Workers of all countries, unite!

International Literature

3

1941

THE STATE LITERARY PUBLISHING HOUSE
Printed in the Soviet Union

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No. 3 March 1941

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

BODO UHSE

The Attack

The large tent in which the eight officers of the division staff were sleeping was open on both sides. It was still very early when Hein awoke, and morning was just sliding down the mountain sides with its cold opal light. The wall of the small *cementerio*[1] half way up the mountain became visible. Here it was that Marcus went every morning with a syringe and a large medicine bottle. Near it rose severe shapes of three cypresses in the colorless darkness. The angry cry of a belated night bird was heard as it sped homewards; and again silence reigned, a fateful silence, as if it were the dawn of judgment day.

Hein closed his eyes; he was tired. All night he had been interrogating the Frenchwoman who had been arrested at the field kitchen of the Third Battery. She had wept, but she had admitted nothing.

"*Monsieur, vous savez ce que c'est, l'amour. On risque tout, on fait le tout possible, même l'impossible, n'est-ce pas?*"[2]

That was all she had said and she had stuck to it, even when he had told her that she would be shot next day.

Suddenly Hein felt something like a faint trembling on his skin, then a sound like water boiling. An instant later he heard the unmistakable sound of an approaching airplane.

"Guard! The alarm!" shouted Hein.

The siren ushered in the day.

Captain Alonso, the fat, warm-blooded chief of staff, jumped up from under his mosquito net, rubbing his reddened eyes. *Teniente*[1] Marcus, the student from Salamanca, began searching for his glasses, his black locks hanging down over his forehead. The others sat up in bed.

"To the *refugio!*[2] All to the *refugio!*" ordered the chief of staff in a sleepy voice. A couple of figures shot out of the men's tent close by and disappeared in the narrow ditch running into the mountain side.

"Are they coming here?" the *teletipo*[3] called to the sentry.

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[1] Cemetery.

[2] "You know what love is: one is ready to risk everything, to do everything possible, or even the impossible."

[1] Lieutenant.

[2] Shelters from bombs.

[3] Reconnaissance officer.

The sentry stood there in uncertainty, his head thrown back, staring upwards. *"No sé, señor!"*[1] he answered. The aircraft must be coming from the east, in the dazzle of the rising sun, for there was nothing to be seen.

"Into the *refugio*, eh?" said the Austrian, Krull, sarcastically from his bed beside Hein's. "I'm not thinking of going bathing!"

"What on earth do they want to come to us for?" wondered Hein, but listened tensely to the hum of approaching engines.

The mattress was lying flat on the ground, that was how he had found it on returning at night. Someone had stolen the bricks from under it. Someone? That could only be Pedro. I'll deal with that young bastard today, thought Hein as he listened to the noise of the engines. Suddenly the sound was drowned in the thunder of explosions, dull and prolonged as of drums rolling.

Hein stretched out his hand, palm upwards. "You see, I was right!"

"Five o'clock and the day well started!" observed Krull. Then they began to wonder where it had been, in Torija or in Cañizar, in Valle de Brihuega. Nieto, who had formerly been a sergeant-major and was the only officer with a scarlet-lined cape, thought it must have been Guadalajara, but that was too far off.

The telephone rang, and they heard Marcus answering. He took down the report of the bombing and quickly brought it into the commander's tent.

Hein threw off his pajamas jacket and ran naked to the spring under the cliff. As he was washing, three soldiers came out of the *refugio*. It was just under the mountain spring; no wonder that it was full of water.

"Gosh, how you ran!" one of them said admiringly.

"All the same, you got there first!" came the quick retort. They laughed and chaffed each other, feeling rather ashamed of their fright.

Torija had been bombed. Hein learned about it from the others when he returned dripping to the tent to seek the towel which he had forgotten, as usual, to take with him.

It was three days before that they had left the village at Georg's orders, had fled from the filth, the stench of the latrines, the flies, typhus, the enemy airmen and the two pretty girls who had infected the younger officers—first Adjutant Pepe, then Marcus, and finally even the *teletipo*, a married man. The order of events might just as easily have been the other way about; the casualty list included a few more officers and *cabos*[1] from the battalion which had been stationed in the village.

For months the division had been in the same positions, for months the front had been quiet. Anyone who wanted to know what war was like had to go on leave to Madrid—there was always something happening there. Here there was only an occasional air-raid and a little half-hearted artillery firing. This quiet was not good for either officers or men. In the trenches, where they scarcely fired a shot, they thought not of the enemy but of their homes. If fighting had been going on, not a man would have thought of asking for leave, but as it was, no one could see why they could not be spared for a few weeks. There was dissatisfaction in the 38th Brigade, dissatisfaction in the "Alicante Rojo" Battalion, one of the bravest. The "Alicante Rojo" Battalion had distinguished itself

[1] "I don't know, señor!"

[1] Non-commissioned officers.

in the great battle of Guadalajara. Now the battalion commissars were complaining. That was why the commander had agreed on the attack on *cota mil dos*[1]—things could not go on like this any longer.

The attack was not to be a large affair, just a surprise assault by one battalion. But the corps would not agree to anything more. Perea, the corps commander, did not want to take risks—not with the 17th division. He had taken the only International Brigade away from it and lent it to a neighboring division. The latter had carried out a senseless operation on the right wing of the corps, occupied a few worthless villages and then stuck there. But the names of the seven villages and of the Anarchistic division commander had been in all the papers, and the corps commander was making up to the Anarchists. It would never have happened if Lagos, the army commissar, had not been lying in hospital in bandages and plaster.

The officers sat around the table between the tents, drinking bitter coffee made from roasted rye, and eating bread fried in rancid oil. There were only three International Brigaders in the staff—Georg, the commander, Hein and the Austrian Krull. Then there was a fourth man, Fellner, a sort of maid-of-all-work. He caught Hein just as the latter was about to seat himself.

"*No puede ser*,"[2] he shouted, "*no puede ser!*"

He dragged Hein to the provision wagon and showed him what the commissariat department had sent—a large gristly leg of meat, crawling with maggots. Hein called up the commissar and argued with him over the phone, but as the latter was French, and Hein did not know the French for maggots, they did not get very far.

When Hein returned to the table, the Austrian was just telling the others a Jewish joke.

"How many killed?" Hein asked the student Marcus, a small-featured lad with gold-rimmed glasses.

"Six," answered the other quickly and turned back to the Austrian.

"Any losses among the men?" Hein wanted to know.

But Marcus did not answer. The Austrian had come to the point of his story and the men about the table were all laughing.

Hein sat blinking sleepily.

"Shall I send back the leg-of-mule?" asked Fellner.

"Send it back if you like, but what shall we eat today if you do?"

"I still have a couple of cans."

Six dead, thought Hein, only six. They had been satisfied with little this morning. Six peasants who would not be there at harvest time. But, for that matter, there would not be so much to do. The fields had recently been sown with incendiary bombs and half the crop burned on the stalk.

Captain Alonso was talking about a bull fight in the days when there was still real bull fighting—for what they sometimes saw now was not the real thing at all. They had had to slaughter the good beasts and stand the good *toreros*[1] against the wall.

The *teletipo* and Marcus were against bull fighting; they called it a symbol of barbarism, a survival of feudal rule, a legacy of centuries of backwardness. In all other ways utterly dissimilar, the *teletipo* and Marcus were both extremely radical.

"You're both crazy!" the chief of staff burst in. "Spain without bull fighting? No, no!"

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[1] Hill No. 1002.

[2] "This cannot be!"

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[1] Toreadors.

"Por una España libre, feliz y fuerte[1]*,"* stammered little Marcus and finished aggressively: *"Y sin toros!"*[2]

"War against the *toros*?" asked Alonso laughing. He reached out for the bottle of *Kümmel*[3] on the table. That was another thing that had only started in this damned quiet position: *Kümmel* for breakfast.

"War against the *toros!*" the *teletipo* declared with an air of finality. The beard trembled on his small, expressionless face.

"Then to hell with the war!" shouted the chief of staff, red in the face. "You don't know what you're talking about! You've never seen García Gomez or Juan Alvarado or Perez Calle either."

Beads of sweat were trickling down his fat cheeks, and he pushed his chair back into the shade. His heavy hand extended as if he were wielding an *espada*.[4] It moved through the air, ending in a vertical sweep. He was imitating the movement of the *torero* killing the bull.

"War against the *toros*!" he cried again. "You only need tell the boys that after the war there'll be no more *toros*, and next day the army will have melted away!"

After the war—after the war—tell the boys. True, thought Hein, that's something that must be written about—what will happen after the war. It is necessary to give them a clear understanding of what this war is about. They must see it, have it always before their eyes when they go into the attack with the presage of death in their hearts, when they lie in the trenches week after week without hearing a shot. They must have it before their eyes as clearly as though they already possessed it, this *España libre, feliz y fuerte*.

"And what do you think, *Commisario*?" asked Marcus, appealing for help against the powerful voice of the chief of staff.

"I?" said Hein. He raised his freckled face and rested his elbows on the table. What would this Spain look like? Would there be *toros* or not? No one knew even that. And yet it ought to be all clear, visible, this new Spain, so clear as to be palpable.

"The struggle is too unequal," he said. "The bull should have a chance."

"Many *toreros* have been killed in the arena," said Alonso seriously.

"The bull goes down every time, Alonso," answered Hein, and then said: "Write me an article about marching. Our people don't march, and that's bad. If they have to gò twelve kilometers, they're crying for a lorry like a child for its nurse."

"Well, if I must," said the chief of staff unwillingly. "I'm not a writer, you know." However, he consented.

"Will you let me see the Frenchwoman if I do?" he added jestingly.

"She's mighty pretty," said Nieto, who knew what he was talking about where women were concerned.

Marcus laid his hand on Hein's arm.

"I'd forgotten to tell you," he said. "A bomb fell on the *calabozo*.[1] She's dead, your Frenchwoman."

That was annoying; now all the clues were wiped out, and she most certainly had had some contacts in the Third Battery. It would be easy for her to keep silence now, she would no longer have to lie with her—*"Vous savez ce que c'est l'amour. On risque tout."* And there would be trouble about it, too. Nobody would believe the story, of course, and it would be

[1] "For a free, happy and mighty Spain."
[2] "And without bulls!"
[3] Whisky made from cumin.
[4] Sword.

[1] Prison.

said in the corps that he had had her shot.

Georg came out of the tent. The officers rose and the sentry saluted. Georg asked Hein:

"What about this evening?"

"But it has all been settled already," Hein said defensively. He knew that Georg did not like him to go along.

Pedro appeared on the scene, watering can in hand. Grinning, he began to sprinkle the dry, dusty ground. He was thirteen years old. He had a blond head and snub nose. They had caught him loitering near José's battalion. He had come from the zone now occupied by the enemy; and since they could not send him back, he had been sent to the staff. Pedro expressed his protest at this indignity by skilfully avoiding the light duties assigned to him, and making his way through to the front whenever he could. Each time he would be caught, shut up for a few days in the dirty prison at Torija, along with thieves and deserters who were to be shot. And then the whole business would begin all over again.

"We'll send you over to the rebels," the chief of staff threatened him.

Pedro would hang his head as he listened; however, it was not guilt but laughter that he was hiding.

Now he sprinkled water over the tent roof. Although it was still early, the heat was lying heavy on the camp. The little stream dropped wearily from stone to stone, and the officers felt tired and sleepy, although they had only just risen.

"Have you any orders? I'm going over to José," Hein asked respectfully. His small gray eyes, with the crows' feet at the corners, gazed attentively at the commander.

"Wait!" said Georg. "Right now, at the last moment, some differences have again cropped up between José and the brigade, and this time I consider the brigade's in the right. Your José, dear Hein . . ."

There was a note of jealousy in Georg's voice.

"My José, my José . . . ?" asked Hein angrily.

"Yes, your José's a plain madcap. He's thought up a new plan. Suddenly wants to make the attack from two sides at once. Of course, that's nonsense. I don't like all these hitches just before an attack."

Hein saw Pedro's head appear behind the commander's chair, his protruding ears shining in the sun. I'll settle with him before I leave, thought Hein, otherwise tonight I'll find myself sleeping on the flat floor again. Then it suddenly occurred to him that he would not be coming back at all that night.

"I saw Lagos yesterday," he said.

Georg ignored the accusatory tone. "You're never against going to the hospital," he laughed. "Was Carmen there?"

Hein smiled, reddened.

"You ought to visit Lagos occasionally," he said.

"Hospitals and graveyards! You know, I send consignments there; but I'll make a personal appearance only under compulsion." He spoke boyishly, somewhat cynically.

Hein took his departure together with the Austrian. They passed the sentry and went to the car, which was standing in the shade of a mulberry bush.

"*Adónde vamos?*"[1] asked the chauffeur over his shoulder.

"Just a second!" Hein jumped quickly out again and shouted for Pedro. But the boy was not to be found; even Cabo, who was commanding the guard, did not know where he had disappeared so suddenly.

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[1] "Where are we going?"

"Hurry up! Let's get off!" the Austrian was urging him from the car.

"The young bastard stole the stones from under my mattress!" said Hein angrily.

"*No te preocupes,*"[1] announced *Teniente* Nieto, and planted himself before Hein. "I ordered him to take them."

"Can't you send to the village if you need some?"

"That way was easier," said Nieto, with an inimical look at the commissar.

Hein could not start a quarrel with him just then, so he shrugged his shoulders and went to the car.

"Nieto's a louse," growled Krull. "You should hear him talk when you're not around. He's intriguing against Fellner and against me and against Georg as well."

"Let him."

"But Georg always gives in to him. He'll stink everyone out yet."

They drove up the slope and along the broad fields of grain belonging to the cooperative. There was not a peasant to be seen.

"Not working on such a fine day?" said Hein in surprise.

"They're probably clearing up in the village and burying their dead," said the Austrian.

"It's always the same," he began complaining, in a bad humor again. "They've been preparing the action for three weeks, but I'm told nothing. I'm not allowed to go on any patrols, I don't have a chance to see the place, and then at the last moment it's 'Krull's going too.' But, then, if anything goes wrong, how can I mend matters?"

"What the hell can go wrong?" asked Hein.

They glided down the twisting road, making sharp turns, into the valley with its scarlet vines, golden wheat fields, the silver shine of olive groves, the glowing red roofs of brown mud huts, and its meadows and streams and steaming earth.

"If Georg were here," thought Hein, "I would say to him: 'Isn't this beautiful, like a poem by Claudius?'"

But over the peaceful valley rose the sharp, hard lines of the plateau, held by the enemy. Somewhat to the side the *cota mil dos* jutted out a spur which stretched forward threateningly, connected with the main crest of enemy territory only by a narrow saddle. This was the object of the attack.

From the winding road the mountain tops seemed to change their appearance at each turn. They could not tear their gaze away. It was as though they were already taking possession of it with their eyes. The Austrian's spirits rose. He pointed to the saddleback.

"That's where we must climb up," he said. "Then the first moment of surprise will be enough to cut them off."

Hein nodded, devouring the scene with his eyes as he dreamed of how they would force their way into the enemy positions, of the short sharp fight with bayonets and hand-grenades, and of victory. Not much of an affair.

"We shall command both valleys, and then we can get the whole of the harvest," he said.

As it was, the peasants could only reap at night, and of course they could not get much done that way. They no longer ventured out by day since the snipers on *cota mil dos* had wounded two of them. The heavy ears of grain were bending earthwards.

"It's certainly high time the crop was got in," Hein persisted.

"You're a peasant all right," Krull chaffed him.

[1] "Don't trouble yourself."

"Maybe, maybe," laughed Hein, flattered, and thought of a farm in Schleswig-Holstein, of green fens and bright, spotted cattle.

"I think this time it will get me!"

The Austrian's words interrupted Hein's dreaming. Krull was lying back in the car, his eyes were closed and his hands lay limply on his knees.

"What's biting you?" asked Hein sharply, hardly heeding the words. But then he looked at the other, who had a greenish pallor under his brown skin, and a hopeless smile on his lips.

"Are you feeling ill?" The older man's voice showed concern.

"I've got an unpleasant sort of feeling about the whole thing," said Krull, staring fixedly before him.

The Austrian was a man of unusual courage. Throughout the whole army the story was told of how he with ten men had covered the retreat of the brigade at Majadahonda. Now Hein felt helpless before Krull's unexpected weakness. He himself well knew the feelings that were tormenting the Austrian—who did not know them? To anyone else he would have said: "You're afraid," but he could not say it to Krull, who was sitting there with black shadows under his eyes and the anguish of death in his bosom as they drove along through the peaceful land. Krull's thoughts had taken him far away, it was other mountains and lakes he saw before him, and one whom he had once loved.

Hein knew them too, these memories. He suddenly remembered a few words, spoken hastily at the Gare d'Orsay. The train taking the emigrants to the war left at 8.15. There was the soft arm which he had felt around his neck at night . . . He sent her away before the train left. She slowly mounted the station steps, passed the clock. She was wearing a green coat. Suddenly she stopped, half way up the steps. She turned round once more, then sank down on the step and hid her face in her hands. And then the train started.

These memories were bad, they were the worst thing about the whole war. He suddenly remembered the words of the Frenchwoman: *"Vous savez ce que c'est l'amour."* If only he had not known it!

Hein's bristly eyebrows drew together in a dark line dividing his wrinkled forehead from the rest of the face. The Austrian had managed to infect him too with his silly talk.

"What did you come here for, anyway?" he asked, tapping Krull on the shoulder with his finger.

"Shaefer fell over there," ejaculated Krull, pointing further up the valley. "What was that you were asking? O, that. Very simple. I fought in Vienna in February. When they stormed the house and we couldn't hold out any longer, I got away and made my way down the canal. I'd worked there and knew every inch of it, but I must have been a bit confused at the time. Do you know where I got to? The Siebentor Barracks. The sentry arrested me at once."

As he spoke, Krull had gradually changed, his gaze had cleared, and his cheeks had regained their natural color. He turned animatedly to Hein.

"Listen!" he said. "For six weeks I was kept in prison. One morning during inspection the warden snapped: 'Krull, take the wheelbarrow over there into the corner.' I took hold of the barrow and thought, "Now, for it.' And then everything happened in a flash. I hurried with the barrow past the guard, I can still see his grin. I dashed with the barrow to the shed in the corner, tipped it up, jumped on

the barrow and from the barrow to the shed roof, from the roof to the wall—and there I was outside."

The car jolted over a narrow bridge spanning a dried-up stream. They were now driving along below the *cota mil dos*, under cover of a small hill.

"Everything went so quickly," repeated Krull, "there was no time to think of anything. It just happened, see? Well, that's how it was with my coming here. After all, this is the natural place for us to be, isn't it?"

As they came to the end of the hill, the driver stopped the car. Under the burning sun they ran along the road to the still smoking village of Vallejas, which had been bombarded by artillery two days previously.

At the entrance to the village they ran into the fat Martinez from the *dinamiteros*.[1] He had dragged a few glowing beams from the ruins of the church and was cooking his dinner over them, the pan hanging from a sword balanced between two stones. He grinned up at them, the gray ends of his mustache hanging down over his mouth.

In the former inn the officers and commissars of the battalion were standing, crowded closely together. The air in the room was heavy. Sweat was running down the face of García, the brigade commander. He had rolled up the sleeves of his uniform shirt and planted his huge arms on a tiny table. He kept continually turning to José, who was standing beside him with a wooden, expressionless face. José had smoothed back his long, Gipsy-like hair and held his head, with its clear-cut profile, very high, his mouth closed in a firm, haughty line.

[1] Dynamiters.

More disputes, thought Hein. García nervously passed his hand over his short stubble of hair which grew in a queer tangle over his low brow. Obviously, José's disapproving attitude irritated and confused him. As he spoke, the officers were wiping the sweat from their faces and necks. An earthen water jug went from hand to hand and from mouth to mouth. José stood there motionless, his hands deep in his trousers pockets. He stared fixedly at a spot on the green wall.

"The division has placed five batteries at your disposal," Hein announced. "Any counter-attack can be stopped with a barrage. The corps has agreed to give support from the air."

Hein made this announcement in a dry, business-like voice, but inwardly he was proud that he had not come with empty hands.

The officers rejoiced like children, exchanged meaning looks, nudged each other, glad they were not to fight with rifles only. Even José's face seemed to take on a little life.

Would Georg have been so liberal with his help, if I hadn't been going?—flashed through Hein's head. His shirt was sticking to his back.

Once more García spoke, reminding them of the traditions of the brigade. It had arisen from the *Columna de la Muerte*,[1] an Anarchist column; in the Sierra de Guadarrama they had held up General Mola's legionaries in their march upon Madrid. The brigade still wore the death's head as their badge.

José dismissed the officers with a few brief words. The room slowly emptied, but the air was still stifling, and eyes ached from the poisonous green of the walls. García was still there, and of course

[1] Death Column.

José. Krull made his way to Hein and introduced the reconnaissance officer. He was called Federico. A pretentious name for this face, thought Hein, shaking hands. Federico's hand was soft and moist.

Instinctively Hein reached for the empty jug standing on the table, and passed his stumpy fingers over the cool curves of the vessel. It was pleasant to the touch. He continued turning the jug in his hands, and listened to the Austrian, who was asking when the start was timed for.

This nearly led to an altercation. José wanted to set off at half past three, and the brigade commander supported him. Sunrise would be at half past five. Hein had to interfere. The division had already found fault with the time set for starting in the plan of attack.

"At three o'clock, then," the brigade commander finally agreed. He smacked his thick lips as he spoke, and continually passed his hand over his stubbly hair.

Krull would have preferred to start a full hour earlier. "A night march over an unknown terrain, one never knows what may happen," he said, but reconciled himself. "At three sharp, then."

Hein, balancing the earthen jug in his hands, looked at García. He remembered that in civil life the latter had been a stage manager. The theaters can't start very punctually in this country, he thought. He would have liked to speak to José, but the latter had to go with García to the brigade headquarters to see about the machine-guns and ammunition.

"We shall see each other this evening," said José and winked at Hein. Contrasted with José's usual indifference, this wink seemed so merry and confidential that it melted the oppressive feeling that had possessed Hein during the conversation.

Together with Krull, Hein went down the hill, following a narrow alley which wound between the mud huts and finally disappeared into the valley at the edge of the village. The *cota mil dos* lay before them, flanked by a second tongue of high land. They had not seen before that they would have to go round this. They leaned against a shed wall, smoking and looking over at the mountain.

"What do you think of this one?" Krull began. "Two Jews met in the street . . ."

The enemy trenches on the height could be distinguished with the naked eye. The Austrian had shoved his cap back onto his neck. Without taking his eyes from the height, he said:

"I don't like the looks of the reconnaissance officer."

Hein, focussing his field glasses, only growled in reply.

"If only García doesn't play us a dirty trick," ejaculated Krull.

"You've been doing nothing but croak the whole day!" Hein was angry. "You'd do better to make sure that everything's in order tonight!"

They discovered that the enemy had dug a second line of trenches on the summit; the fresh piles of earth were easily visible.

"The first company must break through, the others can clean out the trenches to the right and left," suggested the Austrian.

"But aren't the machine-guns to be brought up at once?"

"Of course, we shall use those to cut them off."

"That's where we'll climb up," said Krull, pointing out a pale narrow zigzag on the mountain side. He broke off and suddenly jumped down into the lane. "Look out!"

"What's up?" asked Hein, lowering his glass. There was a report, and fragments of stone and mud

sprayed out from the wall beside him. In two leaps he had followed the Austrian, and with compressed lips took cover behind the corner of a wall, keeping his eye on the shed wall. The next two shots rebounded from the exact spot where they had been standing.

"We'll settle with the bastards tomorrow!" growled Krull. He had quite recovered his spirits, and fetched Federico in order to point out the newly discovered trenches on the height. He also wanted to discuss the line of march with him, hear the latest reports of the patrols and statements of soldiers who had come over from the enemy side.

Hein went to Torija, the former staff headquarters which had been bombed that morning. The village still smelt of smoke and burning when they entered. Yesterday, a house had been standing there, at the corner; now it was in ruins. One room on the first floor was undamaged by the bomb, it seemed to be protesting against its shameless exposure up there. There was a bed, a mirror and a green water jug in the room. Men and women were standing around like mourners at a funeral. A boy was attempting to climb up a beam to get into the room.

Hein stopped the car, joined the peasants, and stood there with them, looking silently at the stones and beams and smashed household articles, and at the two women in the middle. They were biting the corners of their shawls to stifle their crying, making suppressed, plaintive sounds.

Among the peasants was the black-bearded, one-eyed Manolo, an old revolutionary, who was in charge of the cooperative. Under the rule of General Primo de Rivera he had been in prison, and during a prison mutiny a guard had knocked out his eye.

"You aren't out in the fields today?" Hein said to him.

"We've got other things to do." Manolo's teeth gleamed through his matted beard.

Hein felt uncomfortable and in order to change the subject asked indifferently:

"Whose house was it?"

"Those two," answered the peasant, pointing to two women. "They got into the *refugio* just in time. Nobody else lived there."

"What are they crying for then?" ejaculated Hein.

"It was their house!" Manolo's deep voice had a ring of surprise and censure. He placed his horny hand on Hein's shoulder and added: "And both their goats were inside."

"When will this war come to an end?" he whispered and made a gesture as though he would clap his hand over his own mouth, but nevertheless continued: "When people are killed—well, I suppose that's how it has to be. But what harm have our cattle done them?"

Manolo moved away with Hein, walking beside him with short, swaying steps on his bowed legs. He had tucked his hands under the black shirt which hung over his trouser tops.

"You must understand . . ." he began hesitatingly.

"Are you going out to the fields tomorrow?" Hein interrupted him.

"They don't want to go any more," grumbled the one-eyed man. "They want to leave here. They can't stand it any more!"

"But you've got good *refugios* here, haven't you?"

"But I tell you, they've had enough of it!" insisted Manolo. "They've talked of nothing else but of going away the whole day long! We have eighty children here in the village!"

"Send them away!"

"You're not a Spaniard!" Manolo shook his head. "They'll never do

that. I've done everything possible, really I have. But they've had enough of it!"

The one-eyed man took a couple of pumpkin seeds out of his pocket and began to chew.

"There is the land to think about," said Hein. "You have taken it for yourselves. The Government has given it to you and supplied you with seeds and manure. Now you want to run off. And what about your fields? In the fields the grain will be lost. We can't have that."

Manolo was silent.

"What will the army live on in winter?"

Manolo was silent.

"What will you eat? What will you give your children to eat?"

Manolo spat out the pumpkin husks, and continued to say nothing.

Hein stood still, and looked at Manolo challengingly.

"Are you frightened too, Manolo?" he asked. "You too?"

"*Hombre*,[1] how can you say that?" cried the peasant. "In 1933 I sat in prison! I had my eye knocked out *por la causa!*"[2]

"Listen," said Hein quickly. "I'll talk with division headquarters. You shall have anti-aircraft guns—two machine-guns, anyway. Will you all stay then?"

Manolo's white teeth flashed in a smile.

"We'll see," he said, hesitating still.

They had come to the village square. The encroaching darkness mingled with the shadows under the two cork oaks; from the valley the ruined castle of the Knights Templars rose out of the shadows, crows wheeling about its towers. Surrounded by a cloud of dust, the herd of goats were driven onto the square, where they were awaited by children and old people; these now made their way among the animals, singling out their own and calling them by pet names. The caressing voices mingled with the impatient clatter of small hoofs.

Manolo also went to look for his goat.

"And when will the war come to an end?" Hein called after him.

"After the victory!" the peasant shouted back, shaking his fist.

The confusion of people and animals filled the square for a few seconds, then separated into streams flowing down the narrow lanes radiating into the village. The dust sank wearily back to the ground, darkness and oppression brooded over the square. Hein felt himself a stranger.

He had his workroom in the former smithy and here on the table the Frenchwoman's handbag was still lying, a small receptacle of brown polished leather. He had quite forgotten to send the body to the corps headquarters. With hesitating movements he opened the bag and shook its contents out on the table. There was a lipstick, a soldier's photograph, a fifty centimo piece, all of them mingled with pink powder and tobacco. There was also a French passport: Marguerite Delaunay, born December 12, 1908, a powder compact, and a pass made out by the Madrid police in the name: Margarita de la Unay—a more Spanish-sounding name. In the small diary was the address of the French Embassy in Madrid.

Before the war, she had told him, she had been a teacher in a French private school.

Hein turned over the leaves of the little book, looked at the pictures beside the names of the months, snapped open the powder compact, pulled the lipstick out of its case. He was thoughtful, disquieted and annoyed. He had a feeling of dis-

[1] Man!
[2] For the cause!

gust for these relics of the dead woman and disgust for himself, raking among them, always seeking a secret. Was it not enough that he had given her such a terrible night, such a terrible last night? He could hear her voice, as she had told him why she had not gone to France.

"*Ah, je ne pouvais pas partir, j'étais amoureuse.*"[1]

The strong deep voice had been a surprise to him, for the woman was small and rather dainty. He remembered how he had laughed. He felt ashamed.

He shaved before the shattered mirror over the chest of drawers, and then changed into a pair of old long linen trousers and *alpargatas*[2] instead of his high boots. It was pleasant to walk in them. Their bast soles were soft, one moved soundlessly as an animal.

He shoved the revolver and a hand grenade into the pocket of his leather jacket, remembering as he did so the first night attack in the University City. They had wiped them out with grenades and bayonets before they had had time to properly open their eyes. What a sight the trenches had been!

Now he was ready. There was only one thing more to do. He pulled his diary out of the drawer and placed it in an envelope, together with his money and Lisa's last letter. Others usually added an address, the name of a beloved woman, to whom information was to be sent in case of death. Hein had nobody. Lisa had written to him: "This is no life. And love cannot be like this—always alone. Every night crying and freezing in bed and trembling in fear and crying again. I must forget you or I shall die. Yesterday I was with Bernhard. We took a boat and went out on the swan lake in the Bois. . . ."

Vous savez ce que c'est l'amour. . .

The Frenchwoman again.

He wrote the commander's name on the envelope and called the commandant to find out what had been done with the corpse.

"The corpse? Yes, at first they did think she was dead, but it turned out that she was only seriously wounded. Two splinters in the thigh. She's in hospital."

Hein looked dubiously at the powder compact, passport and lipstick on the table. He felt a certain disappointment over her not being dead. Nothing was straightforward with her, he thought; naturally she had lied.

Hastily he swept the things from the table back into the handbag and drove to the hospital. He shook hands with Lagos, who was lying alone, leg elevated, head bandaged. With pale lips Lagos grumbled wearily: "That cursed motor accident!"

"Everything ready for tomorrow?" Hein asked the doctor who was preceding him along the corridor.

Through his glasses the doctor's eyes asked plainly: "What the devil has that got to do with you?" That was what nearly everyone here thought. Hein answered with a friendly smile.

"How many will you send us?" asked the doctor.

"Hard to say," said Hein thoughtfully. "Fifty, sixty, at least."

"That's child's play for us!" smiled the doctor proudly, and opened the door to the women's ward.

Nobody ever expects to be wounded, thought Hein. One thinks of death, but not of wounds.

The Frenchwoman's face was completely hidden in bandages. Only the tip of the nose was to be seen,

[1] "Oh, I could not leave; I was in love."

[2] Bast shoes.

and the mouth which had lied about love. There was a drop of saliva in the corner of the mouth, with black flies clustering round it. Her right leg had been amputated, and the doctor doubted whether he could bring her through. Hein drove off the flies with his hand and carefully laid the handbag on the chair.

He went through the courtyard of the old cloister. In the middle of the square, on the side of the well, sat Carmen, the blond Spanish nurse. She had probably heard that he was in the hospital. He passed her with almost a slight feeling of fear and drove back to camp.

He had hoped to meet Georg, but the latter had been summoned to Madrid.

For dinner there was watery salt fish. *Teniente* Marcus asked after Krull. Under the trees at the side the motor of the small radio station was throbbing; the *teletipo* was intercepting the enemy report.

"*Oiga, hay buenas noticias?*"[1] the chief of staff asked cheerfully, and took the red slip. He read the report and silently passed it on to Hein. Gijon had fallen. The last resistance in the north was broken. The enemy jubilantly announced thirty thousand prisoners. . . . The shadows of moths and mosquitoes, attracted by the light, danced over the red slip containing the sad news.

"What's the matter?" Nieto asked the *teletipo*. The latter said nothing, but gnawed at his upper lip with its small mustache.

"Did you finish all the *Kümmel* this morning?" asked Hein. Gijon had fallen. And there was nothing more to drink.

An orderly brought the orders for the next day, and Alonso asked Fellner if anyone had caught that son-of-a-bitch Pedro. Fellner shook his head, worried.

"We'll shut him up for eight days this time!" said Alonso threateningly, and everyone round the table laughed, even the gloomy Nieto.

In front of the camp motorcycles roared by. The dispatch riders were taking the day's orders to the brigades.

The chief of staff yawned and waited for Hein to say something. Nieto was arguing with Marcus, whom he wanted to take Sunday duty for him.

"What do you need leave for?" Nieto jeered. "What'll you do in Madrid with your damaged watering can?"

It was time for Hein to go, but he was having an argument with Fellner about cigarettes.

"You and Krull have special rations," said Fellner, "you must manage with that. The Spaniards are making a noise about it already. I have no more cigarettes for you."

Finally Hein went into Georg's tent and stole three packets of *Luckies* from the case under the commander's bed. He had intended to take four, but on second thought that seemed too many so he threw one back again.

Then he drove through the night to Vallejas.

Gijon had fallen. They had been expecting it for a week, for more, a fortnight, almost three weeks. Then they had become used to the resistance, the unbelievable resistance which the town was putting up against overwhelmingly superior forces. Thinking only of their own sector of the front, their own division, they had forgotten the little town in the north. Now it had fallen. There was nothing to be surprised about; the surprising thing was that it had held out for so long. The surprising thing was that the war was still going on at all, despite all the predictions

[1] "What, there is good news?"

of European military experts who had foretold its end a year before.

"They'll see a miracle yet," thought Hein grimly, full of pride in this army which was in itself a miracle, born of the war, built up out of nothing, organized during battle, taught discipline through defeat. A magnificent improvisation!

He leaned back in his seat. This army meant a great deal, it was good to belong to it.

He ran over the preceding day in his mind, and shook his head. He was dissatisfied. He ought to have done more. Today he should have written the article on the aims of the war. If only everyone could see quite clearly what he was fighting for, the troops would learn to march, and they would save a great deal of petrol.

The driver suddenly jammed the brakes on and Hein was thrown against the side of the car. He had been asleep. A black shadow sprang out of the light of the headlights into the field.

"*Alto! Alto!*"[1] shouted Hein, reaching for his revolver.

"*Camaradas*! Take me with you!" called a voice out of the darkness.

"Why do you run away, then?" asked the driver.

"You come out first!" called Hein.

Curses sounded from the darkness.

"Hands up and onto the road!" commanded Hein. "Quick, or I fire."

A figure came creeping out of the darkness. Eyes gleaming, Pedro stood in the light of the headlights.

"*El amigo Pedro*,"[2] said the surprised driver sarcastically, "I've heard that you're going to spend eight days in the *calabozo*, this time."

The boy came nearer.

"I wanted to go to Vallejas," he said with tears in his voice. "*Señor*, the battalion is attacking tonight. I must be there. I've always been there before. I belong there!"

"You can watch everything from the *calabozo*," said Hein, pulling the boy into the car. Pedro crouched into a corner.

"I belong there," he began once more, hesitatingly.

"You left your post, you're a bad soldier," Hein scolded him.

Pedro snarled in his corner, obstinately. As they turned into the winding road the chauffeur switched off the lights. The depths and the road were now equally black. The night was as black as a pit.

Slowly the car slid down into the valley.

Then Hein heard the boy sobbing and snuffling beside him. Suddenly Pedro's small hand slid into his large one, and when Hein drew him nearer, the boy leaned against his shoulder and cried.

"No, I'm not afraid of the *calabozo*," he protested and his small fist clenched. "But let me go with you. I belong there."

Hein put his arm round the boy; after all, he had nothing but the army. José's battalion was hearth and home for him.

"José shall settle what is to happen to you tonight," Hein decided. "But, however it may be, tomorrow morning I shall take you back and you'll be shut up. Agree?"

"*Si, señor!*" declared Pedro earnestly, wriggled away from Hein's arm and sat erect on the seat.

"If we're going along together, you can give me a cigarette," he suggested in a comradely tone.

When they arrived in Vallejas, Hein could hardly find his way about in the confusion of ruins, houses, and people, for the battalion was beginning to gather in the

[1] "Stop! Stop!"
[2] "Friend Pedro."

village. The soldiers whispered, the officers gave their commands under their breath; the smallest light was blown out angrily.

José and the Austrian went and sat in a small back room in the inn lighted by two candles on the table. Carlos jumped up and embraced Hein, patting his shoulders Spanish fashion.

Pedro rubbed his hands in embarrassment, but his brown eyes scrutinized the faces with a cunning gleam. José decided that he could go with the stretcher bearers.

The rigidity of the afternoon had disappeared from José's face. The touch of his hand on Hein's shoulder was almost tender, and he looked at him with something like merriment in his face. His gaze fixed on the flame before him, Krull reported that the reserve battalion had now arrived, and part of the guard had been relieved. Within an hour at most the battalion would be in the village in full force.

"We'll bring them out of the trenches—they've been there for three months—and lead them to the attack!" he said, and interrupted himself to ask, "But halt! Where are the cigarettes?"

Krull got one box, José the other. José immediately leaned over the table and lighted one in the flame of a candle. He was wearing a dark woollen blouse, with his badge, a five-pointed star with a broad golden stripe, shining on the left breast pocket.

"I don't like the reconnaissance officer," said the alert Austrian.

José was walking up and down the room, hands deep in the pockets of his linen trousers. He had a very characteristic gait, very full of pride, thought Hein.

An officer entered and reported that the munitions had not yet arrived. Krull went out, cursing, to telephone brigade headquarters.

Meanwhile José had stopped in front of the table, and was standing there, hands in pockets, the soft sheen of the candles lighting up his face. A cigarette was hanging in the corner of his mouth.

"*Viento verde, noche verde,*"[1] he whispered, and then in his deep, ringing voice he recited Garcia Lorca's love poem through, gazing into the flame of the candle, which fluttered under his breath, before his ardent phrases, so that the man's shadow danced over the wall, expanding and contracting, obliterating the boundaries of the room as the rhythmical voice obliterated time. They forgot where they were, and what this hour was. All three forgot—for Pedro was still in the room, listening to the incomprehensible words as to a prayer.

Till Krull kicked open the door and broke the spell.

"The machine-guns and munitions are only just being loaded," he shouted angrily.

José shrugged his shoulders and looked at the Austrian with an expression of ill humor on his face. "There's time yet," he said calmly, but then changed his mind and decided to speak to brigade headquarters himself.

Hein left the house and stumbled through the darkness to the *dinamiteros*. Behind heavily draped windows, the three sat on the floor in the light of an oil lamp sorting out all kinds of old metal which they dragged from a sack lying in the middle, and looking for all the world like three scavengers sorting out their findings. They were making hand grenades from every kind of old tin.

The stout Martínez handed Hein a slender, mouse-colored cylinder, a foreign-made incendiary bomb.

"Pretty?" he asked Hein.

"Yes," answered Hein, rather wonderingly.

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[1] Grass of the wind, grass of the night.

"They are just the right size," explained the stout man. "And we have quite a pile of these. Only today we found a round dozen of them up in the village. They just won't burn. I sometimes think there must be some good comrades working in that place." His scarred finger tapped the factory mark stamped in the metal.

"The amount of stuff they've left with us the last few weeks!" wondered Pablo, the youngest of the three, and laughed. "We'll take it all back to them tonight!"

While Pablo bent over his exercise book again, the other two fastened slings to the cylinders. The things were too highly charged simply to be thrown with the hand, Rodriguez explained to Hein.

"Pablo writes down everything in that book of his," said Martínez, indicating the boy with his thumb. The latter was sitting by the wall under the lamp, licking his pencil for a fresh effort. "You see, he is the only one of us three who has learned to write. It was in Carabanchel. Moro was opposite us, and we were having a hot time. Every afternoon our teacher came. He was often dead scared, but he came all the same, always at the same time, and he always kept on urging us to learn to write . . . at that time we had other things in our heads. But a soldier without culture is no soldier, he said."

Martínez laughed good humoredly and paused for a moment in his work.

"He really was a persistent fellow, that teacher. But my fingers weren't made for that sort of work," he continued, but stopped again, stretching out his big, heavy hands to Hein. He could see for himself that with such fingers it was impossible ever to learn to write. It was only after Hein had nodded that he continued.

"He used to write our letters to our wives. Only Pablo couldn't tell him all he wanted to say, he was only just married, you see. So he learned to write. And then Pepe also began, there were four of us then. You don't know Pepe—he fell soon after. Anyway, he couldn't really write properly. But Pablo learned and then he wrote our letters for us. Now he doesn't have to do this for us any more—the scoundrels have taken our villages. And they have our wives now."

Martínez spat angrily. Pablo slammed the book to.

"I am writing everything down, just as it happens," he said. "Then later on I can read it all to my children, just the way it was."

"And will you lend us the book, too?" asked Martínez.

"But you can't read," Pablo spoke scornfully.

"Our children will learn," said Rodríguez.

"And sooner than yours, that's certain," snapped Martínez.

Pablo rolled up the exercise book and began to put it into his breast pocket.

"No, don't take it with you," cried the fat man, alarmed; "here, put it with our things."

He took the book from Pablo and pushed it into a knapsack. Hein sat on the floor in a corner, knees drawn up, and remembered the envelope which he had left on the table in Torija. What a simple thing it was, to prepare for death! He felt a kind of security with the three of them, but he had to go. The *dinamiteros* spread out their straw mattreses and lay down. They breathed evenly and deeply.

"Half an hour's sleep, and then a mouthful of rum," said Pablo.

As Hein stood on the threshold, he heard Martínez laugh.

"Can you beat it!" said the stout man, "today they had no cigars

in the canteen. They've got a nerve! Well, I said we just wouldn't go till we got them. I raised hell! Well, they managed to find some after all, I guess they must have been keeping them for the staff. Pablo wrote that down as well."

Hein pushed aside the sack hanging before the door. It was raining slightly. He slid on the rounded cobble stones, stumbled over a charred beam. The soldiers had drawn hoods over their heads, or stood in groups sheltering under woollen blankets. There was swearing, soft laughter, and the ring of metal.

José had sent for the officers again. They were all gathered in the small room with the green walls. But this meeting was quite different from that of midday. They were all ready for the march, in dark coats, most of them without any mark of rank, for the enemy shot all officers taken. A happy excitement filled them. They were glad to get out of those lousy positions, to attack, instead of waiting about all the time. Here, and there, however, Hein also saw a pale, contorted face, betraying tension and fear. Krull and José were standing by the table, talking. José suddenly laughed loudly—the Austrian must have told him a joke.

A sentry, wearing his steel helmet and carrying a rifle, entered and shut the door. The talking died down. José read the orders in the same deep voice with which he had previously recited the verses by Lorca.

The reconnaissance column, headed by the *dinamiteros*, were to capture the enemy trenches. The first company was to follow and break through to the summit immediately, without stopping.

Hein listened, glad that Krull's plan had been accepted. He looked at the reconnaissance officer. Krull has said that he did not like the look of him. Hein did not like the look of him, either, as he sat at the table, alternately clasping and unclasping his hands. He could not keep still. As he felt Hein's gaze his nostrils distended and he kept his hands clasped on the table. But Hein saw that it was an effort, the fingers twitched as though trying to come apart of themselves.

The sight annoyed Hein and he looked away. Then he discovered Pedro, who had seated himself on the floor in a corner, so as not to be noticed. From there he gazed up at José admiringly.

"Is everything clear?" asked José, after repeating the plan of attack once more.

"*Si, mi Comandante,*"[1] answered the men in chorus.

"During the march the commander will be at the end of the first column. The battalion will take up its position for battle at the point of the break-through in the enemy trenches on *cota mil dos.*"

The officers waited, expecting to be dismissed. But José rapped with his knuckles on the table once more demanding attention. With a movement of his head, he summoned the sentry from the door.

"*A sus ordenes*![2]

"The flag," ordered José loudly, "bring the flag in!"

The sentry opened the door and one of the guards entered, his rifle in one hand and the flag in the other. He passed the Austrian and, approaching the table, came to a halt opposite José.

Red, gold and violet. The colors of the Republic. The flag fell in heavy, perpendicular folds, the light flickering on the colors. The officers all gazed. José gave them plenty of time. The flagstaff trembled a little in the soldier's hand and

[1] "Yes, my commander."
[2] "Yes, sir!"

the cloth stirred slightly. All saw it, and in the stillness it seemed as though they could hear it rustling. José stood silent, and let the flag speak.

Minutes passed, without one word. The officers looked at the flag, and slowly bowed their heads.

"I think we'll take it with us," said José quietly, as though he had only just thought of it. "Let everyone see it once more. Not everyone will have the chance to see it tomorrow"—he raised his voice slightly—"when it waves on the *cota mil dos.*"

The officers nodded. It would be good to have the flag with them. Early next morning it would be planted up there. There was always a wind on the summit, it would be visible over the whole countryside.

"Who will bear the flag?" asked José.

"*Yo, Comandante, yo!*"[1] cried Pedro from his corner, scuttled quickly over the floor between the officers' legs and jumped up by the table. His face was red, glowing. He looked imploringly at José and stretched out his hands to the flag.

"*Pedro! El hijo perdido!*"[2] shouted the officers, and the surprised José also cried: "Pedro!"

Then he put his hand on the boy's shoulder and decided quickly: "The flag will go with the fourth company."

Pedro's small fist clutched the flagstaff. Head thrown back, he looked up at the golden five-pointed star at the top. His mouth was still open in surprise. A few hours ago Hein had threatened him with eight days' arrest, and now he was to bear the flag. He could hardly believe his own happiness.

"Off with you, Pedro, to the fourth company," ordered José, giving him a slight push.

That roused Pedro. He raised the flag and waved it in the air above the candles, which were nearly blown out, shouting: "*Vive yo!*" "*Vive yo!*"[1]

That was a happy start. They all stumbled down the stairs and emerged on the street. The rain had stopped. The sky was full of clear, bright stars.

The officers ran hastily to their companies. A canteen car drove up, and coffee was handed out in thick, clumsy mugs. Hein did not want to drink, but the Austrian pressed a metal mug into his hand, with which Hein dipped deep into the already half empty pot. The liquid was hot, and contained more rum than coffee.

"What do you think of all that with the flag?" asked Krull.

"Splendid," answered Hein. "Now they're all in just the right mood!"

"This rum's the best inspiration for an offensive! Let's hope it lasts till we're on top!"

Hein was tempted to tell the Austrian that Gijon had fallen, but instead he asked:

"What are we still waiting for, anyway?"

Krull blew in his mug and took a careful sip. He gestured towards a corner of the dark square.

"The machine-guns and munitions have only just arrived." he said. "They're being unloaded over there."

Hein looked at his watch. Ten past three.

"There are at least two companies up there," said the Austrian. "I'll bet my boots on that. Well, never mind. We'll take the height all the same. Our lads are splendid."

"I've just been with the *dinamiteros*," Hein nodded.

"Well, and aren't they great?

[1] "I, commander, I!"
[2] "Pedro! The prodigal son!"

[1] "Long live I! Long live I."

Of course, we'll take the height. If only we get up there at the right time!"

Hein ran across the square and found José in the corner where the machine-gun ammunition was being distributed.

"Do you see that?" asked José angrily. "They've sent us the stuff in nailed up cases! Thank God, here comes the last. Now we can march."

The companies moved in a dark stream over the square, turned down the village street and into the valley. Hein and José stood and let the companies march past. First company, second, third, fourth.

Hein saw the flag and waved in the darkness. Then José dragged him away, and they ran forward. On the way Hein heard someone whispering: "*Dos judios se enquentran en una calle. . . .*"[1]

"Krull," he called softly, "Krull, come over here!"

The Austrian detached himself from the column, and walking rapidly they were overtaking the troops. Hein tried to see into the faces of the men by his side, but the darkness was too intense.

Before the little bridge at the end of the village the battaion halted once more. José, Hein and the Austrian took their places just behind the reconnaissanee column.

"*Adelante,*"[2] called José, sotto voce.

Straw had been spread on the wooden planks of the bridge and they crossed silently. They left the quiet riddled village behind and entered No-Man's-Land. The night protected them, concealed them from the foe. The night hid the way from them, its treacherous lurking silence would carry every sound to the enemy.

One after the other, the men crossed the bridge, the soft soles of their *alpargatas* making no sound. In a long column they skirted the bamboo thicket. A waterfowl suddenly flew up with a loud flapping of wings.

Hein looked at José's broad, rather round back. He had his hands in his pockets again and was walking with his calm haughty step.

"He is neither happy nor unhappy," thought Hein, "he is lonely. He is as lonely here, in his own land, as I am here in a strange one!"

He reached out and touched José's shoulder. Without pausing in his march, the Spaniard turned his head. Hein thought that he could see his face, his fancy even painted a smile there, on the shadowed features. His fingers closed round an imaginary whittling knife. He had often whittled all kinds of figures after work, when he had found an especially fine piece of wood. He would like to try José's head sometime.

They remained in the depths of the valley till they had passed the jutting mass of highland, and it was only when its dark mass shut out the stars behind them, and the way back to their positions, that they began to mount the slope of the *cota mil dos.*

"*Alto! Alto!*" was suddenly passed in a whisper from the rear, and the third company reported that the fourth had lost touch with them and was not following.

Krull swore and went back to seek the company.

The ground was hard, and in some places rocky. Hein grasped a gorse twig and the thorns pierced his hand. The soldiers carefully seated themselves, Hein and José standing among them. Neither of them was wearing a steel helmet,

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[1] "Two Jews meet on the street . . ."
[2] "Forward!"

and Hein could feel the cold wind on his brow.

This pause was not good. They were delivered to the night and their own thoughts, in a strange land, with the enemy before them.

Georg did not want me to go, thought Hein, why am I going? he asked himself; what am I doing here? I should have written the article for the division newspaper. I could have gone to the corps staff and heard the news. I could have stayed in the hospital with Carmen. But these Spanish women always want to get married first. Why am I going? What am I doing here? If you court danger you are likely to perish in the end, as the old saying has it.

That was how it began. Hein could feel the sweat starting from his pores. That's from marching, he thought, trying to reason away his fear. But he could no longer elude it. It had gripped him. His gums were dry, his heart hammered. His hands shook in the pocket of his leather jacket. Ashamed, he grasped revolver and grenade.

What's the matter with you, man? he asked himself. What's up? You have nobody to worry about you. If you go down, nobody will notice it. Are you afraid? You? You just stand there and give orders and send other people forward and they've got to look as if they like it or they get hell!

Krull appeared, panting. He had found the company, but a great deal of time had been lost.

"We must march faster!" Hein insisted, still rather hoarsely, and was glad to be moving again, so as to forget his thoughts and fears.

Slowly the soldiers rose again, and the column gradually wound along the slippery, stony path up the mountain side. After a while it seemed to Hein that they were not on any path at all. The slope became steeper and steeper. Thorny bushes clutched at his legs, he had to tear himself free with every step. Just behind him a man slipped and dropped his machine-gun, which fell with a clatter on the stony ground. The column halted, all held their breath and listened, head thrust forward. But the night was still, only the man who had fallen moaned softly. Another man had to carry his machine-gun for him.

As they continued their march, Hein looked up at the sky. The darkness already seemed less intense. The marchers began to hurry, and all the time the way was becoming rougher and steeper. In order to avoid stumbling, Hein watched José, whose light *alpargatas* were now clearly visible. Hein wondered at José's confident tread. He began to feel heated from the hurried climb. The men were having difficulty in suppressing their panting and gasping, especially those carrying machine-guns, for whom it was particularly difficult.

Another half hour's marching, then again the command was given to halt. The soldiers immediately slid carefully between the gorse bushes to the ground and seated themselves, already exhausted.

José, Hein and the Austrian went quickly forward, past the men lying on the ground. There Federico, the reconnaissance officer, was awaiting them. Together with him, they climbed a few steps into the bushes, which were studded with boulders. The mountain rose steeply before them. Its black silhouette was crowned by a strip of light.

If only I had sent the Frenchwoman to corps headquarters after questioning her, yesterday, thought Hein. Perhaps after all something could have been got out of her.

Federico pointed to the peak. That was where they were to attack.

A melancholy tune floated down to them from the mountain top.

One of the enemy sentries was singing.

"My God, we'll never get up here," groaned the Austrian.

The sentry's song rang out; Hein knew the words well.

". . . *soy un hombre*"[1]—now the "*yo*" comes on a high note—"*yo, que sufre, cuando . . .*"[2]

"Exactly what I thought! The fellow doesn't know the way at all!" Krull had hold of Federico by his collar and was shaking him.

The notes of the song flowed into each other. Like an aeolian harp, thought Hein. There had sometimes been things like that in gardens at home.

Was the singer up there one of the snipers who had shot down the peasants in the valley? A sniper, a soldier, an enemy, a man who longed for his wife?

The loudspeaker was taken to the mountain by night. "You are good shots," they called out to the men on the top, "one must give you credit for that. But there's one fault to be found with you—you're shooting in the wrong direction!"

Federico wanted to shake the Austrian off him, but Krull hung on like a bulldog.

"What are we doing here? Where is the path? Damn it, where is the path?"

Krull would not let Federico go: for a moment it seemed as though he would knock him down. Then he dragged the Spaniard with him into the bushes to the right, to look for the path.

"How can it be?" whispered Hein, in dismay. He saw with horror that every feature of José's face was visible, the high brow, the straight, slightly hooked nose, the full mouth. José sought for an answer. He glanced left and right, the whites of his eyes flickered agitatedly. His mouth opened in a silent laugh. With his hand he indicated the troop lying behind them. The soldiers were about eighty paces away, and every form was clearly visible.

Hein did not want to see, he closed his eyes. The voice of the sentry on the top was still sounding, this time in a light, merry song. And as he fell silent, a bird arose from the bushes and soared up to greet the breaking day.

"We are too late, José!" called Hein, with accusation in his tone. He started as a twig snapped in the bushes near him, but it was only Krull who pushed his way out of the thicket, followed by Federico. Krull reported:

"I've found the path!"

It seemed like mockery, he had found the path which they could no longer use.

The four men stood there together looking up at the heights. There was nothing more to be said. They were in despair. Each of them was thinking of the same thing: "Now at this very second, we ought to be up there and attacking the enemy trenches with the first shimmer of light."

"How much further is it?" asked José. There was no ring in his voice now, the words seemed to be forced out, and his hoarse tones dissolved in the green twilight.

"Ten to fifteen minutes at least," answered Krull almost sympathetically.

"Impossible," said José softly, clasping his hands behind his head with a strange gesture as though wanting to stay here a long time, and wait for the sun to appear behind the cliff tops.

The Austrian breathed deeply, with difficulty; Federico stood near him, looking up at the height with an uncertain, wandering gaze.

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[1] ". . . I am a man —"

[2] "I, who suffers, when . . ."

"Well, and what now?" Hein insisted, though he knew well enough what would happen now.

Hein felt pain as he saw how José's arms sank.

"What do you think? We march back!"

Hein felt dew on his leather jacket. He passed his hand over it, then wiped the moisture over his face, his brow and cheeks, which had suddenly become feverishly hot. How can we go back, he thought. What will it look like? We haven't attacked, we haven't fired a shot, and then we go back, just turn round and go home like a lot of schoolboys out for a walk? What will they say to us?

Why did he ask himself such questions? He knew well enough what they would say! Georg was now waiting at the division lookout point. He could see him standing there, staring before him, watch in hand, his tall form bent, looking into the field glasses. Five batteries were standing ready. Down there, at Guadalajara, the pilots were sitting in the machines, cursing because the order to start did not come to put an end to their waiting. At corps headquarters, they were waiting by the telephone for the first report. The army was waiting. The whole land was waiting, watching for the flag to rise on the heights of *cota mil dos.*

We cannot go back, he thought, pushing Krull aside and springing after José, who was already on the way to the men. He grasped José's shoulder and swung him around.

"*Hombre!*[1] attack, attack!"

Once more, José looked appraisingly up at the height. The morning light, foe to their enterprise, was reflected in his eyes. He waved his hand wearily.

"Too late, Hein!"

But Hein was not giving up.

"Perhaps we can make it, after all!" he insisted.

José's smiling glance hardened. He pushed away Hein's hand.

"And the men? It makes no difference to you what will happen to them!"

"Who the hell cares, anyway?" shouted Hein, losing all control of himself.

"You're afraid to go back," said José slowly. He shoved his hands into his pockets and continued on his way.

"He's more reason for fear than I have," thought Hein viciously, and watched him walking over to the men. A few words of command sounded, and the soldiers rose slowly, wonderingly.

"If we could only manage it! If we could only manage it!" whispered Krull. But in Hein another feeling had already conquered the bitterness at José having seen through him.

"What courage!" he whispered respectfully.

The soldiers of the reconnaissance column were already descending the mountain side. Then, further down, there was a moment of confusion.

"Look! Do you see? Look there!" cried Krull and grabbed Hein's arm with one hand, pointing with the other to the men, who were beginning to run.

"Swine! Swine!"

Krull moved towards the valley with long, slow strides. Hein saw how he drew his revolver and slipped the safety catch.

We must arrest the reconnaissance officer at once, he suddenly thought. I'm not going to get it in the neck for this mess.

José—his hands still in his pockets—was speaking to the men, calming them. But they had already started to run. One dropped his steel helmet, which clattered over the rocks. A whistle sounded from

[1] Fellow.

the mountain top. Firing began. The bullets tore the leaves from the trees with a sound like heavy rain. With an angry thudding the cross fire from the tops swept over the ground.

Hein had thrown himself down. Federico must be arrested, he thought, trying to smother the self-reproaches which nevertheless continued to assail him.

Why did I give way when we were arguing over the time of march? And when we set off I looked at the watch, and saw that it was already too late. Why didn't I stop the departure? I could have rung Georg up.

He knew well enough why he had not done it. He had thought about it, but had not trusted his own judgment, he had been afraid of making himself ridiculous, afraid they would laugh at him, think that he is a coward.

The enemy firing was sweeping the troop down the stony slope into the valley. Wounded men screamed, staggered, and dragged others with them as they fell and rolled down the slope. For a moment Hein saw the Austrian, who tried to halt the men, but was swept along with the stream.

Hein pressed his head against the hard, cool rock. He was filled with shame at having shown José his shrinking, but he could not conquer his fear of retreat, and mentally continued expostulating with José: "We should attack, all the same!"

As the firing died down, he rose. His shoulder and knee were painful, and his eyes ached with weariness. He picked up a rifle which he found there, and supported himself on it as he climbed down. He felt a great dreariness, a desire to weep.

Down in the valley the troop was assembling, the soldiers' faces looking like pale smears above the torn and dirty uniforms. Their features were still distorted with panic, and when one of them attempted to smile the effect was ghastly. Their sunken eyes stared fixedly, blankly. They were still wondering what had taken place. They shrugged their shoulders. Was it our fault? We had marched where we were ordered to march. We were ready to attack. But where were we led? Were we to remain without cover under fire? What did they expect of us?

Hein could not look at their faces. He feared these eyes, he shrank as he saw them shrug their shoulders, these men who had been willing to die. What have we done with this willingness? What have we done with the gift that was in our hands?

"They're sitting up there already, fixing on machine-gun belts!" That was Krull. He gestured with his revolver towards the jutting spur of highland, which they still had to pass. Hein could see clearly that they had not only failed in the attack. The panic had also ruined the retreat.

"Where is Federico?" he demanded. He had to have the culprit. He needed him, the troop needed him too. Something had to happen.

The officers were trying in vain to restore order.

"Well, now we can have a quiet smoke," stated Krull sarcastically, and pulled out a cigarette.

"Where is Federico?" asked Hein again.

Down below, where the bamboo thicket began, the troop was huddled. The first group attempted to run along the valley to Vallejos. The machine-guns on the height began to speak, and three men out of five lay on the furrows. One of them was screaming. The Austrian blew out a cloud of smoke. "We're going to lose fifty men here," he said slowly, as though stating the result of long consideration.

That's about what I promised the

doctor, thought Hein. They both ran to the edge of the bamboo thicket, where José was standing.

"Where is Federico?" asked Hein for the third time. José was also smoking. He understood at once what Hein wanted and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"No, not you!" he said decidedly.

"Krull?" suggested Hein.

"Neither of you!" José's eyes smiled. His glance left Hein and found Federico a few paces away, screened from the troop. Hearing José's call, he staggered out, his hands clasping and unclasping, his open mouth and twitching lips showing that he also understood. The feverish movement of his hands increased. Suddenly he raised his head, his eyes became quite blank, he turned and tried to run away. But Krull was already after him, and gave him such a mighty push forward that he stumbled and fell to his knees. Before he could rise again, José had shot him through the back of the head.

The whole battalion had seen. The soldiers sighed.

"*Hijo de puta,*"[1] said Martínez, the *dinamitero*, and kicked the crumpled figure.

Pablo will write everything down, thought Hein, and felt a strong revulsion for the shattered skull of the dead man on the slope.

"Go!" commanded Martínez beside the bamboo grove, and another group began running over the fields to the sheltering ruins of Vallejos.

José tore off his jacket, spattered with blood and brains. He pressed the revolver into Krull's hand.

"I only wanted to arrest him," lied Hein. He spoke German to the Austrian, who was turning José's weapon over and over in his hands, with some disgust.

"That wouldn't have been enough," said Krull. "They had to see blood."

Again a voice commanded: "Go!"

And again a group commenced running for their lives. But not everyone came through.

The next group was already preparing. The men followed the runners with strained gaze.

"*Esta vez tres* . . . three this time," they whispered and looked at one another, wondering whose face bore the shadow of death.

"Go!"

When there was another pause, José suggested:

"Let us go now!"

Without waiting for the others he started. Krull and Hein rose at the same time and followed him. But José had no idea of running. He obstinately walked along with his characteristic haughty tread, first past the bamboo thicket and then over the field. The machine-guns rattled from above, their bullets raising little fountains of earth. Was he seeking death, or did he simply want to inspire the soldiers with courage? Krull cursed, but of course felt ashamed to run or to seek cover himself. "Ridiculous nonsense!" shouted the Austrian.

Just before coming to the bridge José stopped and raised one of the wounded. Krull and Hein had to help him. The man had a small pointed beard; he groaned with closed eyes, and beat Hein with his feet, evidently in great pain. They dragged him over the bridge and thought that they were now in safety. Suddenly there was a sound like a blow on a sack, the man they were carrying twitched once more and was still. The last bullet had found him.

In the village street, under cover of the houses, they laid down the dead man. Hein took out his papers and pushed them into his own pocket. Then he wiped his hands on his trousers.

[1] Son-of-a-bitch.

The soldiers were wandering about the village street; their faces were tense, and weary for want of sleep; there was not a loud word to be heard. This had been a great misfortune.

In the inn, Hein, José and Krull stood together once more, in the room with the green walls.

"We must get the battalion out of the village at once," said Krull. "It would be best to take them over to the olive grove. The planes may come any moment. We've had enough losses already."

"The captain of the first company takes command," said José drily.

Before going, Krull laid José's revolver on the table, beside the two burned-down candles. Hein began scratching the wax droppings from the table with his thumbnail. Then the door opened and Pedro appeared with the flag. His eyes were filled with tears, and his child's face was very serious. He stood there uncertainly, holding the flag in his small fists, not quite knowing what to do with it.

"*Mi Comandante*?" he asked, with a sob.

José could not speak, he answered only with a gesture. Pedro obediently stood the flag in a corner, then moved back. All three looked at the flag. It no longer seemed the same as it had been yesterday.

"Come with me, Pedro," ordered Hein. He wanted to embrace José once more, but the latter was leaning motionless against the window, hands in pockets, staring at the flag. He motioned to Hein to go, without looking at him. Outside it was already warm, but Hein shivered even in the sunshine. He was hungry. He wanted a drink.

He was in no hurry to arrive at staff headquarters. He drove by a roundabout way through Torija. By the roadside a pile of bricks was lying. He stopped the car and had the boy fetch the bricks, which they packed in the car beside the driver's seat.

"Sixteen," Hein counted. "That's enough, now I won't have to sleep on the ground again."

In Torija he handed Pedro over to the commandant, with instructions to send him to the new prison. The sentry, a huge man, slung his rifle over the right shoulder and laid his left arm round the boy's shoulder.

The lad tore himself free once more and grasped the car window. His eyelids were red.

"*Señor*! . . . *camarada*!" he said, speaking slowly and with difficulty, for he had to keep biting his lips, ". . . why, why . . .? Oh, will I have the flag next time?"

"*Ven, pequeño*,"[1] called the sentry. "Come along, kid."

In the camp everything was very silent. The officers met Hein with cold looks. Even the stout, good-humored chief of staff was silent. Only Marcus, his head bent a little forward, asked after his friend Krull.

Teniente Nieto explained to the *teletipo*:

"*Chagueteo!*"

This was an expression taken from bull-fighting jargon, used when one threw away his jacket in order to run better.

Georg was sitting in his tent. He met Hein with a sarcastic smile.

"You've not exactly covered yourselves with glory," he said. But then he listened to Hein's report quietly; only he never stopped smoking. This calm surprised Hein, who expected every moment that the commander would jump up and give vent to his anger.

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[1] "Go, boy."

"The machine-guns and munitions came too late," said Hein, and closed his report with the words: "It was not José's fault."

In order to avoid Hein's eyes, Georg offered him a cigarette as he said:

"I have given orders for José to be arrested. He will come before the court martial. All the officers of the battalion will have eight days' arrest. The flag, presented by the Madrid railway workers' union, will be taken from the battalion."

The division commander's voice was almost friendly.

Hein raised his head. Screwing up his eyes till only a small slit remained, he looked straight at Georg, saying slowly and emphatically:

"The reconnaissance officer led us wrong. That is not José's fault."

A sunbeam shone through a slit in the tent wall, making a bright patch on the floor. From outside they could hear Fellner's rumbling voice:

"Just imagine: a man asked me: 'Will you have light beer or dark?' I kept answering, first the one and then the other, first light, then dark."

"What's the place called?" asked the chief of staff eagerly.

"The courts martial are very strict," said Georg. "This sort of thing must absolutely not happen again."

Hein put his foot on the patch of light on the floor. Now the blue material of his *alpargatas* was shining.

"I've never seen anything braver than that order to retreat," he murmured.

"That would have been better still, if you'd attacked," snapped Georg impatiently. "It's bad enough as it is."

"I was for attacking," admitted Hein.

The commander avoided his eye. "If he would only storm," thought Hein, but Georg advised good-humoredly:

"Lie down and sleep now. This evening we'll drive to the neighboring division; I must put things straight with our pals there. If we can come to an understanding among ourselves, we'll spoil the corps headquarters' little game. Then they won't be able to play us off against each other."

The telephone bell rang, and Georg took the receiver.

"Right!" he said, as he hung the receiver up again, and turned to Hein. "Your Frenchwoman is dead."

Hein lay down and slept the whole day. He dreamed they were attacking the *cota mil dos* after all. But just as they were going into the attack he awoke, so he never knew if the attack had been successful. Marcus was standing by his bed, telling him that Krull had been taken to hospital. "Typhus!"

It was only about eight days later, when Krull was already dead, that Hein happened to feel in the pocket of his leather jacket and pulled out the papers belonging to the man whom he had carried out of the firing together with José and Krull, at Vallejos. He noticed a letter in a foreign language. He read:

"Cher ami, vous savez ce que c'est l'amour. On risque tout, on fait le tout possible, même l'impossible. J'ai entendu parler d'une attaque. Je viendrai vous voir. . . ."[1]

Translated from the German by Eve Manning

[1] "My dear one, you know what love is. One is ready to risk everything, to do everything possible, or even the impossible. I heard some talk of an attack. I am going to see you . . . "

KONSTANTIN PAUSTOVSKY

The Sailmaker

An old man with a smoked mullet showing from the pocket of his torn jacket got into a bus near the railway station. The north wind blew in angry blasts through Sevastopol. Cruisers as gray as the weather strained against their anchor chains in the bay and a whistling buoy moaned sorrowfully in the roads. Gray snow clouds kept on pressing against the yellow hills, and the sullen light of a wintry day was noticeably waning.

The old man with the mullet cast an angry glance at the sky.

"People and weather, they're all the same here in the Crimea," he muttered. "No discipline. It's cold today, and hot tomorrow."

None of the other passengers said a word. The old man extracted the mullet and a grease-spotted and dog-eared volume of Jules Verne from his pocket. The fish he put back and was beginning to read when the bus horn honked, the vehicle jerked into motion and began to climb up the highway, missing a Tatar cart by a hairsbreadth. It was impossible to read, for the book shook and the pages kept on turning over by themselves.

"An interesting book?" asked a fair-haired seaman wearing an engineer's silver stripes on his sleeves.

"Might be," answered the old man, "if I were reading it for pleasure. But now its part of my job, so I have to bother my old head with it, whether I like it or not."

"What is your occupation?"

"Sailmaking. Have been making them for forty years."

"Then why the Jules Verne?"

"Because sailmaking is no longer what it used to be. There's none of it in the whole republic. Now, my grandfather was making sails for the ships of the line. The toughest skipper couldn't pull those halyards down. As for my father, he sewed sails all his life, too; made plenty of them for the schooners. The Greeks thought a lot of him, and the Greeks know their sea. They used to come whooping in from Piraeus to Theodosia in winter time with a single ragged jib out, and with contraband in the hold besides. But that was in the old times. Now there are steamboats and motors with their noise and racket. No one thinks about the wind any more. It's of no use to anybody but the poor devils who sail feluccas. Those who can't

afford an engine run to me and say: 'Be a good fellow, Uncle Fedya, sew me some sails!'

"Sails!" he went on after a moment's silence, "there's only one sailing vessel we have left, and that's the *Tovarishch*. What a craft she is, beautiful as a bride! She sailed the oceans and took storms with a full spread of canvas. She would list all the way to one side, then right herself and plunge ahead in foamy waters, her rigging singing all the while like a violin. Even foreign skippers looked at her with envy. I can see her, white as snow, climbing the waves and the steamers signalling her: 'Happy voyage to our elder brother, the last full-rigged ship.'"

The blonde sailor laughed.

"Think I'm talking rot?" the sailmaker bristled. "We seamen have no need to brag like landlubbers; we have plenty to talk about as it is! Who says it's an eyesore when the wind catches a full sail spread? Maybe some butter-fingered fool of a steamboat sailor. Or, let us say, when the ship is gliding along in a slight breeze with sails flapping in the sun and blinding the onlooker with their white dazzle. It's a long time since white sails were made—now they tar them to make them last longer. Sails are now as black as raven's wings. Hurts to look at them!"

"Quite right," agreed the engineer. "But what business have you with Jules Verne?"

"What business? Why, the sails I've made have left Jules Verne and his sailing ships miles behind. When I got these sails made, I bet he burned up with envy in his grave!"

No one said a word. The bus, its motor almost screeching at the hairpin turns and shaking violently, was approaching the forbidding wall of mountains topped with a silvery sprinkling of snow. How it would make its way through that seemingly impassable barrier was uppermost in the thoughts of all passengers.

"It's remarkable how many old timers like me there are in Sevastopol," the sailmaker went on. "You just go to the Korabelnaya and you'll see old men and dogs hanging around every yard. They've nothing to live for, only boredom is left. You can't drink, you haven't enough strength to work, and to eat the bread you haven't earned is bitter, too. So they manage to attach themselves to kids. Some look after their grandchildren, others make toys for sale. I, too, am doing something for the kiddies."

"Make toys for them?" the man with the engineer's stripes asked half-heartedly. The bus was reaching the snows and he was so chilled that he had no desire either to talk or to listen.

"Toys? Let Admiral Nakhimov make toys, for all I care. More in his line than mine. Maybe you've read in the papers that they're doing a Jules Verne movie in Yalta. They put the Frenchman into the pictures; got an Azov Sea schooner, fixed it up, made it into a kind of old-time clipper and painted the name *Marianne* across her stern. All that for the movies. The sails for *Marianne* they ordered from me, Fyodor Chaga. I made her beauties, if I must say so myself. Even Khanov, the only sailing vessel master left in the Soviet Union, was surprised. 'Why, Fedya,' he says, 'those aren't sails you've made, they're swan's wings. You ought to be proclaimed the Master Sailmaker of the Republic.' But then he laughs at everything, Khanov does. Almost lost my eyesight over those sails: even now in the evenings my eyes begin to water and things go hazy."

"Bet you made a heap of money

out of it, though!" scoffed one of the passengers, a Greek. "Thousands, I'll wager."

"You're barking up the wrong tree, cuss your keelhauled hide!" came the old sailmaker's angry retort. "Hope you choke on my thousands. A fat lot I got for my work. But it's not money I'm after. I can live on fish alone."

"Well, what is it you want then?" asked the scoffer, in surprise.

"That's something you'll never be able to figure out. I just want thousands of people to see that picture and admire those sails and love the sea. Children will get a thrill out of the *Marianne* and maybe some seaman, too, will see it and say: 'Yes, those sails must have been made by a famed master; glory to him, and the homage of all who go to the sea and understand! Honor to Chaga and Jules Verne for such grace, and may their memory be cherished for ever!'"

The bus had penetrated into the midst of the snows. The old man tried to tell his fellow passengers that he was on his way to Yalta to make an alteration in *Marianne*'s jib sail, for, according to Jules Verne, he hadn't made it exactly as it should have been, but no one paid any attention.

A forest wrought of fine silver sparkled under the high arch of a December sky. The fresh snow on the mountain sides glistened like spun glass, and the sun going down behind the silvery frieze of the trees was like a huge, golden, forgotten fruit which miraculously lit in back of them a myriad dazzling fires.

Loose flakes of snow formed velvety flowers on roadside bushes, side by side with the gray and fluffy globes of the seed bolls. Climbing ivy clung close to the white tree trunks; its living green announcing to the wayfarer the proximity of the Black Sea, whose transparent waters beat a rocky coast just beyond the pass, whose warm air currents swept from horizon to horizon along its shores.

The driver blew his horn, and the blast was echoed by the mountain sides. Snow lost its insecure hold on the trees and tumbled down, revealing trunks of a greenish tint like the hue of old bronze.

The sailmaker sat back with eyes closed, tears trickling down from under reddened, wrinkled eyelids. Winter had come upon him too suddenly and blinded him with her piercing whiteness.

Beyond the pass, the sea unexpectedly sprang into view and the descent to Yalta began.

In Yalta the sailmaker walked into a hotel smelling of dusty carpets, stale eau de cologne and Caucasian *shashlik*, and found his film director at a round table dressed in lilac pajamas and partaking of coffee and cake. Licking icing off his fingers, he purred to the old man barely audibly:

"Jib? What jib? Whatever for? Why, that ship was shot long ago. We are working on the studio lots now."

"I wanted to ask you," Chaga stammered timidly, at a loss for words for it seemed to him that the movie director would not understand him, that he was talking some language that was foreign to this elegant being. "I wanted to ask you to put my name in the film."

"Why?" asked the other indifferently.

"Perhaps some seaman may see it somewhere and have a good word to say of me."

The director's brow wrinkled.

"But you are just a property man," he said and lighted a cigarette. Sweet clouds of smoke settled

in layers over the plate of pastry. "What on earth do you need the publicity for? No one besides us will ever order such sails from you. The days of sailing vessels are over, you know!"

"That's so, of course . . ." mumbled Chaga. "Our time has gone. There are no more sails to be made. I don't need orders, I can always do a bit of work for felucca sailors."

"Then what *do* you want, man?" inquired the director languidly.

"Excuse my foolishness and pardon me for disturbing you," Chaga said. "I cannot explain to you what I meant. The hell with it!"

"I really do not see," the director said in a sudden businesslike tone, "why we should mention the name of a casual property man. As it is we have forty names on list. But I'll think it over."

Chaga walked down to the seaside boulevard and sat down wearily on a bench. The sea was blindingly bright and brought tears to his eyes. The filmed and discarded *Marianne* rode at anchor and kept bobbing up and down as though bowing a trifle apologetically to the sea. Piles of sails were scattered on her dirty decks. They were being cut up for curtains for a cheap Yalta hotel.

Translated by
Rose Prokofieva

OLEXA DESNIAK

Lilies-of-the-Valley

At that time I was about fifteen and in the top class at school. As there wasn't a proper seven-year-school in our village, I used to go to the one in the town. It wasn't much of a town, but anyhow there was a railway-station, a plant, a wharf on the Desna, and this school I'm telling you about. And I tramped the six miles there and back every day.

The October Revolution was eight years old by then. I was the very first of the village boys to attend a town school. True, the priest's daughter and Legkobeet's son were at school somewhere—in Kiev, I believe—but they didn't count. The way our folks in the village looked at it was: here is one of our own youngsters, one from the Committee-of-the-Village-Poor taking to schooling like a duck to water and getting on in the world. So they all stood up for me and kept me going.

Every morning on my way to school I had to cross old Legkobeet's place. There was no road round it nor past it, so I just had to trespass it. And at that hour old man Legkobeet himself was sure to be at the gate, driving the cows out to pasture. He was a tall fellow and he would stand under the big oak, tugging at his straggly red beard and screwing up his little green eyes at me—he had a squint—and flinging out nasty, spiteful remarks that hit me like a stone in the back.

"Hmph! The likes of you—going to school! Begging your bread round the villages with a sack on your back—that's what you ought to be doing . . . But no!—the dirty little runt starts off to school like his betters."

Now, exactly what a "runt" might be I couldn't for the life of me have said, but—maybe for that very reason—I found it downright insulting. As a rule, I hurried through the long garden as fast as I could, only sometimes it was more than flesh and blood could stand, and then I would start answering him back. Keeping a safe distance, I would shout:

"Your red-headed fool of a son isn't the only one to get on in the world . . . !"

He would set his black dog on me, and I had to leg it pretty fast or else keep the beast off with the stick I used to carry when I was crossing his place. When I had got safely by, I'd hide it in the hemp or grass by the wayside, and would get it out again on the way home.

By the time I'd reached the rough bridge over the noisy brook rushing to join the Desna, I'd forgot Legkobeet and his spite. "Never mind, he can't have it all his own way now, no matter what he says. No need to take his words to heart when everything is so lovely."

The meadows were in bloom—the loveliest sight you could wish to see. The rich grass was silvery with sparkling dew, dog-daisies nodded invitingly; bees were already at work, there was a warm scent of honey in the air, and the dim oakwood by the brook was alive with the voices of oriole and nightingale.

Ahead lay the banks of the Desna, white sands shining in the sunlight like a vast, untouched page of a boy's exercise-book. A fussy little steamer was hurrying towards the quay. The bridge over the river looked airy and graceful in the morning light. A train crawled uphill, panting heavily. The white walls of the houses that dotted the hillsides could be glimpsed through the foliage of the dark cherry-trees, and their windows flashed as they caught the sunlight. Over the town the smoke from the factory-chimney drifted lazily across the windless sky. "After all, what do I care about that old red-haired devil Legkobeet!" I thought, and hurried on to school.

Once, as I was crossing the bridge, I saw a few lilies-of-the-valley in the hand of a girl who was minding a cow. There was something gladdening in the look of the dainty bell-like flowers among the deep green leaves. I had passed the girl when a thought struck me; what if I picked a big bunch of them and took them to the girls in our school? Wouldn't they be delighted? I glanced at the sun; there was plenty of time till school opened.

I slipped into the woods. The sedge was waist-high here and I was wet through in no time. But I didn't care, I would soon dry in the sun. Leaves brushed my face and sent a spattering of cold tears down on my head. But I was among lilies-of-the-valley, just opening in the sunlight. I gathered some, arranged them in a bunch with a frame of leaves and bound the stems with grass. It was a nosegay anyone might envy. And everyone did. As soon as I got into the town, women and girls and even army men came up to ask:

"How much for that bunch of flowers?"

I shook my head. "It's not for sale," I said.

The school was not very far from the station. It was a wood and brick building. There was a tall poplar in front and some black poplars and white acacias back of it. The windows were wide open and voices reached me. Someone was practising jumping over the desks.

"I'm not late, then," I thought, with a sigh of relief. I had hardly got inside the class-room when the girls came flocking like flies around honey.

"Do give us some flowers!"

"Let's have a sniff at them. O-oh, what a lovely smell!"

I could hardly keep them off. Whichever way I turned, they followed me, pleading.

"Give us one each, anyhow!"

"Don't be a skinflint!"

"Isn't he mean, teasing us with his flowers!"

They fairly shamed me. Finally they got me into a corner and I started to divide up my bunch among my classmates—and the younger ones as well. It worked out to one or two flowers each. The classroom smelt of the woods. All through the mathematics lesson the girls kept looking at me. I got a lot more attention than the teacher. Especially from Tatiana Lev-

chenko, the station-master's daughter, the one we used to call "Pushkin's Tatiana." She was a dreamy girl, and so we thought she must be like the heroine of Pushkin's *Eugene Onegin*. She said she was going to be a doctor. She had a sister Olga, too (just like Pushkin's heroine), who went to the railway school. They were twins and people said they were so much alike that even their mother couldn't always tell them apart. I had never seen Olga and I wasn't interested in her, but here was Tatiana, hardly able to take her eyes off me. It was beginning to make me feel awkward and I buckled down to the problem I had to do.

When the lesson was over and we had a few minutes' interval, I found that I wanted a drink of water. I ran out to the pump in the yard, leant hard on the handle and held my mouth under the cold stream. It gushed into my eyes, ran down under my collar, wetted the front of my shirt.

Suddenly a voice behind me said: "Good health!"

I let go the pump-handle and looked round. I must have been a queer sight, because "Pushkin's Tatiana," who was standing by the stone gutter, burst out laughing. That didn't bother me. I just shook the water off myself as though I didn't care a hang. She glanced about to see if there was anyone within earshot. The others were running about in the playground. Then she whispered:

"If you bring a bunch of lilies-of-the-valley for me alone tomorrow, I'll—I'll love you for evermore!"

I was thunderstruck. My hands dropped to my sides and all my defiance left me. I could even feel myself turning pale. Tatiana turned pink and her long eyelashes drooped. She stood looking down at the toes of her slippers. The dress she had on was sky-blue with white spots and it flapped in the breeze and showed her bare legs. But the thick brown braid of hair that hung down to her waist was too heavy for the wind to stir. Her eyebrows were very thin and curved and delicate—they somehow reminded me of the stems of lily-of-the-valley. Her full lips quivered a little. I stared at her so intently that at last she looked up. Her eyes were deep and brown like the brook in our village, and now they had a shy, confused look in them.

My head was buzzing. "She's just said—she's just said that she'll—" there was something disturbing and yet very sweet in the thought. I could hear my heart thump. "Love you for evermore." I happened to glance down at my "slippers." They were my father's cast-off but not quite worn-out boots with the high legs cut down and they were topped with home-dyed linen trousers stained with the grass and mosses of the woods. I had on a linen shirt that had once been white, the kind we called a "Budyonny shirt" in our village; it had enormous pockets. I knew very well that I had hair like a poorly piled up haystack (though, goodness knows, I flattened it down and combed it twenty times a day), a turned-up nose skinned by sun and wind, thin hollow cheeks, and gray eyes that my aunt said were as sharp and quick as a mouse's. . . . A pretty sight I must look, I thought, and the word "love" seemed to hit me straight in the chest all of a sudden. . . . I couldn't help it—I just burst out laughing at the very thought. I stood there holding my sides and guffawing. Tatiana flared up and ran away.

Then I felt more ashamed and hurt than any words of Legkobeet's could have made me feel. I watched the blue dress and brown pigtail disappear into school and it was

as though someone had stolen something from me. I could have torn myself in pieces for my idiotic laughter. What on earth had possessed me to laugh like that, I wondered.

I couldn't look at her in school. I ought, perhaps, to have gone up and said I was sorry. In my place anybody with sense would have done it. But I couldn't.

She didn't look at me, but I felt that she was watching me. She was afraid I would tell the others what she had said at the pump. She never let me out of her sight for a moment, and went as far as the station with us on the way home; it was clear she was on pins all the time.

I didn't say a word to anyone, of course, but something went wrong with my heart. On the way to the village I tried to sing, but my songs sounded anything but gay. Then I tried to learn some of Mayakovsky's verses our teacher had taught us, but I couldn't manage to remember them. Then I began to think of a spot where I could settle down so as to be in time to fish for perch in the lake before evening came on. But even perch didn't interest me much that day. Something was wrong. I had crossed Legkobeet's before I even noticed it. . . . What had come over me, anyhow?

I didn't eat much dinner when I got home, and that made my mother uneasy.

"I suppose you've been up to some mischief at school and got into trouble for it? And the teacher made you kneel in the corner?—isn't that it?"

I let it go at that. I wasn't in any humor for arguing the point with her and trying to convince her that they didn't do that sort of thing nowadays. Something queer had come over me—but what? I didn't know. I borrowed a boat from a neighbor and rowed out on the lake. There I sat staring down into the still evening water and I seemed to see Tatiana, dreamy Tatiana, who wanted to be a doctor, and had a sister Olga, just as Pushkin's Tatiana had. I fancied I saw her eyes, anxious and mournful. I looked over at the meadow; harebells, the very color of Tatiana's dress, glimmered in the rank grass . . .

I got so desperate at last that I hardly knew what I was doing. I washed my head in the lake, smoothed my shock of hair and, leaning over, looked attentively at my reflection in the water. I didn't find it at all pleasing. I wouldn't go so far as to say it was a silly face, but it struck me as awfully ugly and sunburnt.

I slept badly that night, tossing and turning and starting in my sleep till I woke and lay staring up at the ceiling and thinking. . . . And then I thought of a plan.

It was still a good while before sunrise when I got up and drove our cow—the one we had been given from the landowner's stock-farm a few years back—out to join the herd. Then I went back into the house, managed to get my best Sunday shirt out of the big trunk, without my mother seeing me, and put it on. My father's belt was a good bit too big for me, so I had to bore another hole in it. Then I shoved a hunk of bread into my pocket, picked up my books and cleared out. I crossed Legkobeet's place as though I had wings on my feet—there was no one about—and never drew breath till I reached the bridge over the brook that ran past the oak-wood. The sun was just rising, gilding the tops of the whispering oaks. Somewhere up there the oriole and the bluetits were awake, welcoming the day.

I plunged into the wood and, never thinking about the heavy

dew, dropped on my knees by a patch of lilies-of-the-valley. They grew thicker than ever, and they simply were begging to be plucked. Overhead a woodpecker was already hard at work, a roller-bird was calling, and from time to time a peewit, watching me through the leaves, uttered its plaintive cry. Intent on gathering my flowers, I took no notice of them. I was wringing wet with dew and there were dark patches on my books. But what did it matter?—I had my nosegay. And what a nosegay! It was double the size of yesterday's. Looking down into the tender flower-eyes, I could see Tatiana again. The fresh leaves I had arranged around them as a frame set off their delicate whiteness. I took a long sniff at them. I was satisfied with myself.

"Aha-a! So you come slinking in here as well, do you, you blasted nuisance!"

I started like a hare on the alert for danger. Legkobeet's red head thrust itself through the curtain of leaves. His green eyes squinted maliciously.

"He's gone and grabbed the lot, I declare! And here am I trying to turn an honest penny on them in the market. Give them here, you!" and he hit out at me with his stick. I suddenly remembered that this copse had once belonged to him. But that was a long time ago, and even if he had caught me in his own garden, I wouldn't have given up my nosegay. I wasn't picking any flowers for old man Legkobeet.

"Try and get 'em!" I was off like a shot. But his heavy stick caught me in the legs before I had gone very far. A sharp pain flashed through my knees and I fell. My books dropped out of my hands and while I was picking them up, Legkobeet overtook me and grabbed me by the shirt. Clasping the flowers and books tight to my chest, I tore myself out of his grasp. That jerked him off his balance and he fell. I was out on the road before he could scramble to his feet. I looked round.

"You wait, you little runt! You've got to get home yet!"—I could hear him bawling in the wood. I didn't bother to listen any more and stepped out briskly for town. I held my flowers at arm's length and let the sunlight play on them. I breathed in their fragrance and skipped along. After a few minutes I overtook two young women who were hurrying to market. As I passed, one of them, quite unexpectedly, started to laugh.

"Well, I wonder what he's done with the other half of his shirt?"

That knocked me cold . . . I felt for the back of my shirt, and my heart stood still. Only tatters of my Sunday shirt hung from beneath the belt; Legkobeet had torn it! I nearly dropped in my tracks with the horror of it, but I had just enough sense left to hurry on so as those women wouldn't watch me. I racked my brains to think of a way of slipping into school without the others noticing. And what about Tatiana . . . ? Supposing she made fun of me! . . . I wasn't thinking now of what my mother would say when I got home. All the blood seemed to rush to my heart and the nosegay grew the weight of lead. . . . Perhaps I oughtn't to go to school at all? I could hide the flowers in the grass and take them to Tatiana tomorrow. . . . Tomorrow? But tomorrow wouldn't be the same! The flowers would fade, and Legkobeet wouldn't let me gather any more. I made up my mind. "I'll go," I said to myself, "after all, Tatiana's waiting for me today."

My heart beat fast as I neared the station. Tatiana lived here, in a two-storied stone house. I kept my gaze fixed on it. I was

determined now that I wouldn't on any account take that bunch of flowers to school for all the others to see. Then I caught sight of Tatiana in the little garden. She was just going to the gate. I stepped out of sight a moment to even up the stems and straighten out the leaves. It covered my whole chest—it was such a big nosegay. As soon as the girl came out of the gate, I held it out to her.

"For you!"

The girl gave a start. The thin arched brows went up, the long lashes fluttered and the deep brown eyes expressed amazement and admiration. She looked at me, hesitated, and then held out her hand timidly.

"Take them," I insisted. "I brought them for you alone!" I was so happy now.

She took the flowers and smelled them. Her face shone with pleasure.

"What a lovely bunch of flowers! Oh, what beautiful lilies-of-the-valley! I'll go and ask my mother for the money for them."

"Oh, but you mustn't! I don't want any money!" I cried, horrified and hurt. But, with the flowers cradled in both hands, she was running towards the house. Her brown braid flapped against her back and her sky-blue dress blew out in the wind. "To think that I would take money for them!" I hurried away so that she could not overtake me.

But still I felt pleased with myself. I was cheerfully repeating the formula of "the square of the sum of two numbers is equal to," etc., when I walked into the classroom.

. . . Then the floor began to rock queerly underfoot, the desks whirled and every pupil suddenly acquired a double. I clutched at the door to keep myself from falling. Tatiana, Pushkin's Tatiana, was standing by the window. Her thin brows, curved like the stems of lilies-of-the-valley, drew together as she looked inquiringly at my empty hands. A disappointed little smile flitted over her lips, then her head drooped resignedly.

"It was Olga! The sister! It was Olga I gave the flowers to!"—I wanted to shout out loud. But I stood there, stunned, unable to utter a word. . . .

. . . Well, that is all . . . It came back to me when I saw the bunch of lilies-of-the-valley in Doctor Tatiana Levchenko's waiting-room in the local polyclinic.

As I sat waiting for her to receive me, I took deep breaths of their perfume and felt my heart beat fast as it did that spring when I was only fifteen.

Translated by
Anthony Wixley

COMMEMORATING THE 85TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF ADAM MICKIEWICZ

TADEUSZ BOY-ZELENSKI

Adam Mickiewicz

Whenever we reflect on the poetic career of Adam Mickiewicz, we do so with a feeling of amazement. It was a brief career—it lasted just a little over ten years; it ended when he was at the height of his creative powers. Mickiewicz wrote in every genre—as if in compliance with some destiny which bade this great renovator cultivate deeply the field of his native language. After his early attempts in the classical vein, young Mickiewicz turned to the sources of folk inspiration in his *Ballads and Romances*; in the first part of *The Ancestors* he wrought an epic of love and pain out of popular beliefs and traditions; in his *Farys* he produced stanzas of bewitching "pure poetry." Then again, under the influence of a tragic experience, he returned to *The Ancestors* in which Konrad's inspired improvisations are part of scenes presented with poetic realism interspersed with flashes of biting sarcasm. This was followed by an upsurge of defiance in *The Improvisation*, after which the raving sea of his poetry suddenly quieted down as if by magic, to give way to the epic calm of *Pan Tadeusz*.

In all this, a wealth of forms, rhythms, moods—from the simplicity of folk speech to the immaculate terseness of the sonnet and the skilful hexameter, and finally to the symphony of color and sound which is called *Pan Tadeusz*, that marvel wrought by the plastic power of memory out of nostalgia.

Mickiewicz's poetry, while displaying perfect craftsmanship and mastery of form, is characterized by its spontaneity and natural simplicity.

There were moments when the poet, obedient to other impulses, would suddenly abandon poetry, or, rather, poetry would abandon him, and then there would remain a weary man, a wanderer searching in real life for the solutions and realizations which he formerly found in art.

But in those years, too, at the ebb of his creative activity, the muse of poetry visited Mickiewicz occasionally. Thus, during his sojourn in Lausanne, Switzerland, he seems to have torn himself away for a brief moment from everything that constituted the substance of his life and sufferings: in the face of eternal yet changing nature, the

A commemorative article on this famous poet appeared in *International Literature* No. 11-12.

The material here printed was the subject of the commemoration sessions held in Moscow, Lwow and other cities of the Soviet Union.

poet halted, as it were, in his wandering to contemplate his own lot. The result is a number of small poems, such as, among others, *I've Shed Tears* and that gem of "pure" poetry which begins with the words: "Above the waters great and pure . . ."

That was the poetry which pulsated in Mickiewicz's veins, filled his heart with love, pride, rebellion and ardor, gave brilliant color to his visions of the past. There, at Lausanne, that poetry visited him for the last time in the shape of disembodied thought—never to return again. The rest of the way Mickiewicz the man was to travel alone.

Mickiewicz finished *Pan Tadeusz*, the last of his poetical works, at the age of thirty-five. After that he was destined to live another twenty-one years. It goes without saying that these twenty-one years, which may be described as representing the period of Mickiewicz's activities in other fields, interest us no less than the period of his literary work.

However, unlike the poet's written works which we can always refer to, his life and deeds are more a matter of interpretation. Hence the many different opinions concerning Mickiewicz the man.

From the moment Mickiewicz left the Vilno prison, in the year 1824, he was destined to lead a life of a wanderer. "Pilgrim"—that word often appears, like a premonition, in his early works. The second part of his life was connected with France, the first—with Russia.

But what a difference between these two periods! At a recently opened Mickiewicz exhibition organized by the Academy of Sciences in Lwow, in the former Ossolineum, we see many portraits of his beautiful head, and each portrait is expressive in its own way. But what is most amazing is the contrast between the two periods. One is represented by a magnificent youth of the breed of the great romantists, wearing the flowing garment of a wanderer. That was how Mickiewicz looked as late as 1830, when he was in Rome. But how changed we find him two years later in Paris! Everything is different—his dress, his figure, it seems even his voice had changed. The proud bard who wrote *Farys*—and the creator of *Pilgrims' Books*—are they the same person? The expression of his face is grave, severe, sad, as if a heavy burden were weighing upon him; his features are distorted as if by a deep-seated pain.

For, indeed, the intervening two years were years of tragedy—the tragedy of his nation and the tragedy of the man, the poet, in face of which Mickiewicz's romantic adventures poetized by him in *The Ancestors* are mere child's play. So is even his trial in Vilno and his imprisonment, during which Mickiewicz himself said, he had "regained gaiety."

And that was natural. For shortly before the trial at Vilno young Mickiewicz had felt as if driven into a blind alley. His romantic love for a girl engaged to someone else had given him all it possibly could—in terms of poetry. It was this love that inspired his early works and that he dramatized in *The Ancestors*. But actual life? He could neither live on that love, nor could he escape it. Kovno was both too near and too far from the estate of the Puttkamers, and the adored Maryla had been known as Countess Puttkamer for two years past. Finally, the job of a teacher in a small town, such as Kovno was at the time, could not satisfy the poet who had already soared in his fancy to the heights attained by Goethe and Byron. Young Mickiewicz hated the place. He had

Adam Mickiewicz. By V. Vankovich

begun to loath himself and his former comrades. His letters contain plenty of evidence of this state of his mind at that time. The trial and imprisonment broke, as it were, the vicious circle. Mickiewicz felt that he had turned a new page.

Only the recollection of the failure of the uprising in 1831 cast a pall of gloom on those sections of the third part of *The Ancestors* in which he refers to his imprisonment in 1824. Such brilliant anachronisms are well known in poetry.

Then suddenly came his exile to Russia. A gendarme kept convoying young Mickiewicz from place to place as if to introduce the vast expanses of the empire to the future author of *The Path to Russia*. From Vilno he was taken to St. Petersburg, and then to Odessa. A visit to Crimea produced the splendid *Crimean Sonnets*. Moscow and St. Petersburg gave Mickiewicz the friendship of Pushkin and the friendship of the most nobleminded Russian revolutionary youth. Here he became fully aware of his powers and genius. In Vilno his comrades had censored his verse. From Warsaw the echo of ridicule and unfair criticism kept following him. But here he moved in highly artistic circles, and great writers accepted him as brother and welcomed him as master. Mickiewicz had tsardom in mind when he wrote his *Wallenrod*; but it was of those times he had spent in Russia that he thought when he wrote one of his most beautiful poems—*To My Friends the Moskals*.

Compared with those years, how sad were the first years in Paris!

He felt oppressed by the atmosphere of the emigration and by the memory of his personal drama of the year before. And Paris itself? That great city was preoccupied with its own affairs and interests, foreign to the thoughts and feelings of that pilgrim. His poetry betrays the feeling of loneliness. For whom was he to write? The strangers did not know his tongue, and his own people were far away and, often, likewise strangers.

Mickiewicz, however, despite the fact that at times he seemed of a passive disposition, was a man of great passions, and his nature demanded activity, immediate action. "Grant me . . . dominion over souls!" his Konrad asks of God in Mickiewicz's *The Improvisation.*

He felt the need for deeds. Words alone no longer satisfied him. During that period many poets were possessed of that feverish eagerness for activity. Shortly before that, Byron had organized detachments to fight for the independence of Greece. Chateaubriand held the post of Ambassador and, later, of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Lamartine was famous as a brilliant orator and was expected to head the government. But those poets had command of certain levers, had something to fall back upon for support. Mickiewicz—Konrad, was a wanderer without a country; and in the hotel-room in Dresden, where he was composing his *Improvisation*, he could only think of "dominion over souls." Never has a bolder and prouder statement been uttered by a poet.

But the times were not auspicious for that eagerness for action on the part of a Polish émigré. In the period from 1834 to 1848 reaction reigned supreme throughout Europe. In France, those were the years when the "five-franc government," to use Balzac's expression, was in power. France was a paradise for money-makers and the grave of the hopes of the Poles, whom the French bourgeoisie regarded as inconvenient rebels and agents of disorder in their perfect bourgeois world.

What did Mickiewicz do in those years? He did what he could. He was thinking of how he could help his country. While others were concerned with their personal aggrandizement, the great poet was faced with the problem of making a living. He was looking for literary hack work, and tried to write in French.

At the same time Mickiewicz drew closer to that which was progressive and democratic in France. He made the acquaintance of Pierre Leroux, a Saint-Simonist and Socialist; he began to contribute to the magazine *Pielgrzymie Polskim* (Polish Pilgrim), which subscribed to Socialism, and at the same time he continued to work on his *Pan Tadeusz*. The contradiction, however, is but a seeming one. For *Pan Tadeusz*—that "genteel history," according to the subtitle—was, to use the apt definition given by Worzel,[1] "a tombstone reared by the hand of a genius on the grave of our old Poland." But the poet saw with his mind's eye already another world, a new world that was bound to come into being.

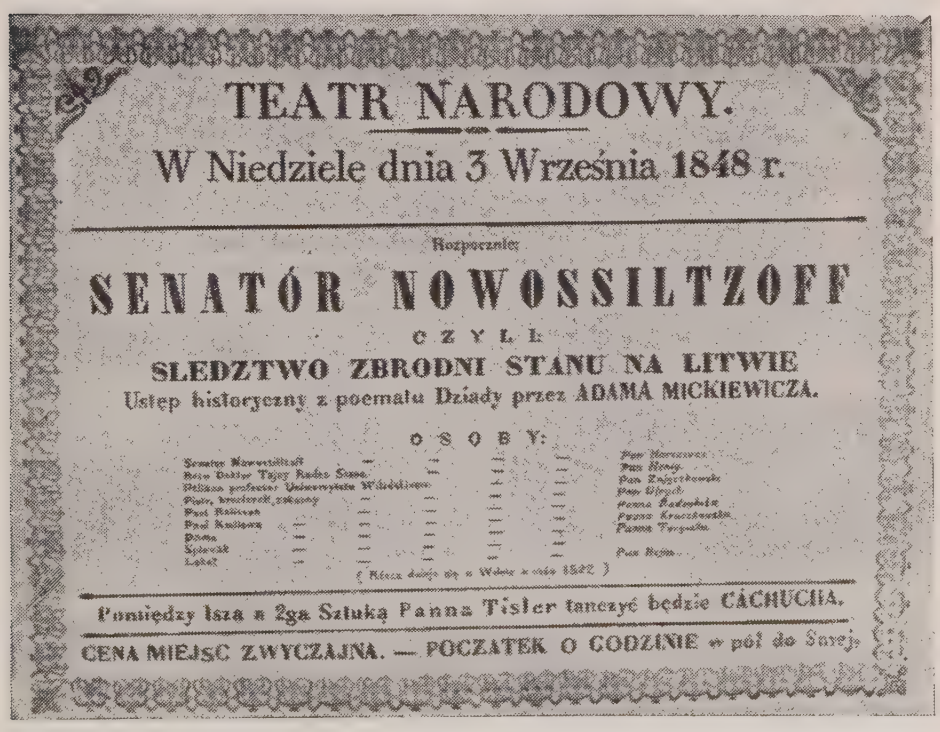
It is remarkable how already in those years Mickiewicz's thought combined the national idea with internationalism. Mickiewicz saw, and was becoming ever more strongly confirmed in his conviction, that the cause of the freedom of his people, of its right to life, was not an isolated question, not a purely local matter; on the contrary, the destinies of all nations were closely intertwined, and the destiny of any

[1] Worzel (1799-1857)—prominent Polish public figure and friend of Mickiewicz, Mazzini and Hertzen.—*Ed.*

nation could not be changed without upsetting the entire social order of old Europe, an order based on violence and injustice. Thus, the cause of the Polish people had brought Mickiewicz to the idea of international Socialism, and impelled him to seek the friendship of all those in Europe who represented the idea of social revolution. But it meant waiting for years, and that waiting was unbearable for ardent, passionate natures, such as Mickiewicz. It is this passion, this fire that burnt in him, the contrast between the inertia of society around him and his own passionate desire to "move the rock which is the world"—as he expressed it in his *Ode to Youth*—that accounts for the fact that for a certain period Mickiewicz fell under the influence of Andrzej Towianski, the prophet of an obscure mystic sect.

This influence, pernicious as it was in every respect, coincided with a period when a new field of activity opened to the poet. After a brief period during which he held the chair of Latin literature at the University of Lausanne, Switzerland, he was offered interesting and important work in Paris—the chair of Slavonic literatures in the Collège de France. The lectures he delivered during the first year at the Collège de France were distinguished by their exceptional brilliance. Later they degenerated into a propaganda of Towianski's mysticism, and finally he gave them up altogether.

Those were strange years in Mickiewicz's life—sad years during which he was a captive of the "master." However, it needed but the upheaval of the year 1848—that memorable "springtime of nations"—for Mickiewicz to throw off the yoke


TEATR NARODOWY.

W Niedziele dnia 3 Września 1848 r.

Rozpocznie

SENATÓR NOWOSSILTZOFF

CZYLI:

SLEDZTWO ZBRODNI STANU NA LITWIE

Ustęp historyczny z poematu Dziady przez ADAMA MICKIEWICZA.

OSOBY:

Poniędzy Iszą a 2ga Szluką Panna Tisler tanczyć będzie CACHUCHA.

CENA MIEJSC ZWYCZAJNA. — POCZATEK O GODZINIE w pół do Szej.

A theater poster announcing a performance of Mickiewicz's "The Ancestors" in the People's Theater, Warsaw (1848)

An illustration by B. Andrioli to "Pan Tadeusz"

which he bore only out of a feeling of despair and hopelessness in face of inactivity. Now Mickiewicz was alike to a bright flame. Krasinski, who saw him during that period in Rome, was simply amazed by Mickiewicz; in his letters which betrayed his fright, he compared Mickiewicz to Genghis Khan and to Pankracy of *The Un-Divine Comedy*.[1] Mickiewicz, true to his ideas of the solidarity of the people, was forming a Polish legion to fight against Austria for the liberation of Italy. In an effort to utilize every means of propaganda and publicity for the cause, he went to Rome to appeal to the Pope and get his benediction for the flag under which the legion was to fight. But during the audience, when he was confronted with the difficulties placed in his way by the suave diplomacy of the Vatican, he seized the Pope's arm, and exclaimed: "Know, that the spirit of God is today in the jackets of the people of Paris!"

After the new disappointments following the year 1848, Mickiewicz did not return to his former yoke. In 1849 he founded a big daily newspaper in Paris—under the significant name *La Tribune des Peuples*. He became a publicist, writing daily at least one article—sometimes two. The poet had at his command wit, sarcasm, the fire of indignation, sober and logical reasoning, and a rich, laconic and resilient language; and all of this he used masterly in his journalistic work.

Already in 1848, Mickiewicz, in a letter to Mazzini, described the legion he was forming as "a republican and Socialist army." *A Code of Principles*—the program written by Mickiewicz for the Polish legion in Italy—was a strikingly radical document. In *La Tribune des Peuples* Mickiewicz definitely took his stand under the red flag.

Mickiewicz a Socialist!—That may sound like a paradox to many Poles of the older generation. From their early youth they have always been shown a different Mickiewicz. Slowacki, indeed, was a radical, a Red. But Mickiewicz? Isn't he supposed to personify old, traditional Poland? Indeed, it was necessary to conceal and change a great deal of Mickiewicz in order to make him fit that conception. Nor was this so very difficult. For, but a very small number of the former readers of *Pan Tadeusz* had any inkling of Mickiewicz's articles in *La Tribune des Peuples*. Many years after those articles were written, a collection of them appeared in French. And it took many more years before they were brought out in a Polish translation. Every Polish child knew by heart "how Podkomorzy leads a polonaise," but very

[1] Pankracy is a hero of Krasinski's *The Un-Divine Comedy*. He typifies democratic strivings and is counterposed by the author to Count Henrich—another character in the novel—who personifies the aristocracy and expresses the author's world outlook.—*Ed.*

few had the opportunity of getting acquainted with Mickiewicz's social ideas as formulated by him in the most direct form. In Krasinski's letters we find a reflection of the impression Mickiewicz's activity in this sphere produced among a certain section of the Polish intelligentsia of those days. We cannot help smiling when we read today that well-known passage in Krasinski's letter to Cieszkowski,[1] in which the former spoke of "the crimes of the printed word which are on a par with the crime of patricide and treason to one's country." The passage ends with the following words: "I have only now become fully convinced to what depths Mickiewicz has fallen."

Automatically, as it were, we reach out for the collection of Mickiewicz's articles in *La Tribune des Peuples*, in order to find out what particular statement might have been the cause of Count Zygmunt's wrath. Perhaps it was the series of articles entitled "Socialism," where Mickiewicz writes in part:

"Contemporary Socialism is simply the expression of a sense as ancient as life—an expression of the perception of everything that is imperfect, mutilated, abnormal and therefore miserable in our life. The Socialistic feeling represents the yearning of our spirit toward a more perfect existence—not individually but collective and united. We admit that this feeling has now manifested itself with new vigor; it is a new perception which thinking humanity has been able to create for itself, a new passion. Once upon a time people eagerly loved their native towns and states with a purely political love. These passions are undoubtedly great as compared with those of cannibals whose sole desire is to sate themselves with the blood of their enemy; or as compared with those of the Swiss[1] condottiers in the papal army, or in the army of the king of Naples, with their lust for money—passions which today are recognized as lawful, just as the weakness of children for playthings or candy which hold out the promise of immediate pleasure; or as the passion of the Assembly deputies for appointments and salaries—predilections which were legitimate in the past, addictions which were within the law in the days of the restoration and of Louis Philippe, but which cannot tempt people who are longing for Socialism.

"Socialism, being an entirely new idea, expresses the new strivings and new passions which cannot be comprehended by people of the old order of society, just as the impulses of youth cannot be understood in childhood or in senile second childhood."

Thus Mickiewicz wrote in *La Tribune des Peuples*. But the latter was short-lived. In that very same year, 1849, the government of the new republic first had Mickiewicz removed from the editorial board, and then banned the paper altogether.

Again the horizon became enveloped in darkness for many years.

When the Crimean war broke out, Mickiewicz, the revolutionary agitator, became active again. But this was not the same as in the year 1848. The times were different, and Constantinople was not the same as Rome.

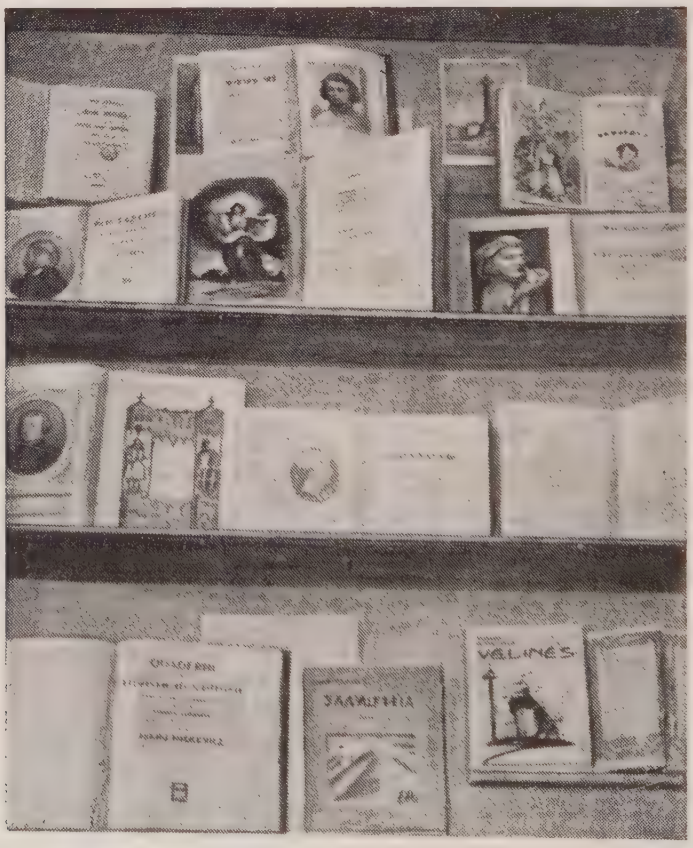
Mickiewicz died at the height of his activity, on November 26, 1855.

"I've shed tears—over my life and my defeats," said Mickiewicz in the poem he wrote at Lausanne. And, indeed, those last twenty years of his life were marked by many defeats, by a whole series of defeats

[1] Cieszkowski (1814-1894)—Polish philosopher and economist.—*Ed.*

and disappointments. He triumphed after his death. But how much bitter irony there was in that triumph! How often was his passionate thought mutilated, how often was his stormy life misrepresented in order to fit it into the trite words of praise on the pedestal of a brass monument. How often did Mickiewicz's name and his words serve as the banner and slogan of camps which would have been alien and hateful to him. How often did obscurantists use Mickiewicz's name as a cover—the name of a man whose very thought repudiated everything for which they stood. How often was his name made a symbol of tradition, and of doubful tradition at that—although he was a revolutionary all his life, first in his poetry and then in his activity.

On the eighty-fifth anniversary of Mickiewicz's death, his memory was honored in all the cultural centers of the Soviet Union, his anniversary was celebrated by the numerous peoples of the Union—from Moscow and Leningrad, to Kiev, Vilnius and Lwow. All of them paid homage to the memory of the greatest Polish poet, one of the noblest representatives of humanity. There is a profound sense in this.



One of the many stands at the exhibition in commemoration of Adam Mickiewicz in Lwow displaying translations of his works into foreign languages

MICKIEWICZ, THE POET

One of the most important places in Adam Mickiewicz's literary heritage is occupied by the dramatic poem *Dziady* (*The Ancestors*), especially its third part which was written in 1832, ten years after the completion of the first two parts.

Probably no other work by Mickiewicz aroused an interest anywhere approximating that inspired by the third part of *The Ancestors*. After having read this dramatic poem the Polish poet, Julian Niemzewicz, a contemporary of Mickiewicz, wrote as follows:

"This work is magnificent, lofty, touching, sparkling with wit, of historic importance—it is above any and all praise."

George Sand's *Study of the Fantastic Drama* compares *The Ancestors* to Goethe's *Faust* and Byron's *Manfred*, frequently giving preference to the work of the Polish poet.

"Yes, those scenes are such," George Sand wrote in part, "that neither Byron nor Goethe nor Dante could ever have written them . . . Not since the times of the prophets of Zion, since the times of their tears and lamentations, has a voice risen to sing with such power a thing so enormous as the ruin of a nation."

After having read *The Ancestors*, Alexander Hertzen wrote in his diary: "There is great art and beauty in this lament of the poet. My God, how splendid his scenes of a Russian road in winter-time!"

In the third part of *The Ancestors*, Mickiewicz masterfully fused reality and fantasy. Stirring are his scenes in which he recreates the period of persecution of the advanced Polish student body by the tsarist Senator Novosiltsev, a period during which Mickiewicz and scores of his fellow-students were being thrown into prisons for having dared to dream of liberty for their people. The fantastic scenes in which the forces of heaven and hell clash, representing the eternal struggle of good and evil, are written with striking poetic power. But the most magnificent part of this remarkable poem is the scene "The Improvisation" which we are citing below. In it the poet, having felt his right to speak in the name of millions, faces God with a bold challenge and a bold accusation: if he, God, permits an injustice so great to be perpetrated on this earth, he is no father to the universe, he is an autocrat, a tsar.

After the presentation of *The Ancestors* on the Cracow stage in 1919, Professor Boy-Zelenski wrote in the paper *Czas:* "'The Improvisation' is probably the highest summit to which inspiration can soar, of which poetry in general is capable—everything stems from genuine feeling, from living truth, and not from poetic convention."

Mickiewicz regarded the third part of *The Ancestors* as only a part of a great dramatic epopee of the suffering and struggle of the Polish people. "I desire to create my only work which deserves to be read," to cite from the poet's letter to his friend Odyniec. The poet, however, did not realize his dream, to our great regret.

The Improvisation

(A free and amplified paraphrase)

KONRAD

(A polish prisoner in a tsarist dungeon; speaks after a long silence:)

Solitude?—and is it S o l i t u d e,
Now I have noblest thoughts for company?
For now I rouse me—I who long have lain
Both dead unto the world . . . and to myself;
Yea, now I rouse me—rise within myself,

We reprint here old translations by Frank H. Fortey.

Through secret might! through unconsuming fire!
That burns and glows within my inmost being;
O not like burning fever that destroys,
But grand, creative glow—renewing strength
More than in days when walls confined me not!
Why yearn for man—who hath no f e l l o w man;
Free or in prison, or in weal or woe,
Alone! unequalled! in my thoughts—alone?
O wherefore should I long to sing for man,
When from the populace I may escape,
Borne on the golden wings of Poesy?
For now my Muse outsoars their earthly ken,
And none may fetter—none pursue her flight,
Free! radiant! glorious! mounting swift to Heaven . . .
N o w in the empyrean! Then what wrong—
To weary for the people tongue and voice,
The God in man reveal to man the foe,
And chain on earth the glory meant for Heaven!
O in the world of man—this dark, dark world,
Nor tongue with voice, nor voice with thought agree;
So hard the source and offices of speech!
Thought flows within the soul, and breaks . . . in speech;
And speech but swallows thought and shakes, above thought,
As doth the earth a subterranean stream;
From this earth-shaking may the world divine
The torrent's depth—or whence—or where—it flows?
So none may know the source—depth—trend—of thought!
As blood to body—feeling is to soul;
It circulates the soul; it glows and kindles
(Like blood) its inner depths, its secret cells:
But man—vain man—knows nought of blood . . . or feeling!
And only looking superficially,
Finds but as little feeling in my songs,
As there is blood within my countenance!

My song, thou art a star and dwell'st apart,
Far, far beyond the boundaries of the world!
And earthly vision vainly following thee,
Though girt with wings of crystal, may not reach
The sacred sphere wherein thou art enshrined:
It will but strike against thy Milky Way;
Not piercing the beyond; returning void;
Empty of thought and feeling . . . as it came;
Save vaguest memory of sun and star,
Inextricable confusion of the mind!
Number-size-system-hopeless mixed and lost!

I have my song; and people's eyes and ears
Are as they were not! to myself I sing;
Myself sole singer and sole audience!
O thou grand song—as lofty as thy theme,
Flow in my inmost depths! shine on the heights!
A hidden stream! A star beyond the sky!

Thou universal light-emitting song,
Radiating with the glory! O thou knowest
I am the Master, for I called thee forth:
O God! O Nature! hearken to my voice!
Worthy of God and Nature is my song!
I sing . . . MYSELF . . . and cause the stars to sing
Beneath my awful and miraculous touch;
Playing my own divine accompaniment—
The music of the spheres! I stretch my hands
Into the Heavens and place them on the stars,
As on a tuneful organ's mighty stops,
And as I bid, my soul will make them play.
Millions of sounds rush forth and of these millions
I draw out every note, I know each tone:
I harmonize—divide—blend—know them all!
And some I wave in rainbow harmonies!—
Sweet arched concords charming eye and ear;
And some I crash in lightning audible!

I take away my hands: I raise them high,
Above the world, above the countless stars:
The organ-stops I touch no more but still
The music I have made rolls grandly on;
And never echoing through the sea of space,
Until it strikes the ocean of mankind,
Rousing the innumerable multitude,
As earthly storm the multitudinous sea.
The music roars with storm . . . and moans with grief,
Like long, long wail of tempest, ere it bursts
In its full fury, churning the seas in wrath;
And human deep re-echoes starry deep,
In lesser imitation faintly grand
(How else may finite voice infinity?)

And Time denies himself and slow replies
In time-less, low, reverberating tone.
I rest . . . and listen to my deathless singing;
And every note together plays and flames,
Being both audible and visible;
As, when the tempest plays upon the waves,
I hear it in its shrieking water-wraith.
I see it in its threatening thunder-cloud.

Lo, it is very good—my Song-Creation!
'Tis Vigor! Might! and Immortality!
I feel—create—sing—Immortality!
What greater couldst Thou do, Almighty God? . . .
Worthy of God and Nature is my song!

And every thought I fashion from itself:
I give it flesh and blood; endow with life;
And send it forth in likeness of a bird!
O sweet creation! feathered songsters mine!

Rejoicing in your life and liberty,
How swiftly do ye scatter through the sky,
Sheen, dart and play, bathing in heavenly blue,
Already far away! I feel you still!
I love your charms, my beautiful song-birds!
(Bird-lilt)
I feel your glossy wings and silky breast,
So soft and smooth beneath my tender touch,
And oh! however fast or far you fly,
I know your every movement—with my thought!

I love you so—poetic children mine!
My thoughts! my stars! my feelings! and my storms!
I stand 'mongst you—a father 'mongst his children!
Mine! mine! all mine! for ever, ever mine!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
I SCORN YOU!—all ye Poets, Prophets, Seers,
That the wide world has honored: were it true!
That which ye cast on credulous mankind,
And could ye meet the children of your souls
And did not know then idle phantasy!
Were all of admiration, praise, applause,
Received by you; and garlands fresh and fair,
And not like those of earth that fade and die,
But nourished with the daily rays of fame,
And deathless as immortal amaranth!—
Were all of Music, Loveliness and Worth
United in your honor; and ye felt,
It had not been unworthily bestowed—
This mighty, everlasting paean of praise
Swelling from every race and every age!—
O could such praise be yours! or were it yours!—
Ye could not know the joy! the strength! the power!
Which now I feel . . . alone in dungeon dark!
As now I sing—myself within myself,
As now I sing—unto myself alone!
To-night I feel unrivalled ecstasy!
To-night my power surpasses that of Kings!
To-night I reach the zenith of my power!
To-night ordaining Providence will show
Whether I am the greatest of mankind
Or but the proudest—proudest . . . but to fall!
To-night is the predestined moment grand;
To-night to their far, uttermost extent,
I stretch the mighty pinions of my soul;
For lo! the hour has come—the hour of Samson!
When blind and fettered he only prayed to God,
Then rocked and threw the massive columns down! . . .
I will throw down my body! as spirit
I will take pinions only! . . . Now I soar
Beyond the orbits of the planets, stars,
And all that else informs the heavenly deep,

Outsoaring the bounds of Nature and Creation!
I have them!—yea, I have them—these two wings;
I was already spirit, and did want
But wings to soar on high: I spread them o'er
Remotest regions of the East and West;
Strike with the right the Future, left the Past;
And now I come on rays of love to Thee,
Of Whom men say Thou lovest in the heavens,
And with my love I gaze upon Thy love!
Lo! I am here—even beside Thy Throne;
Thou see'st my power, my might, and that my wings
Reach even here!—reach even unto Thee.
But I am Man, though spirit, and on Earth
Doth lie my body; and on Earth I loved,
And in my Country hath remained my heart.
O this my love—my deep love in the world,
It has not rested on a single Being.
Like insect on the flower of a rose
Nor on one family, nor one century;
It is the whole, whole nation that I love
And all her past and future generations
I gather in my arms in fond embrace—
A friend—a lover—husband—or a father!
I wish to make her happy, lift her up,
And render her the world's astonishment . . .
I have no power to do this of myself,
So come to Thee to find in Thee the power
To do this grandest of all miracles!
I have come armed with the whole strength of thought,
That thought which tore Thy thunderbolts from Heaven;
That tracked the distant courses of Thy stars;
From which the deepest sea had nothing hid;
And I have more: a superhuman strength—
Feeling intense, that smolders in itself
Like a volcano, belching—words alone! . . .
My power hath not been gained from the fruit
Of Eden's Tree of Knowledge, nor from books,
Nor great traditions, nor enquiries deep
Into the problems of the human mind,
Nor yet enquiries into sorcery:
Creator was I born; and this my power
Came unto me as Thine came unto Thee;
Thou didst not seek . . . and dost not fear to lose.
I did not seek . . . and do not fear to lose!
Thy power is co-eternal with Thyself:
My power is everlasting like myself.
Whether Thy gift or that, through Grace Divine,
I took it whence Thou didst—I have a Power,
Which in the grandest moments of my soul
"O'erleaps all fence" . . . and knows nor Time nor Space!
O when in fancied security on high,
There stretch long lines of migratory birds
Swift seeking warmth and rest in other lands;

And I upgaze with absolute command
And will to straightway stop them in their flight,
Lo! they are held as in a sudden snare!
They utter cries of fear, bewilderment,
But till I let them go Thy wind from Heaven
Will not release, disperse them. When I gaze
With all my soul upon a comet's flight,
'Tis ended—quicker than the comet's flash! . . .
Only depraved man, unbelieving man,
Useless and yet immortal, doth not serve
Or know me: doth not serve or know us both!
Both Thee and me, yea, he denies us both—
Doubt serves not Faith . . . and laughs at miracles,
Being itself the sole thing miracle-proof.
No miracle, without first:—"I believe!"
. . . . . .
Grant me, O God, dominion over souls.
I who erstwhile did rule the birds and stars,
And straightway held them mid their swiftest flight,
Now ask dominion over all mankind.
O not through weapons—sword repulses sword;
Nor science—matter changes . . . through decay;
Nor songs—how slowly do they influence man;
Nor miracles—too loud and overpowering;
But through the deepest feelings of my soul.
Reign, as Thou dost, in quiet and in secret;—
Above all natural phenomena,
Above all ways of God made manifest;—
A STILL SMALL VOICE above strong wind, earthquake,
fire! . . .
O let mankind at once divine my thoughts,
And act on them divining; so they may
Taste of continual bliss here and hereafter,
Or disobeying—endless punishment!
O let men be as feelings, thoughts and words
For me to build a noble House of Song;
They say that thus Thou build'st—Great Architect.
Thou knowest I have ne'er corrupted thought.
Nor speech impoverished—mixing dross with pure,
But used each word, each tone with deep-set meaning:
O grant me equal power o'er human souls!
And I will build . . . POLAND . . . A LIVING SONG!
Create a greater glory than "Creation:"—
POLAND—A SONG OF JOY! A SONG OF JOY!
Grant me, O God! dominion over souls,
Spiritual power and not temporal.
I so despise that lifeless edifice,
Which men call Earth and earthly praise as Earth;
Unmindful of God's wondrous Universe,
Creation grand that filleth Time and Space,
Of which the Earth's so insignificant
In size, duration, worth, that I have scorned
To use my strength and straight demolish it.

Grant me, O God! the empire of the soul
Extending boundless—boundless as itself,
The unseen power that rulest over all
And fillest all with its divine excess
And overflow of soul. Informing spirit!
True insight to the very heart of things!—
To which appearance is not reality,
Reality unreal—the spirit real,
And all that is but symbols of our God;—
Without whom, Life were lifeless, Earth were Chaos,
The Universe in vain, and Heaven a myth,
And mind and soul and body—all a blank!
Lost in the void of unessential Night!
O Father! save me from this dreadful fate,—
Existence non-existence! Death-in-Life!
O grant me quickening, superhuman power
And life were life indeed! Then would I soar
And swiftly mounting to the empyrean
Straightway extinguish full a thousand stars
And kindle thousands man hath never seen:—
Prometheus f r o m the Earth with fire . . . to Heaven!
For with my fire I light celestial fires—
The stars; and those already dim or low,
Burn brighter or extinguish—as I will.
I am immortal: in Creation round
Are other immortals, but yet none so great:
Thou art supreme in Heaven; I seek Thee there;
I—greatest of all those that walk on Earth.
I have not seen Thee; that Thou art . . . I know;
O let me feel Thou art pre-eminent—
O let me feel how true those words sublime—
"The hand of the lord hath the pre-eminence!"
I would have power—O Father, grant it me!
O King of Glory, show me the way to Glory!
I know that there were prophets and wise men,
Rulers of souls!—which, Father! I believe,
Likewise believe that what they could I can:
May I have Power—even as Thou hast power;
And reign o'ver souls—even as Thou dost reign!
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

(Long silence)

(With irony:)

. . . . . .
Silent?—art Thou still silent? . . . Now I know
All that Thou art—the secret of Thy power.
How wise was he who found that Thou art—Love!
I only find that Thou art—Intellect!
With mind, not heart, shall people know Thy ways;
With mind, not heart, Thy weapons understand;
And only he who delveth deep in books,
Metals and figures, corpses, skeletons,

Shall through a kindred spirit know Thy power!
In usurpation of all this Thy power!
Poison and dust, and steam, glare, smoke and noise
He will discover; and arbitrary rule,
Imposed on just and unjust, wise and simple;—
These are Thy precious gifts bestowed on Man! . . .
For Thou, O Lord! hast handed the world to thought
And left the heart to penance without end,
And, having given me the shortest life,
Leav'st me, in mockery, love most powerful! . . .

(Silence)

. . . . . .

Woe! Woe!—for what to me is Love or Life? . . .
A spark! a moment!
And will the lightning and the thunder cease?—
A spark! A moment!
Of all the ages what may I record—
A moment!
O whence comes Man—this little, little word?—
A spark!
And what is Death that scatters all my mind?—
A moment!
And who is God, whose arms enfold the world?—
A spark!
And how long lasts the world when He has gone?
A moment!

. . . . . .

EVIL SPIRIT
(Voice on the left)

I must mount—on his soul—as on a steed!
Race! Race! at a gallop! at a gallop!

GOOD SPIRIT
(Voice on the right)

Hark!—how he raves in his delirium!
O let me save him . . . from himself . . . and demons
And cover him defenceless—with my wings!

KONRAD

Ha! ha! moments and sparks expand! inflame!
Create or else destroy. O courage then!
This moment let us cherish and prolong
And let us kindle and receive this spark! . . .
'Tis done already! . . . now I challenge Thee,
And as a friend unbare my soul to Thee,
Answer, O answer me! . . . What—silent still? . . .
'Gainst Satan Thou wert not contemptuous;
Thou led'st in Person all the hosts of Heaven,
'Gainst third of Heaven rebelling. Ah, once more

I challenge Thee—and this Time as Thy foe!
O scorn me not! for I am not alone,
Though raised alone to this high eminence!
For I have armies, princes, thrones and powers
In my just quarrel, and true brotherhood
With a great Nation; so if I rebel
I'll wage with Thee a bloodier war than Satan!—
He for the intellect, I for the heart! . . .

(Silence)

(With emotion:)

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Am I not right to answer for the heart,
Through which I feel so deeply, love so much?
How I have loved and suffered in the world,
Both love and suffering one continual pain,
For such sad love is pain and adds to pain,
I have grown old in torments and affection
For my dear stricken land—bowed down with grief;
Yet would I suffer all her many wrongs
Than wrong her with the greatest wrong of all—
A moment's thought of selfish happiness!
Were Paradise the test of my great love,
And I, like Elijah, might be caught to Heaven,
Still would I share, dear land! thy misery,
O Heav'n would not be Heav'n—with thee in woe,
Poland beloved! . . . or only Heaven:—
To plead thy cause before the Eternal Throne,
Until through prayer thy woe be changed to bliss.
When Thou didst tear from me my personal joy
(If such deep sadness could be called a joy)
Of home and sweet home country all bereft,
Early delivered to our cruel foes;
I did not raise my hands against high Heaven,
But reddened them, O God! in mine own breast,
To turn the hard hearts of our enemies,
For my dear Land—a lifelong sacrifice!
Delivered to grief, shame . . . and this Agony!
O Father! Thou hast ne'er removed this Cup! . . .
Lord, if Thou wilt, remove it far from me!

. . . . . .
. . . . . .

EVIL SPIRIT

He falls!—repents! O soar! with curses—soar!
For lo! I change the steed into a bird!
Soar as an eagle! let thy prey be . . . Heaven!

GOOD SPIRIT

O fallen spirit! falling Shooting-Star!
O how thy sad tears drop like thee from Heaven!

KONRAD

Now is my soul incarnate with my country,
My body is all spirit with her soul:
For I and my dear fatherland are one;
My name is Million: for the sake of millions
I love and suffer torments without end,
O my beloved country, tried and true!
I gaze at thee—matchless 'mid matchless wrongs!
Even as a son gazes upon his father
Broken on the wheel; I feel thy suffering,
As a mother the suffering of her child!
I suffer and rave—maddened by Poland's wrongs!
And Thou, O God! art wise and calm and bright,
Thou smil'st serene with azure skies serene,
(The azure heavens are the smile of God!)
Thou seest—rulest—judgest—everything,
And the world says Thou art infallible! . . .

Father! if true—which with a son's fond faith
I heard when first I came into the world—
That Thou art Love and that Thou chief dost love
'Bove all Thine other work Thine Image—Man,
(Man made in God's own image—a living soul);
O if the feeling heart was in the act
When Thou didst save the faithful of mankind,
Noah and all his household, from the flood,
Besides the few of every living thing,
He brought into the ark at Thy command;
O if Thy heart be verily a heart,
And not like some strange monster which has come
Into the world by accident (or fate),
Which but remains in immaturity,
Abortion unreliable in its ways,
Horribly tearing all it once adored;
If with Thee sentiment's not anarchy;
If in a million people crying "help!"
Thou see'st a problem in arithmetic,
If "Love" is necessary for the sum
And is not merely Thy mistake in reck'ning . . .

EVIL SPIRIT

O let the eagle now a hydra be!
But with blind eyes, to help his frenzy blind,
And bring him all the quicker to perdition;
On, on to the assault! Smoke! Burn! Roar! Strike!

GOOD SPIRIT

A wand'ring comet in the light of day!
O what will be the end of its wild course
Alas! no end but endless misery!

KONRAD

Lord, Thou art ever silent! . . . I have bared
To Thee the bottom of my heart—in vain!
Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee,
Yet found no Heavenly Friend to still my grief.
I adjure Thee, grant me power—a little power,
A part of that which pride has won on earth,
And with that little, O what happiness
I would create! . . . Thou'rt silent? Thou wilt not?
Then grant it to the mind, if not the heart!
Thou seest me first of men and also first
Of the angelic host and that I know
The better than Thine own archangels do;
Worthy that Thou shouldst halve Thy power with me . . .
O if I err, reply— . . . I do not err! . . .
Thou—silent—trustest in Thy powerful arms . . .
Yet wherefore should I fear!—feeling will burn,
That which the powerfullest mind may not break;
Thou knowest that my burning-glass is love!
I focus and contract it, concentrate
To increase the intensity of heat,
Like burning fuse that will explode the shell! . . .

EVIL SPIRIT

Load! Fire!

GOOD SPIRIT

Pity! Remorse!

KONRAD

Answer!!—for the last time I challenge Thee;
Answer!—or I will shoot against Thy realm,
Which if be not straightway laid in ruins,
Will be so shattered that it scarce may stand—
Tottering suspense worse than immediate fall;
For I will send my voice through all the world,
Strong with the righteous wrath of the oppressed,
Reaching the generations yet unborn,
Piercing like a tremendous trump of doom,
And rocking all Thy palaces in Heaven,
And everywhere proclaiming that Thou art
Not the Father of the world, but . . .

THE VOICE OF THE DEMON

"The Tsar!"

(Konrad stops a moment, staggers and falls.)

Crimean Sonnets

THE STEPPES OF AKERMAN

I flow into a dry and boundless sea,
My wain dips in the verdure like a boat;
Midst meadow waves and floods of flow'rs I note
Sharp corals which I pass by silently.

Night falls: for road or mound I vainly scan,
I search the sky, the stars—the sailor's guide;
There gleams a cloud, the day-star glitters wide
There shines the Dniester! There shines Akerman!

O halt!—how still!—I hear the beating wing
Of far-off storks beyond my straining sight,
I hear a butterfly slow balancing,

I hear a snake through grasses gliding light.
Stillness. I yearning listen—air may bring
Home sounds from Litva!—Onward!—All is night!

THE SEA IN A CALM

(From the Rock of Tarkankut)

The flag scarce stirs; the bosom of the main
Rises and falls in silence, like a bride
Who dreams her life of rapture will abide
Then, sighing, wakes and, smiling, dreams again.

The sails are furled (so calm the watery plain)
As when war's ended flags are furled and tied;
The sailing-vessels all so stilly ride
As if they anchored were with iron chain.

O Ocean! In the midst of the bright homes
A polyp lives: it sleeps deep down in storm;
In calm, its arms gigantic u p w a r d start!

O Mind! Deep, deep in the abyss there roams
The hydra of the P a s t—a sleeping form,
In strife; in rest—its talons reach the h e a r t!

MICKIEWICZ, THE LITERARY CRITIC

Excerpts From Critical Essays

GOETHE AND BYRON[1]

A more convincing proof of the poetic tendencies of an age than can be supplied by theoretical reasoning is provided by the nearly simultaneous appearance of two great poetical geniuses—Goethe and Byron.

Ever since the time of Charles II poetry in England had ceased to chaunt the recollections and emotions of the nation and had become a lifeless imitation of French poetry. The impassible Addison, the witty Pope, were regarded as great poets. At last, at a loss for subject matter, nearly all those who wrote verses directed their attention to the inexhaustible treasury of descriptive poetry[2], this being, as a rule, the end of all imitative literature. Thomson, rich in color, but prolix and wordy in his rhetorical declamations, became the idol of all learned readers, who are ever ready to admire without enjoying what they read.

But at that time England's might and culture were growing fast, its influence spreading to the whole world, and England was interfering in all political events. The American Revolution, the stubborn and endless war with France, the formation of various political groups within the country—all this absorbed the attention of society and gave rise to novel ideas, conceptions and sentiments. There only lacked a poet to express all this in verse. The situation could be likened to that of a smoldering mass which had accumulated underground, seeking but a new crater in the neighboring mountains.

Lord Byron came of an aristocratic family. It had some political weight but had fallen into decline, and was acutely sensitive on that account. Byron had been brought up in solitude and had, at an early age, begun to smart under the blows of the ill-fortune

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[1] Most literary critics are of the opinion that this essay was written in 1822. Professor Kallenbach, however, fixes a later date, namely 1828-1829, on the ground that it is written in a very free vein and displays a breadth of mind which has nothing in common with the articles of the Vilno period.

[2] Mickiewicz's statement that descriptive poetry is a sign of the decadence of poetic creative power can hardly be referred to the year 1822 when he himself was enraptured by *Sophievka*, a distinctly descriptive poem written by the Polish poet Tremblecki.

that had befallen his family, while his lonely rambles in the hills of Scotland afforded him sufficient leisure to meditate on all that surrounded him and on himself. His classical education, the long forgotten past, could not, it seems, divert him from his melancholy reflections, and, since he was so tormented by the present, tales of olden times were incapable of arousing his enthusiasm. In his imitations of Virgil and Ossian, Byron displayed but little talent. In those days his talent had not yet awakened from slumber.

But passions awoke very early in the breast of the young boy. He attached himself with youthful ardor to people with whom he came in contact. After having suffered keenly from faithlessness in love, after having fallen into bad company and been many times deceived in friendship, he forsook his native country, made the round of Europe, witnessed the horrors of war. He directed his steps towards the East, to the lands of glamour and dreams, and there, for the first time, revealed himself as the poet that he was, pouring out all the feelings that were seething in his breast, all the thoughts that had accumulated in him in the course of his wanderings. His sentiments and emotions were those of a young man of the nineteenth century, his reflections—those of a philosopher, his political views those of an Englishman... Byron's first poetic productions were rigorously condemned. This injustice cut the young poet to the quick, and it was then that his talent asserted itself in full vigor and power, breaking out, like Homer's Jupiter, in deafening thunder. Like the bards of the Middle Ages, who responded to the call of their times and were intelligible to their compatriots, so the songs of Byron found an echo among the great masses of Europe, and he himself found numerous imitations. Thus a string, when struck, calls forth a sound in other strings tuned to the same pitch, in strings that, until that moment, had been mute.

ON ROMANTIC POETRY[1]

The hour has now struck for the people of Great Britain, in their turn, to come to the fore in the history of European poetry. This nation is different from all others in character, for, being surrounded by the sea, it is less liable to be influenced by foreign tendencies. The lively feelings and imagination of the Highlanders and the Saxons could not but be translated into poetry. In England, more than anywhere else, the popular myths owed their origin to the Druids and the ancient bards. Although the teachings of Christianity had destroyed among these people all the conceptions created by religion, it was not easy for Greek and Roman poetry to penetrate into the country together with the new faith which, after having spread in all the lands controlled by Greece and Rome, had taken root in Great Britain. Ancient customs and the inherent esteem for national poets were preserved and remained intact for a longer time in feudal England than in other

[1] This article was published by Mickiewicz as a preface to the first collection of his poems which appeared in 1822.

countries. The people, who were already accustomed to take part in political life and in interminable military campaigns, were fond of the songs of chivalry enlivened by popular sentiment and echoing local events. The powerful dukes, the great lords of the land, recognized in the songs of the bards the history of their ancestors. That is why popular poetry developed through a much longer period in England than in most other countries, and why it has been preserved in Scotland nearly up to our times. Circumstances and the leanings of the population of Great Britain being such, it was in the nature of things that the poets of those times, adapting themselves to the preferences and requirements of society, should have taken up the ancient folk-songs and improved upon them.

It was thus that the school of Chaucer came into existence, and the same spirit permeates the dramatic productions which gradually laid their stamp on the character of the people. William Shakespeare, that great playwright who has been rightly called "the offspring of feeling and imagination," and who was brought up exclusively on the production of folk art, left in his works vivid traces of the genius and sentiments of his age. This great connoisseur of the human heart faithfully depicted the nature of man, employing for this purpose a novel form of dramatic poetry of his own creation, the predominant feature of which is the struggle between duty and passion—one of the fundamental conceptions of the world of romanticism.

Shakespeare was less successful in dealing with subjects borrowed from Greek and Roman history. To cope with the task of producing a flawless image of the character and the spirit of ancient nations was difficult at a time when writers were very imperfectly acquainted with history and literature. Shakespeare knew "man," but had only a vague conception of the Greek, the Roman, and even of the Englishman.

Social life in England had, meanwhile, begun to acquire a certain external polish. The etiquette of Versailles had been introduced at the Court of St. James, together with French tastes. The schools of Chaucer and of Shakespeare had to retreat before the rational Pope, the sleek Addison and the witty Swift.

The imitators of these celebrated writers, and chiefly those of a deplorable quality, rapidly grew in number, leading thus to the decline of English poetry, a decline from which it recovered to some extent in our age, with the appearance of two great geniuses—Walter Scott and Byron. The first of these devoted his talent to the history of his people, writing novels of a national character, romantic in spirit, but classical in form. He likewise resuscitated ancient ballads and songs, and became thus a second, an English Ariosto. Byron, by infusing sentiment into his images, created a new kind of poetry, one in which the spirit of passion is materialized in voluptuous pictures created by the imagination of the poet.

Byron is, in the sphere of narrative and description, what Shakespeare is in the sphere of the drama . . .

WARSAW CRITICS AND REVIEWERS[1]

At the present time we see that in Europe, not to speak of the East, many a nation possesses a thriving and progressing literature. Even the French, having rid themselves of the notion instilled in them by the school of Voltaire that their civilization has attained an exceptional height, are studying, translating and creating new forms. Our (Polish) men of letters, however, do not seem to find anything worthy of study except the literature of France and that, no further than to the middle of the eighteenth century. Treading in the footsteps of Caliph Omar,[2] they reason in the following manner: "Foreign literature is either in agreement with the principles expounded by Boileau or not. In the first case it is superfluous, in the second it is harmful." They pretend to stand up for antiquity, for classicism, but what a wrong interpretation they put on these terms! Lacking all knowledge of Latin, and having no notion of the Greek language, they want to teach the English and the Germans how to appreciate and to understand ancient art, and in what measure it is permissible to imitate its forms! In our days, when so many admirable works written in nearly all the languages of the globe absorb the attention of Europe, one must be endowed with the talent, one must possess the wide erudition of a Schlegel, of a Tieck, a Sismondi, a Hazlitt, a Guizot, a Villemain, or of the editors of *Le Globe*, in order to be able to pronounce a judgment on art. But how do the reviewers of Pater Golanski's and Francis Dmochowski's schools hope to attain this? Some of them mock at Goethe, whose works are being read and translated and are highly esteemed in the entire world of culture, but which have not succeded in forcing their way through to Warsaw; some find consolation in the thought that *they are not familiar with the Dutch language and are unable to read Lessing*; and others again, recommend a strict quarantine to be instituted, to prevent the penetration of science from abroad. This intellectual blockade, however necessary it may be to keep up the price of Warsaw wares, is not in favor with the public. Some poets and critics object to it even in Warsaw. The contagion of foreign knowledge is spreading so rapidly that even the most orthodox adherents of classicism quote Goethe, Byron, Moore. But these great names must not be invoked in vain—they are known to so few, and their works so rarely pass through the barriers of classicism. When one is equipped only with school lore and the teaching of Laharpe, one may discuss these works and, above all, art and poetry in general around the dinner table or in fashionable drawing rooms, but not on the pages of a literary journal. The Warsaw reviewers of the classical school remind us of those provincial politicians who, although they never even read foreign newspapers, think that they can judge of cabinet secrets and of the policy of statesmen.—Happy are they in their ignorance! . . .

[1] This article was written by Mickiewicz as a preface to a collection of poems which was published in Petersburg in 1829.

[2] This Caliph, having invaded Egypt, burnt the immense library of Alexandria on the ground that the books contained in it were either in conformity with the teaching of the Koran or not and in both cases they were unnecessary.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN[1]

The interval between 1815 and 1830 was a particularly propitious epoch for poets. After the great Napoleonic war, Europe, weary of battles, congresses, communiqués and protocols, was, to all appearances, disgusted with sad reality and was inclined to direct her glances to what was called "the world of ideals." It was then that Byron made his appearance. He soon came to occupy, in the sphere of imagination, the same place which Napoleon had formerly occupied in the domain of reality. Destiny, which had continually supplied Napoleon with pretexts for waging wars, favored Byron with a long period of peace. During his poetical reign no great events occurred to divert the attention of a Europe engrossed in English literature.

At that time a young Russian, Alexander Pushkin, was terminating his course of studies at the Lycée in Tsarskoye Selo. In this school, which was run on foreign lines, the young man, far from learning much that might benefit him as a popular poet, actually ran the risk of forgetting a great deal; he lost touch with all the familiar traditions and became a stranger to the customs and habits of his country. The young students of the Lycée in Tsarskoye Selo contrived, however, to find an antidote for the foreign influence of their college in assiduous reading of Russian poetical works, especially those of Zhukovsky. That famous poet, who had begun his literary career by imitating German poets and ended by becoming their rival, was endeavoring to impart a national character to Russian poetry by resuscitating in his songs the tales and legends of his country. It was in this fashion that Zhukovsky began to educate Pushkin. But Byron lured him away from this admirable school and carried him off into the solitary realms of fantasy and into the caverns of romanticism.

After reading Byron's *Corsair* Pushkin realized that he himself was a poet. He wrote and published, one after the other, a considerable number of poetical productions, the most outstanding of which are *The Prisoner in the Caucasus* and *The Bakhchisarai Fountain*. These works aroused indescribable enthusiasm. The reading public were amazed by the novelty of the subjects and of the poetic forms. The women admired the profound sensibility of the young writer and the fertility of his imagination. The men of letters were struck by the power, precision and elegance of his style. Pushkin was unanimously proclaimed the greatest writer of his country.

The sudden appearance of Pushkin on the literary arena of the North could not but produce a great revolution in the domain of letters. All the conversations in literary circles and in fashionable drawing-rooms turned upon the excellencies and the deficiencies of the new poetical school, and a war between classicism and romanticism was on the point of breaking out in Russia. And significantly enough, a political revolution was brewing in the country at the same time . . .

During the last years of Alexander's reign Pushkin being, like all his friends, closely linked with the opposition, circulated some biting epigrams touching the emperor and his government. He even went so far as to write an *Ode to the Dagger*. These ephemeral productions written by hand in the form of fly-leaves, were circulated

[1] Extract from a eulogy written at Pushkin's death.

all over the country, from Petersburg to Odessa. Read by everyone, commented upon, and admired, they won greater popularity for the author than his later works which were of immeasurably higher merit. It is true that to write such things in Russia required a great deal more courage than would be needed to stir up an insurrection in London or Paris. Pushkin was from that time on regarded as head of the intellectual opposition and as a person who was dangerous to the government. The emperor found it necessary to banish him from the capital and to send him to a distant province. This exile actually saved his life, for soon after the conspiracy was brought to light. The movement in Petersburg was crushed, in the South the uprising likewise failed and the unfortunate revolutionaries either died on the scaffold or vanished for ever in the Siberian mines . . .

It was approximately at that time that he published *The Gypsies* and, later on, *Poltava*, remarkable works which bore witness to the constant growth of Pushkin's talent. Both poems are based on reality; their plots are simple, and the characters are depicted with a keen insight into human nature and drawn with vigorous strokes; the style is free from all romantic affectation. As was the case with David and Saul's heavy armor, Pushkin was unfortunately still under the influence of the Byronic form, which, like Saul's heavy armor, hampered this young David; but one could easily see that he was on the point of liberating himself from it.

The slight nuances which indicate the poet was abandoning his former manner for another are still more conspicuous in his most admirable, most original and most national work—*Eugene Onegin* . . .

Pushkin's drama *Boris Godunov*, like everything he had published before its appearance, is not a criterion of his talent. At the time of which we speak Pushkin was still in the first stage of his literary career. He was barely thirty years old. All those who knew him noticed a marked change which was taking place in him. Instead of avidly devouring foreign works of fiction and periodicals, which in former times had engrossed him to the exclusion of all other literature, he now preferred to listen to folk tales and songs and to narratives relating to the history of his country. He seemed to be bidding farewell to foreign influences and to be striking root in his native soil. His conversation, in which one could often detect the germs of future works, was becoming more serious. He liked to discuss lofty spiritual and social problems, of the very existence of which most of his compatriots seemed to have no conception. He was obviously undergoing an inner transformation. There were signs that, both as man and artist, he would, in all probability, modify his former manner, or discover a new one, more in keeping with his nature. He discontinued writing verse and published nothing but several historical essays, which must be regarded as preparatory or preliminary ventures. What was he preparing himself for? For a display of his erudition at some future moment? Most assuredly. He despised writers who had no definite aim in view, no tendency. He disapproved of Goethe's sceptical philosophy, of his artistic aloofness and impassibility. What was at work in his mind? Was he silently inhaling the breath of that spirit which permeated the works of Manzoni or of Pellico, and which seems to have fertilized the meditations of Thomas Moore who, in his time, had also become silent? Or was his imagination endeavoring to em-

body ideas of the kind which inspired Saint-Simon and Fourier? I do not know. In his conversations and in his fugitive poems one could discover traces of both these tendencies. However that may have been, I was convinced that his poetic silence augured well for Russian literature. I was looking forward to his reappearance on the literary arena as a new man, in full possession of the vigor and power of his genius, matured by experience and strengthened by prolonged practice. All who knew him shared my wishes and expectations. One single bullet put an end to our hopes.

The bullet that felled Pushkin dealt intellectual Russia a terrible blow. It is not given to any country to produce more than once a being in whom the most diverse qualities, even such as seem to exclude one another, are combined in so great a measure. Pushkin, whose poetic talent was admired by his readers, astonished his audience by the vivacity, the shrewdness and lucidity of his mind. He was endowed with a phenomenal memory, a keen perception, a delicate and exquisite taste. When he discoursed on home or foreign politics one might imagine him to be a man of great experience in affairs of state, a man accustomed to read the daily reports on parliamentary debates. His epigrams and sarcasm procured him many enemies who revenged themselves by slandering him.

I knew the great Russian poet intimately for many years. He seemed to me to be too impressionable and, at times, somewhat frivolous, but always frank, noble-minded and sincere . . .

A FRIEND OF PUSHKIN

Le Globe
May 25, 1837.

FROM "LECTURES ON SLAVONIC LITERATURE"

. . . By 1820 Russian literature had definitely joined the ranks of the opposition, revealing its attitude towards the government by a grim and ominous silence. The Russia of those days presented an amazing scene. The mighty potentate, whom all Europe extolled to the skies, needed but to send a ring or a snuff-box to any of the then living foreign writers, to prompt the latter to express their gratification in poetical panegyrics and English and French newspapers to sing his praise in the most flattering terms; yet at the same time, he was unable to extort from any of the more prominent Russian poets a single laudatory line, or the briefest notice in a Russian periodical commending his personal qualities or his policy. Obscure personages were eagerly sought out and sedulously pressed to insert in their books or articles a few lines in praise of the emperor, but to obtain even that much proved impossible, as public opinion would have branded anyone who would have dared to do it. At that moment, when the bulk of Russian literature constituted such a formidable opposition, a voice rising above all other voices made itself heard. It was the voice of Pushkin, opening a new era in the domain of letters.

The first literary attempt of the poet which saw the light and which was permeated with the spirit of gloomy Jacobinism and grim hatred, made the round of the entire empire. Pushkin's name became a slogan in the mouths of all the discontented elements of the vast country. His *Ode to the Dagger* was discussed, recited and sung everywhere from St. Petersburg in

the North to Odessa and the Caucasus in the South—the ode in itself presenting no greater merit than that of expressing the sentiments that filled the breasts of each and all.

The literature of former times began to recede into the forgotten past. It was still studied in schools and in books, but it gradually began to pale in the light of Pushkin's creations. Neither Lomonosov, nor the aged and laurel-wreathed Derzhavin, with honors and distinctions heaped upon his head, could have foreseen that Pushkin would doom them to oblivion.

Even the newer writers—Zhukovsky, a highly gifted poet, and Batyushkov, were relegated to a secondary place in the minds of the public. They were still appreciated and praised for the perfect form and poetic quality of their works, they were still admired, but they had ceased to enchant, to carry away their readers. Pushkin alone could do this from the very moment when the doors of the Lycée of Tsarskoye Selo had closed behind him.

His classical education had been somewhat neglected, but he read a good deal and was especially versed in French literature. He also read the works of Zhukovsky, who was endeavoring to resuscitate the poetry of the ancient Slavs. But Pushkin's most fervent admiration was bestowed upon Byron, and it was Byron who kindled in him the flame of poetic inspiration.

Pushkin began his literary career by imitating all the Russian writers whose works appealed to him. He wrote after the manner of Derzhavin but better than the aged poet; he imitated ancient Russian poetry, as Zhukovsky had done before him, but improved upon the latter's productions with respect to form, and, especially, with respect to volume and range. Finally he took Byron for his model, borrowing from the great English poet the external form of his poems and the substance of his ideas. Pushkin's heroes remind us of Lara, of the Corsair, and of several other heroes of Byron's works. Pushkin involuntarily followed the path that is imposed upon every writer. Every writer must ascend consecutively all the steps ascended by his forerunners, before venturing into the future.

Just as involuntarily as Pushkin had imitated Byron, he later began to tread in the footsteps of Walter Scott. In those days one could hear everyone discourse on the necessity in poetry and fiction of "local color" and of an "historical background," of the "historical element." Two of Pushkin's works—*The Gypsies* and *Poltava*—are, in a certain measure, indicative of the two tendencies. At times the author may be said to have been influenced by Byron, at other times—by Walter Scott. But in neither of them is his own individuality completely revealed as yet.

Of all the poetry written by Pushkin, his novel in verse, *Eugene Onegin*, must be considered the most original. It will always be read with delight in all Slavonic countries, and will remain, for all times, a faithful representation of an epoch. The poem is constructed on the same plan as Byron's *Don Juan*, the hero of the English poem having served as prototype for Onegin. Pushkin began writing this novel in his youth, gradually adding new pages to it, till it was completed in eight chapters which enchant the reader by their simplicity and the perfection of their style. Pushkin is neither as prolific, nor as rich in subject matter as Byron; he does not rise to the sublime heights attained by the English poet, nor has he that deep insight into human nature that

distinguishes Byron. At the same time his productions are less unequal in quality than Byron's, and his style is more carefully polished, more rounded off. He is, in many respects, often on a par with Byron and sometimes even surpasses him.

The plot of *Onegin* is of the simplest. Two young men are in love with two young girls. One of these young men is soon killed in a duel, the other reappears once more at the end of the novel. It was an extremely arduous task to erect a great epic on so meager a foundation. But in depicting intimate family scenes, Russian nature and every-day events, Pushkin contrived to find sufficient material for a novel, in which comedy, tragedy and drama alternate. The most outstanding merit of this work is the extreme refinement and perfection of the style in which it is written. We have before us a wonderful painting, the background and the coloring of which undergo perpetual changes. The reader hardly notices how the author passes from the elevated and sublime tone of the ode to the witty epigram, and is then again uplifted in describing scenes of nearly epic majesty. The poem is permeated throughout with a melancholy which is more profound than that of Byron.

While Pushkin was engaged in writing this novel in verse, his friends were plotting to overthrow the government . . . It was by a miraculous chance that Pushkin escaped the terrible penalties which his friends endured. On learning the news of Alexander's death, Pushkin immediately set out for St. Petersburg. On his way he, all of a sudden, saw a hare cross the road—an incident which produced a disagreeable impression upon him, for meeting a hare is regarded by the Slavs as an evil omen. Pushkin, however, continued his way. But soon after he chanced upon a still more terrific omen—meeting first a peasant woman and then—a priest. The frightened coachman flung away his whip and, falling on his knees, implored his master to turn back. Pushkin assented. In years to come Pushkin used to speak of this incident in a half jesting, half serious tone; but there can be no doubt that he owed his life to it. If he had not turned back he would, most probably, have perished with some of his friends or have been sentenced to years of hard labor in the Siberian mines together with the others . . .

June 7, 1842.

MICKIEWICZ, THE PUBLICIST

Extracts From Articles

NONINTERVENTION

Paris, March 29, 1849.[1]

The Italian question[2] is being muddled again by the expressions *intervention* and *nonintervention*. These expressions have always been meaningless in diplomacy. Louis Philippe, Thiers and Guizot, who originated these expressions and brought them into circulation, were simply looking for some ambiguous term that would serve notice to other powers that France was not going to take any action, causing at the same time the people of France to believe that those powers were not going to take action either.

The government majority in Philippe's legislative Chambers[3] understood the true meaning of this system of nonintervention, which was to justify their own inactivity and give a free hand to the other powers. Those powers—to give them due credit—made it quite clear and definite in repeated communiqués, such as for instance the Milan communiqué of 1831 and the St. Petersburg communiqués of 1832-1833, etc., that in its true sense *nonintervention* was a system binding only on France.

In speaking of France, the foreign powers evidently had in mind only the official France; the French people have always shared our own understanding of that barbaric expression "nonintervention" originated by Louis Philippe, forced out of use by the February revolution,[4] and reestablished in the diplomatic vocabulary by M. de Lamartine.[5]

Nonintervention, which in the days of Louis Phillippe signified the successive abandonment of Roumania, Poland, Belgium, Spain, Egypt, Montevideo etc., today means giving, the enemy a free hand to act on the very frontiers of France, the abandonment of Piedmonte and Savoy. Thus, after the coalition governments have been permitted to occupy every possible position, the gates are thrown open for them to enter.

The cabinet promises to take steps towards securing the integrity of the Sardinian State. The cabinet knows very well that the enemy has no intentions whatsoever of partitioning Sardinia and appropriating her territory. The Cabinet is bragging that it will prevent the enemy from accomplishing things which the enemy has no intentions of doing.

Piedmonte and Sardinia, like the Netherlands, were promoted to the rank of kingdoms so that they might be used as observation points and outposts against France. Two consecutive revolutions[6] in France have drawn these outposts under

her influence. Now the Coalition is anxious to reconquer them and subject them to a thorough reorganization, setting them once more against France. Austria would not object even to the annexation to the Sardinian States of the acquisitions made by them as a consequence of the revolution: Parma, Piacenza and perhaps even all of Lombardy, so long as Marshal Radetzky[7] retains the same influence in the Turin cabinet as Metternich[8] had in the restoration cabinets and in the cabinets of Louis Philippe.

Once more: the interests that are being attacked and defended in Rome, in Warsaw, in Brussels and Madrid, and to-day in Turin, are the same interests as those which are being defended in Paris, both in the streets and in the National Assembly.

SOCIALISM

Paris, April 14, 1849.[9]

Socialism is an entirely new word. We do not know who originated it. Words created by nobody and repeated by everybody are the most terrifying of all. Fifty years ago the words *revolution* and *revolutionary* were also neologisms and barbarisms.

Socialism made its first appearance in the popular programs issued in the days of the February revolution. No one knows the names of the authors of these programs. An unknown hand inscribed in them the word Socialism, to the great horror of all the self-satisfied Balthasars of France.

The old order of society and all of its representatives, though they did not understand its meaning, read their death sentence in this word. The old order of society calls upon the Chaldeans of the ministries and the police department and the magicians of the Rue Poitiers[10] to decipher these weird symbols, but neither citizen Barrot[11] nor citizen Thiers can make anything of them; and the only counsel they can offer the government is the recommendation that it cross out this indecipherable word.

But crossing it out will not put an end to it. You cannot obliterate words which are being repeated millions of times every day in the newspapers, and which have become the slogans of political parties. You cannot get rid of a political party simply by prohibiting the proclamation of its slogans, of its ideas.

Refusing to accept a challenge is not equivalent to avoiding the danger. The refusal of the old order of society to accept this challenge is sufficient proof to us of the fact that it realizes the impending dangers. The danger is real. The old society feels that it is being attacked on all sides. What it really lacks is not prosecutors and not gendarmes. It has at its disposal more brute force than the Roman Empire ever had, more than the Russian Empire has today. What it really lacks is a moral basis, convictions, ideas.

Genuine Socialism has never encouraged physical disorder, disturbances and all that goes with them. It has never been an enemy of authority. It only aspires to prove that there are no longer any principles in the old order of society, upon which a lawful authority could base itself, *i. e.*, an authority consistent with the contemporary requirements of humanity.

Socialism would welcome authority—but a new kind of authority.

The former foundations of authority no longer exist.

Impotent in theory and dishonest in practice, the old authority can no longer base itself officially on the tenets of religion at one time recognized and accepted by the majority of the French people, tenets that uphold religious and political activity.

The official church and its head, the Pope, rest their hopes solely upon the protection of the Austrian, Russian and French Cabinets, which on the whole are compoesd of disbelievers or atheists. The most conscientious of them, citizen Barrot, advocated in court that *the law must be atheistic.*

What authority could the Pope have today, when he is compelled to lean upon the authority of citizen Barrot?

When the real authority which was once represented by the papal court and the majesty of emperors and kings failed in the eyes of society, there still remained old traditions which often possessed the power of the law and were always cited when the moral and social order were threatened: the religious significance of the oath, the sanctity of all pledges and especially the sanctity of pledges made by royalty; pledges undertaken by the authorities were cited as though they were articles of a constitutional charter.

Everything was based on the oath. One of the most widely known representatives of the old society, de Pasquier,[12] who swore allegiance fourteen times to different governments and served them all by turns, tried and passed judgment, incorporating in his person the entire problem of the political oath.

As to royal pledges, we shall mention in the first place the pledge given collectively by all the monarchs of Europe during their bitter fight against France that everyone of them would grant his people a constitution; also the pledge of the ex-king of Naples that he would abide by the constitution of 1821; and, finally, the pledges of Ferdinand of Austria and of Friedrich-Wilhelm that they would recognize the institutions established by the last revolutions in Austria and Prussia. Who in the face of these examples would repose his trust in a royal promise?

II

Paris, April 16, 1849.[13]

Even the most bitter enemies of Socialism admit the truth of all that is being said about the present chaotic state of society. All agree that the authorities of the old social order are guilty of many abuses.

But how are those abuses to be remedied? Everybody is anxious for the cure; and in the hope that it will be found, people no longer object to the statement of the fact that the ills exist and are spreading.

The right to question the validity of the old order has already been established. Even the National Assembly extends this right to the Socialists. And still both the Assembly and society at large continue to regard Socialism as a negation.

The essence of the objections which are always brought forward against any Socialist system lies in the declaration that Socialism is a negation.

A reply to this first reproach is being demanded from Socialism.

We shall answer in the name of Socialism.

No. The Socialist system is not a negation. You may say that the feeling which forms the seed of Socialism has not strength enough as yet to break through the soil which gave it life, to sprout forth in spite of the unfavorable condi-

tions and the hostility of the official gardeners. You may say that the idea of Socialism has not as yet attained sufficient clarity to attract the attention of those who hold the power, the representatives of a society hostile to Socialism, but you have no right to accuse Socialism of being solely a negation.

Contemporary Socialism is simply the expression of a sense as ancient as life—an expression of the perception of everything that is imperfect, mutilated, abnormal and therefore miserable in our life. The Socialistic feeling represents the yearning of our spirit toward a more perfect existence—not individually but collective and united. We admit that this feeling has now manifested itself with new vigor; it is a new perception which thinking humanity has been able to create for itself, a new passion. Once upon a time people eagerly loved their native towns and states with a purely political love. These passions are undoubtedly great as compared with those of cannibals whose sole desire is to sate themselves with the blood of their enemy; or as compared with those of the Swiss[14] condottiers in the papal army, or in the army of the king of Naples, with their lust for money—passions which today are recognized as lawful, just as the weakness of children for playthings or candy which hold out the promise of immediate pleasure; or as the passion of the Assembly deputies for appointments and salaries—predilections which were legitimate in the past, addictions which were within the law in the days of the restoration and of Louis Philippe, but which cannot tempt people who are longing for Socialism.

Socialism, being an entirely new idea, expresses the new strivings and new passions which cannot be comprehended by people of the old order of society, just as the impulses of youth cannot be understood in childhood or in senile second childhood.

NOTES

[1] The article *Nonintervention* appeared in *La Tribune des Peuples* in issue No. 16 of March 30, 1849. The object of the article is to expose the true motives of the policy of nonintervention advanced as a principle of international affairs by the government of Louis Philippe, in the form of the slogan "everybody by himself, everybody for himself," and pursued by his ministers Thiers and Guizot.

La Tribune des Peuples (The People's Tribune)—a newspaper founded and edited by Mickiewicz in Paris after the Revolution of 1848. It existed from March 15 to June 13, 1849, when it was discontinued due to the advance of reaction. Eighty political articles by Mickiewicz appeared in this newspaper. The paper reappeared in the autumn of the same year; it existed for two more months but Mickiewicz did not participate in its work.

[2] The movement for liberation from the Austrian rule which had flared up in Italy under the influence of the French revolution of 1848 was crushed in 1849. The complexity of the Italian question in France in the beginning of that year was due to the precarious character of the authority of Louis Bonaparte (later to become Napoleon III), who had become president of the French Republic as a result of the revolution of 1848 and who was therefore compelled to make liberal gestures, striving secretly at the same time to become emperor.

In less than two months after Mickiewicz wrote the article Louis Bonaparte violated this principle of nonintervention, but in a direction diametrically opposed to the one desired by Mickiewicz. He ordered the French troops to occupy Rome at any price and reestablish the authority of the pope in the papal district.

[3] During the reign of Louis Philippe, the highest representative institutions of France were the Chamber of Lords and the Chamber of Deputies. The royal government secured for itself a submissive majority in both chambers.

[4] The February Revolution of 1848 in France.

[5] In 1848 the poet Alphonse de Lamartine was minister of Foreign Affairs in the republican government.

[6] By "two consecutive revolutions" are meant the July revolution of 1830 and the February revolution of 1848.

[7] Field Marshal of the Austrian army Radetzky was the representative of Austria, who at the close of the forties of the eighteenth century suppressed the "sedition" in Italy by fire and sword.

[8] The Austrian Chancellor.

[9] The article *Socialism* appeared in *La Tribune des Peuples* in issue No. 32 of April 15, 1849.

[10] A club of monarchists was located at the Rue Poitiers during the revolution of 1848. In March 1849 the so called Committee of the Rue Poitiers was located at the same address. This was a monarchist organization which hoped to secure a majority in the Legislative Assembly by means of slogans of moderation and the preservation of order and thereby prepare the ground for a monarchist coup. This committee conducted violent baiting of Socialists who had been active in the Revolution of 1848.

[11] Odilon Barrot—a lawyer and politician of the liberal type, who played a reactionary role during the revolution of 1848, actually participating in the preparation of the monarchist coup accomplished by Louis Napoleon.

[12] De Pasquier—state councilor and police prefect under Napoleon I, Lord Keeper of the Seal in 1815. He held ministerial positions several times during the rule of the Bourbons; as chairman of the Chamber of Lords, he was in charge of political trials during the reign of Louis Philippe.

[13] This article appeared in *La Tribune des Peuples* in issue No. 33 of April 17, 1849.

[14] During the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries Switzerland supplied mercenary armed forces to foreign governments.

A statue to Mickiewicz in Paris

Mickiewicz in Russia

On October 24, 1824, Adam Mickiewicz, sent to exile in Russia by the tsarist government, left his native soil forever. As the mail coach set off, splashing through the deep ruts, the poet stole many a lingering look behind. There lay his youth. There lay Zaosje and Nowogrudok where he was born and spent his childhood, the "Nowogrudok land" of his poetry, the Niemen to which he would often yet turn his poetic gaze. There, behind him, lay Turganowicz where Mickiewicz knew his first love, the love that became his inspiration. He could distinctly see the "Hill of the Three Crosses," a view of which hung above his desk to the end of his days, and in the distance was the university where in the creations of world geniuses he had discovered art in all its variety and beauty. There lay homes whose doors had always been open to him, there stood the Basilian Monastery where he had been confined with his comrades of the philomath circle.

Now all these things lay behind, together with his youth. On a wall of the monastery Mickiewicz had written: "Here on a November night in 1823 died Gustaw, here on that same November night Konrad was born." Gustaw was the visionary hero of the first parts of *Dziady* (The Ancestors) who saw the highest good in self-sacrifice in the name of love ungained. Konrad was the hero of the poet's future works, who found his mission in the fight for the lofty ideals of mankind and knew no obstacles in their attainment.

Mickiewicz left his "native heath," as Konrad, armed with an indomitable will to struggle, strong in faith, ready for a new life based not on dreams, but deeds in the cause of a sublime dream.

His heart had long been set on leaving those parts. He had been like a young

Mickiewicz in 1827

eagle spreading his wings to soar to the skies, cramped by his environment. Mickiewicz was drawn to foreign countries which he knew through the inspiring lines of older poets. He was drawn to the wide world to which he belonged, to which his whole being reached out, there to derive strength for new creations. But a different fate awaited the young poet. The tsarist authorities banished him from his home, and now it was under police surveillance that he was leaving in the mail coach. Nevertheless, even this was an escape from the narrow world of Kovno and Vilno. Here he was embarking on a voyage into the unknown; but, all the same, it undoubtedly meant that new prospects, new horizons were opening to him. And

this was bound to temper the bitterness of his departure, this was bound to lend interest to the "road to Russia," however hard it seemed to the poet.

On October 24, 1824, Adam Mickiewicz left Vilno, and set off for St. Petersburg.

2

Mickiewicz entered tsarist St. Petersburg with the aspiration to know all that now opened before his gaze. This is noted by his son and biographer Wladislaw Mickiewicz: "In St. Petersburg Adam became an attentive observer of the great capital, sometimes visited the salons, met Russians grieving over the blindness of the tsarist government."

Here Mickiewicz saw not the government which persecuted him but the great Russian people, a great country with a great culture. Wladislaw Mickiewicz tells us that his father was interested not only in the language and literature of the Russian people, but also in the minutest aspects of the Russian character.

This first brief sojourn in St. Petersburg was subsequently commemorated in his poetical works. He arrived in St. Petersburg the day after an inundation, which he later described in a poem entitled *Oleszkiewicz*. Pushkin, comparing this poem with his own *The Bronze Cavalier*, wrote: "Our description is more true, although it lacks the vivid colors of the Polish poet."

His stay in Odessa also had an influence on the great Polish poet. True enough, he associated mostly with Polish circles there, visited the aristocratic salons. As he himself wrote later: "We lived orientally, in plain language, idly." But there is no doubt that his "erotic sonnets" and other verses written in this period, enriched Polish poetry. This was followed by a journey to the Crimea, which made a profound impression upon the poet. As a result of that journey he wrote the unsurpassed *Crimean Sonnets*.

His close acquaintance with progressive Russian culture began after he came to Moscow where he met and made friends with the best representatives of the Russian literature of that day—Vyazemsky, Baratynsky, Sobolevsky, Kireyevsky, Shevyrev and, greatest of all, the poetic genius of the Russian people, Alexander Pushkin.

The reactionary Polish literary scholars and critics, who consistently falsified the biography of the poet, made special efforts to create a distorted picture of his relations with Russian culture. One of them, Professor Tretiak, offered "proof" that Pushkin could not have had a beneficial influence on Mickiewicz, but only Mickiewicz could have influenced Pushkin. Much in the same strain has been written by other authors like Tretiak.

A daring opinion at the time—ten years ago—was that expressed by the talented and progressive Polish critic T. Boy-Zelenski in an article headed *The Path of a Genius*. "His exile to Russia was an act of punishment, but at the same time it was an act of emancipation. One might

The house (left) in which Mickiewicz lived in St. Petersburg in 1827

Pushkin and his friends listening to Mickiewicz in the drawing-room of Countess Zinaida Volkonskaya. Painting by G. Myasoyedov

say it was the most happy event in Mickiewicz's life; and Mickiewicz himself regarded it as such. His sojourn in Russia had an enormous influence on Mickiewicz's intellectual life. To this inhabitant of Vilno and Kovno, who had never been even to Warsaw, and had no affection for that city, Russia was Europe. He was astonished not by her might as a state, but by the height of her culture. That, at least, were his sentiments at the time. He found himself at last in a circle worthy of him, he met eminent people—he, whose fate it had been to dwell in the society of the Zans and Czeczots who undoubtedly admired him, but censored and corrected his verses. A modest Kovno school teacher, he was accepted here as an equal in a circle of great men, crowned with laurels, honored . . . I do not suppose Mickiewicz would have had such a reception if, from Kovno, he had gone to Warsaw . . . These were the most eventful and happiest years of his life. Here he became conscious of his genius . . ."

How wrong were the numerous falsifiers of the poet's biography and how right Professor Boy-Zelenski was, is shown by objective facts and above all the testimony of Mickiewicz himself.

3

In Moscow Mickiewicz met with a most hearty and genial reception from Russian men of letters. He became a regular participant in all the comradely gatherings of Russian writers, and frequented the receptions of Zinaida Volkonskaya. Everywhere he was accepted as a kindred spirit, a dear friend and fascinating companion. This is attested by numerous reminiscences of the poet's Russian contemporaries who met him in Moscow, and also of his Polish friends.

"Mickiewicz too came to Delvig's[1] evenings," relates A. P. Kern.[2] "Now, there was a man who was constantly kind and pleasant! What a matchless fellow! How happy we always were when he came along. I do not remember whether he met Pushkin often, but I do know that Pushkin and Delvig esteemed and admired him."

Mickiewicz's improvisations, full of fire and talent, won him a great reputation among his Russian friends. The story goes that when Pushkin first heard Mickiewicz improvise he ran up to him and embraced him.

Mickiewicz was loved at first as a man rather than as a poet. Not many Russians knew Polish, so that few knew his works which were already famous among his fellow countrymen. But personal admiration awakened an interest in his work,

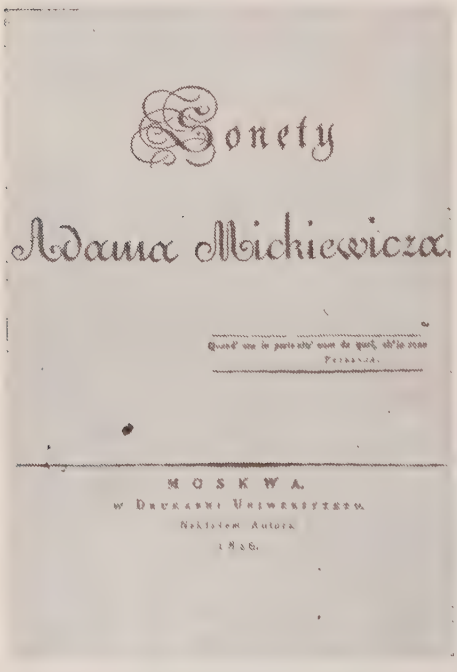
[1] A close friend of Pushkin.

[2] To whom Pushkin dedicated one of his best-known lyrics.

acquaintance with which heightened further the personal popularity of the poet. Mickiewicz once wrote to Odyniec: "The Russians extend their hospitality to my poetry too and out of kind consideration for me they translate my works." Hardly a single almanac was published which did not contain translations from Mickiewicz. He was translated by Pushkin, Vyazemsky, Kozlov and many other Russian poets. In the collected works of Ryleyev we find an unfinished translation of *Lilies*, a ballade by Mickiewicz. Personal friendship became poetic friendship, an intimate poetic alliance due to the fact that the trend expressed in the works of Mickiewicz coincided with the trend of Russian poetry at that time. This was understood and felt by Mickiewicz, and this imparted a special value to the relations which were established in Moscow between himself and the representatives of progressive Russian culture and literature.

4

In Russia Mickiewicz wrote the *Crimean Sonnets*, *Konrad Wallenrod* and *Farys*, works which hold a high place in his poetry. He himself set store by them. Carolina Pavlova, in whom Mickiewicz found love and friendship, writes that when she asked which of his own works he liked most of all, Mickiewicz replied: "I like a few pages of *Wallenrod* and several of the *Crimean Sonnets*."


Sonety

Adama Mickiewicza.

MOSKWA.

Title page of Mickiewicz's sonnets published in Moscow, 1826

Konrad Wallenrod, as Wladislaw Mickiewicz justly remarks, is, in a way, a continuation of his poems *Zywila* and *Grazyna*. "Zywila and Grazyna are worthy sisters of Wallenrod. *Wallenrod* is a supplement and a development of the same idea, more perfect in form. The same feelings inspire the three characters. To save her country Zywila renounces her love, Grazyna her domestic happiness, Wallenrod—everything in heaven and on earth." In *Wallenrod* we meet for the first time the Konrad whose birth the poet announced that November night in 1823 on the monastery wall. Wallenrod was to incarnate Mickiewicz's new conception of the fighter's mission. One's duty to one's country, to one's nation, before everything—such is the poet's message in this work.

Konrad Wallenrod, like the *Crimean Sonnets*, was received with acclamation by Russian literary circles.

"While Mickiewicz was staying in St. Petersburg," writes K. Polevaya in her reminiscences, "his poem *Konrad Wallenrod* was printed. The numerous admirers of the poet in Russia knew this poem, without knowing the Polish language; that is to say, they knew the contents of it and had studied its beauties. A case surely with hardly a parallel! It was the result of the general popularity of the celebrated poet in St. Petersburg and Moscow. Since there were many educated Poles in St. Petersburg, their acquaintances persuaded them to read Mickiewicz's new poem in a literal translation. Pushkin himself read the poem in this way. He had even a line for line translation of it in manuscript . . ."

This poem earned Mickiewicz the respect of another major Russian poet, V. A. Zhukovsky. When Mickiewicz left Moscow to go to St. Petersburg, P. A. Vyazemsky sent Zhukovsky the following note: "I recommend to you Mickiewicz, the Polish poet whom you know by hearsay at least; get to know him personally and you are sure to like him. On first experience he is not very complaisant or communicative, but when you get to know him you'll like him. His is magnificent poetry." As soon as Zhukovsky made himself acquainted with *Konrad Wallenrod* he "knew" and appreciated Mickiewicz. Shortly afterward he wrote about him in a letter: "He must be a great poet. I know none of his works. But what he read to me in bad French prose from his prologue to a poem which he has just finished (meaning *Konrad Wallenrod*) is superb. If I should write anything now-

Title page of Mickiewicz's "Konrad Wallenrod" published in St. Petersburg, 1826

adays or had the time to write, I should jump at translating this poem. There is a breath of Walter Scott in it."

This attitude of Russian men of letters to his work interested Mickiewicz very deeply—more so perhaps than the opinions of Polish critics. Comparing Russian literature with Polish, Mickiewicz stressed the inferiority of the latter. "In literature we are a hundred years behind," he wrote to his friend Odyniec, the Polish poet. "Here the smallest poem by Goethe evokes general enthusiasm, is immediately translated and commented on . . . While in our country the esteemed Dmochowski considers Kozmian's *Georgics* the ideal of Polish poetry." F. Malevsky noted the following opinions expressed by Mickiewicz in a conversation with him in Moscow: "We shall have a long time to wait before anything like the language of *Don Juan* develops in Poland. Polish literature is full of jaded metaphors, every word is reminiscent of another, and all the rest can be skipped." He saw that the heights of which he dreamed for Polish poetry had already been attained in Russia and he could not help being proud at the tributes which he received from the best Russian writers.

These tributes meant all the more to him in view of the reproaches and reproofs with which his work was received by the reactionary critics in Warsaw. There, Odyniec had occasion to relate to Kajetan Kozmian, a well-known poet and critic, that "in Moscow Mickiewicz's sonnets are translated by Vyazemsky, in St. Petersburg by some well-known literateur, a member of the Senate, while in London two writers have studied Polish specially so as to acquaint their fellow-countrymen with the production of this great poet, whom English newspapers are already describing as a genius and Poland's leading writer."

Of course, the new productions of the author of the *Ode to Youth* were no less highly appreciated in the progressive circles of Polish society. The progressive Polish critics also spoke highly of the young poet. The attitude of the reactionary Warsaw critics, on the other hand, is most typically expressed in the following lines, written by Kozmian:

"Mickiewicz's sonnets are best summed up by Mostowski in one word: repulsive. I don't know what good can be found in them: infamous, base, gloomy, filthy through and through; they may be Crimean, Turkish or anything, but they are not Polish."

Mickiewicz expressed his opinion of such "criticism" in an article *Warsaw Critics and Reviewers*. He protested against "this intellectual blockade," the purpose of which is "to keep up the price of Warsaw wares." He denounced the ignorance of those people who ridiculed Shakespeare although they had never read him either in the original or in translations, who made fun of Calderon and Lope de Vega al-

though they had never set eyes on the works of these masters, and betrayed their utter stupidity by the corrections which they proposed he should make in his sonnets.

5

A particularly vivid page in the history of Mickiewicz's five-year sojourn in Russia is his friendship with Pushkin. Soon after their first meeting, which took place in Moscow in 1826, Mickiewicz wrote in a letter to Odyniec: ". . . I'll write about him (Pushkin) in greater detail some other time. At present I shall merely add that I know him well and we meet frequently. Pushkin is about the same age as myself, his conversation is witty and fascinating, he has read a lot and knows modern literature well. He has clear and lofty ideas about poetry. He has just written a tragedy, *Boris Godunov*. I know a few scenes from it, they are well designed and the details are splendid." In a conversation with Polevaya, Mickiewicz remarked: "Pushkin is the first poet of his people, that is what gives him his right to fame." In their conversations Pushkin and Mickiewicz discussed the most complex and serious problems of literary and social life. This fact is mentioned by Mickiewicz in the eulogy he wrote on Pushkin's death.

Pushkin reciprocated the admiration of Mickiewicz. He headed the brilliant company of Russian poets who translated Mickiewicz's verse. He confided his plans and literary ideas to the Polish poet, as we know on the authority of M. Pogodin, who says: "Mickiewicz and Pushkin discussed their ideas and read their works together before sending them to press. Mickiewicz specially translated his poem *Farys* into French for Pushkin's benefit. Pushkin invited Mickiewicz to the first reading of his drama *Boris Godunov* and after that listened to his comments with close attention. Many such instances could be cited, all indicative of mutual esteem, recognition and admiration and showing that the friendship of the two poets was based on their community of creative interests and aspirations, their common attitude to the aims of art and the path to their attainment."

This feeling of mutual amity was maintained after the two poets were separated. In the days of the Polish insurrection Pushkin wrote in a letter to E. Khitrova: "Of all Poles only Mickiewicz interests me." In 1833 he translated two ballads by Mickiewicz—*Woyewoda*, and *Budrys and His Sons*—and dedicated some verses to his Polish friend in which he wrote; "We loved him. Peaceable, well-disposed, he came to our discourses. With him we shared our pure dreams and our songs."

During his residence abroad Mickiewicz kept his warm regard for all his Russian friends. Soon after his departure from Russia he frequently visited Zinaida Volkonskaya in her palace at Rome. There he met Sobolevsky and Shevyrev. Later in Paris he met Vyazemsky. "After a long separation," says Vyazemsky in his reminiscences, "and even after our correspondence had lapsed, I met Mickiewicz in Paris and, naturally, we treated each other as old friends."

What warmth we feel in a note which Mickiewicz wrote to Sobolevsky in 1844. "My dear Sergei, it grieves me sorely that I have not yet shaken your hand. I stay at home practically all the time, but on Saturday I shall be waiting for you 'officially' from sunrise to one o'clock in the afternoon. So come, or I shall go straight to you in broad daylight, observing all ceremonies."

In an eulogy on Pushkin, bearing the signature *A Friend of Pushkin*, published in *Le Globe*, a French journal, Mickiewicz calls his Russian friend the leading poet of his country, ever sincere and noble.

The friendship of Mickiewicz and Pushkin remains a bright symbol of the affinity of the two national cultures—Russian and Polish. Both great poets dreamed of the day when "nations will forget their strife and form one great family."

MARK ZHIVOV

Mickiewicz on His Life in Russia

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS

To A. E. Odyniec.[1]

Odessa,
February-March, 1825.

. . . Now I have crossed Europe from north to south, and the most surprising part of it—an unheard-of thing, indeed, here—is that I have done the entire journey on sleighs. I have driven across limitless steppe, where nothing could be seen save earth and sky for nearly three hundred versts that lie between the stages. When I reached the Kiev district, I struck off from the highroad into one of the villages. And for the first time I saw the rocky cliffs known to us only from books. It was a sight new and amazing to me; the stupendous piles of granite with their gloomy defiles opening on to broad plains made me regret that I could not view that same prospect in the summertime when its beauty was heightened with running waters, verdure and vines. What, I wondered, must the Caucasian giants be like, if pigmies such as these look so imposing? I resolved to go and see the Caucasus. Here I have so far found nothing new. The weather is bad and the winds sharper than anyone can ever remember for the time of year, and the mud and dirt keep me indoors. My only consolation is the thought of the early summer, which begins here in April and which local people dread for its heat and dust.

To A. E. Odyniec.

Moscow,
February 22, 1826.

. . . You have probably heard of my journeyings by sea and land; and I have no inclination to expatiate on them. I am curious about certain details of your travels. Write me more fully about Ursyn;[2] has he written anything new? And tell me about Brodzinski,[3] if you have met him; what is he like? And about Zaleski,[4] and the rest. I was delighted with the promised magazines, but I have not received copies of *The Library*,[5] that were supposed to have been sent at the same time as the letter. But perhaps they will turn up yet. As for those poems of mine that were printed without my approval, I was very indignant when I saw them for the first time in Kharkov. I would never have believed you capable of such a childish thing. That rubbish addressed to Chodzko,[6] that trifling, even ridiculous thing, where I compare myself to an eagle (the modesty of it!). You ought to have made a public protest. You ought to have declared that it was apocryphal; it is somehow incredible that I could have written, even under the influence of drink, verses as mediocre as some of those are. I shall soon get the magazine and then I shall send a protest from here.

. . . My muse, after so long a silence, had begun to show signs

of life, but just at that very moment I got notice to leave. I had lived there like a pasha, while here I am living like the meanest of the janissaries. I have no separate apartment of my own, the food is the worst possible, wine is not to be heard of, and you cannot get even decent coffee. All my hopes rest with your banking operations. . . .

To A. E. Odyniec.

Moscow,
October 6, 1826.

. . . Mr. Polevoy, the publisher of the *Moscow Telegraph*,[7] a worthy man and active in the literary world, has translated (evidently out of friendliness to me) an article from *The Library*, on the spirit and aspirations, etc., of Polish poetry. To this he has added a commentary very flattering to Polish literature and to myself in particular. He has already sent this number of the *Telegraph* to Mr. Dmochowski;[8] I hope that you will return the compliment by sending him *The Library*, particularly as he is learning Polish and would be glad to publish regular notices of Polish works in his periodical.

To Jan Czeczot and Tomasz Zan.[9]

Moscow,
January 5, 1827.

. . . As I am writing this letter to you both, I shall take the opportunity of giving my opinion to Tomasz. If he is invited out to dine or if he can, without transgressing the laws of politeness, appear uninvited, then let him go and have a tasty dinner. Because a good dinner strengthens one, and the money would be better bestowed on a comrade who has to obtain his own dinners, or spent on tobacco or on a book. If he can talk to a good friend during dinner, so much the better, because then the time will pass pleasantly, and he should always bear in mind the principal and sole aim: to preserve his health. There is nothing else for him to think of and nothing else to do. If he plays *boston*, * that will be splendid. I have come to the conclusion that when you play *boston*, the mathematical calculations absorb you and cool the head. And if you play till late at night, you will see clubs and spades and diamonds in your dreams, and that is better than dreams which make you weep. If Tomasz can write, let him go ahead with it; I wish with all my heart that he does so but I would not force him. Writing is not like making boots to order. I wrote because the circumstances were favorable to the muse; and now I am idle again. "But—but!"—you will exclaim, "these are some new aphorisms of Adam's!" Wait a moment, brother, and I will tell you *pro domo sua*.

I have some acquaintances here, and many are well-disposed towards me; some have given me their friendship and I would be glad to show my appreciation and gratitude. "Cursed be he who payeth nothing!" Forgive me for quoting *Dziady*. I am sometimes to be found in salons, but I do not shine there; not because I do not care to, but because I cannot. If I danced well—or even indifferently, I would be glad of it; if I played the flute or the guitar, I would be still better pleased; if I sang, I would make the most of it; perhaps I shall learn in time how to concoct compliments, and I shall lose no opportunity of perfecting myself in this art. Because, speaking seriously, one may dance and play and sing and be gallant without becoming a parasite, and perhaps even be of use to others as well, and that is the highest reward of all efforts in trifling affairs like these. True,

* A card game.

if I were to return to our Lithuania like a spring that had run down, I would be as dejected as ever, and if no one annoyed me I would probably invent some trouble for myself, and mope and grieve and eat my heart out again. I began to be cheerful while I was with the Basilian Fathers,[10] and have become tranquil and even wise in Moscow. . . .

To Joachim Lelewel.[11]

Moscow,
January 7, 1827.

. . . In Odessa we lived orientally, in plain language, idly. But I have seen the Crimea! I weathered a formidable storm at sea and was one of the few who had preserved sufficient strength and presence of mind to gaze their fill at this fascinating sight. I trod on clouds at the summit of Chatyr-Dagh.[12] I slept on the divans of the *girei* and played chess in a laurel grove with the steward of the khan who is dead. I have seen the East in miniature.

All that remains of the recollections of that journey may be found in the sonnets, which have probably reached you by now. I am impatiently awaiting your opinion of them.

I have sent out the sonnets on a reconnoitering expedition. Just as I ventured, after my folksongs, to show the ugly *Dziady*, so now, if my sonnets have a good reception, I intend to create something else, on a broader scale, in the eastern spirit. If all these *minarets*, *namazi*, and other barbarous sounds do not evoke a welcoming echo in the delicate ear of the classics, if . . . then I shall say, like Krasicki[13]—I grieve, but I shall write.

Meanwhile, in spite of the fact that I have plunged into Hammer[14] and am preparing to attack Schlegel's[15] *India*, I do not forget Lithuania. My historical tale of the Crusaders, *Wallenrod*, is nearing completion and I shall soon send it to you.

Unfortunately, I have no books at all. If you happen to see a copy of Stryjkowski[16] anywhere, set it by, or even buy it (at a modest price), perhaps the sonnets will sell well and I shall be able to pay for it. You would be doing me a great service if you commissioned someone to buy, either in the markets or at sales, selected works by our writers. The money could be deducted from the sale of the sonnets; I am afraid I will completely forget the language. Besides, I am contemplating a theoretical work on our writers. A little later I will let you know the best way of sending me the books. If only Edward[17] would send me but a pamphlet from Warsaw sometime! It is years since I have read any of the new books, except for a few stray novels. . . .

To A. E. Odyniec.

Moscow,
Early in March, 1827.

. . . I should like to make a few remarks in passing on the literature here. There are two groups in Russian literature: the St. Petersburg and the Moscow groups. Their representative organs and, one may say, the store houses of their works and opinions are the periodicals. At the present moment the Moscow group is in the ascendancy and is divided, in its turn, into groupings. The oldest periodical—*The Herald of Europe*—which was once edited by the poets Derzhavin and Zhukovsky, is now in the hands of Kachenovsky, but has lost its influence. It publishes hardly anything but statistical and historical articles and is supposed to have five hundred subscribers. A few years ago, the *Telegraph*, of which you know something, made its appearance, edited in a very

painstaking and business-like way, quite unlike our own. The editorial department is kept well-supplied with new books, numerous newspapers, etc. The editor-in-chief is Polevoy; he is assisted now by a well-known and very witty writer—his name is known in Warsaw—Prince Vyazemsky. There are over a thousand subscribers of the *Telegraph*. This year, the *Moscow Herald* has been started and nearly all the young literary people and poets of Moscow take part in the editing of it; Pogodin is its chief, but Pushkin is its strongest pillar. I'll write about him in greater detail some other time. At present I shall merely add that I know him well and we meet frequently. Pushkin is about the same age as myself, his conversation is witty and fascinating, he has read a lot and knows modern literature well. He has clear and lofty ideas about poetry. He has just written a tragedy, *Boris Godunov*. I know a few scenes from it, they are well designed and the details are splendid.

But I think I have already written to you or to someone else about it.

I shall tell you about the St. Petersburg periodicals some other time. There is Prince Shalikov's *Ladies' Journal* in Moscow. It is the subject of jokes and epigrams, but nevertheless, it boasts three hundred subscribers, if not more. Then there is Dvigubsky's *Journal of Social History and Statistics*, but I do not know the number of its subscribers. If you edited these notes properly, you might be able to publish them in your paper . . .

To Jozef Kowalewski.[18]

Moscow,
June 9, 1827.

. . . I must tell you in strict confidence that I am being so disgracefully lazy that I feel twinges of conscience at times; but it doesn't take me long to find explanations and justifications for it: one must eat, one must take in some fresh air, and all the rest of the "musts." Unfortunately, a printing-house in Lwow (may all its presses be struck with paralysis!) has produced a cheaper edition of the *Sonnets* and ruined trade for me, and I have come off sadly the loser. It looks as though I shall have to think of something new and get it printed quickly so as to be able square my accounts with the local *vankas*[19] and the vendors of strawberries and wild raspberries—before some other printing-house plays me a dirty trick! I was hoping, Jozek, that you would write, in connection with my sonnets, some of your orientalist commentaries or, at least, point out what ought to be altered or explained more clearly in certain Mohammedan technical expressions. For a long time all the Warsaw newspapers were full of either unfavorable criticism or exaggerated praise. Some say that I should not have published immature work; others—that the sonnets are finer than those of Petrarch and that, if we are to have an original literature, I will be the father of it. *Risum teneatis!*[20] Each word of praise and blame vies with the other for stupidity . . .

To A. E. Odyniec.

Moscow,
September-October, 1827.

. . . What is Zaleski doing? Why does he translate poems by Kozlov—a very mediocre poet—when no one has yet attempted Goethe, and so many of Byron's works remain untranslated? For God's sake give up translating second-rate poets! Where nowadays, except in Warsaw, does anyone translate Legouvé and Delille, and still worse—Millevoye[21]

and the rest? The Russians shake their heads over it, and condole, and wonder. In literature we are a hundred years behind. Here the smallest poem by Goethe evokes general enthusiasm, is immediately translated and commented on. Every new novel by Walter Scott is passed around as soon as it appears, every new work on philosophy can be found in the bookshops as soon as it comes out: while in our country the esteemed Dmochowski considers Kozmian's[22] *Georgics* the ideal of Polish poetry.

To A. E. Odyniec.

Moscow,
March 22, 1828.

. . . I should like to send you Russian translations of my verses. They would make a large packet. My sonnets are in nearly all the almanacs (and the almanacs here are innumerable); several translations of them have been made already. What seems to be the best has been done by Kozlov (the author of *Venetian Night*), and is being printed in parts. It is to come out very shortly in a book form.

Zhukovsky, with whom I am acquainted and who is very well disposed towards me, writes that if he takes up the pen again, he will devote it to the translation of my verses. Pushkin has translated the beginning of *Wallenrod*, ten lines or so. The Russians extend their hospitality to my poetry too and out of kind consideration for me they translate my works. The crowd follows in the footsteps of the leading writers. I have already seen Russian sonnets in the spirit of mine. Fame such as this would be sufficient, perhaps, to awaken envy, though this fame often spreads beyond the table at which we eat and drink with Russian literary men. I have had the good fortune to win their favor. In spite of differences of opinion and views on literature, I live in harmony and friendship with them all. . . .

To Tomasz Zan.

Moscow,
April 3, 1828.

. . . I must inform you that Franciszek [23] and I have been to St. Petersburg. My fame, which has been growing in Moscow, assured me a good reception everywhere. Those of my countrymen who were either living in the capital or visiting it, arranged a wonderful banquet in my honor; there were improvisations, songs and so on, and we recalled the amusements of our young days. Then the invitations flowed in from day to day to various places, and the time passed rather pleasantly, with the exception of the sad and distressing meeting with my brother Yuri, whose reprehensible conduct had a bad effect on my health. In the capital I met the Russian writers Zhukovsky and Kozlov and others, some of whom showed sincere good-will towards me.

But in spite of all the pleasures of St. Petersburg, I have been longing for Moscow . . . I shall return in April and find some appointment for myself, and then, I hope, I shall soon be able to help you. I have various plans for the summer; the Caucasus or the Crimea! Sometimes I am tempted by Orenburg, sometimes I dream of Italy . . . At present these are only vague plans, and very far from realization. As soon as anything becomes definite I will let you know.

My life flows on monotonously and I may say, almost happily—happily enough, indeed, to make me fear that envious Nemesis might be preparing some new troubles for me. Here I have quiet, freedom of thought (individual, at least), occasional pleasant recreation, and absence of any violent disturbances

(individual, of course). I hope that by the summer-time I shall have acquired a taste for labor; now I am very lazy, though I read and think a great deal all the time. My day is regulated thus: in the morning I read and sometimes—but very seldom—write, at two or three o'clock I dine, or dress myself to go out to dine somewhere; in the evening I go to a concert or to some other entertainment and come home, more often than not, very late. I am teaching Polish to some of the ladies here. Many people, by the way, are studying Polish and the trustee is thinking of establishing a chair at the university. I could have got the appointment long ago but, as I do not intend to stay in Moscow, I have displayed no interest in it. As a result of the life I am leading here, my character has become quieter, more even . . .

To A. E. Odyniec.

St. Petersburg,
April 28, 1828.

It was not without regret that I left Moscow. I lived there very quietly, knowing neither great joy nor sorrow. Before I went away, the literary circles arranged a farewell party (it is not the first time they have given me pleasant surprises of this kind). There were verses and songs, and I was presented with a silver cup inscribed with the names of those who were present. I was profoundly moved, and improvised, in French, a speech of thanks, which was received with hearty approval. They shed tears, parting with me. A prose translation of *Wallenrod* is being printed already in the *Moscow Herald* (not in Kachenovsky's *Herald of Europe* [24]).

To A. E. Odyniec.

St. Petersburg,
October 27, 1828.

. . . Make the acquaintance of the bearer of this letter, Sobolevski. He will give you a detailed account of my life in Moscow. He is a good man and a noble friend. Be kind to Count Ricci, he is a friend of mine and a charming person. He is a good poet, too, and has written some fine things. We have often spent our time happily together in Moscow. If you want to know what beautiful singing is, introduce Ricci to some ladies who can accompany on the piano, and ask him to sing, especially some psalm by Marcello—my favorite music—or an aria by Mozart, such as *"non piu andrai"* from *Nozze di Figaro*; he sings it enchantingly . . .

NOTES

[1] Odyniec, Antoni Edward (1804-1885)—one of Mickiewicz's closest friends. He is the author of ballads, several dramas and many short poems. He became known for his translations of Byron, Walter Scott, Moore, Schiller, and his four-volume work *Letters From the Road*, in which he gave a detailed account of all the stages of Mickiewicz's journey through Germany, Switzerland and Italy, and quoted his opinions.

[2] Niemtcewicz, Ursyn Julian (1758-1841)—Polish poet, dramatist, historian and politician.

[3] Brodzinski, Kazimierz (1791-1855)—Polish poet and critic, author of a treatise on *Classicism and Romanticism*, in which he attacked the former.

[4] Zaleski, Bohdan (1802-1886)—a Polish poet, a representative of the "Ukrainian school" of Polish Romanticism who was greatly influenced by Ukrainian folk-poetry. Subsequently, he met Mickiewicz in Paris and became one of his closest friends.

[5] An allusion to a periodical that published Polish literature.

[6] Chodzko, Aleksander—intimate friend of Adam Mickiewicz's, with whom he was at the university. Mickiewicz dedicated to him the poem written during his imprisonment in the monastery of the Basilian

Order, at Vilno, in 1824. This is the poem to which he alludes in the letter.

[7] The *Moscow Telegraph*, a magazine issued from 1825 to 1834. Pushkin, Zhukovsky, Baratinsky and Vyazemsky, all took an active part in its work. This magazine was the first to publish Mickiewicz's *Crimean Sonnets*, translated by Vyazemsky (1827), fragments from *Konrad Wallenrod* (1828), *Farys* (1829), and a series of articles on Mickiewicz's work.

[8] Dmochowski, Franciszek—Polish critic of the nineteenth century, and a follower of classicism. He translated the *Iliad*, etc.

[9] Czeczot, Jan and Zan, Tomasz—fellow-students of Mickiewicz's at the University of Vilno. Jan Czeczot was known for his collection of Byelorussian folklore, which strongly influenced his own original compositions. Mickiewicz, Czeczot and Zan were exiled from Vilno to Orenburg at the same time.

[10] The allusion is to the monastery of the Basilian Order in Vilno, where Mickiewicz was confined on his arrest for attending meetings held by the conspiratorial circles that carried on a secret struggle for the liberation of Poland.

[11] Lelewel, Joachim (1786-1861)—Polish historian, active in public life. He was Mickiewicz's tutor at the Vilno University, from which he was dismissed for his connection with the secret society of "Philarets." During the unsuccessful Polish revolt of 1830-31, he was a representative of the "left democratic circles."

[12] Chatyr-Dagh—a mountain in the Crimea.

[13] Krasicki, Ignacy (1735-1801)—the first Polish novelist and author of satirical poems and fables. The latter are still regarded as unsurpassed in Polish literature.

[14] I. Hammer—author of translations from Persian, Arabian and Turkish poetry which Mickiewicz read at the time he was writing his *Crimean Sonnets*.

[15] Schlegel, Friedrich (1772-1829)—German poet, philologist and critic; ideologist of the Romantic movement. Mickiewicz is here alluding to Schlegel's *Sprache und Weisheit der Indier* (1808).

[16] Stryjkowski, Maciej—a sixteenth-century writer, author of *Chronicles of Polish, Lithuanian, Zhmudish and the whole of Russ*, in the compilation of which he used some of the Russian chronicles.

[17] Refers to A. E. Odyniec.

[18] Kowalewski, Jozef—a fellow-student of Mickiewicz's at the Vilno University, an Orientalist.

[19] Nickname of Moscow cabmen.

[20] *Risum teneatis*—a quotation from Horace: *The Art of Poetry*. Here it may be translated as: "Isn't this ridiculous?"

[21] Delille, Jacques (1738-1813)—French poet who at one time was popular, but his slight and trivial lyrics and bucolic poems soon lost their appeal. Like Pushkin, Mickiewicz was inclined to be ironic about them. The poems of Legouvè (1764-1812) and Millevoye (1782-1816) were on an even lower level.

[22] Kozmian, Kajetan (1771-1856)—Polish poet, one of the most ardent supporters of classicism, the author of numerous odes in the pseudo-classical style. He devoted twenty-five years to the writing of a cycle called *The Polish Landowner*, an imitation of the *Georgics* of Virgil.

[23] An allusion to Franciszek Malewski, one of Mickiewicz's best friends, with whom he spent his sojourn in Odessa and, subsequently, in Moscow.

[24] The *Moscow Herald* (*Moskovsky Vestnik*)—a magazine published by M. P. Pogodin, the historian, from 1827 to 1830. Pushkin was closely connected with it. The *Herald of Europe* (*Vestnik Evropy*) was a periodical founded by Karamsin in 1802, and lasted until 1830. At the time Mickiewicz was in Moscow, it was edited by M. S. Kachenovsky, a man of monarchist views.

ROMAN KARMEN

A Year in China

ABOVE THE GREAT CHINESE WALL

The first rays of the rising sun painted in tender-rose colors the range of snow-capped mountain peaks looming on the horizon. I stood under the huge wings of the airship, while the pilot tried to show me how to extricate myself from the parachute straps around my shoulders, chest and hips. Shivering from the morning cold, the mechanics removed the canvas covers from the engines and propellers. Carefully stowing away my bags with films and camera, I climbed down the ladder to stay a few more minutes on my native Soviet soil, and shake hands with the border guard. I crushed the cigarette I had thrown on the grass, and bending under the blast of the propellers, climbed into the cabin.

Our plane made a farewell circle over the airdrome, set out on its course due east, and gained altitude, heading straight for the rising sun.

Soon we were on level with the mountain peaks to our right, covered with snow and ice. At times it seemed as though the wing of the plane was about to touch an ice-covered peak. Far behind us were the oases of cotton plantations, green tracts of fruit orchards, criss-crossed by the silver threads of irrigation canals. And beneath us, spreading eastward were boundless spaces—desolate plains, hills and rocks.

The blue line in our thermometer dropped lower and lower, and soon registered 12 degrees, but ahead of us were still loftier mountains and our plane kept climbing higher and higher. This was one of the first trial trips on the future regular mail-and-passenger airline, connecting two great countries, the U.S.S.R. and China.

The first trial flights had to ascertain the conditions over this difficult route which lies across the immense stretches of mountains and deserts of Eastern Chinese Turkestan.

Abridged from *Znamya*, No. 8, 1940. Photos by the author.

Far below flashed a snake-like little river—the state frontier between the U.S.S.R. and China. At the foot of the hill, hardly visible, was a border-guard outpost—a log cabin.

The airship slowly waved its wings several times, sending its last greetings to the cabin and the hills to the west of it, a farewell to the great Fatherland we were leaving.

Deserted gray mountain crags lay beneath us. This was China.

A huge limitless desert. It seemed as though there would never come an end to the roar of the motors and to the mountain-intersected landscape. How unlike this lifeless panorama was to Chinese paintings and stories about the "pearls of the East," the Chinese ports where the splendor of foreign settlements is but a stone's throw from the appalling poverty of native quarters.

And even now, while looking at the desert, barren gray and endless, one begins to feel how varied life is in this distant, immense country.

China. The great land of the Orient! How little indeed we know about this country with its culture of fifty centuries, about the life and work of the 450 million people settled on the huge territory washed by two oceans, cut by rivers and mountain ranges, from the tropical jungles of French Indo-China to the deserts of Mongolia, and from the azure expanses of the Pacific to the inaccessible deserts of mountainous Tibet.

Only a few writers, penetrating through the curtain of Oriental exotics, have revealed the face of the great people, their silent suffering and their age-old spontaneous struggle against the unbearable oppression of colonial enslavers and feudal lords.

A land torn by absurd internecine warfare of many centuries, instigated by the rulers, big and small.

A land of slave labor, poverty, and the dignity of teeming millions humiliated by the colonizers.

A people who for the first time in their history have united their forces and thus gained strength to offer resistance to the enemy, the invader.

We Soviet people openly profess sympathy for and admiration of the great friendly Chinese people, who are waging a heroic struggle for their independence, but we know little about China, her culture, geography, ways. All the names of unfamiliar cities, mountain ranges, provinces and rivers we read in the daily reports from the Chinese fronts become a jumble in our mind.

As the shadow of the plane glided over the lifeless rocky hills, my thoughts wandered to torrid Canton, the citadel of the Chinese revolution; to Nanking, that ancient city of blue temples, surrounded by shady gardens, where marble stairs lead to ponds covered with carpets of lotus flowers; to old Sian, the first capital of China, whence the despotic rulers of the Ching dynasty lorded over the land.

We were flying over the Great Chinese Wall. It extends for thousands of kilometers. Built to segregate China from the rest of the world, this wall has been standing for century after century. From above it looked like a thin ribbon lost in the boundless expanses of the colorless stony plains.

We dropped down to gain a better view of the wall. In places it is well preserved, but in spots the winds and age have left their mark by effacing the merlons, and levelling off the battlements; the wall has turned into a mere bank which can be noticed from above only because of the shadow cast by the slanting rays of the rising sun . . .

CHUNGKING-HANKOW

The French Concession in Hankow is in the very heart of the European part of the city.

I had never been able to picture to myself what a foreign concession in China looked like. Now it's clear. Deep holes are dug in the sidewalk of a central thoroughfare in a Chinese city which has taken on a European aspect. Tall and sturdy poles are then sunk, and barbed wire fences made. These inclose a large territory with massive gates which are closely guarded by machine-gun nests.

Under the unequal treaties of long standing, forced on the country, the territories fenced off by the barbed wire do not belong to China. This sounds incredible, but it is true: the territory of the concession is no longer China; it is, let us say, Britain or France, with a British governor, laws, police, courts.

At present everything that is forbidden in wartime China, such as dancing halls and other entertainment places, runs rampant on the territory of the concessions.

When the wail of the air-raid alarm resounds over the city, people from all sections swarm to the concession, knowing that the bombs intended for Chinese women and children would not be dropped on this part of the city. And then horrible scenes take place! The police with their batons drive the people from the gates. Women with babes in arms try in vain to break through the line of policemen, to reach safety beyond the barbed wire. They cling to the wire, to save their offspring, and sit silently there for hours, until the wailing of the siren signals that the air raid is over.

There were several concessions in Hankow; Russian, Japanese and British. The Soviet Union long renounced its rights to the concession.

In Hankow I was shown an old man who was riding on a rickshaw. In his wake were two more rickshaws, which bore a matronly woman and two children. This was the former Russian consul in Hankow. Even after the Great Socialist Revolution he continued to perform his consular functions, heading a colony of Whiteguards, consisting mostly of shady businessmen, pimps and prostitutes. Now he is consul for Portugal.

On Wednesdays foreign correspondents meet at press conferences held by the propaganda department of the Central Executive Committee of the Kuomintang. A spokesman of the military command, standing in front of a big map, makes a detailed report on the situation at the fronts; the correspondents take notes and sip tea.

The main source of the information for the dispatches which correspondents send to their newspapers are the official communiques of the propaganda department. The gentlemen of the press do not travel to the front, but come to the press conference on Wednesday, sit there for an hour or two, and leave by rickshaws for their hotels to type out their next dispatch from the "front zone."

At one press conference I was introduced to a group of American cameramen. There were four of them. Their "How do you do?" as we shook hands was rather cool, but they gave me the once over with undisguised interest.

This was their first meeting with a colleague from the Soviet Union. Particularly cool was the elderly Eric Meil, who represented Fox Movietone. Looking aside and drawing at his pipe, he extended me but two fingers when we shook hands. He

has been working in the newsreel game for 25 years, and is one of the recognized top-notchers among newsreel reporters.

"What are you filming now?" I inquired of my colleagues.

"Nothing much, there's practically no sensational news."

"Do you go to the front frequently?"

"No, it's very difficult to get permission from the Chinese to photograph military operations."

I kept running around to have my documents put in order, getting acquainted with people, and outfitting our cinema expedition. We were planning to cross the country, and a good car was needed for the job, a reliable and inexpensive one. My budget provided for an outlay of 400 dollars on a car. Every day some junky car was offered, frequently looking good on the surface, but never living up to all my requirements: durability, reliable engine, low fuel consumption and . . . low price.

I found a very good patron in the person of Vladimir Rogov, special correspondent of the Telegraph Agency of the Soviet Union (TASS), who met me very cordially in Hankow. He had been in China for many years and knew the language; he introduced me to many helpful people—Chinese newspapermen, writers, and helped me get the necessary papers and permits; and last but not least, rendered me the greatest service, by finding an A-1 interpreter.

At the political administration office of the war committee, I met a group of Chinese newsreel cameramen. This meeting had little in common with my introduction to the Americans. Young, lively fellows dressed in military uniforms surrounded me, and we had a long, animated chat, exchanged plans. Later I met some of them in the most unexpected spots, at the fronts of Central, Southern and Northern China, and we always helped one another.

Rogov had to leave for Chungking, but with the start he had given me, I was beginning to take my bearings in the new, unusual and complex life around me.

Hankow was being evacuated. Everything, even that of the slightest value, was being removed methodically. One day, for instance, all the iron manhole covers from the sewers and watermains were removed. The Japanese are short of metal.

The Chinese government was rendering all aid to residents who wished to evacuate. And there were hundreds of thousands of them. They were leaving the city on steamers, junks, cutters or on foot. Storekeepers boarded up their shops and shipped their wares inland.

News of the downfall of Canton and the intensive air bombardment of the city, created no confusion in the ranks of Hankow's defenders. Although the main road leading to the south was threatened by the Japanese, it was evident that the city would not be given up without stiff resistance.

In the morning I received a telephone call from the propaganda department and was told to come at two in the afternoon with my camera. On coming there, I found the entire American group. We were placed in a bus going beyond the city limits. On the way we were told that we were going to film Chiang Kai-shek.

Our bus halted at an out-of-town villa, and we were introduced to the corpulent General J. Z. Huang, close collaborator of Chiang Kai-shek, who works in the New Life Movement Association.

General J. Z. Huang invited us into a bright little drawing room, where he informed us of the plan for a small scenario providing for every detail of the film.

The generalissimo will emerge from that door, walk over to this table. He will write, and speak over the phone. Next he will walk over to the map of military operations. After that Madame Sung Mei-ling, the generalissimo's wife, will come into the room. They will walk out on the balcony together, go into the garden, have tea on the lawn and play checkers . . .

"You have fifteen minutes to shoot all this," the general added.

The cameramen politely protested that the time was too short. At first the general was firm, but then agreed to a short intermission for reloading the cameras.

We all began to prepare.

The door opened, and in walked Chiang Kai-shek.

Lean and of middle stature, dressed in a general's uniform of khaki with a short sword at his side, he walked in small steps to the table. We began to crank our cameras.

Chiang Kai-shek looked at the people around him with a scrutinizing distrustful gaze, his small dark eyes hidden under his round forehead. His nose is a bit flat, and his bristling mustache, trimmed in the English style, is graying. His gestures were short and reserved as he spoke in abrupt phrases to the general whose eyes were glued on him.

At first glance, Chiang Kai-shek does not look older than 45, but the gray of his closely clipped temples and the wrinkles around his eyes, gave away his real age.

When we finished shooting the first part, Sung Mei-ling walked into the room, and greeted us with a lively smile. Her English is perfect. She received her college education in the United States.

Sung Mei-ling is about forty, very sociable. Her bright eyes in their frame of

pale-yellow stand out on her broad beautiful face. Most visitors to China consider it their duty to meet and talk to her. Chiang Kai-shek's right hand, she is active in organizing numerous defense institutions and societies, heads the New Life Movement and various women's societies. She is a frequent visitor at hospitals or shops where women sew uniforms for the soldiers.

I had met her several days before in the building of the former Japanese bank situated on one of the finest thoroughfares, the Bund. The building has been converted into a huge tailor shop. Attired in blue overalls, she was sorting and counting cotton-padded jackets which were to be sent to the front. She showed me around a dormitory for young girls located nearby.

"We are teaching them how to work. The woman of new China must be able to work—this is the foundation of our education," she said with enthusiasm. "Until recently the well-to-do Chinese woman could not picture life without a servant. She had no conception of toil. We are sending these girls among the people; they will go to the villages, explain to plain peasant women the aims of our war of liberation, will teach them to sing patriotic songs, teach them how to be helpful in the war. Should these girls come to the village not knowing how to work, the peasant women will have no confidence in them."

In the spacious halls of the former Japanese bank I then saw bobbed-haired girls who looked alike in their girl-scout outfits; they were scrubbing floors, washing laundry, polishing huge plate glasses. As she was showing me around the place, Sung Mei-ling inquired about my plans of filming in China, and gave me some advice.

Now, as she entered the room—elegant, in a gorgeous tight-fitting silk gown—she greeted all the cameramen and nodded to me with a smile, as to an old friend. The cameramen ran out of film, and began to reload their cameras. Chiang Kai-shek made use of this intermission for a serious business talk with the head of the air forces. I still had some film left, and I snapped this scene from real life, a scene not provided for by the "scenario."

The Americans who were busy reloading, gloomily watched me film the scene they could not have.

To beat or scoop one's colleagues, in the eyes of the American newsreel cameramen, is to demonstrate first-class professional skill. From this point of view, I did them one better by having left some film for an unforeseen episode.

After this incident the Americans radically changed their attitude toward their Soviet colleague. They no longer extended two fingers for a handshake, and I was accepted as an equal.

After reloading the cameras, we filmed Chiang Kai-shek and his wife on the green lawn, drinking tea, playing checkers, and smiling pleasantly into the camera. Then the generalissimo made a rather formal bow in our direction and took his leave. Sung Mei-ling, however, departed only after exchanging some pleasantries with us.

FROM THE DIARY

Hankow, October 21.

The evacuation of Hankow is going on at full speed. Today all the rickshaws have disappeared from the city; several thousand have vanished from the streets as though swept away by a storm: the government has mobilized the rickshaws to carry the wounded. This useful measure has entirely changed the aspect of the city. Ever-increasing numbers of people are now walking to the port, loaded up with bundles, or simply heading for the outskirts, to the roads leading to the west and northwest. Fragmentary reports come from the fronts about the fierce resistance of the Chinese who are fighting on the approaches to the city. The government and the military command have not as yet made public any declaration regarding further plans for the armed defense of Hankow. But for one who had seen war and had been in cities about to fall, it was clear that Hankow would soon be surrendered.

I bought a car, filled it up with gasoline, and made ready to evacuate. It was a bright sunny morning when I filmed the evacuation of the population on the waterfront.

People with bundles, carrying children on their backs and leading the feeble aged by the arm, were piling into junks and sampans. Setting up their gray, patched sails, the junks left the piers, and on reaching the midstream slowly headed upriver. As I was shooting, the air raid alarm was sounded. Eighteen Japanese bi-motor bombers appeared overhead. They were almost invisible in the milky haze of the sky. But a shower of silvery glitters came down from the planes. These were bombs. The Japanese bombs are aluminum-shelled, and they glitter in the sun. I immediately started for the scene where black columns of smoke rose in the air.

I drove at top speed, disregarding all traffic regulations and the attempts of policemen to stop me. They'd make fierce eyes and try to stop the car, but on seeing a European behind the wheel they merely

saluted. In one of the streets I passed up a rickshaw, one of the few dozen "personal" rickshaws which had remained with high officials and foreigners. I recognized the American newsreel man, Eric Meil. His camera was on his knees and at his feet the case with films. I jammed on the brakes and shouted to him to join me in the car. It was evident that he was also hurrying to the scene of the bombing. It would be a long time before he would reach the spot on the outskirts of the city in his rickshaw. He looked at me with surprise, evidently hesitating and not knowing what to do. "Hurry up!" I shouted, and helped him transfer his case with the films and shoved him into the car. Passing the last city blocks, we hit the open road and soon arrived on the scene. The Japanese had attempted to bomb a railway station. Several bombs had damaged a train and a water tower. But most of the bombs had landed in a nearby workers' settlement.

The tiny huts went up in flames like match boxes. It takes but several minutes for one of these houses to catch fire and cave in. Along the streets enveloped in flames dazed people kept running, trying to salvage things, to extricate the dead or wounded from under ruins. In the center of the settlement was a small musty pond. An old Chinese with a pail kept on running to the pond: he would fill the pail, dash to his hut and pour the bit of water into roaring flames. He would then run back again until the hut was turned into a pile of smoldering ashes; the house had consisted of bamboo sticks, a straw roof and several straw mattings. But the old man persisted in pouring water over the smoldering pile . . .

We had arrived with such speed that it was only a half hour later that ambulance cars and firemen came. And after them—newspaper reporters with their cameras, and the American newsreel men. They began to film things after Eric Meil and myself had returned to the car, exhausted and covered with dust. We rested a bit and started back for the city. Both of us were silent the entire way. When we drove up to the hotel at which Meil was staying, he opened the door to alight, but lingered for a moment and sat down again.

"Thank you very much, very much," he said, "for taking me along in your car. But I don't understand, I simply can't understand why you did it. You could have been there all by yourself a half hour earlier than anyone else. After all, we," here he stopped and sucked on his pipe "we work for different film companies."

I was amused.

"The firm I work for is an established, solid firm—Soviet Union," I said. "And I assure you, my friend, that this firm is afraid of no competition."

He looked at me and smiled.

"Everything's clear. I have no more questions. I am capitalism, you are Socialism."

He slapped me on the back, and we parted the best of friends.

At night a tense, alarm-fraught silence prevailed in the city, broken only by the hubbub coming from the port. European cars glided noiselessly through the asphalted streets on the territory of the French concession fenced off by barbed wire and machine-gun emplacements. The blare of jazz resounded through the open windows of a restaurant.

French soldiers in huge berets silently guarded the peace and security of the dancing gentlemen. The dark velvety sky was studded with bright stars, and only one edge of it was aflame with the glare of fires raging in the districts of the Chinese poor. But no one here in the settlement cared about them.

In the evening I had supper with Meil. He was trying to persuade me not to leave Hankow.

"I can let you in on a secret, only you. We can film some fine fireworks here when the Japanese take the city. I have it on good authority that the Chinese will blow up the city when they leave it. I picked a fine spot for shooting—the roof of the custom-house. The whole city is laid out as if in the palm of your hand. Of course, no newsreel cameramen ever had an opportunity to film such a terrific scene of destruction." And then he added with growing enthusiasm: "We'll film the parade of the Japanese troops as they enter the city. That will be exciting! . . ."

I explained that I work in China on a somewhat different basis than the American cameramen who carry in their right pocket a permit of the Chinese command and in their left pocket a permit of the Japanese authorities.

Two weeks later, in the city of Changsha, I was told how the Japanese handled foreign journalists and cameramen who remained in Hankow. The day after the downfall of Hankow, they were all summoned to the headquarters of the Japanese high command. A courteous officer addressed them in a brief but a very enlightening speech:

"Esteemed gentlemen! You are correspondents and consequently need information. There will be no information. To dispatch your information you need a telegraph. The Japanese command greatly regrets that it cannot place a telegraph at

your disposal. But those of you who wish to remain in Hankow may do so. If anyone of you, however, taking into consideration everything I had to say, should wish to leave Hankow, I can inform you that the Japanese command has placed at your disposal, entirely free of charge, a comfortable many-seater plane which can take you to Shanghai. I should advise those who wish to fly, to let me know at once that they would like to avail themselves of this opportunity."

Needless to say all correspondents, including the cameramen, accepted this courteous invitation without any hesitation at all and landed at the Shanghai airdrome.

November 12.

How many more days will Changsha hold out? Some say a month, others six days.

A decree has been published today ordering the complete evacuation of the city within three days. All stores are closed. Japanese planes soar above the city several times a day.

Chiang Kai-shek and his staff have arrived in Changsha. He received me at 12 o'clock today. I also met the commander of the troops in the central region, and the head of the political department, General Chen Cheng, and General Pai Tsung-hsi. In reply to my request for permission to leave at once for the front, General Chen Cheng promised full cooperation. He assigned a young adjutant from his staff, ordered him to give me full aid in my work and help me find my bearings in the new, unfamiliar locality.

The city is completely deserted. Groups of soldiers march through the streets in the evening; transports pass by; at street intersections wounded lie near bonfires. Some of them have even managed to set up bonfires inside deserted shops. I saw them sit around the fire, rebandaging their wounds, humming a monotonous plaintive tune.

The districts adjoining the railway station have been completely destroyed. Here everything is deserted, and an air of doom hangs over the gray ruins amidst which wander straggling figures of wounded soldiers.

A long train is standing at the railway station. Only the smoke stack of the locomotive is visible, since the rest of the train is covered with people; they cling to the steps, roofs, couplings. Some have managed to get settled even on the locomotive lights.

The railway platform is like a carpet made of gray squirming bodies. The wounded are lying on top of each other, rending the air with their groans.

To film this is much more painful than to shoot scenes of bombing or fires. Here, at the railway station, one feels more keenly the suffering of the great people! Those who have taken their places on the roof or the buffers, sit there for hours, waiting for the slow-moving train to start; they sit fearing their place might be taken by someone else, and they would remain in the desolate city amidst the lifeless ruins.

The European with a budding camera attracted attention. As I filmed them, I thought of the newsreel shots of the first year of our revolution, kept in the archives; the same semi-demolished railway stations, human beings clinging to the roofs of cars . . . I tightened the grip on my camera, and went on shooting.

Our people cherish their past, their heroic struggle in the hungry, ruined country. And we, the Soviet nation, as no one else, can appreciate the suffering of a people fighting for independence, for the right to live.

Some day this film will be dug up from the archives in the regenerated land of the victorious Chinese people . . .

Twilight is descending over the deserted city, gray clouds hang overhead, and a dreary drizzle drops. We are leaving Changsha in several hours. After dark, I made my way through orchards to the telegraph office far outside of the city limits. The official, a skinny old man dressed in a Chinese frock, told me politely in broken English that he could not guarantee the delivery of the message to Moscow. The telegraph has been transferred here from a three-story building in the center of the city.

"Here, have a look at the way we work." He escorted me to a room in which were dozens of telegraph apparatuses huddled together on several tables. The exhausted operators worked by the light of some makeshift oil wicks.

I was given a corner of a table and an old rickety typewriter. It was a hellish job to write an article in the Russian language in this atmosphere, typing it with one finger in Latin characters and without a first draft. After two hours' work I handed the official several sheets which he accepted, promising to do all he could to send it off.

The very night I left for the front a huge fire broke out in Changsha. When I heard about it, I was certain that my article had been lost, and only much later did I learn that the story was received in Moscow the same night and appeared in *Izvestia* next morning.

We again returned to the headquarters

to pick up the officer who was to accompany me to the front. As we were ready to leave, the motor went haywire. It took me quite some time to start the car. I had to take apart the carburator in the dark, and check the ignition; only by midnight was I finished.

After long wanderings with the car through the narrow lanes and making inquiries of the soldiers we chanced to meet, we at long last hit the Hankow Highway, and left behind us Changsha, the city that was reduced to smouldering ashes that very same night.

IN THE HILLS OF HUNAN

With fierce fighting in progress at the front, almost the entire population of the district is heading westward. Tens of thousands of people are flocking to the roads at night, carrying their children and worldly belongings on their backs. In many villages, the peasants set fire to their homes before leaving.

The Japanese have been systematically bombing the narrow strip of land that lies in the path of their advance, bombing cities, towns and villages, situated in the zone of the Canton-Hankow railway. Until November 8 the inhabitants of the town of Hengshan had never seen enemy planes. For some reason, the Japanese did not bomb this town and the people began to pay no heed to air-raid alarms. On that day a large number of twin-engine bombers appeared suddenly over the town, and literally razed it from the face of the earth in the space of one half hour.

The small bustling town with its hundreds of shops and narrow lanes always filled with animated throngs became just a pile of ruins. The surviving population fled to the hills. At night they would return and, by the light of paper lanterns, dig out their dead and the remnants of their belongings. A terrific stench from decomposing corpses fills the city.

On a road running along a mountain slope I meet a group of sixteen Japanese prisoners under convoy. They have been captured recently, in one of the skirmishes at Hunan.

Private Ioshihito, a skinny youth, had had no chance to graduate the university. The other soldiers captured together with him are morose and less talkative than young Ioshihito. And only when the Chinese officer begins to talk to them about the atrocities perpetrated by the Japanese on the population of the cities and villages they captured, does one of the prisoners, a bearded man, rise to his full stature and suddenly burst out:

"Why do you ask us about it? I don't want this war, my friends don't want this war. Ask our generals why they make us fight. I am a metal worker from Nagasaki, I have a big family. We were driven here by force . . ."

And just as suddenly as he began, he cut his speech short, as though frightened by his own words. His comrades raise their heads, fire gleams in their eyes, but this was only a momentary spark. It dies down, and they again lower their heads.

The plaintive sounds of a bell comes from the nearby town, the signal for an air-raid alarm. Japanese planes are coming to tear the town asunder.

We climb a hill to get a bird's eye view of the town. The prisoners are also brought there. Dead silence prevails in the torrid, mid-day heat. The population had deserted the city en masse. Only a few straggling figures can be seen from the hill—the last to flee. Jumping over ditches, they make for the hills.

We wait in silence. I check my camera several times. A hardly audible hum rises in the azure clear sky.

They're coming!

We scan the sky for quite a time, without seeing the planes but the roar of the engines grows more and more ominous. Here they are! Nine bombers heading straight for us. Then we realize that our hill is just in the course of the bombers, and an oppressive feeling grips us. Should the bombs intended for the town fly over their mark, they will land right on our hill.

But now it is too late to look for shelter. I tighten my grip on the camera. Here is a rare chance to snap a bombing as though it were arranged for you in the cinema studio. But why don't they bomb? The first wing will be over our heads soon.

The first explosion! The second and third are preceded by that familiar hissing sound of a bomb piercing the air. The bombs come in a thick shower on the town, and their thunderous explosions shake the air, the earth, one's body. Several bombs, evidently from the last plane, swished overhead and exploded on the slopes of the hill around us, flinging a sheet of dust on us.

The thick columns of the explosions spread out in a brownish smoke and rise skyward. Everything has been filmed!

The planes disappear in the blue haze of the horizon. The stillness around us is oppressive: the people are silent as the hills. The wailing of a baby suddenly pierces this silence. A child crying in the ruined town.

"There you are!"

A Chinese soldier suddenly speaks to

A youth educational detachment sent by the Political Department of the Chinese Army performs before a gathering of peasants in Hunan province

the prisoners, pointing to the columns of smoke.

The prisoners look ghastly, and there is fear in their eyes, as though they expect summary execution.

November 30.

One more piece of equipment has been added to the clumsy outfit of a cameraman—a gas mask. Without it I cannot take a step. In the headquarters of the army corps I was given a picked Japanese gas mask.

News about chemical warfare in China has penetrated very slowly into the world press which cautiously reports that "there were cases when the Japanese used poison chemicals in certain sections."

The Japanese command categorically denies these reports.

One can deny anything, deny endlessly. But it is difficult to deny a military order, signed and sealed. Especially difficult it is to deny a document bearing the signature of such an outstanding military leader as General Mazura, Commander of the 106th division of the Japanese Imperial Army operating in Central China.

This document was seized in battle, and it has been shown to foreign newspapermen at headquarters.

Written in Japanese hieroglyphs, it contained a strictly secret order, No. 38, dated August 25, 1 p. m. The order, signed by General Mazura, and the appended instruction outlined the methods for using gas in balloons and shells during military operations in Central China.

The extensive and carefully drawn instruction consists of five sections, with several articles each. I jotted down some of them. Article One reads:

"To insure the success of the operation, it is necessary to employ gases. Though the principle of using gas limits it to small areas, the military situation compels us to use gas on a large scale."

Third article:

"Since gas is effective but a short time, an attack should at once follow the successful use of gas."

And here is the third article of the second section:

"As soon as the front line units have successfully used gas, no time must be lost. Always, after putting on gas masks, break boldly through the wave of gas. A strong detachment should be organized at the time gas is applied in order to wipe out the surviving enemy units."

The fourth article of the same section:

"Before using gases, the units must ascertain the position of the wind on the various sections, so as to obtain the best results without any harm to themselves."

The question of setting up temporary chemical detachments is the subject of a separate instruction which, as is pointed out in the order, has been printed and circulated by the headquarters of the Jap-

anese Army in Central China under the heading of "Special Instruction on the Methods and Best Uses of Gas Balloons and Gas Bombs, No. 2."

The sixth section of the order states that the dispatch issued August 18 by the 145th regiment, on the results and methods of using gas balloons and bombs in the course of battles at Hsuchow, has been distributed already. The entire fifth section is taken up by instructions on how to maintain secrecy on the use of gases. Here is this section in full:

"1. The use of gases in attacks on cities and villages where foreigners reside is categorically forbidden.

"2. After the use of gases, all traces are to be destroyed. The empty balloons are to be buried deep underground or sunk in water. Balloons which worked poorly must be broken, buried, sunk in water or exchanged at the gas artillery plants.

"3. The complete annihilation of the enemy during a gas attack in order to keep secret the use of gas, is to be aimed at.

"4. All signs 'Red Balloon' or 'Red Bomb' are to be erased beforehand from all balloons or cases.

"5. Avoid printing texts on the use of gases. Should the need arise to write and print anything about gases, such documents are to be carefully safeguarded and under no circumstances lost . . ."

A revision of the last point was made by the heroic fighters of the Chinese National Army who seized this document.

In the middle of the night the car stopped some sixty kilometers away from Changsha: we were out of gas. We pulled the car over to the side of the road and camouflaged it with tree branches (Japanese planes would raid the road in the morning). The adjutant of Chen Cheng's staff left to look for a telephone. Troops were marching by.

In the long hours before dawn I was going over in my mind the impressions of the recent days, and thought about the remarkable people I have met at the battle front.

Someone came over to our bonfire and sat down silently. He asked us whether we knew the location of the Nth division. As it happened, we were coming from there. The division was stationed at the front lines. The newcomer was twice wounded near Wuchang. One wound healed quickly, and the other would also heal soon. "Our hospital was evacuated from Hunan, and I decided to return to my unit. By the time I get there, I'll be able to remove all my bandages."

"It's more than a hundred kilometers form here."

That's nothing, I'll make it . . ."

He rose, nodded to us and disappeared in the darkness, whistling a song as he went.

Later on, a boy, leaning on a stick and hobbling, joined us. There are many kids of 14 and 15 in the Chinese army. These are not the regimental "mascots"; they

During class hours at the anti-Japanese university in Yenan

Mao Tse-tung talking with peasants

are not there to amuse the adults, but are real fighters, expecting no consideration for their tender age.

The boy sat down on the straw and turned his trembling body to the heat of the fire. On his leg below the knee was a deep wound barely covered by a dusty bandage. The boy was burning up with fever. His teeth rattling against the cup, he swallowed some hot tea, scalding his lips. I took a warm blanket from the car and wrapped up the boy. He soon fell asleep.

Like sparkling diamonds the stars were scattered in the sky. Only several rose-tinted spots appeared on the horizon. Peasants leaving for the mountains were setting fire to their homes. The flame of the bonfire rose and illumined the face of the sleeping child. At times he groaned, at times smiled in his sleep. I was guarding the sleep of this tired man, the fighter of the People's Army of China.

My bonfire faded together with the stars.

A peasant from a nearby hut brought a bowl of steaming rice. The boy had his breakfast and carefully folding the blanket placed it back in the car. I took it out again and threw it on his shoulders. At first he did not understand, and then, folding his hand, he bowed low to his waist, and slowly walked away, leaning on the bamboo crutch he himself had fashioned.

FROM THE DIARY

December 10.

After the downfall of Wuchang the city of Kweilin has become the main city of the Kwangsi province, and an important cultural center. Many artists, journalists and writers have come down to Kweilin. Here I was introduced to Kuo Mo-jo, one of the greatest writers of modern China. Kuo Mo-jo was one of the theoreticians of the literary group "Creative Work," which as early as 1920 united the more revolutionary forces of Chinese literature.

Kuo Mo-jo is a writer of fiction, a literary critic and translator. He has rendered into Chinese many works by Gorky and Lev Tolstoy. Forced to flee from China in the past, he emigrated to Japan and married there. When the war broke out he left his family and returned to China. Here is the way he described this return in one of his books:

"Today is Sunday. I have decided to leave. I could not sleep all night long. At dawn I rose, put on a Japanese kimono and walked into the study to write a letter to my wife, to my girl and the four boys, and left while they were still asleep. I wrote a letter even to my little son Huner wishing him good luck. Next I walked into the bedroom. Fast asleep, the children sprawled all over their little beds. Could hardly keep back my tears. I kissed Anna in the forehead. She was asleep. For an instant she opened her eyes. Silently I walked out into the garden. In the cool

morning air the white Chihtze flowers were asleep, spreading their torpid aroma. I am cruel but this is the only thing to do. The path I have chosen is the only path of life.

"At the railway station there were a lot of troops ready to leave. Many military men in the train . . . At half past five I arrived in Shinkhu. I transferred to a steamer. For the first time in my life, I traveled first class. It seems to me as though I had landed in heaven. But my wife and children are now perhaps in hell. The steamer left the shore. I am going to my native land to fight . . ."

From the very first days of his return to China, Kuo Mo-jo has been engaged in anti-Japanese activity. He has been at numerous meetings, mass rallies, he has addressed soldiers, traveled to the front lines, written articles, stories and verse dedicated to the struggle against the Japanese. He wears a military uniform, has the rank of a general and directs the propaganda department of the war committee.

Kuo Mo-jo, pale, with eyes shining bright through spectacles, is laconic and witty. He enjoys great prestige in military circles.

"Now," he says, "we Chinese writers cannot create any thick volumes. We are fighting along with the entire people, and this struggle, this close association with the fighting masses, enables us to accumulate a wealth of material for the great literary canvases which we shall create after victory."

Last night it was difficult to pass the main thoroughfare of Kweilin by car or on foot. Huge crowds gathered around the only cinema in the city. Over the door of the movie house hung a huge portrait of Voroshilov, smilingly watching the parade of the Red Army. Planes soaring overhead and below, powerful tanks, heavy guns and battleships were painted on the poster.

The Soviet film *Should War Break Out Tomorrow* was being shown in the city for the first time. All tickets were sold out early in the morning. Several policemen were trying in vain to keep order, with hundreds storming the entrance. In the movie hall people were seated two on a chair, the aisles were packed. The sound track was in the Russian language, but next to the big screen was a smaller one, with the titles flashed in Chinese. The quiet hall broke out in a storm when Stalin appeared on the screen. After that the applause and cheers were unending. The audience was excited by the scenes of mobilization of the land of Soviets, and by the episodes showing the might of the Red Army and the rout of the enemy.

The film was old; it tore at times, the sound was not very good and the screen was dark, but all this notwithstanding, the performance was a great success. Chinese moviegoers are great Soviet film fans. Millions have seen *Chapayev*, *We Are From Kronstadt*, *Volochayevsk Days*, *Peter the Great*, *Men of the Baltic*, *Circus*, *Lenin in October* and newsreels.

It is to be regretted that Soviet films arrive to China in only one original which is projected until it is torn to tatters. But the spectators prefer old Soviet films to American pictures featuring famous movie stars, with excellent sound, but empty and purposeless.

The Chinese display a great interest in Soviet newsreels, especially those about the Red Army. Quite frequently the billboards of a Chinese movie house carry huge advertisements of some short Soviet newsreel, though the big feature might be a full-length American thriller.

IN CHUNGKING

Chungking is entering its second wartime spring.

The Chinese winter is about to pass. There were several days of humid heat, in which people languished, then came heavy downpours, and now the city is again enveloped in a thick blanket of fogs through which the pale sun peers very seldom.

Chungking maintains close ties with all parts of the country. You can meet people from the most remote sections of the different fronts. Their tunics still covered with the dirt and dust of the road, these people eagerly relate their impressions of the war. All of them come but for a short stay. Their cars, painted dirty-green, smeared with clay or covered with a green netting, rush back and forth along the bustling streets of Chungking, only to disappear in a few days on the roads leading to the North, South and East.

Chungking began to grow and expand even prior to the start of the war. It was then called the gate to the provinces of Szechwan, Kweichow, Yunnan and Sikang. Now that the city has become the capital of the country, its political and economic center, the growth of Chungking has assumed a pace and scope unusual for China. Dozens of new buildings are rising within the city limits, new streets are being laid out, water works are being extended and reconstructed, and a new telephone station has been built.

The war, far from disrupting the economic life of the Szechwan province, has, on the contrary, stimulated its development. In view of the transfer of many factories to this province, the need has arisen to undertake the exploitation of its

rich natural resources. Huge deposits of coal and ores had been left untouched. Now the extraction of coal and iron ore has been going on in a number of districts. Geological surveys have proved the presence of oil in several points, which had never been tapped in China. The areas under cotton and rice have been extended considerably. Trade is growing. Chungking is linked by highways with the cities of Changsha, Kweiyang, Kweilin, and Kunming.

Chungking has ten universities (the Central National University, the Futan University, the National Pharmaceutical College and others), as well as 150 other educational establishments.

Situated at the cross-roads of trade routes, Chungking, the political center of the country, has also become the hub of commerce and industry, the center of the country's foreign trade. The city has 21 banks, including the Central Bank of China, the Bank of Communications, the Peasants' Bank. There are also 36 banking offices which finance local trade and industry.

Yesterday I made a trip to the suburbs of Chungking, and inspected and photographed several plants. To a Soviet citizen used to seeing industrial giants, these enterprises look puny. But this does not prevent one from admiring the ingenuity, enterprise and creative initiative invested by the Chinese engineers and skilled workers in the assembling and running of these plants.

All the heavy machinery, lathes and the rest of the equipment were removed right from under the nose of the enemy, out of Shanghai, Nanking and Hankow. They were carried on junks for a thousand kilometers up the Yangtze river, hauled on the shoulders of the workers and installed in new buildings.

More than three hundred big enterprises were transferred inland in this manner. Half of them are now located in Szechwan. Not always was everything removed. Many parts and machines are missing and these are being built on the spot by the Chinese themselves. At one factory I saw two electric furnaces, each producing six tons of steel daily. Both furnaces were built by engineers and workers of the plant. The American furnace which served as a model remained in Shanghai, but the work of the new furnaces is not inferior to that of its prototype. Rails which are so needed throughout China for the laying of many new lines, are not being rolled, but are poured into molds instead. At the same factory Chinese workers themselves produced a rather complicated planer of great precision.

The need for metal has stimulated the extraction of local ore. An engineer proudly showed me pig iron smelted from local ore of which there are immense reserves.

Working in the shops and at the benches

Making steel at a war-industry plant in Szechwan province

are capable youths boasting fine production records. Walking through the shops, one unwillingly stops at each bench to have a good look at the able and dexterous workers. This young fellow here in the black overalls was but recently demobilized from the army after being wounded twice. In the past he was a peasant boy. But the way he works now! Without paying the least attention to the foreign visitor, he carefully and methodically machines an intricate part, following a blueprint. One such fellow smashes to bits all the vile "theories" spread by colonizers about the "inaptitude" of the Chinese for operating modern machinery.

Yesterday's visit to the factories has been my first in the seven months I have been in China. For the first time I saw Chinese industrial workers, toiling for the defense of their country. They are so unlike the thousands of coolies hauling burdens all over the country. In their eyes, in their bearing one can discern something new: a sense of dignity which emanates from a profound understanding of the value of their labor, arduous labor for the independence of their country.

This plant has thousands of workers. Near the shops is a big construction site; foundations are being dug for additional huge plants. At the river docks, dozens of junks are bringing in equipment, cement, rock and bricks. The new shops are scheduled to commence operation in the near future.

"No smoking!" is a huge sign posted at the gates of another factory. This factory has learned how to produce fuel for cars out of vegetable oils. In other countries, according to an engineer, this form of production is still confined to laboratories. But here, with the support of the government, a group of pioneering engineers has solved this problem in practice. Every day the small factory produces some four thousand liters of high-grade benzine for motor vehicles. In addition, the process of obtaining kerosene and lubricating machine oil has also been developed. A considerable part of the factory is taken up by laboratories. We were shown a huge library of foreign scientific books and publications in all languages, including Russian.

Next I inspected a textile mill evacuated from Shenchow. The mill produces some 8,000 pounds of yarn daily, working in three eight-hour shifts. I inspected the 10,000-kw. power plant which supplies energy to Chungking and enterprises located within a radius of 25 kilometers. Even now a shortage of power is felt and the capacity of the plant is to be augmented by another 10,000 kw.

The inhabitants of the Szechwan province have always been known for their ardent local patriotism. Now this patriotism has receded into the background. The Szechwan people are proud of their active part in the war of liberation, they have faith in victory over the enemy and are working indefatigably on building an industrial defense base, so essential for the country as a whole.

On the way back, we drove along Tuyu Kai street.

This is the main street, which encircles the entire city like a ring. It is congested by thousands of rickshaws, cars and pedestrians. There are also very many sedan chairs: two coolies carry a chair on long bamboo sticks, and seated in it under a canvas tent is the passenger.

It take experience to wriggle one's way through the narrow street amidst rickshaws, trucks, coolies carrying bales on their backs or pushing them on handcarts, past the hustling throngs which fill the street from end to end. Europeans are conspicuously rare. Seldom does the cap of an American or French sailor from a gunboat, or the cassock of a missionary flash by. Very many tunics, jackets and greatcoats of khaki are seen. Frequently one gets a glimpse of bobbed-haired girls in military uniforms.

War placards, anti-Japanese proclamations and posted leaflets are conspicuous at every step. Big crowds gather near loud speakers which carry news from the front or political reports.

The counter-attacks undertaken by the Chinese at some fronts do not signify the beginning of a general counter-attack which the entire population is eagerly awaiting, and which the entire country is preparing. This is merely a test of strength which, by the way, is very costly to the Japanese, since they are forced to pull up their reserves, to retreat in some places, with the Chinese recapturing many cities.

We finally managed to reach the center of the city. Suddenly we clearly heard some good Russian spoken. Someone had managed to make himself heard above the din of traffic, and he spoke about pouring concrete and rafting lumber. What was all this about? I understood as I drove past the front entrance of the Weiyi Cinema. The Soviet film *Komsomolsk* was being shown, and the management put loud speakers out on the streets. Throngs interfering with traffic, stayed outside listening to the songs of Soviet youth, to their conversation.

A campaign for mobilizing the "national spirit" is now in progress throughout the country. Columns of people marching through the streets come in groups to swear allegiance to their nation. Each pledges to

give his all to the cause of liberating his country.

We stopped the car and, leaving the street to the marchers, we walked along some side streets. Here, as in every section of Chungking, considerable construction is in progress. Entire blocks of dilapidated huts are being torn down and new thoroughfares laid. This is done as a preventive measure in case of fires breaking out during a bombardment. The new thoroughfares will enable the firemen to quickly reach the seats of fires and prevent their spreading. The inhabitants of the houses which are being torn down are provided with living quarters on the other side of the Yangtze or in the suburbs.

A civil airdrome has been established on a sandy shallow. Chungking is now the main junction of the Chinese airlines. Air communication is maintained with the main cities of China, as well as with Indo-China, and Hongkong. From here you can reach the United States in five days by air.

Yesterday a fast passenger Douglass plane landed here. The British Ambassador Sir Archibald Kerr Clark arrived from Hongkong.

Chinese newspapers reported that at the airdrome a representative of the foreign office handed the ambassador a copy of *Hankow Herald*, a newspaper in the English language published in Chungking.

This issue of the newspaper featured an interview with Chiang Kai-shek.

The generalissimo again reiterated that China has firmly resolved to continue the war of liberation.

"Under the present circumstances peace is impossible. No oral intercessions, sincere or insincere, can shake the decision of the entire country to fight until final victory."

My car drove through the gates of Hsinyin which houses the War Committee from which I was to obtain permission for further work.

A group of military men emerged from a glass door. The guards lined in a row froze to attention. In the center of the group was Chiang Kai-shek. He walked slowly along the asphalted road, and bent his head slightly, listening to an aged general next to him.

At night the hubbub of the city subsided somewhat.

We walked out on the balcony of the Soviet embassy. Lights sparkled everywhere. Overhead a red flag with a hammer and a sickle fluttered softly.

The small colony of the Soviet embassy employees is preparing for May First.

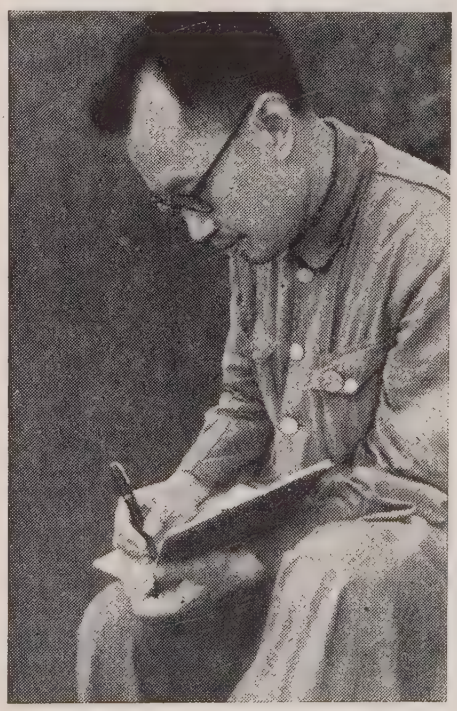
Here, far from our borders, a small group of Soviet people will listen by radio to Moscow celebrating May First. One has to be far away himself from our country to appreciate the joy with which people listen to the broadcasts coming from the Soviet Union . . .

FROM THE DIARY

Chungking, April 15.

At last the parcel with the long-awaited film has arrived from Moscow. I have been waiting for it now for over a month. Along with the film I received a new camera. The old one I brought along with me had seen much service. I used it for a whole year in Spain, then flew with it to the Arctic (searching for Levanevsky), and then took it along to China.

The new "Aimo" camera I received from Moscow is excellent. Now I can start on my next trip to Northern China. This will be the hardest expedition of all. Of the 6,000 kilometers of bad roads to be covered, about 1,000 kilometers will have to be made on foot across mountain paths. Only then will I reach the Eighth Route Army. I am preparing for this expedition with particular care, trying to foresee



Shelly Wang, Chinese writer who died in the summer of 1939 during a trip made into the mountains of Shansi province by a group of writers and artists

every detail; I have drawn up a complete travel schedule, set the dates of arrival at certain points, and have taken into account every meter of film, gallon of benzine, kilometer of the road and every dollar in my pocket.

April 18.

Received a telegram from *Latest Radio News* in Moscow, requesting the arrangement of an eyewitness report on the First of May celebration from the Chungking radio station, setting the exact time for the broadcast. Sent back a detailed reply.

This time I am taking along a driver for my car. A skinny big-eyed fellow dressed in a kimono came to the TASS office and handed me a letter of reference. We came to terms quickly. My one basic condition was that he should steal no benzine. I told him plainly that I knew all about cars, and that it would be difficult to put anything over on me. The driver's name is Ku Pao-shen, and he looks like a fine fellow.

April 20.

Midnight. It is difficult to be calm standing in front of a microphone in a small room lined with felt. We are more than six thousand kilometers away from Moscow. Is it possible that Moscow will soon be within the reach of a human voice from here? Behind a glass screen two radio operators with earphones are bent over the apparatus. A lamp is flashed . . . Moscow is listening to Chungking and records my speech on a tonefilm. Too bad it is only a one way reception! An hour after I had completed the radio talk, a telegram came from Moscow: "Fine audibility everything recorded thanks *Latest News.*"

At daybreak our car overloaded with benzine and films left the yard of the building housing the TASS office. After a warm send-off we started on our distant journey.

THE ROAD TO THE NORTH

The streets of large as well as of small cities in Szechwan province are asphalted and abound in greenery. They are filled to overflowing with vociferous crowds of artisans and merchants. Small itinerant "restaurants" offer a great variety of food. Their owners carry them from place to place and small fellows keep the fire going and the dishes hot. These miniature "restaurants" are to be found at every step. More than once have I stopped to watch the skill with which the cook manipulates his "kitchen." In various little boxes he keeps his products: noodles, rice, chunks of meat, cheese. You watch him drop some noodles in the pot, distribute them in small bowls, spray over them some finely chopped vegetables, add a brown, aromatic soya sauce and presto—dinner is ready!

Every one of the peddlars has his own instrument for making noise and attracting attention. It is either a stone rattle, or a tambourine with a metal ball on a string, which emits a sharp metallic sound, or two stones, the clicking of which resembles castanets. And when you find yourself in the midst of this business section, all these sounds mingle into one gay hubbub blended with the hum of conversation, laughter, shouting, with the screeching of passing carts. Szechwan is very thickly populated, and the highways resemble streets. People walk on foot, rickshaws run by, and coolies trudge along loaded up like beasts of burden. Sometimes you meet a caravan of mules carrying goods from Northern China to Szechwan. But the main vehicle for carrying goods along this highway, the only one running from the north to the south, is human brawn. Coolies drift in an unceasing stream, in endless crowds. They haul, carry and drag bales of goods, utilizing all modes of transport, wheel-barrows, handcarts, and vehicles on rubber-tired wheels. Sometimes several men hitch on to pull one vehicle. They go along plains, mountain passes, precarious bridges, mountain streams. Once I stopped under a shady tree before an inclined road and watched the faces of these people for a long time. What a variety of types! But all the faces are tense, with eyes bulging. They work like galley slaves. They keep on walking for hours, for many miles without a halt.

The attire of a coolie consists of a piece of loin cloth and a broad-brimmed straw hat. These are all his worldly belongings, in addition to his muscles. For a whole day's work under the scorching sun with a heavy bale on his back, he earns several coppers. He spends some for a bowl of rice or noodles, and in the evening at the halt he spends the remaining coppers on a pipe of opium bought on the sly. At dawn he again picks up the bale and goes on, bending under its weight all day long, stopping but seldom under a shady tree or by a brook. Coolies usually walk barefoot. Seldom can you find them wearing straw or rope sandals. From generation to generation the foot of the coolie has grown used to bearing a heavy load; muscles on the legs stand out like balls, and the black foot with the thick toes resembles a tree root.

A DAY AT THE AIRDROME

We stopped in a small town for the night. Looking for quarters, I stumbled into a

dormitory of pilots from a neighboring airdrome. I presented my credentials issued by the war committee requesting everyone to offer all aid to its bearer, a Soviet cameraman. The pilots who had just returned from the field clustered around me and suggested that I spend the evening with them. After supper we retired to a small shady garden.

The commander of the group, a young officer, was the one to start the ball rolling. I produced my notebook and asked questions from time to time.

"From the very first days of this war," he said, "Japan attacked China with her air forces. Then we had neither a large number of planes nor military pilots, but our air force accepted the challenge of the enemy. It was courage against numbers. In most cases our pilots were youths, but there were also some experienced pilots who had worked on the civil airlines prior to the war, and had switched to the war planes."

"Can you name some who have especially distinguished themselves?"

"Here are the names of some of these heroic pilots: Mao Ying-chu who shot down five Japanese planes; Tung Min-chi who fought single-handed against nine enemy craft until he was short of bullets, having brought down one Japanese fighter: Lo Ying-teh brought down six enemy machines; Wang An-jung participated in the famous operation near Loshuan (a bullet hit his helmet, went through it and tore away a bunch of hair); Wang Pang-yang shot down six enemy planes: Major Hsu Huang-seng raided points in Japan. Mention should also be made of the exploit of Wang Ying-hwa: in an aerial battle against a Japanese craft he noticed that his machine-gun had jammed. He then brought his plane to the same speed as the enemy, and with his propeller cut the ailerons on the Japanese machine, which crashed downward. After this he brought his own plane to a successful landing.

"Chinese aviation is not only defending its cities from the Japanese raids—it also attacks the enemy. Many Japanese warships and transports were sunk in the waters of the Yangtze. Chinese planes hit at the rear communications of the enemy, our pilots made a splendid raid on Japan—not with bombs for the time being, but with leaflets."

"How strong are the Japanese in the air? What do you think of their planes and pilots?"

"Numerical superiority in the air is still on the side of the Japanese. They have in China more than 500 modern planes, of which 30 per cent are fighters, 25 per cent scouts and the rest bombers. The weak

He graduated an air-school

point of the Japanese planes are their motors. Japanese pilots say that they are never sure of their motors. Frequently the motors go haywire on them, and the pilots have to return to the airdromes. It is said that more often than not Japanese pilots refuse to undertake raids far inland due to the poor performance of the motors.

"The main activity of the Japanese air force at present is the bombing of peaceful cities. No great skill is needed for that. When the Japanese undertake to bomb some military object, which demands great precision, their score is poor. To summarize the results of the past several months, the Japanese have bombed many cities but have hardly touched military and strategic objects.

"The action of the air force against the Chinese troops is likewise not very effective. The Chinese soldiers have learned the art of camouflage in mountain terrain, and they bear little losses from the attack of Japanese planes, for which purpose the Japanese use obsolete machines."

"What about Chinese aviation? Now that China has entered the second phase of the war, what can the armed air forces of China counterpose to Japan at this stage?"

"Our air force is now undergoing a period of reconstruction, a period of accumulating fighting strength . . . The guiding slogan of the second stage of the war for liberation is to strengthen fighting preparedness, to mobilize the internal resources of the country and to build up skilled military cadres.

"After the downfall of Wuchang we received a respite. In that period our land forces were augmented by hundreds of thousands of new men.

"The air force of China is not lagging behind. We have already established in China an industrial base for our air force.

"The youth has been flocking to our air schools—healthy and brave young men.

"Many of the young pilots who graduated from these schools have already received their baptism in fire. Recently when the Japanese came to bomb Lanchow, Chinese pursuit planes brought down 15 Japanese bombers—new twin-engine craft bought from Italy. Those Japanese planes which managed to return to their airdrome had as many as 50 bullet holes each. Even the Japanese radio admitted it.

"We are not dispersing our forces. We are now defending the most important points. But from time to time we make raids inflicting telling blows in the enemy's rear.

"A vital part of the work of our air force is the support of the partisans. Whole armies fight in the rear of the enemy. Entire provinces formally occupied by the Japanese are actually in the hands of the Chinese. Millions of people live there, organs of the Chinese central government function there. Our planes maintain regular contact with the partisans, with the provinces in the rear of the enemy; they carry to these territories medical supplies, arms, money, literature and people.

"But our main work is the preparation for battles to come."

Our conversation lasted far into the night. The pilots literally showered me with questions about the Soviet air force. They were ready to stay up till morning but the commander, although he was no less interested in the discussion than the others, suddenly stood up and ordered everyone to go to bed at once. Several hours remained before dawn and important flights were scheduled for the next day.

When the sun appeared from behind the blue mountain range on the horizon and the first rays began to play on the metal bodies of the planes, all the flyers gathered at the airdrome. Young, strapping fellows with their caps cocked on one side were making final preparations for the flight.

The machines were tuned up last night, everything was checked, and the engines were quickly started. The commander called the chief pilots together to go over the last weather reports and the details of the attack. The pilots climbed into their seats. Twelve twin-engined fast bombers took off in different sections of the field. They circled over the field, lined up in formation and, setting out on their course, soon vanished in the haze of the early morning.

The assignment was to cross the front line, reach the town of N. and bomb the headquarters of a Japanese infantry division located there, as well as the railway junction and military warehouses. According to information at hand, the entire Chinese population had fled from the city.

Several pursuit planes which had arrived at dawn at the airdrome stood ready to take off at a moment's notice. Their task was to insure safe landing for the bombers should the Japanese send pursuit planes after them.

The hours of tense waiting rolled by very slowly. According to estimates the bombers were to return soon. Should everything go well, the sudden blow from the air would be hard indeed on the Japanese.

When the anxiety of waiting was at its peak, an air-raid alarm was suddenly given. The observation point reported by phone that seven Japanese pursuit planes were heading for the airdrome. To the dreary clanging of the alarm bell was added the roar of motors, as the Chinese destroyers took off swiftly to meet the oncoming enemy. The bombers were due any minute and the Japanese could overtake them on their way to the airdrome, and engage them in battle with their fuel running low. A telephone message: "the planes met at a distance of ten kilometers from the city, an air battle is on, one plane enveloped in flames, fell in the mountains; identity of plane not established."

Using my binoculars, I caught sight of a tall stone tower. This was the church of a Christian mission. Such missions are to be found in every small Chinese city. Fresh in everyone's memory is the recent case at the city of Laohekou. The Catholic preachers managed to engage in espionage as a side line. They were caught red-handed; a search on the premises revealed a powerful radio transmitter, a store of arms and many documents containing information on the Chinese army. The missionaries signed the affidavit of the search, confessed to having engaged in espionage activity and were evicted from

the city. Now I noticed on the tower an immobile figure scanning the airdrome through binoculars. From the tower every point on the airdrome can be kept under observation.

The telephone announced the end of the battle, and soon after the roar of motors resounded overhead. The bombers came down to a landing. One, two, four, six . . . All twelve have returned! The pursuit planes which defended them also landed. The commanders and stretcher bearers ran to meet the machines. One destroyer was missing. We waited in vain, the blue sky was silent. One of these gay fellows will never return.

Again the dreary sound of the bell: the air-raid alarm had ended.

One of the pilots walked slowly, supported by the outstretched arms of his comrades. With the edge of a silk scarf, the present of his sweetheart, he wiped big drops of sweat off his face convulsed by pain. He had been wounded. The wings and the fuselage of his machine were dotted by holes. Twenty four bullets.

"Have all returned?" he asked in a quiet voice, nodding in the direction of the bombers.

"Everyone," his comrades replied, putting him carefully down on the grass.

"We had no chance of gaining altitude when the Japanese pounced on us," one of the pursuit pilots said. He was a skinny fellow, quick of movement, with white sparkling teeth in a lively brown face. "We fought for fifteen minutes, and shot down two Japanese. Haven't seen how Chen perished. He, probably, took to chasing the Japanese."

Now that the air raid alarm was over, two persons appeared on the tower of the Catholic mission. Carefully, thoroughly, the "holy fathers" kept scrutinizing the airdrome. The golden cross gleamed in the sun and, extending from the cross to the next roof, gleamed a wire—the kind used for radio antennas.

The commander of the bomber flight reported on the raid. The equipment worked without a hitch. The task was even overfulfilled, as the planes also bombed a column of trucks near the city.

"The station and troop echelons were smashed. As regards the headquarters, I consider that the task was also carried out. I expect that our agents will establish the results of the bombing in greater detail."

A young pilot, who was perspiring in his fur overalls, listened to the conversation but could not muster enough courage to break in. He walked aside and, as he spat out a bit of grass he was chewing on, grumbled:

"Either I am blind, or nothing but a wet spot remained in place of the Japanese headquarters."

Flyers are a very hospitable people; they tried to persuade me to stay, if not a whole week, at least two more days, to tell them more about Soviet aviation, pilots, the courageous Soviet heroines . . .

But I had to be on my way. As my car rolled down along the road, I kept turning around, looking at the hangars, the planes and vanishing figures of the men in suede jackets. Wonderful fellows!

Shostakovich's Quintet

As a perfect example of polyphonic art practically lost to the musicians of today, the fugue from Shostakovich's Quintet may be studied in the classes for counterpoint at the Conservatory. Taneyev was the last Don Quixote in this field. That "Bach of the local fire-brigade"—as Chaikovsky called him jokingly, because he happened to live near the fire-station—tried vainly, in the conditions prevailing in Russia of his time, to revive the art of the great polyphonic composers of the past, and awaken the long-lost interest in and taste for it. We are far from inclined to draw comparisons between Shostakovich and Taneyev. If we were speaking of the associations called forth by Shostakovich's fugue, they would be the "quiet," pensive fugues of Bach, with their profound philosophy, such as the organ fugue in E minor, arranged for the piano by Busoni.

When the muted first violin introduces the theme of the fugue (the melody bears an unmistakable resemblance to one of the themes in Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony), which is taken up by the second violin, the 'cello, the viola and, at length, by the piano, one feels the music penetrate to the very heart. Spell-bound, one follows the images appearing, vanishing and reappearing in a slow train, images that must convey things so intimate and poetic that no language but that of music can express them.

The fugue is over. It is followed by an unexpected and unusual scherzo, such as has never been heard before. The Beethoven Scherzo has undoubtedly served as a model for it, but this does not mean that Shostakovich's music is not entirely new and original. Its splendid ruggedness and roughness, its acerbity, its exciting, impetuous rhythm, the naive, rollicking melody of the middle section, all this creates a vivid picture of a people's holiday, of throngs merrymaking. There is, however, no suggestion of that naturalistic description, that cheap prettiness, which so often irritates one in the so-called "public scenes." The people in Shostakovich's Scherzo are presented without any "touching" sentiment or tinsel picturesqueness. Brief and laconic to a degree, it gives in a few telling strokes the very essence and nature of genuine folk-art.

Then comes the intermezzo, a lyrical narrative, a lofty study of human emotions and amazing sincerity. It is the lyricism of a great heart which never for a moment descends to the level of maudlin sentimentality, to "beautiful," warm susceptibility.

The finale, which is lyrical, too, is linked and merged with the intermezzo. But, to counterbalance the intermezzo, the lyricism of the finale is much milder, lighter and carefree. To the principal theme of the finale is opposed the episodic theme, unexpectedly bravura and boyishly "martial" in spirit. The conflict and struggle of these two themes and moods ends with the victory of the lyrical mood. A gentle, peaceful evening hush seems to descend and envelop the music, and the last phrases from piano and strings are, as it were, a tender smile of farewell. It is impossible to convey the charm, the grace and poetic quality of those concluding bars of the Quintet.

It is no accident that in speaking of Shostakovich's Quintet one involuntarily recalls Bach and Beethoven. It is not a question of idle comparisons, but of style. What Shostakovich's work betokens in this plane is neither restoration nor imitation, nor even a revival of the classic musical forms; we would call it, rather, a continuance of the classics. Shostakovich has written his fugue according to the laws of the Bach polyphony, but neither these laws nor the technique of counterpoint in themselves interested him. In his Quintet—and not only in the fugue, but also in the lyrical movements and the scherzo—we feel the breath of a living classic style.

Shostakovich endeavors to bridge the distance dividing our own day from that of the great classics of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

What motives prompted this turn to the classics? We see them in one thing alone: in the desire to create a genuinely classic Soviet music. There is no contradiction: Soviet classics cannot be created without a critical mastery of the heritage of the past. Our musicians, in their study of the classics, have until recently confined themselves largely, if not exclusively, to the music composed during the latter half of the nineteenth century. Liszt, Wagner and their school have been in far greater favor than Bach, Mozart or Beethoven.

We look to our composers for the musical expression of heroic themes of today. Soviet creative art is optimistic in mood and speaks of a firm faith in life but where in the music of the past, save in Mozart, Bach, Beethoven and Glinka can we find such radiant optimism, such faith in mankind and in the ultimate triumph of good? Who has created a more stirring and more profound work than Beethoven's *Ode to Joy*? Or a mightier hymn than Glinka's *Glory*? Or a more truthful scene than his *Kamarinskaya*?

This has all been said often enough before, but the real, creatively-genuine "turning to the classics" is now taking place for the first time. And it is in this primarily that we see the great importance of Shostakovich's Quintet.

Writing on the art of his day, Chaikovsky remarked in connection with Bizet's *Carmen*, which he thought a masterpiece and a reflection of the musical trends of a whole epoch: "It seems to me that the period in which we are living is distinguished from the last by a very characteristic feature, and that is, that composers are aiming at pretty and piquant effects." Even in Wagner and Liszt, Chaikovsky recognizes this transition from the grand, powerful and beautiful to the pretty and delicious. A striking observation, especially when uttered by a musician like Chaikovsky; it amounted to an admission that in the social conditions of the latter half of the nineteenth century the principles and ideas of a great monumental classical music were lost or neglected as alien and unnecessary. That was precisely the reason why Chaikovsky called Taneyev a Don Quixote.

Yet these ideas and principles have proved comprehensible and cognate to the flourishing musical culture of Socialism. They have been reborn not only in our music, but also in our architecture, painting and other arts. That is why we see

nothing fortuitous in Shostakovich's Quintet; it is symptomatic and encouraging.

We must also bear in mind that for Shostakovich in particular this turning to the classics was fraught with danger and difficulties. The thing is, that even "contemporaneity," which included Expressionism, Constructivism and all the other "isms," and to which Shostakovich had paid liberal tribute, had proclaimed a "revival of the classics" in its day, for the polyphony of Bach, for linear counterpoint, and so forth. At one time Hindemith, Stravinsky and a number of others "went back to the old." This, however, was invariably an esthetic experiment, a purely outward, formalistic conception of the classics, one that failed to reach their essence, the ideological content of their art.

Shostakovich's Quintet has nothing in common with that out-of-date, "contemporary" attitude to the classics. In the first place, he has begun to solve his problems from the standpoint of subject and content and not of form; and in the second place, the content, ideas and themes of his Quintet have not been copied or repeated, but drawn from the life of our day.

It is an essentially Soviet production, truthful and brimming with life; one feels the pulse of life in the scherzo, in the lyrical intermezzo, in the finale and the fugue. The prelude alone seems somewhat deliberate, studied, stylized "in the Bach manner." It will be sufficient to recall any of Shostakovich's earlier

compositions, for example the Pianoforte Concerto, and compare it with the Quintet, to realize the tremendous distance dividing the "old" composer from the Shostakovich of today.

The Quintet is profoundly optimistic. In his Quintet, Shostakovich seems to have acquired an inner freedom; the tense and convulsive nervousness we sensed in his former works has practically disappeared. The breathing, the rhythmic pulsation of his music in the Quintet is easy, tranquil and full-blooded. It makes one feel that a different, a new and more healthy, joyful and profound conception of life has been attained. This is what distinguishes the Quintet from all his earlier works, even from the Fifth Symphony.

Regarding the latter, it is necessary to point out that this monumental work, vast as it is in scale and idea-content, is simultaneously the culmination of a whole period of development of symphonic art, and the beginning of a new stage in Soviet symphonic music. If it is true that every great symphony endeavors to give "answers" to the basic questions of life, then one may say that Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony is the last symphony of the old world and the first of the new world. What is new in it springs from the new consciousness, the new world-outlook of the Soviet artist. At the same time the old tradition is still strong in it; it is a tradition that Beethoven once formulated as "from suffering—to joy," but which was gradually superseded by another formula—"the joy of suffering." Maxim Gorky who defined this love of, and relish for, suffering as one of the characteristic traits of pre-revolutionary art, demanded and insisted that the new Soviet individual should learn to despise and hate suffering. In Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony, suffering, paroxysm of pain and tragic passion, are still present to a very great degree. The Quintet is free of it all.

What does the Quintet offer in place of this—one of the main themes of the Fifth Symphony? We must admit that, having given up this theme, Shostakovich has not found in either the Sixth Symphony or the Quintet anything comparable in power and depth. Only a heroic theme could replace it. Not a theme of tragic suffering, but one of struggle and the joy of victory. It is not to be found in the Quintet. The composer appears to have avoided it. But, it may be objected, a quintet is chamber music, it should not be expected to accommodate so vast a theme. That is true, but only partly true; chamber music need not and does not necessarily mean the narrowing down of a theme.

If we recall classical pieces like the *Kreutzer Sonata* or the *Apassionata* of Beethoven and other examples of chamber music, can we truthfully say that they differ a great deal in their inner content, themes, depth of thought and power of feeling, from Beethoven's symphonies? Remarkable though the qualities of Shostakovich's music are in the Quintet, the subject is deliberately narrowed. There are powerful and brilliant contrasts in it, changes of mood, but there are no dramatic collisions, no struggle.

This is not even a reproach. When all is said and done, a work of art should be judged by what it contains and not by what it lacks. This is rather a statement of fact; in the three years following his Fifth Symphony, Shostakovich has not written anything that recreates our heroic epoch and that would thus serve as Shostakovich's answer to his Fifth Symphony.

Thus, while we listen with genuine admiration to the truly remarkable Quintet, we cannot help saying that from Shostakovich we expect works in which the grandeur of the new world would be revealed to us, not on a narrowed basis, but in its full breadth and power, works that would become our Socialist "Ode to Joy."

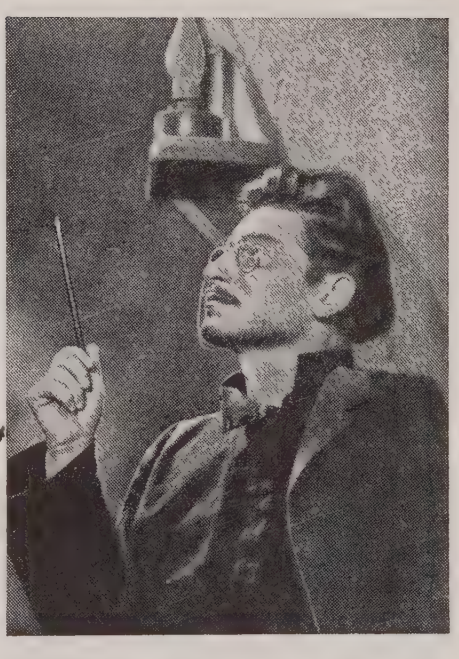
MATIAS GRINBERG

"Yakov Sverdlov"—A New Film

The problem of creating the positive character in literature and art is not a new one. If we go back to the greatest works of world literature we are not likely to find many with a positive hero who made as strong and real impression on us as, say, the characters of Shakespeare's tragedies or Balzac's *Human Comedy*. It is surely not accidental that the least successful of Shakespeare's chronicles is *Henry V*, in which the great writer set himself the task of presenting the English king in a favorable light, portraying his courage, his military glory and victories, which even up to the present time are exploited by the British bourgeoisie for their selfish purposes. At the dawn of capitalism, when the bourgeoisie was an energetic and rapidly growing class, to a certain extent symbolizing the general progress of humanity, the positive character of the hero was still to be met with in some literary productions. But if we take, for example, Defoe or Mayne Reid, we see that Robinson Crusoe has been torn by the author from his habitual social conditions, and Leather Stocking is carried into unusual surroundings. This is quite natural, for the artistic force of bourgeois literature consisted primarily of what Gorky aptly described as critical realism.

We see a completely different picture in Soviet literature and art. Among the best productions of the Soviet cinema, for example—productions known the world over—there are quite a number portraying positive characters, heroes who have exerted great influence and left a lasting impression upon the audience. Such heroes of Soviet films as, say, Maxim, in the trilogy by Kozintsev and Trauberg, Professor Polezhayev in the film *Baltic Deputy* or Shakhov in the film *The Great Citizen*, are known everywhere. These heroes are the artistic embodiment of the characteristic traits of the advanced people representative of the Socialist era.

The next step taken by our cinema along the same lines was a series of historical pictures, in which the first attempt was made to show on the screen the leaders of the revolution—Lenin and Stalin. The action in these historical films is confined to a short period of time—the producers did not attempt to show the whole biography of the leaders. The most successful of these were the well known films *Lenin in October* and *Lenin in 1918*.



A. Lyubashevsky in the part of Sverdlov

At present the Soviet cinema has taken a further step in the same direction. I refer to the newly released film *Yakov Sverdlov*, a study of the life of one of the most brilliant and courageous knights of the proletarian revolution.

In what way does this film differ from the earlier films, referred to above? The central hero of the film, Yakov Sverdlov, is a real historical figure. And he is a typical character not because he is con-

ceived and represented as typical by the authors and producers, but because they actually symbolized the typical characteristics of that new generation that came into being, took shape and manifested its strength in the revolutionary struggle against the old capitalistic society and, in the first place, against one of its vilest creations—tsarism.

Another distinctive feature of this film is its biographical character. Nearly the entire life of the hero passes before the audience, from his earliest days up to his death.

It should be emphasized that the film *Yakov Sverdlov* is the first attempt of our cinema industry in this sphere. This must be remembered if one is to understand the reason for the few incidental, and sometimes even serious, faults in this work.

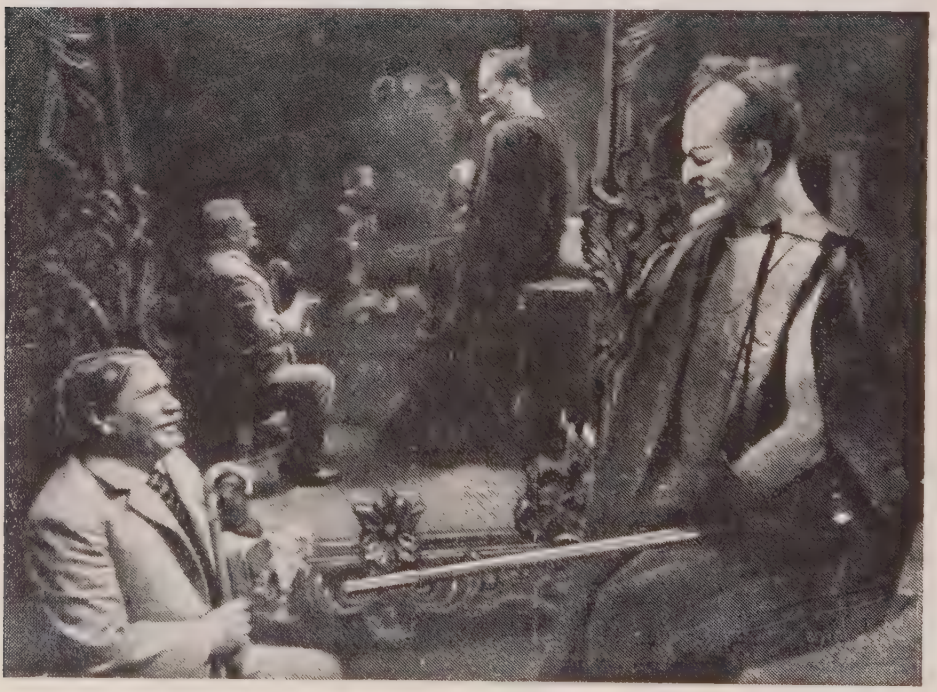
The main fault of this film is that the producers tried to cram a tremendous number of events into one picture, an amount of material which would have sufficed for two or three films. This at times results in a lack of cohesion, in scrappiness, sometimes tending to give the effect of a historical chronicle. Nevertheless, notwithstanding this considerable fault, we may rightly speak of the film as a great new achievement of Soviet cinematography.

The film *Yakov Sverdlov* is the first of a new series of films the aim of which is to present the lives of outstanding Bolsheviks. In other words, the aim of the series is to portray the most advanced positive representatives of our time, those who were in the front ranks of the army which, during the great October days, threw off the yoke of capitalism forever from one sixth of the earth's surface.

Why did the Soviet cinema begin this series with a picture dedicated to the life of Yakov Sverdlov? This was quite natural. In his memorial speech dedicated to Sverdlov, Lenin pointed out that it was he who "happened, during the course of our revolution, and in its victories, to express more fully and completely than anybody else the main and most essential features of the proletarian revolution . . ."

Lenin explained what constitutes the "main and most essential features of the proletarian revolution." That was Sverdlov's ability to organize the masses—a quality which, according to Lenin's definition, is the main condition for the victory of the revolution.

"An organizer to the marrow of his



Still from the scene in the dressing room of a famous singer (Chaliapin). Sverdlov has just met Gorky here, and the singer, played by N. Okhlopkov, is diverting the attention of a plainclothesman, who has come to arrest Sverdlov, from the object of his visit

Stalin (played by A. Kabaladze) and Sverdlov, exiled to Siberia, write a joint letter to Lenin

bones, a born, skilful organizer, an organizer by dint of his revolutionary training, his discernment, an organizer in all his seething activity—such was Y. M. Sverdlov." This is how Stalin, who knew him intimately, describes Sverdlov, one of Lenin's closest comrades-in-arms.

Throughout the film we are aware of this main feature of Sverdlov, his genius for organization. But to him the masses were not something featureless, nameless, abstract. Sverdlov understood that the mass consists of individuals, and he loved and fought for the happiness of every poverty-stricken member of the vast army of labor. Sverdlov could endure no injustice, the flame of protest burned fiercely within him, sometimes breaking out even when the circumstances were utterly inauspicious.

The film commences with one such episode, which takes place at the famous Nizhny-Novgorod Fair, where merchant Russia flaunted its goods. There was a popular saying concerning Russian merchants—namely, that they followed the principle: "If you want to sell you must cheat." That was just the "principle" behind the sideshow of a pair of boots, temptingly displayed at the top of a pole, the prize of whoever could climb up and get them. The pole, however, had been smeared with a special compound by the cunning merchant. Sverdlov's sense of fairness was outraged by this swindling, and, although dogged by spies, he met cunning with cunning, climbed up the pole, got the boots and gave them to a working lad who had been trying in vain to gain the prize. But even such a contingency had been provided for by the wily merchant—it turned out that the soles were made of cardboard.

This episode, giving a glimpse of Sverdlov in his youth, brings out many traits in his character which are displayed more than once in the film. Gorky, an eyewitness of the above scene, sternly lectured the young Sverdlov for his rashness, saying that a professional revolutionary has no right to risk his freedom so thoughtlessly. But it was inherent in Sverdlov's character to be the first in any fight against injustice. We see this in another episode of the film, when Sverdlov, having been arrested and thrown into a gloomy tsarist prison, is the first to voice an energetic protest on behalf of his fellow prisoners, demanding of the tsarist prosecutor that a stop be put to the violation of the most elementary rights of the prisoners of tsarism.

The scene of the Nizhny-Novgorod Fair is also interesting in that, behind the well-fed and smug bourgeois world secure in its well-being, we see another force as yet underground and weak, but already opposing that philistine security. We

see how slowly, gradually, but sure the forces of the revolution are gaining in strength.

Sverdlov's organizational talent is a mighty motive force which impels the masses forward to revolution and coins new recruits who join the ranks of the fighters in the revolutionary cause.

Another trait of Sverdlov well portrayed in the picture is his unquestioned moral authority. As Lenin tells us, this authority was such that in any doubtful case a word of his was sufficient "to settle the point once and for all, uncontestably, without conferences, without formal voting . . ."

Those who saw the film *New Horizons* from the trilogy by Kozintsev and Trauberg, certainly remember the scene showing Sverdlov's speech at the Constituent Assembly. This episode is repeated in the new picture, but here it is linked with all the preceding events. Simply and easily, Sverdlov takes the chairman's bell from an opponent of Soviet power belonging to the camp of the Right Socialists, who is making an attempt to open the Constituent Assembly on his own authority. That incident was not something new in Sverdlov's career. The picture shows one episode during the first Russian revolution, when Sverdlov was chosen by the workers as chairman of a meeting called by the Right Socialists. Already at that time, Sverdlov had just as easily and naturally carried out the will of the workers.

There is no point in relating the whole plot of the film—it has to be seen. The producer, S. Yutkevich, who, together with F. Ermler, helped to introduce sound film in the Soviet Union, has given a convincing interpretation of the character and life of the man who, in the words of Lenin, was able "to fill the post of the first man in the first Socialist Soviet republic . . ."

For audiences in capitalist countries, the biographical film *Yakov Sverdlov* will certainly be something unusual. Sverdlov is depicted apart from his personal life. But in this the picture merely reflects a typical trait of the professional revolutionaries who devoted all their lives to the work of preparing for the Socialist revolution. They were people who, as Lenin said in his speech dedicated to the memory of Sverdlov, gave up their families and all the comforts and habits of the old bourgeois society.

The significance of this new Soviet film lies primarily in the fact that here we get an intimate, comprehensible and human portrayal of those people who under the most difficult conditions laid the foundation for the successes of which the Soviet Union today is justly proud.

Lenin (played by M. Strauch) visits Sverdlov during the latter's illness

The figure of Sverdlov is the positive character, the hero of our days, the epoch when a new social system is asserting itself. He is a hero of our times, an example and an inspiration for the young sons of the working class throughout the world.

Owing to the tremendous number of incidents in the film, the ties of friendship that characterized Sverdlov's relations with his great contemporaries—Lenin, Stalin and Gorky—are sparsely depicted. But what is shown of these relations remains long in our memory. We see the Turukhansk Region in the far north of Siberia. By a small camp fire the exiled Sverdlov and Stalin meet, and their first thought is of Lenin, so far away in body but so near to them in spirit. During his talk with Sverdlov, Stalin quotes an old Georgian song, describing what a real fighter should be like: "A man must have a heart of steel, and then he may have a wooden shield and yet show no fear in battle."

This saying could really be regarded as an epigraph, not only to the film *Yakov Sverdlov*, but to the whole series of lives of outstanding Bolsheviks.

The work of the actors in this film is of a high standard. This applies particularly to L. Lyubashevsky in the title role. He succeeds not only in giving a striking likeness of Sverdlov, but—and this is the most important—in embodying and emphasizing the main traits of his character. An excellent rendering of the part of a well-known basso is given by N. Okhlopkov, whom the audience remembers well as Vassili in the films *Lenin in October* and *Lenin in 1918*. M. Strauch, however, in the part of Lenin was somewhat disappointing this time. The final and very important scenes—Lenin's speech on Sverdlov—is rendered by the actor without emotional tension, with noticeable coldness and restraint. More could be expected also from A. Kabaladze, who plays the part of Stalin. It is true that the scenario does not give Kabaladze sufficient material for a profound portrayal of Stalin, but the actor might have done better if his main efforts were not directed to produce a maximum portrait likeness.

The scenario is by the Soviet writers P. Pavlenko and B. Levin. Its faults are especially noticeable in the second part, where the even development of the plot gives way to something like a simple recital of historical episodes from the last days of Sverdlov's life.

The film *Yakov Sverdlov* cannot be classed as one of the most outstanding productions of Soviet cinematography, but it is the beginning of a new and very important genre of biographical films about the finest representatives of the party which embodies the thoughts, hopes and future of the hundred and ninety-three million Soviet people and of the toilers throughout the world. People who seek in art for a truthful answer to the question of the way out of the blind alley into which the contradictions in the camp of imperialism have brought humanity will find this film interesting and of value.

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

CORRESPONDENCE

A Letter From China

The following are excerpts from a letter by the well-known Chinese writer Kuo Mo-jo:

"For several years now I have been a steady reader of *International Literature*, to which we are sincerely grateful for its work on popularizing Chinese literature and culture. If this work has not as yet assumed a sufficiently broad scope, blame for it lies to a considerable extent with us Chinese writers. We still render you insufficient help. Contact between Soviet and Chinese literary circles is inadequate. Hence, also the considerable difficulties in translating Soviet literature into the Chinese language. It is essential to strengthen and extend the relations between the writers of China and the Soviet Union.

"Recently I was appointed head of the newly organized committee on cultural activity. The main tasks of the committee are the study of literature, international problems and agitation among the Japanese soldiers. The committee (it has 28 members) numbers many outstanding writers and others active in the field of culture. We hope to establish close contact with you.

"I take the occasion to inform you that a group of our friends is undertaking the publication of a new monthly magazine, *Literary Work*. The first issue is due to appear on January 1, 1941. In preparation now is a collection of literary works which have appeared during the war (including theoretical articles, short stories, sketches, plays, songs, etc.).

"In this letter I should like, even if only briefly, to outline one of the current problems encountered in our literary activity.

"I have in mind the question as to which form of literature has attained the greatest popularity in the course of the war of liberation.

"Undoubtedly first place belongs to feature stories.

"The reason for this is the unprecedented national upsurge the war of liberation has awakened among the writers. They strive to keep pace with events and portray them in their works. Many writers have been taking part in political activity in the army, where life confronts them with the need to present a picture of the situation at the front, to portray the sentiments of the soldiers, etc. Such features, strictly speaking, cannot be classed as *belle-lettres*. These lively and popular sketches have proved to have satisfied, to a larger degree than any other literary genre, the great interest of the people to learn what is happening at the front.

"Of late, however, definite changes can be discerned. Now it is becoming more and more evident that victory can be achieved only through prolonged struggle. In the center of attention now are not

merely the hostilities and reports from the front, but also problems of strengthening the rear, training of forces, etc. In the first period of the war, songs and one-act plays were most popular, with the story and novel disappearing almost completely. At present, however, many authors are beginning to work on novels, while playwrights undertake to write lengthy plays. In poetry there is a trend toward epic works, toward great canvases. All this, undoubtedly, is a sign of a forthcoming renaissance of the Chinese novel.

"Of foreign literature we translate mainly the works of Soviet writers.

"Our writers need a model, which we seek in Soviet literature. Soviet literature and art are the best models for our creative work. We count on a further cultural rapprochement between our countries."

Chungking, November, 1940.

Letters From Latin America

Publication of a new book, *Benito* by B. Galeana, is reported by Mario Hil, one of the editors of *Voz de Mexico*, in his letter to *International Literature*. "The authoress of this book," Hil writes, "is a participant in the revolutionary movement. This woman who comes from the midst of the people has succeeded in depicting life in Mexico with great passion and in vivid terms.

"Relating her participation in the underground activity and struggle of the Communist Party, she succeeded in truthfully showing how the party, still weak and without strong leadership, fought against the anti-workers' government of Calles."

"We are happy indeed that an interest in our literature is manifested in the Soviet Union," Juan Marinello, prominent Cuban writer and critic, states in a letter to *International Literature*. "I can say without boasting that the literature of Cuba, is, in a sense, the most significant and interesting in the Latin-American countries. We shall be very glad to maintain regular contact with you and send you the best of our literary works.

"It gave me pleasure to inform Enrique Serpa that his novel *Smugglers* is being translated into Russian, and that you had published in the Russian edition of *International Literature* a review of his book *A Day in Trinidad*."

NEWS AND VIEWS

U.S.S.R.

ENGELS ON MUSIC

Excerpts from an article by Frederick Engels on music *(An Account of Musical Life in Bremen)*, and from a letter he had written to his sister Maria on problems of music were published in *Sovetskoye Iskusstvo*, for the first time in the Russian language. These documents have been obtained from the Marx-Engels-Lenin Institute in Moscow. They reveal that Engels was not merely a lover of and authority on music, but that he also found time to comment in the press on the current musical life, to work on problems of harmony and even to try his hand at composition.

Engels' letters to his sister make it evident that in 1838 and 1839 he devoted much time to music. Three of his efforts in the field are referred to in his letters: a harmonization of Bach's choral *Eine feste Burg*, an original choral to the words of *Stabat Mater* and an original melody.

Following is an excerpt from the article by Engels, *An Account of Musical Life in Bremen*, printed in issue No. 15 of *Morgenblatt für gebildete Leser* of January 18, 1841.

"There are few towns in Germany where so many engage so eagerly in music as here. Music is the best feature of life in Bremen. There is quite a large number of singing circles, and the frequent concerts always draw large crowds. What's more, musical taste has been kept almost pure: a decisive predominance is held by the German classics—Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, of the new, by Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and the best composers of songs . . . One might wish that Sebastian Bach, Gluck and Haydn are less relegated to the background. At the same time the newest trends in music are by no means overlooked, on the contrary, nowhere are the works of young German composers performed so readily as here."

In a letter of March 14, 1841, to his sister Maria, Engels wrote about Beethoven:

"This (the Fifth) and the Eroica are my favorite pieces. . . .

"A wonderful symphony was played last night! You have never heard anything like it in your life, unless you already are acquainted with this magnificent work. That discord in the first phrase, so full of despair, that elegiac sadness, those tender plaints of love in the adagio and those powerful sounds of the trumpets in the third and fourth movements, full of youthful strength and the triumph of freedom!"

SCIENTIFIC WORK IN GEORGIA

The Government of the U.S.S.R. has empowered the Government of the Georgian Republic to establish an Academy of Sciences for the Republic. Until now Georgia has had a branch of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., consisting of several sections—mathematical, geo-physical, chemical, the Institute of History and Language, and others.

The extensive research into the history of the language, archeology and ethnography of Georgia conducted by the Institute has brought to light much hitherto unknown data on Georgia and the Caucasus.

The Institute of History and Language is now conducting large-scale archeological excavations in the Mtskheta-Samtavro district which are bringing to light valuable data on the history of Georgia in the course of two thousand years. Mtskheta, one of the oldest cities of Georgia and its former capital, is located some 20 kilometers from Tbilisi, the present capital.

Plates with Hebrew and Greek inscriptions were found in 1938 by chance, and this prompted scientists to start investigations in the course of which a huge necropolis with some 1,500 graves was unearthed. These date to three different periods, the earliest relating to the 12-4th centuries before our era; the next, to the 2nd-1st centuries before our era, and the last to the 1st-8th centuries of our era.

The extensive data obtained enables scientists to trace the relation between the culture of the three epochs, from the end of the Bronze age to the early Middle Ages.

Among the graves of the Bronze Age were those of a shepherd buried with his primitive musical instrument—a pipe—many of warriors and military aristocrats buried with their arms—long swords, and many arrows, axes, and maces, rings, bracelets, belts, etc.; other articles relating to this epoch are sculptured bas-reliefs of oxen, sheep, birds and fine ceramic wares, done artistically and in fine taste. A sepulchral wreath made of fine gold leaves, a gold ring with a precious stone on which a warrior's head was engraved, 16 Roman dinars and other gold and silver objects skilfully engraved, were found in graves of the later epoch.

The excavations were conducted by a large group of young scientists of the Institute of History and Language headed by Academician I. A. Javakhishvili.

Academician Javakhishvili and a group of scientists have compiled the first textbook on the history of Georgia from ancient times to the 19th century.

Alexander Blok. Water color by K. Somov

HOLD CONFERENCE ON FOLKLORE

The first all-Union conference on folklore was held in Moscow in December, 1940. For three days men of letters, folk singers and students of lore discussed problems of development of folk art in the Soviet Union.

The importance of fostering folk art by means of extending guidance and help to singers and tellers of tales was stressed by the conference. In Azerbaijan, it was noted, contests between *ashugs* (folk bards) are held regularly. Great attention to narrators is paid in the Karelian-Finnish S.S.R. At one time it was considered that the *kobzari* (folk bards) were becoming extinct in the Ukraine. Their art is flourishing, however. A number of *kobzari* has been admitted into the Union of Soviet Writers.

Local Houses of Folk Art are to improve and extend their educational and political activities among singers and narrators, the conference decided. The recording of different versions of folklore is to be undertaken in the various republics and regions, special consultation bureaus are to be set up and writers will be enrolled to aid in the fostering of folklore.

HONOR MEMORY OF ALEXANDER BLOK

The sixtieth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Blok, a remarkable Russian poet of the 20th century was observed in the Soviet Union at numerous literary evenings and affairs. In Moscow some of the best actors and singers took part in rendering the poet's works.

The Blok Committee of the Institute of Literature of the Academy of Sciences in Leningrad arranged open sessions dedicated to a study of the life and work of the poet. A Blok exhibition was also opened for the occasion.

The Soviet people revere the memory of the poet who in the years of reaction expressed his faith in the coming of a "new era" and had foreseen the revolutionary future of Russia. Blok was an outstanding representative of the Symbolist school in Russian poetry. Blok's early poetry was confined to lyrical verses clothed in mystic images, but later the scope of his works broadened and grew closer to reality.

"Blok taught us to foresee events long ahead of time," the poet N. Aseyev wrote in *Literaturnaya Gazeta*. "Of course, on his noble features lay the brand of the claws of the old world, and the poison of weariness and confusion is present in his creative work. The main thing which he achieved, and achieve that he did in spite of everything—is that he remained in one camp with the people. The people are truly immortal, and so is immortal the poet who is one with them, no matter what traditions may burden his works."

". . . An everlasting fire was lighted by Alexander Blok who armed us with

the staunch weapon of wrath and hatred for the past, the fine weapon of love and passion for the eternally youthful mankind."

NEW STUDY OF PETER I

The first volume of a four-volumed study of Peter I by the late Academician M. M. Bogoslovsky was published recently. The author had gathered a wealth of material which enabled him to give a detailed account of the life and times of Peter I. Death cut short the Academician's work—it runs only to the first year of the 18th century.

Extensive material on the life and customs of Russia at the end of the 17th century is presented in the excellently-written book.

This important work, however, is not without its shortcomings. The life of the masses oppressed by serfdom is not portrayed; the selection of facts is somewhat too subjective and the generalizations of the author too sketchy.

It is as if he left it to the readers to arrive at their own conclusions on the basis of his "materials for a biography."

"A complete general characteristic of Peter and an evaluation of his activity is a task to which only historians equipped with the Marxist-Leninist method can measure up," *Pravda* writes in a review of the book. "The historic role of Peter can be rightly understood only from the point of view of Marxism.

"'. . . Marxism does not deny that prominent personalities play an important role, nor the fact that history is made by people,' Comrade Stalin says. '. . . But of course, people do not make history according to their own fancy or the promptings of their imagination. Every new generation encounters definite conditions already existing, ready-made, when that generation was born. And if great people are worth anything at all, it is only to the extent that they correctly understand these conditions and know how to alter them.' "

"Peter I was such a historic figure who correctly understood the requirements of his time."

ISSUE BOOK ON G. SEDOV, ARCTIC EXPLORER

A book about Georgi Sedov, heroic Arctic explorer who perished in an attempt to reach the North Pole, has been issued in the series of *Lives of Remarkable Men*. The author, S. Nagorny, who for years had been collecting material for his book, has succeeded in reconstructing the tragic history of the renowned Russian explorer, head of the fatal expedition to the North Pole in 1912-1914.

An experienced sailor and courageous pioneer with a fine scientific background, Georgi Sedov set himself the task of reaching the North Pole and planting the Russian flag on it. He counted on the assistance of the government but, like many explorers of his time, he was poorly versed in politics, and probably this was the reason why the shattering of his hopes came as such a sudden and crushing blow. High government officials who professed an interest in his plans and promised aid, actually did nothing to help him. Sedov launched his expedition without adequate supplies and experienced men.

It was a daring and desperate enterprise. Enroute Sedov fell ill and died in the presence of the two seamen who faithfully stayed with their chief to the end. Sedov was buried in frozen ground, his body wrapped in the Russian flag he had hoped to plant on the North Pole.

Nagorny's book presents a well-documented and stirring description of the tragic expedition and its chief.

TRANSLATE WORKS OF BASHKIR AUTHOR

Dishonored and *A Poet's Gold Fields*, two novels by Mansit Gafuri, outstanding Bashkir writer and poet, have been translated into the Russian language. These works, which afford him a place among the classics of Bashkir literature, depict the life of the toilers in the Urals before the Revolution. *Dishonored* is a portrayal of the joyless life of the Tartar woman in the old, pre-revolutionary *aul*. The main characters of the novel are finely drawn.

A Poet's Gold Fields is autobiographical in character. Gafuri paints the world of evil and oppression in which he spent his youth. There is no strain of pessimism in his novel, however. It is filled with faith in the creative powers of the people. Gafuri's close ties with people lend his works a genuine folk quality, and to his characters, profundity and true humanity.

ESTONIAN AUTHOR WRITES ABOUT INTELLIGENTSIA

Stone Against Stone, a new novel by Johannes Semper, Estonian writer, has been issued in Tartu. The hero of the novel, Joel Hurt, is an architect who returns to his native city in Estonia after having received an education abroad. On the very first day of his return he begins

A meeting of readers and the editor and staff of "International Literature" was held recently in the magnificent new building of the Lenin State Public Library in Moscow. Timofei Rokotov, editor of "International Literature," who was the principal speaker, discussed the latest developments in world literature and outlined publication plans for 1941. Among the works to be published in the Russian edition, the speaker mentioned Richard Wright's "Native Son" George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles' Golden Days," Friedrich Wolf's play "Beaumarchais," written while the author was confined in a French concentration camp, Constancia de la Mora's "In Place of Splendor," Mulk Raj Anand's "Two Leaves and a Bud," Arnold Zweig's "Bygone Days," and a new novel by Martin Andersen Nexö.

Among the other speakers were Sandor Gergely, the Hungarian writer, and Willi Bredel, the German writer, who told the audience of their literary plans.

In the foyer of the meeting hall "International Literature" had arranged an exhibition of the newest books published in all parts of the world, letters written to the magazine by writers, portraits of authors and permanent contributors, etc. The display attracted considerable attention among those present. The meeting demonstrated the profound interest of Soviet readers in the work of progressive writers abroad.

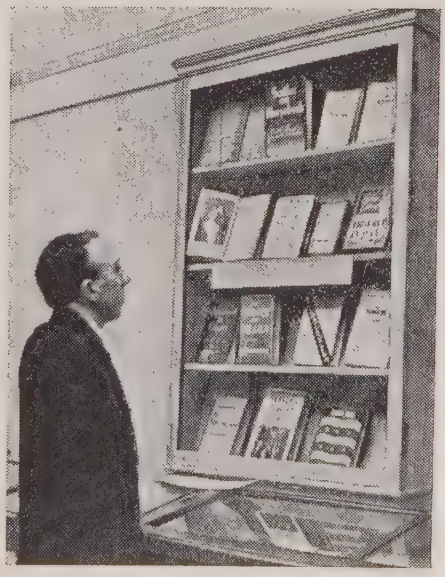


Photo above shows the presidium of the gathering. Left to right: Bela Balazs, Hungarian writer; Dora Brodskaya, Assistant Director of the Lenin Library; Willi Bredel and Erich Weinert, German writers. Right: Cesar Arconada, the Spanish writer, looking over a display of books printed or reviewed in the Russian edition of "International Literature" during last year.

FOREIGN PLAYWRIGHTS ON THE MOSCOW STAGE

Scene from Act IV of Moscow Soviet Theater production of Sardou's "Patrie"

"Time and the Conways" by J. B. Priestley at the Ermolova Theater

to dream about the reconstruction of the city as he walks through its ancient streets. He obtains the post of city architect and drafts a project for a new town hall. But his plans and dreams come to grief; they clash with the interests of the landlords and run counter to the views of conservatives.

His project of the town hall, conceived with all the joy and pain of genuine art, is handed over to innumerable committees and is pigeon-holed. Hurt is forced to resign his post as city architect.

In the struggle against the stifling environment and old prejudices within himself, Joel Hurt displays a tremendous power of resistance, a will to live. He does not retreat, but he also does not become a political fighter. The son of a peasant, he was hardened by work from early youth. He is an honest artist whose will to create and faith in the future save him from degeneration in the old bourgeois society and lead him to the threshold of the new life.

The author himself is in a way a prototype for his hero. One of the most cultured men of his country, Semper the poet, critic, novelist and editor, was one of the many who have responded to the call of the people and together with members of the Communist Party of Estonia is directing the building of a new life in Estonia.

The novel is not without its faults; there is certain inertness, and prolixity in this drawn-out story. But the book with its profound psychological character portrayals reads on the whole with interest, as it truthfully unfolds the life of Estonian society in the past ten years.

CONFERENCE ON BASHKIRIAN LITERARY LANGUAGE

A conference on the Bashkirian language was held in Ufa, capital of the Bashkirian Autonomous Soviet Socialist Republic, under the auspices of the Institute of Language and Literature. Reports on the development of the Bashkirian language, principles for a scientific grammar and translations of the classics of Marxism-Leninism into the Bashkir, were discussed by the participants—writers, linguists and teachers.

Prior to the Revolution the Bashkir people had no written language of their own. Now Bashkiria has its own literature; textbooks in mathematics, history, physics and other sciences; and many works by Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin have been issued in that language.

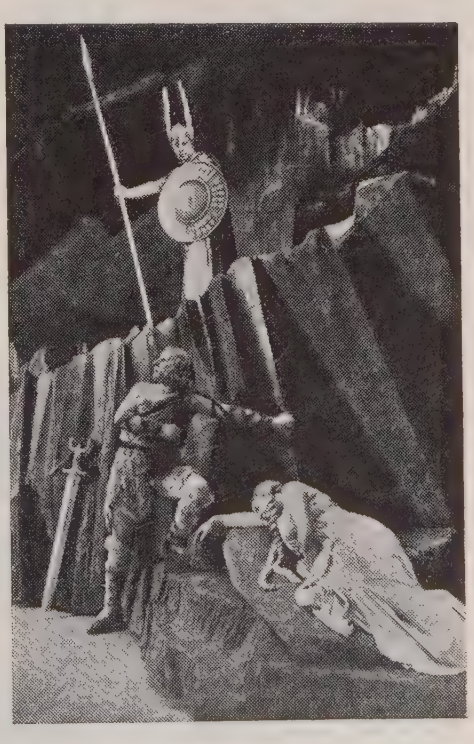
"VALKYRIE" AT THE BOLSHOI THEATER

Valkyrie, of Wagner's *Niebelungen Ring*, has been produced by Sergei Eisenstein, renowned cinema regisseur, at the Bolshoi Opera Theater in Moscow.

"The most impressive and significant aspect of the new production is its staging," states *Izvestia*. "The spectator finds himself following the opera with unflagging interest, thanks to the ingenuity and great gifts of the producer who introduced much that is new. By means of the severe lines of the mise-en-scène, Eisenstein succeeded in creating the impression of great spaces, of grandeur and action. Anyone who knows how drawn-out and static are the traditional presentations of Wagner's operas, can fully appreciate the value of Eisenstein's work."

The reviewer, however, also draws attention to the flaws in the producer's interpretation of *Valkyrie*.

"In bringing abundant action to the stage, Eisenstein does not always permit the music to lead him. Nor is the 'flight of the Valkyrie' staged convincingly. The fairy spectacle on the stage does not harmonize with Wagner's heroic music



Scenes from Act II of Eisenstein's production of "Valkyrie" at the Bolshoi Theater

which does not merely represent a gallop of martial maidens; it is to a no lesser extent a romantic depiction of a wild and awe-inspiring landscape."

The reviewer also criticized the sets. "Notwithstanding the mythical nature of his characters, Wagner depicted real life, real nature in his music. But the conception of the sets by P. Williams, on the whole executed with taste and daring, places the action much too close to heaven. Instead of the severe northern mountains and forests, so loved by Wagner and his heroes, Williams presented in some of the scenes dazzling panoramas completely bereft of real line, color and form."

While noting these shortcomings, the leading Moscow newspapers proclaim Eisenstein's production of *Valkyrie* an "outstanding creative effort of the Bolshoi Theater" (*Pravda*), and that it "deserves recognition as the first experiment in producing Wagner after a long interval" (*Izvestia*).

ANIMAL THEATER SET UP IN MOSCOW

The first theater where the entire cast is composed of trained animals is being opened in Moscow by Anna Durova, daughter of the late Vladimir Durov, famed animal trainer. The repertory consists of sketches and playlets written especially for the novel actors.

The program is opened by Zui, a hare, who beats a drum. Next a small rat runs onto the proscenium and hoists the colors. The curtain rises on a scene from *The Fox and the Crane*, one of Krylov's fables. The stage has been turned into a green meadow and, crouching under one of the bushes is a red fox busy lapping up some mush from a plate. The crane arrives and is invited by the sly fox to join her. The long-legged guest pecks in vain at the plate.

Next comes the scene showing the fox paying a return visit to the crane. The wily animal gets a doze of her own medicine when the crane offers her a tempting morsel contained in a small jar with a long neck.

After both retire, Tishka, an American raccoon, steps onto the stage from a small wooden cottage, carefully shutting the door. He walks over to an iron trough filled with water and rags and begins to "do the laundry." Each piece is rinsed and wrung out dilligently.

In the course of the performance, Anna Durova explains how the animals were trained.

"Durov's training methods," she relates, "are aimed at teaching the animals to do things which are in line with their nature. One must not beat an animal while teaching it to do 'tricks.' My father, for example, was always against training dogs to walk on their forelegs. This mode of 'walking' is alien to dogs. How did we succeed in turning Tishka into a laundress? We know that the American raccoons have one peculiar trait—they like to rinse their food in water. We decided to utilize this point. We placed before Tishka a saucer with a rag in it. Every time the raccoon touched the rag accidentally, we gave him a piece of his favorite food. This was repeated hundreds of times. Tishka finally realized that touching the rag means getting a reward and he began to 'wash' the rags with heart and soul."

Other numbers on the program include a scene from the fable *The Monkey and Glasses*, performances by a wild Dingo dog, a deer, trained hyena. The one hour's performance ends with a jazz orchestra whose members make up in zeal for their lack of rhythm and coordination; a goat

Vladimir Durov, the younger, with his animals

tends to the drum, a Dingo dog grinds an organ, a hog beats a gong, while a deer is in charge of copper cymbals.

Films on the life of animals are also shown at the new theater.

STAGE FIRST KIRGHIZ BALLET

The first Kirghiz ballet, *Anar*, has been presented by the Kirghiz State Musical Theater in Frunze, capital of the republic. The performance is being acclaimed by the public in Kirghizia as a landmark in the development of its national art.

The new production is a sign of the further development of the Kirghizian ballet, according to the *Pravda* reviewer. The first cautious experiments in developing a national dance were demonstrated two years ago during the Kirghiz Art Festival in Moscow. The choreographic sketches shown at that time were based on simple movements adapted from production processes, various rites and folk games.

"After the festival the young ballet group continued to search in the life of its people for elements of the national dance and patiently studied the best examples of classic ballet," *Pravda* notes. "And now we have the first significant results: young actors who but recently timidly performed simple dances have now succeeded in relating in terms of the art of ballet the tender story of the true love of the horseman Kadyr for the poor girl Anar and of the treachery of Bagish, the feudal lord, who sought to separate the lovers."

The reviewer notes some shortcomings, such as the slow development of the plot and the schematic delineation of the characters.

The success of the production is in great measure due to the colorful music which is akin to Kirghiz folk melodies. The composers V. Vlasov and V. Fere have caught the color and melodiousness of folk songs, and at the same time their music is very effective and suitable for dancing. The libretto was written by K. Ishmambetov and N. Kholfin.

OPERA ABOUT FRUNZE

One of the chapters in the heroic life of Mikhail Frunze, great Bolshevik military leader—his campaign in Central Asia—forms the theme of a new opera written by the composers V. Vlasov and V. Fere.

The action is laid in southern Kirghizia and Bokhara; it centers around the fight of the Red Army led by Frunze, and the partisans against the *Basmachi*, the counter-revolutionary bandits who operated in Central Asia.

Basmachi who had taken refuge in a canyon decline Frunze's offer to lay down arms; they plot to surround the Red Army troops and wipe them out.

The scene is next switched to the Red Army unit which is camping near a mountain stream. Sitting near a bonfire, the men sing folk songs and ditties. At that moment news is brought that the Basmachi are surrounding the detachment. One of the commanders proposes to retreat but Frunze, who is commander-in-chief of the Red forces in Central Asia, decides to strike suddenly at the enemy's flank. He leads the men in battle and the *Basmachi* are defeated.

The fleeing *Basmachi* try to make their way to a mountain pass and demand from the peasants an experienced guide. Old Sabira, who hates the bandits, undertakes to show them "a short-cut" through a canyon; she knows that partisans are laying in wait there.

The *Basmachi* are routed completely. Frunze gets orders to leave for the southern front to fight against the last armies of the Whites. The emancipated people of Kirghizia give a hearty send-off to the Bolshevik leader who brought them liberation.

The music in the opera is based on Russian, Ukrainian, Uzbek and Kirghiz melodies, thus bringing out the fact that many nationalities were taking part in the revolutionary struggle.

The libretto was written by the poet V. Vinnikov.

THEATER SEASON IN ESTONIA

The theatrical season is in full swing in Soviet Estonia which now has 10 functioning theaters. "Estonia," the country's largest theater, has four companies; opera, drama, operetta and ballet.

In addition to the works of Estonian playwrights, the repertory of the first Soviet season includes many classic works as well as plays by Soviet authors.

This season Estonian theaters have presented a number of new plays, including Gorky's *Vassa Zheleznova* and *The Lower Depths*, Lavrenev's *Break*, Shkvarkin's *Simple Girl*, Trenev's *Lyubov Yarovaya*, Arbuzov's *Tanya*, Rakhmanov's *Restless Old Age*, Faiko's *The Man With the Briefcase*, Gergely's and Litovsky's *My Son*, and others.

The opera theater presented Chaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades* and *Eugene Onegin*, Dzerzhinsky's *And Quiet Flows the Don*, the ballets *Swan Lake* by Chaikovsky and *Red Poppy*, by Gliere.

Recently discovered in the local museum in Chernigov, the Ukrainian Republic, was this hitherto unknown canvas by Joshua Reynolds, famed British painter of the XVIII century. The discovery was made in the process of restoration of this painting that had been regarded by the museum authorities as the work of some unknown artist

"A DAY IN THE NEW WORLD"

An average day in the life of the Soviet Union is brought to the screen in the new documentary film *A Day in the New World*. As many as 97 cameramen in every section of the country took part in shooting this film on August 24, 1940.

The date was picked at random. No one could foretell what the events of that day would be. The first to start shooting was the cameraman N. Lytkin, who was on the Kamchatka Peninsula. He started work at seven in the morning; in Moscow the people had just retired to bed.

Various phases of the life were recorded; industry, science, Red Army, labor and rest, the construction of new cities, art, the new Soviet republics.

The result is a film packed with interesting views of life in the Soviet Union, or to be more exact, a small part of that life. Nothing had been prearranged.

A montage of different shots, the film nevertheless has a central idea, a portrayal of the creative labor of the Soviet people. The film graphically demonstrated the new features characteristic of the Soviet man: courage, common sense, invincible surge toward his goal, supreme devotion to his fatherland. This film is a remarkable illustration to and corroboration of the words written by the great Russian critic Belinsky about a century ago:

"I envy our grandchildren and great-grandchildren who are destined to see Russia in 1940 at the head of the civilized world, setting the law for science and art, receiving reverential homage of the entire enlightened humanity."

The regisseurs R. Karmen and M. Slutsky have succeeded in raising this chronicle of events to the level of an artistic film.

MINERS' LIFE DEPICTED IN NEW FILM

Great Life, a new film about the life of miners in the Donetz Basin, the country's largest coal district, where the Stakhanov movement has originated, is given a high rating by the press.

The development of the Socialist attitude to labor among miners—this is the main idea of the film which presents life in all its complexity, contradictions and struggle. *Great Life*, according to *Pravda*, presents living people, showing how their views and characters are molded, shows them at work and at play. Many of these people, as one old miner says in the film, lead "the right kind of a life," and some are on the way toward it. In their search for "the right life," they display so much nobility and beauty of spirit that the spectator is drawn to them and lives their life.

"The truth of life is the real criterion for beauty," continues *Pravda*. "*Great Life* possesses great power, leaves such a great impression, because the truth of life permeates its content both ideologically and artistically. Art has not embellished anything. The alloy is pure; the words are weighty, the action motivated and the emotions psychologically justified."

BRIEFS

A monument to Peter I in the city of Taganrog has been restored. The monument was erected 52 years ago in connection with the bicentenary of the city founded by Peter I. Anton Chekhov, a native of the city, took an active part in the project for the monument. It was at Chekhov's request that the famed sculptor A. Antokolsky undertook to supervise the casting of the monument. It will now be transferred to the site originally suggested by Chekhov.

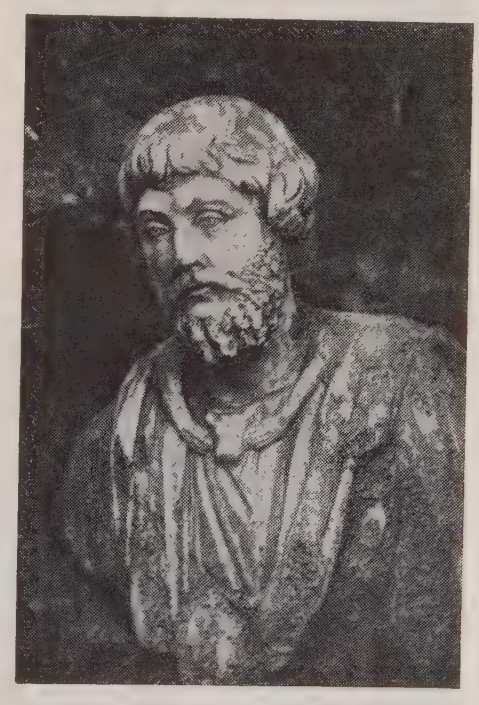
An all-Union conference on problems of opera was held in Moscow with the participation of 500 composers, conductors, singers, musicians and art critics. A considerable part of the conference's work was taken up by problems of developing operatic art in the national republics.

A film on the life of Stepan Shaumyan, outstanding Bolshevik leader in Transcaucasia, is now being produced by the regisseur Amo-bek-Nazarov. One in the series on the *Lives of Remarkable Bolsheviks*, the film will recreate on the screen the life and work of the Baku Bolshevik who was rallying the people of Transcaucasia to a struggle against interventionists and traitors.

Art workers from the Latvian, Lithuanian and Esthonian Soviet republics have visited Moscow where they acquainted themselves with the latest theater productions and the work of musicians, composers, and painters. Plans for art festivals of these republics to be held in Moscow this year were drafted at a conference held by the Committee on Arts.

The 75th anniversary of the birth of Toktogul Satylganov, noted Kirghiz folk bard, was observed in that republic. A renowned bard who enjoyed the affection of the people whose aspirations he expressed in his songs, Toktogul has created his own school of poetry and is considered one of the founders of Kirghiz Soviet literature. He died in 1933.

Translation of the works of outstanding Finnish playwrights into the Russian language has been undertaken. Outstanding among these is the satirical play *Clever Maiden*, written by the noted Finnish revolutionary writer Maino Passila who was executed by the Finnish Whiteguards in 1918.



A statue dating back to the second century of our era has been found in Anapa on the Black Sea Coast. About two meters in height, it depicts a bearded man in a toga and a necklace adorned with a head of an ox. Parts of the postament and fragments of a sculpture with a Greek inscription have also been found. The statue was brought to Moscow in good condition. It will be restored and placed on exhibition at the Pushkin Fine Arts Museum

CHINA

CINEMA MAKES STRIDES DESPITE WAR

The cinema is growing in popularity in China, with open air showings being arranged more and more frequently for soldiers and the population at large. Movie houses function in the cities, notwithstanding the frequent bombings by the Japanese. The favorite are films on the war of the Chinese people for liberation, and Soviet pictures.

At present three cinema studios are functioning in the territory of free China; all of them had been evacuated from the territory occupied by the Japanese. Two cinema studios operate in Hongkong. During the years of the war, several full-length films and many newsreels have been produced. On the list of the most popular films are *To the Defense of Our Homes, Fight to the End* and newsreels on the operations of the Eighth Army, the activity of children at the Shanghai front, and the observance in Chungking of the anniversary of Gorky's death.

Work is being completed on a large film based on Amleto Vespa's book *A Secret Agent of Japan*. Among the recent releases is *Our Native City*, a patriotic film about the war of liberation in southern China. *Long Live the Chinese People* is the title of a film now being shot in the studios at Chengtu.

EXTENSIVE 5-YEAR EDUCATIONAL PROGRAM DRAFTED

One hundred and forty million people are to take to the school bench in the next five years under the far-reaching program drafted by the Ministry of Education. An outline of the plan was presented in a speech over the radio by Chen Lee-fu, Minister for Education of the Nationalist Government of China.

"One of the most important tasks the Chinese Government faces is the abolition of illiteracy," he declared. "According to preliminary data the number of illiterates who are to study at schools and courses established under the plan is to reach 140 million."

At present the school network embraces 44 per cent of children between the ages of 6 and 12 (about 20 million). In the next two years the Chinese Government expects to set up at least one school for each administrative unit covering 150 families. Some 800,000 schools are to be established in the course of the five-year period, including 260,000 in the next two years. In this connection, a million and a half teachers will have to be trained.

Still from a new Chinese film "To the Defense of Our Homes"

The Minister of Education also spoke about the great expansion in higher education. China has now 101 universities and colleges as compared with the 33 it had only several years ago.

SWEDEN

THEATRICAL PRODUCER DESCRIBES CULTURAL PROGRESS IN U.S.S.R.

Following a recent visit to Moscow, Karl Gerhard, well-known Swedish theatrical producer, wrote a series of articles in the Swedish magazine *Veckojournalen* relating his impressions of the growth of culture in the U.S.S.R. Gerhard is director of the Folkan Theater in Stockholm.

"All the Moscow theaters," he writes, "play to packed houses every day. We, Swedish actors, can only pray for such blessings. Add to this the fact that the repertory of Soviet theaters is on a high artistic plane and that Shakespeare is the favorite of the general public, as contrasted to our cheap and tasteless plays—and you will gain an idea of the high cultural level of the Soviet audiences."

"Sitting in a Soviet theater," he adds, "I always felt as though I were in a temple of art."

Speaking about the attention and prestige the actors enjoy, Gerhard declares:

"Honored Artist! People's Artist! This is what they call their best actors. What can be more gratifying to an actor than these words! Can any artist of the stage dream of anything finer and loftier than to be recognized as a people's artist!"

Gerhard was particularly impressed by the audiences in Moscow's children's theaters. He was present at a performance of Molière's *Imaginary Invalid* at the Moscow Theater of the Young Spectator, and was amazed at the close and hearty relations between the actors and the juvenile spectators.

Gerhard related his impressions of the Soviet youth in an interview with a correspondent of the magazine *Stormklockan*.

"My strongest and most unforgetable impression was that made upon me by the Soviet youth," Gerhard declared. "This youth is distinguished by its free and gay spirit. Such a strong sense of dignity and assurance can come only of the knowledge that the future belongs to it.

"Wherever I went," he adds, "I carried away the impression of the happy and unfettered life of the Soviet youth, a life rich and varied in cultural aspirations."

FRANCE

SWISS NEWSPAPER DISCUSSES CULTURE IN FRANCE OF TODAY

The cultural life of France after the armistice is the subject of three big articles in the *Gazette de Lausanne*. This newspaper, like other Swiss publications, carries considerable news on the life in France, both in the occupied and unoccupied territories.

Four factors dominate the literature, arts and the theater in present-day France, according to the newspaper. First of all, there is the colossal moral blow suffered by the intellectual circles of France after the crushing defeat on the field of battle. "How can we take up the pen again," one of the outstanding French writers stated, "after the horrors we have lived through, after we have lost everything? Everything is lost to our generation. Perhaps the youth will forget the defeat; for us this is impossible."

The newspaper points out that there are a great many professionals among the millions of refugees. While some writers and newspaper men from the provinces have managed to obtain new positions, the overwhelming majority of intellectuals find themselves without any means or even shelter. Constant worries about daily subsistence leaves no time for creative work.

Publishing houses in the unoccupied zone practically are deprived of the possibility to resume activity on any appreciable scale. The price of paper—which in general is difficult to obtain—is soaring sky-high. Publishers who have left Paris with bulky portfolios of manuscripts, have no chance to publish them. The barrier between both zones, the ban on mailing literature from the unoccupied to the occupied zone (two-thirds of France!), augurs poorly for the sale of books. The lack of fuel and transport difficulties hamper the distribution of publications even in the unoccupied part of France; it is impossible to transport books from the printshop to the publishers' warehouse; impossible to distribute the published works among book shops and newsstands.

And last, but not least, is the censorship. It is a standing rule in the France of Petain to brand everything that was the pride of France in the past. Official scribblers vent their spleen on French literature, considering its influence one of the main causes for the military defeat of France. Paid and unpaid censors hound any and every manifestation of free thought. On the other hand "memoirs" by all sorts of reactionaries are in favor.

Sculptors and artists were hard hit dur-

ing the very first months of the war. A large number of private galleries have closed their doors. It has become next to impossible to sell paintings or sculptures. Most of the artists left Paris. Only at the end of September have some artists, sculptors and engravers returned to their deserted studios in the capital. However, most of the prominent French artists have remained in the unoccupied zone of France, staying in such provincial centers as Lyons, Marseilles, Toulouse, etc.

These cities have long been centers of "regionalism," a peculiar form of cultural separatism, with these cities counterposing themselves to Paris.

"As regards the theater," *Gazette de Lausanne* points out, "during the first months after defeat, no one thought at all about it. In June, July and August, the theatrical 'industry' showed almost no signs of life. Only in September some theaters began to function again, particularly in the occupied zone. The first to open their doors were music halls and movie houses."

In the unoccupied zone most of the theaters remain shut down. Grave economic difficulties, uncertainty about the future by no means help to draw audiences. The splendid stage at the Casino in Vichy is plunged in darkness. The situation is somewhat better in Marseilles, where the opera theater resumed activity. Very significant is the springing up of traveling casts—Comedy Actors of France, Comedy Artists of Provence and the like. Some of the finest actors of the country are to be found in these companies. The repertories of the theaters include plays written in the last decade as well as some old melodramas.

Summarizing the situation, the newspaper arrives at the conclusion that French culture has not yet recovered from the blows dealt by the war.

GERMANY

GERMAN PRESS ON PRODUCTION OF "VALKYRIE" IN MOSCOW

"The *Valkyrie* in Moscow"—such was the title of an article in *Das Reich* on the new production of this opera at the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow.

". . . Lengthy and thorough preparation is typical of the work of the Soviet theaters," the newspaper notes. "This is a reflection of their realistic style. In presenting the opera *Valkyrie*, great attention was paid to the creation of original sets and also to the technical end of the production."

The newspaper notes that Wagner has been known to the Russian public since 1860, when concerts of his works were presented by the Russian Music Society. In Soviet times Wagner has been frequently figuring in the repertory of Soviet theaters. *Lohengrin* has been the most popular of his operas.

"The Moscow public manifests a great interest in the new production," the newspaper emphasizes.

ISSUE GOGOL'S WORK IN GERMAN

A translation of N. Gogol's *Taras Bulba* into the German language has been issued by the Albert Müller Publishers. "This excellent book seems to have been created for our grave and great times," the publishers stated. "World literature has no other book like it."

REPORTS BURYAT-MONGOLIAN ART FESTIVAL IN MOSCOW

A report on the Buryat-Mongolian Art Festival held in Moscow last year was carried by the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. "At the concluding concert of the festival, the orchestra of the Buryat-Mongolian State Philharmonic rendered on national Mongolian instruments the *Andante* from Haydn's *Sixth Symphony*. Played on zurnas and other national instruments, Haydn's *Andante* acquired unusual charm. The rendition was acclaimed by the public."

YUGOSLAVIA

SOVIET FILMS GAIN POPULARITY

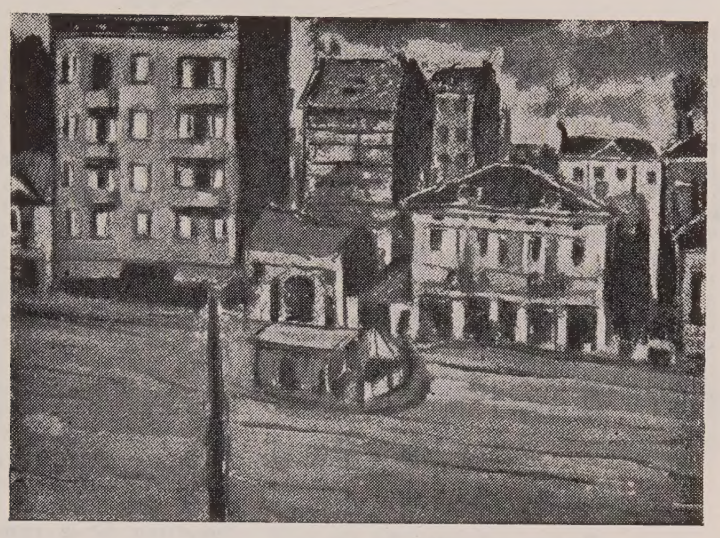
Soviet films have attracted considerable interest in Yugoslavia. Among the latest shown are *Peter I*, *Minin and Pozharsky*, *Moscow Laughs*, *Dowerless Bride* and *The Road to Life*.

The second part of *Peter I*, shown under the title *Peter and Catherine*, has been praised by the press and the public.

HUNGARY

PREVIEW OF FILM "ON THE DANUBE"

A public showing of the Soviet film *On the Danube* was held at the Forum, one of the largest movie palaces in Budapest (for review of this film see *International Literature* No. 11-12, 1940). Present at the showing were prominent statesmen, writers and journalists. According to the local newspapers, the film made a profound impression on the audience.



"Sofia." Painting by the Bulgarian artist P. Mladenov

BULGARIA

PRESS DISCUSSES SOVIET CINEMA AND STAGE

A large number of Soviet films has been running of late in Bulgaria. Among these are: *Minin and Pozharsky*, *Pursuit Pilots*, *The Seamen*, *Stepan Razin*, *The Bear*, *Chaikovsky*, etc. The Bulgarian press rates high the Soviet films and their creators—the actors and producers. *Svetovna Illustratsia* featured a long article by the Bulgarian writer Pantelei Mateev, entitled *The Soviet Cinema*. The author traced the various stages in the development of the Soviet cinema, and emphasized that the Soviet Government devotes great attention to this mass art. He particularly commended the *Maxim Trilogy*.

"Many genres and currents exist in the Soviet cinema," Mateev wrote, "but artistic realism is *the* style of the Soviet cinema art . . . All Soviet films are infused with lofty ideas and are a truthful reflection of the heroic every-day life in the U.S.S.R."

MEXICO

NEW BOOKS ISSUED

A collection of verse by Federico Garcia Lorca, *A Poet in New York*, with a foreword by Jose Bergamin has been issued by the Seneca Publishers in Mexico City. The collection also includes a poem by Antonio Machado, dedicated to Lorca.

The third volume of the philosophical trilogy by Jose Bergamin, *The Rock of Spain*, dedicated to the struggle of the Spanish people for their freedom and independence, has also appeared. Another new publication is the satirical novel *Fog*, by Jose Herrera Petere. It describes the life of a young Spaniard who stood aside from the struggle of his people. The hero of the novel lived in Paris amidst people who, in the words of the author, "could not realize that the events in Spain were an ominous warning to the city of the Citroens, Cotys and Blums."

REVIEW ILYIN'S BOOK "MOUNTAINS AND MEN"

A review of Ilyin's book *Mountains and Men* was carried by the *Voz de Mexico*. "This remarkable book is written not only for readers in the land of Socialism," the reviewer notes. "It is of great interest to readers of any country—students and teachers, writers and engineers. The book acquaints one with achievements of the Soviet Union in various fields. It relates how men in the land of the Soviets change the course of rivers, irrigate deserts and cultivate new fruits and plants.

"This well-written book, with its wealth of factual and scientific data should be read by everyone; those who read it will learn what a free people living on free soil can achieve."

CHILE

MAGAZINE DEVOTES ISSUE TO SOVIET UNION

One of the recent issues of the magazine *Multitud* was devoted chiefly to the Soviet Union. It carried an article by the Argentine critic Armando Campos Ur-

quijo on the Soviet film *A Member of the Government*; articles about Mayakovsky; a feature by the Soviet writer K. Fedin on his four meetings with V. M. Molotov, head of the Soviet Government; and the poem *Lenin* by Winett De Rokha. This poem was published both in Spanish and in Russian as it had appeared in the Russian edition of *International Literature*. The magazine also featured the poem *1940* by the Chilean poet Dewet Bascuñan. He writes in it: "Horrors, death and murder reign supreme the world over. Only the proletariat of the Soviet Union, with the banner of Marx-Lenin-Stalin in its hands, marches forward heroically against the night and the terrible phantoms."

VENEZUELA

NEW BOOKS

Three collections of verses by the poet Luis Fernandez Alvarez have been issued by the Viernes Publishers, under the title: *The Voice of Death*, *Silence* and *Deserted Ship*.

The Spanish writer Jose Luis Sanchez Trincado has come to Venezuela on the invitation of Venezuelan writers. His book *Modern Art* is scheduled for early publication in Caracas.

Voice From Afar, a collection of verse by the poetess Enriqueta Arevalo Larrive, has been published by the Association of Writers of Venezuela.

CUBA

VICTORIES OF THE SOVIET UNION

Under this title the Cuban *Hoy* published an article by Eugenio Soler.

"Even the reactionary press, which constantly attacks the U.S.S.R., is at times compelled to acknowledge the great successes the Soviet Union has achieved in various spheres," Soler states.

"Among the telegrams from Europe, one's attention is inevitably drawn by the brief, laconic reports from the U.S.S.R. about the victories of a people which marches in the vanguard of mankind, under the leadership of Stalin, the great continuer of Lenin's cause.

"The workers, peasants and intelligentsia of the Soviet republics," he stresses, "are building a new, a better world, not forgetting for a moment that they are surrounded by capitalist states. At the time when the capitalist world wages a bitter and protracted war, the Soviet country victoriously marches on. And no corrupt scribblers can succeed in underestimating or concealing the truth about the victories gained by the Soviet Union."

The city theater in Guamaro was packed when the journalist Fernandez Suarez delivered a lecture on *How People Live in the Soviet Union*, reports *Hoy*. Suarez spoke about the international policy of the Soviet Union, about the life and work of collective farmers and the growth of Soviet cities.