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CONTENTS

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BELLES-LETTRES

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Three Days

(A SCENARIO)

The last day of the Polish "state" has arrived.

By the roads the war has taken, past the still smoking villages, the girl Jadwiga is making her way home from the prison of Bereza Kartuska. Her feet are torn and bleeding, her hair untidy, the man's blouse she is wearing is open at the neck.

She is going eastwards.

Villages are burning.

Firebrands still smoke in the blackened ruins. A child's bedstead, twisted by the heat, stands propped up against the skeleton of what was once a stove.

On a charred, crooked cross by the wayside the crucified Christ has been smashed to bits by a shell. The wind flutters a white handkerchief tied to the cross.

Refugees are trudging the roads.

Trudging eastwards!

A Jew with a long beard is thrashing a horse. The cartload of refugees is too much for the animal to drag; it stumbles and falls.

A tall young Pole with a little girl on his shoulder is running through a field of stubble.

"They won't shoot at us there, will they, pa?" the little girl asks.

"No, ducky, they won't shoot at us there, that's certain!"

The black shadow of an aeroplane sweeps across the road, and the refugees throw themselves flat on the ground. Only Jadwiga stands still, clenching her hands and staring up at the sky. The shadow vanishes.

Villages are burning. Refugees are trudging down the roads. A little girl is sitting in a cart, clutching the horn of a gramophone.

A scared-looking unshaven man in a bowler hat walks alongside, a hand on the cart.

A woman with a baby in her arms stumbles along by the ditch.

Barefoot, unarmed, with their boots over their shoulders, the soldiers of the former Polish army are "going home." Filthy, lice-ridden, unshaven—they, too, are making for the east, where there is no war.

All this weary, stumbling, hungry humanity, worn out with suffering, tramps on through dust and

smoke in dead silence . . . Never a cry, never a groan is heard. It is a gloomy stupefied silence. But there is hope. All the movement is in one direction, flowing eastward, to the Reds, where there is no war.

Jadwiga reaches a village and taps at the window of a house at its very edge.

"Give me a drink!" she begs of the woman who glances out.

A dipper of cold well-water is brought out to her. She drinks thirstily, the water trickles down the neck of her blouse. The woman watches her incuriously.

"Why don't you ask me where I've come from and where I'm going?" Jadwiga says at last.

"Ah, Jesus and Mary save us! I can't ask everyone, can I? There is no end to them—all running away from the cursed war. You'll be from Lodz very likely? Or is it Chenstokhov? Or maybe Warsaw?"

"No," Jadwiga shakes her head. "I'm from Bereza Kartuska."

"In the name of God—you don't say so!" the woman starts back.

Jadwiga gives a mournful little laugh.

"Just a minute!" the woman calls out hastily and darts into the house. She comes back with a pitcher of milk and some bread, which she hands to Jadwiga.

"Here, eat this," she says.

Jadwiga sits down on the step and begins to devour the food.

"Mother of God! and you look so young, too!" the woman shakes her head compassionately. "How long were you in?"

"Three years. There were seven years left."

"What did they send you there for?"

Jadwiga shrugs her shoulders.

"Are you in the Young Communist League?" the woman asks in a whisper, with a frightened glance round.

"Yes."

"Where are you going? Home?"

"No. To the Reds. Are they far from here?"

"We haven't heard anything of them hereabouts."

Jadwiga gets up to go, and gives a hitch to the bag on her back.

"Well, I'll be going," she says. "And thank you. You're a good woman.

She sets off, the bag swinging at her back. The woman sits on the steps resting her cheek on her hand, and watches the retreating figure.

Blue September twilight. The outskirts of a village.

An old Byelorussian with a gray mustache and deep lines about his mouth is standing under an elm, staring straight before him with hard dry eyes.

"Good evening, grandpa," Jadwiga says. He makes no reply. "Who's in the village now?"

No answer.

"Are the Reds far away?" she asks softly.

"We're waiting for them ourselves," he says at last, and then points upwards. She raises her eyes, and gives a start of horror. On a rough arch decked with fir branches and a strip of red cloth which bears the words "Welcome, Comrades!" she sees three corpses, three dreadful silhouettes, swinging in the wind.

"Who are they?"

"The committee."

"Who did it?"

"The Uhlans."

"What for?"

The old man points to the inscription: "Welcome, Comrades!"

Jadwiga's horror-stricken gaze is drawn to the corpses again. A woman clings to the legs of the one in the middle and weeps aloud. The red banner with "Welcome, Comrades!" flutters in the wind.

"If you should meet the Reds," says the old man, "tell them we can't wait any longer. Twenty years, tell them, we've been waiting."

"I'll tell them!" Jadwiga says softly.

Night. Carts. Refugees encamped around fires. The big autumn moon over all.

Down a blue moonlit road comes Jadwiga. Her eyes are red and inflamed, her lips parched, her feet torn. But she tramps steadily on through the fire-girded night, the last night of the Polish "state."

It is growing lighter in the east. Gray shadows flit across the earth.

The morning stillness is rent by whistles, cat-calls and loud derisive laughter.

A crowd of peasants comes in sight, escorting a carriage drawn by two splendid horses. This equipage is occupied by a stout gentleman and frail lady. The gentleman is obviously indignant, and at the same time a good deal embarrassed.

The crowd is inclined to be noisy and ironic.

"Where were you thinking of going, *panie?*"[1]

"Whatever got you up so bright and early, eh?"

"Now where were you off to, *panie?* You were up to some mischief, I'll be bound! When there's a war on you've got to fight, you know!"

"Where's your Rydz-Smygly, now? Where's old Beck, eh? And Moscicki? Left you in the lurch, haven't they?"

The stout gentleman rises to his full height in the carriage and half-cringing, half-angry, shouts:

"Make way, please, gentlemen! Let me pass, I beg. I am in a hurry."

"He's in a hurry, is he!" a gaunt, bony woman screams. "The Reds are coming, see, so he's in a hurry! The dirty dog, the rat, he wants to clear out in time."

A huge swarthy blacksmith seizes the bridle.

"Where are you driving the horses? They're our horses!"

"And so's the carriage!"

"What about the gold? Just look at the luggage he's got with him! Piles of stuff in there, I bet."

"The thief! The robber! The bloodsucker!"

"Kill him!"

"To hell with him, let him go if he wants to! But don't let him take the horses."

"Don't give him the horses!"

Shouts of derisive laughter, catcalls, and piercing whistles. Jadwiga's eyes widen with surprise and pleasure as she stands watching the scene. It has come at last—the moment she had thought of, seen in the visions that came to her in prison. Now it is the turn of the landed gentry to be terrified and crushed by the just anger of the people. The people have the upper hand at last!

Then someone on a bicycle comes round the bend. He is very young. He wears his cap back to front and sports a big red ribbon in his button-hole. And he is excited. It is patent from the round boyish open face that he realizes the importance of the news he is bringing, and can hardly contain himself.

"The Reds! The Reds!" he gasps.

"Where are they? How far from here!" the peasants crowd round him.

"They're coming. Down the Brest road."

"But are they coming here?" the crowd roars.

"I don't know."

Jadwiga stands listening for a moment . . .

Then, tearing her way through thickets, stumbling over tree stumps

[1] Sir.

and hummocks, she sets off running for the Brest road.

The beat of hoofs on the roadway. An even, regular beat of hoofs.

Jadwiga stands with her hand pressed to her heart, panting, all expectancy. Who is it coming? Our people or the Poles? Perhaps it is the Germans? Which can it be? Oh, which will it be?

The hoofs come nearer and nearer . . .

A rising cloud of dust can be seen already.

Impatient, she strains her eyes toward it.

Out of the dust a patrol emerges. There are only a few riders.

Jadwiga can make out the stars on their caps now. She tears herself from the spot and rushes towards them, flinging up her arms.

"Comrades!" she cries. "Comrades and brothers!"

But when the first come level with her she does not know what to say, and stands dumb, with the tears rolling unnoticed down her cheeks.

The Cossacks ride by. There are only fifteen of them, and their commander is a very young, curly-headed lieutenant, Vasya Yermakov by name. He greets the stranger as a matter of course—meetings like this are common enough these memorable days!—and passes by.

And now all the Cossacks have passed and the road is empty once more.

Left alone, Jadwiga stares after them a moment, then comes to herself and sets off running. They are riding at footpace, and she soon overtakes them. Running alongside, she gasps out of a full heart:

"Long live the Red Army! Long live Stalin! Long live Voroshilov! Long live liberated Byelorussia!"

Junior Political Instructor Ovcharenko rises in his stirrups, salutes her, and replies:

"Long life to the free people of Western Byelorussia!"

"Vivat!" she cries. She wants to shout it at the top of her voice, but she has no more strength left. The long days in prison, the road, and the strain and excitement of those unforgettable days tell on her at last. She falls fainting in the roadway.

Ovcharenko is off his horse in a moment and at her side.

"What's the matter, comrade?"

"It's nothing," she says, making an effort to smile. "It's nothing, comrades."

The Cossacks have dismounted. Jadwiga is standing in the midst of them, holding a piece of bacon-fat they have given her.

"It's too good to be true. I'm afraid I'm going to cry again."

"Oh, you mustn't do that," the lieutenant warns her, laughing. "It's Rydz-Smygly's turn to cry now."

"I never used to cry. Never. Not even when they beat me in prison . . ."

"Have you been to prison?"

"Yes, I'm just coming from there now," she says simply.

"Do you mean to say you've just come out of prison?" the Cossacks crowd round her. They find the idea of secret revolutionary work much more romantic and interesting than what they have just been doing.

"Why don't you eat that bread? Eat it up!"

"Thank you. I will. The prison guards ran away," she tells them between mouthfuls of bread and fat. "As soon as they heard you were coming, they made off as quick as they could. Oh, and then we smashed all the locks to bits, and broke down the doors. We got free. It was like coming back from

the grave, a living grave. We set out along all the roads. We ran away . . ."

"Where are you going now?"

"I was coming to you," she gives a little laugh. "And here I am . . . And now I don't know . . ."

"And where do you come from . . . I mean, where's your home?"

"Zarechye. It's a little town, not very far from here."

"So you're from Zarechye?" the lieutenant repeats in surprise, looking at the map. "Is it a long time since you've been there?"

"Oh, yes, ever so long," she says. "Three years."

"So you don't know whether there are Polish soldiers there or not?"

"No, I don't."

"We're going to Zarechye, too," says Yermakov, glancing from the map to the political instructor.

"Get up on this horse, my girl," the latter says. "We'll take you home to your mother in Zarechye."

A young Cossack called Koren leads up a horse.

"Up you go!" he says. "It's a nice animal, this. A trophy. We got it from your Uhlans—an officer was riding him."

Jadwiga gets up on the horse's back and the whole party gallops down the dusty road.

She rides between Yermakov and the political instructor.

"It's beautiful country around here," Ovcharenko remarks.

"Beautiful, is it?" Jadwiga repeats, glancing about her at the familiar woods and fields and the little grove on the hill. What has come over them that she can hardly recognize them? Is it the sun gilding the pines, or is it the lovely weather, or is it the feeling of springtime in her heart that makes the woods look so cheerful and the distance so hazily blue? She cannot remember them looking quite like that before.

"Yes, it is beautiful! You're right. I can see it now myself," she agrees in a rather excited tone. Then with a sigh: "It's grand!"

The clip-clop of hoofs on the roadway. The mild September breeze.

Koren rides up nearer to Jadwiga and, with a touch of embarrassment, says:

"You'll be cold!" and throws his cloak around her shoulders. "See, you're a real Cossack now!"

The patrol rides into the town.

From every side people rush out, delighted to meet them.

"The Reds! The Reds have come! The Bolsheviks are here!" the news goes round the town.

The squares are crowded with people waving hats and handkerchiefs, laughing, weeping for joy and relief.

Then a sudden panic sweeps over the crowd.

What has happened?

They scatter in all directions. Women pick up their children and dart away in terror. Children scream, men hide in the gateways and alleys; in a few minutes the square is deserted save for the Cossack patrol.

The lieutenant and the political instructor are nonplussed. They cannot understand what has happened. Yermakov frowns, Ovcharenko scratches the back of his head in bewilderment, the other Cossacks look hurt and puzzled.

Then they all turn to look at the girl.

She is as dismayed as they are. Then, giving a pull to the reins, she rides over to one of the yards where people are hiding behind the gate. "Cossacks!"—she hears in a terror-stricken whisper. She smiles to herself. The mystery is cleared up.

"I know what it is, I think.

They're frightened because you're Cossacks."

"Well, what if we are?" says the lieutenant, wondering.

"You must make allowances for them—the sight of Cossacks' uniforms reminds them of the old days and the knout."

The men burst out laughing.

Then, with a wink at Yermakov, Ovcharenko calls out:

"Comrade Ryvkin!"

A young Cossack with curly hair moves out from the ranks.

"Ride round the streets and talk to the people, Comrade Ryvkin!" The young Cossack rides on a few paces ahead, and, rising in his stirrups, calls out in Jewish:

"What are you hiding for? Are you crazy? Don't you know Red Cossacks when you see them?"

Then, in Russian:

"Come out from behind your gates, all you Jews and Poles and Byelorussians! We aren't going to hurt anybody. I give you my word as an honest Cossack."

Timidly at first, then gaining courage, the people venture from behind the gates. They look shamefaced now.

"Those aren't the same kind of Cossacks that used to come . . ."

"These are Red Cossacks."

"These are our liberators . . ."

The last words take wing and soon the whole crowd is shouting "Our liberators!" and milling about the Cossacks.

People are laughing and weeping.

A gaunt, wretched-looking woman lifts up her little boy.

"Kiss that man's boot—that's our liberator, that man is. Kiss his boot and be thankful."

The little boy clutches at the Cossack's great dusty boot with his feeble little hands.

Yermakov is obviously embarrassed and doesn't know what do do. Then he stoops down, takes the child in his arms and says in a husky voice:

"Never kiss anyone's boots, do you hear, never! I'll give you a kiss instead."

He lifts the little boy high over the saddle and kisses him.

The crowd is shouting and weeping. Flowers rain down on the Cossacks from somewhere.

Plain, simple young fellows as they are, the Cossacks are embarrassed; they are not accustomed to ovations.

Cossack Ivakhnenko's hands are full of flowers and people keep pressing more on him.

"What shall I do with all these, comrades?" But more and more are pressed on him.

Poritz the tailor clings to Ryvkin's stirrup, and asks:

"Tell us, are you really a Jew?"

"Yes, I am."

"A real genuine Jew?"

"I'm real alright," Ryvkin replies, amused.

"And you're a Cossack?"

"Yes, I'm a Cossack from the Don—from a collective-farm there."

"A Jew and a Cossack!" Poritz the tailor repeats, wondering. Then suddenly shouts "Hurrah!" at the top of his voice.

Someone in the crowd recognizes Jadwiga.

"Why, there's our Jadwiga!" the young people call out delightedly.

"When did you get back, Jadwiga?"

"Jadwiga's a Cossack now."

Flinging off the Cossack's cloak, she rises in her stirrups and addresses them all in a voice that quivers with emotion.

"Brothers! Comrades! This is the day I've always dreamed of! It's come at last. And I want to congratulate you and myself as well ..." she breaks off with the tears streaming down her cheeks.

There is a young man in the crowd, a tall young workingman with

glowing black eyes. He is called Janek. She does not notice him, but he has no eyes for anyone but her, no ears for any voice but hers.

"It's come at last!" she is saying. "We're free." She points to the Cossacks. "They have liberated us. They were sent to liberate us by Stalin, great Stalin. Long live Stalin! Long live the Red Army! Vivat!"

"Vivat! Vivat!" the crowd responds.

"Thank you, comrades!" cries the lieutenant, rising in his stirrups and saluting. "You do us too much honor! We are only the patrol. But the army is not far off now and it'll soon be here. We'll tell our comrades that you're waiting for them."

He salutes again, then turns to his men and gives an order. The Cossacks get ready to start. A sudden silence has fallen on the crowd. Again the lieutenant raps out a command and waves his hand, and the patrol moves on.

Then and only then, does the crowd come to life again.

"Don't leave us!" It is a wail of desperation.

"Have pity on our town!"

"Have pity on our children!"

Yermakov is completely at a loss. What on earth is he to do now?

The whole town is pleading hysterically:

"Don't leave us!"

"Don't go! Don't leave us!" Stakhovski says to Yermakov and Ovcharenko.

They are standing in the courtyard of the magistracy. The Cossacks have dismounted and are standing by their horses. Yermakov and Ovcharenko are in the center of the little group of local Communists who no longer have to hide themselves. Old Stakhovski is here and Jadwiga and Yaremchuk.

"You can't go!" Stakhovski says stubbornly. "You can't. The town is in too nervous a state. We're all terrified."

"What is it they're afraid of?" the political instructor asks.

"Everything. The police made for the woods when they heard you were coming. But as soon as you've gone, they'll come and pay us back for meeting you like this. There are bands roaming the woods. There's plenty of rubbish here in the town, too. We may expect a pogrom when you've gone."

"But you must understand, comrades," the lieutenant explains, "we've no right to stay. We're the patrol. Our job is done, and the regiment is waiting for us."

"You mustn't go!" Stakhovski persists. "Have pity on the town!"

"Yes, have pity on the town," old Yaremchuk echoes. "It's a fine little town. It would be a pity . . . We were born here. Pity the little children . . ."

The Cossacks look at Jadwiga.

"Don't leave us!" she begs.

"We must talk things over," says the lieutenant at last, in a decided tone.

The people hastily retire. The Cossacks are standing by their horses. The political instructor and the lieutenant are left face to face.

"Well?" says the lieutenant.

"Well?" returns the other.

"This is a nice how-d'ye-do, isn't it?"

"You're right!"

"What are we to do now?"

"What do you think?"

"Think? There's no thinking about it!" the lieutenant flares up. "My orders are to reach Zarechye and turn back. I've reached Zarechye, the enemy isn't here . . ."

"Yes, he is . . ."

"Where? Show him to me . . ."

"He's here in the town. In hiding. And roaming the woods . . ."

"Well, and what about it?"

"Nothing. I just wanted to be exact . . ."

"You've decided to stay, have you?" the lieutenant demands, moving closer.

"And you've decided to go?"

"We can't do anything else. You surely understand that, Mitya?"

"But can we go with a clear conscience?"

The lieutenant considers for a moment. Then he sighs.

"We oughtn't to go."

Neither speaks for a moment or two.

"How many of us are there? Just a handful," Yermakov is thinking aloud. "Fifteen men and two light machine-guns, and the regiment thirty-two kilometers behind us. Now we're in for it!"

"Make up your mind, commander!"

"I've made it up long since. As a Communist . . . as a man . . ."

"Listen, Vasya," the political instructor breaks in, excited now. "If the town is burned down tonight, and these people, who welcomed us as though we were their own brothers, are hanged, and the child you've just kissed has his brains dashed out on the stones, then I . . . I . . ."

"Koren! Come here!" the lieutenant commanded.

"Coming!" Koren runs up.

"Which of the horses is the freshest?"

"Listopadov's is the freshest, Comrade Lieutenant."

The lieutenant and the political instructor go up to the Cossacks.

"Well, now . . ." the lieutenant scratches the back of his head, then looks at the Cossacks. "You understand what's happened, I suppose?"

"It's clear enough," they reply.

"Maybe some of you don't fancy it. There are very few of us and it's a strange town. Come out and say so if you don't like it . . ."

The Cossacks look at each other, and then at the lieutenant.

"Well, what about it?" Yermakov says.

"I think it's even insulting to ask us," Ivakhnenko protests. "Anybody would think this was the first day you'd seen us."

"There's nothing insulting about it at all. I have to ask you, it's a matter of form. You aren't out in the steppe. Here there may be an enemy skulking behind every lamp post, in every attic, in every gateway. See? We've got to stick together. No one must move a step without leave."

"That's understood."

"Listopadov!"

"Here, Comrade Lieutenant."

"Get back to the regiment, Comrade Listopadov. You'll report to the colonel and give him an account of our—er—adventure."

"Yes, Comrade Lieutenant."

Listopadov is on his horse again. A touch of the spurs and they are off at a gallop. The lieutenant watches him go. Then, turning to the political instructor, he says:

"Oh, there'll be a fine to-do over this yet! We'll catch it from the colonel—that's what I'm most afraid of."

They rejoin the local Communists, who look delighted, if a little apologetic.

"Well, where are we to put up?" asks the lieutenant.

"Wherever you like. The whole town's at your service," all the people answer at once.

"What we need is a place where there'll be some hay."

"Hay?" Stakhovski is a little dismayed. "Where would we get hay? Eh?" He turns to his companions. "You see, this is a working and trading town . . ."

"Radziwill must have plenty of hay!" old Yaremchuk suggests.

"That's true!" Jadwiga says ea-

gerly. "Prince Radziwill's castle is near here."

"Well, then, we'll try the castle," the lieutenant agrees. "Am I right, Mitya?"

Jadwiga is hurrying down a deserted, crooked lane on the outskirts of the town. She is excited and breaks into a run now and again.

A tall young fellow with burning eyes moves away from the lamp post against which he has been leaning.

"Jadwiga!" he says shyly.

She gives a start and stops dead.

"Jadwiga!" he comes up to her, holding out his hands. Then they fall to his sides.

"Janek!" she exclaims delightedly. "Hello, Janek!" She runs up to him. They are both moved and embarrassed.

"At last!" he says. "You're home at last! Jadwiga, my heart. Oh, how I've been looking forward to the time when you'd come back!"

"You waited for me?" she smiles, and puts her hands on his shoulders. "My dear! Where have you been? Is it long since you came out of prison?"

"I . . . wasn't in prison."

"What, did you manage to run away?"

"No, I wasn't tried . . . The police beat me and let me go . . ."

"Let you go?" Mechanically she takes her hands off his shoulders.

"Yes, they let me go."

"And what have you been doing these three years?"

"I've been working. And waiting for you."

"You mean you were doing secret revolutionary work?"

"No . . . In Dvorzhitz's bookbinding shop. I've been waiting for you, Jadwiga. Oh, if you knew what it was like, waiting. I never took up with any other girl and I never drank or anything. I worked all day long, I wanted to earn as much as I could, so that when you, my joy, came back, you'd be able to live in comfort and quiet. I put away every penny I could spare. . ."

"And have you saved a lot?" she asks with a little sneer.

"A thousand zloti!" he boasts. "I kept them in the bank, but then the war broke out, and now I haven't a penny."

She bursts into a ringing, mocking laugh.

"So it turns out that Janek was one of the capitalists who suffered through the war and the revolution!"

"Well, never mind, you've come back!" he holds out his arms to her.

"Oh, Janek, Janek!" she cries in despair. "What have they done to you! Wait! Come here!" she draws him close and looks into his face. "Is it you, Janek? The fiery, daring Janek I knew long ago? Janek from the Komsomol? Janek the revolutionary? The Janek I loved?" she pushes him away. "Go! I don't know you. You're not the Janek I knew."

"Jadwiga!"

"Go away! I don't know you, I tell you."

She disappears into the yard of a grim looking house. Janek stands still where she left him.

Down the broken steps she gropes her way to the cellar. She pushes a door open and enters a dark little room.

"Mama!" she calls softly.

There is a stir under the heap of bedclothes.

"Mama!"

An old sick woman raises herself in the bed.

"Who's calling me?" she quavers.

"Mama!" Jadwiga cries, and rushes over to the bed.

"It's Jadwiga! My little girl!"

They throw themselves into each other's arms and weep . . .

A little later they are sitting on

the bed in the dim light of the smoking lamp.

"Oh, how you've aged, mama!"

"Yes, old people age quickly, my girl . . . Sorrow doesn't make people younger . . ."

"Where's Stas?"

"At the war."

"And where's Woitek?"

"He's in prison."

"So you've been all alone, mama?"

"All alone. I'm always alone now . . ." the old woman shakes her head sorrowfully . . .

"Well, lie down now, mama, I'm going," says Jadwiga.

"Going? Where to, my girl?"

"I've got a lot to do, mama . . . "

"But you've only just come . . . I've hardly seen you . . . And you ought to have a rest . . ."

"No, I've no time for that, mama."

She has reached the door. Her mother stumbles after her to hold her back.

"You're going to leave me . . . And I . . . I didn't even ask you how you've been living all these years . . . " She weeps. "You're going away and I'll be left alone again . . ."

. . . Janek is still standing by the lamp-post.

"What are you hanging about here for?" she demands.

"Where shall I go, Jadwiga?"

"I don't know. To the bank, maybe. See if they'll give you back your money."

"I don't want any money. It was for you I saved it, Jadwiga."

"Did I ever sell myself? Could anyone have bought me?"

"Jadwiga!"

"Janek!"

Silence.

"And I used to dream of meeting you when I came out! Three years I thought about it. I wonder which prison he's in, I used to say to myself. Which barricade will we meet on? Go away, Janek!"

"Where shall I go?"

"I don't know. Only go, that's all."

She passes him and walks on without glancing back. He lets her go by and then follows her. They go down the street like that—she, stalking in front, he, three paces behind her, a faithful, submissive, sorrowful shadow.

The splendid castle of Prince Radziwill.

All the servants are gathered in the paved courtyard. A little scullery boy runs up, yelling:

"They're coming! They're coming!"

"They're coming, are they?" says the old steward, with a sniff. "The new masters are coming."

He looks about him mournfully, and a tear glitters in his eye.

"They'll steal everything, and smash everything . . ." and before the words are out of his mouth he is almost bent double in a cringing bow. The Cossacks are riding into the yard.

Yermakov and Ovcharenko dismount and move towards the castle. They have to pass through the ranks of curious, frightened servants. In grim silence they mount the magnificent staircase, their sabres clanking and their spurs ringing against the marble.

The steward scurries ahead, keeping his face turned towards them all the time.

"This way, *panowie*, this way, if you please!" he mumbles. Walking backwards, he leads the way upstairs, his terror of these two cold, unyielding, silent Cossacks growing. Almost sobbing, he mumbles:

"Nothing's been touched. It's

all yours . . . Have mercy . . . I am an old man . . ."

But the Cossacks go on and on up the endless marble staircase till at last the old man is crazy and bewildered with fear. He stops at the top and, flinging up his arms, gasps:

"Shoot if you're going to!" and shuts his eyes.

"Who are you?" Yermakov demands sternly.

"The steward . . . I'm the steward, *panie* . . ."

"What's a steward for, exactly?" Yermakov asks, puzzled.

"He's the head servant . . ." Ovcharenko replies with a smile. "Drop your hands!" Yermakov orders. "What's your name?"

"Stakh . . ."

"And what was your father's name?"

"My father's Ivan . . . he was called . . . Be merciful . . ."

"So you're called Stakh Ivanich? Well, how do you do, Stakh Ivanich!" says Yermakov, holding out his hand. The steward takes it, but he cannot understand yet. "Show us over the castle, will you, Stakh Ivanich?"

The steward is still holding out the hand that Yermakov has just shaken and staring at it stupidly.

"It's a splendid castle!" Yermakov says. "It's just like Livadia."

"Yes. And the Dyetskoselskoye Palace—do you remember? That was still better. You ought to see it, Stakh Ivanich. And the tsar's palace at Livadia."

"The very idea!" says the steward, shocked. "The tsar's palace!"

"Yes," Ovcharenko continues with perfect seriousness. "The tsar's palace. I spent my holidays there once."

"This wouldn't be a bad place for a sanatorium, either," says Yermakov, looking about him.

"It would be better as a museum. A museum of the liberation of the peoples. A museum of the revolution. Like the Winter Palace."

"That's right. Like the Winter Palace."

The steward is still standing there, watching them with a kind of servile admiration on his old face.

"Well, now, show us over the place, director!"

"With pleasure!" the steward replies eagerly.

They go through the splendid rooms. Mirrors, carpets, furniture—all is in perfect order. The owner must have left in a hurry.

The Cossacks look at all these signs of wealth and magnificence with the curiosity of children. That is probably the way they looked about them in the rooms of the Dyetskoselskoye Palace.

"Everything's just as it was! And everything's for you!" the steward is saying gleefully. "It's a rich trophy, sirs. I'll show you everything. Prince Radziwill had no secrets from his old servant. He cleared out this very night and left everything to me to look after. Now it's yours."

They enter the prince's study. The steward brings out a beautiful wrist watch, and holds it to his ear. The ticking can be heard.

"The prince has gone and all has changed," says the steward thoughtfully, "but the watch is still going . . ." he holds it out stealthily to Ovcharenko. "Take it . . . It's a good one. Pure gold. With diamonds of the first water in it."

"Is that so?" says Ovcharenko, taking it and beginning, mechanically, to wind it.

"I'll show you another watch I've got here for you, lieutenant. Here it is, take it. And there are cigar-cases here," he fumbles in a drawer. "And bracelets, look . . ."

"Yes?" Yermakov replies absently, frowning.

Ovcharenko lays the watch carefully down on the table and says:

"Lock this room, Stakh Ivanich, and let's go on."

They go on further. The heavy doors slam to behind them and Stakh Ivanich rattles his keys.

Now they are out on the staircase again.

"Let me tell you, *panowie*, that you oughtn't be so shy about taking things for yourselves," the steward says in a grieved tone, shaking his head. "Soldiers always take trophies. I've been a soldier myself and I know."

"You were a soldier, were you?"

"Yes, I was. And I always took what I could get. That's a soldier's business."

"Ever been a Red Army man?" Ovcharenko asks.

"Oh, no," the steward laughs at the thought of it. "I've never been in the Red Army, of course."

"Well, that's just it, see," the Cossack winks at him, and they go downstairs to the big courtyard.

For a moment the steward stands still where they left him, then he runs after them.

"*Panowie!*" he calls. "Who shall I give the keys to?"

The lieutenant looks about for someone to give them to. He sees Stakhovski, Yaremchuk and Jadwiga—followed by her faithful shadow, Janek—coming into the yard.

"Give the keys to her," he says, pointing to Jadwiga.

"To her?" the steward repeats dubiously.

No one will ever know what he is thinking, as with a low bow he hands over the keys to Jadwiga—who is still wearing her old blue blouse.

"The keys, your excellency," says the prince's steward.

Jadwiga cannot understand what she is supposed to do. Ovcharenko bursts out laughing.

"Well, have you settled down here?" Stakhovski asks the lieutenant.

"Not yet. We're going to do it now."

"You think you'll stay in the castle?"

"No, we don't care for your castle somehow. Too much room to spare. Very awkward spot to defend."

"What do you want, then?" Yaremchuk asks in a worried tone.

"What do we want? Hay for our horses to eat, and hay for the Cossacks to sleep on. A stable, in short, and a hay-loft."

"And where are you going to sleep?"

"A Cossack never goes far from his horse. Hey, Stakh Ivanich, take us to the stable, will you?"

The stable.

"Well," the lieutenant observes to Stakhovski, "do you call this any worse than the prince's own study?"

"Not a bit," Stakhovski says with a laugh.

"Look at that straw!" Yermakov exclaims. "The man who's never slept on straw doesn't know what happiness is. What do you say, Koren?"

"That's right," Koren agrees, smiling.

"Well, you have a good rest now," Jadwiga suggests, "and we'll go. We've got a lot to do."

"We'll need some leaflets," the political instructor tells her.

"We'll do them for you."

"They've got to be pasted up today."

"It'll be done.

"The only thing is," Stakhovski clears his throat in embarrassment, "we've no proper materials here. We haven't got the Stalin Con-

stitution . . . We haven't any portraits . . ."

"We'd have liked to have drawn pictures of them," Yaremchuk continues for him, "pictures of Lenin and Stalin and Molotov. We'd like to have Lenin's and Stalin's pictures up in all the streets . . . But we haven't got anything to copy them from. Haven't you brought any with you?"

"How could you expect them to have anything like that?" Jadwiga interrupts. "They're army folks, always on the march."

"Why shouldn't we have them?" Ovcharenko retorts. "Hey, Ivakhnenko!"

"Here!"

"Did you hear what the people are asking for?"

"Yes."

"Got anything?"

Ivakhnenko is evidently none too ready to speak.

"Got anything?" Ovcharenko persists.

"Yes . . . I have . . . you know what I have . . ."

"Well, you don't mean to say you grudge it to the people?" Ovcharenko reproaches him with a laugh. "Give it to them. Don't worry, they'll give it back to you..."

Ivakhnenko unfastens a stout linen satchel from his saddle. It is bulging with books. The local people crowd round him eagerly.

"This is the Constitution," Ivakhnenko explains half-sulkily. "Here's Stalin's picture. Don't paw it like that, you'll dirty it. And this is a book by Lenin . . ."

Stakhovski handles the books with the greatest care. His eyes are moist.

"Lenin," he says softly to himself. Then fumbles in his pocket for his spectacles and puts them on. But he cannot see anything through his tears. He takes them off again and polishes them.

Jadwiga is going down the street. Ryvkin, on patrol duty, rides by with his rifle. People on the pavements wave their caps to the Cossack as he rides serenely on. But there is a glow on his face as though a smile hovered under the skin.

Ivakhnenko is placing a machine-gun among the shrubs at the castle gates.

A sentry is on duty at the gate.

The lieutenant and Ovcharenko are lying in the golden straw in the stable.

The horses have been unsaddled and are feeding contentedly. The orderly is singing softly to himself. The rest are fast asleep.

"Well," says the lieutenant. "Do you mind giving me a report on the situation, comrade."

"M-yes," the other replies thoughtfully. "It's a pretty complicated situation, if you ask me."

"We've been taken prisoner, that's how I see it."

"Well, not quite."

"Quite." There is a pause. "The only difference is that when you fall into the enemy's hands you know what to do. But what are you supposed to do when you fall into the hands of friends?"

Neither speak for a while.

"Listen, Mitya," the lieutenant says suddenly. "You don't happen to remember if we had anything to eat today, do you?"

"No, I don't think we did."

"The men haven't had anything, either. We ought to send out to buy something. Have you any cash?"

"Not much."

"Well, let's see how much we can scrape together." They search their pockets.

"Comrade Koren! Go to the town and buy something to eat."

Now Koren is walking through the town.

All the shops are shut.

Over one he sees a baker's sign

with a loaf of golden bread on it.

Koren knocks at the door.

"Won't you sell us some bread?" he asks of the baker who glances out of the window.

"Sell you some bread? With the greatest pleasure, my lad," says the baker, flinging the door open. Koren goes in.

"I'd like two big loaves . . ." he says.

"Two? You can have ten if you like, a hundred if it comes to that," the baker fusses about, and calls to someone in the next room. "Sonia, Sonia, someone's doing us a great honor. Bring in two loaves of bread, the best we've got . . ."

Stout Sonia brings in the bread.

"How much is it?" Koren takes out his money.

"How much is what?"

"How much have I to pay for the bread?"

"Are you crazy? Who's asking you to pay for anything? Take it."

"I won't take it for nothing."

"Take it by all means. Look here, will you take it!"

"We aren't supposed to take things for nothing," Koren says determinedly. "Take whatever's due to you."

"But how can I take your money?" the baker wails. "The whole town will curse me if I do . . . I won't touch your money."

After a moment's consideration, Koren turns on his heel and goes out without the bread.

"Where are you going?" the baker calls after him. Then, seizing the two loaves under his arm, he rushes out hatless into the street.

"Listen, comrade!" he bawls. "Take this bread, will you!"

Without slackening his pace for a moment, Koren replies:

"I can't take anything for nothing. I've no right to do it."

And so they go down the street, the baker hopping along behind the Cossack.

Soon the pork butcher with a string of sausages, and the fruiterer with a bag of his wares, join the procession . . .

The stable in the castle courtyard.

Koren walks up to the lieutenant, salutes and reports:

"Comrade lieutenant! Your orders have not been carried out!"

"How's that?"

"They won't sell us anything."

"Oh, they won't, won't they!" fumes Yermakov.

He starts to his feed and sees a strange procession led by the shopkeepers entering the yard. The baker is carrying huge loaves of sweet-smelling bread; the pork-butcher, a garland of sausages; the milkman, a jug of milk and a jar of sour cream, and the fruiterer, a basket of apples. All the townsfolk are behind them.

The lieutenant is clearly at a loss.

"They won't sell to us, is that what you said?"

"That's right, Comrade Lieutenant. They won't," Koren musters his courage and blurts out: "Won't let us pay for their stuff. And I didn't dare take it for nothing."

The shopkeepers are coming nearer. The baker is in the lead. He has prepared his speech on the way.

"Comrade commander!" he begins. "Men must eat to live. Soldiers eat twice as much as civilians. So we have laid in a stock for emergencies. You're welcome to what we've got, as the Russian saying goes!"

"That's right! That's right!" yells the crowd.

"How much for the lot?" asks the lieutenant.

But the shopkeepers wave their hands:

"You are insulting us. Why?"

"You want to know our price?"

says the baker. "Very well, I'll tell you. The Polish officer took anything he wanted from us and shoved his fist in our faces and called us dogs in return. If the Bolshevik officer will say 'thank you' and perhaps . . . well, perhaps shake an old baker's hand . . . we shall call it quits."

"No," says the lieutenant firmly. "We're not taking anything for nothing."

The political instructor intervenes at this point.

"We will shake your hand, comrade baker," he says. "And yours, and yours. And we will say thank you. We have no intentions of insulting you. Why should you wish to insult us?"

"You are the queerest soldiers!" says the baker. "The Poles took whatever they wanted from us because they said: war is war. And you insist on paying us for the same reason. I am an old man, I do not understand. But I know one thing: a soldier must eat. Very well, pay as much as you please."

"Now that's better," smiles the political instructor and hands out some money.

The baker takes a 10 ruble bill and stares at the portrait of Lenin on it.

"Lenin!" he says with feeling. "Why, this money is priceless! It is worth more than gold! More than gold!"

Darkness has fallen.

A room in the flat of Poritz, the tailor. Poritz is pacing nervously up and down the room, his wife following his movements with a worried look.

"You look awful, Poritz. What are you running up and down for like a caged tiger?"

"Why shouldn't I run up and down like a caged tiger if I want to?"

"But why should you? Thank God, everything is quiet again."

"But what if they've gone?"

"Who? The Cossacks? But they promised not to leave the town!"

"But suppose they have? Suppose they got orders, or changed their mind. Soldiers! What can a poor tailor know about soldiers' affairs? Maybe they just upped and left."

"Oi, don't scare me, Poritz! What do you mean upped and left? And what about us?"

Poritz suddenly takes up his cap and stick.

"I'm going out to have a look."

"Going out? At this time of night? I shan't let you, Poritz!"

"I'll just take a peep . . ."

He goes outside, moving cautiously. He sees shadows lurking at the doors of other apartments. Cautiously they open the gates and peer out onto the street, where a Cossack patrol is riding slowly down the street with his rifle at the ready.

Poritz's face beams. The others too sigh with relief.

"It's a fine, quiet night," Poritz says to his neighbor. "I'm off to bed. Good night!"

"Good night, neighbor. I see they didn't go away, after all!"

Poritz re-enters the house.

"Still awake, old girl? Why don't you go to bed? There's a beautiful moon tonight! And so quiet and still!"

The Cossack rides slowly down the street. His shadow, huge and reassuring, moves across the buildings.

An attic. A machine-gun is pulled up against a dormer window, through which one can see the Cossack riding along the street down below. A Polish officer lies beside the machine-gun. He is dressed in a uniform from which the epaulettes have been removed.

The Cossack is clearly visible through the sights of the machine-gun.

The officer, snarling viciously, takes aim.

But another officer takes him by the shoulders and drags him away from the gun.

"Not just yet, *panie*," he says. "You'll kill one Cossack but you'll raise such a stir that they'll find us and finish us off."

"Let me get at him!"

"Patience, *panie*, patience! I value my skin too highly for that."

They both gaze through the window with unconcealed hatred on their faces.

The Cossack rides calmly down the street.

The castle. A sentry stands at the gates.

The lieutenant and political instructor stand outside the stable in the moonlight.

"Can't sleep, eh Vasya?"

"No . . ."

A long pause follows.

"What a night, eh?" says the political instructor. "Look at that moon. It must be marvelous on the Don right now."

Silence.

"This mousetrap . . ." mutters the lieutenant.

"What's that?"

"This mousetrap we're in. We don't know the town. Anything may happen and there's only a handful of us."

"Got the wind up?"

"It's not myself I'm thinking of. It's the boys . . . What will I say to the colonel if . . ."

"Never mind, old chap. Are you ready for any emergency?"

"Don't worry. We won't give up so easily."

Silence.

"Yes, it must be fine on the Don tonight!" sighs the lieutenant. "They've gathered in the harvest and the bins are full."

Ivakhnenko and Koren are sitting beside the horses which are munching busily on their oats.

"So here we are in Western Europe, my boy," says Koren pensively.

"Europe, my eye . . ." grumbles Ivakhnenko.

"What's the matter. Don't think much of it, eh?"

"Worse than a village. No water mains, no pavements. Horses scared stiff of automobiles."

"But they don't have any industry, stupid! The folks are poor and ignorant, you can see that."

The Cossack is riding along the street.

A light suddenly appears in the window of a bleak-looking church building, and then vanishes only to reappear a moment later.

The Cossack cannot see this.

The light flickers up and down again several times. Obviously a signal of some kind.

Morning of the second day. The Cossacks are ready for the journey. The horses are saddled.

"Mount!" commands the lieutenant.

But at that moment Jadwiga enters the yard, Janek, her shadow, behind her.

"I've come for you," she says brightly, but suddenly her face falls as she observes that the Cossacks are about to leave. "Oh, you're going away?"

"Got to!" says the lieutenant in some embarrassment.

"But you can't! We have called a meeting. We worked all night to arrange it. We simply must get up some authority."

The lieutenant glances at the political instructor, the political instructor at the lieutenant.

"Well, that's that," says the

political instructor. "Got the people together?"

"The hall's crowded," replies Jadwiga.

"Come along then, Vasili Yermakov, let's establish Soviet power in Zarechye!"

The town hall is packed.

Behind the table amidst a lot of flowers and bunting are Yermakov and Ovcharenko.

The people are wild with enthusiasm.

In vain does the lieutenant wave his hand for silence. The ovation rises higher and higher. The walls seem ready to burst with the strain. It seems that this storm of applause and jubilant cries will never end. But the thunder dies down for a moment and, taking advantage of the lull, Zalesski, a mechanic, leaps onto a chair and yells at the top of his voice:

"Comrade lieutenant! Let me speak! There are people in this hall who have no business here at all. They are our enemies, our executioners!"

"Where?" frowns Yermakov, and a tense silence falls over the hall.

"Over there," and Zalesski points dramatically to the wall where hang the portraits of Pilsudski, Moscicki and Rydz-Smygly.

"Down with 'em!" roars the hall.

"Joseph Pilsudski!" Zalesski says in a tone of mock solemnity. "Joseph Pilsudski! Get the hell out of here!"

Pilsudski drops heavily to the floor at the feet of the people.

"And what about the eagle?" cries Jadwiga pointing to the state emblem on the wall. "He has rent our earth with his cruel claws. We know how murderous those claws can be."

"Away with the eagle too!" Yermakov says with a gesture of his hand.

Jadwiga, Janek and someone else tear down the eagle. But way above the eagle hangs the cross with the crucified Christ. And now eager hands are stretched toward it.

But the same moment Yermakov catches sight of a tense, anguished face amid the crowd. It is the face of an aged Pole. Without fully grasping the meaning of this look of pain Yermakov guesses intuitively at its cause.

"Don't touch the cross!" he shouts.

"Why not?" cries Jadwiga. "The cross has oppressed us just as much as the white eagle. To hell with it! Religion is the opium . . ."

"Don't touch the cross!" the lieutenant repeats sternly and observes the look of relief on the face of the gray-haired Pole who turns to his neighbor with a smile:

"The commander is right," he says. "We old folks can't get along without God."

In the meantime outside the town hall building, hobbling along amid the crowd of people is Jadwiga's mother.

"Have you seen my daughter?" she asks of everyone she meets. "Jadwiga? She came back from prison yesterday and I haven't seen her since. She didn't come home last night. Where is she, my daughter . . . Has anyone seen my daughter?"

But no one has time for the old woman. People turn away from her impatiently, but she hobbles on repeating:

"Have you seen my daughter? Perhaps she has been arrested again? Who is in power here now? My daughter, my little love came home. And off she went again . . . Have yon seen her, *panie*? My little girl . . . Jadwiga . . ."

Inside the hall the political instructor is winding up his speech.

"When our campaign is over," he is saying, "and all traces of war have been wiped out, the free people of Western Byelorussia will

decide for themselves what power they wish to establish: the old, capitalist power or the new Soviet power, our power."

"Soviet, Soviet!" cries the hall.

"We don't want any other power. Give us the Soviets!"

"But you can't decide that just yet. You must take your time," says the political instructor.

"Now! Now!" storms the meeting.

"Soviet power! At once! Now! We've waited twenty years."

And someone cries out in a voice of sheer terror:

"Comrades, comrades, do you mean to say we aren't going to have a Soviet government, after all?"

And up the staircase, which is thronged with people for whom there is no room in the hall, stumbles Jadwiga's mother.

"Has anyone seen my daughter?" she asks. "My daughter is lost again . . . Jadwiga . . . My daughter . . ."

But no one has ears for her entreaties.

"I *will* find her!" she says, beating on the ground with her stick. "I'll go to the police inspector, I shall. To the governor . . . I'll go down on my bended knees to him . . ."

"What are you talking about, old woman. There ain't no more governors around here," laughs a young man. "We've sent them all to the devil's mother!"

"No governor?" falters the old woman in dismay. "Then who controls the town?"

Town hall. The lieutenant has the floor.

"We must now elect the best people in the town for the provisional administration. Just say whom you want to have."

"Just a minute, if you please!" This is from a man in a bowler and pince-nez and a red ribbon in his bottonhole.

The chairman gives him the floor.

"Comrades," he says. "You cannot imagine what a pleasure it is for me, an old revolutionary, a jailbird, a hunted thing, to utter that precious word 'Comrades!'" He takes out a handkerchief and dabs his eyes. The hall listens intently. "This is a great day! We are electing our own people's government. How well the comrade lieutenant put it: we must elect the best people. But who are they, those 'best people.' They are those who in the dark days of the reaction found courage to fight for the people's ideals. They are the revolutionaries. Comrades, I appeal to your sense of justice. I propose that representatives of all the political parties be elected to the administration."

"What party do you represent, may I ask?" inquires the lieutenant.

"The Bund!" replies the speaker. "The Jewish revolutionary workers' party, Bund!"

"Bund!" mutters Yermakov, puzzled. "Is there a party of that name? Just a minute, just a minute . . . Aha, I've got it! Why, of course, I read all about you in the Short Course in the *History of the C.P.S.U.* So you're a representative of the Bund, are you?"

"I am."

"You were the chaps who opposed Lenin at the Second Congress of the Party in 1903, weren't you?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"You were the ones who were openly opposed to Lenin's *Iskra*. You differed from the economists only in words but actually you were a lot worse. You were the ones who were against the self-determination of nations?"

"But . . ."

"Don't try to wriggle out of it. What I said is true, isn't it? You were the ones who claimed that the workers should be divided up within the Party according to nations. Am I right? You were the ones who

joined in with Judas Trotsky in the August bloc? Weren't you?"

"But, listen here . . ."

"What kind of a workers' revolutionary party is it that has always gone against Lenin?" insists the lieutenant. Then turning to the meeting he adds bitterly: "You are, of course, free to elect whomever you choose. But don't let him say his party is a revolutionary workers' party. How can they be when they were always against Lenin!"

"Say, we know all about that party of his," says a scornful voice from the hall. "It's party of fawning, cringing slaves of the bourgeoisie, of Pilsudski."

"That's right! Hear, hear!"

"Away with him! Away with him!"

The Bund representative tries to say something, gesturing violently with his hands, but the hall shouts him down.

The excited crowd pours noisily out of the hall. The old woman is elbowed aside. She stands crouched in a corner waiting for the human tide to pass. A sea of happy, radiant faces surges by her as she stands leaning on her stick and waiting. She is waiting for her daughter. Jadwiga may be the power in the town. But to her mother she is only a little girl, a poor child who has come home from prison the day before, worn out and ill.

At last Jadwiga is borne along among the crowd.

"Jadwiga!" calls the mother.

"Mama! How on earth did you get here?"

"I came to take you home with me, Jadwiga. Come along!"

"Home? Oh, but I can't possibly come just now. I have so much to do, mama."

"Come along home now," insists the mother. "You look very poorly. I'll put you to bed. You haven't slept all night. You're just out of prison, Jadwiga."

The conversation has begun to attract attention. Jadwiga is embarrassed.

"Mother, please go home. I really have no time now. I'll come later on."

"No," the old lady shakes her head. "You won't come. I know you!"

"I certainly shan't," cries her daughter in annoyance, "if you continue to follow me around like this. Why did you come here? Go home now. I have no time." Someone calls her and she dashes away.

And the mother, wounded and crushed, stands on the top of the stairs looking after her.

The square in front of the barracks of the 34th legion. People are queued up in a long line in front of the building. Yermakov is handing out arms to the men. The whole of the provisional administration is beside him.

"Here you are!" says Yermakov handing a revolver to Stakhovski.

"That's the stuff to give 'em!" grins Stakhovski.

An elderly worker approaches. Yermakov gives him a rifle.

"Eh, it's a long time since I've held a rifle in my hands," says the worker. "Did my bit in 1905 and in 1917 too, and now the time has come again . . ." He slides the bolt back and forth. "She works all right."

Next comes a gaunt, consumptive man with a great shock of tousled hair. He has the sensitive face of an artist, the eyes of a martyr, and the rags of a beggar.

"All my life," he says, "I've evaded military service. I always had a good little rupture laid by for that purpose. But now . . . just let me have one of those beauties, Comrade Red General. I guess it's time I was a soldier too."

Smiling, the lieutenant hands him a rifle. He takes it awkwardly,

but tenderly as he would a child or a violin.

"But you'll show me how to work it, won't you," he asks.

"You bet!" laughs the lieutenant. "Say, what's your profession?"

"My profession?" the man flushes in embarrassment. "I don't have any."

"But what do you do for a living?"

"Oh, I just starved. Sometimes I played the fiddle at weddings, sometimes I ran errands. But I was always hungry and I suppose the only reason I have kept alive is because I've been used to that sort of thing from childhood."

"Well, you won't be hungry any more."

"Yes?" he hugs his rifle. "I'm sure you're right."

Next comes a tall man with a mustache. The collar of his coat is turned up as though to protect him from the cold. He holds out his hand for a rifle.

But the men in the rear recognize him.

"Don't give him any," they warn. "That is the police agent. He's the kind that used to make the pogroms."

The mustachioed man turns back his collar and says in a loud tone:

"Has not every citizen the right to defend his own town?"

Silence. Everyone looks expectantly at the lieutenant.

"Is that right?" they ask timidly. "Has everyone really the right?"

"Well, what do you say?" smiles the lieutenant encouragingly.

They think it over for a moment. But voices from the other end of the queue are already heard:

"Nothing doing! Not everybody by a long shot. To carry weapons is an honor!"

"No weapons for the enemy!"

"Throw him out!"

The man with the mustache hurries off, his collar turned up again.

Now all these men are standing in serried ranks. There are about three hundred of them. On the right are ten horsemen on mounts from the Radziwill stables. On the left stand two cannon.

Yermakov and the political instructor on horseback ride up and down the column.

"People's army, 'tenshun!" commands Yermakov. "Good-day, comrades!"

The response is disjointed, scattered.

"No, that's not quite the thing," laughs the lieutenant. "Well, never mind. But to all intents and purposes it's an army, isn't it. Infantry, cavalry and artillery. Pity we've no tanks."

The people's guards are at their posts. Some at the post office, some at the power station and others in the town hall.

The consumptive fiddler is on sentry duty outside the bank. He walks up and down, beaming with pride.

A fat man in a coat, bowler and stick walks up to him. It is Buzis, the local bourgeois. He stops and stares at the sentry.

"You tramp!" he says. "Couldn't they find anyone else to protect my money? Thief!"

"Pass on, *Pan* Buzis," says the fiddler with dignity. "You don't know who you're talking to. You haven't woke up yet, *Pan* Buzis. Today is not September 16."

"Tramp! Thief! Give me back my gold!"

"*Pan* Buzis! Do not make me lose my temper. I played at your daughter's wedding. Don't make me play at your funeral."

"What! You threaten me, you scum! Me, Buzis!" the banker fumes. "I'll show you!"

"Get along with you!" cries the fiddler in a loud voice shouldering his rifle. "Scram!"

And the banker takes to his heels.

Town Hall. The lieutenant and the political instructor are in the midst of a large crowd of people.

"Comrades! Comrades!" the political instructor shouts in a hoarse voice, trying to make himself heard above the noise. "But you elected your provisional administration yourselves. You must apply to them. The administration will decide all your problems for you."

"No, we want you!" yells the crowd.

Stakhovski leans over to the political instructor.

"Please do. We have no experience yet!"

The political instructor looks about him uncertainly, catches the desperate look on the lieutenant's face and wipes his perspiring brow.

"Very well. But for goodness' sake not all at once. Let's begin with you," and he turns to a woman wearing a shawl on her head.

"I'm a refugee. From Baranovichi. Are the Reds in Baranovichi yet?"

"They are."

"Then I want to go back to Baranovichi. Do I need a permit?"

"And I'm from Slonim . . ." shouts a man in the crowd.

"I'm from Lodz . . . We have nowhere to live here . . . and nothing to eat!"

"Say," cries another, seizing the political instructor by his belt, "are you going to take Lodz?"

"Sure, why don't you take Lodz!" the crowd joins in.

"No, we are not going to take Lodz," says the political instructor. "Comrade Stakhovski! You must organize a refugees commission at once. They must be taken care of without delay. Those who can return to their homes should have their papers put in order and be issued permits. Those who can't, must be given quarters in some empty building in the town."

"The *gymnasium* will be just the place," says Stakhovski.

"No. You'll need the school for the children. You must open school tomorrow. Where are all your teachers?"

"They've run away," someone in the crowd says in a sneering tone.

"That's a lie!" cries a man, stepping forward. "I am a teacher. Only the director ran away."

"You will be director for the time being," says the political instructor. "Can you reopen school tomorrow?"

"I?" the teacher echoes bewildered. Then after a brief pause. "I can try . . ."

"Zalesski will attend to the refugees," says Stakhovski.

Political instructor: "Is Zalesski here?"

Voices: "He's here."

Political instructor: "Comrades refugees! Apply to Zalesski, he will fix you up."

Movement in the crowd.

Political instructor: "What can we do for you?"

The ragged violinist approaches him, a rifle in his hand and a fiddle slung over his shoulder. He bows to the political instructor.

"I have been relieved," he says gravely. "I shall be here now. I am at your service if you need me."

Lieutenant Yermakov, also besieged on all sides by people, has been pressed back against the table.

A tall, excited Pole wearing hunting boots elbows through the crowd.

"Listen," he says, looking the lieutenant straight in the eye, "I'm a Pole."

"So what?"

"I'm a Pole, I tell you!"

"Well, what of it?" repeats the lieutenant, annoyed.

"I'm a Pole and I've decided to give myself up. I can't sit there

any more in the forest. I can't do it."

"What are you doing in the forest?"

"I'm the warden."

"The warden? Then why can't you go on sitting in the forest?" cries the lieutenant wrathfully. "Who'll take care of the forest if you don't. Now get back to your job and see that nobody tries cutting down trees or lighting fires or any other such nonsense . . ."

"You . . . you mean to say you trust me?" gasps the forest warden. "But didn't I tell you I'm a Pole . . ."

"I don't know what you're talking about," says the lieutenant, in disgust.

"Then maybe it's a mistake. But yesterday two fellows were passing through the forest and they told me that you . . . that you are killing all the Poles, and that only the Byelorussians and the sheenies . . ."

"Jews, you mean!" the lieutenant corrects him sternly.

" . . . and the Jews have the right to live freely here now. Then it's not true?"

"It's a damned lie!" cries the lieutenant. "Everybody has the right to live freely. And listen here, warden, you ought to have collared those two liars and brought them here. You're a fine one . . ."

"Well, I'll know next time. You bet, I will!" and he disappears. A woman pushes herself into his place.

"*Pan* Officer! The home . . ."

"What home?"

"The children's home . . . Everyone has run off and the children are starving . . . They are dying . . . I'm all alone. I can't manage by myself. I'm just a plain servant."

"Children's home?" the lieutenant reddens. "Children's home? That's his business," points to the political instructor. "Go and talk to him," he says and resumes his seat at the table, wiping the perspiration from his brow.

The political instructor is talking to a group of muzhiks from the village.

"What are we to do with the land?" they are asking. "Divide it up or not?"

"You get the sowing finished first," replies the political instructor. "Sow the whole shooting match. And the landowner's estate you can divide up among the peasants who haven't any land."

"And what are we to do with the landlord?"

"Why, haven't you killed your landlord yet?" Jadwiga intervenes.

"Are we supposed to?" the peasants inquire naively.

"Certainly not!" the political instructor puts in hastily, glancing sternly at Jadwiga. "No lynching."

"Listen here," says Jadwiga, staring wide-eyed at the political instructor. "Are you fooling me? Are you really a Bolshevik or just a Cossack?"

"I'm a Bolshevik all right," replies the political instructor wearily. Then, addressing the muzhiks: "What else?"

"No!" cries Jadwiga, waving him aside. "No. You are not a Bolshevik!" To the muzhiks: "Take the landlord's estate. Don't wait for any decrees. Take the cows, horses, poultry and everything. And you," she goes on, turning to the men of the people's army who are mingled with the crowd, "you start confiscating the shopkeepers' goods at once. Tomorrow we're opening cooperatives."

"No!" the political instructor bangs his fist on the table. "No! The shopkeepers are not to be touched!"

"How's that?" Jadwiga asks in amazement.

"On the contrary. Persuade the

shopkeepers to open up their shops and start trading again."

"What? Is there to be private trading in our town?"

"You ought to be thankful if there is," grumbles the political instructor.

"But in the Soviet Union there is no private trade!" cries Jadwiga.

"Yes, but we have had twenty years to insure that we can get along without it . . ."

"Does that mean it'll take us twenty years too?"

"Not necessarily. It may take you twenty days, perhaps twenty months. But certainly not one day!" Jadwiga drops dejectedly onto a chair.

"But this is not a revolution!" she cries. "It's . . . it's treachery. This is not what I dreamed about in jail. I wanted everything. I thought we could do things all at once, as it is in the Soviet Union . . .

"But listen here," says the political instructor. "Could you feed the whole town today without the private traders? Today, right now, this minute? There is no bread to be had, no kerosene."

"No salt . . ." add the muzhiks.

"You see, no salt even."

"The merchants have hidden everything away," says Yaremchuk.

"We'll dig it up," cries Jadwiga, jumping to her feet. "We'll dig up the whole earth. But we'll find it."

"Go ahead!" says the political instructor, losing patience.

Silence falls. Jadwiga goes over to the window. The committee members look unhappily at the political instructor.

The latter heaves a sigh. "Well, where were we?" he says and turns to resume his talk with the peasants.

"You better go back to your villages, elect peasants' committees and do as I told you. You," he turns to the committee members, "go to the shopkeepers and persuade them to open their shops. Life must become normal again. The restaurants, schools, cinemas . . . everything must be as usual. This is the most important thing at the moment. We must get everything functioning normally again."

The committee members leave.

Jadwiga pauses in the doorway and turns to look at the political instructor.

"Cossack," she says and shrugs her shoulders. Exit.

Now the lieutenant, the fiddler and the political instructor are alone in the room. The lieutenant is sitting by the window looking onto the street. The fiddler is by the door.

The political instructor walks over to the window.

"Well, Vasya, am I doing right?"

"I suppose you are. The hell knows!"

Both continue to gaze thoughtfully out of the window. The fiddler takes up his instrument and begins to play softly.

"This business has given me one sore head all right," says Yermakov. "Listen, Mitya. You know me, I'm not a people's commissar, I'm not a statesman."

"And what about me, Vasya? I suppose you think *I'm* a people's commissar?"

"Then why in hell are we letting ourselves in for all this, Mitya? It's none of our business, Mitya?"

"Whose business is it?"

"It's for the big people."

"And we're just little fishes, is that it?"

Pause.

"Listen," says Yermakov darkly. "I learned to be a soldier, not a statesman."

"But we are the state, my lad. You and I. Right now, Vasya, you and I are the representatives of

the Soviet state right here in Zarechye. We can't help it. We've got to go through with it!"

"Ekh, Mitya, we're in for it. I don't know how we'll ever get out of it."

"Neither do I," laughs the political instructor. He looks out of the window and then cries out:

"Look! Look!" Both lean out of the window.

"Look at what?"

"Why, don't you see? The baker's opened up! Hurrah! Victory!"

"Hmp!" grunts Yermakov. "Some victory, I'll say. Won't the regiment give us the horse laugh when they find out! I'm off to see the sentries are properly posted." Goes out.

Fiddler plays softly on his fiddle.

"Am I disturbing you?" he asks.

"On the contrary."

"I've got two instruments now, a fiddle and a rifle. Can't play so well on the rifle just yet though."

Goes on playing. Political instructor looks out of the window.

"Have you got tanks as well?" asks the fiddler, his bow poised.

"What? Tanks? Oho! You bet we have!"

"But where are they?" Pause. "I ask because you've been here two days and there are only the few of you. Some of the townsfolk are beginning to have their doubts."

"And what about yourself?"

"Me? Oh, I have confidence in the Bolsheviks."

Resumes his playing. Then stops again.

"Listen," he says. "How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-five."

"Is that all?"

Starts playing again.

"Education?"

"Graduated secondary school and a school for junior political instructors."

"University?"

"No," smiles the political instructor. "I'm preparing for the Academy."

"The Academy!"

Resumes playing. A simple melody. Breaks off again. Rises.

"I'm asking all these questions because I can't get over it. I look at you folk and I simply can't understand how it is that youngsters like you can have such wisdom? How do you know what is right and what is wrong?"

"Oh, there's an awful lot I don't know," replies the political instructor, embarrassed.

"No, there isn't. You know everything. People come to you about everything. Land, banks, factories, shops. And you find an answer for them all. Where do you get it from?"

The political instructor listens with a smile at first, then his smile gradually fades, and he seems to be pondering the question to himself. Whence indeed comes that assurance, that statesmanship?

"I suppose it's our country . . . That's the kind of a country the Soviet Union is . . ."

The lieutenant is walking up the stairs.

Jadwiga's mother is beside him, hanging on to his sleeve.

"*Pan* Officer! *Pan* Officer!" she implores him. "Let my daughter go home!"

"I have no idea who your daughter is," replies the lieutenant angrily. "What do you want with me, mother?"

"Let my daughter go home!"

"If it's about daughters you'd better talk to him," says Yermakov, pointing to the political instructor who is coming out of the room. "He's an expert on such matters."

"What's the trouble?" asks the political instructor.

"*Pan* Officer, please let my daughter go. She's all I have . . ."

"Now sit down, mother, sit down.

What daughter are you talking about?"

"My daughter. She's the only one I have. What do you want with her? She has worked and suffered quite enough. No doubt you have a mother yourself . . . *Pan* Officer!"

"Have you been arresting anyone?" the political instructor asks Yermakov in alarm.

"Don't be an idiot!" Yermakov retorts.

"Where did you say your daughter was, mother?"

"With you."

"There aren't any daughters around here," says the lieutenant sternly. "We've enough to do without them."

"But I tell you she is here," the old lady insists. "She's here all day long. And she's sick. She's been in jail. She must have a rest. She's suffered enough. Let her go, she doesn't need any government. How can she be fit to govern?"

Jadwiga enters the room swiftly.

"Comrade Ovcharenko!" she says and then notices her mother. "Mama, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, so that's your daughter," laughs the political instructor. Yermakov smiles too.

"Now, mother, you must go away," says Jadwiga. "I'll come home right away."

"But you won't," says the mother shaking her head. "I waited for you all last night and I've been waiting for you for three years." She weeps.

"Mama, stop it, stop it now," Jadwiga says in irritation. She is ashamed of her mother's behavior before the Cossacks. "Go away, go home."

"No," the political instructor intervenes. "Why should she go away? She has come here with a complaint. She is complaining about her own daughter. Shall we investigate this complaint, lieutenant?"

"For goodness sake!" sighs Yermakov with a hopeless gesture.

"Jadwiga," the political instructor begins severely, "you are accused of forgetting and neglecting your old, lonely, helpless mother!"

"You must be crazy!"

"Oh, no! Am I right, mother? Has she neglected you?"

"Let her be, *Pan* Officer," sobs the mother.

"Mother! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"No," the political instructor shakes his head. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Look what you've brought your mother to."

Jadwiga loses her temper:

"Such things, Cossack, may be beyond your comprehension," she says acidly, "but we underground workers have no mothers. Revolutionaries have no mothers!"

"Daughter! Jadwiga!" cries the mother in horror. "What are you saying, my child!"

But Jadwiga has worked herself up into a passion.

"If my mother wants me to leave the revolutionary movement," she goes on, "then I have no mother."

The mother rises from her chair. She is wounded to the quick. She walks in silence to the door, bowed down by sorrow and pain.

The political instructor is by her side in a moment, his arms around her shoulders.

"Just a minute, mother."

"She has disowned me. I have no daughter!"

The political instructor turns to Jadwiga, and his expression is stern.

"If you don't know to love your own mother, you will never know how to love your country!" Then turning to the old lady: "We, too, have left mothers behind. I have a marvelous old lady back home. And how she can cook! You ought to see the cherry pies she turns out! And she's waiting for me.

Been waiting three years now. And see how far away from her I've gone. Come on, mother, I'll see you home."

With his arms still about the old woman's shoulder he leads her gently out of the room.

Lieutenant (to Jadwiga): "Got it hot that time, didn't you?"

Jadwiga jumps up and flings herself impulsively from the room.

Looking out of the window, the lieutenant sees the political instructor leading the old lady along. Jadwiga runs up and embraces her mother. The political instructor returns.

"So," says the lieutenant raising his brows, "we've taken to guiding old ladies about the streets now. And in the meantime our regiment is busy fighting. Right in the thick of it somewhere. But it's old ladies for us." He paces up and down the room nervously, then stops in front of the political instructor. "Where's our regiment, comrade political instructor? Where the hell is that regiment of ours?"

"I don't know. Think I'm clairvoyant?"

"Why hasn't Listopadov returned?"

"Well . . . He had quite a long way to go . . ."

"Rubbish. Because our chaps have come to grips with the Uhlans, that's why. Maybe our own squadron has gone into battle right now. Maybe they're doing heroic deeds. Maybe our comrades are falling. And here we are fussing around with old ladies . . ."

"What's the matter with you, Vasili?"

"I'm fed up. I want to get out of this place, that's what!"

"We can't go."

"But we can't stay here either!"

They stand opposite each other, angry, bristling . . .

The Cossacks are saddling their horses in the courtyard of the Radziwill castle. Yermakov, his nerves on edge, is watching with growing irritation.

"Make it snappy, get a move on!" he barks.

The political instructor rides up. He addresses the lieutenant coldly, without a trace of their former intimacy.

"We ought to have warned Stakhovski and Jadwiga that we are leaving. Otherwise it will look too much like running away."

"Go ahead and warn them!" snaps the lieutenant and turns way to hide his confusion. "Mount!" he raps out the command to the Cossacks.

The Cossacks leap into the saddles, their capes flying.

The headquarters of the Cossack regiment in B.

Listopadov tethers his horse and enters the headquarters, drawing himself up before the colonel.

"Comrade Colonel! I've brought a message from Lieutenant Yermakov."

"From Yermakov? What's happened to him?"

"Reached Zarechye yesterday and was detained there."

"How detained?" the colonel asks sternly.

"You'll find the explanation in the message," replies Listopadov. As the colonel is tearing open the message, he adds sorrowfully: "My horse went lame for some reason . . . Terrible nuisance!"

The colonel reads the message. A smile spreads over his face.

"Sergei Petrovich!" he calls to someone in the next room. "Come here and see what Yermakov has to report."

A commissar emerges from the next room. The colonel hands him the message. The commissar also breaks into a smile as he reads it.

"Are things quiet in Zarechye?" the colonel asks.

"They are."

"No bandits?" asks the commissar.

"Didn't come across any. And the road was clear all the way."

"Very well, comrade. Go back to Zarechye and tell Yermakov to stay where he is and wait for us. We'll be along shortly. As soon as we've combed out the last bit of woods around here we'll be coming."

"My horse has gone lame," Listopadov ventures timidly. "Awful nuisance."

"You'll get another outside, Cossack."

"We ought to send them a field kitchen," says the commissar concernedly. "Very likely they're not getting any hot meals."

"They'll get their kitchen."

In the meantime Yermakov is riding along the streets of Zarechye with his detachment. He has deliberately chosen the quiet streets. Now and again the few passers-by stop to cast a worried look at the departing Cossacks.

The Cossacks ride along in heavy silence. Each man feels uneasy, ashamed. The silence is broken only by the clatter of horses' hoofs.

Suddenly a shot rings out.

Yermakov raises himself in his stirrups.

Another shot is fired.

Two officers are standing at the dormer window of the church. The younger of the two is holding a lamp with which he is signaling. The other is scanning the distance through field glasses.

"Well?" asks the officer with the lamp.

"Nothing!"

"Damn it, again nothing!" Pause. "What's going to become of us, *Pan* Wladek?"

"Patience!"

"Patience? We'll stay cooped up here until the whole town is overrun with Reds. Why not make a break for it now?"

"You're a foolish young pup, Woitek. How do you think you could get away? By day? Why, every body and anybody on the street would recognize us. They have good reason to remember us around here. By night? I don't think I'd risk it if I were you."

"But what are we to do?"

"We must wait. And you'd better be careful with that lamp. The Cossacks might notice it. Sh, what's that!" Both listen. Footsteps are heard. The officers back up against the window and wait with revolvers drawn. Someone taps three times on the door.

The officers lower their revolvers in evident relief.

The police inspector enters furtively. He glances over toward the window.

"Nothing doing?"

"Nothing!" replies Woitek bitterly.

The inspector sits down on a log.

"Aren't you afraid to walk around town so freely!" remarks Woitek admiringly.

"Ah, my dear *panie*, I know every nook and cranny in this place. I can get by better than most people. But I have come to you with an idea."

"An idea?"

"Tomorrow night I wouldn't give a brass farthing for Zarechye. Unless my boys let me down I'll see sheeny fur flying once again in my old age."

Morning of the third day. Sunday.

The church.

Sunday service in all its magnificence.

The organ wails.

The congregation, men in long jackets and women in mourning, are praying with feverish devotion.

One man leans over to his neighbor, a Pole with the face of a butcher:

"Siren's the signal."

"Siren? Good."

"The boss is depending on you and your boys."

"The boss has made no mistake," the butcher says, looking complacently toward three hefty young fellows standing beside him. "The boss knows my firm."

The organ sobs.

There are three men in the gallery: one with the bleary eyes of the confirmed drunkard, the second, a typical thug, and the third, a short, restless fellow in a shabby jacket.

"Siren . . ." says the latter.

"Good."

"Make a dash for the distillery . . ."

"Good," the other two exchange an ugly wink.

"But see you don't touch anything," warns the short fellow. "Let the mob lap it up but you've got to stay sober."

"All right," says the drunk dejectedly.

"Don't worry," the thug adds, winking his only eye.

"Don't forget then. It's the siren!"

"A siren," whispers a *gymnasium* student to the girl at his side. "You are a siren, *Pani* Dukelskaya."

"Oh, go on!" the girl student says, blushing.

"But you are, a regular siren!"

A retired major standing next to the student overhears the remark.

"Sh . . . Sh!" he hisses. "That's a secret."

"What? What's a secret?" says the student in astonishment.

"Hush," says the major sternly. "Young man! Young man!"

"Siren . . . siren," the whisper goes over the whole congregation.

The service is coming to an end. The organ peals out triumphantly. A Pole with a gray mustache, the one who supported Yermakov's objection to the removal of the cross at the town hall meeting, is shedding tears of religious fervor. The women beside him are dabbing their eyes. The final chords thunder forth. The Pole with the gray mustache dries his tears and raises his voice.

"*Pan Kcendz*," he says amid dead silence. "*Pan Kcendz*! We want to ask you to pronounce a benediction for the Soviet power."

"What!" gasps the priest. And everyone turns to look at the gray-mustached Pole in horror.

But he goes on smiling blissfully:

"We want you to pray for the Soviet power."

"*Pan* Priklonski," exclaims the priest. "Can it be you? Such a good Catholic . . ."

"*Pan Kcendz*," Priklonski goes on. "The Soviet power is the poor man's power. It has brought peace and rest to our weary town. Christ would have blessed the Soviet power."

"Christ is not a Bolshevik!" cries the major.

"What is the creature talking about?" scream the ladies.

"Throw him out of the church!"

The major, red as a beetroot with choler, roars:

"Not a benediction but a curse to the Soviets, *Pan Kcendz!*"

"Curse! Death to the Bolsheviks!"

The priest stretches out his hand in a gesture of peace over the crowd.

The butcher and his sons are pushing their way through the crowd toward Priklonski, rolling up their sleeves as they go. A forest

of walking sticks and ladies' umbrellas begin to belabor Priklonski.

He tries to say something, to explain himself, but the sticks relentlessly drive him from the church and he totters out, head bowed under the storm of blows, his face hid in his hands.

"They've trampled on God!" he cries as he stumbles down the street. "They've defiled my God!"

The irregulars are lined up on the square outside the barracks of the 34th legion. The guard is being changed. Here is the real headquarters of the people's army.

Korsun, chief of the irregulars, is reading out the order of the day:

"Mikhas Butkevich and Yakov Dvornis to the town hall!" The two men shoulder their rifles and march off to their post. "Comrades Kobza, Antos Leshkevich and Hershko, to the Brest Road post. Petro Ivanovski and Mikhas from Dombrovski Street to the bridge . . ."

He goes on reading and the men set off to carry out their orders. There is discipline and restraint in their movements, their footsteps on the cobbled square have a martial ring, the leather belts around their civilian jackets give the irregulars an efficient, military look. A lad in a somewhat bedraggled fur cap who is untethering a horse has quite the air of a Cossack.

Among those who have not yet been assigned is Janek.

Korsun notices him.

"Janek!" he exclaims in surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"Where do you think I'd be," Janek replies, shrugging his shoulders.

"In bed, that's where! Sleeping, that's what. Why, you were relieved only two hours ago."

"It's no use," Janek smiles grimly. "I can't sleep anyway. Send me to some post, Korsun."

"You're crazy! Where shall I send you?" Korsun reflects for a moment. "Very well! I'll send you to the quietest post of the lot. You can take a good nap there. Regular health resort. Sanatorium. Carlsbad," Korsun laughs.

"Where's that?"

"The distillery. The sleepiest post of them all."

Janek shrugs his shoulders, but does not argue.

"Hey, fiddler!" Korsun calls. "And you Stefan," to a young lad, "go along with Janek."

And so Janek, the fiddler and Stefan are seen walking down the street. Janek is gloomy. The fiddler nods to acquaintances, and Stefan, the youngster, marches as though on parade, casting a sidelong glance now and again at the pavement.

As the patrol is marching past the town hall, Janek sees Jadwiga coming towards him. He stops short involuntarily, but the next moment he assumes an air of indifference and walks past her. She retaliates by casting a contemptuous look at him.

Thus Janek and Jadwiga pass each other, but having walked away a few steps, both turn as if by mutual consent and exchange a swift, knife-like glance, only to assume again that cold indifferent air. If only they knew that this was the last glance they were ever fated to exchange; if only they could have known!

Prince Radziwill's distillery. A high fence. Two somewhat inebriated looking lions guard the entrance over which hangs a sign made of plaited, gilded letters.

The fiddler stands by the gates.

Three men come into view at the other end of the street. They stroll along slowly and with an air

of careless indifference. They are Patsyuk, Jankel and Kuwalda. They approach the sentry and stop.

"Why," grins Patsyuk, "hallo there, fiddler! What you doing, fiddling?"

"Pass on, citizens," says the fiddler curtly, but it is easy to see that he is afraid of the toughs.

"Hey, you! Who d'you think you're talking to? Maybe you don't remember your old pal Patsyuk? Maybe you don't know that one touch of his fist will send you straight to kingdom come!" Patsyuk glowers threateningly, sidling up to the sentry.

"Move on, Patsyuk," says the fiddler, growing pale. "A sentry isn't allowed to talk."

"Who's asking you to talk? Just move aside," Patsyuk gestures with his hand.

"How can I move aside when I'm on sentry duty," replies the fiddler, glancing around him in dismay.

Kuwalda, who has been silent till now, hunches his shoulders and strides up to the fiddler. Without a word, he pushes Jankel and Patsyuk aside and coming close to the fiddler says in a hoarse voice:

"Scram!"

The fiddler hops aside agilely and points his rifle at the tough.

"Get back!" he cries.

Kuwalda seizes hold of the rifle. He towers above the fiddler who looks like a pigmy beside the ugly giant.

But Patsyuk utters a warning cry:

"Kuwalda!"

Kuwalda raises his eyes and sees a revolver pointed at him. Janek in the gateway has him covered. Stefan too has his rifle pointed at him from the other side.

Kuwalda lets go of the fiddler's rifle and steps back.

"Well, they'll have only themselves to blame," says Patsyuk and the three toughs saunter off toward the vacant plot.

The fiddler, still pale, is smiling happily.

"Ah, a rifle is a splendid instrument," he says to Janek and Stefan. "I've never felt so strong before. No, a rifle is stronger than a violin. Hey, what's that?" he says, suddenly raising his head.

A siren is wailing.

People start running from the slums and the dark alleys of the town.

All the scum of Zarechye seems to have been spilled onto the street. It flows slowly like pus from a wound, gathering into turbid rivers, moving in the direction of the distillery.

A group of about thirty men gathers on the vacant plot outside the factory.

One can see the police inspector, *Pan* Wladek and *Pan* Woitek moving about among the toughs. Together with the notorious trio they form the center of the crowd.

Gradually the crowd grows larger but does not yet dare to attack the distillery.

"Well, boys? Go to it," says the police inspector egging them on. "There's only three good-for-nothings in there . . . Forward, my braves."

But the crowd mills about in one place. Then the impatient trio dashes forward and runs across the plot with eight or ten men behind them.

"Back, back!" cries Janek, drawing himself up to his full height. "Get back or we'll shoot!"

The attacking group stops short. Some turn back. But Kuwalda lifts a stone and hurls it at Janek. The stone whistles past the lad's head and hits the lion, knocking out the beast's eye.

Janek crouches low.

"Lie down!" he shouts to his companions and throws himself in a ditch in front of the gates. "Another step and we shoot!"

"Shoot!" echoes the fiddler, dropping down beside Janek.

"What's the trouble? Don't you know how?"

"I think I do," mutters the fiddler. "But to shoot at people . . ."

"Call them people?" Janek says through clenched teeth.

The siren is shrieking louder and louder . . .

A group of toughs, thinking that Janek is knocked out by the stone, rush forward.

"Fire!" Janek commands.

Three shots ring out. Then another three, followed by three more. Patsyuk falls. Kuwalda falls. Someone else is wounded. The toughs turn tail.

"That will do," Janek commands to his men in a low voice. "Save your bullets."

The fiddler's eyes are shining with the excitement of battle.

"She sings like a violin," he says, stroking his rifle affectionately.

There is confusion among the crowd of ruffians.

"*Pan* Wladek!" the inspector calls. "Take command, will you?"

"I? Am I to command this rabble?" says *Pan* Wladek in disgust. "Inspector!"

"Perhaps you have another army to command!" retorts the inspector. "Don't waste time. Forward!" He pulls out his revolver, *Pan* Wladek follows suit. The crowd, encouraged by the sight of the firearms, lunges forward again. Wladek, Woitek and the inspector are in it this time. All the ruffians are armed with stones.

The stones fly over to where Janek, the fiddler and Stefan are lying.

There is a crackle of rifle shots.

The siren screams . . .

The lieutenant and Ovcharenko are in the barracks of the 34th legion. They hear the siren.

"The alarm?" says the lieutenant listening.

Both dash outside.

The irregulars are running about the square in excitement.

"To arms! To arms!"

"No panic, please!" cries the lieutenant. But there is no sign of panic in any case.

The irregulars line up in full kit. The horsemen lead out their mounts. The machine-gunners haul out their guns.

"Good lads!" comments the lieutenant to the political instructor.

Old man Priklonski runs into the yard.

"They've gone to smash up the distillery," he cries, waving his stick. "They are going to loot the city. The Black Hundreds! . . ."

"Easy, old man, easy!" says the lieutenant, "Koren!"

"Here, Comrade Lieutenant!"

"Leg it as fast as you can to the castle and send the Cossacks to the distillery. I'll take the mounted irregulars. The political instructor will command the infantry. Attack without waiting for orders."

Koren is already in the saddle.

" 'Tenshun!" commands the political instructor. "To the right, quick march!"

They run down the street. The lieutenant on horseback canters past them at the head of his column.

A hailstorm of stones rains down on Janek's patrol.

Janek's forehead is cut and the blood is streaming down his face. But he goes on firing.

The crowd is pressing nearer and nearer. By now it is an infuriated mob that will stop at nothing. Those at the back push on the front ranks.

"Aren't they awful, Janek!" says Stefan, almost in tears. "They'll

crush us in a minute . . ." he covers his face with his hands.

"Hold your ground! Not a step back!" Janek cries.

"Yes, yes," mutters the fiddler through clenched teeth. "Not a step!" Stones strike him from all sides. Someone's huge boot is on top of him.

"A—ah!" screams the fiddler. "They've broken my fiddle . . ." and with a great sigh he falls silent forever.

Yermakov's mounted detachment gallops up to the scene. Koren's Cossacks from the castle are not far behind.

"Disperse!" cries Yermakov rising in the saddle.

Koren pushes through to the factory gates. The ruffians fall back. Koren lines up his Cossacks at the gate and turns the machine-guns around. The mob falls back.

Yermakov and his irregulars attack it from the rear.

The mob mills about in panic and confusion, thinning out rapidly.

At this moment the political instructor arrives with his "infantry." He leads them up in deployed formation with rifles at the ready.

Like a huge comb it cuts through the crowd. In the vanguard are the political instructor, Jadwiga, Stakhovski, Yaremchuk, old man Priklonski with his stick. Behind are many unarmed townspeople, including women—the whole town has risen against the handful of ruffians.

The chain of men runs clear through the mob which scatters in all directions. The irregulars wear a grim, set expression, their first taste of the struggle has matured them.

The police inspector falters at the sight of the infantry line and casts around helplessly for some means of escape.

"Ah, it's the police inspector!" says Stakhovski in recognition.

The inspector makes one more attempt to slip away but he is surrounded by irregulars. He raises his hands in surrender.

Pan Wladek, Woitek and the retired major who made the scene in the church, follow suit.

Priklonski notices the butcher in the crowd.

"Ah, Mr. Alderman!" he says in sarcastic greeting. "What about God now?"

The butcher only squirms.

The space in front of the distillery is now clear, only here and there a few corpses of ruffians are seen. A cordon of Cossacks stands guard nearby.

In the ditch beside the factory are three corpses.

The fiddler is lying with his face downward. On his back is the smashed fiddle. Stefan is sprawled on his back, an expression like that of a hurt child frozen on his dead face.

Jadwiga is bent over the third body.

It is Janek—gloomy, calm and dead.

"Janek!" cries Jadwiga and falls down sobbing over the body of her beloved.

The lieutenant approaches. He takes the weeping girl gently by the shoulders. Her face is wet with tears.

"No use crying, kid," says the lieutenant gently. "It's a fine death the lad died. A death anyone might envy."

But no words can comfort her. The tears flow down her cheeks.

"He'll never know that I loved him," she sobs, "that I always have loved him. Janek! Forgive me!" And this makes her misery still greater.

The lieutenant does not know what to do, he wants to say something but at that moment he sees an irreg-

ular come galloping wildly across the field, his horse foaming.

"The Poles! The Poles!" the messenger cries without dismounting. "A band of them coming from the forest."

"Strong force?" asks the lieutenant.

"Awful strong!" is the breathless reply.

"How many, a thousand?"

"N'no! But there'll be a hundred for sure."

"A hundred! Why, that's nothing! Koren!"

"Here, Comrade Lieutenant!"

"Take the mounted irregulars—they're a good crowd. Ride out to meet the Poles. As soon as you sight them dismount and hold them back as long as you can. When I strike with my Cossacks, you can attack too."

"Right you are, Comrade Lieutenant."

"That lad in the fur cap will show you the way."

"Right you are."

"Political instructor! Take command of the infantry. Quick march to the bridge. Set up your machine-guns and hold up the band at the bridge at all costs."

"Right you are!" And the political instructor hurries off at the head of his detachment along the streets of the town where the alarm has already been given. A couple of the irregulars are dragging along a machine-gun which hampers their movement. Seeing their predicament another irregular—a huge giant of a fellow—walks over to them: "Here," he says spitting on his hands, "give it to me!" and with an accustomed gesture lifts the gun onto his back and runs along with it.

"Hey, you can't do that!" the gunner cries.

"Never mind," is the reply. "I'm used to it. I'm a stevedore."

As they hurry along the streets the inhabitants shout after them: "Wipe out that band! Don't let them come here!"

"Don't worry," reply the men. "We'll make short work of them."

So great is the people's faith in their army that they make no attempt to hide or to close up their shops.

The political instructor and his men arrive at the bridge. Firing can already be heard. Koren and his men have come to grips with the enemy.

The band of Polish Whites scatters and gallops up to the bridge.

The stevedore sets up the machine-gun. The gunner runs up.

"Hey, there, stevedore! Let me get at it now!"

"Who's a stevedore!" replies the other crushingly. "I'm a machine-gunner."

The political instructor looks over his men. He can barely recognize them. Can these be the same awkward, cowardly lads who had succumbed to panic only the night before? Surely not. The fire of battle seems to have seared their faces.

"Well," says the political instructor. "This'll be your baptism of fire, comrades. Let the bastards have it hot! Open fire!"

The Polish Whiteguard band is met by a hail of bullets.

They stop in their tracks. At the same moment Yermakov with his Cossacks attacks their flank.

Observing this, Koren commands with a smile: "Mount! Now for *our* innings, boys!"

Crouching in the saddle, his sabre gleaming in the sun, Yermakov gallops forward. His face is lit up by the light of battle. It's glorious to ride into a cavalry attack!

The battle is over.

Koren is riding on horseback behind a crowd of disarmed prisoners.

Koren is wounded. His head is bandaged.

He rides up to the lieutenant.

"Forty-two prisoners taken in all, Comrade Lieutenant," he reports. "The killed are being counted."

The Cossacks riding behind their prisoners enter the town.

The people greet them with shouts of joy. Rotten potatoes and stones fly at the prisoners. The crowd gathers around them menacingly.

"Kill them, kill the swine!"

Koren raises himself in his stirrups and announces in loud tones:

"Citizens! We don't kill our prisoners!"

Yermakov rides up on horseback. The fervor of battle has not yet passed. The lieutenant smiles at the crowd:

"You may go home, comrades. Everything is all right now. You can sleep peacefully tonight!"

The town is fast asleep.

Only in the town hall building the lights are still burning. In the middle of the assembly hall in flower-covered coffins lie Janek, the fiddler and Stefan. Jadwiga sits sorrowfully beside Janek's coffin. She is silent and does not weep.

A Cossack is riding slowly along the streets of the slumbering town. All is quiet. There are no more lights in the church tower.

The lieutenant and the political instructor stand on the Brest highway.

"No regiment and no Listopadov," says the lieutenant.

"Want to go away?" the political instructor asks softly.

"Wouldn't do to go now."

Silence.

Suddenly the stillness is broken by the faint clatter of hoofs and the rattling of wheels.

An irregular runs up to the two men from the outpost.

"Comrade Lieutenant," he says. "Hear that?"

"Sure I do . . ." replies the lieutenant listening.

Soon the whole of the post is assembled on the road.

"That's the Red Army coming, isn't it?" says one irregular in excitement. "Now we'll see your tanks and everything."

The news that the "army" is coming spreads like magic through the town and crowds gather in a moment on the Brest highway.

"They're coming, they're coming!" people whisper to one another.

But the lieutenant looks worried.

"What can it be?" he says to the political instructor. "Only one gun carriage, judging by the sound. Nothing else. Listen!"

"I'd say there's more than a couple of horses, though, by the sound of it . . ." adds the political instructor uncertainly.

"Yes, but not more than three. I have a good ear for that sort of thing."

The clatter comes nearer and nearer. And soon out of the gloom appears the squadron field kitchen.

"Why, it's only a cart," is the disappointed comment from the crowd. "We thought it was tanks."

"This ain't no tank," explains Harkusha, the cook, in a tone of authority, rising in his driver's seat. "This is a kitchen. And around suppertime it's a lot more important than a tank, believe me." Observing the lieutenant, he reports: "Comrade Lieutenant, permit me to report that we've arrived with the *borsch!*"

Morning.

The Cossack regiment enters Zarechye.

Tanks. Artillery.

Rejoicing crowds lined up along the roads.

Yermakov, visibly paler than usual, says to the political instructor: "Well, now we're in for it, man! Got to face the music this time!"

Both tug nervously at their tunics, make sure that everything is in order about their appearance and walk over to the colonel.

The colonel is standing beside his car on the square.

"Comrade Colonel!" says Yermakov snapping to attention.

"Ah!" says the colonel. "The governor of Zarechye! Well, I must thank you, Comrade Yermakov. And you, Comrade Ovcharenko! For the reconnaissance, for the fighting, and for the town. And now let's have a look at the map . . ."

Wild with joy, Yermakov pulls a map out of his dispatch case, the colonel unfolds it on the hood of the car and with a red pencil draws a new route to be reconnoitered.

And now the map is on Yermakov's saddle. He stands beside his horse. The political instructor and Jadwiga, looking downcast, are with him.

The time for parting has come.

"Well, what do you say?" the political instructor says good-humoredly to Jadwiga. "Are we Bolsheviks or are we just Cossacks?"

"You're Bolsheviks all right," replies Jadwiga sadly. "But as for me . . ."

"Wait! Wait!" comes a shrill woman's voice at that moment.

The Cossacks turn round to see Jadwiga's mother running toward them breathlessly.

"Oh!" she gasps, "I was afraid I'd be late." She hurriedly unwraps a bundle. "I don't know how to make cherry pies like your mother," she says to the political instructor, "but I'd be happy if you'd try these."

The political instructor's face quivers. With a swift movement he embraces the old woman. He cannot trust himself to speak.

"Mount!" commands the lieutenant.

The Cossacks leap into their saddles.

"Forward!" They move off.

The mother and daughter stand with their arms round each other on a hillock watching them go.

The Cossacks are riding along the dusty road.

"That's a fine girl," says the lieutenant.

"She is that!" agrees the political instructor warmly.

"And the old lady's swell."

"I'll say she is . . ."

"And, you know, those folks in that town are a splendid lot, taken all in all."

The political instructor smiles.

After a few moments' pause:

"And that's the end of the adventure. What will be next, I wonder?"

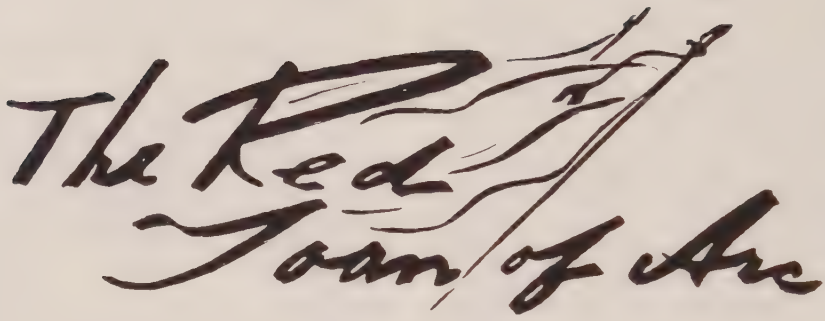
The lieutenant gazes into the distance as though he sees what awaits them on their new assignment. He raises himself in his saddle and commands:

"At a trot!"

A cloud of dust rises over the road.

Translated by Anthony Wixley and Rose Prokofieva

HENRI BARBUSSE



She was a little country schoolmistress, surrounded by her brood of young children. She was as slender as a thread, with very dark hair and eyes.

Those eyes had once reflected glints of paradise and of angels; and, who knows, perhaps she had even heard voices.

From the schoolhouse could be seen the belfry of the church of Audeloncourt, Lorraine, not very far from that of the church of Domrémy, under the shadow of which there had once lived another shepherdess who somewhat resembled this shepherdess of children. But Joan of Arc had lived in the time of Charles VII, five hundred years ago, whereas our Louise lived in the reign of Napoleon III.

Owing to the rectitude of those who had reared her, and above all to her own natural rectitude, she had ended by discarding all superstition, and had dismissed the phantoms in which she had believed. Now she only believed in the marvelous and terrible things of reality. Her dreams, her pity, the fine lucidity of her eyes were only moved by human misery, and were no longer exalted by the fairy tales with which the old religion deludes and beguiles naive people Her religion had shifted its object. Her good sense kept a fast hold on life.

She consecrated herself, not so much to religion as to serving the unfortunate, to the liberation of the people. Her love of the oppressed at first found expression in a hatred of the potentate to whom France in those days was subjected.

Morning and evening, she got her pupils to sing the *Marseillaise*. One Sunday, in the village church, during the celebration of mass, the priest from his gilded altar let fall the consecrated phrase: *Domine salvum fac Napoleonem*. The silence of the church was suddenly broken by a clatter of little sabots on the flags. It was the pupils of our schoolmistress, fleeing from the church in horror and panic; for they had been taught that it was a sin to pray for the emperor.

Inspectors and prefects glared in

fury; they called her on to the carpet; they threatened her. But the legends of her childhood had rendered her immune to fear of demons, especially when the demons were clothed in flesh and blood.

And so she continued honestly to educate future men. But she longed for Paris, to carry on the same work in a larger field.

And she went, being of those who do what they dream of if it is only possible—and even if it is not altogether possible.

She came to the City of Light in the period of history which was marked by the rise of big capital, by huge concentrations of capital and formidable battles of money. Paris was a seething maelstrom of debauchery, of pleasure, of corruption, and of expensive bad taste. Its monumental heart was the Bourse; its masters, after the financiers (those princes of the blood), were courtesans, courtiers, and amusing and flattering artists.

Beneath that worldly stratum there was another, more self-sacrificing, among which there were serious artists and scientists. And beneath that, yet another, even more self-sacrificing, which hoped and conspired—the Republicans. They nursed in their hearts a hatred of the Empire and of the emperor. Among them were men of politics and idealists of all sorts, even authentic bourgeois, but they formed a single front against the common enemy—the monster—the emperor.

In the midst of this group, exiles in their own country, this rationalist with the tender heart, this mystic of logic, exalted and nourished her instinct of battle and revolt. She was a member of a small community, ardent and secret, comparable to those that took refuge in the catacombs in the days when Christianity was a thing of the people under the Roman tyranny. Speaking at a later time of this period of her life, she said: "We lived in advance, too far in advance." She led the austere and ascetic life of a poor schoolmistress; her clothes and shoes were never new; they were bought at the Carreau du Temple or in little second-hand shops. She incurred debts, because she would buy books, and above all because she responded to all suffering and misery; and she who had given herself entirely to the revolution could not help but give to others whatever she happened to have in hand, in head or in heart. If she ever had any personal sentiment, apart from her tenderness for her mother, something that was her own in her woman's lot, nobody ever knew it—in spite of the stories current on this score—and she herself no doubt would hear nothing of it.

Came the Franco-German war, followed by defeat and the collapse of the Empire. And then the great revolt of the immolated people: the Commune. Now the world saw the treachery of those bourgeois republicans, who were only "democrats" to the extent that they were hostile to that caricature of a descendant of Napoleon I. It could now be seen to what delusions and betrayals "united fronts" that were only directed against a throne could lead. Here was a bourgeoisie that hated and feared the people, and whose one thought, the moment it had installed itself in the place of the Empire, was how to get rid of the people.

The little schoolmistress with the dark eyes and the dark frock devoted herself to the Commune body and soul. She preached and she organized. She shouldered a gun, put on men's clothes, and went into the trenches, amidst the mud, the bullets and the grapeshot. From the moment she had realized the falsity of bourgeois liberalism and

all the hideous hypocrisy of that gesture of Jules Favre, that great bourgeois republican, who, at the same time as Ferré, had pressed the Revolution to his bosom—publicly and theatrically—she herself became the Revolution personified, so that she might the better stifle both of them, and all those who were behind them, for that Judas kiss.

She suffered her share, more than her share, in the defeat and suppression of the people. It was only by a miracle that she escaped the soldiers of Order, their guns, their bayonets, their grapeshot, and the drunken and cowardly hordes of "avengers" in Paris, who insulted, smote, tortured and killed at random in the streets. And sometimes even the crowd, their minds poisoned by the infamous catechism of the established order, insulted the vanquished.

She pitied these poor exploited who knew not what they were doing. She also pitied the executors of the orders of that ferocious regime—a broad pity that comes of intelligence. When she saw the pale faces of the Breton mobiles who fired on the Communards, she said: "They do not know what they are doing. They have been told they must fire on the people, and they believe it. They are believers. At least, they are not marching for money. One day they can be won over, by getting them to believe in what is just. *It is those who do not sell themselves that we so badly need.*"

She might have escaped, but she placed herself in the hands of the Versaillese so that her mother might be released. Like so many of her comrades, she learned the horrors of the Satory, that shambles where the Communards were butchered. She was flung into it with herds of others. The cell where she awaited death was so infested with lice that they could be seen swarming on the floor. She was a prey to fever and thirst, but the only water she could get was drawn from a bloody pool where the soldier butchers washed their hands. Through the loophole in the wall of the cell she could discern amidst the night and the streaming rain dim huddled groups of beings whom every now and again flashes and reports struck down to mingle with other heaps of corpses.

Hailed before the Conseil de Guerre of Versailles—that tribunal of butchers—her one purpose was to be condemned to death. She reasoned as follows: "I might still be of use to the cause, but it would be more useful if I were shot: the execution of a woman would damage the Versaillese in the eyes of the public."

She did not make a loud and sonorous speech. Hers was a brief profession of faith, uttered with calm and lucidity, which she concluded with the words: "I have finished. Condemn me if you are not cowards." This moving scene of luminous sacrifice evoked cries of astonishment and admiration from many, notably from Victor Hugo. These men on the other side of the barricades saw as in a flash the heroic and superhuman simplicity, the mystery of the revolution. But they at once averted their heads. Nevertheless, the judges did not dare to condemn her to death, and she was sent to New Caledonia.

That was a strange period in her career, those long years of captivity in the lost islands of the antipodes, where she proselytized with an ideal of morality, dignity and liberty, the cannibal and servile Canaques, after having gone to the effort of learning the dialects of these "savages." Meanwhile, during the atrocious idleness to which the deportees were condemned, her active and creative mind applied

itself to the natural sciences—and she even made some curious and remarkable discoveries.

She returned to France at the period of the awakening of working-class Socialism and of class syndicalism. Never for a moment did she forget the needs of the true revolution, of which she used to say: "If it does not destroy the old society completely, it will all have to be begun again."

After having addressed several stirring and dramatic meetings, at which she cried to the proletariat: "If you want your place in the sun, do not beg for it, do not demand it: take it!"—she was arrested, dragged from prison to prison, maltreated and outraged. For a long time she refused pardon, and only accepted it to visit the death-bed of her mother.

In London, where she went to preach to the exploited and oppressed, a fanatic fired on her, but only wounded her in the head. She took up the defense of her clumsy assailant, and in court begged for his acquittal. She declared that he was not responsible for the evil instincts which ignoble propaganda and a nefarious regime had implanted in him.

Once again, this gesture evoked astonishment and stupefaction affording many a glimpse of the depth of the revolutionary cause. But the majority of her contemporaries judged it simpler and wiser not to comprehend.

Indeed, nobody has been so misunderstood as this woman. She was too great to be recognized for what she really was. All those who had the opportunity to approach her adored her, revered her and understood her; but they all vanished without trace, for they were humble folk; and scarcely anything remained but a legend of the profound and living reality.

And it is only today that we can put this figure in its proper place and perceive how much, through all the circumstance and tragedy, she essentially personified the proletarian and revolutionary idea, and the bleeding cry of equality—this woman who warned the people against the demagogy of the bourgeoisie and the false democrats, and who had the intelligence and goodness to proclaim that only by force could the chains be snapped.

The time will come when her apostle's face, illumined by intelligence and will, will be sculptured in white marble, and the dark frock which she always wore, in black marble, perpetuating the memory of this woman who was the personification of a despair that never ceased to hope, who had never slandered the future and always had faith in it, and who, beyond the revolution of 1905—the year of her death—foresaw the liberation of the Russian people.

But another homage, besides that which flowed from the discerning hearts of the masses and of a few clear-sighted individuals, has consecrated her memory for ever. It is the gross, rabid and savage hatred of the men of old Order. Virago, Incendiary, Human-Faced Monster—such are the epithets which several generations of bourgeois have coupled with the name of Louise Michel.

Translated from the French
by Abram Fineberg

LUIS FELIPE RODRIGUEZ

Tales of Marcos Antilla

CHRISTMAS EVE AT HORMIGA LOCA

Come, kindle the beaconlight of your imagination and flash its beams upon this clearing in the cane where you can see and feel the very heart beat of the canefields.

Let me, Marcos Antilla, sprung from this island soil, Creole to my very finger tips, tell you a simple tale of everyday, an everyday that calls to mind—colonization with its slaves, cheap labor, vats of alcohol and honey, axle grease, whips inlaid with gold, the scorching golden sun . . . Creole politics and foreign investments.

But, there, lad, don't look down in the mouth for, after all, it's only a passing tale, told on the road among good compatriots and, what's more, good friends.

It was the day before Christmas. "Tonight," I said to my partner "according to the ingenuous tradition, our Lord Jesus Christ is born for us anew in the obscurest humblest spot in the cane fields. So let us, as the Lord intended, make merry here on our native land. Let Christmas bring some cheer into our lives as well. True, instead of the bright star of Bethlehem, we'll have to hang old Paula's lantern from the barracks rafters, and by way of the three Wise Men of the East, ask Mr. Norton, superintendent of the sugar mill, his secretary Rojelio Rivas Soto de Casa Mayor, and our inestimable planter Fico Larrachea to honor us with their presence." *Oh, Holy Night! Oh sacred night For Christ was born at Bethlehem.*

There were twenty five of us in our crew: twenty five pairs of arms incessantly plying the keen broad blades, twenty five bodies that after nightfall slumped inert in their gunnysacking hammocks in the barrack. Half the crew called that scorching oven, the Haitian countryside, their home. We also had among us a Porto-Rican, a couple of fellows from Santo Domingo, a Jamaican or so; the rest of us were Cubans who hailed from anywhere between Cape San Antonio and Point Maise at the other end of the island. We, Cubans, were lodged apart from the others, but that did not prevent us, according to our Creole ways, from mixing with the rest of the crew.

Talking of Christmas, there was one fellow among us who came from Pinar, the Pinareno we called him. Well, he looked the living image of the good Negro John represented on so many Bible prints. And—our Pinareno was certainly

good; he was the handiest among us when it came to scouting up some pork or goat meat for a roast, particularly if the goat or the pig happened to stray out of its owner's sight. Whenever this happened the Pinareno's good right arm would execute a deft maneuver which remained ever a secret to his left arm and the owner of the animal. Another fellow I want to tell you about is my bunk-mate and kinspirit, a Spaniard who had been wafted across like an incendiary spark from the mines and steel furnaces of Biscay to the cane fields of Cuba. Manuel Herdoza, as this "hot cinder" was called, was certainly clever and might have been mayor of Bilbao by now, if he hadn't got it into his head that he was called upon to set Spain and the rest of the world to rights. This, in short, is what my messmate and partner was like.

The day before Cristmas, as every other blessed day, found us toiling away side by side, our bodies soaked with sweat, our backs blistered by the scorching vertical rays of the sun. Myriad scintillations played through the bellowing emerald sea of cane, as with mathematical precision we plied our cane knives. As if fulfilling a rite imposed by some implacable deity, twenty five hands would grasp the virgin stalks and separate the mesh of foliage. Then twenty five blades would flash down close to the ground severing the stalk from its life source. Three deft lightning strokes—and the stalk, severed in parts, falls insensibly, ingloriously on the formless heaps that flank the clearing. Through this corridor in the cane, a slight breeze wafts from the sea where ride at anchor the new galleons arrived from the other shore of North America.

At last, when only the reflection of the parting rays remained, fifty arms numbed with fatigue stretched out and the knives, obeying the law of gravity, fell limply at our sides.

Ordinarily our bodies would have sagged with weariness, but this was Christmas Eve, and now homeward bound we straightened our backs, cheered by an old and ever new hope. Manuel Herdoza was so inspired that he would have stopped to soliloquize there in the dusk, if I hadn't dragged him off.

Well, the hour finally came along when, according to tradition, the infant Jesus was born in the manger. A myriad stars and old Paula's lantern, hung from the highest rafter in the barracks, shed their light upon the feast. A rustic table laden with the fruit of the land had been placed near the barrack door. Our Pinareno hadn't failed us. True to form he had made a haul. It was goat this time, prepared in his inimitable style, just bleating to be eaten. The Haitians had been invited to join the crowd. Poor fellows, abuse had dulled their reaction to any friendly move and they only manifested insatiable appetites. Chano Galban, his sparkling eyes and dilated nostrils betraying his interest in the matter, could not refrain from apostrophizing the goat.

Goat that puts his foot through the drum, pays for it with his hide. The two Jamaicans for the moment were checking their enthusiastic appreciation of the Pinareno's culinary accomplishments. They weren't sure what the British authorities might think of it. So they merely kept their eyes glued to the table at which they, too, had a right to sit.

Well, to make it short, we sat down like good Christians and set to putting away the food and drink, in order to chase away, if only for this day, all painful recollections of the cane fields.

When the feast was at its height, Manuel Herdoza, who had not lagged

behind the others in partaking of the good things on the table, got up and spoke. There was an unusual tremor in his voice:

"Comrades, brothers, all who are united by good-will toward men and yearn for truth! This night was born the son of man. He was crucified by Pontius Pilate because he wanted all to draw close and share equally of the festival of life. We, who have gathered here, cannot celebrate the realization of this ideal, for we, the modern pariah whose sweat and blood nourishes these cane fields, still suffer hunger—physical and spiritual.

"But I believe that he will come again, and this time not as a martyr meek, not to tell us that his kingdom is not of the earth. No, he will return triumphant to restore to us the promised life. I envision him marching triumphant on the Calvary that bears the bloody footprints of other countless martyrs for humanity."

"Bravo," shouted the Pinareno at this juncture, unable to restrain his enthusiasm and almost choking with the chunk of goat meat he had stuffed into his mouth.

"Shut up, you donkey," angrily remonstrated the Porto-Rican, moved deeply by Herdoza's words.

One of the Jamaicans, fearful of what his highness, the king of Britain, might think of all this, ventured in a gentle tone:

"Auy, Spaniard, better hold your tongue or Mr. Norton and Fico Larrachea will get good and angry."

The Haitians who had been keeping their jaws working industriously all the time, were listening absorbedly. Somewhere in the dim recesses of their consciousness they were saying to themselves:

"It seems what this Spaniard is saying is very good for Haitians, but we'd rather finish our meal in peace. You don't get goat like this every day."

I, Marcos Antilla, was stirred and burst into song, a song that spells redemption for mankind everywhere on this earth of ours.

The morning after, I must confess, found me still under the influence of the Christmas Eve feast. We were about to take our places in the cane row, when whom should we see coming towards us but Mr. Norton in person, and the secretary Fico Larrachea with two rural constables in attendance.

"Oh, Mr. Norton is sure on the rampage," said the bulkier of the two Jamaicans.

"Well, what is going to happen, will soon happen," said the Dominican cheerfully.

By then the party had arrived and the noble Fico addressed us in the following fashion:

"Mr. Norton is already informed of the goings on here last night. He has always been a friend of Cuba, has always stood for law and order, for honest peaceful toil and the interests of the company he represents.

"Now, he wants all of you to take your places and begin the work without much ado, but as to the Spaniard Manuel Herdoza and the so-called Marcos Antilla, who make it their business to lead men astray from the path of peaceful labor and order—they must take the road to Hormiga Loca, accompanied by the constables."

Manuel Herdoza protested indignantly while I, forcing a smile, said calmly:

"Mr. Norton has been misinformed, we merely got together on our own land to celebrate the birth of the Redeemer of Mankind."

Mr. Norton, who up till then had remained impassive, now shed his aloofness and in the best pulpit manner regaled us with the following sermon:

"This land is not yours. It

belongs to the Cuban Cane Sugar Company. The company wants no speechmaking here: that is detrimental to work and to business. What the company wants here are men who keep their minds on the job of cutting cane."

Having said his say, Mr. Norton withdrew a few paces, dignified as ever.

I could have added something forceful to my reply to Mr. Norton, but then, I thought, he was manifestly right in one thing: the land really was not ours but the Company's.

Amidst general silence, we left the territory of the Cuban Cane Company. We were escorted only by our abbreviated shadows and the two constables as we walked slowly down the clearing we had cut in the heart of the cane field watered with our sweat and blood.

THE REVEREND MR. LEWIS

Visitors to our barrack were so few and far between that their arrival always caught us unawares. So, when I suddenly perceived Mr. Lewis' strange figure coming our way, I thought I was seeing things. But a second glance after rubbing my eyes convinced me that it was really he. Some time later the Reverend, with his tortoise shell frame glasses perched insecurely on his long nose, his dark clerical habit and his constant air of a shepherd looking for his strayed flock throughout the Cuban canefields, stood in the doorway.

The Reverend Mr. Lewis was evidently making his rounds. This shrewd prim mannered Jamaican had come to the canefields to spread Christ's gospel and, incidentally, sell Bibles in which he'd previously underscored the salving verse:

"Come to me all ye weary with toil and vexed in spirit and here will ye find respite."

"Welcome to our palace, oh, I beg your pardon, barrack, Reverend, make yourself at home, you're among comrades and brothers. Put down your packet of Bibles and rid yourself of your coat. You, as a native son of the Antilles, ought to know that the greatest enemy of the flesh and of the spirit in these crazy latitudes is the heat."

The reverend deposited his sacred burden on the hard, dirty floor but did not divest himself of his sacerdotal habit.

"Oh," he said in a sweetly pious tone, glancing at the Bibles, "I do not mind the heat. It's no great burden for me who feels the gentle glow of the Lord's spirit in my heart."

"That's true, Reverend, it's not only clothes that warm."

I realize it was silly of me to have made that previous remark. Clothes are manifest of the dignity of a minister's calling and, as we know, "the habit makes the monk."

"You understand me," grunted Mr. Lewis.

The faces of the twenty cane hands who came crowding around this gentle emissary and splicer of spiritual bonds, could be read like an open book. They afforded a live study, a synthesis of the Antillean attitude.

The eyes of the Santo Dominican and the Porto-Rican were sceptically curious, the Cubans mockingly irreverent, the Haitians were non-committal, only the eyes of the Jamaicans expressed reverence and meekness. "Yes," I said to

myself, "all these years of English rule and the Bible have borne their fruits."

Mr. Lewis began straight away with some sort of service for the salvation of sinners' souls, but the sales were scanty: only two Jamaicans, fond of soul-saving reading, each took a Bible from Mr. Lewis.

"Well, this much accomplished to advance the Lord's cause," concluded the reverend, looking not at all pleased, to say the least.

"Reverend," spoke up Chano Galban, a purposeful little glint in his eye, "if you're not too busy, drop around on Saturday when some of the real believers among the planters come down here with the money. There's Fico Larrachea, member of the St. Francis Brotherhood, so charitable to the Haitians whom he permits to work for him for low wages. And then he has two sons who need religion because they don't even believe in the goodness of their own father. Moreover, he himself is always letting fall this saying: 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God what does not belong to the company.' Ah, there's no doubt, your reverence, this Fico Larrachea has a great heart."

Mr. Lewis, his mission over for that day, took his leave. The sun, having blistered our hides the livelong day, was now slowly departing for the other shore in search of others on whom to bestow the blessings of its rays.

Deserted, undisturbed by the clutter of our knives, the cane fields murmured gently in the dusk.

That Sunday it suddenly occured to Chano Galban to have a laugh at the Reverend Mr. Lewis' expense. It wouldn't be a bad idea, he thought, to relieve the monotony of existence in the canefields, where one did nothing but ply the cane knife all day long, where each day was as dull as the next. Chano wanted to put Mr. Lewis to the test and so while this humble servitor of Jesus was making some parting remarks for our edification, he hid the reverend's stock of Bibles and prepared to see how he would act.

"Well, brothers," the reverend was saying, "I must be going, for he who carries the Lord's sweet burden must not tarry overlong anywhere, like He whose gospel I spread. Now in parting I want to say that whosoever does not place his trust in Him who said 'Come to me all ye weary with toil and vexed in spirit and I will give ye respite'—is lacking in faith."

Mr. Lewis made as if to pick up his packet of books, but his right hand encountered only space. He then groped about with his left hand, with equal results. He then gazed inquiringly at the semicircle of faces. They told him nothing. His eyes blinked rapidly, as he impatiently subjected each face in turn to a second scrutiny. Not a clue. Where could the packet of Bibles have got to? It wasn't a piece of meat that the barracks dog might have made off with, nor money that's always a temptation to sinners. Nor—impious thought—could the earth have swallowed it.

He withdrew into himself to think it out. His head moved from side to side like a pendulum. No, he couldn't have left the packet anywhere, for he could still feel the impress its weight had made on his shoulder. What then? After a brief interval, Mr. Lewis lifted his eyes and favored me with a scrutinizing look which plainly said:

"Do you by chance know where my packet of Bibles could have got to?"

I looked blank and he directed his mute inquiry to the others who, as if it had been pre-arranged, all shrugged their shoulders.

Truly, the Lord had chosen that day to put his humble servitor to the test.

But there is a limit to all things and, the Reverend's patience giving way to sinful anger, he blurted out:

"Gentlemen, if anyone has taken my packet of Bibles by way of a joke, please return them as I must be going. Remember, God punishes those who appropriate that which belongs to others, even when they are guided by good intentions."

"Nobody has taken your Bibles," replied Chano Galban solemnly. "It is sinful to suspect others, your reverence."

"But I had brought them here."

"Are you sure?"

The Reverend, now trembling with sinful ire, flared up: "Now listen, I had the packet with me and it was stolen right here."

"How can you, reverend? We are humble cane-hands and not thieves."

"Whosoever appropriates what belongs to others without permission of the owner is a thief. In my country theft is punished severely. English law is just but very strict. Not like the law here."

"Reverend, you are offending us. Just look, everywhere the big fish eat the little fish, everywhere the industrious are robbed of the fruit of their labor. We also are being robbed, sweated alike by native and by foreigner, and we have no earthly power to complain to. Be you like us and put your case before the Lord."

"Christ is concerned with the salvation of the soul. As for mundane affairs there are the constabulary to take care of these matters—and if these Bibles are not returned immediately, I shall lodge a complaint at the local headquarters."

"Oh, you wouldn't do anything like that, Reverend. It's unworthy of a Christian."

"Neither is it Christian to rob a man who aids in the Lord's work. The Lord has said: 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's.'"

A burst of spontaneous laughter interrupted the Reverend's parting admonition, and Chano Galban went ahead and unearthed the Bibles from their hiding place.

"There they are, reverend," said Chano Galban slyly, affecting a humble, regretful tone. "We were only joking. Forgive us if we have sinned."

Mr. Lewis inspected the contents of the packet to see if all the Bibles were there, and hoisted it to his shoulder.

"I forgive you for Christ's sake and because there's nothing missing, but next time show more consideration for earthly goods," and Mr. Lewis turned to take the road to Hormiga Loca.

Twenty throats burst forth in spontaneous laughter. Hold on, not twenty—only eighteen, for the two Jamaicans didn't laugh.

"We have had a good time," said Chano Galban.

"But, caramba, it does go against the grain when he tells you to put your case before Jesus, while he calls on the constabulary and the judges to settle even a trifling matter."

Chano Galban could jest about most anything. He was standing motionless, gazing at the dim outlines of the canefield where he would be toiling away in the morning, learning life at first hand. A smile played on his lips. There was an uncontrollable tremor in his voice as he spoke:

"Christ! Christ! We are being deceived in thy name and it is in thy name one should strive on for your true gospel of love and justice."

"Say, Chano," I interrupted laughingly, "are you in earnest?"

Translated from the Spanish
By Victor Aronson

SEVENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE PARIS COMMUNE

VLADIMIR LENIN

In Memory of the Commune

Forty years have passed since the Paris Commune was proclaimed. In accordance with their tradition, the French workers paid homage to the memory of the men and women of the revolution of March 18, 1871, by meetings and demonstrations. At the end of May they will again place wreaths on the graves of the Communards who were shot, the victims of the frightful "May Week," and over their graves they will once more vow to fight untiringly until their ideas have triumphed and the cause they bequeathed has been fully achieved.

Why does the proletariat, not only in France but throughout the entire world, honor the men and women of the Paris Commune as their predecessors? And what is the heritage of the Commune?

The Commune sprang up spontaneously. No one consciously prepared it in an organized way. The unsuccessful war with Germany, the privations suffered during the siege, the unemployment among the proletariat and the ruin among the lower middle classes; the indignation of the masses against the upper classes and against the authorities who had displayed utter incompetence, the vague unrest among the working class, which was discontented with its lot and was striving for a different social system; the reactionary composition of the National Assembly, which roused apprehensions as to the fate of the republic—all this and many other things combined to drive the population of Paris to revolution on March 18, which unexpectedly placed the power in the hands of the National Guard, in the hands of the working class and the petty-bourgeoisie which had joined in with it.

This was an event unprecedented in history. Up to that time power had, as a rule, been in the hands of landlords and capitalists, *i*, *e*., in the hands of their trusted agents who made up the so-called government. After the revolution of March 18, when the M. Thiers[1] government had fled from Paris with its troops, its police and its officials, the people became master of the situation and power passed into the hands of the proletariat. But in modern society, the proletariat, economically enslaved by capital, cannot dominate politically unless it breaks the chains which fetter it to capital. That is why the movement of the Commune was bound

[1] *Thiers, L. A.* (1797-1877)—As head of the Versailles government, savagely suppressed the Paris Commune of 1871. President of the French Republic, 1871-73. —*Ed.*

to take on a socialist coloring, *i. e.*, to strive to overthrow the rule of the bourgeoisie, the rule of capital, and to destroy the very *foundations* of the contemporary social order.

At first this movement was extremely indefinite and confused. It was joined by patriots who hoped that the Commune would renew the war with the Germans and bring it to a successful conclusion. It enjoyed the support of the small shopkeepers who were threatened with ruin unless there was a postponement of payments on debts and rent (the government refused to grant this postponement, but they obtained it from the Commune). Finally, it had at first some sympathy from the bourgeois republicans who feared that the reactionary National Assembly (the "Rurals," the savage landlords) would restore the monarchy. But it was of course the workers (especially the artisans of Paris), among whom active socialist propaganda had been carried on during the last years of the Second Empire and many of whom even belonged to the International, that played the principal part in this movement.

Only the workers remained loyal to the Commune to the end. The bourgeois republicans and the petty bourgeoisie soon broke away from it: some were frightened off by the revolutionary-socialist, proletarian character of the movement; others broke away when they saw that it was doomed to inevitable defeat. Only the French proletarians supported *their* government fearlessly and untiringly, they alone fought and died for it—that is to say, for the cause of the emancipation of the working class, for a better future for all toilers.

Deserted by its erstwhile allies and left without support, the Commune was doomed to defeat. The entire bourgeoisie of France, all the landlords, stockbrokers, factory owners, all the robbers, great and small, all the exploiters joined forces against it. This bourgeois coalition, supported by Bismarck (who released a hundred thousand French prisoners of war to help crush revolutionary Paris), succeeded in rousing the ignorant peasants and the petty bourgeoisie of the provinces against the proletariat of Paris, and in forming a ring of steel around half of Paris (the other half was besieged by the German army). In some of the larger cities in France (Marseilles, Lyons, St. Etienne, Dijon, etc.) the workers also attempted to seize power, to proclaim the Commune, and come to the help of Paris; but these attempts were shortlived. Paris, which had first raised the banner of proletarian revolt, was left to its own resources and doomed to certain destruction.

Two conditions, at least, are necessary for a social revolution to achieve victory: a high development of the productive forces and a well-trained proletariat. But in 1871 both of these conditions were lacking. French capitalism was still but slightly developed, and France was at that time mainly a country of petty bourgeois (artisans, peasants, shopkeepers, etc.). On the other hand, there was no workers' party; the working class had not gone through a long school of struggle and was unprepared, and for the most part did not even clearly visualize its tasks and the methods of fulfilling them. There was no serious political organization of the proletariat, nor were there strong trade unions and cooperative societies. . . .

But the chief thing which the Commune lacked was time—an opportunity to take stock of the situation and to embark upon the fulfilment of its program. It scarcely had time to tackle its job,

when the government, which had entrenched itself in Versailles, supported by the entire bourgeoisie, began hostilities against Paris. The Commune had to concentrate primarily on self-defense. Right up to the very end, May 21-28, it had no time to think seriously of anything else.

However, in spite of these unfavorable conditions, in spite of the brevity of its existence, the Commune managed to promulgate a few measures which sufficiently characterize its real significance and aims. The Commune did away with the standing army, that blind weapon in the hands of the ruling classes, and armed the whole people. It proclaimed the separation of church and state, abolished state payments to religious bodies (*i. e.*, state salaries for priests), made popular education purely secular, and in this way struck a severe blow at the gendarmes in cassocks. In the purely social sphere the Commune accomplished very little, but this little nevertheless clearly reveals its character as a popular, workers' government. Night work in bakeries was forbidden; the system of fines, which represented legalized robbery of the workers, was abolished. Finally, the famous decree was issued according to which all factories and workshops which had been abandoned or shut down by their owners, were to be turned over to associations of workers who were to resume production. And, as if to emphasize its character as a truly democratic, proletarian government, the Commune decreed that the salaries of all administrative and government officials, irrespective of rank, should not exceed the normal wages of a worker, and in no case amount to more than 6,000 francs a year (less than 200 rubles a month).

All these measures showed clearly enough that the Commune was a deadly menace to the old world founded on slavery and exploitation. That was why bourgeois society could not feel at ease so long as the Red Flag of the proletariat waved over the *Hotel de Ville* in Paris. And when the organized forces of the government finally succeeded in gaining the upper hand over the poorly organized forces of the revolution, the Bonapartist generals, who had been beaten by the Germans and who showed courage only in fighting their defeated countrymen, those French Rennenkampfs[1] and Meller-Zakomelskys,[2] organized such a slaughter as Paris had never known. About 30,000 Parisians were murdered by the infuriated soldiery, and about 45,000 were arrested, many of whom were afterward executed, while thousands were transported or exiled. In all, Paris lost about 100,000 of its sons, including some of the best workers of all trades.

The bourgeoisie were satisfied. "Now we have finished with Socialism for a long time," said their leader, the bloodthirsty dwarf, Thiers, after the blood-bath which he and his generals had inflicted on the proletariat of Paris. But these bourgeois crows croaked in vain. Less than six years after the suppression of the Commune, when many of its champions were still pining in prison or in exile, a new working-class movement arose in France. A new socialist generation, enriched by the experience of their predecessors and no whit discouraged by their defeat, picked up the flag which had dropped from the hands of the fighters in the

[1] *Rennenkampf, P.* (1854-1919)—Tsarist general; in 1905 headed the punitive expedition that brutally crushed the revolutionary movement in Siberia.—*Ed.*

[2] *Meller-Zakomelsky, A.*—Tsarist general who took part in crushing the Polish revolution of 1863; suppressed the revolutionary movement in Siberia in 1905.—*Ed.*

cause of the Commune and bore it boldly and confidently forward. Their battle cry was: "Long live the social revolution! Long live the Commune!" And in another few years, the new workers' party and the agitational work launched by it throughout the country compelled the ruling classes to release the Communards who were still kept in prison by the government.

The memory of the fighters in the cause of the Commune is honored not only by the workers of France but by the proletariat of the whole world. For the Commune fought, not for some local or narrow national aim, but for the emancipation of all toiling humanity, of all the downtrodden and oppressed. As a foremost fighter for the social revolution, the Commune has won sympathy wherever there is a proletariat suffering and engaged in struggle. The epic of its life and death, the sight of a workers' government which seized the capital of the world and held it for over two months, the spectacle of the heroic struggle of the proletariat and the torments it underwent after its defeat—all this raised the spirit of millions of workers, aroused their hopes and enlisted their sympathy for the cause of Socialism. The thunder of the cannon in Paris awakened the most backward sections of the proletariat from their deep slumber, and everywhere gave impetus to the growth of revolutionary socialist propaganda. That is why the cause of the Commune is not dead. It lives to the present day in every one of us.

The cause of the Commune is the cause of the social revolution, the cause of the complete political and economic emancipation of the toilers. It is the cause of the proletariat of the whole world. And in this sense it is immortal.

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Lessons of the Commune

After the coup d'etat which culminated the Revolution of 1848, France fell for eighteen years under the yoke of the Napoleonic regime. This regime reduced the country not only to economic ruin, but also to national humiliation. In rising against the old regime, the proletariat took upon itself two tasks: national and class—the liberation of France from the German invasion, and the socialist liberation of the workers from capitalism. The combination of these two tasks constitutes the unique feature of the Commune.

The bourgeoisie had set up a "Government of National Defense," and the proletariat was to fight for national independence under its leadership. In reality, it was a "Government of National Defection," with the self-ordained mission of putting down the Paris proletariat. But the proletariat did not realize this, for it was blinded by patriotic illusions. The patriotic idea had its origin in the Great Revolution of the eighteenth century; the minds of the Socialists of the Commune were under its

spell, and Blanqui,[1] for instance, an unquestionable revolutionary and an ardent advocate of Socialism, could find no more suitable title for his newspaper than the bourgeois cry: *"The Country is in Danger!"*

This combination of contradictory tasks—patriotism and Socialism—constituted the fatal error of the French Socialists. In September 1870, in the Manifesto of the International, Marx warned the French proletariat not to allow itself to be swayed by false national ideas: profound changes had taken place since the time of the Great Revolution, class antagonisms had grown more acute, and whereas at that time the struggle against the reactionary forces of all Europe had united the whole revolutionary nation into one, now the proletariat could no longer join its interests to those of other, hostile classes: let the bourgeoisie bear the responsibility for the national humiliation—the business of the proletariat was to fight for the socialist liberation of labor from the yoke of the bourgeoisie.

And true enough, the underlying reality of bourgeois "patriotism" was not slow in revealing itself. Having concluded a shameful peace with the Prussians, the Versailles government betook itself to its direct task—and attempted a raid on the arms of the Paris proletariat which it dreaded. The workers replied by proclaiming the Commune and by civil war.

Although the socialist proletariat was divided into many sects, the Commune was a brilliant example of the unanimity with which the proletariat is capable of realizing the democratic aims which the bourgeoisie is only capable of proclaiming. Without any special, complex legislation, the proletariat, having seized power, democratized the social order in a simple and practical way: it abolished the bureaucracy and prescribed the election of all officials by the people.

But two mistakes robbed the brilliant victory of its fruits. The proletariat stopped half-way: instead of proceeding to "expropriate the expropriators," it allowed itself to be swayed by the dream of establishing supreme justice in a country united by a common national task; institutions like the bank were not taken over; the Proudhonist[1] theories of "fair exchange" and the like still held the Socialists in thrall. The second mistake was the excessive goodnature of the proletariat: instead of exterminating its enemies, it tried to influence them by moral suasion; it ignored the importance of purely military operations in civil war, and instead of crowning its victory in Paris by a resolute march on Versailles, it procrastinated and allowed the Versailles government time to muster its sinister forces and prepare for the bloody May week.

But for all the mistakes of the Commune, the great proletarian movement of the nineteenth century had no example of a like greatness. Marx highly appreciated the historical value of the Commune: if, when the Versailles gang made their treacherous raid on the arms of the Paris proletariat, the workers had surrendered them without a struggle, the disastrous effect of the demoralization which such weakness would have brought upon the

[1] *Blanqui, Auguste* (1805-81)—Famous French revolutionary and Socialist; believed in the forcible seizure of political power by means of conspiracy by a small band of revolutionaries. Founded a number of secret societies.—*Ed.*

[1] *Proudhon, P. J.* (1809-65) — French economist, petty-bourgeois ideologist and anarchist theoretician. An exhaustive criticism of his mistaken views is given by Marx in his *Poverty of Philosophy.*—*Ed.*

proletarian movement would have been far more serious than the injury caused by the losses suffered by the working class in the battle to defend its arms.[1] Great as were the sacrifices of the Commune, they are compensated by its importance to the general struggle of the proletariat: it stirred up the socialist movement all over Europe, it demonstrated the power of civil war, it dispersed patriotic illusions, and shattered the naive faith in the national aspirations of the bourgeoisie. The Commune has taught the European proletariat to set the aims of the socialist revolution concretely.

The lesson it taught the proletariat will not be forgotten. The working class will make use of it, as it has already made use of it in Russia, in the December uprising.

The era which preceded the Russian revolution and paved the way for it has a certain similarity to the era of the Napoleonic yoke in France. In Russia, too, an autocratic clique had reduced the country to the horrors of economic ruin and national humiliation. But it was a long time before the revolution could break out—it was not until social development had created conditions for a mass movement; and for all their heroism, the isolated attacks on the government in the pre-revolutionary period were reduced to naught by the indifference of the masses. It was only the Social-Democratic Party that, by its persistent and systematic work, educated the masses to the highest forms of struggle, namely, mass demonstrations and armed civil war.

It was able to shatter the "national" and "patriotic" illusions of the young proletariat, and when, thanks to its direct interference, the Manifesto of October 17 was wrested from the tsar, the proletariat energetically began to prepare for the next and inevitable stage of the revolution—armed insurrection. Having rid itself of "national" illusions, it concentrated its class forces on its own mass organizations—the Soviets of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, etc. And for all the difference between the aims and objects of the Russian Revolution and those of the French Revolution of 1871, the Russian proletariat had to adopt the same method of struggle as had been inaugurated by the Paris Commune, namely, civil war. Bearing the lessons of the Commune in mind, it knew that the proletariat must not disdain the peaceful weapons of struggle, for they serve its everyday interests, they are essential in periods of preparation for revolution; but it must never forget that under certain conditions the class struggle assumes the forms of armed struggle and civil war; there are times when the interests of the proletariat demand the ruthless annihilation of its enemies in open combat. This was first demonstrated by the French proletariat in the Commune, and it was brilliantly confirmed by the Russian proletariat in the December uprising.

Both these grand revolts of the working class were crushed—but there will be another, against which the forces of the enemies of the proletariat will prove too weak, and from which the socialist proletariat will emerge fully victorious.

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[1]) See Marx's *Letters to Dr. Kugelmann*, letter of April 17, 1871.—*Ed.*

Preface to the Russian Translation of the Letters of Karl Marx to L. Kugelmann

(Extract)

Marx's appreciation of the Commune crowns the letters to Kugelmann.[1] And this appreciation is particularly valuable when compared with the methods of the Russian Social-Democrats of the Right wing. Plekhanov,[2] who after December 1905 faint-heartedly exclaimed: "They should not have taken to arms," had the modesty to compare himself to Marx, as if to say, Marx, too, put the brakes on the revolution in 1870.

Yes, Marx *too* put the brakes on the revolution. But see what a gulf yawns between Plekhanov and Marx in this comparison made by Plekhanov himself!

In November 1905, a month before the first revolutionary wave in Russia had reached its apex, Plekhanov, far from emphatically warning the proletariat, definitely said that it was necessary *to learn to use arms and to arm*. Yet, when the struggle flared up a month later, Plekhanov, without making the slightest attempt to analyze its significance, its role in the general course of events and its connection with previous forms of struggle, hastened to play the part of a penitent intellectual and exclaimed: "They should not have taken to arms."

In September 1870, six months before the Commune, Marx definitely warned the French workers. Insurrection would be a *desperate folly*, he said in the well-known Address of the International.[1] He exposed *in advance* the nationalistic illusions concerning the possibility of a movement in the spirit of 1792. He was able to say, *not after the event*, but many months before: "Don't take to arms."

And how did he behave when this *hopeless* cause, as he himself had declared it to be in September, began to take practical shape in March 1871? Did he use it (as Plekhanov did the December events) to "take a dig" at his enemies, the Proudhonists and Blanquists, who were leading the Commune? Did he begin to scold like a schoolmistress, and say: "I told you so, I warned you; this is what comes of your romanticism, your revolutionary ravings"? Did he preach to the Communards, as Plekhanov did to the December fighters, the sermon of the smug philistine: "You should not have taken to arms"?

No. On April 12, 1871, Marx writes an *enthusiastic* letter to Ku-

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[1] *Kugelmann, L.* (1828-1902)—German Social-Democrat and member of the First International. Maintained friendly relations with Marx and Engels. From 1864 to 1872 conducted a lively correspondence with Marx.—*Ed.*

[2] *Plekhanov, G.* (1856-1918)—Founder of the Emancipation of Labor, the first Russian Marxist group. A skilled Marxist propagandist, he was largely instrumental in destroying the reactionary theories of the Narodniks. After the Second Congress of the R.S.D.L.P. (1903) he became a Menshevik leader. During the imperialist war of 1914-18, a Social-chauvinist. After the revolution of February 1917, he supported the bourgeois Provisional Government and advocated the continuation of the imperialist war. Was opposed to the October Revolution.—*Ed.*

[1] *I. e.*, the Second Address of the General Council of the First International on the Franco-Prussian War (see Marx's *The Civil War in France*).—*Ed.*

gelmann—a letter which we would like to see hung in the home of every Russian Social-Democrat and of every literate Russian worker.

In September 1870 Marx called the insurrection a desperate folly; but in April 1871, when he saw the mass movement of the people, he watched it with the keen attention of a participant in great events that mark a step forward in the historic revolutionary movement.

This is an *attempt*, he says, to smash the bureaucratic military machine, and not simply to transfer it from one hand to another. And he sings a veritable hosanna to the *"heroic"* Paris workers led by the Proudhonists and Blanquists. "What elasticity," he writes, "what historical initiative, what a capacity for sacrifice in these Parisians! . . . (p. 75) History has no like example of a like greatness."

The *historical initiative* of the masses is what Marx prizes above everything else. Oh, if only our Russian Social-Democrats would learn from Marx how to appreciate the *historical initiative* of the Russian workers and peasants in October and December 1905!

The homage paid to the *historical initiative* of the masses by a profound thinker, who foresaw failure six months ahead—and the lifeless, soulless, pedantic: "They should not have taken to arms"! Are these not as far apart as heaven and earth?

And like *a participant* in the mass struggle, to which he reacted with all his characteristic ardor and passion, Marx, living in exile in London, sets to work to criticize the *immediate steps* of the "recklessly brave" Parisians who were *ready to "storm heaven."*

Oh, how our present "realist" wiseacres among the Marxists who are deriding revolutionary romanticism in Russia in 1906-07 would have sneered at Marx at the time! How people would have scoffed at *a materialist, an economist*, an enemy of utopias, who pays homage to an "attempt" to storm *heaven*! What tears, condescending smiles or commisseration these "men in mufflers" would have bestowed upon him for his rebel tendencies, utopianism, etc., etc., and for his appreciation of a heaven-storming movement!

But Marx was not inspired with the wisdom of gudgeons who are afraid to discuss the *technique* of the higher forms of revolutionary struggle. He discusses precisely the *technical* problems of the insurrection. Defense or attack?—he asks, as if the military operations were taking place just outside London. And he decides that it must certainly be attack: *"They should have marched at once on Versailles. . . ."*

This was written in April 1871, a few weeks before the great and bloody May. . . .

"They should have marched at once on Versailles"—should the insurgents who had begun the "desperate folly" (September 1870) of storming heaven.

"They should not have taken to arms" in December 1905 in order to oppose by force the first attempts to withdraw the liberties that had been won. . . .

Yes, Plekhanov had good reason to compare himself to Marx!

"Second mistake," Marx says, continuing his *technical* criticism: "The Central Committee" (the *military command*—note this—the reference is to the Central Committee of the National Guard) "surrendered its power *too soon*. . . ."

Marx knew how to warn the *leaders* against a premature rising. But his attitude towards the *proletariat* which was storming heaven was that of a practical adviser, of a participant in the *struggle* of the masses, who were raising the

whole movement to a *higher level* in spite of the false theories and mistakes of Blanqui and Proudhon.

"However that may be," he writes, "the present rising in Paris—even if it be crushed by the wolves, swine and vile curs of the old society—is the most glorious deed of our Party since the June insurrection."

And Marx, without concealing from the proletariat *a single* mistake of the Commune, dedicated to this *heroic deed* a work which *to this very day* serves as the best guide in the fight for "heaven" and as a frightful bugbear to the Liberal and Radical "*swine.*"

Plekhanov dedicated to the December events a "work" which has almost become the bible of the Constitutional-Democrats.

Yes, Plekhanov had good reason to compare himself to Marx.

Kugelmann apparently replied to Marx expressing certain doubts, referring to the hopelessness of the struggle and preferring realism to romanticism—at any rate, he compared the Commune, *an insurrection*, to the peaceful demonstration in Paris on June 13, 1849.

Marx immediately (April 17, 1871) reads Kugelmann a severe lecture.

"*World history,*" he writes, "*would indeed be very easy to make, if the struggle were taken up only on condition of infallibly favorable chances.*"

In September 1870 Marx called the insurrection a desperate folly. But when the *masses* rose Marx wanted to march with them, to learn with them in the process of the struggle, and not to read them bureaucratic admonitions. He realized that to attempt in advance to calculate the chances *with complete accuracy* would be quackery or hopeless pedantry. What he valued *above everything else* was that the working class was heroically and self-sacrificingly taking the initiative in *making* world history. Marx regarded world history from the standpoint of those who *make* it without being in a position to calculate the chances *infallibly* beforehand, and not from the standpoint of an intellectual philistine who moralizes: "It was easy to foresee . . . they should not have taken to. . . ."

Marx was also able to appreciate that there are moments in history when a desperate struggle of the *masses* even for a hopeless cause is *essential* for the further schooling of these masses and their training for the *next* struggle.

Such a *statement* of the question is quite incomprehensible and even alien in principle to our present-day quasi-Marxists, who like to take the name of Marx in vain, to borrow only his estimate of the past, and not his ability to make the future. Plekhanov did not even think of it when he set out after December 1905 "*to put the brakes on.*"

But it is precisely this question that Marx raises, without in the least forgetting that he himself in September 1870 regarded the insurrection as desperate folly.

". . . The bourgeois *canaille* of Versailles," he writes, ". . . presented the Parisians with the alternative of taking up the fight or succumbing without a struggle. In the latter case, the *demoralization of the working class* would have been a *far greater* misfortune than the fall of any number of 'leaders.'"

And with this we shall conclude our brief review of the lessons in a policy worthy of the proletariat which Marx teaches in his letters to Kugelmann.

The working class of Russia has already proved once and will prove again more than once that it is capable of "storming heaven."

Written February 18(5), 1907.

DAYS OF THE PARIS COMMUNE IN ILLUSTRATIONS

"I want to be free. It is my right, and I will defend myself!" A poster by the artist W. Aléxise dating to the period of the Commune

A scene during the Paris Commune, drawn at the Town Hall. (Taken from the "London Illustrated News" of April 15, 1871)

"The Taking of Château d'Eau," a painting by Jules David

Russian Writers on Shakespeare and Cervantes

The fragmentary excerpts printed below—excerpts from opinions expressed by Russian writers on the two greatest geniuses of West-European literature—do not by far, of course, cover the wealth of material at hand. In making the selections we have deliberately confined ourselves in the main to the nineteenth century, when Shakespeare and Cervantes were translated into Russian and Shakespeare's plays began to be produced on the Russian stage.[1]

True enough, the first attempts to acquaint Russian readers with the works of Shakespeare and Cervantes date back to the eighteenth century. Thus, in 1787, one of Pushkin's predecessors, the Russian writer and historian Karamzin, published a prose translation of *Julius Caesar*. The translation was made, however, not from the original English, but from a French translation. Another of Pushkin's predecessors, the poet Zhukovsky, published an abridged translation of *Don Quixote of La Mancha*, likewise from the French.

The initiators of the struggle for the emancipation of Russian literature from the obsolete canons and rules of the so-called "classical" school fully realized the significance of Shakespeare, whom the champions of "classicism" dubbed a barbarian. But it was Pushkin who first secured Shakespeare's triumph in Russia. Pushkin called himself jestingly "Minister of Foreign Affairs on the Russian Parnassus." And, indeed, no other Russian writer did as much as Pushkin to transplant the rich experience of European literature to Russian soil. Pushkin was the first Russian writer to appreciate and popularize the works of Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Voltaire, Goethe and other titans of world literature.

In 1824-25, when the controversy between the "classicists" and "romanticists" was at its height, Pushkin, who was working on his tragedy *Boris Godunov*, made a thorough study of Shakespeare's plays. It was in connection with his penetrating study of Shakespeare that Pushkin elaborated his theories on the drama and theatrical art. As against the classical French drama he championed Shakespeare's tragedy, free of the fetters of canonized rules, full of "genuine passions" and "verisimilitude of emotion," boldly mixing the tragical with the comical. To the timid formality and ludicrous pomposity of the court theater, that catered to the tastes of "supercilious spectators," Pushkin opposed "the free and broad form of Shakespeare's chronicles and tragedies," which, in his opinion, had to become the standard for the transformation of the Russian stage. His study of Shakespeare suggested to Pushkin the idea that the object and substance of the drama is "man and the people, the destiny of man and the destiny of nations," that the dramatist must be an unbiased philosopher, an objective historian, an artist free of all prejudice. His study of Shakespeare definitely confirmed Pushkin in his conviction that the "unities," which were universally revered as the principal requisite of the art of the drama, were needed least of all; that, in fact, they contradicted the very nature of the drama. The real laws of the tragedy are those followed by Shakespeare: verisimilitude of situations, the truthfulness of the dialogue, the broad and free portrayal of character. It is interesting to note that in championing "Shakespeare's system," Pushkin described it as belonging to the "romantic" school in art—though it is obvious that both the outward features and the inner essence of what Pushkin called "true romanticism," are characteristic of what later became known under its proper name—"realism." It should be noted that Pushkin (as well as Belinsky and Lermontov) resented the "adapted" translations fashionable in France in those days, translations

[1] *Hamlet*, unabridged, was first staged in Moscow in 1837.

which distorted the original to conform to the tastes in vogue at the time. He wrote that the readers ought to see Dante, Shakespeare and Cervantes, "untrimmed, in their national garb." Pushkin's *Angelo*, which represents a free rendition of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*, shows that its author penetrated into and properly appreciated the spirit of the original.

From Gogol's *Confessions of an Author* we know that when Pushkin suggested to Gogol the plot of *Dead Souls*, he drew his attention to Cervantes' *Don Quixote* and *Novelas ejemplares*. There exists also a rough draft of a translation by Pushkin of Cervantes' *La Gitanilla* (Gipsy Girl).

Most of Pushkin's critical articles and commentaries were published after his death. That is why Belinsky must rightfully be regarded as the first who interpreted Shakespeare and Cervantes to the Russian reading public. Many pages in the works of the famous critic are devoted to a detailed analysis of the work of these geniuses.

What immediately manifests itself is that there is a great deal in common between Belinsky's and Pushkin's views on the nature of the works of the English dramatist. Like Pushkin, Belinsky insistently holds up Shakespeare's plays as an example, opposing them to the wretched theories on art advocated by the followers of French classicism. Like Pushkin he emphasizes the eternal significance of Shakespeare's characters and ideas. Belinsky regarded both Shakespeare and Cervantes as the founders of "modern" art, which was a synthesis of the wealth of romantic content and the plasticity of the classical form. Thus, even this cursory review shows us that, in defending the principles of untrammeled realistic art, Russian literature always based itself on the creations of Shakespeare and Cervantes.

Lermontov first came out with a "defense of Hamlet" at the age of seventeen. Thus it is obvious that the poet was acquainted with Shakespeare's works at an early age and his interest in these works never waned. (We have it on record that in 1840 Lermontov asked to send him a complete edition of Shakespeare's works in English.)

The picture changed materially during the several decades that elapsed between the first imperfect translations of isolated Shakespearean plays, and the middle of the nineteenth century, when the Russian reading public obtained access to all of Shakespeare's works in Russian translations. On the occasion of Shakespeare's tercentenary in 1864, Turgenev wrote:

"We Russians honor the memory of Shakespeare, and we have the right to do so. For us he is not merely a great name, to which we do homage at rare intervals, and from afar; he has become our heritage, too, one of our own flesh and blood."

At the modest celebration of the event in St. Petersburg in 1864, the Russian writer said:

"Go to the theater when one of his plays is being performed . . . and take a look at the audience: see their faces, listen to their remarks, and you will be convinced that here before your eyes is a close and living communion between the poet and his audience, that to each of those present the characters of the play are dear and familiar, that clear and intimate are the words of truth and wisdom poured out from the treasure-house of Shakespeare's all-comprehending soul."

Of all the West-European writers, of whom Turgenev, according to the evidence of his contemporaries, had a perfect knowledge, he held Shakespeare and Cervantes in the greatest esteem.

In a long essay he wrote, "Hamlet and Don Quixote," he gave a comparative analysis of the two characters and a subtle and profound explanation of their essence. Turgenev is known to have cherished for a long time the idea of making a complete translation of *Don Quixote* into Russian.

Turgenev's ideas on Shakespeare and Cervantes also have much in common with Pushkin's and Belinsky's ideas. What Turgenev admires in Shakespeare is the fulness and integration of his creations, his genius for objectivity, the highest expression of national spirit which becomes the possession of all humanity. He also holds up Shakespeare's living and full-blooded characters as an example opposed to the stilted figures characteristic of the French melodrama.

Shakespeare's influence is strongly felt in some of the works of Dostoyevsky. Shortly before his death Dostoyevsky spoke of "the universality, comprehensiveness and unfathomed depths of the world types created by Shakespeare for all eternity." Of *Don Quixote* he said that it is "the greatest and saddest book ever created by a human genius."

Tolstoy's opinion of Shakespeare was entirely different. His opinion of Shakespeare's plays is unique not only in Russian literature, but, perhaps, in world literature. Tolstoy's emphatic opposition to Shakespeare is to be explained by his religious and philosophical views on art. Since Tolstoy's attitude represents an intricate problem

which cannot be dealt with offhand, we purposely refrain from including in the present review any excerpts from Tolstoy's book "Shakespeare and the Drama."

The "close and living communion between the poet and his audience" that Turgenev spoke about three-quarters of a century ago have acquired a new and genuine meaning in the Soviet Union. Here the Bard of Avon has indeed become a welcome friend on the bookshelves of millions of readers and a constant attraction to millions of theater goers. And it is in the Soviet Union that he has found his greatest audience, for here a new social order has made the "words of truth and wisdom poured out from . . . Shakespeare's all-comprehending soul" accessible to the whole people.

RADISHCHEV

. . . Homer, Virgil, Milton, Racine, Voltaire, Shakespeare, Tasso and many others will be read so long as the human race is not destroyed. . . .

From *A Journey From St. Peterburg to Moscow*, 1789

PUSHKIN

. . . The true geniuses of the tragedy (Shakespeare, Corneille) never worried about verisimilitude. Observe how boldly Corneille leads his Cid . . . Verisimilitude of situations and the truth of dialogue—these are the genuine laws of the tragedy (Shakespeare dealt with passions, Goethe with morals). I have never read Calderon or Vega; but what a man this Shakespeare was! I can't get over him! How small Byron, the tragedian, looks in comparison with him! Byron who conceived only one character (and that his own) . . . Byron (in his tragedies) endowed each of his heroes with some one trait of his own character: one he endowed with his pride, another with his hatred, a third with his melancholy, etc. In this fashion, out of one character—integral, gloomy, and vigorous—he created several insignificant characters; but that produces no tragedy.

(Every man loves, hates, grieves, rejoices, but each does so in his own way—read Shakespeare). There exists one more tendency (a tendency worthy of a novel by Aug. Lafontaine): Having created a character in his imagination, the writer tries to stamp the impress of this character on everything he says, even apropos of entirely extraneous matters (such are the pedants and seamen in Fielding's old novels). The conspirator says: "GIVE ME A DRINK!" like a conspirator—and that is merely funny. Recall the "embittered" Byron (*ha pagato*![1]). The monotony, the vaunted laconism, the continuous fury—is that natural? Read Shakespeare! Hence that awkwardness and the timidity of the dialogue. Read Shakespeare (this is my refrain)! He is never afraid of compromising his character—he makes him speak with all his natural ease, for he is certain that at the proper time and in the proper place he will make his personage speak in a tone that accords with his character . . .

From the rough draft of a letter written at the end of July 1825 to N. N. Rayevsky.

. . . Many of the tragedies ascribed to Shakespeare were not written by him; he only corrected them. The tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, though it absolutely differs in style from his known methods, is so obviously, however, in line with his dramatic system and bears so many traces of his free and broad

[1] He paid!

brush, that it must be regarded as a work of Shakespeare's. It reflects Italy in the poet's time, with its climate, its passions, festivities, languor, sonnets, its luxurious language full of brilliance and *concetti*. That is how Shakespeare conceived the scene of his drama. After Juliet, and after Romeo, these two charming creations of Shakespeare's grace, Mercutio, the model of a young cavalier of the time, the exquisite, affectionate and noble Mercutio, is the most remarkable character of the whole tragedy. The poet chose him as representative of the Italians, who were the fashionable people of Europe, the Frenchmen of the sixteenth century . . .

Notes on Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, 1829.

. . . Calderon, Shakespeare and Racine reached an unattainable height—and their works constitute the perpetual subject of our studies and delights . . .

From an article on the art of the drama, 1830

. . . Unlike Molière's characters, the characters created by Shakespeare are not types of some one passion, some one vice, but living beings, with many passions and many vices: the situations unfold before the spectator their variegated and many-sided natures. In Molière's play the miser is just avaricious and nothing more; Shakespeare's Shylock is avaricious, resourceful, vindictive, philoprogenitive, witty. In Molière's play the hypocrite flirts with the wife of his benefactor—dissembling as he does so; he accepts the trusteeship of an estate—dissembling; he asks for a glass of water—dissembling. Shakespeare's hypocrite pronounces a sentence with ostentatious severity—but it is a just sentence; he justifies his cruelty by profound arguments worthy of a statesman; he seduces innocence by strong and fascinating sophisms, not by a ridiculous mixture of piety and lust. Angelo is a hypocrite because his public actions contradict his secret passions! And what depth there is in this character!

But nowhere, perhaps, is Shakespeare's many-sided genius so fully expressed as in his Falstaff, whose vices, linked with one another, produce an amusing, and hideous chain, like an ancient Bacchanalia . . .

From "Table Talk," 1834.

BELINSKY

. . . The greater the poet's genius the more profoundly and comprehensively does he grasp nature, and the more successfully does he present it to us in its highest connection with life. If Byron weighed but horror and suffering, if he delved into and expressed only the torments of the heart, the inferno of the soul, that means that he grasped but one aspect of the existence of the universe, that he tore out and showed us but one page of that existence. Schiller conveyed to us the mysteries of heaven, he showed the beautiful in life as he himself understood it, he sang to us only his own most cherished thoughts and dreams—the evil of life he presented either untruthfully, or distorted by exaggeration. In this respect Schiller is like Byron. But Shakespeare—the divine, great, sublime Shakespeare—comprehended both hell, and earth, and heaven. King of nature, he exacted an equal tribute from the good and the evil, and in his inspired clairvoyance he saw the beating of the pulse of the universe! Each play of his is a world in miniature. Unlike Schiller, he has no favorite ideas or favorite heroes. Observe how inhumanly he mocks at the poor Hamlet, that man with the ideas

of a titan and the will of an infant, who at every step is stumbling under the burden of a feat which is beyond his strength! Ask Shakespeare, ask that king of enchanters: Why did he make Lear a feeble, doting old man, and not the ideal of a tender father as Ducis of Gnedich would do; why did he present Macbeth as a man who becomes a villain through lack of character and not through a craving for evil-doing, and Lady Macbeth as a villainous woman by emotion; why did he make Cordelia a tender, loving daughter, with a soft feminine heart, and her sisters a prey to all the furies of envy, ambition and ingratitude? His answer would be: Because that is how the world is made, because it cannot be otherwise! . . .

From an article: "Literary Reveries," 1834.

. . . The sixteenth century saw the consummation of a final reform in art: Cervantes, by his incomparable *Don Quixote* delivered a death blow to the pseudo-ideal tendency in poetry, while Shakespeare forever reconciled and combined poetry with real life. His boundless and encompassing vision penetrated the inaccessible holy of holies of human nature and the truth of life, and he beheld and caught the sound of the mysterious beating of their innermost pulse. An unconscious poet and thinker, he reconstructed in his majestic creations moral nature in conformity with its eternal, immutable laws, in conformity with its pristine plan, as if he had himself taken part in framing these laws, in drawing up this plan. A new Proteus, he was able to breath a living soul into dead reality. A profound analyst, he was capable of finding, in apparently the most inconsequential circumstances of life and actions of the human will, the key to the solution of the highest psychological phenomena in man's moral nature . . .

From the essay "Russian Narratives, and Gogol's Tales," 1836.

. . . In Shakespeare's plays we find no invention in the usual and vulgar sense of the term. Each of his plays is the most truthful and the most precise description of an event that actually happened in the real world, but known to Shakespeare alone, as if he himself witnessed its development and course. Not a single person in his plays says a single word which he should not have said, *i. e.*, something that does not accord with his character, with his entire nature. That is why a book can be written about each of his dramatis personae, telling of the history of the character prior to the opening of the play and after its conclusion . . .

From a review of N. Polevoy's drama *Ugolino*.

. . . Shakespeare is the Homer of the drama. In Shakespeare's plays all the elements of life and poetry are fused into a living unity immense in content and great in artistic form. They contain the entire present of mankind, its past and its future; they are the luxuriant flower and exuberant fruit of the development of art among all nations and in all ages. In them the plasticity and relief of artistic form, the chaste artlessness of inspiration and reflecting thought, the subjective world and the objective world, all penetrating each other and fused into an indissoluble unity. To speak of the profound understanding of the human heart, of the fidelity to nature and action, of the infiniteness and loftiness of the ideas of this king of poets of the whole world would be repeating what has already been said many times by thousands of people.

If one were to define the merits of each of his plays, one would have to write a huge volume and still fail to express a hundredth part of what one would like to express, fail to express a millionth part of what is contained in the plays . . .

From the essay "Dramatic Poetry."

. . . I now have three gods of the arts, who almost every day lash me on to greater fury: Homer, Shakespeare and Pushkin . . .

From a letter to I. I. Panayev, August 19, 1839.

HERZEN

. . . To be able to understand Goethe and Shakespeare one must have all his capacities unfolded, one must be familiar with life, have gone through grim experiences, and have felt something of the sufferings of Faust, Hamlet, Othello . . .

From *Notes of a Young Man.*

. . . A revolution of its own was taking place in poetry. Chivalry and poetry lose their contemplative importance and feudal pride. Ariosto plays and smiles as he relates the story of his Orlando. With bitter irony Cervantes tells the world of chivalry that it is impotent and out of date; Boccaccio lays bare the life of the Catholic monk; Rabelais, with the bold daring of a Frenchman, goes still further. The Protestant world produces Shakespeare. Shakespeare is a man of two epochs. He winds up the romantic era in art and ushers in a new era. The brilliant revealment of human subjectivity in all its profundity, in all its fulness, in all its passions and infinity, the bold pursuit of life to its most forbidding recesses and the revealment of what was found in this pursuit—all this is not romanticism; *it transcends romanticism.* The principal character in a romantic work is expressed by a heart-felt longing to get somewhere, a longing that is always sad because "*there* will never become *here.*" He ever strives to tear out his breast—he finds no peace with himself. To Shakespeare a man's breast is a universe whose cosmology he paints with powerful strokes of his brilliant brush.

From the essay "Dilettantes of Romanticism."

. . . I wrote that they should make you a present, on my behalf, of a translation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet.* Read it attentively, this great work . . . It contains the most gloomy aspect of human existence, a whole epoch in the life of humanity . . .

From a letter to N. A. Zakharyina, April 13, 1837.

. . . Only the greatest genius could cope with such a difficult subject; but Shakespeare's soul was boundless.

From a letter to Zakharyina, April 17, 1837.

DOSTOEVSKY

. . . How diffident man is! Hamlet! Hamlet! When I think of those tempestuous, wild speeches, in which we hear the moaning of a stricken world, then neither sorrowful complaint nor reproach makes my breast contract . . . The soul is so crushed by grief that it dreads to comprehend it lest it lacerates itself . . .

From a letter to M. M. Dostoyevsky, August 9, 1888.

CHERNYSHEVSKY

The magnitude of his (Shakespeare's—*Ed.*) genius made people regard also the form of his works as monumental, just as people once thought, because of the excellence of Homer's epics, that only by writing epics can a poet gain immortality.

From an article on Pushkin, 1855.

GORKY

. . . We must learn how to write plays from the old, unsurpassed masters of this form of literature, and mostly from Shakespeare.

From the essay "Plays," 1932.

V. BELINSKY

"...Don Quixote is, above all, an admirable, high-minded personage, a true knight without fear and beyond reproach. Although he is preposterous in all respects, in his appearance as well as in his ideas, he is far from imbecile; he is, on the contrary, extremely intelligent. More than that, he possesses true wisdom. Whatever may have been the cause—his natural bent, his education, or surrounding circumstances—his imagination developed to the detriment of his other faculties and made of him a fool and a laughing stock for all time and for all nations. The reading of absurd tales of chivalry played havoc with his mind. Entirely engrossed by his dreams, out of touch with real life as he was, he lost all notion of existing conditions and, at a time when not a single knight-errant had remained in the world, and when only the stupid and uneducated believed in sorcerers and miracles, took it into his head to assume the role of a knight errant, loyally observing the vow he made to defend the feeble against the strong, and remaining faithful to his imaginary Dulcinea in spite of all the cruel disappointments to which the utterly unchivalrous conditions of the times exposed him. If this courage, devotion, generosity, if all these admirable and noble qualities had been duly turned to account at the proper time, when occasion demanded it, Don Quixote would have, in truth, been a great man. But the thing that distinguished him from all other people was his peculiar, paradoxical cast of mind, owing to which he would never have been able to see life as it was, and would never have been able to employ the rich treasures of his great heart at the right moment, on the proper occasion, and for a proper cause. Had he lived in the days of chivalry he would, most probably, have endeavored to destroy that institution; and had he learnt of the existence of the world of the ancients, he would, most likely, have tried to mold himself after the type of the classical Roman or Greek. But as, at the time of his birth, there was not a vestige left of chivalry, the idea he had formed of the latter became a monomania with him, a fixed idea. On those rare occasions when he happened to free himself from this obsession, he astonished everyone by his keen intellect, common sense and wisdom. Even when, through a mystification practiced by some high-placed personages, his dreams of chivalry had been put into effect and he had to assume the duties of a judge, he displayed

not only great sagacity but positive wisdom. Yet, notwithstanding all this, he was a crazy fool, a laughing stock.

We shall not attempt to conciliate these contradictions. But one thing seems evident to us, namely, that such paradoxical natures are not rare, but are indeed of extremely frequent occurrence, everywhere and at all times. They are intelligent, but only within the sphere of their dreams. They are capable of self-denial, but only on behalf of a shadow. They are active, energetic, but only when dealing with trifles. They are gifted, but their gifts bear no fruit. Everything is accessible to them, except the one most important thing—reality. They are endowed with the extraordinary gift of engendering some absurd idea in their minds and of finding a confirmation of the correctness of their idea in the facts of real life which contradict that idea most. The more absurd the notion which has taken possession of their brain, the more inebriated are they by it, while sober-minded people are regarded by them as intoxicated, insane and, sometimes even, as immoral, malignant and dangerous.

From an article on the Russian writer V. Sollogub

GOGOL

. . . Ariosto depicted an almost fantastic passion for adventure and the miraculous, which for a certain period filled all the minds of that epoch; Cervantes, however, ridiculed the penchant for adventure, which, like the rococo, persisted in some people at a time when the age itself had changed. The one and the other became inseparable from the idea which they accepted. It constantly filled their mind, and that is why it acquired a deliberate and stern significance, why it pervades all their works, lending them the aspect of minor epics, despite their jocose tone and easy style, and even despite the fact that one of them was written in prose.

From *Minor Types of the Epic*, journalistic essays and notes.

DOSTOYEVSKY

. . . I think it was Heine who told the story how, in his childhood, he had wept bitterly when in reading *Don Quixote* he had come to the place where the knight is vanquished by the contemptible and sensible barber, Samson Carasco. In all the world there is nothing more profound and powerful than this novel. So far this is the last and greatest word in human thought, it is the bitterest irony ever expressed by man. And if the earth were to come to its end and somewhere, in a different world, people were asked—"Have you understood your life on earth, and what is the conclusion you have arrived at?"—man could silently point to *Don Quixote*: "This is the conclusion about life at which I have arrived—can you blame me for it?"

From the *Diary of the Author*, March 1876.

A. LUNACHARSKY

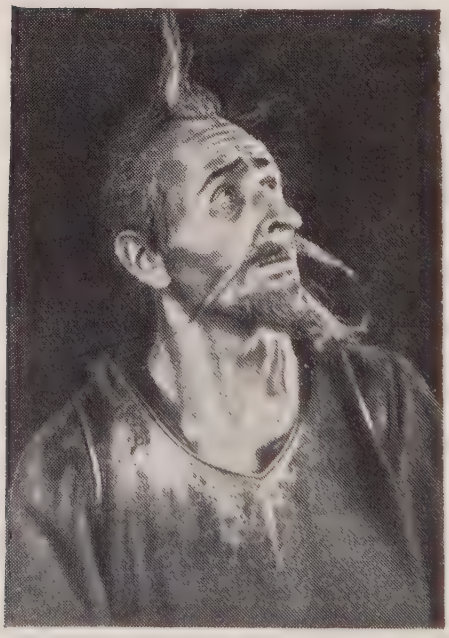
Why is it that we feel sympathy for Don Quixote? What is it about him that appeals so strongly to people? Why does he, at times, move us to tears? Why does Cervantes at times make him utter such wise speeches, speeches so full of profound meaning? And why is Sancho Panza, that simple-minded chap, that embodiment of common sense and sober mentality, so warmly attached to Don Quixote, so ready to follow him wherever he pleases, like a thread that cannot but follow the needle? Why does Don Quixote, in the end, abjure his former folly and say: "Let them

put on my tombstone that I was kind-hearted, Alonso." And why is it that men have, at various epochs, again and again reverted to Don Quixote and that not merely for the sake of laughter?

. . . Don Quixote holds that one must protect the oppressed and defend the cause of justice and truth on earth. And so we see him—a man without any power, mounted on a skeleton of a horse, Rossinante, clad in make-believe armor, wearing a tin basin on his head in lieu of helmet—rush into the fray, slashing right and left his tin sword, while blows rain upon him from all sides, and people spit into his face and heap abuse upon him; and all the while Don Quixote fancies that he is championing truth and justice. All this bears witness to the tremendous power of his idealism, to his infiniet kindliness and true nobility.

Cervantes does not seem to know himself what attitude to assume toward his hero. To be sure, his aim was to confine feudalism to the grave, where it belonged; but it was not a mere burial on his part. He made a laughing-stock of feudalism, but at the same time, mourned over the finer features of the system—the loftier principles of chivalry.

. . . When, in the early days of feudalism, the clergy endeavored to adapt this system to Christianity with its precepts of love for one's neighbor, its ideal of serving truth eternal, they raised the knight to a high pedestal, they created the idea of a knight as the embodiment both of the monk and the warrior, whose every action, every exploit was performed in the name of Christ and for the weal of humanity, endowing him in fact with the attributes of the apostle. Such a knight was, naturally, only an ideal, and, when



The ballet "Don Quixote" at the Moscow Bolshoi Theater (1940). Left is A. Radunsky in the title role, while right are V. Smoltsov and V. Ryabtsev, both of the Bolshoi, as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza

chivalry began to fall into decline, this fantastic conception persisted only in the novels and legends of chivalry. Feudalism, clinging to life, idealized itself. Cervantes, a man of great nobility of character, was, at bottom, himself a Don Quixote and believed that a man worthy of the name must sacrifice himself for his fellow-creatures. He was one of the finest representatives of the bourgeoisie of his time expressing its spirit of protest and its striving to break loose from the clutches of unrighteousness and injustice. But this representative of the, as yet, freedom-loving bourgeoisie, of the bourgeoisie still in the making, bowed before the ideal of the old times. He admired it, he would have liked to imitate it, would have wished the world to be such as it dwelt in Don Quixote's imagination. Unfortunately, the world was nothing of the sort. Did Cervantes sympathize with the innkeeper or the shopkeeper of his novel? Assuredly not. It is evident that to him the world of reality was full of stupidity, falsehood and violence. How immeasurably nobler is Don Quixote than the ducal court with its fools and jesters who jeer and mock at him in such a cruel and stupid manner!—No, the world is wicked, hateful, while Don Quixote has a heart of gold and is ever ready to stand up for everyone, and to give up everything for the benefit of his fellow-men. But the world is powerful, while he is feeble. And it is this that renders him comical. We can hear the author saying: "Yes, no doubt, life is dismal and dingy, reality has vanquished idealism, it has vanquished romanticism. The ideal is dead—true kindness of heart, heroic exploits are things of the past. In your vapid everyday life, in your world of innkeepers the ideal knight is ridiculous and has become a comic personage. But, bear in mind, you low and mean creatures, that this comical and preposterous Don Quixote is a thousand leagues above you all, that he is a self-sacrificing hero, that his heart is a treasury of kindness and good-will. You laugh at him, my readers laugh at him, and I, myself, laugh at him. But, at the same time, we all feel what a powerful hold he has on our hearts, how profoundly we are moved by him."

The novel thus depicts the collision between elevated idealism and everyday, sober actuality; we see how idealists who mistake reality for their ideal are ridiculed in the book, but, at the same time, we see that the author holds the idealists in high esteem.

But how is the problem of the ideal versus reality to be solved? It can be solved only in our days. Only we, Communists, live in conditions when the most sublime ideals of humanity are no longer quixotic, no longer provoke ironical smiles, are no longer regarded as foolish, crazy dreams or as a new sort of heroic venture, but have become translated into reality, have become working and practical scheme of life. Our program is the most far-reaching in its appeal to work in the service of humanity and to promote its unlimited development and prosperity. But this program is based on an impartial and sober study of existing conditions, it was elaborated only after a new class had risen, a class which, by virtue of its very position, could not but become the great idealist who conceives of his own emancipation only as the emancipation of the whole world—a class, moreover, whose sails are blown by the wind of history. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries this power had not yet come into existence, and Cervantes was only a free-lance intellectual, a personality liberated by the Renaissance, a man who

Illustration by N. Piskarev to A. Lunacharsky's "Don Quixote Liberated"

dreamt of a life of beauty and righteousness. He felt more closely akin to Don Quixote, because the latter represented greater nobility and a spirit of self-sacrifice.

It is these contradictions that impart such rich coloring, such vividness and variety, such profundity to this work of art, and which make of Don Quixote a figure destined to live in all eternity.

A few words concerning Sancho Panza, Don Quixote's squire. Our first impression is that the author treats him with a certain contempt. Sancho Panza, knowing as he does real life better than his master, might be expected to be less ridiculous. Alone, without Don Quixote, he would never have mistaken an innkeeper for the lord of a castle, would not have requested to be knighted, would not have assaulted either a religious procession or a flock of sheep in the conviction that they were military detachments. He would never have done anything of the kind. It would therefore seem that there was nothing in him to provoke laughter. And yet we cannot help laughing heartily at him. Why? Because, in response to Don Quixote's noble utterances, he cites commonplace proverbs. The one, you feel, soars high in the empyrean, giving, in eloquent language, vent to lofty sentiments. While the other is plodding behind him on his fat and short legs—keeping close to the ground. His predilection for the practical verges on stupidity. It would, one might think, be natural for them to quarrel and part, but the situation is amended by Sancho's readiness to agree with all his master says, and even to fling to the winds his habitual common sense. We cannot help appreciating his extreme good-nature and his disinterestedness. Don Quixote is profuse in his promises of future rewards, but has nothing to give—he does not even pay him his wages. There are moments when Sancho makes up his mind to leave his master, but immediately feels remorse, bursts into tears, wiping his face with his hairy fists. "I am with you, gracious knight!" That Sancho, with his robust peasant heart, feels what an admirable person his master is, may seem somewhat strange. But there evidently must be something in common between the fat, prosaic, matter-of-fact Sancho and the enthusiastic knight; otherwise Sancho would not be his devoted follower and adherent. People laugh not only at Don Quixote, they also laugh at Sancho Panza, and it is to make fun of him that they appoint him to the post of governor of a non-existent island. You must remember, however, that he proved to be a wise governor! . . .

This novel, as were all those that were written in the epoch of the Renaissance, is an appeal to the future. Don Quixote perishes,

Sancho Panza is ridiculous, and yet these two are the best of their kind. There does not seem to be a single decent, honorable man left in all Spain, and these two are doomed because their time has not yet come.

Cervantes and his *Don Quixote* are not simply a writer and his book that happened to survive after several centuries. Children, as well as gray-haired sages, find delight in this book; it has been translated into all the languages of the globe, and new translations of it keep on appearing. What is of still greater importance is that it represents a complete ideology. An analysis of the book leads us to the conclusion that in the world which so closely resembles our bourgeois world there is no room for idealism—in this world it often seems ridiculous. There is no room for idealists in this world which is ruled by the law of the jungle. One must do as others do, if one does not wish to become the butt of ridicule. But at the same time, we hear mankind appeal: We are suffocating in this world, save us, give us freedom, give us a chance to apply our abilities. The Don Quixotes and the Sancho Panzas will continue to suffocate in this world until a beginning is made to put Socialism into practice. When that time comes, many ardent utopian Don Quixotes, dreamers, will have the opportunity to apply their heroic romanticism in working for the revolution; they will cease to be fantastic knight-errants and will become real, useful workers in a life of reality . . .

From *History of West European Literature*

GORKY

. . . The "harmonious personality" was the subject of men's dreams for ages, it was the subject of the dreams of hundreds of writers and philosophers—but the most honest and sublime that was produced turned out to be ludicrous; it is Don Quixote . . .

From the essay "Talks About Craft," 1930.

. . . Genuine art has a right to exaggerate . . . Hercules, Prometheus, Don Quixote, Faust are not the "fruit of imagination" but a quite natural and necessary exaggeration of real facts . . .

From the essay "Literary Diversions", 1935.

Illustration by N. Piskarev for "Don Quixote Liberated"

Shakespeare on the Soviet Stage

Among foreign classics Shakespeare is particularly popular in the U.S.S.R., a favorite on the stage and on the book-shelf. To the Soviet public the theatrical effect of Shakespeare's works, their poetic qualities and the ideas they contain are inseverable. Soviet translators and producers of Shakespeare try to reveal to the full the ideological message of these works while maintaining at the same time the poetic vibrance and dynamics of Shakespeare's language. Here is one outstanding example. At the Maly Theater in Moscow A. Ostuzhev has now been playing Othello for over four years with enormous success. To what is this success due? I think not only to Ostuzhev's temperament or the excellent renderings of the monologues in which he gives play to his wonderful voice, but above all to the fact that Ostuzhev has managed to touch that chord in Shakespeare's tragedy which stirs the hearts of the Soviet theatergoers.

Ostuzhev tells how he saw Salvini and other eminent tragedians play the role of the Moor of Venice . . . "They amazed me with their dazzling technique . . . but not one of them was an Othello one could love and ought to love. The Othello they depicted was mostly a handsome, picturesque, gallant and boisterous Venetian general. His portrait was drawn in great sweeping strokes. Everything was on a big scale, ponderous and massive—his voice, costume, gestures, his very passions, but they left my sympathies untouched. It was all very consistent, it was all very artistic and overpowering, but it was not my idea of Othello."

Ostuzhev together with Radlov, the producer, sought persistently for the real character of Othello. "We tried to portray him in an opposite light, in soft, quiet tones but without success. It was a feeble, pale, spiritless Othello. This was not my Othello either . . . Then I tried stripping all the characters of their upholstery and suddenly I realized that beneath the outer layer of brilliant costumes and imposing displays of feeling, my predecessors and myself had missed what was most important in Othello—the human element." I think that in these words Ostuzhev hit upon the very thing that makes Shakespeare so admired by Soviet theatergoers, the Othello that Shakespeare draws is not a "savage," not a "man-eating tiger" nor a naive "child of nature" with sudden outbursts of unbridled passions. In general he is not a jealous man by nature. "To treat Othello as a man driven by jealousy alone," says Ostuzhev, "is to impoverish, limit the character, kill all that is attractive in it and reduce a major problem to a minor episode of interest only to a detective." The greatness of Othello as a man is determined by the whole theme of the tragedy. Shakespeare proclaims the natural equality of men. Love, the voice of nature, unites the black Othello and the white Desdemona. Against this genuine

human feeling comes the Machiavellian Iago, who, drop by drop, "pouring poison into Othello's ear", befogs his mind. After killing Desdemona, Othello discovers that she is innocent. He weeps. And as he himself says, his eyes shed tears . . .

as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.

Othello weeps tears of relief, tears of joy. Desdemona then is innocent. Iago lied. The play ends tragically but there is no pessimism in it.

In the last two years the dramatic story of Othello and Desdemona has been unfolded in many theaters up and down the Soviet Union, and in many languages of the peoples of the Soviet Union. Now *Othello* is being rehearsed in a number of cities (in Tashkent, for one, in the Uzbek language).

Of Shakespeare's other tragedies *Hamlet* too is very popular. In the Soviet theatrical treatments of *Hamlet* much has been contributed by the production which is now in its fourth year at the Len-Soviet Theater in Leningrad. The producer is S. E. Radlov. Besides *Hamlet*, he has produced *Romeo and Juliet* and *Othello* and is now working on *Anthony and Cleopatra*. In his production Radlov has tried to make a drastic break with the traditional Hamlet—the pensive Prince, the abstract dreamer upon whose frail shoulders has fallen a burden beyond his strength. In Hamlet he sees a thinker and humanist fighting heroically against the grim world surrounding him.

Hamlet on the Soviet stage undoubtedly has a great future. Suffice it to say that *Hamlet* is being prepared by one of the best Soviet theaters, The Moscow Art Theater. In addition, *Hamlet* is being rehearsed at Kursk and at the Griboyedov Russian Repertory Theater in Tbilisi, and is also going to be produced by the Regional Repertory Theater in Stalingrad. In the past year *Hamlet* has been performed in Archangel, Ryazan and with very conspicuous success in Voronezh, where it is produced by V. M. Bebutov.

People's Artist of the Uzbek S.S.R. Abrar Khidayatov in the Tashkent Uzbek State Theater's production of "Othello"

I myself traveled to Voronezh in the capacity of a consultant. I read the actors several lectures on Shakespeare and discussed his characters with them. The producer, the scenic artist and the actors studied the literary material concerning Shakespeare's time and the history of the staging of *Hamlet* by Soviet, Russian pre-revolutionary and foreign theaters, material which has been collected by the Moscow Shakespeare department of the All-Russian Theatrical Society. The Shakespeare department provided the director and actors with digests of various commentaries and critical studies of *Hamlet*.

How remote is the time when in provincial theaters of pre-revolutionary Russia actors played "as the spirit moved them" and when brilliant talents, against the background of makeshift decorations, without the slightest hints of ensemble work, were like precious stones on a rubbish heap. Now a Shakespeare production, not only in big cities but in small towns and also in collective farm theaters and amateur productions, is a cultural event: there is an attempt not merely to make an interesting "show" but really to reveal to the public the work of the great writer and humanist.

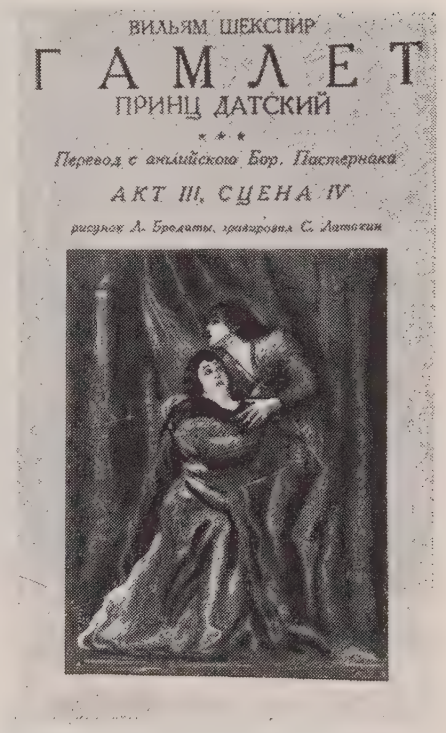
In January, I saw *Hamlet* played in Voronezh. The success of the performance exceeded all expectations. At the seventh performance the local theater, which has a seating capacity of one thousand two hundred, was packed to the doors. Tickets had been sold out for two weeks in advance. The scenic treatment of the production was very artistic. I particularly remember the frosty northern sky sprinkled with stars over the turrets of the royal castle, the troops of Fortinbras (living figures and dummies very successfully gave the impression of "twenty thousand men") and the graveyard scene where in the twilight the outlines of the tombstones stand out against a background of fugitive clouds. The Ghost was excellently conceived. This was not a vision from the other world, it was not an incorporeal shadow. Hamlet was confronted by his loving and grieving father. The Ghost is played by a number of actors at once. It appears here and there in different parts of the stage. *Hic et ubique*, as Hamlet says. The appearance of the Ghost in the Queen's chamber is also very well done. Hamlet gazes at the portrait of his father hanging on the wall and it gradually comes to life. Polyakov, who plays Hamlet, scored an enormous success. His Hamlet is a strong, temperamental, passionate being. The ironic moments are very effective. The scenes with Polonius were particularly memorable. The "mousetrap" scene Polyakov plays with great feeling. There is nothing of the affected in his portrayal of Hamlet, but ardent and passionate feeling. On the day after the performance the producer Bebutov and

The first Soviet production of Shakespeare's "Cymbeline" has been staged by the troupe of the Aviakhim Plant's club in Moscow. Here is a scene from Act IV

myself went to a local factory club where a talk was being given about Shakespeare and *Hamlet*. Among the workers who gathered were many members of amateur theatrical circles (incidentally, one of these circles plans to produce the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*). On the following day there was a discussion of *Hamlet* at the theater. Critics, members of the cast and theater goers took part. Over six hundred people attended this discussion. They discussed the merits and demerits of the performance but above all tried to evince whether the company had correctly interpreted Shakespeare's design. Of course, there was considerable room for improvement. For instance, the so-called "secondary" characters were not given their full value. Marcellus, Horatio and Osric—they are not merely a background for Hamlet but living people. Shakespeare's great tragedy is not a monodrama but a gallery of living portraits. It is only through the interaction of the characters, in other words, through a correct understanding of each character that the artistic and ideological wealth of Shakespeare's work can be disclosed to the full.

The popularity of *Hamlet* in the Soviet Union can be seen from the fact that in recent years three new Russian translations have been made of *Hamlet*: one by Mikhail Lozinsky, who has made excellent translations of Dante and Lope de Vega (a dramatist very popular in Soviet theaters), Anna Radlova and the poet Boris Pasternak.

Another play which has been enjoying unwaning success, and is now in its sixth year, is the production of *King Lear* at the Moscow Jewish State Theater. This is one of the best Soviet productions of Shakespeare. The scenic treatment (by A. Tishler) is in old English


ВИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

ГАМЛЕТ

ПРИНЦ ДАТСКИЙ

* * *

Перевод с английского Бор. Пастернака

АКТ III, СЦЕНА IV

рисунок Л. Бродаты, гравировал С. Латвинский

Page from the magazine "Thirty Days" published in Moscow. The illustration was done by L. Brodaty for B. Pasternak's new translation of "Hamlet"

legendry combining the archaic with the costumes of Shakespeare's England. Solomon Mikhoels, who plays King Lear, reveals above all the philosophical content of the tragedy. His King Lear is not an insane tyrant, but an old man "who has retired into himself," creating a world of subjective illusions which he takes for reality. It is the coming forth from this world, the realization of the grim realities surrounding him that creates the tragedy of Lear. This path leads Lear from the self-deception which he considered to be wisdom, to real wisdom which consists in understanding living reality. The Fool is played brilliantly by V. Zuskin. One remembers his face at particular moments: one half

Scene from "Merry Wives of Windsor" as produced by the V. P. Chkalov Theater functioning permanently at the Molotov Auto Plant in Gorky

of it is laughing, the other half seems to be weeping.

The Jewish theater was the first Soviet theater to produce *King Lear*. Their example was followed by other theaters. Two years ago *King Lear* was produced by the Russian Repertory Theater in Ashkhabad and last year in Saratov. Now the tragedy is being rehearsed by the Maly Theater in Moscow, the Bolshoi Repertory Theater in Leningrad, in Sverdlovsk and by the Azerbaijan theater in Baku.

Romeo and Juliet is another big favorite with Soviet theater goers. The breath of youth which pervades the play is particularly appealing to young people who are always well represented at productions of this play. *Romeo and Juliet* is being performed in many Soviet cities including, of course, Moscow (Theater of the Revolution). It was performed recently with great success in Stalingrad and at the Tatar Theater in Kazan where it was played in the Tatar language.

The Shakespeare plays most frequently performed in the Soviet Union are his comedies with their teeming optimism. *Twelfth Night*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* are regularly featured at Soviet theaters. The most noteworthy of them is *The Taming of the Shrew* as played at the Central Red Army Theater in Moscow. The producer, A. D. Popov, brings out very well the line of conflict between Katharina and Petruchio. Katharina is not simply shrewish and cantankerous. She is an intelligent woman who is stifling in the tedious middle-class surroundings. Hence her shrewishness. It is not natural to her but an acquired shrewishness and consequently, it is superficial. Petruchio is clever enough to grasp this at once. He sets out to unmask Katharina and for this purpose caricatures her, following the principle of the proverb: "Fire drives out

fire." A duel begins between Petruchio and Katharina. In this duel both are victors and at the same time vanquished by love. The induction with Sly as a central figure is omitted. But a whole gallery of similar types is introduced—the servants of Petruchio and Baptista. "Our problem," A. D. Popov wrote, "was either to 'order' some witticisms in the style of Shakespeare (Sly only speaks twice in the first act) or make Sly a pantomime figure. Of course, we could have made Sly a comic masque. This would have fitted in consistently, if one were to regard *The Taming of the Shrew* as a comedy of situations. In that case a different style of playing would have been required. Petruchio would have worn a comedian's mustache, and the costumes would have been different . . . A different conception entirely. But there is a serious philosophical problem in *The Taming of the Shrew*. To play it so that the audience would feel all the time the play within the play would be, formally, an interesting problem but it seemed to us that this would detract from its profound philosophical content. We were very cautious in the way we made free with Shakespeare. When we did away with the induction we tried to compensate for this omission. Sly puts a good plebeian note into the play. So when we pushed Sly out we brought in half a dozen of "Sly" types—the servants of Petruchio and Baptista. They are organically interwoven into the action and their action, so to speak, is in the tonality of the absent "Sly." The scenic treatment is in the style of the Italian Renaissance. "What I am bent on," scenic artist N. A. Shifrin said to me, "is to convey the spirit of Mantegna, Carpaccio and other wonderful artists of the early Renaissance through the painted imagery of a Soviet artist." False theatricality, with which this play could easily become a hollow farce, was ruthlessly banished from the production. The scenic artist followed the same line. "The true human feeling of Shakespeare's characters," he said, "their vitality and passion cannot exist in a world of sawdust and pasteboard. Everything on the stage must be made with artistry, it must be a work of art. This was our main principle in designing the furniture and other articles. It cost great effort but we achieved something worthwhile. Ruthless war was declared on everything that smacked of lifeless stage props. The result was that we found real scope, something really vital." Now the actors at the Red Army Theater are working on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, under the direction of Popov.

"Romeo and Juliet" at the Theater of the Revolution in Moscow. M. Babanova plays the part of Juliet

Among recent productions of Shakespeare's comedies, I would also like to dwell on the play *As You Like It*, which is being performed at the Yermolova Theater in Moscow. Under the able direction of Nikolai Khmelyov and M. O. Knebel (who act at the Art Theater), the cast of young actors produced this play of Shakespeare not as a pastoral but as a realistic comedy, full of serious conflicts, and at the same time filled with poetic ideas from old English folk stories about Robin Hood. I particularly remember Orlando, big, broad shouldered, full of the joy of life; the clown—an intellectual and sceptical contemplator of life, and Jaques, whose satiric melancholy is somehow reminiscent of the sardonic Jonathan Swift.

The Soviet Shakespearean repertory was greatly augmented in 1940. Plays were put on which had never been produced before on the Soviet stage. In addition to the comedies already mentioned I might point out *The Comedy of Errors*, which is being played in two Moscow theaters, *The Winter's Tale*, which has been played very successfully in Gorky and is to be performed by the Lenin Komsomol Theater in Moscow, *Cymbeline*, which is to be put on by the Baumann Theater in Moscow, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, which is being rehearsed in two theaters. In the Soviet Union there are about five hundred permanent theatrical companies. The great majority of them include foreign classics in their repertory. Shakespeare holds a leading place among these foreign classics.

The further development of the Soviet theater in mastering the heritage of Shakespeare will consist not only in augmenting the Shakespearean repertory (apart from *Richard III* the historical plays of Shakespeare have not been performed in the U.S.S.R. although it is quite probable that in the near future *Henry IV* will appear in one of the provincial theaters). This development will consist also in the producers and actors deepening their interpretations of Shakespeare's characters. Here the ideological side is connected inseverably with theatrical effect. I have already pointed out the importance of the so-called "secondary" characters in revealing the meaning of the work as a whole. In Shakespeare's plays there is no room for dolls dressed up in operatic costumes, "reading off" the text. Even where the text does not give an exhaustive characterization, the actor must create a character.

Much work has yet to be done to assimilate the spirit of the Shakespearean era. The Shakespeare department of the All-Russian Theatrical Society gives regular advice to theaters and theater people: producers, actors and scenic artists. Among the iconographical and literary material circularized by this department there is a lot devoted to Shakespeare's England. History is often the subject of lectures held specially for theatrical companies. Pictorial representations of furniture, costumes, buildings and interiors, narratives telling of the manners and customs of those far-off days are necessary not for the purpose of reconstruction, not to strengthen the archeological element, but in order that the actor, by imbibing the atmosphere of these things and facts, should learn to look at people, articles, the most insignificant phenomena of daily life with the eyes of Shakespeare, if one may so express oneself. At the same time Shakespeare productions, in my opinion, will follow the line of accentuating the massivity of Shakespeare's plays both as regards the monumentality of the characters and in the

Scene from "The comedy of Errors" at the Central Railway Theater in Moscow, with T. Ordynskaya as Luciana and V. Zeldin as Antipholus of Syracuse

further scenic revelation of great emotions. The problem of the *rhythm* of Shakespeare's plays, swiftness of action flowing in a constant stream, has still to be carefully studied in the creative experience of the Soviet theaters.

At the end of April, this year, the All-Russian Theatrical Society is organizing a Shakespeare conference in Moscow in honor of the three hundred and twenty-fifth year of his death. The conference will be attended by theater people, Shakespeare students, theater critics of Moscow, Leningrad and the provinces. Among the reports which will be made are the following: "Shakespeare and the Soviet Theater;" "Shakespeare, the Renaissance and the Baroque Period;" "The Role of the Artist in Shakespeare's Plays;" "Music in Shakespeare's Plays" and also reports devoted to an analysis of individual works by Shakespeare.

Such are a few of the facts about Shakespeare on the Soviet stage. The growing popularity of the great dramatist in the Soviet Union is not fortuitous. The profundity of his thought, his admiration of mankind (remember Hamlet—"What a piece of work is man!"), his portrayal of great emotions, all this has a direct intellectual and emotional appeal to Soviet people. The mighty artist, combining realism with grand designs, today seems near to them, one of themselves. The producer studying the text with pencil in hand, the artist designing the scenery, the actor who comes on the stage and the man in the audience, all of them feel proud that they are living in a country which knows how to appreciate the best of what has been created in the cultural history of humanity.

MIKHAIL MOROZOV

MIGUEL de CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

Prologue to "The Travels of Persiles and Sigismunda"

It came to pass, gentle reader, that as two friends and I were on the way from the far-famed town of Esquivias, famous for a thousand reasons—one being its families of noble lineage, another its glorious wines—I heard the sound of someone spurring in great haste along the road behind us, as if to overtake us, which purpose he even made clear halloing to us to contain our speed.

We waited till the traveler's donkey ambled up. It was a rustic student, russet clad from head to blunt-tipped shoes; he sported goggles, a rapier, and a plaited linen collar whose ends, coming astray at every stride, kept him busy setting them aright.

"Well," he said, "and are your worships bound for the royal court, no less, to secure some post or prebend seeing that his eminence the Archbishop of Toledo and his Royal Majesty are there at present? Forsooth my donkey has had to be encouraged more than once to keep up with your pace."

"As for that," replied one of my companions, "you can lay the blame to Miguel Cervantes' hack for its somewhat rambling gait."

No sooner had the student heard Cervantes' name, than dismounting so hastily that he let fall here a cushion and there a blanket roll (for he was traveling in all this style), he dashed towards me and grasping my left hand cried.

"Yes! yes, 'tis he indeed, the widely famed, the one-armed yet hale, and, finally, the delight of the Muses!"

Hearing so great an eulogy in so brief a space of time I thought it were a discourtesy not to reply in kind, so putting my arm about his neck and thus mussing up his collar altogether I said:

"That, sir, is an error into which many an amateur has fallen due to ignorance! True, I am Cervantes, but I am neither the delight of the Muses nor any of the other frippery your worship mentioned. Come, get on your donkey and let us spend the little that remains of our journey in pleasant conversation."

The student graciously complied, we gathered rein once more and leisurely continued on our way.

Learning of my ailment, the student declared me past recovery. "This illness," said he," "is the dropsy and could not be cured with all the water of the Ocean you'd consent to drink. *Señor* Cervantes, regimen your drinking and remember to eat well all the while; thus you will be cured without recourse to any other medicine whatsoever."

"Many have told me that," I replied, "but I can no more leave off drinking to my heart's content than if I were born expressly for the purpose. My life is drawing to a close and, judging by my fleeting

This "Prologue," published after the author's death, was written by Cervantes on Tuesday, April 19, 1616. He died four days later—on Saturday, April 23, 1616.

pulse, by this Sunday, at the latest, both it and my life will have run their course. Your worship has got to know me at an inauspicious moment, seeing that there isn't time enough left to prove my gratitude for the good will you've manifested."

At this point we had arrived at the Bridge of Toledo and I set out upon it while he turned aside to take the bridge to Segovia. Whatever might be said of this occurrence is in fame's keeping, and my friends will want to tell it and I even more to hear it told.

I again embraced him and he pledged to me again; then he prodded his donkey and left me feeling as sorry as he himself looked mounted in the fashion of a Knight, a figure that would have given my pen occasion for many a quip, only times are not what they used to be. One day the torn thread will, perhaps, be joined again and I shall relate what has been left untold.

Farewell wit and merriment! Farewell, merry friends! I am dying in the hope of seeing you soon contented in the life beyond.

Translated from the Spanish
by Victor Aronson

MARCELINO MENENDEZ Y PELAYO

Cervantes' Literary Background and His Work on "Don Quixote"

Cervantes would not be an indifferent figure in the history of Spanish literature even if we knew only his lyric and dramatic works. He holds a place of honor in the history of our pre-Lope de Vega theater; for he was one of its precursors and not of a mean quality.

But it was the genius of narration that lavished all its gifts on Cervantes, whom it may be said to have chosen as its embodiment, for it has never been surpassed in the eyes of mortals.

It is the opinion of many that *Don Quixote* constitutes in itself a new esthetic category, original and distinct from all the stories yet invented by human ingenuity. It is a new kind of narrative poetry never seen either in earlier or in modern times—poetry human, transcendental and eternal like all the great epics and at the same time intimate, familiar and accessible to everybody, the refined essence of popular wisdom and experience.

Don Quixote, from whatever angle we consider it, is a complete poetical world, comprising in its episodes, clustered around the central group of immortal characters, all the types of previous narrative works. The whole of imaginative literature created before *Don Quixote* may be divined and reconstructed from *Don Quixote*, for Cervantes assimilated and incorporated all of it in his work. He revived the pastoral story in the episode of Marcela and Grisóstomo, and the more realistic story in the episode of Basilio and Quiteria.* In his immortal pages we continually hear the ring

* *Don Quixote*, Part II, Chapters XIX—XXI

of ancient ballads, of Garcilaso's [1] verses, reminiscences of Boccaccio and Ariosto. The books of chivalry pervade the plot; they serve as the starting point and as a constant commentary; they are projected like some splendid vision against real actions of real men, and, dead in themselves, continue to live glorified and transfigured in *Don Quixote*. Popular wisdom, scattered throughout *Don Quixote* in the form of aphorisms and sayings, parables and proverbs, makes the immortal book one of the greatest monuments of folklore, a kind of summary of the popular philosophy that was ennobled by Erasmus and Juan de Mal-Lara.[2]

Nobody intimately acquainted with Cervantes' works can have any doubt that he was an extremely well-read man. The spirit of antiquity penetrated the inmost depths of his soul, manifested itself in him at times not only by a too great profusion of classical quotations and reminiscences, which he himself ridiculed so wittily in the Prologue to *Don Quixote*; it also came to light in the form of another, deeper and more powerful, influence; in the clarity and harmony of his composition, in the good taste that rarely fails him, even in the most difficult and slippery passages, in a certain esthetic purity that is felt even in most vulgar and trivial descriptions; in his serious, comforting and optimistic philosophy which, surprisingly enough, we find even in the seemingly most frivolous episodes; in his fine humor, thoughtful and serene, in which we feel the supreme irony of a man who knew the world so thoroughly and had experienced so many reverses in life; though neither the ordeals of war, nor the chains of captivity, nor the routine of everyday fruitless struggle against an adverse and humiliating fortune that was even more trying to his noble spirit, could darken the olympic serenity of his soul full, as it was, of joy or, perhaps, of resignation. The humanity and high-mindedness characteristic of all the great men of the Renaissance, in many of whom, however, it was often accompanied by grave moral aberrations, found their most perfect and pure expression in Cervantes. That, primarily, is why he was a humanist, and more so even than if he had known by heart all the ancient Greek and Latin authors.

I do not consider him to have been uninformed even in Greek literature, though his knowledge of it was second-hand and obtained through intermediate sources. The authors whom he might be principally interested in or who were most congenial to his spirit, had already been translated not only into Latin but into Spanish also. He was acquainted with the *Odyssey* in the translation of Gonzalo Pérez (reminiscences of which are to be found in *El viage del Parnaso*); this great epic of sea-faring had, perhaps, suggested his *Persiles*,[3] though the works of the Byzantine novelists Heliodorus and Achilles Tatius were its immediate models.

Plato's ideas of love and beauty reached Cervantes through the medium of the *Diálogos* of León Hebreo[4] which he quotes in the Prologue to *Don Quixote* and follows step by step in the fourth book of *Galatea* (the dispute between Lenio and Tirsi). He might have read the moralists, especially Xenophon and Plutarch. But among the Greek classics there was one very popular moralist, whose literary characteristics are so similar to those of Cervantes that it is impossible not to recognize traces of his influence in the conversation between two wise and learned dogs [5] and in the aphorisms of the student Vidriera.[6] The works of Lucian, so numerous and varied, so rich in wit and in elegance, in

which one can find samples of every narrative style known in antiquity—fantastic voyages, licentious "Milesian" tales, philosophical allegories, Menippean satires, the series of dialogues and treatises forming a vast satiric gallery, a kind of human and even divine comedy, whose satiric shafts spare neither heaven nor earth—could under no circumstances have been unknown to Cervantes.

In the Prologue to his *Novelas ejemplares*, published in 1613, Cervantes said that he was the first novel writer in the Spanish language —a strictly fine statement if one recalls that at that time the term "novel" was applied only to short stories. Indeed, the few collections of such tales published in the sixteenth century may be considered Spanish only because of the language they were written in, most of them being imitations or translations from Italian.

Nevertheless, it was Don Juan Manuel [7] whom we ought to consider the most important of Cervantes' predecessors in Spanish literature, and in whom Cervantes could recognize some of his own features. Trained in oriental wisdom, which was the doctrine of Castilian kings and noblemen, the grandson of San Fernando [8] was a moralist philosopher rather than a moralizing knight. His parables are not directed exclusively to the privileged classes—they are addressed to all estates of society and deal with all aspects of life. In this sense his work possesses an educational value for the whole people; it rises above local and transient institutions and contains the eternal core of common sense, innate honesty, robust and virile chastity, simple-hearted and somewhat bellicose piety, of forbearance grave and profound, and occasionally even of benevolent and subtle irony—all those features that we admire so much in *Don Quixote*. The genius of narration, which found its highest expression in Cervantes, can already be distinguished in his *Novelas ejemplares*, those first essays into the Spanish "novel," if one may call such simple tales by that name.

Of all the ancient and modern prose writers it was Boccaccio that left the strongest impression upon Cervantes' style. Cervantes' contemporaries knew it perfectly well; Tirso de Molina called him "the Spanish Boccaccio," referring not to the moral lessons of his stories but to their exquisite form. And indeed, some of his stories, such as *El casamiento engañoso* and *El celoso extremeño*, would not be out of place among the free inventions of the *Decameron*, even if considered from the point of view of their moral purpose. What saves them is the good intentions of the author so vigorously expressed in his Prologue: "If by some chance the reading of these tales evoked in the reader a wicked thought or desire, I would have my hand with which I wrote them cut off rather than bring them before the public."

With the plain modesty characteristic of genius, Cervantes followed the beaten tracks of the contemporary literature until he found his own way without even having looked for it. At times he practiced literary styles, such as the pastoral romance, the sentimental tales and the Byzantine adventure novel. In all of those works his innate realism strives against the accepted literary tradition, without succeeding in breaking its bonds. The very same Cervantes who, through the medium of the dog Berganza derides the books about bucolic shepherds; who puts those books side by side with romances of chivalry in Don Quixote's library and represents his hero's ravings about a sham

Arcadia as the last stage of his madness—this Cervantes not only wrote *Galatea* in his youth, but throughout his life made repeated promises to write a sequel to it and thought of this even on his deathbed.[9] This was not only a tribute to the prevailing fashion. The artist's psychology is very complicated and there exists no formula by means of which we can decipher its secrets. And I believe that something would be missing for us in Cervantes' works if we failed to realize that his mind cherished romantic aspirations never satisfied, which, after having been violently displayed by him in heroic efforts on the field of action, became transformed into esthetic activity—into creative energy. In the world of idylls and fantastic voyages he sought for what he had not found in real life, which his so keen eyes had not discerned in it. Such, in my opinion, was the true nature of Cervantes' bucolism, and the same may be said of other great geniuses of his age.

Much more of Cervantes' personality may be seen in *Persiles*, a work which he wrote in his old age. Its esthetic value has not yet been fully appreciated in spite of the fact that its second part contains some of the best pages Cervantes wrote. But before he steps upon familiar ground and receives all his advantages, the characters of that book defile before us like a legion of shadows, moving in the nebulous regions of an absurd and fantastic geography which seems to be borrowed from such books as *The Garden of Curious Flowers* of Antonio de Torquemada.[10] The noble precision of the style and the invariably fertile imagination cannot make up for the shallowness and trivial improbability of the adventures, for the fundamental vice of the very conception of the novel which is patterned after the Byzantine romances, and abounds in abductions, shipwrecks, recognitions, incessant interventions of robbers and pirates. With his characteristic modesty, Cervantes said of this book of his that it "dares to compete with Heliodorus."

Cervantes extracted everything of value that could possibly be extracted from a dead literary style; he ennobled his book with a moral loftiness, put an aura of the supernatural and mysterious around the destiny of the two lovers, and in describing their last trials gave an account of a part of his own youth, which he illumined with the melancholy splendor of his honest and serene old age. *Persiles* is a sunset, with the tints of fire still lingering in it.

Cervantes is absolutely unique and incomparable in the narrative and dialogue. His predecessors, if there were any, were not those who are usually described as such. He had nothing to do with the picaresque tale; it had developed before him, and followed its own ways. Cervantes never imitated it, even in his *Rinconete y Cortadillo*, which is a realistic picture taken directly from life, and is far from being an idealization of a starving rogue like Lazarillo from Tormes, or a profound psychological study of the life of outcasts from society like Guzman from Alfarache.[11] Intense joy pervades the pages of *Rinconete*; it is full of bright jubilation, of a kind of esthetic all-forgiveness that purifies all that is ugly and criminal in the model and transforms it into an entertaining and amusing spectacle without offending the sense of the moral. And just as in his way of contemplating the life of the dregs of society, upon which Cervantes looks with the eyes of a lofty poet, he differs from other authors who view it in the vein of shrewd satirists

or of moralists, so is his style—so virile and gay in *Rinconete*, so drily precise and keenly sober in *Lazarillo*—different from the crude, brazen, and profoundly bitter style of the melancholy and pessimistic Mateo Alemán, one of the most original and powerful geniuses in Spanish literature, though so unlike Cervantes both in the substance and in the form of his works that he can hardly be recognized as Cervantes' contemporary or even as a writer of the same epoch.

I have so far deliberately refrained from discussing the subject of books of chivalry, for none of the narrative styles is more closely related to *Don Quixote*, which is their antithesis, a parody of them, a sequel and completement to them—all at the same time.

Enormous and incredible, though transient, was the success of these books; and extremely enigmatical was their rapid and astonishing popularity, followed by so complete an oblivion and discreditation. The latter cannot be attributed only to Cervantes' triumph, because already at the beginning of the seventeenth century they had gone out of fashion, and practically no new books of this kind were written since then.

Most of those who have discussed this subject are of the opinion that chivalric literature attained such popularity in our country because it harmonized with the temperament and character of the Spanish people, and with the conditions of society at the time, for Spain, more than any other country, was primarily a land of chivalry. But there is an obvious error or at least an incomplete truth in all such argumentations. The heroic and traditional Spanish chivalry, as it is portrayed in the old epics, chronicles and ballads, and even in Juan Manuel's tales, has nothing in common with the knights-errants of the books of chivalry. The former is of a sound, positive and at times almost prosaic nature; it is connected with history and is even a part of it, it belongs to the sphere of reality and, instead of dissipating its energy in chimerical enterprises, fights for the liberation of the native land and takes part in combats of honor or revenge. The motives of action in our heroic poetry are of a purely epical character; it has nothing to do with the passion of love, which is the main motive in the actions of the knights-errant. The earth, or rather that tiny patch of it which was the author's native country, the only one known to him, is never out of sight in this poetry. In our epics, we find no trace of the miraculous and hardly any even of the supernatural element of the Christian creed.

Thus neither the heroic life of medieval Spain nor its primitive literature—epic or didactic—that was born from its womb and was a direct expression of this life, with all its savagery and grimness, had left any impression upon the kind of literature we are here discussing.

How, then, is it to be explained that at the beginning of the sixteenth or the end of the fifteenth century our ancestors' old repugnance to that kind of books gave way to an ardent affection for them and for a hundred years they delighted in them only to forget them forever immediately afterwards?

The causes of that phenomenon are very complicated, some of them being of a social, others of a purely literary nature. Of the former group we may mention the change in ideas, customs, manners and customs of knights and courtiers, and also of a certain part of Spanish society, that took place during the fifteenth century, beginning, we might say, at the end of the fourteenth century; in Castile—since

the accession to the throne of the House of Trastamara,[12] in Portugal—since the battle of Aljubarota[13] or, to be more precise, since the beginning of intercourse with the House of Lancaster. The exiled Castilians who accompanied Enrique the Bastard[14] to France; the French and English adventurers under the banners of Duguesclin and the Black Prince,[15] who cruelly trampled upon our country; Portuguese cavaliers from the Master of Avis' court,[16] who, like their English queen, were fond of imitating the extravagancies of the Round Table—all of them contributed to the transmission to our Peninsula—in an artificial and rough manner, of course, but with all the irresistible power of fashion—of the ideals of chivalry and of the gallant and sumptuous life of the French and Anglo-Norman courts. One has only to read the chronicles of the fifteenth century to see that the latter were at that time imitated in everything—clothes, furniture, arms, devices, blazons, festivals, banquets, tournaments and military parades. The imitation was not confined to outward manifestations; it impregnated the whole life, introducing in it a spirit of ridiculous amorous slavery and of swagger and fanfaronade.

These exotic customs, naturally, did not spread among the people; but the contagion of chivalrous folly stimulated by the vanity of ladies, spread so widely among the young men at the court that many even left their native country and wandered far and wide throughout Europe in quest of extraordinary adventures.

And since court usages in Europe during the first half of the sixteenth century were, in a way, a survival of the Middle Ages strangely and picturesquely interwoven with the Italian Renaissance, there is nothing astonishing in the fact that kings, great magnates and spruce courtiers, young noblemen, flaunting their elegance and refinement, and arrogant and loquacious ladies who made them burn on the altar of their amours were all avid readers of that sort of literature, although on the other hand, they platonized and petrarchized their love-affairs.

Thus this plant grew and propagated with alarming fecundity; in Spain these books were concocted in greater numbers than anywhere else, since at that time the activity of the Spanish national genius was truly wonderful in every field, even in that which seemed to be most contrary to its character.

And, since Spanish literature at that time already began its triumphant march over Europe, the readers of those books were neither exclusively nor even for the most part Spaniards, contrary to the assertions of people who do not know history. As a matter of fact, almost all of the books on chivalry, even the most execrable ones, were translated into French and Italian, and many into English, German and Dutch; they called forth thousands of imitations, some of them even by first-class writers, and they were still coming off the printing presses in many countries at a time when in Spain all memory of them had disappeared—in spite of the adventurous and quixotic spirit, which is so groundlessly attributed to us.

How was it possible for so coarse and barbaric a literary style to exist in a highly developed civilization? And it was not the common people that devoured these books, which were inaccessible to them because of their volume and price, nor were they read only by country gentlemen like Don Quixote; the whole court, beginning with the king himself, and not excluding even those who seemed

to be the least susceptible to that infection, read these books.

In those days there was scarcely any other form of fiction, apart from Italian short stories of Boccaccio and his imitators. Sentimental and pastoral romances were very few, and they were considerably less interesting as novels than the books on chivalry, though they greatly surpassed the latter in poetical beauty and language. There were only few attempts at the creation of the historical novel, which at first was hardly distinguishable from the chivalric novels. Of the picaresque novel or novel of manners there were hardly more than two examples, excellent and important though they were as prototypes of the new style. The primitive *Celestina* (which, strictly speaking, is a drama rather than a novel) was read and admired even by most serious people who forgave it everything for its perfect style and vigorous representation of life; but its sequels and imitations, more obscene than ingenious, could not evoke general admiration, notwithstanding the great laxity of morals and the freedom with which the most obscene things were printed. Thus the *Amadises* and *Palmerines* [17] enjoyed undivided sway in Spain. And since an equal and even greater scarcity of original novels was felt in all Europe, they entirely dominated the province of literature for more than a hundred years.

Those books always had their votaries and apologists, among whom were even men of most illustrious names. But on a careful examination of their arguments we find that they all speak not of chivalric literature as it was, but of what it might or should have been. Naturally, they were right with regard to the idea of such books as a form of literature. The ideal of that kind of literature does not much vary from the plan of an epic poem in prose which Cervantes expounded through the medium of the Canon who proves with such splendid arguments that such books presented a wide field for a well-intentioned mind to display itself. The realization of that ideal was achieved only when the spirit of chivalric poetry, which never actually died out in Europe—combined with archeological surmise, with the longing for things past and with the realistic observation of traditional but fast disappearing customs—gave rise to Walter Scott's historical novels, those noblest and most artistic descendants of the chivalric romances.

Walter Scott, however, as well as all modern novelists, is but an epigone compared with the patriarch of the novel, one of whose innumerable merits was that he restored the epic element buried in the chivalric romances under a thick coat of barbarous and tawdry rhetorical embellishments. Cervantes' work was neither an antithesis nor a dry and prosaic negation of the literature of romance, but its purification and complement. His aim was not to kill an ideal but to transfigure and elevate it. All that was poetical, noble and beautiful in chivalry was incorporated in the new work and given a loftier meaning. All that was preposterous, immoral and false—not in the chivalric ideal itself but in its degenerated forms—disappeared as if by the waving of a magic wand before the Olympic serenity and benevolent irony of that most sane and well-balanced mind among the geniuses of the Renaissance. *Don Quixote* was thus the last of chivalric romances, their acme and copestone, that brought into a vivid focus their diffuse poetical matter and at the same time raised simple household affairs to the level of epical dignity. It is the first and

still unsurpassed model of the modern realistic novel.

The means employed by Cervantes for the creation of this masterpiece of human genius fascinate us by their amazing and sublime simplicity. A current anecdote might have served as the accidental motive and starting point for the conception of the novels. The urge some readers felt for chivalric romances verged upon insanity and caused hallucinations. Don Francisco de Portugal in his *Art of Gallantry* relates the story of a Portuguese gentleman who found his wife, children and servants in tears: when, astonished and chagrined, he asked them whether any member of the family or a relative had died, they answered choking with sobs that no such thing had happened; even more perplexed he asked: "Why, then, are you weeping?" and got the answer: "My lord: Amadís has died." Melchor Cano, in Chapter Four of the XI Book of his *Principles of Theology*, mentions a priest of his acquaintance who believed that the stories about Amadís and Clarián were true, arguing in the same manner as the innkeeper in *Don Quixote*, to wit: how could books that were printed with the approbation of the authorities and under royal privileges be untruthful. These or similar facts, combined with literary reminiscences of Orlando's madness, which Don Quixote intended to imitate together with the penitence of Amadís in the Sierra Morena, might have been the spark which kindled the immortal fire.

The development of the initial plot was in some degree predetermined by its character as a sustained and direct parody of chivalric romances, from which Cervantes gradually emancipated himself as the poetical essence of these books penetrated deeper and deeper into his mind, where it found at last a temple worthy of itself. The hero, who in the first chapters is little more than a monomaniac, gradually unfolds his great moral substance, which manifests itself in a series of successive revelations. Little by little he loses his burlesque character, is relieved from the slag of delirium, and grows purer and nobler; he begins to dominate and transform his surroundings, triumphs over those who have maliciously and frivolously mocked him, until in the second part he acquires his full esthetic perfection. Now he evokes reverence, not pity; wisdom flows in his golden words; one contemplates him with both respect and laughter, as a true hero and a parody of heroism; his mind, to use an apt phrase of the English poet Wordsworth, rests in the secret and magnificent shelter of his madness. His mind is like an ideal world, in which we see magnified reflections of the most brilliant phantoms of the poetical cycle; brought into forcible contact with the historical world, they lose all their false and alien features and are resolved into a superior category of humor without bitterness, thanks to the beneficial and purifying influence of laughter. And just as the criticism of chivalric romances was an occasion or a motive (but not the formal or real cause) for the plot of *Don Quixote*, so the hero himself begins by being a good-natured travesty of *Amadís de Gaula* but very soon rises above its prototype. Amadís is revived in Don Quixote, but with all his conventional elements destroyed and all eternal ones reaffirmed. The sublime idea that places armed force at the service of moral order and justice remained intact, but its transient envelope disappeared—torn to shreds by rude contact with reality, still imperfect and limited, but less imperfect, less limited and less coarse during

the Renaissance than in the Middle Ages. Created in a critical epoch, when one world was falling to pieces and another was just beginning to show signs of life by random movements, Don Quixote oscillates between reason and madness in his perpetual transition from the ideal to reality; still, on closer examination his madness turns out to be a mere hallucination with respect to the external world, a wrong perception and interpretation of facts of real life.

Not the least of Cervantes' achievements was that of having left indeterminate the boundary between reason and madness, letting a madman pronounce words of true wisdom. His intention was by no means to ridicule the human mind or to laugh at heroism, which in *Don Quixote* seems comical only on account of the inadequate and incogruous means by which the hero wants to realize his ideal which, in itself, is admirable and sound. Don Quixote loses his hold on reality not because of his idealism, but because of his anarchic individualism. A false conception of reality perturbs Don Quixote's mind and drives him mad, throwing him into a reckless battle with the world and rendering futile all his virtues and valor. In the conflict between freedom and necessity, Don Quixote succumbs because of his failure to adapt himself to the surroundings; but his defeat is only seeming, for his generous aspirations remain undestroyed.

Perhaps Don Quixote is a symbol—and it cannot be denied that to some extent we must regard him as such and that in this lies the greater part of the profound and human value of *Don Quixote.* But for the author his hero was by no means a symbol, but a living creature, full of spiritual beauty, the beloved son of his romantic and poetical fancy, in whom he delights, whom he adorns with the finest qualities of a human being.

Cervantes towers above all the parodists of chivalry, because he loved it, whereas the others did not. Ariosto laughs at his own creations; he keeps aloof from his work and does not share the emotions of its characters; he never has sufficient regard for them to sacrifice his irony for their sake. And Ariosto's irony is of a subjective and purely artistic kind, a playful frolic of his sensual and bright imagination. It does not spring spontaneously from the contradictions of human nature like the honest, serene and objective irony of Cervantes.

The kingdom of immortality is shared with Don Quixote by his squire, whose character is no less complex in spite of its seeming and deceitful simplicity. It would be puerile to believe that Cervantes conceived Sancho Panza from the very beginning as a new symbol in order to contrast the real world with the ideal one and prosaic common sense with romantic exaltation. Sancho underwent nearly as long a process of modification as Don Quixote: it is possible that he did not figure in the original plan of the work, because Sancho does not appear on the scene until Don Quixote's second departure. His character was undoubtedly suggested by general intention to write a parody of chivalric romances, in which the knight-errant is always accompanied by a squire. But those squires, as, for example, Amadís' squire Gandalín, were not comical personages, nor did they represent any kind of antithesis. There was, however, a single specimen, lost and forgotten in one of the rarest books, perhaps the most ancient of its kind, that was not among the books of Don Quixote's library, but which, in my

opinion, could have hardly remained unknown to Cervantes; he might have read it in his youth and forgotten its title which reads as follows: "The history of a divine knight, named Cifar, who by dint of his virtuous works and heroic deeds became king of Menton."[18] In this romance, which was composed in the early part of the fourteenth century, there appears a very original character, whose practical philosophy is expressed in numerous maxims not borrowed from books, but taken from the thesaurus of popular wisdom. Ribaldo, a character completely alien to the whole of the previous chivalric literature, represents an incursion of Spanish realism into the literary manner that seemed to be most contrary to its character. The importance of this character cannot be belittled if we bear in mind that Ribaldo is the only known predecessor of Sancho Panza. That likeness is made more obvious by the abundant use of proverbs (there are more than sixty of them in the book) with which Ribaldo's speech is interspersed. Such an abundance of proverbs could not, perhaps, be found in any other book of that century, and it is only in the writings of the Archpriest of Talavera[19] and in *Celestina* that we see spurting again that rich fountain of popular wisdom and picturesque speech. Ribaldo, however, appears to be the embryo of Sancho not only by his expressive popular speech, but also by some traits of his character. From the moment he steps out of a fisherman's hut and makes his appearance in the romance, we see him as a shrewd and cautious peasant, sly and circumspect, whose common sense is contrasted to the fancies of his master the knight-errant. In spite of Ribaldo's affectionate loyalty to his master, he speaks of him as "unlucky and a bit crazy," although he continues to accompany him in all his enterprises, rescuing him from various scrapes. Thus, for example, it is on his suggestion that the knight enters the town of Menton in beggarly clothes and acts like a madman. Ribaldo, for his part, finds himself exposed to perils no less serious, though less heroic.

There is, of course, a vast distance between the rough sketch of a character in the book of the ancient narrator and the sublime conception of Don Quixote's squire, but their kinship cannot be denied. Sancho, like Ribaldo, expresses his philosophy in proverbs; they both are self-interested and covetous, while at the same time loyal and devoted to their masters; both learn from and are improved by their masters, and while Sancho does not succeed to become a knight-errant by sheer physical strength, he does become an honest and clever governor thanks to his common sense, sharpened on the touchstone of Don Quixote's advice.

Don Quixote educates himself, and he educates Sancho. The whole book, in fact, is one of applied pedagogy—the most original and amazing system of pedagogy bringing about the conquest of an ideal by a lunatic and a simple peasant. Here we see madness that teaches and improves wordly understanding, and common sense that is ennobled by its contact with the sacred fire of an ideal. Even the beasts those characters rode upon share their immortality. The soil they trod will forever remain sacred in the poetical geography of the world. And in our times, when cruel destiny has furiously assailed that soil, the memory of that book is our highest charter of nobility; it fans the dying flame of our native hearth and attracts to it the love and blessings of all humanity.

NOTES

1. Garcilaso de la Vega, 1503-1536—one of the outstanding Spanish poets of the sixteenth century.

2. Juan de Mal-Lara, 1525-1571—a Spanish humanist, who published a collection of Spanish proverbs (more than 1000), short stories, fables, jokes, etc., under the title *Popular Philosophy* (1568).

3. *Persiles*—a posthumous romance of Cervantes—*Trabajos de Persiles y Sigismunda.*

4. León Hebreo—the Spanish name of the Jewish writer and philosopher Jehuda Abrabanel (1460-1520) who emigrated to Italy after the expulsion of the Jews from Spain (1492). In 1502 completed his *Dialogues on Love* (in Italian). The oldest known edition was published in Rome in 1535. In this work Abrabanel expounded the foundations of Plato's esthetics. First translations into Spanish were made by Carlos Montesa (1582) and Garcilaso the Ink (1590). The platonic theory of love expounded in the *Dialogues* had an enormous influence on Spanish writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries (as, for instance, in Cervantes' *Galatea*, *Don Quixote*, *Novelas*).

5. One of Cervantes' *Novelas ejemplares: Novela y Coloquio entre Cipion y Berganza.*

6. One of Cervantes' *Novelas ejemplares: El licenciado Vidriera.*

7. Don Juan Manuel, 1282-1349?—the author of a volume of tales entitled *Count Lucanor or the Book of Patronio*, consisting of 50 entertaining short stories, of an edifying character, an important monument of the Spanish narrative literature of the fourteenth century. Although it is thought that this book had been completed by Juan Manuel about 13 years before the supposed date of the completion of Boccaccio's *Decameron* (1348), it was published only in 1575, thanks to the endeavors of Argote de Molina (a Spanish statesman and writer, born in 1549).

8. Juan Manuel was a son of the Infante Don Manuel and a grandson of King San Fernando (1214-1252).

9. This promise was given by Cervantes in the prologue to the *Novelas ejemplares*, in the dedication of *Ocho comedias y ocho entremeses*, and lastly, in the dedication to the Duke of Lemos in *Persiles y Sigismunda.* "If I am lucky enough—but it would be not only good luck but a miracle—and God prolongs my life, you shall see the conclusion of *Galatea*, which your grace values so highly."

10. Antonio de Torquemada (wrote approximately in 1553-1570)—a Spanish writer, one of whose works bears the title *The Garden of Curious Flowers*, in which various subjects concerning philosophy, theology, geography and other matters are discussed (1570). This book abounds in most absurd yarns intended for superstitious and credulous readers.

11. *Guzmán de Alfarache*—a picaresque novel written by Mateo Alemán (1547-1614), a further development of the type of literature, the origin of which goes back to the brilliant *Lazarillo de Tormes.*

12. In 1367 the "Cortes" assembled in Burgos acknowledged the right to the throne of Enrique, Count of Trastamara, a half-brother of Pedro the Cruel (1350-1366). Thus the Castilian throne passed to the house of Trastamara.

13. The battle near Aljubarota, where the Portuguese defeated the Castilian army, took place in 1385.

14. Enrique the Bastard (or Fratricide), 1333-1379, a king of Castile. Fled to France during civil disorders of 1356.

15. When the Count of Trastamara took the lead in the revolt against the king, he made use of the help of Bernard Duguesclin with his condottieri, who had remained without employment since the conclusion of a truce between England and France. Duguesclin was a captain from Brittany who commanded several bands of adventurers, named "white regiments."

The Black Prince—son of Edward III, heir to the English throne, who helped Pedro the Cruel in his struggle against the big feudal lords.

16. The Grand Master of the Order of Avis was proclaimed King of Portugal under the name of Juan I (1385-1443), as a result of Portugal's armed resistance to Castilian claims to the throne of Portugal.

17. The sequels to *Amadis de Gaula* consisted of several series of romances, the most important of which were the *Palmerines* [*Palmerin de Oliva* (1511), *Palmerin de Inglaterra* (1547-1548)].

18. First published in 1512. The authorship is ascribed to an unknown clergyman. The book is thought to have been written in 1299-1305.

19. The Archpriest of Talavera (Alfonso Martínez of Toledo) (1398-1470) is known for his satire, *The Scourge or Condemnation of Mundane Love*, one of the most outstanding models of early Spanish realism, which exerted a strong influence on the development of the picaresque tale and the realistic novel.

By Honoré Daumier

A Film About Suvorov, the Field Marshal Who Knew No Defeat

Sergei Eisenstein once said apropos of his film *Alexander Nevsky* that its main theme was patriotism. The same may be said of the new film, *Suvorov*, produced by V. Pudovkin and M. Doller.

In a way, this new Soviet film is one of a series dealing with the life of outstanding Russian army men, of which *Alexander Nevsky* was the first successful venture. One feature which both films have in common is the absence of a sustained plot, such as is usual in American films dealing with similar themes.

Gorky once aptly remarked that the plot of a story is the story of character *development*. Judged from this standpoint, the plot may be said to be most elaborately developed in films like the trilogy about the Bolshevik Maxim (produced by G. Kozintsev and L. Trauberg), and the trilogy dealing with the life of Gorky himself (produced by M. Donskoy).

But in *Suvorov* there is no story of the development of character. Rather it is the story of the *revealment* of character. For here Suvorov, whom Byron described as "a thing to wonder," appears before the spectator as a man fully developed, a famed military leader, the hero and victor of numerous battles.

There is no plot in the accepted sense of the term; nor is there a story showing the development of character. What, then, is the dramatic conflict that fills the film and holds the spectator in unflagging suspense? It is the struggle between Suvorov and Paul I, Emperor of Russia, whom Suvorov aptly characterized as despot and a parade-ground corporal.

The film presents the collision of two principles—the principle of progress personified by Suvorov and the principle of reaction, of conservatism, personified by Paul I, a tyrant who uses his unrestricted power to the detriment of the people and the state. Suvorov's fight against Paul I is a fight for an intelligent soldier, a fight against the tendency to turn the soldier into a blind tool of his superiors. It was a fight for Suvorov's methods of training the army as against the Prussian methods which Paul I, as a faithful disciple of Frederick II, King of Prussia, insisted on introducing in the army. That is the external dramatic conflict shown in the picture. But there is also an inner dramatic conflict. For here is Suvorov, a monarchist and servant of the autocracy, who cannot help taking up the cudgels against the tsar and his court. Despite his monarchist convictions, Suvorov feels obliged to embark upon this fight, because he sees that the policy of Paul I runs counter to the interests of the Russian people. Thus it is that the note of lofty patriotism becomes an organic part of the film.

Films portraying great generals are, of course, produced quite often in capitalist countries too. But there is a difference in principle between the latter and analogous Soviet films. Take, for instance, the film *Lloyds of London*, which tells the story of one of England's national heroes, Admiral Nelson, and one of his intimate childhood friends whose service helps the Admiral to achieve victory over the combined strength of the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar.

Nelson and his friend, as shown in this film, are typical bourgeois heroes—the very personification of individualism.

Soviet biographical films of this sort are based on an entirely different principle, of which *Suvorov* is one of the most vivid and successful examples. Suvorov, too, is a striking, richly endowed personality. But he does not pit himself against the people by whom he is surrounded. On the contrary, only in communion with the soldier masses, whom he fondly calls his "wonder-heroes," does Suvorov find the inspiration enabling him to manifest his military genius to the utmost.

The real Suvorov, the Suvorov of history—and this is how we see him in

The enemy has been routed. Suvorov's army, swept by a wave of jubilation, carry their favorite general in triumph shoulder high through the ranks of the entire army

the film—was a man of the people who never severed his contacts with the people. In one of his letters he wrote that the long years he spent in the army as a private had developed in him a rudeness of manner which ill-adapted him to the customs of fashionable society, but, on the other hand, it had so tempered him as to preserve the purity of the impulses of his heart.

In spite of all the titles that had been conferred on Suvorov in the course of his career—Count of Rymnik, Prince of Italy, Field Marshal of the Russian and Austrian armies, Count of the "Holy Roman Empire," Marshal of the Armed Forces of Piedmont, etc.—Suvorov at heart remained to the end of his days the plain soldier he had been at the beginning of his career. Suvorov is a vivid example of a truly popular national hero. He came from the people, remained faithful to the people, and was better fitted than his contemporaries to discern the objectives of historical development and to lead the army of his country from victory to victory.

An important trait of Suvorov as a military leader was his ability to train gifted commanders. This trait is vividly brought out in the film. We see the remarkable scenes in which Suvorov publicly, in front of the army, praises those who had distinguished themselves and censures those who, in his words, showed that they had no appetite for battle.

Like Suvorov, many of the commanders who served under him, rose from the ranks. Trained in the school of the great Russian general, they did not disgrace the name of their teacher. Among his pupils were Kutuzov, Bagration, and others, who in the memorable year 1812 inflicted defeat on the invading army of the hitherto invincible Napoleon. This is not shown in the film, but Soviet spectators, subconsciously, as it were, connect the events depicted in the film with these memories of the patriotic war of the Russian people against Napoleon's invading forces.

The picture, in a very ingenious manner, brings out the episode where Suvorov passes his well-known opinion of Napoleon:

"How he marches, this youth! It is high time he was stopped, for if he is not stopped soon it may be too late. Note the route he is following. He has taken Italy, as for Austria—there is nothing much to be done there, she will lie down at his feet of her own accord. Where will his next blow fall? Russia? But Europe will march against Russia in

Suvorov after his victory over the French Army in Italy

vain. For here she will meet with implacable hostility, and indomitable valor, and here she will find her grave."

It was pointed out at the beginning of this article that *Suvorov* is a patriotic film. But its patriotism is of a kind of its own. It is a patriotism free of any sentiment of chauvinism and hatred or ill-feeling for other nations, of any contempt for the adversary or of any desire to humiliate him. It is a patriotism in which love for country is inseparable from love for the people and the desire to serve the interests of the people. Such was the nature of Suvorov's historic activity.

In order to acquaint the film goer with some of the principles of Suvorov's military tactics, the producers introduced the episode showing Suvorov, banished by Paul I to his native village, dictating his famous book *The Science of Victory*. One passage of the book, reproduced in the film, is so pertinent that it might have been written today. It reads: "A real general is the general who defeats the enemy before he has clashed with him. He must first defeat the enemy in his mind and then in deeds . . . And to achieve this it is necessary that the troops should understand their commander, and each soldier his commander's maneuver."

The great Russian critic Vissarion Belinsky pointed out correctly that the artist often presents history more truthfully than the historian. For the artist is at liberty to discard all that is accidental and of secondary importance and to concentrate the readers' attention on what is most important, characteristic and decisive.

In the case of minor details the producers of the film *Suvorov* have sometimes disregarded the formal truth. Thus, for instance, in the case of the episode showing Paul I banishing a certain regiment to Siberia directly from the parade grounds, the actual cause was not the same as that given in the film. But there is no doubt that the artist has a right to such minor digressions, because he is primarily concerned with depicting the historical truth, with a realistic representation of the epoch. In this respect the film *Suvorov* is historically truthful.

The various aspects of Suvorov's character are revealed in succession. We see the hero of the film at various moments of his life. We see him at the pinnacle of his fame, and at the moment when he is in disfavor, on the battle-field and in the ante-room of the tsar. And each scene reveals some new trait and helps the spectator better and more fully to understand Suvorov's complex character. One manifestation of this complex-

ity was Suvorov's famous eccentricities. They were indicated in the play *Suvorov* which was printed in *International Literature*, No. 1, 1941. But the nature of these eccentricities and their meaning are more fully and more ingeniously and sharply revealed in the film. Upon seeing the film we realize that these eccentricities were the sole possible form in which Suvorov could express his spirit of protest in a country crushed under the heel of an autocratic despot.

A stirring scene is the one showing Suvorov appearing in the emperor's palace. It is one of the best episodes in the film. Like the whole film, it represents the success of the three principal contributors—the scenario-writer, the film director and the actor.

The part of Suvorov is played by N. P. Cherkassov, who first began playing for the movies when he was over sixty. In this film he succeeded in bringing out all the most important and most characteristic traits of the great general. Suvorov's plain and simple approach in dealing with the soldiers is depicted by Cherkassov just as successfully and with as much penetration as the general's disguised contempt for and derision of the courtiers who dance attendance on Paul I.

One of the funniest scenes of the film. Suvorov, in obedience to the royal command of Paul I, arrives at the palace. To show his derision of the luxurious furnishings of the court, he pretends that he cannot keep his footing on the highly polished floor of the audience chamber

Cherkassov himself attributes much of his success to the help and advice of Vsevolod Pudovkin, who directed the film. "An actor is really fortunate if he has a chance to work with Pudovkin," said Cherkassov at the preview of the film in the Central Club of the Art Workers. Pudovkin, Cherkassov said further, is sensitive to the slightest wrong gesture or false tone. However, even the direction of such a master of his art as Pudovkin, would not be sufficient to compensate for any lack of penetration on the part of the actor himself. And Cherkassov is undoubtedly right when he says that only when he had reincarnated himself, so to say, into the character of Suvorov to such an extent that he had begun to think as, it seemed to him, the actor, the real Suvorov must have thought in his time, could he fully master the part and give a truthful and realistic portrayal of the great general.

One of the factors that contributed to the success of the film was the technically perfect methods employed in shooting it. An important episode—the crossing of the Alps—was filmed in the Caucasian mountains. But even the rigorous conditions, steep ascents and natural difficulties characteristic of the Caucasus could not provide a complete idea of the obstacles which Suvorov's troops had to surmount in the Alps. The producers therefore resorted to the method of subsequently touching up parts of the filmed episodes. As a result we see on the screen "bottomless chasms" into which fall the bodies of "killed" Frenchmen and of Suvorov's soldiers who "lose their hold" while climbing the mountain paths.

The parts of some of Suvorov's soldiers were played by well-known sportsmen, mountain climbers and Caucasian highlanders. This contributed an added touch of realism to the scenes in the mountains.

Notwithstanding his advanced age, Cherkassov, in an effort to attain the greatest possible verisimilitude, himself surmounted many natural difficulties. In the scene showing the capture of Devil's Bridge, it was necessary for several experienced guides to conduct Suvorov's horse up an extremely steep slope, and Cherkassov was helped up at the same time. The spectator thus sees Suvorov, mounted on his horse, calling upon his wearied troops to clash, as he said jestingly, over the hillock—but the hillock

Suvorov addressing his troops before storming the Devil's Bridge

happened to have a snow-covered peak lost in the clouds.

The new film produced by Pudovkin and his co-director Doller was given a very high rating by the Soviet critics. At the same time a number of shortcomings have been pointed out. Thus the closest disciples and associates of the field marshal are very little shown. The scene showing Bagration coming to Suvorov's residence in an absurd disguise seems out of place. But these are minor details, which cannot detract from the value of the film as a whole.

Soviet audiences hailed the new film with enthusiasm. Its success in the Soviet Union is exceptionally great. This success is due not only to the skill with which the film was produced, but also to the sentiments it stirs in the spectators. For these sentiments echo the patriotic feelings which fill the Soviet people these days—feelings stirred by the consciousness of the immense successes scored by the Soviet Union. For the Soviet people are more than ever animated by feelings of gratitude and love for the Party of Lenin and Stalin and for their government, whose wisdom and leadership secured for them conditions of peaceful and steady development at a time when the capitalist world is shaken to its foundations amid the din and flames of the second imperialist war.

TIMOFEI ROKOTOV

J. V. Stalin, sculpture by G. Kepinov

What amounts to a review of the achievements of Soviet artists during the past twenty-three years opened recently at the Tretyakov Gallery in Moscow, where some 4,000 works of the country's best painters, sculptors, etc. are now on public view. Variety and scope are a characteristic feature of this exhibition throughout: here you find artists from all sections of the country, from the old art centers as well as from the most distant national republics; here are the mediums of marble, wood, plaster of paris, oil, water-color, pen and ink; the displays range from splendid portraits and large, almost fresco-like canvases occupying an entire wall to still-lifes, breezy studies and striking drawings; Soviet man and the Soviet people, their history and strivings give rise to a great variety of themes.

The first sections of the exhibition are devoted to Lenin and Stalin. Here you see B. Johanson's outstanding work, his canvas *Lenin and Stalin, the Leaders of October*. G. Kepinov's bust of Stalin is a splendid piece of work. Then come halls depicting the heroic path covered by the Red Army. Of interest is A. Gerasimov's *Stalin and Gorky*, shown at the New York World's Fair and now on view at a Soviet exhibition for the first time.

Among the painters worthy of particular attention are M. Nesterov, a painter of the older generation who exhibits his splendid portraits; P. Konchalovsky, still-lifes, and N. Krymov, the landscape artist. The Armenian painter M. Saryan conveys on his canvases the bright colors of his country, and T. Sampilov, the Buryat-Mongolian artist, the boundless expanses of that autonomous republic.

Sculpture is excellently represented, with such masters as V. Mukhina, S. Lebedeva, M. Manizer and G. Kepinov displaying their best work.

"Nenets Girl," (left) painting by K. Dorokhov, and "Nikitka," by A. Deineka, portraying the first Russian to construct a flying contraption

V. I. Lenin and A. M. Gorky. Painting by V. Yefanov

Portrait of the actor R. Simonov (right) by M. Saryan, and portrait of I. D. Papanin by A. Gerasimov

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS

A BOOK ON CHKALOV

Chkalov, a biography of the famous Soviet pilot by N. N. Bobrov, marks the second anniversary of the flyer's death.

"Throughout the book we see the gradual molding of Chkalov's personality, feel the very atmosphere of flying," writes Colonel M. Moiseyev, Honored Pilot of the U.S.S.R., in *Pravda*. "N. Bobrov has portrayed Chkalov's great mastery in the air with such force that at times the reader feels as though he is sitting at the controls together with Chkalov, feels all the charm and thrill of 'a whirlwind flight.'

"Working on this book Bobrov drew first and foremost on the notes of his chats with Chkalov," Moiseyev writes, "while a study of the log books enabled him to reproduce the details of Chkalov's flight to Udd Island in the Soviet Far East (now named Chkalov Island), and to the United States via the North Pole.

"Chkalov was ready to undertake any exploit that would bring glory to his country. The intrepid flight from the U.S.S.R. to the United States across the North Pole will go down forever in the annals of aviation. But even after this flight Chkalov did not rest content. He was preparing for new exploits, he dreamed of piloting a plane around 'our little globe.'

"This is very typical of the great pilot who, according to Baidukov and Belyakov, his flying mates, flew all his life, was ever blazing an air trail to the new, to the unexplored, surmounting all barriers and difficulties, and did it modestly, without fuss, without self-publicity.

"Valeri Chkalov was a Bolshevik in the true sense of the word, a man of rare integrity, who loved life as it is. The author depicts him as the modest, simple and charming man he was, who strove persistently towards progress, a man who placed the interests of his Party and his people above everything else."

N. Ostrovsky in 1923. Painting by N. Korygin

MEMORABILIA OF OSTROVSKY

A collection of speeches, articles and letters by Nikolai Ostrovsky, author of *How the Steel Was Tempered* and *Born of the Storm* has appeared. These biographical documents comprise, as it were, a third book of the author, the sequel of his first two, and bring to mind the portrait of the courageous Bolshevik writer. The book opens with the speech he delivered on being awarded the Order of Lenin in 1935. In this speech, entitled *Long Live Life*, this man who was stricken to his bed by a fatal sickness, who knew that his days were numbered, declared:

"And when life fettered me to my bed, I made every endeavor to prove to the men who were my teachers, to the old Bolsheviks, that the young generation of the working class does not throw up the sponge under any circumstances. And I fought on. Life tried to break me, to oust me from the ranks, but I was determined. 'I won't give up,' I said, for I believed in victory. I fought on because I was surrounded by the tender care of the Party. And now I joyously greet life which has invigorated me and once again enabled me to take my place in the ranks. . . ."

"I am very grieved to think," Ostrovsky wrote in a letter to J. V. Stalin, "that in the coming final battles I will not be able to take my place in the front line. A dread disease has chained me to my bed. But with no less fervor will I inflict telling blows with another weapon with which the Party of Lenin and Stalin has armed me by giving a semi-literate lad of the working class every facility to develop into a Soviet writer."

A NEW BOOK BY WANDA WASILEWSKA

Wanda Wasilewska's book *A Room in the Attic* is put out in an edition of 100,000 by the Children's Publishing House. Though designed for the youth the book merits the interest of the adult as well. This new novel of hers has the same distinguishing features as all the writings of Wanda Wasilewska: bold simplicity and clarity of style, profound realism, particularly in portraying men of labor.

A Room in the Attic is a story of the hard life of proletarian children in a capitalist city; like the other works of the writer, it is filled with optimism, and faith in the strength of the working man. The book has no unusual adventures, no tense dramatic moments, but it holds, it stirs the reader throughout.

"A HISTORY OF DIPLOMACY"

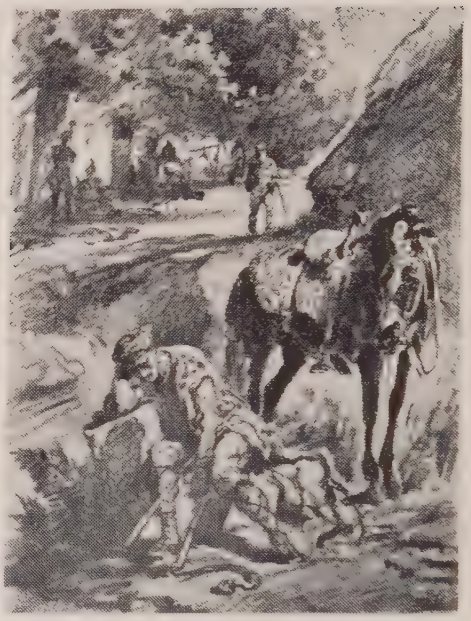
The first book of a two-volume edition of *A History of Diplomacy* has appeared on the Soviet book mart. This work aims to present a history of diplomacy from ancient times to the present, exposing it on the basis of an analysis of international relations, to be an instrument of the ruling classes.

A History of Diplomacy is the first attempt of a Marxist analysis in this field on so broad a scope. Prominent Soviet Marxist historians took part in this work of scientific research.

The first volume embraces the period from ancient times to the Franco-Prussian War (1871).

Destined for a broad circle of readers, *A History of Diplomacy* combines strict scientific content with a lively and popular exposition.

Illustration to Wanda Wasilewska's "A Room in the Attic" by S. Zakrzhevskaya



The State Literary Publishing House has issued a new Russian translation of "The Knight in the Tiger's Skin," the epic poem by the Georgian classical poet Shot'ha Rust'hveli. The translator, S. Nutsubidze, and the editor, S. Gorodetsky, are to be commended for the faithful translation and the exactness with which they convey both the rhythm of the poem and the author's world outlook. In the process of the work extensive research had to be done to discover the exact meaning of many of the expressions and allusions in Rust'hveli's original, and as a result of this we now have the first translation correctly portraying Rust'hveli as a thinker and a man of great erudition. Old translations done during the tsarist times were cramped and often made obscure by the desire of the translators to escape the wrath of the ruling circles. The book contains about 20 illustrations by the artists X. Zichi, S. Kobuladze and I. Toidze, of which two, by Toidze (left) and Zichi, are given above

PEN PORTRAIT OF DICKENS FOR SOVIET CHILDREN

A biographical essay on Charles Dickens is presented in the first volume of the works of the great English writer now being put out by the Children's Publishing House.

The first volume contains the *Pickwick Papers* and a biographical sketch by E. Lann. The author depicts the personality of the great writer from different angles: his colossal industry, his great demands to himself, his tenderness and sympathetic approach towards people, his compassion for human suffering and his optimistic perception of life. Before the reader rises a living Dickens.

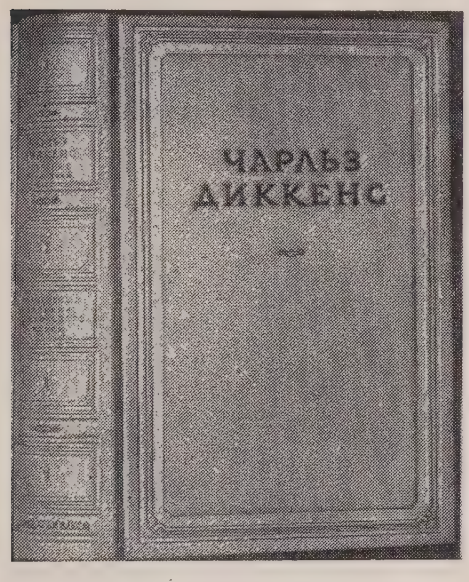
In an article discussing at length Lann's effort, *Literaturnaya Gazeta* writes:

"E. Lann's essay on Dickens can in a way serve as a model effort which helps the reading public to understand and feel at one with the classic writer. But in this work one would have wished for a broader, more profound analysis of Dickens' writings. . . . Lann presents some interesting details on the history of certain novels. . . . But the peculiar nature and essence of Dickens' realism, the distinguishing features and contradictions in his world outlook could have been unraveled still better. Even a young reader can be explained wherein lies the greatness of a classic, as well as the limitations of his greatness. Even a young reader can be explained why Marx classed Dickens with those writers who 'revealed to the world more political and social truths than was done by all the politicians, publicists and moralists taken together.'"

Its analysis of *Pickwick Papers* the newspaper ends with the following words:

"Pickwick has something of the charm of the real living Dickens. This old gentleman with the soul of a twenty-five-year-old resembles his creator by his

crystal purity, freshness of emotions and sincere desire to help people. And yet at the same time this novel about Pickwick, despite all its roseate humor, gives one a conception of the prude, egotistic and heartless bourgeois England, that England whose annalist Dickens was and the collision with which hastened his death."



NEW NOVELS BY GERMAN AUTHORS

Wandering, a new book by the German writer Adam Scharrer, has been issued by the State National Minorities' Publishers in Kiev. Basing the subject matter on his own personal experience, the author describes the fate of a German boy, the son of a landless peasant, who is compelled at an early age to leave his home and seek for a means of subsistence. The lad goes to the town where he becomes an apprentice. Brought up in the stifling religious atmosphere of a Bavarian village, he now becomes acquainted with a new world and joins his destiny with that of the working class movement.

He comes to the realization that it is impossible to go on living the way his parents did. "All your life you have done only what you were ordered to do. You starved, yet you never asked for anything: why must those who work the hardest starve? You brought children into the world and yet you never pondered for a moment over the fact that children look at the world with different eyes. Try to understand this, just as I try to understand you . . . I hope that those who follow in our wake will succeed in thoroughly changing the world, in removing the cross from the hunched backs of the poor and teaching them once more how to laugh."

This small book gives one an insight into the German working class movement prior to the first imperialist World War.

Germany of the 'eighties is the scene where the action in Erpenbeck's novel *The Founder* is laid (Mezhdunarodnaya Kniga Publishers, Moscow). Werner Torff, the hero of the novel, is an honest journalist with democratic views who, contrary to "public opinion," tries to be "objective" and write only about the truth. The period depicted in the book is the time of Bismarck's Anti-Socialist Law adopted following the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, a time when war reparations paid by France contributed to the boom of German industry and trade, when trusts and limited companies were founded and burst like some South Sea bubble, when the German big bourgeoisie began to lay claim to world supremacy.

Erpenbeck shows how Werner Torff was drawn into the "vortex," a catspaw in the shady transactions of others, how he tried to follow his chosen path in life, but was hounded, discredited and despised by the very society of which he considered himself a member.

NEWS AND VIEWS

U.S.S.R.

WRITERS MEET THEIR YOUNG READERS

Meetings of Soviet writers with their young readers have become quite a regular feature of late. Meetings of this kind are usually held at workers' clubs and universities.

The idea for such gatherings originated with members of the Young Communist League at the Stalin Auto Plant, Moscow, who appealed to Soviet writers to help the youth make full use of the vast treasure of Socialist culture. Writers, as active proponents of Socialist culture, should take a hand in developing among the youth a taste for good literature, so that the need for the latter becomes a prime necessity amongst the younger generation. In their appeal to the writers the Y.C.L. members stated:

"It is essential that writers, poets and critics should become regular guests in workers' clubs, university auditoriums and dormitories of trade schools.

"We presume that direct contact with young readers will be of value to you too, will help you enter into the realm of interests of the young man of our times. We, after all, are not only your readers, we are the heroes you portray."

The Presidium of the Union of Soviet Writers decided to support the appeal of the Y.C.L. members.

The first meeting of writers and young readers was held in the Palace of Culture at the Stalin Auto Plant. It was presided over by A. Fadeyev, well-known Soviet author and Secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, who spoke of the great educational value of classical literature and the achievements and problems confronting Soviet literature.

A number of writers and poets, including A. Novikov-Priboy and N. Aseyev, read excerpts from their latest novels and poems and acquainted the meeting with their plans for the future. The audience, consisting of several thousand young men and women, gave the writers a warm reception.

A number of similar meetings held in Moscow with stirring success, aroused the keen interest not only of the young people who filled the auditoriums and clubs but also of the writers and poets who attended them.

LITERARY LIFE IN THE NATIONAL REPUBLICS

The first congress of Soviet Writers of the young Karelian-Finnish Soviet Socialist Republic was held recently. The congress was attended by local writers, narrators of folklore and authors, guests from Leningrad and Moscow. Problems of literature in the Karelian-Finnish Republic were discussed at length.

A number of books by modern Finnish writers and poets, as well as classics of Finnish literature, was published in recent months with the aid of the Union of Soviet Writers. Translations of literary works from the Russian into the Finnish and from the Finnish into the Russian languages has also been undertaken.

Literary circles in Soviet Ukraine honored Fyodor Kushnerik, the blind folk bard, on the occasion of the 30th anniversary of his activity.

The blind bard, who is a member of the Union of Soviet Writers, has in his repertory outstanding Ukrainian ballads and historic songs. After the Great October Socialist Revolution he wrote many songs of his own which he renders to the accompaniment of a *kobza*.

Kushnerik's jubilee was marked by a festive evening in the place of his birth, sponsored by the Folklore Institute of the Academy of Sciences of the Ukrainian S.S.R. and the folklore section of the Union of Soviet Writers.

A museum devoted to Eliza Orzeszko, renowned Polish authoress, is being set up in Grodno, Byelorussia. The museum will be housed in the wooden cottage where the author lived and worked. The building has changed hands many times with the result that Orzeszko's belong-

ings were pilfered and lost. These are now being sought for. So far a writing desk, arm chair, book case, and a number of photographs and manuscripts have been recovered.

The content of the Latvian weekly *Atputa* (Rest) reflects the radical change that has taken place in the literary life of the young Soviet republic. It now features articles on the Soviet Union and the life of the laboring people in Latvia itself, topics that were taboo under the plutocratic regime.

Recent issues carried translations from the novels and stories by M. Sholokhov, V. Katayev, I. Ilf and E. Petrov, M. Zoshchenko, which until recently were unknown to the Latvian reader.

Works of Latvian authors featured in recent issues include stories by O. Krauja, P. Algars, A. Peleda and I. Lemanis (a short story by I. Lemanis was printed in *International Literature* No. 11-12, 1940).

A contest for a best play has been announced in Tbilisi, capital of the Georgian Soviet Socialist Republic. A number of young authors have entered the contest. To help them in their work the Presidium of the Union of Soviet Writers has organized a special seminar.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS BY ANTON CHEKHOV

Thirty nine letters by Anton Chekhov hitherto unpublished have been acquired by the State Literary Museum in Moscow. They are addressed to N. M. Yezhov, a writer of the end of the last century.

An interesting feature of these letters are the views which Chekhov expresses on the work of a writer. He advised Yezhov:

"You have just launched out in this field, a beginner in the full sense of the word, and never, under pain of death, must you forget that each line is your capital of the future.

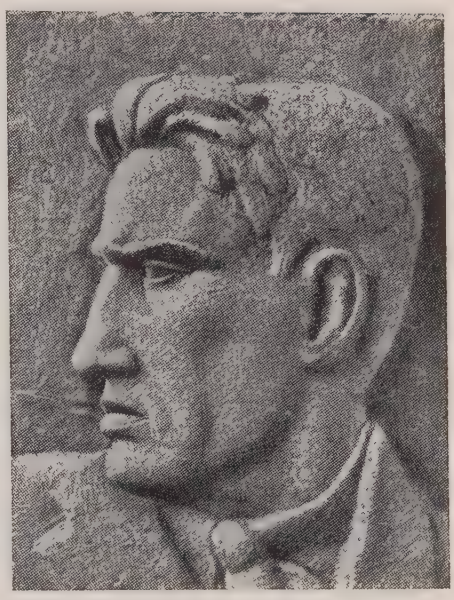
"Unless you train your hand and brain now both to discipline and forced marches, unless you make haste and keep a tight hand on yourself, in three or four years it will be too late."

In another letter Chekhov admonishes Yezhov:

"Instead of writing two or three stories a week, you write one in two or three months. Such meager productivity besides causing you material loss tends to dry up your talent since without systematic regular exercise it is impossible to avoid regressing.

"Take heart, Sir, and write 5 to 10 hours a day. . . . Writing a lot is a great salvation."

N. Yezhov has collected Chekhov's stories published in various newspapers and magazines for a full collection of the latter's works. In his letters Chekhov discloses some of his pen-names. This has enabled Soviet literary scholars to unearth some of the writer's short stories which the author himself has not included in his complete works.



Mayakovsky, bas-relief by the Latvian sculptor Juozas Mikenas

HONOR ARMENIAN POET ON ANNIVERSARY

The Armenian people and literary circles throughout the Soviet Union observed the 65th anniversary of the birth of Avedik Issahakian, renowned Armenian poet.

The poet enjoys great popularity in his native land. His poetic works have won fame also beyond its border. His best known poem *Abou-Lala Maari*, written in 1909, has since been translated into all European languages.

Many of his verses are of a lyrical nature. All his works are permeated by a fervent love for his long-suffering country which only under Soviet conditions at last acquired freedom.

Would that I had a thousand and one lives.
To offer thee, all from my heart . . .

He called on his oppressed countrymen to struggle. Under the influence of the 1905 Revolution in Russia he wrote: "The bell of freedom rings its clarion call from the lofty Caucasian mountain peaks; it calls us to the field of death and glory, to the struggle against tyranny and evil . . ."

His poetry contains many exquisite descriptions of the Armenian landscape. Today Issahakian writes of a happy people who after centuries of foreign oppression have at last, like his hero in *Abou-Lala Maari*, found a land where "the sun of freedom shines, where exploitation is no more."

MEDICAL RESEARCH CENTER MARKS 50TH ANNIVERSARY

The entire country joined in paying tribute to the A. M. Gorky All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine, the medical research center in the U.S.S.R., on the occasion of its fiftieth anniversary.

This institute, originally the St. Petersburg Institute of Experimental Medicine, was founded half a century ago by foremost Russian scientists on the lines of the Pasteur Institute in Paris; it included on its staff such outstanding scientists as Pavlov, Zabolotny and Nentsky.

The Great Socialist Revolution made this institute the property of the state. In 1932, on the suggestion of A. M. Gorky, heartily supported by J. V. Stalin and V. M. Molotov, the institute was reorganized into the All-Union Institute of Experimental Medicine.

The institute has made rapid progress since then and at present represents a research center which has no equal in the world. Its annual budget runs to 25 million rubles. Huge new quarters are being built for the institute by the Soviet government.

Six hundred scientific workers are engaged in research on various problems of medicine in its sixty laboratories, thirty departments and three clinics. In the last ten years the staff of the Institute published more than 5,000 scientific papers, almost double the number issued in all the preceding forty years. New medical preparations are being synthesized in its laboratories, and improved medical instruments and apparatuses are being designed in its shops. There is hardly a branch of medicine where no important developments were contributed by the Institute.

Intensive activity is conducted by the Institute in the field of fighting infectious diseases. A group of scientists headed by Academician E. Pavlovsky in a short time discovered the cause of spring-summer encephalitis, a dread disease with a high death toll, occurring in the East Siberian taiga. Its carrier proved to be a tiny tick. A vaccine prepared by the scientists now prevents infection.

The general theory on the development of pathological processes in the human organism advanced by Academician A. D. Speransky evoked heated disputes in the medical world. Through many experiments Speransky and his pupils accumulated proof that the nervous system defines the course of the pathological process and that by influencing the nervous system medicine can accelerate the process of recovery.

1,000th PERFORMANCE OF "THE LOWER DEPTHS"

The thousandth performance of Gorky's *The Lower Depths* has been given by the Moscow Art Theater. This is the only production of the theater which has remained constantly in its repertory since 1902, the year it was first staged.

V. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko, who together with the late K. S. Stanislavsky produced Gorky's play, wrote:

"A quarter of a century will pass. In the very same theater, within the very same walls, the same play will be staged, even most of the actors will be the same, only by then they will have become accomplished artists. The same Moskvin will play Luka, the same Kachalov, the baron, and the sets and *mise-en-scène* will be the same; a quarter of a century of evolution in theatrical art will not affect them—in a word, nothing on the stage will change. What will change beyond recognition is the audience. It will be an entirely different audience, an audience that 25 years ago did not find a way to this theater . . . And now it will occupy all the seats and with a satisfactory sense of proprietorship will listen to the very same words . . . And still more enthusiastic will be their acclaim of the actors, and still greater will be the ovation they will accord to their favorite and talented author."

Scene from "Aladdin's Lamp" at the Central State Puppet Theater in Moscow

"ALADDIN'S LAMP" STAGED AT PUPPET THEATER

Aladdin's Lamp as presented by the Central State Puppet Theater in Moscow has been recognized as one of the most colorful productions of the season. It was staged by S. Obraztsov, renowned actor and producer of the puppet theater.

"Truth and imagination, facts and invention mingle excellently in Obraztsov's art," *Izvestia* writes. "Obraztsov is an artist with a keen eye for concrete and real facts—that is why notwithstanding the fantastic plot and the personages everything seems truthful . . ."

The performance has a big cast—a senile sultan, who intrusts his power and the interests of his country to a wily courtier; an ambitious vizier who dreams of marrying the sultan's daughter and stepping into his boots; the wilful princess Budur; the brave Aladdin; the magician who champions the interests of the vizier; poor fishermen, goods vendors, the sultan's guards, Aladdin's mother, handmaids of the princess, the learned counselor attached to the sultan's court, as well as an elephant, lion, camels, Arabian thoroughbreds, and a falcon.

The scenes change with lightning-like fairy-tale rapidity—an oriental street scene, the throne room of the sultan, the garden of the princess, the prison in which Aladdin is incarcerated by the self-seeking magician, the desert scene in which a lion plays a leading part. In other scenes Aladdin's golden palace is built almost in the twinkling of an eye, flowers blossom and mysterious caverns divulge their wonderful treasures of gold and rich brocades, all at the command of the genie of the magic old lamp. The play has the real flavor of an oriental tale.

OPERA BASED ON AZERBAIJAN CLASSIC

The Leningrad composer B. Asafyev has completed a four-act opera, *Enchanted Castle*, based on the work of the great Azerbaijan classic Nizami, whose 800th birthday will be marked in the Soviet Union in the current year. The plot deals with the freeing of a Slav girl from an enchanted castle by the heroic Sukheil. The poet himself is depicted in the person of the sage who helps Sukheil.

The libretto for the opera was written by Eidar Ismailov, Azerbaijan writer.

DEVELOPMENT OF MUSIC IN GEORGIA

The development of national music in Georgia was demonstrated at the recent festival of Soviet music. Georgian composers have contributed new operas, symphonies, suites and chamber music.

The young composers of this republic, continuing the splendid traditions of the Georgian classical school—Z. Paliashvili, W. Arakishvili, M. Balanchivadze—strive to combine in their art the exquisite, colorful Georgian folklore with modern European music.

Outstanding among the works performed at the festival were the compositions of G. Kiladze, S. Mshvelidze and A. Balanchivadze.

Kiladze's symphonic poem *Gandekili* (Hermit) is one of the most impressive pieces of national symphonic music, a musical rendering of an epic telling of the struggle of the new against the outlived superstitions of the past.

Shalva Mshvelidze has devoted much thought and affection to the study of the music and life of the mountaineers in Georgia. The grim and vivid landscapes of Pshavia, Khevsuretia and Abkhazia, and characters filled with primitive force and nobility of spirit are drawn on broad canvases in his symphonic pieces *Pshauri*, *Azar* and *Zviadauri*. *Zviadauri* is a monumental symphonic fresco. The ease and boldness with which Mshvelidze employs the melodic phrases of ancient Khevsuri and Pshav songs is truly amazing.

The music of Andrei Balanchivadze breathes of genuine lyrical charm. He is the author of the comical opera *Happiness*, which is distinguished by soft translucent landscapes and melodious grace of its arias infused with warm humor.

Georgian composers have completed and are working on a number of new operas: *Lado Ketskhoveli* (by G. Kiladze); *The Knight in the Tiger's Skin* (by S. Mshvelidze); *My Country* (I. Tuskiya); *Gela* (V. Gokieli).

CHAIKOVSKY'S "SILVER SLIPPERS" AT THE BOLSHOI THEATER

Chaikovsky's opera *Silver Slippers* has been revived by the Bolshoi Theater in Moscow after an interval of 53 years.

The new production is presented as a lyrical fantasia with a realistic background. The critics note that by its highly successful staging of *Silver Slippers*, the Bolshoi Theater has thoroughly disproved the opinion held by some that this opera is somewhat dull and not typical of Chaikovsky.

Chaikovsky is very lavish with his music in *Silver Slippers*, like a titan who had just realized his strength and is eager to apply it at every step. One can sense a certain intoxication of the composer with his own powers, in the endless variety of the melodic design of the opera, in the dazzling wealth of its rhythms and harmonious combinations.

Critics have commented on the high level of performance by the cast and especially that of E. Antonova and M. Mikhailov. Antonova, possessing a fine voice with a soft timbre, renders excellently the difficult part of Solokha, the aged coquette who still has a whole string of cavaliers, including the devil, trailing after her.

The dancing in the palace. Scene from "Silver Slippers"

"On the whole," *Pravda* writes, "the production of *Silver Slippers* must be regarded as one of the greatest successes of the Bolshoi Theater. It is an excellent gift to the Soviet public. And that is why the premiere became a significant event in the theatrical life of the capital."

YOUNG LENINGRAD ARTISTS EXHIBIT WORKS

An exhibition of the work of recent graduates of the All-Russian Academy of Fine Arts was held recently in Leningrad. Outstanding among the exhibits of the young masters of the graphic arts were the excellent illustrations to Pushkin's *The Captain's Daughter*, by B. Kozhin. One senses in them the care of the artist for Pushkin's text and a true understanding of the historic background. Kozhin's water-colors leave a lasting impression.

Well versed in the art of etching are A. Kulikov and I. Arkhangelskaya who did a gravure *Pushkin in Tsarskoye Selo*. Arkhangelskaya is a gifted portrait painter as shown by her portrait of Sholokhov done in coal and especially her water color portraits.

Prof. Shillingovsky's class in etcning at the Academy has been graduated this year by quite a number of able students. The recent exhibition of productions by artists engaged in the studio of the Leningrad Union of Soviet Artists showed interesting and varied experiments in etching and lithography. E. Kamiskova's lithographic impressions in colors reveals a new treatment of theatrical themes. Other of her exhibits show street scenes, etc.

EXHIBIT FOLK ART OF WEST UKRAINE

The first exhibition of folk art of the western regions of the Ukraine and of the Guzuls (Ukrainian mountaineers) was held in Moscow at the Museum of Modern Western Art.

More than 700 exhibits—paintings, sculpture, ancient icons, architecture, and household articles were on display.

The exhibition gave a clear conception of the originality and artistry of the Guzuls. Household utensils, rugs, ceramic wares and wooden dishes all were adorned with Guzul ornaments distinguished by a great variety of form, a wealth of fantasy and exquisite workmanship. The Guzuls are splendid woodcarvers. Articles from beech-wood showed fine filigree work.

The works of western Ukrainian artists from the 15th century to the present occupied several halls.

"On Duty at the Airdrome." Painting by Lian Yu-ming

On view also were contemporary themes—sketches for the canvas *The Red Army Enters Lwow* by Razwadoski, *The Coming of the Red Army* by Psakhsi and *Decorating a House* by Vnukov.

The architecture hall featured drawings and photos of the best architectural monuments of western Ukraine.

NEW DISPLAYS FOR CHINESE ART EXHIBITION

The exhibition *Art of China* (see *International Literature* No. 3, 1940) in the Museum of Oriental Culture, Moscow, received a number of new exhibits. The exhibits include several rolls depicting present-day conditions in China and the heroic struggle of its people.

The artist Lian Yu-ming has several compositions portraying the courage of the Chinese soldiers. Such are the canvases

Get Back the Lost Territory and *Indomitable Will*. In the canvas *On Duty at the Airdrome* he shows young Chinese pilots who are ready to grapple with the enemy at a moment's notice. His canvas *Alarm* conveys in moving terms the emotions of a young mother who clutches her child during an air-raid. The artist Shan I-kiang paints true-to-life episodes of the war. The young artist Chao Wan-yung dedicates his brush to the peasantry.

"POTEMKIN"

Soviet cinema circles gathered to fete Sergei Eisenstein on the occasion of the fifteenth anniversary of the release of the film. At that time Soviet films were entirely unknown to cinema goers abroad, who were barred from seeing them by censorship restrictions and prohibitions. The honor to break through the cordon of censorship restrictions fell to the *Potemkin* and the break it made was easily widened by other Soviet films which entranced the public by the exquisite artistry.

The anniversary meeting was held in one of Moscow's largest movie theaters. Gathered in the audience were admirers of this epoch-making film, representatives of various public organizations, literary, cultural and film producing circles.

Following speeches by the writer V. Shklovsky and the cinema producer G. Roshal, the center stage was occupied by a delegation of Soviet marines. The head of the delegation greeted the cast and Sergei Eisenstein, the gifted producer, who was the first to bring to the screen a film portraying sailors of the old Russian navy and their heroic struggle against the tsarist autocracy. "What we want to see," he said in conclusion, "are films depicting the heroic exploits of the Russian navy under the command of such outstanding men as admiral Sinyavin, Kornilov, Nakhimov and others. We want to see films showing the exploits of the sailors of our present day Soviet navy, the part they played in the events against the Finnish white-guards who dared to threaten the cradle of the Revolution—the city of Lenin."

Congratulatory messages were received from cinema organizations and producers throughout the U.S.S.R. The speech in reply by Sergei Eisenstein was followed by a showing of the film.

PRODUCE FILM ABOUT SIBERIAN CHILDREN

Siberians is the title of a film about children and for children.

The plot is simple. Two schoolchums in the Siberian village of Novaya Uda, the place where Stalin had at one time been exiled by the tsarist government, learn that one of the local inhabitants is supposed to have a pipe that had once belonged to Stalin. Rumor had it that Stalin presented it to the hunter for helping him to escape and showing him the way through the taiga.

To find this pipe and return it to Stalin is the dream of the two friends, conjured up not merely by a passion for adventure but by that feeling of tender love which children show for Stalin.

"Most likely Lenin himself made him a gift of the pipe," Petya suggests.

"Lenin?"

"Sure. Now you can imagine how glad Stalin will be to get hold of his old pipe again."

"Yes, he'll be glad, real glad. We must find it by all means," Seryozha affirms.

The children are engrossed with but one thought—to make Stalin happy.

It does not matter that the pipe they found after many stirring adventures which proved them to be courageous, and persevering, had never belonged to Stalin. What is important is the motive behind their deed, their unaffected love for Stalin.

The poetic idea of the film—to portray the love of children for Stalin—is painted not only in realistic colors; the film has the elements of a fairy tale, a strain of the romantic.

It was produced by L. Kuleshov, one of the veteran Soviet cinema directors.

ANIMAL LIFE BROUGHT TO SCREEN

The life of wild animals and birds in their natural surroundings is brought to the screen in the scientific-popular film *Force of Life*, produced by A. Zguridi after the scenario by Professor P. Manteifel.

Exceptional efforts were demanded of the cameramen in shooting this film. For days on end they tracked their unsuspecting "actors," camouflaging the camera and trying in every way to silence its noise. Nights were spent in hunter's lairs in order to film the animals at dawn. This is how they succeeded in filming many rare scenes, including the wintering of birds on the shores of the Caspian Sea and the courting of black grouse.

Such sections as *spring*, *summer*, *night* and *autumn* were shot with great taste and efficiency. Each episode of the film teems with intense life, with the dramatism of the struggle in nature.

Though the spectator is aware that the scenes from nature caught by the camera

Two stills from the film "Force of Life": an early morning shot of two feathered forest dwellers (above), and a rabbit escaping to a little islet from a pursuing fox

is largely due to the efficiency of the cameraman, that the filming of many episodes had to be prepared with painstaking care by the producer and his assistants, nevertheless in no episode can he feel an artificial note or embellishment of nature.

The film gives one the feeling that he has been brought into closer contact with nature, that he had seen an intimate page of life at close quarters.

While speaking about the merits of the film, *Pravda* stresses that it "also has one serious shortcoming. The authors set out to illustrate the doctrines of natural selection, the struggle for existence which predominates in nature.' The film has scrupulously recorded scenes of this warfare. But Engels long ago, in his *Dialectics of Nature*, came out against those who see in everything nothing but struggle. '...The interaction of dead natural bodies,' he wrote, 'includes both harmony and collisions, that of living bodies conscious and unconscious co-operation equally with conscious and unconscious struggle. Hence, even in regard to nature, it is not permissible one-sidedly to inscribe only 'struggle' on one's banners . . .'

"This profound remark by Engels, which develops Darwin's teaching," *Pravda* notes, "should have been taken into account by the authors of the film; they had to show not merely war among animals but also the conscious and unconscious cooperation—another no less important force of life."

FIRST THREE-DIMENSIONAL FILM COMPLETED

Land of Youth—the first three-dimensional film to be produced—was recently shown in Moscow (see *International Literature*, No. 8-9, 1940).

Presented in the form of a musical review, the film features outstanding artists—an elocutionist, pianist, opera singer, harp player, circus jugglers, etc. The music includes Chaikovsky, Glinka, Liszt, Chopin and Strauss. Parts of the film are produced in color.

The producer A. Andrievsky and the cameraman D. Surensky had to overcome many difficulties in shooting the first stereoscopic film. An ordinary camera was employed to which was attached two mirrors placed at an angle of 180 degrees. This arrangement gave the required result.

To enable the producer and cameraman to follow the progress of the filming, to see it just as it would appear later to the cinema goer, the inventor of the three-dimensional cinema, S. P. Ivanov, has designed a special stereoscopic lens.

The new film when projected on a special screen gives the illusion of depth. At times it seems to the audience as though the actors walk into the auditorium or that articles they throw are flying straight into the aisle.

IN BRIEF

People's Artist of the U.S.S.R. Rheingold Gliere is at present working on an opera *Louise Michel* dedicated to the Paris Commune.

A painting, *St. Joaquin*, by the well-known Dutch artist Joachim de Patinir (1485-1524), has been discovered in the collections of the Ukrainian Art Galleries in Kharkov. The canvas, which bears the signature of the artist, is well preserved, notwithstanding its 430 years.

The opera *And Quiet Flows the Don* by the Soviet composer I. Dzerzhinsky was presented in the Lettish language by the Theater of Opera and Ballet in Riga, capital of the Latvian S.S.R. The new production scored a big success.

The pianist V. Archangelsky is touring collective farms with his own instrument which he has fixed up in an automobile specially outfitted for the purpose. His program includes the works of Liszt, Chopin, Beethoven and Soviet composers. Last year Archangelsky covered more than 10,000 km. in the course of his tours.

A State Philharmonic Society has been established in Vilnius, the new capital of the Lithuanian S.S.R. The State Philharmonic Society includes a symphony orchestra and an ensemble of folk instruments.

A Museum of Fine Arts has been opened in Kishinev, Bessarabia. The museum has four sections—Russian, Soviet, western European and folk art. Included in its collections are the works of Repin and other renowned Russian masters.

A state museum of the Latvian S.S.R. has been opened in Riga. It has a big collection of canvases and drawings by Russian and Latvian artists.

Romeo and Juliet in the Tatar language has been staged in Kazan, capital of the republic. This is the third Shakespeare play to be produced in the Tatar language. The first two, *Othello* and *Hamlet*, were produced several years ago. The theater is now rehearsing *King Lear*.

The State Jewish Theater in Moscow is preparing to stage a play based on

Sholom Aleikhem's novel *Wandering Stars*. The production is directed by S. Mikhoels, People's Artist of the U.S.S.R.

The Committee on arrangements for the Estonian art festival to be held in Moscow this autumn has announced a contest for the best Estonian play and opera. A number of prominent Estonian playwrights (Raudsepp, Tammlaan, Adson) and composers (Tubin, Oja, Vedro, Kapp) are taking part in the contest.

CHINA

MAGAZINE DEDICATES ISSUE TO MAYAKOVSKY

Ta Chung Weni devotes one of its recent issues to Vladimir Mayakovsky. This Chinese periodical published a detailed account of the measures taken by the Union of Soviet Writers to perpetuate the memory of the poet. Printed in the issue are *Left March*, translated by the well-known Chinese poet Emi Siao, and *A Talk With Comrade Lenin*, translated by Emi Siao in collaboration with Lee Yu-jan, *Lost in Conference* translated by Wei Po and a translation of V. Katanyan's article *Mayakovsky, the Satirist*.

The translation of *Left March* is on the whole close to the original but it does not retain the rhythm of these very precise verses. Emi Siao tells of the difficulties he encountered in translating Mayakovsky into the Chinese language and with what painstaking care and affection he labored over them.

Siao's rendition into the Chinese of *A Talk With Comrade Lenin* is exact and praiseworthy.

Of considerable interest is his spirited article on Mayakovsky which he begins by quoting Stalin's words that "Mayakovsky was and remains the best and most talented poet of our Soviet epoch."

"Chinese men of letters are not sufficiently acquainted with Mayakovsky's art and most often do not understand him correctly," says Siao. In his article he strives to give Chinese translators a clue to an understanding of Mayakovsky and this he has done creditably well within the limits of a small article.

The Chinese reader is given a portrait of Mayakovsky the poet and citizen, who was ruthless to the enemy and beloved by the people.

The article ends with an appeal to Chinese writers to mingle with the masses in the street, in the front line trenches and write songs and slogans so that their voices should ring out as Mayakovsky's did.

SWITZERLAND

PUBLISH BOOK ON ADAM MICKIEWICZ

New light on Adam Mickiewicz's stay in Lausanne is shed by a recently-published book about the famous Polish poet by M. Ferretti, lecturer at the Lausanne University.

By drawing on a number of hitherto unpublished documents M. Ferretti describes Mickiewicz's stay in Switzerland, from October 1839 to July 1840, when he lectured on literature at the Academie de Lausanne.

According to the author, as far back as 1829 Mickiewicz cherished the thought of settling in Switzerland. In 1838, when

This movie house showing the Soviet picture "Chapayev" is situated in the city of Kweilin, in China's Kwangsi Province

the poet lived in Paris as an emigre without any means of subsistence, he happened to read in one of the newspapers an announcement that the Academie de Lausanne was inviting applications for the post of lecturer in Latin literature. Through the offices of his friends Skowacci and Olivier, who resided in Switzerland, he applied for the vacancy. The poet's fame, his eloquence and skill in philology secured him the post.

He began lecturing at the university in October 1839.

Students flocked to his lectures, rendered all the more interesting by his colorful speech, startling comparisons, and original style. Some, however, thought that he was being too "poetic." To avoid any intrigues on the part of elements who were opposed to Mickiewicz, the students applied to the State Council with a petition that Mickiewicz be accorded the degree of professor. The official bestowal was noted by the press as an important event. The university students were among his most loyal and trusted friends.

Preparations for lectures occupied much of the poet's time and energy and this so fatigued him that he often declined invitations of friends to visit them. "Alas," he once remarked half in joke to Caroline Olivier, "I am poorly suited for the role of visitor; musty old Latin covers me from head to foot and there is too much of the odor of the classics about me."

Mickiewicz only stayed several months in Lausanne. The College de France offered the Polish poet the post of head of the Department of Slavonic Languages organized at that time. The Polish emigres considered this appointment of great political importance and Mickiewicz yielded to the insistence of his friends and returned to Paris. Prior to his departure the Academie de Lausanne accorded him the title of honorary professor.

Five years later Mickiewicz once again visited Lausanne. This proved to be his last visit. The students of the university accorded him an enthusiastic welcome.

GERMANY

RUSSIAN PLAYS ON GERMAN STAGE

A number of Russian classical plays have been staged in the theaters of Berlin and other cities in Germany. Following the production of A. N. Ostrovsky's *The Forest* in Berlin, this play was produced in Darmstadt. Another Ostrovsky play, *Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man*, has been performed in München under the title *A Young Man Makes a Career for Himself*. The Deutsche Theater in Berlin has also staged Ostrovsky's *The Storm* as well as Chekhov's *Three Sisters*.

The Bavarian State Theater is now rehearsing Griboyedov's *Wit Works Woe*. "Griboyedov's comedy is one of the most outstanding works of Russian dramatic art," the Berliner Börsenzeitung wrote in connection with the forthcoming production.

ISSUE ANTHOLOGY OF RUSSIAN CLASSICS

An anthology including works of Pushkin, Leskov, Turgenev and Dostoyevsky has been issued by the Karl Rauch Publishers in Dessau. The same publishers have re-issued Pushkin's stories in a new translation.

HUNGARY

SOVIET FILM EVOKES LIVELY COMMENT

The showing of the Soviet film *Peter the Great* evoked unusual interest in Hungary. The newspapers *Magyar Nemzet* and *Hancaba* commented highly on the film. *Hancaba's* reviewer emphasizes that *Peter the Great* is a "masterpiece of cinema art, with which no film in Europe can stand comparison," and praises the excellent playing of N. Simonov and N. Cherkassov.

In the opinion of *Magyarsag*, *Peter the Great* is one of the most perfect films produced recently. "The showing of this film is an important event in Hungarian life." Judging by this film, the newspaper adds, the Soviet cinema has advanced to a very high level.

YUGOSLAVIA

SOVIET CINEMA SCORES IN BELGRADE

Stepan Razin, Soviet motion picture dealing with the life of the leader of a peasant uprising in the 17th century, has scored a success in Belgrade. The public acclaimed the performance of the actors. Another hit is the film *Circus*.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

BORIS GORBATOV

Popular Soviet writer. Stories from his prolific pen deal with everyday Soviet life. One of them—*Vovnich, the Wireless Operator*—describing life in the Soviet Arctic, appeared in our issue No. 8-9, 1939.

LUIS FELIPE RODRIGUEZ

Cuban novelist and playwright. His novel *The Marshes*—published in 1938—was awarded the Cuban National Prize. The two short stories appearing in this issue were published in a collection entitled: *Tales of Marcos Antilla.*

MIKHAIL MOROZOV

Professor of Literature. Head of the Shakespeare and Western European Classics Section of the All-Russian Theatrical Society. Author of a number of papers on Shakespeare, and many detailed commentaries to several editions of Shakespeare's works published in the Soviet Union. Editor of several Russian translations of Shakespeare.

The *Collection of Works on the Developments of English Realism,* which will be shortly published by the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R., contains his essay entitled "Shakespeare's Style and Language."

In this issue we are giving an abridged translation of a lecture read by Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo in 1905 at the University of Madrid in honor of the tercentenary of the first publication of Cervantes' *Don Quixote.*

MARCELINO MENENDEZ Y PELAYO (1856-1912) was one of the most prominent linguists and historians of Spanish literature. His principal works are: *A History of Spanish Lyrical Poetry* (in thirteen volumes, with texts), *The Origin of the Novel* and *A History of Esthetic Ideas.*

Editor-in-chief PYOTR BALASHOV