Octobrist Party after the first revolution of 1905-06, and after October 1917, he revealed himself to be a cynically frank and ruthless enemy of the toiling people," wrote Gorky in his *Conversations on My Craft*.

There is reason to think that Gorky was addressing himself straight to Dostoyevsky already at the time when he put the quoted declarations in the mouth of Mayakin. In *Conversations on My Craft* he tells of his work on *Foma Gordeyev*:

"The method was simple: I ascribed to Jacob Mayakin something of the social philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche."

Now, if one take into consideration the concurrence of Lyutov's and Mayakin's ideas, and the fact that Gorky always associated Nietzsche and Dostoyevsky, and finally the fact that Gorky had acquainted himself with both Dostoyevsky's novels and Nietzsche's philosophy in youth—in view of all this, it seems quite probable that Gorky aims Mayakin's arguments at Dostoyevsky.

Turoboyev says of Lyutov's opinions, which are similar to Mayakin's, that "This is Dostoyevsky. If not according to his thoughts, then according to his spirit."

Dostoyevsky hated all bourgeoisie, including the Russian—whose ideas and hopes, by the way, had not had time in his day to crystallize in the "Mayakin-Lyutov" form. To capitalism advancing on Russia, he opposed Russian backwardness, idealizing the latter in a utopian idyl of "orthodox-church Socialism." But the fate of every reactionary, anti-capitalist utopia, as the *Communist Manifesto* points out, is to serve in the struggle against the working class.

At present, however, we are not so much interested in this concurrence of views with the Mayakins, which was unexpected for Dostoyevsky himself, as in Gorky's conception of the "spirit," the atmosphere pervading Dostoyevsky's works.

In Gorky's *Story of a Hero*, Novak, history teacher in a provincial high school and member of the reactionary Black Hundreds—a man who later achieves a successful political career in St. Petersburg—gives the following advice to the student who tells the story in first person:

"'Don't believe the Socialists, they are men who have too much confidence in the power of reason

and forget the unreasonableness of life. Their mistake is that the Socialists . . . rousing in the masses the will to power, think that they are arousing the force of reason, whereas in reality they are only inflaming instincts: envy, malice, revenge. . . . All men are anarchists by nature, and they grow more anarchistic as time goes—that is the way it is. But . . . the time has not yet come for anarchy. It will never come until the masses split up into units, each conscious of his own strength and of his right to live by the laws of his own spirit.'

"Bending still closer toward me, he asked, 'You understand why it is that the mistake the Socialists are making is criminal; why it is that precisely monarchy, merciless, unyielding authority, can bring us most quickly to anarchy, to absence of authority, to absolute personal freedom? Think it over, and you will clearly see that this is not a paradox . . .'

"He strictly advised, or rather he commanded that I read Dostoyevsky, Konstantin Leontyev, Nietzsche.

"'Yes,' he would say, 'just those men! Essentially anarchists in spirit, monarchists because they realize the necessity of being so.'"

These arguments of a black reactionary who preaches the Nietzschean cult of "chosen individuals" and "supermen," are echoed in Klim Samghin's thoughts about himself:

". . . What confounded him was that in hours such as this, which required the keenest self-appraisal on his part, he felt himself to be a kind of a conservative anarchist or an anarchist-minded conservative, and this was so peculiar that he ceased to understand himself."

These excerpts from *The Life of Klim Samghin* (Lyutov's conversation with Varavka and Turoboyev, and Samghin's musings), from *Foma Gordeyev* and *Story of a Hero* introduce us to Gorky's conception of Dostoyevsky.

Gorky saw that in the novels of Dostoyevsky the path which Lyutov and Mayakin wanted to have open to all had already been traversed in the consciousness of individuals: Dostoyevsky's heroes had "allowed" themselves "the liberty to sin frightfully and in every way, in order to become frightened and—submit." The political equivalent of this process, which went on in the minds of Dostoyevsky's heroes, was contained, as Gorky saw, in the formulas voiced by Klim Samghin and Novak: "conservative anarchist or anarchist-minded conservative," "anarchists in spirit, monarchists because they realize the necessity of being so."

"Allow man to become frightened of himself!" Lyutov cries. Dostoyevsky "allowed" this without limit. "When you read Dostoyevsky you feel his endless fright at the gloomy depths of his own soul," wrote Gorky in *Conversations on My Craft*.

Precisely what was it that "frightened" Dostoyevsky in "the gloomy depths" of the human soul?

It seemed to him that he had *discovered the evil* in man's nature, as Columbus had discovered America. "He seems to feel himself the proclaimer of certain dark forces hostile to man, he constantly calls attention to the ruinous efforts of the man who seeks chiefly complete personal liberty, demanding that he be granted the right to make use of everything, enjoy everything and submit to nothing." (From the *Course in the History of Russian Literature*, given by Gorky in 1909 for workers in the Capri school.) Dostoyevsky

thought that he had discovered the absolute and frightful laws governing man's nature — and above all the law of gravitation toward cruelty and abomination which was at least as strong, if not stronger, than the gravitation to the good and to beauty. Dostoyevsky spoke of this discovery in solemn words and, it even seems, in words of rejoicing:

"Let me be accursed, let me be low and base, but let me, too, kiss the hem of the surplice in which my god is robed; let me at the same time follow the devil, but I am nevertheless thy son, O Lord, and I love thee and experience the joy without which a man cannot stand nor exist," says Mitya Karamazov.

Lyutov, who at first will in no way agree with Turoboyev's remark, "Nevertheless, this is Dostoyevsky," later half concedes the point: "We live in the fulfillment of sins, and for the conquest of temptation," he mutters. "Never having sinned, one does not have to repent; never having repented, one does not need to find salvation."

This formulation of Christian ethics, sanctioning every kind of moral laxity, as well as abuses of all sorts in real life, was considered by Gorky to be highly characteristic of Dostoyevsky's heroes. Mitya's pathetic utterances about "the surplice in which my god is robed" and "following the devil" are fully reconcilable under such a formula.

Grushenka is quite in agreement with Mitya's opinion of himself: "I know, you're a beast, but you're noble."

We know that Dostoyevsky's heroes as a rule give very faithful characterizations of themselves; so we have every reason to believe these words of Mitya's: "I loved degeneracy, I loved the shame of degeneracy, I loved cruelty: am I not a bedbug, a noxious insect?"

The turn of phrase here is noteworthy: not "I was cruel" or "I acted cruelly," but "I loved cruelty."

And in truth Mitya Karamazov enjoys such situations, for instance, as the following. A young girl, Yekaterina Ivanovna, finds herself in difficult circumstances which make the immediate obtainment of three thousand rubles a matter of life and death for her. Mitya has the money, and lets Yekaterina Ivanovna understand that he will give it to her if she gives herself to him. The girl is proud and beautiful, and he finds it pleasant to humble such a person. Then when Yekaterina Ivanovna, stunned by her sorrow and the insult of Mitya's offer, comes to him, and he feels the psychological impossibility of carrying out his intention, he feels a desire to even more fiercely insult and disgrace her; he wants to play "the nastiest, swinish cad's trick"—"take her down a peg" with coldly scornful, haggling words and, as if it were a naked bargain, offer her two hundred rubles. But Mitya "even though a beast, is noble"; so he behaves "chivalrously," actually arousing Yekaterina Ivanovna's . . . admiration.

Considering that Alyosha in *The Insulted and Injured*, an innocent lamb compared to Mitya, was called a "dirty louse" by Dobrolyubov, what words would he have found for Mitya Karamazov? Indeed, Mitya does not spare himself, constantly applying to himself such epithets as "noxious insect." This does not prevent him, however, from considering himself an honest person—"though a man of base desires, I'm honest"; and in truth "never having sin-

ned, one does not have to repent; never having repented, one does not find salvation."

It seems that Mitya above all must have been in Gorky's mind when he said that Dostoyevsky took a "petty sinner" and "exaggerated his worthlessness."

The "exaggeration" of Mitya Karamazov springs from the very fact that to Dostoyevsky, Mitya's creator, this character seemed the most typical, so to speak, the "mass" representative of human nature, with its equally strong attraction toward evil and good, its anarchism.

Mitya did not murder his father, although inwardly he was more or less ripe for the act. But he was the actual, though involuntary, murderer of another character, Ilyusha. The drunken Karamazov drags Ilyusha's father, a beggar, a man already humbled by life, out of the tavern by his beard; and this insult to the father stuns and crushes the sickly and high-spirited lad, causing his illness and death.

"Papa, how you were insulted!" The reader cannot forget the child's cry. Like Ivan Karamazov in his conversation with Alyosha, Dostoyevsky has chosen the theme of children's suffering as a "clear illustration," a way to give most powerful expression to the suffering of all humanity and the unreasonableness of life.

Ilyusha and his story play a tremendous role in developing the theme of *The Brothers Karamazov*. The boy and his plight are reflected in the dream Mitya sees, in which he sorrows over the world's injured "babes"; this sorrow leads him to his main conclusion, the necessity of pacifying, of "freezing" all his passions and "answering for" the world, of suffering for the children of the universe and of dissolving himself in the sea of human suffering. This false and ugly idea actually meant justifying and sanctioning the whole of that life where "the babes" are tortured; it was a hackneyed, pharasaical, fanatic perversion of Christian morality; but this conclusion of Mitya's is linked by Dostoyevsky with an amazing picture of children suffering, in which are reflected all the sufferings of poverty-stricken peasant Russia.

And this picture arises in the mind of Mitya—the same Mitya who insults and humiliates Ilyusha; the same Mitya who *loves* cruelty!

In Dostoyevsky's works it is just this *combination* that he presents as particularly terrible, this capacity for the loftiest feelings combined with love for abomination and "shame," this *simultaneous* manifestation of "evil" and "good" in man—"freedom to do anything." And the nobler, the loftier the human sentiments of men like Mitya (Dostoyevsky looks upon them as the "overwhelming majority" of mankind), the more repulsive are manifestations of the "noxious insect," the poisonous centipede that lives in their souls.

"Sensual lust—for the insects! I am that insect, brother," says Mitya in his confession to Alyosha. "All we Karamazovs are such insects, and, angel that you are, that insect lives in you, too, and will stir up a tempest in your blood. . . . Beauty is a frightful and terrible thing! It is terrible because it has not been fathomed and never can be fathomed, for god sets us nothing but riddles. Here the boundaries meet and all contradictions exist side by side. . . . We must solve them as we can, and try to keep a dry skin in the water. Beauty! I can't endure the thought that a man of lofty mind and heart begins with the ideal of the Madonna and

ends with the ideal of Sodom. What's still more awful is that a man with the ideal of Sodom in his soul does not renounce the ideal of the Madonna, and his heart may be on fire with that ideal, genuinely on fire, just as in his days of youth and innocence. Yes, man is broad, too broad, indeed. I'd have him more limited. The devil only knows what to make of it! What to the mind is shameful, is beauty to the heart, and only that. Is there beauty in Sodom? Believe me, that for the immense mass of mankind beauty is found in Sodom. Did you know that secret?"

And as the prosecutor demands a severe sentence for Mitya, he winds up his speech of accusation with these words. "Two chasms, gentlemen of the jury, remember that Karamazov can contemplate two chasms, and both at once."

"Did you know this secret or not?" Essentially Dostoyevsky puts this question to Belinsky and to Nekrasov: do you know that within man lives a malicious insect, passionately eager to injure and befoul, and that man, left to himself, given "freedom of action" will both figuratively and literally "injure" and wound himself and all who cross his path as did Mitya Karamazov! Man must submit in order to bring about the gracious peace of an Alyosha or Father Zosima or the hero of the *Idiot*. Blessed be he who humbles himself; but if his "devil," his Smerdyakov, be too strong for him to submit, then let the Pobedonostsevs have a free hand, let them "freeze" him. "All men are anarchists by nature," says Gorky's character, Novak, and so they must be bridled. Human reason is not to be trusted, in Dostoyevsky's opinion: life itself is unreasonable; if human reason is given free play, it will inevitably justify Karamazov's, "all is permissible!" Therefore a higher authority is needed—religion, god. There can be no doubt that Dostoyevsky, like his own heroes, inculcated in himself the necessity of belief in god, and searching within himself would not have been able to say firmly that he really believed in "his god." It is no mere chance that notes of atheism ring out with such noble daring and force in the speech of Ivan Karamazov; no accident that Shatov, one of Dostoyevsky's favorite heroes—when asked directly whether he believes in god—answers, "I—I *shall* believe." Dostoyevsky's belief in god can be characterized in the words of Gorky's Novak who was a believer "because he realized the necessity of being so."

Such, in Gorky's opinion, is the atmosphere of Dostoyevsky's works and the compass of his subjective conceptions.

KARAMAZOVDOM AND OKUROVDOM

Gorky reveals the objective reality underlying Dostoyevsky's heightened and idealized characters. This idealization lay above all in the fact that Dostoyevsky attributed a *universal* and absolute significance to his characters. Gorky *restricted* the significance of such types, located them accurately on the map of human society, "localized" them and freed the actual content from its mystified form.

Gorky performed this operation boldly, without fear of "hurting the feelings" of Dostoyevsky and his heroes by associations that were unexpected and none too pleasant for them. Dostoyevsky himself, by the way, was never afraid of

"insulting" his own heroes: he placed Ivan Karamazov side by side with Smerdyakov; he stubbornly associated Mitya with a cruel and sensual cad, endowed with ruinous strength; even his most favorite character, Alyosha, is closely linked with "Karamazovdom."

The real significance of the Mitya Karamazov theme is revealed by Gorky in his *Okurov Town*, a tale which might be characterized as a "conversation between Gorky and Dostoyevsky."

The very epigraph to the tale is noteworthy; it at once introduces the reader to the atmosphere of the little town of Okurov: " 'Beastly, provincial hole!'— F. M. Dostoyevsky."

And as the reader gradually, page by page, enters the life of Okurov, he seems to recollect something already known to him. He seems to find himself in a familiar place, but one he cannot recognize immediately. Finally he does. These are the same streets, the same little houses, the same picketed front gardens, the same people; but the reader sees them in a different light. The mist, the tempestuous emotion, the fantastic and somehow terrible light that pervaded everything, have now been replaced by the even illumination of a winter sun, soberly and coldly lighting up every twisting lane and blind alley. You do not know which is the more terrible: there everything was heightened, triumphantly terrible—but now you see everything commonplace and terrible: and you think, "So this is what they are like, these people with their outlandish passions! This is what that little town is like which I saw in the tragic glow of a fire alarmingly illuminating the night sky. . . ."

The reader soon feels that the little town of Okurov is essentially that very Skotoprigonyevsk whose taverns and wineshops were so hospitable to the roistering Mitya Karamazov, the town's most popular brawler and rioter, the man who most actively "contemplated two chasms—and both at once!" You almost expect to hear Grushenka's heels come click-clicking down these same Okurov streets, to see Mitya drag Ilyusha's unfortunate father out of that tavern by the beard, and to see the fatal pestle brandished in Mitya's hand in that deserted fence corner. . . . The same "beastly, provincial hole" of old Russia, the same passions and disasters suffered by unbridled philistines. . . .

In the little town of Okurov, one Vavilo Burmistrov, the town's most popular brawler and rioter, wends his roistering way from tavern to market, to wineshop. He, too, energetically "contemplates two chasms—and both at once" and he has the typical Karamazov "abandon" whether he be in the depths or on the "heights."

Burmistrov takes offense because the one-eyed Tiunov, a man of wise and quiet speech, is becoming more popular among their fellows than Burmistrov himself, the "ornament and pride" of the Zarechye, the plebeian district of Okurov.

"Choking with the sensation, for him a new one, of bitterness and of falling into some pit," Burmistrov informs the police that Tiunov is making "rebellious" speeches, and is rewarded with a ruble by the district captain.

"It was the end of August, a fine rain sifted from the sky. . . . Yesterday's malice against the one-eyed man was replaced in Vavilo's breast by a kind of cold emptiness; rankling recollections (of the times he had been arrested and beaten in the police station

for various rows) prickled importunately in his memory."

"'Is that what you're paying me a ruble for?' Vavilo muttered, halting in the rain.

"His injuries came back to him one by one, leading him somewhere past the taverns and wineshops."

And so, hardly knowing how, Burmistrov finds himself in the house of—Tiunov.

"And entering Tiunov's room, he cast his wet jacket on the floor and strode up and down, waving his arms, groaning, beating himself about the breast and head with tightly clenched fists.

"'Jacob—here! Look at me, here I am! Really and truly. Ah! A man! Who am I? A grain of dust! An autumn leaf! Where does it lie—my path, where's life for me?'

"He was acting, but acting sincerely, with all the power of his soul: his face turned pale, his eyes filled with tears, his heart burned with acute pain.

"For a long time he continued to shout out his penitence and complaints, not listening nor caring to hear what Tiunov was saying: carried away by his own acting, he himself admired it from some luminous corner of his heart. . . .

"Tiunov gave a long sigh.

"'Eh! Vavilo, you have a fine soul, after all!'

"'My soul . . . is free for everything!' exclaimed Burmistrov, overjoyed. 'Let's drink to our friendship. Ah! I can't control the emotions of my heart.'

"After they had drunk and kissed, Tiunov wiped his lips hard and the conversation assumed a calm and friendly character.

"'Just stop and think,' argued the one-eyed man unhurriedly, 'why your heart sways back and forth like a pendulum, deceiving everyone, yes, even yourself. Because you're not on solid ground, brother, because you're a man who's not tied to anything, to wit—a philistine! The word ought to be "full-istine" because a man is full of everything, but it's all mixed, shuffled up. . .'

"'Right,' exclaimed Vavilo, nodding his head. 'Ah! that's right, you know, by god! I'm full of everything.'

"'But there's no pivot! And we're all like that, mixed up inside. . . . We've nothing to sell but our souls. We live disgracefully: in youth we dishonor the earth, in old age we scramble toward heaven, tottering to monasteries and shrines. . . .'"

Here we have the typical Karamazov contemplation of the "two chasms" simultaneously, one from the luminous corner, and the other from the dark corner of the heart.

Mitya Karamazov, with all his unlimited capacity for vileness, with all his love for what was really base, experienced a genuine feeling of horror at the "bottomless chasms" which he could reach. Burmistrov, naturally, is not simply a reproduction of Mitya. Still, we cannot forget that Burmistrov acts *sincerely*, with all the power of his soul, that his heart, too, is "genuinely, genuinely on fire" with a sharp longing for the "bright ideal"—though this longing is, of course, superficial and fleeting.

Give Vavilo another spoonful of education—and the style of his "confession of an ardent heart" would be quite like Mitya's; the direct kinship of style is expressed again in those self-derogatory cries: "Who am I? A grain of dust!" and "Am I not a bedbug?", and in the prevailing tone of lofty declamation. As regards the substance of Burmistrov's confession, here we no longer have kinship, but identity. Mitya speaks of the freedom of the soul for the Madonna and for Sodom. Burmistrov also

says that his soul "is free for everything." Neither of them can control "the emotions of his heart." And both have compassionate listeners—in one case Alyosha and in the other Tiunov—who say the same thing in different words, "Eh! you have a fine soul, after all!" And to both applies Tiunov's characterization, "A man is full of everything, but it's all mixed, shuffled up. But there's no pivot!"

Mitya contemplates his "two chasms" in the abstract sphere of honesty and baseness, beauty and ugliness, the Madonna and Sodom, kindness and cruelty, cleanliness and dirt, and so on. Gorky reveals what all these antitheses essentially signify in the sphere of concrete social relationships.

Gorky's "conversation" with Dostoyevsky in *Okurov Town* consists of Gorky's deciphering the social meaning of the "two chasms," places these "chasms" against the background of the life of society as it actually was in the writer's day.

Okurov Town deals with the philistines and the revolution, the action taking place in the eventful year of 1905.

Vavilo Burmistrov lends a very sympathetic ear to the rumors of the beginning "rebellion." He tells his girl friend, the prostitute Glafira, nick-named "Boat," that he must have "a chance to get ahead." "Of course, it's all nonsense, those rebellions, but I wouldn't mind some rebelling all the same — eh!"

"'My great big man!' chanted Boat, embracing him.

"'Yes, sir. I'd show them what I'm made of,' exclaimed Burmistrov with rising excitement.

Then the revolution comes and "Vavilo Burmistrov rushed about jostling everybody; his shirt sleeves rolled up and his eyes flashing with joy and gaiety, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"'Time for revenge! Here it is! The day has come, oho!'

"Respectable people as yet continued to be calm observers of the disorders; stopping Vavilo, they would ask him, 'What are you shouting about?'

"'What?' the fighter repeated threateningly (Vavilo was one of the best fist fighters in Okurov) and, suddenly, radiant with joy, gave his questioner a mighty hug. 'Isn't it fine, old boy, huh? How people have got their backs up, haven't they? The day has come! Did you hear—freedom? If I want to, I'll live, and if I don't, I won't, eh?'

"The townsmen, forcing a smile, asked, 'What is that freedom?'

"'Brethren!' chanted Burmistrov, chocking and drumming his breast with his fists. 'The soul is being liberated! Soar upward, soul, and . . . that's all!'

"'Drunk,' the respectable people told each other, walking away from him and frowning."

The revolution expanded the "luminous corner" of Burmistrov's heart. He tells Tiunov, "I am better than you. Today I pity everyone, each inhabitant of our town has become dear to me! You call them philistines, but I am sorry for them. Eh! you one-eyed fellow, your soul is also blind on one side!" Here, too, one recognizes the intonation and words of Mitya Karamazov, whose "Ah! you Bernards!" is addressed to all "narrow" people. Of all Dostoyevsky's characters, Mitya is the most "material": he is so clearly drawn and alive that one can easily imagine what his reaction to the environment would be under various conditions and circumstances. There is every indication that Mitya would have behaved just like Burmistrov in the first days of the revolution—if, of course, he had not been sentenced to penal ser-

vitude or entered a monastery before then. He, too, of course, would have been sorry for the "philistines" and everyone else, for we know how prone Mitya was to such tender, universal pity. He, too, would have accepted the revolution with the same cry of "Soar upward, soul, and . . . that's all!"

But even in the very first days of the revolution, there are notes reminiscent of Mayakin and Lyutov in Burmistrov's thought and utterances.

"'Pity for everyone has filled my heart!' shouted Vavilo, reeling. 'And I say honestly, say this one thing to all—give man freedom, let him learn for himself what is forbidden fruit. Let him try all paths for himself, ah!'"

Here the longing for "freedom of action" of which Lyutov spoke, freedom "to sin in every way" and "try all paths," the anarchistic "abandon" of the Karamazovs and the Burmistrovs is already combined with the note of "submission," of "freezing." "Let man learn what is *forbidden* fruit!" Another confused philistine is Artyushka Pistolet, who confesses that "such things sometimes come into my head, it's a shame! It even scares me! For that reason, to tell the truth, I live apart from people, alone, because I'm often afraid of what I might do." (The "man from the underground" might have said the same thing of himself, word for word.) This counterpart of Burmistrov is troubled: "No, the real question is, what are we going to do with freedom?"

And in truth men like Burmistrov in the majority of cases, sooner or later, find themselves in the camp of the enemies of freedom: and they fight against the revolution with the same "abandon" with which they greeted it, for they have not at the beginning grasped its aims and meaning, but have thought it to be an anarchist, universal "soul holiday."

Vavilo Burmistrov, in spite of his dislike of "respectable people," turns out to be a most efficient tool in the hands of the Black Hundred reaction. But before we reach this denouement of the tale, a word must be said about Burmistrov's love affair.

His mistress, Glafira, "repository of all his troubles," loves Vavilo for his good looks and for the earthly passions by which he is swayed. But for "her soul's sake," like a candle burnt to god to "cleanse herself," she has fallen in love with Sima Devushkin, the town poet, a poor and sickly lad who writes sad and prayer-like verses. He is simple, quiet, truthful, loves and pities everyone; and all in all, Glafira is sure, he is "agreeable to god." Unable to lie, Devushkin proposes to Glafira that she confess their relationship as lovers to Burmistrov.

"She was disturbed, jumped up nimbly, embraced Sima and began earnestly to argue with him:

"'Don't even think of it, no, no! Do you hear? It's only you I love! But Vavilo . . . he's this kind of a fellow, see . . . nobody like him. . . .'

"She closed her eyes and stretched herself mysteriously.

"'Why do I go with him?' she continued more calmly and confidently. 'From fear. If you don't yield to him, he'll kill you! Oh, yes, he would! But my love for you is a good love, for my soul. Do you understand? For that pure love, I'll be pardoned many sins—I know! How could I not love you?'"

Here, in its reduced aspect, we have before us one of Dostoyevsky's

themes; we can hardly fail to see the resemblance of the triangle made up of Burmistrov, Glafira and Devushkin to that constituted by Rogozhin, Nastasya Philipovna and Myshkin. The ungovernable Rogozhin, shaken by earthly passions, inspires fear in Nastasya Philipovna; she clearly realizes that he is capable of killing her; the miserable and sickly Prince Myshkin, simple, quiet, truthful, loving and pitying everyone, awakes a "good love" in her, for "her soul's sake." With Dostoyevsky, all this is of course highly complicated, particularly by Nastasya Philipovna's feeling that she is "unworthy" of Myshkin's love for her. This striving for a pure love for "her soul's sake," to be cleansed from her sins, is also characteristic of Grushenka (her relations with Alyosha reveal that she might feel such a love for him).

Incidentally, Burmistrov's Glafira has a very strong external resemblance to Karamazov's Grushenka, even to details. For instance, both of them when they wish to be insulting, speak in a saccharine sing-song (Grushenka's talk with Yekaterina Ivanovna, and Glafira's with assessor Zhukov). The character of Devushkin is reminiscent of Myshkin and of Makar Devushkin in Dostoyevsky's *Poor Folk*, indeed of all that writer's "humble people." Sima Devushkin is more closely kin to Makar Devushkin than to the other "humble ones," because both are notable for protest—timid and "virginal" though it be—against the environment which crushes them.

Learning of his mistress' faithlessness, Burmistrov bursts in upon her ready for murder. Something like Rogozhin's story would have been the result, except that Sima Devushkin turns up at the appropriate moment, and Burmistrov kills him. (Rogozhin wanted to kill Myshkin.) This "chance" murder is very characteristic for the Karamazov-Burmistrov trait of "abandon." Mitya, too, almost murdered the old servant Grigori who got in his way, instead of his father, Fyodor Pavlovich Karamazov, and only later learned that he had not killed, but only injured the old man.

"'Why did you kill the fellow?' Burmistrov was asked by Chetykher, watchman of the house of ill fame where the murder took place.

"'How do I know?' answered Vavilo, as if in a dream. 'Sort of without meaning to. He got in the way of the wheel, so. Well, and . . . What's he to me?'"

Mitya Karamazov speaks in almost the same words of the old Grigori. "He got in the way, the old man. Well, lie there . . ."

Thus in *Okurov Town* Gorky gives "free play" to many of Dostoyevsky's themes.

After the murder of Devushkin comes the tragic-comic episode of Burmistrov's arrest. He has already found out "what is forbidden fruit for man," and is ready to condemn himself to submission. He wants to be arrested and tried with all due formality. But the police have no time for him; the wave of revolution has already rolled as far as Okurov. Accompanied by Chetykher and Artyushka, Burmistrov goes to the police station "to get arrested." The following episode takes place on the way.

"Burmistrov . . . left the sidewalk and took to the middle of the street.

"'Where are you going?' Chetykher shouted at him.

"'You see where,' answered Vavilo angrily.

"'Oh! you want go o just like

an arrested man?' said Chetykher peaceably, and fell silent. 'Already condemned himself, that means, in his own eyes.'"

Although the murder of Devushkin was "unintentional," Burmistrov has already passed judgment on himself and, like Mitya, longs for punishment. But again, as with Mitya, the desire for punishment struggles with the desire for life. Vavilo is not yet destined to freeze up. . . . Escape from "arrest" proves very easy; no one detains him, simply. And here his "breadth" shows up, here at last he shows "what he is made of." Coming out of "incarceration," Burmistrov at once finds himself in the thick of events. The first people he sees on the street, looking through a crack in a fence, are the "respectable citizens," who are discussing a program of struggle against the Okurov plebeians, the hard-working, lower-class philistines of the Zarechye. "He did not like these prosperous people and knew that they did not like him, but today his breast was filled with emotions that were like clouds mingling in a confused and leaden mass...." He hears the name of his rival, Tiunov, mentioned in the same breath with that of Okurov's honored "liberal," Kozhemyakin; and "envy stings his heart." Then he hears the talk about himself.

"'That fighter of theirs, Vavilo Burmistrov, is a match for ten men—when it comes to rioting. . . .'

"With involuntary fright, Vavilo shrank back from the fence, but he liked hearing what the townsmen had to say about him. And for a second he was possessed with an acute desire to leap over the fence, right in the middle of that knot of men—ah! how they would scatter for dear life!

"'. . . They're afraid, the devils!' Vavilo realized, gritting his teeth. The alarm of the citizens pleased him, gave him a warm inner glow and filled his heart with boldness. He scanned their worried faces attentively and saw clearly that all these respectable people were as helpless as a flock of sheep that have lost their bell-wether."

Contemplation of "two chasms" through the crack in the fence proceeds at a rapid rate. It is not clear why the helplessness of the prosperous people delights Vavilo: because it will be easy to settle accounts with them, or because it will be easy to take the place of their missing "bell-wether." Most likely, as befits a Burmistrov, both the one and the other please him.

The subsequent action progresses quite in the "Mayakin and Lyutov" style, or—in the style of Dostoyevsky. It begins with a confession before all the people, of the kind so cherished by Dostoyevsky's heroes; Sonya Marmeladova sketched the scene of such a confession for Raskolnikov.

"'Well, what shall I do now? Tell me,' he asked, suddenly raising his head and looking at her, his face terribly twisted with despair.

"'What shall you do?' she cried, suddenly jumping up, and her eyes, till now filled with tears, were all at once bright and flashing. 'Stand up.' She seized him by the shoulder; he rose, looking at her almost in amazement. 'Go now, this very minute, stand at the crossroads, bow, first kiss the earth which you have dishonored, and then bow to the whole world, to the four points of the compass and say aloud to all, 'I killed!'"

Mitya Karamazov, too, feels this need of confession before all the people.

Vavilo Burmistrov acts in the same way.

"And suddenly the familiar, drunken fire flared up within him, touching him off and sweeping him across the fence; like a flaming brand he fell among the crowd, quickly setting fire to dry hearts.

"'O Russian people! O true believers!' he shouted, raising his hands aloft and spinning like a top amid the frightened men. 'It is I, Burmistrov—beat me! Ah! good people, the light has dawned on me. Let me confess, let me air my soul!' "

They rushed away from him in all directions; someone in fright struck him in the ribs with a stick, another howled. Vavilo flung himself upon his knees, stretched out his hands and fearlessly appealed:

"'Beat me, men, beat me! We are free now. You beat me and as for you—those others, who . . .'

"He did not know just who, and his voice choked with the fullness of his utterance."

But among the prosperous folk were men who perceived that Vavilo might have a certain political interest for them.

" 'Stop!' cried Kulugurov, waving his hands. 'Don't touch him. Wait!'

"'Was I not, brothers, a lover of freedom?' "

Burmistrov quickly enters into his new role; from a *frondeur*, an enemy of the "prosperous folk," he turns into their tool. His treachery is instantaneous, as befits a man who can appreciate "two chasms" at one and the same time.

"The townsmen cautiously encircled him and Burmistrov, eyes sparkling, felt that victory was near, and became more and more exhilarated.

"'What's freedom to me? I have killed and am free? I have stolen and am free?'

"'Right!' shouted Kulugurov, stamping his feet. 'Listen to him, people.'

"'You see?' cried Bazunov, hopping about. 'There's your freedom! Even a bandit like this understands. There! A real Russian conscience for you, aha!'

"All about was a sound of dull muttering.

"'Straight from the heart, did you notice?'

"'Simple people never forget god. It's all kinds of educated fellows, you know, that go around blaspheming.'

"'It's not our business, this crime he's been up to. But what he says against freedom is all right for us!'

"A voice cried in alarm, 'Look, men, how they're crowding toward the cathedral. They'll smash us, by god! Brothers!'

"'And we'll go there, too,' roared Kulugurov. . . . 'At 'em! Come along, Vavilo, tell them all this about freedom, eh?'

"Burmistrov was seized by the arms from behind and propelled along.

"'You tell them straight out,' his companions urged.

"'Don't be afraid, we'll back you up!'

"'The police aren't around. . . .'

"'We'll defend you. . . .'

"'Give it to the one-eyed fellow good!'

"As if flying, Vavilo marched ahead of them all, delighted and touched; the men held him in a tight embrace, slapped him on the shoulder, felt the muscles of his arm. Someone even kissed him and whispered tearfully, 'You're going to your crucifixion, ah!' "

(It was just such a scene of triumphant public repentance, just such a procession to "the

cross" that Sonya Marmeladova had in mind for Raskolnikov.)

"Burmistrov had never before felt himself so completely and powerfully the hero. With burning eyes he looked around at the faces of these people, who were already in love with him, paying honor to him; and a passionate thought flamed to life somewhere within him.

"'This is what freedom is! This is it!'

"Through the din of the crowd he heard the familiar voices of Streltsov, Klyuchnikov and Zosima calling him . . .

"'Our fellows are here!' thought Vavilo with a drunken smile; he imagined what a figure he was going to cut in the eyes of his neighbors.

"He sprang upon the church porch, brandishing his arms to sweep people out of his way, faced the square and yelled with all his might.

"'O Russian people! O true believers! you have all . . . gathered here and now I speak to you, I, I!'

"But he was not allowed to speak. 'Get out! Down with you!'

"And somewhere nearby, to one side, the calm, confident and weighty words (of Tiunov) flowed distinctly on.

"'Whom, then, have they put up against the truth? You know who this man is . . .'

"Once again a string drew taut somewhere within Vavilo, then snapped loudly. He lunged to grab Tiunov, flung him down and yelled, 'Beat him!'

"'Aha-a!' cried the old cooper Kulugurov, brandishing a green fragment of the church stair rail. 'Freedom!'

"Silently, blindly, Vavilo struck out at people . . ."

The fight ended in a victory for the "prosperous folk," largely due to the efforts of Burmistrov.

"'They're all scattered for awhile anyhow,' cried the cooper. 'So there we are! Well, come along.'

"He blew his nose through his fingers and, accompanied by his comrades, approached Vavilo.

"'Where will you take me now?' asked Burmistrov quietly and gloomily as they surrounded him.

"'What, are you hurt?' inquired the cooper, not answering the question.

"'Where will you take me?'

"But as he was asking, Vavilo felt himself seized firmly by the arms and lifted from the ground.

"'Well, it's like this,' said Kulugurov seriously.

"'Since, first, you have confessed murder to us, and, second, you began that fight—we are going to take you to the police. . . .'

"Somebody added, 'We're not your accomplices, my friend. No, sir!'

"Vavilo looked at the speaker and remained silent."

But on the way he once more feels an aversion to submitting and being sent to punishment at hard labor. The finale of *The Brothers Karamazov* is colored by the struggle between Mitya's longing for punishment and his longing for life; the same theme marks the ending of *Okurov Town*.

"'I don't want to, I won't go!' cried Burmistrov, suddenly halting and trying to shake off the men who clung to him, with a presentiment that he would not be able, that he couldn't manage them.

"Angrily they began to haul, pull and beat him as dogs worry a straggling wolf; they howled, yelled and swayed back and forth in a dark struggling heap; and snowflakes sifted thickly down upon them covering the whole city

with the white blanket of a long, weary winter.

"The black spots flitting through the twilight of the snowstorm were jackdaws.

"And somewhere, tirelessly, a man kept working—up on Cock's Hill, no doubt; just as if he were fastening a tight, firm barrel-hoop around the whole city, he hammered stubbornly and confidently. |"'Tum-tum-tum . . . Tum-tum . . ."

So ended the career of Vavilo Burmistrov.

The triumphant yell of the cooper, Kulugurov, "Aha! Freedom!" recalls Jacob Mayakin's foretaste of triumph. "Here, Carrion, live! Come, come, live! Ah!"

Seemingly the "masters" have reason to be triumphant, and *Okurov Town* closes with their triumph; "tum-tum-tum" rings out as a kind of symbolic cooper who drives a barrel-hoop around "the whole town," around all the people, "freezing" them and stopping the current of life. . . . Seemingly Mayakin and Lyutov were right in their prognosis: lo, man has rebelled and "realizing that the bridle is off" has "flown hither and thither like a feather," after which he has become frightened of himself and submitted, asking for the bridle again. "But there is very little of creative spirit in him." "And after that he will limit himself of his own free will. Man is a coward; man is greedy." "Is there beauty in Sodom? Believe me, that for the immense mass of mankind beauty is found in Sodom."

Gorky showed *in what measure* these prognoses were correct: they are correct as far as they concern the frenzied philistine, who can easily be made a tool in the hands of the Black Hundred. He vacillates from one camp to another, coquetting all the while: "Was I not a lover of freedom?" Indeed, it is this past of his on which he is making political capital, for he has "nothing to sell but his soul." This frenzied philistine may be a journalist, an orator or simply a fighting rowdy like Vavilo Burmistrov; in reality it does not matter, and even the form scarcely differs; the only thing that changes is the wording of the argument, the external style—for instance, one may use quotations from learned works to justify treachery, and the game is more subtle. People of this type might be attracted to the revolution for a short time by the opportunity to "show what stuff they are made of," to shout ludicrously and hysterically, "It is I who speak, I, I!"

Thus the triumph of the "masters" has very little real foundation.

Burmistrov was "rotten at the core," he had no "creative soul"! But what business had the "masters" to take the Burmistrovs as representatives of the people and the "people's conscience!"

Gorky taught us to see through the "sincere acting" of the Burmistrovs, and know their real essence. After the defeat of the 1905 Revolution, Gorky engaged in a profound artistic investigation of all the social forces which had made themselves evident during its course; he took stock in terms of creative writing, of the potential reserves of the revolution and the counter-revolution; he was interested in seeing how various social groups would behave in the revolution that was still to come.

In *Okurov Town* Gorky voiced a warning that the working class would have temporary "companions" of the Burmistrov type, who would turn out to be enemies; that there would be allies of Tiunov's kind. He taught that distinctions must be made among the petty bourgeoisie of the cities, separat-

ing the toiling strata who were attracted to the working class from the parasitic, anarchist-inclined strata, who were the worse corrupted by capitalism the more tenaciously the Asiatic, pre-capitalist, barbarous elements survived in Russian life. It was just these latter strata that justified the hopes of the "masters" that "creative spirit" would be lacking.

The Trotskyite-Bukharinite gang of thugs, which sought recruits for its banditry and spying among the unstable and easily corrupted, was working to justify the hopes of the "masters." If the fascist plans of these lackeys of finance capital—the modern bourgeois "master"—had been carried out, the whole world would have rung with the "boss" triumphant yell: "Aha! Freedom!" The malicious cooper would have encircled the whole world with his tight barrel-hoop, tapping out a dull and fatal "tum-tum-tum." Not a small town, not a tiny village anywhere in the world, but would have heard that evil sound.

But there is no force in the possession of the "masters" that can withstand the people who are building Socialism. . . .

In the artistic social study that *Okurov Town* is, Gorky, as we have seen, was carrying on polemics with Dostoyevsky. He showed that Dostoyevsky, in Mitya Karamazov and others of his stamp, had discovered the laws governing the behavior of certain anarchist-inclined strata of the philistine petty bourgeoisie and then had declared these laws "universal." It was for this reason that Dostoyevsky identified the revolution with "rebellion" for the sake of "freedom to sin in every way" and to "show what stuff one is made of" in Burmistrov's fashion. The only man he had knowledge of was the anarchic Mitya Karamazov: all the other characters he drew are in essence simply an incarnation of various phases, various "possibilities" of Mitya. Dostoyevsky in his topical articles wrote much about the people, for with tragic poignancy he felt the impossibility of living unless one had ties with the people; he saw the inevitable disintegration and ruin of the individual who was cut off from the people. This is one of the most important and worthwhile themes in his writing. But he was far from having Pushkin's folk quality; neither did he have Tolstoy's link with the peasantry; he destroyed the one real chance open to him of establishing ties with the people when he broke with the vanguard of the peasant revolution, with the camp of Belinsky and Nekrasov. He thereby condemned himself to imprisonment within the circle of his Karamazov types, which could but intensify the subjectivism that sharply differentiates his art from the basic principles of Russian prose.

Gorky in *Okurov Town* showed the subjective narrowness and distortion of Dostoyevsky's conception of the revolution, by revealing the objective essence of that conception, and making a sharp distinction between "Burmistrovism" and the revolution. At the same time Gorky brought to light the genuine truth of Dostoyevsky. He showed how correctly, in essence, Dostoyevsky reveals the anarchism and "beastly depths" of the human soul corrupted by capitalism in conjunction with Russia's historical backwardness.

Dostoyevsky portrayed a moment of crisis in the life of the Russian middle class, when, with all its patriarchal character and survivals from the Middle Ages, it came into collision with the new capitalist order that was advancing

on Russia, the new laws of life. "All has now grown turbid," says Svidrigailov, and this phrase is repeated by various Dostoyevsky heroes. The Karamazovs, already made anarchic by the Asiatic elements in Russian life, were rendered doubly anarchistic by the new order that encircled them; they saw nothing in that new world but chaos in which man was thrown entirely on his own resources.

It is for this reason that Mitya's mental conflict is so sharp, so emotional. "The times are out of joint!" The new capitalist ways of life bring a host of temptations, break down all the old moral standards—and there is no force capable of withstanding the temptations.

This is why in Mitya Karamazov there are strongly marked traits of helplessness, defenselessness, including complete defenselessness against the dark and elemental Karamazov passions. Dostoyevsky portrays this abuser of children as himself very much like a "babe." Mitya is almost childishly amazed by the discovery he has made: he is shocked that within himself lurks so much of terrible, destructive and basely cruel, and that all life seems designed to "foster" his Karamazov qualities.

Okurov Town depicts a different historical period. The initial sharpness of the conflict has worn off. Burmistrov is completely corrupted and no longer worries about his divided nature. Mitya spoke with sorrow and aversion of his soul's "freedom for everything." But Burmistrov *acts*, *simulates* "pangs of conscience," coquettes with his "breadth." In essence, he brags that his "soul is free for everything."

Okurov Town went to print at the beginning of 1909, and in the same year Gorky gave a course in the history of Russian literature for workers at the Capri School; from his lectures it is evident that Gorky was extensively occupied at this time with problems of philistinism, particularly the question of its differentiation.

"In this estate there is not and cannot be unity of aim," Gorky said, "because the personal ambitions of its individual members are so various as to bar unification: this one wants to get into an office, that one into a guild, another is trying to enter university, still another joins the ranks of the proletariat. When wills are bent in so many diverse directions, there can be no question of a homogeneous psychology, and the philistines, therefore, are an aggregation of individuals capable of anything from espionage—it is common knowledge that most spies, according to their passports, are philistines—to the post of minister—look at Witte, for instance—and even to the role of a revolutionary.

"The psychology of an individual brought up in an environment that is internally so full of dissension and is only bound together externally and mechanically—this psychology must have a peculiar character."

Things were difficult for Mitya Karamazov: he was alone when he faced the elemental, destructive force of his Karamazov nature, with all its riddles which led to his undoing. "Solve them as you can and try to keep a dry skin in the water." In our land these riddles have been solved, and the whole country is taking part in the struggle against that "cruel spider," the survivals of capitalism.

Bourgeois critics, who have long been expert in utilizing Russian literature for the purpose of slan-

dering the Russian people, have tried to single out for praise just this Karamazov "breadth," representing it as Russian "daring," the sweep of the Russian soul. They followed in the footsteps of the "masters" of Okurov who represented Vavilo Burmistrov and his repentance as the "Russian conscience."

Gorky gave the answers to both arguments, regarding the "Russian conscience" and "Russian breadth."

Describing the tremendous industrious spirit and the creative power with which the Russian people are so richly endowed, Gorky showed that the real *Russian conscience* is as much opposed to the Burmistrov type, as to the Oblomovs and Karamazovs.

In Gorky's eyes, the Russian conscience was to be found in such people as, for instance, the stove-setter Chmyrev (from the story *The Fire*), who in spite of the jeers and insults of Okurovdom philistines, tried to "inspire people with a love for cleanliness, sightliness and order. This trait of his had long ago attracted attention; once in spring the torrents had torn up the cobblestones of the road and hollowed out deep pits; whereupon the stove-setter admonished his neighbors.

" 'You ought to fill up those holes with rubbish there, or the drunks will break their necks, so they will.'

"He talked about this several times, to people's amusement and finally, on Sunday morning, himself set about repairing the pavement; he brought rubbish in a sack, then sand, then laid the cobbles and stamped them down. It was both funny and sad to see him busy himself with this work for the benefit of the town administration, and he was much jeered at. It was then that he acquired his reputation as a queer duck."

Illiterate, the stove-setter had a hard time in his arguments with the better educated storekeeper, whose habit it was to assure the householders that they were all swine; this "doctrine" is no whit different from Mayakin's contention that the people have no "constructive spirit," that they are "rotten at the core." But Chmyrev stubbornly combats this *swinish* philosophy of the "master" with his own *human* philosophy.

" 'Work ought to be done well, to last for a long time,' he was fond of saying, 'we're not the only people on earth . . .'

" 'And who else is there but us?' he was asked.

" 'Well, we're not all going to die at once, are we?'

" 'What a queer duck!' the neighbors marveled."

Hard as he found it to clothe his guiding idea in words, that idea was nevertheless a sturdy and *creative* one. "If people get the idea that they can build something . . . if the bricks are laid properly, then it will stand," or again, "It's the man who builds that's worth his salt." Phrases like these are indicative of Chmyrev's make-up.

A feeling of this sort determines his conduct at the climax of the story. Though he and his friend, the consumptive Kolya Yashin, have often longed for the street in which they live to burn to the ground—life there is so monstrously ugly, so cruel to women, children and the aged—nevertheless, when fire does break out among the ill-starred houses, Chmyrev, aided only by his friend, fights heroically against the flames. For reward, he is beaten by a policeman and later by some gentleman or other.

In Gorky's works we find a whole gallery of types akin to

Chmyrev, from illiterate stove-setters and carpenters to such working class leaders as Pavel Vlasov and other Bolsheviks. They were those, as one of the characters in *Mother* predicted, who were destined to make Russia "the most democratic of all democracies."

The corrupting Okurovdom psychology which the so-called masters instilled in the people was always repugnant to the true *Russian conscience*. For, as Tiunov says to Sima Devushkin, "Let me tell you something straight from the heart—the Russians on this earth are a good people! A wild people, of course, mighty afflicted and unfortunate—but a good, stout, clever people."

Gorky repeatedly celebrates the poetic qualities of the Russian nature, with its breadth and scope; and here, too, he is maintaining and strengthening the traditions of Russian classical literature.

Genuine breadth and scope are impossible for a person without integrity, without completeness and definitiveness in every action, thought and deed. Otherwise breadth and scope degenerate into that false "complication" of personality which merely signifies a split, discordant nature; they degenerate into "freedom for everything," that is, into desolate emptiness.

"Tatyana with her Russian soul," a figure so typical of the Russian *people*, was cherished by Pushkin because of the integrity and completeness evident in her every trait; her incomparable charm springs from the combination of these characteristics with dreaminess and femininity. This was the first Russian woman in literature who gave us a profound and complete revelation of the traits of the national character. As she loved Onegin with her whole soul, so she punished him with all severity for his lack of integrity and for emotional shallowness.

Gorky saw the scope of the Russian nature in the heroism of Russian revolutionaries, in the passionate love for toil, in the self-forgetful "delight in doing things" which he knew how to portray with an unprecedented poetic force as none before him; he saw Russian breadth and scope in the heroism of countless Chmyrevs, the heroism of Pavel Vlasov and his mother, in the integrity of the national character which could stand up against the corrupting influences of the ruling classes, against all the ugliness of a life that disintegrated and shattered human souls.

The real breadth of nature characteristic of a "good, strong Russian" was depicted by Gorky in such scenes, for example, as his description of the unloading of a sunken barge.

"All about me, light as feather-pillows, flew sacks of rice, bales of raisins, leather and caracul hides; stocky figures ran back and forth, heartening one another with shouts, whistling and stiff oaths. They worked as if famished for labor, as if they had long been waiting for the pleasure of flinging hundred-fifty-pound sacks from hand to hand, of running headlong with bales on their backs. They played at their work with the happy absorption of children, with that drunken joy in activity which is sweeter than anything except a woman's arms. . . . I, too, seized the sacks, carried and flung them down, and then ran back to seize more, and it seemed to me that I and all around me were whirling in a tempestuous dance; that these men could keep up their terrible and joyful labor, without tiring and without sparing themselves, for a month, a year; that they had only to seize

hold of the steeples and minarets of the city to drag it off wherever they liked.

"I lived through that night in a state of joy such as I had never experienced, my soul alight with desire to spend my whole life in this half-mad ecstasy of activity. . . . It seemed that nothing could withstand a force at so high tension, so joyfully furious; that it could perform miracles on earth, could in one night cover the whole earth with beautiful palaces and cities, as we are told in prophetic fairy tales. . . ."

Gorky never flattered the people or embellished his portrayal of them. For one thing, he showed how such moments of heroic, inspired labor were often followed by drunkenness and senseless wanton rowdyism. After the episode cited above from *My University Days*, Gorky relates how the longshoremen, having finished their work, "upon arrival at Kazan poured out on the sandy river bank like a stream of grey filth and went to a tavern to drink their three buckets of vodka . . . a noisy carouse, this of the longshoremen, and in the corner somewhere a tenor voice struck up a ribald song. They laughed, whistled and thundered out words whose despairing cynicism, no doubt, would be hard to match on this earth."

This combination of the "two chasms"—the heroic poetry of labor and desperate, drunken cynicism—was to Gorky far from evidence of "breadth"; on the contrary, he felt that it narrowed and weakened the people's scope and strength. In their drunken bout, Gorky made clear, the men were drowning a cruel sense of outrage which they themselves did not wholly understand; outrage because the mighty upsurge of all that is best in human nature, which they had experienced in their "delight in doing things," was essentially sterile, insultingly meaningless; for it brought no joy to the toilers but only served to enrich the handful of masters who were responsible for the swinish life in this "world of men."

In all of world literature we can hardly find scenes of labor so forceful and filled with poetic passion, as those Gorky painted. He gave expression to the true Russian breadth and scope in labor, which today have merged in the great enthusiasm for creative work that has inspired the whole country; work freed from the duplicity, strain and monstrous waste of labor power; work for the benefit of those who work, for the happiness of mankind.

The discordant, disintegrated personality characteristic of Dostoyevsky's heroes turn breadth and scope into their opposite—into emptiness of soul and "freedom for everything." It was for this reason that Dostoyevsky was frightened by breadth. Mitya Karamazov says, "Man is broad; I'd have him narrower." But breadth did not frighten Gorky, who said in reply: "Yes, the Russian man of toil is broad; but I'd have him broader!" The great proletarian author wished to free man's creative powers from all the cramping and disfiguring restrictions, from the entire life which is based on the principle of private property, which made man shallow, discordant and "complex," which deprived him of his integrity.

To overcome the Karamazov kind of "breadth," Dostoyevsky proposed to narrow man, Gorky—to broaden him.

(To be concluded)

DAVID ZASLAVSKY

Chinese Art Exhibition

The exhibition of Chinese art which has been opened at the Moscow State Museum of Oriental Culture is of a significance that goes beyond the bounds of the purely artistic, esthetic, or scientific. This exhibition testifies to the friendship between the Soviet and the Chinese peoples, to the growing interest of the Soviet public in the life, history and culture of the great neighboring nation. Chinese art is studied by many in the Soviet Union, where there are outstanding experts on the subject. Professor B. Denike and S. Glukhareva, members of the museum staff, have organized this interesting and instructive exhibition with great erudition and affection.

The National Government of China has sent to the exhibition priceless, unique objects of art, fine paintings of all epochs, sculptures, ceramics, and articles carved out of bone and wood. This cultural heritage of the great nation, though long known from photographs and engravings throughout the art world, has been, for the most part, inaccessible to the public until very recently. A case in point are the treasures of the Peiping Palace.

Supplementing the treasures sent from China by the National Government are the numerous collections from Soviet museums—the Historical, Oriental Culture, Pushkin Fine Arts, and others.

The Soviet visitor enters the halls of the Museum of Oriental Culture, situated in one of the quietest corners of Moscow with a feeling of warm sympathy for the masses of China who are fighting for the independence of their State.

At the very threshold of the exhibition the visitor beholds tablets bearing the words of Lenin, Stalin, and Sun Yat-sen.

"Portrait of an Official" [by an anonymous artist of the XVI century

Here are the words of Lenin: The great Chinese people "is capable not only of bemoaning its age-old slavery, of dreaming of freedom and equality, but also of *Fighting* against the age-old oppressors of China."

Another tablet bears Stalin's words:

"We are sympathizing and will continue to sympathize with the Chinese Revolution in its struggle for the liberation of the Chinese people from the yoke of the imperialists."

And here is an excerpt from the address of Sun Yat-sen to the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R., written on the eve of his death:

Statue of a twin symbolizing harmony and unity, made of stone.

"My thoughts are directed to you and to the destiny of my country. You are at the head of the Union of Free Republics, the heritage left to the oppressed people by the immortal Lenin. With the aid of this heritage, the victims of imperialism will inevitably attain their deliverance from that international system, the foundations of which are rooted in slavery, wars, and injustice."

Photographs of present-day China are in the nature of an introduction to the exhibition. They seem to tell the visitor that he should not regard the objects of ancient and modern art here displayed as mere "museum" pieces. For here he will be face to face with the art of a people that has risen with arms in its hands to fight for its freedom. Here is this people! Resolution and enthusiasm in the faces of the fighters! Their sole thought is that of victory. It will be with the greatest satisfaction that these fighters will learn that thousands of Soviet citizens in Moscow have stood in admiration before works of ancient Chinese art and have viewed with sympathy the canvases of modern Chinese masters. The image of a heroic people is constantly in the mind of the visitor as he examines the art of antiquity in the various halls.

An exhibition of Chinese art is at the same time an exhibition of Chinese culture, a history of the Chinese people, revealed in its art. All truly great works of art transcend the boundaries of time. They live on for hundreds and thousands of years, their language is eloquent and convincing, and even when they speak of times and peoples of the ancient past, one does not feel any "museum" mustiness or stagnation in them. History unfolds itself before one's eyes like a living pro-

Fragment of "Arrival of the Emperor" by Wang Fu and Sung Hsiü (Silk, 1749)

cess, full of struggles, conflicts, and creative activity.

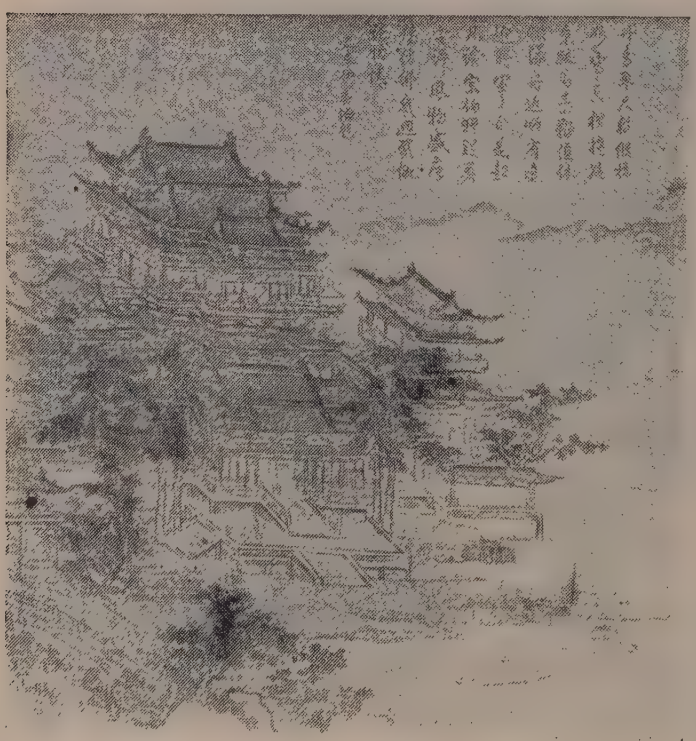
The history of Chinese art dates back to the fourteenth century before our era. Objects discovered in recent archeological excavations have been included among the exhibits. One finds here vessels for wine made of bronze and marble, beautiful statuettes of

animals carved from nephrite. At the very dawn of Chinese history this stone was highly valued by master-craftsmen who regarded it as sacred. Nephrite is an excellent material for carving fine statuettes.

These objects are of particular interest to the historian of culture, for they present a record of people of ancient times of which no written annals are available. And the connoisseur of art will examine these articles with no less interest, for the appreciation of beauty in ancient China was on a level comparable to that of ancient Greece.

The chronology of Chinese art is arranged traditionally, according to changing dynasties of rulers. Mongol dynasties intermingle with the Chinese. This represents the history of struggles against foreign invaders, struggles which lasted for many centuries. Progressive epochs were interspersed with times of great stagnation. A time would come when China seemed to fall into slumber for centuries, like the princess of the old fairy-tale, but never have the invaders succeeded in completely subjugating China, in eradicating its old culture, and effacing its national traits. The people fought on, rose in rebellion, suffered the hardships of struggle. It was in the fire of these struggles that heroic traditions were born, that the great affection of the Chinese people for their historical culture came to life. The people regard their culture as the source and the treasure-house of the Chinese nation.

Masters in all spheres of art served the ruling classes, but they drew their inspiration from the life of the people. Feudalism fettered the people of China with



"Loyang Mansion" by Li Chao-tao. (Silk, about 716)

shackles stronger than those in the west. To this very day, feudalism exists in many spheres of life in China, and it has placed its mark on art as well. At times art was reduced merely to a means for adding splendor to the palaces of the rulers. The life of the common folk was considered too lowly to merit the attention of the artist. But even at such times it was folk-art that guided the brush of the painter, giving expressiveness and truthfulness to his work.

This is how that remarkable combination in Chinese painting came to life, a combination of strict canons, and rules which form the well-known conventions of Chinese art, and of artistic realism reflecting a profound and truthful perception of life. For many centuries China evolved art forms which became law for the artist. This has fettered the artist to a certain degree, but has not resulted in formalism. No country in the world has ever known such mastery of line, such workship of purity, accuracy and finish in drawing, as China. The exhibition shows what miracles can be wrought by a line drawn by a hair of a brush, in the hand of a great master. But these lines are never aimless; they serve to create images, to convey emotions and ideas, to give expression to lyricism.

Here is a picture darkened by age, painted on silk, the famed "Loyang Mansion" by Li Chao-tao, which dates back to the year 716 of our era. One is amazed not only at the exquisite brushwork, extraordinary finesse of design and perfection of composition, but also by the profound lyrical tone of the work and the ability of the artist to portray the magic beauty of nature. With the greatest of care has the Chinese Government despatched this and other equally priceless paintings for the long journey of thousands of miles in order to acquaint the Soviet public with the outstanding artistic achievements of the Chinese people.

"Pine and Moon" by an anonymous artist of the Sung Dynasty (960-1279)

Many a visitor stops in admiration before the canvas "Pine and Moon" by an anonymous artist. This work dates back to the Sung dynasty (960-1279). Of the finest technique, the painting represents a splendid combination of realism and convention. Subdued shades of China ink convey distance, the stillness of the mirror-like surface of the water and the coolness pervading the air.

"Forward! Attack the Invader!" Oil painting on paper by P'an Yün

"A Women's Partisan Unit" by Chiang T'ao

"March of the People's Revolutionary Eighth Route Army." Water color by Chiang T'ao

"Boatmen." Oil painting on paper by Chang Shu-tz'û

We are accustomed to speak of the Great Wall of China. It really separated China from the rest of the world in the distant past. But as a barrier between the cultures of neighboring states it was effective only during certain epochs. With all its peculiarities Chinese art is closely bound up with world culture and art. It has the greatest affinity with the art of India and Iran.

The collapse of feudalism in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, caused by the penetration of elements of capitalism in China, found its reflection in art. The life of the middle classes, and to a certain extent even of the common folk, began to penetrate into painting and sculpture. True, the artist did not dare as yet to break with convention, to venture beyond the Chinese perspective, so different from the European; drawing retained its finesse and exactitude, but the colors grew brighter, and the paintings more dynamic.

"Lucky Snowfall Predicting a Good Crop" by Hsiao Sen (Silk, about 1730)

"Lucky Snowfall" by Hsiao Sen (1730) is remarkable for the deep silence and tranquillity that the canvas breathes. Though its lines are severe, the painting is infused with life. One can visualize the artist as he stands on the bank of the lake, enchanted by its beauty, by the beauty of the first snow, afraid to move lest he disturb the silence of nature. . . .

The direct opposite—in emotions, style and genre—is the work of Wang Tseng. Though it dates back to the seventeenth century it reflects new trends. It is a silken scroll forty-five meters long. At the exhibition only thirty-five meters are unrolled and these occupy three walls. This is a picture showing the life of a Government official who mounts all steps on the ladder until he rises to the post of governor of two provinces. Cities and villages with thousands of tiny figures are finished in the finest brushwork. All of them seem to be alive on the silk. Schools, bazaars, collection of taxes, processions, courts—such are some of the scenes portrayed. To examine this work is to make a voyage into old China. All the tiny figures are drawn with amazing artistic force.

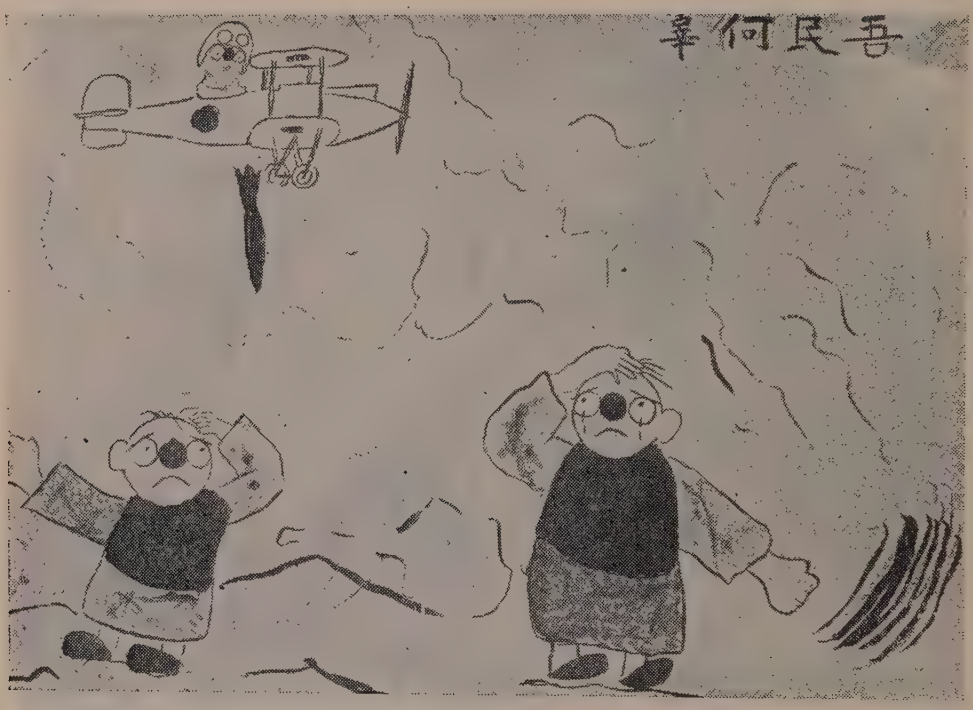
Beginning with the second half of the nineteenth century, European influence powerfully invades the art of China. On the one hand, it is a penetration of new

"Flowers and Birds" Panel of the 19th Century

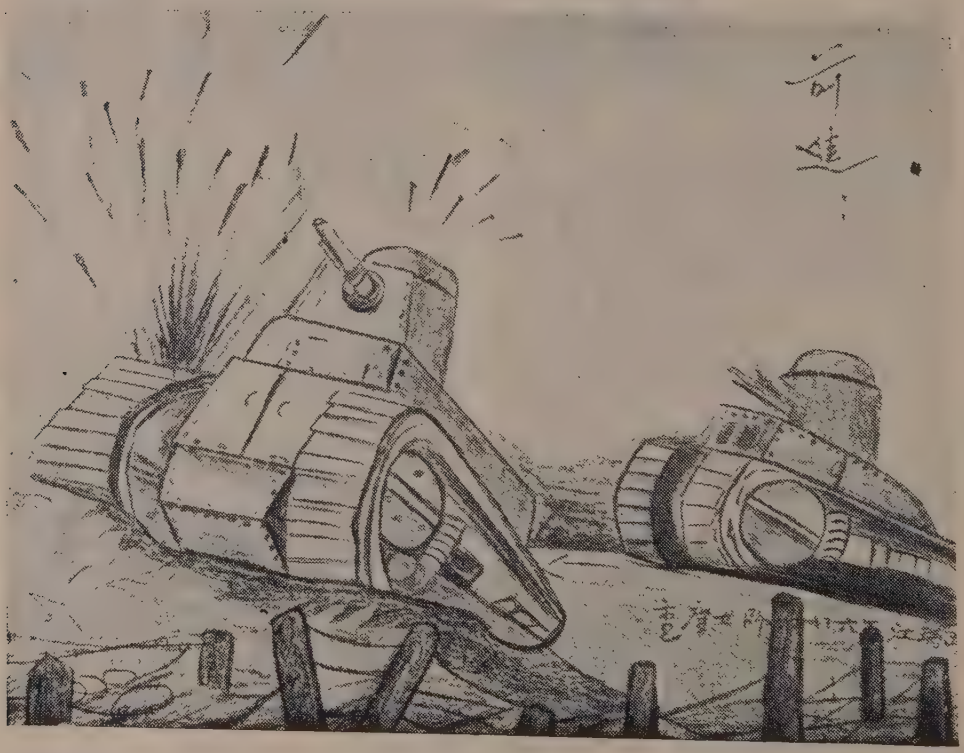
ideas and new forms, and on the other, a result of a great demand of the European bourgeoisie for Chinese antique art. The British and French colonizers had no interest in and were hostile to the introduction of new trends in China. They supported the reactionary policy of the Chinese ruling circles, who were also interested in preserving old China. The mark of antiquity was artificially stamped on the entire life of the great nation. Mass production of "curious," counterfeit antique objects, sprang into life.

But life was not to be stopped. The national movement in China, and the struggle against the imperialists for the independence of the country and the people, brought to life new art forms. Chinese masters of the brush and chisel became inspired by ideas coming from the West. Some of them studied in art academies in Paris. They were faced with the problem: how to utilize the rich heritage of the past? The attempt to cast aside the old culture led to imitation, to the loss of originality. Of interest are the works of the talented artist Jiu-peon, who strives to combine the impressionism of western European painters with the traditional Chinese style. From ink and water colors the Chinese artists ever more boldly turned to oil.

The life of the masses pulsates in the work of outstanding young modern artists. These artists serve



A drawing by a child



A drawing by a child

the people waging a heroic struggle. Themes of war predominate in the canvases of modern China. Full of passion and force, the pictures of P'an-Yün portray the people's striving for freedom. Particularly expressive is his portrait of an old partisan. These pictures, and even more so the wood-cuts, have much that is akin to the works of Soviet artists. But they have an inimitable, national atmosphere. P'an Yün's picture of a battle in the Kuling Mountains is an interesting attempt to utilize the old conventional style for portraying modern life. Exactitude of drawing and a feeling for line live on in the soul of the Chinese artist. It has been inculcated in the course of centuries. "Already Old but Spirit Firm" by P'an Yün depicts an old partisan on a rock under a pine tree. . . . This pine dates its genealogy back to the famous "Pine and the Moon."

Of considerable interest are children's drawings dealing with the struggle of the Chinese people for their independence. There is the same directness and naiveté of perception as in the drawings of Soviet children. But the work of the Chinese children is distinguished by that innate feeling for line, its suppleness and power of expression. The art of drawing seems to be the foundation not only of the Chinese art but of the entire culture of China, including its writing, which is based on calligraphy, on the technique of the finest brushwork.

Included in the exhibition are rich collections of works of craftsmen in applied arts, splendid fabrics, embroidered silks, objects of stone, porcelain and enamel. Chinese vases are too well known to require any further elucidation.

Especially fine is the work of wood carvers, and many a visitor can hardly believe his own eyes as he views figures wrought of tree roots, like the statue of the goddess of happiness which dates back to the eighteenth century.

The exhibition is tremendously popular with the Soviet public. The explanations of the guides become instructive lectures on the history of the Chinese people. All this helps further to consolidate the bonds of friendship between the Soviet and the Chinese people.

"Winged Animal," nephrite (Han dynasty)

"Minin and Pozharsky"

The producers of the new film *Minin and Pozharsky* faced an exceptionally difficult task. It would seem that after such pictures as *Chapayev* and *Alexander Nevsky*, it would be difficult to produce an original film story depicting the heroic struggle of the people against their oppressors and foreign enslavers. All the more remarkable is the fact that such a film has been produced with great success by Soviet cinema artists.

The name of the author of the scenario, Victor Shklovsky, enjoys a well-deserved popularity in the country. Shklovsky is one of the few Soviet authors who combine the talent of prose-and-drama writing with a profound and thorough knowledge of cinema art. Shklovsky's scenario is not an ordinary literary scenario which the film regisseur replenishes and turns into a film scenario. His scenario is an almost complete literary foundation of the future film. Shklovsky has devoted much time to a thorough study of history.

The name of Pudovkin, the producer of the film, is well known wherever Soviet films have been shown. Let us recall that Pudovkin owes his fame to such films as Gorky's *Mother*, *The Descendant of Ghengis Khan*, (which was shown in many European cinemas under the title of *Storm Over Asia*), *The End of St. Petersburg* and others.

The film *Minin and Pozharsky* has a striking peculiarity characteristic of Soviet cinema art: it was produced by the

Still from "Minin and Pozharsky"

greatest masters of the Soviet film world together with young assistants who are being trained in the art of creating films. Thus, for instance, regisseur Doller worked with Pudovkin; operator Lobov worked as assistant to Golovnya, the master operator; and, lastly, next to the actors who played in the film and whose names are widely known to film fans the world over, there were young movie actors.

The peculiarity which we have mentioned here is no exception; no, it is a law along the lines of which all Soviet art develops, and the film *Minin and Pozharsky* is merely a brilliant illustration of the application of this law in practice.

Shklovsky's scenario deals with one of the most difficult periods in the history of the development of the Russian state. It was a period known in history as "troublous times." Profiting by internal strife and internecine wars, the Polish and Swedish armies invaded Russia, robbed the population and destroyed cities and villages. The Poles even seized Moscow and established themselves in the Kremlin. The people groaned under the yoke of the invaders, and historical documents vividly describe the suffering of the people in those days. The author of one of such documents tells tersely of the calamities suffered by the population of a certain district through which the Polish army had passed. Eight of the thirteen villages of the district the Poles leveled with the ground, while in each of the remaining five but one hut remained. Part of the inhabitants who had had no time to flee were killed and all the rest were flogged.

The film starts with a scene depicting the people's sufferings. The heroes are introduced to the audience against the background of a burned village. The bitter lot of the people under the yoke of the invaders, the struggle of the people against them, and correlation of classes are presented by Shklovsky through the fate of individual heroes. Romain Rolland had once remarked quite aptly that history, as a rule, had been written

B. Livanov as Pozharsky

by the ruling classes in their own interests. Our task, he added, is to revise the old historical writings and to return to the people what belongs to them by right.

It was from this point of view that Shklovsky wrote his scenario. Next to the historical figures of the organizers and leaders of the Russian army which drove the Poles out of Russia, next to Minin and Pozharsky, we see Roman, a plain Russian peasant. Roman is a product of the author's imagination. Although we may look in vain for his prototype in the chronicles of those days, he still is historically true and concrete. His is the personification of the average Russian, clever and brave, full of love for his fatherland and able to fight for its independence. For centuries his talents were stifled by *boyars* and tsarist henchmen. But a critical time had come, when only the strength of the plain people could save Russia. And then talents came to the fore, and there were many of them among the people. In this film, Roman grows from episode to episode, and his growth is natural and

true. The audience rejoices at his growth, it is proud of the hero, of his cleverness, courage and resourcefulness.

In this film, Roman and his fate serve as a typical example of what the plain people are able to accomplish when conditions allow them to develop fully their natural abilities. Roman is a fugitive serf of Orlov, the nobleman. Shklovsky was successful in counterposing these two types. Roman's moral purity, his patriotism and courageous unbending character, splendidly emphasize his master's base character. Orlov is typical of the renegades who for the sake of self-interest were ready to sell out the interests of their own country and people, and who were ready to submit to and serve any pretender to the Russian throne, of whom there were quite a few in those troublous days.

The film shows all the difficulties of the long struggle waged by the Russian people against the foreign invaders. The first successes of the Poles were due to their well-armed and well-organized army. The Russian people who rose in arms against the Polish iron-clad cavalry and Polish artillery were in the beginning just a mass of irregulars armed with clubs.

The fighting in the narrow streets of Moscow is shown very well: from the tops of their houses the Moscow people, armed with sticks, tried to repulse the attack of the Polish horsemen.

The author and the film producers do not represent the struggle of the people againt the Polish army as something easy and simple. No, in harmony with historical facts, the film shows that only the unity of the people rallying around the leaders who rose in the course of the struggle was responsible for the liberation of the country from the interventionists.

The enemies of Russia are rendered exceptionally well. Best of all is the commander of the Polish army, Hetman Khodkevitch and the Polish king, Sigmund. Vanity and conceit, scorn for the forces of the enemy and a haughtiness

Still from "Minin and Pozharsky"

peculiar to the Polish gentry—such are the characteristics of the Polish ruling classes. And watching the film, a historical parallel forces itself on the audience. More than three hundred years have passed since the Polish military clique were given a stiff lesson when it attempted to match arms with the Russian people. But the Polish nobility learned nothing and understood less. The ill-fated rulers of the Polish patchwork State oppressed their own people and created a regime of terrorism for the peoples inhabiting the territories seized by Poland.

In 1927, when Mayakovsky visited Poland, he was struck by the predominance of the military everywhere. He wrote: "The Polish military are loud and impudent. You open your eyes and see nothing but military greetings around you and when you close your eyes you hear nothing but the clattering of spurs." Mayakovsky understood the operetta-like character of the Polish army, and in one of his poems he pointed out that this army was of no use "to the world, to us and to the Poles."

The operetta-like character of the Polish army reaches back to the Middle Ages. For instance, the Polish horsemen in those days had wings attached to their backs, so as to strike terror into the hearts of the enemy by their appearance. The film *Minin and Pozharsky* shows clearly how the first serious encounter with a real opponent was enough to smash to pieces the bragging military clique, despite its operetta-like devices to scare the enemy.

History repeats itself, with the only difference that in 1939 the Polish ruling circles put up equally vain and conceited leaders, but much less able ones and, in the first place, cowards and politically shady people.

The success of the film *Minin and Pozharsky*, it seems to me, is due to a harmonious collaboration of everyone who worked on the film. The brilliant performance of the actors must be stressed most of all. It is due to their skill that the images of the most casual persons appearing on the screen linger in one's memory for a long time. This refers in the first place to the actor Goryunov who played the part of Hetman Khodkevitch. Goryunov gave an excellent portrayal of that Polish military leader who combined personal courage with the arrogance of the Polish nobleman. The actor Chirkov, who has become famous through his performance in the great film about the Bolshevik Maxim, is excellent in the role of Roman. Very well portrayed are even such secondary characters as the Swedish officer (played by Fenin) who comes to the leaders of the Russian army with a proposal to sell a unit of Swedish soldiers to fight the Poles.

Today, when the whole world is witness to the fraternal help which the Red Army brings to the oppressed and enslaved peoples, the film aptly reminds one of the glorious days when the Russian people drove the impudent Polish gentry and their Swedish helpers out of the country.

Minin and Pozharsky is an additional example which reveals the "secret" of the success of Soviet historical films. This success is due to a careful, thorough study of historical facts, an understanding of history as the history of a people—a people which was able to defend the independence of their country. The success of the film lies in the excellent collaboration of the old, experienced masters and the young, growing cadres of Soviet cinema art.

V. TAROV

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

Literature and Art in Liberated Lwow

FROM A TRAVELER'S DIARY

The trip from Moscow to Lwow takes but forty hours by express train. To a Moscovite this trip is in the nature of a journey in Wells' fantastic time machine. One is suddenly transported into another epoch separated by decades from Soviet life. To paraphrase Romain Rolland, the traveler lands in a city where "the old and the new live side by side."

The city of Lwow is just starting on the glorious path of Socialism successfully traversed by the Soviet country. Fresh shoots of the new, free life, of the new Socialist order are to be seen at every step; their growth is so exuberant that one can literally watch this process.

But alongside the new there is much of the old, many weeds that have not as yet been uprooted, remnants of the old, ugly social relations that were implanted by the ruling circles of the Polish gentry. Formerly, the artist, writer, actor, painter, or, to use a broader term, any intellectual was always a suspicious person in the eyes of the ruling clique, unless he had proved himself a defender of its policies. The overwhelming majority of artists or theatrical people were on the lowest ranks of the social ladder in old oligarchic Poland, where classes and groups were graded in a strict hierarchical order.

AN INTERVIEW IN THE "BAGATELLE"

While in Lwow I had occasion to hear a virtuoso trumpet player, a real artist. I met him in a cabaret which is known in Lwow as "Bagatelle" where dancing couples try to use to the best advantage the little space between tables. In the intervals between dancing there were performances by variety artists on a tiny stage. Visitors from Moscow were amazed to find a real gifted artist in such surroundings.

I made his acquaintance and he readily told me a curious story.

"Shortly before the war," he began, "I came to Lwow in search of work. But work was not to be had, and I was on the verge of destitution. Unable to find anything, I resorted to touring the various entertainment places for the rich. In most of them I couldn't even get to talk to the manager. Accidentally I learned that a trumpet player was wanted at one of the 'bagatelles.' I hurried to the place and offered my services. When at last I was allowed to see the owner, the latter, noticing that I am a Jew, assumed a very arrogant air. After a number of sarcastic questions he condescendingly suggested that I play something. I produced my old trumpet, which has seen many a thing in its lifetime.

"'And you intend to play on this piece of junk?' asked the owner as he lay sprawled in his chair.

"Instead of replying I rendered several pieces. The owner suddenly seemed to change. He became courteous and attentive. He rose from his chair, came over to me and extending his hand said:

"'You play masterfully. I'll sign a contract with you.'

"'That might be so!'" I retorted. 'But I wouldn't sign a contract with a cad.'

"Then came the war into which we were plunged by the ill-starred rulers of Poland. Several weeks later the Red Army arrived, and I gladly undertook to work here under new conditions. I know that this is not my place but I feel certain that at present this job is merely a brief episode in my life. I know that in the Soviet country every artist is assured all opportunities for developing his talent."

And our new acquaintance has not erred. Soviet authorities in the field of arts have taken an interest in him, and the future of this gifted musician is assured.

NEW LIFE IN COUNT BELSKI'S MANSION

In the "prison of the peoples" that was Poland, the creature of the Versailles peace, each nationality was assigned to a separate cell. It is hard to

believe that in a city where there were many writers of different nationalities, a Jewish or Ukrainian author never could meet Polish writers. Each of these nationalities had its own writers' association which conducted its affairs independently and segregated itself from the others. It was only in Soviet Lwow that all men of letters met under one roof, in one organization, that of Soviet writers. The family of Count Belski occupied a three-story mansion on Copernicus Street. They were asked to crowd up a bit and to move to the third floor, while the other two were turned over to the Writers' Club and the offices of the Organizational Committee of the city's writers.

The Organizational Committee of Writers was elected at a meeting attended by several hundred men of letters. These were truly democratic elections. The gathering nominated twenty-five candidates. After long and heated debates a vote was taken, and best-known writers were elected to the organizational committee. Petro Panch, famous Ukrainian writer, heads the committee. Ukrainian literature is also represented by the poet and playwright Vasil Pochevsky, the critic and prose writer Stepan Tudor, who has been elected Deputy to the National Assembly of Western Ukraine, and others.

The list of Polish writers on the Organizational Committee is headed by such renowned names as that of Wanda Wasilewska. and T. Boy-Zelenski. David Kenigsberg represents the Jewish authors.

It is understood that neither the above writers nor all the members of the Organizational Committee exhaust the wealth of talent and genres represented by the writers of liberated Lwow. It should be borne in mind that cultural forces from many sections of former Poland flocked to Lwow during the war.

Among them in the first place Bandrovska-Turska, the famous Polish singer, ought to be mentioned, who gave lately her first concert in the City Theater, where she has begun her theatrical carreer many years ago.

The Organizational Committee has already accomplished much in building up the writers' organization. Hundred and fifty members have been admitted and applications of many more are under consideration. The Writers'

Lwow University formerly closed to students of Ukrainian and Jewish origin Now it is one of the centers of Ukrainian culture

Club has begun to function. During my stay in Lwow a series of lectures was arranged at the club, the greatest attention of which was attracted by the report of Yuri Boreisza, well-known Polish critic, on contemporary Polish literature. Discussion on this report continued for two days, in the course of which nineteen speakers had taken the floor.

One of the first concerns of the organizational committee was that of drawing the writers into the great cultural activity under way in the city. A number of authors began to work in local daily newspapers, the Ukrainian *Vilna Ukraina (Free Ukraine)* and the Polish newspaper *Czerwony Sztandart (Red Banner)*. Others found employment with the radio, theaters, cultural organizations of the trade unions, etc. A branch of the Ukrainian Publishing House "Soviet Writer" is being set up in Lwow. Almanacs containing the best works of authors residing in Lwow are to come out within several months. Contact with Moscow magazines, and, in particular, with all the publications of *International Literature*, is being established.

The prospects for creative activity are immense. But in order to create freely the writer must have the proper environment. The Organizational Committee is devoting much of its energy to securing these environments for the writers. A branch of the Literary Fund has been set up in Lwow. The Literary Fund is a special organization which looks after the needs of writers, and provides them with medical service. Many writer refugees have been given apartments, and every one is provided with free medical service.

A document of human interest came into my hands, and it well illustrates the changes wrought in the life of the writers. This is a letter from a gifted young Ukrainian author to his friend with whom he had not exchanged letters for many years. It is with apologies to the author, who least of all expected that his letter might be published, that I undertake to cite some passages from it:

"My participation in public life dates back to the year 1929. I was at the time a sincere but, of course, an extremely naive youngster. My heart was filled with revolutionary ardor but an ideological haze prevailed in my mind. My outlook was finally shaped under the influence of a girl Communist, one Valya, whom I met in 1933. In my memory she will always remain as an unusually heroic and rounded personality. Together we traveled from village to village, rallying the peasantry for the future revolution. We were tracked down and arrested. Valya was sentenced to fifteen years, but I got away with one. I must mention that there was nothing of the romantic in our relations. To begin with, Valya was not an attractive girl.

"Having been released from jail in Brest-Litovsk, I worked for a year and a half in Lwow on the newspaper *Workers Paper*, and was an eye-witness to the workers' demonstrations in the spring of 1936. Another arrest, and I landed in the Brzoza Kartuska Concentration Camp, the most horrible of them all in Poland. Wishing to get rid of me for good, the police accused me of killing an agent provocateur. But this was a very crude frame-up. I succeeded in getting released, but I feared new arrests. It seemed to me as though all my strength was exhausted. Then came the war and I was again arrested, but I found that there was still some strength left in me. However, were the Red Army to have come two weeks later, I would have perished of hunger together with the rest of the nine thousand prisoners. The moment the Red Army struck at Baranovichi all the prison officials and guards ran away. We were free. I returned home looking like an old man—for three weeks I hadn't washed even once, had lost weight, and grown a beard.

"At once we took to organizing peasants' committees in the villages, fought against the remnants of the Polish *pans* until the Red Army came. How much joy there was when we came face to face with live, real Bolsheviks for whom we had longed for twenty years. There is no end of work in the village but I have been drawn to my beloved work — writing. And so I find myself now in Lwow. I'll say outright, life is wonderful now. True, there are many little things to be settled yet, but life is assuming a normal course, and, as for work, there is more than enough of it. I, for one, have received an apartment of which I hadn't even dared to dream in the past—three rooms, kitchen, bath, gas, electricity. My father remained in the village, where he was elected chairman of a Peasants' Committee. One of my sisters studies in a gymnasium in Brest-Litovsk, and my younger brother lives in Lwow with me, and attends school. I am working with great joy; I have been writing for ten years but I couldn't get anything published since 1932. The time has come now."

The letter is all the more interesting

since it reveals typical changes in the life of Western Ukrainian writers. All of them have at last the opportunity for free and joyous creative work. In the Poland of the gentry many a writer fell into the clutches of the secret police. Ukrainian, Jewish and Polish writers (Studinsky, Tudor, Gavrilyuk, Kenigsberg) were imprisoned or sent to concentration camps. The writers mentioned above do not by far exhaust the list of authors who were subjected to police persecution.

The pen was taken up again by a number of authors who had retired from the field for many years, like the Ukrainian poet Vasili Shchurat; strains of optimism and joy resound in the works of certain writers whose creative efforts in the past were stamped with a mood of pessimism and deep sorrow. Before the outbreak of the war Wanda Wasilewska had completed her latest novel *The Swamps Ablaze*. At present this novel is being translated into the Russian and Ukrainian languages. We hope to be able to acquaint our readers with this work in the course of this year.

I had the pleasure of meeting Wanda Wasilewska and talking to her at length about her plans. She has begun work on the second part of *The Swamps Ablaze*, the final section of which will depict the days of the German-Polish war and the liberation of Western Ukraine.

"I had covered about six hundred kilometers on foot before I came to Lwow," Wanda Wasilewska said. "I was an eye-witness to the sufferings the people had to endure during the war launched by Moscicki and Beck at the instigation of the Anglo-French imperialists. I saw the joy of the people to whom the Red Army brought liberation. All this provided me with a wealth of material for my novel."

TRACES OF OBSCURANTISM

One of the most important and valuable cultural institutions of Lwow is the museum-library, the Ossolineum, founded by Count Ossolinski in 1817. After the Warsaw Library, this was the greatest book treasure in Poland, both for the number and variety of its collection. The case of the Lwow library offers a vivid example of how the former reactionary regime of Poland had been stifling the development of culture. I asked the staff worker who accompanied me through the museum's halls as to how the Ossolineum had marked the sesquicentennial anniversary of the Great French Bourgeois Revolution which last July had been celebrated in all the cultured countries of the world. Great was my astonishment when I learned that the Ossolineum had completely neglected this occasion.

Monument to Adam Mickiewicz in Lwow. An international meeting was held in front of this monument on which Ukrainian, Jewish and Polish writers placed wreaths

"Why, we were strictly forbidden not only to speak but even to think of any kind of revolutions," I was told.

The influence of reaction that was being implanted in the Ossolineum by its former director, Prince Lubomirski, is to be felt at every step. Entire rooms in the museum are dedicated to all kinds of photographs, pictures and documents relating to the activities of various Polish kings or magnates. When I asked how Kosciuszko was represented at the museum, the staff found with great difficulty two portraits of this great son of the Polish people, tucked away in one of the rooms.

The front rooms of the museum boast of unique first editions dating back to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In other rooms manuscripts of the works of famed old Polish writers are on display, but the Ossolineum could find no place for contemporary literature. Thousands upon thousands of volumes were

piled in stacks like lumber, in cold and damp cellars, while Prince Lubomirski occupied thirty rooms of the museum for his personal household.

The new director of the museum has to exert no little effort and energy to convert the museum-library into a real center of culture.

The Polish gentry feared even the specter of the Great French Revolution. Needless to add that the very mention of the existence of the Soviet Union, of the building of Socialism, was prosecuted most brutally.

Hence it is not surprising that even writers had but a very vague conception of life in the Soviet Union. When Professor Studinsky, Chairman of the National Assembly of Western Ukraine, on his return from Moscow delivered a report at the Writers' Club, he was literally showered with questions, some of them incredible to the Soviet mind, like the one as to whether in the Soviet Union a wife has the right to obtain employment without the consent of her husband.

The calm and firm confidence of Soviet people in the morrow, the full absence in our life of any traces of national inequality, and the lack of concern how to find employment—these are the three facts that strike the imagination of the Lwow intellectual most of all. The writers applauded longest and loudest when Professor Studinsky, in answer to a question as to how one looks for work in the Soviet Union, answered briefly and aptly: "In the Soviet Union a man does not look for work; work looks for him."

With keen observation the Soviet author Pavlenko in his article on Lwow wrote that the numerous help-wanted ads in the newspaper *Vechernaya Moskva* are read in Lwow as one reads the most exciting news. And indeed here are advertisements of various institutions, factories and mills seeking the services of workers and employees in various trades from messenger boys and typists to engineers, physicians and professors. To the thousands of Lwow intellectuals who suffered the hardships of unemployment for a long time, or who frequently had to work at odd jobs outside of their profession, these advertisements sounded like the tales of Arabian nights suddenly turned into reality.

S. A. Stadnykova as Odarka in "The Dnieper Cossack Beyond the Danube" performed in Lwow

REBIRTH OF THE UKRAINIAN THEATER

Lwow is the largest cultural center of Western Ukraine, one of the oldest seats of Ukrainian culture. The city, however, had no permanent Ukrainian theater prior to its liberation by the Red Army. Long before the first imperialist war the Besida Theater in Lwow had been the center of Ukrainian theatrical art in Western Ukraine. For many years it was headed by the regisseur Stadnyk. After the World War, when Lwow was included in the territory of the patch-quilt Polish State by the Versailles "peacemakers," hard times set in for the Besida Theater. Polish censorship and the authorities finally had their way, and in 1927 the theater ceased to exist. Only several Ukrainian traveling theatrical companies remained, and they performed from time to time in rented halls.

Having done away with the Besida Theater, the Polish authorities directed their repression also against the traveling theater companies. They were forbidden to perform outside the bounds of Western Ukraine, and of late Ukrainian performances were forbidden in a number of cities and rural districts though Ukrainians frequently comprised an overwhelming majority of the population there. In those years a number of outstanding actors from Western Ukraine came to work in the Soviet theater where

"Platon Krechet" in Lwow. Blovatsky as Platon Krechet and Krivitskaya as Lida

they achieved great successes. Among them is Buchma, the well-known actor and regisseur, and Krushelnitsky, one of the greatest masters of the Soviet Ukrainian theater. It was only the great love for their national culture and language, only a tenacious determination to safeguard their national art and faith in a better future, that enabled the art workers of Western Ukraine to preserve their theater.

A permanent Ukrainian dramatic theater has been formed out of the casts of the best traveling companies (outstanding among them is the Kotlarevsky cast which worked under the direction of Blovatsky, and the cast headed by Stadnyk formed after the disbanding of the Besida Theater). The new theater is housed in the Grand City Theater. The best directors of the Ukrainian stage are now heading the regenerated Ukrainian theater in Lwow. It is clear that time is needed to heal the wounds inflicted upon it by the Polish chauvinists.

The new cast has revived the production of *Khmara (Mist)*. During my stay in Lwow, the theater was busily rehearsing *The Dnieper Cossack Beyond the Danube*, the classic Ukrainian opera by Gulak-Artyemovsky (regisseur Stadnyk) and the play *Platon Krechet* by the Soviet Ukrainian playwright Korneichuk (regisseur Blovatsky).

The future of the Ukrainian theater in Lwow is assured. It is a State theater which enjoys State support. The Government has appropriated about 60,000 rubles for the theater, and the provisional city administration has added 25,000 rubles.

For the first time in the history of Western Ukraine, permanent Ukrainian theaters are being established also in a number of other cities (Stanislavov, Tarnopol, etc.).

Needless to say, the Ukrainian theater does not have to resort to high-pressure advertising. The public accords an enthusiastic reception to its own theater which plays in its native language, and awaits impatiently presentations of Soviet plays.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE ON THE JEWISH STAGE

The Polish authorities have shown the same zeal in persecuting the Jewish theater as they did in the case of the Ukrainian theater. Due to the efforts of individual gifted actors, traveling Jewish troupes sprang up from time to time, and their performances enjoyed great success. Particularly did the public

appreciate plays adopted from the Soviet repertory. But the first success immediately evoked numerous administrative reprisals. Poland had, in fact, instituted a "pale of settlement" for the Jewish theaters. Performances in the Jewish language were forbidden in many cities. A play with the slightest progressive tendency was instantly banned by the censorship. Under these circumstances the theater began to lose all contact with real life, contact with its audience, and one is really surprised at the fact that notwithstanding all this, certain groups, at the cost of great effort, succeeded in producing several plays which were well received by the public.

Particularly warm was the reception accorded to productions of the Vikt Theater founded by the gifted artists Ida Kaminska and Zygmund Turkov. The experimental productions of the so-called "Theater of the Young," founded by Mikhail Veikhert, have also attracted attention. But all this work was conducted sporadically; a theatrical cast seldom lasted a full season. Usually the companies disbanded in a few months.

Conditions under which the Jewish Theater existed at that time required, instead of a gifted director, an enterprising manager who could maneuver the repertory between the Scylla of the censorship and the Charybdis of administrative repressions. The type of play most suitable was vaudeville, with numerous songs and dances. "In such inane plays only the actor was superfluous," justly remarked Alter Katsizna, one of the oldest Jewish men of letters in Poland, in the course of a conversation I had with him. And indeed many gifted artists were forced to leave the Jewish theater, some migrated and others dropped the stage completely.

In liberated Lwow the Jewish theater acquired permanent quarters. This theater has been named after Sholom Aleichem. It decided to begin its work by presenting the play *Uncle Tom* by the young Jewish writer Sanya Frydman. This is a free stage version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* It would be more correct to state that the author borrowed from Harriet Beecher Stowe only the names of the characters and some of the main features of the plot. In everything else the stage version has nothing in common with the book.

In this play the young playwright made fundamental mistakes, errors into which certain Soviet playwrights lapsed at one time, but which, in the course of development of Soviet art, have been eliminated. Essentially, the *dramatis personae* in Frydman's play are not the people of the middle of the last century but characters who speak the newspaper language of today. Some of Frydman's heroes express thoughts which were unknown even to the most progressive people of that time; he compells them to make sallies and retorts which are in crying contradiction to concrete historical facts. For example, one of the most important precepts constantly stressed in the play is that the Negroes will be liberated from slavery not by the whites but only by their own struggle for emancipation, and only "when the Negroes will themselves achieve their freedom," one of the heroes of the play declares, "will they extend their friendly hand to those of their white brethren who sympathized with their struggle."

Frydman does not limit himself to showing the change in the psychology of Uncle Tom, who in the end realizes that there are no good or bad slave owners. For some reason Frydman considers it necessary to compel Tom to renounce his faith in god, and almost makes an atheist propagandist out of him.

Of course, all these are "infantile ailments" of the Jewish theater and the Jewish playwrights in Western Ukraine. With the aid of the Writers' Union, the press and the public, the theater as well as the playwright will realize the essence of their mistakes and will undoubtedly correct them in future productions.

Frydman's play is very weak from the artistic standpoint as well. The shortcomings of the play arise primarily from the fact that the author, evidently, did not consider it necessary to analyze thoroughly and consistently the life and social relations in the United States prior to the Civil War. That is why no real characters, whether white or black, are actually presented on the stage. Soon after the curtain rises the spectator beholds only primitively drawn oppressed and oppressors. The play lacks a plot of dramatic intensity. It is merely a series of theatrical scenes joined together rather loosely. Conversation predominates in the play which suffers from too little action. The characters of the heroes are not even faintly drawn. They are divided into heroes and villains. For their moral character the Negroes are white, while most of the whites are black.

All these shortcomings of the play were not toned down by the producers, but on the contrary they were accentuated. W. Dombrowski, the regisseur of the play, found himself by chance in the Jewish theater. He is a gifted Polish

regisseur who successfully staged a number of classical and contemporary plays in Polish theaters. But Dombrowski does not know the Jewish language, does not know the specific conditions under which the Jewish theater developed in Western Ukraine, does not know the individual members of the cast.

All this could not but be reflected in the play I have seen. The actors did not even attempt to depict Negro slaves. The artists essentially portrayed themselves, they depicted the sufferings which, until very recently, were the lot of the Jewish people. And this met with a lively response of the audience. When Tom, on learning that his son escaped successfully, lifts his hands and exclaims pathetically: "I am happy that my son will be free," a spontaneous ovation breaks out in the hall, an ovation which lasts for several minutes.

Thousands of Jewish spectators who fill the theater forget for a moment that they are viewing a play on the life of Negroes in the past century; they are keenly conscious of the great event that recently took place in their own life. Every Jew who sits in the theater feels that the coming of the Red Army liberated him from the shackles of national oppression. Applauding the words of Uncle Tom, each spectator is once more overjoyed at the fact that his children have now gained all rights and the opportunity for a free and happy life.

That is why the spectator forgives the playwright and the theater all the mistakes and shortcomings of the play and of its presentation. In his enthusiasm, he overlooks the long-winded scenes, the lifeless *mises-en-scènes*, the naturalistic presentation of many episodes, or the historical absurdities. The interest of the spectator is focused on the theme of freedom which resounds stronger and stronger in each succeeding scene. One of the scenes (showing the work of Negroes in a quarry) ends in a symbolic hymn of freedom, and it evokes a storm of ovation in the hall.

With all its great shortcomings, the play has considerable value since it meets some of the burning demands of the Jewish audience. The theater acted correctly in choosing *Fuente Ovejuna*, by Lope de Vega, for its next production. There is no doubt that this classic play, where the theme of the struggle for freedom, for human dignity, is presented so masterfully, will be given a warm reception by the audience of the Sholom Aleichem Theater.

SUCCESSES AND FAILURES OF THE POLISH THEATER

The ruling circles of Poland intensely propagated Polish culture and at the same time they ruthlessly persecuted Ukrainian, Byelorussian and Jewish culture. It would be wrong, however, to assume

"My Son," a play by Gergeli and Litovsky—the latest production of the Jewish theater in Lwow. Ida Kaminska as the mother, Gelman as the son

that the authorities were interested in the genuine culture of the Polish people. Polish chauvinists of the gentry had no appreciation of real art; they were interested in it merely as an important means for diverting the attention of the masses from burning issues of social life.

The best theater building in Lwow, the Grand City Theater, was given over to a Polish cast. Ukrainian performances on this stage were permitted about once a year. But even the plays of Polish authors were permitted only after great filtering. The censorship ruthlessly banned any play with the slightest progressive tendency. That is why light entertaining comedies and French farces predominated on the stage of the Grand Theater. It was with great difficulty that progressive people on the Polish stage at times succeeded in smuggling through a play of social significance. And it is precisely the Lwow theater which is among the few centers of cultural life in Poland that should be mentioned when speaking of Left tendencies in Polish art.

A hearty reception had been given by the public to the presentation of a play from the Soviet repertory at the Lwow Theater. A bitter political struggle arose in connection with this play at the time. Fascist-minded students dropped several stink bombs during the first night. When this proved of no avail and the public continued to flock to see the play, the censor forbade its presentation.

Now, when the Polish theater in Lwow has received all opportunities for its development, its art directors are faced with the task of marking the first Soviet season by presenting plays of high artistic and ideological content. To our regret, the first play presented by the theater does not come into this category. The theater picked for its debut the comedy *Xanthippe's Defense*, by Morstin, the Polish author who only recently began to write plays. *Xanthippe's Defense* was staged for the first time a year ago at the Lwow Theater by the regisseur Wercinski.

The choice of this play for the opening of the season is not very felicitous in our opinion. The action takes place in Athens in the days of Pericles. The author of the comedy presents the domestic life of Socrates, the great Greek philosopher. His wife Xanthippe feels forgotten and neglected, since her husband devotes all his time to philosophy and to

"The Morals of Pani Dulska." A group of actors representing the Dulski family

Son of Pani Dulska, Zbyszko, and the chambermaid Hanka

social problems of Athens. Socrates' domestic life is in an unhappy state. Xanthippe is in dire need and the family is on the brink of starvation whereas Socrates whiles away his time in the company of Athens' youth.

Deciding to put her husband to shame for neglecting his family, Xanthippe goes to a house where she expects to find her husband in the circle of his friends. While waiting for him she contemplates upon her bitter lot. She is a neglected wife onto whose shoulders has fallen the burden of bringing up the children. Recalling her past life Xanthippe sees that her best aspirations have been smothered. She strove for a different life but that was not to be had. She decides to pour out all her grief, her entire mental anguish, to Socrates. By accident she overhears a conversation of two of Socrates' friends who praise him highly for his civic deeds and virtues. And for the first time Xanthippe comes to realize the great role of her husband for his fellow-citizens; she understands that her duty as the wife of a great man is not to trouble her husband by the small cares of daily life, but to give him the chance of fully devoting himself to his important civic duties. Realizing this Xanthippe returns home to bear her cross without protest.

This play presents a purely bourgeois "solution" of the problem of the woman's place in the family. In certain details *Xanthippe's Defense* resembles Ibsen's *A Doll's House*. In both plays the heroines suffer and feel stifled in the narrow confines of stupefying domestic life. Xanthippe, like Nora, rises to the point where she is ready to protest, but whereas Nora breaks with philistine morals and bourgeois traditions, Xanthippe, by the will of the author, becomes subdued and abandons protest.

The presentation of this play at a Soviet theater in Lwow is a misunderstanding and a disappointment. It is additional proof of the fact that the remnants of the old still cling to life and do not wish to retire from the public arena without a struggle.

It seems to me that there is no point in elucidating on the presentation of the play and its artistic merits. It should be noted, however, that neither the acting nor the settings revive the atmosphere of ancient Greece. The portrayal of Socrates is entirely wrong. The very conception—to present the great man in an atmosphere that reveals only petty and secondary things, omitting essential and decisive elements—is faulty. Socrates appears to the spectator approximately in the same light as Anatole France in the book by Brusson *Anatole France in Bathrobe and Slippers*. The philistine and the petty bourgeois discern in the great man only traits that bear affinity to their limited mind and petty interests. But this fact characterizes not the great man but the short-sighted people who are incapable of rising to the understanding of what features endear a great man to the people, what it is that makes him immortal.

The gross mistakes in the portrayal of Socrates are accentuated by the staging and the rather unsuccessful interpretation of this role by the actor K. Witold. Made up as a bald old man, the actor is forced by the author and director to perform some sort of an idiotic dance. . . . Great effort is required to force oneself

to look at the stage while this unpleasant spectacle is on.

Much more successful is the second production of the theater—a revival of the play *The Morals of Pani Dulska*, by the Polish authoress and actress Gabriela Zapolska. Written under the influence of the events of the Russian revolution of 1905, this play resembled in part Bernard Shaw's *Widowers' Houses*, which contains a sharp criticism of the mainstays of the staid life of English philistines. But Zapolska's play leaves a dual impression. On the one hand it is permeated with a striving for some progressive social ideals, but on the other hand one senses that the playwright herself lacks faith in the possibility of realizing these ideals.

The play is staged on a minor scale. Throughout the three acts the plot is laid in one and the same room at the home of the Dulska family. At one time the play was presented as a light comedy but now it is staged as a grim realistic production, as a biting, ruthless but truthful satire on the Polish bourgeoisie.

Great praise is merited by the thoughtful work of the regisseur W. Dombrowski. He successfully utilizes the costumes and makeup to underline important moments in the play and to convey to the audience the impressions he desires. Every detail is thought out in the costume of Dulska. In general, Dombrowski is very skilled in employing details, and he can fill in the outlines of the characters, frequently emphasizing traits which have not been fully drawn by the playwright.

The next productions of the theater are Maxim Gorky's *Yegor Bulychev* and the *Twelfth Night* which Dombrowski had staged several years ago in a number of cities in Poland.

GREAT ART IN THE THEATER OF MINIATURES

In concluding this review of theatrical life in present-day Soviet Lwow, it gives me pleasure to speak of a completely new theater in Lwow but one which has already proved its merit. I refer to the Theater of Miniatures, which presents sketches, one-act plays, songs and dances. The sources of this theater bring us back to the year 1919, to Warsaw. At that time a theater of satire and review was formed in Warsaw under the name of "Qui-Pro-Quo." Thorny was the path of the theater; it was subjected to repressions by the censorship, to persecution by the authorities, and suffered from lack of funds. It was shut down at the time

J. Andrzejewska and E. Schlechter as Kasia and Josek

when Witos was prime minister. The theater had by no means revolutionary tendencies. But the ruling clique of Poland regarded the slightest progressive trend in art as dangerous sedition, and hence the persecution.

It so happened that in consequence of the German-Polish war most of the former members of the theater, as well as one of its founders, Konrad Tom, came to Lwow. They formed a cast, made arrangements to appear in one of the biggest movie houses in Lwow, and thus came to life the Theater of Miniatures.

To my regret, I arrived too late to see the first program, which was warmly received by Lwow audiences. Judging by what I heard, it was not inferior to the second program. The performances of the new theater show that it is artistically mature and that it possesses a cast of gifted artists.

The swift development of the theater is indeed amazing. Literally within several days, the stage was fully equipped, the repertory worked out, rehear-

sals in full swing, and then two programs successfully presented. At the end of the first month's work the cast was ready to present its third program. The rapid progress of this theater shows that under Soviet conditions a theatrical group, comprising gifted actors and representing a living force, has all opportunities for swift development.

The theater attained its successes not without struggle, however. There were some skeptics, ill-wishers or envious persons.With the aid of the local authorities the new theater surmounted all barriers, removed all obstacles from its path, and proved its right to existence.

The program is made up with great artistic taste, and is varied for its genres as well as content. Sketches of a political and topical interest are interspersed with light, unpretentious numbers infused with gayety and humor. Nearly every sketch is written by masters in the respective genres, and they all gain a great deal by the virtue of gifted interpretation.The hall resounds with laughter almost continuously, and the spectator leaves the performance in a hearty and joyous mood. The theater, it seems, has found the key to the innermost thoughts and sentiments of the audience.

Particular success is enjoyed by one of the songs of the Jewish poet Shlechter set to music to the tune of Jewish folk songs. The song *Josek and Kasia* is the story of two vagabond singers who earn their daily bread by singing. Kasia is a young Polish peasant girl while Josek is a typical Jewish youngster of whom there are many in the small towns of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia.

The author plays the part of Josek while the actress J. Andrzejewska takes the part of Kasia. They appear on the stage in national costumes. Their fine rendition of the songs and excellent execution of national dances goes to create a moving portrayal of growing friendship of the peoples. The performance captivates the audience and the many nationalities seated in the Lwow theater give vent to their emotions in tumultuous applause.

Another impressive sketch tells of a Spanish Infanta from a Velasques painting who comes to life. The Infanta feels strange in the splendor of a Paris museum; she yearns for her native Spain which is so dear to her heart. She recalls the time when a group of young boys who came to the Madrid Museum stood gazing in front of her. Particularly vivid is the memory of one of the youngsters with a red ribbon on his coat's lapel. Clutching his rifle he shouted angrily: "Death to the tyrants!" The young men left but soon after the one with the red ribbon was brought back to the museum. He was dying as he lay in front of her portrait, but on the streets the people continued to fight to the majestic strains of the *International*. Shortly afterwards the portrait of the Infanta was transferred to the Louvre, and here, far from her native land, she dreams of Madrid that is so dear and close to her, longs to hear again the streets resounding with the strains of the song to which the young man died.

In the Theater of Miniatures Lwow has an artistically mature, rounded and gifted theatrical group, whose creative development is just beginning.

Within two and a half months the talents of the Ukrainian, Jewish and Polish people, which were hitherto stifled, have blossomed forth in Soviet Lwow. To men of progressive art the world over, this reveals once more the future that awaits the theater, art and culture as a whole in the land where exploitation of man by man is abolished forever and where all conditions for free, Socialist, creative activity are present.

Lwow, December-January.

NEWS AND VIEWS

U.S.S.R.

MANUSCRIPTS AND AUTOGRAPHS OF A. M. GORKY

The A. M. Gorky Archives, established by a government decision in February 1937, now contain about sixty-five thousand manuscripts of literary and journalistic works by the writer, numerous letters, documents of the tsarist censors, and police records.

About two thousand original manuscripts form the most valuable part of the archives, being the originals of novels, stories, plays, and articles written by Maxim Gorky. Numerous versions of his novels and stories—*The Life of Klim Samghin*, *Decadence*, *January the Ninth*, *Vassa Zheleznova*—show how the great classic writer of Socialist realism worked, reveal his creative laboratory. They show what a painstaking artist Maxim Gorky was. The archives contain seven versions of Gorky's famous novel *Mother*. The sketch *January the Ninth* was altered eight times.

Among the literary works left behind by A. M. Gorky are unpublished articles and reviews dealing with problems of literature, prefaces to works by Leonid Andreyev, Sergeyev-Tsensky, and other writers, an introduction by Gorky to a Czech translation of his novel *Mother*, which was not published, also unpublished scenarios—*The Life of a Jew* and *Stepan Razin*, and the unfinished scenario *Criminals*, in which Gorky portrays the life of homeless waifs.

Gorky's correspondence is of exceptional interest. About five thousand of the great writer's letters have been collected in the archives. These represent, however, but a small part of Gorky's letters. Gorky himself once remarked that he had written at least twenty thousand letters. Obviously, the tsarist secret police and gendarmes destroyed many of his letters, which they found among the belongings of his revolutionary friends.

Gorky himself daily received scores of letters from all over the world. Among his correspondents were not only writers and scientists, teachers and artists, but also Stakhanovites, schoolchildren, and homeless waifs. About forty thousand letters written to Gorky are now collected in the Archives. Among them are letters from the most prominent Russian and foreign authors of the twentieth century. Three thousand of the letters are from children.

POETRY OF SOVIET UKRAINE

A large anthology, *The Poetry of Soviet Ukraine*, has just been published by the State Literary Publishers.

"The purpose of this book is to acquaint the Russian reader with the post-revolutionary poetry of the Soviet Ukraine," states the foreword.

The anthology opens with selected poems by Pavlo Tychina, member of the Academy and a Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, a writer of exceptional originality.

The poems included in the anthology show the wide range of subjects in Tychina's poetry. Fine lyrical poems of immediate political accent, such as *The Living Union of One Family* and *The Party Leads*, are represented in the anthology alongside of the poet's inspired songs dedicated to the leaders of the revolution—to S. M. Kirov and F. E. Dzerzhinsky. The historic episode *The Rebels* and excerpts from the epic *Kotovsky's Sabre* are complemented by joyful spring songs about Olesia Kulik, a girl tractor driver. The tone of Tychina's lyrical poems is one of joy and cheerfulness.

The work of other Ukrainian poets is presented in no less variety. In addition to Pavlo Tychina, the older generation of Ukrainian poets is represented in the anthology by Maxim Rylsky, Volodimir Sosyura, Mikola Bazhan.

A MASTER OF BURYAT-MONGOLIAN PROSE

The Buryat-Mongolian people had no written secular literature before the October Revolution. The religious books published by Lamas and written in archaic old Mongol language lacked the profundity and vitality that distinguished the works of oral folklore. Only recently, with the introduction of a new alphabet, did a genuine written literature arise.

This literature, enriched by folklore, reaches the mass of the people and is developing with amazing rapidity. The songs and verse of the poets Tseden Galsanov, Abiduyev, Damdinov, Pomtayev, Semyon Metelitsa and others are a valuable contribution to the rich multi-national literature of the Soviet Union.

Khotsa Namsarayev is the first and most prominent prose writer in Soviet Buryat-Mongolia. Known chiefly for his remarkable poems *Alamsha Mergen* and *Karaltur Khan*, he has also written stories about life in the recent past which enjoy wide popularity among the people and have an immense influence on the young writers.

So It Was, one of Namsarayev's best books, contains eleven stories, marked by fine keenness of observation, a rich, colorful language and mild humor. They deal with the gloomy and humiliating years of the past when the toilers of the Buriat-Mongolian steppes groaned under the yoke of the princes and lamas. Slavery and oppression could not quench the talent, the pride and wisdom of the people, who never abandoned their cherished hopes for liberty, love and free labor.

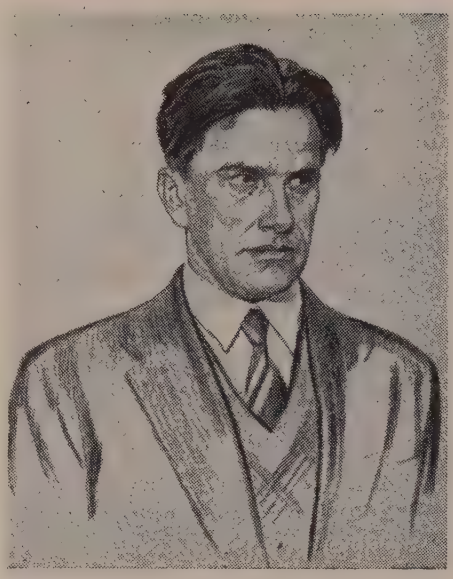
WASHINGTON IRVING'S "TALES AND LEGENDS"

The Children's Literature Publishers have published a book of tales and legends by Washington Irving. The new book contains nine of the writer's best stories, selected from *The Sketch Book of Jeoffrey Crayon, Tales of a Traveler* and *The Alhambra*.

The book is illustrated with drawings by Bekhteyev, and is provided with a biographical essay and footnotes written by M. Gershenson, the translator.

A TEXTBOOK ON ANCIENT GREEK LITERATURE

The Scientific Council of the Institute of World Literature has prepared for publication *The History of Greek Literature*, written by Professor S. I. Radtzig as a textbook for universities.



Vladimir Mayakovsky

This is the first attempt at a systematic exposition of the history of ancient Greek literature from a Marxist viewpoint.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF MAYAKOVSKY'S DEATH

Scientific, literary, and other public organizations of Leningrad and Moscow are preparing for the tenth anniversary of Mayakovsky's death. A special committee headed by the poet A. A. Prokofyev has been organized by the Union of Soviet Writers. A book devoted to Mayakovsky is being issued by the Institute of Literature of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. Chapter headings are: "Mayakovsky and Russian Classic Literature," "The Language and Style of Mayakovsky," "Mayakovsky in World Literature," "Mayakovsky and Gorky."

Among the unpublished works of Mayakovsky that will be issued on the anniversary is a play, *Comedy With Murder*.

Mayakovsky, the Satirist, by the critic E. S. Eventov, is to be published in Leningrad. The author portrays Mayakovsky as an innovator in satirical writing, one of the founders of the revolutionary style in poetic satire. A collection of Mayakovsky's works in a one-volume popular edition is being prepared for publication

An album, dedicated to Mayakovsky, is being published by a number of writers,

actors, poets, musicians and film producers, and other personal friends of Mayakovsky.

UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS OF LOMONOSOV

The Commission on History of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. has prepared for publication several unpublished manuscripts of M. V. Lomonosov, the great Russian scientist of the eighteenth century.

Of great interest are the notes that Lomonosov kept in 1742-43. They form two hundred and seventy-six paragraphs in which Lomonosov outlined his plans of research in molecular physics, on questions of philosophy and other subjects.

Another manuscript, Lomonosov's laboratory journal for the year 1751, is the only one preserved. It contains a description of about three thousand experiments which Lomonosov conducted in connection with research work on the coloring of glass and the making of smalt for mosaic work.

Lomonosov's manuscript "*About Comet Tails*" is also being published for the first time. This was written as a rejoinder to the objection several Academicians made in connection with his paper, entitled "*A Word About Phenomena of the Air Arising From Electrical Forces, by Mikhail Lomonosov.*"

REPIN'S PENATES

The great Russian artist I. E. Repin lived more than thirty years at the *Penates* estate in Kuokkala, Finland, near Leningrad. A special commission of the All-Russian Academy of Arts went to Kuokkala to take charge of the estate. It was here that Repin painted his famous pictures: "The State Council", "The Free Cossacks of Zaporozhye", "What Vastness!", "Golgotha", "Hopak", the portraits of Academicians Pavlov and Bekhteryev, the portraits of Chaliapin, Samoilov and many others. On Wednesdays Repin often kept open house at the *Penates* for his friends—artists, writers, composers, and scientists. Stasov, Gorky, Skitalets, Ginzburg, Brodsky, Chukovsky and many others often met here at Repin's table.

The commission found more than one hundred and twenty of Repin's works, including his pictures "Pushkin on the Bank of the Neva", "Peter the Great in a Monastery", "Self-portrait", portrait of Nordman-Severova, sketches for "The State Council" and many other drawings, drafts and sketches.

The committee also found more than eight thousand documents of great value. Among the documents are letters from Gorky, Stasov, Leskov, Suvorin, Lyadov, and many other famous persons. Two letters written to Repin by Marshal of the Soviet Union K. E. Voroshilov were also found, preserved carefully in a separate chest.

THE FIRST EXHIBITION OF TAJIK ARTISTS' WORK

The first exhibition of work by artists of Tajikistan is soon to open in Moscow. Paintings, drawings and etchings on modern and historical themes will be exhibited alongside of an extensive display of folk art. The exhibition will include works by the masters of ornament—Baratbekov, Babadzhanova and Raupov. Specimens of artistically embroidered national costumes, ceramic ware and so on will be sent to the exhibition by inhabitants of the Pamir.

A group of artists who recently completed studies at the higher art schools in Moscow and Leningrad have returned to Tajikistan. The young artists now teach in the art colleges and are organizing the first art museum of the republic.

THE GREKOV RED ARMY STUDIO

Formed for the purpose of assisting young artists in the Red Army to become painters of battle scenes, the studio named after the artist Grekov is now five years old.

The Red Army men who are studying in the studio receive the regular military and political training of all the men in the Workers' and Peasants' Red Army.

The commanding staffs and political departments of the Army units assist in the selection of talented Red Army men for enrollment in the studio. Some especially talented Red Army men have been sent to the studio on the personal recommendation of K. E. Voroshilov and S. M. Budyonny.

Red Army man S. Zalikhman was enrolled as a student on the recommendation of Marshal of the Soviet Union K. E. Voroshilov, Peoples' Commissar of Defence. After two years of diligent study he painted a significant work "The First Mounted Army Breaks the Polish Front". Sergei Perevyshin was sent to the studio by Marshal of the Soviet Union S. M. Budyonny and proved him-

self a talented painter of battle pictures.

Twenty-five Red Army men are now studying in the studio. The artists V. Svarog, A. Moravov and E. Katsman work in the studio with the Red Army artists. An art council including such masters of Soviet art as A. Gerasimov, V. Baksheyev and G. Savitsky reviews the work of the students and offers helpful advice. The Red Army men study classic works, visit the museums and art galleries.

The studio carries on an extensive correspondence with Red Army artists and gives advice on works sent in. During five years, more than two hundred Red Army men and commanders have been trained in the studio. The students have taken part in eleven exhibitions.

ART WORKS FOR NATIONAL MUSEUMS

The Russian Museum in Leningrad distributes a large number of the works of important masters of Russian painting, sculpture and graphic art to museums of the national republics. The new museum in the city of Grozny received one hundred and eighteen pictures, engravings and sculptures. The new museum in the city of Orjonikidze received one hundred and ninety-eight works. Canvases by Botkin, Vereshchagin, Kondratenko, Klodt and Repin are among the works distributed.

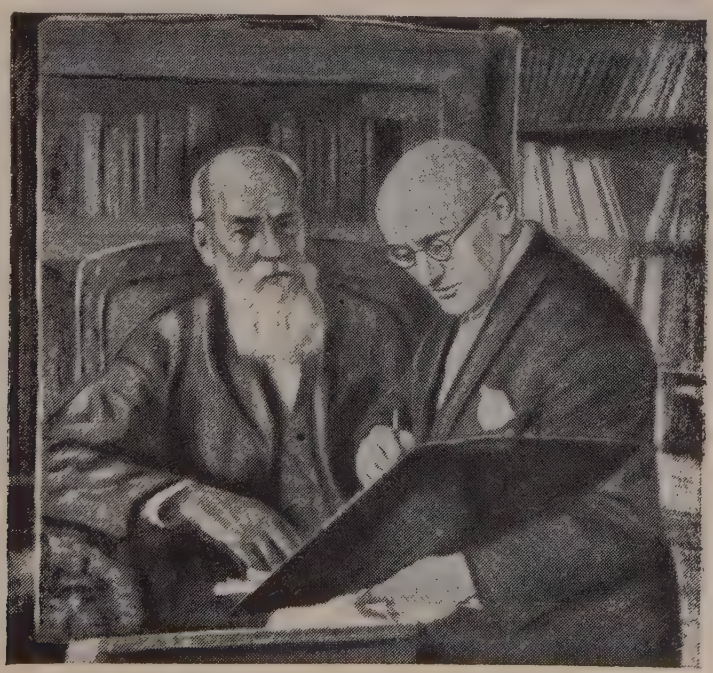
A large number of pictures were sent to Tbilisi for the Hall of Russian Art which is being opened in the Metekh Museum. Among these are pictures by Krachkovsky, Makovsky, Shishkin, Tropinin, Kramskoy and Kuinji. There is also a Repin canvas of great interest. It is the last version made by the great master of the picture "Burlaki" ("Bargemen"). A total of one hundred and ninety-six pictures, twenty-one sculptures and one hundred and two pieces of old artistic porcelain were sent to Tbilisi.

I. E. GRABAR'S WORK ON EXHIBITION

An exhibition of the work of I. E. Grabar, Honored Master of Art, was opened in the Pushkin Museum of Art on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of Grabar's activity in art, science and public life.

The exhibition includes about one hundred and fifty works by the noted painter, brought together from the State Tretyakov Art Gallery, the Russian Museum in Leningrad, the museums of Yaroslavl, Ivanovo, Gorky and other cities of the Soviet Union, as well as from private collections.

The exhibition includes also a number of works done by the artist in recent



Igor Grabar working on the portrait of Academician A. Bach (1939)

years. Among them are the portraits of Academician A. N. Bach and of A. V. Lyapidevsky, Hero of the Soviet Union; a picture "Peasant Delegates Received by V. Lenin" and other works.

AN EXHIBITION ON THE HISTORY OF THE GEORGIAN THEATRE

An exhibition devoted to the sixtieth anniversary of the founding of the first regular Georgian theater has been opened by the theatrical Museum of Georgia, in Tbilisi.

The exhibition displays many interesting documents on the history of the Georgian theater and on the activities of its first directors, the noted writers Ilya Chavchavadze and Akaki Tsereteli.

Material about the theater's productions is shown in a special section of the exhibition. Here are portraits of dramatists and remarkable actors of the Georgian stage of that period—A. Tsereteli, D. Eristivani, V. Abashidze, M. Saparova, N. Gabunia, K. Kipiani, K. Meskhi and others.

Apart from original documents associated with the first days of the theater—bill posters, programs, company contracts and so on—the museum has interesting political documents that give a graphic picture of the struggle which the progressive elements of Georgian society waged against the autocracy for their national art and for their people's theater.

"Portrait of a Girl" by Igor Grabar

CULTURAL LIFE IN THE WESTERN REGIONS OF THE UKRAINE AND BYELORUSSIA

More than twenty museums of art, history, ethnography, handicrafts, etc., are now open in Lwow. The Regional Historical Museum has a large collection of ancient portraits, old arms and weapons, and stone carvings.

The Lwow National Museum has a big display of Ukrainian art—from the ikon-painters of antiquity to modern Ukrainian artists who have participated in several Paris exhibitions. The section of the Museum devoted to the art of the Hutsuls is of great interest and displays Hutsul needlework, colored inlays, ceramics, carvings and metal work.

The government of the Ukraine has decreed the organization of five theaters in Lwow: an opera and ballet, three dramatic theaters—Ukrainian, Polish and Jewish—and a vaudeville theater. A State regional philharmonic society is also to be organized and to have a symphonic orchestra as well as an Ukrainian choral society.

An Ukrainian conservatory is to be organized, having a Polish department. A college of music and a seven-year school of music for children will be organized in the conservatory. Three other Ukrainian schools of music for children are also to be opened.

Ukrainian theaters of drama are to be opened in Lutsk and Stanislavov, where regional philharmonic societies, children's schools of music, and evening schools of music for adults are also being organized. Stanislavov region will also have a State music theater, a college of music and a museum of Hutsul folk art. A regional traveling Ukrainian theater of drama and a children's school of music will open in the city of Colomea. Song and dance ensembles are being organized and amateur art circles are very active in various other centers.

Five institutions of higher education function in Lwow. They are the State university, the polytechnical and veterinary institutes and the institutes of medicine and Soviet trade.

In the freshman courses the Lwow University enrolled 1,020 students. The polytechnical institute has 728 new students. Applications considerably exceed the existing accommodation. In some departments of the university as many as five persons applied for each available place. The departments of

"In February" by Igor Grabar

history and philology are notably popular for the first time in their history.

Among the students enrolled are many Ukrainians and Jews, for whom the doors to higher schools were closed during the reign of the Polish gentry. Prominent Ukrainian scientists, who formerly were not permitted by the Polish authorities to teach in higher educational institutions, have now an opportunity to teach in their own institutes.

The provisional municipal government of Lwow gave stipends to students of the veterinary institute. This was a great event, because heretofore students not only received no stipends but had to pay fees of two to three hundred *zloty* a year for their education.

Marxism-Leninism departments have opened in the institutions of higher learning. Instruction is given in the Polish and Ukrainian languages.

Great interest is manifested in the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union* (*Bolsheviks*). Elderly professors and young students read and study it with like eagerness. Students

who entered the law school passed special examinations, in which they showed fair knowledge of the Stalin Constitution.

At the Writers' House which has been opened in Belostok, writers and poets find every facility for creative work and rational recreation. The House has a reading room, a library, a dining room, rooms for creative work, a hall for recitation and concerts, a room for beginning authors and consultation service.

The concerts of the noted singer Eva Bandrovska-Turska were immensely successful in Lwow. Just before the performance she declared to a *Pravda* correspondent: "I have lived through very many trying moments. I came face to face with the horrors of the Polish-German war. I saw bombarded cities, hamlets and villages. I saw crowds of refu gees. I saw the terrible poverty of the people. A bomb destroyed my own house, together with my costumes and a valuable library of music.

"My concerts in Lwow are the beginning of the work which I sincerely wish to carry further. Musical standards are very high in Lwow, because this city has a long tradition in musical culture. Nevertheless, for ten years Lwow has been without a regular opera. I am convinced that now when the conditions of Soviet musical culture are being established here, musical activities in Lwow will be on a high plane."

SONG AND DANCE ENSEMBLE AND JAZZ ORCHESTRA OF RAILWAY WORKERS

The railway workers' Song and Dance Ensemble and Jazz Orchestra was organized on the initiative of L. M. Kaganovich three years ago in Moscow at the club *KOR*, now the Railway Workers' Central House of Culture.

This group was formed of the most talented singers, musicians and dancers, selected from amateur art circles of the Moscow railway workers. For several months the ensemble and jazz orchestra engaged in intensive study and rehearsal work, during which the first songs devoted to railway transport were created and learned. The Song and Dance Ensemble is directed by the composer I. O. Dunayevsky and the young conductor S. S. Sakharov. The jazz orchestra is directed by the composers Dmitri and Daniel Pokrass.

I. Dunayevsky wrote the *Song of the Stalinist Peoples' Commissar* and *The Wheels Roll*, and A. Novikov wrote *The Song of the Party* for the ensemble repertory which includes also Russian, Ukrainian, Georgian, Byelorussian and Jewish folk songs.

The dancers of the Ensemble form an excellent group. The jazz orchestra went on a long tour over the railways of Central Asia. Concerts were also given in Red Army units. The orchestra has been on a number of other successful tours, visiting Baku, Odessa, Kiev and other cities.

Kuibyshev railwaywomen organize an amateur jazz-orchestra

Turkmenian studio at the Moscow Conservatory. The vocalist department at work

The Ensemble has also been out on tour, over the railways of the Far East, where during fifty-eight days one hundred and forty-eight concerts were given to audiences of railway workers, totalling 168,000 persons. The concerts took place in clubs, at railway stations, in depots and on platforms in the open air.

The tours of the ensemble and the jazz orchestra have resulted in the formation of local railway ensembles modeled after those of Moscow. At present two hundred and two song and dance ensembles and one hundred and twelve jazz orchestras have been organized and are functioning among the railway workers of the Soviet Union.

NATIONAL STUDIOS OF THE MOSCOW CONSERVATORY

The Moscow State Conservatory has four national studios—Turkmen, Uzbek, Bashkir, and Kazakh.

The Turkmen studio has existed since 1935 and has departments for vocal music, piano, string and wind instruments, theory and composition. Its present enrollment is forty-two students, including fourteen girls.

The Uzbek opera studio was also organized in 1935, with an initial student body of twenty persons. Remarkable singers and instrumentalists whose names are now well known were trained in this first group.

The Studio at present has thirty-six students in the vocal, conductor, chorus leader and instrumental sections.

Two girl-students in the third class, S. Yagudayeva and S. Khojayeva, formerly employed in the silk spinning mills of Margilan, stand out among the students in the vocal section, as does Ismailov, a former railway worker, noted for his remarkable bass voice, a rarity among eastern peoples.

The student body of the Bashkir studio includes thirty-five vocalists, six composers and three instrumentalists. Forty-seven Kazakh students are enrolled in various specialized classes. Zainautdinov, Ismagambetov, Elibayev and Tulibayev, students of the Kazakh studio, are very promising composers.

The house in Klin where P. Chaikovsky lived and worked. Now a Chaikovsky museum

P. I. CHAIKOVSKY MUSEUM

Situated in a small estate on the outskirts of Klin, a two-hour trip by rail out of Moscow, is the house of the P. I. Chaikovsky Museum.

In this house the great Russian composer lived during the last two years of his life. After the composer died the house was bought from the former owner by Alexei Sofronov, who also founded the present Museum.

Subsequently the house passed to Vladimir Chaikovsky, nephew and heir of the composer, who enlarged it by erecting adjoining structures and lived there, together with the composer's brother, Modest.

Collected in the two-story building of the Museum are unique historic documents and material pertaining to Russian music. Here are Chaikovsky's archives, as well as the archives of the composers Taneyev, A. Arensky and others. The manuscripts of notes, notebooks and diaries of Pyotr Ilyich Chaikovsky preserved here comprise about four thousand pages. Of letters there are more than nine thousand.

Chaikovsky's private library has three hundred volumes. The margins of many volumes have notations and music drafts in the composer's handwriting. The library of music notes contains more than five thousand titles. There is also a library of literature about Chaikovsky (about four thousand volumes), etc.

FILMS OF COLLECTIVE FARM LIFE

Two films, portraying the life of the collective farm countryside, are being shown on the screens of the Soviet Union. These are *In Search of Joy* and *Soil Upturned*; the former was produced by directors V. Stroyeva and G. Roshal, after the scenario written by F. Panferov; the latter was produced by the director Y. Raizman, after the scenario written jointly by S. Yermolinsky and M. Sholokhov, author of the famous novel of the same name.

In a *Pravda* review the film *In Search of Joy* is described as "a significant work of art. The group which worked on the film created a motion picture which truthfully portrays the collective farm countryside. The people are shown as they are in real life without stiltedness or schematism."

At the same time *Pravda* points out some shortcomings in the film, especially in the mass scenes. In particular, brigade meetings should not be pictured as so noisy nor collective farmers as so fussy. Certain episodes of the film are loose and long drawn out. Some scenes have a taint of naturalism.

In an article about the film *Soil Upturned* M. Romm, the well-known Soviet film director, writes: "The picture is forceful primarily because the authors, having taken as their subject a large and responsible idea, have conveyed it to the spectators with great persuasive power and without either false effects or paltry ornateness. The language of the picture is serious and simple, full of genuine political passion. You are convinced that for the heroes of the film the question of collective farms is the most important and decisive question, one of life and death. For some, for Maidannykov, Nagulnov, Lyubishkin, the collective farm is the only way to life. For others, for the enemies, the *kulaks*, the collective farms are the ruin of their class. The fate of the people, the destiny of the country, is decided in their fierce struggle. That is why such apparently 'difficult' episodes as meetings are perhaps most exciting of all in the picture. In everything the film is true to life.

"Before us on the screen are people who actually live, people of a Cossack village on the Don, Cossack peasants of the year 1930.

"All these qualities—the stirring theme of the film, the gamut of ideas and

passions it brings out, its veracity, popular appeal and stern simplicity—make *Soil Upturned* an outstanding work of the cinema art."

The brilliant work of the director A. Raizman and the talented play of individual actors are mentioned by M. Romm. He writes: "The spectator goes away enriched. He carries away a feeling of real life and striking images of living, vigorous people. He is captivated by the truth of the picture. He experiences anew the wildly agitated passions of those years of the great change which irrevocably decided the destiny of the Soviet country. He feels and comprehends more clearly the full magnitude of the social changes, unparalleled in world history, of which the Communist Party is the creator."

"AIR MAIL"

The *Soyuzdetfilm* (Soviet Childrens' Film) Studios have released *Air Mail*, a new short picture for youngsters, produced by the film director D. Poznansky. The scenario was written by V. Kreps and A. Gendelstein. An absorbing and interesting film for children, it is of undoubted educational significance.

The setting of this short story in motion pictures is the Far North of the Soviet Union, where the chief means of communication between far-flung habitations is the airplane. The young pilot Nastya Korolyeva has to deliver anti-diphtheria serum to a children's hospital. Despite stormy weather, the bold girl continues her flight.

Holding their breath the young spectators follow the struggle between the girl flyer and the blizzard. But then the gasoline supply runs out. The airplane makes a forced landing.

The situation seems hopeless. Radio contact is broken. Wolves beset Nastya. To the rescue comes a bold lad, a noted hunter of the *taiga* forest, known throughout the region and called with respect—Anton Ivanovich.

Together with the young hunter Nastya sets out for the hospital on skis. After new adventures the important parcel of medicine is finally delivered.

Pravda points out that the picture "gives excellent expression to the theme of genuine Soviet humanism. One wants to imitate the heroes of the picture and be just as courageous, prepared at any moment to come to the aid of those in danger."

Still from the film "Air Mail"

NOTES

Preparation has begun in the Kiev film studios for the production of the film *Bogdan Khmelnitsky*, on the scenario of A. Korneichuk. The producer of the film is I. Savchenko.

The State Literary Publishers are preparing for the publication of a periodical for young writers and poets of the Soviet Union.

An exhibition of folk art with more than three hundred art works on display has opened in Moghilev. The work of Orlov, a collective farmer, attracts universal attention. The text of the Voroshilov oath, a chess table and other exhibits have been made by him from tens of thousands of pieces of vari-colored wood. The wood carvings made by the former homeless waif Volsky are outstanding for their beauty. "Lenin at a Direct Wire in Smolny," an engraving in wood, shows Volsky to be a skillful master.

The composer N. K. Chemberdzhi is completing an opera *Karlugas (The Swallow)* on the libretto of Bayazit Bikbayev, a Bashkir people's poet, who has been decorated by the Government. The action of the opera takes place in Bashkiria in the second half of the eighteenth century.

ARGENTINE

LATIN-AMERICAN LITERATURE

A series of books under the general title *Las Literaturas Latino Americanas* is being prepared by the Institute of Philosophy and Literature in Buenos Aires, under the direction of Arturo Jimenez Pastor, the noted literary scholar.

"The purpose of this series is to acquaint the readers of our country with the history of the literature of Latin-American peoples," explains the preface to the first volume.

Works about the literature of individual countries and written by Latin-American authors, critics and literary scholars will make up the series.

The first volume is devoted to Peruvian literature (*Literatura del Peru*). It contains lectures delivered two years ago in the Buenos Aires Institute of Philosophy and Literature by Professor Luis Sanchez, a Peruvian scholar. An immense period is embraced by the lectures, which deal with the literature of the Indians, of the Spanish conquest and of modern times.

E. Suarez Calimano, who reviews the book in the magazine *Nosotros*, points out that the main shortcoming of the work is the hurried style with its attendant carelessness and inaccuracies. Sanchez omits such serious problems as the influence of other literatures on that of Peru, its literary traditions and so on. The lectures of Sanchez are impressionistic frescoes in which brilliant lyric pages devoted to Peruvian landscape are interspersed with rather hastily assembled names, titles and dates.

Despite these shortcomings, the reviewer concludes, the book is nevertheless one of great interest, since it gives an impressive, if cursory, picture of Peruvian literary development.

The second volume of the series, *Literatura del Uruguay*, contains lectures delivered by Alberto Zum Felde, the Uruguayan literary critic, also in the Buenos Aires Institute.

The basic material for this volume on the literature of Uruguay was drawn from Zum Felde's book *Intellectual Development of Uruguay*, which was published in 1930.

Zum Felde finished the book with a sketch about present-day literature. The reviewer notes that Zum Felde's book is "written with the erudition characteristic of the author, has a clear and precise language and gives voluminous information about the literature of Uruguay."

"SELECTED PAGES"

The Losado publishing house is preparing a series of books under the title *Selected Pages*. The series includes books by the most prominent statesmen and writers of Latin America as well as by European writers and public figures.

The publishers have invited the best modern writers, "who are particularly close in spirit to this or that great person of the past, to reveal to the reader their immortal thoughts."

Thus, Romain Rolland chose "immortal pages" from Rousseau and wrote a preface to them. J. Huxley writes on Darwin, Arnold Zweig on Spinoza, etc.

Some volumes of *Selected Pages* have already been published. Among them are *Rousseau* with R. Rolland's introduction, *Tolstoy* by Stephan Zweig and others.

POSTHUMOUS PLAYS OF FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

The Losado Publishing House in Buenos Aires has issued *Así Que Pasen Cinco Años* (*Thus Passed Five Years*), a play by Federico Garcia Lorca. The

play has three acts and five scenes. It was written in 1931. The publishers state in their foreword that the manuscript of the play when given them for publication was still unfinished. The late poet had not completed it. "In connection with this," continues the foreword, "we had ourselves to do some work on the manuscript: we substituted certain words and, without impairing the context, struck out phrases which the author had left unfinished. We worked over the text carefully and with great love. Nevertheless, the reader will understand that in essence this is still a skeleton play, that it is not finished so elaborately as other plays of Lorca—such as *Yerma* and *Bodas de Sangre*—in which the art of playwriting is carried to perfection."

The play, however, as the Argentine press points out, makes an indelible impression. "The keen mind of Lorca, sharp and observant, is felt in every scene and every cue. Lorca's play, in which lyric feeling blends with humor, gains still more on the stage."

The Losado Publishing House has also printed scenes from *El Publico*, an unfinished play by Lorca, in which vivid style, wealth of fantasy and keen sense of humor show Lorca at his best as a poet. An appendix contains remarkable songs written by Lorca for the opera libretto of his play *The Wonderful Woman Cobbler*. In Lola Membrives' production this opera was performed in Buenos Aires.

CHILE

NEW BOOKS

The Chilean critic Arturo Torrez Rioseco has published the first part of his monumental research work *Literatura Hispano Americane*.

The second part will be devoted to Chilean literature.

The magazine *Atenea* notifies its readers that it will publish in its coming issues articles by Torrez Rioseco about the following writers: Hoacim Eduardo Beleau, Ricardo do Guiraldes, Eustasio Rivra and others. It is emphasized that the books of Torrez Rioseco, a brilliant scholar of Latin American literature, will assist the reader to become more intimately acquainted with the creative works of Latin-American writers.

The Chilean publishing house "Nascimento" has issued *Horacio*, a book by the critic and philosopher Alejandro Vicuna. A reviewer in the magazine *Atenea* writes that, owing to his great talent and profound knowledge of Roman history, A. Vicuna is able to show with amazing skill various epochs of the most important statesmen in Roman history. He transfers the reader to mighty Rome, already on the road to inevitable downfall. He draws a striking portrait of Cicero, statesman and orator, and acquaints the reader with the noted poet Horace and his friends, Virgil and Mecenas. He tells about the epoch of the Renaissance and the life of Savonarola.

"In this book *Horacio* Alejandro Vicuna recreates with accuracy and color the image of the Roman poet," the reviewer writes. "We see a little stout man with uneasy shifty eyes. He is ugly, vain and stingy. But his passionate love for poetry, beauty and harmony lift him high above his surroundings. . . . Vicuna portrays him both as an 'official' poet obliged to sing to the glory of the empire and as a genuine poet whose verse outlived time and became a remarkable memorial of his epoch."

In conclusion the reviewer states that this book of A. Vicuna is a great contribution to Latin-American culture.

BRAZIL

"AMERICA"

The well-known Columbian writer Silvio Julio has lived for the past several years in Rio de Janeiro. He is the editor of a series of books which are being published under the general title—*America*.

The first book of this series is devoted to Columbia. It tells about the life and work of the most prominent representatives of the Columbian intelligentsia. Prose, poetry, and numerous illustrations acquaint the reader with the manifold aspects of life in Columbia. "This interesting and well-documented book," notes a critic, "is of especial interest at the present time when the Latin-American republics are drawing closer together and it is so important for us to know more about one another."

Silvio Julio plans to devote a separate book to each of the Latin-American republics.

ESTONIA

THE ESTONIAN THEATER

This is the title of a detailed article describing the lines along which the Estonian theater has developed; it appeared in the November issue of the Estonian journal *Teater*. In 1870, Lydia Koidula, an outstanding poetess

"And Quiet Flows the Don" performed at the Opera Theater in Tallin (Estonia)

(1843-86), organized a group of amateur actors in Tartu. In the course of four years amateur performances were given by this group under the auspices of the Vanemuine Society. It is from the Koidula Theater that the history of the Estonian theater begins. Its further development went along two lines: amateur groups in the Estonian countryside, usually directed by teachers, pursued general cultural aims and combined singing, educational and sports circles, serving also as a medium for the expression of national ideas.

In the cities, the Estonian amateur societies imitated the German clubs, and their activity had none of the cultural aims which were characteristic of the countryside. In the cities, however, the amateur groups were able to develop on a larger scale, especially since the 'seventies, when, as a result of a large influx of Estonians to the cities, the theater groups obtained a large audience. Since 1875 the Vanemuine Society at Tartu has had its permanent theatrical company, whose work paved the way for the professional theater; at Tallin, the Estonia Society has had its permanent company ever since 1894.

The Estonian professional theater, however, was able to take shape only as a result of the upsurge in cultural activity which was stimulated by the powerful revolutionary movement of 1905 in Russia.

In 1906 the Vanemuine Society built a new theater building in Tartu. The new theater was managed by Karl Menning, a pupil of Max Reinhardt in Berlin. This was Estonia's first professional theater. During the same year the Estonia Theater, managed by the young actors Paul Pinna and Teodor Altermann, began to function in Tallin. The third professional theater was opened in Parnu in 1911, under the management of Alexander Tetsov, Menning's pupil. Amateur theaters began to develop in a number of other cities, such as Viljandi, Valga, etc.

It must be pointed out that the tsarist government assumed a hostile attitude towards the development of the Estonian theater. For instance, when the building of the Estonia Theater was started, the governor forbade any speech to be made in the Estonian language, and the cornerstone was laid in the midst of complete silence.

From the very outset, the Estonian theater went in for serious drama. At Tartu, Menning produced plays by Ibsen and Bjornsen; at the Estonia Theater the classics were in great vogue. There regisseur Jungholtz produced *Hamlet*; Altermann played the part of Hamlet, Ophelia was played by Erna Willmer, an able actress trained in St. Petersburg studios, and the King was played by Pinna. Jungholtz also staged *Othello* and *King Lear*.

The tsarist policy of throttling the small peoples was fanning the flames of national strife; this explains the

fact that up to the revolution of 1917 the Estonian theater rarely produced plays by Russian writers, although their leading actors studied in Russian studios, and the Russian theater, especially the Moscow Art Theater, exercised a strong influence on the Estonian theater. M. Gorky's plays were an exception; his play *The Lower Depths* enjoyed special success on the Estonian stage.

After the imperialist war the Estonian theater went through a long period of experimentation. Thus an amateur group known as The Morning Theater was organized at Tallin; it staged only expressionist plays (Toller and Hasenklever). Other Estonian theaters staged symbolic plays (*The Life of Man* by Andreyev; The *Cricket on the Hearth* by Dickens). Mass and group scenes were given considerable prominence. This was primarily the work of Lauter who staged Toller's *Machine Wreckers* and other mass plays in the Estonia Theater.

Gradually the theater returned to realism, which now predominates on the Estonian stage.

The repertory of the Estonian theater is greatly varied. Of the classics, the most popular are Shakespeare, Molière, Ostrovsky and Gogol; the most successful of the more recent Soviet plays are *Yegor Bulychev* by Gorky, *Platon Krechet* by Korneichuk, and also plays by Alexei Tolstoy, Katayev, Shkvarkin and others. A considerable number of plays by Estonian writers have been produced in recent years.

Several talented regisseurs have come to the fore lately. In the Estonia Theater it is Lauter, who is also an able actor. In the Vanemuine it is Woldemar Mettus; on the dramatic stage it is Andres Särev and Prit Pyldroos; among actors and actresses the best known are Lauter, Pinna and Erna Willmer; also the famous comedian Alexander Tetsov, and others.

New actors are trained at the Tallin theatrical school, which follows the principles of the Moscow Art Theater.

All Estonian theaters are devoted primarily to the drama. Opera is given only at the Estonia and operettas at the Estonia and the Vanemuine.

The native, Estonian opera is in its embryonic stage so far. Among original opera mention should be made of *Vikings* by the composer Ewald Aava; *Love and Death* by Professor Lemba and *Kauno* by Professor Vedro.

Almost every outstanding opera of the international repertory was given on the Estonian stage during the last few years. Of the latest Soviet operas, *And Quiet Flows the Don* by the composer Dzerzhinsky enjoys special success.

The Estonia Theater also has its ballet directed by Rachael Olbrei. The Soviet ballet *Red Poppy* enjoys great success among the public.

The Estonian theater receives a State and local subsidy, which enables it to sell tickets within reach of the masses. This explains the large attendance of the theaters. Thus, last season the Estonian theaters gave 2,021 performances, attended by 700,000 people.

About Our Contributors

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