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FIELD MARSHAL SUVOROV

Proiogue

THE YOUNG OFFICER

Autumn 1760. Berlin. Home of Kargeisen, Lord Mayor of Berlin. Curtain rises on a study with carpeted floor. Kargeisen sits at the desk, his head in his hands. Above him on the wall hangs the portrait of Friedrich the Great, wearing a handsome white wig and a purple mantle. The study has three doors. One leading to the passage, another into the apartments, and the third, a glass door, opens onto a balcony. At this latter door stands Kargeisen's wife. She is gazing intently into the distance, to the wet square beneath, the houses with tiled roofs, the leafless trees, the churches. It rains. . . . One of the members of the Berlin Municipality is pacing nervously up and down the room. A city official is also present. He too appears nervous and distraught. A detachment of Russian soldiers appears on the square, passing by Kargeisen's house with a rattling of drums. The detachment is followed by a second, and a third. A band is heard playing in the distance. The Russian soldiers are occupying Berlin.

FRAU KARGEISEN: Otto, Otto, Russische Soldaten in Berlin. Sie kommen auf uns zu.[1]

KARGEISEN (*rushing over to the window*): O, Gott im Himmel! Die Russischen Kerle in Berlin! Hölle und Teufel! (*To the Official*) Geht sofort aufs Rathaus, schickt schleunigst nach den Kaufleuten! Noch ist nicht alles verloren. Wir können uns noch loskaufen.[1]

OFFICIAL: Ich gehorche, verehrtester Herr![2]

KARGEISEN: Nicht verzweifeln, Freund Wagner! Karl Ulrich

[1] Otto! Otto! The Russian soldiers are in Berlin. They have come to us.

[1] God in Heaven! Those Russian fellows in Berlin. The devil take them! Go immediately to the Town Hall, send at once for the merchants. The day is not lost yet. We may still bargain and save ourselves.

[2] I'll do as you say, Sir!

wird uns nicht verunglücken lassen.[1]

OFFICIAL: Einzig und allein bleibt uns die Hoffnung auf den allmächtigen Gott und auf den erlauchten russischen Thronfolger Karl Ulrich.[2]

KARGEISEN: Auf nach dem Schatzamt in aller Eile! Das übrige werde ich schon selbst besorgen . . . Armer König, armes Vaterland.[3]

FRAU KARGEISEN: Himmlische Kräfte! Da ist doch alles verloren![4]

KHLOPUSHIN: Nitchevo. This looks all right. We can billet here. (*To the soldiers*) Follow me!

KARGEISEN: Nun, kommt denn herein![5]

Soldiers appear in the doorway. Their shabby uniforms are soaked from the autumn rain and splashed with mud. The first to enter is Pyotr Leskov, an old soldier.

LESKOV (*sets down his rifle and rubs his hands*): Ekh, foul weather!

Dubasov, another soldier, wounded in the leg, limps in, supported by Yegorkin.

YEGORKIN (*to Dubasov*): Now you can have a rest, Proshka.

KHLOPUSHIN (*to the men*): Get settled here!

SOLDIERS: Brrr, I'm frozen to the marrow!

There isn't a dry bone in my body!

Well, a town's better than a field, you can find a shelter from the rain.

I'm going to sleep and shan't wake up until the day after tomorrow.

Kargeisen opens desk drawers and commences to pull out sheaves of papers.

LESKOV: We've marched for days with empty bellies but now we can rest our weary bones in this palace. We deserve that!

YEGORKIN (*helping Dubasov into an armchair*): We'll take care of you, Proshka. You wouldn't be better off in a hospital. Here, give us your foot, I'll take the boot off it . . . (*Gently draws boot off Dubasov's wounded leg.*)

KHLOPUSHIN (*to Yegorkin*): You'd better take your own off too while you're at it. Look at the mess you've made! (*To the soldiers*) Off with your boots! You're soiling the mats!

YEGORKIN: Off they go!

Soldiers remove their boots. Kargeisen leaves the room carrying a heap of papers.

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS: Why, look, the master is all in a dither! Hey, there. (*To Kargeisen's retreating figure*) Why bother about those bits of paper—take the table along while you're at it. (*Kargeisen disappears.*)

LESKOV: Leave him alone, can't you see the man's upset.

YEGORKIN (*removing his boots*): My old father used to say: The fool wears boots, the clever fellow slips on bast shoes, the wise man goes barefoot . . . He used to go barefoot in winter-time, he did.

LESKOV (*taking off his boots and humming*): Akh, how I long for you, my hearth and home so dear.

Enter Kargeisen, walks over to the table.

YEGORKIN: Now then, clear the floor, boys. Let's give 'em a dance, Proshka, shall we?

DUBASOV (*nursing his injured foot*): Oh, wouldn't I, but the hole in my foot won't let me.

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[1] Do not lose heart, friend Wagner. Karl Ulrich will not leave us in the lurch.

[2] All we have left is to trust in the Almighty and his Highness Karl Ulrich, who is the heir to the Russian throne.

[3] Go at once to the Treasury, I will attend to the rest myself. Poor king, poor fatherland!

[4] Good God! Everything is lost.

[5] Come in.

Yegorkin waves his hand and resumes his pacing of the floor humming: Akh, how I long for you, my broad and rolling plains. . . .

DUBASOV: Old Pyotr is homesick.

LESKOV: The winter sowing must be over by now . . . Eh? (*Pause.*)

YEGORKIN (*examining the portrait of Friedrich*): A fine wench they've got framed here!

KARGEISEN (*with sudden animation*): Was fuer "wench." That is Friedrich! The Great Friedrich! The King!

DUBASOV (*to Yegorkin*): The king! And you said a wench! They can't help it if their king looks like a beadle's wife.

KHLOPUSHIN (*to Kargeisen*): How do you come to speak our language?

KARGEISEN (*after a pause*): When we were at peace with Russians, I owned a large commercial firm. We traded with Petersburg. I used to go there.

KHLOPUSHIN: And you might have gone on trading to this day . . .

DUBASOV: And now—willy-nilly meet your guests. (*Laughter.*)

During the conversation a young officer enters the room. He is of medium height, dressed in field uniform. His arm is in a sling. He stands in the doorway unnoticed by the men.

YOUNG OFFICER: They've made themselves quite at home . . . Howdy, lads!

On sighting the officer the soldiers, who were living human beings a moment ago, turn suddenly into frozen statues: "Good day, your honor." Dubasov struggles to his feet.

YOUNG OFFICER (*to Dubasov*): Don't get up! Don't rise! Are you all from Vyatka? Where were you wounded? At the Haal gates? What's your name?

DUBASOV (*half standing and half sitting*): Dubasov, Your Honor. Prokhor.

YOUNG OFFICER (*laying his hand on Dubasov's shoulder*): So, so. Well, you're quite comfortable here, I see. Now you will have a chance to rest. (*Sits astride a chair and glances at one soldier, then another*): Just like dummies . . . What are you sticking out your chest for? (*Pause. Soldiers continue to stand stiffly at attention until the young Officer barks out the command*: "at ease!" *whereupon the men relax according to army regulations.*) Well, well! (*To Khlopushin*) You've drilled all the life out of them!

KHLOPUSHIN: Yes, Your Honor!

YOUNG OFFICER (*to Yegorkin*): Wait a moment! Hey you, the smart one over there, what's your name?

YEGORKIN: Ivan Yegorkin, Your Honor.

YOUNG OFFICER: Well, Yegorkin . . . What do you think of Berlin? Nice town, eh? Like it?

YEGORKIN: Don't know, Your Honor . . .

YOUNG OFFICER: How's that! And where were your eyes?

YEGORKIN: Don't know, Your Honor.

YOUNG OFFICER: Not know where your eyes were, either? You dummy, you're just a chunk of wood!

DUBASOV: Your Honor! (*The Young Officer turns round.*) I look at it this way: Berlin is all right. A rich town. Pretty big in size, much bigger than our Vyatka even.

YOUNG OFFICER (*to the soldiers*): And what do you say, fellows?

SOLDIERS: Yes, sir, Your Honor!

YOUNG OFFICER: Tfui! Confound it! Haven't you eyes in your heads, and hearts in your

breasts? Here you've captured a city, and risked your lives doing it. What kind of city is it? Why is it important? (*The soldiers are silent.*) And no one would ever think of explaining this to you. They think you don't need to know. But no, Yegorkin must know and you, Dubasov, and you . . . and you . . . all of you must know. Here are Friedrich's arm stores, his powder works, his gun foundries, and arsenal . . . This is victory, men!

Kargeisen appears. Approaches the young officer uncertainly.

KARGEISEN: Herr Russian Offizier! Greetings, Herr Russian Offizier!

YOUNG OFFICER: Lord Mayor, I believe.

KARGEISEN: Ja, ja, das bin ich! Kargeisen!

YOUNG OFFICER: Can I be of any service? (*Kargeisen motions him aside.*)

KARGEISEN: I am most honored to receive the Herr Russian Offizier . . . but the soldiers? Must I, Kargeisen, house common soldiers beneath my roof?

YOUNG OFFICER: The soldiers will vacate your study.

KARGEISEN: Oh, a thousand thanks!

YOUNG OFFICER: This will be the staff headquarters. The soldiers will occupy your hall.

KARGEISEN: Ach, what a misfortune! First Berlin, then my study, and now my hall . . . (*To the soldiers*) Come this way, liebe göste!

The soldiers collect their kits and follow Kargeisen. The Young Officer, who is Suvorov, remains alone in the room. He glances at the map of Berlin on the wall, at the portrait of Friedrich and through the balcony door to the square.

SUVOROV: So this is what you look like, Berlin . . .

Enter General Chernyshev, large, obese and fussy; he is followed by an officer.

CHERNYSHEV (*puffing*): Ha, splendid study! The staff never had such fine headquarters before. Excellent, excellent! (*To the officer*) Be so kind, my lad, as to go to the apartments of our host and tell the mistress to start cooking the sausages. Tell her to make haste; the General's stomach is gurgling . . . I'll be there in a jiffy.

(*Officer salutes and exits.*)

Alexander Vasilych! My dear fellow! Why, I did not notice you . . . Ah, you are wounded?

SUVOROV: A mere scratch, Your Excellency!

CHERNYSHEV: You're right, Alexander Vasilych. In such days a wound is a scratch and a contusion just a fillip . . . I hear you've distinguished yourself. I shall certainly let Vasily Ivanovich know about it. Let him take pride in his son . . . Are you content?

SUVOROV: No, Your Excellency, we wasted far too much time outside the city. We let slip two enemy armies, although we could have finished the enemy off with one blow.

CHERNYSHEV: What a hothead! Rash as ever. Always coming out with something queer . . .

SUVOROV: And that would have been the end of the war.

CHERNYSHEV: Stop acting like a child, Alexander Vasilych. Strategy, strategy—that's what you need! Not all is decided on the battlefield, my lad, much is settled in St. Petersburg. (*Lowers his voice*) Pyotr Fedorovich, his imperial majesty the heir, had a different name not so long ago. Karl Ulrich! Why, he can't speak two words of Russian without stumbling on the third. He even says his prayers in German! That's how

it is. The empress says "forward" but the nephew says "retreat". . . . Times are uncertain—today Pyotr Fedorovich is the heir, tomorrow he'll be the emperor . . . And neither my rank nor my titles are nailed on to me forever . . . You smile, Alexander Vasilych? Mark my words, when Pyotr Fedorovich succeeds to the throne, he will conclude an alliance with Friedrich, and what's more he'll send me with my corps to Friedrich's aid. (*Bends over to whisper in Suvorov's ear*) Gave us orders to spare Friedrich. . . .

SUVOROV: I cannot understand this, Zakhar Grigorich . . .

CHERNYSHEV: Eh, but you're dull witted today. You ought to ask Totleben. He'd teach you all the tricks . . .

SUVOROV: I refuse to understand. I refuse to learn such baseness from Totleben.

CHERNYSHEV: Hush, Aleksasha! You mustn't speak so disrespectfully about Totleben. Gottlieb Genrichovich is a worthy man! They hold him in the highest esteem in Petersburg. You had better mind your p's and q's in his presence.

Enter Totleben.

Ah, Gottlieb Genrichovich! Here you are! I must absent myself for a while. I would ask you to take over headquarters in my absence, Gottlieb Genrichovich. Have you stationed the guards?

TOTLEBEN: They have been in their places for some time. There is order in the city. But Zakhar Grigorich, I am surprised at you. The city is occupied but the terms of capitulation are neither drawn up nor signed . . .

SUVOROV *(to Chernyshev)*: Excuse me, Your Excellency, the city has surrendered to the victor. Who but the Prussians need these terms?

CHERNYSHEV: Come, come, Alexander Vasilych! Everything must be set down in black and white so that no one can find fault with anything . . . Gottlieb Genrichovich, take care of it yourself . . . Talk the matter over with the Magistrate, and I'll affix my signature. See that everything is done as St. Petersburg has ordered . . .

Enter Kargeisen.

KARGEISEN *(to Suvorov)*: Herr Russischer Offizier, your wish-

Prologue: "The Young Officer" *Staged by the Moscow Red Army Theater*

es have been carried out. The soldiers are very pleased. *(Notices Chernyshev and Totleben)* Oh, Herr Generalen, what an honor, I am delighted! *(Bows deeply.)*

Chernyshev and Totleben acknowledge the greeting stiffly.

TOTLEBEN: Lord Mayor?

KARGEISEN: Ja, ja, Lord Mayor, Otto Karl Maria Kargeisen.

TOTLEBEN: You have the honor to address His Excellency Count Chernyshev, Commander-in-chief of the expedition . . . General Totleben.

Kargeisen bows again.

CHERVYSHEV: Well, I shall be going. Gottlieb Genrichovich . . . I have urgent business to attend to. *(To Kargeisen)* General Totleben will discuss matters with you.

KARGEISEN *(bowing)*: I shall be delighted.

TOTLEBEN: The conditions we shall impose are most severe.

Kargeisen bows. Chernyshev goes to the door. Suvorov hurries over to him.

SUVOROV: Do not leave, Zakhar Grigorich.

Enter Officer.

OFFICER *(to Chernyshev)*: Everything is ready, Your Excellency!

CHERNYSHEV: Yes? *(To Suvorov)* You see, Alexander Vasilych, urgent business awaits me . . . *(Aloud)* Lieutenant Colonel Suvorov, you will be present during the negotiations with the Lord Mayor! *(Exit Chernyshev and officer. Totleben leans back in armchair. Kargeisen stands in front of him at attention.)*

TOTLEBEN: We have signed general capitulation terms with von Rochoff, the commandant of the city. The remaining points will be included in the treaty with the Lord Mayor. *(Kargeisen bows.)* The Commander-in-chief has ordered us to demand a substantial money contribution from the city . . . Arsenal, gun factory, powder magazines are to be destroyed! *(Kargeisen is silent.)* We are now to discuss all these points. This will require much time . . . We shall not trouble our young friend . . . he is tired and wounded, to boot. Lieutenant Colonel Suvorov, I do not detain you!

(Suvorov hesitates for a few moments, then walks toward the door.)

Please tell Count Chernyshev not to trouble to come here. I shall be with him directly.

SUVOROV *(turning round at the door)*: Yes, I shall make it my business to find the Commander-in-chief.

TOTLEBEN: Quite so. You may go, Lieutenant Colonel.

Exit Suvorov. Silence. Then suddenly a transformation takes place in Kargeisen. He squares his shoulders and assumes a haughty air, looking down sternly at Totleben who is no longer reclining carelessly in the armchair but is sitting up stiffly; his face wears a diffident expression.

KARGEISEN: So . . . *(Pause)* So . . . *(Drops into the opposite armchair.)* What have you to say for yourself, Herr Totleben?

TOTLEBEN *(rising to his feet)*: I wish to say . . . circumstances . . .

KARGEISEN: Silence! *(Pause)* Don't look for excuses.

TOTLEBEN: The orders given by His Imperial Highness Karl Ulrich I have carried out to the letter . . .

KARGEISEN *(sharply)*: Pyotr Fedorovich could not have ordered this . . . You must have misunderstood his orders. *(He bangs his fist on the table and bursts into a valley of German, gesturing excitedly and repeating the name of Pyotr Fedorovich, Karl Ulrich. Totleben replies in German and clearly attempts to justify himself. He takes a paper from his pocket*

and hands it to Kargeisen who examines it, makes some remark to which Totleben nods his assent and enters alterations in the document.)

KARGEISEN: Das ist doch schändlich! Unerhörte Blamage! Sie benehmen sich ja wie ein jämmerlicher Grünschnabel, wie ein beloser Pfuscher! [1]

TOTLEBEN: Aber Verzeihung, mein Herr! Ich habe doch mein bestes getan. [2]

KARGEISEN: Und was hat das gefrommt, frage ich? Unser Schirmherr, Karl Ulrich, das heisst Pyotr Teodorowitsch, wollt ich sagen, gab ihnen den ausdrücklichen Befehl . . . [3]

TOTLEBEN: Um Gotteswillen! Herr Kargeisen, seien sie unbekümmert! Alles wird sich gut gestalten, ganz wie es sich gehört. [4]

Enter Chernyshev. He is angry. In an instant Kargeisen has assumed his mask of humility once more.

CHERNYSHEV: General Totleben!

TOTLEBEN: Ah, Your Excellency! I was just about to come to you . . . Didn't Lieutenant Colonel Suvorov tell you?

CHERNYSHEV: Lieutenant Colonel Suvorov said that you asked him to leave the room. Why did you do that? I ordered him to stay here during the negotiations.

TOTLEBEN: Forgive me, Your Excellency, I did not hear your order . . . Lieutenant-Colonel Suvorov is too young, I thought . . .

CHERNYSHEV *(to Totleben, with a glance at Kargeisen)*: I should like to speak to you, General.

Kargeisen bows and leaves the room hurriedly.

You seem to have forgotten, General, that I am the Commander-in-chief of this expedition!

TOTLEBEN: No, Excellency. *(A pause)* But I have forgotten to tell you *(sotto voce)* some very important, very sad news . . . *(Pause)* From St. Petersburg. *(Pause)* From reliable sources . . .

CHERNYSHEV: What is it?

TOTLEBEN: Our Empress Elizaveta Petrovna . . .

CHERNYSHEV: Well?

TOTLEBEN *(after a pause)*: . . . is seriously ill. *(Pause)* Her condition is grave. *(Pause. Crosses himself)* There is no hope!

CHERNYSHEV: What are you saying, Gottlieb Genrichovich, it cannot be true!

TOTLEBEN: We must trust in the Almighty! *(Pause)* But there is a danger that soon, very soon we shall be swearing allegiance to a new Emperor—Pyotr Fedorovich.

CHERNYSHEV: Don't say that. Don't.

TOTLEBEN *(sighing and making the sign of the cross)*: It is the Maker's will!

CHERNYSHEV: Good God! Can it be that the accession of Pyotr Federovich will find us in Berlin?

TOTLEBEN: It is not impossible, Zakhar Grigorich. We must withdraw with all speed. And here in Berlin we must exercise the greatest caution. The capitulation treaty was drawn up by me with this in view.

CHERNYSHEV *(seating himself at the table)*: Let me see it. *(Reads)* Hm—hm . . . hm. *(Gasping)* Ha, what's this? Remove the guards?

TOTLEBEN: It is unavoidable, Zakhar Grigorich . . . The popu-

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[1] This is terrible! What a disgrace! They are behaving like mollycoddles, the spineless good-for-nothings!

[2] Excuse me, sir. I have done my level best.

[3] And what was our great defender Karl Ulrich, which means Pyotr Fedorovich, thinking of, I should like to know, when he gave such stern orders?

[4] For God's sake, Herr Kargeisen, do not despair! All will come out well!

lation demands it . . . I fear we must . . .

CHERNYSHEV: But, good God, this is unheard of!

TOTLEBEN: I have affixed my signature.

CHERNYSHEV: (*Pause*) I shall sign. But you please drop a word or two to Pyotr Fedorovich, His Imperial Majesty . . . Let him know that I have been obedient to his wishes in everything . . .

TOTLEBEN: Why not? Totleben is not malicious.

Chernyshev signs.

SUVOROV *(entering at this moment)*: Your Excellency! *(Stops short).*

Chernyshev hands Totleben the document. Totleben retires to the other side of the room.

SUVOROV: Your Excellency! I cannot understand. Is this great victory for Russian arms to end in smoke? What are you doing, Zakhar Grigorich?

CHERNYSHEV: You are young yet, my lad. When you grow older you will realize that strategy, strategy—that is what counts!

SUVOROV *(heatedly):* I refuse to understand. I never shall! The good of my country is the only strategy that exists for me!

Enter Staff Officer.

STAFF OFFICER: Your Excellency! Corporal Khlopushin asks permission to enter . . .

CHERNYSHEV: No. No, I am occupied.

Khlopushin appears in the doorway. Staff Officer attempts to stop him but Khlopushin pushes him aside.

KHLOPUSHIN: Your Excellency! *(Notices Suvorov)* Your Honor! The Germans are growing insolent. They are driving us out into the rain . . . They say an order has been issued.

SUVOROV: Driving the soldiers out into the rain?

TOTLEBEN *(to Khlopushin)*: Never mind, my man. Go along. You will have to pitch tents for the men. *(Khlopushin makes no move to go.)* Yes, yes . . . there has been an order . . . Now go!

KHLOPUSHIN: Oh, so that's how it is!

STAFF OFFICER: Hold your tongue! *(Staff Officer pushes Khlopushin out. Both disappear behind the door.)*

SUVOROV: On such a night! To drive out soldiers, and Russian soldiers at that!

Through the open balcony door soldiers are seen leaving the house under the driving rain.

CHERNYSHEV: I must tell you, Lieutenant Colonel . . . *(Kargeisen and his wife appear in the doorway from which come gay music of a small organ.)* You are quite a philosopher, I observe!

KARGEISEN: Herren Russische Generalen! Gospodin Russischer Offizier! I am happy to invite you to partake of a modest repast.

TOTLEBEN: Oh! We shall be delighted!

Exeunt Totleben and Kargeisen followed by Chernyshev who halts in the doorway.

CHERNYSHEV: Alexander Vasilych! *(Suvorov makes no reply.)* Lieutenant Colonel!

SUVOROV: I am a soldier, Your Excellency, my place is with the soldiers! *(Strides swiftly from the room.)*

Chernyshev shrugs his shoulders and walks out through the other door. Strains of an organ mingle with the lashing of the rain.

CURTAIN

Scene One
LODGERS

Moldavia. Outskirts of the town of Jassy. A peasant hut: clay floor, whitewashed walls, a stove. One door leads to the porch, another to an inner chamber. A low window through which the rays of the setting sun are reflected. Stepanida, a handsome buxom woman no longer young, is mixing dough for scones. Prokhor Dubasov, Suvorov's orderly, a man of 50 or thereabouts, is counting the laundry. He wears a soldier's coat.

DUBASOV: So we spent the whole night on the square in the rain. That's how it was in the old days. And that was 30 years ago . . . an awful long time ago. *(Pause)* I met Alexander Vasilych at that time in Berlin. He has a keen eye for folks, he has . . .

STEPANIDA: Now you, Prokhor Denisych, you're as fine a man as one could wish to see . . . But that general of yours . . .

The door of the inner chamber opens and an officer appears on the threshold.

OFFICER *(in the doorway)*: Your orders will be carried out, Alexander Vasilych! We'll dispatch the provisions to Izmail today! . . . *(Closes the door. Mutters to himself)* Confound it! . . .

Dubasov hands him his cape and hat. The officer hurries out.

DUBASOV: Yes, Stepanida Yevseyevna, now we've come to your town, we'll put things in order.

STEPANIDA: So far I see nothing but disorder. Forever hurrying back and forth, a body can't keep the floors properly scrubbed. . . . General, forsooth! Now we had a general in our regiment. He could play cards and sew embroidery.

DUBASOV: Some win at cards, and others win battles.

STEPANIDA: That is as may be. But as lodgers you are a pretty nuisance I can tell you.

DUBASOV *(moves closer to Stepanida)*: Now, now, Stepanida Yevseyevna, you don't really mean that, do you? We're a quiet pair of old men, doing quiet things and having visitors every now and then...

Suddenly the outer door bursts open with a loud commotion and Samsonov dashes into the room. He is a man of tremendous girth, with herculean shoulders and an extremely ferocious appearance. Behind him is Grishka, his orderly.

SAMSONOV *(in a thunderous voice)*: Where is General Suvorov?

DUBASOV *(barring the entrance to the inner room)*: Afraid you can't see him, sir. He is occupied.

Samsonov throws his cape onto Grishka's arm, flings him his hat, shoves Dubasov away from the door, and bangs with his fists on the panel; then, without waiting for an answer, he bursts into the room. Dubasov stands nonplussed. There is silence for a few moments.

GRISHKA *(pointing with his thumb toward the closed door)*: We'll see some fireworks in a minute. Oho! When mine gets going there's no stopping him.

DUBASOV *(loftily)*: Now, none of your insolence, young man. . . . What regiment?

GRISHKA: Try again. That's General Samsonov—commander-in-chief of the army.

STEPANIDA: Got quite a temper, I trow.

GRISHKA: Him? *(Sits down beside Stepanida.)* Listen, you wouldn't believe it. When he flies

into a rage he tears his own hair. So help me God. And nowadays you daren't go near him. Things go from bad to worse . . .

DUBASOV: We've heard something about the way things go with you.

GRISHKA: Don't believe a word of it! A pack of lies, I swear. They say the oxen in our army are holy, they can live without food. Fiddlesticks! You couldn't find an ox for miles around. We've eaten them all. There wasn't enough meat.

DUBASOV: And what about the guns? Haul them yourselves?

GRISHKA: To the devil with the guns! We can just about drag ourselves along.

DUBASOV: Retreating from Izmail, are you?

GRISHKA: That's it. Got stuck half way. First Prince Potemkin dispatched the order to raise the siege and retreat from Izmail. And so we did. Crossed twice in rain and mud, over marshes and bogs. And then yours came to take over the command, and now he's turning us back again. Well, mine flew into a rage. What's this, he cried, are they making fun of me? I'll show them the stuff Samsonov's made of, I'll . . .

At this point Samsonov appears in the doorway of the inner chamber. He staggers over to the table and sits down.

SAMSONOV *(hoarsely, after a pause)*: Water!

His orderly dashes over to the barrel and ladles out some water. Samsonov drinks. All the wind has been taken out of his sails. Then he rises slowly and walks haltingly toward the door and disappears. Grishka catches up the cape and hat and hurries after his master. A moment later he reappears in the doorway.

GRISHKA: Looks like yours gave it to him. Oho! *(Exit)*

DUBASOV: He ought to thank his stars to get off so lightly.

STEPANIDA: Lightly? Could it be worse than that?

DUBASOV: Indeed yes . . . *(A pause)* When he's in a rage, he's liable to give you such a dressing down . . .

STEPANIDA: Fancy that . . . And he doesn't even look like a general.

DUBASOV: Ah, you don't understand, Stepanida Yevseyevna! Commander-in-Chief Prince Potemkin summoned us here. Now we've come and there will be soon an end to all the dawdling. We'll take the fortress and that's the end of it.

STEPANIDA: The Izmail fortress . . . You can't take that . . .

DUBASOV: In a jiffy! *(Takes her by the elbow.)* Little do you know me and Alexander Vasilych! There are none like us. That's why they honor us. That's why they respect us! . . . *(Looks into her eyes.)* 'Tis the heart that knows us. For that's the sort of folk we are. The battle's won where we're come!

STEPANIDA: You're such a romancer, Prokhor Denysich! Look out, you will be covered with flour!

A knock at the door.

DUBASOV: Ugh, the devil take them. . . .

STEPANIDA: Come in!

Two soldiers appear in the doorway—Sinelnikov, a grave soldier, advanced in years, and Glushkov, a young, raw-looking recruit. They enter, cross themselves and stand irresolutely in the doorway. A pause.

DUBASOV: Well?

SINELNIKOV: Good day, Prokhor Denisych!

GLUSHKOV: Greetings!

DUBASOV: Have you some message for me?

SINELNIKOV: No, sir. We wish to have a word with you, Prokhor Denisych.

DUBASOV: With me? Well . . . What are you standing in the doorway for . . . come in and sit down.

They comply. A pause.

SINELNIKOV: This ache in my bones must mean rain.

DUBASOV: What's that?

SINELNIKOV: They say it was dryer here last autumn. *(Pause.)*

GLUSHKOV: Let me tell him. Listen, he'll never stand 200 strokes.

DUBASOV: Who won't?

SINELNIKOV *(waving Glushkov aside)*: Wait a bit. *(To Dubasov)* Yegorkin, Prokhor Denisych . . .

DUBASOV: Yegorkin? Who's that?

SINELNIKOV: Don't you remember . . . you served in the same regiment with him . . . he was in the Prussian campaign. The Vyatka regiment . . .

DUBASOV: Is he called Ivan?

GLUSHKOV: That's right. Ivan.

DUBASOV: Vanka? *(Pause)* 200 strokes? But where is he? Here? In what regiment?

GLUSHKOV: In the Polotsk Muskets.

DUBASOV: Akh, what a pity? What for?

SINELNIKOV: Left his post.

DUBASOV: How come?

SINELNIKOV: He caught a prisoner, Prokhor Denisych. A Turkish soldier.

DUBASOV *(rises to his feet)*: Come with me!

SINELNIKOV: Where to?

DUBASOV: Come, come, I tell you . . .

SINELNIKOV: But where are you taking us . . . Lord have mercy on us!

DUBASOV *(pulls Sinelnikov to the door of the inner room and knocks)*: Alexander Vasilych, may I come in?

SUVOROV'S VOICE: Come in!

Dubasov enters the room. Sinelnikov follows, crossing himself.

GLUSHKOV: Nice fellow, Prokhor Denisych.

STEPANIDA *(offers him a plate of scones)*: Freshly baked this morning.

Door opens and Sofya Karetnikova enters the room with a swish of skirts. Under her black cape she wears a ball dress. Glushkov rises.

SOFYA: Where is General Suvorov? I must see Alexander Vasilych.

STEPANIDA: Sit down, my lady. Prokhor Denisych will soon be here. He'll announce you.

SOFYA: My business is urgent.

Sinelnikov emerges from the inner room.

SINELNIKOV *(to Glushkov)*: Let's go . . . *(They take leave of Stepanida and exeunt.)*

STEPANIDA *(calls after them)*: I'll be sure and come to your regiment with some scones.

SOFYA: Please do not tell anyone that I have been here.

DUBASOV *(appears in doorway)*: Greetings, my lady, Sofya Pavlovna.

SOFYA: Tell the General I want to see him, Prokhor!

Dubasov disappears.

STEPANIDA: Oh, my lady, so many people have come and gone here these three days.

DUBASOV *(reappearing)*: Alexander Vasilych sends his warmest greetings. But he begs you to excuse him for he cannot see you. He's very busy.

SOFYA: Good heavens! Tell him I've come from General Kutuzov, about Izmail.

DUBASOV: Oh, that's different . . .

SUVOROV'S VOICE: Let her in! Let her in!

Sofya passes into inner room.

DUBASOV: That's his daughter Natasha's friend.

STEPANIDA: Prokhor Denisych, and what about that poor soldier . . .

DUBASOV: Don't worry, once the matter is in our hands, everything will be all right. *(Suddenly he stops short and listens, pressing his ear to the door.)*

STEPANIDA: What are they talking about in there?

Dubasov motions to her to be silent.

DUBASOV: It wouldn't do for you to know, my dear.

STEPANIDA: But you may put your ear to the door, eh?

DUBASOV: Ah, that's a different matter. We are trusted . . . *(Listens again.)* What? Not take Izmail. Again the devils are making hocus-pocus behind our backs...

STEPANIDA: Who are they, Prokhor Denysich?

The door opens and Sofya Karetnikova comes out.

SUVOROV'S VOICE: Proshka, my boots!

Dubasov seizes the boots and carries them into the room.

SOFYA: No one must know that I have been here. Remember that—no one! *(Approaches the door.)*

At the same moment the door opens, and on the threshold appear Totleben, retired general, now a fat, flabby old man, with his nephew Vogel, a long-legged young dandy. Karetnikova steps back and draws her cloak around her. Totleben bows. Vogel doffs his hat. But the next moment Sofya has vanished.

VOGEL: Sofya Karetnikova!

TOTLEBEN: She it was . . . What could Sofya be doing here? *(To Stepanida)* Tell me, my good woman, is His Excellency in?

STEPANIDA: He is.

VOGEL *(to Totleben)*: Uncle, I shall go after Sofya.

TOTLEBEN: Nonsense, Michel. Come along! *(Goes to the door of the chamber.)*

DUBASOV *(appearing in the doorway)*: Alexander Vasilych is busy. He cannot receive you.

TOTLEBEN: Come now, my man. Tell him Totleben is here.

The door of the chamber opens a crack and a pair of boots come flying out. Totleben jumps back just in time. Vogel leaps aside.

SUVOROV'S VOICE: Scoundrel! They're still not polished!

VOGEL: Mon Dieu!

Dubasov picks up the boots and begins to polish them.

TOTLEBEN: Phew, what dust! *(Moves away.)* Look here, my man, have the goodness to step inside and tell His Excellency that Totleben and his nephew, Baron von Vogel, are without.

DUBASOV *(sullenly)*: When I take in the boots I'll tell him.

TOTLEBEN: Make haste, fellow. *(To Vogel)* It's a long time since I have seen Alexander Vasilych . . . He must have aged a great deal. But what a fine chap he was! Ah yes, the years will take their toll . . . We were great friends once, you know!

Dubasov spits on the boot and plies his brush savagely.

VOGEL: The man must be drunk!

Dubasov takes the boots to the chamber.

TOTLEBEN *(calls to Dubasov)*: Don't forget, my man. Tot-le-ben.

DUBASOV: We never forget anything.

Slams the door.

TOTLEBEN *(to Stepanida)*: Tell me . . . my dear . . . does that young lady come here very often?

STEPANIDA: The General has been here three days. There's been a great many soldiers and officers to see him. But no young ladies, not as I can remember, sir.

VOGEL: Now look here . . . We met her here . . . Sofya Pavlovna . . .

STEPANIDA: Did you really? Fancy that! And I didn't notice her . . .

Enter Dubasov.

TOTLEBEN: Come, Michel!

DUBASOV: Excuse me I cannot let you pass.

VOGEL: I was right, the man is drunk!

TOTLEBEN *(to Dubasov)*: You must be mad, my friend! Now go and tell the General that Totleben is here.

DUBASOV: I told him.

TOTLEBEN: Well, and what did he say?

DUBASOV: He said: "Ah, Totleben."

TOTLEBEN: Strange . . . Well, I suppose we had better wait?

DUBASOV: You may do as you please.

SUVOROV'S VOICE: Proshka, my cape!

Dubasov takes the cape and disappears into the room.

VOGEL: No, Uncle! I am a Russian man of letters! I am not accustomed to be treated thus. I protest most vehemently.

TOTLEBEN: Now, Michel, calm yourself and leave everything to me. *(With sudden resolve)* Come Michel! *(Approaches the door and knocks. There is no answer. He knocks louder.)*

The door opens and Dubasov appears. Totleben pushes him aside unceremoniously.

DUBASOV: All right, go in if you wish. I won't stand in your way.

Totleben throws the door open wide revealing a table piled with papers; a stool and an open window. Totleben with Vogel at his heels enter the room.

VOGEL: But there's no one here!

TOTLEBEN *(turning round)*: What the devil! Where's the General?

DUBASOV: Alexander Vasilych begs your pardon but he had to leave suddenly on urgent business.

TOTLEBEN: You lie, scoundrel! How did he get out. There's no other door!

DUBASOV: Then he must have gone through the wall!

VOGEL: Uncle! The window!

TOTLEBEN: What! The General? Impossible!

Totleben and Vogel emerge from inner room, slamming the door behind them. A pause.

TOTLEBEN *(feigning amusement)*: Ha-ha-ha! He's the same old joker, I see!

VOGEL: Joker indeed! Uncle!

TOTLEBEN: I know, I know where he is. Come, Michel! He has gone to His Highness!

Exeunt hastily. The door bangs after them.

STEPANIDA: Well, Alexander Vasilych is a queer general, I must say!

DUBASOV *(embracing her)*: Now, what did I tell you, Stepanida Yevseyevna . . . .

CURTAIN

Scene Two

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

Jassy. Drawing room in Potemkin's Palace. Provincial garish magnificence. Coarsely painted cupids gambol amid gilt arabesques and garlands. A sweeping archway leads to the ballroom where couples are promenading with an air of infinite boredom and ennui. Unseen musicians are tuning up their instruments. On a settee in the drawing room sit Princess Dolgorukaya and Princess Gagarina.

DOLGORUKAYA: Patience, mon ange, patience:

GAGARINA: Waiting wearies one even more than dancing . . . Oh, how insufferably dull!

Sofya appears among the guests.

DOLGORUKAYA *(to Gagarina)*: Vous avez raison, ma chère . . . but to say the truth one cannot blame His Highness. If His Highness has delayed the ball, he must have good reason for so doing. His Highness . . . But, oh dear, I am so afraid to trust you with this secret . . . His Highness has a delightful surprise in store for us this evening . . . As soon as the council of war is over . . .

Sofya approaches Dolgorukaya.

SOFYA *(looking worried)*: Excuse me, Princess, but is the council still in progress?

GAGARINA: Yes, and we simply can't wait for it to finish . . .

DOLGORUKAYA *(to Sofya)*: Never mind, my dear, it will be over in a minute. And as soon as it is . . .

SOFYA *(moving away)*: Good Heavens! .

DOLGORUKAYA *(calls after Sofya)*: Sofya, my dear, your mother was looking for you . . .

SOFYA: Thank you. *(Disappears among the guests.)*

DOLGORUKAYA *(raising her lorgnette)*: Can you imagine that creature—a baroness?

GAGARINA: What virtues could the baron have found in Sofya Karetnikova, I cannot see!

DOLGORUKAYA: Money, ma chèrie. Money is her sole virtue.

GAGARINA: You say there is a surprise for us tonight?

The door of the study opens and Colonel Rodenbach, a little, bustling man, runs in.

DOLGORUKAYA *(calling)*: Rodenbach!

GAGARINA: Emanuel Ivanovich! *(Beckons to him. Rodenbach runs over.)* Is the council over?

DOLGORUKAYA: What is the decision?

RODENBACH *(stutters)*: Thank God! His Highness has again decided not to storm Izmail!

GAGARINA: How splendid! That means we shall dance tonight!

DOLGORUKAYA: A great and wise decision. *(To Gagarina)* We are rewarded for our interminable vigil, my dear, n'est-ce pas?

RODENBACH *(stuttering)*: It's all the fault of that Kutuzov! He delayed the council . . . refused to comprehend the simplest things . . . always suspecting something. Everything had to be explained to him a dozen times over . . .

Kutuzov dashes out of the study, with Westfalen at his heels.

WESTFALEN: Mikhail Illarionovich! Mikhail Illarionovich! But you simply do not wish to understand! Do not oppose His Highness. I advise you for your own sake to subscribe to the decision of the council!

KUTUZOV: What decision? Don't know what you're talking

about. I was not present at any council!

WESTFALEN: Not present? And who, pardon me, was sitting next to me?

RODENBACH: Yes, yes, who?

KUTUZOV: You call *that* a council? Samsonov has already been recalled from Izmail . . . Gudovich is on the way . . . You wouldn't listen to any objections . . . Suvorov was not invited . . .

WESTFALEN: We have enough trouble with you without calling Suvorov in as well . . .

Samsonov emerges from the study. He is dressed as in Scene I, in field uniform.

SAMSONOV *(to Kutuzov)*: As clear as mud! Getting ready to storm the fortress—an order comes to retreat; you retreat and they send you back again! What the devil! Very well, we'll obey orders and turn back, I thought, but no, we're wrong again, it seems! *(To Westfalen)* You are having a fine time up here with balls and fetes and half-naked wenches dancing for you . . . But the men in the army are ragged and half starved. They're stuck half way along the road . . . Enough! To the devil with it all! It's time for us to make merry, too! *(Strides off into the ball room.)*

RODENBACH (*stuttering*): Ladies and gentlemen! His Highness!

There is a buzz of animation among the guests as Potemkin appears in the doorway of the study. Behind him are the generals.

POTEMKIN (*to the guests*): My apologies, ladies and gentlemen! Affairs of state must come first! But now I am happy to place myself at your service! *(Walks over to Kutuzov and Westfalen.)*. Still debating military matters?

RODENBACH *(to Potemkin, stuttering)*: It is all Kutuzov's fault.

POTEMKIN *(to Kutuzov)*: My dear man, the decision has been adopted and you know I am not accustomed to go back on my word. *(Walks over to Dolgorukaya.)* Ah, Princess, it is far easier to convince ten wise men than one stubborn general!

DOLGORUKAYA: Your brilliant mind, mon chèr, your subtle ways would have shaken Socrates himself!

POTEMKIN: Oh, Princess! Were the goddess of gentleness and courtesy to dwell on Parnassus in our day, she would undoubtedly look up to you as her model.

GAGARINA: When I came here I thought Moldavia must be the dullest place on earth but I have found a veritable paradise—Versailles!

POTEMKIN: And I should be so happy if you find our little surprise to your liking. It is an allegorical procession and a dance of the goddess Minerva.

DOLGORUKAYA: How charming!

POTEMKIN *(to Rodenbach)*: Colonel, do the honors!

Rodenbach disappears, Potemkin is surrounded by ladies, dandies and men in uniform. Sofya approaches Kutuzov.

SOFYA: I have done your bidding, Mikhail Illarionovich.

KUTUZOV: Thanks. It is too late. The Council is over.

Karetnikova, Sofya's mother, appears from the ballroom.

SOFYA *(to Kutuzov)*: But Alexander Vasilych will soon be here . . .

KARETNIKOVA *(catching sight of her daughter:)* Sofyushka, ma chère, where have you been? I've searched everywhere for you.

Kutuzov moves away.

Come, come, my beauty . . . Where is the baron?

SOFYA: I do not know. I have not seen him . . .

KARETNIKOVA: Did I not tell you to stay by his side and not let him out of your sight. Your happiness will slip through your fingers if you're not careful!

SOFYA: Mother . . . What shall I do . . . I don't love him . . .

KARETNIKOVA: Stuff and nonsense! He is a baron—you must love him . . .

SOFYA: Mother, I want to marry a soldier . . . I want my husband to be a hero . . .

KARETNIKOVA: You are a little fool!

POTEMKIN (*to the guests*): Ladies and gentlemen, I invite you into the ballroom! We begin the fete in honor of Minerva, the goddess of reason and wisdom. Under the blessed reign of our great empress—reason and wisdom illumine the path of the Russian state. Let Minerva enter!

DOLGORUKAYA: What a charming thing!

Behind the arch appear servants in the costumes of cuirassiers, wearing enormous collars, and black hats with plumes. They carry in a folded carpet which they swiftly unroll from the doors to the interior of the hall. The guests group themselves on either side of the carpet.

GUESTS: I have seen her in Petersburg. She is a superb dancer!

Yes, yes, She is enchanting!

Dolgorukaya and Gagarina remain seated near the arch with Potemkin. On the opposite side, standing somewhat aloof, is Kutuzov. The hall is brightly illuminated. The band strikes up a triumphant march. The door of the hall opens and Suvorov appears. He is slim and unostentatiously dressed in tall boots and a simple cloth waistcoat. His thin gray hair are dishevelled. Suvorov, taken aback at the unexpected reception, glances round him in surprise and walks straight down the carpet. The guests are nonplussed. An audible whisper runs through the room: "Suvorov," "Why, it's Suvorov"! *The ladies and fops raise their lorgnettes.*

DOLGORUKAYA: Where has he come from? He has spoilt the whole performance!

SUVOROV (*coming closer*): What a parade! I never expected such honors . . .

POTEMKIN (*after an awkward pause*): Mars instead of Minerva! A worthy substitute! (*Walks over to Suvorov*) Greetings, Alexander Vasilych! Welcome, dear guest. You have put Minerva's nose a little out of joint . . . But never mind, never mind. You have arrived just in time to see the best dancer from Petersburg.

SUVOROV: Your Highness, I have not come to the ball! I have urgent business with you. (*Pause*)

KUTUZOV (*sotto voce to Suvorov*): His Highness has decided not to take Izmail.

SUVOROV: A nice to-do. Must we retreat on our haunches, too?

POTEMKIN (*frowning, to Dolgorukaya*): Incorrigible! (*Moves away among a crowd of guests.*)

KUTUZOV (*to Suvorov*): I could do nothing, Alexander Vasilych. I did my best to delay the Council . . . I acted the simpleton, God help me, just to drag it out as long as possible.

SUVOROV: Never mind, Mikhail, it is not too late yet . . .

KUTUZOV: His Highness never did favor the idea of taking Izmail by storm. And then Westfalen came along. He did his best to dissuade him altogether. Westfalen is to blame.

SUVOROV: His Highness would dance away his country and expect us to look on without a mur-

Scene Two: "The Unexpected Guest" *Staged by the Moscow Red Army Theater*

mur! Watch this. (*Walks over to Potemkin.*) Your Highness! Why did you summon me to Jassy?

POTEMKIN: Alexander Vasilych, my dear man. You know very well why.

SUVOROV: Yes. To storm Izmail. But why have you changed your mind.

POTEMKIN: I never change my mind, Alexander Vasilych. We *will* take Izmail . . . when the time comes. We have weighed the matter thoroughly, discussed it from all angles, and I have deemed it best to postpone the campaign until Spring.

SUVOROV: And last spring, if I remember right, the storming was postponed until autumn . . .

POTEMKIN: But you must understand yourself, Alexander Vasilych, circumstances are against us. The troops are exhausted. Winter is approaching. The situation could hardly be worse. Gudovich's army is left without gunpowder altogether . . . There are no provisions near Izmail. Samsonov's army is stuck . . . in trouble . . . But need I repeat all this to you?

DOLGORUKAYA: It is all indeed so obvious!

SUVOROV (*to the guests*): Ladies and gentlemen, this dull conversation doubtless bores you. Perhaps you would pass into the hall. There is music there . . .

POTEMKIN: But this is monstrous! (*To the guests*) I beg you, ladies and gentlemen, to excuse me for a moment.

Exeunt guests in bewilderment.

DOLGORUKAYA (*as she leaves*): Why His Highness tolerates this man is more than I can understand!

SUVOROV (*to Potemkin*): Samsonov's army is in a bad way. I know that. The line of his troops is drawn out. They're killing off their oxen. The artillery cannot be moved an inch. Yes, things look pretty bad. (*To Samsonov*) I've given Platov orders to let you have horses to haul the guns. And provisions have been sent to Izmail. They have, for I've seen to that myself . . . Izmail must be stormed and captured at all cost.

POTEMKIN: Alexander Vasilych!

Surely there can be no doubt about it—your military experience, your talents, your quick mind . . . (*To the generals*) Yes, gentlemen, you might indeed benefit by Alexander Vasilych's example! (*To Suvorov*) But it would be imprudent to attempt to capture Izmail at this point! Look at the troops—the men are tired, their spirit is gone, everyone says so . . . you may ask . . . well . . . Westfalen, for that matter.

SUVOROV (*unexpectedly*): General Westfalen, do you know Yegorkin? He serves in your regiment?

WESTFALEN: I am afraid I cannot recall an officer of that name.

SUVOROV: No, I mean a soldier. (*Westfalen smiles and makes a gesture indicating that Suvorov really expects too much of him.*) But I know. And a good soldier he is, too. An honest soldier. He has the scars of ten wounds on his body.

WESTFALEN (*smiling*): Then he deserves to be recommended for decoration, I should say.

SUVOROV: He is about to be decorated with 200 strokes! He is under arrest waiting for punishment. This means death to the old man.

POTEMKIN: General Westfalen?

SUVOROV: Yegorkin left his post while guarding the forage stores. But why did he do it? To capture a Turkish soldier who could give us information about the fortress.

WESTFALEN (*to Potemkin*): I shall inquire into the matter, Your Highness!

SUVOROV: The soldiers have not lost their spirit. It is we who are trying to dampen it. True, the soldiers are tired. But they're tired from standing still, from idleness . . .

POTEMKIN: Very well, we'll grant you that, Alexander Vasilych. But there are political considerations to be thought of. You know yourself, General. Barely have we signed peace with Sweden than the English and the Prussians begin to threaten.

SUVOROV: Ah, how true, Your Highness.

POTEMKIN: And in Europe the Poles are being incited against us.

SUVOROV: Right again, Grigori Alexandrovich!

Kutuzov tries to say something but Suvorov checks him.

POTEMKIN: Should we fail to capture Izmail, God help us—they would fall upon us from all sides . . . the English, the Prussians, the Poles . . .

SUVOROV: Quite right, Grigori Alexandrovich, in that case we must capture Izmail without fail! This will silence them all with one blow. It is our duty to our fatherland.

Totleben and Vogel appear, pushing their way into the hall. They catch sight of Suvorov. Vogel remains in the hall while Totleben enters the drawing-room on tip-toe.

POTEMKIN: No, no . . . that is not what I meant at all . . . according to military science the army that is storming must be twice as strong as its opponent, but our enemy here is twice as strong as we are. So how can it be done?

SUVOROV: Not by standing still and twiddling our thumbs. It is not numbers but skill that counts in warfare.

POTEMKIN: Military history has no precedent for that.

SUVOROV: There must be a first time for everything.

POTEMKIN: But, good God . . . Let us ask a strategist, let us ask Westfalen . . . What do you say, General, can we take Izmail?

WESTFALEN (*after a pause*): General Suvorov has advanced some extremely interesting arguments. If General Suvorov assumes the responsibility for this operation, I should say that Izmail can . . . and must be taken!

General amazement. Totleben steps forward. A pause.

POTEMKIN: Well . . . Westfalen . . . Why, I never expected . . .

KUTUZOV (*aside to Suvorov*): No more did I . . .

SAMSONOV: Your Highness! If Suvorov takes Izmail—the victory is yours, if he fails—the defeat is his.

Confusion among the generals.

KUTUZOV: Izmail must be stormed.

GENERALS: It must!

Izmail must be stormed!

POTEMKIN: Look here, gentlemen . . . I never expected . . . the council has already decided. Victory is splendid . . . But failure . . . defeat . . . (*He looks helplessly from one to the other*) well . . . well . . . (*His eye falls on Rodenbach*) Colonel, what do you think?

RODENBACH (*stuttering*): Your Highness, Minerva is waiting . . . She is shivering with cold.

POTEMKIN: Minerva . . . For shame, Colonel! Here we are deciding affairs of state and you . . . well, gentlemen, what is it to be . . . No, I cannot give my final consent.

SUVOROV: I shoulder the entire responsibility, Your Highness!

POTEMKIN: Are you not overestimating our forces, Alexander Vasilych? Ambition should not drown the voice of reason.

SUVOROV: Your Highness! Ambition is a virtue in a soldier. And the ambition of the Russian soldier is but to add to the glory of our Empress and our Fatherland.

POTEMKIN: Very well. Suppose it is so, but you, are you absolutely convinced?

SUVOROV: Absolutely.

POTEMKIN: Mind, I do not give my final consent. You must see how things are on the spot. And if you are still of the same mind, then storm Izmail! Let God be your judge!

SUVOROV: You felicitate me, Grigori Alexandrovich!

POTEMKIN: Come, gentlemen. Let us draw up the order. (*Goes to the study followed by the generals.*)

RODENBACH (*to Kutuzov, stuttering*): Very wise decision. But this time, for goodness sake, don't argue.

Strains of a polonaise. Dancing has begun in the ballroom.

TOTLEBEN (*overtaking Suvorov*): Alexander Vasilych! My dear friend . . . It is I, Alexander Vasilych! Totleben . . . (*Holds Suvorov by the sleeve.*)

SUVOROV: What do you wish?

TOTLEBEN: I have a favor to ask of you, Alexander Vasilych.

SUVOROV: What is it?

TOTLEBEN: As an old retired general, and knowing your kind heart . . .

SUVOROV: To the point, please.

TOTLEBEN: Alexander Vasilych, I have a nephew. Perhaps you have heard . . . Misha Vogel. A great admirer of your military gifts!

SUVOROV: Well?

TOTLEBEN: Misha is a man of letters . . . It is his cherished desire to record for posterity the illustrious life of the great soldier . . .

SUVOROV: But what is it you wish?

TOTLEBEN: Take him as your secretary or . . .

SUVOROV: Your nephew? My secretary? God forbid! (*He crosses himself swiftly and disappears behind the door.*)

TOTLEBEN: Ach, so!

Vogel appears in the doorway with Sofya; seeing Totleben he leaves Sofya and hurries over to his uncle.

VOGEL: He turned his back on us!

TOTLEBEN: Pay no heed . . .

VOGEL: But it is so humiliating . . .

Totleben's affected geniality vanishes, and he speaks with stern vehemence.

TOTLEBEN: Nothing is humiliating when you are after something, Michel!

SOFYA (*approaching Vogel*): Michel, but you invited me to dance this minuet with you . . .

Kutuzov and Westfalen emerge from study.

KUTUZOV: So ten generals can convince one wise man after all!

SUVOROV (*emerges from the study, folding away the order, to Kutuzov*): Although His Highness never changes his mind, my friend, let us dash off to Izmail.

TOTLEBEN (*hurrying over to Westfalen*): He does not want to take Michel.

WESTFALEN (*approaching Suvorov*): The author Vogel has had a splendid idea to chronicle the life of the conquerer at Kinburn, Rymnik, Fokshan . . .

SUVOROV: He has not forgotten anything, I see . . .

Totleben seizes Vogel's hand and leads him up to Suvorov.

TOTLEBEN: Alexander Vasilych! This is Vogel, my nephew.

SUVOROV: A pretty little bird, to be sure! A popinjay, God help us, a popinjay! And what's that brush doing on his head!

WESTFALEN: That is the fashionable coiffure à la pigon, a creation by the Paris hairdressers Bergoine.

SUVOROV: Magnificent! It ought to come in handy in dusting walls!

Sofya makes a move to depart.

TOTLEBEN: Sofya! My angel! Do not fly away!

Suvorov also notices Sofya.

SUVOROV: Sofyushka . . . where are you going, child? Look at the monster. What do you think of this Petersburg good-for-nothing!

SOFYA: Alexander Vasilych . . . Baron von Vogel is my fiance!

SUVOROV: Your fiance! (*An awkward pause.*) Ai, ai, what a stupid blunder the old man has made, ai, ai, ai. Put my foot into it. (*And unable to control himself any longer he bursts out laughing.*) Well, well, what if my Natashka brings me a scarecrow like that too? . . . (*To Sofya*) Forgive me, my dear. (*To Vogel*) You have a lovely bride!

WESTFALEN: A handsome couple! . . . Take the young author with you, Alexander Vasilych! He has an excellent style!

SUVOROV: Very well, Westfalen, I shall do as you say. One good turn deserves another and I appreciate your help tonight. (*To Sofya*) Shall I take your betrothed with me? It is for you to say, my child . . .

SOFYA: It is all so unexpected . . . It would give me the greatest joy.

SUVOROV: Let it be so, then . . . Only, you'll have to leave the wig behind, young man. The soldiers will make fun of you. We'll see, we'll see. Have you a horse? We'll get you one. We leave in an hour! (*Strides swiftly from the room.*)

VOGEL: What's that? In an hour!

TOTLEBEN: Bravo, Michel!

SOFYA: You are going to fight . . . you will be a hero . . . How happy I am, how happy for you . . . (*Slips her hand through his arm.*)

VOGEL (*bewildered*): Yes, yes. I have always dreamed of becoming a hero . . . (*Exeunt*)

TOTLEBEN (*seizes Westfalen by the arm and pulls him aside*): Friedrich! You must be mad! what made you support Suvorov?

WESTFALEN: Don't worry. (*A pause*) Izmail cannot be taken by storm. Let him break his neck!

CURTAIN

Scene Three
IZMAIL NIGHT

Through the gray mist of dawn the red glare of bonfires is visible. Russian troops are bivouacked outside the Izmail fortress. The contours of Suvorov's hut are dimly visible in the foreground. On a nearby eminence cannon are silhouetted. The muffled sound of desultory shooting comes from the distance. The soldiers sit motionless around the fires. They are singing a plaintive Russian tune. Prokhor Dubasov and Grishka, the orderly, sit among the soldiers around the fire outside the hut. Vogel is here, too. He is gazing into the distance through a spyglass. Around another fire sits an old man Sinelnikov, Glushkov and Kalinushkin, a red-cheeked bewhiskered soldier. A sudden loud report from a cannon causes Vogel to start violently.

GRISHKA (*to Vogel*): Cannon . . .

VOGEL: Yes, yes, I know.

GRISHKA (*to Vogel*): Your Honor, there was a soldier in our regiment, Kostrik was his name. Just about your height, he was. Well, Your Honor, you wouldn't believe it but in the very first battle a cannonball got him.

VOGEL: You lie, fellow.

GRISHKA: Nay. it's the truth.

Exit Vogel.

DUBASOV (*to Grishka*): Why scare him?

GRISHKA: Let him go home if he's the scary kind.

One of the soldiers laughs. Stepanida's voice is heard in the distance: "Two a penny, two a penny, fresh baked buns . . . Good ones. Fresh pies, who buys!" *Stepanida is seen approaching in the light of the distant bonfires. The soldiers crowd round her buying her wares.*

STEPANIDA: Fresh buns, sweet pies, two a penny, what surprise! Buy, buy, don't pass by!

SINELNIKOV (*turning to address Grishka sitting at the neighboring bonfire*): Scared, you say. Now, I am an old fellow; carried my musket for well nigh a score of years but just the same before every big battle I put on a clean shirt, I pray the Lord should send the bullet past me and turn away the saber blade. Men don't want to die, and the fear of death is strong in all of us.

Stepanida comes up to Dubasov, and rests her basket on the ground.

STEPANIDA: Have you asked? What did he say?

DUBASOV: You can't talk to him these days. All he said was: "First we take Izmail and then we'll talk about the wedding." But when will we storm Izmail? Now he's taken it into his head

to train the soldiers. Come on, give us a pie! (*Takes one.*)

STEPANIDA: I've got some kvas for you, Proshenka. (*Pours some kvas into a mug.*)

DUBASOV: Oh, for some vodka . . .

Another cannon thunders with a loud echo.

Oho, old Grandma Terentyevna is sneezing again.

The reed screen-door of the hut is moved aside and Suvorov appears. He is wearing a soldier's coat. Behind him are the generals and officers. Among them Kutuzov and Samsonov.

SUVOROV: Cease all firing. Stop the batteries. Pass on the order to the artillery.

One of the officers salutes and retires. Suvorov's appearance creates a stir among the soldiers seated around the bonfire.

The disposition is clear, and should be explained to the men in all regiments. Every soldier must understand his move. At cockcrow we begin. (*Presses Samsonov's hand.*) God be with you, Samsonov . . . Take care, don't lose your head. You're much too reckless. Foolhardiness is not bravery. To die needlessly is no honor.

SAMSONOV: Ekh, Alexander Vasilych, fate is a goose.

SUVOROV: Perhaps so, but don't you be a gander!

Exit Samsonov.

SUVOROV (*calls after him*): Take care! No recklessness.

GRISHKA (*rising slowly to his feet wth a dejected mien*): Farewell, friends, the drums are rolling. (*Runs out after Samsonov.*)

A SOLDIER (*calling after Grishka*): Go home if you're scared.

SUVOROV (*taking leave of Kutuzov*): Good luck, Mikhail. Be your valiant self. Your cape is far too light. You must find a heavier one.

KUTUZOV: See you in Izmail, Alexander Vasilych!

SUVOROV: God be with you, my friends. Time to be going.

Exeunt generals and officers.

SUVOROV (*to Kutuzov*): Wait, Mikhail Illarionovich. A moment! I hereby appoint you commandant of the fortress.

KUTUZOV: I do not understand you, Alexander Vasilych.

SUVOROV: Commandant of Izmail. We shall be in Izmail soon, right? And should we fail in the attempt Suvorov will perish beneath the fortress walls! And Kutuzov with him.

KUTUZOV: The appointment is an honorable one, Alexander Vasilych, I thank you. Izmail will be ours. Your dispositions are proof of that. Your presence trebles our strength. Every soldier feels in himself the power to work miracles . . .

SUVOROV: Nonsense, Mikhail . . .

Vogel appears. He notices Suvorov and rushes up to him.

VOGEL: Excuse me, Alexander Vasilych, it is no idle curiosity that moves me . . . it is for the chronicle . . .

SUVOROV: What do you wish?

VOGEL: To all appearances we are about to storm Izmail. But His Highness sent a messenger this morning commanding us not to venture to attack unless we are positive of success . . .

SUVOROV: We are positive, and we have ventured.

VOGEL (*aside*): So the moment has arrived! How terrible . . . (*Exit*)

SUVOROV (*to Kutuzov*): Go, and God be with you! (*Wrings his hand, embraces and kisses him.*)

Exit Kutuzov.

Scene Three: "Izmail Night." Staged by the Smolensk Theater

SINELNIKOV: High time, I say. High time indeed . . . Enough of this advancing and retreating, back and forth, like a bashful maiden . . . I've never seen the like of it in all my days.

KALINUSHKIN: But an attack's a dangerous business, brother. It is so easy to get killed, you know.

SINELNIKOV: It is hard to live if you're afraid to die.

KALINUSHKIN: But was it not you who prayed the Lord to turn away the saber blade?

SINELNIKOV: It's folly to die to no purpose. It may be all the same for young fools, but wiser men must not die. There is work to be done. But if a good piece of work is undertaken—that's a different matter. Death cannot stop us. Go ahead and don't keep your eyes on the bullets.

SUVOROV (*approaching the men*): Well said, my man! Well said. Death cannot stop us . . . Sit down, my lads, sit down . . . Yes, Sinelnikov, you are right. But you ought to keep an eye on the bullet just the same. Bullets are fools, they don't know whither they fly. It's for us to look out.

KALINUSHKIN *(rising)*: My name's Kalinushkin, Your Excellency.

SUVOROV *(warmly)*: Ay yes, Kalinushkin. And where's your pal, that red-headed one . . . Ognev?

KALINUSHKIN: Ognev . . . Killed, Alexander Vasilych.

SUVOROV: Ah . . . killed . . . God rest his soul. *(Crosses himself.)*

Stepanida approaches Suvorov with her basket.

STEPANIDA: Take some, Alexander Vasilych.

SUVOROV: Cracknels?

STEPANIDA: Pies and buns today.

SUVOROV *(tasting a bun)*: A bit sourish. You ought not sell such wares . . .

STEPANIDA: Sour? Why, they're as sweet as sweet. They buy my buns for wedding feasts . . . Why, my buns . . .

SUVOROV: Hush, woman! Hold your peace!

An officer dispatched by Potemkin appears.

OFFICER *(to Suvorov)*: Hey, my man. Stop brawling with the wench and tell me where I can find your Commander-in-chief.

SUVOROV: Ah, this must be for me . . . From His Highness, I wager! A billet doux advising me not to storm Izmail?

OFFICER: What insolence! Silence, fellow! Lead me to your commander-in-chief! Where is General Suvorov?

SUVOROV: The devil knows! Drunk, most likely. Find him under a tree somewhere . . .

OFFICER: Knave, scoundrel! I'll teach you! *(Raises his hand to strike Suvorov.)*

Suvorov leaps aside. Stepanida comes between them.

STEPANIDA: Hold now, Sir! Keep your temper . . . Can't you see . . .

SUVOROV *(interrupts her)*: Instead of wagging your tongue, you better take the honorable officer to General Suvorov.

STEPANIDA: To General Suvorov? And where may that be?

SUVOROV: He's over by the batteries. About three miles from here.

STEPANIDA *(after a pause)*: Very well, I'll take him three miles from here.

SUVOROV: That's right, you'd better.

STEPANIDA: This way, sir. *(Exeunt. Pause.)*

SUVOROV: Well done, Stepanida! *(Laughter.)*

SUVOROV *(to Dubasov)*: Fine wench, Prokhor! A woman to depend upon. You must marry her, indeeed you must. *(To the soldiers)* Now, my lads, we are going to give the enemy a big surprise very soon . . . We will be sitting down at table before our hosts have dreamed of expecting us!

KALINUSHKIN: Your Excellency, Alexander Vasilych.

SUVOROV: What is it, Kalinushkin?

KALINUSHKIN: When an army sets out to storm a fortress it usually aims to strike at one main point . . . But here we are spread about on all sides . . .

SUVOROV: Right you are, Kalinushkin. And we are going to march on the fortress from all sides. The Turks won't know where to strike back first . . . And we know their weak spot. One of our men caught a Turkish soldier and I cross-questioned him. There is one weak point in Izmail. By the Danube River . . . The Turks suspect nothing, and we are going to strike our heaviest blow at that point . . . We'll be on top of them before they can say boo. *(Laughter.)* We'll break through all the gates, coming from all sides.

SINELNIKOV: But look what a stout fortress it is, Alexander Vasilych, the moats are so deep, and the ramparts so high . . .

GLUSHKOV: Even a frog can't leap over the wall!

SUVOROV: What did you say? A frog can't leap over?

GLUSHKOV *(abashed)*: That's what they say at home in the village.

SUVOROV: A frog can't leap over . . . Pretty good, that's pretty good. *(Suvorov walks away amid the bonfires. And as he passes, the soldiers rise to cheer him. He climbs to the top of the eminence and stands there, his figure illumined by the light of the fires and torches. All is silent.)*

SUVOROV: Greetings, my lads, my brave and splendid fellows, comrades mine!

(Soldiers reply in chorus: "Greetings, Alexander Visilych!"*)* Refresh your old captain's memory my lads! Which of you fought with me last year on the banks of the Rymnik?

(A pause. Then a mighty wave of voices is heard chorusing: "We were with you." "We beat the Turks." "We fought on the banks of the Rymnik."*)*

Well done! Heroes! Fine fellows! And who was with me in the last Turkish campaign? Who routed Abdul Resak at Kozlud. Who distinguished himself at Hirsova? Who took the impregnable Turtucala?

(To each of Suvorov's questions a group of soldiers replies: "We fought at Kozlud!" "We were at Hirsova!" "We took Turtucala!" . . . *And the further Suvorov delves into history the fewer voices reply.)* And who helped me give the Polish King a thrashing nineteen years ago?

(A few voices are heard: "We were with you." "We gave him a thrashing!")

Now tell me, who was with me thirty years ago when we routed the invincible Friedrich?

(One or two voices reply: "We routed Friedrich.") And who captured the Prussian capital? Who was with me in Berlin?

(This time one voice replies: "I was with you in Berlin, Alexander Vasilych!")

Greetings, old comrade-in-arms! What is your name?

THE VOICE: Ivan Yegorkin, Alexander Vasilych!

SUVOROV: Glory and honor to you, Ivan Yegorkin! For thirty long years you have been defending your fatherland! A great honor, indeed! You are all of you brave and stalwart warriors! You have performed miracles before this, and now you will surpass yourselves. *(A pause)* Well, my lads, I have never lied in my life and now that my head is hoary it wouldn't do to forsake the truth. I have sent word to the Pashá that I am taking Izmail, and take it we must and shall! To retreat from Izmail now means to set the English after us, the Poles, too, will get busy and the Prussian will try to get in on it. Capture Izmail, and we silence them all at one blow. *(Pause)* But we have a hard nut to crack, my friends, hard indeed. I have examined that fortress from all sides. Powerful structure it is indeed! The moats are deep, the ramparts high, and a frog couldn't leap over the walls . . .

The massive contours of Izmail are delineated in the first light of dawn glimmers.

An impregnable fortress! A rock! A stronghold! Impossible to take! But we will take it just the same. Our guns are silent now. The enemy does not expect us. He is dancing and making merry over there. And we will come down upon him like an avalanche from the hills, from the forests, from the bogs and marshes! Here we come breaking our way through the brush, throwing logs over the yawning ditches, running faster and faster, jumping over the palisades! Throw the fascines! Press forward, columns! Over the walls! Onto the ramparts! Open the gates for the cavalry! We're in the town! We do not molest the peaceful inhabitants! The war is not against the women and children ... The enemy runs—and we turn his own guns against him! Cavalry, swing your sabers! Drive the enemy out of every nook and cranny! The enemy has surrendered! Mercy! Victory is ours! Hurrah!

(Hurrah! *The cry is caught up by the soldiers. Suvorov descends the hill.)*

Well, lads, when the cock crows, we go into action! *(As he turns to go into the hut, he notices Vogel.)* Courage, scribe, do not look so downcast . . .

Enter Rodenbach. Behind him are two adjutants.

RODENBACH *(stuttering)*: Alexander Vasilych! General!

VOGEL: Alexander Vasilych!

Rodenbach catches up with Suvorov at the entrance to the hut.

RODENBACH *(stuttering)*: A dispatch from His Highness . . .

SUVOROV: This is the third messenger today. I am deeply honored. *(Takes the letter and puts it in his pocket.)* Good, I shall read it in Izmail.

RODENBACH *(stuttering)*: Impossible! His Highness is in a state of great agitation! He has commanded . . . he forbids the storming of Izmail!

SUVOROV: It is a damned lie!

RODENBACH: Read the dispatch, Alexander Vasilych!

SUVOROV *(tears off the seal and glances over the letter)*: Yes, you are right. His Highness orders us not to take Izmail. He says we must retreat.

RODENBACH *(stuttering)*: Yes, we must retreat!

SUVOROV: All my labor for nothing. Too late. I must not disobey orders . . .

RODENBACH: You talk sense. Disobedience is impossible!

SUVOROV: Tears choke me . . .

VOGEL: I weep with you, Alexander Vasilych!

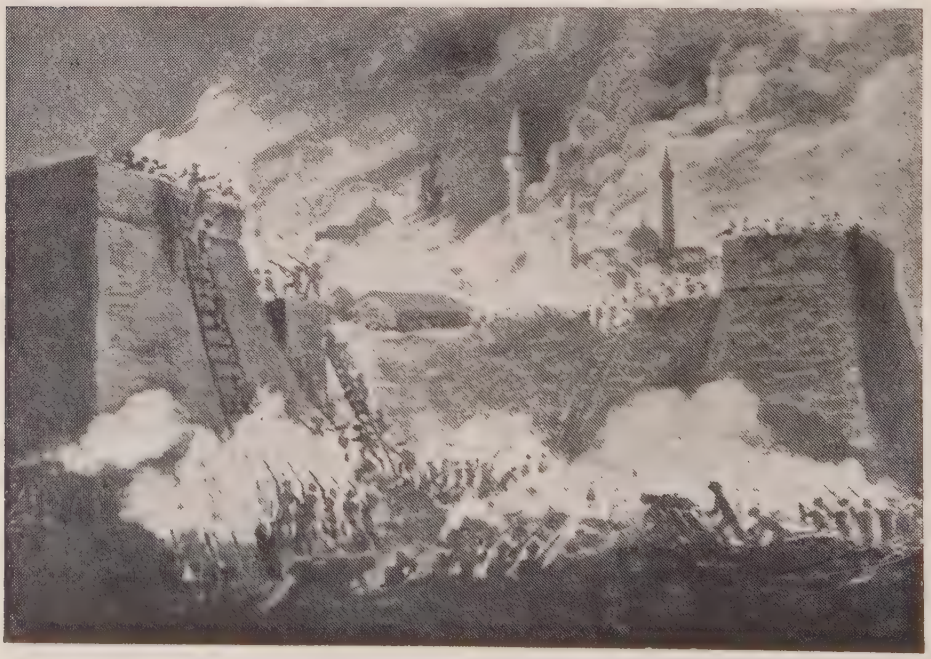
SUVOROV: Alas, what a misfortune . . . It is enough to make one crow like a cock! *(Suddenly runs forward and imitates the crowing of a cock.)*

Rodenbach, Vogel rush to him.

RODENBACH: Alexander Vasilych! What is the matter with you?

SUVOROV: It is sorrow, my friends, I am crowing with sorrow. *(He crows again. And somewhere far off, the first morning rooster echoes his call, answered by a second and a third.)*

SUVOROV *(loudly)*: My lads! The cocks are crowing!



Scene Three: "Izmail Night" *Staged by the Smolensk Theater*

There is a loud beating of drums. And the camp starts to life in a moment. The soldiers rise from the dying fires, fall in line and march off briskly to where the fortress of Izmail is now plainly visible in the pearly morning mist.

RODENBACH *(stuttering)*: Disobedience! *(Rushes after the soldiers)* Halt! Halt! *(Dashes back to Suvorov.)* Where are they going?

SUVOROV: Why, to storm Izmail!

RODENBACH: And what am I to say to His Highness?

SUVOROV: Tell him that Izmail is taken! *(Disappears.)*

The strains of a rousing military march sound in the distance.

CURTAIN

Scene Four

ROYAL REWARD

Paul's reception room in the Winter Palace. On the wall hangs a portrait of Friedrich the Great, the same that hung in the Office of Kargeisen, the Chairman of the Berlin Municipal Council. Through the window the sky shows gray. It is a dull St. Petersburg morning. The study is gloomy and bleak. Sofya and Nelidova are reclining in chairs. Vogel is standing beside them. Rodenbach runs in. Like Vogel he is attired in a uniform of German cut.

RODENBACH *(stuttering as usual)*: The Field Marshal has not arrived yet? The Emperor will be back from the parade any minute.

VOGEL: The audience was appointed for 11 o'clock, Emanuel Ivanovich.

RODENBACH. The Emperor is looking forward anxiously to the interview. He has inquired three times about it.

VOGEL: Alexander Vasilych is never late.

SOFYA *(to Nelidova)*: He summoned Michel this morning and told him he places the highest hopes on this interview with the Emperor.

NELIDOVA: The Emperor will surely appreciate his services!

VOGEL: That is precisely what Alexander Vasilych needs! Bitter injustice has dogged his footsteps . . . this shall be recorded in my chronicle. Izmail was taken . . . *(reciting)*

Izmail's victorious thunder pealing
Is heard by all the world with wonder.

SOFYA *(to Nelidova)*: Michel writes in verse as well. It sounds well, does it not?

VOGEL *(with spirit)*: Izmail was captured . . . An unbelievable victory, but the great soldier . . . the great army leader is banished . . . to the north . . . to build fortresses!

But, ah! The favorite of Mars
has met with Fate's disfavor,
And looks to fortifications for
salvation.

SOFYA *(to Nelidova)*: Michel wrote that also.

NELIDOVA: Bravo, bravo!

VOGEL: I shall record in verse the priceless words uttered by His Imperial Majesty, our sagacious sovereign. Potemkin exercised a harmful influence on the Empress . . . God rest her soul!

SOFYA: Intrigues, jealousy . . . He had but to whisper in the Empress' ear and . . . Alexander Vasilych was in disgrace! Oh! how bitterly I wept . . .

RODENBACH *(stuttering)*: Believe it or not, I too shed tears.

NELIDOVA: But justice will triumph. Our sovereign is well disposed to Alexander Vasilych.

VOGEL: He is indeed! This will be the best, the brightest chapter in my chronicle!

RODENBACH: He will be rewarded!

NELIDOVA: The Field Marshal has merited the highest honors! He is crowned with victory. *(At that moment Suvorov appears at the far end of the room, unobserved by its occupants.)*

RODENBACH: He is a favorite of Fortune.

VOGEL: Fortune's darling.

SUVOROV *(approaches smiling)*: Good fortune, yes, for a day, a year. But one must have a little intelligence as well, my good Vogel. *(To Nelidova)* My respect, Madam, Yekaterina Ivanovna.

Nelidova rises, greets Suvorov. He kisses Sofya.

VOGEL *(bowing and scraping his feet)*: But . . . Alexander Vasilych, you misunderstand me . . .

Rodenbach bows to Suvorov, then stares at him in blank amazement mingled with horror.

SUVOROV *(to Rodenbach)*: What's the matter?

A clock chimes the hour somewhere.

RODENBACH: Alexander Vasilych, I must draw your attention to the fact that in spite of the Emperor's edict you have permitted yourself a terrible, terrible . . .

SUVOROV: What is the man talking about?

As the clock strikes 11 the doors in the back of the stage leading to Paul's apartments open and Kutaisov appears, dressed in a tight-fitting Prussian uniform.

KUTAISOV: His Majesty the Emperor.

RODENBACH *(stuttering in a whisper to Vogel)*: Suvorov still wears the old Catherine uniform! Awful! Awful!

The door is flung open and the short, fussy and nervous Paul enters. All make sweeping bows. Suvorov inclines his head. Paul, paying heed to no one else, runs over to Suvorov and embraces him.

PAUL: Ah, my friend! *(inspecting Suvorov from head to foot)* I am happy, sincerely happy to see you . . .

RODENBACH *(to Vogel)*: B-bbut this is a miracle! He has not noticed the uniform!

Paul makes a sign, and Kutaisov, Rodenbach, Nelidova, Sofya and Vogel leave the study.

PAUL *(after a pause)*: Yes, Alexander Vasilych! This will be a memorable day in Russian history! Great are the reforms and great the difficulties ahead. You shall be my most esteemed adviser. I value you, Sir, for your genius, for your military prowess, and above all for your frankness and truthfulness! I am surrounded by flatterers and pharisees. I long for a counsellor in whom I can repose my trust . . . to whom I can speak my innermost thoughts . . . I shall speak with you as with an equal. Alexander Vasilych, let us build up a new Russian army together!

SUVOROV: Your Majesty! I place my heart and soul in the service of my sovereign and my country.

PAUL: Now tell me . . . candidly, as your conscience bids you . . . were there many defects and imperfections in the army under the reign of my mother the Empress?

SUVOROV: There were indeed.

PAUL: The General Staff was degenerating . . .

SUVOROV: It was.

PAUL: Negligence . . . corruption . . .

SUVOROV: True.

PAUL: Campaigning armies were frequently left without supplies?

SUVOROV: True.

PAUL: All this must be changed, uprooted!

SUVOROV: True, Your Majesty. I have waited all my long life for this moment when I can at last speak my mind to my monarch and be heard and understood.

PAUL *(takes Suvorov by the hand)*: I know, Alexander Vasilych, you have done much for the Russian state. The Empress, my mother, did not appreciate your services. I know that, too. I am aware of all the injustices, all the malicious intrigues of Potemkin, of everything, everything . . . I intend to uproot that which my mother has sown. I shall wipe out the Potemkin spirit! I must have people, trusted people . . . And that is why I have called for you, Alexander Vasilych . . . I want your glory to illumine my endeavors!

A rolling of drums is heard from the distance.

PAUL *(runs over to the window)*: Come here, Field Marshal! Look! Is it not a splendid sight?

Suvorov goes over to the window.

How they march! What precision! What formation! General Lowenstern over there in the column to the right . . . Excellent work . . . The Preobrazhenskys never looked like that. . . . And Kannabich . . . Another fine general . . . Look, look, there comes General Lindener with his regiment . . . shoulder to shoulder . . . Look how they step! And Essen is there, with Ertel behind. *(Claps his hands.)* Left, right, left right! An inspiring spectacle, is it not?

SUVOROV *(thoughtfully)*: Lowenstern, Kannabich, Lindener, Essen, Ertel. What a host of new Russian generals there are, to be sure! Pity Totleben is dead, he would be overjoyed. Only Westfalen is missing.

PAUL: Why missing? There he is, over there. A good general. I can say nothing against him. Although he did serve under my mother's reign, he has gladly embraced all my innovations.

SUVOROV *(moves away from window)*: Your Majesty! You have asked me to be perfectly frank . . .

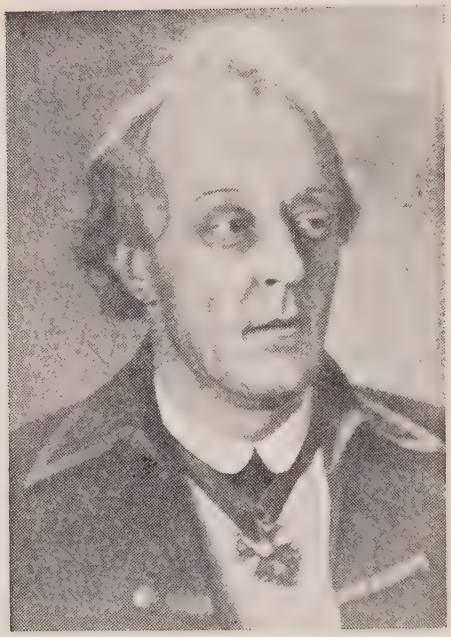
PAUL: Absolutely. Speak your mind, Field Marshal.

SUVOROV: To my mind the army is not for parades but for the defense of the country . . . *(Paul grows silent.)* Your Majesty! Hear an old man's counsel! Back in the days of my youth during the Prussian campaign I realized that the strength of our army lay not in the neatness of its step, nor in handsome formation. We have a great power, an invincible power—the Russian soldier. Courage, daring, alertness—these are the true virtues of the Russian warrior. The soldier should be taught to understand and not to march up and down the square, not to cut pretty figures!

PAUL: Proceed, Sir . . . It gives me sincere pleasure to hear such candid views . . .

SUVOROV *(inspired)*: I see the Russian army, mighty and invincible united with its sovereign in spirit and will . . . It will then have enemies, perhaps, but rivals never. I should be happy to live to that day!

PAUL: Proceed, proceed . . . this is news to me . . . the great strategist, King Friedrich, taught differently . . .



G. Polejaev, of the Kiev Red Army Theater, in the title role

SUVOROV: Yet, Sire, the great strategist Friedrich lost battles but I have never been defeated. Why should we learn from him? For the art of victory we can find better examples . . . both in Russian and in ancient history.

PAUL *(haughtily)*: And yet in my ignorance, Sir, I have always considered the Prussian Army the best in the world.

SUVOROV: Your Majesty, I beg you to listen to the advice of an old man. We, Russians, have always defeated the German strategists, and we have nothing to learn from them.

PAUL: Nothing to learn! . . . Ha! Splendid, splendid! Then you are dissatisfied with my innovations! And with the new army regulations!

SUVOROV: I am not a hypocrite, Your Majesty. I say what is on my mind.

PAUL *(striding over to Suvorov in great wrath)*: Daring, quick mind! So that is your object, sir! You aim high indeed! Aha, now I see it all! You, you, whom we believed to be the first to execute our will—you, we see now, you do not wish to be the last.

SUVOROV: I have spoken as my conscience bids me, Your Majesty; you have requested me to be frank.

Paul's face is distorted with rage, he breathes heavily and clenches fists.

PAUL: Rebel! Filibuster! I shall drive out the lot of you! *(Seizes Suvorov by the coat-tail.)* So that's why you . . . you refused to wear the uniform . . . Uniform! A deliberate insult! You refuse to accept my reforms! I see through you! Silence! Silence! I am the Emperor . . . I am your ruler . . . I am anointed by God . . . I . . . I . . . I *(Shouts hoarsely)* Kutaisov! Send a tailor to his house, make him a new uniform!

SUVOROV: But this is a great honor, Your Majesty! My Andrushka doesn't know anything about Prussian fashions. And I could not explain much—because the most I ever saw of Prussian uniforms was the back of Prussians running away from us . . .

PAUL: Ah, you would jest, would you! Do not presume too much upon my good nature, sir. This is not a Prussian uniform. Henceforth it is the uniform of the Russian army. Understand?

SUVOROV: I undestand everything, Your Majesty, as clear as daylight. Once they were Prussian, now they are Russian.

Paul runs back and forth in a frenzy of wrath.

PAUL: Powder! Ringlets! Queue! You shall wear them all!

SUVOROV *(in anger)*: Your Majesty! Powder is not guns; ringlets are not cannon; queues are not

swords, and I am not a German but a Russian born and bred!

Paul seems about to fling himself on Suvorov. He is beside himself with rage. He raises his clenched fists, and suddenly turns sharply on his heel and rushes over to the door flinging it open wide. Kutaisov and Rodenbach who have been listening at the keyhole leap back as the Emperor appears. Behind the door in the hall are Nelidova, Sofya and Vogel. Paul dashes through, heeding no one.

PAUL'S VOICE *(hoarsely)*: Kutaisov!

Kutaisov disappears in Paul's wake.

RODENBACH *(stuttering)*: Filibuster is the word! *(Runs out.)*

NELIDOVA: What base ingratitude!

VOGEL: Shame, for shame, sir! Akh, what shall I do? You have spoiled the best chapter in my chronicle!

SUVOROV *(to Sofya)*: I could have wished you a better husband, Sofyushka . . .

NELIDOVA: Come Sofya!

Sofya hesitates for a second.

SOFYA: Good God, you have yourself to blame for everything, Alexander Vasilych . . . Michel is right.

Nelidova takes Sofya by the arm, and both women are about to leave as Kutaisov appears with Rodenbach behind him.

KUTAISOV: By command of His Imperial Majesty, Field Marshal Suvorov is ordered to retire without uniform and relinquish his duties. He is to take up permanent residence in his village of Konchanskoye whence he is not permitted to leave. General Rodenbach is appointed to escort him.

NELIDOVA: Worthy fruits of stubbornness and disobedience!

Exit Nelidova with Sofya and Vogel.

RODENBACH: Worthy fruits . . .

SUVOROV: What a generous reward for my fifty years service!

KUTAISOV: The Emperor has granted you twenty four hours grace to prepare for the journey, Sir. *(Strides haughtily from the room.)*

SUVOROV: His Majesty is too gracious. A soldier does not require so much time to prepare. Order the carriage. I shall leave at once! *(Exit)*

RODENBACH *(running after Suvorov, stuttering)*: But what about me, I am not ready at all. . . .

CURTAIN

Scene Five

IN EXILE

The village of Konchanskoye. Suvorov's room. Plain wooden walls, low ceiling and modest furnishings. Shelves filled with leather-bound books. Two bird-cages hang from the ceiling. It is evening. The candles are alight. Outside a snowstorm is raging. Suvorov in dressing gown and slippers is sitting by the stove. His head is thrown back, his eyes are narrowed and he appears to be dozing. A book lies open on his lap. All is silent. Then, in another room, someone begins to sing a soft and plaintive tune. It is Stepanida. Suvorov opens his eyes, rises and walks across the room to a bird's cage. Climbing with difficulty onto a chair he looks into the cage and finds that the seed bowl is empty.

SUVOROV: Stepanida! Stepanidushka! Come here!

Stepanida enters.

Pyotr Kuzmich has gobbled up all the seed, and Marya Ivanovna has nothing left for supper.

STEPANIDA: Just a minute, I'll fetch some more. *(Exit)*

SUVOROV: How much better to be free . . . *(Goes over to the stove and sits down.)* As soon as the sun comes out and the snow starts to melt I'll open the cage and let them out! *(Gazes into the fire.)* Ah, but what victories, what battles! *(Takes up the book, turns the leaves and, selecting a passage, reads for a few moments in silence.)* Fine! A powerful pen is yours Mikhail Vasilievich! *(Reads aloud.)*

. . . Bold Friedrich, do you still elate,
Expelled beyond your country's borders?
Perchance you dream you yet are great!
Proud shoulders of the Prussians fleeing,
With backs toward our fire turned round
Are doomed to fall by Mars' decreeing.
Heads are now flying to the ground
Like leaves in autumn. Let the Prussians,
Admitting vanquishment by Russians,
In front of Berlin's gate bewail
With trumpets that the king they flattered,
His proud warriors, whom we have scattered,
Are now of not the least avail.

How vividly it brings back my youth . . . Kunnersdorf . . . Berlin . . .

While he was reading, Stepanida entered the room, carrying a small basket. She stopped to listen. Suvorov, growing aware of her presence, turns round.

Ever heard of Mikhail Lomonosov?

STEPANIDA: And who might he be?

SUVOROV: A great Russian bard. That was his poem! Fine writing!

STEPANIDA *(sighing)*: Very fine . . . *(Climbs onto a chair to reach the bird cages)* but I prefer to hear about campaigns and armies. It was so much better when we were on the march. . . .

SUVOROV: Those days are over, Stepanidushka. I have only the fish in the pond to fight now. And my longest march is to the birch wood and back. Or sometimes I venture abroad to pick mushrooms or berries . . .

Enter Dubasov.

STEPANIDA: Perhaps it is all for the best, Alexander Vasilych. You need peace and quiet now. After all, you're not so young as you were . . .

SUVOROV *(rising with sudden energy)*: Stuff and nonsense! Who needs peace and quiet. Not me! Not me!

STEPANIDA *(taken aback)*: But you said so yourself . . .

SUVOROV: I? Never! Get out of my sight! *(Stepanida scurries out, frightened)*. Ha . . . peace and quiet! . . . For me!

DUBASOV: Calm yourself, Alexander Vasilych, a woman's tongue will always be wagging . . . We'll see some great days yet . . . Why, we . . . *(stops short)*

SUVOROV: What is it, Proshka?

DUBASOV: He's here again. Says he has to see you.

SUVOROV: Good God, again . . . *(Pulls himself together with a visible effort.)* Let him enter.

DUBASOV: As you please. But if I had any say in the matter I'd . . . I'd . . .

Enter an obese individual dressed in a fur jacket, felt boots and fur hat. It is Nikolayev, the collegiate assessor.

NIKOLAYEV *(removing his hat)*: Good evening to you, Alexander Vasilych. Begging your pardon if I intrude but I chanced to be walking this way and passing by I espied a light in your window and I thought it would be neighbor-like to pay a call . . .

SUVOROV: It is a fine night for a walk. . . .

NIKOLAYEV: It is a bit dark and windy, I must admit . . . But I felt I simply must pay my respects, come what may, rain or shine. Alexander Vasilych, I felt sure, would only be glad to see me.

SUVOROV: I am overjoyed.

NIKOLAYEV: I knew it . . . Now, I have a nice little surprise for you . . . Permit me to remove my coat and I'll tell you all about it in a jiffy! *(Takes off his coat.)*

Dubasov takes the coat and leaves the room.

I have two epistles to give you, Alexander Vasilych. One from your daughter and the other from a close friend of yours.

SUVOROV: Hand them over!

NIKOLAYEV *(tenders two envelopes)*: The Borovichev postmaster asked me to deliver them into your hands without delay.

SUVOROV *(examining the letters)*: This one must be from my daughter. It is clearly written. From Natalya Alexandrovna Suvorova. But this one . . . How do you know from whom this letter is?

NIKOLAYEV *(coughing in embarrassment)*: Why, did I say that I knew . . . I was merely hazarding a guess . . .

Suvorov continues to inspect the letters.

NIKOLAYEV *(moves over to the stove and takes up the book Suvorov has been reading)*: Ah, you are interested in writing? You read books, I see *(turns the leaves)*. Ah, Mikhail Lomonosov . . . a worthy author.

SUVOROV: Held it over the samovar . . . Warmed the knife . . . See, the seal is damaged. Why fuss with samovars and knives . . . Why not tear it open and be done with it . . .

NIKOLAYEV: What were you saying, my dear sir?

SUVOROV: A delightful occupation is yours, reading letters.

NIKOLAYEV: I fail to divine your meaning, sir?

SUVOROV: For shame, collegiate assessor.

NIKOLAYEV: Excuse me, Alexander Vasilych, I am not a collegiate assessor any more. I am an aulic councilor.

SUVOROV: Oh, then you have been promoted?

NIKOLAYEV: I have.

SUVOROV: And for what services, pray?

NIKOLAYEV *(in confusion)*: For past services.

SUVOROV: Not for present services, by any chance?

Nikolayev makes a gesture feigning incomprehension.

SUVOROV *(with a wry smile)*: The promotion is not very great but, of course, the work is not difficult . . .

NIKOLAYEV: It pleases your honor to talk in parables today.

SUVOROV: Never mind, continue as you have begun, and you will be promoted again.

NIKOLAYEV: Well, Alexander Vasilych, I must be going . . . I do not wish to intrude on you any longer. It will be a source of great delight—should you honor me with a visit . . .

SUVOROV: I do not invite you, for I know you require no invitation.

NIKOLAYEV: I am happy to have the opportunity to see you.

SUVOROV: You'd best look sharp—keep a better watch over Suvorov. Don't you know, he's the world's worst villain, a brigand, a filibuster!

Nikolayev who had already reached the door, swings round at this.

NIKOLAYEV *(runs over to Su-*

vorov): You have gone too far with your sneers, my dear sir! You do not appreciate real friendship and good will! Were you not told plainly by His Excellency, General Rodenbach, that his Imperial Majesty had ordained that all visits to and receptions by Count Suvorov, retired field marshal, were to be forbidden! Clear enough, isn't it! But have you not had dinner at Madam Lupandina's seven miles from here? Ah? And have you not invited her to your house? You think I haven't known, haven't noticed? I noticed everything but I decided to say nothing, I forgave you, and what do I get in return. Shame on you, Sir! *(Walks out, slamming the door behind him.)*

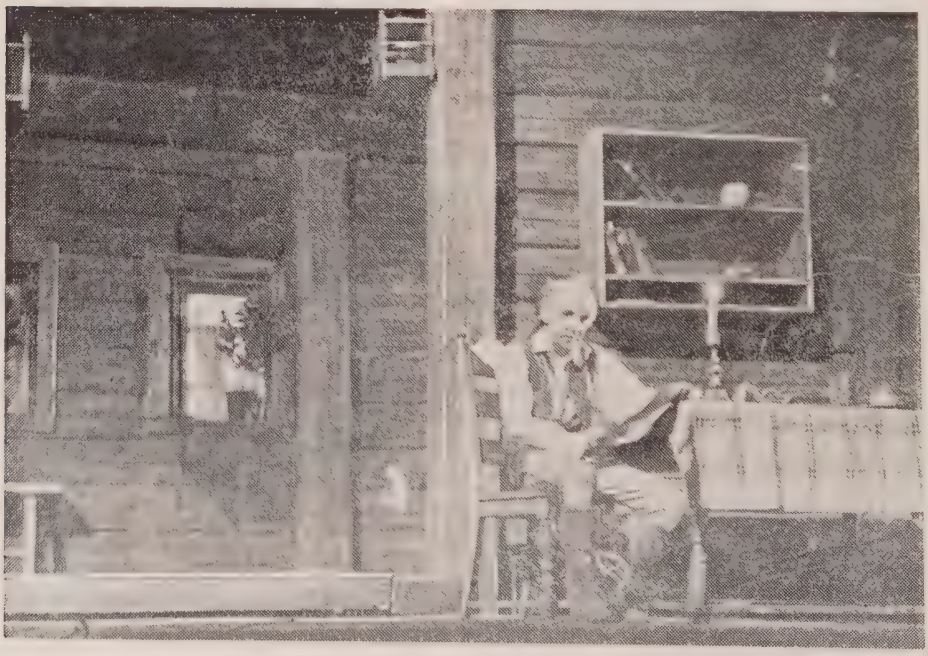
A moment later the door opens again.

NIKOLAYEV *(sticks in his head):* Enough! Don't you dare go anywhere! Not a step out of Konchanskoye! And receive no guests!

Exit.

Suvorov makes no answer. He stands dumbstruck.

SUVOROV: Has it come to all this, Alexander Vasilych? . . . *(Breathes heavily. Walks over to the window. Opens the letter by the candlelight)* . . . Okh, Natashenka, my little daughter. *(Reads first in silence and then aloud):* "I never imagined, my kind parent, that I could be so sad. This prolonged separation weighs heavily upon my heart". . . . *(Sighs. Reads again in silence for a while, then aloud):* "I submitted another petition . . . and again my request was refused . . ." *(Drops the letter)* They will not let her come to me. Oh, but your father must be a terrible sinner, Natashenka, if they won't permit his own daughter to see him. *(Reads on. His lips move slightly. Suddenly*



Scene Five: "In Exile" *Staged by the Moscow Red Army Theater*

he bangs his fist on the table). Now, that is foolish, very foolish of you, daughter. Oh, how can she take such a risk as to come here without permission! She will come to grief, my little Natashenka. And never know the end of it. I shall write to her tomorrow and forbid her come here without permission. She must not even think of it. *(Lays aside the letter and takes up the other.)* I recognize your hand, Mikhail Illarionovich. Greetings, friend Kutuzov. *(Observes that the fire has burned low)* Stepanida! Stepanidushka! Add some wood to the fire, it is dying. *(Tears open the letter.)*

Enter Stepanida and busies herself with stove.

STEPANIDA: Didn't I say not to let him in . . . But you wouldn't listen to me. And now he's put everyone in bad humor. I'd throw him down the stairs by the scruff of his neck. The wretch!

SUVOROV *(paying no attention)*: Yes, Mikhail Illarionovich . . . Fortune has turned her back upon us both . . . They do not like us . . . Bagration, too, is turning sour . . . and you are wasting your gifts . . . Is it our fault, friend, that flattery is valued higher nowadays than ability, servility higher than service . . . *(Reads with his eyes)* Napoleon Bonaparte, you say . . . yes . . . He is overreaching himself . . . If he goes on that way, he'll soon begin to threaten Russia. *(Takes a leather dispatch case from the table and puts the letter away.)* A sign of the times . . . Well, who knows but old Suvorov will come in handy yet.

STEPANIDA: And the airs he puts on, as though he had blue blood in his veins. That damned informer . . .

SUVOROV: What are you grumbling about over there?

STEPANIDA: It's him . . . I shan't let him in any more!

SUVOROV: You won't let whom in?

STEPANIDA: Him . . .

The door suddenly opens and Nikolayev bursts into the room. He has not even removed his hat.

NIKOLAYEV: Now, you've gone ahead and done it! Didn't I say 'twas strictly forbidden? But no, you must do as you please! And now—they're coming! You invited them, now go ahead and receive your guests . . . .

STEPANIDA: Why, there's no getting rid of the man!

SUVOROV: What are you shouting about? Take off that hat of yours. . . . What are you talking about . . . What guests!

NIKOLAYEV: No doubt you know that better than I do. Just listen to that.

The sound of sleigh-bells louder and louder.

They are coming here! Guests! You must have invited them! This time you shall not deceive me!

SUVOROV: Go, man, go before I lose my temper . . .

NIKOLAYEV: I'll go, I'll go. *(Threateningly)* But when I come back, I shall not be alone! You will have cause to repent your disobedience! *(Exit)*

Bells sound quite close.

SUVOROV: Sure enough, someone is coming here! Could it be Natasha! I trust not, Stepanidushka. . . . My poor little Natashka would pay dearly for it. . . . The secret chamber would get her and wring the heart out of her!

(The sleigh-bells have ceased.)

Take a candle and open the door.

(Stepanida seizes a candle and runs out. Her voice is heard behind the door: "Prokhor! Open up, we have visitors!")

Suvorov is alone . . . He paces nervously up and down the room.

Makes the sign of the cross under the icon. Cocks his ears and hears voices and commotion. The voices and commotion approach. In the next room through the open door the audience sees Prokhor and Stepanida enter carrying candles. Behind them is a tall man in a tremendous fur coat and a fur hat powdered with snow. Suvorov rises. He does not recognize the visitor. He stands in expectation. When the newcomer removes his cap and emerges from his greatcoat, Suvorov recognizes Vogel. He enters the room, followed by Dubasov and Stepanida with the candles.

VOGEL *(rushes over to Suvorov)*: Alexander Vasilych!

SUVOROV: You! . . . I did not expect you.

VOGEL *(shaking hands)*: Day and night by post-chaise I have traveled through snow-drifts and storms . . . to bring this happy moment nearer. And now at last . . .

SUVOROV: Indeed, this is a great surprise. . . . And have you had no fear? Or perhaps you received permission?

VOGEL *(rubbing his hands)*: Alexander Vasilych! I snap my fingers at permissions. Why, had I to suffer the most terrible punishment, were they to thrust me into chains and threaten me with Siberia . . .

SUVOROV: Ah, evidently they do not threaten.

VOGEL: . . . I would have come in any case.

SUVOROV: Aha.

Prokhor and Stepanida light the candles in the candlestick, flooding the room with light. Exeunt.

VOGEL: Alexander Vasilych! I have a dispatch for you.

SUVOROV: You might have said so at once.

VOGEL *(unbuttons his uniform and pulls out dispatch which he hands with a flourish to Suvorov)*: To Field Marshal Suvorov!

SUVOROV *(falls back a step)*: You have mistaken the address, Sir.

VOGEL: No, no . . . It is for you, Alexander Vasilych . . .

SUVOROV: It cannot be . . . a Field Marshal commands troops but I vegetate in the forest. Under surveillance. Under arrest.

VOGEL: Alexander Vasilych! But the message is clearly addressed to the "Field Marshal." The Emperor summons you!

SUVOROV: I shall not answer the summons.

VOGEL: The troops are awaiting you! The soldiers! Your soldiers, Alexander Vasilych!

SUVOROV *(paces the room, comes to a halt)*: What do they want of me now?

VOGEL: Here is the dispatch, Alexander Vasilych . . .

SUVOROV *(takes the dispatch but does not break the seal)*: Well, what have you got to say?

VOGEL: General Napoleon Bonaparte has occupied the Netherlands . . .

SUVOROV: I know . . .

VOGEL: Italy . . .

SUVOROV: I know.

VOGEL: He has invaded Switzerland . . .

SUVOROV: I know that, too.

VOGEL: The successes of Napoleon Bonaparte are increasing day by day. His forces are multiplying. A little longer, and he will begin to threaten our country.

SUVOROV *(thoughtfully)*: He is going too far, the young whippersnapper . . . 'Tis time someone taught him a lesson!

VOGEL: And you will be the one to do it!

SUVOROV: Eloquence has always been your greatest virtue, Vogel! *(Breaks open the seal and hands the dispatch to Vogel.)* Well, let us hear what they have to say to an old man like me.

VOGEL *(coughs, strikes a histrionic pose and reads in solemn tones)*: "Most esteemed Alexander Vasilych! The time is scarcely opportune for settling old scores. God will forgive the guilty one . . ."

SUVOROV: God might, perhaps ...

VOGEL: "Under the present circumstances prevailing in Europe, we deem it our duty, both on our own behalf and on behalf of the Court of Vienna, to ask you assume command of our allied troops, and we hereby summon you to St. Petersburg whence you will depart for Italy whither our army is at present bound. We beg you come with all haste. Do not let time rob your glory of its luster nor myself of the pleasure of seeing you."

SUVOROV: Certainly. Your pleasure comes first, of course.

VOGEL: "I remain as favorably disposed toward you as ever, Paul."

SUVOROV: What can be finer than the truth! As favorably disposed as ever. The sovereign is gracious . . . *(Pause)* But . . . No. I'm not going. I cannot fight Prussian fashion. . . And in general I do not wish to go.

VOGEL: Our sovereign has said: Let him conduct the war as he pleases. At his own discretion.

SUVOROV: So that's how the wind blows! We're singing a different tune now!

VOGEL: Alexander Vasilych! The dignity and the might of Russia is in the balance!

SUVOROV *(irritated)*: Hold your tongue, you jackdaw! Don't I know it! My soldiers, my country needs me . . . *(Pause)* Preserve your eloquence. You have not come to woo a blushing maiden.

VOGEL: And your decision?

SUVOROV: What decisions could there be? I must make ready for the journey. Prokhor!

VOGEL: The angels in heaven are singing your praises!

The door is flung open and Nikolayev bursts in, followed by a guard.

NIKOLAYEV: Where is he? *(Catches sight of Vogel.)* Aha! There he is! *(To the guard)* Seize him!

VOGEL *(to Suvorov)*: What is the meaning of this?

NIKOLAYEV: Now don't imagine your uniform can frighten me! I'll have you sent to Petersburg! I'll coop you up! *(To Suvorov)* And as for you, my dear sir . . .

VOGEL *(going up to Nikolayev)*: Whom are you addressing, you hound?

NIKOLAYEV: Hound did you say? You shall answer for this!

Enter Prokhor followed by Stepanida.

VOGEL: To whom are you talking, scoundrel? Don't you know, this is Field Marshal General Suvorov!

NIKOLAYEV: Yes, yes, we know all about your Field Marshal. *(To the guard)* Lock him up! *(pointing to Vogel)*

VOGEL: Begone!

SUVOROV *(pushing Vogel aside)*: A moment, Vogel. Don't get excited. It won't take long now. *(To Nikolayev)* Come this way, my dear friend, come over here, don't be shy . . .

NIKOLAYEV: What foolishness is this?

SUVOROV: . . . and cast your eye over this . . .

Suvorov hands Nikolayev the dispatch. Nikolayev reads and his face blanches. His hands and legs begin to tremble, and a look of horror spreads over his features. The further he reads, the lower he sinks, until, as he reaches the end of the letter, he is on his knees.

NIKOLAYEV: Have m-m-mercy!

The guard, sensing that something is wrong, sneaks out.

SUVOROV: Get up! *(Walks away and turns his back on Nikolayev.)*

VOGEL: Disgusting!

STEPANIDA: Plead, beg, whine, knock your forehead against the floor, you toad.

VOGEL *(to Nikolayev)*: Begone!

Nikolayev rises awkwardly. He is completely stunned. Stepanida rushes at him.

NIKOLAYEV: Please do not trouble yourself . . . *(Staggers to the door.)*

STEPANIDA: Reptile! Viper! Viper! Viper!

DUBASOV: Oh, what a woman! . . .

NIKOLAYEV: M-m-m-ercy . . . *(And as he is being pushed out through the door he manages to ejaculate)* Mercy!

STEPANIDA *(slams the door with a will)*: Let that teach you!

SUVOROV *(turning round)*: Pack up our things, Prokhor. We leave at dawn.

DUBASOV: To Petersburg?

SUVOROV: To Petersburg on the way to the ends of the world! We're going to war, Prokhor, to war!

DUBASOV *(in great excitement)*: Hurrah! That's our way of doing it, Alexander Vasilych! Hurrah!

CURTAIN

Scene Six

UNDER THE ITALIAN SUN

Italy. Russian camp near the small town of Novi. Rows of dazzling white tents stretch as far as the eye can see. Lagoon overgrown with reeds. An old boat stands with its prow in the water and the poop on shore. In the boat is Vogel, holding a fishing line. With him is an Austrian officer. They are conversing in low tones. On the shore of the lagoon is Suvorov's tent. A late afternoon sun shines brightly in a sky of deep blue. As the curtain rises, the sound of a band playing, shouts of "Hurrah" and general commotion are heard, and from behind the rows of tents soldiers appear, filling the stage. They are carrying Suvorov shoulder high. Suvorov is in full military dress with his ribands. He is pale with emotion. The officers mingle with the soldiers. General excitement. Soldiers' caps fly into the air. The soldiers put Suvorov down on the ground in front of his tent.

SUVOROV: God bless my soul, lads . . . I am not worthy of all this. *(Pause)* Ah, my stout fellows! . . . Yes, it is gratifying to know my labors have not been in vain; no greater reward, no higher distinction could I have wished. I shall remember this to my dying day. . . .

SINELNIKOV: Now then, Sir, why talk of dying? You must live to be a hundred.

SUVOROV: Aye-aye. True enough, 'tis neither old age that dies, nor youth that lives. And now is no time to think of death. There is much to be done yet. . . . Great ordeals ahead . . .

VOICES: We're with you to the other ends of the earth! We're ready!

SUVOROV: Put your trust in me, lads. We have done great things together. Won great victories! Bonaparte's army had tried to take possession of Italy for two years, and we have driven them out in two months! That's glory!

The whole world stands in awe! My dear lads . . . *(Pause)* I shall never desert you in days of trial. *(Pause)*

Soldiers press around Suvorov.

KALINUSHKIN: We shall stand by you as long as we live, father . . .

SUVOROV: Thank you, Kalinushkin. I know you will, all of you.

STEPANIDA *(emerges from tent)*: Get along now, lads. Alexander Vasilych must rest. The years tell . . .

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS: He should be rejoicing at this moment and yet there is sadness in his eyes . . .

SINELNIKOV: He is weary no doubt.

Soldiers disperse.

STEPANIDA *(to Suvorov softly)*: There is someone to see you, Alexander Vasilych. Been waiting a long while since.

SUVOROV: Who is it?

STEPANIDA: An Austrian . . .

SUVOROV: Ah, yes . . . I did not expect him so soon . . .

The Austrian officer who had watched Suvorov's arrival climbs out of boat. He approaches Suvorov and salutes.

SUVOROV: Come in, if you please . . . *(To Stepanida)* Tell the orderly to call General Bagration. *(Suvorov and the Austrian officer enter the tent out of which Dubasov appears carrying a pail.)*

STEPANIDA *(to Dubasov)*: They carry him on their shoulders everywhere. Today it was the soldiers, but yesterday the generals did the same.

DUBASOV: Why, we may forget how to walk if this goes on that way.

Stepanida exits. Dubasov walks toward the boat.

VOGEL: First they yelled and shouted—frightened the fish, and now you showed up.

DUBASOV: You'd think the fish could hear through the water.

VOGEL: Off with you. *(As Dubasov turns to go, Vogel notices a bottle sticking out of Prokhor's pocket.)* Eh, what's that you've got in your pocket?

DUBASOV *(seizes the neck of the bottle in confusion)*: Er . . . this . . .

VOGEL: Aha! Just a little Italian wine, eh. . . . *(Baits his line and throws it out again. Dubasov is about to move away.)* Wait, Prokhor. *(Pause)* All right, you may take some water if you wish. *(Dubasov climbs into the boat. Vogel moves up to make room for him.)* But how they did shout, to be sure! Why make such a row? Of course, I am not implying that Alexander Vasilych is not a great army leader. All this will be given faithful reflection in my chronicle. But why mingle with the soldiers—Pardon!—I cannot understand. *(Dubasov dips in his pail in silence.)* In the army of our allies, the Austrians, that is not the custom at all.

DUBASOV: It is not the custom for them to win battles, either.

VOGEL: Hold your tongue, Prokhor. They're our allies, our best friends.

The Austrian officer emerges from tent at this point. He nods to Vogel and Vogel waves his hand in reply.

DUBASOV: With such friends it's best to sleep with one eye open.

VOGEL: Stuff and nonsense, my friend. You don't know what you are talking about. *(Dubasov is silent.)* Admit now, you didn't mean it. Just had a drop too much, eh?

DUBASOV: It's easy to see, Sir, that you've forgotten Trebbia. Didn't we fight for three days at

Trebbia? Why, we all went deaf from the noise of the guns. It was worse than hell. And that General Melas of theirs, what was he doing? Drinking tea, that's what! Twenty eight pots of tea he drank. His division didn't budge an inch all those three days!

VOGEL: Akh, Prokhor, my friend, what nonsense. If he didn't move his division, that means the time was not opportune to move it. It means that Melas had other plans . . . The Austrian generals are well-known tacticians. They have everything mapped out in advance. They do nothing without a plan. Now I should say that this is precisely where Alexander Vasilych is weak.

DUBASOV: Weak? What? Alexander Vasilych weak?

VOGEL: Keep your temper, man! Yes, Alexander Vasilych fights without a plan—the whole world knows that.

DUBASOV: The whole world may know it, but we know differently.

VOGEL *(sneering)*: And what is it that "we" know, Prokhor Denysich? You will tell me next that Alexander Vasilych makes notes or plans perhaps?

DUBASOV: Maybe he does.

VOGEL: Akh, Prokhor, Prokhor. You have lived many years and are none the wiser.

DUBASOV: Alexander Vasilych sits up all night long . . .

VOGEL: No doubt, he can't sleep. *(Dubasov chuckles.)* Don't lie, now! I know all his documents by heart! He has no plans, that I wager! *(Pause)* Surely he doesn't keep them in his boots!

DUBASOV: Not in his boots but in his dispatch case maybe. You are Alexander Vasilych's scribe but you don't know anything.

VOGEL: None of your insolence, you drunken sot! You cannot exchange a word with these mujiks but they crawl all over. Keep in your place my man. Remember whom you are addressing!

DUBASOV: Go to the . . . *(Takes up his pail and exits.)*

VOGEL: Aha! Got you this time. *(Draws in his line with a fish on it.)*

DUBASOV *(returning)*: Are you still writing your chronicle?

VOGEL: I am.

DUBASOV: Do you write about me, too?

VOGEL: Occasionally, yes.

DUBASOV: Then write this: Proshka may be a drunken sot, he may be a good-for-nothing, but if anyone dares say anything against Alexander Vasilych in his presence, that Alexander Vasilych's dispositions are weak or such like nonsense . . . Proshka . . . Proshka . . . will force those words down his throat! . . .

VOGEL *(unperturbed)*: Most certainly I shall write all that. Proshka is a drunken sot. Proshka's a good-for-nothing . . . Isn't that what you said?

DUBASOV *(wrathfully)*: I'd like to tell you something but I'm afraid to scare your fish. *(Exits)*

Enter Bagration. Vogel jumps out of the boat, runs forward to meet him and walks beside him.

VOGEL: Alexander Vasilych has been awaiting your arrival with impatience. This is a great day, is it not? Welcome! *(Flings open the hanging over the entrance to the tent.)*

Suvorov is seen sitting at a table studying documents, his head resting in his hand. The tent flap remains open.

BAGRATION: You are tired, Alexander Vasilych. But it is true that your triumph is unparalleled. Never since the days of Caesar has Italy known anything to equal it. An army leader honored by his troops, carried shoulder high by

D. Franko, V. Merjinskaya, and A. Kopylov of the Kiev Red Army Theater as Yegorkin, Stepanida and General Miloradovich respectively

his soldiers, that surely is a reward worthy of your victories!

Vogel has returned to the boat and resumed his fishing.

SUVOROV: Wait, Prince Peter. Be seated. This is no occasion for rejoicing. I have had evil tidings. A dispatch from the Emperor ordering us to launch the Swiss campaign in two days.

BAGRATION: What? In spite of your objections?

SUVOROV: Since when do they heed my objections? We have been ordered to advance and join Rimsky-Korsakov and the troops of Archduke Karl. A detailed plan has been sent, drawn up by our friends the Austrians. Here it is! It is as shady and despicable a document as ever was penned.

BAGRATION *(glancing over the plan)*: What is to be done?

SUVOROV: Hear, Prince Peter, what I have to say, and then see for yourself. This plan I declare to be impossible of fulfillment and, for the Russian army, disastrous. General Massena will not wait for us. Before we reach our goal, Korsakov's army will be smashed. Archduke Karl will retreat, mark my words. And we shall be left alone to face an enemy four times our strength. And this, in impassable mountains, amid gorges and ravines, where one may hold back a hundred. Bad, Prince Peter, bad. We are sent into a trap. It is certain death.

BAGRATION: So the Russian troops are to pay for the mistakes of the Austrian generals?

SUVOROV: Mistakes, you say? I doubt it! This plan has been drawn up with great pains. There are no blunders in it. That is my opinion.

BAGRATION: Treachery?

SUVOROV: Are you so amazed then, Prince Peter? Have you forgotten who it is we are dealing with? Allies—perhaps, but in name only. They are envious of the Russian successes. They resort to cunning, they are politicians by their very nature. They are waiting impatiently for Suvorov's defeat. They reck nothing if soldier blood flows in rivers.

BAGRATION: But this is the basest perfidy! We must say it aloud, we must expose them to the whole world!

It is growing dark. The southern Italian night falls rapidly.

SUVOROV *(lighting the candles)*: You are young, Prince Peter, and

hence hot-headed. Expose them . . . And to whom shall we expose them, pray? We live alone as in a dark forest with the wolves howling all around us.

BAGRATION: Then we must resign! Immediately! There is not a moment to lose! I shall ride to Petersburg with the news myself and fling it in their faces! They will not accept, you think?

SUVOROV: Ah, there is the trouble.

BAGRATION: They will not accept, you mean?

SUVOROV: No, the trouble is—they will. *(Pause)* You are young yet, Prince Peter. They will merely send someone to replace me. And that will be the end of our army, no doubt . . . How could I desert my men, my splendid lads, my children who carried me today on their shoulders? No, better to die.

BAGRATION: Then there is no hope.

SUVOROV: We must summon all our resources and work out some plan. Swift action, complete secrecy—this is our only chance of success. We must break through by the shortest route . . . through St. Gothard Pass . . . across the Alps. Take the enemy by surprise and attack him when and where he least expects us. Strike a blow at Massena's rear . . . These must be our tactics. Go, Prince Peter! *(Kisses Bagration.)* You and Kutuzov—you are the only ones I have. Should anything happen to me, you must take over the command. *(Pause)* Do not sleep this night. Think and come to see me tomorrow.

BAGRATION: You are our only hope, Alexander Vasilych. You must save the Russian army!

They embrace, Bagration exits. Suvorov dries his tears and, dropping onto a camp bed, covers his face with his hands. A pause. Vogel takes up the pail and enters the tent.

SUVOROV *(without turning his head)*: Who is there?

VOGEL: It is I, Alexander Vasilych, Mikhail *(pause)* Vogel. For just a second. I have brought you some fish.

SUVOROV: What fish?

VOGEL: I have sat all day long with my line on the shore of the lagoon. For I know how fond you are of chowder . . .

SUVOROV: Go, go. I have little appetite for chowder just now. *(Glances up at him wearily.)* You're growing corpulent, man. You begin to resemble your uncle.

VOGEL: I go, for I dare not disturb you. But I shall leave the fish. I beg you to accept this little gift with my sincerest compliments. Till dusk I sat . . . Ah, I thought, the Field Marshal at his age, so far from his native land and with such trouble weighing upon him, and so fond of chowder . . .

SUVOROV: Enough, leave me . . . No, wait a moment. Hand me my dispatch case . . . Over there on the table . . .

Vogel takes up the case, the very one in which Suvorov hid his daughter's letter when he was in the village.

Now go!

Vogel bows, exits and is lost in the darkness.

SUVOROV *(takes a writing pad from the case and turns the leaves. Puts it aside. Pause)* Yes, the decision is made. *(Rises, draws the hanging over the door.)*

The camp is asleep. The white tents are barely visible in the gloom. And only in Suvorov's tent does the light still flicker.

CURTAIN

Scene Seven

DEVIL'S BRIDGE

The Alps. A hospice of the Franciscan monks. A ramshackle hut with moss-grown log walls, tiny windows with dimmed glass. Benches line the wall. A roughly made table. In the corner hangs a crucifix. It is an hour before dawn. A candle stuck in the neck of a bottle sheds a fitful light over the room. At the table, his head resting in his arms, sits Samsonov asleep. In the corner is General Miloradovich, also asleep. Now and again one or the other opens his eyes, stares vacantly for a moment or two and drops off to sleep again. Dubasov is nodding over a pair of boots he is supposed to be mending. Bagration alone appears wide awake. With his hands behind his back, he is pacing back and forth. Beyond the window the hubbub of voices is heard and muffled noises. The troops are there.

BAGRATION: What shall we do? What shall we do?

SAMSONOV *(in his sleep)*: All is lost . . .

BAGRATION: Samsonov, don't sleep!

SAMSONOV *(raising his head)*: Haven't slept for three nights . . .

BAGRATION: No more have I. This is no time for sleeping. We must remember the order. We may be attacked any moment.

SAMSONOV: If we are, that will be the end! Accursed country! Impassable mountains and an enemy four times our strength . . .

Miloradovich snores.

BAGRATION: Miloradovich, don't sleep!

MILORADOVICH *(wakes with a start)*: What's that? No, no, I am thinking . . . The enemy is four times stronger than we are . . . Moureau is routed, MacDonald is routed, Joubert is routed. *(Drops off again.)*

SAMSONOV *(sleepily)*: 'Twas an evil spirit brought you here, Samsonov. Never will you see your home again. *(Yawns)* Ugh, a plague on this country! The very names inspire dread: Devil's Bridge, Lucifer Peak, Satan Gorge . . . Ho there, Miloradovich, wake up, we will soon be wrapt in eternal sleep.

MILORADOVICH: Eh, what's that? Who's sleeping? *(Drops off again at once.)*

SAMSONOV: A fine state of affairs, indeed . . . The army barefoot and in rags, the generals sleeping . . . the cartridges are well nigh exhausted . . . 'Twould seem the plan had failed—a mistake.

BAGRATION: No, no. It would have been impossible to make the detour around Chur and Sargans. Too long a march . . . Battles with the French are unavoidable . . . And the slightest delay might have been fatal for Korsakov. The plan was beyond reproach—it was flawless, his most brilliant work! Who but he could have conceived it? To take Nature by storm! To march across the St. Gothard! We have gained three days and emerged at the rear of Massena's forces!

SAMSONOV: True, true. But what is the good of it? Korsakov will be beaten. And we ourselves are caught in a trap—and what a trap! Never has an army been in such a position . . . A mistake, I say.

BAGRATION: Nothing of the kind. It isn't the plan, I'm telling you. Cast your mind back and you will see for yourself. They said we would never climb the St. Gothard pass. We did—and with artil-

lery, guns and horses into the bargain. The hardest part of the crossing has been made. But who could have foreseen that we would encounter the French here in the gorge? How could they have learned of our intentions? This is what started it all.

SAMSONOV: And with what a bang! . . . But the Field Marshal's plans are always kept in the strictest secrecy. How could they have got abroad?!

BAGRATION: We know how. And we know by whom. But that does not mend matters. *(A pause)* Miloradovich, wake up!

MILORADOVICH: Eh? But that's what I said—we're done for . . . *(Dozing off again)* Don't expect any help . . . no hope . . . bad, bad . . .

SAMSONOV: Bad? I don't agree. The cold makes sleep more attractive, and when one wants to sleep, 'tis easier to die. And as for the business of dying—the mountains are best for they're closer to the sky and hence nearer to the gates of heaven . . .

BAGRATION: 'Tis no time for jesting, Samsonov. The Russian army has never known defeat under his command. But what is awaiting us now? How will he endure this?

(Enter Stepanida.)

Well, how is he?

STEPANIDA: He is not himself. He wanders about gazing at the mountains. A bullet almost got him . . . He is ailing, his strength is low but he will not be still . . . He jests no more. I cannot remember him like this before . . . The quartermaster has been courtmartialled because the provisions are exhausted.

BAGRATION: So.

DUBASOV *(softly)*: Did he mention me?

STEPANIDA: Indeed not, accursed fool that you are.

Enter Suvorov, wearing a raincape. Takes off his hat. A terrible transformation has taken place in him. He has aged and shrunken. He breathes heavily and coughs frequently. He limps up to a bench and drops down heavily on it. Grim silence follows.

SUVOROV: I have been for a walk, examining the mountains. Nice little mousetrap this is. Shall we ever get out of here, I wonder. Spoke to the lads. They are great fellows, God bless them.

BAGRATION: You ought to lie down, Alexander Vasilych. You're worn out.

SUVOROV: I have something important to attend to. *(Pause)* Prokhor, what are you doing over there?

DUBASOV: I . . . er, Alexander Vasilych *(steps forward)* . . . I'm repairing your boots.

SUVOROV *(after a pause)*: Go, bring him in.

Dubasov salutes and exits.

BAGRATION: Pardon the liberty, Alexander Vasilych, but can we spare the time for this now? The enemy may fall upon us any moment.

SUVOROV: I know. *(Rises and paces the floor of the hut.)* We must find time. The army must be purged. We only stand to gain thereby.

Dubasov returns. Two soldiers lead Vogel. He is pale and trembling, but is striving to hide his fear.

VOGEL *(rushes up to Suvorov)*: Alexander Vasilych . . . Pray, what does this mean? I protest most vehemently. To be held under arrest like a common criminal. To be deprived of my chronicle, the fruit of many years of labor.

SUVOROV: Your chronicle is in my possession.

VOGEL: Alexander Vasilych,

I am the victim of vile slander. You are a Russian noble and I am a Russian noble. We can find a common language. I swear by my honor I am innocent.

At a sign from Suvorov the soldiers retire.

SUVOROV *(after a pause)*: Have you been writing this chronicle for a long time?

VOGEL: What a curious question . . . You know yourself, I began with the storming of Izmail.

SUVOROV: As early as that?

VOGEL: I do not comprehend . . .

SUVOROV *(sternly)*: You comprehend perfectly. Have you corresponded with the Austrian general staff?

VOGEL: Heavens above! Am I then to be subjected to official interrogation? But if you wish it . . . yes, I have corresponded with the Austrian staff. But it was a part of my duties, as your secretary. As secretary of the foreign collegium.

SUVOROV: But you corresponded with the enemy staff as well?

VOGEL: Good God! What terrible words!

SUVOROV: You questioned Prokhor about the plans?

VOGEL: What! Nothing of the kind! I know nothing about it! You are playing some game with me, surely. The Field Marshal must have his little joke . . .

SUVOROV: Don't play the buffoon. Prokhor here says that you questioned him about the plans.

VOGEL: Ha-ha! This is a conspiracy! You are all in league against me! He is a common mujik, a drunkard!

DUBASOV: Ah, you would deny it, would you?

SUVOROV: Silence, Prokhor. *(To Vogel)* You say you know nothing about the plans, that you never laid hands on them?

VOGEL: Certainly not. Never.

SUVOROV: But you were seen putting them back in the dispatch case.

VOGEL: Who says so?

SUVOROV *(pointing to Stepanida)*: She.

STEPANIDA: Yes, I saw you, and no use your denying it.

SUVOROV *(to Stepanida)*: Silence. *(To Vogel)* What have you to say now?

VOGEL: But this is ridiculous! Whose word do you take? A common wench, a peddlar. I am of noble birth. You must take my word! You must believe me! *(Rushes over to the crucifix.)* I swear by all that is sacred!

SUVOROV: This is no time for comedy. I speak to you for the last time.

VOGEL: Ah, but now I understand! At last I see a glimmer of light! You allude to a book, a small book . . . that lay in the dispatch case . . . with letters from your daughter . . . Yes, yes, now I recall . . . . there was an occasion . . . I took a book, that or some other I cannot say . . . But it was all for the sake of the chronicle . . . Splendid words, written by the hands of the Field Marshal himself!

SUVOROV: I see. So you handed these splendid words over to the enemy?

VOGEL: What are you saying, why . . .

SUVOROV *(takes a letter from his pocket)*: Here.

VOGEL: What is that?

SUVOROV: The second message you dispatched. Our men unfortunately failed to intercept the first.

(Silence)

Well, what have you to say now? *(After a pause, to Dubasov)* Call in the soldiers.

Dubasov exits.

VOGEL *(crying out)*: What are you going to do?

(No one speaks.)

Why are you silent?

(All is still.)

Why do you look at me thus? . . . I read evil intent in your eyes . . . *(Falls on his knees before the crucifix.)*

SUVOROV: You have yourself to blame.

VOGEL *(crawling over the floor to Suvorov. Weeping)*: Dear God, but it was all a joke, a lark, a foolish blunder . . . I am guilty, yes. But I am so young . . .

(Enter Dubasov followed by soldiers.)

No! No! Not that! I shall tell you everything! The Austrians are not our allies. They are our bitterest foes! They are seeking your defeat. They it was who told the French . . .

SUVOROV: Take him away!

VOGEL: But you cannot deal thus with me! I have influential friends at Court. The Secret Chamber will support me . . . they will bring you to account for this . . . Ah, remember the services I have done you! Was it not I who brought the dispatch from the Emperor? . . . The Emperor, I know, would not have been so merciless with me. The Emperor would have pardoned me.

SUVOROV: True, the Emperor might have . . .

VOGEL: Then the Field Marshal will be merciful, too! This is a ray of hope for me . . . Your hand, my benefactor, your hand. I believe . . . I know . . . I can hope . . . What happiness! *(Soldiers raise Vogel to his feet. He is led away, weeping and bowing. Dubasov brings up the rear.)*

SUVOROV: Prokhor!

Dubasov returns.

Bury the body simply. No cross on the grave.

Dubasov exit.

SUVOROV *(to Bagration)*: Examine the chronicle and burn it.

MILORADOVICH: Tfui . . . 'twas like a horrible dream.

SAMSONOV: A vile business . . .

SUVOROV *(to Bagration)*: There can be no mercy in such cases. To destroy one such life, is to save the lives of thousands.

BAGRATION: That is so, Alexander Vasilych, but our position remains as critical as it was. The scoundrels have done their evil work. Korsakov is smashed. And we are on the brink of disaster.

A shot. Pause.

SUVOROV: That is over . . .

Stepanida crosses herself and exits. Silence

SUVOROV: Generals! I am issuing the order to advance!

BAGRATION: Advance! Where? How?

SUVOROV: To advance over the Devil's Bridge and attack the enemy army!

BAGRATION: But surely it is impossible?

SAMSONOV: Certain disaster.

SUVOROV: We have no alternative. There is none left with whom to join forces. Our retreat has been cut off by the French. Are we then to remain here and defend ourselves? Yes, but how long can we hold out? No, there is but one thing to be done—we must break through!

SAMSONOV: Alexander Vasilych . . . Of course, of course . . . you are right . . . But how are we to break through? Can an army make its way over deer tracks?

SUVOROV: Where the deer treads, there also the Russian soldier can tread, and where the deer fears to tread—there, too, the Russian soldiers will pass.

SAMSONOV: But think of the state they are in, these soldiers.

Scene Seven: "Devil's Bridge" *Staged by the Smolensk Theater*

Frozen to the marrow, hungry, drunk for lack of sleep . . . Even were they to launch the attack, nature is against us! Look at these rocks and crags and behind each one a French soldier! We will be shot down to the last man. We will perish in the mountains.

BAGRATION *(thoughtfully)*: It is not within man's power to do everything . . . I know these mountains. It is not likely we shall be able to break through.

SUVOROV: No, Prince Peter, you are wrong. You have learned much from me, and now let this be your final lesson. There are battles that are fought according to all the rules: there are great and arduous campaigns. But there are moments when men are inspired, when human courage and human will can sweep everything from its path! At such moments man shines with celestial light. At such moments he is capable of performing miracles . . . And for such moments as these it is worth living! *(Draws himself to his full height. His eyes shine. A new radiance lights up his face. He is a changed man.)* That moment has arrived, Prince Peter! We are about to come to grips with Death itself. And generations to come will marvel at the deeds of which men are capable! Men can attain to summits of greatness of which we do not even dream . . . Today our Russian eagles will soar higher than the Roman eagles! Let the offensive begin. General Bagration! Take over command of the advance column!

BAGRATION: I thank you, Alexander Vasilych!

SUVOROV: Your path lies toward the summit of the mountain. From there the bridge must be stormed.

BAGRATION: I am ready, sir!

SUVOROV: Miloradovich! Your unit will follow.

MILORADOVICH: Sleep is gone!

SUVOROV: You will march along the bank of the river on the side of the gorge and strike at the left flank.

MILORADOVICH: Ready, sir!

Bagration and Miloradovich exeunt.

SAMSONOV: And I?

SUVOROV: You remain here. Anon you will advance with your unit.

Pause. Then the blare of trumpets magnified by the mountain echo. Samsonov rushes over to the window. Suvorov passes his hand over his face, and drops weakly onto a bench.

SUVOROV: The ordeal is great . . . Will we withstand it?

SAMSONOV: Alexander Vasilych! They're off! There they go! The French have opened fire! Our men are marching forward!

SUVOROV *(attempts to rise, but drops back onto the bench)*: Yes, yes! Go on! . . .

SAMSONOV: The mountains are stained with Russian blood. But we are marching onward, onward! Bagration has broken through . . . Ah, splendid, splendid! Oh, if I were only with them . . .

SUVOROV: Go on! . . . Go on! . . .

SAMSONOV: Our troops are pushing forward . . . some fall . . . but the rest press on . . . The enemy firing has subsided somewhat. Is it possible that we shall break through? Ah, there goes Miloradovich and his men . . . Our troops are approaching the bridge.

SUVOROV: If we take the bridge, victory is ours!

SAMSONOV: The French are nowhere in sight . . . Our men are advancing steadily . . . They have reached the bridge . . . Now they have halted!

SUVOROV *(jumps up)*: Halted?

The same instant the air is rent by a terrific explosion. Pause.

SAMSONOV: Devil's Bridge has been blown up!

Suvorov dashes over to the window.

SUVOROV: God help us . . . What can we do now?

OFFICER *(running in)*: Devil's Bridge has been blown up!

SOLDIERS *(running in)*: Devil's Bridge has been blown up!

STEPANIDA *(running in)*: The bridge . . . the bridge is gone!

SAMSONOV: 'Tis all over with us.

SUVOROV *(to himself)*: Has all that bloodshed been in vain? My brain is in a whirl. What is to be done? . . . What is to be done? . . The bridge! The bridge! *(Pause. Then with sudden resolve)* Aha, I have it! I have it! Follow me, all of you! *(Strides over to the door.)*

SAMSONOV: Where are you going, Alexander Vasilych?

SUVOROV: To take the hut apart and carry the logs to a bridge!

All follow Suvorov. Stepanida blows out the candle and follows the rest. The hut stands empty. There is a faint glimmer of light at the window. A pause. Then suddenly there is a loud noise, as the soldiers, officers, and generals take the hut apart. First the ceiling is torn down. The logs crash to the floor one after another. A patch of sky is revealed through the aperture. Logs continue to fall. The hut is quickly dismantled. The work proceeds at a good pace, the exhausted, worn-out men working with renewed energy and enthusiasm. The patch of sky grows rapidly and now the outlines of the crags are visible.

VOICES: Ei, ukhnem! Ei, ukhnem! Seize that log! Use your broadsword!

Hey. Watch out there! Watch out!

All together now, all together!
Come on lads, work as they do in Ryazan!
Work as they do in Kaluga!
Work as they do in Tver.

Laughter. The shooting sounds now louder, now more faint.

Begging your pardon, good monks, but we haven't left much of your house!

Now the ceiling and walls are down. The table and benches stand as before. And between the two side walls not yet dismantled there rises a magnificent view of the Alps. Snowcapped peaks stand in solemn majesty touched with gold by the rising sun.

SUVOROV: Upon my soul, this is great! Why, there is sufficient timber here to build a bridge across the ocean!

Soldiers carry out logs, disappear among the crags. Stepanida takes hold of the last log and helps the soldiers.

Stepanidushka, and where may you be bound?

STEPANIDA: Have I not said that I can do as well as any man? *(Exit)*

SUVOROV: There goes a splendid woman! Brave, dependable . . .

DUBASOV *(runs up to Suvorov)*: Not enough rope to bind the logs together.

SUVOROV: True . . . there could not be enough. *(Pauses for a moment, then tears of his sash and hands it to Dubasov.)* Take this and tell all officers in my name to remove their sashes for the same purpose!

Dubasov runs out.

Samsonov!

Samsonov runs up.

Station your unit by the bridge in the gorge . . . Hold! The officers are to cross the bridge first . . .

Samsonov runs out. Pause.

SUVOROV *(looking down)*: A terrible ordeal . . . *(Rolling of drums. Flourish of trumpets. Firing grows tense.)* Forward! Forward! *(Lunges forward himself, staggering. Clutches at his heart and falls. He is caught up and held by strong arms.)* Let me go . . . *(Watches battle down below.)* They have halted. Forward! Forward! *(Makes as though to run, but he is held back. Again he gazes intently downward.)* Soldiers, officers, forward! My good lads, my stout fellows . . . And is that Stepanida with them? Brave woman! There they go! . . .

Loud cheers sound from behind the rocks, shouts of "Hurrah" *as the soldiers rush down the mountainside like an avalanche.*

SUVOROV *(intently following the fight, cries out suddenly)*: Stepanida! *(He draws back, and slowly removes his hat, baring his hoary head. And all around him follow suit. With a rolling of drums the soldiers are seen descending the rocks. Dubasov runs in. He stops in front of Suvorov but cannot say a word.*

SUVOROV *(steps forward and embraces Dubasov)*: We are orphans again, Prosha, you and I . . .

Dubasov exits weeping. Orderly runs in.

ORDERLY: The enemy flees! General Bagration's troops have crossed Devil's Bridge! Victory is ours!

Thunderous cheers.

SUVOROV: The price is great . . . The deed—glorious! . . .

Flourish of trumpets. Sunrise.

CURTAIN

Scene Eight

FATHERLAND

Village of Kamenka not far from St. Petersburg. A spring morning. A crowd of smock-clad villagers, men, women and their barefoot children carrying bundles and bags are gathered in the churchyard. They are dressed in their Sunday best. They are all looking up at the bell-tower. Beside the lodge stands the village elder and the priest in a white robe. Along the road outside the churchgates are crowds of peasants. Beyond are green slopes, fences, vegetable gardens with scarecrows. A few bedraggled birches. Beside the bell tower in the foreground, leaning on his stick, is an old white-haired man, a retired soldier, with a medal on his chest. It is Ivan Yegorkin. He wears a solemn, impressive air.

YEGORKIN: Look yonder! Beyond the cow stream!

BELL-RINGER *(speaking from the bell-tower in a nasal twang)*: Naw, ain't no dust to be seen.

YEGORKIN: Sharpen your eyes, man! Look beyond the Balashev fir grove.

BELL-RINGER: Naw, not a speck in sight.

PRIEST ALTHEUS: Lord-a-Mercy.

YEGORKIN: Can you see nowt over by the woods there?

BELL-RINGER: Naw, nothing.

ELDER: Impossible. *(To the priest)* The sun is high in the heavens, the hour is late, his daughter has been waiting with General Kutuzov for well nigh three hours now. They are all but distracted . . . *(Raising his voice)* Father Altheus, is it a dolt you have placed up there in the bell-tower? Or a blind bat, mayhap. He will miss the Field Marshal, he'll miss him sure as a gun! *(Shouts to the bell-ringer)* Don't you dare miss him, you blind devil, or I'll teach you! Well, see anything?

BELL-RINGER: Naw. Naw, nothing.

ELDER. You lie, dog, lout! Wait, I'll climb up there myself!

NASTASYA, A PEASANT WOMAN: He won't miss anything... He's a sharp-eyed one, he is!

ELDER: Hold your tongue, you slut! No one asked you. *(Walks over to the woman.)* And what's this you've got. *(Snatches at her bast-basket.)* Aha, rye cakes . . . Huh, what delicacy for a Field Marshal. And what's this? Why a chicken, a roasted one too! . . . And tarts? They look fine. Very well, I shall be kind and give it all to the Field Marshal myself.

NASTASYA: Ach, kind sir, leave it be! 'Tis not all mine. Aunt Darya and Anyutka put in theirs, too . . .

DARYA: My chicken!

ANYUTKA: Oh, my rye cakes, my rye cakes!

ELDER: Quiet there! I'll attend to all of you! I'll hand all your offerings over to the Field Marshal.

Yegorkin shakes his head and gestures in disgust. The women in the meantime have seized their baskets and bundles and hurried out of the gates. The Elder glances upward, then down at the basket in his hand, and not knowing what to do with it he takes it with him into the bell-tower.

NASTASYA *(wailing)*: Lackaday! And we had cooked and baked. *(Animation in the crowd.)*

VOICES: Hey there, bell-ringer, there's some delicacies coming for you.

Open your mouth wider!

NASTASYA: We meant it all for the Field Marshal . . .

MIKITA BOBYL: The Marshal saw your pie, like the blind man sees the sky.

ANYUTKA: May he choke on my cakes, wretch!

MIKITA BOBYL *(shouting to the bell-ringer)*: Sharpen your eyes, up there, or you'll miss him and God help you then!

BELL-RINGER: Naw, naw. There ain't any dust. I can see the Pustoshensk folk coming out on the high road. And the Balashevsk folk are trailing along. And they're moving this way from Zakharyin. . . .

DARYA *(to her daughter)*: 'Tis a big holiday today, my lass. The whole world is out to meet our Suvorov.

BELL-RINGER: But there aint no dust yet . . .

ELDER *(on the bell-tower, puffing and panting)*: Huh, scoundrel, it is as I said. You've missed them, you scum! Missed them! Dog! Ring! Dog! Ring!

BELL-RINGER: B-but, Your Honor . . . You're looking in the wrong direction. . . . That's from Petersburg . . . The coaches coming this way . . .

ELDER *(sternly)*: From Petersburg, eh? Well, that's just it! You do as I say!

BELL-RINGER: Look, look over there . . . over by Balashevsk . . . the dust is rising . . .

ELDER: Where? I don't see anything. Ring, man, ring!

(Bells ring.)

VOICES: They're coming!

They're coming!

Our little Father Suvorov is coming!

Crowd surges toward the gates.

DARYA'S DAUGHTER *(to Yegorkin)*: Granddad, is it true you've seen Suvorov himself?

YEGORKIN: Seen him? Why, my dear, I fought together with Alexander Vasilych for thirty five years. What a host of towns and fortresses we captured together . . . Okh, my dear, I can't even remember them all. . . . There was Berlin, Frankfurt, Warsaw, the fortress of Turtukai, the Izmail fortress . . . "Easier to bore through the earth, than escape from Suvorov," that's how the enemy sees it!

DARYA'S DAUGHTER: Granddad, and is he big and frightening, the Field Marshal!

YEGORKIN: Alexander Vasilych! *(Laughs)* No, he's not tall. No higher than my shoulder. But you can see him a long way off. You can see our Alexander Vasilych from all corners of the earth . . .

Westfalen runs into the churchyard. He wears a traveling cloak. Behind him are his adjutants.

WESTFALEN: What service is this? Why are the bells being rung? Who has ordered it?

YEGORKIN: We are meeting the Field Marshal Generalissimus, Your Excellency . . .

WESTFALEN: Stop the ringing at once.

ADJUTANTS *(shouting in chorus up to the bell-tower)*: Stop the ringing! *(The bells are silenced.)*

YEGORKIN: But why, why? . . . Your Excellency, think of him whom we are welcoming . . . How can we but rejoice!

WESTFALEN: Take him away!

Adjutants make as if to seize Yegorkin.

YEGORKIN: Hands off! Ivan Yegorkin fought for his country for thirty five years. He has a medal for his services . . . Let me go, let me go . . . Alack!

Adjutants push Yegorkin out of gates.

WESTFALEN: Clear the yard. Lock the gates. Ask General Ku-

tuzov and the ladies to come this way.

The crowd has dispersed and the churchyard is empty. One of the adjutants goes off to carry out Westfalen's orders. The others lock the gates. The Elder with the basket still on his arm appears in the door of the bell-tower. He runs over to Westfalen.

WESTFALEN: And who may you be?

ELDER: I, sir, am the elder, Your Excellency!

WESTFALEN: Hm. This then is how you attend to your duties? You are to blame for this crowd blocking up the road and the squares. What is the occasion for this demonstration. Who ordered it?

ELDER: Y-y-your Ex-excellency . . . it is a misunderstanding . . . But what can you do with these blockheads of mujiks? They're coming over the highway from all the neighboring villages bringing gifts . . . I don't know what's got into them!

WESTFALEN: Isn't that a gift you've got there yourself? What are you doing with that basket?

ELDER *(hides the basket behind his back)*: Y y-your Excellency . . . Your Highness . . . It is a mistake . . . I am not guilty, as heaven is my witness, I am not guilty! *(Throws the basket away.)*

PRIEST ALTHEUS: Lord-a-Mercy!

WESTFALEN *(to the Elder)*: Listen, fellow, there is to be no fuss. The Field Marshal must not be permitted to enter the square. The coaches will drive straight into the yard. The people must be cleared out. The Field Marshal will not stay the night here. He will rest for a while in the priest's house, and when the people have dispersed, he will continue his journey. Understand?

ELDER: Yes, sir. It shall be as you say, Your Excellency.

The gate opens and Kutuzov appears with Natasha, Suvorov's daughter, Sofya and Karetnikova, Sofya's mother. Sofya is in mourning.

WESTFALEN *(to the village elder)*: Now then, look lively!

Elder disappears through the gate.

WESTFALEN *(assuming an enchanting smile, and stretching out his hand)*: At last, Natalya Alexandrovna, at last, my dear! Your father will be here very soon! He is approaching this picturesque village now. I await this happy meeting with great agitation!

NATALYA: But why here, General? The people wait outside the square . . .

WESTFALEN: My dear Natalya Alexandrovna, you speak like a child . . . Your father is tired. This arduous campaign has undermined his health. He is ailing. He must be kept away from the people. The people will merely excite him. Alexander Vasilych must be protected from all such agitation. He must have rest and quiet.

NATALYA: But where can he rest here? . . . There is a bed and a meal prepared for him at the hostel . . . No, General! Alexander Vasilych will not thank you for this!

WESTFALEN: But surely you must understand . . .

KUTUZOV: Don't be a child, Natasha! *(Takes her arm)* General Westfalen has never done anything for no reason at all. He will not go unrewarded.

WESTFALEN: Mikhail Illarionovich! I might reply in kind . . . But I prefer not to. At such a moment, I shall not stop to vulgar bickering!

KUTUZOV (*to Natalya*): You are tired, Natasha. Let us stand in the shade.

Kutuzov leads Natasha away. They sit down on a grassy bank some distance away. A hubbub of voices, shouts and commotion issues from the other side of the fence.

WESTFALEN (*to Sofya, nodding after Kutuzov*): A petty man.

SOFYA (*softly*): I do not know him to be such . . .

KARETNIKOVA: The Emperor does not favor him. He has reasons for that. He is uncouth and crude in manner . . .

SOFYA: Enough, Maman, 'tis hard as it is . . .

WESTFALEN (*after a pause*): Poor Sofya! Such a misfortune to have befallen you . . . (*Pause*) And what a bitter disappointment . . . in store . . . (*A pause*) disillusionment in the man in whom you placed your trust.

SOFYA: Of whom do you speak? I do not understand . . .

WESTFALEN: My poor Sofya, you loved him, you respected him so much . . .

SOFYA: Who? You allude to Michel? Disillusionment, you say? But he died the death of a hero! Speak, I beg you . . .

WESTFALEN: I shall be frank . . . (*Pause*) It was not the hand of Fate nor a chance bullet that caused the death of Mikhail. (*Pause*) He whom you honored as your best friend, he to whom Michel was so selflessly, so sacredly devoted . . .

SOFYA: God! What are you saying?

KARETNIKOVA: Do you mean to say that Michel's death is the work of . . .

An adjutant approaches Westfalen.

ADJUTANT: Your Excellency. The Generalissimus is approaching. The coaches are close by.

The excitement outside the gates rises.

The crowd from the square has moved this way. Impossible to disperse them . . .

WESTFALEN: Don't open the gates! Let the coach stop outside on the road and the Field Marshal can walk in through the wicket.

Shouts of acclaim. Joyful exclamations. Caps fly into the air. The roof of a coach and a coachman sitting on the box are visible above the fence. The Adjutant salutes and dashes off. Kutuzov and Natalya hurry to the wicket.

WESTFALEN (*takes Sofya's arm*): Calm, calm, my friend!

The wicket opens. The adjutants and the elders hold back the crowd. Suvorov, leaning on Bagration and Dubasov, enters the yard. The gate is slammed. Natalya rushes over to Suvorov.

NATALYA: Papa!

SUVOROV (*embracing his daughter*): Natashenka . . . Suvorochka . . . My little daughter, my darling . . . (*Kisses her*) My child . . .

Kutuzov and Bagration embrace.

BAGRATION: We have foreseen all this . . . Just wait a while—I'll tell you things . . .

KUTUZOV: Fate has brought us together again . . . Thank God . . . How is Alexander Vasilych? His health?

SUVOROV: Mikhail Illarionovich! Misha! Come over and let me look at you!

KUTUZOV: At last, at last!

Kutuzov strides over to Suvorov who embraces him. The commotion behind the fence does not subside. Westfalen approaches Suvorov.

WESTFALEN: Congratulations on your glorious homecoming, Alexander Vasilych! Bravo! Bravo!

SUVOROV: Ah, greetings, greetings, Westfalen. *(Notices Sofya. Softly)* Sofya, Sofyushka . . . How did he die? *(After a pause)* Sofyushka . . . *(Pause)* He proved to be unworthy . . .

SOFYA *(hysterically)*: Speak! Speak! Don't spare me!

SUVOROV: He betrayed our country . . . *(Pause)* There can be no clemency for such a crime!

Sofya cries out.

KARETNIKOVA: He . . . He . . . murdered the baron! Cruel, heartless man!

Westfalen takes Sofya's arm.

SUVOROV *(to Karetnikova)*: You are a stupid woman!

SOFYA *(to Suvorov)*: You've murdered him . . . God will not forgive you!

KARETNIKOVA: None shall forgive you!

SUVOROV: Think what you are saying, Sofyushka . . .

Westfalen leads Sofya aside. Karetnikova hastens to join them. Suvorov closes his eyes and sways. Natasha supports him.

SUVOROV: Never mind, little daughter . . . it is nothing . . . nothing.

KARETNIKOVA *(to Westfalen.)*: The brand of shame . . . Oh God! This is the end. Everyone will turn from us . . . Sofyushka will be received no more at Court . . .

WESTFALEN: Calm yourself, Madam. The name your daughter bears will be unstained.

The hubbub outside grows. The people are hammering at the gates.

SUVOROV: Open the gates . . . Let them in.

Dubasov and Bagration rush forward to comply. Leaving Sofya supported by the adjutants, Westfalen hurried forward.

WESTFALEN: Stop! General Bagration! *(Approaches Suvorov)* Alexander Vasilych! Your health does not allow you to excite yourself. The people will agitate you.

BAGRATION: General, the physicians show less concern than you!

WESTFALEN: The Emperor has no faith in medicine. *(Pause)* Alexander Vasilych *(hesitates, searches for the suitable words)* do you not deem it more expedient for your health . . . for your peace of mind to reach Petersburg . . . without any fuss . . . without commotion . . . at night?

SUVOROV: At night? But God bless my soul, you must be mad, Westfalen! I . . . enter the city stealthily at the dead of night? . . . Never!

WESTFALEN: 'Tis a pity! For our sovereign the Emperor feels that it would be best for you to do so.

SUVOROV: Ah, so that is it!

KUTUZOV: Don't you see, Alexander Vasilych, what pains the Emperor is taking to ensure you peace and quiet?

WESTFALEN *(to Suvorov)*: Your arrival has caused a sensation everywhere! All along your route you have permitted crowds to gather. The peasants meet you with bread and salt . . . What occasion is there for rejoicing?

KUTUZOV: What occasion? Any child can tell you that.

WESTFALEN: The Emperor is highly displeased. And if you do not wish to understand this yourself, it is my sacred duty . . .

Scene Eight: "Fatherland" *Staged by the Moscow Red Army Theater*

KUTUZOV: Ah, General, you have always been so scrupulous about your duty!

Shouts, commotion. The gates creak under the pressure of the people. Some begin to climb the fence. Westfalen rushes to the gates. His adjutants are beside him. Suvorov leans on Kutuzov and Bagration with an arm about the shoulder of each.

SUVOROV: You two alone are left . . . My only hope is in you . . . I am old . . . very old . . . Should my country, my fatherland be in danger . . . Should the enemy seek to encroach upon our soil . . . you must rise to her defense. I know I can depend upon you. You will be able to uphold the honor and the glory of our land. The people will be grateful. And the gratitude of the people . . . *(The gates are down. The crowd surges into the yard.)* There, that is the highest reward! *(And Suvorov stretches out his arms.)*

The people run toward him, sweeping the Elder, Westfalen and his adjutants, Karetnikova and Sofya from their path. Ivan Yegorkin is in the foreground. Shouting: "Alexander Vasilych, Little Father," *he throws himself onto Suvorov's neck.)*

PRIEST ALTHEUS *(poking his head out of the lodge)*: Lord-a-mercy. *(Disappears.)*

The people surround Suvorov. General animation. Suddenly a bell starts ringing, timidly and uncertainly.

MIKITA BOBYL *(shouting up to the bell-tower)*: That's it! Ring out! Peal the bells! Let them ring for all they're worth!

Loud pealing of bells.

CURTAIN

Scene Nine

SUVOROV LIVES

A light, spacious room. A couch, an oval table and a chair are its sole furnishings. Through the window one can see the roofs of Petersburg. It is a bright day in May. On the couch, covered with a woolen blanket, lies Suvorov. The room is hushed. Suvorov is suddenly taken with a violent fit of coughing which leaves him exhausted. The room is hushed once more.

Enter Natasha.

NATASHA: Did you call me, Papa!

SUVOROV *(after a pause)*: No, little daughter . . . But now that you have come, you might adjust the blanket.

NATASHA *(adjusts blanket and pillows)*: And now we shall take our medicine.

SUVOROV: Oh, no, we shan't.

NATASHA *(seating herself on the edge ot the couch)*: You are such a difficult patient, Papa. *(Pause)* You will heed no one. No one at all. Doctor Weikart has been complaining about you. And even Prokhor said he cannot do anything with you. *(Pause)* Drink your mixture, please do . . . *(takes up the bottle and pours some mixture into a spoon)*. You must, Papa, you must really.

SUVOROV *(swallows it)*: Ugh, it's bitter stuff . . .

NATASHA: Doctor Weikart said that mud baths would do you good.

SUVOROV *(with spirit)*: Nay, not for me! Let the healthy idlers and the gouty gamblers wallow about in mud. But I am really sick. For me the village, the hut and the wooden bathhouse is the best cure. *(Coughs)* For me some gruel with a tumbler of kvas!

NATASHA: What ideas you have, Papa!

SUVOROV: I am a soldier, don't forget!

NATASHA: A soldier should obey orders. But what's the use, you won't listen to reason. *(Rises to go.)*

SUVOROV: Natashenka . . . You are not annoyed with me really. The wicked goat will come and butt little angry Natasha with his horns. Do not be angry . . . *(Pause)* The nasty cough, the fever, old wounds that have reopened—all that is nothing . . . *(Pause)* Come closer, my brave general . . . Ah, how the years have flown! You are quite grown-up already. And is it so long ago that I dandled my little Suvorochka on my knee and told her stories . . . Remember . . . about the Baba-Yaga, Vasilisa the Wise and the Priest with the Envious Eyes.

NATASHA *(sitting down on the couch)*: Yes, yes . . . I remember . . . Nurse told me stories, too, but yours were always better . . . I remember you would finish your story and I would ask you to begin all over again! How annoyed you used to be, and how much I enjoyed it!

SUVOROV: Yes . . . All that is gone and forgotten . . . Stories of another kind come to one's mind now . . .

NATASHA: What stories, Papa?

SUVOROV: Oh, all sorts . . . Shall I tell you one . . . Only on one condition.

NATASHA: What condition?

SUVOROV: That you will be a good girl and not bother your old father with these stupid medicines . . . And my story . . . *(A pause)* my story is sad, as sad as

can be . . . *(Pause)* Once upon a time there lived a soldier. He loved his people, his native land as he loved life, as he loved the light of the sun. For half a century he protected his country from enemies . . . and he never lost a single battle . . . But there came a time when he, too, was, beaten . . .

Silence.

NATASHA: You have grown old, dear papa . .

SUVOROV: Thus life has gone by . . . There it is . . . I can see it as though t'were in the palm of my hand . . . Warsaw . . . Izmail . . . The Alps . . .

NATASHA: Yes, hardships, trials . . . You never spared yourself . . . But what did you get in return?

Suvorov is silent.

SUVOROV: All my life was spent in pursuit of glory . . . Vanity! Peace is only there—near the throne of the Almighty.

Silence. A knock at the door, followed by the sound of voices.

DUBASOV *(entering)*: Someone has come to see you, Alexander Vasilych.

NATASHA: The physician?

SUVOROV *(in a conspirative whisper)*: Don't let him in! Say I am asleep . . .

DUBASOV: It isn't the doctor . . . A count of some kind. From the Emperor. Wishes to talk with you.

SUVOROV *(starts up)*: Ah! I am ready. *(Dubasov exit.)* Natashenka . . . Hand me my uniform . . . I must dress . . .

NATASHA: But Papa! The doctor said you were not to move.

SUVOROV *(raises himself on his elbows)*: So I am not beaten, yet! They remember I am still alive! They have need of me.

Enter Kutaisov. He is dressed in a Maltese uniform, with a blue riband across the shoulder. He bows low.

SUVOROV: Greetings, greetings . . . Natashenka, leave us, my dear. *(Exit Natasha.)* You wish to speak to me. I am ready. Proceed.

Scene Nine: "Suvorov Lives" *Staged by the Moscow Red Army Theater*

KUTAISOV *(coughs)*: His Majesty the Emperor has ordered me to convey this message to you. It has reached the knowledge of His Imperial Majesty that during the period of your command in foreign lands you had in your suite a general who was called General-on-duty in violation of army regulations. His Imperial Majesty orders you to inform him what moved you do this.

SUVOROV *(in a dead voice, after a pause)*: So. Anything else?

KUTAISOV: Yes. Also that you permitted acts which go far beyond the regulations contained in the imperial statute.

SUVOROV: And who may you be?

KUTAISOV: I? *(haughtily)* Count Kutaisov!

SUVOROV: Kutaisov! Count Kutaisov? Bless my soul, never heard of you . . . What are your duties?

KUTAISOV: I am the Lord Steward of His Imperial Majesty's Court.

SUVOROV: Yes, but what were you before?

KUTAISOV: Chief master of the hunt.

SUVOROV: And before that?

KUTAISOV: Equerry.

SUVOROV: No, before that, much before that. *(Kutaisov is silent.)* Come, come, don't be ashamed, speak up.

KUTAISOV *(through clenched teeth)*: Valet.

SUVOROV: So, so . . . *(Pause)* And what are your military services? What campaigns, what battles have you fought?

Kutaisov is silent.

SUVOROV *(raising himself on his elbows knocks with his fist on the wall)*: Prokhor! *(Enter Dubasov.)* Prokhor, feast your eyes on this fine gentleman! He has been master of the hunt, master of the horse, master of this and master of that . . . and now he's climbed up to the rank of Count. You and I, fools that we were, roamed over the face of the earth, exposing ourselves to bullets and cannon balls, and all this while he was crawling his way up. See, there is a star on his chest. They send him on errands to Suvorov himself. When I die, Prokhor, you must find a comfortable position for yourself. Who knows, maybe you, too, will find yourself a Count one day. *(Pause)* But no, I fear not! I never taught you to scratch my soles, and then, you're just a drunken sot . . . Nothing can come of you. Go along. Nay, wait. See the gentlemen out. *(Pause)*

KUTAISOV *(darkly)*: What message shall I convey to the Emperor?

SUVOROV *(jerkily)*: You may say . . . Suvorov is dead.

KUTAISOV: What?

SUVOROV: Tell him Suvorov is dead.

KUTAISOV: I . . . I do not understand. You please to jest.

SUVOROV: Do as you are told.

KUTAISOV *(dazed)*: Yes sir! *(Bows and exits followed by Dubasov.)*

Suvorov sinks back exhausted on his pillows. He closes his eyes. A hush falls over the room. Somewhere from afar comes the rolling of drums, drawing nearer and nearer. Then the band strikes up a military march, strident and stimulating. The march that was heard on the streets of Berlin when the Russian soldiers marched in, the march that was played in the early dawn under the walls of Izmail. The march that cheered the Russian warriors under the burning Italian sun. Suvorov starts up and listens intently, a childish joy lights up his face. He throws off the blanket and leaps from his couch. Now he is at the window which he throws wide open. The sounds of the band and the drum

pour into the room. Suvorov stands in the light of the sun, and we see the former Suvorov. He looks down and shouts in a loud voice.

SUVOROV: Hey, you, over there . . . what's your name? . . . Kutaisov! Wait! Kutaisov . . . You may tell the Emperor . . . and let him pass it on to his friend, the German king—that Suvorov lives! You hear? He lives! He lives in every Russian warrior, in every Russian soldier. And he will never die!

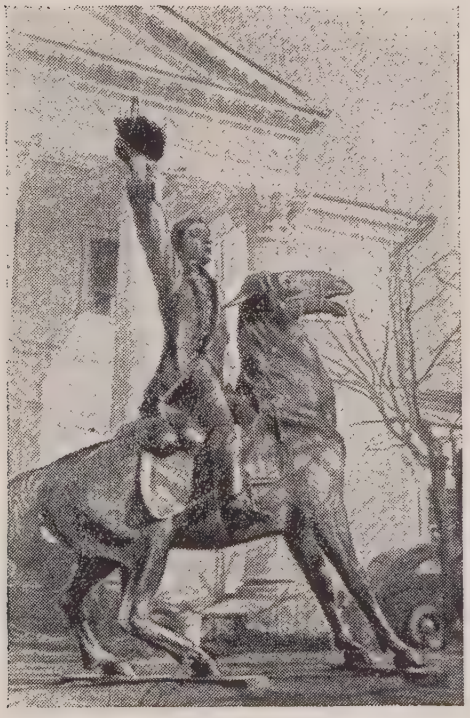
Two doors are flung open and Natasha and Dubasov rush in to the room simultaneously.

You hear! You! Suvorov will never die!

Triumphant march. The drums beat merrily, coming nearer and nearer.

CURTAIN

Translated by Rose Prokofieva



Monument to Field Marshal A. V. Suvorov soon to be erected in city of Izmail. The statue was prepared in 1918 by the Odessa sculptor B. Edvars for Izmail but before it could be raised Bessarabia was seized by Rumania. Now that Bessarabia has been restored to the Soviet Union the statue is to grace the city which was the sight of one of Suvorov's greatest military exploits

CHANG T'IEN-YIH

MR. HUA WEI

If I had cared to look through the family records closely enough, I suppose I might have found that he was a distant relative. But I always called him Mr. Hua Wei. And he objected to this title.

"Brother T'ien-yih, you're too...!" he said. "Why is it you always call me 'Mister'? You should call me 'Brother Wei,' or, if you like, 'my Wei.'"

Having repeated it to me all over again, he put on his hat and said:

"We shall gossip together some other day, Brother T'ien-yih. I oftentimes wish I might talk with you to my heart's content, but, alas, time never permits. Today, you know, Magistrate Liu wants to see me. He has drawn up an outline of work for the office staff to do after hours and he insists that I give him my advice and correct the draft. Then at three o'clock I must attend a meeting. . . ."

Here he shook his head sorrowfully, and smiled bitterly. He had told me a good many times that it was not the hardships that he could not bear—in wartime everyone must make sacrifices—but, in all justice, one's responsibilities should not exceed the amount of time at one's desposal.

"Mr. Wang, the Committeeman' has sent three telegrams urging me to fly to Chungking for an important official conference. Now, tell me, in God's name, how can I leave my duties?"

Then he shook hands with me hastily and hurried to his private rickshaw.

He always carried his handsome leather portfolio with him and never forgot his stout, pitch-black walking stick. On the finger of his left hand he wore a thick gold wedding ring. And whenever he was smoking a cigar, he would arch the finger with the ring on it, and extend the little finger, as though his hand were an orchid in full bloom.

In our town the rickshaw pullers never went very fast. They always dragged them as though they were taking a stroll after supper. But the private rickshaws were a different matter. Ding dang! Ding dang! Ding dang! They flew like spar-

rows. Lesser folk had to make way for them; wheelbarrows went into the gutters; peddlers hastily pulled back their displays, and the poor pedestrians sought refuge in terror.

The bell on Mr. Hua Wei's rickshaw rang loudly; the stool spokes of the wheels flashed in the sun, and before you could clearly see him he was flown into the distance.

And, according to the statistics of the few national salvation volunteer helpers who were interested in such things, the fastest private rickshaw of them all was that of Mr. Hua Wei.

You see, time was very important to him, as he once told me, in all seriousness.

"I am thinking of cutting down on my sleep. If the day but had more than twenty-four hours! Alas, the national salvation work is so great."

And he would hastily look at his gold watch. Then the muscles in his round face would tighten; his eyebrows knit and his lips purse out. He would take leave as fast as his heels could carry him—he must go to the meeting of the Refugee Relief Association.

He was always late. They had to wait for him everywhere. As he left his rickshaw, he would tap the bell once with his foot—ding!

Then everyone looked at each other. Well, so Mr. Hua Wei has arrived. Some sighed with relief while others pulled long faces and stared stupidly at the door. One fellow even clenched his fists and glared around him as though he wanted to pick a fight.

And there was Mr. Hua Wei. He came in wearing a very solemn expression and walked with heavy deliberate steps. It seems as though all the strain on his face had melted into this awful seriousness. He halted at the door for a moment just so that everyone might have a good look at him—apparently he meant to inspire all with confidence and assurance. He could solve any problem for them. He nodded knowingly to himself, his eyes on the ceiling. Thus he let the humble masses know he recognized their presence.

Complete silence in the room. The discussion was about to begin.

Mr. Hua Wei ceremoniously took a seat in the corner of the room at quite a distance from the chairman's platform. Not a word. He preferred not to be chairman.

"I cannot be chairman," he waved his hand with the cigar held daintily between his fingers. "The Executive Committee of the Workers' National Salvation Association is holding its meeting today, and then there is a discussion meeting of the Popular Literature Study Society. I must be present at both. Besides, I must see how the work is going in the Service Corps for Wounded Soldiers. You well know, I am sure, that my manifold duties completely occupy the limited time at my disposal. Actually I have but ten minutes to spend with you here. I cannot be chairman. I propose Comrade Liu as chairman."

As he finished speaking, his face smiled and he tapped the arm of his chair with his gold ring.

While the chairman proceeded with his report to the Committee Mr. Hua Wei was busy relighting his cigar. He seemed quite preoccupied—as though he were counting.

"I have a proposal to make!" he called out loudly. "Our time is very precious and I propose that the chairman make his report as brief and concise as possible. He shall be allowed but two more minutes."

He busied himself with his cigar and his watch and at the end of the two minutes he rose suddenly

and waved his hand at the perplexed chairman.

"Enough, enough. Although the chairman has not yet finished his report, I understand the essentials clearly. Now, I must hurry on to another meeting, but I wish to make a few suggestions before I leave."

Then a long pause. After a few thoughtful puffs on his cigar, he glanced at the audience.

"My suggestions are very brief. There are but two points I wish to make." Then he smacked his lips. "The first point concerns sabotage. I must urge everyone to work with the utmost energy. I shall not over-emphasize this point. All of you are good people and enthusiastic in your work. I thank you very much. But there is another point which you must constantly bear in mind. This is my second point."

Then he drew twice on the cigar and the smoke rolled slowly down out of his mouth. He lighted another match.

"The second point is the need of direction and guidance. You young people need guidance! The national salvation work can be performed well only where there is good direction. You young people are very enthusiastic in your work; but you lack experience, and so it is very easy for you to make mistakes. If there is no direction and guidance for you, the results can only be hopelessly bad."

He hastily scanned the faces of his audience and the strain on his face seemed to abate. He smiled. Then he went on.

"I can be very frank with all of you, young comrades. I need use no hypocritical ceremony. Indeed, all of us are engaged in the national salvation work and ceremony is not required. I thank you for that. That's all I have to say to you today. Sorry, I must get along."

So he put on his hat and took up the portfolio and the stick and after looking at the ceiling for a moment and nodding to himself several times he strode out, his belly projecting out well in front.

But when he reached the door, it seemed that he had forgotten something he had wanted to say. So he called over the chairman, whispered in his ear:

"Do you feel there is any sabotage in the work?"

"I . . . I was just going to report that we . . ."

Mr. Hua Wei pointed at the chairman's chest with his thick forefinger.

"Well, well. I know, I know that. I've no time to talk with you now. Later on, whenever you hit upon a plan, you can call on me and I will discuss it with you."

One young man sitting nearby heard the conversation and then he could keep silent no longer.

"We called on you three times last Wednesday and you were out every time . . ."

Mr. Hua Wei scarcely glanced at him as he said through his nose, "Well, many things engage my attention." Then he went on whispering to the chairman.

"In case you find that I am not at home, you had better discuss the matter with Miss Huang. Miss Huang knows my policy. She can tell you what to do."

Miss Huang, you see, was his wife. But he always referred to her as Miss Huang before other people.

Having settled all these problems, he stepped into his rickshaw and was borne to the meeting of the Popular Literature Study Society. He found here that the discussion had already begun and someone was talking. He seated himself, lighted his cigar again and then tapped loudly on the chair arm three times to show his irritation.

"Mr. Chairman!" he called out, "I must hurry on to another meeting today and so I cannot remain with you very long. I have some suggestions to make and I want to state them before I have to go."

Then he offered the Society two opinions. First, he pointed out that all the members present were cultural workers and that since cultural work was very important at the moment, all must work hard. In the second place, he said, that all cultural workers must have direction so that they may be better unified, and greater solidarity is thus achieved.

At 5.45 he went on to the meeting room of the Workers' National Salvation Association.

This time his round face beamed and he even nodded to one person.

"Sorry, very sorry. I have missed three-quarters of the meeting."

The chairman smiled to him. And Mr. Hua Wei hung his tongue out of his mouth as though he were a naughty urchin before a severe mother. He looked around at the audience for awhile and then he chose a seat beside a little man wearing a mustache.

With a nervous and solemn air he whispered to his neighbor: "Did you get drunk last night?"

"Thanks to God, I only got a little tipsy. How about you?"

"As for me, I should not have drunk those last three cups." He spoke in great seriousness, "Especially that Shansi wine. You can't drink much of that. But Magistrate Liu forced me to drink—alas, I fell asleep as soon as I reached home. Miss Huang said that she would have to settle accounts with Magistrate Liu for making me drunk. Just think of that!"

Then he opened his portfolio and taking out a slip of paper hurriedly wrote a few words and handed it to the chairman.

"Please wait for a minute," the chairman interrupted the speaker. "Mr. Hua Wei has to leave on other business. He must give us his advice first."

After nodding his head several times, Mr. Hua Wei stood up.

"Mr. Chairman!" A bow of his back. "Ladies and gentlemen!" Another low bow. "I beg your pardon. I came late and now must leave early . . ."

Then he made his suggestions; he stressed that this Executive Committee was the leading group in the city and that it must always give direction and guidance to the work of other societies.

He further explained that the masses were very confused, especially today. If "we" do not give direction and guidance then the future will be very black. In fact, every part of the national salvation work needed leadership and "our" burden was really very heavy, indeed, but "we" did not fear hardship and so we must shoulder the burden.

He reiterated this importance of having leaders and direction. And then he put on his hat and left for another meeting.

Every day he was thus engaged, going from meeting to meeting or attending dinner parties.

Whenever I met Mrs. Hua Wei, she would complain of her poor husband's innumerable duties:

"The poor man! It is a great pity. He is so busy that he does not even have time to take his meals."

"Could he not drop some of the work and just concentrate on one job?" I asked her.

"How could he do such a thing? All the work needs his guidance, you know."

On one occasion, however, Mr. Hua Wei received a shock. The women of the city had organized a War Orphan Relief Committee

and they did not ask him to give guidance or direction. As soon as he learned who the sponsors were, he brought them to his house and said:

"I know that you have organized a committee. I think you should select a few more members."

When he saw them hesitating, he added:

"I am wondering whether your committee can direct its work. Can you assure me that there are no elements wishing to sabotage the work of the committee? Can you guarantee that you will not make any mistakes? Can you? If you can, then sign your guarantee on this paper. Later on when you make mistakes, you yourselves shall be held responsible."

Then he made haste to declare that all this was not his own idea, of course. He only executed the will of the public. Pointing his fingers at the chairman's chest, he said:

"If you cannot do what I have just said, then yours is not a legal organization."

Having expressed himself in this manner two or three times to the committee, he was made a member of the War Orphan Relief Committee. And so at every meeting of the committee, Mr. Hua Wei was present for five minutes, spoke a few words, and then mounted his rickshaw with his portfolio and his stick, and rode away.

One day he invited me to dinner at his house because he said someone had given him a present of winter salted pork. When I arrived I saw that he had lost his temper with two young students.

"Why did you not attend the meeting? Why?" he was howling. "I told you to force some of your friends to go there with you. But when I got onto the platform to make my speech—you! you were absent! I wonder what in hell you were doing!"

"I was at the meeting of the newly-organized Society for Education of Refugees," one said.

Mr. Hua Wei jumped up in consternation.

"What! What is that? A newly-organized Society for Education of Refugees! Why haven't they told me? Why wasn't I informed?"

"We had decided to invite you. But then whenever we came to your house you were out."

"Enough! You plot against me!" He glared at his guests. "Tell me truthfully what the purpose of your society is. Now tell me the truth!"

This made them angry and they said: "What do you mean by speaking to us in such a manner? We're all citizens of China. What do you mean by secret plotting? You never attend a meeting on time. You never stay through a meeting. When we call on you, you are always out. We cannot stop our work just on your account!"

Mr. Hua Wei flung his cigar on the floor and beat the table with a heavy fist—bung!

"You, scoundrels!" He clenched his teeth, his lips trembling. "Be careful! You—You!" Then he threw himself on the sofa, cursing, "You goddamned dirty dogs!"

Five minutes passed and then he timidly raised his head and looked up. The two men had gone. He uttered a deep sigh and said to me:

"Ai yah, to think, brother T'ien-yih, what the modern youth is like! Just look at them!"

That evening he drank too much wine, and he cursed the two unfortunate students. He became so violent he broke a teacup. As Miss Huang supported him on his way to bed he suddenly shuddered:

"There's another meeting at noon tomorrow . . ."

Leninism Gains World-Wide Recognition

"There are men whose significance is out of the reach of human words," Maxim Gorky said in his speech at the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. And, indeed, although the greatest writers of our epoch have, time and again, groped for the words that would define Lenin's significance for humanity, none has fully succeeded as yet.

Some writers have tried to convey Lenin's greatness and the immensity of the tasks he accomplished by means of drawing a parallel between Lenin's work and the work of great men of the past. Bernard Shaw compared him to George Washington, Romain Rolland to Julius Caesar, Henri Barbusse to the leaders of the Great French Revolution, the creators of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, Ralph Fox to Lincoln and Cromwell, and, finally, Emil Ludwig to Peter I. Yet none of these comparisons enables us to fathom the *entire* greatness of Lenin's genius which surpassed that of the titans of thought and action. The worth of all such comparisons was brilliantly summed up by Stalin who said to Emil Ludwig:

"As to Lenin and Peter the Great, the latter was but a drop in the sea—Lenin was a whole ocean."

If we are to search the past for a titanic hero who might be placed alongside of Lenin, the only name that suggests itself is the one mentioned by Gorky—that of Prometheus.

"The folklore of our days," Maxim Gorky said in his report at the First Congress of Soviet Writers, "has exalted Lenin as a mythological hero of antiquity, and has placed him on a par with Prometheus." Maximilian Harden also came close to the truth when he spoke of Lenin as "a genius of Promethean daring." Lenin, however, was not only a Prometheus unbound. He was a Prometheus who brought freedom to the peoples inhabiting one sixth of the earth, and who pointed out to all the other peoples the real and the shortest route towards the attainment of freedom.

More than seventy years have passed since Lenin was born. These years coincide with the era of the progressing decline of capitalism. Lenin was one year old when, for the first time in the history of mankind, the rule of the exploiters was overthrown by the proletariat; the fires of the Paris Commune—that prototype of the dictatorship of the proletariat—illumined Lenin's path, as he emerged into manhood. True, the hirelings of the French bourgeoisie succeeded in putting out the beckoning flame lit by the Paris Communards. But its spark continued to smolder, awaiting the appearance of a leader worthy of the

working class and of its great mission in history, and capable of fanning that spark into the fire of the Socialist world revolution.

Lenin was that leader—Lenin, the continuator of the work of his great teachers, Marx and Engels, the successor to the cause of the heroic Paris Communards, and the man who embodied the finest aspirations of the great revolutionary democrats of Russia—Hertzen, Belinsky, Chernyshevsky.

In the speech mentioned above, Gorky spoke of men who have shaped history. "Vladimir Ilyich," said Gorky, "is precisely this kind of man—not only for Russia, but for the whole world, for the whole of our planet." At the time few of the Western European intellectuals could grasp the aptness and profundity of these words of Gorky's. And even today, as Martin Andersen Nexö has justly remarked, most of "the creative spirits of Western Europe, whether in the sphere of art, literature or science, are still unable to grasp the tremendous significance of Lenin." That significance was grasped, however, by the large masses of the working people everywhere. From the very first days of the October Revolution in 1917, Lenin's name became to them the symbol of the dawn of a new, free and happy life for humanity. Lenin—that was the first word heard by the oppressed and suffering masses who were eager to learn all about what was going on in the distant and unknown Russia. The next word that came to them was—Bolshevik. "Lenin" and "Bolshevik" soon became words of international significance and meaning. In Vsevolod Ivanov's well-known play, *Armored Train 14-69*, there is a remarkable scene showing how the name of Lenin helped to bring together and establish friendship between Siberian partisans and an American soldier whom the interventionists had sent by force to fight against the Soviet workers and peasants, in the interests of the industrial magnates of the U.S.A.

More than twenty years have passed since then. During these years Lenin's name and his doctrine has penetrated all the countries of the world.

Years ago, in the case of Karl Marx, the world bourgeoisie, realizing what a dangerous enemy he represented, had tried to fight his work by a conspiracy of silence. Marx and Engels had to resort to quite a variety of means in order to frustrate this conspiracy. In a later period, the period of the decay of capitalism, the bourgeoisie did not even try to resort to that method of struggle against the new ideologist and leader of the working class—Lenin. The stirring light of the Socialist beacon set up by the October Revolution has penetrated everywhere helping to "organize a *united revolutionary front of the proletarians and of the oppressed nations of all countries against imperialism.*" (Joseph Stalin, *Problems of Leninism*, p. 201.) In the eyes of the working people, the Soviet Union has become, according to the well-known definition given by Stalin, the universal open forum, from which it has become possible to demonstrate and give shape to the aspirations and hopes of the oppressed classes.

Shortly before his death at the hands of the Trotsky-Bukharin fiends, Gorky wrote:

"In the U.S.S.R., Lenin's revolutionary genius set before the proletariat the highest aim, and today millions of proletarians of the Soviet Union are making a powerful effort to achieve this great aim in reality, rousing ever more perceptibly the revolutionary emotions of the proletariat in all countries, the respectful admiration of honest people,

and the vicious hatred of scoundrels."

In spite of slander, insinuations and the vile efforts of scoundrels, Lenin's name, as well as his teachings, has become near and dear to the working people throughout the world.

In the consciousness of the masses of the people, Lenin's name is already surrounded by a halo of legend. The bards, the folk-singers and story-tellers of the peoples of the Soviet Union have created songs and stories of great charm, revealing the endless love of the people toward the leader who brought them social and economic emancipation, and who laid the foundations for fraternal amity among nations. The image of Lenin is present also in the legends of the peoples of the colonial East, of Africa and China. The Chinese poet, Emi Siao, relates that Lenin corners have been organized in all the clubs of the Eighth People's Revolutionary Army of China; everywhere one sees portraits of Lenin and Stalin. "It is interesting to note," writes Emi Siao, "that these portraits have been 'China-ized,' that is to say, their faces and sometimes even their dress, are made to look Chinese. The Chinese people consider Lenin and Stalin as their own."

This attitude of the people is also reflected in the literature of all countries of the world. There is no land where progressive writers expressing the feelings and the cherished hopes of their people, fail to write of Lenin. Jose Muños Cota, the well-known Mexican revolutionary poet, expresses these feelings in the following lines:

We have grown up in your great school.
Severe and plain, you led us toward a better life.
We're marching forward, filled with faith and love,

Portrait woven on silk by the workers of Canton, China, and sent as gift to the workers of the U.S.S.R.

Your brilliant torch, red glowing, lighting up our way.
Oh Lenin, at your mausoleum on this day
Our arms—millions of them—
Are raised in a salute to you.

The revolutionary poets of every country have dedicated poems to Lenin. We may mention the Germans: Erich Mühsam and Johannes Becher; the English: Cecil Day Lewis and Randall Swingler; the Spaniards: Pla-y-Beltran and Cesar Arconada; the South American poets Winett de Rokha and Ildefonso Pereda Valdes; the Chinese poet Emi Siao; the Negro poet Langston Hughes. These names, however, do not exhaust the list.

Recently the Negro poet Regino Pedroso in Cuba was awarded the national poetry prize. In his autobiography published on the occa-

sion, the poet stressed the point that his is the ideology of Leninism which is conquering the world.

Books about Lenin have appeared in all the major languages. A particularly great number of books have appeared in English. A place of honor in the literature about Lenin belongs to *Lenin: A Biography* by Ralph Fox, the English Communist writer who died in Spain fighting for the cause of advanced and progressive humanity. This is a book written by an ardent revolutionary who extolled the genius of Lenin. Ralph Fox says:

"A man full of energy, loving nature and children, with a sharp humor and a simple manner . . . a man with none of the affectations and all the marks of genius, who could love and was loved intensely; he made a new landmark in the history of our race: the philosopher who was a leader of men, the leader of men who was a lover of men, the lover of men who loathed the hypocrisy and cruelty of the exploitation and torment of the many by the few."

By the American artist Abramovich

By the beginning of 1939, according to the testimony of the English writer Harold Heslop, the titles of Lenin's works and of works on Lenin filled 26 closely printed pages in the library catalog of the British Museum. Thousands of articles have been written about Lenin in English, French and other languages. Many of them were penned by those bourgeois men of letters whose attitude was described by Gorky as "the respectful admiration of honest people."

Here are a few examples. The English journalist Price, who was correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* in Petrograd in the summer of 1917, wrote a book of reminiscences about the Russian revolution, in which he spoke very highly of Lenin. This book was quite popular among the English workers at that time. A special cheap edition was published, which found its way into the library of practically every English workingclass family.

A book on Lenin, written by Albert Rhys Williams, an American eyewitness of the great revolutionary events of 1917, enjoyed even wider success.

The English authoress Ada Chesterton said of the monuments to Lenin erected on Soviet territory, that the workers and peasants in the U.S.S.R.—and she with them—feel in the hard and cold stone the flaming passion of the leader.

A few years ago a book entitled *The Conversations of Georges Sorel* appeared in France. It was written by Jean Variot, Sorel's disciple. Sorel—a prominent theoretician of Anarcho-Syndicalism—was an opponent of Leninism; yet he could not help admitting that Lenin was right on many crucial questions. That was why, in the years following the October Revolution, Sorel was among the defenders of the Soviet Union against allied intervention.

By the Dutch artist Peter Alma

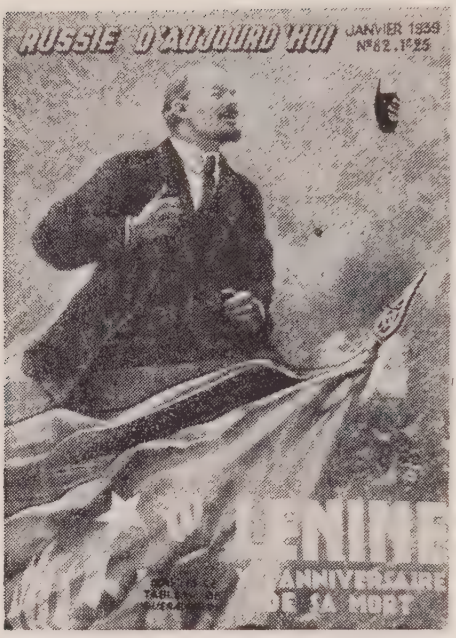
Sorel was particularly vehement in his denunciation of the French Socialists who in those years, just as today, showed themselves to be the most despicable and malicious enemies of the Socialist revolution. Here is what Sorel said at that time—and his words are fully applicable to the situation today:

"The most remarkable thing is how our Socialists, those permanent candidates for ministerial posts, act like the most ordinary reactionaries in their campaign against Soviet Russia . . . It seems that they accuse Lenin of not having inaugurated a sweet parliamentary system in the image of the British, French and American democracies . . . in which the Socialists-opportunists keep promising the people a realization tomorrow of all their lofty principles, but advocate for today what they call evolution. This is a device (neither fish nor meat) which enables them to manage their shady affairs under the guise of opposition . . . In addressing you, anti-Soviet Socialists, who are conducting a campaign against Lenin, I say: If you are opposed to the Marxist doctrine which has been embodied in Russia in its pure form, that means that you are opposed to the dictatorship of the proletariat, which is the fundamental thing in Marxism. But in that case—what is your Socialism worth?"

Sorel said that Lenin was "a revolutionary genius, a revolutionary to the end." Lenin, he said "is Marxism in action." "His only aim is his idea," he "is an example to follow."

Unfortunately, Sorel's correct observations, as recorded by Variot, are but a few bright spots in a book which represents an eclectic mixture of quite a variety of conflicting and contradictory political views.

Even those men of letters of capitalist society who were frankly hostile to Lenin's cause and to his creation—the Soviet State—could not help acknowledging Lenin's greatness, his genius, and the role he played in shaping the destinies of the world. Even the London *Times*, organ of British imperialism, and notorious for its hatred of the October Revolution and of Socialism, has had to admit in a leading article that Lenin is Bolshevism and Bolshevism is Lenin and that few men in contemporary history had so strongly stamped their personality on a movement of such great dimensions and fraught with consequences so vast that they cannot be gauged at pres-



Cover design of the French magazine

ent. Lenin, according to that article in the *Times*, was something hitherto unknown, a force which is felt everywhere . . . Lenin was extraordinary, because these are not ordinary times. He was undoubtedly a remarkable man, if he found such outstanding means in which to manifest himself.

Many books may be mentioned, whose authors, while vilifying Lenin and slandering him in every way, are themselves compelled to refute their own slanders and accusations.

One of those authors, a certain Pelham Box, who presented a distorted view of Lenin in his book, had to admit that Lenin "great molder of men and events, that he was . . . never feared to learn the lessons life had to teach him. In his speeches he loved to emphasize and dilate on the value of experience . . . The political edifice of his building stands unshaken. More and more it seems certain that the Russia of the future must accept the legacy of Lenin."

Another hostile author, a certain F. J. Veale, author of a book entitled *Man From the Volga*, forgets that he contradicts his own general conception of Lenin when he states that in the history of mankind one can hardly find another life so entirely devoted to one aim. Lenin alone assumed all those different roles which in other revolutions were filled by different persons . . . It must be admitted, writes this author, that Lenin's political strategy in the summer of 1917 was brilliant.

It may be worth while mentioning the characterization of Lenin's role in history given by Lockhart, that professed agent of British imperialism. In spite of his hostility to the Soviet Union, he could not conceal his feeling of awe and respect for Lenin. Lenin, he wrote, performed a tremendous surgical operation—he cut off the dead growth of centuries.

Another frank enemy of Leninism is the writer Jules Romains, author of a many-volumed epopee entitled *Men of Good Will*. In his works Jules Romains, as a rule, tries—rather cleverly at times—to conceal the author's viewpoint, and to show events and men as seen by the characters of his novels. It takes a penetrating and experienced reader to discern that Jules Romains uses this method in order to inculcate his own views upon his readers. However, it happens occasionally that the truth of life and the logic of the events depicted by Jules Romains invalidate his own political conceptions, the conceptions of one who belongs to that group which Michael Gold has recently so aptly called "intellectual drummer-boys" of imperialism.

Here is a case in point. In Volume XIV of *Men of Good Will*, which deals with the period preceding the first imperialist war, Jules Romains presents Lenin on two occasions. Naturally, we do not find in Jules Romains' depiction

anything approaching a correct, realistic and objective representation of the real Lenin. Using his "objectivist" method as a pretext, Jules Romains depicts Lenin on one occasion as he is seen by an agent of the Tsar's *Okhrana*, and on the other occasion as seen through the eyes of the journalist Maykosen, a Baltic baron who is actually a secret agent of Kaiser Wilhelm II. In other words, in both cases Jules Romains' objectivist method is used by him to show Lenin as seen by his enemies. It is therefore all the more significant that in depicting a conversation between Maykosen and Lenin, Jules Romains cannot conceal Lenin's attitude to imperialist war. The conversation revolves around a subject in which Jules Romains is particularly interested—namely, whether revolutionaries should welcome war, since wars may bring about revolution.

"So you would not welcome a conflict?" Maykosen asks Lenin.

"No," Lenin answers animatedly. "Why should I want to welcome it? I am doing, and shall go on doing to the end, everything that is in my power to avert mobilization and war. I don't want millions of proletarians to slaughter one another, thus paying with their blood, for the madness of capitalism. Let there be no misunderstanding on this score. It is one thing to foresee the war objectively and to want—once the disaster has come—to make the best use of it. A different thing to want war or to do anything to help unleash it."

In one of his articles, Gorky pointed out that "the power of Vladimir Ilyich and of his disciples lies precisely in their amazing ability to foresee the future." Gorky justly remarked that this faculty of the leaders of our country "evokes the admiration and—still more—the fear of the capitalists . . ." It is logical for Jules Romains to belong to the ideologists of capitalism who share this fear. He undoubtedly has somewhat of an idea of Lenin's views on war and revolution. However, for some reason or other, Jules Romains expresses the hope that the general laws of Leninism do not quite apply to France, in which he sees no favorable soil for the coming social revolution. Well, history will not take a long time to prove the absurdity of such views. As if specially to refute the ideologists who maintain that the bourgeois order in France is indefeasible, Lenin wrote in 1916:

"It is untrue to say that 'the French are incapable' of carrying on systematic illegal work. Untrue! The French quickly learned to conceal themselves in the trenches; they will quickly learn the new conditions of illegal work and systematically to prepare for a *revolutionary mass* movement. I believe in the French revolutionary proletariat." (Vol. XIX, p. 24, Russ. ed.)

Lenin's teachings concerning imperialism have exerted a decisive influence on the historical and political views held by many writers. This is evident particularly in the case of Arnold Zweig's novel *Making of a King*. A comparison between this novel and Arnold Zweig's earlier *The Case of Sergeant Grischa* shows how much the author has gained in profundity as a result of his study of Lenin's works on imperialism, and of Lenin's writings dealing with the first imperialist war. In a letter to the editor of *International Literature*, Arnold Zweig speaks of his "feeling of love for Lenin and admiration for him as a genius and emancipator."

"Many philosophers of various countries and various periods," writes the Spanish revolutionary writer Cesar Arconada, "set out in quest of the gold of truth. But who can name the philosopher who has been fortunate to find as great an amount

of pure gold as Lenin? Lenin was the greatest of philosophers. For he not only pointed out the mistakes the others made, but he set forth the truth in plain words comprehensible to all; he showed the way to truth, and under his leadership a number of happy nations have found it."

It is regrettable that certain honest writers, who have so far not succeeded in seeing through the present war, have not taken the trouble to study properly and thoughtfully Lenin's works of the period of the first imperialist war. Theodore Dreiser recently remarked that he refuses to be the dupe of British and American war propaganda. The writers who have so far failed to see that the present war is an imperialist war for a redivision of the world, have become just such dupes of the lying propaganda to the effect that Great Britain (also France not long ago) is fighting in defense of democracy and freedom.

In this connection one cannot help recalling that fables of a similar nature were widely circulated during the first imperialist world war. The celebrated French author R. Martin du Gard, who a few years ago was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature, saw through those fables and showed them up for what they were worth. In his novel *Epilogue*, the last in a series of novels comprising his epopee *Les Thibault*,[1] he depicts a scientist, a bourgeois intellectual, whose eyes are opened by the horrors of the imperialist slaughter and as a result he begins to see the reality as it is. The hero of the novel keeps a diary. On one of the days when the American expeditionary forces take part, for the first time, in the offensive agains the German troops, the intellectual notes in his diary:

"I have heard people say that the Americans have decided to make short work of prisoners, and they declare cynically that the prisoners, in batches up to five hundred each, should be mowed down with machine-guns (which does not prevent these preachers with ferocious smiles and clear eyes from asserting on every proper and improper occasion that they are fighting for Justice and Right)."

It took R. Martin du Gard a quarter of a century to see the light and to find the necessary (and in 1939, in the pre-war atmosphere in France, courageous) words to brand the war of 1914-1918 as an imperialist war. It seems, however, that for some honest writers the experience of the first imperialist war proved insufficient.

In his lecture on "War and Revolution," Lenin spoke of the first thing one must bear in mind in order to evaluate correctly the various kinds of war:

"It seems to me that the main thing in the question of the war, which usually remains forgotten . . . is that people forget the fundamental question of the class character of the war; why the war broke out; the classes that are waging it; the historical and historico-economic conditions that give rise to it." (*International Literature*, No. 8-9, 1940, p. 114.)

Leninism teaches that facts must always be evaluated from the standpoint of history. It was this approach to facts and phenomena that enabled Lenin in the very beginning of the first imperialist war, literally on the morrow after his release from an Austrian prison, to give the following exhaustive scientific characterization of the war of 1914-18:

"The European world war is of a clearly defined bourgeois, imperialist, dynastic character. A struggle for markets and for the plunder of foreign countries; an effort to put

[1] To be published by The Viking Press in U.S.A.

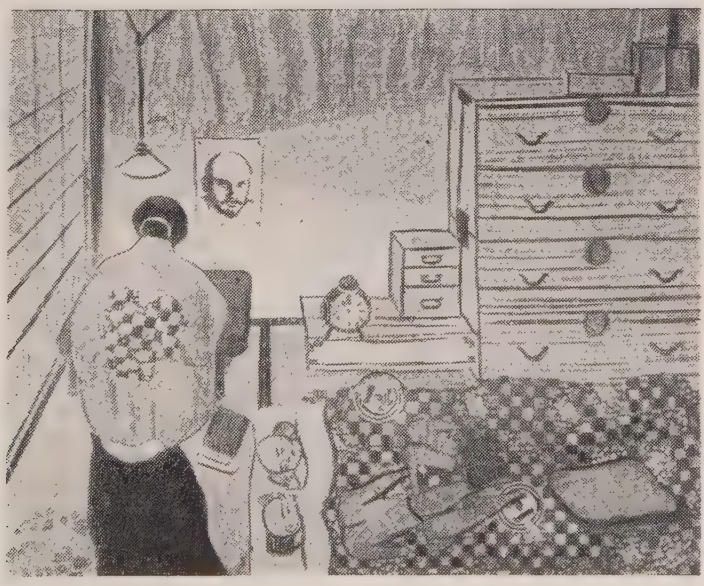
an end to the revolutionary movement of the proletariat at home; an effort to hoodwink, disunite and decimate the proletarians of all countries by inciting the wage slaves of one nation to fight the wage slaves of another nation for the benefit of the bourgeoisie—that is the sole real content and meaning of the war." (*Collected Works*, Vol. XVIII, p. 44, Russ. ed.)

When Lenin wrote these lines, the Bolshevik Party alone adopted that position. Today the proletarians and the progressive sections of the intelligentsia in all the countries of the world are fighting under the banner of Leninism against the imperialist war and for the defense of the Soviet Union and its policy of peace.

The peoples of the world look to Lenin's works and to the works of his comrade-in-arms and successor, Stalin, for an answer to the burning problems of our day. The English writer Randall Swingler testifies that there has never been in England such a demand for the works of Lenin and Stalin as there is at present. According to reports in the American press, the principal works of Marxist-Leninist literature, particularly Lenin's works dealing with imperialism and imperialist war, sold in greater quantities in the first six months of the present war than ever before. Lenin's works have been published in 41 languages outside the Soviet Union, in editions totalling, according to far-from-complete figures, over ten million copies. Lenin's books most in demand are *Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism* and *The State and Revolution*. The latter work has appeared in 22 languages, the number of editions exceeding fifty.

According to incomplete data, Stalin's works have been published abroad in 26 European and 8 oriental languages. There are more than 700 editions of Stalin's works. Stalin's classical book, *Problems of Leninism*, has been published in 41 editions, in 17 foreign languages. A new edition of Stalin's book (based on the eleventh Russian edition) is announced for publication in 28 foreign languages.

In a letter of greeting addressed to the "*Clarté*" Group, which united



Portrait of Lenin in the home of a Japanese worker. Anonymous

the progressive French intellectuals (written November 15, 1922), Lenin expressed the hope that that organization would develop and grow strong "not only in numbers, but also intellectually, in the sense that it will deepen and widen the struggle against imperialist war. The struggle against such war deserves that people should devote their lives to it; in this struggle one must be ruthless; all sophisms used in defense of such war must be hunted down to their very last corners." (*Collected Works*, Vol. XXVII, p. 359, Russ. ed.).

Lenin's call evoked a response. Under the direction of Henri Barbusse, a broad international association of intellectuals was created with the object of fighting imperialism. Today the foremost writers of the world are waging an active struggle in the front ranks of the proletariat and the progressive intelligentsia, against the imperialist war and reaction. Among them are Martin Andersen Nexö in Denmark; Theodore Dreiser, and Richard Wright, in the United States; Bernard Shaw and Sean O'Casey in England; Jose Mansicidor, Pablo Neruda, Juan Marinello, Pablo de Rokha—in Latin America. The Chinese writers, headed by Kuo Mo-jo and Ting Ling, are fighting in the front ranks of their people against the Japanese invaders. In those countries where reaction and the censorship prevent many writers from openly expressing their views, they send their "curse of silence" (Lenin) upon the policy of imperialism.

The progressive press, which exposes the policies of imperialism and calls upon the peoples to support the peace policy of the Soviet Union, is enjoying increasing success. In the U.S.A., the *New Masses* is exercising ever greater influence. In Great Britain an active struggle against militarism and imperialist policy is being waged, among others, by the magazine *Poetry and People* and by the magazine *Alive*, devoted to problems facing the youth.

Everywhere the progressive intelligentsia is fighting under the banner of Lenin and Stalin for a better future for humanity. In Stalin they see their leader and guide. In the words of Martin Andersen Nexö:

"An ever greater number of people realize that Lenin and Stalin are of one flesh and blood, that Stalin embodies all the human wealth and greatness of Lenin . . . In Lenin and Stalin we see the personification of the new type of leader who draws his strength from the wide masses of the people, and who leads them toward a new era, the era of the man of toil."

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

A Year Without Machado

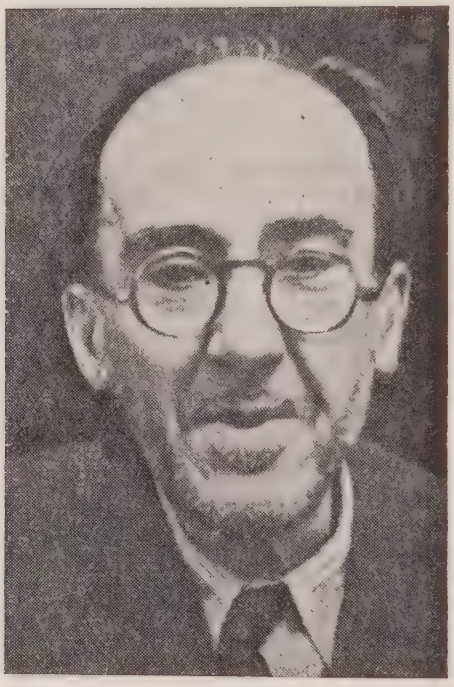
A year has passed since the death of Antonio Machado but the image of him that comes before my mind is a real, tangible one, clothed in flesh and blood. The true nature of Antonio Machado has now become revealed to us in its fulness, and for those who speak the same language as he did, he represents a symbol of sadness and hope. In death as in life, he has remained true to his fatherland. To realize and feel his heroism means to comprehend his oneness with the sorrowing and invincible soul of the Spanish people.

On this first anniversary of his death I hear his calm, beautiful voice as I heard it in 1937 in mutilated Valencia. I associate the tragic fate of the innocent martyrs tortured in Argelés with the sad though magnificent death of Antonio Machado (in the Colioure [1] hell), and I recall the soldiers of the peoples' army, a source of pride and consolation to the poet; it was they who carried his lifeless form to the grave. After Spain had spilt her last drop of blood, Antonio Machado crossed the border along with her. Before facing the hypocritical France of Daladier, he rested his soul in the small Catalonian town of Figueras. Those who saw him on the night of his departure, recall with admiration his calm yet burning gaze expressing not only infinite sorrow but also faith in the invincibility of the Spanish people—that same faith which his poetry has helped to keep alive in us.

[1] An old castle in France converted into a prison for soldiers of the Spanish Republican Army.

I visited him during the height of the war when the bombs of traitors were nightly wreaking havoc with Valencia. The republic, as much in love with literature and as noble as Antonio Machado, offered its bard a hospitable and picturesque place of refuge. The poet's home towered amid the tropical ravine of Rocafort, in the midst of fragrant tobacco plants and orange trees. It became a Mecca for the most noble men of Spain. This continual pilgrimage made one think of the veneration in which the Orient holds the wise. Here one could meet the young writer proud of his military uniform, the local peasant, the educated foreigner amazed at the heroism of the Spanish people, the famous actress and the cultured statesman . . . and all were accorded by Machado the same joyous welcome, and all admired his fine Andalusian hospitality.

Our main topic of conversation was Latin America—there was a gathering of Latin-Americans at his place that day: the Castillian who had settled in Mexico, Leon Felipe, his Mexican wife, Berta Gamboa, the Guatemalian writer and statesman Yorge Garcia Granadoz and Gregorio Berman, the Argentine scientist and commander in the Spanish People's Army. Their presence heightened the emotions I experienced at meeting Antonio Machado. Our Latin-Americans, forgetting their petty domestic quarrels, seemed to become one with Spain. Machado spoke for all of us. We were silent listeners.



Antonio Machado

To Antonio Machado—again and again he expressed the thought that evening—Latin-America was a separate planet striving after new and higher forms of life. To the very end of his days he retained the somewhat poetic conception of our Latin American countries which he formed in his youth after conversations with Ruben Dario. This was perhaps a result of the andalucismo [1] of Antonio Machado, who thought of us as endowed with fearlessness and unbending will. He was also influenced by the scrappy and vague information he received from his uncle who had emigrated to Guatemala, and from Latin-American colleagues visiting Spain. Be that as it may, no other conception of Latin-America was possible for the author of *Galerias*. A poet in every way and ever, he absorbed only those aspects of our life which revealed our youthful *élan* and the vague sense of alarm that had taken possession of us.

The miracle of Antonio Machado's poetic imagination was that his andalusianised Latin America expressed our real affinity with his Spain. No other Spanish republican writer was as well informed of the assistance accorded to Spain by Cuba, as Machado was. Pablo de la Torriente [1] was to him a harbinger of the new world, a symbol of the coming friendship of peoples, and of human relations in the days to come. His interest in our political life went beyond the bounds of friendly curiosity. "To think only that a man bearing my name has caused them so much sorrow," he said in all seriousness, recalling the Machado[2] terror in Cuba. He placed our music immediately after Andalusian. He knew by heart poems by second-rate Latin-American poets, while our best bards he loved with a remarkably tender and respectful love, as though to him they had become classics during their life-time.

The love which Antonio Machado bore for Cuba and Latin America in general was love at a distance; he longed to become personally acquainted with it, but that was not to be. He consoled himself with the knowledge that in relying upon trustworthy and renowned sources of information, he was yet able to divine the essence of Latin-American reality. In this, too, he was the poet. The free flight of thought, the philosophical poetry of *Juan de Mairena*[3] got the upper hand of *Alvargonalez*. Imagination triumphed over observation.

It was late when we left Antonio Machado. Mindless of the time, he talked and

[1] Andalusia was the birthplace of most of the outstanding Spanish poets of the twentieth century. Hence the terms andalucismo and andalusian which connote a capacity to perceive life in vivid, hyperbolic images.

[1] Pablo de la Torriente, a Cuban journalist who fought in the republican army in Spain. He was killed in Madrid.

[2] From 1925 to 1933 the president and dictator in Cuba was Gerardo Machado under whom terror reached incredible ferocity. As a result of the general strike in 1933, he was compelled to abdicate and fled to the U.S.A.

[3] *Juan de Mairena*, a series of philosophical articles by Antonio Machado. *Alvargonalez is* one of his best poems.

talked—with warmth, exaltation and a slight touch of rhetoric. In the twilight his eyes shone with brightness, and this only emphasized his terrible paleness. At last we rose to go. The poet left the room and returned arm in arm with his mother who looked as though she had stepped out of an old engraving. But it was she who led him, not he who led her. Though pale and thin, she looked stronger than her son. All her movements spoke of irrepressible energy and spirit. I can still picture her majestic carriage and native grace. Continual anxiety about her sons (one was in rebel territory; another, in spite of illness, remained at his fighting post) had spiritualized her features. She spoke of the war as a severe but inevitable test of the national spirit. Her son agreed with her in silence.

Mother and son accompanied us to the door. The poet pointed to the sea of tobacco plants which on all sides surrounded the island of his house. Then he embraced us . . . He stood for a long time at the threshold, waving his hand. It was as though he were blessing us. I realized at that moment that I should never see him again, that this was our last meeting. My premonition was right.

The next day the poet sent to me in Valencia a copy of his latest book—a lasting token of our meeting. This book printed by the republican government bore the title *Guerra* (War), the only title possible at the time. On the fly-page the poet had written in his weak, nervous, strange handwriting of a phantom the following lines:

Heaven's face is shining brightly,
But the orange groves are dim;
Like a bird—from glass wrought lightly—
Venus gleams above earth's rim.

Where the distant hills are sweeping
See a sky of malachite
And the darkling sea now sleeping
Seems like porcelain tonight.

Gardens that the night shades darken
Smell of thyme and cool, fresh springs.
To a nightingale we hearken
Who mid jasmine blossoms sings.

Knowing all of war's fell power
Sleeps Valencia, while afar
Sweep expanses deep in flower
Stretching to Guadalaviar.

Over the verses he had written a warm, significant, parting inscription: "To my old and far-off friend." These words acquire special meaning today. This man whom I saw only once is a far-off friend, for death has taken him away from me; he is an old friend, for while still a youth I had come to love his sad poems; we are friends, furthermore, because we are of one blood, Spanish blood, victorious and invincible.

JUAN MARINELLO

ALEXANDER HAVRILYUK

Brzoza Kartuska

The young man's wrists are tightly manacled. A policeman holding a rifle sits next to him. The windows of the railroad car are covered with frost.

It is not the first time the young man wears manacles.

The first time he was sent away was in the spring (on the very eve of May Day). It was also the spring of his life (eighteen years of age). There was something poignant and new in the realization of lost freedom.

The second time he was arrested with many others. He felt terribly oppressed as he was taken with the others in a motor lorry to the torture-chambers of the "Defensywa" (the Secret Police), and from there to the prison.

This time it is more terrible than ever. It is not to a prison they are taking him now. They handed him a white slip of paper—an order that he is to be "isolated" in Brzoza Kartuska. They didn't beat him; nor did they torment him with questions. They were even polite. For the mysterious Brzoza will more than take care of him.

Everybody has heard of it, although it is strictly forbidden even to mention Brzoza. The name of that town has become a symbol, although there are few who know anything definite about it.

The Polish government had resorted to every means in its struggle against the revolutionary movement—long prison sentences, "Defensywa" methods of examination, the "pacification" of villages, acts of provocation, etc., and finally wound up with the concentration camp of Brzoza Kartuska—the vilest, most brutal and disgusting creation of the Polish gentry with their long-standing reputation for refined sadism. The Polish government abandoned its previous policy of maintaining a semblance of "Europeanism," "civilization," and even "humanitarianism," by torturing citizens on the quiet; it decided to make no bones about it any longer and act openly. The more so since in this respect the Polish gentry were following the example of other capitalist countries and world capitalism in general, which had begun to resort ever more frequently to the most inhuman methods.

Even the reactionary camp in Poland was somewhat surprised at this "bold" step taken by its government; but its wonder was mingled with admiration for the devil-may-care attitude shown by the government in entering upon the path of undisguised brutality and inhumanity.

The train moves ahead. Names of stations in Polesie: Zhobinka, Kobrin. Finally: Brzoza. But there is still a six-kilometer ride from the station. In the frost and wind the handcuffs burn like fire, the hands begin to freeze. Seeing that, the policeman somehow manages to slip on a pair of mittens on the prisoner's hands. The sled is running fast. The wind bites the face, but the prisoner cannot use his

manacled hands to protect his ears. The driver is silent; he never once turns around. He probably conveys such passengers every day, and he is tired to death of it all.

The eyes are on the look-out for the terrible goal. A bare wintery, snow-covered field. Then, in the distance, sexagonal towers and a stone wall come into view. "No," says the driver without turning, "those are the ruins of the Kartuska Monastery."

Soon they see two huge, red-brick buildings looming in the field. They are three stories high each, but very massive. They tower harrowingly above the landscape, and they seem to press upon the soul. The tall fence surrounding the buildings looks rather small against the big walls.

A heavy, overloaded wagon is moving along the highway. But there is no horse in evidence. It is drawn by people. Strange people wearing small round caps and long gray robes. On each back there is a huge number written in black Indian ink.

The prisoner looks at them with a burning feeling of curiosity. He wants to read the mystery of Brzoza in their faces. What do they tell, what is written on those faces? Despair? Resolution? Terror? Indifference? They who have been through the mill of Brzoza—what can one read in their expressions? But the faces are impenetrable, dead. As they passed the new prisoner no one raised his head to look at him.

A heavy wooden gate. A policeman in a fur-coat stands in the sentry-box. More sleds are coming toward the gate. Apparently more prisoners have been brought on the same train. Several huge policemen with gorilla faces come out of the gate. Even the escorting policemen shrink before them. They carry rubber truncheons and grin repulsively. Their murderous and at the same time caressing glances scan the faces of the prisoners, as if in anticipation of pleasure. This is the most revolting thing about them, which makes even the escorting policemen shrink, although in their own police stations they themselves beat arrested persons every day. They feel that all their "efforts" are mere child's play compared with the organized "activity" at Brzoza.

Nor do the Brzoza policemen conceal their contempt when they talk to their colleagues who have brought in the prisoners.

The gates of Brzoza open—ready to receive new victims.

The policemen, grinning, approach the prisoners. They command:

"Run!"

A vicious blow hits the head on the left side. A similar blow on the right follows, and then another from behind.

The prisoners rush through the gate. But the blows rain on them from all sides. They run, stumble, fall, rise under the blows, fall again, lose their suit-cases and bundles. They run among barbed wire entanglements, and everywhere they are met by policemen hitting them with their rubber truncheons. The policemen jump on them, knock them down with terrific blows.

"Run!"

The prisoners keep on running under the shower of blows. But no, not all of them: somebody has fallen behind, groaning in agony, writhing on the snow. But they are not allowed to stop. "Run!"

The last policemen are left behind. But it is not the end. Again the word of command:

"Lie down!"

The prisoners obey. They can't run anyhow—the road is blocked by barbed wire. The policemen come over and begin to beat the people lying face down in the snow.

There seems to be no end to the beating.

"Up! Run!"

The prisoners are hardly able to crawl. With blows still showering upon them, they resume their way. Whither? Directed by the blows, they are driven into some cages made of barbed wire. Met by more blows, they run into a building. Here they are chased into a small room.

A lanky police officer, with cap pushed back on his head, sits at the desk. He leans back, crosses his legs and scrutinizes the prisoners, their mutilated blood-dripping faces. The prisoners can hardly stand straight on their legs. They have been initiated into Brzoza; but the real Brzoza is just beginning—here, in this huge building.

Finally the police officer addresses the prisoners with an indifferent voice:

"Well, I'll read to you the Rules and Regulations of Brzoza."

"Every inmate must obey every order to the letter, and carry it out at once. In cases of disobedience, means of coercion are applied, as well as punishment in the shape of imprisonment or incarceration in a dark cell. All inmates must address every policeman with the words '*Pan* Commandant,' and he must not do anything without permission, not a single step without permission. He must beg for everything submissively and report obediently. In Brzoza everybody must maintain complete silence. In the case of the least attempt at resistance recourse will be had to arms."

"Understand?" asks the police officer, grinning with a leer: "That is not all of course; you can't write down everything. There's a lot you'll find out from practical experience."

Yes. The inmates realize that that is not all. "Obedience, the dark cell, imprisonment"—how idyllic all that sounds! Recourse to arms in case of resistance! But they have already experienced a great deal that's not written in the Rules—not even in the Rules of Brzoza.

"And now, undress!" the police officer raps out. "And make it snappy! Empty your pockets and put everything in your caps!"

The prisoners begin to undress in a hurry, tearing their clothes. The police officer opens the door and calls in his colleagues.

"Faster!" he shouts. "Snappier!"

Policemen come in with truncheons in their hands.

"Now, this is taking too long!" the police officer shakes his head. "Get dressed!"

The almost undressed prisoners begin to put on their clothes; but the officer orders them to undress again. This is repeated interminably, shirts being slipped over heads with amazing rapidity, only to be pulled up again just as rapidly. But all that is of no avail. The prisoners can't keep up with the officer. It takes less to shout command than to dress or undress.

"I'll teach you speed!" the officer yells and leaps up from behind the table. "Bend!" he orders one of the prisoners. The naked man is pushed over to the little window. He waits silently, with a darkened face. The police officer fixes his greatcoat, raises the truncheon and aims. The blow sounds like a tree falling down in the woods. "One!" And immediately after that—"Two!" Two blue welts, as broad as the palm of a hand, rise across the naked back. The officer examines the welts with satisfaction, like a master craftsman who is pleased with his handiwork. "Dress!" he commands. Suddenly he turns to another prisoner:

"Did you remove the cuff-buttons? No?" He takes hold of the truncheon: "Bend!"

One! Two!

"Let me!" shouts another policeman, hardly able to restrain his impatience. He wants to show his skill, too. He swings his truncheon and brings it down with all his force on the naked body. The prisoner staggers and falls.

"See!" the policeman boasts, pleased with his "work."

"Oh, this poet, he's as nervous as the cholera!" says the lanky policeman.

One after another, they thus torture every prisoner.

"Now, to the storeroom—run!"

Nobody knows where the storeroom is, or what to do there. Blows of truncheons are raining on the prisoners in all the corridors and at every door. Finally it turns out that the storeroom is the room across the way. The walls are lined with shelves, and on the shelves are suitcases and bags. A policeman with a pink girlish face and red girlish lips sits at the desk. His movements are brusque and nervous.

Does the warehouse mean more blows? No. The girl-faced policeman curses and swears, but he only checks the things and orders the prisoners to put them in bags which he throws at them.

They are again driven into the corridor. Attention! Turn "your dirty Communist faces" to the wall! Don't turn your heads!

The prisoner has just noticed in passing: at the end of the corridor the walls seem to part—there are tables and people sitting at the tables. But he is not sure whether they are really people. They look rather like corpses. And there are so many of them. He shudders.

"Along the corridor—run!"

The corridor merges into a spacious dirty hall. The ceiling in the hall is supported by wooden pillars. Cold drafts blow through the broken window-panes glued together with clay, and through the cracks in the doors. A stove—a sort of boiler on wheels—stands near one of the walls. Two lacerated prisoners in rags, with numbers on their backs, are busy putting wood into the stove.

The new arrivals are again ordered to undress.

The old-timers go on with their work. With an air of utter indifference, they gather the clothes and silently put them in the boiler. They show no interest whatever in the newcomers who stand naked, their faces turned toward the wall, their bodies blue and black from the beatings. Another old-timer comes in and begins to cut the hair of the newcomers. He, too, does his work with utter indifference . . . Expressionless faces. Not a flicker of thought or emotion. Numbered automatons . . .

To the newcomers this is more frightful than blows. Their eyes widen in horror. They stand naked, faces turned toward the wall, and something terribly heavy and oppressive weighs on their souls.

Suddenly they hear a whisper:

"Comrades, you may stand at ease!"

What? How? The newcomers have hardly heard the words. But they realize one thing—the old-timers with the numbers on their backs are comrades, faithful and devoted comrades. They just wear a mask—the horrible mask of Brzoza—but warm and loyal hearts beat in their breasts.

The steaming clothes are taken out of the boiler.

"Dress!"

The newcomers put on the heavy, wet, hot clothes, which become frightfully cold in a moment. They are again driven to the far end of the corridor and ordered to face the wall. Apparently that is the posture most common in Brzoza. A thousand cold drafts seem to be blowing under the arched roof.

The wet clothes envelop the body in a layer of intolerable cold. The evaporating water at once removes every bit of warmth from the body, and the people shiver as if in high fever. They tremble violently—they tremble all over—the shoulders, legs; the whole body is convulsed, so that they can hardly stand on their feet.

Soon a group of policemen comes over to the prisoners.

"Let's warm them up a bit!" they laugh. And again blows rain on the men standing with their faces to the wall. Count, man! One! Two! Three! Four! Only four? No! There must have been more, much more! The very consciousness seems to be torn to shreds with pain.

Suddenly the words of command:

"Run!"

The prisoners run along the hall. The girl-faced policeman chases after them.

"Stop! Up!"

They notice the stairs and run up.

"About turn! Down!"

They run down.

Again:

"Up! Run!"

Down! Up! Down! Up! Down!

This mad running up and down the stairs is torture. The throat becomes parched, the heart flutters like a bird, the legs refuse to move further. One of the prisoners, a baker who suffers from tuberculosis of the bones, is the first to fall. The hideous girl-face looks at him imperturbed.

"Well? We'll revive him with cold water!"

But the baker has come to. The comrades help him to his feet.

"Up! Run!"

Prodded by blows, they help their comrade up the stairs. They run along the upper corridor—past doors: one, two, three. They are driven into the fourth door.

A big empty room. About 50 feet long and 25 feet wide. Bare walls. Three windows covered with boards. A concrete floor—and that is all.

Several policemen come in, with truncheons in their hands. They roar with laughter as they take up positions around the tortured men. The latter wonder: What other torture is in store for them?

"We're going to drill you!" the policemen say. "We're going to make soldiers out of you—real soldiers! Communist soldiers! Ever served in the army? No? Of course not! Our army won't have lice like you! Well, we'll drill you here! Only what takes three months to learn in the army—we'll teach you in three hours!"

"Hey, you!" a policeman shouts at one of the prisoners. "Who are you? What's your trade?"

"Electrician," the prisoner replies.

"Ah, so you're an electrician! Fixed up Communist groups, eh? Bend!" And the terrible thud of blows:

One! Two!

"Next! Who? A doctor? Ah, bend!"

And so on, one after the other.

"Now it's your turn, man!"

The girl-faced policeman shoves his truncheon into your face:

"So you're a writer? A swine—that's what you are!—We'll show you what your books are! Rubbish! We'll show you. Bend! . . ." He spits on the palm of his hand, fixes his greatcoat and swings the truncheon.

One!

A Brzoza policeman wields his truncheon like a woodchopper who puts in everything he's got into his effort to split a hard stump.

Two!

Count 'em, man! Count every blow—and if you ever come out of here alive, you'll tell the world

the story of Brzoza in all its details.

Three!

Count them! This is the fate of your people, and it is your duty to tell the world about it—if ever you come out alive.

Four! Five!

The whole body is on fire. The mind is wandering.

"Six!" the thought registers as it leaps up from the flames that have enveloped the brain.

Seven! And suddenly you hear an inhuman cry escape your throat, and you cut it short at once by a staggering effort of your will. Another blow. Maybe, two more. Maybe, ten. The body has gone limp and collapses on the concrete floor. The blows are counted no longer . . .

The window pane is covered with a thin crust of ice. Tormented by terrible thirst, the prisoner bends toward the window and licks the ice. But he feels the liquid only for a second. The tongue and the lips go numb, and the ice refuses to melt.

He hears a whisper on the right side. Somebody—Doctor Pravin, apparently—says: "Stand firm, comrades! No yielding!" How good it is to hear these words. They sounded so simple and convincing.

And when the policemen's caps again flashed in the light of the dim electric light, there was no longer any fear.

They have brought a kettle full of water—of plain, wonderful, pure water; so cold that the throat hurts. Life is returning. No, they won't let you die a quick death. "Face the wall, you Communist mugs!"

If this is supposed to be rest, there is plenty of it. The butchers again return to the room.

"About-turn!" the sadistic girl-face commands. "Three steps toward me!"

He licks his red lips, grins, and says with a leer:

"And now—lie down! Turn on your right sides!"

"What is he going to do next?" the prisoners wonder, pressing against the cold concrete.

"Sleep!" the policeman says softly. "But remember—if anyone dares to stir . . ."

The policemen retire. The door is left open.

The prisoners lie on the floor. Are they really going to be left alone for several hours? Or, is there some trick going to be played on them?

The concrete floor rapidly absorbs the warmth of the bodies. The concrete around the prostrate, stiffening bodies becomes moist. The cold is as fierce as outside, only there is no wind. Thighs and legs grow numb; the cold penetrates the whole body. One hour of such "sleep" would be more than enough. But the winter night is long. One must endure it! One must not yield to the cold psychologically. One's consciousness is no longer able to mark the passage of time. How long have they been lying there like that? Perhaps an hour, perhaps three. The night is interminable. How is one to measure the passing hours? And how is one to measure the contents of those hours?

2

I remember: in the gray dusk of the morning (morning did come after all!) we all asked ourselves the question: what next? After the first day spent in Brzoza, that question penetrated the mind like a sharp blade. What next? Was yesterday an "ordinary" day in Brzoza? And can one stand three months of such days? Or, perhaps it was that way just the first day, and it was all done in order to intimidate us—and things will be more easy

the coming days? Or are there, perhaps, other and even more refined torments in store for us?

Outwardly it seemed as if we had been forgotten. Until noon there reigned profound silence—such as in a sunken submarine at the bottom of the sea.

What could it mean? Was that going to be our life in Brzoza—that is to say, were we just going to be kept on the concrete floor in the empty room with the barred windows? Were we just going to be exterminated by cold like bugs? Impossible—that would be too good to be true; that would be a pastoral idyll—it would be just a prison, only frost-ridden. For us, people living in the Poland of the gentry, prisons held no terror. Nobody thinks much of a prison, even of a frost-ridden prison—you just sit there and freeze in peace. And when the term—the three month term specified in the white slip of paper by the *Pan* Voyevoda—is over, you may even succeed in coming out. Of course, you may get consumption, and come out with a painful cough. Or, if the worst comes to the worst, you may die on the concrete floor of pneumonia, typhus or some other disease. But it would be a natural, easy, human death—nothing compared to the inhuman pain and terror of the cruel beatings. Were we really going to be allowed to freeze to death in peace?

. . . Suddenly the door opens wide, and people tear into the room, their bodies lacerated, their faces contorted with horror and pain. They scatter under the blows of truncheons, running wildly away from the door, where we can see the flashing of the shiny peaks of the policemen's caps, and hear the awful thudding of their truncheons falling on human bodies.

We, those who arrived yesterday, are not beaten so much today, because the policemen are busy belaboring a new "consignment of prisoners" who have just arrived. That is why we are ordered to stand up and face the wall, while the newly-arrived comrades are beaten up in the room. But this, too, is a harrowing experience—to listen to the sound of the blows falling on the bent bodies of your comrades. One . . . two . . . three . . . five . . . ten . . . Your heart is thumping louder after each blow, the moment during which you are waiting for the next blow to fall expands into eternity, the heart seems to sink precipitously—like an interplanetary rocket towards the end of its flight. I know now how people die of heart failure. Your hair stands on end, and your breath fails you when you hear behind you scraping of human bodies writhing under the blows like a knot of some terrible insects.

The newcomers were all from Vilna. I still remember some of their names: Zuckerman, a teacher; Rubinovich, a chimney sweep; Rogov, a tailor . . .

That was how we passed the second day.

Towards the end of the third day my hands were frozen stiff. In the morning we passed a medical examination. The doctor was supposed to determine whether we would be able to stand the "Rules." Naked, our bodies swollen and violet-blue from the blows, we marched past this monster with a university diploma in his pocket.

We were given hideous robes with huge numbers printed in black ink on their backs. My number was 820. In the evening four of us were summoned and ordered to go out and bring water.

They drove us down with truncheons, and they showed us the way with blows of truncheons. Fortunately, Doctor Pravin, who had served a term in Brzoża before,

knew the way. Harnessed in a cart loaded with a big water barrel, we trudged in the blizzard through the snowdrifts on the field of the concentration camp. I was in front, drawing the cart. Other comrades were behind pushing it. My hands were freezing; I saw my fingers grow white. I realized that I might lose my hands, and showed them to the policeman. I even let go of the shaft. But it did not occur to my comrades, half insane as they were after the ordeal, or they did not dare, to relieve me in front. As for the policeman, he rained blows upon me with such viciousness, that I had to take hold of the shaft again, in order not to drop on the snow.

On our way back, with the barrel full of water, Pravin was harnessed in front. The policeman was in a hurry to finish the work; but the cart got stuck in the snow. The policeman flew into a rage and began to beat the bent Pravin with his truncheon. We made a superhuman effort, in order to save our comrade, and finally succeeded in getting the cart out of the snowmound. Again the policeman calmly walked behind us. And then I became clearly aware that he beat us quite dispassionately; that he was doing it as unemotionally as one chops wood or lays bricks; that he had no feelings whatever with regard to us—he didn't even hate us. It made absolutely no difference to him whether my arms would have to be amputated, or whether Pravin would get kidney trouble or not. I realized with horror that the creature that was following us with the truncheon was not human at all—yet, he was a man . . . I remember I was seized with a feeling of inexpressible anguish, and my eyes wandered over the snow field as if I were trying to find there an answer to my questions. But all around us, as far as I could see, there was the barbed wire fence, and watching over us was the inhuman man with the truncheon, and that was all the world that existed for us . . .

Little by little, I became acquainted with the regime of Brzoza, and it turned into a sort of familiar routine.

It is not a prison regime, strictly speaking. The doors are wide open. In the day time the rooms are empty. At night the inmates sleep close to one another on plank-beds arranged in two tiers. Over each bed there is a card with the name and number of the inmate. In the dim light of the yellowish lamp the room is reminiscent of a common grave. At any rate, the sleeping people do not look as if they were alive. Anyone who did not know would certainly think that those were mutilated corpses—that was the impression produced by the contorted features of the sleeping men and by the rigid immobility of their bodies.

At four o'clock in the morning the stillness is suddenly pierced by a sharp whistle. At once everyone jumps off his bed and remains standing at attention.

Then there is a grating of locks and the sound of steps in the corridor.

Another piercing whistle. With unbelievable swiftness the men leave their places and form two rows at the wall facing the door.

Policemen enter the room.

"Call your numbers!"

"One! Two Three! . . . Nine! . . . Fourteen!" The numbers follow one another in rapid succession. But the police officer is dissatisfied with something. He points out some poor wretch. One of the policemen immediately punishes the "offender" with several blows.

Two minutes later there is another whistle. From all the rooms people

rush into the corridor towards their clothes bundled up on benches. In one precise motion you must get your shirt on, and the next second you pull up your pants. At the third whistle everyone must remain standing at attention—and woe to him who is still standing in one shoe or holds a sweater in his hand. You must be particularly careful not to mistake someone else's clothes for your own in the rush.

Another whistle—to make the beds.

A whistle—to get ready for breakfast. With small kettles in their hands the prisoners throng in the door, waiting for the next signal. As soon as the signal is given the inmates of the first room rush in pairs along the corridor and down the stairs, the last pair of the inmates of the first room followed at once by the first pair of the second room, and so on. The stream of people forms into a line in front of the door when the first pair reaches the kitchen. The long line of people winding up and down the stairway stands still. Then it begins to move again, slowly now. The first pair get their breakfast—a piece of bread and a cup of *zhuru*—a terribly sour liquid fermented with rye flour. They rapidly move aside to make room for the next ones. The hungry men swallow the bread like ravenous wolves. As soon as the last in the line get their breakfast, there is a signal announcing that the breakfast is finished. The prisoners are ordered to run upstairs, into their respective rooms.

Again a whistle: "To the toilet!"

The toilet at Brzoza! Ah, with what a feeling of contempt I should like to throw this story into the faces of the Paris and London "defenders of European culture" who shed "humane" tears over the collapse of the "noble" state of the Polish gentry.

Twenty-eight people sleep in each room. For the night a small pail is put in the room. In the morning the stinking liquid is all over the floor; the small pail has overflown during the night. The men can't help themselves, although they know that in the morning the gloating policemen will "teach" them cleanliness with truncheons. But nobody is allowed into the toilet before the specified time, even though the doors are open.

After breakfast the prisoners wait for the signal. They are red in the face, perspiring in terrible agony. Finally, the signal is given. At the sound of the whistle the inmates of the first room rush along the corridor past the policemen into the small toilet. There are only three seats in the toilet. Each room is given three minutes, after which the twenty eight inmates must clear the toilet and make room for the others. The only thing that remains for the men to do is to use the floor; and even then half their number have to wait their turn.

But already the policeman outside yells: "Finish your s . . ." And since this has no effect, he breaks into the toilet and begins to strike with his truncheon right and left, the blows falling upon the heads and shoulders of the men. "March! Out with you!"

There are seventeen rooms full of prisoners. Each of them leaves a trace on the floor of the corridor until the floor is covered with the evil-smelling stuff. That is when a policeman stops some group of men:

"Hey, what's the matter with you? You seem to be asleep! I'll put some pep into your running! Lie down! Up! Down! Up!"

And thus—until the floor has been wiped. The clothing, hands,

bodies of the prisoners are all saturated with the vile stuff.

My description is too realistic, perhaps, and the smell is not pleasant. But the fine gentlemen in certain capitals of Europe do not seem to turn away in disgust from the inventors of this savage torture; on the contrary, they welcome them as representatives of trampled European humanism.

I had tried hard not to yield to despair. Up to the time I was sent to Brzoza, I had been wont to console myself in moments of trial, of which there had been many in my hard life, with the formula: "Oh, that's nothing; worse things happen to people." In Brzoza, however, this formula could not be applied. One could hardly think of anything worse than Brzoza.

Once, during "drill," as we were going through the usual movement of crawling, falling, getting up, crouching, I tried to encourage myself: "Never mind, there's nothing terrible in this, I'm sure I can stand it to the end!" I rejoiced inwardly at the fact that I was not yielding to despair. Then, passing by the dark windows of our prison I saw my reflection in the glass: such hopelessness was written on my face that I shuddered.

The thing that tormented me most—even though I was not quite aware of it at the time—was the fact that I seemed to have lost the usual mentality of a revolutionary—the spirit of fight, resistance, discipline and organization even in retreat, even in moments of defeat. I did not know in what form we could show our resistance; nor did I think of it at first. In prison, when a comrade was beaten up, all the prisoners shouted their protest in chorus, smashed the windows and broke their plank beds. If we dared to show any protest in Brzoza, we would simply be mowed down with machine-guns. I realized the difference. In a usual prison the watch is rather small, and in order to put down a revolt, police reinforcements would have to be called, the news would spread immediately, and that would cause unrest among the workers. In Brzoza, however, there was an armed and well-fed tormentor to every two inmates. Moreover, the camp was isolated in the marshes of Polesie, where they could do with us whatever they pleased, without any outside interference. . . . Still, I felt that it might perhaps be better to die from a machine-gun bullet than to submit. For, if we failed to show any protest and resistance, that would mean that the force of our revolutionary conviction had become impaired under the truncheon blows, that we were losing our faith in the power of solidarity, our self-respect, confidence in ourselves.

These thoughts did not take definite shape in my mind. I only felt that, once my morale is broken, my physical strength would rapidly give way, too.

But I discovered soon that absolute and strict submission could also be a mask; that although our will, our personality, was apparently entirely suppressed, the spirit of resistance was not broken, even in Brzoza, and that there, too, the struggle was going on.

I was once sent with a group of prisoners to work at concrete mixing. I had to dig up the frozen sand with a spade. Soon I noticed a young prisoner—a mere boy—next to me. He seemed entirely absorbed in his work; he never for a moment unbent his back or raised his eyes. Then I heard him speak:

"You must not lose heart! Don't be afraid. You'll get used to things, and then it will be easier. Look at me—it's six months that I've been here . . . The main thing—don't

sell your honor. They'll offer you a statement to sign; they'll want you to turn traitor, agent-provocateur. Better to die than do it. We've been trying to talk to one of your group ever since you've come here. But you have been kept separately from us, old-timers. And then we didn't know whom of you to approach. You must know that there are a few curs in your room who have already signed statements. You must put up resistance. You must . . ."

Suddenly I noticed a policeman approaching us.

"Reichstein!" he yelled ominously. "How many days have you spent in the dark cell?"

"Hundred and fifty," the boy answered dispassionately, standing at attention.

"And now you want to be sent there again? Don't you?"

"No, if you please, *Pan* Commandant!" Reichstein replied meekly.

"You don't, eh? And why do you talk? Agitating—aren't you?"

"No, if you please, *Pan* Commandant!" Reichstein replied just as meekly, but calmly, ready to go again to the frightful dark cell.

"I know you!" the policeman said somewhat uncertainly. "Off with you, and don't let me catch you agitate again!"

The boy moved away unwillingly, apparently worried because he had not succeeded in conveying his message in full.

Don't worry, dear boy, you have achieved your aim, you actually resurrected me for the struggle. Not by your words so much, as by the fact that you showed me how a real Communist should behave under conditions such as existed in Brzoza. You, an ordinary carpenter from Tarnopol in Galicia, restored my faith in my human powers.

The next day I was given an assignment—to organize a secret leading group of three in our room. Our room thus became a part of the Brzoza community, and joined in the struggle.

That was how we found a form for resistance at Brzoza.

Our jailers would have welcomed physical resistance. In fact they did everything to provoke it. That would have given them a freer hand.

Here is a characteristic case.

At one time it was forbidden to wear a scarf—a very important article of clothing, considering the deteriorated state of the prisoners' overcoats. Some comrades had turtle-neck sweaters. That was permitted. One comrade, a tailor, caught the idea and sewed his scarf to his coat. A policeman noticed the scarf and tried to tear it off. The prisoner instinctively raised his hand and pressed it against his breast explaining that it was not a scarf but a collar. The policeman preferred to interpret this instinctive gesture as an attempt at resistance, and drew up a report to that effect. As a result his superiors placed the policeman under arrest for three days—because he did not shoot the prisoner right then and there. A prisoner who offered "resistance" was supposed to be killed, not reported. The unlucky policeman was thus made an example of.

In Brzoza we had to devise various forms of resistance. And these forms came of themselves, as it were; they were not "invented." And it was a really heroic and effective form of resistance.

It was in their power to torment us. Inmates of Brzoza who were ready to drop from sheer exhaustion were made to draw heavy carts loaded with stones, or they were harnessed into huge rollers weighing many tons, which generally only a tractor could draw. The prisoners could be thrown to the ground, exposed to cold, made to roll in mud and mire. But that

was not the only aim the creators of Brzoza had set themselves. The real aim of Brzoza was to deal with those who feared no jail, to break their spirit, to compel them turn traitor. People were sent there for indefinite terms, subjected to most inhuman torture, and at the same time it was explained to them that they could obtain their freedom at short notice, if only they signed a statement renouncing their convictions. Nor was it so much a question of utilizing their services as traitors. The main thing was the satisfaction derived from the fact that they had broken down a Communist and made him behave in a disgraceful manner. This was worth to them more than the physical annihilation of hundreds of revolutionaries; for those who died fighting as honest revolutionaries, lived on in the anger of the people, in the determination to continue the fight. On the other hand, a revolutionary who yielded to his tormentors and betrayed his cause had not only rendered harmless himself, but he became a source of disintegration and demoralization.

There were "signers of statements" in practically every group. After a few weeks, one or two out of every group would leave the place, despised by those determined to die rather than betray their cause. In our room I came across a case like this during the very first days. One of the inmates, a rather good-looking young man of bourgeois stock, began to frequent the office on various pretexts, kept aloof from the other inmates, and a week later he was released.

There were two varieties of "signers." Some became open traitors, in their anxiety to escape the blows they lost all sense of shame. In my time a certain Wahl was brought to Brzoza. I had not known him before, but others had heard of him. He had gained some notoriety as leader of Polish Trotskyites. From the other comrades I learned some details about him. He was a bourgeois intellectual who posed as a revolutionary and a man of letters in cafes of Warsaw. After he was brought to Brzoza, this "leader" soon showed his real color. He was crazed with fear, and in order to please the policemen he began to vituperate the other prisoners, to the great amusement of their tormentors. Finally, one day, he came out of the office and reported to the policeman on duty, in the presence of about twenty other prisoners among whom I was: "*Pan* Commandant, the prisoner Wahl humbly reports to you that he has come back from the office where he has signed a statement. I humbly ask whether I shall go back to drill, or will I be sent to do lighter work?"

Even the policeman was taken aback; he roared with laughter and sent the "leader" back to drill.

A few days later, Wahl, with about twenty other "signers," left Brzoza and went back to his old haunts. The behavior of this traitor was typical of the behavior of all the Polish Trotskyites.

The "signers" who tried to conceal their fall were more numerous, however. To be sure, their efforts toward that end were in vain, for no matter how cleverly they had tried to camouflage themselves, we could always tell them unmistakably. Most likely the reason was that they lacked the self-possession needed to play their role properly, and it was the lack of self-possession also that frequently drove these people to sign the statement.

3

Spring was drawing closer.

Practically every day new groups of prisoners arrived. Brzoza was

becoming crowded. Every day the sound of truncheon blows in the "reception room" was heard all over the place. It became so crowded that the authorities in Warsaw were obliged to release some of the old-timers. Usually, several names were called during the muster for lunch. These men were ordered to remain facing the wall, while the others were sent to drill. We would take leave of them with a silent glance, in which there was a promise that we would stand firm to the end—no matter what that end might be—and that we'll earn the right to leave with a clear and calm look, just as they.

I was an old-timer now, and was no longer driven to drill, but to work.

Work in Brzoza was also arranged with a view to exhausting the inmates' strength. Thus, we were made to carry sacks of potatoes on our backs, although it would have been much simpler to load them on the empty carts that were standing right there. Besides, like everything else in Brzoza, work had to be done "on the run." We would carry heavy concrete blocks on our backs, bending under their weight, and then run back for the next load. If the overseer thought that you did not work well enough, he made you run until you could hardly catch your breath. Sometimes prisoners who were returning panting after the whistle announcing a change of shifts, would be ordered to run again for so many minutes—"as a dessert."

Still, compared with "drill," work was a relief. But sometimes there was not enough work. In such cases all the inmates were sent to drill. That was why the inmates of Brzoza developed a special "respect for work." It was always necessary to make sure that enough work would remain for tomorrow, for the day after tomorrow, and we usually took care to make as many unnecessary movements as possible, so as not to finish the work on hand. Fortunately, the winter favored us in this respect; for snow-storms raged practically day and night, and every day we had to sweep the road with brooms.

But beside keeping away from drill ourselves, we thought it our duty to help our less fortunate comrades in this respect. We somehow managed to organize this kind of help. Usually, about a hundred inmates-newcomers, as a rule, were driven to drill, and the rest were sent to work. Since there was about four hundred of us in Brzoza, it was arranged between ourselves that each was to work three days and on the fourth had to join the group of those sent to drill. Despite the numbers on our backs, the policemen could not tell the difference because, in the first place, they changed every week, and, secondly, it never occurred to them that anyone would voluntarily join the drilling group. That was how we succeeded in having the drill duty distributed more or less evenly between all the inmates.

This also brought us into closer contact with the newcomers, from whom we learned what was happening in the world. Most of us were people who had dedicated themselves to the cause of rebuilding the world; the cause was part of ourselves, and one of the things we missed most keenly was contact with the outside world. Not only were we condemned to political inactivity, but we did not even know what was going on in the outside world. Occasionally there would be a chance to see a newspaper while cleaning up the rooms of the policemen. Generally this work was given to prisoners who had signed the statement. It was easy work, but quite sickening—it meant washing the policemen's spittoons and

toilets, cleaning their boots and uniforms, sweeping the floors of their rooms, and doing it all on tiptoe, so as not disturb the sleep of the "*Pan* Commandants." We managed to get some of our comrades appointed to this work, and they were expected to read at least the headlines of the newspapers which happened to be lying around in the policemen's rooms. Sometimes a comrade would even succeed in picking up a newspaper, or part of one, and bring it into our room, although it meant an extra beating and sometimes the dark cell in case the "culprit" was caught.

A new prisoner meant news, the latest news, and sometimes even an exhaustive political review. During work an old-timer would sidle up imperceptibly to some newcomer and ask in whisper:

"What's the latest in Spain?"

That was the first question, as a rule. Republican Spain, shedding its blood in heroic struggle, was uppermost in our thoughts.

The newcomer would steal an apprehensive glance at the policemen and begin to answer.

Another question was:

"What are they saying outside about Brzoza? Is anything being done to put an end to Brzoza?"

The interest of the inmates in this question is self-understood.

4

As time passed, life in Brzoza seemed to become somewhat easier. I felt as if I had put a lock on my soul. During the very first days I noticed that I was going around with teeth clenched so they hurt. It became a habit, and I always caught myself at it. Only after I left Brzoza did my jaws part. It was part of the technique of keeping firm. I acquired imperturbable self-possession under the blows of truncheons—the self-possession of clenched teeth.

By way of illustration I should like to relate how I found sufficient self-possession to embark upon what might perhaps be called "literary work." Not writing, of course; for if a pencil stub or a piece of paper were found on me, I would have been slugged to death. I began to compose a poem, or, rather, a poem began to take shape in my head. It all started with a dream I had on the twentieth (I remember exactly that it was on the twentieth) night in Brzoza. The dream was strange but very clear. I dreamt that I was reading aloud some verse—wonderful, stirring poetry, with one line that repeated itself like a refrain: "Well, what can I do if this is what fate has willed me!" I felt as if I were in a sort of tragic trance. But when I awoke I remembered only the refrain and two more lines:

. . . Birds soared toward the sun o'er Brzoza
and wounded my heart with their cry of Spring . . .

I exerted my memory, but could not recall anything else. I realized that there had really been no poem—only a few scattered ideas and images. But the mood was so distinct and stirring that I readily yielded to it. In my brain a real poem began to form—a poem of clenched teeth. The fact is I had never written poetry before, except in my childhood. But there were no facilities for recording my ideas, and verse is easiest to remember. Besides, a mood of elation usually strives to find expression in rhythmical, sonorous, musical forms. And so the stanzas of *The Song of Brzoza* began to take shape in my head. A comrade by the name of Jacob Rapoport, a lover of poetry, turned out to be a great help. To his re-

markable memory I entrusted each new line, which enabled me to go on with the work. Poets know how difficult it is for them to remember their own verses while the creative process has not yet been consummated and while the lines—in all their variations—are not yet put on paper. It is easier to memorize somebody else's verses in their final version. Comrade Rapoport still remembers those verses.

Dear Rapoport, dear Pravin! We have lived to see the day when Lwow became Soviet—We have met again in *our* Lwow!

But to return to my poem. It was with the assistance of Comrade Rapoport that I composed three chapters of a rather long poem which I subsequently completed in my village. It has been published recently. (*Radyanska Literatura*, Kiev, June 1940.) I have a particularly soft spot for this work of mine—not so much on account of its artistic merits as on account of the memories it brings back of the conditions under which it was composed.

One day I learned from the newcomers that a big campaign had been launched for my release. Naturally, I was deeply stirred. One who has not gone through such experiences can hardly appreciate the feeling of a political prisoner when he hears that the "outside" is not indifferent to his fate. I felt elated by the consciousness of being at one with the world outside, of a contact with the struggle which no bayonets or prison walls could stop. I felt that my sufferings, as those of my comrades, were not in vain; that dozens of new fighters rose to take the place of those who had been sent to prison or to the concentration camp. This consciousness gives one such joy that one no longer feels the weight of the chains one wears. I experienced this joy twice: during my first imprisonment—I was eighteen years of age at the time—when I learned that the young people of my village showed their solidarity by helping my mother cultivate her field; the second time was in Brzoza.

I could not get the details; only all the newcomers inquired who was the Havrilyuk whose arrest had created such a stir.

I felt ashamed now for those minutes when I had yielded to despair. I did not think I deserved the confidence thus expressed in me; I asked myself whether I had really earned this confidence in my firmness and perseverance. And I vowed to myself that I should never again succumb to despondency and despair, that I should never again prove ungrateful to the world outside.

My comrades began to speak of my forthcoming release.

Soon, however, I was informed that a new charge has been preferred against me. I was indicted for murder—the murder of a police spy.

I had expected anything, but not a charge of murder. . . . It was true that a police spy had been killed in my village. But my innocence of the affair was so evident (I had come on a short visit from Lwow at the time and had not gone about anywhere) that I had not expected even the Polish police to frame me up on charges of that murder. However, that was exactly what they did. I was accused of having organized that murder.

Soon after that I learned some details about the campaign on my behalf. I got the information from the Polish poet Leon Pasternak. I met him at "drill" a few days after he had been brought to Brzoza. His thin, fine face betrayed no fear or wavering. He told me hurriedly, but in full detail, about

the protest signed by progressive Polish authors against my incarceration in Brzoza. The protest with the demand for my release was being widely publicized in the press. The *Dziennik Popularny*, which counted among its contributors practically all the revolutionary writers of Poland, was particularly active. Marjan Kubicki, the Polish peasant poet, had published a poem addressed to me, with the call to "stand firm."

Soon a commission appointed by the Ministry came from Warsaw. As a result, a number of inmates were released. Among them was Leon Pasternak (released only to be sent back to Brzoza again a year later and for a much longer term).

Such "ministerial commissions" came to Brzoza every three or four months. As a rule, they demanded the same thing that the policemen on the spot demanded: that the inmates sign statements renouncing their convictions. Actually there was very little difference between the high officials sent by the ministry from Warsaw and ordinary police spies. Here is a sample of their work.

It was my turn to be called in. The ministerial spy sits at the desk.

"*Pan* Havrilyuk, I believe? Be seated, please."

I was nearly staggered when I heard this polite address. "Be seated, please"—it sounded unbelievable.

"Well, now, about your case . . . Mhm . . . Have you served in the army? No? Why? Bad heart? Too bad, too bad, indeed, *Pan* Havrilyuk. So young—and a bad heart! Very deplorable. The more so"—here the voice of the dignitary was supposed to express sympathy—"that the conditions here, it seems to me—I mean, they are not quite conducive to an improvement in your health. The rules and regulations of the camp are rather strict—aren't they? . . . Hm, hm . . . No, *Pan* Havrilyuk, you must not, you absolutely must not stay on in Brzoza. You must think of your health, of your future.

"What? It doesn't depend on you? Oh, no, *Pan* Havrilyuk, you mustn't say so. A great deal does depend on you. Yes, yes, indeed . . . Now, won't you tell me, *Pan* Havrilyuk, what is your attitude to the idea of Polish-Ukrainian Unity? You are a Ukrainian writer. You know, of course, that the Ukrainian leaders, *Pan* Mudry, *Pan* Tselevich, and others . . .

"What? You are for fraternal relations among all nations? Ha, ha, ha! No, *Pan* Havrilyuk, I don't mean exactly that. I mean the concrete case, to which I have referred . . .

"Hm . . . Anyhow, you might sign a little statement . . . Nothing much, no obligations, God forbid! You are a writer, and all the rest, and we have respect for individuality . . . All we want is an inoffensive statement to the effect that you, *Pan* so-and-so, condemn Communism and won't have anything to do with it . . . What? Why? But you yourself say you are not a Communist . . . . and you refuse to condemn? Hm . . . Hmm . . . Well, you may go.

"Next!"

5

At last the flat fields of Brzoza became carpeted with green, and millions of worms crept out of the soil after every rain.

Now our overcoats were taken away from us.

Now also the voracious appetite of the freezing organism was gone, and people no longer held out their

kettle for the left-overs of the food of a sick comrade.

And the dark cells were now always occupied. Not because there was an increase in offences, but merely because now people could be kept there longer without exposing them to the danger of freezing to death.

The Brzoza dark cells were eight stone sacks in the middle of a field, surrounded by barbed wire entanglements; they were eight stone graves. Not a ray of light ever penetrated them.

In such a cell a man, half naked, was kept for seven days. His food consisted of a small piece of bread for two days; and in order to make sure that he did not fall asleep, policemen regularly knocked with their boots at the doors of the cell and the incarcerated person was obliged to call in answer: "Here!" The strongest nerves could not stand it more than a few days. After three or four days the incarcerated person began to rave; and after seven days people came out with sunken cheeks grown over with stubble, wobbling, shaking and afraid to open their eyes which had become used to the darkness.

I no longer placed any hope in the campaign for my release; especially because in the meantime the *Dziennik Popularny* had been suppressed and its editors arrested.

White terror had annihilated the last remnants of civil rights. The prisoners began to prepare for May Day. We felt that we had to celebrate it somehow, no matter what happened. Finally the plans for the celebration were drawn up. In each room one of the comrades was to deliver—in whispers, of course—a short lecture, and then all the inmates were to take an oath to remain true to the cause, to the very end.

On the other hand, we had reason to expect that our tormentors would spring some particularly nasty surprise on us, and turn May Day into a massacre. Such things had happened in Brzoza before. Particularly, if demonstrations in the country were held on a large scale, we might be singled out for particular punishment.

We remembered what took place in Brzoza on May 9, 1936. That spring had been marked by a wave of revolutionary outbreaks. Regular battles had been fought between workers and the police in practically every big city of Poland. In a number of cases the workers even had had the best of it. The very foundations of the state of the Polish gentry had been shaken. In revenge the authorities had then engineered a savage blood-bath in Brzoza. On May 9 all the inmates had been driven into the field, ordered to lie down, and for several hours in succession they were beaten with truncheons and trampled upon with boots. Two comrades—Germanitsky, a student and Mazyrka, a Byelorussian peasant, died under the blows, and 60 others had been so severely injured that they had had to be taken to the hospital, where they had spent many weeks. Many were crippled for life.

Something of the sort might be expected that May Day, too. Still, we felt elated and cheerful.

On April 30, during the muster for lunch, a policeman began to call out some names. My name was among the twenty called out.

Was it possible?

We—those whose names had been called—were locked up in a small cell, while the others were ordered outside. Then the door of the cell opened and we were told to get our things. There was no longer any reason for doubt. We were being released.

I cannot say that we were overwhelmed with joy at the news.

Something within us had burned out—that which makes people feel sorrow or joy. We were incapable even of getting excited about anything.

We were led to the store-room where we received all our things.

At supper we hardly touched any of the food. We spoke about Brzoza, about the comrades who were being left behind and about the Soviet Union. We fell asleep very late.

Early in the morning, when all the inmates of Brzoza were still asleep, we were told to leave. A policeman on a bicycle escorted us to the station. We walked amid green fields; spring flowers blossomed in the ditches along the road, and birds sang in the dewy woods, heralding the dawn. But our hearts still remained closed to joy: Brzoza had killed something within us.

The station was empty. Huge posters announced the formation of a new government party which set itself the aim to regenerate Poland on the basis of anti-semitism, Catholicism, national oppression, and capitalist and landlord tyranny. We turned away from the silly "Declaration" of Colonel Koc, and began to watch the rails for the train.

Then the rails began to glitter like streams of lights sent by the sun. Soon the flaming ball of the sun itself appeared on the horizon. Then we heard a whistle from the direction where the sun had risen, and the train emerged as if from the light and was approaching the station.

We boarded. The train pulled out. The cars were empty, and so were the stations—just as all the stations throughout the country that was lying prostrate in the stranglehold of the gentry. The sun, rising ever higher, was gaining on us.

THE END OF BRZOZA

Two years had passed. Throughout this period, I was tormented by a burning desire to tell the world about Brzoza, to show the reverse side of the Polish state which paraded before the world its diplomats, church processions and kept bragging in silly and bombastic words of its so-called "civilizing mission" in the East.

Then everything changed at once. The war began. The loosely knit Polish state mobilized its army, and old peasant carts were drafted for the purpose of carrying on a "mechanized" war.

The gentry was alarmed, and began to scurry hither and thither. Messengers rushed with orders in which incompetence, stupidity and cowardice vied with each other. Only when the war was already raging did it occur to the government to send people to cut timber and prepare material for barbed wire entanglements. The peasants laughed. On their way to the army the mobilized soldiers discussed the question as to whether get rid of the officers right away or wait a little longer. I also received a summons to appear for work. But I was certain that some other fate awaited me.

Nor was I mistaken. At night, while I listened to the frightened voices of the government officials who prophesied victory over the radio, I discerned the sound of steps approaching my hut—the familiar steps of the police. I would have tried to escape, but I knew that the roads were guarded. I would have tried to escape just the same, had I known that in four days the Polish government would cease to exist and people would no longer be arrested. But I did not know it.

I was taken to the police station, where I found other arrested

persons. We could hear the droning of the German bombing planes over the town. We were put into a train and sent on to the county seat. On the way I saw through the windows of the car the ruins of the recently built aerodrome in Malyshevichi and the bombed buildings of the aircraft plant in Biala Podlaska. In the field next to the plant I counted 14 demolished airplanes and six charred carcasses of planes.

Twenty-five of us were put in a car, going east—in the direction of Brzoza. Among the twenty-five there were several Communists, some people with German names, a few merchants and profiteers, particularly contractors who knew too much about the corruption of the commandant of the local garrison. There were two old shopkeepers who had been arrested for being Letts, and Lutherans into the bargain. There was even a Greek-Orthodox priest who had been known as a police spy. But in the fall of 1938, when the Polish authorities had demolished 131 Greek-Orthodox Churches in the province of Kholm, his church had also been wrecked. Consequently, he might have been one of the discontented, and had been arrested accordingly. Through the trip he kept demanding that he be sent to the "*Pan* Chief," because he was an agent of the police, etc., but there was no time for that, and so he had to stay with us in the car.

From Biala to Brest—a distance of 35 kilometers—we traveled 11 hours. The long train was packed with refugees from Warsaw. Well-fed women dressed to kill, rich gentlemen, and officers in the pink of health were making their way to Polesie, farther away from the front. At the same time trains running at high speed in the opposite direction rushed troops—boys from Polesie clad in soldiers' uniforms—to the front, to defend Poland and the property of the gentry who were fleeing eastward. Peasant carts could be seen on open platforms: they too were being rushed to the front—to meet the German tanks.

Soon we learned definitely that we were being taken to Brzoza. At first we had thought that, perhaps, another camp had been organized somewhere in Polesie, where we would be guarded by ordinary soldiers or policemen. It had been hard to believe that so many more people would be sent to Brzoza which, we knew, was overcrowded. It turned out, however, that we were going to Brzoza, after all—the speculators found it out from the convoy.

My heart was heavy: Brzoza might mean certain death—death of hunger, or of typhus, if the war became protracted; or death at the hands of the infuriated executioners if the Polish army suffered serious reverses in the war. My heart was heavy; for death was preferable to another term in Brzoza. In the whole group I was the only one who had been there before. The other comrades had heard of it, but that was not the same thing as to have experienced it. The speculators, on the other hand, thought that they would get fair treatment by paying for it.

I toyed with the idea of attempting to escape. There was only one regular policeman in our convoy; the others had been recently recruited from the reserves and were new at the job. I wondered whether I should take advantage of that fact to escape while we stopped at Brest, to disappear in the crowd on the station, or perhaps jump from the window of the car. But whither? All roads are guarded. So, again to Brzoza? No, no! Impossible!

But the risk was too great. It meant certain death. And I could not make up my mind.

Finally the train left Brest. It was now proceeding at its usual speed, and towards evening we arrived at the Brzoza station. There remained the six kilometers from the station to the camp.

"What? Walk?" the merchants in our group asked indignantly. They had no idea what Brzoza meant. My comrades, who knew better, did not raise any fuss over trifles; but they were despondent—they could not help thinking of what was in store for us.

Again I walked over the familiar road. In the darkness I tried to make out the familiar places. Suddenly we felt as if we were sinking in sand. The sand reached almost to our kness, and we were hardly able to lift our feet. A thick cloud of dust rose all around us, so that it was difficult to breathe. On the left we could discern the outlines of gloomy ramparts and a fence.

At last we struck firm ground. We had reached the road leading to the concentration camp. It was a good road, well paved by the sweat and blood of the prisoners. It had been obviously improved since I had seen it last. Trees and flowers had been planted along its sides. It was a regular boulevard. I could not help thinking of the tormented people who had built that road.

We were overtaken by the car of the police officer in charge of the camp. The darkened headlights cast a faint light on the flowers at the side of the road and the lamp posts standing among the trees. But the lamps had not been lighted because of the general blackout. It was pitch dark.

"Stop!"

Tall black silhouettes emerged from the gate of the camp, like actors silently appearing on a stage. There was something sinister in their appearance.

The black silhouettes came closer. One of them took out a flashlight from his pocket. But the other ordered angrily:

"Put it away!"

Yes, they had the same hateful faces I had known two years before. I took care to remain in the background.

There was a girl in our group. They immediately turned upon her:

"Ah? A lady? Also to us?"

The girl stood still as if struck dumb.

"Why did you take a suitcase along with you?" one of the executioners asked her in a quiet voice. "All you'll need here is a bag for your bones and a pail for your blood. Well, come on, lady." And he led her away through the black opening in the gate.

Another policeman came over to us and ordered softly:

"Run!"

I knew what it meant and rushed into the gateway.

"Lie down!"

I dropped to the ground and pressed my face to the earth. This time, however, they did not beat us with rubber truncheons, but used ordinary wooden sticks.

"Run!"

In the dark, the people who knew nothing of the labyrinth of paths in the camp ran against the wall or against the barbed wire entanglements. I got off rather easy. But suddenly, at the order to lie down, I dropped my old suitcase and its contents scattered all around me. I jumped up and started to run.

"Stop!"

I thought rapidly and clearly. If I went on running it would be worse. They would check up and find out who had lost his suitcase. So I stopped and went back to

pick up my things. The policeman come closer and bent over me. I recognized the heavy breathing of the fat giant. It was Tomaka, whom I had known during my first incarceration in Brzoza. He knocked me down with a blow of the heavy stick.

Then there was again the familiar corridor, and at last we got into an empty room.

Tomaka, red in the face and choking with asthma and anger, glared at us with red eyes and yelled:

"We'll show you what's what! We'll make mince-meat of you! . . . Our country . . . We'll show them all . . . Those in the west and those in the east! . . ."

But I had the feeling that he was yelling because he wanted to conceal his own fear.

"Lie down!"

The first night we lay on the floor half dead, unable to stir after the terrible beating with wooden sticks. We remained in the same position all through the next day, during which nobody showed up. On the morning of the second day we mustered up enough courage to knock at the closed door. A policeman, obviously surprised, came in. It turned out that they had forgotten all about us. Half an hour later we were taken outside.

The sun blinded us.

One glance was sufficient, however, to show us why we had been forgotten. Brzoza had changed. The area which had formerly been a spacious field was now divided into four huge pens separated from one another by barbed wire fences. Each of the pens was thronged with people. There were thousands of them, and the din of their voices could be heard far away. There was the familiar "Up!" and "Down!" and the policemen carried long bamboo sticks cracked at the top from use. But it was obvious that there could not be much beating—what with the big crowd and the limited number of policemen. I saw only familiar faces among them.

The autumn sun was warm. We, the newcomers, were driven into one of the pens. Our suitcases and documents were taken away from us. The order stated: keep your food and underwear, everything else must be checked. Yes, it's a fact. We were allowed to eat our own food right there in the pen. But we forgot that we had nothing to drink. We carelessly ate our salted bacon, bread, sugar or whatever there was to eat. But there was no water, and the sun was growing ever hotter.

We stood in group formations. Our throats were parched. Next to me two prisoners had an argument over water. One begged the other to let him have one tiny drink, just a drop. The other carefully, as if handling something extremely precious, brought out from his pocket a flask, swallowed a drop of water and, just as carefully, put the flash back into his pocket. His friend, crazed with thirst, begged, implored, swore, threatened to kill the beast, the traitor, etc. But the latter, just as crazed, again got out his flask, drank the rest of the water and put away the empty container.

In another fifteen minutes, people began to drop in a faint. One fell, another, a third. They were immediately dragged aside. Near me an old Jew, a provision contractor for a county garrison, fell face down into the sand. His glasses broke, his forehead was smeared with blood, and a pink foam escaped from his nose. Those who fell were moved aside, and physicians (also arrested) forced drops of water into their mouths. Only

those who fell enjoyed this privilege. And in each case a policeman hit the stricken man with his boot to make sure that the faint was not simulated.

Finally, they brought a barrel of water. The people hurled themselves upon it. Neither shouts nor blows could stop them. The men surrounded the barrel, each holding out a trembling hand for a cup. But, naturally, only a small portion of the thousands of thirsty could obtain some water out of that single barrel.

During the day I kept on wondering where they would put up so many people. But in the evening they solved the problem in a very simple manner: instead of 28, they put 140 people in a room. Each room was divided into three stories: the floor and two tiers of plank-beds. Fortunately it was warm outside, and the windows were kept open. Otherwise we would have suffocated.

New groups of prisoners kept arriving until September 6. The new prisoners related how their trains had been bombed on the way. Several groups had been driven to Brzoza on foot. In this way we knew something about the progress of the war up to September 6.

During the first day of our stay in Brzoza, eight people—so it was rumored—died of thirst. In the days that followed we were no longer tormented by thirst so much—not because we were given water, but because we had eaten up our supplies and, since we were starving, we did not feel the pangs of thirst so keenly.

We starved for many days. True, we were given a "ration," but it consisted only of but 160 grams of a hard clay-like thing which they called bread, and a liter of a muddy liquid a day. The liquid (even the policemen did not call it soup) contained nothing but muddy water. Only once we found in it some pieces that looked like silage. Naturally we did not feel much thirst after that kind of soup. But we suffered the pangs of hunger. It was not as bad as the thirst, however. We only felt that our strength was slowly leaving us. When we walked down the stairs, we felt our legs shaking. I happened to have some sugar left on me, which I shared with a comrade; we were sparing of it—we ate but a teaspoonful a day each.

It was obvious that epidemics were imminent. Dysentery was already raging. Even without epidemics we stood in danger of expiring from undernourishment. That was apart from the constant danger that in case of a serious Polish defeat we might all be mowed down with machine-guns. The machine-guns surrounded us on all sides, their muzzles always pointed at the people driven into the pens.

On September 16, we heard the sound of distant explosions in the direction of Brest. Was fighting going on so near? It seemed impossible.

I counted the days very carefully. On September 15 (that was the date as far as I could make out), 17 German prisoners of war were brought to Brzoza. Some of them were wounded. They were ordered to form in ranks in the field, and most of the policemen came to look at them, as if they were some curiosity. I did not see the policemen beat them or behave rudely toward them. On the contrary, they looked at them rather with alarm, and with an air of trying to ingratiate themselves.

One evening, after the command "sleep," we heard some commotion in the camp. Somebody was running through the corridors, and doors were banging; later we heard the sound of the wheels of many heavy carts outside. We wondered

what it might be. Was it some military unit passing by and removing the food supplies of the camp? That was most likely.

Then a strange, dead silence ensued. Not a sound or stir in the corridors. Had the policemen left Brzoza? . . .

That was the thought in everybody's mind, and everybody listened with bated breath. . . .

We heard somebody in our room putting on his shoes. Some of the nervous and hysterical inmates moaned softly as they crept over the floor getting up from time to time with a start. The more experienced and the more resolute—those prepared to put up a fight for their lives if necessary—did not cherish any fantastic hopes. Someone stood up in the darkness of the room and said calmly and with a firm voice:

"Comrades—I mean, gentlemen! Don't be in a hurry! It all may turn out to be a trap, to provoke something that might be represented as a mutiny and to open fire on us from the machine-guns. I am anxious for liberty just as much as you. But if any idiot will start any nonsense here before we know what's up, I'll bash his skull with my boot. That's settled."

The ultimatum had its effect. Calm was restored in the room. We quietly waited to see what was going to happen.

Three hours passed. But when everybody was already prepared to hope for the best, doors suddenly began to bang in the corridors and we heard the familiar sound of boots outside. So everything seemed to be the same as ever.

Still we hoped that something had taken place, after all . . . We went to bed with our shoes on. Everything was possible. Suppose they decided to shoot us down—we must be prepared to do everything possible to defend our lives. We must be calm and resolute to the end.

The morning brought with it the ordinary routine of a day at Brzoza. As usual, we were driven to the toilet at the specified hour, and as usual a policeman struck blows with his stick right and left. A normal day, even with "drill." The policemen talked in whispers among themselves, and their mugs betrayed apprehension. But they had been that way ever since the beginning of the war. In the evening also everything was "normal." We even undressed when we went to sleep.

I fell asleep soon and must have slept long. Suddenly, towards the end of the night, I was awakened by some noise. I opened my eyes. There was some commotion in the room. Many of the prisoners looked out of the window, talking excitedly. Then some began to whisper ecstatically;

"We're free!"

"Hey, comrades!"

"See there—look through the window!"

"The people are here! Freedom!"

But it all was so incoherent, and the movements so feverish that I, like many others, wondered whether it was not just imagination.

Then we heard more excited whispers in the dark:

"Great God! Bread!"

"They're throwing bread!"

"Where? Where?"

"Let's have some!"

There was some more commotion near the window. People were apparently getting hold of the bread that appeared so miraculously. But I and others thought that this commotion, too, was due to the ravings of men crazed by hunger.

Most of us maintained our usual calm, and kept our heads. It was a decisive moment, and it was

necessary to be on the alert. We all dressed in the meantime—ready to welcome freedom.

A strong and firm voice again called upon all to maintain discipline and organization. Somebody suggested that we wait until daylight.

But one by one prisoners started to leave the room. The door turned out to be open. Prisoners ran from room to room calling for friends and acquaintances. Soon we went out into the open. No policemen were in sight anywhere. It was clear—that was the end of the concentration camp of Brzoza. That was the end of the state of the Polish gentry.

Soon we noticed many outsiders—peasants and workers from the town of Brzoza and from the neighboring villages. An old Byelorussian peasant woman leaning on a long cane stopped me.

"Ah, how you suffered, how you suffered, poor men!" she said. "We who watched your torture from a distance couldn't stand it. How you must have suffered! Come, eat something!"

I seized the old woman's hand.

"Tell me, grandma, what happened, tell me what you know!"

She stopped and raised her head. Her eyes flashed.

"Don't you know? The Red Army! They are already in Baranovichi! It was announced over the radio!"

I was stunned. I was overwhelmed by a strange feeling: like one about to be executed who learns that his sentence has been commuted . . . No, not quite that. That was not the main thing. Like one who has striven all his life toward a goal, who has concentrated all his strength and every thought on that one goal, and suddenly, at one stroke, he has reached it. But even that was not quite what I felt. I thought of the great aspirations and struggle of a whole people, of the hopeless despair of the interminable fight, and, how now, suddenly, when oppression had reached its apogee, the dream of a nation had become reality. But it was more than that: This was not just a chance victory scored by the people—a new era was being ushered in, a new page was being turned over in the history of humanity. That was what the words "The Red Army is coming" meant to me.

As usual, when the masses of the people become masters of the situation, there is immediately an effort to enforce order. A number of comrades organized a group which started at once to "redeem the deposits"—to return the checked suitcases and bundles to their owners. It was no easy job. About ten thousand pieces of luggage and bundles had to be handed out from the storeroom. Three windows on the second floor were used for that purpose. In each case the name of the owner was called and the stuff thrown down to the fellow who claimed it.

Other comrades began to distribute bread. Still others took upon themselves the cooking of a breakfast of potatoes. But the erstwhile prisoners already formed into groups according to towns:

"Belostok—here!"

"Volhynia, all in line!"

"Lwow! Who is from Lwow! Come here!"

That was the end of the Brzoza concentration camp. We found out that the policemen had fled on September 17, as soon as they heard the news that the Red Army had crossed the frontier. The three hours of stillness that night in Brzoza had been no hallucination or illusion. Only later the policemen had returned for a final "parting." When we were leaving Brzoza we discovered traces of their parting visit: two corpses—one of a young man stabbed with a bayonet, the other an elderly man murdered with some

blunt instrument, a hammer or the butt-end of a rifle. Some comrades identified the corpses; they were those of a father and a son, workers from Belostok. Eight more corpses were found in the potato field behind the barns. They were all stabbed with bayonets. The murderers had apparently wanted to make as little noise as possible. It was reported that another thirty corpses had been found behind the unfinished barracks. But I did not see them myself.

The Polish state of the gentry was no more. And that was the "heroic" tradition it left behind. The concentration camp of Brzoza Kartuska—that is all it will be remembered by. History knows many examples of states that collapsed. But it hardly ever happened for a state to leave nothing behind except memories such as are stirred by the name of Brzoza.

We marched—a column of people risen from the dead—and the Byelorussian peasants brought us food to eat. They brought whatever they could afford. A young fellow came from a distant farm carrying a heavy pail full of milk; a woman brought a basketful of cottage cheese; an old man, leaning on a stick, brought apples.

Nobody organized this help. But the news of our release had traveled ahead of us, and that was enough. The people of Byelorussia knew what Brzoza had been. It had cast its sinister shadow over the whole country. We accepted the offerings of food as something natural, but we were profoundly touched.

The countryside was rejoicing. The last bands of officers, policemen and landlords still roamed the forests. But everywhere on our way red flags already waved over towns and villages. The country was waiting for the Red Army to come.

Shchukin's Work on the Scenario "Lenin in 1918"

In the U.S.S.R. the working methods of the leading Soviet actors are the subject of special study. Below we publish a chapter from *Shchukin in the Cinema* by Prof. N. A. Lebedev, in which he discusses the deceased actor's work in amending the original scenario of the film *Lenin in 1918*. Among the papers which this famous stage and film actor left behind after his death—which occurred last year when he was only 45 years of age—is a host of valuable material on his work on the character of Lenin in the film *Lenin in 1918*. One of the best known of Soviet actors, Boris Shchukin played the part of Lenin in two world renowned films, *Lenin in October*, and *Lenin in 1918*.

Shchukin, an exacting artist of the highest caliber, took the utmost pains with the dramaturgical material on which he worked. His constant aim was to master every idea, phrase and word in the lines of the roles assigned to him. He was never satisfied unless he had disclosed the inner logic of his lines, their verbal rhythms and true melody. Extremely sensitive to all that failed to ring true, he was altogether incapable of speaking a phrase that seemed to him unnatural, bookish, false to life.

It caused him well nigh physical pain to act in poorly written plays, and he did all in his power to improve on the dialogue through the exercise of his actor's imagination, introducing lively human intonation into his lines, revising them so as to make them acceptable to his taste as an actor. On the other hand, it gave him real joy to work on first-rate literary material, for example, the rich, pointed, aphoristic dialogue of Maxim Gorky's play *Egor Bulychev*.

Boris Shchukin had a poor opinion of the language of the majority of our scenarios. "In the cinema," he said, "dialogue is in a deplorable condition; dialogue in the cinema is only in its infancy, dialogue not only as spoken by the actors but also dialogue as literature. There is hardly a word spoken from the screen that one wishes to remember. Yet what we need is words that have the ring of reality in them . . . How inexpressive is the language that is so often pronounced from the screen in such offhand fashion. It is heard by millions of people, but has nothing to teach them."

Shchukin worked long and hard over the language of the scenarios of pictures in

the production of which he had a part. He assisted the scenario writers and producers to make the lines more succinct and expressive, more pointed and closer to the millions of cinema-goers. His work in this field can be best illustrated on the basis of the scenario of the film *Lenin in 1918*. [1]

[1] A translation of the scenario appeared in *International Literature* No. 3, 1939.

It must be said that Shchukin had in general a high opinion of the scenario, which was written by A. Kapler and T. Zlatogorova. He regarded it as the best of the scenarios on which he had occasion to work. He liked it for its rich ideological and philosophical content and regarded as a great merit its many interesting and dramatic situations.

None the less, even on this scenario Shchukin did a tremendous amount of literary work.

The papers which he left behind, now assembled in the B. Shchukin archive at the Vakhtangov Theater in Moscow, contain a number of successive variants of the scenario of *Lenin in 1918*. All are covered with notes and jottings which he made. He took exceptional pains with the final variant with which the producer worked. Shchukin checked every speech and retort against his own conception of Lenin, speaking it aloud to see whether it sounded right. If it sounded to him insufficiently organic and true to life, he would re-phrase it, changing the order of the words and the words themselves.

Here are a number of examples from two episodes—the one in which Lenin meets the *kulak*, and the meeting at the Michelson plant.

The *kulak* scene:

The kitchen. Yevdokiya Ivanovna is fussing at the stove. In the forefront is a peasant in straw sandals, a hempen shirt, a soldier's coat minus the belt.

Lenin enters the kitchen to ask Yevdokiya whether the comrade he was expecting from the Urals had arrived. Lenin notices the peasant. Yevdokiya Ivanovna explains he is a fellow-villager of hers who is very anxious to meet Lenin.

"A fellow-villager?" says Lenin, to quote the scenario. "Then he's from Tambov district? Sit down, Comrade. How are things where you come from?"

Shchukin slightly amends the scenario. (The changes he made are in italics.) "A fellow-villager? *He's from Tambov district, then? How do you do, comrade.* Sit down *please*. How are things where you come from?"

These slight changes add warmth and lend a tone of welcome to Lenin's remarks.

"How can they be, Comrade Lenin?" the "fellow-villager" replies. "Therefore I came to you. To learn the truth from you. The muzhiks' truth."

"Muzhiks' truth?" asks Lenin, surprised. "Is there a separate muzhiks' truth?"

Shchukin strikes out the first "Muzhiks' truth?" and leaves the rest: "Is there a separate muzhiks' truth?"

"It seems that there is," answers the "fellow-villager."

"Muzhiks' separately, and workers' separately? That's very interesting!"

Shchukin adds to this the following phrase: "And what, pray, is it?"

"How else, Comrade Lenin? Did the muzhiks go over to the side of the Soviet power? They did. The Soviet power said: 'End the war,' and the muzhiks stuck their bayonets into the ground. Isn't that so?"

"Well. Go on."

Shchukin strikes out the "Go on" with its suggestion of impatience, changing the word "well" into a question: "*well?*"

"The Soviet power said: 'Take the land away from the landowners,' and the muzhiks took it away. Right?"

"Well, what of it?"

Shchukin changes the venomous "well, what of it?" to the calmer "*well, well?*"

"The muzhiks harvested the grain from the landowners' land . . . and what happened? The workers' detachments came and the grain—pffft! . . . So, it seems there is a workers' truth separately, and a muzhiks' truth separately."

"How much grain was taken away from you?"

Shchukin rewords this, making it more lively:

"*And from you—how much* grain was taken away from you?"

"Oh, I'm not speaking about myself."

"But you, personally, how much grain did you have?" insists Lenin.

Shchukin changes the word "But" to "How about":

"*How about* you, personally, how much grain did you have?"

"As much as I had, it all went. But we're not talking about me," the peasant says evasively, looking aside.

"Then you are not here on your own behalf? Somebody sent you?"

Shchukin amends this as follows:

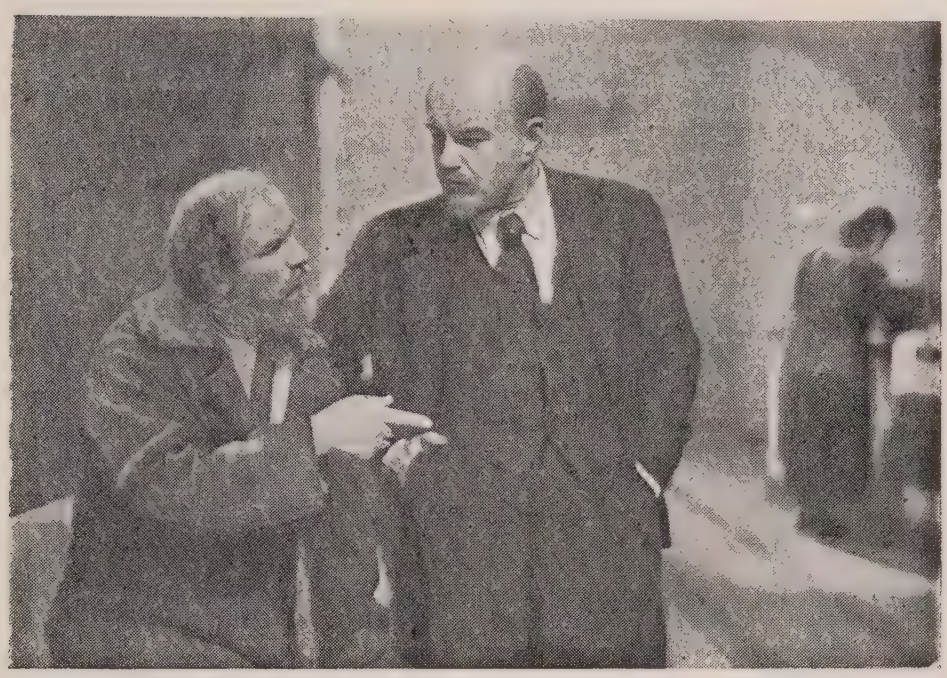
"*So . . . then you have not come on your own behalf?* Somebody sent you."

The "fellow-villager" is hesitant of speaking more frankly in the presence of Yevdokiya Ivanovna. Lenin asks her to leave the kitchen for a minute and looks interrogatingly at the "fellow-villager."

At this point Shchukin adds the following:

"*Well, what is it you want to tell me?*" Lenin asks. "*I am listening . . .* (Pause) *You see, you come to look for the truth, but you don't say all you think. How then can we talk?*"

"Well, all right . . ." the "fellow-villager" decides to speak out. He goes over to the table and takes a piece of bread. "You eat bread . . . and who sowed it? The muzhiks. Who sweated over it, watered it with their blood? The muzhiks. Who reaped it, threshed, carried it on their backs? Again, the muzhiks!"



Lenin (B. Shchukin) talking to a kulak (N. Plotnikov). Still from "Lenin in 1918"

"There are no muzhiks," Lenin quietly interrupts him. "You know that very well. There are poor peasants, middle peasants and *kulaks*. Is that right?"

The first part of the last speech did not satisfy Shchukin. He crossed out the words "You know that very well," writing over them: "You can't play this card." He then crosses this out and writes: "In fact, you know that perfectly well." With this change the speech appeared in the film:

"There are no muzhiks. *In fact*, you know that *perfectly* well. There are poor peasants, middle peasants and *kulaks*. Is that right?"

Thus retort after retort, phrase after phrase, the artist polishes and improves on every word in this part.

Throwing off his mask, the *kulak* becomes arrogant.

"Well then, Citizen Lenin. Russia is a country of muzhiks! We can get along without the city. If you don't give us cotton, we'll dress in homespun. Don't give us boots, and we'll walk in straw sandals! But if the muzhiks don't sow grain . . ."

"Then you want to take us by starvation? You have painted a horrible picture," Lenin says with pretended alarm. "My hair simply stands on end! Then you have come to declare war on us?"

Shchukin replaces the word "horrible" by "desperate." He completely strikes out the sentence "My hair simply stands on end." And puts instead of it: "M-yes, it's a dire picture you have painted." He changes the order of the words in the rest of the speech, which in the end appears as follows:

"*It's a desperate picture you have drawn. A dire picture you have painted.* So, *it comes down to this*, that you have come, *as it were*, to declare war on us."

Shchukin performed the same kind of work on the text of Lenin's speech at the Michelson plant. Among his papers are three variants of the speech, written in his own hand, in addition to marginal notes on his copy of the producer's scenario.

In the scenario the speech begins as follows:

"Soviet Russia is surrounded by enemies. Like flames, counter-revolutionary uprisings are breaking out from one end of Russia to the other. These uprisings are fed on the money of imperialists of all countries, they are organized by the Socialist-Revolutionaries and Mensheviks . . ."

Shchukin leaves unchanged this part of the speech, which then continues as follows:

"The imperialist beasts are utilizing the youthfulness and weakness of the Republic in order to tear out its soul. The *kulak* uprisings, the Czechoslovakian revolt, the British in Murmansk, the uprising of the Socialist-Revolutionaries, the offensive of the white Cossacks, all these fronts moving upon us from the north, east and south are but one war against Soviet Russia. From these severe wounds we are shedding our blood . . ."

All this section is heavily edited by Shchukin.

The first sentence "The imperialist . . . its soul" is thrown out altogether, and, instead of it, Shchukin makes Lenin refer to the assassination of the People's Commissar Uritsky by the counter-revolutionary Socialist-Revolutionaries. Shchukin worked long and hard on the new sentence.

"And the death of Comrade Uritsky today . . ." we read on the margin of the scenario.

" . . . the terrible death of Comrade Uritsky at the hands . . ."

" . . . And today's shot from behind—typical work . . ."

" . . . typical work of the Socialist-Revolutionaries . . ."

" . . . from the bandit's bullet (shot) from behind—typical work of the Socialist-Revolutionaries . . ."

"And the death of Comrade Uritsky today, his terrible death from a bandit's bullet fired from behind—typical work of the Socialist-Revolutionaries . . ."

Shchukin continues to work on the sentence on a separate sheet of paper.

" . . . And here you have the proof . . ."

" . . . And so today the news of the death of Comrade Uritsky . . . despicable (foul) murder by sneaking up from behind . . . typical work of the Socialist-Revolutionaries . . ."

"And here you have the proof. Comrade Uritsky was assassinated today in Petrograd. This foul murder from behind is typical of the Socialist-Revolutionaries."

"Only the Socialist-Revolutionaries are capable of so foul a murder by sneaking up from behind . . ."

After long efforts, this part of the speech takes the following final form:

"And here you have the proof. As you already know, Comrade Uritsky was assassinated in Petrograd today. This most foul murder by sneaking up from behind is typical and direct piece of work of the Socialist Revolutionaries, like the kulak uprisings and the Czechoslavakian revolt . . ."

Thus line by line, word by word, Shchukin improves the dialogue. He makes exceptionally big changes in the final part, which in the original text read as follows:

"Let the worthless souls snivel and the

Lenin (B. Shchukin) addressing a workers' meeting at the Michelson plant. Still from "Lenin in 1918"

bourgeoisie rage. The maintenance of the Soviet power, the maintenance and consolidation of the victory of the toilers over the landlords and capitalists is possible only with the most rigid, iron power of the conscious workers! Remember, comrade workers, we have but one way out—victory or death!"

The final version, as it was heard in the film, differs greatly from the above:

"*And let the bourgeoisie rave, let the wretched little souls snivel. Our answer, comrade workers, will be this: triple vigilance, caution and firmness! Everyone should be at his post. Remember, comrade workers, we have only one alternative—victory; for the other alternative—death—does not become the working class!*"

Shchukin has altered not only the literary form of the speech but also its ideological purport. The authors of the scenario admit two alternatives for the working class: "victory *or* death." Shchukin replaces them by the one alternative—"victory; for the other alternative—death—does not become the working class!" And this is closer to the thought of Lenin, so full of determination, so devastating and permeated with the greatest optimism.

The above examples show that Shchukin was not only a remarkable actor but also a true citizen of his country. His editorial changes in the text were based not on formal esthetic considerations but on the content, the meaning of the lines. His primary concern was to disclose the ideological, political and philosophical principles underlying the given work.

His work on the text was the work of a great artist, an impassioned and untiring seeker, fully conscious of his responsibility to the many millions of cinemagoers, to whom he had to give a faithful representation of the great Lenin.

NIKOLAI LEBEDEV

Two New Soviet Cinema Comedies

La Bruyère, the famous French writer of the seventeenth century, was one of the first in world literature to create a faithful picture of the suffering and exploited people. In his *Characters* La Bruyère wrote of the "ferocious animals" that roamed the fields of France and whose very looks frightened the illustrious feudal lords. La Bruyère's peasants, according to their status in the France of his day, were beasts of burden, whose bodies were bent earthwards. This image, created by a great artist, became for many centuries the symbol of the position of the common folk in class society. For centuries the people strove to straighten their backs, to raise their heads and walk the earth with the dignity becoming to men, and many are the legends told by the people of their struggle for freedom and happiness.

But the day has come when the fairy tales and legends of old must recede into the background to make room for the reality of our day. The theme of man's coming into his own, of the harmonious development of all his innate abilities has more than once attracted the attention of the masters of the Soviet cinema. But in most pictures the producers went off at a tangent from the main plot of the film.

Two new films have been released on the Moscow screen recently, both of which—in different forms and with varying degrees of mastery—reveal the essence of those miraculous changes that are taking place daily and hourly on a mass scale in the land of Socialism.

One of these films was directed by G. Alexandrov, whose work is well known to filmgoers in both the Old and the New World. Alexandrov was co-producer with Sergei Eisenstein of the film *Potemkin*. Subsequently he has worked independently and has achieved renown as a producer of musical film comedies. His pictures *Moscow Laughs*, *Volga-Volga* and *Circus* have enjoyed wide success both in the U.S.S.R. and abroad. In both *Moscow Laughs* and *Volga-Volga* the heroine, who is endowed with unusual talent, finally succeeds, after a series of amusing adventures, in "making good."

This is the main theme of his new picture *Bright Road*. The film was originally entitled *Cinderella*, since its story was faintly reminiscent of the well-known fairy-tale about the obscure scullery maid who is transformed into a beautiful princess; the only difference being that the story of the simple Soviet girl, one of thousands upon thousands who rose to a high position, is not a fairy-tale but reality. In *Bright Road* the fairy-tale motifs are interwoven with reality, so that the fairy-tale merges with reality and real

life often appears as if something told in a fairy-tale.

The audience is moved not so much by the camera tricks as by the truthful and thrilling account of the unlimited opportunities that are open to every honest member of Socialist society. At first we see the heroine as an illiterate young housemaid; then we find her doing unskilled labor in a factory, and after a number of transformations—wrought not by a fairy godmother's wand, but by dint of hard, persistent labor—we see her operating 240 looms in a huge textile mill. In a relatively short time she has succeeded in displaying her natural gifts and has won the love and respect of the people who honor her with the exalted title of Member of the Supreme Soviet.

This is all natural and true to life. The path traversed by the Soviet "Cinderella" is not without its thorns. Many are the obstacles to be surmounted: the hostility of enemies, and the inertia of bureaucrats to be overcome.

In this struggle Cinderella is not alone. She finds a staunch friend and counsellor in the secretary of the Party organization at the factory. Her friends and comrades guide her first faltering steps, and at the great crisis in her life a telegram from Molotov inspires her with courage and faith. Following the story that unrolls before them on the screen Soviet filmgoers are reminded of the inauguration of the Stakhanov movement, attended by hundreds of similar instances of which they read in the newspapers. Alexandrov's film is designed to show the birth of the new man and woman, the advanced innovator of our day, the Stakhanovite worker. In the process of making the picture the original idea as conceived by the producers grew in scope and depth. And that is why the original title was changed from *Cinderella* to *Bright Road*; for the road traveled by the heroine, Tanya Morozova, is the bright road known to millions of Soviet girls.

Alexandrov has succeeded in showing this road with his usual ingenuity and inventiveness. He has made use of the most complex and modern methods of cinema technique. The audience sees and hears the heroine singing a duet with herself; sees her flying with her double in a miraculous automobile. The rich technique of modern cinematography has been used by Alexandrov to the best advantage. For some shots the producers had to spend many hours in a dirigible. Some of the novelties in this film are the last word in Soviet cinema technique.

A still from "Bright Road." Lyubov Orlova as Tanya Morozova and E. Tyapkina as secretary of the Party organization at the factory

Some camera feats have been cleverly used in the picture (viz. the episode of the "conversation with the mirror" in which Lyubov Orlova sings a duet with her reflection). This was done in the following manner: the first voice was recorded, of which a duplicate was taken as a backsound of the rear-projection in front of a mirror frame. The second voice was recorded simultaneously with the re-recording, the actress heard the recording of her own song through a telephone.

But the difficulties attending the task of bringing out the real self of an advanced representative of Socialist society, as well as the difficulty of showing a picture in two planes at once—the imaginary and the real—naturally interfered with the logical presentation of the character and development of the central figure. The result is that the transformation of Tanya Morozova and her rapid development are not sufficiently motivated. What we see on the screen is the external motivation of behavior rather than the gradual development of character through struggle in the process of overcoming obstacles and difficulties. What's more, the story of the production records established by Tanya Morozova is largely glossed over. And that is a pity. The film seems to concentrate too much on the ultimate results, while the means and methods by which these results were achieved are drawn altogether too sketchily. The problem of revealing the makings of a Stakhanovite worker, the arduous path traversed by the Stakhanovite before the records are attained, still remain to be solved by Soviet film producers.

The leading role in the film is played by Lyubov Orlova who will be remembered by her roles in other pictures produced by Alexandrov. She has cleverly conveyed the metamorphosis of the illiterate peasant girl who becomes a leading member of Soviet society. Her Tanya Morozova changes from one episode to another. Gradually her peasant way of speaking, her village mannerisms disappear. Unfortunately the scenario writers have not given as detailed a portrayal of the other characters in the film and this is perhaps its gravest shortcoming.

The other film worthy of mention in the same connection is the work of A. Ivanovsky which was completed at about the same time as *Bright Road*. Ivanovsky is one of the older Russian cinema producers, his cinema career having begun some few years before the October Revolution. He has many films to his credit, including some fine pictures adapted from the works of great Russian literary classics—Pushkin, Turgenev, and others.

Lyubov Orlova in the final scene of "Bright Road"

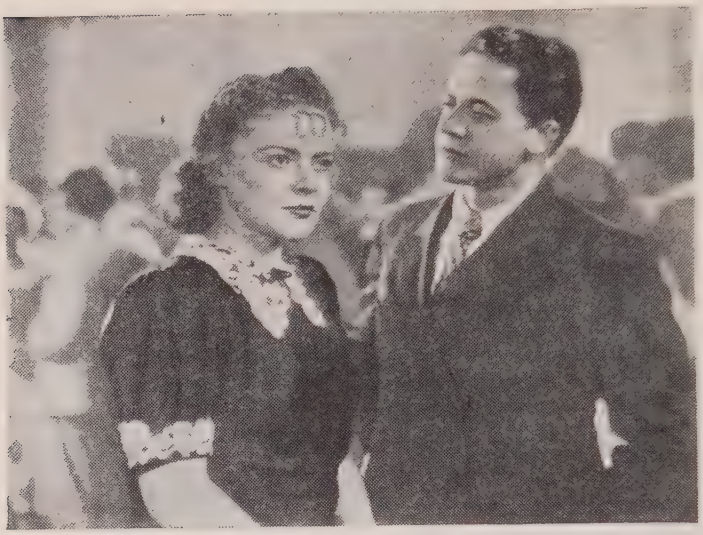
In *Musical Story* Ivanovsky tackles what is for him a new genre, namely the musical comedy film.

Incidentally, Ivanovsky's effort poses the question of the mutual influence between the Soviet and American cinema.[1]

Two musical films produced in the U.S.A.—*100 Men and a Girl* by Henry Koster and *The Great Waltz* by Julien Duvivier—were shown in the Soviet Union where they enjoyed great success.

Musical Story is the first Soviet film in which music is the principal element and not an incidental, illustrative or intermediary item. It is natural that Ivanovsky should have taken into account the experience of American cinematography when making his film. In the historical rivalry between Socialism and capitalism Soviet people are obliged to take into account the advanced technical experience of the most developed capitalist countries. This

[1] I do not intend here to go into the question of the influence of the Soviet cinema on American films. In the first place this would take me too far off the subject and secondly, for our American readers, this aspect of the question is clear. The tremendous influence of the best works of Soviet cinematography, beginning with Sergei Eisenstein's *Potemkin*, upon the American cinema is common knowledge. Moreover, Hollywood's recent leaning toward films with social content might also be traced to the success of such Soviet films as *Baltic Deputy* and *We Are From Kronstadt*.



Zoya Fedorova as Klava and S. Lemeshev as Petya Govorkov. Still from "Musical Story"

idea is strongly emphasized in another new film now being produced, a film dealing with the late Chkalov, the great pilot of our time. There is a scene in that film, showing Stalin conversing with Chkalov before the latter undertakes his flight from Moscow to the United States. When Stalin advises the pilot to plan carefully for such a difficult flight and reminds him that "even in such a technically advanced country as America nobody has ventured to make such a flight," Chkalov remarks: "Comrade Stalin, we have a machine that is better adapted for long-distance flights than any machine in existence . . . Why should we have to look to America?" There follows Stalin's calm rejoinder: "You are wrong, Comrade Chkalov . . . it is always necessary to look around . . . and when you fly to America see that you look around you properly . . . When you are out to overtake someone you must look around you."

In producing *Musical Story* Ivanovsky was quite right in "looking around" to see what America has produced along these lines. This, however, by no means implies that his is just an imitation of the American films. Ivanovsky merely uses the latter as a point of departure for his own creative work. In this contest, as it were, Ivanovsky does not always get the better results. But the point is that the first Soviet picture of this kind is an independent work of art, in a style fully representative of the Soviet cinema.

What is characteristic of the two American films mentioned above? Their heroes win through at the end, but they owe their success to some lucky chance. Furthermore, in *The Great Waltz* the Soviet film-goer is annoyed by the final scene in which Strauss is shown in a meek and humble mood, apologizing for the rebellious days of his youth. The scene of Strauss' last meeting with Franz Joseph does not harmonize with the whole character of the young Strauss who has endeared himself to the audience. Yet this discord is quite in keeping with the propaganda purposes of American bourgeois cinematography. Unlike this, the Soviet producers, while willing to learn from the American cinema as regards technique, strive for unity of characterization, for the faithful depiction of character and character development.

Ivanovsky's film is the story of a young taxi driver who has unusual musical gifts and a fine voice, and who finally becomes a singer in the biggest opera house in the country. One recalls the chauffeur in *100 Men and a Girl*, the young man who loves music and can sing, but whom we see at the end of the picture merely as a music lover who looks down from the gallery and rejoices in the success of the heroine who has been luckier than he. In this the producer, indeed, displays a proper sense of proportion; for the heroine owes her success to a mere stroke of luck (her telephone conversation with a newspaper editor who mistakes her for Stokowski's secretary).

In Ivanovsky's picture the hero's fate also appears to be decided by a stroke of luck—his meeting in the theater with Makedonsky, one-time opera singer. But this is a stroke of luck of a different kind. For the whole picture brings out the fact that in Soviet society any gifted person has the opportunity to develop his gifts. And had Govorkov, the hero, not met Makedonsky in the theater that night, he

would have found other doors open to him, and other teachers instead of Makedonsky. And this is the point the film emphasizes.

Ivanovsky has not only done an excellent job with the picture as a whole, but has made some of the secondary scenes also highly impressive. One remembers the nocturnal journey in the taxi through the streets and along the embankments of the slumbering city of Leningrad. Many of the comic situations are extremely well presented, among them the episode on the bridge when the hero sings a number of operatic arias to his sweetheart who is sitting on the railing. When the singer receives the kiss he has just earned from what he believes to be his only listener, there is a burst of applause under the bridge and shouts of "bravo" from a large crowd who, attracted by the song, have come over in their boats.

S. Lemeshev, Honored Artist and well-known opera tenor of the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow, plays the part of Govorkov, the chauffeur, in this picture. It is his debut on the screen, incidentally. And while he carries off the sound part with brilliance, his acting as a whole leaves much to be desired. He lacks the ease and unaffectedness that is the *sine quo non* of comedy. Nor has he been able to convey the gradual development of his hero from a self-taught singer to opera star. Lemeshev sings as brilliantly in the first scene as in the last. Zoya Fedorova (leading lady in F. Ermler's picture *The Great Citizen*) played opposite Lemeshev.

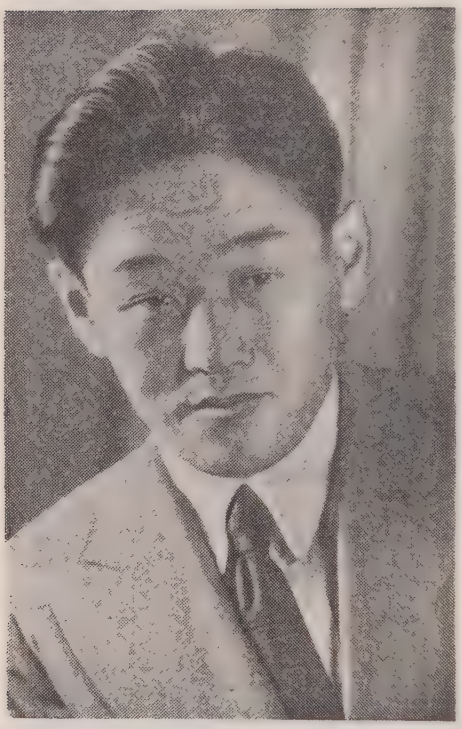
Musical Story has been a great success with Soviet movie audiences. This is due in no small measure to the good scenario, one of whose authors is Evgueni Petrov co-author with the late Ilya Ilf of the novels *Diamonds to Sit On*, *The Little Golden Calf* and *Little Golden America*.

While paying tribute to both pictures, Soviet film critics draw attention to the defects in production and acting. There is no doubt that, as regards form and finish of plot, as well as the lightness and unaffectedness of the acting, both *Bright Road* and *Musical Story* are inferior to the better American films. But they are superior to them in ideological content and novel approach to their themes.

V. TAROV

Zoya Fedorova as Klava and E. Garin as Tarakanov. Still from "Musical Story"

Buryat-Mongolian



G. Tzidenjanov, director of the State Theater of Ulan Ude (capital of Buryat-Mongolian Republic), awarded the Order of Lenin

The festival of Buryat-Mongolian art recently held in Moscow demonstrated the culture and art of the Buryat-Mongols—a people regenerated by the Great October Socialist Revolution. The Musical Drama Theater, The State Philharmony, folk singers, dancers and artists of the Buryat-Mongolian Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic, took part in the festival.

Such reviews of national art have become a tradition in the Soviet capital. Moscow had seen the dramatic art of Ukraine, Georgia, Byelorussia, Azerbaijan, Kirghizia, Kazakhstan and other peoples of the Soviet Union. These festivals have contributed to the development of Soviet culture, enriching Russian art as well as the art of the visiting groups who, in turn, are drawing on the great heritage of the Russian masters.

In the course of the festival, the Buryat-Mongols presented several operas and plays depicting life in old and new Buryat-Mongolia.

Scene from the national opera "Enche Bulat-Bator"

Art Festival

Scene from the national opera "Bair." L. Petrova as Bulagan and S. Korotkov as Bair

Scene from the play "Erjen." C. Tzirenova as Svetlana and G. Geninov as Najmila

Opera "Bair." The dance of a shaman

Painting and the People

"What do Paris circles think of French painting today?" was the question I put to a friend, an artist, when I happened to pass through Paris shortly before the outbreak of the war. I had in mind the fact that Paris circles had been renowned for their appreciation of art and refined taste.

Our interest was heightened by the fact that during the years we Spaniards had waged a life-and-death struggle against Franco, we had had no contact with Paris artists and were now eager to learn how French art had developed, what changes of importance had taken place.

My friend's answer was terse but sufficient to reveal the tragedy which had ruined French art, and the indifference typical of the perturbed mind of the Parisians in those days. Here is what he said:

"Paris is no longer what it was. Problems of art stir no one. An air of anxiety hangs over the city and there is simply no room for art. Our attention is centered on what the newspapers bring us in the morning, and nothing else interests us. We are living on shaky soil, we are living on sand."

I thought that we felt the unfriendly sandy soil—the sand of the concentration camps in which the "democratic" government of France sought to bury us alive. But I recalled that the Spanish artists, who found themselves on this sandy soil under the hostile eyes of the police, continued to paint, and paint well, though they were deprived of all means and the atmosphere around them was far from conducive to creative work.

More than once have I observed in the concentration camps how Spanish artists, numb from cold, tried to scrape together a few francs and bought paper on the quiet, striving to express in drawings their protest against the monstrous injustice of which they were the victims.

Why is it that the Spaniards who were languishing in concentration camps in France were filled with that sacred fervor of the artist, and why was that spirit dead in pre-war Paris? Because the artists in Paris were inhaling poisoned air and this poison penetrated into their art and killed it. They were like fallen dry leaves carried by the whirlwind they knew not where. The Spanish artists, however, managed to escape the poison, managed to preserve their irreconcilability, steadfastness and inspiring power of protest.

When society is in a state of decay it is but natural that the people who serve it and the means by which they serve it should be affected too. Such was the fate that had befallen the Paris artists. People, however, who are in opposition to this dying world, do not share its fate at the critical moment—on the contrary, they grow stronger, because they serve the progressive forces of society, which in the near future will become dominant. Such is the fate of the Spanish artists.

The decay of the French bourgeoisie brought in its wake the decay of French painting which has landed into the blind alley of bleak formalism. It is devoid of flesh and blood, and mere skeletons of abstractions stare at us from the canvases.

Many artists in a number of countries, and in particular in my country, where the traditions of realism are strong, have fallen under the influence of French decadent art, and this influence stifles their gifts, tears them away from their historic roots, distracts them from the true sources of artistic inspiration. I find proof of this in the book *Folk Elements in Spanish Painting and in My Works* (*Lo popular en la plástica española a través de mi obra*). It was written by the Spanish artist Maruja Mallo and published in Buenos Aires.

In Spain, a land rich in artists, Mallo enjoyed general recognition. Fame came to her suddenly, after the *Revista de Occidente* published a highly favorable review about an exhibition of her paintings. It is easy to see the reason for her popularity at that time; her source of inspiration were the Madrid folk festivals. Her brush caught the glamor of the crowds and the spirit of sweeping sensuous happiness that pervaded the atmosphere. This was in 1928 when abstract cubism and absurd surrealism held sway. That an artist was

able at that time to find a simple and adequate form for folk themes could not but be welcomed.

But even those who treat folk themes can land in the blind alley of barren formalism. If an artist of the brush or the word can see in the people only its outward picturesque features, the works of such an artist are necessarily superficial, decadent, dead. He who wishes to portray the people must penetrate into their spirit, follow the development of their social aspirations, watch the people in the class struggle. Only then can art become truly popular, dynamic and human.

But to return to the artist. Her interest in folk themes was superficial, and it gave way to abstract forms, was submerged in the turbid waters of surrealism. Mallos's Paris exhibition in 1932 marked a renunciation of purely popular themes and the switching to the abstract presentation of suburbs with their dumps, garbage heaps and skeletons. Later, in 1936, the artist exhibited her canvases in Madrid; these were an attempt to give a "synthetic picture" of Castilian fields, meadows and cities. But it was undisguised constructivism, mere lifeless lines. Mallo is at present in Buenos Aires and she is working in the theater. But her success in the new field is due more to her rich imagination than to inspiration.

Nevertheless, like every true Spanish artist, she has a healthy background. One sees in Mallo's work the evidence of a constant striving for everything that is genuinely of the people, a striving to understand it and reproduce it on the canvas. In her book she undertook to prove that popular elements provide all the themes of her creative work.

What is wrong about this book, however, is the fact that it represents a futile attempt, typical of certain artists—I have in mind some Western artists I know—to explain through the medium of the written word that which their art failed to convey. There is a sort of a mania to reconstruct the world on the basis of fantastic conceptions. Mallo, for example, claims to have discovered the artistic properties of the grain and the stalk of wheat, is in love with them and considers them the starting point for deducing the significance of wheat, of the field where it is grown and of the people who cultivate it, etc. All this has nothing in common with painting.

Objects become animated only when the artist is able to correlate them with their creator, man; when the objects and man live on the canvas a life that is comprehensible to all; and when they are subordinated to a definite aim, a definite idea conceived by the artist. One cannot be considered an artist of the people just because he draws stalks of wheat and wheat is grown on fields, and the fields are tilled by peasants and peasants are toilers, etc. This, I presume, is self-evident.

But let us not be too pessimistic. It is likely that Mallo, who undoubtedly strives ardently to serve the people, will add a new chapter to her book about a new and more fruitful stage in her art. But this can happen only if she is carried away not by the outward forms of the people's life, but by the people itself, the revolutionary people, the progressive fighting people who today is still oppressed by the capitalists, but who tomorrow will become the master of its own destiny, as it has become in the Soviet Union.

CESAR ARCONADA

CORRESPONDENCE

Renovation by the Petain Method

France is vanquished. Her tormented, humiliated people are now living through some of the darkest days in her history. But to the reactionary bourgeoisie, whose unparalleled treachery has brought France to the brink of destruction, the nation's calamities are an excellent opportunity, their only opportunity to try to strangle all the forces of life and progress in the country. These black reactionaries want to remodel France's system of government, her laws and the whole mode of life on the pattern that preceded the Revolution of 1789. Above all, they want to convert France into "a land of agriculture and peasants." This is the policy they are purveying as the "renovation" of France, this is the meaning of words like "renascence," "restoration" and "new national spirit," of which the press both in the occupied and in the unoccupied zone has been full of late.

The scum of the political world now in power pretend that they aim to "raise the prestige of France in the spiritual sphere" (what this actually means may be gathered from the fact that one of the first actions of the Petain government was to put back the schools under the control of the Jesuit congregations and to close down the *Ecole Normale* which has given many names of renown to French science).

Through the vague appeals for "a new, living art attuned to the new social order" (*Petit Journal*, July 29, 1940), the magniloquent declarations that "the spiritual forces must again direct the life of the nation," and manifestoes about the "birth of a new theater," we can hear the braying of reaction, besotted with hatred.

The city, as a seat of "revolutionary infection," is under suspicion. Artists are told to base their orientation on a peasant (meaning *kulak*) France. "The new true French art of the cinema, imbued with a purified spirit, must produce films taken entirely in natural settings and exalting the return to agricultural life to which France is invoked." (*Paris-Soir*, July 22, 1940.) The theatrical art must become a craft, and actors must leave the cities and wander through the roads of France, where the homeless refugees are now roaming. Thus the French theater will experience a revival in the countryside. Painters too are being told to get back to the "lofty trades of artisans," etc.

Some overzealous people go so far as to say that art has now at last been set free in "liberated France." The *Figaro*, of July 31, 1940, publishes an appeal to "well-known and unknown authors" to write "pure, simple and powerful" works. "Write pretty things, write everything that you did not dare to write before. We look forward confidently to the coming days! To work!"

The authors of numerous articles in the *Marianne*, *Figaro* and *Paris-Soir* (authors who have cropped up from nowhere) are now at work revising the values of "the art of yesterday." The regimes of Daladier and Reynaud, for all the persecutions they rained upon the revolutionary labor movement, seem to have been too liberal for them. They declaim that art "has not had enough censorship and discipline," not enough "rules and regulations." (*Marianne*, August 1, 1940.) Now art is going to have rules and regulations in superabundance and consequently, it is sure to prosper. However, right after the bombast and artificial optimism of these declarations, we read in the next paragraph how the tragedy of France has affected art and artists:

"Writers, artists and sculptors are scattered far and wide. Some are in the occupied zone, others in the unoccupied zone," says *Figaro* (July 29, 1940). "They are all separated, nothing unites them." "We must start the salons again, societies of artists, organize mutual assistance, and so on and so forth."

"Many artists are still in the army, others have already been demobilized. Those who hoped to find refuge among the landscapes which they generally portray were overwhelmed by the invading army. Recently, in the new conditions of life, artists have been working as much as they could, but more often than not they have not been able to work. Apart from all moral considerations, they have been forced by material problems, often insoluble. In some places artists are wondering where

to get canvas and paints. Or, as is more often the case, where to get the money to buy them? Can artists go on working? Can painting give them the means of livelihood? This is an alarming problem."

Then: "As for the actors they are scattered in the unoccupied zone, and some have remained in Paris. They are trying to get together and make contacts with the theater goers. So far this has been quite impossible. If actors in Paris have been able to find audiences, they are—alas!—nothing like they used to be."

The *Journal* (August 6, 1940), considering the possibility of opening the theatrical season in Lyon, which has been hastily declared to be "the theatrical capital of free France," publishes an interview with the director of two big local theaters. "For the theaters to work we must be sure that they are provided with fuel and, on acceptable terms, with paper for advertisements and programs. How can these difficult problems be solved? That is more than I can say."

The French moving picture industry has remained practically without a technical base. France had altogether 39 studios, of which 28 were in Paris and 2 in Rouen. Thus, only 9 studios are left in the unoccupied zone. Furthermore, it is quite impossible to obtain film, which previously was imported from America and Germany. (*Paris-Soir*, August 28, 1940.)

"From the time that Paris was evacuated six weeks ago the French moving picture industry has been in a state of lethargy. In this time not a single documentary film has appeared on our screen. The last film was received in Paris on June 9 and immediately shared the fate of the Parisians who left the city to roam the highways and byways of France. Since then, for lack of a laboratory to develop the films, it has been impossible even to release the film which was taken of the National Assembly (the assembly where France's reactionaries abolished the French Constitution—*N. K.*). The negatives had to be sent to the United States to be developed." (*Paris-Soir*, July 22, 1940.) Adding that the German commandant had forbidden the showing of most of the American films from the first day of the occupation, the newspaper stresses the fact that "as a result such a field of activity has opened before our cinema industry as it never knew before." The main thing is that a competitor has been eliminated. And everything else, the circumstances under which this took place, is of no importance.

The publishing industry has likewise been destroyed and there are no signs of its being restored.

"The majority of the big publishers took part in the sudden exodus from Paris. They only managed to take along with them the more important archives. The manuscripts, the books which were in the hands of the printers, and most of the books in stock, had to be left. Before the offensive in May 1940 a number of books had been sent to printers outside the capital, but only a few of them in the unoccupied zone." (*Figaro*, July 20, 1940.) The publishers who fled from Paris are now preparing books under such fashionable titles as the *Peasant and the Land*, *Capitalism, Class and the Nation*, etc. But it is doubtful whether it will be technically possible to print them.

France is left without books . . . In the unoccupied zone stocks are quite exhausted and there is nowhere to get more from.

"There is a crisis in the book industry caused by the fact that no orders have been filled since May and the necessary stocks of books have not been delivered. All or practically all the publishing houses existed and still remain on occupied territory. Railway communication between the two zones has been very irregular and desultory, so that it has been impossible to deliver a single order; this is apart from the fact that the armistice commission stipulated that supplies on the other side of the Loire should not be removed." (*Le Petit Parisien*, August 10, 1940.) In the book shops of Toulouse, Marseille, Lyon and other cities it is impossible to obtain either fiction, scientific works or schoolbooks. There are not even copy books and pens for the schoolchildren.

"Not a single novel is to be had in any shop. And in general there is nothing left fit to read," complained a bookseller in Toulouse to a correspondent of the *Dépêche de Toulouse* (August 18, 1940). True, he showed the journalist shelves in the back premises, packed with copies of the notorious Yellow, Blue and White Papers published by the French government, which nobody wants to buy now.

The Petain government has decided to revise all the school books with a view to eliminate "subversive ideas," to do away with many text-books altogether and publish new ones in their place. But apart from the fact that it is impossible even to get old school books in the unoccupied area, the plan of publication of new school books cannot be fulfilled for lack of paper and printing facilities. "There are sheds full of university books and school primers waiting to be stitched and bound. They would have to be sent to Paris, but it is impossible to transport anything from the occupied zone, so the printed lists go on lying in the sheds." (*Paris-Soir*, August 10, 1940.)

At first the French press tried to represent this joyless picture as a temporary phase which had practically been left behind. But as time goes on France is sinking deeper into ruin, it is becoming harder and harder to conceal the insolvency of her reactionary government. The articles that sing the praises of "spiritual mobilization" and "national renascence," and promise a rosy future to artists whom the rulers of "regenerated France" are going to provide with the opportunity to work on "new lines," wind up more and more frequently with appeals to all artists to hurry up and organize mutual assistance societies. (*Figaro*, August 11, 1940.) They are told that they must take care of themselves, or starve and die.

How ironical sounds now the claim that "genuine French art, inspired by the new national spirit, can flourish in the free unoccupied zone." (*Figaro*, August 31, 1940.) "The future is replete with hope!" (*Petit Journal*, August 29, 1940) cry Petain's penny-a-liners.

Yes, the future is indeed replete with hopes, and they will be fulfilled, too; but not the future nor the hopes which are dreamed of by the human jackals who are now preying on the great French people.

N. K.

October, 1940.

Letters From Latin America

International Literature has lately received a number of letters from Latin-American writers, from which we print some excerpts below:

"Your last letter was a source of great joy to us, since it re-established our contact with the U.S.S.R.," writes the Chilean poetess Winett de Rokha. The magazine *Multitud* (organ of the People's Front) carries extensive data on the Soviet Union, according to Winett de Rokha, who emphasizes the difficulties encountered in putting out this magazine. "Only Pablo de Rokha," she says of the editor of *Multitud*, "was able to set up and circulate this magazine under the uncertain and difficult conditions now prevailing in almost all South-American countries."

Suspension of the publication of *Ruta*, a magazine issued in Mexico, due to the lack of funds is reported by Jose Mancisidor, Mexican writer. At present Mancisidor is preparing to start a new magazine which may commence publication this year. Mancisidor is also negotiating with a number of Mexican writers, with a view of having them contribute regularly to the *International Literature*; he promises to forward to our offices his new novel, *En la Rosa de los Vientes*, which he is now completing.

The difficult position of the press in Ecuador is described by Umberto Salvador, whose article on Ecuadorian poetry was printed in our issue No. 10 of 1939. Publication of the magazine *America* was suspended for several months due to financial difficulties, but has since been resumed again. Salvador sent us the second edition of his novel, *Los Trabajaderos* (translated some time ago into Russian), which has been altered considerably.

"The manuscript of my new novel, *Universidad Central*, is now in the hands of the Zig-Zag Publishers at Santiago, Chile, and the moment the book will appear I shall forward it to you," Umberto Salvador writes, concluding his letter with the following remarks about two Soviet publications, *U.S.S.R. in Construction* and *Revue de Moscou:* "Both publications are excellent, and a perusal of them gives one an additional idea of the achievements and greatness of culture in the fatherland of the toilers of the whole world."

The Argentinian poetess Julia Farmy de Zinny, editor of the magazine *Vertice*, forwarded to our offices a book of her verse. In her letter she mentions the interest for Soviet literature among writers in Argentine.

NEWS AND VIEWS

U.S.S.R.

ENTIRE COUNTRY OBSERVES TOLSTOY ANNIVERSARY

The entire Soviet Union joined in honoring the memory of Lev Tolstoy on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of his death. Special lectures and exhibitions on the life and work of the great Russian writer were held throughout the country in concert halls, workers' and Red Army clubs, schools, etc.

Scientific sessions dedicated to Tolstoy were arranged by the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. and various literary institutions. The Moscow Writers' Club held a meeting at which contemporaries of the writer related their reminiscences.

Yasnaya Polyana, the birthplace of Tolstoy, where he had spent more than 70 years of his life, attracted many visitors. The Tolstoy estate, which has been converted into a state museum, has been fully preserved. On the day of the anniversary a special session was held at the Yasnaya Polyana school attended by the local population, as well as by representatives of the Academy of Sciences, the Gorky Institute of World Literature and the Union of Soviet Writers.

Newspapers carried reminiscences by peasants of Yasnaya Polyana and other people who had known the great author. Sergei Tolstoy, son of the writer, described the last days and the death of his father. N. Gussev, who had been secretary to Tolstoy, related how the writer worked and how thoughtfully he planned his time.

"Tolstoy did not believe in working at night," Gussev writes. " 'Only in day time, after a night's sleep,' he would say, 'can one work well. At night, after a whole day, one cannot think clearly. When a man works there are really two people doing the job: one works and the other criticizes. At night, however, the critic is asleep.' Tolstoy even maintained that he can tell whether a book was written in the daytime or at night. 'Dickens and Rousseau,' he said, 'wrote in the daytime; Dostoyevsky wrote at night; Byron, also at night.' "

Unpublished versions of Tolstoy's works, as well as articles discussing his creative activity were featured by newspapers and magazines. Particular attention was given to an analysis of Lenin's articles on Tolstoy.

The *Pravda* wrote on the occasion of the anniversary: "All gifts which constitute the power of an artist and give him joy were concentrated in the marvelous genius of Tolstoy . . . Tolstoy was a writer concerned with great social problems, and his artistic achievements are inseparable from what Lenin defined as 'fearless, frank and ruthlessly sharp way . . . in which Tolstoy *poses* the sorest and most irritating problems of our day.' "

The Tolstoy anniversary was also marked by the press of many foreign countries. Most of the Bulgarian newspapers carried articles and essays about the great Russian writer. The *Literaturen Glas* wrote:

"L. N. Tolstoy was one of the first Russian classics to be translated into the Bulgarian language. The interest in his works in our country is due to the profound influence Tolstoy exercised on those intellectuals, who at one time studied in Russia."

The Yugoslavian newspaper *Novo Doba* points out that in November 1910, not only Russia but the entire civilized world watched with bated breath the pulse of the man who lay ill at the out-of-the-way railway station of Astapovo. "The memory of the great writer," the newspaper concludes, "will be cherished forever not only by the Russian people, but by all of mankind."

The Hungarian newspaper *Nepsava* printed a long article describing the main stages of Tolstoy's life. The newspaper notes that even in the hardest years of the Revolution Tolstoy's estate in Yasnaya Polyana was guarded by the state as a shrine. The great writer is held in high esteem not only in the U.S.S.R.; his fame is worldwide.

Norwegian newspapers also published articles on the occasion of the Tolstoy anniversary.

The Diedrichs Publishing House in Germany issued some of Tolstoy's works in German translation, including *War and*

Peace and collections of stories. In an annotation to *War and Peace* the publishers state: "This is a monumental national epic work of the Russian people dealing with the war of liberation against Napoleon. In this, the greatest work of Lev Tolstoy, the Russian people rises before us in its full stature and historic might."

CENTENARY OF PISAREV'S BIRTH

The Soviet press marked the centenary of the birth of the great Russian critic and publicist, D. I. Pisarev, whose writings exercised a great influence on the progressive section of Russian society. Pisarev began writing at the age of 18. His fruitful literary career was cut short by death at the age of 27. In the course of the nine years of his literary activity Pisarev spent more than four years in imprisonment in the St. Peter and Paul Fortress.

In an article published in *Pravda*, Academician Y. Yaroslavsky wrote of Pisarev:

"He often insisted that he was not connected with any party, or with any revolutionary circle. Formally that was so; but every new article by Pisarev was regarded by the whole of literate Russia as an article voicing definite party views: every article evoked impassioned discussions. Not only towards the end of 1860's and during the 1870's but even later, in the 1880's and 1890's, Pisarev's name was associated in the minds of the revolutionary youth with the idea of vehement protest against political despotism and every form of social and intellectual reaction. Pisarev's works found during a domiciliary visit was considered by the police as irrefutable 'proof' that the suspected person was politically 'unreliable' and guilty of 'free thinking.'

"The sentiments which Pisarev stirred were never ones of indifference. His works were eagerly read by the youth, awakening their minds, inspiring them to study, to struggle. Pisarev played the role of a radical revolutionary enlightener not only during his lifetime; he was the revolutionary enlightener of a number of generations after his own."

Yaroslavsky emphasizes the great influence Pisarev had on the development of social consciousness in Russia and on the education of revolutionaries and adds that Lenin was fond of reading Pisarev. According to N. K. Krupskaya (Lenin's wife) Lenin read Pisarev's works with delight; among the portraits of his favorite writers Lenin brought with him to his Siberian exile was one of Pisarev.

"Pisarev's dreams about the future of Russia were of a realistic nature," writes Professor V. Kirpotin in the *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. "His dreams were based on materialistic philosophy. Pisarev fought idealistic philosophy. In many of his articles he correctly pointed to the connection between idealism and political reaction . . . Pisarev saw in natural sciences the basis for the materialistic world outlook. He taught that the natural sciences place man face to face with real life, real nature, real people. Pisarev's materialism contributed a great deal to the struggle against clericalism, idealism and reaction. Pisarev was one of the first to popularize Darwin's teachings in our country . . ."

"Pisarev was aware of the relation of class forces in the 'sixties,and he resolutely sided with the camp of the revolutionaries, of Chernyshevsky and his followers. Pisarev added his voice to the call for the overthrow of the monarchy of the Romanovs and of the feudal system in the country. He called for revolution. 'The overthrow of the reigning dynasty of the Romanovs,' Pisarev wrote in an article for the illegal press, 'and a change in the political and social order are the sole aim and hope of all honest citizens. One has to be either very narrow-minded or fully in the pay of the evil ruling powers not to favor a revolution in the situation as it is at present.'"

Kirpotin points out that while Pisarev may have changed his tactics from time to time as the situation warranted, he always remained a spokesman of the democratic camp, an enemy of tsarism, the landlords, serf-owners and of the liberals who fawned upon the autocracy.

The ideas of the Utopian Socialists attracted Pisarev. He came out against social injustices, as an evil which can be eliminated only together with the social system.

As regards Pisarev's views on literature and art, Professor Kirpotin points out that "Pisarev was a bitter enemy of the theory of art for art's sake. He regarded literature as a weapon in the struggle. That is why in his critical essays he did not confine himself to a literary and esthetic appraisal of the work under review but set forth his philosophical views, his political program, and his dreams about the future industrial development of Russia. Pisarev's critical essays, thereby, assumed great scope and social significance.

Like Belinsky, Chernyshevsky and Dobrolyubov, Pisarev regarded form as a subordinate element in art. He considered that form depends on content, that form can merely express content."

WANDA WASILEWSKA IN MOSCOW

"The books of Wanda Wasilewska[1] became part of Soviet literature long before the collapse of Poland of the gentry. Her entire personality is that of a Soviet writer. Her truthful works—the works of a great artist who knows and understands life well—won the hearts of the readers . . ." It was in these terms that A. Fadeyev, Secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, introduced the renowned Polish authoress to a Moscow audience at a literary evening arranged in her honor.

An extensive report on the works of Wasilewska was delivered by D. Zaslavsky, Soviet critic and publicist.

"The Polish bourgeoisie," he said, "hated Wasilewska's books. With great inner profundity and truth she revealed in her works the real face of Poland under the rule of the gentry, a land of hungry and tormented people. The heroes of her books do not yield to the circumstances, and manifest great hatred for the capitalist system. Wanda Wasilewska's literary path is inseparable from her life. Like Iwan, a hero of one of her books, Wanda Wasilewska in September 1939 trudged eastward, toward the Soviet frontier; but at the same time the frontier moved to meet her."

In her speech the authoress told how her books originated and spoke of her future plans.

"I wish to write a continuation of *Lights in the Marshes*, in which I intend to tell what has happened to the peasants, who are now masters on their own land, to the police, to the *osadniks*. I am not going to write about what life will be in the future. I want to write about life now—a true account of all the difficulties encountered, about the remolding of people, the intrigues of the enemies. This book is to be written in black and white colors. For me books were always a weapon in the struggle, not an aim in themselves."

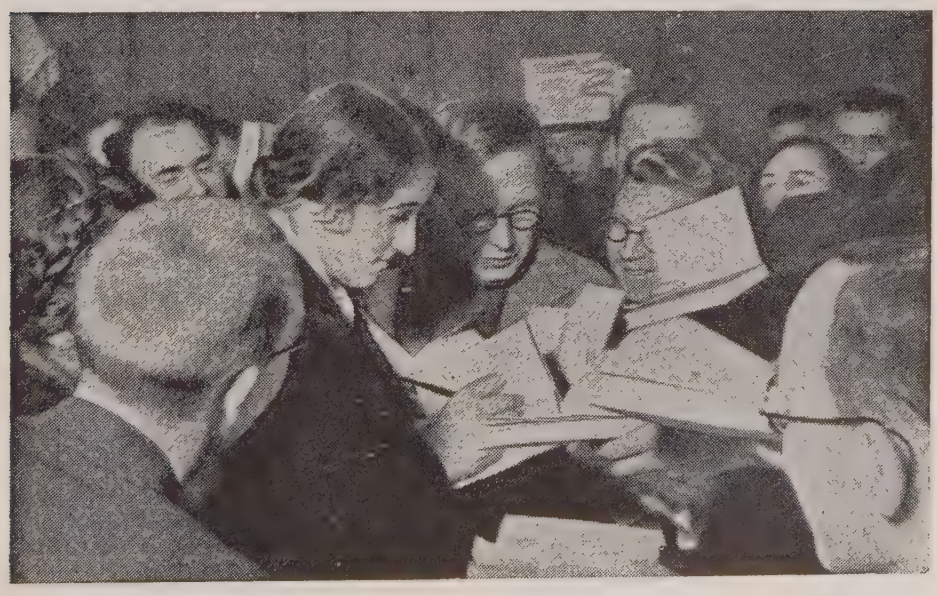
MANUSCRIPTS BY BARBUSSE

Considerable interest is attached to a collection of manuscripts of articles by Henri Barbusse, galley proofs and author's corrections, at the State Literary Museum, which also has a collection of 29 letters by the French revolutionary writer.

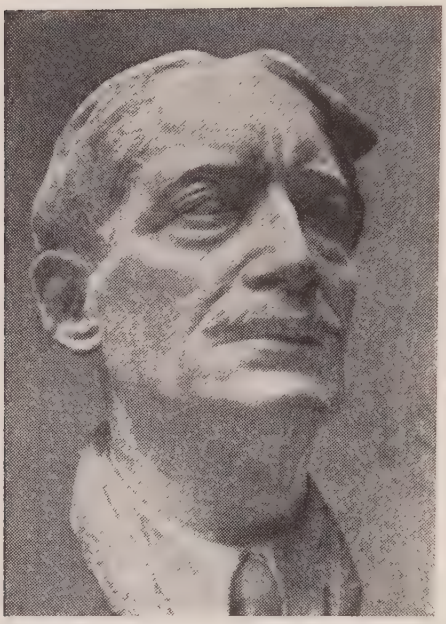
Almost every page of the manuscripts is studded with corrections and additions, sometimes of several lines, made in a small, elegant, even and firm hand. Most of these are stylistic changes, making the phrase more pointed, more precise, adding a new fact, a new turn of thought.

In the article *Religion and Knowledge* Barbusse attempts to present in popular form the results of a century and a half of scientific research about Christ. In a

[1] Excerpts from two of her novels were printed in our magazine last year.



Wanda Wasilewska surrounded by her Moscow readers



Henri Barbusse. Sculpture by E. Kovarskaya

letter regarding the Russian edition of the book *Jesus Versus Christ*, the author outlines his views on the methods of anti-religious propaganda: "I have always been an atheist and fought vigorously against Christian doctrines," he wrote to A. Lunacharsky in May 1927.

Two articles deal with the significance of realism in art. In an article without a title, written in reply to a question by the Soviet magazine *Molodaya Gvardia*, Barbusse stated: "I came to Communism perhaps not by the path which was followed by most of our comrades. In my profession as writer I have always adhered not merely to realism in portrayal, but also to truth in presenting ideas more than to fiction. It always seemed to me that a writer, like a scientist, must strive to show things as they are in reality, to seek behind dramas and events for the general laws, the fundamental structure . . . Such a viewpoint, crystalized in my mind many years ago, awakened my almost irresistible interest for the idea of internationalism. And, if I may be permitted to use this expression, it was through this door that I entered the realm of our common ideas."

In letters addressed to the All-Union Society for Cultural Relations With Foreign Countries Barbusse appears as an impassioned defender of the Soviet Union. Referring to the vicious and lying attacks of the venal bourgeois press, Barbusse asked for articles and data on the construction of Socialism to be published in the magazine *Monde* which he edited at the time; he was particularly interested in collective-farm life and the anti-religious movement. In a letter dated December 20, 1933, the writer expressed concern over the fact that he was lacking some data for his urgent and paramount work, the book on Stalin.

In the same letter he records his impressions of a trip to the United States. Noting the big success of the anti-war congress held in New York, he remarks: "In America the masses, and particularly the left intelligentsia, are more susceptible to new ideas than in our older European countries."

A volume of selected works by Henri Barbusse has been issued by the State Literary Publishing House; it includes *Under Fire*, *Light* and other important works.

In the last 21 years 52 editions of Barbusse's works have been printed in the U.S.S.R.; *Under Fire* appeared in eleven editions, and the book *Stalin*, which was written only a few years ago, appeared already in seven editions. Barbusse's books were translated into the Georgian, Ukrainian, Armenian, Jewish, Byelorussian, Kazakh, Tatar and other languages spoken in the U.S.S.R.

LITERARY ACTIVITIES IN THE BALTIC REPUBLICS

The magazine *Looming* (Creative Work), organ of the Union of Estonian Writers, commenced publication in 1922, the year when the union was founded. In the stifling atmosphere of reaction, and artificially isolated from the Soviet Union, this magazine, like all of Estonian literature, had no chance for real development and had to fight hard for its existence. Nevertheless, the editorial board of *Looming* steadfastly declined the "honor" of becoming a mouthpiece of the official reactionary ideology.

The sixth issue last year was published after Estonia established Soviet power, and it is one of the most colorful issues of the magazine.

The prose section opens with a short story of Johannes Barbarus. The story was written a long time ago but it was banned by the censor. This is the only work in prose to come from the pen of the Estonian poet. In his usual expressionistic

style, Barbarus portrays with great emotional force the despotism of reaction. He describes the execution of a cabby, who was arrested by accident for a careless joke and through a misunderstanding was taken for a revolutionary.

Another important contribution is the excerpts from the memoirs of Friedebert Tuglas on the events of the 1905 Revolution in Estonia.

The issue contains also interesting epigrams in verse by Arne Vichalemma. They were written in the years 1935-1939, but were never printed because of the censorship.

Soviet literature was a forbidden fruit for Estonian magazines during the rule of reaction, and it is not surprising that most of the book review section of the issue of *Looming* published after the overthrow of the plutocratic regime is taken up by Soviet literature. It includes articles on Gorky and Mayakovsky and an interesting essay about Anton Tammsaare, great Estonian writer.

Gorky's *The Song of the Stormy Petrel* opens the first issue of a new magazine *Viisnurk* (Fivepointed Star), devoted to problems of literature and culture, publication of which was begun in Estonia. Its editorial board includes prominent men of letters and the arts.

Outstanding in the first issue is the story *Back Wheels* by Peet Vallak which presents a picture of the first days of Soviet life in the Estonian village. Of interest are the reminiscences of Selma Tellman about the Bolshevik Victor Kingisepp, who was murdered by the reactionaries.

A delegation of writers from Latvia visited Moscow recently. "The purpose of our visit," stated the critic Rudolf Egle, Vice-President of the Union of Latvian Writers and Journalists, "is to establish close relations with the Union of Soviet Writers, to become acquainted with its activity and structure, in order to apply its experience in ideological and creative activity in the writer's organization of Latvia.

"Six years ago our writers' trade union was closed down. Instead, a union of the press was established which expelled all progressive writers. The now re-established union of writers and journalists numbers about 300 members.

"Lively organizational activity is conducted by the new board of our union. A writer's club has been opened; the first issue of a literary and art magazine *Karogs* (Banner) has appeared.

"Book publishing is being organized on a new basis. Writers have prepared quite a few of their works for the press. Collected works of classics of Latvian prose are to be reissued.

"An unusual interest in books is observed in the country. Editions of certain books have to be increased four to five times. Great popularity is enjoyed by Soviet literature. A whole series of translations of works by Soviet writers and Russian classics is being prepared."

A writers' club has been opened in Kaunas, Lithuania; literary evenings and lectures on problems of literature and political topics are held regularly.

New works are promised by Lithuanian writers, who are taking full advantage of the possibilities for creative activity open to them now. Petras Zvirka, some of whose works are known to our readers, is preparing for publication some books for children. He has also started a novel about a peasant uprising in former bourgeois-landlord Lithuania.

The poetess Salomeja Neries is working on Lithuanian folk tales. Many writers are engaged in translating the best works of Soviet literature, formerly unavailable to the Lithuanian reader.

TRANSLATE BALTIC POETS INTO RUSSIAN

The State Literary Publishing House has issued in Russian translation two collections of verse, one by the Estonian poet J. Barbarus (Vares) and the other, by Liudas Gira, Lithuanian poet.

Filled with sarcasm and wrath, Barbarus' poems are very stirring. A physician by profession, Barbarus came in close contact with the hard life of the people. He is a poet whose verses are filled with a sense of civic duty, are an indictment of the old order.

"A song is not a song unless it cuts like a knife," he says in *A Fairy Tale of Our Days*.

Barbarus did not reconcile himself to the plutocratic rule of the capitalists ("City in-the-sticks, I'll either destroy or transform you," *Night*.). He called on the reader to struggle, imbued him with faith in a bright future for the people.

Let us drive a stake into the grave of capitalism
and sing a hymn to the new age.

The Liudas Gira collection consists of two parts: *Meditation* and *Songs of Love and Elegies*. The poet described his native Lithuania as an impoverished land, exhausted and downtrodden. His verses breathe with hatred for the enslavers of the Lithuanian people; strong motifs of internationalism resound in them (*To the Brother Letts*). His lyrical verses are marked by a simplicity that makes them akin to folklore.

IN THE WORLD OF LITERATURE

"This has been a year of extraordinary development of the self-consciousness of the working people and of a rapid advance of culture," *Literaturnaya Gazeta* wrote on the occasion of the first anniversary of the liberation of Western Ukraine and Western Byelorussia. "Writers who live in Lwow felt the attention and solicitude of the Government. . . . National discord, of which there were some manifestations at first, has vanished. Now the writers in Lwow live as one friendly family."

Much has been accomplished by Lwow writers in the past year. A number of books in the Polish, Yiddish and Ukrainian languages have been published. Recently 58 Lwow writers were admitted into the Union of Soviet Writers of the Ukraine.

"For the writers of Western Byelorussia this was a year of active participation in the social and political life of the country," *Literaturnaya Gazeta* notes further. "In their new works one feels the true spirit of the new Soviet reality."

Janina Broniewska has written a new novel for children, which graphically presents life in former capitalist Poland. New verse by Jewish and Byelorussian poets have appeared, many of them the work of representatives of the younger generation. The plans of Moscow and Minsk publishing houses include the publication of books by Byelorussian writers.

The Union of Soviet Writers of Byelorussia has admitted to membership many Byelorussian, Polish and Jewish poets and prose-writers of the western regions of the republic.

Publication of a daily newspaper in the Polish language, *Sztandar Wolnosci* (Banner of Freedom) has begun in Minsk, capital of the Byelorussian S.S.R. The editorial board includes Polish writers. The newspaper will devote much space to literature, the theater and art.

The Second Congress of Turkmenian writers was held in Ashkhabad recently. The reports made at the Congress show the steady progress made by Turkmenian literature in recent years. The works of Turkmenian, Russian and world classics have been published and distributed in scores of thousands of copies. A great deal of work has also been accomplished in recording Turkmenian folklore.

The State Publishing House of Armenia is preparing for the press the works of Wanda Wasilewska. The first to be translated is the novel *Earth in Bondage*.

The Yerevan Musical Research Institute has recorded the tune of a 40-page poem by the folk bard Arsuman, which is distinguished for its musical quality as rendered by its author. Armenia has some 300 folk bards and story tellers and the institute has made recordings of many of their poems and stories.

The Folk Art of Kalmyckia is the title of a volume issued in Stalingrad. It includes folk songs, tales, legends, proverbs and riddles of pre-revolutionary and Soviet Kalmyckia. The collection is illustrated by the Kalmyck artist Ochirov.

An Anthology of Georgian Poetry in the Russian language is being prepared for the 20th anniversary of Soviet Georgia. Many folk poems and excerpts from Georgian classics have been translated for the first time.

The State Publishing House of Byelorussia is issuing a number of books in the Polish language. Books on political subjects include V. I. Lenin's *The State and Revolution; Imperialism, the Highest Stage of Capitalism; The Great Initiative; The Immediate Tasks of the Soviet Government* and *To the Village Poor;* J. V. Stalin's *Problems of Leninism, The Foundations of Leninism; The October Revolution and the Tactics of the Russian Communists; On Lenin; The International Character of the October Revolution, Marxism and the National and Colonial Question.*

Among the other books to be published are selected works by the Polish writers A. Mickiewicz, G. Sienkiewicz, E. Orzeszko, Wanda Wasilewska, J. Broniewska and others.

Coming publications will include books by M. Gorky and V. Mayakovsky, F. Dzerzhinsky's *From a Diary*, and selected verses of Byelorussian poets.

ISSUE WORKS OF GERMAN AUTHORS

A number of works by German authors residing in the U.S.S.R. was published last year. At the head of the list should be placed the collection of new verse *Regeneration* by Johannes R. Becher, which was issued by the Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga Publishers and was well received in literary circles. The same publishers put out a small collection of selected poems by Becher written in the years 1933-1940, under the title of *Seven Years*. Still greater interest was commanded by the biographical novel of this writer *Parting*.

The same publishers issued *Internationalists*, described as a "cinema ballad," by Bela Balazs. The same author's play on Mozart which appeared in *International Literature* No. 8 for 1937 has been brought out in a Russian translation by the Moscow Art publishers and in Kiev in the German language.

Willi Bredel has completed a novel called *Friends and Relatives*, dealing with the life of a German worker's family. The Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga Publishers issued Bredel's historical tales relating to the times of the French Revolution under the title of *A Commissar on the Rhein*, a historical short story *After Victory* and a collection of articles entitled *Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Clausewitz and the French Bourgeois Revolution*. Bredel's book *Pater Brakel* and his collection *Popes, Priests, and Monks in the Mirror of Literature*, were published in Kiev.

Fritz Erpenbeck's novel *The Founder* is being prepared for the press by Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga, which has issued his short story *A Little Girl in the Big War* in the series known as *Kleine Bücherei*.

A Kiev publishing house has brought out a collection of lyrical verse by Hugo Huppert under the title *Fatherland*. The same publishing house has made available to the public a literary theoretical study on Gottfried Keller by Georg Lukacs and the novel *Roaming* by Adam Scharrer.

Theodor Plivier's novel *The Last Corner of the Globe* as well as novels by Becher, Bredel and Erpenbeck are scheduled for publication in Russian and German. Novels by Plivier and Bredel will also be featured by *Internationale Literatur (Deutsche Blätter)*, around which are grouped the German writers who reside in the U.S.S.R. This magazine published the play *The Interrogation of Lukullus* by Bertold Brecht and excerpts from his play *Mother Courage*. The same magazine published verses by Johannes Becher, Clara Blum, Hugo Huppert and Erich Weinert, and stories and tales by Fritz Erpenbeck, Theodor Plivier, Hans Rodenberg, Adam Scharrer and Gustav Wangenheim.

Of considerable interest is the translation work done by German authors. A group of German writers, headed by Alfred Kurella, have rendered into German the works of Taras Shevchenko, great Ukrainian poet. The translation is scheduled for publication in Kiev. Hugo Huppert and Franz Leschnitzer are translating works of Mayakovsky. Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga Publishers has issued a volume of Mayakovsky translated into German by Hugo Huppert. It includes the poems *V. I. Lenin* and *Good!*

Erich Weinert has compiled a collection of verse and songs about Stalin. Entitled *The Genius of Freedom*, it contains the works of German poets, as well as translations of Soviet folklore about Stalin. One of these poems was published in English in *International Literature* (No.12, 1939).

The works of many German authors have appeared in the *Kleine Bücherei* series. Among these are: Berta Lask, Theodor Plivier, Hans Rodenberg, Anna Seghers, Adam Scharrer, Gustav Wangenheim, Erich Weinert and Dora Wentscher.

TWO NEW BOOKS ON COLUMBUS

Two books on Christopher Columbus have been put out by the State Children's Literature Publishers.

O. Guryan's book is written for younger children. The authoress deals mainly with two periods, the dream of Columbus about discovering a route to India, and his first trip to America, his three subsequent voyages are presented in the epilogue.

The other book, by Zinaida Shishova, is for adolescents. It is written in the style of a historical novel with a definite plot. The author introduces the character of Francesco Ruppi, a lad who becomes Columbus' servant and accompanies him on his voyages. This gives the author a chance to present all the action through the eyes of the boy. The portrait of Columbus drawn by Z. Shishova is human and natural with all its contradictions; Columbus is shown as a dreamer who at the same time engages in slave traffic; a fearless and courageous man, who bows before superstition; a man who combines the traits of an enthusiastic pioneer with lust for power.

HONOR KACHALOV, GREAT SOVIET ACTOR

Vasili Kachalov, outstanding Soviet actor, rounded out forty years of his association with the Moscow Art Theater, where he first appeared in October 1900 in the role of Tsar Berendei in Ostrovsky's play *The Snow Maiden*.

In the past four decades he has acted more than fifty roles in plays of Pushkin, Shakespeare, Gorky, Chekhov, Ibsen and others.

"The moment Kachalov appears on the stage," writes *Pravda*, "thousands of spectators are electrified, and there are no longer any indifferent or inattentive among them. It is hard to describe the emotions that are stirred in the audience by Kachalov. He brings with him to the stage an unusual warmth, the unhurried meditation of a sage and the fervent impetuosity of a youth, the courage of a warrior and the mellow smile of an artist and mentor.

"An actor leads a thousand lives. But only the great artist is given the power to combine that multiformity of reincarnations, ideas, passions and emotions into one single harmonious whole, never succumbing to them, but dominating them like a true master. Such is V. Kachalov."

During the forty years of activity the sparkling talent of Kachalov attained perfection of form, immeasurable depth and stirring force. Another important trait of Kachalov is that he is abreast of the times. He entered the Soviet theater as a mature artist, and yet the role of a leader of peasant partisans in Ivanov's play *Armored Train 14-69* proves to be one of his greatest impersonations on the stage. "This," *Pravda* declares, "is a result of profound study, Kachalov's ability to feel the pulse of the times, to feel at one with the people."

V. Kachalov in the role of Vershinin in "Armored Train 14-69"; in the title role of Shakespeare's "Julius Caeser," and as Hamlet.

NEW BALLET STAGED IN UKRAINE

A new ballet, *Lileya*, has been presented by the Kiev Opera and Ballet Theater. The libretto, written by S. Chagovets, is based on poems by Taras Shevchenko, great Ukrainian poet. K. Dankevich composed the music.

The central figures in the ballet are Lileya and Stepan. Their love and happiness is shortlived; for Lileya, pursued by a prince, runs away to a Gypsy camp, and Stepan joins the Cossacks on the Dnieper. He is captured prisoner by the Turks who blind him, but manages to return to his native land. He finds his beloved only to lose her again. Lileya is abducted by the prince. The people rise against their oppressor, storm the prince's castle and put the prince to death. But Lileya also perishes. Such in brief is the plot.

Critics gave favorable reviews of the new ballet. "The composer found the necessary means and colors for conveying the inner life of his heroes," *Pravda* reviewer wrote. "The music possesses a variety of rhythms and is colorful." Noting some of the shortcomings, the reviewer adds that these "cannot detract from the significance of the work performed by the director and the entire ensemble."

OPERA ON GREAT FERGHANA CANAL

The heroic exploit of 160,000 collective farmers who in 1939 dug the Great Ferghana Canal in 45 days (see *International Literature*, No. 11, 1939) is the subject of a new opera now being rehearsed by the Uzbek Opera and Ballet Theater. *The Great Canal* is the title of the new opera, the action of which begins in the days of the Kokand khans. By order of the khan, the oppressed and poverty-stricken peasants dig a canal. The women bemoan the lost labor of their husbands, since the water will be taken by the rich. Brought to a point of desperation by the lack of water, the poor peasants divert some of the water to their fields, but are brutally punished for it.

Next the action is laid in our days. The year 1939 finds the farmers at work on the Ferghana Canal. In one of the scenes the builders work at night by the light of torches. Here the young heroes Butajan and Nadra meet. The plot next revolves round the intrigues of enemies who try to hinder the building of the canal. Nadra is in their way and the enemies attempt to discredit and then to murder her, but she is saved by the collective farmers. The last scene depicts the jubilation of the people after the great work is completed. The opera ends with a song about Stalin rendered by a chorus of 350, accompanied by three orchestras.

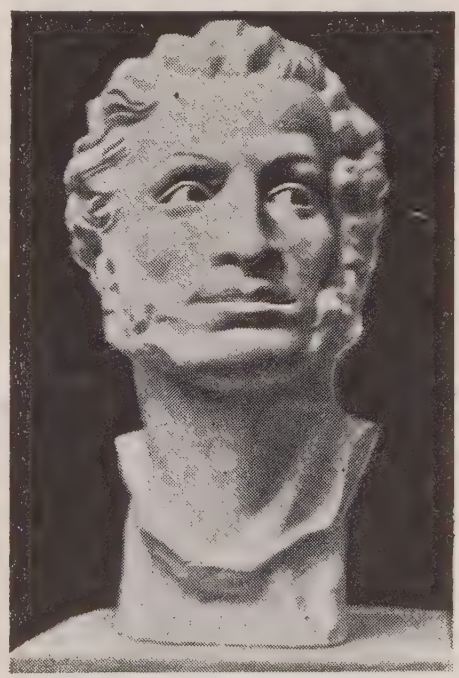
The composers S. Vasilenko and Mukhtar Ashrafi drew on folk music, Ferghana songs and Bokhara melodies for their work. The singers who are now rehearsing the new opera visited the construction site of the Ferghana canal in 1939, where they performed for the builders.

PORTRAY I. P. PAVLOV ON THE SCREEN

A scientific biographical film dedicated to the life and work of Academician Pavlov, renowned physiologist, has been released by the Moscow Technical Film Studios. The film is based on material supplied by the Gorky All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine.

The film begins with a visit to Pavlovo (formerly Koltushi), where the institutes founded by the great physiologist are located. Next come experiments on conditioned reflexes in the case of dogs and experiments on apes. These are accompanied by a popular explanation.

The biography of Pavlov is reproduced on the screen, some parts being made up of newsreels taken during Pavlov's lifetime. The decree, signed by Lenin, ordering that the most favorable conditions



Alexander Pushkin. Sculpture by L. Po

"Gathering Cotton." Sculpture by I. Frich-Har

of work be created for Pavlov and his associates, and other measures adopted by the Soviet Government figure in the film.

SCULPTORS EXHIBIT WORKS

An exhibition of the works of Soviet sculptors was held at the Pushkin Museum of Fine Arts in Moscow. Most of the exhibits were portrait sculptures, the display including interesting and well-executed works. Many of the participants were young sculptors.

The young sculptor E. Alexeyeva-Balashova created a living image of Lenin in his adolescent years. Another young sculptor, Teneta, exhibited a statue of Stalin in a dynamic posture.

Four sculptures were portraits of Pushkin, great Russian poet; the best of them were the works of Z. Ivanova and L. Po. A fine likeness of Henri Barbusse was created by the sculptor E. Kovarskaya.

A considerable section of the exhibition was made up of group sculptures. Outstanding among these were the works of I. Yefimov, who depicts mostly animals and birds. Decorative sculptures and miniatures were also well represented.

IN BRIEF

For the first time in the history of the existence of ballet, an all-Union conference of masters of choreography is being convened in Moscow. Problems of the art of the dance, its essence and prospects, as well as the work of Soviet ballet masters, will be discussed.

In line with the established tradition of Soviet theaters to spend a year in the Far East playing for the local population and the men of the Red Army and Navy, the New State Theater of Leningrad, directed by Honored Art Worker B. Sushkevich, went to the Far East this year.

Tallinn (Estonia) theaters opened their first Soviet season. The Drama Theater is preparing the production of Gorky's *Vassa Zheleznova*, Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*, and Molière's *Tartuffe*. The Opera Theater will present *The Queen of Spades*, *Eugene Onegin* and also operas by Soviet composers.

An exhibition of the works of self-taught artists is to be opened in Chernovitsy, Northern Bukovina.

The State Opera and Ballet Theater of the Latvian S.S.R. in Riga is rehearsing Ivan Dzerzhinsky's opera *And Quiet Flows the Don*.

Work on the *History of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R.* is nearing completion; it covers the period from 1724 to the present. Little-known archive data and unpublished materials were drawn upon for the history.

CHINA

SOVIET LITERATURE PUBLISHED

Interest in Soviet literature is constantly on the increase in China, and, notwithstanding wartime difficulties, many translations of works of Soviet writers have been issued in recent years. Thus, Gorky's *Lower Depths*, the second part of *The Life of Klim Samghin* and *Death and the Maiden* have appeared in new translation.

The publication, last year, of the first and second parts of *And Quiet Flows the Don* by Mikhail Sholokhov (translated by Chin Yen) was considered an outstanding event in the Chinese literary life.

The writer Feng Yi rendered into Chinese N. Virta's *Loneliness*, and Lin Tang-

chu translated the scenario of the film *Lenin in 1918* by A. Kapler and T. Zlatogorova (published in No. 3, 1939, of our magazine).

Among the other translations that appeared recently are: *I, Son of the Working People* by V. Katayev, and a collection of sketches, *At the Teruel Front*, by Ilya Ehrenburg. The Chinese Theatrical Society in Shanghai published a translation of two books by K. Stanislavsky, famed founder of the Moscow Art Theater: *An Actor Prepares* and *My Life in Art*.

Literary magazines and newspapers in China publish serially many works of Soviet writers. Among these are *Born of the Storm* by N. Ostrovsky, in a new translation, *Tanker Derbent* by Y. Krymov and *Kara-Bugaz* by K. Paustovsky. The drama section of the Federation of Chinese writers is preparing the publication of two plays—*Aristocrats*, by N. Pogodin, and *Pavel Grekov*, by B. Voitekhov and Y. Lench (see *International Literature* No. 10, 1939), with annotations by Ko Pao-chuan, well-known authority on the Soviet theater.

IMPORTANT LITERARY DISCUSSION

An interesting discussion on problems of contemporary Chinese literature has been conducted on the pages of the new magazine *Literary Monthly*. The discussion deals with such problems as the nature of defense literature, realism, national form in the new literature, etc. Essays on modern literature and the cinema were published by the critic Lo Sun, the playwrights Hung Sheng, Ko Yi-hung and others. Realism and the national forms of modern Chinese literature were discussed by Lo Sun and Pan Tsi-nian.

According to the opinion of the participants in the discussion, the literature born in the war of liberation still suffers from schematic presentation, primitive portrayal of events and a prevalence of formalistic methods. The sole correct path for the development of Chinese literature, it was pointed out, is that of revolutionary realistic literature, national in form; a literature such as Gorky and Lu Hsun, great Chinese writer, championed.

The new magazine also featured an article by Ko Pao-chuan on Soviet literature in 1939.

THEATRICAL SOCIETIES

A chain of theatrical societies is springing up in various cities of China and in the front zones, according to a report in the magazine *China at War*. Several new dramatic schools were set up in the central provinces; these train actors as well as playwrights. One of the graduates of a dramatic school, Tien Han, wrote a play, *The Death of Ku Cheng-hung*, which is running now in many cities throughout the country.

Dramatic societies have developed playwrights from the ranks of the working class. Some of them have written fine plays on the participation of the Chinese proletariat in the defense of the country, as, for example, the play *An Episode at the Mill* by Shi Yi and *Our Native Land* by Yu Shing.

BULGARIA

GREAT INTEREST IN SOVIET CULTURE

Bulgarian literary circles show a lively interest in Soviet literature, art and the theater, and all events of Soviet cultural life are reported by the Bulgarian press. Among the items recently reported by the Bulgarian press was the exhibition of Armenian art in Moscow, the publication of a collection of articles on literature by A. Fadeyev, the fêting by the Union of Soviet Writers of I. Novikov, author of a book *Pushkin in Mikhailovskoye*, who has behind him forty years of literary activity.

Literaturen Glas (The Voice of Literature) carried an article by D. Todorov on the occasion of the 35th anniversary of the death of Anton Chekhov, an essay by Lyudmil Stoyanov on V. Mayakovsky, as well as some of the great poet's verses translated into Bulgarian by Stoyanov, and articles about the Kalmyck epic poem, *Jangar*. An article on *Jangar* by L. Stoyanov and M. Grubishlyeva was also printed in *Daga*. *Zarya* featured a long article on Akaki Tsereteli, Georgian poet.

A number of articles dedicated to the works of Mussorgsky and Chaikovsky was published by *Literaturen Glas*. In a detailed analysis of Mussorgsky's compositions, L. Danailov dwells on some of the composer's operas. He regards *Boris Godunov* as a manifestation of the "unshakable realism of the composer" and says of *Fair at Sorochintsky* that "it excellently blends Ukranian melodies and folk humor." In addition to a series of articles on Chaikovsky, the newspaper also printed the letters of the composer to Yurgenson, a musical publisher.

Each new Soviet film also evokes considerable comment. "The Soviet cinema art," *Literaturen Glas* wrote, "has reached so high a level that Soviet films can now rightly vie with the best films produced in the West. Such films as *Peter the Great*, *Alexander Nevsky*, *Childhood of Maxim Gorky* are masterpieces of cinema art."

GERMANY

BERLIN THEATER STAGES OSTROVSKY'S PLAY

The Forest by A. Ostrovsky, famed Russian playwright of the nineteenth century, has been staged by the State Drama Theater in Berlin. The new production is playing every other day to packed houses.

"Ostrovsky is almost unknown abroad, notwithstanding the fact that his plays are a regular feature on the boards of the Russian theaters," the *Berliner Börsenzeitung* writes, adding that the production of the Drama Theater has "the charm of a literary discovery."

Discussing Ostrovsky's works the newspaper emphasizes that in his comedies the Russian playwright produced satirical canvases and portrayed people with a candor comparable only to that of Gogol in his *Inspector-General*. *The Forest* is a satire on the Russian province of the last century, on the greed of the merchants and "high society."

DISCUSS RUSSIAN LITERATURE

A number of articles discussing Russian literature and history has appeared in the German press. An essay on Nikolai Leskov, Russian writer of the nineteenth century, was printed by the *Bücherwurm*, a bibliographical monthly. The Munich *Corona* featured an essay on Nestor (1056-1114), one of the greatest annal writers of Russia.

An article discussing Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* was carried by the *Kölnische Zeitung*, after the publication of this work in a new translation by *Das Ewige Buch* Publishers. A new translation of Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter* was also issued by the same publishers.

An illustrated edition of Pushkin's *Dubrovsky* was issued by Wilhelm Frick Publishers in Vienna.

"QUEEN OF SPADES" PRESENTED

Chaikovsky's opera, *The Queen of Spades*, has been staged by the Municipal Theater at Krefeld in the Rhein Province. Commenting on the new production, the *Niederrheinische Volkszeitung* wrote that the success enjoyed by the theater was fully deserved; it advised every one "to become acquainted with this opera—one of the most outstanding works of Chaikovsky."

PUBLISH STANISLAVSKY'S BOOK

The Secret of an Actor's Success is the title under which the *Scientia* Publishers in Zurich, Switzerland, issued Stanislavsky's book *An Actor Prepares*.

This publication evoked considerable interest in Germany. *Die Literatur*, a Berlin magazine, advises "every young man who wishes to go on the stage, not merely to read but to study Stanislavsky's book from the first to the last page." Dwelling on the content of the book and the principles of the Stanislavsky school, the reviewer notes with regret that Stanislavsky's reminiscences (*My Life in Art*) have not as yet been translated into German.

"This book is an exception among all other books of memoirs written by actors. It possesses a quality that is very rare among books of this nature: the great modesty of the author, who speaks more frequently about his errors than his virtues, more about his failures than successes. This is not a manifestation of concealed vanity, but is due to the fact that Stanislavsky, to his last breath, was a pioneer," the reviewer points out.

"This work of Stanislavsky's, which he himself calls a textbook for actors, is the creative legacy of that brilliant master of the Russian stage," the magazine *Theater* stated. This book is a summary of a great life filled with creative activity. It may become a textbook of inestimable value not only for actors but for every producer and playwright as well.

SWEDEN

ARTICLE ON GORKY

Maxim Gorky, the Great Humanist is the title of an article recently published by *Die Welt*, a Stockholm magazine. In addition to biographical data on the great author, the article contains an analysis of his writings and his world outlook.

"No other writer has branded the capitalist system with such force, passion and conviction as Gorky has done," the magazine declares. "To the cowardly and hypocritical humanism of the bourgeois world, Gorky opposed the purposeful and militant proletarian humanism.

"Gorky's humanism was expressed in his clear realization that everything that is old has outlived its age and is inimical to the new and must be ruthlessly swept aside. Gorky—who was deeply moved by every human suffering, whose indisputable good nature even his enemies had to acknowledge, Gorky who was known the world over as a bitter enemy of war—resolutely called for strengthening the Red Army and Navy in order that they should be able to defend the Soviet Union, the mighty bulwark of all progressive humanity.

"Gorky's humanism is the synthesis of genius and will, of profound hatred for the world of capitalism and fervent affirmation of the new, the future, social order."

SWITZERLAND

ISSUE ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE

The *Scientia* Publishers has issued an anthology of Russian literature under the title of *Belfry*; it is a collection of excepts from pre-revolutionary and Soviet Russian works.

The works of Pushkin are given great prominence. Included in the anthology are *Egyptian Nights, Anchar, The Cloud, The Prophet, A Monument, The Miser Knight, The Stone Guest* and *Kirjali.*

Russian classical prose is represented by excerpts from *Dead Souls* by Gogol and *Oblomov* by Goncharov and short stories by Leskov and Chekhov.

Of Soviet literature the anthology features a story by E. Petrov, Mayakovsky's verses and a number of other works.

INDIA

DEVELOPMENT OF THE CINEMA

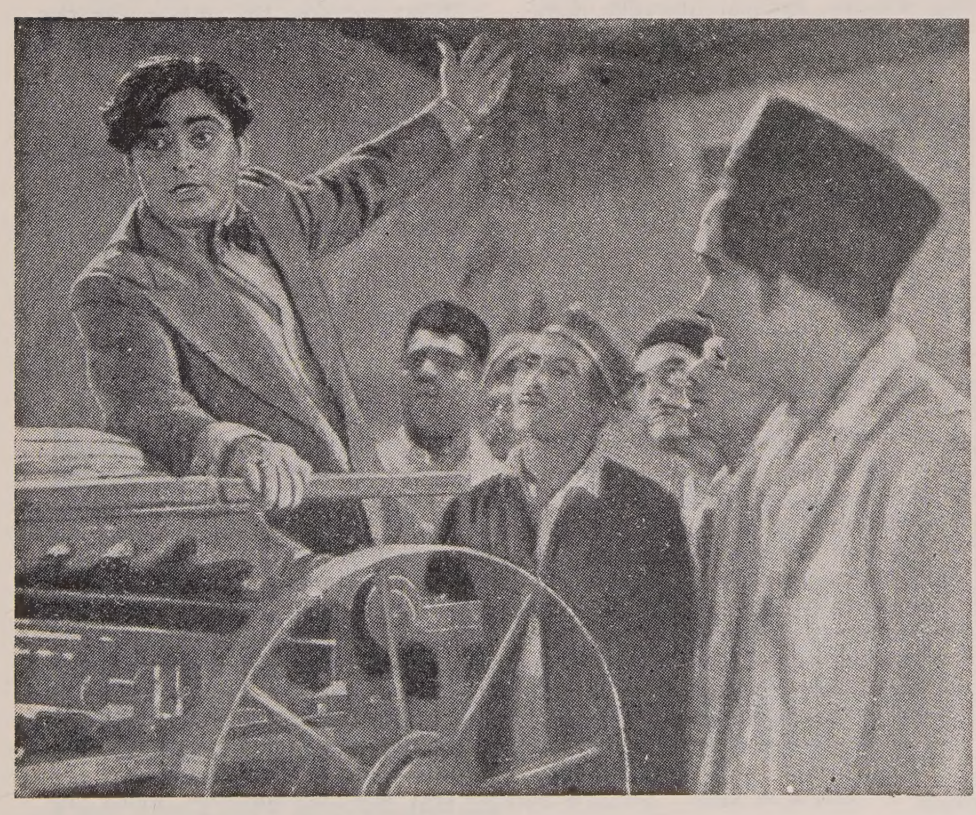
The English magazine *Life and Letters Today* carried an interesting article on the cinema in India by Ahmad Abbas.

Religious fanatics resisted the introduction of the cinema and even attempted to burn one of the first movie houses. Soon, however, the films gained popularity. At present the country has 1.200 movie houses, a small figure indeed considering that India's population reaches 350 million.

The market was flooded by American and British detective thrillers, pictures about gangsters and the like. The first Indian film was produced in 1913, and it was based on a theme of Hindu mythology. Religious motifs which predominate in the architecture, sculpture, music and painting of the country, could not but be reflected in the films, which at first were of a rather inferior quality.

The advent of the talkies brought with it a change in the cinema in India too. Progressive youth from universities and colleges flocked to the cinema industry.

Overcoming great difficulties, film studios has produced of late a number of films on social themes. Several of them deal with the position of the enslaved peasantry and life in the Indian village. They portray the suffering, starvation, poverty and ignorance of people in the clutches of



A still from "My Son," a film produced in India

the money sharks and the landowners. The picture *Savkari Pash* (The Clutches of the Moneylender) exposes the village usurers. Other films bring to the screen the sufferings of widows who, according to custom, are forbidden to marry again (*Bari Didi*). The film *Divorce*, according to the magazine, champions the changing of the barbarous marriage laws.

The Daughter of an Untouchable lashes out at the survival of the past—the ban on marriages among different castes. While portraying the tragedy of two lovers who are separated by caste barriers, this film, however does not show any way out. *The Unexpected*, the story of a young girl who was forced to marry an old man, but then rebelled and fought against traditions and her parents, has exercised a great influence on the youth.

Certain films lash out at the hypocrisy of the religious circles, the avarice of the usurers, etc.

All attempts to depict on the screen the struggle of the toilers against their exploiters are meeting with stiff resistance. Films on the working-class or peasant movement have been banned by the British censorship. The censor even forbids the showing of films which have a common ring with the national liberation movement in India, as, for example, the famous *Viva Villa*.

"In spite of Imperialist vigilance, capitalist hostility, romanticists' sidetracking, and the ignorance of the masses, dynamic historical forces are forging a progressive cinema," states the magazine in conclusion.

CHILE

AWARD A PRIZE FOR BEST CHILDREN'S BOOK

The writer Francisco Coloane has been awarded first prize for his book for children in a contest sponsored by the Zig-Zag Publishers. This is the writer's first work for children. It is a story told by a boy who understakes a long sea voyage.

Coloane is known for his tales on Magellan Land. He lived for many years in Punta Arenas, the only city in one of the most remote districts of Chile, studied well the life and habits of the people and his stories about the country bordering on Magellan Strait enjoyed great success.

LITERARY PREMIUMS AWARDED

Literary prizes for the best works have been awarded by the Santiago Municipality.

Juan Modesto Castro was adjudged a premium for his novel, *Stagnant Water*, which, according to the reviewer of the *Atenea* "will hold a prominent place in the history of the Chilean novel. In this book Juan Modesto Castro proved himself to be a brilliant stylist, subtle psychologist and a man who knows the life and customs of the Chilean people."

The premium for poetry was awarded to Angel Cruchaga Santa Maria, for a collection of verse, *Shadows*. "This is the fully mature work of a poet who is a humanist," the same reviewer notes, "and it has been penned by the gifted hand of a master."

Eugenio Orrego Vicuna was given the premium for playwrights, for his *Jose Miguel Carrera*, which was acclaimed by the public and the critics. Vicuna, a young gifted playwright, is known also for his works on the history of Chile.

At a festive session of the Municipal Council Vicuna spoke in the name of the writers. He dwelt on the hard lot of the men of letters in Chile, where they are left to their own resources.

"Some countries," he said, "have clubs, rest homes for writers, institutes for youth who aspire to become authors; writers are given pensions and prizes.

"What aid does the state render our intelligentsia—writers, artists, scientists? None.

"What material benefits go with a prize? None.

"Is there any thought given in our country to the question of assistance to writers? As far as I am aware, no.

"Such was the situation yesterday, such it is today, and such will it probably remain tomorrow.

"Writers starve all their life and then they are faced with the prospect of ending their days in a home for aged. This was the way the writers Carlos Pezoa Veliz and Juan Antonio Gonzalez ended their days. And some die in jail, like Domingo Gomez Rojas.

"The writers are brutally exploited. Publishers pay them a mere pittance. The lot of the playwright is even harder, for our theaters stage Chilean plays very reluctantly. Our readers and theater goers are taught to regard with disdain Chilean literature and to worship everything foreign.That is why even in cases when theater managers stage plays by Chilean authors they pay them a 'starvation honorarium.'"

Orrego Vicuna wound up his speech with an appeal to help the writers: "It is essential to aid the intelligentsia, for only those nations are worthy of respect who cherish their intelligentsia, which creates cultural values," he said.

PERU

STORIES BY ROMERO PUBLISHED

A collection of stories by Fernando Romero under the title *The Sea and the Shore* has been published in Peru. The book is dedicated to the crew of the mine destroyer *Almirante Billar*. The heroes of the stories are sailors, whose life is well known to the author, and the action is laid either on board ship or on the southern coast of Peru, in particular the port Llo, where Romero himself saw service.

The first collection of stories by Romero was published in 1934, under the title *12 Novels de la Selva* (12 Stories of the Selva). It was a picture of life in the "green hell," as the impassable forests and swamps that stretch for many miles along the Amazon River are known. The jungles abound in wild beasts and snakes, and marshes exhaling poisoned air are to be found at every step. Swarms of mosquitoes hang in thick clouds over the marshes making the hard life of the people who have to live in the "green hell" still more unbearable.

Romero has a lively style, his descriptions are vivid and his stories hold the interest of the reader.

CUBA

"HOY" ON SOVIET SPORTS

"This film has shown to friends and proved to enemies the tremendous achievements of physical culture and sports in the U.S.S.R.," wrote the well-known Cuban journalist Celso Enriques in *Hoy*, reviewing *The Song of Youth*, a Soviet newsreel depicting the physical culture parade on Red Square, "before the mausoleum which holds the body of the greatest revolutionary of all epochs, Vladimir Lenin."

The newspaper published another article by Jose Luis Salado, who had seen the parade not in a Havana movie palace but in Moscow.

Salado speaks of the unforgettable impression made by the fine columns of athletes dressed in bright sport costumes.

Millions are engaged in various sports in the U.S.S.R., Salado notes. Every collective farm, factory or university has its own physical culture organization; Soviet physical culturists have at their disposal 50,000 sport grounds.

Salado lays emphasis on the participation of women in sports, particularly the Uzbek and Tajik women, who traversed a tremendous road, from the "veil to the sport blouse."

A still from a South American film "Bloody Wedding," based on a play by Garcia Lorca

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

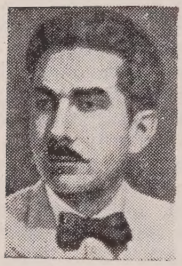
I. BAKHTEROV and A. RAZUMOVSKY

Two young Soviet playwrights. *Field Marshal Suvorov* is their first play. They are now working on another historical play for the Red Army Theater of Moscow.

CHENG T'IEN-YIH

Well-known contemporary Chinese writer. *Mr. Hua Wei*, which we print in this issue, has aroused great interest in China, and brought about a lively discussion which we reported in the preceeding issue of *International Literature*.

JUAN MARINELLO



Progressive Cuban poet, writer and critic, who has been active in the literary field since 1922. Marinello is the author of two volumes of verse — *Liberacion* and *Juventud y vejez* (Youth and Age), and several books on sociology, esthetics and literature. At the time of the struggle of the Spanish people for their national liberation, Marinello visited Madrid and took an active part in the proceedings of the Second World Congress of Writers in Defense of Culture. In Cuba, Marinello has been persecuted for his radical views, and spent some time in prison and exile.

ALEXANDER HAVRILYUK

A young writer of Western Ukraine. Before the liberation of his fatherland by the Red Army, Havrilyuk had been jailed several times, sent to the concentration camp of Brzoza Kartuska, and was constantly harassed by the police. Now Havrilyuk, a prominent member of the Writers' Union, is active in the literary life of Western Ukraine.

CESAR ARCONADA

A prominent representative of the literature of Republican Spain. Author of the popular novels *Turbines*, *The Poor Against the Rich*, *Rio Tajo* (see No. 8-9 of *International Literature* for 1940), and others. Arconada has also written a number of plays, poems and literary essays. During the war for the liberty and independence of Spain (1936-1939), Arconada was active in Asturias, Valencia and Barcelona.

Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV