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Intermezzo

Along the broad, chestnut-bordered road leading from the railway station to the little Brandenburg town of Neu-Ruppin, a small troop of soldiers were marching. They were weary-looking figures, ranging from eighteen to fifty years of age. The regimental badges on their shabby uniforms showed that they belonged to all branches of the service.

Apathetically, without looking about them, they marched on. A song was started by one or two voices, but soon died down again, smothered in the dust churned up by the shuffling boots, which rose heavily about them in the July heat.

Fiebig, the non-com who was bringing the company to barracks, marched at the side, beneath the trees, head hanging, as though searching for something on the ground. It was a very familiar road to him, and his thoughts were far away. He had put in an application for home leave, and was wondering how to spend it. A month ago he, like the soldiers whom he was now escorting, had been discharged from hospital and sent to the convalescent company. Now his time there was up: fourteen day home leave, and then he would be sent to the reserves, or perhaps straight back to the front. True, fast marching still left him breathless, and in general, any severe effort was quite beyond him—but in 1918, no attention was paid to such things.

Actually, he would have preferred not to have asked for leave. What would he do at home, anyway? His parents were dead, his guardian he hated. He had been too young to have a girl when he first joined up in 1914; besides, in his unhappy childhood he had had other things to think about than success with girls. His shyness and reticence when in company had been partly broken down during the first years of war, only to return later with increased strength. But everybody else was applying for leave before returning to the front so he had done the same.

As they came in right of the stone wall surrounding their gray barracks, the little troop quickened their steps. Fiebig led them through the gate into the courtyard, and then went along the long dreary

corridor, to the door bearing a notice "writing room." He entered without knocking, and handed over to the clerk the form transferring to the convalescent company "twelve men, discharged from hospital." He was just about to turn and go, when he was arrested by shouts issuing from the neighboring room, where the sergeant-major sat.

A young boy—a small non-com in an elegant, well-fitting uniform—dashed out of the room right into Fiebig's arms. He was followed by the sergeant-major, who said to Fiebig in passing: "Try and bring the lad to his senses. By the way, all home leave is stopped. I'll give you leave for tomorrow, Saturday, till Sunday evening and you can go to Berlin, if you like. That's all I can do for you . . ."

The sergeant-major went out to assign the newcomers to the various rooms, and the clerk followed him. Fiebig and the small non-com were left alone.

The fact that leave had been stopped made hardly any impression upon Fiebig; but the other seemed to be half crazy. He tore himself from Fiebig's grasp and began to pace the room, crying like a child.

"I've already written home that I'm coming," he sobbed. "My mother is expecting me! I want to go home! Everyone else has had leave, and now I can't get any! My father is a factory director in Magdeburg, he'll see they get what's coming to them for this! My sister has just got engaged, they've been postponing the ceremony till I should come. I've had enough of the war, if they won't even give us leave! I'm not going back to the front! I'll jump out of the train! . . ."

He would probably have continued in this strain indefinitely, but at that moment a tall non-com pushed open the door and said calmly:

"Gone crazy, or what?"

The smaller fellow turned on him. "Need you ask? No leave! If you like you can have one day in Berlin tomorrow . . ."

"Is that right?" the newcomer asked Fiebig.

Fiebig nodded.

"That means an offensive," said the tall man thoughtfully.

The little fellow was starting again, but the other cut him short with: "Now hold your tongue, will you!"

The lad was silent.

They were not particular friends, these three non-coms whom the medical commission had passed as cured, fit to return to their units. In general, there was little friendship in the convalescent company—it was a temporary meeting-place and conversation, like in a tuberculosis sanatorium, was confined mainly to discussion of sickness and symptoms. An exact description of wounds received was part of the formalities on arrival, and the more complicated the case, the more the man was looked up to. Thus the tall non-com, who in 1916, after three weeks' service at Verdun, had been hit by twenty-one shell splinters, and finally restored to health, was a man to be taken note of, despite his twenty years. He was a woodcutter from Bavaria, and the calm and thorough way in which he passed judgment on himself, other people and humanity in general, made him a central figure in the company. The smaller man, who looked sixteen but was actually the same age as the tall one, had attached himself to the other with dog-like devotion. The tall man let him do so, but did not seem to think much of the matter. In fact, no-

body ever knew what he did think much of.

"So they think they can keep us quiet with a couple of hours in Berlin," said the tall non-com after a long silence. "Well, they have another guess coming."

"Have you ever been in Berlin?" asked the small man shyly.

"I've been in Munich," replied the other, taking his arm and leading him out.

Fiebig remained standing on the same spot, staring straight before him like one groping in the dark. He shook his head. The time here seemed to have dulled him; it was hard to realize the past; as for the future, that was a blank. The days passed evenly, uneventfully, with nothing to rouse or to attract one. Everything seemed indifferent, even one's own life. He had no aim in life and felt more and more alone with every day that passed. He needed someone to rouse him, stimulate his mind; but he found none among the convalescents in his company. Had he sought, perhaps he would have found someone; but he did not seek, and as time went by, all began to look the same to him. The person he sought, he thought, must look different, must bear some sign. But where were there any signs? And so he went on from day to day, blindly, not knowing where he was being driven or by whom. He asked: "Why is it all like this?" But as he had no clear idea of what "it" was, he could find no answer to his "why."

The return of the clerk interrupted his musings, and, brought to with a jerk, Fiebig left the writing room.

That night Fiebig could not sleep. All about him, the other men tossed from side to side, groaned, sighed, snored, or cried out in their dreams. Fiebig lay on his back, and his arms and legs seemed swollen, inert, heavy as lead; he tried to move them and could not. He tried with all his might and then he was gripped by fear. He wanted to scream and could not, and the darkness lay upon him like a pall. He felt that this was death. Suddenly he saw two eyes looking at him, calm, steady, kind eyes. Surely they could not be just a dream. They were calm, because they had no doubts. They were steady, because they knew the way that he must follow. They were kind because they wanted to help him. Fiebig no longer felt the torture of immobility. He talked to these eyes, told them of his weakness and loneliness. Then the eyes disappeared, and in their place appeared a hand, whose very approach seemed to give him strength. He had never known his mother, she died at his birth. He had never known that for which he could not even find expression, but for which he envied every child he saw at its mother's side. Now the movement of this hand, which never touched his face, gave him sleep.

In the morning he felt that his only hope was to find the girl to whom those eyes and that hand belonged. He had never embraced a girl, and that was not what he was thinking about now; he wanted to find a person with the strength to occupy in his life the place usurped by the war. For he knew well that all his seeking, all his protest, his loneliness, despair and anger were bound up with this war, which had already lasted four years, and which lived on and on through sheer inertia, because no one slew it. And Fiebig felt that this war, which he had formerly believed in, concerned him no more, that he must get out of it so that he, Fiebig, might start again from the beginning. But because the men around him were just as immobile as he himself, the force which he sought had gradually assumed the form of a girl.

Next day, when their duties were finished, the tall non-com and short one came to Fiebig in his room. The small man was quite changed; he had either forgotten about home leave, or else was trying to forget it. In any case, he urged Fiebig not to miss this wonderful chance to see Berlin. He talked about the beauty of the capital, and mentioned that he himself had been born there, and lived there up to his twelfth year. He knew his way about perfectly, he said, they could hardly find a better guide. It was easy to see that the boy was wanting to see once again the places where he had played as a child, since he could not go home. But Fiebig could not understand why they both insisted on his coming, they could quite well have gone alone.

"If we don't all go together, I shall not go at all," said the tall man. But the other did not want to go alone; the whole point in going was to play the man of the world before his comrades, the one who knew the capital, and to share his impressions with them.

Fiebig continued to say nothing, and the boy tried to persuade him by saying that he had plenty of money and could pay for everything. Both the others had only their meager pay as non-coms, whereas his father sent him a hundred marks a month, besides paying for a room in town. They could go to restaurants in Berlin . . . Have a glass of wine . . .

This nearly led to a quarrel. The tall man was just about to come to blows with his comrade, when Fiebig, who had not been listening to what was going on, immersed in his own thoughts, suddenly said softly, to no one in particular: "Perhaps . . . ?"

The tall man swung around as though Fiebig had shouted at him. What did Fiebig mean with his "perhaps," he wanted to know. Something about him . . . ?

The smaller one, who saw his longed-for excursion coming to nothing, also urged Fiebig to explain.

Fiebig was wishing he had said nothing, but this "perhaps" took an ever firmer hold on his thoughts, and willy-nilly, out it came:

"Perhaps in Berlin we could meet a girl . . ."

The small man stared at him open-mouthed, as though waiting for something more to come, something enlightening, unexpected . . . He, too, in his own way was now gripped by Fiebig's idea, it was working in him like yeast, he was boiling with it, soon he would explode . . .

The tall man pulled himself together and asked, almost tenderly:

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

And so the excursion was decided upon. There was sense in it now, there was an aim, object, something to look forward to.

The small man's face took on grave lines. He realized that he was faced with a serious task. He, as "an old Berlinian," must naturally find the girl. He searched in his memory—high-school girls whom he had met at dancing class, girls he had met on the skating rink, his cousin, a pretty girl, but unfortunately married and living in Elberfeld . . . Or did Fiebig perhaps mean a—? His mood changed suddenly, he looked at Fiebig and thought: "What sort of person is he really?" He felt embarrassed, for apart from flirtations while at school he had never had anything to do with girls. Nor had he ever been able to accustom himself to the usual army smut. He wanted to ask Fiebig straight out just what he meant by a "girl."

But the tall man was already deep in conversation with Fiebig. He was really grateful to him for

the idea. He only needed to be given an idea. That was enough to start him . . . And as an expression of his thanks, he told Fiebig about the daughter of the manor house gardener, at his home. She had been fifteen years of age, and he sixteen, and they had gone out walking once every week. "I would have liked to go out more often, but she was the sort of girl who made one feel virtuous, just to be with her. All the boys knew all about it, only the girl's father knew nothing . . ."

"How was that?" asked the small man.

The tall one only looked at him. He did not often talk, but once he had started, he meant to finish. It was a job to be done, like any other.

"Well," he continued, "one evening we ran right into the old man's arms. 'Seducer! Good-for-nothing!' he yelled. His daughter was still a child, never would he give her to a starveling, a woodcutter, he'd see her in a convent first. He didn't try to hit me though—he was a small man. He dragged his daughter away with him . . . 'Disgrace! . . . Disgrace! . . .' he kept shouting, you could hear him a long way off." They had met only once more, by night. She had climbed out of the window. She had told him that next day she was being sent to Nuremburg, to an aunt, to learn house-keeping. Then they had kissed for the first time, and promised never to forget each other. She had wept, and (nothing to be ashamed of) he had nearly done the same. "From that time on I waited for her and never looked at another girl, because we had promised each other. Well, last year when I was in hospital I got a card from home with all the news, who had been killed and so on. And they wrote that Luise had married a tax-collecter, a reserve lieutenant. That's what women are like. And it's pretty bad to have had this kind of experience at twenty years of age."

That was why the idea of their excursion to Berlin did not seem to him such a serious matter. A pretty nurse-maid, perhaps—the boy would know where to find one—nothing bad, of course, just to forget the war for a little while. He could see it all in his mind's eye, but said nothing. It suddenly seemed to him that Fiebig must be very experienced with women, but he could not yet quite reconcile this new trait with the Fiebig he had known.

On Saturday they went to receive their passes. The sergeant-major sharply impressed upon them that they would have to leave Berlin on Sunday just after six, since the next train went at eleven, whereas their leave ended at ten o'clock.

When the three of them finally left the barracks, the small man was so excited that all the way to the station he kept telling them both in turn the well-known story of the Neu-Ruppin girls, who did not want to go about with frontline soldiers, but fell in love only with military officials and men not fit for active service, since these had, for one thing, an insured income, and secondly, an insured life.

They had to wait ten minutes for the train. In the compartment, their only companion was an old man who sat and read the newspaper all the way. Fiebig and the tall man stared out of the window the whole journey, without saying a word. The small man, who sat beside the tall one, pondered over his duties as guide. He tried to remember all the squares and streets he had known as a boy. He could see himself as a child, playing with the tin soldiers his uncle had brought him from Strelitz. The

uncle had marched about the room singing gaily: "Always along the wall, always along the wall . . . ." His mother had sat on the sofa laughing. Then his uncle had sat down, slapped his knee and said: "Friedrichstrasse—the ladies' paradise." His mother had been angry, and scolded him. "But Fritz, before the boy" . . . she had said. Friedrichstrasse—the ladies' paradise? He knew the Friedrichstrasse, but only by day. He had once visited in the apartment of a friend of his family who lived in Friedrichstrasse, and had watched from the window the Kaiser returning at the head of his company from a parade on Templehof. He had been hoarse three days from shouting "hurrah!" . . .

Probably the fine ladies walked there only in the evening. He could see them in his mind's eye—pretty girls, smartly dressed. He kissed their hands, introduced his comrades, who praised him in their enthusiasm . . . And then he was in a large garden, and angels were flying about, watering flowers which grew and grew, glowing with all the most wonderful colors. And the flowers dipped and swayed and sang in tender voices: "Always along the wall, always along the wall . . ." He was asleep.

It was already dark when they arrived at the Stettin Station, Berlin. The boy had never been in this district before. With exaggerated confidence, he declared that he would soon lead them to the fulfillment of their wishes. But as he did not want to ask the way to Friedrichstrasse, which was actually only a few steps from the station, they lost their way, found themselves at Lerhter Station, wandered past the Reichstag to the Brandenburger Tor, and along the Linden; and it was only when the tall man was hoarse with cursing that they at last saw the sign, "Friedrichstrasse." Each of them read it to make sure that it was the right one, admitted that the boy had led them aright, and as they were on the Cafe Bauer side, turned in the direction of the Hallesches Tor.

After the darkness of Unter den Linden, they were dazzled by the flood of light in which they found themselves. They were used to the street lighting in Neu-Ruppin. The brightest lights which they knew were the rockets lighting up No Man's Land.

The tall man blinked, looked up at the narrow band of sky showing between the housetops, and said: "Like the trenches."

"If only it were as light as this there," said the smaller man, taking it for a compliment, and feeling that he must cap it with a joke. Then they both laughed. So everything seemed to be starting as well as possible.

What confused them was the crowds of people, all calling, laughing, shouting, and apparently very happy. But somehow it was not the happy tone that the boy had expected in paradise. He glanced round at his two companions, who followed in single file, looking neither to left nor to right—for to walk abreast was impossible. At the "Passage" they stopped. There was no sense in going further, it was time to find out what the boy was up to. But he could only murmur dazedly: "The ladies' paradise . . . the ladies' paradise? . . ." Wherever he looked, he saw only tipsy men, and drunken, screeching women . . . He understood his mistake sooner than the other two; and he could feel their eyes upon him as he stopped by the curbstone.

Head bent forward, as though expecting to be hit by a shell any moment, the tall man made for him. But at that moment the boy suddenly disappeared. A chain of

people stretching across the entire street, had swept him along, and it was some time before he managed to rejoin the others.

"Let's go on a bit further," he said dejectedly. The tall man was preparing to follow obediently, when a woman seized hold of him. "Like me to show you a good time, Lanky? Come along! War is war, and fun is fun . . . !" Another shouted, laughing: "How much money have you saved in the four years?"

"What? How?" answered the tall man right and left.

More women came running up to the attack. Now all three of them were surrounded by women. Fiebig scanned the faces—coarse as masks they were, with painted lips and eyes. A fat old woman kept calling others to come.

"Look at the baby! Isn't he sweet! A baby in uniform!" She stroked the small man's cheeks, flung her fat arm round his shoulder.

"Let me go!" he yelled. "I don't want . . ."

The tall man pushed away a woman who was puffing alcohol-laden breath in his face, tore the little fellow from the fat woman's grasp, and ran down the street with him, Fiebig after them, followed by a trail of women, disappointed at losing a chance of business. They kept as close as possible to the house walls; suddenly the tall man cried: "Whores' alley! You brought us to whores' alley!" Then they met some officers and had to salute. More officers, more standing to attention and saluting. Hoping to escape, they tried to turn into a side street, but found their way barred by another crowd of women, and had to pass through a barrage of yells and invitations. With set teeth, they broke through and hurried on further, and at last found themselves on the large, dark square before the Royal Theater. Here they stopped to catch their breath. The tall man looked back the way they had come. As though through the wrong end of a telescope, they could see a trail of light and little moving shadows at the end of the dark street.

"That place ought to be cleaned with howitzers," pronounced the tall man.

Slowly, wearily, they went on further, until they came to a small hotel. The boy went in and engaged a room for three, and then fetched his comrades. It was a large room, with two beds and a sofa. Without saying a word, the small man lay down on the sofa, turned to the wall, and pretended to be asleep. Fiebig and the tall man slowly undressed.

"If only we'd had a beer, at least," sighed the tall man. Then they also lay down.

The light was out, the moon shone through a slit between the curtains. Suddenly the tall man asked softly:

"Have you ever been with one of that kind? . . ."

Fiebig did not answer at once. He lay quietly stretched out on his back, wondering—why did the other ask him just that? All the time he had been remembering, thinking about it.

It had happened in Lille, in December 1915, just before Christmas; a staff officer, a relative of the colonel, had procured Christmas tree ornaments and a goose and other dainties for both officers and men. At that time the battery was situated between Pusieux and Hebuterne. It was before the battles of the Somme, and things were pretty quiet, so the colonel simply sent Sergeant Pollack and Lance-Corporal Fiebig to Lille to fetch the things. Fiebig had been glad of the chance to spend two days behind the lines, to see a real town, the first one since he had been

in the army. But it turned out a great disappointment, for Fiebig at any rate. He had thought it would all be quite different. He had become what they called a "front hog," and he felt only a dull anger at the sight of the lively streets, the people, the movement.

The first day, the two men had a great deal to do, and brought the greater part of the things—three heavy sacks—to their room. By the afternoon of the second day their work was finished; next day they were to leave. It was then that Pollack asked Fiebig if he had been to the "red light."

This was the tale Fiebig was now telling the tall man—the story of the girl Louison.

Stung by the jeers of Pollack who urged him and mocked him, asking if he were a man at all, and so on, he had agreed to come along. But that had not been the only reason. He had been seized by feverish curiosity, to find out what a woman really was . . .

"It was a narrow street, with small houses on either side . . ."

"Yes." The tall man nodded in the darkness.

"I'd never have gone in if I'd been alone, but Pollack led the way and seemed to be quite at home. Some women were sitting in a room, all of them in short, loose dresses, brightly colored. Pollack went straight up to the fattest, she stood up, and they both went out, leaving me alone with the others . . ."

The tall man had raised himself on his pillow the better to see Fiebig's face, gleaming dimly in the moonlight.

"I didn't know what to do. The women remained sitting along the wall, silent, motionless. Then I saw a girl, not much older than myself, with black hair and beautiful eyes, a small, slender girl. I don't know whether I stared at her, but anyway she stood up, took my arm and went out with me. She led me up a narrow, steep stairway into a tiny room. I had never seen such a clean room. It was half filled by a large bed, piled high with pillows till one could hardly see the top of them, and covered with a lace quilt. There was a small sofa as well, I sat down on it and wondered what I should say to her. Then she shrugged her shoulders, letting the dress drop to the ground, and stood before me quite naked. And then she said—I understood some French—'My name is Louison.'"

The tall man sighed and sank back on his pillows.

"You see, I had never . . . and I thought to myself, now she expects something of me . . . I tried to find something to think about, and then I remembered that I had not been deloused, I thought of my dirty underpants in that clean room . . . But I had to look at her, and she was looking at me too. Then I noticed that on her left arm she wore a narrow blue velvet ribbon. I asked her what it was for, and she took it off. It had covered the name 'Maurice,' tattooed on her arm. I asked her who Maurice was, and she told me that he was her fiancé. A fine lad. A fitter. Was I a fitter too, she asked. 'No, I'm not a fitter.' She said—she was sorry. And I asked where Maurice was. 'At the front,' she said, 'in the French army.' We were now both sitting on the sofa, somehow or other she had got her frock on again. I asked if it was long since she had had news of Maurice, and she told me that it was a long time, nearly a year. But when peace came, they would be married. Until then, one must live as best one could. '*C'est la guerre, monsieur, c'est la guerre . . .*'

"I was very sorry that she had had no news of Maurice for so long, and I told her that I was certain that he was all right and would return safe and sound. Peace was sure to come soon, I said. She said it made her happy to think that peace would come soon. Then suddenly a loud voice called from below: 'Louison!' I rose and gave her all the money I had, although I had already paid at the cash desk downstairs. Then she gave me her hand, wished me luck and said she hoped I'd come through all right, and I wished the same for her and Maurice. She went to the door with me, and then I left. I've never forgotten Louison . . ."

"Yes," said the tall man slowly. "Such things one doesn't forget." And fell asleep.

Fiebig went on talking. "Till today," he said, "I've never spoken about it." And he felt such a relief that he also fell asleep.

It was eleven o'clock next morning when the small man yanked the blankets off the others, and asked them laughing, if they intended to sleep away all their leave. He was already washed and spruced up, and positively radiant with good spirit.

"If you've nothing better than yesterday to suggest," growled the tall man, "you might just as well have let us sleep . . ."

They got up and dressed swiftly. For breakfast they ordered a hot drink that went by the name of coffee, with which they ate the bread and honey substitute they had brought with them. Then the boy suggested: "Let's go to the Zoological Gardens!"

The tall man choked over a piece of bread, coughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, and said hoarsely:

"If we want to look at an ass, we've got one right before us!"

But the little man was not offended. Early that morning the right idea had come to him: "Scandal Alley!" He had often enough been with his parents in the Zoological Gardens, there were terraces where one could have coffee and listen to the music of a military band. And just on Sundays the prettiest Berlin girls would promenade along the paths before the terraces.

It took him an hour to break down the preconceived ideas of the tall man. He described the venture in all its details, how he would greet a couple of charming girls, how they would then join the crowd of well-dressed people, each with a pretty girl on his arm, and listen to the music and drink coffee; the Zoological Gardens were large, and full of delightful nooks with seats, hidden away in the shrubbery, where nobody would disturb them; that's where he would take them. And he was sure that on their way back to Neu-Ruppin they would be grateful and thank him for the best day of their lives.

However, it was already three o'clock when they reached the place which the small man had selected as their point of vantage. They took up their stand beside a slot-machine. Formerly it had been filled with chocolate, burnt almonds and nougat, but now it was empty, as the boy sadly noted.

Old men and women were sitting on chairs by the flowerbeds, sunning themselves, reading, and watching the children play. Between them and the three noncoms surged a crowd of people, stretching as far as the eye could reach, filling the space between the terraces and the flamingo lake right to the shell pavilion, where a cavalry band was playing and back to the slot-machine, near which, in another pavilion, another band was playing military mar-

ches. Round and round they went, as though under some spell, always in this ellipse, whose curve was just at the place where the three non-coms were standing. Here all turned, moved away, and then came back again; sometimes new ones joined the ranks of the promenaders, others left them, but in the main they remained the same.

For the first half hour Fiebig and the tall man were so dazed by the constant change of faces and clothes as to be unable to distinguish the separate details, while the boy enjoyed the impression made upon them.

The second half hour they began to recognize the people who had passed several times, and to make up tales about them, trying to guess who and what they were. They were troubled by a blind man in uniform who was led carefully along by an elderly lady and a young one, both in black. They would have liked to have drawn him out of the crowd . . . They wondered what made this man keep on walking backwards and forwards amid the shuffling throng.

Then there was a merry group of flappers in pink and white, decked out with ribbons, scarves, flowers and beads; girls of about fifteen years, followed by a group of high-school boys. They would suddenly break out into exaggerated laughter, and then move on haughtily, not even deigning to glance at the boys, as if this were not just some more coquetry, to spur the boys on to further efforts.

The small non-com would have liked nothing better than to join the high-school boys and follow the flappers, but unfortunately this was impossible, both because of his uniform and also because of his duties to his comrades, not to mention the tall man's biting remarks about the flappers' tricks, which effectively prevented him from so much as even showing his pleasure. The tall man was indefatigable in making fun of the passers-by, and kept his companions in fits of laughter. The more smartly the women were dressed, and the more noticeable the men's attentions to them—the more he mocked them, and in fact the small fellow had quite a job to prevent him from making too loud remarks.

But the observers were also observed. Among the promenading crowd there were already several who noticed the three non-coms, who stood there as though rooted to the spot.

The third half hour was taken up with discussion as to which of the many girls they should choose. There was a fairhaired girl who pleased the boy especially. She tripped along on high-heeled boots and smiled up at an elderly gentleman walking along beside her. The boy thought out whole plans of campaign for "freezing out" her elderly companion, but when the tall man at last challenged him to cut the cackle and get down to business, nothing came of it. Then the tall man himself found a girl who attracted him. This evoked a whole discussion as to whether it was worth while coming to Berlin for the sake of meeting this girl. But when a decision on this point had at last been reached, the girl had long ago disappeared.

In the meantime the small non-com was becoming nervous. He began to defend himself against accusations which no one was making. It had been agreed, he declared, that he should bring them to a place where they could get acquainted with pretty girls, but it was none of his business to make acquaintance for them. Fiebig interrupted the argument, in which he had taken no part, by asking

what kind of people they were, promenading here. For some time he had been observing that there were hardly any men of their own age, only boys or middle-aged men; the great majority of the people were women and girls, many of them in mourning. He wondered, he said, what they got out of letting themselves be pushed along, tightly packed together, like a herd of sheep?

"They used to do the same before the war, too," said the small man.

Fiebig was not satisfied. "But the war's been going on for four years!"

The other wanted to change the subject.

"They're so used to doing it . . ."

The tall man had noticed that there was not a single fat man, such as they had seen in the Friedrichstrasse.

"The profiteers don't come in here, eh?" he asked the boy. There was no answer.

"Perhaps they just want to forget that the war is still going on. . . ?" asked Fiebig.

The small man lost patience. "Why don't you go and ask them?" he cried, almost hysterically.

When the fourth half-hour had passed, the three were still standing there like tired cab-horses. They did not notice that a crowd of children had gathered, staring at them as at some strange creatures. Several times the tall man had said: "Let's go," but no one had moved. The continuous stream of people was still passing but the faces had changed. The three men's eyes glanced over them wearily, unable any longer to distinguish details. The small man drooped dejectedly. He now looked like a thirteen-year-old boy. The tall man jabbed him in the ribs and said threateningly: "If we stand here much longer, they'll shut us up among the apes!" And when still nobody moved, he shouted: "You can stand here till you're black in the face, as far as I'm concerned," and turned to go. At this moment Fiebig pulled him back by the coat so sharply that he nearly fell. A wave of anger passed over him, he wanted to strike out, knock someone down . . . and then he saw a passing face. It was already disappearing—eyes, mouth, brow. The nape was still to be seen, with its soft brown hair. Now she had disappeared altogether, but her walk and the carriage of her head remained vividly in his memory.

"That's the one," said Fiebig, and no one contradicted him.

The three dared not look at each other as they awaited the return of the girl. It seemed quite natural to them that she was walking alone, no one to right or to left of her, while other people walked in twos, or threes or fours. She was holding a book tucked under her arm. Her eyes shone, her hair was like silk, fluttering and gleaming with lights and shadows as she walked. She swung along freely, fearlessly, without needless effort or movement. Her soft light dress left her throat free. Her throat was the loveliest thing about her . . . everything was the loveliest . . .

She turned, looked with her shining eyes at the three—Fiebig, the tall man and the short man, and smiled. Then she disappeared once more in the crowd. The three looked at each other and saw with surprise that they were smiling too.

Now a hasty discussion began in undertones: next time she came round someone must speak to her. About that they were all agreed. But who should it be?

The tall man nudged the small one. "You, of course . . ."

But the small man found it by no means a matter of course. That

was not such a simple matter, he argued; one false step . . . anyway, the tall man must surely have had more experience.

The other objected.

"You should be in the trenches! There are only eight steps to go, then you salute and say: 'Forgive me, *meine Dame*, for taking the liberty . . .' and so on."

"One can't say that," the small non-com protested, "she'd simply laugh at us. One says *'gnädiges Fräulein,'* and then you've got to start some sort of conversation. It would be best for all of us to go up to her together . . ."

"You're crazy," said the other angrily. "She'd just get scared and run away."

They could get no further. They could see her approaching along the other side of the stream of people. The crowd turned, and she with them. She was already nearly opposite the three men. The tall one gave his comrade a shove from behind, but the latter seemed rooted to the spot, and tried to pull the other with him by the sleeve. The tall one dragged him back.

Then Fiebig noted in a panic that his legs were moving as of themselves. He did not want to move, but something pulled him forward. He thought in horror: "What shall I say . . . what shall I say . . . ?" He was there. He stretched out his hand and said: "Good afternoon."

She gave him her hand, and left the stream.

Now she was really with him, and the other people were going on.

"We have been waiting such a long time for you," said Fiebig. The girl smiled.

"We have been watching you all the time . . ." continued Fiebig.

"I know," said the girl.

"We want so much to make your acquaintance . . ."

The tall man and the small one were stiff with jealousy, watching Fiebig talking with the girl, and waiting impatiently for the couple to turn toward them. And the moment they did see them turn they dashed up to her; Fiebig introduced them, all shook hands and they smiled at her happily.

The burden of the war now slid from their shoulders.

The girl looked at them as though she knew everything about them, there was no need to say a word. Life was with them; they loved life. They were free. They were friends. How wonderful it was going to be . . .

"What time is it?" the girl asked.

The small man looked at his watch, and his face turned gray. He held up the watch for Fiebig and the tall man to see.

It was half past five.

Fiebig passed his hand over his brow as though hoping in this way to brush away the unpleasant fact. The tall man seemed to choke with each word as he said:

"Our train leaves at six fifteen. From Stettin Station. We are on leave . . ."

There they stood before the girl, three poor sinners sentenced to be taken from life, to death.

"I'll go to the station with you," she said, and life smiled at them once more.

Hungrily they seized on these moments which she gave them—if only they need not lose her at once, when they had only just found her! Laughing, they ran along the garden paths, nearly knocked down a paymaster and his wife just by the exit, hailed a passing cab, flung themselves in and drove through Berlin, senseless with joy at having the girl with them. They did not see the passing people, haggard with suffering, gaunt with hunger, bitter with hatred—the

people of the fourth year of war. For the first time they felt how beautiful life could be, they wished to drain to the last drop the joy of these moments. They laughed at the driver's polished black hat, they laughed at the bony horse, which threw up his hind quarters in the air in its attempts to gallop; they laughed over the bumping cab, and never noticed that they were driving along Friedrichstrasse. It was only when the Stettin Station building loomed up before them like a prison, that they realized where they were. The cab stopped. They crawled out. They helped the girl out and the small man paid the cabby. The cab drove off.

They all stood there silently, just where the cab had left them.

A train must have just arrived, for suddenly the steps were filled with thousands of people with knapsacks, jars and baskets. They were people who had spent the Sunday in some village trying to coax peasants into selling them some lard, a cabbage or some dried vegetables, and had had the luck to escape the gendarmes. In a second the four were surrounded by tired, irritated people whose only wish was to get home and who vented their feelings on those standing in their way. But the four did not move. People pushed and jostled them, shouted at them, but still they stood there.

Then the girl asked them: "Where are you going?"

"To Neu-Ruppin," answered Fiebig.

The girl thought for a moment.

"I have a girl friend in Neu-Ruppin," she said. "Would you like me to come with you . . . ?"

With a yell that made the people start away from him, the small man rushed up the steps to buy another ticket.

Fiebig and the tall man led the girl up the steps, guarding her like some valuable, irreplaceable treasure. The people moved to let them pass. Soon the small man joined them. It was a veritable triumphal procession. As the train left, the small man, beside himself with joy, jumped up onto the luggage rack. The tall man sang *Schnadahüpfl*[1] and yodelled beautifully. Fiebig sat in the corner, a little way from the girl. He turned his head and looked at her. She smiled at him. Thus they journeyed to Neu-Ruppin . . .

It was just after eight when they arrived. The best of it was, they still had nearly two hours freedom. There was no more question of the girl spending the night with her friend; the small man declared decidedly that she would stay in his room, he could do just as well in the barracks. So the only thing was for all of them to go to the small man's room.

It was not a very large room, but it was well furnished and comfortable. With a sweeping gesture the small man told the girl to make herself at home. Then he opened a cupboard and brought forth everything in it—tins of chicken, gulasch, jam, smoked sausage, bread, tea and even a piece of butter—treasures that nobody had any business to possess. The tall man's eyes were starting out of his head, for he was one of those people who can never get enough to eat. But the greatest injury was that up to now his comrade has kept all this a secret; he was greedy. The small man felt rather uncomfortable as he saw his friends' crushed expressions, but did not realize that it was because they felt themselves left in the background; they could not offer such things.

"My mother sent me these . . ." he explained.

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[1] Humerous verses, often improvised.

"Schieber!" thought the tall man.

Then all three cut sandwiches, made tea on the spirit stove, poured it out and served it. They themselves touched nothing. The girl sat on the sofa and ate as though she were starving.

They considered how they should live from then onwards. Every morning, they decided, one of them should free himself from his military duties. That would not be difficult, since in the convalescent company there was nothing much to do. So every day, from eleven to three, one of them would be "on duty" with the girl, would take her for walks, talk with her, carry out her every possible wish. At three o'clock the other two could come, and the day's further activities would be agreed on and carried through by all of them together.

However, when the small man claimed the first day's "duty," he met with stubborn and bitter opposition from Fiebig and the tall man. Then the girl interfered and broke three matches for them to draw. The small man drew the longest, the tall man the next, and Fiebig the last. And thus the order of their morning "duty" was settled. Then they took their leave. The girl kissed each of them on the cheek, and promised that the one having "duty" next day should always have the first kiss.

On tiptoe the three carried the girl's kisses down the stairs, and walked carefully over the rutted pavements. When they reached the chestnut-bordered road near the barracks, they stopped, shook hands and the tall man made them swear to guard the girl like the apple of their eye. True, it was not expressed quite like that. The tall man said simply: "If anyone of us touches that girl, he's the dirtiest blackguard alive!"

That was their oath.

Next day, when Fiebig and the tall man rushed breathlessly up the stairs to the small man's room, he and the girl had just come home. She told them how splendid everything had been and how the boy had looked after her. Not a word about her girl friend. The little man glowed with happiness. They had been for a walk along the chestnut-bordered road, and the girl said she had never seen such fine chestnut trees. The three noncoms felt as though they had planted and watered the trees with their own hands. Then they had gone down to the lake, and the girl had said she would like to go for a row there in the evening. Who could have imagined a more delightful idea! The small man strutted about as though he had inspired this desire. The others gazed at the girl as at some celestial being, for on the way they had thought of just this idea, and wondered if they dared suggest it!

When she left the room for a moment, the tall man turned to the other. "Tell us all about it!" he demanded.

The boy's face glowed.

"As we went along the shore," he said, "it was rather slippery, and she took my arm!"

"And you?"

"I supported her."

"Nothing else happened?"

"She wrote a postcard."

"To whom?"

"I don't know . . ."

The lake was surrounded by meadows and woods; darkness had not yet fallen when the four took out the boat. The girl steered. A light wind was rippling the water. They sang as they rowed. They met few other boats, and these gradually disappeared, one after the other. They were alone; even the breeze had died down. Then the girl undressed and dived into the water.

The tall man and the smaller one followed her. Fiebig could not swim, so he allowed the boat to drift. He sat there lonely and depressed, and watched the others enjoying themselves. They swam some distance apart, called to each other, drew together with a great flurry, trod water, dived, and appeared in some other spot, blowing loudly. They laughed and swam to Fiebig's boat, rocked it till it almost overturned. Again they pushed off into the dark water, then climbed out, stood for a moment, feeling the warm night on their bodies, dried themselves on their underwear, dressed and rowed to the shore.

They all accompanied the girl to the door of the house. The tall man was the first whom she kissed goodbye. He had to press his arms hard to his sides to refrain from embracing her. On the way back he borrowed ten marks from the small man, so as not to go to the girl next day empty-handed.

When he came, she was sitting reading a book. She could not tear herself away from it. He waited patiently. Then they went to a cafe, where he ordered cocoa substitute, cake substitute, and cream substitute. Then they went for a walk under the chestnut trees, and the tall man told her all about his life.

When they all met again in the little room, Fiebig had come to a decision. He needed money—fifty marks. He was crushed by the weight of his gratitude to the girl, he must give it tangible expression. He wanted to give her a present—that would always remind her of him. But why only him? It must be a present from all three of them; but he would be the one to buy it . . .

They were sitting at the round table, with its plush cloth, discussing the evening's program—a visit to the new picture house. Only the small man wandered restlessly about the room. The tall man was sitting with his elbows supported on the table. Fiebig and the girl were sitting on a small semi-circular sofa. He looked at the girl. Suddenly she turned to him, took his head in both her hands, and laid it on her shoulder. She stroked his hair and said softly: "Dear boy . . . dear, nice boy . . ."

The others froze, dared not move. They felt at this moment that the girl had the right to distribute her favors as she would.

All Fiebig's strength had left him. Slowly his head sank into her lap. And thus he lay, like one yet unborn, in the darkness of his mother's womb . . . When he rose, he was another being. He felt able to take hold of his own life once more. He himself must find what he needed, both an aim and the way to reach it. And when he came to feel this, he was already far from the girl. He said that he had a letter to write, and was glad when the three went for a walk by the lake. He promised to follow in an hour's time.

He had nobody whom he could ask for money. There was the man who had been his guardian, but from him he had received only blows. Fiebig sat and pondered. The man was old, alone. He had his own workshop, must certainly be making a lot of money. But he would never dream of sending Fiebig a single mark for any reason not weighty enough to convince even him of its importance. But up to now, nothing which concerned Fiebig had seemed important to his guardian. If Fiebig had committed a crime, now, the publication of which would disgrace his guardian's name, even a hundred marks would not be too much. But

then, he could not commit a crime because of the girl . . .

Suddenly he began to write, he was even laughing. He had just remembered that one year before he had come of age. He had never given the matter a thought. Now he suddenly realized it: "Yes, time has passed. One does nothing, one is nothing, one just comes of age!" He had remembered that there had been a small legacy from his father which he had a right to claim now that he had come of age. Little of it could have been spent on his education, for from the time when he was twelve, he had earned his own keep. If only his guardian had not spent his legacy, it should still be there.

So he wrote to his guardian, who was his guardian no longer, and asked for an account of his money and for fifty marks—the latter by telegraph. He had only a few lines more to write, when he heard a knock at the door, and the landlady's voice, saying:

"There's a soldier below, he says he must speak to you."

Fiebig was astonished. What could a soldier want with him?

"Tell him to come up."

The landlady opened the door and ushered in a small, elderly man in *Landsturm* uniform. The soldier stood to attention at the door. Fiebig gestured to him to take a seat. He always felt uncomfortable when soldiers old enough to be his father stood to attention before him.

Fiebig had to bite his lips to repress a smile at the far from military appearance of a uniform on this man. His face was small-featured, with a somewhat ti id expression, under soft, gray hair. On his nose were glasses, rather too large. A gray mustache hung over his upper lip like a whisp of straw. Fiebig had never seen him before.

In a low voice the soldier asked: "Is my daughter with you?"

Fiebig felt that everything was crashing in ruins about him. It was his fault! O God, it was all his fault! What should he do? Why was he sitting there? Why must it be him? Why had he not gone for a walk with the others? Why must it be just he sitting at the table when the soldier stood there and asked for his daughter? Why was it not one of the others? Why?

The soldier read the answer to his question in Fiebig's despairing face. After a moment's pause he approached, let his head sink on his breast and asked imploringly:

"Tell me one thing only. Have you . . . done . . . anything . . . with my daughter . . . ?"

Fiebig sprang up.

"I swear to you . . . please believe me . . . we have never touched your daughter! She is the same now as when she came to us . . . !"

The soldier groaned, then said: "I believe you." There was a long silence, then he spoke again.

"I am a teacher of mathematics in the Adlershof high school. My daughter is only eighteen years of age. Not long ago she became engaged. Then two weeks ago she received news that her fiancé had been killed. But she went around, everywhere, searching for him. We had to send her to a sanatorium. Four days ago she ran away from there, and we could not find her anywhere. This morning I received a postcard from her, giving this address. My wife is prostrated with grief. Her fiancé's mother has come here with me to fetch the child home. Please take me to my daughter . . ."

Downstairs, at the door, stood a woman dressed in black, who ignored Fiebig as he came out of the door with the girl's father.

They set off, Fiebig leading, half a step in front of the other two. They had some distance to go, but nothing was said. Only once the soldier remarked:

"It's very pretty here . . ."

"Yes, very pretty," answered Fiebig.

At last they saw the ones they sought. They were going along, laughing, sometimes chasing each other like children. When the two groups were within a few paces of one another, the girl suddenly stood still. Then she lifted her skirt as though to jump over a puddle, ran to her father, gave him her hand and said in a strange voice: "Good day, Papa." Then she slowly turned, looked at the three non-coms, moved her hand a little and whispered: "Good-bye."

She walked away with her father and the woman in mourning, without once looking back.

Fiebig said nothing, and the others asked no questions, and thus they finally came to the small man's room. Fiebig saw the unfinished letter lying on the table and slowly tore it into small fragments.

They could no longer understand the ins and outs of it all, and an atmosphere of suspicion began to make itself felt. They looked at each other mistrustfully, made sarcastic remarks. Finally it ended in a senseless quarrel, in which each accused the other of having enjoyed what the others had denied themselves . . .

They parted as enemies.

Next day they were discharged from the convalescent company and sent to the reserve units on the way to the front. Their packs on their backs, they passed under the chestnut trees to the station, keeping their distance from each other.

They waited on the same platform, ignoring each other.

They entered separate compartments of the same train.

They never saw each other again.

Translated from the German
by Eve Manning

MIKHAIL PRISHVIN

Precisely twelve years ago, in 1926, I went to Sergyev (now Zagorsk), and wasted several days there in a vain search for a room: nobody wanted to have me with five hunting dogs. I had to buy something resembling a little house with an empty plot, and settle down there for a long sojourn. Tarasovna, my neighbor on the right, kept goats. My neighbor on the left was a skinner. Old, worn-out horses were brought to him, and he slaughtered them, gave their skins back to their owners, the bones being carried off by stray dogs. (All this was over long ago, and my neighbor works as watchman in a slaughter-house.) There were no fences between our plots. Heaps of bones, gnawed by dogs and weatherbeaten, bleached on my plot. Tarasovna's goats browsed both on my land as well as on my neighbor the skinner's, where they were often harrassed by playful dogs. These goats and dogs made neighborly relations intolerable. I very soon surrounded my whole plot with a good fence of oaken posts, threw out the bones, ploughed the land and kept the goats away from the dogs.

At that time my hunting dogs were: Yarik, an Irish setter; Kenta, a German setter; Kenta's children, one-year olds: Nerle, Dubetz and Solovei. All these dogs, roaming unrestrained about the enclosed plot, every now and then scratched up horses' bones, and gnawed at them, growling at one another. Whenever I saw a dog with a bone, I immediately took it away and chucked it over the fence back to my neighbor. In this way all traces of the former disorder were gradually destroyed, after which we purchased a cock, and everything went splendidly: the cock crowed and our house began to thrive.

During the summer time, between the spring and autumn hunting, I wrote my stories under the only lime-tree in the vegetable garden, against the fence, at a cheap table with the legs planted in the earth. Over my table hung a trapeze: I would write for a bit, turn a few somersaults on the trapeze, stretch my limbs, water my cucumbers, have tea, and write again, so that my life went on in the way that suited me. One thing bothered me—the dogs interfered with my writing. Naturally, I was

the center of attraction for them: they played and quarreled near me, and raised a hell of a dust. I ought to have chased them away, but somehow I couldn't bring myself to be very severe to my friends, especially as I sometimes found watching their gambols even more interesting than writing. The dust clouds they raised stifled me, and when they fought, the ones who got the worst of it, pressed close against my knees. I had to arbitrate and to punish the offenders. And so from weakness I let things go, and would then lose my temper, and this interfered with my work more than anything else.

One day the following happened: Kenta had dug up a horse's hoof not far from the lime tree, the flesh long gnawed off, without the slightest trace of anything edible on it, a bare hoof of horny substance, and on it a rusting iron shoe, with nails hammered through it, and bent up on the outside. When I caught sight of this rubbish my first impulse was to chuck it to my neighbor over the fence, but my action was held up by the terrible expression in the eyes of the wise Kenta. She was gazing at the old, weather-beaten hoof with the superstitious awe with which children and simple people regard incomprehensible objects. Kenta's behavior attracted the attention of all the other dogs and they all began slowly and timidly to approach her. Seeing the dogs near her, Kenta bared her teeth and growled; the dogs froze to the spot. Kenta hesitated a moment and, stretching her jaws so wide that I couldn't help smiling, she picked up the hoof and crawled up to me under the table, where she lay in a leonine pose, the hoof between her front paws. The other dogs approached the table slowly, as if hypnotized, reached an invisible line, grouped themselves about it in a semi-circle and, contemplating the hoof, adopted the same pose as that of the owner of the discovered treasure. At the slightest movement of any dog beyond the line laid down, Kenta growled viciously, and the infringer of the border, tucking in his tail, retreated.

I soon realized that the establishment of peace around my writing table was no matter of chance, and no temporary thing. If the hoof had been in the slightest degree edible, the excitement of the dogs would have been too great, and, at the slightest sign of being off her guard, they would have fallen upon it, indeed Kenta herself would have been the first to gnaw it, and it would, after all, have been nothing but a gnawed, weather-beaten bone. It may be that for the nose of a dog there was some sort of a seductive animal scent from the substance of the hoof, inaccessible even to a dog's tooth, and it was only thanks to this "spiritual" quality that Kenta attained ascendency over the other dogs in complete silence and peace and for an unlimited space of time.

My dogs have not the slightest doubt as to the existence of God: I am their God. And everything existing on earth, including the hoof, comes from me. The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away. And so, having finished my work, I took the hoof and carried it away. The next day, together with my books and papers, I took out of the house the hoof, preserved in woven box. I am not unfair to any of the dogs, and I give power to each of them in turn. Choosing the supreme ruler of the day, I place him under the table at my feet, and all the other dogs, who have perfectly learned the rules, settle round the table in a semicircle, adopting the same leo-

nine poses, enabling them at any moment to leap up and snatch the hoof, should the ruler look aside for a second. Then, having arranged the dogs, I open the safe, take out the treasure; the happy one whose turn it is, takes up his reign, while I work in the silence on my tales of the behavior of animals.

Twelve years have passed. All my dogs have been described: Yarik, Kenta, Nerle, Dubetz, Solovei. Many books about them, books for grown-ups and for children, have been distributed throughout the country, and some are beginning to appear abroad. Moreover, there are hunters who have named their own dogs after mine. And how many friendly letters, how many friends! All this is, of course, very fine; there's only one thing wrong: none of the dogs described are alive any more; they made human friends for me, and went away for ever. Kenta died of a heart disease, and soon after Nerle and Dubetz died of the same inherited disease. Solovei died as only the best hunting dogs die: the old dog had a paralytic stroke in full pursuit of a fox. It is still too sad for me to speak of Yarik's end. And so my dogs have died, and nothing but the Vyatsk woven box remains. Not only has the hoof been lost—I have forgotten all about it. Probably some of the family, overhauling my rubbish, threw this particular bit on to the garbage heap. But the other day I was seated beneath my lime-tree, at the very same table. Osman, a four-month, gleaming black pointer-puppy, is gambolling with its mother Lada, and with Beeya, the Siberian chow, while every now and then even the young hound, the excessively swift Anglo-Russian Trubach, takes part in this incessant to-do. The air is saturated with dust, making it hard to breathe. Suddenly the playing is broken off and Lada starts digging, working rapidly with her front paws. Her son Osman imitates her with comic effect. The other dogs stand round, perplexed. And suddenly with the same strange expression that Kenta's eyes had worn, Lada looks downwards, and drives off the others, growling and threateningly baring her teeth. Only Osman takes no notice, but he gets it hot, and rushes squealing to my feet.

Once again the famous hoof with the iron shoe had been dug up. And again, of course, I shut it up in the safe and every day in turn appoint one of the dogs supreme ruler. In the silence of the organized peace I write about my new dogs, but I admit something is lacking. Yes, I shall never have another dog like Kenta, and only now do I thoroughly understand the belief of the old hunters, who say that a hunter gets only one real dog in his life.

There's someone at the gate. Would Kenta have ever rushed to the gate, at the sound of the knock, leaving the mysterious treasure to its fate? She would merely have growled in answer to the knock at the gate. But Lada suddenly rushes to the gate, followed by all the other dogs. I was only able to keep behind the little Osman, to point to the hoof, trying to make him understand that, while there was no one by, he could easily seize power. The idea of this little Osman lording it over the other dogs with the help of the hoof, tickled me. Osman understood me and began slowly approaching. Remembering, however, his recent wigging on account of the hoof, he stopped and endeavored, not moving, somehow or other to reach to it if only with his nose: to sniff it and, if not too terrible, to remain—if the smell is bad, to run away.

"Forward!" I commanded.

He took a step forward.

"Don't be afraid!"

He trembled. He stretched himself to the utmost, and, apparently reached, through his sense of smell, the humanly-inaccessible atmosphere of the hoof. However, sniffing the air of power and property, he suddenly seemed to shrink, tucked in his stump of a tail, fled backwards and hid in the high-grown potato patch.

The other dogs returned. Lada threw herself upon the hoof. But I had finished my work and put the treasure away in the safe. Only then did Osman recover from his fright, thrusting his head from out of the foliage and barking.

It happened at a collective farm. A Chinese, an acquaintance of the director,. came to see him, and brought a present. The director, Trofim Mikhailovich, waved his hands when he heard of a present. The Chinese, disappointed, bowed and made as if to go. But Trofim Mikhailovich felt sorry for him, and stopped him with the question:

"What was the present you meant to give me?"

"I wanted to present you with my little dog," said the Chinese. "It's the smallest dog in the whole world."

When he heard it was a dog, Trofim Mikhailovich was still more embarrassed. There were all sorts of animals in the director's house at that time: there was the curly-haired Gordon-setter, Nelly; the Anglo-Russian greyhound Trubach; Mishka, the black cat, gleaming and self-sufficient; a tame crow; a hedgehog; and Boris, a handsome young ram. All these creatures were kept in the house for his little son, Shura. Elena Vasilievna was very fond of animals, and was inclined to spoil her little boy. As he already had to feed so many mouths, it is no wonder that the idea of a new dog was rather embarrassing to Trofim Mikhailovich.

"Sh!" he said to the Chinese, his finger at his lips.

But it was too late: Elena Vasilievna had overheard the words about the smallest dog in the whole world.

"May I see it?" she asked, coming into the office.

"It's here," replied the Chinese.

"Bring it in."

"It's here" repeated the Chinese. "I don't have to bring it."

And suddenly, with a most good-natured smile, he drew from under his coat a little dog which had been concealed in his blouse, a little dog such as I had never seen, and which probably very few people in Moscow have seen. It could have been completely covered by my soft hat, put into it and carried away. It was reddish-brown, with

such short hair that it seemed almost naked, and kept shivering all the time like the very finest hair-spring. It was tiny, but it had enormous, gleaming black eyes, bulging like an ant's.

"Oh, how sweet!" exclaimed Elena Vasilievna.

"Take it!" said the Chinese, delighted with the praise.

And he gave his present to the mistress of the house.

Elena Vasilievna sat down on a chair and took onto her knees the tiny spring, trembling either from cold or fear, and immediately the faithful little creature stood up on its hind legs, so that it was a marvel to see it. The director himself stretched out his hand to stroke his new lodger, which, however, instantly snapped at his forefinger. At the same time it filled the house with such a squealing that you might have thought someone had seized a young pig on the run by its tail, and would not let it go.

It kept up its squealing and barking and panting—that naked little creature trembling from cold and fury—as if it was the director who had bitten it, and not the other way around.

Wiping the blood from his finger with a handkerchief, Trofim Mikhailovich, not over-pleased, said, staring at his wife's new guardian:

"Plenty of squeak in it, but not much hair."

Nelly, Trubach and Boris came running up to see what the squealing and barking was about. Mishka leaped on to the windowsill, the drowsy crow appeared in the small open pane in the window. The new lodger took them all for enemies of his dear mistress, and rushed into the fight.

For some reason he chose the ram, giving it a painful bite in the leg. Boris leaped on to the old Turkish sofa in the office, and took shelter among the cushions. Nelly and Trubach fled from the little monster out of the office to the dining-room. Having settled its huge foes, the tiny warrior rushed upon Mishka, who, however, did not budge; but arching his back, started his time-honored, sinister war-song.

"You've found your match," said Trofim Mikhailovich, sucking the blood from his wounded forefinger. "Plenty of squeak in you, but not much hair," he said to the little aggressor.

And, giving him a push with his foot, he said to Mishka, the tom-cat:

"Come on, Mishka! Give it to him hot!"

Mishka's war-song reached its top note, and he was about to leap upon the offender, but suddenly, observing that far from flinching from the song, a new and terrible fire had sprung up in the enemy's huge, bulging ant's eyes, Mishka leapt first on to the window-sill, and then through the open pane, carrying the crow out with him into the air.

After settling his affair, the victor, as if nothing had happened, leapt back onto the knees of his mistress.

"What's his name?" asked Elena Vasilievna, delighted with what she had seen.

"Lemon," replied the Chinese simply.

Nobody worried about the Chinese meaning of "lemon"—the dog was very small and yellow, and Lemon was an excellent name for it in our language.

And so this little bully began to tyrannize the good-natured and amicable creatures. Just then I happened to be visiting the director, and came four times a day to the dining-room for meals and tea. Lemon detested me, and my appearance in the dining-room was the signal

for him to take a flying leap from his mistress' lap in the direction of my boot, and, when the boot gave him a light push, to fly back to the lap, endeavoring, with appalling squeals, to excite his mistress against me. During the meal itself he quieted down a bit, but began again when, after dinner, I forgot myself so far as to approach the mistress to thank her.

My room was separated from the family's by a thin partition, and the eternal whining of the little tyrant made it impossible for me either to read or write. And once, late at night, I was awakened by such a squealing that I really wondered if thieves or bandits had not broken in. I rushed over to the director's room with a gun in my hands. And other members of the household had also rushed to the rescue and were standing, one with a rifle, one with a revolver, one with an axe, and one with an agricultural implement, while, in the middle of the circle they formed, Lemon was fighting with the tame hedgehog.

And almost every day something of the sort happened, till life became intolerable, and Trofim Mikhailovich and I began to put our heads together, to see how we could get rid of the nuisance.

And one day it so happened that Elena Vasilievna went somewhere and, for some reason or other, for the first time, left Lemon at home. Then a plan for our salvation flashed through my mind, and, taking my hat in my hand, I went sraight into the dining-room.

"Now, old man," I said to Lemon. "The missis is away and your hour has struck. You'd better give in."

And, allowing him to gnaw at my heavy boot, I suddenly covered him from above with my soft hat, took him up with the brim and, turning the hat over, looked into it: in the depths of the hat lay a silent bundle, its huge eyes staring upwards with, as it seemed to me, a mournful expression in them.

I even felt a little sorry for him and thought to myself a trifle uneasily: "What if his heart breaks from fear and humiliation? What shall I say then to Elena Vasilievna?"

"Lemon," I said to him soothingly, "don't be cross with me. Lemon, let's be friends."

And I stroked his head. I stroked him again and again. He did not resist, but neither did he cheer up. I got quite anxious, and cautiously let him out on to the floor. He went quietly into the bedroom, almost tottering. The two big dogs and the ram were obviously nervous, following him with astonished eyes.

During dinner, tea and supper all that day Lemon maintained silence, and Elena Vasilievna began to wonder if he was ill. The next day after dinner I was actually able to go up to my hostess and had the satisfaction of shaking her hand as I thanked her for the meal. Lemon seemed to have put a padlock on his mouth.

"Whatever did you do to him while I was away?" she asked.

"No," I replied cheerfully. "He's just got used to me, I suppose. And it's about time!"

I did not venture to tell her that Lemon had been in my hat. But Trofim Mikhailovich and I whispered joyfully to each other, and it appeared he was not in the least surprised that Lemon had lost his strength by his sojourn in a hat.

"All bullies are like that," he said. "They'll threaten you, and squeal and shout, and throw dust in your eyes, but once you get them in a hat they lose their spirit. Plenty of squeals, not much hair."

Animal Foster-Mothers

The sable is a small beast, smaller than a cat. It only breeds here, in the U.S.S.R., in the Siberian taiga. In olden times the skin of sables served as money, and all sorts of goods could be bought with them, as with gold. And sable is still one of the most valuable furs in the world, so that hunters pursue and destroy the little beast without a thought for the future. The sable had begun to disappear even in remote Kamchatka, and would doubtlessly have disappeared from the face of the earth, like plenty of other wild animals, which we now only know through their skeletons, or stuffed in museums. Fortunately, science took the sable business into its hands just in time. Sables began to be bred in captivity. And now they are growing and breeding at the Pushkino zoo-farm, near Moscow, by the hundreds.

I have followed the life of sables at Solovetsk, Pushkino and the Urals with the deepest interest, and the first thing that struck me was their essentially predatory bloodthirstiness, in contrast to their superficial softness, flexibility and grace. These little beasts fully answer to the saying: "Soft appearances and hard deeds."

Once, watching the sables in the Solovetsk sable-sanctuary being fed with live new-born rabbits, I said to the director, a scientific breeder: "If sables were only half as big and strong as tigers, they would, with their cleverness, flexibility and fierceness, eat up all the tigers as if they were rabbits."

To this he replied: "Yes, the sable is a very fierce beast, but we once had an extraordinary case in the sanctuary, proving that even beasts of prey can be very good-natured and tender to those of another sort."

And he related an incident which is truly remarkable.

It took place at Solovetsk in 1929, I think. They had at that time an old, but very beautiful female sable called Musya. She was about to produce a litter, and everyone in the sanctuary was anxious about her.

And there was reason for anxiety!

It often happens that an old bitch-sable dies in the moment of delivery. The danger of losing the valuable old mother was increased by the fact that no one can stand by, observe and assist a sable during labor. Sables will not tolerate anyone's presence.

And so they decided to put a microphone in the cage with a loud-speaker in the scientific-breeder's office, precisely as is done in relaying from the theater to the home.

The loud-speaker was placed in front of the writing-table, and when the time for the birth came, the breeder kept watch at his desk.

At eleven o'clock in the night the first groan came from Musya's cage, and at the same moment the foster-mothers—cats and dogs—came from the next room, excited, eager, ears pricked. Their own young are taken from such dogs and cats in the sanctuary, so that their milk accumulates and they long to get rid of it: they don't care whom they feed. The dogs feed fox-cubs, the cats—sables. The dog and cat foster-mothers stole quietly into the room of the breeder and, ears pricked, sat opposite the loud-speaker. All

the foster-mothers sat rooted to their places all night till eight in the morning, listening to the sound of Musya continually licking her babies, and to their squeaks.

The breeder took notes in his diary all the time, putting down the time of every sound.

Everything ended well for the mother, but the babies, four of them, all perished. At first Musya was very weak after the birth, and her life was despaired of, and she was kept alive entirely on live new-born rabbits.

After a considerable time Musya recovered and began to eat chopped horse flesh with rice, and get jollier every day. And then it was observed that for some reason she still had milk in her teats. The breeder was informed of this strange fact, and he asserted roundly that since the mother had kept her milk all this time she must be nursing, and that when the four dead babies were thrown away a fifth must have been overlooked, and be hidden somewhere in her straw. The roof of the cage was lifted and it was seen, to the general astonishment, that Musya was feeding, not a sable, but a rabbit, which was by now a fair size. How and why from the numerous live rabbits she had devoured, Musya had chosen one as her own, was incomprehensible. The most likely explanation is that the fortunate mite, while Musya was devouring one of its brothers, had managed to suck some of the sable's milk. And so it was that the predatory sable fed and reared the rodent.

I have asked many learned naturalists how this could have happened, what made it possible?

They all shrugged their shoulders and replied:

"Yes, the sable is a very fierce animal and the case at Solovetsk is most remarkable. It only shows that even the most savage beasts of prey can be extremely kind to little ones of another species."

The hen is invincible when, spurning danger, she rushes to the defense of her chicks. My dog Trubach only needed to give the slightest snap of his jaws to finish her up, but this huge animal, able to defend himself against wolves, will run away, his tail between his legs, from an ordinary hen.

Are people like this, too?

This is the question I asked myself, letting the newspaper fall to my knees, and looking at the hen. I have just read in the paper of a small but well-fortified country which is at present under threat of great danger.

Will it be able to defend itself?

I should like to think that if this little country, spurning danger, throws itself against the foe in steeled unity, the big country will retreat, like my Trubach to his kennel. We have named our black broody

hen, because of her extraordinary parental rage in the defense of her chicks, because of her strong beak, like a pike, the Queen of Spades. Every spring we set her on a brood of wild duck's eggs, and she sits on them till she hatches out for us a brood of ducklings, instead of chickens. This year we were taken unawares: the ducklings, when hatched, were allowed to be out in the cold dew, too early, and get their little bottoms wet, and all but one perished. We all noticed that this year the Queen of Spades was infinitely fiercer than usual.

We did not know what to make of this.

I don't believe a hen is capable of being annoyed because she gets ducklings instead of chickens. Hens must have a strong sense of duty, the farm-yard "must" does not conflict with any personal "I want," as with humans. And once a hen has settled down without looking at them, on a clutch of eggs, there she must sit; later she must rear the chicks, and defend them against foes, till her charge is fulfilled. And that is what she does, never even permitting herself to cast a doubtful eye on them, or ask herself: "Are those really chickens?" Such questions, and conflicting "I want—I don't want," "I like it—I don't like it" are for humans in this world, and she is only a hen, and she must do what nature commands, what she "must."

No, I think the Queen of Spades was annoyed this year, not by the deception, but by the death of the ducklings, and her special anxiety for the life of the solitary duckling is comprehensible: parents always fuss about a child more when it is the only one. . . .

But my poor, poor Grashka!

Grashka was a crow; she came to my garden with a broken wing and learned to accustom herself to that terrible state for a bird—winglessness on the face of the earth; she had already learned to run at my cry "Grashka!", when suddenly the Queen of Spades one day in my absence suspected her of an attempt on the life of her solitary duckling, and chased her outside my vegetable plot, after which she never came to me any more.

But what's a crow? Lada, my good-natured and already elderly setter, would watch in the doorway for hours, looking for a spot where she could follow the scent out of danger of the hen. And Trubach, who could fight wolves! He would never leave his kennel without making sure with his sharp eyes that the way was free, that the terrible black hen was not anywhere in sight.

But why speak of dogs—what about myself? The other day I took my six-month pup, Travka, out for a walk, and, just after turning by the barn, I saw the duckling stand before me. The hen was not in sight, but I imagined her, and in terror that she might peck out one of Travka's beautiful eyes, I took to my heels, and felt enormous relief—think of it!—to have escaped from a hen!

Last year there was a remarkable occurrence with this violent hen. While, during the cool, light-dusk nights, they were beginning to cut the hay in the meadows, I took it into my head to exercise my Trubach and let him follow the tracks of a fox or a hare in the woods. In a thick copse of fir trees, at the meeting of two green glades, I unleashed Trubach, who immediately thrust himself into a bush, scared a young male hare and chased it with an appalling barking along the glade. It was the closed season for hares, so I had no gun with me and gave myself up to a few hours of the sweetest music for the hunter. But just as we got near the village, the dog retreated, the hunt came to an end, and Trubach very quickly ran back,

obviously confused, tail down, his light spots (he is yellowish-brown, with russety spots) covered with blood.

Everyone knows a wolf will never touch a dog so long as it can pick up a sheep anywhere in the fields. And if it was not a wolf, why was Trubach covered with blood, and so unusually confused?

An absurd thought flashed through my mind. I imagined that of all the timid race of hares the only brave hare in the world, ashamed to run away from a dog, had appeared. "Better death!" my hare had thought to itself. And, turning round sharp on its tracks, had flung itself upon Trubach. And when the huge dog had seen the hare fling itself upon him, he had retreated in horror and run for his life, getting his back torn by thorns and bloody. And that was how a hare had chased Trubach back to me. Could such a thing be? Of course not!

I once knew a very timid man who, when mortally insulted, had arisen and smitten his foe in a moment. But, after all, this was a man. Hares are not like this.

Along the very glade by which the hare had escaped from Trubach, I descended from the wood to the meadow and found the reapers talking eagerly and laughing; when they saw me they began beckoning to me, and calling, the way people do when their hearts are full and they want to relieve their feelings.

"Well, well! What d'you think of that?"

"Of what?"

"Oi-oi-oi!"

And twenty voices raised, all talking about the same thing, so that it was impossible to understand them, and from the buzz of talk I could hear nothing but: "Fancy that! Fancy that!"

And this is what had happened: the young hare, dashing out of the wood, had rolled down the path to the barns, with Trubach on its heels. Trubach had once overtaken an old hare (the swiftest Anglo-Russian species), and he could have no trouble in catching a young one. Hares are fond of hiding from their pursuers near a village, in stacks of straw, in barns. And Trubach came up with the hare near the barn. The reapers could even see him opening his jaws to seize the hare. . . .

As often happens in a struggle, all the cards but one are lost, and a lazy drowsiness makes the loser desire to become the victim and surrender to the foe: it looks as if the game was not worth the candle, and as if nothing was left but to become a victim and surrender. Sometimes the foe has calculated everything, and even knows the three winning cards: now for the three!

The three! And his three takes the trick.

The seven! The seven takes the trick. Ace!

But no—instead of the ace comes the Queen of Spades!

This happened before the eyes of all the reapers. Trubach had nothing to do but seize the hare, when suddenly the great black hen flew upon him from the barn and dashed straight at his eyes. And Trubach turned in his tracks and fled. And the Queen of Spades took a flying leap, got on his back and pecked and pecked at him with her sharp beak.

There's a business for you!

And that was why the yellow-brown hound had blood on its light russet spots—it had been pecked by a common hen.

Translated by Ivy Litvinova

EMI SIAO

TIEN TSO-MING KEPT SILENT

The governor of the district looked up at the clock. The hands were approaching twelve.

The Chief of Police and the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce were due to arrive at the Yamen [1] at noon. Taking advantage of the illness of the Japanese adviser, the governor had himself summoned them for a special meeting to consider the struggle against the "bandits."

There was a look of concern on the governor's dry, energetic face.

Vain, resourceful, educated on European lines, he fancied himself as a coming Pao Kung,[2] and aimed at combining in himself the qualities of the ancient Chinese rulers and the efficiency prized in our own days.

On being appointed governor he had attempted to show initiative in the administration of the district, and had hoped to win authority among the inhabitants. He soon realized the futility of his efforts. He could either lose his post or become a pawn in the hands of the Japanese and blindly follow their "counsels." At the same time the population was becoming ever more mistrustful of him. Of late the situation had become particularly acute. The Japanese were advancing demand after demand, bringing about the complete ruination of the people. On the other hand, the anti-Japanese movement was growing in strength.

For the last few days there had been persistent rumors that partisans disguised as peaceful civilians had entered the city and were preparing an armed uprising.

The night before, the governor of the district had received fresh instructions from the ruler of the province, who insisted on drastic measures against the "bandits."

Everything was quiet in Yamen. Only the ticking of the clock could be heard. The governor's eyes turned to the window. Out there, in the street, dreadful events could be expected to take place any minute.

It was cold and the governor felt the chill creep up his shoulders. In accordance with the old customs, the Yamen faced the South; though muffled in a warm robe lined with wadding he could feel the cold breath of the wind, now soughing outside the window.

Time dragged and dragged; it seemed like a long, endless, gray thread. At long last a boy opened the door and announced: "The Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and the Chief of Police!"

The governor rose from his chair, but as his lips shaped themselves into a courteous smile, the question arose in his mind: What could his

[1] Yamen—headquarters of the district administration.

[2] Pao Kung—a legendary form of a wise ruler and fair judge.

colleagues advise him if the demands of the Japanese were becoming more and more arrogant and partisan detachments were springing up as fast as mushrooms?

The boy carefully closed the door behind the visitors.

The meeting to consider the struggle against the "bandits" was opened . . .

Rustling, yellow leaves fell to the frost-cracked earth. The autumn wind lashed and chased them round the courtyard.

At the gate sentries exchanged oaths and yawned from boredom.

"It's beyond me, why they keep us here in this damned wind. No one's such a fool to look for justice at the Yamen these days," grumbled a young soldier with the broad, pock-marked face of a countryman.

The elderly soldier to whom he addressed these remarks made no reply—the damned wind was enough to drive all thoughts out of the mind.

Leaves crackled. Wind soughed. The soldiers barely kept their eyes open. The elderly soldier pictured himself at home among his family: his wife and children were sitting on a warm *kang*.[1] His wife moved towards him a cup of tea. He even smelt the aroma . . .

The young soldier was thinking about the warm body of his wife.

A sharp, piercing cry suddenly broke the drowsy stillness of the Yamen.

Dropping his rifle, the young soldier ran to the gate, followed by his elder companion.

They had not reached the gate when a woman broke into the yard, wailing. Black hairs covered her face, long untidy strands of hair hung down her back and breasts. An old blue jacket barely clung to her shoulders.

Soldiers surrounded the woman.

"What the hell are you doing here? Clear off," bawled the young soldier.

The woman fell to the ground, half choking from weeping and muttered:

"I must see the governor. I must, I must. I'm in terrible trouble. The bandits killed my husband."

The young soldier looked at the woman with a vacant stare.

Spitting out a fag-end, a fat bloated youth yelled: "Kick her out!"

The young sentry grabbed the woman by the shoulders but it seemed her hands had grown into the earth like roots and that nothing could move them.

Peals of laughter came from the sentries at the gate who watched the scene.

"The dame's a match for them. You're a fine lot of fellows!" jeered the fat youth, dashing towards the woman. At this moment the woman raised her head and the hair fell from her face. The soldiers saw her face resembling the seed of a pumpkin, and her eyes, black and darting.

The young soldier's hands suddenly grew gentle. The elderly soldier chuckled.

The woman raised herself.

"How cruel you men are!" The words were uttered in a plaintive tone, but all of a sudden she gave a roguish smile and flashed her snow-white teeth.

"Ah, you don't want me to keep my date with the governor," she said.

The young soldier smiled sheepishly; his fingers still felt the warmth of her body and he was loth to part with it. But his companion, a sprightly old chap who had seen a lot in his day, winked at him.

"It wouldn't be bad to spend a few minutes with a peach like that," he whispered. Bending towards the

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[1] *Kang*—a couch made of bricks which is used as a bed in North China.

woman, he said in a low voice: "You'll come along later? Alright?"

The woman smiled.

"Don't be long!" the soldier added. The woman had not advanced a couple of paces when the fat soldier, who had been watching the scene, yelled out: "Stop!"

He had noticed the woman's darting eyes and pretty face, and was sore the other fellow would get her.

The woman folded her arms across her breasts and ran to the innergate. Breathing heavily, the fat soldier ran after her, and when the young soldier blocked his path, he tried to push him aside. With the back of his hand, the younger man gave a powerful blow on his face red from excitement. The other sentries ran to the assistance of their fat comrade. Oaths and shouts filled the courtyard.

Their heads bowed respectfully, the Chief of Police and the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce awaited their instructions.

The governor unfolded a sheet of paper ruled with red lines and dotted with hieroglyphs, and held it close to his eyes.

He had barely opened his mouth when frightful shouts came from the courtyards.

"What's wrong?" the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce asked in a frightened voice. The Chief of Police dashed to the window. The governor of the district rose after him. Through the dusty window they saw the soldiers fighting and the woman in tears. The Chief of Police waved his hand.

"They're hungry for women and fighting like dogs," he said.

Ripples of gooseflesh ran over the governor's dry face. He looked down on the table, fixing his gaze on an envelope with a red square stamp in the left hand corner and his own name, with the high-sounding title of District Governor in the center . . .

With all his titles he could not preserve order even in the courtyard of his own headquarters.

He sank back in his armchair and rang for the boy.

"What has happened?" he shouted sternly when the frightened boy appeared at the door.

"There's a woman there, sir," the boy stammered.

"What does she want?"

"She says the bandits killed her husband last night and that she must see the District Governor!"

The governor thought for a few moments and said:

"Tell them she can be admitted."

The Chief of Police and the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce exchanged glances.

"Now, that's what you'd call European culture!" said the Chief of Police, not without irony. He had always envied the governor his European manners and education.

"Not only European culture but Chinese wisdom!" retorted the governor.

The Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce nodded. Winking slyly, he muttered:

"I understand. I understand. And the interests we have at heart . . ." He then rested his fat, stumpy fingers on his rounded belly.

The woman entered the office and stopped at the threshold. She stood still for some time, gazing at the men in silence. Her black hair fell down her pale cheeks.

"Who are you?" asked the governor, running the eye over her.

"I have come to you from the partisans," she said in a firm, clear voice.

The governor paled. The ponderous, inflated body of the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce suddenly slipped from his chair to the floor. The Chief of Police snatched

his revolver. Tense silence prevailed in the room.

"Do not be frightened, I am not a partisan," said the woman, breaking the silence. As she spoke, she looked smilingly towards the frightened face of the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce.

"But . . ." she added. "I am a member of the anti-Japanese Society."

"Not so loud," the terrified governor interrupted her, raising his hand. In cautious tones he asked:

"What do you want from us?"

The woman moved towards the table and took a seat.

She spoke in a low voice but distinctly and clearly: all the three of them—the governor, the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce and the Chief of Police—were bound to know that the Japanese blockade was creating incredibly difficult conditions for the partisans. Winter was approaching. The partisan detachments in the mountains were undergoing terrible privations. The local inhabitants gave them all the assistance they could, but the peasantry had been plundered by the Japanese and were starving. The partisans slept on the ground, their clothes were in tatters, their food consisted of roots and the bark of trees. But notwithstanding their plight they continued with their determined resistance to the Japanese. The partisans were in urgent need of assistance, of food, of clothes . . .

"To put the matter in a nutshell, they need money!" she concluded, rising from the chair.

The governor looked intently at the woman's firm, pale face. He was impressed by her words and manner. He, the governor, was compelled everyday to kow-tow to the Japanese advisers and officers. He realized that it required incredible courage to come to the Yamen with such demands.

The woman raised her thin threads of brows and said, as though replying to the governor's thoughts:

"I was not afraid of coming to you. You are Chinese, and I am sure that you have not forgotten it."

Crimson blotches appeared on the greasy face of the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce. The Chief of Police crushed an unfinished cigarette between his fingers.

There was a minute of silence in the room.

Then the governor bent over to the Chief of Police and whispered something in his ear. The Chief of Police drew the revolver from its holster, and rose to his feet. A sigh of relief escaped from the broad chest of the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce.

Now, he thought, they will shoot that mad creature—it would not be necessary for him to take part in this risky enterprise . . . and lighten his purse.

The Chief of Police opened the door with a violent wrench and looked down the corridor.

"No one there," he said in a low voice, returning to the table.

The governor nodded and turned to the woman.

"Take a seat, please. We are listening," he said in business-like tones.

"I have nothing to add to what I have already said," she replied. "We need three thousand Chinese dollars!"

The governor suddenly flung to one side the paper with instructions.

"To hell with this Japanese tripe."

Turning to the woman he added in a resolute voice:

"You are not mistaken. We are Chinese!"

"But—we may pay with our lives if even the faintest shadow of suspicion falls on us," said the Chairman of the Chamber of Commerce, with pale, quivering lips.

The woman straightened herself and said with determination:

"I promise . . . to keep silent."

Puffs of smoke resembling ruffs of cotton wool rose into the air. Frozen snow crunched under the feet of rare passers-by. A heavily loaded cart lumbered its way through the streets of the village. A youth in the clothes of a farm laborer was whipping the tired horses. By his side sat a woman in a gown lined with wadding. Her eyes were hidden by a bandage evidently intended to protect her face from the wind. Smiling, she glanced from under the bandage at the passersby.

The woman pointed to the right, where the black ribbon of a road stretched into the distance.

"Today," she said, "we'll take a new road. It would be dangerous to go the old way a third time."

The cart passed the village boundary.

"Stop!" rang out a loud, harsh voice in Japanese.

The farm-laborer continued to whip the horses.

"Stop, damn you!" yelled a Japanese running up to the cart.

The youth stopped the cart and stared at the Japanese with a stupefied air as though at loss to understand.

The Japanese turned sharply round.

"What are you yawning at?" he shouted to a group of Manchu-kuo soldiers who watched the scene with an air of indifference.

The Manchu-kuo soldiers approached the cart.

"Where are you going and what have you in the cart?" a Manchu-kuo soldier asked the woman.

The Japanese lifted up an oil-cloth that covered a number of sacks, which he carefully prodded.

The woman removed the bandage from her forehead and smiled.

"I am going home to a wedding. It will be a grand wedding," she said, fixing her eyes on those of the soldier.

The soldier smiled. The woman looked as if she were speaking the truth.

He waved to the farm laborer.

"Drive on!"

As the youth whipped the horses, the Japanese suddenly shouted:

"Turn this way!"

The woman began to wail. The Japanese struck the youth with the butt of his rifle and ordered him turn the cart towards the nearest sentry-post.

"So you insist that the meat and flour which were found on you are intended for a rich wedding feast?" said the officer in his faulty Chinese.

"For a wedding," the woman replied.

"And the money we found on you? The three thousand Chinese dollars? Also for the wedding?"

The woman nodded in affirmation.

The Japanese stared at her through his spectacles with vicious intensity.

"Stop this farce! We know that you were taking the money and food to the bandits. We want to know the names of the donors."

The woman kept silent.

"We'll make you open your mouth! Their names! Their names!" The Japanese raised his hand and struck the woman in the face.

Everything became dark before the woman's eyes, and it seemed to her that the floor had disappeared under her feet. She heard the swishing of bamboo canes and felt sharp pain.

"Get up!" Hands gripped her lacerated shoulders.

The woman rose. She saw the officer's jeering face through a mist.

"*Kawai onna,*"[1] he said, screwing up his eyes, "now perhaps you will speak up. I do not think a young beautiful woman like you should die for the sake of the dirty bandits!"

The officer drew a long puff from his cigarette.

"Well, what have you to say?" he asked, pulling himself together. "Just give me a couple of names and I will set you free."

The woman kept silent.

The officer's eyes fixed on her expectantly. It was clear that she knew enough to tell him about the anti-Japanese sentiments of certain persons at the head of the Manchu-kuo administration. But by what could he make this stubborn creature speak?

"A hundred strokes!" he yelled.

They tortured her for a day and a night. Driven to a frenzy by her silence, the officer ordered the most refined tortures he could imagine—her breasts were scrubbed with the bristle of a swine, steel needles were hammered under her nails . . .

The woman kept silent!

Next morning when with the utmost difficulty she opened her swollen, blood-stained eyelids, she saw by her side her Comrade Li Techuan. She raised herself and mumbled some words with her burning lips.

The Japanese laughed.

"You should have spoken long ago, *kawai onna,*" he said bending, trying to catch her words. "You would have saved us time and trouble."

"He does not know anything, he only works for me on the farm," said the woman looking towards Li Techuan.

"Their names! Their names!" screamed the officer.

But he heard not another word.

The woman kept silent.

"Shoot her!" ordered the infuriated officer.

The woman's lacerated body was dragged out of the building. A sharp north wind was blowing but the woman did not feel the cold. Her head was on fire.

The officer gave the command. The woman's blood-drenched body fell to the frost-cracked earth.

The officer lit a cigarette. He was in low spirits. Not a single word from that stubborn creature!

"Take away that offal," he yelled.

Late that night two partisans made their way to the place of the shooting.

"Here she is," whispered one of them, making an opening in the bushes.

His comrade, an old man, bent over the body.

"Tien Tso-ming!" he exclaimed affectionately as though addressing his own daughter.

"Is she dead?" asked his comrade anxiously.

The older man bent down and placed his hand on the woman's bloodstained left side. Her body was cold but the old man felt the faintest beating of her heart.

"She is alive!" he exclaimed.

The partisans lifted the woman's body, carefully wrapped it in some old clothes, and cautiously went down a path leading from the bushes.

Pale stars shone dimly in the autumn sky.

A sentry gazed intently at the dense wall of milk-white mist.

Silence . . . Suddenly the sentry stirred. It seemed to him that he heard the noise of dry twigs under cautious steps.

He listened more attentively but heard only the soughing of the wind among the firs.

Translated from the Chinese

[1] *Kawai onna*—Japanese for "My dear woman."

ELZBIETA SZEMPLINSKA

Good—bye, Son!

We left Warsaw at the end of October and we reached the frontier on the sixth of November. All these days a fierce icy wind blew in our faces and froze our weary bodies to the marrow.

The frontier was closed. Every two or three days the rumor would start that tomorrow the border would be opened, that a commission had arrived. For a while these rumors would electrify the mass of refugees—four thousand men, women and children who had settled, like a swarm of starved and half-dead locusts, in the little frontier village which in ordinary times held no more than 500 inhabitants.

The village was teeming with refugees who in the past two weeks had filled all the houses, stables and barns, even overflowing into the forest. By some miracle, we managed to find a corner for ourselves—not a corner of a room, of course, but only one end of a large wooden bench—in the house of Wesolowski, a railway worker. A young Jewess from Tomassow with a six-month-old baby kept the other end of the bench.

Wesolowski himself was away, and this fact appeared to disturb his family more than anything else at the moment. When we were still outside, each of them—the mother, two boys and four girls—came out in turns to tell us about it.

"My husband is away, but we expect him any day now . . ."

"Father went away three days ago and he'll be back soon," each one of the children told us.

"But can't you let us in without him? If he objects, we shall leave at once," we begged. Our legs were so tired we could hardly stand up, and we clung to the door knob, greedily sniffing the warm air of the room thick with the exhalations of people and the odors of food.

"Yes, yes, certainly . . . I can let you in myself; it's only that we're expecting him. That's why we speak of him," Mrs. Wesolowski assured us.

At last she let us in. At last we lay down on the bench. The Jewess, whose baby was wailing, moved to the wall. We lay down at once, in our boots and heavy overcoats, and we felt that there could possibly be no greater luxury than to lie thus with legs outstretched, resting our backs that ached unbearably from the weight of the knapsack; just to lie like this forever and not to be walking, not to be going anywhere.

Dusk fell. Our hostess' eldest daughter, a tall, slender girl, brought in the kerosene lamp, trimmed it and placed a box of matches beside it. But she did not light it.

"Perhaps it is too dark for you?"

she asked. "We are used to it. We never light the lamp before it is quite dark. Father likes it this way and it saves kerosene . . ."

"Oh no," we protested, "it is perfectly all right for us . . . Why, it is even nicer this way . . ."

Everything about the Wesolowskis, all that we saw and heard, all their words and ways seemed mysterious and thrilling to us at this wonderful moment of relaxation after those awful days of walking in the bitter cold.

Every moment in the house, and every sound, heightened our delight, and if the girl had lit the lamp we would have been just as grateful as we were that she did not light it but permitted the shadows to thicken and settle around us.

At his mother's bidding the eldest son, a lad of seventeen, took the wood that was drying behind the stove, split off sticks with a knife and started to light the fire. He sat hunched up in front of the stove, adding log after log, selecting each one carefully and stirring up the fire with the poker.

This, too, made us thrill with pleasure, like a caress: the flames leaping up amid the shadows and the warmth that flowed in waves through our sodden limbs, and the graceful movements of the lad whose youthful profile was silhouetted sharply against the fire.

The door kept opening and closing. We heard footsteps and voices that merged into one loud murmur; there was the sound of things being moved and the clatter of dishes.

"That must be my boarders," Mrs. Wesolowska explained, "poor refugees. I share what little I have. A cup of tea, a few potatoes . . ."

The woman had a kind face; a large wart stood out on her cheek, and her pale gray eyes were sad. She walked slowly, gingerly, as though afraid she might knock against something and hurt herself; and her smile was the gentle, sad smile of the invalid.

"Are you sick?" I asked her, observing her hesitant walk and the tension of her whole body.

Her answer was not quite to the point.

"Oh, no," she said quickly, "just a little insomnia, that's all, and no appetite to speak of, but I am sure my husband will be back today or tomorrow at the latest."

We looked at one another in surprise. She went out to the kitchen and returned with a bowl of steaming potatoes and a pot of hot tea.

"Drink!" she said. "You are frozen . . . But there's no sugar, not a morsel. And you'd better take your things off, and make yourself comfortable."

The eldest girl brought us a blanket, and the young Jewess pushed her pillow toward us.

"Please take it. You have just come from the road. I've had a good rest these two weeks."

The blanket and the pillow, the tea and the kind words filled our hearts and bodies with a blessed warmth.

"It's time to light the lamp. Wladzia, close the stove," said the mother.

At that moment a younger daughter, the same energetic type as her brother, entered the room and lit the lamp. The soft yellow light spread over the large table, the wardrobe, the sewing machine, it settled on the plaster-of-paris geese and angels on the shelf, and the faded pictures on the walls.

And there, amid the dinginess and poverty of the room was the Wesolowski family, whom we liked more and more. Now, by the light of the lamp, when the whole family was seated around the table, we could examine them more closely.

What handsome young people, what strength and beauty about them! The eldest daughter was tall and reserved; the second girl, energetic and vivacious; the youngest had a chubby childish face and unruly curls that kept falling over her eyes. Then the boys: an eight-year-old, bent over a book, and the lad of seventeen, the one who had lit the stove; with his energetic face and dark eyes he looked very much like the second sister. And among them the mother, with her pensive eyes, gentle and sad; her face intent and as if listening. She began to dish out the potatoes. Then one of them called:

"Renia!"

From the next room came another dark-haired beautiful girl who acknowledged our presence by a polite nod.

"Another daughter?"

"No, she is my son's fiancée," replied our hostes and her smile semeed even sadder as she wound her arm around the girl's waist and kissed her rosy cheek. "Ah, but my son Yuzek is fond of her! He told me so, bless his heart. If it were not for the war they would have been married."

The spoons rattled in the teacups and someone moved back a chair.

"Sure they'll get married, mother!" said the second daughter. And the youngest added: "Maybe father will bring Yuzek back with him."

The mother put down her spoon, pushed asside her plate and, shaking her head, said in a low voice:

"Hardly . . . If he brought some news, at least! . . ."

All heads were bent low over the plates, and they all ate fast, as if to make it appear that there was nothing unusual about this conversation, that the conversation was unimportant, just small talk . . .

But their faces betrayed anxiety; there was impatience, fear and hope in their eyes.

Suddenly the second daughter said:

"Why . . . Yuzek may have stopped over at his friend's, and he'll come back with father . . ."

Then the mother told the story.

The day her son was mobilized she had been away at the market, selling some eggs. The evil one must have lured her away with those eggs. For her son had been taken while she was gone. And he had gone away as he was, without any warm underwear and with no money. And from that moment they had heard nothing from him, not a post-card, not a word—nothing; he disappeared like a stone dropped into a well . . .

His comrade who had been taken at the same time had returned, and now her husband had gone off to see him and hear what he had to say about Yuzek. The boy lived in a village nearby, about 20 kilometers away.

"There may have been a letter," said the eldest girl to comfort her mother. "But we were not at home when it came. They told us to run away, to evacuate the town," she continued turning to us. "We were loaded onto a train and then we were left in an open field. There was heavy fighting at the time. For a whole week we crawled on the ground and ate raw potatoes to keep alive. There was no bread to be had, everything had been eaten by the retreating troops. They had even drunk the wells dry. The heat was terrible. And grenades and bombs kept exploding all around us . . . A child was torn to pieces before our eyes. The roads were strewn with corpses of soldiers and dead horses . . ."

"So many people perished at that time," the mother went on. "And why? What for? And why did they make us move from the town? . . . My second daughter is a seamstress; when we left the house she took

her sewing machine with her. She had so much trouble with it. And sometimes she would say to me: 'I don't think I'll ever work on it again, we'll never get out of this alive . . .' That's what she would say, and my heart would break . . ."

The eldest girl glanced at her mother and said with forced cheer:

"But then we came back to our house. We found it stripped bare of everything, even to the nails in the walls. The neighbor had taken everything away. Someone had told her we'd been killed by a bomb and so she had taken all the furniture, the cow and everything. When she saw us she nearly fainted. Mother had to give her smelling salts."

"And to think," the old woman broke in, "that Yuzek went off without saying good-bye, without his mother's blessing, poor boy. I shall never forgive myself. Suppose I were never to see him again . . ."

"Mama!" exclaimed the eldest daughter.

"Well, when mother starts . . ." said the son.

"All right, all right, I shall say nothing . . ."

Then she turned to us. "I have a weak heart, you know, and my children try to prevent me from worrying about Yuzek. But the thoughts keep coming all the same." She shook her head silently, and her pale dry lips whispered: "I can't help thinking those terrible thoughts."

And she added:

"Not to have said good-bye, that is what is so awful. I should not have kept him back, the war is stronger than we . . . and then there is one's duty to one's fatherland. But just to have been able to kiss him and say: 'Well, my boy, go, beat the enemy, and come back soon to your mother . . .'"

"Fatherland!" The eldest boy broke in scornfully. "Did we ever have a fatherland? She must have forgotten that Yuzek served six years in jail for Communism!" he said turning to us.

The second sister checked him.

"Stop it! Don't start a quarrel with mother! It is too late for her to understand such things. Yuzek tried to explain it all to her so many times . . ."

"It is never too late!" the lad retorted hotly. "And I don't intend to hang around here on the frontier much longer . . ."

"What?" demanded his mother.

She knew what he would say, her heart had sensed it.

"What were you going to say?" she insisted in fear, trembling.

But the boy rushed out of the room without answering and slammed the door after him. The slamming of the door was the last thing we heard before we dropped into a sleep as brief and as heavy as a fainting spell.

We were awakened by the arrival of a new person. We opened our eyes and saw all the family still seated at the table. But now the heads were raised and the eyes turned anxiously and questioningly toward the newcomer.

The latter stood on the threshold, his hand clasped round the doorknob. It was evident that no one had spoken a word, except perhaps in greeting.

The newcomer was a tall, stooping man with large, dark, drooping mustache.

The mother was the first to speak.

"Well, girls, hurry up and give your father some tea."

Both sisters ran out into the kitchen. The mother brought in some plates. The father approached the table and the children made room for him.

No questions were asked, all kept silent, but their eyes were

questioning him—the stern eyes of the seventeen-year-old boy who had just reentered the room, the sad eyes of the mother, Renia's eyes, the eyes of all the children.

The father avoided those eyes. Bending low over his plate he ate the dry potatoes with a preoccupied air. Then he pushed aside his plate, coughed and said:

"Nothing . . . nothing . . ."

"What! No news? and the friend . . . doesn't he know anything? They left together, didn't they? He must have seen Yuzek!"

"He saw him all right," said the father.

He cast a wary look at his wife, at her ashen face and the tears coursing down the furrowed cheeks.

"But when did he see him? Long ago? In the beginning? And later—were they separated?" the sisters queried.

"Yes," the old man answered slowly. "They were separated."

The outside door creaked every now and then behind his back. The refugees who slept in the kitchen were preparing for the night. Every time the door creaked the old man turned round nervously.

"What's going on out there?" he asked irritably. "They'll be stealing things before we know it."

"O, what could they steal?" the mother replied.

And returning to her thoughts she shook her head sadly and dried her tears.

"If only there were some news . . . just something. Renia has been here since morning, and again there is nothing to tell her . . . God, shall we have to wait much longer?"

The father lowered his head, as if unable to play his part any longer. His wife's words were stabbing at his heart. He rose and walked to the door.

"Father, where are you going? You haven't finished your tea!" cried the eldest daughter.

"Never mind . . . I want to see who's out there," he retorted and went outside.

The younger boy ran over to the window and moved aside the curtain.

"Where has he gone?" asked the elder sister.

"He hasn't gone outside, he must be out in the passage."

"What can he be doing there?" the mother whispered to herself. "His tea is getting cold."

By their faces one could see that the suspense was growing unbearable.

At last the father returned. He entered the room looking quite upset and carrying a large bundle wrapped in newspapers. He stooped low as though he wished to make himself and his bundle invisible. Suddenly he lost his temper.

"What are you all staring at me for? What do you want of me, damn it all?"

He disappeared in the next room; but a moment later he returned without the bundle. He still looked distraught, but his expression had grown gentle and humble as if it had not been he who had shouted angrily a moment before.

"There are so many refugees around the place. They may steal something," he murmured.

And again no one asked him any questions, either about his sudden fit of temper or the mysterious bundle in the next room. He finished his tea, frowned, but said nothing when the second daughter, the energetic girl, went into the next room and walked over to the chest of drawers on which the father had laid the bundle.

They heard the rustle of paper . . . The whole family held its breath, listening intently. As if they already knew . . .

The girl appeared in the doorway. Her clear eyes were dilated, her

lips were trembling like those of a child about to burst into tears. The bundle was pressed tight to her bosom . . . It was still covered with a piece of newspaper.

The eldest girl was at her side with one bound and tore the paper off.

"Boots . . ." she whispered.

A pair of large, black military top boots, practically new.

"Yuzek's!"

The little boy stuck his fist into his mouth. Renia closed her eyes, her head dropped heavily against the edge of the table, and she remained thus motionless.

The mother began to wail. The little quiet woman with the weak heart. She rose, staggered to the middle of the room, waving her hands and tearing at her hair with her crooked fingers.

"Boots!" she cried hoarsely. "Boots for a son! They took my son, my boy, and now they send me back boots! They, the fine gentlemen, ran away to Rumania and took all the gold away with them in their automobiles. And my Yuzek had to fight for them, to die for those sons of bitches! And they send me back his boots . . . Oh, the scoundrels, may the earth open and swallow them up . . . May the . . ."

At the sound of the wailing many refugees came running. They crowded in the doorway, near the windows, all round the house. But the mother continued to rave. This small, frail woman seemed to have grown, to reach the ceiling with the trembling shadows of her outstretched arms, and ever stronger were the words she found to pour out her wrath, and louder the curses and imprecations she hurled at those reponsible for her son's death. It was as if she invested these words with all the majesty of a mother's love and a mother's pain at the loss of her son of whom she had not even taken leave, of whom she was taking leave now.

The father and daughters put their arms around her, held her by the shoulders. Gradually she quieted down and gazed around her with unseeing eyes. Her mouth opened, she began to sway, but they did not let her fall, they lowered her onto a chair and stroked her head gently.

"Don't, mother, don't! You will make yourself ill!"

Then the seventeen-year-old boy came over. His pale face looked resolute. He walked over to this woman, his mother, who sat there panting, fighting for breath. He spoke softly, but every word fell with the swiftness of a dagger.

"I . . . before . . . I did not tell you when you asked. I didn't want to hurt you. But now . . . no matter how you may cry . . . I shall go . . . today!"

The mother rose. They looked each other straight in the eyes. The broad-shouldered youth with his flaming eyes and the sick, aged mother who had just learned of the death of her eldest son.

"Why do you torture your mother? Don't you see how she is suffering?" cried the father.

"Where do you want to go? Why are you threatening all the time?" the sisters asked.

But the mother asked no questions. She, who could not "understand such things" knew. Her heart knew.

"I'm going to join the Red Army! Today!" cried the boy.

And the mother, whose sick heart, everyone feared, would cease to beat at any moment, the mother who had lost her son, did not weep, did not object. She stretched out a hand to bless her second son, and said in a low, firm voice:

Go, my boy! Go and avenge Yuzek! . . ."

Translated by
Rose Prokofieva

EMELYAN YAROSLAVSKY

D. I. Pisarev

A hundred years ago, on October 14, 1840, in the family of a poor nobleman a boy was born, who was destined to play an immense role in the intellectual and political development of many generations of revolutionary youth in Russia. That was Dmitri Ivanovich Pisarev.

His great gifts manifested themselves at an early age. He graduated high school with honors when he was only sixteen, embarked on a literary career at the age of eighteen, and two years later he was one of the outstanding publicists in Russia, and a leader of a definite trend in the camp of the enlighteners.

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.

We are observing the hundredth anniversary of Pisarev's birth at a time when not only the boldest hopes of the revolutionary enlighteners, the predecessors of the Russian Social-Democrats, but also the great hopes of the founders of scientific Communism, have come true. The young generation of the Land of Soviets ought to know more about this exceptionally gifted publicist and critic who gave all his life—unfortunately, he did not live long—to the cause of enlightening the people. The young generation ought to know how "for almost half a century—approximately from the forties to the nineties of the last century—advanced thinkers in Russia, under the oppression of an unprecedented, savage and reactionary tsarism, sought eagerly for

the correct revolutionary theory . . ." (Lenin, *Selected Works*, Vol. X, p. 62.)

Russia found this revolutionary theory in the great teachings of Marxism.

"Russia achieved Marxism, the only correct revolutionary theory, virtually through *suffering*, by a half century of unprecedented torment and sacrifice, of unprecedented revolutionary heroism, incredible energy, devoted searching, study, testing in practice, disappointments, checking, and comparison with European experience." (*Ibid.*)

D. I. Pisarev was one of those who eagerly sought for such a theory—the only correct theory.

1

The Crimean War, as we know, represented a turning point in the history of Russia prior to the "Peasant Reform." Marx and Engels attached great importance to the defeat suffered by tsarism in the Crimean War. It was obvious that Russia was heading toward a revolutionary crisis. In order to avert the crisis, tsar Alexander II granted the half-hearted reform (the abolition of serfdom) of 1861, which, however, failed to satisfy anyone. The reform was but the first step toward the transformation of the state of the feudal landlords into a bourgeois monarchy; it preserved many survivals of serfdom, such as high redemption payments for the land, which kept the peasants in a state of bondage; it handed over to the landlords strips of the land previously used by the peasants (the so-called *otrezki*), preserved the discriminations against the peasants as a class, etc. This state of affairs created the conditions for a new revolutionary crisis.

It was in this atmosphere of growing discontent that Pisarev's character and his *Weltanschauung* were shaped. In those years the fiery words of the "vehement" Vissarion Belinsky were still a living tradition, and Hertzen's *Kolokol* (The Bell) was still calling to struggle against serfdom; the vivid ideas of Chernyshevsky and Dobrolyubov still agitated the minds of the youth, and revolutionary leaflets made their appearance in the big cities of Russia and, here and there, even in some villages.

In an appeal signed "Young Russia," which was disseminated in 1862, Pisarev read such lines as "Russia is entering the revolutionary period of her existence," and "Russian society is now divided into two parts whose interests are diametrically opposed and, consequently, they face each other as enemies" (Cf. M. Lemke, *Political Trials*). On the one hand "the party oppressed and maltreated by all, the party representing the *people*," on the other—"the *imperial* party."

What was the way out envisaged by "Young Russia"?

"There is only one way out of this oppressive and dreadful situation which drives modern man to his doom and compels him to spend his best powers in fighting it; that is the way of revolution—a sanguinary and ruthless revolution, which must bring about a radical change in all—absolutely all—foundations of modern society and destroy the adherents of the existing regime." (*Ibid.*) The slogan of "Young Russia"—"*Long live the social and democratic republic of Russia!*"—became the life slogan of young Pisarev.

Pisarev was arrested July 2, 1862, in connection with the discovery by the police of the underground "pocket printshop" belonging to a student Ballod. This printshop had

D. I. Pisarev

issued a pamphlet by Pisarev against Shedo-Ferroti, a tsarist spy who had published a scurrilous attack upon A. I. Hertzen. In that pamphlet Pisarev came forward as an ardent republican and revolutionary democrat. He declared that "the sole aim and hope of all honest citizens" is the overthrow of the tsarist government and a change of the political and social system. "Under the present state of affairs one must be either utterly narrow-minded or utterly bribed in favor of the reigning evil, not to want a revolution," he wrote.

Pisarev called for a revolution to put an end to the violence sanctified "by an obsolete form of divine right." "There can be no conciliation," wrote Pisarev. "The government enjoys the support only of the scoundrels bribed with the money exerted from the poor people by fraud and violence. The cause of the people is championed by all who are young and vital, by all who are capable of thinking and acting."

"The Romanov dynasty," Pisarev continued, "and the St. Petersburg bureaucracy must perish. . . .

"All that is dead and rotten must topple into the grave by itself. What remains for us to do is to deliver the last blow and shovel dirt into their grave to cover up their stinking corpses."

Pisarev was confined to the Fortress of Peter and Paul, in which the great revolutionary enlightener Chernyshevsky was imprisoned at that time. The investigation dragged on for more than two years. Only on May 25, 1864, did the Senate pass a decision which was used as a basis for sentencing Pisarev to imprisonment in the fortress for a term of two years and eight months. The decision was indorsed by the Tsar, and on November 5, 1864, the "will of the Sovereign" was announced to Pisarev and his colleagues.

Fortunately, the Governor-General of St. Petersburg, A. A. Suvorov, who had charge of the prisons and fortresses, permitted Pisarev (just as Chernyshevsky was permitted) to engage in literary work while in the fortress prison, and to get all the necessary books. Most of Pisarev's works were written in the fortress, in which he was confined for about four and a half years. His essays appeared regularly in the *Russkoye Slovo* (Russian Word).

Pisarev had an amazing capacity for work. During the fourteen months from November 1864 to the end of 1865 he produced over a thousand printed pages of material, all written out in his clear hand, practically without a single correction. This material included critical essays, historical and philosophical works, popular scientific essays and articles on pedagogical questions. The range of Pisarev's knowledge and interests is indeed astonishing.

While in prison he never humi-

liated himself with any appeals for clemency. The only things he asked for were: permission to work and read, and to see his mother occasionally. Life in prison, however, undermined his health.

He did not live long after the four and a half years spent in the fortress prison. He died (drowned) on July 16, 1868. Like Dobrolyubov, he died young. Vera Zasulich correctly pointed out, however, that he was less fortunate than Dobrolyubov, for the latter had a friend and adviser in the person of N. G. Chernyshevsky.

2

As an enlightener, Pisarev considered knowledge, the study of the sciences, a panacea for all evil. According to Pisarev, the most important aim of the intelligentsia—the "thinking realists" or "thinking proletarians"—was to bridge the pernicious gulf (to use his own expression) between science and life. He identified that gulf with the gulf "between the work of the brain and the work of the muscles." "So long as science continues to be an aristocratic luxury," he wrote, "so long as it has not become the daily bread of every healthy human being, and has not penetrated into the head of the artisan, the factory worker and the plain *muzhik*, the poverty and immorality of the laboring mass will be constantly aggravated . . . There is only one evil in mankind, and that is ignorance; and there is only one remedy against this evil, and that is knowledge. But it is a remedy which must be taken, not in homeopathic doses but in bucketfuls and barrelfuls."

As a rationalist, Pisarev thought at one time that the capitalist, too, could be ennobled and converted into "a thinking leader of people's labor." He was convinced that "the fate of the people is being decided not in public schools but in universities."

We know how the proletarian revolution solved this complicated problem. The proletarian revolution triumphed before the masses of workers and peasants had been given access to knowledge. In January 1923, Lenin wrote in his article *Our Revolution* in answer to the Menshevik Sukhanov:

"If a definite level of culture is required for the creation of Socialism, . . . why cannot we begin by achieving the pre-requisites for that definite level of culture in a revolutionary way, and *then*, with the help of a workers' and peasants' government and a Soviet system, proceed to overtake the other nations?" (*Selected Works*, Vol. VI, p. 511)

History has fully vindicated this view taken by Lenin. The proletarian revolution created the prerequisites for a tremendous advance of culture among the working people, for bridging the gulf between mental work and manual labor. But in Pisarev's time, in the beginning of the 1860'ies there existed no prerequisites either for the creation of an independent working class party or for a Socialist revolution. Pisarev's propaganda of the view that only knowledge represented the force which, independently of historical events, was capable of rousing public opinion and forming thinking leaders of labor was at that time directed *inter alia* against the incipient Narodnik rebels of the Bakunin camp who held the opinion that there was no need of teaching the people and there was nothing to teach them, because all the peasants are Communists by nature, and prepared for revolution, and that it was only necessary to rouse them to rebellion.

Pisarev rendered an undeniable service by his work to popularize

science, particularly the natural sciences.

3

What was Pisarev's attitude to Socialism, to a Socialist revolution, to a Socialist organization of society? It is hard to give an exhaustive reply to this question for the reason that in the course of his short life and activity, Pisarev's world outlook underwent profound changes.

In a dissertation dealing with Appolonius of Tiana, Pisarev expressed a negative attitude to the Communist views of the ancient Roman sage. Moreover, at first Pisarev was not even a revolutionary, although his earliest literary efforts were already permeated with the spirit of protest against the regime reigning in Russia at the time.

Pisarev sided with the revolutionaries already in his essay *The Scholasticism of the Nineteenth Century*. Even after that essay, however, Pisarev repeatedly insisted that, if it were possible to solve the social contradictions by means of peaceful reforms, the thinking champions of the people's interests would be the first to condemn revolution as an unnecessary waste of physical and moral forces.

For writing a revolutionary pamphlet about Shedo-Ferroti, Pisarev spent four and a half years of imprisonment, but he was not daunted. In a number of articles written in his cell in the fortress, Pisarev justified revolutionary action and attached great significance to the activity of a revolutionary minority. In this sense, he may be described as a Russian Blanquist. However, Pisarev was a rather moderate Blanquist. Throughout his life he attached supreme importance not so much to political activity as to the dissemination of scientific knowledge, particularly the natural sciences.

The changes which Pisarev's views underwent affected his attitude toward Socialism to an even greater extent than his attitude to revolution. To begin with, it must be pointed out that Pisarev never was (nor could he be, in view of the conditions prevailing in Russia in those times) a proletarian revolutionary. There is no doubt that after 1861 (the "liberation" of the serfs), he sympathized with Socialism, but his sympathy was of a hazy and inconstant nature. Apparently, he knew nothing of the works of Marx and Engels; at any rate, he never mentioned their names, although he must have known something about the activity of the First International and about the "Inaugural Address" from an article that was printed in the *Sovremennik* (The Contemporary). The class struggle does not figure prominently in any of Pisarev's articles. In his essay *The Scholasticism of the Nineteenth Century* (1861) he even advanced the opinion that the middle class expresses the national self-consciousness.

By the term middle class Pisarev meant the artisans, the intellectuals and the manufacturers. Although not a consistent follower of the Utopian Socialists, Pisarev admired their ideas as magnificent creations of the human mind freed from fetters and advancing with irrepressible force. A further study convinced Pisarev that the emancipation of the working people from capitalist exploitation is impossible without a social revolution. He saw that in the revolutions of the past only forms of exploitation had changed. That was the case also with the French Revolution of 1789. "A new plutocracy established itself on the ruins of the old feudalism," Pisarev wrote in his essay *Heinrich Heine*, "and the

barons of finance, the bankers, merchants, brokers, manufacturers and all kinds of *tricksters* were not a bit inclined to share the advantages of their position with the people."

In that same essay, Pisarev takes issue with Heine for the latter's sceptical attitude to the doctrines of the Socialists. "The meaning of the aspiration," he wrote, "which Heine describes as an *ash-gray suit* consists only in the contention that thousands should not go barefoot and feed on bran in order to enable a few individuals to enjoy fine painting, listen to fine music and recite fine verse."

In the fortress, Pisarev wrote *An Essay on the History of Labor*. In that essay he expressed his conviction that only a Socialist organization of society was capable of solving contemporary social contradictions—otherwise Europe was doomed. He was convinced that capitalism was doomed. The theocracy of the Middle Ages had fallen, feudalism had fallen, absolutism had fallen; the tyrannical state of capital was also destined to fall one day.

On the whole, Pisarev remained faithful to this position in the years that followed. However, owing to the weakness of the proletariat in Russia and the absence of anything like a working-class party in those days, and to the fact that Pisarev knew nothing about the doctrine of scientific Socialism, his views on this subject were somewhat hazy and unfirm.

Still, Pisarev rendered a great service by advocating already at that time—in a peculiar form, to be sure—the proposition that the emancipation of the working class must be the work of the working class itself. In his essay *The Historical Ideas of Auguste Comte* (1865), Pisarev stated bluntly that two conditions must be observed if the problem of hungry people is to be solved: first, it must be solved by those people who stand to gain personally from its sensible solution, that is to say, by the working people themselves; secondly, the solution of the problem does not consist in cultivating personal merits, but in changing social institutions and social relationships.

4

Pisarev's philosophical views are also of considerable interest. He was a materialist. But whereas his predecessors and contemporaries—Belinsky, Hertzen, Chernyshevsky, Dobrolyubov—in one way or another, combined Feuerbach's materialism with Hegelian dialectics, Pisarev, who regarded Hegel an idealist, generally applied the term "dialectics" ironically, as denoting idle talk, a waste of time and energy, a play at forms devoid of any content; he identified dialectics with scholasticism and sophistry. Only in one case, in his essay *The Moscow Thinkers*, in which he defended Chernyshevsky from the attacks of the obscurantists, Pisarev expressed the idea that it was possible to utilize dialectics as a weapon in the struggle, as a means for destroying prejudices.

However, in Pisarev's eyes even Feuerbach was not sufficient authority on the theory of materialism. His teachers were Karl Vogt, Moleschott, Büchner—the vulgar materialists and natural scientists. He devoted all his talent and passion to the popularization of their ideas. The hero of those days—Bazarov in Turgenev's novel *Fathers and Children* (and Pisarev was fascinated by Bazarov)—was depicted as an ardent follower of Büchner's teachings.

Pisarev worked tirelessly to popularize natural sciences. He was a brilliant propagandist of Dar-

winism in Russia. This phase of Pisarev's activity is referred to in K. A. Timiryazev's pamphlet *The Development of the Natural Sciences in the 'Sixties.*

"A philologist by training," writes Timiryazev, "and a dilettante in the natural sciences, which he knew only from books, Pisarev was carried away by his enthusiasm, but he was also capable of kindling enthusiasm in others, came forward as a convinced champion of the civilizing mission of the natural sciences in general, and in contemporary Russian society in particular."

Pisarev also popularized the sociological theories of August Comte and Buckle. In a way, Pisarev regressed from Feuerbach and Chernyshevsky to Büchner and Vogt, and then to August Comte.

Pisarev was a materialist, but his was a mechanistic, metaphysical materialism. At the same time, however, it must be borne in mind that Pisarev provided extremely sharp criticism of the theories of idealism, and a materialistic analysis of the ideological roots of idealism. The clericals hated Pisarev, because he was an open enemy of all religion, an enemy of clericalism. It was against religion and the priests that he wrote his essays *Plato's Idealism*, and *The Russian Don Quixote.*

As a popularizer of science, Pisarev was brilliant. He attached great importance to the popularization of science and frequently resorted to the natural sciences as a means of propagating political, revolutionary ideas.

Revolutionaries of the older generations in Russia remember the tremendous impression produced in underground circles by the reading of Pisarev's *The Bees.* In that essay Pisarev draws a parallel between human society and the society of bees. To be sure, such biological comparisons are rarely correct, and are seldom convincing. But Pisarev's *The Bees* contains a sharp satire on landlord-bourgeois society. The bee-hive includes the working bees who provide everything for the queen and the drones, the privileged class. When winter comes, the honey gathered by the working bees goes to provide, first of all, for the drones. Pisarev describes very cleverly how the drones petition the queen for special privileges, and how the queen agrees that the interests of state require the existence of drones. Pisarev concludes his depiction of life in a bee-hive with a few lines, pregnant with meaning: "In the meantime the proletarians, worried by the decaying of the flowers, also began to gather in groups and to discuss the matter."

In 1862 in Russia, even this was premature. At that time, the proletarians, the workers, did not gather in groups to discuss their condition. But generations of revolutionaries used Pisarev's essay and his analogies to demonstrate the injustice of capitalist class society. As late as the eighties and nineties of the nineteenth century, when the teachings of Marx and Engels had already supplanted the enlighteners and the Narodniks, propagandists made use of Pisarev's writings in workers' circles.

Pisarev taught that the most varied facts must be used in propaganda. His motto was: words and illusions perish, only facts survive.

5

The greatest controversies raised by Pisarev concerned his esthetic doctrine rather than his views on Socialist theories and revolution, or his social-economic views and his conception of history as a science. Also in esthetics, several

phases may be distinguished in Pisarev's shortlived activity.

He began as a champion of free artistic creativeness unhampered by any social tendencies (the theory of "art for art's sake"). Soon, however, he adopted and continued the best traditions of Belinsky, Chernyshevsky and Dobrolyubov. Like these predecessors, he attached great importance to works of art as a means of educating society along definite lines. The artist uses esthetic means to persuade men to defend definite social ideals and fight social evils. In this he saw the role of art in society.

But when Pisarev saw that a section of contemporary literature was beginning to avoid the burning social problems and that a reaction had set in threatening all the finest emancipatory traditions of that literature, he came out with a passionate attack upon the infatuation with art in which he now saw a hindrance to the mastery of knowledge, of science. And when Pisarev spoke of science he meant primarily the natural sciences and technology. He argued that whoever diverted the interests of the youth from technology and the natural sciences was hampering social development. That is why he began to question Belinsky's and Dobrolyubov's views on esthetics and the significance of art. Pisarev, moreover, was confident that Belinsky and Dobrolyubov themselves, had they been alive, would have revised their attitude to art. He summed up his views on this subject in an essay entitled *The Destruction of Esthetics*.

Pisarev was profoundly wrong in this respect.

He explained his negative attitude toward art and esthetics by the necessity to observe the strictest "economy of strength." He argued that it was necessary to concentrate on what was of most vital importance. And in his opinion the most vital thing was the natural sciences which must influence all the aspects of human activity and all the branches of knowledge. It was for the sake of this "economy of strength" that Pisarev ridiculed any fondness for art, for esthetics:

"The real reason why we want to get rid of esthetics is that we want to concentrate the attention and the intellectual powers of society on a very small number of the most burning and inescapable problems of supreme importance."

In view of the dearth of intellectual forces in the Russia of his day, Pisarev considered it actually dangerous for the youth to prefer creative artists to scientists. That was why he attacked Pushkin, Lermontov, Glinka and Bryullov, setting off against them Darwin, Liebig, Bernard, Büchner, Heckel, Vogt and Moleschott.

And, since the adherents of esthetics looked upon Pushkin as their guiding star, the latter became the butt of Pisarev's most vehement attacks. His opinion of Pushkin's verse is unjust—we feel that particularly in our own day, as we reread them. But Pisarev's attacks were all the more vehement the more eagerly the reactionary camp fighting him, the "nihilist," sought to use Pushkin as a screen. The controversy over questions of art thus became a political controversy, and Pisarev made no bones about it.

In his criticism of *Eugene Onegin*, Pisarev pointed out that by lending noble traits to the *blasé* landlord and other heroes of the novel, Pushkin nourished the readers' sympathy for obsolete men, ideas and ways.

This wrong viewpoint with regard to art and its role led the gifted critic to pronounce unfair judgment upon many works of Ostrovsky,

Saltykov-Shchedrin, Goncharov and other writers.

Pisarev pointed to two characters of fiction as positive heroes: Turgenev's Bazarov and Chernyshevsky's Rakhmetov (in the novel *What Is To Be Done?*). Pisarev expected these representatives of the "thinking proletariat" to play the most important part in the further history of Russia. And since the reactionary press was particularly sharp in its attacks on Bazarov and Rakhmetov, and since, moreover, the radical *Sovremennik* also took issue with Turgenev, seeing in Bazarov a distorted representation of the heroes of the revolutionary democracy, the controversy over the attitude to Turgenev's novel and to its main hero—Bazarov—assumed the character of a particularly vehement political party controversy.

Such controversies helped the youth learn to think along political lines and to find their bearings in the complicated questions of philosophy. For these controversies transcended the bounds of esthetics; the dispute over esthetics inevitably turned into a dispute over politics. All the more so, since in these controversies Pisarev displayed great skill in linking up questions of art with the most burning current problems. He dealt blow after blow to the ideology of the moribund classes, and displayed his passion and gifts in the defense of progressive trends in Russia's social development. In this respect, too, Pisarev brilliantly continued the traditions of his predecessors, the enlighteners.

6

Pisarev holds a place of his own among the enlighteners of the 'sixties. Chernyshevsky was sent to penal servitude and left behind his political legacy to the radical revolutionary youth—his novel *What Is To Be Done?* Chernyshevsky and Dobrolyubov created a definite trend. All the persecutions by the tsar's gendarmes could not obliterate from the consciousness of the progressive people the voices of these courageous men who called to struggle. It was impossible for the henchmen of the tsar to extinguish the light of the ideas which they disseminated. But the peasants, on whose action these two "Russian Lessings," as Marx called them, had figured, did not "take to the axe." No peasant revolution took place.

A large section of the youth then began to read eagerly Pisarev's brilliant, stimulating essays. Pisarev called in question all the established traditions and authorities. "In 1864-65 Pisarev was perhaps the most pronounced representative and the fullest expression of the youth that was just entering life, awaking, preparing—particularly in the provinces." That is how Vera Zasulich characterized Pisarev's role in those years, when the youth sought in his essays answers to the questions that agitated them, and when it was necessary to teach the young generation to think critically.

Pisarev displayed amazing genius in performing this role, and he rendered a great service by imparting a materialistic conception of life. Revolutionary representatives of the period of the 'sixties and 'seventies, such as A. Bach, O. Aptekman, and N. Morozov, confirm Zasulich's opinion of Pisarev. Morozov said that Pisarev was the idol of the youth of that period.

On the principal problem of those days, the peasant problem, Pisarev followed Chernyshevsky. Like the latter he was an irreconcilable enemy of the serf-owing landlords. At the same time, Pisarev placed great hopes in Russia's industrialization. He saw and exposed Russia's po-

litical and economic backwardness, and adduced striking arguments to prove the necessity for Russia of developing industry, building railways, introducing progressive scientific methods of farming. Pisarev thought that the dissemination of knowledge, particularly of the natural sciences, was the proper means toward that end. In those times this activity was of a markedly progressive import, for it dealt a blow to the "pristine Asiatic" forms of Russian capitalism, the survivals of serfdom, and the reactionary aspirations to preserve Russia as a purely agricultural country.

Here and there in his works, Pisarev placed great hopes in enlightened capitalists and enlightened landowners. But that does not in the least detract from his conviction that only the efforts of the working people themselves would bring Russia's salvation. Knowledge and labor—those are the two forces destined to save humanity. "Character is steeled by labor," Pisarev said, "and he who never worked for his bread remains in the majority of cases a weak, languid, spineless person. That means that all hope is in the people who work for their own living."

True enough, to a certain extent this statement contradicts numerous other statements by Pisarev to the effect that only the intelligentsia can pave the way for new ideas and new forms of life. This is the weakest aspect of Pisarev's world outlook. Pisarev's "thinking realists" and "intellectual proletarians" were the forerunners of the "critically thinking individuals" of the Narodniks. This aspect of Pisarev's ideology was made most use of by Lavrov, Mikhailovsky and others of the "subjective school" of sociology among the Narodniks.

Pisarev played an enormous positive role in the development of social thought in Russia, and in the training of generations of revolutionaries. Lenin was very fond of Pisarev. In her memoirs, N. Krupskaya relates how much Lenin enjoyed reading Pisarev. Among the few photographs of his favorite writers which Lenin took along to his Siberian exile was a picture of Pisarev.

In his book *What is To Be Done?* Lenin spoke of his dreams about the time when a working-class party would be organized and when this party would produce leaders "who would take their place at the head of the mobilized army and rouse the whole people to settle accounts with the shame and the curse of Russia.

"That is what we ought to be dreaming about!" (*Selected Works*, Vol. II, p. 180.)

But Lenin foresaw that opportunists would pounce upon him for cherishing such dreams. And Lenin quoted Pisarev's words on the question of the divergence between dreams and reality:

"Divergence between dreams and reality causes no harm if only the person dreaming believes seriously in his dream, if he attentively observes life, compares his observations with the airy castles he builds and if, generally speaking, he works conscientiously for the achievement of his phantasies. If there is some connection between dreams and life then all is well." (*Ibid*, p. 181.)

In the case of Pisarev—the revolutionary democrat and enlightener of the 'sixties—there was the closest connection between his dreams and life. That was what lent conviction to Pisarev's writings—vivid, gifted, clever and profoundly progressive for his times.

That is why we remember with gratitude this ever young writer who went down in the history of Russian social thought as an enlightener and revolutionary democrat.

KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD

An Australian Poet of Poetry Militant

Bernard Patrick O'Dowd was born in Australia in 1866. His parents were Irish: his father, a mounted trooper on the Victorian goldfields, who afterwards became a farmer. Bernard O'Dowd had the usual up-bringing of a country boy, but started to earn his living as a teacher, studied Arts at the University of Melbourne, and having completed that course, took a degree in Law. He became librarian at the Supreme Court Library in Melbourne and later State Parliamentary draftsman.

When I met him, O'Dowd was still a student, and being hailed as "the thorn-crowned laureate of the New Democracy." His first book of verse, *Dawnward?*, was described by Professor Tucker, then Professor of Classical Literature at the University of Melbourne as "the best book of verses yet produced in Australia."

O'Dowd delivered his address on "Poetry Militant" in 1909, and those of us who heard it, realized that this was a statement of historical importance to the development of Australian literature.

The lecture, afterwards published in book form, still remains a valuable directive, although so much has been written since on the same subject, that it is no longer as stirring as it was then. Mayakovsky has interpreted the same theme more directly and with greater simplicity. But Mayakovsky spoke from the threshold of a Socialist state, and had been conditioned by the revolutionary struggle. O'Dowd in 1909 was in something like the same position as Gorky when he wrote *The Song of the Stormy Petrel*!

Indeed, that night, blazing away at his thesis, O'Dowd was like Gorky's petrel in "might of anger, flame of passion, certainty of final triumph:" a lean, wild figure, unconscious of anything but what he had to say and saying it with all the strength there was in him.

"It is poetry militant I preach, and as far as I can, wish to practise.

"Poetry militant has chief regard to the end in view, the furtherance of the best interests of the human race by means of the subtle artillery entrusted to it—that is to say, it denies that the useful is forbidden entrance into Poetry, nay, it claims that poetry without the useful in it, disguised, maybe, but there, is not in this stage of our race's progress poetry at all.

"The work of the student is to know how to use his tools: the work of real life is to use them, not for the sake of using them but for the sake of the furtherance of life . . ."

Complaining of the "Art for Art's sake shibboleth," he contended:

"What the upholders of this doctrine really mean, however, is that he should pursue Art for Past Art's sake, pursue Poetry for Past Poetry's sake, that we should examine the Art of the Past, the Poetry of the Past, glean from the forms which that Art and that Poetry found most apt for their expression, a series of rules, apply those rules to all subsequent creations of the artistic and poetic imagination, and damn beyond appeal every creator brave enough, artistic enough, poetic enough to dare to express a new thought, or frame a new form."

"I hold that the real poet must be an Answerer, as Whitman calls him, of the real questions of his age. That is to say he shall deal with matters which are, in the truest sense, interesting and in the noblest sense useful to the people to whom he speaks. It is a heresy of the modern stylist that has done a lot of harm and deprived the people of guidance necessary for

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In her letter which accompanied the above article, Katharine Susannah Prichard, well-known Australian writer, said: "I am posting you an article on the Australian poet Bernard O'Dowd... I was to have lectured on his work at the University of Western Australia, this month; but my lecture was cancelled at the last moment". As the writer informs us further, her article lacks complete information on the work of O'Dowd due to the fact that she was unable to use all the materials that had been collected by her. *Ed.*

them, that such matters as politics, religion, science, sex and social reform are usually not considered fit subjects for poetic treatment. Is it any wonder that poetry is not read nowadays when subjects that are the staple of the interesting mental life of practically everybody are ignored by so many of the most technically accomplished poets?

"Now, not only do I believe in the importance of the literary art as a world moving force for good, but I think this force is worthy the attention of practical people. For I contend, broadly, that the apathy which paralyzes action so universally in these days, in politics, in religion and in the questions of social reform and the like, is largely due to the absence of the Poet from his place in these spheres of reforming action. We cannot push on a Cause, however we may be theoretically interested in it, unless we also vehemently desire its success, vehemently wish that its principles be adopted by the world. For in a high sense, the Universe is and will be what man wishes it to be, that is to say, really wishes it to be."

I have spoken first of O'Dowd's theory of poetry, although he wrote first and explained afterwards.

His earliest poem *Dawnward?* opens with the sonnet *Australia,* by which perhaps he is best known.

Last seathing dredged by sailor Time from Space,
Are you a drift Sargasso, where the West
In halcyon calm rebuilds her fatal nest?
Or Delos of a coming Sung-God's race?
Are you for Light, and trimmed, with oil in place,
Or but a Will o'Wisp on marshy quest?
A new demesne for Mammon to infest?
Or lurks millenial Eden 'neath your face?

The cenotaphs of species dead elsewhere
That in your limits leap and swim and fly,
Or trail uncanny harp-strings from your trees,
Mix omens with the auguries that dare
To plant the Cross upon your forehead sky,
A virgin helpmate Ocean at your knees.

This great poem is the key to O'Dowd. It is also the answer as to whether he is a poet rather than a sociologist, as some people assert. It contains all the elements of O'Dowd's "subtle artillery," his vision, imagery, scholarship, craftsmanship and poetic power.

Throughout the poems in *Dawnward?,* in *The Silent Land,* and in *Dominions of the Boundary,* volumes which followed each other, O'Dowd uses chiefly the fourteen syllabled line of Anglo-Saxon and early English poets. "Long ousted from the position to which it was entitled," he says, "by the intrusion of the more exotic transformed pentameter of the Court poets, just as the Saxon language was long ousted by the analogous intrusion of the French of Court Circles."

He defends the use of this measure, presented in four lined stanzas, on the grounds that, "it compels its user to confine himself to the matter in hand, to prune undue tendency to ornamentation and it brings to the ears of its readers a chaste and lofty music, subtly low in pitch, perhaps, but only so because it fittingly, that is to say artistically, subordinates the call of the verbal music to the more important call of the thought, motif and spiritual theme."

Disciplining his expression to this form, O'Dowd pours into it the fury of his wrath at social injustices; but he does so with a curious blending of mysticism and materialist philosophy, of humanitarian idealism and revolutionary spirit, of intense nationalism and zealous internationalism. Personification and symbolism, compounded of mythological and scientific allusions drawn from every age and source, are pressed into his service.

It has been objected that his intellectuality weighs against O'Dowd as a poet; and that he is a propagandist rather than a poet. But this criticism belongs to a time when poets were expected to expatiate only about love and the beauties of nature—anything but matters of vital importance to the people. Into O'Dowd's poetry went the life of a man of his period: his mind and his spirit, with all that he had gleaned by study and experience. His convictions made him a poet: the fire of his spirit burns through every verse.

Seeking "a magical caduceus" to tap torpid brains, O'Dowd ransacked the classics and the garbage of civilization for arguments and illustrations. Intensity of emotion generates the few words with which he reaches out after emotion.

In *Dominions of the Boundary* he treats the gods as the personifications of human attributes. These are some verses from *Vulcan*:

I am the strife that upward cleaves
Out of the gloom and slime:
The chained Divinity that grieves
Behind the brows of Crime.

Invention, Industry, Unrest,
The Spirit of your age—
I bring all standards to the test,
All formulas re-gauge.

I built the soul, with nerve-meshed clay,
Its stately temple-home:
I shape within your hearts today
The man that is to come.

. . . . . .

Yea, I am Labor, scorned and hurled
From the ruling gods' abodes—
Lame Labor, builder of the world,
And haggard with its loads.

In *Young Democracy* he voices what he calls the Golden Rule of Young Democracy:

That culture, joy and goodliness
Be th'equal right of all:
That Greed no more shall those Oppress
Who by the wayside fall:

That each shall share what all men sow
That color, caste's a lie:
That man is God, however low—
Is man, however high.

It has to be admitted, however, that O'Dowd was a Utopian Socialist. *Proletaria* was written before Marxism had made any headway in Australia. Therefore, while O'Dowd grieves over the wrongs and injustices suffered by the working class, he utters no clear call for fulfillment of its historic mission.

Love and Sacrifice, one of his finest poems, contains an exposition of his philosophy: its last verse, surely, is a perfect thing.

The world is full of woe,
The time is blurred with dust,
Illusions breed and grow,
And eyes' and flesh's lust.

The mighty league with Wrong
And stint the weakling's bread;
The very lords of song
With luxury have wed.

Fair Art deserts the mass,
And loiters with the gay;
And only gods of brass
Are popular to-day.

Two souls with love inspired,
Such lightning love as ours,
Could spread, if we desired,
Dismay among such powers:

Could social stables purge
Of filth where festers strife:
Through modern baseness surge
A holier tide of life.

Yea, two so steeped in love
From such a source, could draw
The angels from above
To lead all to their Law.

We have no right to seek
Repose in rosy bower,
When Hunger thins the cheek
Of childhood every hour.

Nor while the tiger, Sin,
'Mid youths and maidensroams,
Should Duty skulk within
These selfish cosy homes.

Our place is in the van
With those crusaders, who
Maintain the rights of man
'Gainst despot and his crew.

If sacrifice may move
Their load of pain from men,
The greatest right of love
Is to renounce It then.

Ah, Love, the earth is woe's
And sadly helpers needs:
And, till its burden goes,
Our work is—where it bleeds.

The Seven Deadly Sins, a series of sonnets, was followed by *The Bush*, which is usually considered O'Dowd's most mature work. In this poem, he makes an original ten-lined stanza describe the discovery and settlement of Australia, returning in spirit to that first sonnet. *The Bush* has not the fierce austerity of O'Dowd's earlier, campaigning poems, some whimsical diversions even. Provocative lines and images arise and drift away at a leisurely gait, although O'Dowd still sees Australia with the eyes of a Socialist who, thirty years ago, thought Australia was the hope of the world because the trade-union organization of the workers was more advanced than in any other country. Many people of that period believed Australia would be the first Socialist state. The program of the Labor Party declared for the socialization of industry and financial resources. So O'Dowd insists for Australia:

She is the Eldorado of old dreamers,
The Sleeping Beauty of the world's desire.

The Bolshevik Revolution and the founding of the first Socialist state in the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics, however, destroyed that illusion. Politically and poetically, O'Dowd has failed to keep step with the forward march of his time. There is no reflection in his later verse of the need he felt as a young man to fight "in the van," with those who "mount their hidden Calvaries, to save the human race."

Alma Venus, published in 1922, was a flat disappointment. Elegant craftsmanship and erudite musing, lacking their old fire and poetic power, left us dismayed. What had happened to O'Dowd?

From a militant poet, O'Dowd became a civil servant with a comfortable job. For many years he has been silent.

Somewhere in *Poetry Militant* he says:

"I think most of us who have tried to write poetry have felt, perhaps dimly, that all that stood between us and our highest possible performance, has been our failure to act up to our highest lights in our ordinary lives."

It may be that this poet who so passionately proclaimed, "It is Poetry Militant I preach, and as far as I can, wish to practise," is silent now because he has allowed the wings of his spirit to be clipped. His power as a poet has deserted him because he has failed to keep faith with himself and to identify himself with the needs of the people. There are those of us who still hope he will rise again.

Walter Hasenclever

Walter Hasenclever, German playwright and lyrical poet (born 1890), has committed suicide in a concentration camp in France. He was one of the most outstanding representatives of German dramaturgy and poetry of the expressionist trend.

Hasenclever made his debut in literature in 1913 as a lyrical poet. In his first collection of verse, *Youth*, expressionist form was combined with realistic content.

A characteristic feature of Hasenclever's works, manifested even in his early efforts, was his ecclecticism. Hasenclever followed different styles—from the classic representatives of the *Sturm und Drang* period (Schiller) to the esthetes and formalists (Hofmannstal).

A volunteer in the World War of 1914-1918, Hasenclever lived through all its horrors. Like many others of his circle he became a pacifist. His collection of verse entitled *Death and Resurrection* is charged with a spirit of boundless hatred for the instigators of imperialist war and the merchants of death, and is filled with profound love for the victims of the war. Some of his poems, especially his *1915*, are permeated with the spirit of revolutionary protest.

Once he realized that an end to war and all the evil mankind endures can be put only by the masses who suffer the brunt of the hardships attending war, Hasenclever gradually came to entertain ideas akin to Socialism; however, his Socialism had little in common with scientific Socialism.

There is a great deal of ideological confusion in his poems of that period, as well as in the collection *Youth*, in his lyrical play *An Endless Discourse* (1914) and the drama *Son*. But his hatred of despotism and love for man were always subjectively honest and directed against imperialism.

After the bourgeois revolution in Germany in November 1918, Hasenclever attained great popularity. His plays were staged in many theaters, and his verses were published in large editions.

But as he reached the pinnacle of success a strange metamorphosis took place in his art, evidently reflecting his disappointment at the defeat of the revolution. He cast aside the realistic elements that were evident in the most expressionistic of his works and became a metaphysician, mystic and even spiritualist. However, this metamorphosis was of short duration, and his later works show an attempt to return to realism. This was particularly evident in his comedies. The latter, though largely echoing Hasenclever's early works, are distinguished for the elements of criticism of bourgeois society they contain.

The comedies *Businessman*, *Matches Are Made in Heaven* and *Napoleon* are rather entertaining. They were staged at one time on the boards of many theaters in Germany and other countries. These comedies, however, lack the critical depth and punch of real social satire.

Still, the force, profundity and social passion of the best works of his early period place Hasenclever, the dramatist and lyric poet, well above many of his contemporaries.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Tragedy of the Intellectuals

In the great tragedy of the present imperialist war there is one chapter replete with drama, whose consequences, immediate and future, have as yet received little attention. That is a chapter dealing with the crisis that has overtaken the intelligentsia.

The intelligentsia may be divided into two distinct categories: those intellectuals whose cowardice—rather moral than physical—makes them submit to any kind of castration; and those whom no threats of concentration camps, torture and executions can force to betray their direct mission as the bearers of light, the advance guard of progress and liberation for the people.

What has become of the writers, scientists and artists who represented the spiritual cream of Central and Western Europe? We do not refer to those who, like Garcia Lorca, the poet of the Andaluzian people, or the composer Antonio José, the organizer of the workers' choruses at Burgos, were shot for expressing the most profound sentiments of the people.

What has become of those who escaped the inferno of the Lipari Islands, or of those who, unlike Moussinac, were lucky enough not to be at the Headquarters of the Editions Sociales Internationales in Paris at the moment when the sleuths of the "democrat" Daladier appeased the Croix de Feu by sacking this intellectual center, one of the most vital in Europe, and destroying the works of Lenin, Barbusse, Machado and Marinello, declared to be anti-patriotic in pre-Petain France, which was preparing to open the gates to the invading enemy.

Moussinac, incredible as it may seem, survived the tortures inflicted upon him by the "defenders of order." His wife was permitted to visit him, a week after his arrest. But she did not at first recognize her husband in the wretched creature with battered face and tattered clothing, that appeared on the other side of the double grating. Nothing is known of the fate of those writers, artists, scientists who were called "lefts" and who together with the people, the real people, the toilers, tried—in the face of base treachery—to save the honor of France, of the France of the Declaration of the Rights of Man, the France of 1789 and the Commune.

Some intellectuals managed to board a steamer and escape, like Simone Téry, to Cuba or some other country. Others, such as the historian Pierre Willard, have been officially declared "missing" at the front. The majority were arrested at the very beginning of the war as "Communists" and confined in prisons for ordinary criminals or in the penitentiaries of Central Africa. Evidently this was done in order to show the French bourgeoisie how ardently it is defended by the capitulators.

Of the Spanish poet Miguel Hernandez, the magnificent singer of the heroic people in arms, and of those Spanish intellectuals who were trapped in the central and southern parts of the peninsula by the treachery of Basteiro, Casado and Miaja, it is known that they were "fortunate" enough to have their death sentences commuted to hard labor for twenty and thirty years. They are slowly perishing from inanition and maltreatment in a Spain which has reverted, not to the empire of the megalomaniac dreams of the phalangist assassins, but to the barbarism of medieval justice. There are, however, a few exceptions: Doctor Bastos, for instance, one of the most eminent scientists of Spain, whose works on osteology are known all over the world, became insane in prison.

But it is not the "sensational" dramas of the individual victims that we wish to relate here; it is the drama of the creative spirit that must be emphasized. At the present moment there is much uneasiness among the refugees in America as to the fate of certain scientists, writers and artists who are in the formally unoccupied zone of France, and are anxiously awaiting a ship that would take them to countries which have deigned to grant them entrance visas. If that ship arrives safely in port, their lives may be saved—at least the lives of those who will survive the privations they endured in the course of long months in the concentration camps

of France, the France who claimed the title of defender of liberty and democracy.

But what then? The sources of inspiration cannot be transported like so much baggage to any destination. In a country with a different language and customs the scientist may find a laboratory to work in or even university chair where he may teach with the aid of an interpreter. But what about the poet, the novelist, or even the painter, who requires a *definite* environment, a *definite* sky, a *particular* mode of life for his creative expression?

And, finally, even should they be able to plunge into creative work, where is the immediate audience to which they may address their works?

The disaster of Spain was above all a blow to the spirit emanating from that land.

The slogan, "Death to the intellectuals," launched by an illiterate Francoist general, is now echoed wherever reaction holds sway.

Michel Servet is burnt at the stake anew every time the unleashed barbarians break into libraries and get a chance to throw out of their windows books whose content they will never be able to comprehend. The poor in spirit, when they feel themselves strong, always think that they can compel the Galileos to acknowledge that the earth does not move.

Much has been said and written about the sufferings and nostalgia of the exiled. More than once it has been pointed out that the working intellectual who has been torn away from his native soil becomes like a tree deprived of its vital sap. If he is not to die like such a tree, if he is not to turn into deadwood, this intellectual must strive daily, hourly, constantly, by superhuman effort, to recreate within himself that sap which he received so freely from the soil of his own country, be it the land of his birth or that of his choice, the land in which his talent and powers developed.

The intellectuals who are conscious of their mission as pioneers, as champions of the creative spirit—those who escape from the horrors of reaction, but whose creative force has been sorely wounded, today turn their eyes—in a hope which has become a firm assurance—to the land of Socialism, the only country in the world where labor, manual and intellectual, yields its full fruit, for it is rationally planned and applied.

MARGARITA NELKEN

Mexico, September 1940.

French Culture Under the Heel of "Regenerators"

Paris was always the center of the cultural life of France. Since the occupation Paris has been isolated from France. This fact has brought about a radical change in the state of French culture.

France today, the France of Petain, is in the grip of a rabid censorship. The right to express opinion is limited to those journalists and authors who either subscribe to the "ideology" of the clique in power, or act as its flunkeys.

All the others have to keep quiet or leave their country.

Even bourgeois writers suspected of liberalism are not allowed to publish anything, let alone Marxist writers.

Marshal Petain said: "Everyone must now make his choice."

Choice? But what choice? *La Revue des Deux Mondes,* which has become the "spiritual" organ of the "new" France, the weeklies *Gringoire, Candide, Vendémiaire,* and some newspapers, such as *Figaro* and *La République du Sud-Est,* for instance, answered this question more or less bluntly:

"You must choose the camp of militant Catholicism."

And, indeed, the "new French culture" is now being designed by the Catholic church under the protection and patronage of the government. But its platform is so limited, its ideas are so retrogressive, that even some Catholic writers, as, for instance, Bernanos and, it is reported, Maritain, have refused to subscribe to this policy of the Petain Government.

The Jesuits, even when parading in secular garb, have never been able to make Frenchmen swallow the "spiritual food" of Catholicism. Now they hope to gain their end by making it obligatory for the French people to confine themselves to this food and by completely eliminating all criticism and opposition.

But their efforts defeat their own purpose. The Catholic clergy have totally discredited themselves in the eyes of the

French people by their shameless attempts to capitalize on France's misfortunes.

"All these misfortunes," claim the priests, "have been sent down from heaven to save the soul of France." This attempt to lay France's defeat at the door of the heavenly powers deceives nobody, except, perhaps, a few religious fanatics.

Most Frenchmen have a good memory and they have not forgotten that a few years ago the war-cry of the Cagoulards, who have now betrayed France, was: "All Power to Petain!"

But the reactionary intellectuals who chant in unison that France needs "renovation and regeneration" are by no means unanimous in their choice of the path to this "renovation" and "regeneration."

"We must fix our gaze on the future and only the future," say some.

"We must return to the past," insist others.

The well-known Marcel Deat comes to the conclusion that "France is now at the very zenith . . . of a revolution." Charles Morras praises the future "monarch who will personify the union of society," while Henri Bordeaux wants France to return to "the happy days when under the guidance of the monks . . ." and so on and so forth.

In short, all these "regenerators" in the retinue of Marshal Petain are themselves becoming more and more entangled in their demagogy. Their statements are full of the most monstrous contradictions. To cite only one example: The September issue of *La Revue des Deux Mondes* opens with an article entitled "The New School." The author of it is Albert Rivaud, a member of the Institut de France.

Monsieur Rivaud is one of those "noble strangers" whom France's defeat has enabled to emerge from obscurity.

Now this gentleman announces his program. He regards knowledge purely from the point of view of its practical utility for the ruling class. In his opinion the purpose of schools and universities is to turn out people capable of producing something profitable for the capitalists. Any science that cannot serve to increase profit, is to him unnecessary or pseudo-science. He gives himself away entirely when he says: "We must reconcile ourselves to the fact that there are many things which we cannot know. Science is unlimited and is never complete. Even the most highly educated people can only learn fragments of it."

The point is clear. Why try to widen the domain of our knowledge if we can learn fragments of science, whatever we do?

Furthermore, as Rivaud says, "One only knows what can be applied in practice."

So all we need is to acquire a sufficient amount of applied knowledge.

Humbleness and docility, such is the program of Monsieur Rivaud's "New School."

It is not always easy to catch the meaning of Monsieur Rivaud for his writing is the same way as his thinking, *i. e.*, incoherent. Still, we'll have a try.

It appears, from his own words, that he rejects "logic and nature" in favor of "intellect devoid of logical thought." This, however, does not prevent him from coming to the conclusion that "we must get back to nature."

It would take too much space—and to no purpose at that—to note all the self-contradictions of this apostle of the "New School." We shall therefore confine ourselves to an attempt to extract from his twaddle a definition of the aim which is being pursued by the "regenerators" of France.

To get some conception of what Monsieur Rivaud's "New School" is like we must picture it in the conditions of the social order described quite recently by Marshal Petain. The latter anticipates the emergence of a "corporative France based on a social hierarchy." Authority will emanate from the "ruling elite," the "flower of France."

The "new order" as conceived by the French ruling circles is nothing more than the revival of medieval feudalism, adapted to modern conditions of production.

We might mention that this "social order" offered by the Vichy government has already been described by the super-capitalist Marlio in his book *The Destiny of Capitalism*.

The rulers of this new social formation who, according to Marlio, must stand at the top of the ladder, are the owners of the big financial, industrial and commercial concerns. They will have charge of the material "temporal" side of life, while the priests and the "clerks" of the church will look after the spiritual side — the "soul of the people." The urban and rural proletariat are allocated the bottom rung of the hierarchy. In short, the "nobility" and the "canaille"—the latter serving the nobility. Between these two classes stands the state whose function is to collect taxes and keep order so as to prevent any class struggle and "ensure the productive collaboration of master and man."

All that is permitted the new plebs is toil and penance.

These two words contain the whole essence of Marshal Petain's program of "regeneration." True, at the present time only half of the program has been fulfilled. The people of France have no work yet, but their penance has already begun.

Now let us see what part is allowed to Monsieur Rivaud's "New School" in this "regenerated" society.

"Only a limited number of students, fixed in proportion to the real requirements of each given department, will be admitted to the universities."

But who will decide what the requirements of every particular department are? Of course, those selfsame masters of industry, commerce and finance. For instance, in the province containing the city of Le Creusot with its munition plants, the armament maker Schneider will tell the local university how many engineers and technicians he can employ. A corporation of lawyers and notaries will fix the "quota" for law students, and so on and so forth.

In the final analysis Rivaud would have all the schools and universities converted into special subdepartments of the big industrial, financial, commercial and agricultural concerns.

Monsieur Rivaud adds that "purely theoretical learning need be only of a sketchy nature."

It goes without saying that Monsieur Rivaud's system does not provide for any culture for the masses. All that is expected of the working man is that he should have strong muscles and manual or mechanical skill to use his tools or control machinery.

And what about art? Rivaud does not even mention it. This member of the Institute is an eminently practical man. What he says, in effect, is: "Painting, music, dancing, the theater, the cinema—of what use are they?" He thinks, no doubt, that art is a sphere which must be left to the clergy. In the words of one representative of present day France, "profound, genuine art is essentially Christian art." So the clergy will be commissioned to stage edifying theatrical performances. Perhaps mystery plays will be performed again on the porticoes of cathedrals. Or, as is more likely, mystery plays on modern subjects will be shown on the screen.

Naturally, the French worker cannot remain indifferent to what is going on in the country. He sees that, due to his isolation, he is defenseless against the attacks of the employers who have the power to make him accept the most humiliating conditions. He is beginning to understand that the solidarity of the working class is a vital necessity for all who are resolved to defend their human rights. This awakening of the class consciousness of the workers will be a cardinal factor in the creation of new conditions for French culture and for Western culture in general.

PIERRE NICOLE

Geneva, October 1940.

NEWS AND VIEWS

U.S.S.R.

WRITER MARKS FORTY YEARS OF LITERARY ACTIVITY

A double jubilee was recently observed by S. N. Sergeyev-Tsensky—forty years of creative work as a writer and his 65th birthday. In this connection the Soviet press published articles on the life and work of the well-known author. The presidium of the Union of Soviet Writers sent a message of greetings and held a celebration in honor of Sergeyev-Tsensky.

Originally a follower of the decadent trend in literature, Sergeyev-Tsensky went through an intricate process of development which led him to realism. His best works are filled with optimism, faith in man and love for his country. In the recently-completed historical novel on the Crimean War the writer depicts the heroism and patriotism of the Russian people who fought valiantly against the enemies of their country.

The author is now contemplating a novel about the invasion of Russia by Napoleon in 1812, portraying the different strata of society in those days and the struggle of the Russian people against the foreign invaders.

NEW MAGAZINE PUBLISHED IN SOVIET LATVIA

A new literary and art magazine, *Karogs* (Banner), has been launched in Soviet Latvia. The first issue featured poems and stories by young Latvian poets and writers and a lengthy excerpt from Nikolai Ostrovsky's novel *Born of the Storm*.

Problems of literature and art are discussed from the standpoint of Marxism and Socialist realism in the section devoted to theory and literary criticism.

NEW LITERARY AND ART JOURNAL APPEARS IN LWOW

A new literary and art magazine in the Ukrainian language has commenced publication in Lwow, Western Ukraine. Entitled *Literatura i Mistetsvo* (Literature and Art), the publication features the works of Ukrainian writers, who were denied the right to use their native language under Polish rule.

The first issue of the new journal opens with excerpts from the poem *A Happy Year*, the collective work of fifteen poets. These fragments speak of the hard lot of the people in the past and their happy present and future.

The magazine also carries a number of short stories by authors living in the western regions of the Ukraine, among them *Good-bye, Son!* by the Polish authoress Elzbieta Szemplinska, printed elsewhere in this issue.

A considerable part of the journal is taken up by news and events in the field of literature and art in Western Ukraine.

The city of Lwow alone now has more than 160 Ukrainian, Jewish and Polish authors in the writers' union. More than 100 reports and lectures on literature are arranged every month. New theaters have been established in the city—a Ukrainian opera and ballet, a Ukrainian drama, Polish and Jewish theaters.

LATVIA OBSERVES GREAT POET'S ANNIVERSARY

The seventieth anniversary of the birth of Jan Rainis, Lettish poet, was marked throughout Soviet Latvia, as well as in literary circles of other Soviet republics. The Government of the Latvian S.S.R. has established a Rainis literary fund to provide for the study of the life and work of the poet and the popularization of his writings.

The State Literary Publishing House in Moscow has published a volume of selected works of Rainis in Russian translations.

In his works Rainis called for the formation of a new world, for wiping out violence and oppression. Neither persecution, imprisonment nor exile could break his spirit. In the dark years of reaction under the tsarist regime he extolled in his poems revolutionary will to struggle and expressed his faith in the ultimate victory. In 1920, after having spent 15 years in emigration, Rainis returned to Latvia. He died in 1929.

SOVIET CRITIC LECTURES ON AMERICAN LITERATURE

The Soviet Writers' club recently arranged a lecture by the well-known critic A. Startsev on present-day American literature. The lecturer analyzed *Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck and Richard Wright's *Native Son*, which deal with important social problems of our day.

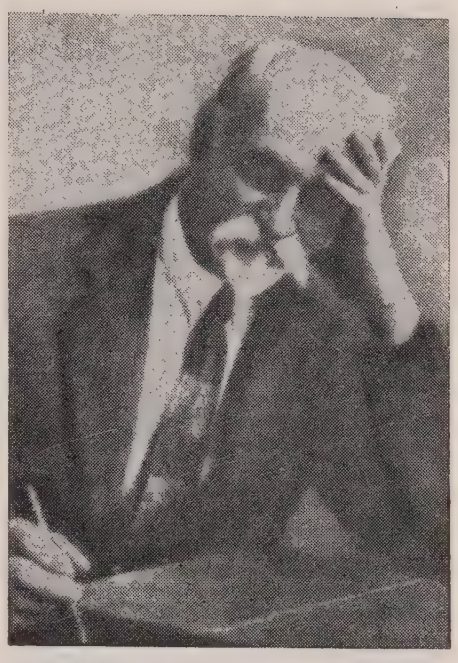
Startsev further spoke about the novel *Conceived in Liberty*, by Howard Fast, and Erskine Caldwell's *Trouble in July*. Caldwell's story as well as Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* were recently published in the Russian edition of *International Literature*.

HONOR MEMORY OF FOUNDER OF CHUVASH LITERATURE

A conference of Chuvash writers was held in Cheboksary, capital of the Chuvash Autonomous Republic, on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Konstantin Ivanov, founder of Chuvash literature.

The conference discussed the life and work of the man who, though he died at the age of 25, left to his people remarkable works which became the cornerstone of Chuvash literature.

A museum is being opened in the house where the poet lived and died. His works have been issued in the Chuvash and Russian languages. Outstanding among them is the poem *Narspi*, an inspired song about human labor, love and about the emancipation of woman. Ivanov's translations into the Chuvash language of the works of Lermontov, great Russian poet, have also been re-issued for the jubilee.



Jan Rainis

PAVEL NIZOVOY DIES

Soviet literary circles mourned the death of Pavel Nizovoy, a gifted writer, to whom Gorky wrote: "I am happy that you exist."

Born in 1877 into a poor peasant family, Nizovoy had to shift for himself from early childhood. He roamed all over Russia and held dozens of different jobs, but all hardships notwithstanding studied persistently. He began to write before the Revolution; his works were directed against the autocratic regime and were continuously suppressed by the censor.

His talent developed to the full in Soviet times. The best of his works, the novel *Ocean*, was acclaimed by the critics and won renown both in the Soviet Union and abroad, being translated into ten foreign languages. During the last years of his life the author worked on the second volume of *Ocean* which he completed prior to his death.

ISSUE BOOK ON IRA ALDRIDGE, GREAT NEGRO TRAGEDIAN

The biography of Ira Aldridge, famed Negro actor of the 19th century, his signif-

Ira Aldridge as King Lear

icance to the Russian theater, and his relations with progressive people in literary and art circles of Russia are the subject of a book by S. Durylin.

A characteristic fact mentioned by the author of the book refers to the conspiracy of silence maintained in Europe and America against the great tragedian, one of the best interpreters of Shakespeare. When an American magazine—the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People wanted to publish an article about Aldridge, it had to get it from a Soviet theater expert.

The book contains many statements by the great actor's contemporaries—writers, critics, scientists and actors—who expressed their profound admiration for the great talent of the Negro actor.

In a letter to the composer M. Balakirev, the Russian critic V. Stasov wrote: ". . . An immense talent . . . I, in my lifetime, will certainly never see a better Othello. I advise you not to miss him if you want to get a proper idea of Shakespeare."

The author describes the hearty reception given the Negro actor in the progressive circles of St. Petersburg and Moscow.

KEMINE, TURKMENIAN CLASSIC POET

Kemine is the pen-name of a famous Turkmenian classic poet, whose real name is not known to this day. Nor is there any authentic biographical data available about him, with the exception of the date of his death, the centenary of which was marked last year. Not a single manuscript or recorded line of verse by Kemine has been preserved. But in the course of a century his poems and tales, as well as numerous stories about his life, have been passed on by word of mouth from generation to generation.

Kemine lived at the time when the Turkmenian tribes were weak and disunited. His poetry has a deep lyrical touch to it, but his lyricism is mingled with irony. His irony is especially lashing when directed against the hypocrisy, avarice and sharp practices of the powers that were.

Only forty poems and stories have been recorded and included in a recent edition published for the centenary. This small book makes it clear why so few of the works of the poet have been preserved; they were ruthlessly destroyed by those at whom the sting of his satire was aimed.

Ira Aldridge as Othello

But the memory of Kemine lives among the people not only in his works but also in numerous anecdotes and stories about him.

Here is one of them. A mullah once wanted to humiliate the poet, a poor man, in public. On noticing a beetle carrying a piece of dung he said to Kemine:

"Kemine, doesn't this beetle resemble a poor man. He has piled a burden onto his shoulders and walks about spoiling the air."

Kemine touched the beetle with a stick, and the beetle released the load raising its legs.

"You're mistaken," Kemine said calmly. "It resembles a mullah. I stopped the beetle and it at once raised its hands in prayer, evidently expecting to be paid well."

Kemine in Turkmenian means "Your Obedient Servant" and the poet was indeed a faithful servant of his people.

FIND RARE EDITION OF MICKIEWICZ'S WORKS

The Museum of Fine Arts in Baranovichi, Western Byelorussia, has acquired a rare edition of the works of Adam Mickiewicz, great Polish poet. It is a microscopic book, the size of a postage stamp, with 692 pages of text, which can be read only with the aid of a magnifying glass inserted in the bronze cover of the book.

The book was issued in 1898, for the centenary of the poet's birth, in an edition of 80 copies presented to participants of the jubilee session.

MARXIST-LENINIST WORKS ISSUED IN GERMAN

The Foreign Languages Publishing House in Moscow recently issued a new edition of Karl Marx's *Critique of Political Economy* in the German language.

Prior to the publication of *Capital* in its present form, Marx contemplated the issuance of his work in six separate volumes: *Capital, Property in Land, Wage Labor, The State, International Trade, The World Market.* After sixteen years of scientific research he completed the rough draft of this work in 1857-1858. It has now been issued for the first time by the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute.

The same publishers have prepared for the press a new, more complete, edition of Marx's *Letters to Kugelman,* and a new edition of the *Critique of the Gotha Program,* which will include the writings of Engels, Lenin and Stalin dealing with the program of the revolutionary party and the revolutionary theory of the state.

A series of articles by F. Engels on problems of the labor movement, which he wrote in 1881 for the *Labour Standard,* will soon be published in book form. These articles were written originally in the English language, and the coming edition is the first translation into the German.

Other recent editions in German include Lenin's *Imperialism, the Highest State of Capitalism; The State and Revolution, The Collapse of the Second International, War and Revolution* and new editions of the *Problems of Leninism* and *Marxism and the National and Colonial Question* by Stalin.

Three works by Plekhanov have also been issued in German.

LECTURES ON GERMAN LITERATURE

A cycle of lectures on German literature, including the works of Goethe, Schiller and Heine, has been arranged by the Moscow State University. Some of the lectures are delivered in German. Franz Leschnitzer, one of the editors of the German edition of *International Literature,* delivered a lecture on Goethe's *Faust.* He traced the origin of the *Faust* theme and presented a detailed analysis of Goethe's work.

The Moscow State Library of Foreign Literature is also sponsoring a series of lectures on German literature. L. Kopelev gave several lectures on German folklore. Franz Leschnitzer, in a series of five lectures, traced the history of German literature from its early beginnings.

LIFE OF JEWISH SETTLERS IN BIROBIDJAN FORMS THEME OF OPERA

Family, the new opera staged this season by the Nemirovich-Danchenko Theater in Moscow, deals with the life of the Jews from small towns outside of U.S.S.R., who have settled in Birobijan in the Soviet Far East. The plot of the opera (libretto by I. Seltser) follows the well-known Soviet film *Seekers of Happiness.*

The composer, L. Hoja Einatov, has attempted to create the first lyrical Soviet opera. The whole musical texture is permeated with national color.

Khana, the old mother, is the strongest character in the opera. Hers is a great love for people, charming heartiness and a touching feeling for the comic. Khana is under the influence of religious traditions but on coming in contact with Soviet life, finds in herself the strength to overcome age-old prejudices.

Scene from "Mistress of the Inn"

GOLDONI'S PLAY GETS WARM RECEPTION

Goldoni's *Mistress of the Inn*, now playing at the Mossoviet Theater, has met with a warm reception. Y. Zavadsky's staging of the play has been acclaimed by the press.

"The production," *Pravda* wrote, "is distinguished by the ingenuity of the producer, the fine stage sets and the brilliant acting of Maretskaya. Mention should be made above all of the work of Zavadsky, the producer, who succeeded in creating a vivid and highly entertaining show . . . He made the actors communicate directly with the audience by bringing the action to the proscenium, using the balconies which adorn Mirandolina's inn, and even the stairs leading from the stage into the orchestra . . .

"The acting of Maretskaya in the part of Mirandolina deserves high praise. Her playing does full justice to the light and gay spirit of Goldoni's comedy. The playwright placed Mirandolina in the center of the events. The charming mistress of the inn manages to have all the guests fall in love with her, makes game of them, and is herself entranced by the light and joyous escapade. Maretskaya copes with her part admirably. Mirandolina really dominates the stage. The playwright's idea has found its perfect embodiment in the playing of the actress . . .

"The part of Ripafratta is played by Kistov, who has found the proper tone in depicting the boastful woman-hater who is made a fool of by Mirandolina. The cavalier is ill-mannered, hot-tempered and rude. He despises everything not related to the military profession. But above all that he is naive . . .

"The stage sets by Vinogradov are graceful and pleasing to the eye, while the music by A. Artamonov well supplements the production.

"*Mistress of the Inn*," *Pravda* concludes, "is one of the first successful productions in the new theatrical season."

GARCIA LORCA'S PLAY STAGED IN TURKMENIA

The Enchanting Cobbler's Wife, a play by Frederico Garcia Lorca has been staged by the Russian Drama Theater in Charjow, Turkmenian S.S.R.

The text used was the Russian translation by A. Kagarlitsky and F. Kelyin published in the Russian edition of *International Literature*.

Before starting rehearsals the cast made a thorough study of the works of the Spanish poet, Lorca's role in Spanish dramaturgy; the influence of Lope de

Vega on Lorca were the subject of special lectures.

The theater did not treat the play as a light farce dealing with the trials and tribulations of a married couple.

"The cobbler's wife is forever fighting, fighting against life around her," the author states in the prologue. This is the keynote of the production which shows the clash of the heroine, a daughter of the freedomloving Spanish people, with the philistine society that surrounds her in this town.

The town, a nest of clericalism, a stagnant cesspool of philistinism, vents its malice on the cobbler's wife, a peasant girl from the mountains. Gossip, slander and hypocrisy rise in columns to attack her. And this attack is accompanied by the chime of bells from the monastery whose ominous shadow falls on the city's white and cheerful-looking homes.

The cobbler's wife takes up the fight courageously, and this lends an entirely new color, social significance to her conflict with her husband. She is indignant with her husband for his timidity, his "non-resistance" and his fear of "public censure." He is not a friend, not a comrade to her in the struggle she wages for the right to love freely, to voice her thoughts, to live and enjoy life beyond the narrow confines sanctioned by the philistine traditions of the town. It is not her coquetry or fickle-mindedness that leads to an estrangement between the cobbler and his wife, but her irreconcilable attitude and unwillingness to pay any attention to the opinion of her neighbors.

He leaves her, but love brings him back. Unrecognized, he witnesses the decisive encounter between his wife and the town, and he sides with her.

The farce, which Lorca himself described as "brutal," thus became a courageous optimistic play, infused with faith in the indomitable will of the Spanish people to fight for their emancipation.

Folk dances and songs accompanied by excerpts from Albenis' *Sevilla* and *Cordova* are skillfully woven into the fabric of the production, and give it additional color.

The Soviet audiences warmly acclaimed this play that reproduces the charm of the Spain which Garcia Lorca loved so ardently and for which he gave his life.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S THEATERS HELD

A review of the work of children's theaters was recently held in Moscow. Together with Moscow theaters eleven of the best theaters from the R.S.F.S.R., Georgia, Azerbaijan, Armenia, Ukraine and Byelorussia, participated.

The review in Moscow was preceded by an All-Union review in which as many as 52 theaters took part. More than 100 plays were presented during the review.

Among the plays shown in Moscow were *Escape* and *Puss-in-Boots* by the Leningrad Young Spectators' Theater. The Azerbaijan theater showed a play called *Sepran*, based on the folk tale about the hero Sepran and his courageous sister Mesti. A satirical play, *The Bold Nazar*, written by Demirchyan, one of the oldest Armenian dramatists, on a folk theme, was presented by the Armenian theater, while the Georgian Children's Theater showed a historic piece, *The Suram Fortress*. The Erevan Children's Theater staged Schiller's play *Robbers*.

The Moscow Traveling Theater for Young Spectators, which plays in the rural districts, presented a play about the heroic young pioneer Pavel Morozov.

Right—"*Puss-in-Boots*"
Below—*Scene from "Pioneer Pavel Morozov"*

Jamboul among young Kazakh bards, his pupils. A still from "Kazakhstan"

DOCUMENTARY FILM SHOWS PROGRESS OF KAZAKHSTAN

A documentary film, *Kazakhstan*, was released on the Soviet screen on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Kazakh Soviet Socialist Republic. It begins with shots of Jamboul, the 94-year-old folk bard, who sings of the new life ushered in by the Revolution. The film then proceeds to show the new people at work in factories, collective farms, fields, laboratories, etc.

"The producers of the film have proved once more that a documentary film can be interesting and thrilling," writes *Izvestia*. "Ethnography is here combined with real life, a chronicle of everyday life with romanticism, heroism and courage with lyricism.

"A snow blizzard in the plains, hunting for wild game, the building of a road high in the Altai mountains, the rich alpine meadows with grazing cattle, the snow-covered mountain slopes used for skiing—all these are presented with great taste. A strong impression is left by scenes of Southern Altai, with its dense forests and forbidding rocks among which archeologists are searching for traces of man of the Bronze Age, the high-mountain lake Marka-Kul where fishermen catch trout 3,500 meters above sea level. . . ."

"The film is poetic in the best sense of the word," notes *Kino*. "From beginning to end it is permeated with a spirit of joy. The picture is flooded with sunshine, light and air . . ."

It was produced by Y. Poselsky and Irina Venzher.

SOVIET FILMS POPULAR IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES

Soviet films enjoy great popularity in many countries in Europe, Asia and America, where they are liked as genuine realistic works of art.

The Bulgarian public acclaimed *Peter the Great*, *The Circus*, and *Thirteen*. Considerable popularity was enjoyed by *Minin and Pozharsky*, *Stepan Razin*, *Volga-Volga*. Soviet films demonstrated at the fairs in Plovdiv and Varna drew audiences totaling 500,000. The film *Dowerless Bride* played to packed houses in Belgrade and Zagreb, Yugoslavia.

Following the successful public preview of the film *Peter the Great* in Budapest, Soviet motion pictures are soon to be demonstrated in Hungary for the first time.

There is a growing demand for Soviet motion pictures in the countries of the Near East and Asia Minor. A number of films are to be shown in Turkey and Iran. *Peter the Great* and *Volga-Volga* are being released in Palestine, where films from the U.S.S.R. have a steady following.

In Latin-American countries Soviet films hold the steady interest of the public.

The film *Baltic Deputy* was shown in Cuba; *Golden Key* in Brazil and *Lenin in 1918* and *Thirteen* in Porto Rico. Other pictures scheduled to be shown in Latin America include *Member of the Government*, *Teacher*, *My Universities* and *The Mannerheim Line*.

Heightened interest in motion pictures from the U.S.S.R. is evident of late in the Scandinavian countries. Swedish movie houses demonstrated *At the Pike's Bidding*, *In the Depths of the Sea*, and *Doctor Kalyuzhny*.

Soviet films enjoy tremendous success in China.

TO PRODUCE FILM ON GLINKA

A biographical film about Glinka, great Russian composer, is now being produced by L. Arnstam.

Beginning with the childhood years of the composer, the film will trace all the important stages in his life. Among the major scenes are the flight of Glinka's parents before the invading troops of Napoleon in 1812, the flood of 1824 in St. Petersburg, the unsuccessful revolt of progressive members of the nobility staged in December 1825, meetings of Glinka with Pushkin. The composer's work on his operas *Ivan Susanin* and *Ruslan and Ludmila* forms the central theme of the film.

KIROV-ORJONIKIDZE MUSEUM ESTABLISHED

A Kirov-Orjonikidze Museum has been set up in the city of Orjonikidze, in the two-story building which at one time housed the newspaper *Terek*, where Kirov worked for several years, and in which Orjonikidze had lived in 1918-1919.

Gathered in the museum are numerous documents, photographs and articles illustrating the tireless work of the two Bolshevik leaders. Some of the exhibits were obtained from local archives and others were supplied by museums in Moscow, Leningrad, Tbilisi and Baku.

The role of J. V. Stalin in building up the Bolshevik organizations in the Caucasus and Transcaucasia, and his activities at the fronts during the Civil War are shown in many exhibits.

LENINGRAD TO HAVE UNIQUE MUSICAL MUSEUM

A unique musical museum is being set up in Leningrad. The Hermitage has transferred to the new institution 2,270 valuable exhibits which trace the history of musical instruments. Included in the collection are many unique instruments. Of great interest is a horn orchestra of the 18th century, comprising 75 brass instruments, ranging in size from eleven centimeters to five meters. The museum will have a rare collection of pianos, including a spinet, the forerunner of the modern instrument, produced in Naples in 1532.

The history of the violin is represented by 200 instruments, among them the tiny French violins, small enough to be tucked away in the dancing master's vest pocket. There is also a large collection of flutes, some of them made of ivory tusks, porcelain and rock-crystal.

100,000 STUDENTS IN ART SCHOOLS

As many as 100,000 students attend the various music, theatrical and art schools of the U.S.S.R. Among these are 13 conservatories, 103 music schools, 54 theatrical schools, one circus school, 16 choreographic schools, and 330 art schools. The best masters of Soviet art act as instructors in these schools.

In all some 22,000 new students joined the various schools this year. The number of applicants in many schools was much in excess of the available vacancies. The Lunacharsky Theatrical Institute received some 700 applications for 100 vacancies and as many sought admission to the Bolshoi Theater Choreographic School which enrolled 55 new students.

BURYAT-MONGOLIAN ART EXHIBITED IN MOSCOW

The exhibition of Buryat-Mongolian art in Moscow attracted considerable attention. The many exhibits were a visual display of the cultural attainments of a people which formerly led a semi-savage nomad existence.

New forms of art formerly unknown to the Buryat-Mongolian people, such as painting and sculpture, have developed in Soviet times, with the republic producing a number of renowned artists in these fields.

Outstanding among the paintings on view were the works of the former shepherd T. Sampilov, who is recognized as the greatest artist of the republic. His canvases and drawings are exquisite and inspired hymns to the nature of Buryat-Mongolia.

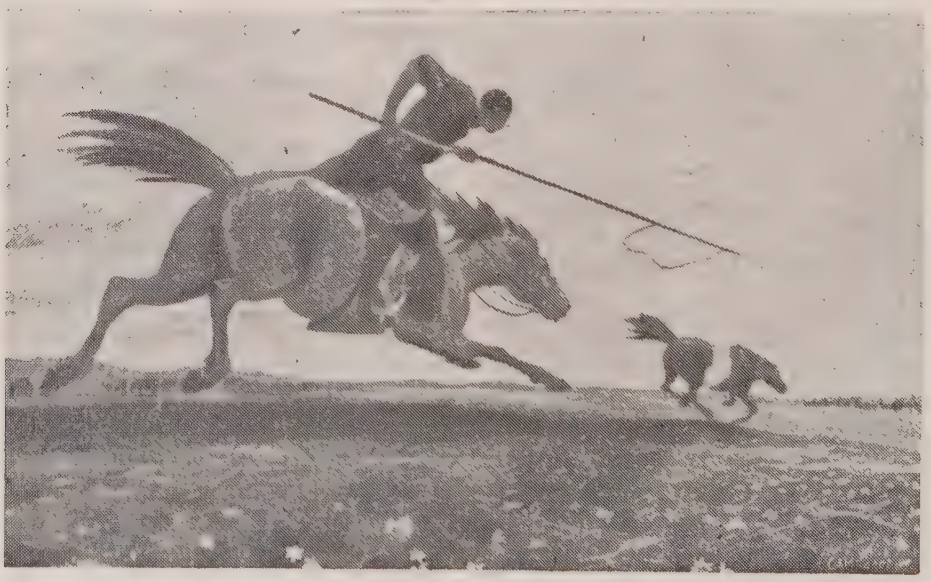
Many canvases are dedicated to the heroic epic tales and the history of the Buryat-Mongolian people.

On the Baikal *By R. Merdycheyev, Buryat-Mongolian artist*

The republic's nature, its wooded mountains, green pastures and swift rivers are portrayed in sketches by Merdycheyev and Skladnikov. Fine portraits were exhibited by Arzhikov.

On view were also silver articles—earrings, rings, and other ornaments, pipes, sheaths—all with excellent designs or engravings.

Embroideries by Buryat women, fur articles with incrustations and the designs adorning clothes and footwear served as vivid illustrations of the regenerated folk art enriched by new themes and forms.



Lassoing *By T. Sampilov, Buryat-Mongolian artist*

ART EXHIBIT IN MINSK

An extensive art exhibition, recently opened in Minsk, capital of Byelorussia, has been recognized by the press as an important event in Byelorussian pictorial art, showing the growth of the artistic youth of the republic.

The entire history of Byelorussia is presented in the paintings and etchings on view at the exhibition. Here one sees depicted the hard lot of the Byelorussian people in the past, the Great Socialist Revolution, the Civil War, the defeat of the Polish invaders, the liberation of Western Byelorussia and the free life of the people who are developing their Socialist republic.

One of the big canvases which has attracted special attention is *Leaving to Join the Partisans* by Pashkevich. A poor Byelorussian peasant is leaving to join a partisan detachment. Taking his infant son from his cradle he kisses him, perhaps for the last time. The tenderness of the father and the determination of the fighter are well portrayed.

Krayevsky, Kshechansky and other graphic artists are represented by drawings showing the poverty and hard lot of toilers in the capitalist world.

Bright-colored rugs and panels predominate in the folk art section.

CULTURAL NEWS FROM SOVIET REPUBLICS

Seventeen popular universities have been established in the cities of the Latvian S.S.R. They are attended by 10,000 workers, peasants and office employees. Evening schools and preparatory courses for entrance to universities have also been set up.

A theater of Russian drama has been opened in Viipuri (Vyborg), in the Karelian-Finnish S.S.R. V. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko, director of the Moscow Art Theater, and Leningrad theaters sent their greetings on the occasion. The theater opened with Victor Hugo's *Angello*, staged by M. Bredov.

An unprecedented demand for books has been registered in Latvia. Fiction, popular scientific works and books about the Soviet Union are quickly sold out. Books on political subjects are also in great demand. Particularly *Problems of Leninism* by Stalin, the *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks)*, and other works on Marxism-Leninism. Among the customers in the bookshops of Riga, the capital, are peasants. They come to buy books for the Red Corners that have been organized in their villages.

In less than three months one book-

The Tanks Arrived — *By N. Monoszon, Byelorussian artist*

shop alone, the Spartak, sold 20,000 copies of the *History of the C.P.S.U.(B.)* in the Russian language and several thousand copies of the book in Lettish.

The fiftieth anniversary of the poet August Alle was recently observed in Soviet Estonia. A master of sharp and biting satire, Alle was not able, under the bourgeois regime, to publish all his works because of the censor's ban. A collection of his unpublished epigrams is now being prepared for the press.

An edition of Gorky's complete works in Estonian translation is being prepared for the press. Estonian publishers have issued Ostrovsky's *How the Steel Was Tempered*, Furmanov's *Chapayev*, as well as the works of prominent Estonian writers—I. Barbarus, A. Jacobson and others.

The Central Asian State University in Tashkent, the largest scientific center in the Soviet East, rounded out 20 years of activity. During this period it issued 625 scientific works.

Uzbekistan has at present 37 higher educational establishments attended by 24,000 students. Many of these institutions, as well as a number of scientific research institutes, were founded with the assistance of the Central Asian State University.

More than 150 young scientists are taking part in the contest organized by the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian S.S.R. for the best scientific work. Some of them, like Academician Sarensen and Professors Balinsky and Gershenzon, are already well known in the scientific world. One of the participants, Bondarenko, a member of the staff of the Institute of Economics is a former miner. He is submitting a study on the distribution of the productive forces of the Ukraine.

A translation of *The Knight in the Tiger Skin* by Shot'ha Rust'hveli in the Kirghiz language has been brought out in a large edition by the Kirghiz State Publishing House. The Georgian epic was translated by the young poet Anykul Osmanov.

An exhibition of Siberian artists was held in Novosibirsk. Some 300 works were on display. Siberia was a place of exile under the tsars. The dark past of this vast region forms the subjects of many canvases, such as *Siberia in Chains*, *Stalin and Sverdlov in Turukhansk Exile* by M. Tyutikov, and *Stalin in Exile at Narym* by N. Smolin. Soviet Siberia is

Many objects connected with the life of the great Russian poet Pushkin in the village of Mikhailovskoye have been preserved in the Vilnius (Soviet Lithuania) estate of the poet's son Grigori. A branch of the Pushkin Museum has been organized at this estate

Scene from Schiller's "Intrigue and Love" at the Polish Theater in Belostok

represented by fine landscapes and paintings depicting the new industrial centers.

A contest for a film scenario about the struggle of the people for the establishment of Soviet power in Latvia has been announced by the People's Commissariat of Education of the Latvian S.S.R.

A new literary museum has been opened in Moscow; it is dedicated to N. A. Ostrovsky, author of the novels *How the Steel Was Tempered* and *Born of the Storm*. The documents, portraits and archive materials present a visual picture of the remarkable writer, whose life was cut short by an incurable illness.

A new opera, *Monna Marianna*, based on one of Maxim Gorky's Italian tales, has been completed by the composer Y. Levitin.

A special scientific session on the occasion of the 2,400 anniversary of the birth of Hippocrates, great Greek physician and philosopher, was held at the House of the Scientist in Moscow, under the joint auspices of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. and the All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine. Reports on the legacy of Hippocrates, and on Hippocrates the man and the physician were delivered at the session.

CHINA

LITERARY MONTHLY IN CHUNKING

The magazine *Literary Monthly*, published in Chungking, is distinguished for the considerable variety of the material it offers to readers. Many of the stories printed in the magazine are by young Chinese authors intimately acquainted with the life of the people, of the army and the partisans. Their stories tell of the heroism displayed by the workers and by peasant partisans, by women and children who aid in the war of liberation.

Of the stories printed in recent issues of the magazine there are a number of exceptionally high merit, deserving special mention.

Across the Sea, by Shu Chun, is a tale of the life and struggle of a Korean revolutionary who, forced to flee from his native land, comes to Shanghai where he continues to fight against the Japanese. *The Flag Hoisted on the Tree*, by Yang Shan, tells of the patriotism of nine Chinese soldiers who fell into the hands of the Japanese. A Japanese officer, wishing to prove to a foreign journalist that the Chinese lack patriotism, orders the prisoners to be brought to a place where a Chinese flag has been twisted on a lone tree. Defying death, the prisoners salute their flag.

The story *The Explosion*, by Han Po, describes how Chinese workers, fulfilling the order of the National Government, blow up a factory to prevent its falling into the hands of the Japanese. They do this against the will of the owner, a Chinese.

Young Chinese poets writing for the magazine contribute verse intended for recitation, songs for soldiers and partisans and poems dealing with the heroic struggle. Lee Jung's poem *They Fought in Spain* deals with the story of two Chinese, who fought in the ranks of the International Brigade in Spain. *A Hat Stained With Blood*, by Wang Hsi-ping, describes the death of the courageous fighter Wang An.

The magazine devotes considerable space to foreign literature, particularly to Russian classical and Soviet literature. Thus it carried N. Ostrovsky's *Born of the Storm*, Chekhov's *The Man in a Case*, an article about Soviet literature, and an essay about the Byelorussian poet Yanka Kupala. The magazine printed special material on the occasion of the Gorky and Mayakovsky anniversaries, and featured articles on the development of culture in the U.S.S.R., new films, plays, art exhibitions, etc.

Recent issues of the magazine carried a number of highly interesting theoretical

Gorky and Lu Hsün. A Chinese woodcut

and critical essays, such as *A Review of the Literature of the War of Defense* by Lo Sun, *The National Form of Art* by Pan Tze-nien, *The Development of Literature for the Masses* by Sian Ling-ping, *The New Life and the New Man* by Huang Sheng.

"We need a hero," writes Huang Sheng, "a hero who fulfills the will of the collective, solves the problems confronting society. The new China leads a new life and produces new heroes. The task of the writer is to give a realistic portrayal of this life and these heroes."

A special department is devoted to news about writers and their literary and political activity, about literary societies and new books and magazines.

COLLECTIONS ON GORKY AND LU HSUN ISSUED

Two literary collections, *Gorky and China* and *In Memory of Lu Hsun*, have been published in Shanghai.

The first collection includes translations of A. Gatov's article *Gorky and China*, A. Lavretsky's *Gorky and Realism*, S. Marshak's *A Favorite With Children* and F. Gladkov's *My First Meeting With Gorky*. A large part of the volume is taken up by new translations of Gorky's works and his letter to Sun Yat-sen.

The Lu Hsun collection includes an article by Ching Sung, wife of the great writer, containing interesting biographical details. The creative method employed by Lu Hsun is discussed by the well-known author Ba Tsin, while an essay by Lo Shih-wen traces the influence of Nietzsche on the early works of the author. An article by Hsi Chin discusses translations of foreign poets done by Lu Hsun.

GERMANY

MAGAZINE DISCUSSES SOVIET BALLET

"The Soviet Russian Ballet" is the title of a lengthy essay published in the German magazine *Der Tanz*. The author points out that dance and music are innate qualities of the Russian people. "The force of the Russian ballet," he says, "which has gained world renown, lies in the successful combination of tried forms of the dance with unusual artistic technique and choreographic art . . ."

According to the magazine, all these qualities are excellently represented in the Soviet ballerina G. Ulanova, of the Leningrad ballet. "I do not think," the author states, "that greater perfection of the dance can be attained than the one possessed by this frail creature."

GERMAN PRESS ON RUSSIAN CLASSICS

A series of articles on the works of Gogol was recently printed in the *Kölnische Zeitung*.

The art of A. N. Ostrovsky, great Russian playwright, was discussed by the *Völkischer Beobachter* in connection with the presentation of the play *The Forest* on the German stage. The article was entitled *The Russian Molière.*

BULGARIA

SOVIET PLAY STAGED IN SOFIA

The Sofia People's Theater presented this season *Platon Krechet*, a play by the Soviet-Ukrainian dramatist A. Korneichuk.

Present at the premiere were many statesmen, members of parliament, artists and scientists. The play was acclaimed by the public.

In an article on the premiere, *Zarya* wrote that the production of *Platon Krechet* "is a great event in theatrical life, a real triumph of culture."

BOOKS ABOUT THE SOVIET UNION

In an article entitled "Visiting Soviet Writers and Scientists," published in the magazine *Literaturen Glas*, the writer Sotir Yanev describes his meetings with Leningrad writers and scientists and his stay at the House of the Writers in Detskoye Selo.

Sotir Yanev is now preparing a book of impressions of his visit to the Soviet Union.

East is the title of a book of travel sketches by Kristu Belev, recently published in Bulgaria. The book deals with a trip to the Soviet Union which the author made in 1938.

MANIFEST INTEREST IN SOVIET CULTURE

Literaturen Glas carries a report about the forthcoming celebration of the 85th anniversary of the birth of Ivan Franko, Ukrainian classic.

The newspaper printed a biography and an article on the works of the great Ukrainian writer.

The newspaper *Zarya* published an article on the Chekhov Museum in Yalta. The article dwells in some detail on Chekhov's life in Crimea, and his meetings with Tolstoy, Korolenko and Chaliapin.

YUGOSLAVIA

SOVIET PHOTOS SCORE AT INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT

Soviet photography was rated high at the Eighth International Photo Exhibition held in Zagreb, at which thirteen countries were represented. The 68 photos submitted by Soviet masters held the limelight.

"The exhibition commands special interest because so many Russian masters of photography are represented," wrote the local newspaper *Novosti*.

Visitors to the exhibition likewise manifested great interest in the Soviet display. Among the photographs that attracted particular attention were "Races at Collective Farm Hippodrome," by Hepert, "The Krymsky Bridge in Moscow," by Granovsky, and "Harvesting with Combines," by Selm.

Scene from "Platon Krechet" at the Sofia People's Theater

SPAIN

LUIS BAGARIA DIES IN EXILE

The well-known Spanish cartoonist Luis Bagaria has died in Havana, Cuba. The artist gained his popularity by his work in the magazine *Espagna*. His covers and vignettes were greatly admired, and his sharp political cartoons are real works of art. His "Drawings of a Simpleton," innocent at first glance, contain veiled criticism and references to delicate political issues, and were very popular among the large reading public.

CHILE

BOOKS ON MAGELLAN'S LAND

Chilean authors evince great interest in the little-explored distirct known as Magellan's Land, and a number of books dealing with it has appeared of late. Practically separated from the rest of Chile owing to poor roads and means of com-

munication, Magellan's Land, the district adjoining Magellan's Strait, is distinguished by its grim nature and peculiar ways of its inhabitants. The snow capped Andes and glaciers that descend almost to the sea, the bare sheer cliffs and the vast plains and lakes of Southern Patagonia—all these offer splendid material for the writer.

One of the first to write a novel about life in Magellan's Land was Juan Marin, a military physician, who spent two years there. His book *The 53rd Parallel South,* scored a hit in Southern America. Juan Marin's second novel, *Shipwrecked,* deals with the Tierra del Fuego.

Man and Nature on Magellan's Land by Domingo Melfi is another book in the same series. It consists of three parts: "Nature," "The Struggle Against Nature" and "Colonization." The critics note the merits of the book, which is well written and is full of interesting details.

Melfi describes the "snow-capped mountain crests turning to gold and blood under the rays of the sun, the silver glaciers, translucent rivers, canals, fjords and flourishing islands;" he tells of the exploits of the first navigators who visited those parts and the struggle now waged by man against grim nature in Magellan's Land.

Expert knowledge of Magellan's Land is displayed in the book *Sheeps' Blood* by Franco Brzovic, who describes the life of the shepherds—stern, sullen men leading a life of arduous labor and suffering privations.

NEW VOLUME OF SHORT STORIES BY EUGENIO GONSALEZ

Fate, a new collection of short stories by Eugenio Gonsalez, author of many books, has been brought out by the Ersilia Publishers in Santiago de Chile.

The main characters of the stories are petty office employees, whose sole concern is to make ends meet and women whom destitution drives into the streets.

"Eugenio Gonsalez possesses a fine style and is a keen psychologist. His short stories are read with great interest," writes *Atenea.*

TWO ANTHOLOGIES PUBLISHED

Two anthologies—*Chilean Short Story Writers From the First to Our Days* and an *Anthology of Spanish-American Stories* have been issued by the Zig-Zag Publishers.

The anthology *Chilean Short Story Writers* includes an article tracing the development of the Chilean short story.

The second anthology includes stories by 60 authors from almost all the South-American countries, and also a foreword by the Chilean poet and critic Victor Domingo Silva.

ARGENTINE

BOOK EXHIBITION HELD

An exhibition of books published in Colombia was arranged in Buenos Aires in the hall of the Friends of Art by German Arsiniegas, well-known Colombian writer. The exhibit, which displayed 1,000 books, had four sections; history, art, fiction and science.

LITERARY PRIZES AWARDED

The Martin Fierro Literary Prize instituted by the 11th Congress of Writers of Argentine has been awarded to the poet Juan Rodolfo Wilcock for his *First Book of Verse and Song.*

The prize for dramaturgy has been given to the well-known playwright Ricardo Rojas for the play *Ollantay,* which enjoyed a successful run at the Buenos Aires National Comedy.

BOOK ON PORTUGUESE CLASSIC

A book on the life and work of Eca de Queiroz, Portuguese classic, has been written by the Argentine writer Antonio J. Busich, member of the board of the Argentine Association of Historians. Entitled *On the Trail of Eca de Queiroz,* the book is a scientific essay. Busich has presented a vivid and penetrating analysis of the works of the Portuguese author, showing his evolution toward realism, how he became more and more engrossed "in real life which opened new vistas to him."

CUBA

PUBLISH BIOGRAPHY OF STALIN

The Ediciones Sociales Publishers in Havana have brought out the biography of J. V. Stalin, prepared by the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute in Moscow, with an introduction by G. Dimitrov.

"To study this book," Emma Perez, a known Cuban journalist and poetess writes, "means not merely to study the

biography of a man, even though he is the greatest man of our epoch; it means to study the history of Socialism, to study how the age-old dreams of the best minds of humanity have been translated into beautiful reality.

"To study the biography of Stalin means to study the life of a man and a nation, whose thoughts and aspirations are devoted to the cause of defending the interests of all oppressed, exploited and downtrodden throughout the world.

"Boundless love, admiration and devotion—this is what the Soviet people feel for Stalin, their great leader, teacher and friend. The victory of Socialism on one-sixth of the globe and all the new victories of the Land of Soviets are associated with the name of the greatest man of our epoch, with the name of Joseph Stalin, the continuer of Lenin's cause.

"But it is not only the working people of the Soviet Union who hold dear and cherish Stalin's name. The name of Stalin is also precious to the toiling masses in the capitalist countries, for it is closely linked with the international working-class movement."

Emma Perez heartily recommends this book, which "represents the truth about the life of Stalin, the great friend and teacher of the working people."

CUBAN NEWSPAPER PRINTS FADEYEV'S NOVEL SERIALLY

The Nineteen, a novel by the Soviet writer A. Fadeyev, well translated into Spanish, has been printed serially in the Cuban newspaper *Hoy*.

SPANISH INTELLECTUALS IN CUBA

A number of prominent Spanish writers and artists appeared at an evening sponsored by the Cuban Committee for aid to the Spanish intelligentsia. The well-known writer Juan Marinello described the difficult position of the Spanish intellectuals now in emigration. A feature of the evening was the presentation of a scene from *Don Quixote*—"Sancho Pansa on the Isle of Baratarcia"—staged by the well-known Spanish playwright Alexandro Casona, and a scene from a play by Mérimée. The actress Marta Muniz recited Antonio Machado's poem, *The Land of Alvaro Gonsalez*. The poets Nicolas Gullen and Manuel Altolaguirre read their own verse. The Cuban singer Rita Montaner gave a rendition of Spanish and Cuban songs.

VENEZUELA

VENEZUELAN WRITER DIES

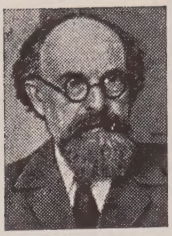
In an obituary about Luis Correa, famed Venezuelan writer, printed in the magazine *National Culture* issued in Caracas, capital of Venezuela, we read:

"The name of Luis Correa is closely bound up with the development of Venezuelan culture. He was a member of the Association of Writers of Venezuela, a member of the Venezuelan Academy of History and a prominent political figure and diplomat.

"Luis Correa died in his prime . . . His death is a heavy blow to Venezuelan culture and the Venezuelan people."

The last book of the writer, *Stendhalean Travels*, was dedicated to Bolivar, leader in the wars of independence of the Latin American countries.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS



MIKHAIL PRISHVIN

An outstanding Soviet novelist and short story writer who has devoted most of his works to description of life among animals.

HANS RODENBERG

A German writer, now living in the Soviet Union, author of a number of short stories and essays. His story *The Pin* was printed in the No. 7, 1940 issue of our magazine.

ELZBJETA SZEMPLINSKA

A young Polish authoress, has to her credit a number of volumes of poetry and prose. Szemplinska was recently elected Deputy to the Lwow Regional Soviet. Her name was placed on the ballot by the writers' organizations of that city.

EMI SIAO

Chinese revolutionary poet and short story writer. For several years lived in the Soviet Union. Now he is in China, lecturing at the Lu Hsun Academy of Arts.

EMELYAN YAROSLAVSKY

A member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union (Bolsheviks) and of the Academy of Sciences, also Deputy to the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. One of the oldest Communist publicists, Yaroslavsky is on the editorial board of *Pravda* and is the author of a biography of Lenin as well as of a number of historical works. The article printed in this issue was written on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of Pisarev's birth.

MARGARITA NELKEN

Spanish writer, author of the novel *The Arenal Trap,* and other works. Nelken actively participated in the struggle of the Spanish people for liberty. *International Literature* received the letter which we are printing in part in this issue, from Margarita Nelken herself, who now resides in Mexico. A slightly different version of this letter has appeared in Latin American periodicals.

Associate Editor TIMOFEI ROKOTOV